**Sarah Returns Home Ch. 01**

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Sarah was dreaming; she knew she was dreaming. She was in that half-awake state where she knew she was only dreaming but where she could still enjoy her dream and she was certainly enjoying this one. She had been mortified at the day's events when she first sat down on the plane and it had taken a couple of glasses of chilled white wine before she was able to forget the fact that she was naked under her dress. Eventually, though, she did relax and as the wine began to take effect she drifted off into a pleasant slumber. Now her dreams were proving all too real and all too pleasant.  
  
She could practically feel her unknown lover's hands on her breasts, cupping them, brushing her nipples with their fingers, teasing them. As the stranger took each nipple in turn into their mouth, one after the other, she could feel her whole body shivering at the touch of those wet lips. The stranger's hands, meanwhile, had slid round to her back, gliding down her spine, fondling her bottom cheeks and squeezing them. She could almost hear herself moan in her dreamlike state so pleasurable was this all-over caress.   
  
Her lover's hands were now moving back round from her bottom, sliding up and down her thighs, as Sarah almost willed them to touch her where she really wanted to be touched. She was moist, more than moist, she was wet and she wanted more. When the hands finally reached there, she moaned again and gave herself up to this extremely realistic dream.  
  
She opened her legs instinctively, hoping to let her lover know she was ready, hoping they could read her signals. But these fingers needed no signals; they were not the fingers of a teenager, an inexperienced lover. With unhurried expertise, they traced the edges of her lips, stroking them, parting them, before one finger slipped effortlessly inside.  
  
She felt herself catching her breath when another finger began to work on her swollen, sensitive clit, playing with it like no other lover had ever known how, sending its own signals to every inch of her aroused body. Her breath was caught in her throat when the fingers brushed against her clit. As that finger increased its pressure, increased its speed, the other hand inserted another finger deep inside her and she began to shudder against this combined assault. Sarah could feel her climax approaching from deep within herself and she knew that, dream or no dream, she was going to cum.  
  
"Ladies and Gentlemen, the captain has switched on the "Fasten seatbelts" sign. Could I kindly ask you to return your seats to an upright position and to prepare for landing. Thank you."  
  
Sarah's eyes shot open. She looked down at her two hands busy between her legs. She looked down at her open dress, exposing her breasts to anyone nearby. She looked up into the eyes of the smiling air hostess.  
  
"I'm sorry, miss; really I am, but I have to ask you to bring your seat forward."  
  
Sarah could not believe she had been masturbating on the plane but the evidence of the sticky juices covering her fingers was impossible to deny. She withdrew her fingers immediately, hoping that no-one heard the obscene slurping noise they made as she did so. Sitting up right she began to fasten the buttons on the front of her dress, watching to make sure the hostess was returning to the front of the plane. It was only then she remembered the business man who had been sitting across the aisle from her at the start of the flight. She dared to look over at him but he seemed to be intent in looking at the view outside. She could only hope that it was that view that he had been watching as she dreamed and not the wanton display she herself had just provided.  
  
She had every right to be worried. Sandy had no interest in the view outside; instead he had recorded every moment of her exhibition, ever since she had fallen asleep and began to touch herself. He couldn't wait to show it to his new wife. He had managed to get an earlier flight home and, although he had to go back to the office first, he would be home later this evening. Well, at least, he would be at his mother-in-law's home. His wife and son were meeting him there tonight as his sister-in-law was also coming home from the States today. She hadn't been home for a number of years; she hadn't even made it home for their wedding last year. Some family scandal involving her meant that his wife had decided not to invite her.  
  
He was looking forward to meeting this "black sheep of the family" but he was looking forward to seeing his wife again even more. He had been away too long and he had missed sleeping with her every night. He had missed a lot more besides sleeping but he wasn't sure his wife, even if she was as desperate as he was, would want to renew their passion under her mother's roof. She could be quite inhibited at times; unlike the slut sitting across the aisle from him, he thought. What kind of whore comes on to a long distance flight wearing no underwear and then proceeds to expose herself and to disgrace herself in the manner he had witnessed? He knew his wife wasn't like that but wondered what she would think of the recording he had made of this other woman's performance. Either way, he knew what he thought of it; he knew how his cock had reacted and he shifted in his seat once more to try to conceal the huge bulge in the front of his trousers.  
  
When the plane finally landed, Sarah couldn't wait to get off but off course there were the usual delays. The businessman sitting opposite her had stepped back to allow her to go first and her face burned red when she realised that he really had seen every moment of her performance earlier -- the erection he was trying unsuccessfully to hide told her that. As if that wasn't bad enough, she then had to pass the air hostess at the front of the plane, saying goodbye and thank you to her and her colleagues. Sarah wasn't sure if her face was as red as the younger woman's but it certainly felt like it and she hurried down the steps, longing to reach the sanctuary of the Terminal.  
  
If she had known what awaited her there, however, she might not have been in such a hurry. Since she had last set foot in the UK, the airport had installed new body scanners and as she entered the Security Department she simply followed the crowds, not really taking in the fact that she was standing in the queue for the invasive scan which could tell immediately if anyone was concealing anything under their outer clothes. The nearer she approached, and as she started to calm down from her humiliating experience on the plane, she started to become more aware of her surroundings, wondering why the queue was taking so long.  
  
Finally she reached the front of the line and handed over her bag to the security guard before stepping into the scanner and adopting the required position. Holding her arms up and opening her legs slightly, Sara felt slightly ridiculous and wondered just how accurate the camera was. She prayed that it wouldn't be able to show that she wasn't wearing any underwear but she thought that was unlikely. She would, however, have felt much more than ridiculous if she had known that it was Tom Wilson who was examining her picture on his screen and he most certainly could see that his former teacher was naked under her dress. "Once a slut, always a slut," he thought to himself.  
  
He hurried down to the Customs area and waited for his former teacher to appear. He had had a few girlfriends since his last day at school but none of them had ever been able to match the time he had spent with Miss Tucker, his teacher tied to her desk as he stripped her, photographed her and used her. Now she was about to fall into his hands again and he could hardly contain his excitement.  
  
As she walked through the door from Security, her luggage pulled behind her, he thought of that day when he had humiliated her and his cock stirred at the memory. She had grown her hair a bit longer but other than that he would have recognised her anywhere; he wondered if she would recognise him. She seemed intent on passing through Customs as quickly as possible, no doubt hurrying to put on some underwear, he thought to himself.  
  
"Would you mind opening your suitcase, ma'am?" he asked politely.  
  
Sarah sighed and lifted her case on to the counter in front of the guard. She didn't really pay him any attention, just resigned herself to one final irritation. Opening the case, she lifted the lid and stood back while the young guard started to search through her clothes. She looked at him for the first time, something about him ringing a bell in her memory; maybe he had been one of her students? But that had been more than a few years ago, she told herself, and she couldn't believe that any of her former pupils would remember her, even given the dramatic way she had left the school.  
  
Tom went about his duties diligently, lifting her tightly packed clothes, examining them then replacing them. He had done this many times before and he was no longer surprised that many people seemed to pack their luggage in exactly the same way. One thing did surprise him about Sarah's packing, however; there was no underwear to be found. He had intended to hold her knickers and bras up for inspection, hoping that she still wore the same skimpy ones she had when he had last seen her naked, hoping to embarrass her in front of the crowds of passengers passing by.  
  
"Are you here on business or pleasure, ma'am?" he asked, still polite, still not reminding her of where they had last met.  
  
"I'm visiting my family. Why? Is there a problem?"  
  
"Well, all the guards were a bit surprised to see you come through the scanner without any underwear on and wondered what sort of woman would do such a thing."  
  
His voice was no longer quiet. He seemed to be announcing the fact that she was naked under her dress to anyone within earshot and Sarah immediately felt her face redden. There were several gasps from the other passengers nearby, the women frowning at her, the men leering.  
  
"And now you don't seem to have any underwear in your luggage. Don't you wear knickers or bras, ma'am? What sort of respectable woman doesn't wear knickers?"  
  
Sarah didn't know where to look. She couldn't believe how badly wrong this holiday had gone so far and she wasn't even at her mother's yet. She didn't know what to say; how could she explain what had happened in the lingerie department of the local store before she had left the States?   
  
"I'm thinking the only women who don't wear knickers are whores, ma'am. Are you a whore? Is that why you've come to this country? Are you going to be working as a whore?"  
  
The crowd seemed to have multiplied around her, on both sides of the desk, as both passengers and guards gathered to share in her humiliation. As she looked at the young guard, pleading with him that she was a respectable teacher, he smiled at her and she suddenly realised who he was. She nearly cried out at the memory but knew she had to get out of there. Slamming her case shut, she grabbed it off the counter and pushed her way through the crowds, the laughter of the guards and the other passengers ringing in her ears.  
  
**Part 2**  
She couldn't believe how unlucky she had been so far and she had never been so glad to see her sister as she was when she finally emerged out on to the main concourse. They hugged, excited to see each other after so long, but Linda expressed her concern that Sarah was looking almost weepy and flustered. She tried to fob her off by telling her she was just tired after the long flight and emotional about being home again but, as she settled into the passenger seat of her sister's car, she knew that there was a moist feeling between her legs. She hoped she didn't stain either her dress or even the seat before she got to her mother's.   
  
The drive to her mother's was, luckily, uneventful. The two sisters swapping stories of everything the other had been doing for the last few years; well, almost everything, thought Sarah. There was no way she was going to tell Linda or anyone else about her further adventures in exhibitionism and humiliation since she had moved abroad. Linda, meanwhile, told her that John, her eighteen year old son from her first marriage was waiting for them at their mother's and that Sandy, her new husband, would be joining them in a few hours. He was also flying in from the States today but was on a later flight.   
  
Arriving at their mother's home, the home they had both grown up in, Sarah was warmly welcomed and, while John was asked to carry her luggage upstairs to her room, the three women settled themselves in the living room and relaxed with a glass of champagne.  
  
John was a bit disgruntled at being dismissed so readily. He had been looking forward to seeing this sexy older woman who was also his aunt. He had heard all the stories at school about the teacher who had lost her job after running down the school corridor almost naked and exposing herself to a film crew who happened to be there that day. He had never believed the more extravagant stories about how the young teacher had actually cum in front of the whole school, putting that tale down to school legend, and he had never acknowledged that the teacher in question was his aunt but, still, he was an eighteen year old boy and he wanted to see what all the fuss was about.  
  
When she had walked into his Gran's house he could see why the stories had lasted so long. She was certainly a real woman; ok, old enough to be his mother but still sexy in that "forbidden" way that always turned him on. As he carried her case to her room he wondered how he could get to know her better, what he could do to make her smile on him during their short time together. He decided he would unpack her luggage to save her from having to do it later and also to give him an excuse to investigate her underwear. He had raided his mother's underwear drawer over the last few years but never found anything to excite him. He wondered if his aunt was more adventurous in that area.  
  
He was to be sadly disappointed, however, when he had finished his unpacking and there was no sign of any bras or knickers, sexy or not. Where on earth was all her underwear, he wondered. The only other bag she was carrying was too small to be holding anything like that and his mind began to wander. Was the woman downstairs, his aunt, the slut that everyone, even her own mother, had said she was. Looking around the room he realised he had never been in his aunt's bedroom before and wondered if there was any secret to be unearthed in the huge walk-in wardrobe. Disappointed in his search so far, he decided to risk taking a look.   
  
Downstairs, however, Sarah was feeling the effects of her long flight and a second glass of champagne in a very short space of time. Her mother suggested kindly that she go upstairs to her room and have a nap before dinner. Maybe she would like to have a shower and change before meeting her new brother-in-law. Sarah was too exhausted to notice the rebuke in her mother's words, unaware that her dress had been riding up her thighs during their chat, showing off more of her smooth legs than she realised.  
  
As she made her way up to her childhood bedroom, she was aware of her mother and sister talking below her as they stood at the foot of the stairs. In her drowsy state, she had forgotten about her lack of knickers and was oblivious to the fact that she was giving the other two women a very clear shot of her round bottom cheeks and her shaved pussy lips. As her lack of underwear became all too apparent she heard her mother storm off in disgust and turned to see her sister smiling weakly up at her.  
  
John, meanwhile, was engrossed in delving through the memories of his aunt's teenage years and when he heard the bedroom door open he panicked. Without thinking, he pulled close the wardrobe doors, stepped back into the dark and tried not to make a sound. Sure enough, in walked his aunt and he watched through the slight gap in the doors as she looked around the room reminiscing, and smiling when she saw the empty suitcase.   
  
She thought for a moment about climbing into bed still clothed but knew that her mother would disapprove. Suddenly she felt like a young girl again, desperate to do the right thing, desperate for her mother's approval. Standing facing the wardrobe, she undid the buttons down the front of her dress, letting it slide down her naked body before hanging it on the slightly open door. Standing there, looking at herself in the mirror, unaware she was letting her nephew see her naked body, she looked at herself in the full length mirror affixed to the other wardrobe door.   
  
Although her breasts were smaller than some, seeing them in her reflection she realised she was not a little girl any more; she was a grown woman and if she wanted to sleep naked in her mother's house then that is what she would do.   
  
Pushing her breasts together, gently caressing them, her finger found her sensitive nipples, circling them, teasing them. Ignorant of the fact she was giving her nephew his first live sex show, she calmly turned all the way around in front of the mirror so she could see herself from every angle. She would have been mortified if she had known that this allowed John to observe her too.   
  
Sarah was no slave to the gym but she did work out on a regular basis and she was proud of her round, firm bottom and a very naughty thought entered her head as she looked at it. She had never dared to masturbate in her mother's house before. Was now the time? She would never have even considered it if she hadn't had those two glasses of champagne so, in a way, it was her mother's own fault for getting her tipsy. She giggled to herself at the thought of being slightly inebriated in her mother's house, something else she had never done before and wondered if this was a day for "firsts". John had no idea what was going through his aunt's mind but neither could he tear his eyes from her sexy, naked body. His teenage cock was about to burst and he was desperate to take it out but he daren't risk being caught now.  
  
He watched as she walked away from the wardrobe and he dared to inch forward towards the doors, unable to tear his eyes from this sexy woman as she lay down on the bed. Even just lying on her bed in her mother's house, as naked as the day she was born, excited Sarah but she took cold feet and got back up, retrieved a silk robe from a drawer, before lying back down on the bed. Although her hands were sorely tempted to wander over her hungry body, her exhaustion overtook her and, within a few minutes, she was sound asleep.  
  
