**Summer**

by[TheTyke](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=948151&page=submissions)©

**Summer Ch. 01**  
  
I had just finished my exams and depending upon the results, would either go on to a sixth form school some miles away or have to get out and find myself a job. I wasn't particularly worried; I felt I have done enough (just), to get the grades I wanted and besides the results came out at the end of summer and that was light years away.  
  
Right now I just wanted to enjoy a complete summer with no school work; and enjoying the summer meant never-ending games of football with the gang, long walks out into the countryside and occasional swimming at the local baths if there was the money to go.  
  
No different really from every other summer except this was the last one of our childhood and we knew it, whatever happened after this summer things would never be quite the same again.  
  
We had all grown up together, Mike, Dave, Roy and me, bright kids from a working class mining village in Yorkshire. Roy and I had wider aspirations and went on to take higher exams and then I went on to college and Roy went into the police force and an early death in a car crash. Strange but he always said he would die young.  
  
Dave went into the local steel works and Mike down the mine. They would both later be caught up in the strikes and watch the demise of their respective industries under the brutal care of Margaret Thatcher.  
  
But that was all in the future and the only cares we had at the start of that summer was getting a football to play with and the chances of an illegal bottle of beer at one of the more remote, and understanding, rural off-licences we knew of in the area. Sue changed all that.  
  
Sue was 'one of the boys'. She had started hanging around with us about three summers before and just sort of hovered on the fringe of everything we did. She came with us on our long and rambling walks out into the countryside, walking for miles in whatever direction the wind was blowing; and she would watch as the boys climbed trees and fooled about; not really taking part but always there.  
  
Occasionally she brought a friend along and they walked with us or sat and talked as we played football for hours, faces close together as young girls do, brushing hair from their eyes as they discussed matters of current importance, arms clasped around their knees; but the friends came and went and only Sue stayed. She was part of the scenery. Almost by default she became one of the gang.  
  
In that final summer Sue was changing into a fine young woman; her body changed from a gangly tomboy into a young woman with a slim and athletic figure with small, budding breasts and for the first time that summer we began to notice the difference.  
  
The effect on us all was slight and subtle in the beginning, the boys began to include her more in their games, made room for her to sit with them when they were talking, sly glances at her bust or her rear as she walked with them. She was still 'one of the boys' but whenever she was present there was a slight change in the group, just as a breeze ruffles leaves on a tree or stirs the grass in the fields, Sue began to have an effect on us, she began to be noticed.  
  
She herself seemed to be unaware that any change was taking place; she tagged along where ever we went. We used to play football on some spare ground near the railway, usual stuff, from 2 to a 100 a side depending on who was there and who wanted to play. The game lasted until people got fed up and went home or it got too dark to play anymore. Sometimes Sue would get roped in to play but usually she was content to sit on the grassy bank and just watch.  
  
We four lads would usually get together straight after breakfast and head for whatever adventure we had planned for the day and more often than not Sue would 'just turn up' and join us, walking along slightly behind, talking in her usual quietish manner to whoever walked with her; but boy could she run; whenever the games turned fast Sue could out run any of us.  
  
Sue was a sprinter; graceful and long legged she ran with a freedom and speed that left the rest of us following lamely up behind her. She became our mascot and would be proudly brought to the front of the gang whenever a foot race was called for.  
  
Most boys hated running against her and soon she was the unchallenged champion of our area. I guess she soon got used to ending a race and being bowled over by four cheering lads – she would disappear under us laughing and gasping for breath.  
  
It was one of the few times that I remember her being outrageously happy, laughing and shouting with the rest of us, just glad to be alive; most of the time she still seemed happy but in a much quieter way, kind of reserved – don't get me wrong, she was never unhappy, but she had a quiet about her that made you think of still waters, of someone waiting for something, a sort of sleeping beauty air about her.  
  
One evening, after everyone had gone home, the four of us were laying on the grass bank talking and watching the lights come on in the houses across the fields. Sue had not been with us that day and as usual, whether she was there or not, the conversation drifted around to sex, or our lack of it in our cases.  
  
If she was there Sue would join in with some gossip about who in her class was 'doing it' and with whom. We all joined with lewd comments about the people we were talking about and said that we 'wouldn't touch them with a bargepole' but secretly wishing that we could with anything.  
  