John was tempted to get out immediately but he knew he couldn't risk his aunt opening her eyes. He waited and waited and then waited some more. Only when he heard her breathing slowing down did he dare venture out of the wardrobe. Holding his breath, too scared to make the slightest sound, he took a step into the room. Now was the time; if she was to open her eyes at this point, he would have no excuse for being there. Just when he realised he might be about to escape, she moved on the bed and her robe fell open.   
  
Torn between the need to flee and the even greater desire to see his naked aunt up close, he stood there, rooted to the spot. As if his lust had made up his mind for him, he quietly called out her name and waited for a reaction. There was no response from his sleeping aunt so he called again, louder this time, staring at her, willing her not to move. Still nothing, so he moved towards the bed.  
  
Her breasts were exposed now and John thought they were even sexier than his girlfriend, Jane's. He couldn't help himself; he began to stroke his cock through his trousers, his whole body trembling with excitement. His desire now overtook any sense of caution and he reached down and spread his aunt's silk robe wide open. Now she lay there, her naked breasts joined by her naked pussy and he bent down to get a closer look. Jane had never allowed him to see her pussy and his aunt's was his first experience of a real nude woman.

Suddenly he froze as Sarah moved in her sleep again, her legs opening, her wet pussy lips now fully exposed to her nephew's intense scrutiny. Emboldened by the sight and realising that she was not wakening, he moved back up her body and touched her breast. He didn't squeeze, he didn't fondle; he just touched her and thought that he was going to cum in his trousers there and then.  
  
"John, are you still upstairs? You're going to be late for the game."  
  
He cursed his mother for breaking the spell but was also suddenly terrified that her shouting would wake his aunt. Leaving her robe wide open, he silently made his way to the bedroom door. It squeaked as he inched it open and he didn't dare try to close it again. Taking one last glimpse at the naked woman lying only feet from him, he ran down the stairs, desperate not to bump into his mother or Gran and have to explain the huge bulge in the front of his trousers.  
  
Sarah stirred when she heard the door. She opened her eyes and saw the door was open. In her drowsy state she was sure she had closed it but her tired eyes closed again before she had time to question this or the fact that her robe was wide open and her body was exposed to anyone who might walk past her bedroom door.   
  
**Part 3**  
She woke a few hours later, feeling better, but as she opened her eyes that feeling immediately disappeared. Her mother was standing over the bed, looking down, disapproving. Sarah realised her robe had fallen open during her sleep and the older woman could not have made her displeasure at her daughter's exhibitionism any more obvious.  
  
"I just came in to tell you that dinner is almost ready and that Linda's husband will arrive soon. I think it's time you were up and dressed. Try to make sure you don't embarrass yourself, or me, in front of Sandy this evening."  
  
With that, she turned and walked out the door and Sarah felt like the schoolgirl she had been the last time her mother had spoken to her like that. Wrapping her robe around herself, she remembered that she would have to cross the hall to go for her shower. She thought about getting dressed first but, believing that her nephew was still out with his friends, she just pulled her robe more tightly, gathered her toiletries, and hurried through to the bathroom. She only had to take a few steps across the hall but still she got a small thrill knowing she was walking in her mother's house nearly naked.   
  
Reaching the bathroom safely, she closed the door, not bothering to lock it. She remembered how the lock had always been such a bother to use properly and reasoned with herself again that there was only her mother and sister in the house apart from herself. One other thing she remembered was how the bathroom always filled very quickly with steam once the shower was running so she opened the small window just a little, turned on the water and let her robe slip down her body. Naked, she reached behind the screen to test the water, turned on the radio her mother had always kept in the bathroom and stepped in.  
  
The one thing Sarah's mother hadn't told her was that John's football training had been cancelled and he was, at that moment, in his room remembering every detail of his aunt's amazing body. Hearing the conversation between his Gran and her daughter, he had got up off the bed and, opening his door a crack, had watched his Gran leave before, a few moments later, his aunt appeared. Once again, John marvelled at how sexy she was, wrapped in the same robe he had seen her in earlier. Knowing all too well how ineffectual the lock on the bathroom door was, he dared to wonder if he would be able to sneak another glimpse of her naked body.  
  
When he heard the music and the shower begin, he crept across the hall and pressed his ear to the door, listening intently. When the sounds of the falling water changed, he knew his aunt had stepped into the shower. Thinking only of how close she now was, how naked she now was, he reached for the door handle, his hand trembling, and pushed it open.  
  
As the heat from the shower hit his face, he peered through the already thick steam and saw the sexiest vision he had ever enjoyed in his young life. His aunt was humming along to the song on the radio and, if she was aware of her voyeur nephew sharing the bathroom with her, she gave no indication at all. He had never been so glad that his mother had convinced his Gran to have her old shower curtain replaced a few months ago with a perfectly transparent screen and, even though it had taken him and his new step-dad a few hours to fit it, the rewards were now standing naked in front of him.   
  
He watched as she poured some shower gel into her hands and began rubbing it all over her body, the water continuing to run over every inch of her skin making her nephew realise that he had become jealous of those drops running down her long legs. As if to tease him even more, she tilted her head back to let the water soak her long hair, ensuring that her breasts stood out even more and John knew the time had come to release his cock. It was straining within his jeans and he could no longer resist the urge to touch himself.   
  
As he watched her reach for the shampoo, he became even more daring as he realised her eyes would now be tight shut. He steeped even closer, his right hand now wrapped around his throbbing cock and wondered what it would feel like to have his aunt do this for him. She was now facing him but, with her eyes shut, she was totally unaware as he watched the suds from her shampoo drip down over her face, slide over her amazing breasts (he was so envious of those suds) and collect between her legs. Once more he was amazed at how bald her pussy was and pulled on his cock even harder.   
  
As Sarah rinsed the last of the shampoo from her long hair, she turned her back to her unseen nephew, and while this was disappointed him more than a little, it gave him another look at her naked bottom. He nearly came on the spot when she flicked her hair over her head, bent over and leaned forward to make sure she had rinsed all the suds away. John could only stare and revel in the sight of her round, partly opened cheeks and had to bite his bottom lip to stop himself gasping in appreciation.   
  
Just when he thought that his show was over and that he would have to run back to his room to finish off, he watched as she once again picked up the shower gel and began to pour some more onto her hands before rubbing them over the object of his desire. He forced himself to slow down his stroking as he could feel his cock swelling while his aunt began to caress every inch of her wet body. As he watched her touch every inch that he longed to touch, he had to squeeze his cock hard to stop himself cumming.  
  
John was just beginning to think that his aunt may be a slut on the inside but had to be the cleanest on the outside when he realised she was no longer just cleaning herself. As he watched her caress her breasts, causing her nipples to become engorged, it was obvious even to his inexperienced eyes that she was doing more than just showering.   
  
After cleaning herself for a few more minutes, she started tweaking first one nipple then the other, pulling them and rubbing them as water sprayed onto her chest. She seemed to reluctantly release one and slid one hand down her body towards her ultimate target between her legs.   
  
She rubbed a finger up and down her pussy lips and her mouth opened and John was sure he heard a soft moan escape her lips even over the noise of the water and the music. She continued to rub her lips with one hand while playing with her breasts with another, fulfilling John's wildest dreams and most secret fantasies.   
  
As the fingers from her first hand parted her lips, John watched as the other one slid down from her breasts straight to her pussy. He watched intently as his aunt slowly inserted a finger between her lips and began to plunge it in and out. John was wanking furiously now and had to slow down again to stop himself cumming too soon. He was watching the sexiest woman he had ever seen masturbating in the shower and she was completely oblivious to his presence. Sarah then slid a second finger into her pussy and if anything began to masturbate even faster.   
  
As his aunt's pace increased, so did John's and this time he could not hold back. He stared at his aunt cumming on her fingers as he shot his spunk across the bathroom floor and both of their knees seemed to buckle at the same time. As his cock stopped shooting and he watched his aunt lean back against the tiled wall of the shower, he knew he had to get out of there. Tucking his wilting cock back into his jeans, he slipped out of the bathroom and silently closed the door. Only then did he remember the telltale evidence of his white cum on the bathroom floor.  
  
Sarah slowly recovered but quickly dried herself, suddenly aware that her mother might be wondering why she was taking so long in the shower. As she stepped out of the shower, she almost slipped on something on the floor and wondered how she had managed to spill some suds outside the screen. Thinking no more of it, she opened the door, peeked out to make sure there was no-one looking, and ran to her bedroom.   
  
Bursting through the door, she collapsed on the bed in a fit of giggles, wondering where she had found the guts not only to masturbate in her mother's shower but to streak naked across her hall.  
  
**Part 4**  
She decided to wear a long summer dress, wanting to look nice for Linda's new husband but still very aware that she was yet to buy some underwear. She applied a little make-up, got dressed then made her way down stairs. She was just asking her mother and sister if they needed any help with the dinner when she heard the front door open. Following her sister through the living room, she watched her sister and her new brother-in-law hug each other before she could get a proper look at his face. It was then her world fell apart.  
  
Standing beside her beaming sister was the businessman from the plane. Almost in a daze she heard Linda introduce her husband, Sandy, who smiled at her as if seeing her for the first time ever and leaned forward to peck her chastely on the cheek. After all the introductions were over and Linda and Sandy went upstairs to unpack, Sarah moved back to the kitchen to help her mother with her last minute preparations.  
  
Dinner passed without incident and although Sandy made a few comments about the unusual in-flight entertainment, Sarah was almost able to relax a little but that might have been as much due to the copious amount of wine she was drinking to get through this latest ordeal. Just as the meal was about to end and she thought she had survived, Sandy suggested that the two of them clear away the dishes and do the washing-up as a thank-you for all the effort Linda and her mother had made in preparing the meal. Despite some half-hearted protests from his wife and mother-in-law, Sandy insisted and Sarah felt she had no choice but to agree.  
  
As she stood to start clearing away some dessert bowls, she realised that the dress she was wearing, while not looking overtly sexy did show a lot of her small cleavage and Sarah realised why her mother had been glaring at her for some time. Pushing this to the back of her mind, she made her way through to the kitchen, Sandy following quickly behind her.   
  
Trying to act as if nothing was untoward, she offered to do the washing if Sandy would take care of the drying and putting the dishes away. Putting the dishes in the large sink, she turned on the tap and began to busy herself with the task. Smiling to himself at her obvious nervousness, Sandy stood directly behind her.  
  
"It's nice to meet you finally, Sarah, although I do feel as if I know you very intimately already. Linda has told me so much about you but now I think there are things I could tell her too. Would you like to see the recording I made of your demonstration during the flight?"  
  
Sarah spun round at his words, her cheeks already burning in embarrassment.  
  
"Please, Sandy, you must never tell Linda about that or show her anything. I was drunk; I was sleeping but she would never understand."  
  
"Don't worry, sister-in-law; I won't tell her anything if you don't want me to. But I'd like a favour in return."  
  
"Favour? What favour?"  
  
"Well, I was planning to show Linda your little masturbation session once we went to be tonight but you don't want me to do that so I'll have to think of some other way to get her excited. You see, she's not a slut like you; she takes a little while to relax and to get in the mood and I don't feel like waiting tonight. Your show on the plane has got me hard and I want to put it to good use so you're going to help me turn on your own sister. Do you have your phone with you? Good. Give me the number then go and get it. I'm going to finish off in here while you rejoin your mother and sister. I'm going to text you some instructions and I want you to follow them instantly. If you don't, if you hesitate or refuse, your sister, and your mother, will both see my new favourite film. Understand?"  
  
Sarah didn't understand any of it but did as she was told. She wrote down her number for the hateful man leering at her in her mother's kitchen, trudged back up to her room to retrieve her phone then rejoined the other two women in the living room. As her mother poured her another glass of wine, her phone buzzed with the arrival of her first text.  
  
"Sit opposite, Linda."  
  
She got up under the pretext of receiving her wine then quickly took her mother's seat across from her sister.  
  
"Pick up something from the floor."  
  
Sarah stared at the text, not really understanding but bent forward as if something had caught her attention on the carpet. It was only as she sat back up straight that she realised Linda was staring at her or, to be more exact, at her small breasts as they almost fell from the lose confines of her dress.  
  
"Again."  
  
This time when she leaned forward, she held a hand in front of her breasts but was still met by her sister's quizzical look when she sat up.  
  
"What are you doing, Sarah? Have you dropped something?"  
  
"No, I just thought I saw something. It's nothing. Forget it."  
  
"Very good. Now open your legs."  
  
Sarah hesitated for just a second, remembering that she was still naked under her dress, and Sandy came bursting into the room.  
  
"Has anyone seen my phone?"  
  
"No," answered the women's mother. "But I'm sure you could use Sarah's; hers never seems to stop vibrating at the moment." The older woman stared reproachfully at her daughter, unaware that it was her son-in-law who was the source of all the recent messages.  
  
"No, that's ok. I just wanted to show you all something that I'd recorded but I'll have one more try in the kitchen and see if things work out better."  
  
Practically as soon as he walked through the kitchen door, Sarah's phone buzzed again. Her face had turned bright red when he had appeared in the living room and threatened to show her mother and sister what she had done on the plane for she was very aware that that was what he was doing -- threatening her, so much so that she knew what her message was going to say even before she read it.  
  
"One last chance -- open your legs, slut, and do it now!"  
  
Sarah knew she had no choice and did as she was told, pulling up her dress a little and spreading her legs wide open. She dared to look across at her sister whose gaze had returned to between Sarah's legs. After a few seconds Linda lifted her eyes and stared open mouthed at her sister, not able to believe she was doing this in front of their mother, believing that her sister must be even more drunk than she seemed to be.   
  
"Show her some more. Lift your leg onto the arm of the chair."  
  
Sarah knew there was only one way she was going to get through this and that was to drink as much wine as she could so that she could pass out before Sandy forced her to expose herself fully in front of her mother and sister. She gladly accepted another glass of red wine from her mother and nearly gulped it down in one swallow before doing what her wicked brother-in-law had commanded.   
  
When she nonchalantly lifted one leg, seemingly to innocently change her position, she thought Linda's eyes were going to pop out of their sockets as she put one leg over the arm of the chair, causing her dress to bunch up around her waist. Their mother couldn't see anything untoward but Linda had a clear view of her naked, slightly moist pussy lips and, amazingly, seemed to shift her own position for an even clearer view.   
  
Sara was just thinking about this when her brother-in-law returned from the kitchen and asked if anyone needed another drink. She readily accepted and, when she realised that Sandy was not going to be sending any more texts for a while, she allowed herself to relax. So much so that the wine finally had its effect and her eyes gradually became more and more heavy before she fell asleep.  
  