Girls who had 'done it' were creatures of mystery and awe to us. We pretended to be men of the world and talked with authority about all things sexual when in reality we were all pathetic virgins who had never even seen a girl undressed, let alone know what to do with her if we were ever luck enough to meet one without her clothes.  
  
We bluffed and blustered about our conquests and we all knew we were lying. That's the problem with growing up together, we all knew all there was to know about each other which made the bragging just a little bit harder to pull off in a convincing manner. Usually if you went a step too far someone would be able to shoot you down and leave you to pick up the pieces the best you could.  
  
Anyway this particular evening the conversation had worked its way around to sex and Dave was recounting the escapades of one of the 'sluts' in school and were discussing in some detail the probable shape and dimensions of this girls fanny when suddenly Mike sat up and said to Dave, "How would you know? I bet you've never even seen one".  
  
We all froze; this was too near the truth for all of us. I happened to know that Dave had never seen one as we had admitted as much to each other one day not long before as we walked home from school. Eyes went down to the ground in an attempt find something interesting on the floor in the gathering gloom as Dave tried to bluster his way out of it.  
  
"Of course I bloody have, seen loads."  
  
"Whose?" Said Mike not willing to let him off the hook so easily.  
  
"My sisters" said Dave.  
  
"Doesn't count." Mike snorted, "She's too small and anyway we've all see your sisters'!" Pretending anger and seeing a way to divert the question Dave launched himself at Mike and they rolled over down the banking.  
  
We all followed and sat on Dave who had ended up beneath Mike. "Come on." Mike laughed pushing him easily away, "Who else?"  
  
"Sue's." Dave said in quiet desperation.  
  
We all burst out laughing, "Sue's? Sue hasn't got one. An' even if she has you've never seen it."  
  
Gasping under our weight Dave continued with his lie. "I have too. Gerrof me."  
  
"When?" We all asked simultaneously.  
  
"Last summer at the swimming pool, You weren't there. I saw it."  
  
"Liar." Mike said and cuffed him over the head. We all sat back and let Dave sit up. Dave brushed himself off and said almost to himself. "I bloody have seen it and it's hairy!"  
  
We stood around in an almost embarrassed silence, some sort of line had been crossed and we knew it. We were suddenly all thinking of what Sue would look like without her skirt and we just didn't think of Sue like that. We looked sheepishly at each other and shrugged in the fading light.  
  
"Better get home" I said.  
  
We split up at the end of the field and went our own ways home. I walked with Dave a little way before he turned off towards his house.  
  
"It wasn't true was it?" I asked.  
  
"What?" He said although we both knew what I was talking about. "About seeing Sue."  
  
"No." he said and paused for fraction before adding quietly "but I'd like to."  
  
"So would I." I admitted. "So would I."  
  
....................................  
  
Some days later we were all out walking; a straggling group of young people aimlessly wandering along. The lead boys were deadheading wildflowers with sticks while Sue, Dave and I brought up the rear.  
  
We had played football until it the heat had beaten us and then by common consent we had decided to go for a walk. The air was hot and heavy and uncomfortable as English summer days can often get. We had bought some beer at the off-licence and were pretending we were heavy drinkers as we walked along taking gulps from the passed around bottles.  
  
We crossed some fields and skirted the edge a wood; a sort of aimless wandering despite the fact that we knew all the paths within a 10 mile radius by heart. As we skirted the woods we decided to go and find somewhere to sit and drink our underage beers, somewhere away from prying eyes who could tell our parents what we were up to.  
  
Mike knew of an old 'den' that someone had made some time in the past, deep in the middle of a stand of trees on the edge of the wood, a children's hideaway of overhanging branches and flattened undergrowth. We found the entrance and crawled inside.  
  
The air inside the den was hot and heavy but at least we were private and away from prying eyes. The sun dappled us and the floor with bright spots of gently moving light. There was not a lot of room for all of us and so we spread our cardigans and jumpers on the floor and lay down, crowded close together.  
  
Sue crawled through the opening and seeing there wasn't much space she clumsily crawled across everyone and sat herself down in the middle. All the guys she crawled over pushed back and cursed her half heartedly. She half fell, half sat, heavily in the middle of us, pulled her pleated school skirt down over her thighs where it has ridden up and proceeded to brush the dirt and bits grass and debris from her brown, sun tanned knees.  
  
She threw her cardigan on the floor behind her. She didn't really notice the boys watching her legs intently as her hands brushed away the dirt. Sitting almost in front of her I leaned forward and brushed a few imaginary specks from her other knee.  
  