Her mother was quite disgusted by her daughter's behaviour but Sandy pretended to be a gentleman and offered to carry her upstairs to her bedroom. Being a gentleman was quite the opposite of what he intended, however, as he saw this as another opportunity to expose Sarah to his wife even more.  
  
He pretended to try to wake his sister-in-law by shaking her and speaking her name but there was no response. Her mother assured him that once she was asleep like this she could sleep through anything so he leaned over her and began to lift her out of the chair. As if by accident, when his hand when underneath her, he pulled up her skirt and exposed her bald pussy to her sister's intense gaze while her mother gasped at the shame her daughter was causing. Sarah, in her drunken stupor, fell back and her breasts then fell out of her loose-fitting dress and now she lay in her brother-in-law's arms showing everything that mattered to her mother, sister and, worse of all, her brother-in-law. She didn't know anything about it, of course, but in the days and weeks to come, she would often be reminded of this instance.   
  
Sandy carried her up the stairs to her bedroom, feasting on the almost naked beauty lying helpless in his arms. He put her on the bed and closed the door before undoing the buttons on the front of her dress and opening it completely. Unable to contain himself, he kissed her and, putting one hand between her outstretched legs, he ran a finger along her soaking lips, pleased when she moaned as he reached her swollen clit. Tasting her juices from his fingers, he knew he couldn't afford to wait any longer and made the pretence of pulling a sheet up over her to cover her. Even though he knew he wasn't coming back that night, however, he pulled the sheet up her legs only as far as her naked pussy and, as he left the room, left the light on and the door open just a crack so that anyone walking past could look in and see her nakedness.   
  
**Part 5**  
A few hours later John returned home. He had decided to give dinner a miss and had stayed out longer than usual as he didn't want to have to listen to his mother "welcoming" her new husband back home. The walls of this old house were very thin and the moans and groans of pleasure from the rampant couple was something he could do without.   
  
He would have liked to have had another look at his aunt, however, and when he saw her bedroom door slightly open and her light still on, he gently knocked. Thinking she must have fallen asleep with the light on, he stuck his head round the door but she was nowhere to be seen. Mystified, he stepped back and got the fright of his life when he almost collided with her.  
  
She stood there, staring at him but, he realised, she was not seeing him. She turned and walked down the dimly lit hall, her dress still wide open, hanging from her shoulders.

"Aunt Sarah? Is anything wrong?" he asked, worried. But she didn't seem to hear him as she turned around at the end of the hall and walked back towards him. Worried or not, he couldn't help but take the chance to admire her naked breasts and bald pussy once again, her open dress offering her no protection from his lustful eyes.  
  
As she approached he noticed that, even though her eyes were open, they didn't seem focused. That's when he finally realised she was sleepwalking and he remembered that you're not supposed to do anything to frighten someone walking in their sleep. He gently took her by the arm and began to lead her back to her room when he had a better idea.   
  
"Aunt Sarah, you have to go back to bed now. Why don't I slip this dress off you and take you back to bed?"  
  
He slipped the dress down off her shoulders, revealing her totally naked body to his teenage eyes once more and he longed to lead her back to his own bed but, even with his cock threatening to burst out of his jeans, he knew that wasn't a good idea. Instead, he led her to his mother's room, silently opened the door and peeked in.  
  
The light from the outside streetlamp showed his mother and step-dad lying in the centre of the bed, naked from what he could see, in each other's arms. He led his aunt to his mother's side of the bed, slowly pulled back the sheet, noticed his mother was indeed naked, and helped his aunt into bed beside her sister. As he gently pulled the sheet back over them, he noticed his aunt had automatically cuddled into his mother's naked back and he smiled as he silently returned to his own room, awaiting the fireworks.  
  
Sandy woke early as was his norm and smiled to himself at the memories of last night. His plan to get his wife aroused by forcing her sister to expose herself in front of her had certainly worked and Linda had been like a tiger when they finally got to bed. He lifted his head and got the most pleasant shock of his life as he saw not just his wife but her sister too in bed beside him. Linda had turned to her sister during the night and the two women were now lying facing each other, their breasts pressed firmly together. Sandy thought he had never seen anything as erotic in his whole life and his stiffening cock obviously agreed.  
  
Gently pulling back the sheet, he could see all too clearly that Sarah was naked too; in fact, the two sisters legs were entwined, their pussies pressed against each others. He began to stroke Linda's cheek, drawing the hair from over her eyes, not wanting to destroy this beautiful picture but desperate to see what would happen next.  
  
As Linda stirred at his loving touch, she smiled to herself as her own memories came flooding back. She had missed having Sandy in her bed while he was away but he had certainly made up for it last night. She could still feel the pressure between her legs as if he was still there. Then she realised something was wrong. If she could feel her husband's fat cock pressing into her back, and she could, who was she holding in front of her?  
  
She opened her eyes and squealed in shock as she saw her naked sister lying in her arms. She didn't want to admit to herself that seeing Sarah's drunken exposure last night had turned her on but neither did she want to admit that it was her sister who was causing the delicious feelings in her pussy right now.  
  
"Sarah! What the hell are you doing?"  
  
Her sister opened her eyes in alarm and screamed just as loudly. Jumping out of bed she looked down on her naked sister, her naked brother-in-law, her naked brother-in-law's hard cock and screamed again. At some point she realised she was naked and tried to cover her breasts and her pussy with her arms but all she could think about was getting out of there, away from the anger of her sister and away from the hungry look in Sandy's eyes.  
  
She ran for the door and pulled it open, bursting in to the hall. John had been waiting for this all night and at the first scream had jumped out of bed and ran to the door. He was rewarded by the sight of his naked aunt running down the hall, her breasts bouncing around as she sped to her own room.   
  
His Gran had also heard the screams and had come to her door, only to see the naked bottom of her daughter running into her bedroom, the door slamming behind her. Her head turned as she heard the door at the other end of the hall slamming shut too and she saw her grandson standing in his doorway. He wasn't looking mystified, however; he was looking very pleased with himself and the older woman closed her door quietly wondering where she had gone wrong.  
  
**Part 6**  
Sarah didn't dare leave her room for a good few hours after. She had waited to make sure that Sandy had returned to the office, her mother and sister had gone shopping and John had left to meet up with his friends. Even so, she hesitantly opened the door and looked out nervously. Seeing no-one and hearing nothing, she ventured downstairs to the kitchen to have some breakfast.  
  
She couldn't believe her sleepwalking had decided now was a good time to rear its ugly head after all these years but thought that it might go some way to explaining her actions on the flight yesterday. Still without any underwear, she had decided to dress very carefully today before she went to the local shops. Wearing a thick black blouse and a pair of heavy cotton trousers she felt covered, if a bit warm for the summer weather.   
  
She was just buttering her toast when the back door burst open and Sandy walked in, phone in hand, permanent grin fixed on his face.  
  
"Yes, she's here now. Want to talk to her?"  
  
Handing the phone over to his startled sister-in-law, he mouthed, "It's your mother."  
  
She had no choice but to take the phone from him and bring it to her ear but she kept a watchful eye on Sandy as he sat at the kitchen table and produced a large envelope from his briefcase. As she listened to her mother berate her for her antics in the early hours, she nearly dropped the phone on the floor as her brother-in-law began to spread large photos across the kitchen table.  
  
"Sarah? Are you there? Are you listening to me?"  
  
"Yes, I'm here. Sorry, I was distracted for a minute."  
  
She tried to concentrate on what her mother was saying as she looked in horror at the stills Sandy must have had produced from the film on his camera; stills of her exposing herself on the plane, her breasts and pussy naked for all the passengers and crew to enjoy. Even worse, Sandy had obviously got out of his seat at some point because there were some very explicit close-ups of her fingers plunged deep within her pussy coupled with as many of her face contorting in near ecstasy.  
  
Her mother continued to ramble on as Sandy got up from his chair and stood behind her, right behind her, trapping her against the kitchen table. She could feel his hard cock pressing against her bottom, even through both of their clothes and feared what he might do next. Scared that he was going to molest her, she tried to push herself, and the table away from him but he simply pulled back her hair and whispered in her ear.  
  
"Ask her if she would like to see some photos?"  
  
The implied threat was all too clear: do what I want or the first person to see the photos would be her own mother. She closed her eyes in shame as much to block out the explicit photos as to hide from whatever her brother-in-law was going to do next.  
  
Her mother had by now passed the phone to Linda who was also complaining about her behaviour as she felt Sandy reach round and begin to open the buttons on her blouse. Starting at the top, he undid the one at her neck then slowly trailed his fingers down to the next one. One by agonising one, he exposed her breasts to the air, although he was still unaware of this. He very quickly became aware of it, however, when he reached the last button, opened it, pulled the blouse from her waistband and ran his hands back up her shivering body. When he felt her naked breasts he smiled to himself and leaned forward to whisper in her ear again.  
  
"You really are a naughty girl, aren't you?"  
  
Sarah shook her head, trying to deny the evidence of her naked breasts. Linda, meanwhile, was practically shouting down the phone at her, calling her all sorts of horrible names and all she could feel was the injustice of her situation, that and the fact that her brother-in-law was now kneeling behind her and reaching around her trembling body to undo the button on the waistband of her trousers.  
  
She tried to hold on to them with her free hand but Sandy simply tutted his displeasure and stood up, pressing himself against her as he leaned over to rearrange the photos, reminding her that she really had no choice but to go along with this. As she took her hands away her trousers slid down her slender legs, revealing her nakedness to her brother-in-law once more.  
  
She could almost hear him laugh to himself as he drank in the sight of her round cheeks pressed tightly against his throbbing cock. Sara couldn't believe she was listening to her sister rebuke her as her brother-in-law stripped her. He forced his hand between her legs and the table, pulling her back against his powerful body but, at the same time, allowing him access to her pussy.   
  
Suddenly his other hand came round her too and, as he began to kiss her neck and squeeze her breasts, she almost let out a moan that would have been hard to explain to her sister. He brought both hands to her breasts then and began tugging at her nipples, just as he began to nibble on her ear. Almost imperceptibly she felt herself push back against his hard cock, instinctively looking for some attention between her legs too. Her body had taken over as Sandy returned one hand to her moist lips while pinching her nipples even harder, one after the other.   
  
Although she couldn't believe this was happening in her mother's kitchen, with her brother-in-law, while her sister prattled on down the phone, she began to think that she might even cum. Just then, however, Sandy stopped and, stepping back, he took the phone back out of her hand.  
  
"OK, Linda, I think she's got the message. We'll sort it out between us while you and your mother finish your shopping. I might bring Sarah to meet you. Apparently she's forgotten to bring some things and needs to go shopping herself."  
  
With that he licked her juices from his fingers, leaving her feeling very embarrassed and very frustrated. Telling her to get changed, he informed her that he would wait for her in the car. She had five minutes, not a minute longer.  
  
**Part 7**  
He didn't wait for her. Instead, he changed his mind and decided that he would choose what she was to wear. As Sarah stepped out of the trousers that were now gathered around her ankles, he held open the kitchen door for her, ever the gentleman. She knew that, as she walked through the living room, that he was getting a very good look at her round cheeks once more. For some reason she was no longer embarrassed by this; I suppose he's seen all there is to see by now, she thought to herself. When she began to climb the stairs to her bedroom, however, she seemed to feel the weight of his stare again and her face blushed red once more as she was sure he was staring between her legs, staring at her bald pussy lips, as her legs parted going up from one step to the next.  
  
Once they reached the bedroom, she wasn't sure what was expected of her but had the sense to pull her opened blouse together to hide her naked breasts and tried to cover her pussy at the same time. He almost seemed disinterested in her as he searched her wardrobe until he found what he was looking for. Turning to face her, he handed her a skirt and top and simply stood there, waiting.  
  
It wasn't just any skirt, of course. It was a tiny black leather mini skirt that Sarah had bought as a bet, had only ever worn once, and had packed merely on a whim. She knew that it barely covered her bottom cheeks and without any knickers would leave her very exposed to any sudden movement or change of position.   
  
The top wasn't much better. A white satin top, it was very loose but also very low-cut in front and back. The combination of the two together, along with the pair of high heels, the biggest ones she owned, that Sandy had fished out could easily give the impression that the wearer was a professional lady of the night rather than a respectable teacher. Right at that moment, Sarah didn't feel very respectable as she waited for her brother-in-law to leave the room.  
  
When he told her to hurry up and made no effort to move, she knew that she was going to have to undress and get dressed again in front of this evil man. Undressing didn't take too long as she only had her blouse to remove but it was still very embarrassing to be undressing in her mother's house in front of the man who was married to her sister.   
  
Getting dressed took slightly longer as she had to wiggle her hips, almost suggestively to pull the tight mini skirt on and, of course, Sandy held on to her top while she did so. He smiled lasciviously as he watched her bra-less breasts bounce around while she wiggled and she was sure she saw him licking his lips. The top she hurriedly pulled on, glad to once more be covered but when she sat down on the bed to fasten the ankle strap on her shoes she realised just how careful she would have to be. As she bent forward her top lowered and she could see her own breasts swinging free, unsupported. She could also see her naked pussy between her open legs and she vowed that she would never again be caught without any underwear.  
  
When she stood up again, she went to collect her purse but Sandy told her not to bother with that; he was going to buy her everything she needed as a welcome home present. What he didn't tell her was that he was also going to choose everything and these choices would be his present to himself -- even though she would be the one wearing them.  
  
As they came out the front door, Sarah almost moaned in despair when she saw his car. She should have know it would be a sports car; she should have known it would be very low to the ground and she should have known that she was going to have great difficulty getting in and out of this car while trying to retain some dignity.  
  
Sandy seemed to recognise her predicament; in fact, he had been looking forward to it. He held open the car door and, to anyone watching them, it would appear that, once again, he was being chivalrous. Only Sarah could see the small camera in his hand recording her every move, especially the moment when she had to open her long legs to get into the car. He had instructed her just before they had opened the front door that he wanted a good "up-skirt" shot and she had better make sure he got it. The smile on his face as he got in the driver's side told her that he had got exactly what he had requested, even before he showed her the evidence on the camera. She stared at her naked pussy between her smooth legs and knew that this image would be added to his growing collection of blackmail material.  
  
The trip to the local shopping centre was uneventful although Sarah could feel the cold leather on her naked cheeks as Sandy had insisted that she pull her leather skirt up around her waist for the length of the drive. He didn't touch her but, every time they had to stop at lights, he looked over with a hungry grin at her bald pussy. She was terrified in case anyone stopped alongside them and was able to look down into the car but her luck held up.   
  