She laughed and pushed my hand away. 'Pack it in' she said, 'it tickles'. I put my hand back on her knee and brushed again. She laughed 'Pack it in I said'. Dave reached out and brushed her other knee. She put both legs down flat and put her hands on her knees.  
  
'Stop it' she said, 'you know how ticklish I am.'  
  
Roy, who was sitting slightly behind her reached out for her shoulders and pulled her back flat onto the ground. She laughed again as her legs went up in the air and she tried to smooth down her skirt while struggling to sit back up, a flash of white knickers caught our attention.  
  
Roy pulled her back down again pressing her shoulders flat to the earth. He leaned forward slightly across her and tried to lick her nose, a childish, messy game we had played many times before. As she tried to push him away Mike took hold of one of her hands and placed it underneath him, Dave followed his lead and did the same with her other hand. I leaned forward across her legs, effectively pinning her to the ground.  
  
Still laughing Sue looked up at Roy whose face was hovering above her and then at the rest of us.  
  
"Please don't tickle me." She said. I moved up her legs and sat astride her knees.  
  
"We're not going to tickle you," I said, "Not at first anyway. I think we have other games to play."  
  
Sue looked puzzled. "What other games?"  
  
"Like finding out what colour your knickers are."  
  
Sue looked startled. "Cheeky bugger. Let me go and I'll tell you."  
  
"Why do I need to let you go?" I said. "Watch this." I reached down and picked up the hem of her skirt and lifted it slightly. I glanced up and into the darkness before replacing the skirt with exaggerated care. "They're white." I said.  
  
Sue began to struggle a little, "Look, let me go, you've all seen my pants before."  
  
I placed my hands on either side of her hips and held her down quietly. The guys continued to hold her arms. When she had calmed a little I said. "I know that we've all seen your knickers before. We've done nothing but look up your skirt for weeks. But now we want to take it a bit further." Sue stopped struggling altogether and looked at me.  
  
"What do you mean?" She asked cautiously.  
  
"We want to have a closer look."  
  
"A closer look at what?"  
  
I smiled at her. "At you." It took a second for my words to sink in and then suddenly Sue began to struggle. She thrashed from side to side trying to loosen our grip in her but it was no contest, she was no match for the four of us.  
  
Finally she stopped and lay quiet, her chest heaving with her exertions. "Look, it's no use struggling" I said watching the sunlight chase across her face as the leaves above us moved, "you're only going to knock yourself out. There are four of us and we are far too strong for you so just listen up for a minute."  
  
Sue looked around cautiously, "What?"  
  
"We're all really good friends aren't we?" I said and Sue nodded reluctantly, unsure of where this was going. "And friends share don't they?" She half nodded again without taking her eyes off me. "So we have been watching your body for a long time; and we think it's about time you shared it with us."  
  
Sue shook her head "I don't think so..."  
  
I cut her off. "Look, it's a beautiful hot day isn't it? The sun is shining and it's a great day for taking your clothes off. Or at least," I glance around at the intense faces of the other three, "for having someone take your clothes off for you. And as I said before, 'you're amongst friends' and friends are supposed to share. We just want to share you." I made myself more comfortable on her legs. "That's not a problem is it?"  
  
Realising we were serious she began to struggle again. We held her and waited for the struggling to stop. "Look Sue, we can do this anyway that you want but just remember that we are all your friends here," she looked at our faces in turn, "and we want to have a look at you, at all of you. And if you were our friend you'd let us look, wouldn't she boys?" The guys all nodded.  
  
Sue looked up at me. "What do you want to see?" She asked in a whisper.  
  
"You've seen my knickers."  
  
"I know Sue", I said, "but that's not enough is it?"  
  
"What else is there?" She said quietly.  
  
"We want to see what's inside them. I think that that's only fair don't you?" I brushed her knees with my fingertips. "In fact I think we want to see all of you." I paused slightly "without your clothes."  
  
Sue flinched a little. She closed her eyes as if hoping that we would go away and her head slowly slumped back. I smiled at the guys and leaned forward. Strands of her dirty blonde hair lay across her face, moving erratically as she breathed. I pulled a few strands away from the corner of her mouth and stroked her cheek. She never moved.  
  
"Sue" I said quietly and she opened her eyes and looked at me "we are going to take your clothes off." Her eyes half closed again but she kept watching me from under her lids. "You do understand what we are going to do don't you?" She never moved. "We are going to undress you and look at your body" I paused for effect "and we will most probably touch it."  
  
She nodded ever so slightly and kept her eyes on mine. I was aware of her body heat where I sat astride her hips. "You don't mind if I take your clothes off do you Sue?" Sue licked her dry lips but didn't say anything. She continued to watch me, her eyes narrowing even more.  
  
"I'll take that as a 'yes' then shall I?" I asked and she did not answer. The air was a still as I have ever known it. I leaned forward slightly keeping eye contact with her. "Has anyone ever seen you naked before Sue?"  
  
"Naked?" she whispered.  
  
"Yes naked. Nude, Without clothes," I answered slowly and Sue softly shook her head.  
  
"No?" I asked and she shook her head again. "Then we will be the first will we?" She nodded almost imperceptibly. I sat back and ran my hands down her body. She opened her eyes. "Then I guess that its better that we are your friends isn't it?"  
  
"Is it?" She whispered.  
  
I sat back and looked at her. "Of course it is. Friends should share and we are going to share you. That's fair isn't it?"  
  
She looked at me and for the first time I thought I saw something deep in her eyes, an acquiescence, a slight submission. "And I think you want us to share you don't you Sue?" Her eyes flicked open and watched me as I sat back astride her young body and she never made a sound.  
  
"Top first?" I asked the guys quietly, "Shall we start at the top? Who wants her to get her Tits out for the boys?" All the guys nodded, I could tell by their eyes that they desperately wanted to carry this through but were still slightly apprehensive about the consequences.  
  
I figured that seeing as I had really started it I needed to move it along before anyone had second thoughts; so I quickly reached forward and pulled her blouse out of the elasticated waistband of her skirt. I thought I heard Sue say 'Don't' under her breath but there was no stopping now, I was the master of ceremonies, I was in charge of the unveiling of Sue and the knowledge and anticipation of what we were about to do was intoxicating.  
  
I pushed her blouse up and out slightly to expose a little of her stomach. I touched her skin and marvelled in its softness and warmth. A fine down of tiny blonde hairs caught the sunlight. They ran in a golden line down from below her belly button under the waistband of her skirt. I was a kid in a sweet shop, I wanted to follow these hairs and explore where they went to but instead I remembered that I promised the boys her breasts first so I reversed the direction of my fingers and stroked up to the bottom hem of her blouse.  
  
At the touch of my fingers Sue sucked in her stomach as if trying to avoid them but they would not be denied; my fingers had a will of their own and as I stroked her stomach I marvelled at the first real feel of a young woman's skin. I eased the tails of her blouse apart as my fingers moved upward until I touched the bottom button. Without fumbling it came undone almost on its own.  
  
I gently pushed the shirt apart as I moved upwards to the next button which also easily came undone. I pushed the blouse further apart revealing the whole of her stomach. The guys watched her slowly growing nakedness with awe. We were already looking at more of Sue that we had every really though we would ever get to see.  
  
"Only two more buttons Sue." I said, "And then we can all look at what you've got under here" Sue's nod was barely perceptible "are you sure no one has ever seen them before?" She licked lips and shook her head. I undid the third button and ran my fingers on the skin underneath.  
  
"No bra." I said. She licked her lips again and looked at the faces around her. "Why are you not wearing a bra Sue?" Her eyes flicked from face to face again. "I think you wanted to show us your breasts didn't you? You wanted us to see them. Not wearing a bra makes it really easy for us doesn't it Sue? Nothing to stop us, nothing at all."

Sue closed her eyes. "Shall we have a look? Shall I just open this last button so we can all look at your breasts? Would you like that? Only one button and then we have your breasts." Sue never moved or uttered a sound. The anticipation from the boys was so real that you could almost taste it. Sue lay quiet. I undid the last button and the blouse gaped open.  
  
We could now see skin from her chin to her navel; the sun dappled her face as she held her breath. Placing my hands flat on her warn skin I pushed back both sides of the blouse and spread them open. Sue lay completely silent as four young men gazed for the first time at a real pair of naked breasts attached to a real, live, woman.  
  
The guys exchanged quick furtive glances before returning to Sue's breast. They were indeed beautiful, small and firm, conical, tipped with long dusky pink nipples. The dappled sunlight moved across them as the leaves moved in the branches above us, bronzing first one nipple and then the other.  
  