The only problem was, when they reached the underground car park, Sandy once again wanted another shot as she got out of the car. She could almost have dealt with that if he hadn't noticed, as she knew he would, the evidence of her pussy juices on his leather seat. He smiled at her, called her a slut, then forced her to clean the seat with her own hand. She couldn't believe this humiliating day was turning her on; she couldn't believe her body was betraying her in this way and she couldn't believe the man her sister had married could be so perverted.  
  
As they took the lifts to the shops, Sarah had a chance to look at herself in the floor to ceiling mirrors and hoped they wouldn't meet her mother and sister while she was dressed so provocatively. How would she ever be able to explain that it was Sandy, nice, kind Sandy who had dressed her like this.  
  
As the lift doors opened, he seemed to be looking for something and, after a short while, he found exactly what he wanted. He led her to a large bookstore which had an outside display of books on special offer. He gave her his instructions then went and sat by two teenage boys, no older than the eighteen year old boys that Sarah taught at school, and waited for the show.  
  
Sarah knew exactly what he was doing and exactly what he wanted her to do. She knew the penalty if she disobeyed him but still she hesitated. In an instant he was at her side again, whispering to her, reminding her of what was at stake, reminding her of the photos, of the film, and reminding her that the sooner she did this the sooner they would go and buy her some knickers. He retreated once more to his seat and waited.  
  
She felt a lump in her throat and tears in her eyes as she realised that she was about to expose herself to two boys in a public place. Keeping her long legs straight, she bent over, pretending she was looking at some books on a low shelf. She felt her skirt rise slowly over her cheeks before she opened her legs and, suddenly, everything was on display. She didn't want to admit it to herself but she could feel her lips tingling and then she heard the first gasp of shock.  
  
The first boy had noticed and immediately he told his friend and pointed straight at her. She wondered if they could see how wet she was and whether they were as instantly turned on as she was becoming. Of course, they were; they were teenage boys and here was a grown woman exposing her bottom and her pussy to their inexperienced eyes.   
  
Holding the position for what seemed like an eternity, she knew she had to wait until Sandy approached her again before she was allowed to straighten up, to cover up. When he appeared at her side, she stood up slowly, her back stiff from being in that position. Sandy assured her that she had done very well, that he had taken a few more photos, and that the boys had taken some too before they rushed off. He heightened her feelings of humiliation by telling her that he had heard them say they were going straight home to download their photos of her pussy and arse to send to all their friends.   
  
**Part 8**  
They finally arrived outside a small boutique that, from the window display, obviously catered for the more discerning customer when it came to lingerie. Sarah actually relaxed for a moment when she entered the shop; she was finally going to have some knickers to cover her bald pussy and this was just the kind of place that she loved to buy them in. She wasn't over enamoured with the fact that her brother-in-law was with her but she put that to the back of her mind as she began to peruse the various racks and shelves. She might not have been just as relaxed, however, if she had seen the smile that had passed between Sandy and the security guard as they had entered the shop.  
  
As she began to choose some items, overlooking some of the more revealing sets that might have tempted her if she had not been accompanied, she made her way to the changing room at the back of the store. Standing there was a stern looking shop assistant, old enough to be her mother, staring at Sarah as if she expected the younger woman to attempt to steal something. Standing beside this formidable dragon was Sandy, still smiling, also holding a collection of bras, knickers and suspender belts, and he hadn't made any attempt at neglecting the sluttier ranges the shop had on offer.

Taking the handful of items from Sandy's hands, the older woman asked Sarah to leave the items she had chosen with the gentleman and to follow her; she said all this in such a tone of voice that Sarah knew better than to argue. Sarah had known many teachers who could quell the noise in a classroom with just a raised eyebrow but this woman was more fearsome than any of them. She led her customer into a small booth then, to Sarah's surprise, closed the door behind them both.  
  
She asked the woman what she thought she was doing but the shop assistant simply explained that it was store policy for every customer to be monitored at all times. She would be here while Sarah tried on the various items of underwear that Sandy had chosen to ensure they fitted properly and also to ensure that Sarah didn't try to conceal any of them. Without trying the knickers on and without her presence in the changing room, Sarah would not be allowed to leave the store with any purchases.  
  
She was torn between not wanting to reveal her nakedness in front of this dragon and her desperate need to buy some underwear but her overriding desire not to be manipulated by Sandy into exposing herself in any other situation overcame everything else.   
  
Telling herself that this woman was a professional and had seen it all before, she began to open the buttons on her blouse. Even so she could feel her cheeks burning as she hung her head low when she pulled the blouse out of her skirt and revealed her naked breasts. The older woman stared disdainfully and told Sarah that she would have to remove her skirt too before she could try on the first item.  
  
It was obvious that the frightening woman was not going to hand over anything until Sarah did as she was told and her cheeks blushed a deeper shade of red as she lowered her skirt. This time the older woman did react; she stared at Sarah's naked pussy with such contempt that the poor woman felt about two feet tall. She was sure the shop assistant was convinced she was a working girl and that Sandy was some kind of client but she kept her opinions to herself as she handed over the first of his choices.  
  
Sandy, meanwhile, was sitting in the concealed office at the other side of the boutique. He and the security man had come to an arrangement a long time ago and Sarah was not the first woman he had brought to this store. The security officer had installed a secret camera in the changing room and each woman that Sandy accompanied was filmed and both of the men went home that day with a copy of his latest conquest stripping and changing into some very slutty underwear.  
  
They watched the screen on the security monitor intently now as Sarah reached out and took the offered items from the older woman's hand. The one thing that she had noticed from the bundle in the woman's arms was that they were either black or white; the shop had a myriad of colours, she thought to herself, was Sandy really a conservative at heart. When she looked closely at what lay in her hands, she knew the answer to that question.  
  
Glad just to be covering herself again, she pulled up her long legs a pair of black bikini cut panties, before slipping on a matching black bra, a black garter belt, and a pair of black fishnet stockings. She may have been covered but she still felt like a slut and the older woman standing in front of her obviously thought the same. Even so, Sarah could tell that this set was of the highest quality and she realised she liked the way they showed off all her assets. If she was being totally honest, she was still a bit aroused from her earlier exposure to Sandy and to the boys and she could feel the tiny knickers rubbing against her moist pussy just a little.  
  
"Turn around please, miss. I have to ensure that your knickers are fitting correctly at the back too."  
  
By now Sarah was becoming so used to doing as she was told, almost like a schoolgirl herself again, that she simply did as she was told. It was bad enough when she could feel the older woman's eyes on her round cheeks but when the fierce shop assistant began to smooth out imaginary wrinkles on the lacy panties, her face burned a deeper shade of crimson.  
  
Realising she had better remove the panties before she stained them too, she slipped them back down her legs and looked around for somewhere to place them. There was indeed a bench to sit down on and she went to put them there but the shop assistant held out a hand for them and she had no option but to hand them over while she removed her bra and stockings. The woman sniffed; whether it was in disdain or whether she caught a whiff of Sarah's arousal, the younger woman couldn't tell but she knew her face was as red as the racks of lingerie in the shop.  
  
Almost disinterestedly, the older woman waited until Sarah had stripped off the bra and stockings too before she handed the other woman her next outfit. This time it was white but Sarah knew it wasn't going to cover any more of her than the Sandy's last choice. She almost felt resigned to her fate as the shop assistant held out a white teddy with G-string panties, and lacy stockings. As she quickly snatched the smallest part of the ensemble and pulled them on, Sarah could feel the panties pulled tightly across her pussy and, once again, she was glad she was now shaved bald.  
  
She could tell that this was again a high quality choice by her brother-in-law but the teddy had sheer areas around her breasts that clearly showed her engorged nipples to the other woman and, when instructed to turn around again, she knew that the tiny G-string was showing off every inch of her bottom. She wondered how the other woman would find ay wrinkles to smooth out but this wasn't the shop assistant's first time at dressing another woman in slutty lingerie. She simply took the thin waistband of the thong with her calloused hands and pulled it higher up between Sarah's bottom cheeks and the poor teacher wasn't sure she could take much more of this.  
  
But more of it she did take, another hour more, as the outfits became sluttier and sluttier, revealing more and more of her trembling body. The worst thing of all was that, as she removed each different pair of knickers, Sarah knew they were coming off more and more wet, her arousal building to the point where she was desperate for some release. In the confined space of the tiny booth she was sure the other woman would be able to smell the heat from between her legs. She certainly could.  
  
Sandy and the security guard were beside themselves as they watched Sandy's sister-in-law become more and more embarrassed. Even though they both knew that they would do nothing about it until they were alone, both their cocks were straining in their trousers. They prepared for the final few minutes as the older woman held up the final outfit.   
  
It was a basque; a jet black basque and Sarah realised she had been expecting one at some point among Sandy's choices. She wasn't disappointed in the quality of this piece either as the shop assistant held it in front of her so she could slip her arms through the shoulder straps. Moving round behind her, the older woman fastened the hooks and eyes, pulling the basque as tight as it could go, adjusting the straps so that they were pulled as high as they would go. Sarah lifted her breasts within the tight confines of her new underwear, settling them in the push-up cups. She had to admit that she loved the feel of the tight waist and almost forgot that she was still standing in front of another woman without any knickers. As the woman came back round in front of her, she stared at the slut standing in front of her.  
  
"Where are the panties?" asked Sarah, suddenly remembering that she wasn't wearing any.  
  
When the woman tutted her disapproval, Sarah wasn't sure if it was because of the situation or because she had forgotten to call them "knickers". She would have to remember she was back in the UK now. The shop assistant knelt down before her, knickers in hand, and Sarah had to steady herself on the older woman's shoulder as she stepped into them. Once again the shop assistant ensured they were fitting correctly by pulling them high up on Sarah's hips, causing them to press softly against her wet pussy.  
  
Stepping back, the older woman's eyes travelled up and down Sarah's entire body, appraising her, Sarah felt, as much as the fit of the lingerie. Seemingly satisfied with what she saw, she informed Sarah that she was to wear this outfit under her clothes. The rest of the underwear would be parcelled up and would be waiting for her once she was dressed. She would wait for her at the front door along with her parcels.  
  
With that she left Sarah to get dressed and went back through to the shop. Back in the office, the security guard was just about to stop the recording but Sandy told him to wait. He wanted to capture every moment of Sarah in her basque and he thought she would look just as sexy getting dressed as she had over the last hour. What happened next took his breath away and made him very glad he had waited.  
  
Sarah waited a few moments until she was sure the older woman was definitely gone before she sat down on the cushioned bench. She was more turned on than she had been for a long time and she simply had to do something about it -- right now. She looked down at her breasts and could feel how hard her barely-hidden nipples were beneath the basque. As she pinched them she could feel her already wet knickers flooding with her juices and she knew she wanted more. She licked her soft lips with her soft tongue, opened her mouth and half closed her eyes. The tightness of the basque was taking her to new heights and her pussy was aching to be touched. As she arched her back in pleasure, she found that it caused her nipples to rub the insides of their cups and she pulled her knickers, panties, she no longer cared what she should call them, even higher until they were stretched really tight over her pussy and her breathing began to come faster and shallower.  
  
Sandy and the security guard couldn't believe what they were seeing as she leaned back and spread her legs. She ran her hands down the stiffened front of her new basque, down over her the top of her panties and down, down between her legs. Then very slowly, very softly she ran one finger over her sensitive pussy lips and cried out in pleasure.  
  
Returning one hand to her breasts, she pulled down her cups, releasing them and grabbed at them, fondling them, squeezing them, stretching her swollen nipples. All this time she stared at her wanton self in the full length mirror on the back of the door while the two men, unselfconsciously squeezed their cocks while they stared just as intensely at her on the screen.  
  
Just at that moment the door burst open.  
  
"Is everything all right in her here? Oh!!"  
  
The shop assistant had seen many things in her career but she had never seen anything like this. She seemed rooted to the spot and, even though, Sarah knew she was there, she knew she couldn't stop. The humiliation of this stern older woman standing there watching her as she masturbated took her over the edge.  
  
One hand continued to punish her breasts while the one between her legs had become a blur. She was still wearing her panties but she pressed hard on her vulnerable clit through the rich fabric. She rubbed and circled for just a few moments; she knew it wasn't going to take long. As she abandoned her breasts and slid her hand down, under the waistband of her panties and slipped one then two fingers between her soaking lips, she came almost instantly.   
  
Her eyes rolled upwards as her pussy and her orgasm took her far, far away from that tiny room. Every muscle in her body seemed to tighten and stayed that way until the wave washed over her and she came back down to earth. She slowly removed her hands from her knickers and lifted her head. Only then did she seem to become fully aware of the older woman's presence and the look of utter contempt on her face. Sarah's cheeks blushed deeper than they ever had as she slowly got to her feet and began to dress herself.   
  
She finally managed to pluck up the courage to make her way back through the shop and met Sandy and his entourage waiting for her at the door. Sandy was smiling as always but so was the guard and she was amazed to notice that both men had huge bulges in the front of their trousers. She couldn't look the shop assistant in the eye and was only too glad to get out of there when the guard opened the door for her.  
  
"Do come again, soon. Please!" were his parting words.

**Sarah Returns Home Ch. 02**

**Part 1**  
Moments after they left the boutique, they bumped into Linda and her mother and both women were keen to take a look at what she had bought. She knew she could never allow her mother or her sister to see the kind of underwear that Sandy had bought for her so promised to show them once they all got home, simply trying to buy herself some time. If she thought that was the end of her ordeal, she was badly mistaken.  
  
Sandy announced that he would treat them all to a late lunch in town and steered them towards a small Italian restaurant that he knew well. As they entered the new diner, it didn't look anything like a traditional Italian restaurant, more of a modern Pizzeria, with chrome tables and booths as well as tables. Sandy was greeted like an old friend and they were escorted to one of the booths where he managed to manipulate the three women to sit exactly where he wanted them, Sarah on the outside, Sandy to her right, then on the other side of the table, Lind and finally her mother. Her brother-in-law was charm itself as he chose some full bodied Barolo and pretended to listen as his new wife and mother-in-law related their shopping tales from the morning.  
  
Sarah was still feeling extremely embarrassed by what had happened in the changing room when she had brought herself to an incredible orgasm in front of the formidable shop assistant who simply stood and watched her. Now she could feel her tiny knickers sticking to her pussy as she had not been given the chance to clean up. Added to that, the strap at the back was sinking deeper and deeper between her cheeks and her tiny leather skirt was doing nothing to protect her modesty. The waiter had certainly enjoyed the sight of her trying to be ladylike as she had slid into the booth and now, as he returned with the wine, he feasted on her slender legs, causing her to blush once more.  
  
Once the wine had been poured, tasted, and the waiter had departed, Sandy raised his glass in a toast to "all the gorgeous women of the Tucker family." While Linda and her mother beamed with undiluted pride, Sarah blushed with embarrassment that her brother-in-law knew far too much about how gorgeous she was. As her mother and sister began to discuss people that she had known a long time ago, Sarah retreated into herself but was suddenly brought back to reality when she felt a hand on her bare thigh.  
  
She immediately turned to Sandy and glared at him. He simply pretended not to notice and joined in the other two women's conversation. She couldn't believe he would be so bold sitting opposite his wife and mother-in-law but the sensations of his hand stroking up and down her thigh, even moving her short skirt up and down a little, shocked her and she was delighted to see the waiter return to take their order. Once again he glanced down at Sarah's legs, smiling to himself, and to her, as he saw Sandy's hand resting near the top. Temporarily distracted by having to look at the menu, Sandy's hand rested for a moment and she took the chance to firmly lift it and placing it back in his own lap.  
  
As the other three resumed their conversation, Sandy put his hand back where it had been before and, although she shifted slightly in her seat, hoping he would get the message, he resumed his stroking of her smooth skin, moving higher and higher as each minute passed. There was a small smile on the corner of his lips, and he turned to look at her for a second, squeezing her leg as she tried to remove his hand again. She was being told, in no uncertain manner, to sit still. Sarah could neither follow nor concentrate on the conversation around the table while her brother-in-law was tormenting her in the presence of her mother and sister, and began to look around the other diners in the hope of some sort of distraction. What she saw, however, simply made her blush even more.  
  
A young couple at the table opposite them had already finished their meal and now seemed intent in devouring each other. As Sarah watched, they leaned together and kissed. They kissed and they kissed and they kissed. They broke off just for a second to look into each others eyes then the woman grabbed the back of the man's head, pulling him back to her mouth to resume their frantic kissing. They had obviously been sitting facing each other during their meal but now the man had taken the empty seat beside his girlfriend and, as their lips feasted on each other, their equally hungry bodies moved even closer together. Sarah watched as the girl seemed to slide forward, her skirt rising up her thighs, revealing her stocking tops. It was then that Sandy noticed her attention was elsewhere.  
  
He followed the direction of her stare and smiled when he saw the young couple enjoying themselves so openly, oblivious to the rest of the world, oblivious to the audience they had. Taking the opportunity presented by Sarah's distraction, his hand slowly moved all the way up her short leather skirt and reached his target, the soaking wet crotch of her knickers. Pouring his wife and mother-in-law more wine, he left them to their gossiping as his fingertips began to slowly trace the outlines of her sensitive pussy lips Sarah was brought back to what was happening under the cover of her own table when she realised her brother-in-law was actually going to go further than even the young couple opposite. She tried to move her position again, glaring at him, but he ignored her and, taking advantage of the adjustment of her legs, pushed his hand even more firmly against her pussy. She could feel his fingers stroking her, rubbing up and down, bringing her somewhere she didn't want to go sitting opposite her mother in a very public place. They could both feel her moistness and, if anything, it seemed to spur him on.   
  
"Who's having the spaghetti?" asked the waiter who had suddenly appeared at the booth.   
  
Sandy slowly removed his hand from under her skirt, the other two women distracted by the arrival of their food. As Linda and her mother began to tuck into their food, Sandy brought his hand up to his face and inhaled deeply. Sarah could feel her cheeks start to burn red again as he did so but, when he surreptitiously licked his fingers, she thought she would die of shame. The waiter simply smiled at her; whether he had seen what was going on or whether he was till enjoying the view of her slender legs, she couldn't possibly know. Neither possibility was attractive to her.   
  
Sarah tried to enjoy her lunch as much as the others were doing but between the threat of what Sandy might do next and the antics of the young couple opposite, she was in no mood to relax. Her eyes drifted across to them again and she saw that the man had become even more daring, pushing up his girlfriend's skirt, exposing her naked thighs and her tight black garter straps.  
  
Suddenly the girl looked her right in the eye and Sarah realised she was not only aware of what she was doing, of what she was showing, but that she was enjoying it; enjoying being touched, enjoying being exposed. With very clear intent, she opened her legs wide and Sarah stared in disbelief as the girl's skirt rose further up, settling around her waist.  
  
Her eyes nearly popped out as she saw that the girl wasn't wearing any knickers at all. The thick curly hair between her legs could not hide the pink lips that glistened behind them. Staring right at her audience of one, she took the man's hand, and placed it over her pussy, holding it there, pressing him firmly against herself. Sarah could almost hear the girl's heavy breathing but she certainly heard her when she threw back her head and moaned aloud.  
  
This seemed to draw the attention of a few other diners and they stopped what they were doing. The girl quickly pulled down her skirt but not before more than a few others had a clear view of her hairy pussy, the women glaring in disbelief, the men smiling in jealousy. Sarah could only imagine the state the young man must be in but, when his girlfriend reached across and grabbed him between his legs he knew it was time to leave.   
  
They both staggered to their feet, the girl still rearranging her skirt, the man trying to conceal the obvious bulge in the front of his trousers. He practically threw some money at the waiter on the way out and the last Sarah saw of them was the man grabbing his girlfriend's firm bottom cheeks as they hurried off to a more private location.  
  
If she thought for one moment that the departure of the couple would have caused Sandy to stop, she was badly mistaken. He had somehow managed to slide one finger around the dripping crotch of her knickers and hook it to the side. Now his fingers were against her bald pussy and the more those fingers teased her, the wetter she became. He continued to talk to her sister and mother as he fingered her and part of her marveled at his ability to multi-task so blatantly.   
  
"Sarah! Are you listening?"  
  
"Sorry, what was the question?"  
  
"I don't know what's the matter with you today. It might be acceptable to dress like that in the US but it most certainly isn't today but I would have thought that the least you could do is pay attention when your sister is speaking to you." She mumbled her apology to her mother but couldn't help but feel she was being judged unfairly. Would they really expect her to be paying attention if they knew Sandy had his fingers at the entrance to her pussy and was threatening to enter her as they sat there droning on?  
  
She gasped silently, bringing her napkin to her mouth as he pushed his way in, even as he continued to eat his lunch. She stared at him, pleading with him not to do this but he was enjoying himself too much and he could tell, by the juices coating his fingers and the smallest of wet sounds as he pushed in and out, that her body was too, even if she would never admit it.  
  
She tried to eat her own food but even her hands wouldn't function properly as her face became overheated and her whole body ached to thrust itself against his invading hand. She dreaded what would happen if he touched her sensitive clit but, as if reading her mind, his thumb reached up and stroked her throbbing button, causing her to whimper into her hand.   
  
Biting her bottom lip to stop herself from asking for more, she nearly cried when she realised she was about to cum in front of her mother and sister, in a public place, with her brother-in-law's fingers deep inside her.  
  
"Is everyone finished?"  
  
Where had the waiter come from? Sandy removed his fingers slowly again and she was so tempted to grab his hand and push him back inside her frustrated pussy. She was so close but when she saw him licking his fingers again she cringed anew.  
  
"Is that your salad dressing on your fingers? Let me taste it?"  
  
She looked on aghast as he unashamedly offered his sticky fingers to his wife, her sister, and her face blushed bright red as she watched Linda lick those fingers that had just been removed from her pussy. Her sister had obviously had too much wine already as she ignored the glares of her mother and licked along the length of her new husband's long fingers, ensuring she captured every drop of the moisture covering them.  
  
"That's a strange taste," she finally offered. "What's it called?"  
  
"I'm not sure; I'll find out," answered the waiter, all too aware of where this new taste originated but not sure how he could it explain it. As he cleared the plates, he looked at Sarah's barely touched lunch.  
  
"Didn't you like it?"   
  
"I think she's got her mind on other things," Sandy answered for her and the waiter left.   
  
**Part 2**  
Thankfully, they had left the restaurant soon after, Linda driving her mother home and Sandy chauffeuring his sister-in-law. The drive was once again uneventful apart from Sarah having to sit with her short skirt around her waist again. On Sandy's instruction, she had pulled down her top and exposed her corset-covered breasts to any truck which passed in the opposite direction. Linda and her mother, driving behind them, wondered why all the trucks were sounding their horns as they passed but Sarah comforted herself with the thought that at least she would never have to face these men in person.   
  
Even so, on their return to her mother's home, she made the excuse of a severe headache and stayed in her room the rest of the day. Her mother retired early that night too and she knew that Linda and Sandy were in their room too. The whole neighbourhood probably knew that, given the noise they were making.  
  
She couldn't settle and once the house was quiet, John still being out with his friends, she decided she would take a dip in her mother's pool, hoping the exercise might drive the conflicting thoughts from her mind. If nothing else, perhaps she would be able to tire herself out.   
  
Rummaging among the bags from her shopping expedition with Sandy earlier, she retrieved the swimsuit he had bought her. She knew it was revealing but at this time of night it probably wouldn't matter; no-one was going to see it. As she pulled it out of the bag, she remembered just how embarrassed she had been in the changing room when the older shop assistant had seen her try it on but the only older woman here tonight was her mother and she was one person who would never see Sarah in this outfit.  
  
What there was of it was white; a colour she had realised Sandy seemed to favour. He seemed to prefer his woman to have something of the innocent about them but still expected them to act like a slut. The top consisted of two strings with two small triangles which she knew wouldn't even cover her modest breasts. The bottom was even smaller; it consisted of two stings and only one triangle. Even in the privacy of her room, Sarah felt aroused just by slipping it on. She pulled the two triangles that mostly make up the top into position so that they covered each nipple, leaving lots of exposed breast all around. The bottom triangle covered her pussy and not much more while the back was nothing more than a string that she pulled deep between her bottom cheeks so that it was practically invisible. Luckily she had managed to convince Sandy to buy the matching wrap which she now tied around her waist, allowing herself a small sense of decency before she grabbed the first footwear that came to hand, a pair of high-heeled white sandals.  
  
Silently she opened her bedroom door and made her way downstairs. The house was dark but she knew her way round well enough not to bump into anything. By the time she got into the kitchen, there was enough moonlight coming in the patio doors to allow her to unlock them and slip outside without disturbing anyone. Making her way across the lawn, she reached the poolside and bent down, reaching in to test the water.  
  
It was then she had another deliciously naughty thought. No-one was around; her bikini was as good as useless; what if she were to go skinny-dipping? Who would know; who would see her? It was something Linda and she had often dared each other to do when they were growing up but neither of them had ever had the nerve. What was to stop her now? She could just imagine Linda's face in the morning when she whispered in her sister's ear that she had finally won the bet.  
  
Untying the wrap and laying it on one of the pool-side loungers, she quickly slipped off her top. Before her nerve deserted her, she pulled her tiny bottom triangle down her legs and she realised that it was wet already, even before she had entered the pool. I really need to calm down, she thought. Hopefully a good workout in the pool would help.  
  
Not wanting to make too much noise by diving in, she slipped into the still pleasant water but still shivered as she felt it inching up her toned legs and reaching her private places. Trying to ignore the sensations as she felt the water caress her most intimate areas, she pushed herself off from the side and began to lap up and down.  
  
She had always been a strong swimmer and she realised it had been too long since she had pushed herself this much but it felt good and she pushed some more. For over twenty minutes she lapped up and down her mother's pool, enjoying the stretch of her muscles, enjoying the feel of the water on her bare skin, losing herself in the physical exertion she had been longing for.  
  
When she finally stopped, she stood in the shallow end, taking a minute to orientate herself again, pushing her wet hair off her face and wiping the water from her face. That was the moment she shuddered in fear and she ducked down to her knees hiding herself once more. There were three or four cars by the side of the house that hadn't been there before. John had obviously arrived home; and he wasn't alone.  
  
Her first instinct had been to hide but now she knew she had to get dressed, to cover herself before anyone saw her like this. Her bikini wasn't going to cover much but it would cover the essentials and she didn't have any other choice. As quietly as she could, she climbed out of the pool, immediately aware of the night-time breeze blowing against her wet nipples and her naked pussy.  
  
Making her way over to the lounger, she looked down in horror as she saw her bikini and wrap had disappeared, stolen; only her white sandals remained. She looked back at the house in fear, wondering if anyone was watching her, thankful that the full moon had dipped behind some clouds and that at least was offering her some protection.  
  
The longer she stood there, the colder she became, the more she shivered and the harder her nipples seemed to become. She knew she couldn't stay there much longer and decided she would have to make a run for it. What she would do when she got to the house, what she would say to John or any of her friends if she bumped into them, she would have to work out once she got there.  
  
John, however, had other plans. He had invited his team mates back to the pool for some midnight skinny dipping of their own and, as they were all over eighteen and had no worries about parental curfews, they stripped off in the kitchen. Just as he was about to switch on the pool-side floodlights, John noticed someone in the pool. At that point he hadn't known the identity of the mystery swimmer but he had quietened down his friends before creeping to the edge of the pool.  
  
He was overjoyed to be met with the sight of his sexy aunt, especially as she was naked once more and now he could prove to his friends just how sexy she was. He saw her clothes lying on the lounger, grabbed them and crept back to the house. Promising his friends a treat if they could just keep quiet for a few minutes longer, he put his plan into place. When he saw the naked body of his aunt pull herself out of the pool, realise her bikini had gone, debate with herself what she should do, he was almost trembling with excitement when he saw her slip on her sandals and start to run towards the house.  
  
Sarah was trembling too; she was cold; she was wet; and she was afraid. That was nothing, however, to how she felt when she was suddenly trapped in a pool of light as her nephew flicked the switch. Like a rabbit trapped in headlights, she couldn't see anything at first, her eyes blinded by the bright light. When she could see again, she nearly fainted on the spot.  
  
John was standing at the patio doors, his video camera in his hand, capturing every moment of her exposure and her embarrassment. Worse still he was naked and her eyes were automatically dragged towards the erect cock between his legs; worse still was the fact that his friends were all standing on the patio enjoying her display; worse still they were all naked too and they all sported cocks that were just as erect as her nephew's. Worst of all, they were all smiling at her and she knew she would have to battle her way through them to reach the sanctuary of her mother's house.  
  