Without waiting Mike reached across and cupped one breast, Sue flinched at the touch. He tentatively and clumsily squeezed the breast and we all watched on in fascination.  
  
"What's it feel like?" Dave asked. Mike never answered; he seemed to have been struck dumb by his own boldness, rooted to spot with his hand on Sue's breast. Dave looked up at me still sitting astride her legs. "What do they feel like?" He asked again. "I don't know." I answered, "I haven't felt them yet."  
  
I leaned forward and cupped her left breast. The feeling was electrifying, my entire being suddenly focused on what my right hand was doing. The skin felt like warm silk, soft and moving under my hand. The movement of her breast flowed under my palm and then I found her nipple.  
  
Nothing had prepared me for that first feel of her nipple, soft and yielding while at the same time hard and solid. I turned it between my fingers and felt Sue suddenly move beneath me. I recognised the connection between the nipple and her response.  
  
In those few minutes I was growing up fast; I think we all were. Her nipple seemed to have grown longer and harder in my fingers. I squeezed it again and felt her move again beneath me. I sat back a little and let go of her breast. "I think you can let go of her now." I said to the guys.  
  
They looked at me in surprise. "Not yet! I want to see the rest of her." said Mike still holding on to her breast.  
  
"And you will" I said. I was confident that we now had complete power over Sue without really knowing why. I reached out and took her breast again. "You'll let us look now won't you Sue?" All eyes turned to her but she didn't answer.  
  
I gently squeezed her nipple and felt a small corresponding movement beneath me. "We all think your tit's are beautiful Sue. Don't we lads?" A murmur of consent came from everyone. "And we all want to play with them. You've got them out for us to have a look at and that was OK wasn't it Sue?"  
  
She lay quiet and I gently squeezed her nipple again and she swallowed. "So can we play with them?" She never spoke. "You will let us all play with them won't you? It seems a shame to put them away again without all of us having a good feel. Is that OK?" She never moved. I gently kneaded her breast and pulled on her nipple. "I said is that OK?" She opened her eyes and looked at me, there was a barely audible "Yes" and I smiled. I let go of her breast and sat back, "She's all yours lads."  
  
Dave and Roy let go of her arms and leaned forward stretching their hands to the same breast, feeling its weight, watching it change shape under their fingers. Sue never moved as the three hands grabbed at her breasts.  
  
I leaned over and pushed them away. They looked startled. "Gently guys, gently. Watch, do it like this." I looked down at Sue lying half naked underneath me, her arms still outstretched and breasts bared, like some virgin sacrifice from a dirty book, which indeed she was.  
  
"Look." I said to the guys. "do it like this." I placed my hands on the sides of her hips and slowly ran them up her sides, over her ribcage and then up and onto her breasts. I cupped them, squeezing gently all the way to her nipple. Her head moved and she opened her eyes and looked at me. I took her nipple between my fingers and rolled it. It grew even harder. I held her gaze. "Do it just like that." I sat back holding Sue's gaze. The look seemed to last forever. "Go on boys," I eventually said "Sue's gone to all this trouble to get them out for you, the least you can do is to play with them."  
  
Three hands closed on her breasts, stoking and cupping, rolling and squeezing her nipples. The guys were completely engrossed in the new sensations. She held my gaze for ages but slowly her eyes became more unfocused, her breathing became shallower and eventually her eyelids fluttered closed. As the fondling continued her hips slowly began to move beneath me.  
  
"I think we might have forgotten something fellas." I said quietly. The guys reluctantly stopped playing with their new toys and looked at me. Sue's eyes opened slowly and she looked at me. "I thought you wanted to see the rest of her."  
  
Sue's eyes suddenly locked on mine. I smiled. "You'll let us look at you now won't you Sue?" I asked looking down directly into her wide open eyes. "You will open your legs for us and let us look at you won't you?" Sue looked at the faces around her. Hands still held her breasts, still on her nipples.  
  
She shuddered and licked her lips as though her mouth was dry. She looked back at me. The hands continued to fondle her breasts. "Will you open your legs for us Sue? Let us look at you?"  
  
She tried to focus on me but the hands on her breasts were confusing her. "What's the difference anyway?" I asked. "We already have your breasts, we already have you half naked; and doesn't it feel good?" Sue blinked and tried to think. I knew she was wishing the hands would stop what they were doing and give her time to think.  
  