As the boys all started to cheer and holler in delight, she knew she had no choice but to run for it before they woke the rest of the family. Unused to being presented with a naked older woman at the end of their night out, they politely stepped back and allowed her to pass through at high speed. Even so, a few braver ones still managed to run their hands over her naked cheeks and one even grabbed her breast.

Sarah didn't stop until she reached her bedroom, closing the door behind her, cursing her mother for not having ever allowed them locks on their doors, and buried herself under the covers on her bed. She shivered from the cold and the fact that she was till soaking wet. But she shivered most of all from the fact that her nephew and all his friends had seen her naked and that John had recorded every minute of it. She knew she wasn't going to get much sleep tonight.  
  
**Part 3**  
After a troubled night's sleep, Sarah finally threw off the covers. Why did her mother always have the house so warm, even in the summer? She had finally fallen asleep, still naked, after her encounter with John and his friends but was still far too hot and desperately needed a shower. As she reluctantly opened her eyes, she nearly shrieked out loud when she was met by the smiling face of her nephew.   
  
His aunt immediately pulled the covers back over her naked body but not before he had been treated to another full frontal view of her sexy body. John could feel his cock stirring already but tried to control himself. If he played this right then the benefits would more than repay his patience.  
  
"John, what on earth are you doing in here?" she asked, not having to pretend to be angry, but still very conscious of her nudity under the covers.  
  
"I've got to go out shortly but I wanted to give you the film that I made last night."  
  
"You mean the film...?"  
  
"That's right; the film I made of you running naked through Gran's garden and then letting my equally naked friends touch your arse and tits."  
  
"But I didn't let them. They just grabbed me."  
  
"I know; but it doesn't look like that on the film, not the way I've edited it. Do you want it?"  
  
"Of course I want it. Are you going to just hand it over?" she asked incredulously.  
  
"Yes, auntie. I wouldn't want to see you embarrassed by it. And we certainly wouldn't want to let it fall into Gran's hands, now would we?"  
  
"No, please, John; your Gran must never see that film. Can I have it now?"  
  
"Well, like I said, I'm going out now but I'll give it to you later. By the way, Sandy is taking my mother out to dinner tonight and Gran has a Church meeting so I've invited my friends back for a party by the pool. I was just wondering if you might like to join us."  
  
"No, thanks, John. Enjoy your party but I think I'll sit this one out," she replied, thinking that John was extending an innocent invitation. She had always liked her nephew, even when he was a little boy and began to think that maybe last night was all just a big mistake.   
  
"I don't think you understand, auntie. I would really like you to come to my party. I'd really like you to wear the same bikini you should have been wearing last night and I'd really like you to help my friends enjoy themselves. After all, we wouldn't want Gran to see the film, now would we?"  
  
Now she understood; if she wanted to get her hands on that film then she would have to do what he says. Otherwise, her mother would be treated to a front row viewing of her latest embarrassment and she knew she couldn't allow that to happen. She hung her head in despair while her nephew smiled to himself and left her to spend the day in anticipation of what was to come. He knew he would be thinking of nothing else for the rest of the day.  
  
Sarah could think of nothing else either and, although she busied herself around the house, trying to keep in her mother's good books, her mind kept returning to her humiliation last night and to her probable shame this evening. She might be covered more than she was last night but these boys had all seen her naked, some of them had even touched her, and her face burned red just at the thought of seeing them again.  
  
She watched from her bedroom window as first her mother then her sister and brother-in-law departed for their respective destinations. Deciding all she could do to get through this evening was to have a few glasses of wine before the party even started, she had already swallowed half a bottle of very nice Chablis when she heard the first cars arriving. Looking out of the window again, she saw John's friends climbing out of the cars as only teenage boys can but she noticed something else as well. Some of the boys had brought their girlfriends to the party and Sarah blushed anew at the thought of these impressionable girls seeing her in her skimpy bikini. John had assured his parents that, since they were going to be drinking at the party, no-one would be under age, but she was still embarrassed at the thought of how she was going to be dressed.  
  
Pulling on the bikini which John had kindly returned to her that morning, she looked at herself in the mirror once again. She knew that her nipples and her pussy were covered but not much more was, so she pulled on a T-shirt and tied her wrap around her waist before making her way downstairs.  
  
Before she even opened the patio doors, she could feel the beat of the loud music and looked around the crowd to find her nephew. Seeing him talking to one of the girls, she sauntered over towards him, drawing her strength from the wine she had already had, aware that every eye had now turned to stare at her. John glared at her as she approached and she knew she had done something wrong.  
  
"I was just telling Jane about your wonderful bikini, auntie, but you're all covered up. I thought you'd agreed you would wear what you had last night. If you don't want to do that, we can always just go back indoors and watch a film."  
  
The implied threat was all too obvious; take off the T-shirt and wrap or Gran would have something different to tell her Church friends next week. Sarah looked at her nephew, pleading silently with him not to force her to do this but she could see how determined he was. Realising she had no choice but to do as he had instructed, she pulled the T-shirt over her head, then undid her wrap and let them both fall to the floor.  
  
Standing there in just her tiny bikini, she felt just as exposed as she would have done if she had been naked. Although the music continued to blare out, she knew there was not another sound from the party goers until someone commented, "Wow! Look at that arse." That seemed to burst the bubble and soon she was all too aware of the other comments her near nudity was inspiring.  
  
"Look at those gorgeous tits."  
  
"Never mind the tits, look at her nipples. They're rock hard."  
  
"I've never seen such a tiny thong. You can't even see the back of it between her cheeks."  
  
"She must have shaved her pussy. That outfit couldn't hide a hairy bush."  
  
If those comments from the boys were bad enough, it was the ones from the girls that really humiliated her.  
  
"Slut!"  
  
"Whore!"  
  
"She should know better at her age."  
  
John instructed her to ensure all his friends had drinks and, for the next few hours, she seemed to be constantly walking back and forth to the kitchen to retrieve more and more bottles of beer from the fridge. Of course, every time she did so she had to bend over and give anyone behind her a perfect view of the strap pulled tight between her cheeks. She was aware that every time she did so, there was a flash behind her and she knew her barely covered bottom had been recorded on yet another phone or camera. The thought of this was tempered, however, by the fact that, each time she escaped back to the house, she also helped herself to another mouthful of wine and, by the time the dancing started, she was more than a little tipsy.   
  
On returning from one trip, she was grabbed by her nephew and pulled among the dancers, a bit unsteady on her high heels and on account of all the wine she had imbued. John made it quite clear she was not allowed to dance with anyone else but, after a few songs, she began to relax, especially when some of the other girls stripped down to their own much more respectable swimsuits. By the time a slow, quieter song came on, John was practically holding her up. She noticed that he was actually keeping an even more tighter grip on her than was necessary and she tried to step back a little. That was when she realised that everyone else had now circled the host and his sexy aunt and that someone was standing very close behind them.  
  
She tried to look around but John held her so tightly that she was unable to move and that was when she felt someone loosening the strings that held her bikini top in place. Despite the panic in her eyes, her nephew just laughed and she became aware of the growing sound of others laughing all around them. She felt trapped when her bikini top was whipped off from behind her and, when she felt the ties on her bottoms being similarly untied, she pleaded with her captor.  
  
"Please, John, don't do this. Don't humiliate me again."  
  
"Sorry, auntie, but the boys have all paid good money to have another look at your pert little tits and your sweet pussy and the girls didn't believe that a woman your age could be so sexy, so everything has to go."  
  
With that she felt her bottoms being pulled away from between them and, as John finally released her from his grip, she once again found herself in the middle of a cheering, laughing crowd, naked once again, embarrassed once again, her cheeks bright red once again, and this time no-one was letting her leave.  
  
As she tried to push her way through the crowd, they closed ranks and each of the boys took their turns at running their hands over her breasts, over her round cheeks. Even the girls joined in and, at one point, she felt someone touch her pussy. She was so aroused, their finger slipped easily between her lips and delved deeper into her.  
  
"Hey, the bitch is soaking wet. She's loving this."  
  
As her unknown assailant held up his hand for everyone to see, Sarah used the distraction to burst through the mob and run for the house. Just like last night, she didn't stop until she reached her room and slammed the door behind her, slumping against it, unable or unwilling to believe that she had been exposed to a bunch of teenagers yet again. Yet, deep in her heart, and deep in her pussy, she knew that their humiliating treatment had indeed aroused her and she could feel her juices flowing between her legs.  
  
After a short while, she heard the sound of someone approaching the door.  
  
"Auntie, open up."  
  
"Go away, John. I want nothing more to do with you."  
  
"I don't think you've got any choice in the matter, auntie. Open up or Gran gets to see last night's film plus the one we've just made of you been touched up by all my friends."  
  
Sarah shuddered when she heard these words. She should have known that there would be someone recording every moment of her torment. Now John, just like his stepfather, had even more material to blackmail her with. She struggled to her feet and moved away from the door, allowing her nephew to walk in, his right hand held behind his back. She had almost got used to her own nakedness by this point. After what had happened at the party it hardly seemed to matter. What did matter, however, was that John was naked too.  
  
"John, you can't come in like that. I'm you aunt for God's sake, your mother's sister. What do you mean by coming to my room naked? What do you want?"  
  
"I want what every teenage boy wants, auntie; his first blowjob from a sexy older woman and you're going to be the lucky lady."  
  
"No way! Get out! There's no way that's ever going to happen. Out! Now!"  
  
"Ok, auntie, if that's what you want. At least I know what we'll all be watching on TV tonight. I can't wait to see the faces on all the family, your mother included, when they see you being stripped and touched in their own garden. Do you think they'll get as aroused as you did?"  
  
"Please, John, I'm your aunt. This isn't right. You can't ask me to do this."  
  
"I'm not asking, auntie, I'm telling. Now get on your knees, slut, and open your mouth."  
  
Sarah was taken back as much by her nephew's words as by his threats and found herself doing exactly what he said. She dropped to her knees and wrapped her right hand around my nephew's hard cock, feeling it throb at her touch, wondering if she was the first woman to touch it. Slowly, reluctantly, she began to move her hand up and down.   
  
John moaned in delight and nearly came on the spot. He couldn't believe that she was going along with this and brought his hand out from behind his back.   
  
"That's nice, auntie. Now I'm just going to text a few friends and let them know what a wonderful cocksucker you are so don't let me be a liar. Wrap your soft lips around my cock and start sucking."   
  
Sarah couldn't believe his insolence or his bravado. Was he really going to watch her suck him off while he sent texts to his mates? It didn't really matter whether he was or he wasn't; all that mattered was that she was about to put her nephew's cock in her mouth and her pussy was leaking more than ever before. Still holding him, still wanking him, she leaned forward and began licking his tip, tasting his pre-cum, tasting her nephew.   
  
Once again, she knew that the only way for this to end was to get it over with and she began bobbing up and down on him, her wet lips stretched around his teenage cock. Using her tongue in a way she had not done for longer than she cared to remember, she tried to make him cum as quickly as she could.  
  
"Look up at me while you're sucking, auntie. You're very good at that. Would you like to suck off my friends too? I made some nice money from them by promising they would get to see your tits and pussy again; imagine how much I would get if I offered them your mouth for a blowjob."  
  
Sarah was humiliated beyond belief to know that her nephew had pimped her out to his friends. She felt dirty; she felt used; she felt incredibly turned on and she longed to reach down and stroke her aching pussy. She looked up at him as instructed and, sure enough, he seemed to be busy with his phone. She would have been mortified if she had known that John wasn't texting but was recording her once again and he was sure his mates would pay for this little film too. With his sexy aunt on her knees before him, she looked the very picture of a slutty older woman.  
  
As she continued, however, he found it harder and harder to hold his hand steady so placed his phone on the chest of drawers, still recording, hoping it was getting a good shot. Taking hold of her hair in both hands, he pulled her down, hard, forcing his cock deep into her throat. Sarah gagged as he hit the back of her throat but that was of no concern to him. He momentarily gave her some release as he pulled out slightly, only to force himself back down her mouth again. Repeating this over and over again, his thrusts becoming faster and faster; he knew that he wasn't far away.   
  
Sarah was still struggling to accept that this was happening in her own bedroom, in her mother's house, just as she was struggling to accept her nephew's cock down her throat but she couldn't help herself. She reached between her legs and began to rub her pussy, just as fast as John was plunging in and out of her mouth.  
  
Seeing this, he knew he couldn't stop himself even if he'd wanted to, and stopping was the very last thing he wanted to do. He began to shoot his cum down her throat, pulling back just slightly to fill her mouth, before pulling out completely to shoot the last shot over her face. Picking up his phone one last time, he held it steady as he wiped his dripping cock across her cheeks. "You really are a slut, auntie, aren't you? But don't worry; I'll honour my side of the bargain. You can have the films I made of you last night and at the party."  
  
He didn't say anything about the film he had just made, nor did he promise to delete the other ones but he would certainly give Sarah copies for her own use. He wondered what she would do with them.

**Sarah Returns Home Ch. 03**

**Part 1**  
Sarah was squirming again. As if yesterday hadn't been bad enough, today was promising to be even worse. She had woken to the sound of Church bells. In the small town where her mother lived everyone went to Church on a Sunday. That included her mother and also included Sarah, Linda and Sandy. Only John had managed to find a good reason to be excused, football practice; but even he had to promise to attend a later Mass. Now she sat in the front pew awaiting the signal from Sandy when she would have to humiliate herself once more and simply hope that her mother was too busy praying to notice what she was doing.   
  
Sandy had been waiting for her in the bathroom that morning but all she could think about was the taste of her nephew's cum on her teeth and in her mouth, no matter how often she had brushed and gargled. She wasn't sure if it was because she was thinking about what John had made her do the previous evening or because she was still half asleep that she didn't even notice her brother-in-law at first.   
  
He was hiding in the large walk-in closet in the bathroom when she had entered, wearing her usual night-time attire, an oversized T-shirt and a pair of skimpy knickers. She sleepily turned on the shower then walked over to the toilet and lifted the lid. Turning round, she faced him, still oblivious to his presence just a few feet from her and started to lower her tiny knickers as she sat on the toilet. A large sigh escaped her lips and that's when she realised she wasn't alone.  
  
She nearly cried out in fright even though she knew who it was immediately; who else could possibly wear such a smug grin. What made her face burn in shame, however, was the fact that she was sitting there, pissing, right in front of him. She tried to stop but her flow was too strong; did it always sound so loud? Sandy simply stood and watched, stroking his fat cock through his trousers, as she had no choice but to finish peeing then open her legs to wipe herself. Of all the things this evil man had watched her do, had made her do, this was the worst, and he hadn't even said a word.   
  
She reached around, flushed the toilet and stood, her knickers still at her ankles, waiting for Sandy to leave so that she could have her shower in peace. Instead he sat down and she knew that he was going nowhere. Realising she had little choice, she turned her back on him before pulling her T-shirt over her head and stepping out of her knickers. Let him sit there, she thought; he's seen anything that I have anyway. This defiant thought strengthened her resolve but it didn't do anything to hide the blush in her cheeks as she stepped into the shower, very aware of her brother-in-law staring at her round cheeks.  
  
Trying to hide as much as possible behind the shower screen, she let the water run down her back and over her long hair. Pouring some shampoo into her palm she proceeded to wash her hair. Closing her eyes to protect them from the suds but all the time she was worrying what Sandy was doing. By the time she had rinsed her hair and he still hadn't approached, she wondered if he had actually left the bathroom. Pushing her hair off her face, she looked out from behind the screen, hopefully, but he was still sitting there, still smiling, still waiting. Waiting for what, she wondered; I can't get any more naked, any more vulnerable than I am now. Why doesn't he say something, do something?  
  
Tired of his games, she reached for the soap and her face cloth, quickly producing a luxurious soapy lather. This is going to be the quickest shower ever, she told herself but, as she began to wash her arms, her breasts, even her legs, she knew she was avoiding the one area that was aching for her attention.   
  
Covered in suds she stepped back under the full force of the shower and allowed the steaming water to run down over her body, allowing it access to all the areas she longed to touch herself. There was no chance of that, not with Sandy waiting. The last thing she wanted to do was to give him any encouragement.   
  
Stepping out of the shower, she immediately wrapped herself in one of her mother's soft towels. Once she was covered, another towel wrapped around her hair, she finally relaxed a little even though her brother-in-law continued to stare at her, watching every move she made. She couldn't pretend that he wasn't having an effect on her but she tried hard to remain composed and walked out of the bathroom as if he wasn't there.   
  
She knew it was too much to hope for that Sandy would not follow her but she would have been even deeply embarrassed if she had realised that the towel wrapped around her wet body wasn't covering everything it should. Even though it looked fine at the front, it must have caught on the moistness covering her back and now rested just above her pink cheeks. Sandy walked a few steps behind her, revelling in the way her cheeks wobbled just a little as she strode purposefully across the hall to her bedroom.  
  
Vainly she tried to prevent him from entering her room but he was too strong for her. It wasn't his strength that gained him entry, however; he simply whispered in her ear how he would love to take a photo of her in her towel to remind her that he had much more incriminating photos of her. She stepped back and allowed him in, standing there wondering, worrying just how far he is going to take this before they all have to leave for Church.   
  
Cursing him for blackmailing her like this, she pleaded with him to leave her in peace but all he did was sit on the edge of her bed and wait. As she hesitated, he turned to the side and leaned over her pillow, inhaling the heat and the scent she had left there from her sleep. That simple act seemed to embarrass her greatly, as if he was stealing something personal from her. When he took his phone from his pocket and snapped her as she stood there, however, she knew that he had even worse ammunition than that.   
  
She unwrapped the towel from around her still moist body and, once again, she was naked in front of her brother-in-law. As Sandy stared at her sexy body, he couldn't help but compare it to her sister's and he almost purred in delight that he was the lucky man honoured to be able to sample the delights of both women's charms. He could feel his cock stirring again and he longed to release it but he was saving that for tonight, for something really special.  
  
Sarah slowly started to dry her neck and arms, before speeding up as the towel began to move down her body. She didn't want him to be staring at her breasts as she dried them but she knew she had no choice; all she could do was get it over with as quickly as possible. She drew the towel under each of them in turn, before running the towel up the small valley between them and finally drying around the top of them. She was trying desperately not to look at Sandy but he had no such inhibitions and, in fact, opened his legs to allow her to see the growing bulge at the front of his trousers. Even though her cheeks were already red, she could feel the heat in them blossoming again and hurried to finish drying herself.   
  
She brought the towel around to her back, holding it in both hands, knowing she had no choice but to totally expose herself to her brother-in-law. It didn't matter how often this happened; she was never going to be comfortable with her sister's husband staring at her naked breasts and bald pussy. She trembled in her embarrassment as drying her back caused her breasts to swing gently back and forth and she knew Sandy was storing this moment in his mind's eye, even if he hadn't brought out his camera.  
  
If drying her breasts and then her back had been embarrassing enough then it was nothing to what she felt when she realised that she would now have to rub her pussy and her bottom to dry them too. Looking at the man sitting only a few feet away from her, she could tell from his widening grin that he knew what was coming next too and he was obviously looking forward to it.  
  
She brought the towel down to dry her lower back and bottom, twisting as far as she could so that one hand held the towel up while the other dried as much as possible. After a few moments, she changed hands and repeated drying her other cheek. As habit took over, she brought the towel back round to the front and seemed to slightly spread her legs, despite her audience. With one hand she pushed the towel between her legs and quickly dried off her pussy, almost moaning in pleasure at the long awaited touch. Sandy looked forward to the time when it was his tongue which was brushing her pussy lips but that time was not now, not yet.   
  
Finally dry, she held the towel in front of herself, at last shielding her naked body from Sandy's piercing eyes. He now seemed to think it was time for him to play his part as he got up from her bed and began to select her clothes for the day. He knew that his new wife was now in the shower and that his mother-in-law was making breakfast for them all so he could allow himself time to enjoy Sarah's embarrassment and there wasn't a thing she could do about it.  
  
Rummaging through her wardrobe, sifting through her chest of drawers, he presented his sister-in-law with an outfit that she would have never dreamed of wearing to Church and she doubted very much if her mother would approve. Once more depriving her of any privacy, he stepped back, pleased with himself, and waited for her to dress herself as he watched her examine the clothes he had placed on her bed.   
  
Sarah took a step forward and she knew, even before she looked, that the first item would be stockings. She had come to the conclusion that Sandy, like most men, loved the idea of a woman in stockings, loved the idea of the tops of her smooth thighs being naked, vulnerable to his touch and loved the idea of her pussy being so much more accessible. Much as she hated to admit it, the silk stockings felt good on her bare skin and she allowed herself a small sigh as the smooth silk covered her smooth legs.  
  
The stockings were black, as was the next item, a satin four strap suspender belt with a black lace front panel; ensuring the stockings were taut and wrinkle free, she attached them to the metal clasps. She liked wearing stockings but she knew that they, coupled with the knickers that Sandy had chosen, would show off her nicely rounded bare bottom. The only thing preserving her modesty was a black satin string settled snugly between the bottom cheeks belonging to the smallest thong from the collection Sandy had bought for her.   
  
Her matching black bra seemed a least one size too small but at least the final item actually seemed suitable for Church, a nice summer dress which, although it only came down as far as mid thigh, still covered everything she would have wanted to cover. What worried her, though, was that it had buttons all the way down the front and she had no idea how many her brother-in-law might allow her to fasten.  
  
**Part 2**  
After breakfast, they all drove to Church together. Marching to the very front of the incense filled building, Sarah trembled at the prospect of exactly what Sandy had planned. He had given her very explicit instructions as to how she should behave this morning before they had even sat down to breakfast. If she had had her way, they would have sat in the back row but her mother was adamant that she was going to show off to the rest of the congregation that she had both her girls with her today. Sandy, of course, was delighted, as this fitted his wicked plan perfectly.  
  
Sitting in the front of the Church, Sarah could hear rather than see the congregation building; her mother had assured her there would be at least a couple of hundred people here today. Once again, Sandy had manipulated where they were sitting so that she was separated from her sister and mother by the large figure of her brother-in-law.   
  
She sat on his left hand side and felt totally alone but that was maybe a good thing given what was about to happen. She knew she should never have agreed to this; she knew she should get up and walk out, feigning illness, but she knew that Sandy had agreed to hand over all his blackmail material if she did everything he asked of her for one more day. She had to do this, she told herself, and the fact that her pussy was becoming moist in anticipation was no more than a natural reaction.  
  
A bell rang to interrupt her thoughts and the organist began to play the opening hymn. As Sarah heard the sounds of hundreds of holy people rising to their feet she looked at her brother-in-law, silently pleading with him not to make her do this. Sandy replied with his usual grin and began to sing. This was the signal for her first move and, unseen by her sister and mother, she opened the first few buttons at the top of her dress.   
  
As the priest reached the altar at the front of the Church and took his place behind the lectern, Sarah could see how young he was, only about twenty four, maybe twenty five, obviously just ordained for a matter of months. As he stood looking down on his flock, he noticed her mother had some visitors with her. Nodding to the older woman, he smiled at the others in turn until he came to Sarah. It was at that moment Sandy surreptitiously brushed her thigh and Sarah, hand trembling, reached up and opened another button, all the time smiling at the young priest. From his position a few feet away and on a higher level as he was, he couldn't help but see the first hint of her black bra and his smile instantly disappeared.   
  
The hymn ended and the people all joined in their prayers with the suddenly nervous priest. He had to physically tear his eyes from the sight of Sarah's open dress and concentrate on what he was saying. Only when it was time for the readings from the Scriptures and his place was taken by a man from the congregation, did he seem to relax a little as he stepped back from the lectern. Sarah thought she would be damned for all time but she wondered if the young priest was as aroused as she was, wondered if he was as hard as she was wet. She thought how lucky he was to be wearing such long vestments over his body when she knew that very soon there would be practically nothing covering her own.   
  
As the readings ended, the priest knew he had to make his way back to the front and deal with the Jezebel sitting in the front row. He had used the readings to compose himself, to remind himself of all that he had been taught in the seminary, and now he steeled himself to look her straight in the eye. As soon as he did so, however, his new-found resolve collapsed as Sarah once again reached up and opened another button.  
  
Now her dress was open below the level of her bra and, with an unseen tug from Sandy, both sides of the dress opened up, exposing her barely covered breasts to the young celibate staring down on them. Sarah didn't know if her face was as red as the young priest's but she could feel her cheeks burning and she was sure he was burning up inside too. She knew it had to be the sight of her near naked breasts that was causing the heat to build in the holy man facing her but dared to wonder if that heat was also building in his groin. She knew that between her own legs was on fire and she longed to touch herself, right here in the front row of her mother's Church.   
  
Somehow the priest managed to stumble his way through the Gospel reading but, as his people all sat down to listen to his sermon, he knew that the whore sitting in the front row was continuing to distract him, to tease him, to tempt him. Unfortunately, he had no idea just how far Sarah was about to go or how much her brother-in-law was blackmailing her into doing. As they sat down, Sandy slyly knocked her dress from her thighs and Sarah knew that was her signal to open her legs.  
  
The priest was trying to concentrate on his sermon notes, doing anything but looking at the slut in the front row. As he began to preach on the evils of the flesh, Sarah began opening buttons from the bottom up, until soon her black knickers were in full view of the young man. The more he preached, God forgive him, the harder he became. The more he tried not to look, the more his gaze was drawn to the woman in the front row pulling down her bra and exposing her breasts. The more his voice raised in anger at the works of the Devil, the more he was sure he could hear the small wet sounds from the woman's pussy as she pulled her tiny knickers to one side and began to stroke her wet lips. When she suddenly inserted two fingers between those luscious looking lips, he felt a sudden release he had never felt before and a warm wet patch growing around his crotch.   
  
As if his sudden stop was enough to alert her, Sarah sat back up straight and pulled her dress over, covering herself as if nothing had happened. The priest seemed to take a moment or two to recover and the congregation bowed their heads, joining him in what they thought was a moment of silent reflection.  
  
The rest of the Mass continued without incident until it was time for to receive Holy Communion. Sarah had not been to Church in years but she knew what was expected of her. Standing up from her kneeling position she made the mistake of slightly loosening the grip on her still unbuttoned dress. All of Sandy's prayers were being answered, as he deliberately stood on the edge of his sister-in-law's dress and simply smiled as she stood up.  
  
That one action was enough to pull the dress from Sarah's grip and suddenly she found herself turning to face the rest of the congregation. She was only doing what her mother wanted her to do; she was only making her way to the end of the pew so she could join the quickly forming queue for Communion; but now she was the first woman ever to expose herself to the whole congregation in this Church.   
  
There were gasps all around as the people in the rows behind her saw her, as the people queuing for Communion saw her, as the Choir stopped singing when they saw her. For a moment, all she could think of was that this was so unfair, so unjust. None of this was her idea, none of it was her fault. But then she looked down and saw what everyone else was seeing. Her bra was still pulled below her breasts, pushing them up and out, showing them at their very best. Her knickers were still pulled to the side, exposing her bald wet pussy that she longed to touch. She screamed out loud in her embarrassment, pulling her dress from under Sandy's foot and running for the door.  
  
Of course, being in the front row, she had to run the length of the Church, the women shaking their heads, some glaring at her in disapproval, some openly declaring her as a "Slut!", a "Whore!". The more she ran, the more her dress seemed to flap around her, even as she tried to pull it tight. The more she ran the more her breasts seemed to wobble and eventually escape from the confines of the dress. The more she ran, the more she heard the accusations from the women, the more she noticed the smiles on the men in the congregation. As she finally reached the door at the back, the more she wanted to reach down and touch her aching slit.  
  
Of course, what she hadn't realised was that the door was always locked during Mass to prevent any interruptions and now she wrestled vainly with the handle to escape. Frightened to do so, she forced herself to turn around once more and face the disapproving looks of the congregation but it was only one face she saw. Her mother was now marching down the central aisle and Sarah had never seen her so angry.  
  
**Part 3**  
Not a word was said in the car ride home and, for Sarah, that somehow seemed even worse. She sat in the front alongside Sandy as usual while Linda sat in the back with their mother. For once, her sister thought it best to keep quiet but it was the weight of her mother's stare, the feeling that older woman's eyes were boring two very large holes into the back of her skull that frightened her.

When they arrived home, Sarah threw open the passenger door as soon as the car stopped, crashed through her mother's front door and ran all the way to her bedroom. If Sandy hadn't been pretending to be as shocked as the rest of the family he would have enjoyed seeing her bottom wobble beneath her short dress as she hurried up the stairs but he wasn't sure just how his new mother-in-law was going to react to her daughter's latest embarrassment so he restricted himself to a quick glance as Sarah's smooth legs disappeared up the stairs.  
  
Sarah, meanwhile, buried herself under the covers on her bed and wept at the injustice of the whole situation. She could hear raised voices rising up from the living room, her mother's and sister's mostly, and decided she would never leave the safety of this room ever again. Impractical though she knew that was, in her current state it seemed to be the only way she could escape the blackmailing tendencies of her nephew and brother-in-law.   
  