"It does feel good doesn't it?" I asked again. Without taking her eyes off mine she nodded slightly. I smiled. "I'm sorry Sue, I didn't hear you." She looked back into my eyes and in a hushed voice said "Yes."  
  
"Yes what?" I asked.  
  
"Yes it feels good."  
  
"So you don't mind if I take the rest of your clothes off you do you?" I asked. Sue blinked and broke the gaze. The hands and fingers continued to move over her breasts. She half nodded and then shook her head as if to clear her thoughts.  
  
"Was that a 'Yes' Sue? " She looked back at me again. "Was that a 'Yes' to taking the rest of your clothes off? Can we take off your skirt and knickers? " Sue tried to speak but then said nothing.  
  
"That's a 'yes' then is it? We can take your skirt and knickers off and look at what's in them? Open your legs and see what's between them? Perhaps have a little touch?" The hands were relentless at her breasts; she seemed to be having difficulty in forming words.  
  
"We're having so much fun with your breasts Sue; and I can tell that you're loving it too. Shall we extend the area of pleasure and go and play between your legs?" Mike pulled on her nipple and her head fell back with a groan. I leaned closer, "Was that a 'yes' Sue?" She opened her eyes a little and we all heard the muffled 'Yes'.  
  
I needed no second invite. I backed down her legs a little and then took hold of the waistband of her skirt and very slowly pulled it down over her hips. The top of her plain white cotton pants came into view. Reaching around and underneath me I pulled her skirt down to her knees and then sat down on her thighs again.  
  
I ran my hand lightly across the front of her plain white knickers. They were slightly baggy although she filled them beautifully. They were not the skimpy lacy strings that women wear these days but at that time they were the sexiest item of clothing imaginable. "That's lovely." I said feeling the material move over her tummy and mound. "Try it."  
  
The guys reluctantly let go of her breasts and moved down to run their hands across her knickers. Glyn dipped between her legs, "I can feel her crack" he said almost in awe.  
  
"You'll see it soon." I said. Sue was almost forgotten. She lay back as the boys crowded down her body to look and touch. Fingers began to feel around the edge of the elastic of her knickers.  
  
"Wait." I said and the fingers retreated. "Look first, touch later. Isn't that right Sue?" All eyes looked back at Sue, most only just remembering she was attached to the body they were exploring. Sue looked back at me. "That's right isn't it?" I said slowly. "Look first and then touch. That's OK with you isn't it?" Sue looked back at me and again nodded slowly.  
  
I smiled and stoked her mound through her knickers with the back of my fingers. "Good girl." I could feel a slight movement in her following the movements of my fingers. "Shall we take your knickers off now then?" Another slight nod.  
  
I hooked my fingers into the waistband of her knickers and slowly pulled them down an inch. All eyes followed their progress. Almost mesmerised Sue watched my face. The waistband reached the top of her hipbone. Without letting go I traced the shape of the hip with my thumbs. "Lovely." Sue swallowed. I looked up into her eyes. "Lift your bottom for us Sue. Let me take your knickers off."  
  
Slowly her hips rose slightly and I slid the knickers down under her bottom. At the font the fine down of blonde hair that began at her navel suddenly began to broaden and coarsen; then her first real pubic hair began to appear.  
  
"They're blonde" said Roy.  
  
"'Course they bloody are" said Mike with a grin from ear to ear "what the hell did you expect? She's blonde isn't she?"  
  
As her knickers slid down her hips we could see that her public hair curved gently into a narrowing V, slowly thickening into tight blonde curls. Once she was complete exposed I pulled her knickers down her legs and they joined her skirt beneath me. There was absolute silence in the den; all eyes were locked onto her pubic mound. This is what we had come to see, what we wanted to see. This was the most forbidden territory, what we had all until now only talked about.  
  
"Bloody hell" breathed Dave.  
  
"I can't see it" said Roy.  
  
I reached around behind me and raising myself slightly pulled her skirt and knickers down to her ankles. Mike scooted down and pulled them over her shoes and off completely and then quickly came back to watch. They all looked at each other.  
  
When we set out this morning none of us would ever have believed that we would be here now, in this position, with Sue naked between us; not only naked but touchable and available. I looked at Sue, she was still watching me.  
  
"OK Sue" I said, "it's time to open your legs." Her eye's flinched but she did not move.  
  