After a while the voices downstairs quietened down and the next thing she heard was footsteps on the stairs. She had been expecting her mother to come up at some point and to reprimand her but what was surprising was the fact that she heard three sets of feet coming nearer to her room. As she huddled under the covers in the mistaken belief that they may offer her some protection from her mother's wrath, she was shocked when the older woman burst into her room; shocked, not because she was there but shocked because she was accompanied by Linda and Sandy and her brother-in-law was carrying one of the hard-backed chairs from the kitchen.  
  
"Get out of bed, Sarah," her mother commanded sternly.  
  
She didn't even try to argue but eased back the covers before standing there, shame-facedly, in front of them. She couldn't bear to look at either her mother or her sister and if she had seen Sandy's smug grin then she might have said something she knew she would have regretted later. So she hung her head low and waited her fate.  
  
"As long as I have lived, I have never been so ashamed. I have spent the last few days telling all my friends how you were a reformed character and was looking forward to introducing you to young Father Murphy. But now, and I can hardly bear to think about it, you have disgraced me, you have disgraced yourself, you have disgraced your whole family. And even worse, you have done so in the middle of our Church. Well, as long as you are staying under my roof, I will not allow this sort of behaviour. I'm sorry it has come to this, Sarah, but you have earned yourself a spanking. Now you know what to do."  
  
Sarah's head came up in shock at her mother's words; had she heard right? Did she really say she was going to spank her? She had been spanked as a child but she was a grown woman now; there was no way she was going to submit to such humiliation. But even as she said these words to herself, she knew what she was going to do. Her mother had always insisted on her being spanked on her bare bottom across her mother's lap and suddenly she knew what the chair from the kitchen was for.  
  
Her mother sat down, smoothed down her own skirt and waited. Linda and Sandy had the good grace not to stare at her but she also realised that her mother intended to complete her humiliation by spanking her before her sister and brother-in-law. She couldn't believe this was actually going to happen even as she got into position at her mother's side. Lifting her short dress to reveal her black knickers, she pleaded with her mother one last time not to do this in front of them both. Her mother answered by simply patting her lap and waited for Sarah to lay herself there.  
  
Even as she lay down, she could hear her mother tutting at the sight of her ridiculously small knickers but when Sarah felt her the older woman's hands at the waistband she nearly burst into tears. Standing behind her Linda and Sandy were going to have a perfect view of her bottom, of her spanking, of her shame. Looking up for a second, she saw Linda's horrified face in the mirror but what angered her was the almost ecstatic look on her brother-in-law's face as he looked forward to seeing her cheeks turn red.  
  
Her mother of course ignored her pleas, her sobs, even her first tears as she slipped her daughter's black knickers down, warning Sarah that she didn't want any trouble as she did so. As if going deliberately slowly to make her ordeal as excruciating as possible, the older woman eased the back strap from between her daughter's cheeks. Sandy thought the view was amazing but he couldn't allow his pleasure to show on his face. Thankfully, the three women in the Tucker family seemed intent only in the spanking and didn't notice the huge bulge at the front of his trousers. He couldn't have controlled that even if he'd wanted to.   
  
As her mother pulled her knickers further down, she felt the gusset peeling from her sticky pussy and she knew the older woman would be able to see all too clearly the signs of her earlier arousal. If she was totally honest with herself, she knew that her lips weren't only wet from having exposed herself in Church; there was a tingling in her pussy even now which belied the shame she felt of lying across her mother's lap as a grown woman, waiting to be spanked.   
  
As she slid her daughter's tiny knickers down her smooth legs, her mother could indeed see that they were wet from Sarah's own juices and she wondered, not for the first time, why she had been cursed with a wanton slut for a daughter. She could feel Sarah trembling on her lap but she wasn't sure if her daughter was ashamed or excited.   
  
Linda knew that she was both. She had argued with her mother downstairs about doing this; she had argued with her about having Sandy present but now, seeing her sister exposed in such a humiliating way, she knew her own knickers were becoming wet and she didn't understand why. She could share her sister's shame; she didn't know why she was sharing her husband's arousal, which was very obvious from the erection he was trying hard to conceal.  
  
As Sarah felt her knickers sliding down as far as her ankles, she knew she was no longer covered and instinctively lifted one foot and then the other to allow her mother to slip them off. She couldn't see what her mother did next but she heard her sister gasp as the older woman turned her knickers inside out, examining them, noticing for the first time the soaking wet crotch, sniffing in disdain before nonchalantly handing them to her son-in-law. Sandy would have loved to have sniffed them too but knew that his wife was now watching him so he tried to secretly stuff them into his pocket, hoping for a chance to use them later.  
  
It had been a long time since Sarah's mother had spanked anyone but the old thrill had returned and she issued her next instruction, one designed to deliberately humiliate her daughter just as Sarah had humiliated her in Church.  
  
"Spread your legs for me, Sarah. I'm sure you can remember the proper position for a spanking."  
  
The tears were falling easily now as she slowly moved her legs apart, knowing that Linda and Sandy now had an even better view. They would be able to see between her cheeks, between her legs, her dirtiest hole and her dripping slit. Then the spanking began.  
  
Her mother was not the type to start off slowly and then build up. She was a strong woman and from the very first slap Sarah was reminded of how much a spanking was designed to punish, to hurt, just as much as it was designed to humiliate and to shame. Very quickly she could hear herself moaning, feel herself wriggling on her mother's lap and then, even worse, she shuddered as she began to kick her legs, opening her most intimate areas to all three of them. The worst thing of all was, however, the fear that any one of the audience of three would notice the newly forming moisture on her pussy lips and the juices smearing across her thighs.   
  
It seemed to go on for ever and the older woman only stopped when she grew tired, admitting to herself that she was not as young as she used to be. As she lifted her punished daughter from her lap she instructed her to stand in the corner like a naughty schoolgirl and to hold her dress up so that anyone could see her red bottom. With that, she simply got up off the chair and walked out, eager to get back to her own bedroom to change her own knickers which were unaccountably soaking.  
  
Linda also disappeared back to her bedroom to perform exactly the same task. She had never known her pussy to leak so much, she had never known her scent to smell so strong and she had never wanted to Sandy as much as she did right then.  
  
Sandy, however, had hidden himself in the bathroom and locked the door. His cock had never felt so hard and, as he dropped his trousers and sat on the toilet, he wrapped Sarah's knickers around it and began to wank. In no time at all he could feel his balls tingling and he shot his spunk all over the bathroom floor, feeling like a teenager again. He cleaned up his mess from the floor using his sister-in-law's tiny thong one last time before making sure he was decent and returning them to her bedroom.  
  
Sarah was still standing in the corner where she had been told to stay by her mother. She looked round at the sound of her smiling brother-in-law coming back into the room. Not saying a word, he dropped her knickers on to the bed and lifted the kitchen chair before taking it back downstairs. Sarah watched as he left the door wide open, realising that John could return at any moment and take a long look at the results of his aunt's recent punishment.  
  
Her face burned as red as her cheeks when she thought of her nephew staring at her red bottom but she knew that he was just as likely to take a photo of her and share it with his friends. She had to return to the States as soon as possible but she had one more thing to do before Sandy allowed her to leave.  
  
**Part 4**  
Sarah stood outside her sister's bedroom door. The rest of the house was quiet now but she knew from the noise they had just finished making that Linda and Sandy were still awake. She had not been allowed to join the rest of them at dinner earlier in the evening but Sandy had volunteered to bring her meal to her on a tray. It was then and only then that she had been given permission by her mother to sit down again.   
  
She wasn't sure that she had wanted to sit down after the spanking she had received but she was glad to lower her dress over her punished cheeks and protect them from the hungry gaze of her brother-in-law. He had instructed her on the part she had to play tonight, her last night in her mother's house and, if she played her part well, he would give her all the photos and videos he had of her.  
  
As instructed, she was dressed only in her silk robe and waited until the newly married couple were finished their noisiest sex yet. Sarah wondered if her sister knew she was as loud as she was when she screamed in orgasm. She wondered if she herself made as much noise and hoped that she didn't, given what she was about to do. Waiting a few more minutes to make sure they had finished, she opened the door.  
  
"Sarah! What the......?"  
  
"Shh. Can't you see her eyes aren't focussed? She must be sleep walking again. We mustn't do anything to startle her."  
  
"Ok. But what does she think she's doing?"  
  
"She must think this is her room. Move over, I think she's going to get into bed with us again."  
  
The last thing Linda wanted to do was to make room in her bed for her sister, especially as she and Sandy had just had the most amazing sex and he was still lying on top of her. In fact, his cock was still buried deep in her pussy and when he began to shuffle across the bed, she didn't have any choice but to move with him. It was embarrassing that they were both naked as her sister got into bed with them but it was even more embarrassing when she realised that Sarah was naked too. When her sister allowed her robe to slide down her back, her red cheeks were exposed to them once more, reminding them of the spanking her mother had delivered that afternoon. As if she needed reminding; she was sure that was why Sandy had been so aroused when he came to bed and she knew it was why her pussy had been so wet. She could feel Sandy's cock begin to stiffen and twitch inside her and she wondered just how far he was going to let this go. Did he really intend to let Sarah sleep here with them tonight?  
  
Sarah knew that she had to get this just right.   
  
If Linda suspected for even a moment that she was awake then she would be finished. She couldn't allow herself to react to anything her sister or hated brother-in-law said or did. It was bad enough lying naked next to her equally naked sister but seeing Sandy lying on top of her, knowing that his cock was probably still filling his sister's pussy, nearly convinced her to call the whole thing off. But she knew she had no choice. She didn't trust Sandy and she was convinced she couldn't leave tomorrow without those photos. Rather than lying down and pretending to go to sleep, however, she sat back against the headboard and began to mumble as if she was talking to someone.  
  
"What's she saying?"  
  
"Shh! Don't wake her. If she gets a fright and wakes your mother, we'll all have some explaining to do."  
  
Linda was feeling very uncomfortable about all this and not just because Sandy was still lying on top of her. She could feel his cock growing within her and she knew he was getting turned on at the sight of her naked sister. What was worse was she realised she was becoming just as aroused as her husband. When Sarah opened her legs wide she was sure Sandy would stop it now but what Sarah said next almost made her flip.  
  
Her sister was breathing deeply, muttering under her breath, as she began to stroke her pussy and Linda couldn't help but look. She watched her sister part her legs even wider; she watched her sister's hand reach down between her sensitive lips; she watched her sister's finger slip easily between those lips and she wondered if her sister was thinking about her the way she was about Sarah. Her words told her exactly what she was thinking about.   
  
"I want this so much."  
  
"What do you want, Sarah? Tell us."  
  
"Don't encourage her, Sandy. I think she's going to masturbate right here in front of us."  
  
"I want you to watch me. I want you to touch me, Linda."  
  
"What??!!"  
  
Sandy clamped his hand quickly down over his wife's mouth, smothering her yell.  
  
"Be quiet! She's just dreaming."  
  
"Did you hear what she said? She wants me to watch her. To! Touch! Her!"  
  
"Maybe she's talking about another Linda. Anyway, it's just a dream. It doesn't mean anything."  
  
Linda wasn't so sure but she knew her sister's words had excited her new husband because he had started to slowly move in and out of her cum-filled pussy again and she wasn't sure she wanted him to stop.  
  
Sarah pretended to be staring into space but she couldn't help but notice that Sandy had begun to fuck her sister again. How could he do that? That wasn't part of the plan? Even so, she knew that she was getting more wet by the second and she could smell the scent of sex from the couple lying next to her and from her own pussy. She felt overcome with embarrassment as she continued to masturbate, her left hand reaching up to her breasts and twisting her engorged nipples, one after the other, between her thumb and forefinger.   
  
"I want to watch you, too, Linda, she said. " I want us to do this together. Do it with me, Linda."  
  
"Oh my God! I can't believe I'm hearing this. She wants me to masturbate with her!".  
  
"I think your pussy is a bit busy at the moment, darling" grinned Sandy, as he began to thrust into his new wife with any ever greater sense of urgency. Linda knew she was just as aroused even before her hips began to move upwards to meet his downward plunges. She had never even thought of her sister like this but it was the hottest thing she could ever have imagined. Listening to her sister, watching her sister, was driving her to the edge of a massive orgasm.   
  
"Do it, Linda. Cum with me! I'm going to cum, Linda. Cum with your sister!"   
  
That should rule any thoughts that she was talking to another Linda, thought Sarah. Even so, this had to be the most embarrassing experience of her life. She was lying naked in her sister's bed, in her mother's house, her sister and brother-in-law fucking beside her and all the time she had to pretend she was coming on to her sister. Yes, her pussy was wet; yes, she was about to cum but she wanted to be anywhere but here and knew she would never be able to look either of them in the eye ever again.  
  
She closed her eyes then, unable to pretend any longer that the sight of her sister being fucked was not affecting her. Pushing two fingers deep into her pussy, she slowly worked them in and out while she clawed at her nipples. For a second she wondered if she could dare to lower her aim an inch or two and tease her dirtiest hole as Sandy had suggested but that was the one thing he had given her any choice over and she knew it was her pussy she needed to attend to.  
  
A third finger joined the other two and she could feel her pussy walls start to spasm around them. Her left hand abandoned her nipples and moved quickly down to her aching clit, circling it, teasing it. She knew she was nearly there so she rubbed harder on her most sensitive button and her back arched in pleasure.   
  
And then she came. Tears run down her face; tears of relief, tears of humiliation but she pushed her fingers deeper into her pussy; she rubbed her clit harder than she had ever rubbed it and she came as she lay lying beside her naked sister and brother-in-law. And she wasn't the only one.  
  
If Sandy's roar and Linda's squeals of orgasm didn't waken their mother, never mind the neighbours, then nothing would. She was so turned on she could feel her juices squirting out around her fingers and wondered how Linda was going to explain the state of her bedding to their mother. Following Sandy's very last instruction, she removed her fingers from her pussy, licked off her juices and sighed.  
  
"You taste wonderful, Linda."  
  
With that her sister came again before collapsing into a deep, sex induced sleep. Sandy slipped out of his wife's pussy and smiled at his sister-in-law.  
  
"You were wonderful, Sarah. Better than I could ever have imagined."  
  
"So now you'll delete all the evidence as we agreed?"  
  
"Delete? Oh, sorry Sarah, you've misunderstood. I'll certainly be giving you a COPY but I'll be keeping the originals. Just in case we ever come to visit you."