"Come on Sue" said Dave "let the dog see the rabbit."  
  
I smiled. "Come on Sue, the boys want to see you. You don't want to let them down now do you?" Sue stared back at me. She looked beautiful. Pools of sunlight moved slowly over her skin making her body glow; her breasts still pink from recent handling, with their nipples still erect rose and fell in shallow breaths; I looked down the length of her lithe young body, down into the nestled curls of her shining blonde pubic hair.  
  
She watched me look at her, took in every movement of my eyes. She looked at the others, they were all studying her body; she must have been able to feel their collective breath on her skin. She lay there with her arms still outstretched all though no one was holding her anymore. I knew she was ready.  
  
I put my hands slowly down between her thighs and applied a slight outward pressure. "It's time Sue" I said "open your legs now and let us in." Her eyes never left me. Her legs opened an inch. As if the sacrifice was coming true a shaft of sunlight suddenly ran between her legs and glistened on some secret moisture hidden in the depths.  
  
With an audible intake of breath the guys all leaned forward for a better look. I increased the pressure on the inside of her thighs slightly and the gates of heaven swung open. I changed position so I could kneel in between her open knees.  
  
Between her open legs her blonde curls gave way to a view that was beyond our wildest imaginings. Everyone leaned in still further to look. Four guys head to head over Sue's hips and open legs.  
  
Where her hairs ended between her legs began a long interlocking fold of soft skin that ran lengthways down towards her bottom. The folds were pink and smooth with a few sparse hairs around them. A hint of moisture wetted the centre of the fold drawing all eyes to it.  
  
No one was sure what to do. We were spellbound by the sight. We all just looked and said nothing, mouths dry and eyes wide. As the guys leaned forwards hands gripped her knees and opened her legs wider so that we all could see.  
  
As her legs opened her lips moved as though they had a life of their own. As we watched her lips began to swell slightly, only a small movement but clearly visible to our intense gaze. As they swelled they seemed to part slightly and the first hint of a small, moist, pink gap began to appear between them.  
  
I was fascinated. I leaned forward for a closer look pushing the other out of the way until my nose only inches from her. "Open her legs more." I said and the guys opened her legs a little wider. It was enough. Her now puffy lips parted and I saw my first glimpse inside a woman. It was beautiful and intoxicating; a small coral entrance to an unknown land and I could smell her, my first experience of that extremely exciting and exotic scent.  
  
I snapped out of my trance and sat bolt upright cracking heads that were also trying to get closer. I looked around at them, some rubbing their heads ruefully, I was suddenly unsure of what to do now. My knowledge from this part on was sketchy at best, a mix of myth, stories and jokes. I looked at Sue. Her eyes were still on me; I couldn't read what was in them, part fear and part something else.  
  
"Go on then" said Dave being quite unspecific what I was expected to 'go on' with. I looked at Sue laying spread out before me and quite suddenly, as before, when our eyes met my nerves suddenly left me. "Gentlemen, settle yourselves down and relax."  
  
They looked at me and then visibly began to settle back, they trusted me and were ready for a show. "Get yourself a beer and take your time." I looked back into Sue's eyes. "We are about to take a tour of Sue." Once again Sue said nothing; she just stared back at me and licked her dry lips.  
  
I looked at Roy. "Be a Gentleman and make her comfortable." Roy obediently moved around behind her and lifted her head slightly and then rested her head on his stomach. Dave and Mike picked up a bottle of beer each and settled down on either side of her.  
  
I looked around, this had become almost surreal, it had taken on the air of a meeting in someone's front room. The guys were making themselves comfortable as I had seen them do a thousand times in front of a TV; and there was Sue, stretched out between us almost completely naked except for shoes and socks and her open, pushed aside, blouse. She was ours; to be used and explored as we wanted and taking my lead, the guys seemed to accept that they had all the time in the world.  
  
Roy casually leaned forward and took one of Sue's breasts in his hand and almost idly began to play with her nipple. I took a drink from Mike's bottle and then looked down at the girl spread out before me.  
  
As I looked at her face she now had a slight look of the proverbial rabbit caught in the car's headlamps; events had moved on a little too fast for her, she could never have guessed when she went for a walk with us this morning, a morning no different to thousands before, that within hours she would be spread-eagled and naked in front of us and that we would all have our hands on her.  
  
There was a time, even today, when she could have controlled events, but now she realised that we had taken that control away from her and she was powerless to stop what was happening to her, even if she wanted too; and that was by no means certain. Her eyes also gave her away, a mixture of fear and pleasure, confusion and lust.  
  
"Right then," I said to her "shall we begin?" I leant forward and ran my fingers through the curls that sat above her pussy. They were soft and sprang back as my fingers passed through them. Sue's legs twitched slightly and Dave and Mike reached out to hold her knees open.  
  
"She's OK." I said. "She'll keep her legs open for us. She wants this to happen." Bemused the guys looked at Sue. "Don't you Sue?" I said. She never moved, just lay there looking at me while Roy played with her breast.  
  
"Do you?" Asked Dave "as much as we do?" and he reached out and took her other breast in his hand.  
  
"Of course she does." I said and began to slowly stoke my finger down the length of her opening. Her pussy lips opened like the parting of the Red Sea. Sue tensed and a small sound escaped her. "You like that don't you?" I asked. Sue didn't speak. I eased her lips apart with my finger. I had to lean in to get a closer look.  
  
"What's it feel like?" Said Roy who could only see the top of my head from his angle, although I was certain he was enjoying Sue's breast and the view down her body to where I was knelt between her open legs must have been spectacular.  
  
"She's wet." I said.  
  
"She's supposed to be." Said Dave, "What else?".  
  
I ran my finger up to the top of her fold and sensed Sue stiffen. Using two fingers I opened her up. What looked like a small glistening nipple was peering out. "There's something here at the top. Looks a bit like another nipple."  
  
Mike and Dave leaned in to take a look. Holding her open with one hand I pointed to it. Mike shrugged his shoulders noncommittally. He reached forward and touched it. There was an immediate intake of breath from Sue and she stiffened and tried to close her legs. Mike and Dave quickly grabbed her knees and held her legs apart; Roy reached down and held her arms.  
  
I looked at Mike. "Shall we do that again?" Mike nodded. Holding her open the small protuberance was clearly visible. I brushed my finger lightly over it and Sue shuddered again. She looked up at me, "I think that we have found something here don't you?" I asked her but she didn't answer, I didn't really expect her to. I placed my finger on it and began to rub gently around in small circles.  
  
Not knowing what to expect the boys took a firmer grip on her arms and knees, holding her open, spreading her wider. Sue closed her eyes, her breathing becoming ragged as my finger moved in circles around her seemingly increasingly sensitive nub.  
  
I continued the motion with my fingertip. The nub seemed to have grown in size. I took it between my finger and thumb and very gently squeezed, Sue gave a low grunt and her head fell back. I released it and began the circling motion again.  
  
Sue began to shudder and very slowly her hips began rise to meet my finger. The guys were mesmerised. Roy and Dave held a breast each and stoked and pulled on her nipples while I continued rubbing gently around and around that small and glistening protuberance. Sue began to whimper slightly and moisture began to appear making her slick and wet.  
  
Mike and Dave continued to hold her legs open, watching her intently. Suddenly Sue's hips began to buck and writhe and her whole body went rigid, she let out a strangled cry and then, equally as suddenly, went completely limp.  
  
The guys were amazed. We all let go of her and sat back. "Fuck me!" Said Mike. "Is she alright?" Still cradling her head Roy looked closely at her, "yeah, she looks OK."  
  
Sue didn't move, she just lay there breathing heavily. Slowly she began to stir and opened her eyes. As soon as her eyes were open Dave cupped her breast and began experimentally pulling on her nipple. He looked up excitedly, "Lets see if we can do it again."

Sue rolled her head as if to say 'no'. but we ignored her and as Mike and Dave held her knees I opened her up again with my fingers. As before I began to rub gently on the small nub. She instantly began to writhe and buck and this time the boys really had to hold her down as she seemed to be trying to get away from the fingers that were invading her.  
  
"Take it easy." Roy said to her and stroked the strands of hair out of her eyes. She seemed to relax slightly and immediately Mike and Dave began to work on her breasts in earnest, kneading and pulling on her nipples, while I continued to stroke between her legs.  
  
It didn't take long before we could all feel the tension building inside her again. Slowly her bottom came up off the floor to meet my fingers. The sight was fantastic. I increased the pace. The guys were working her breasts and holding her legs wide open while Roy held her head. "I think she's about to blow again!" said Roy watching her face intently. Almost as he said it she suddenly arched her back and this time she almost screamed before slowly subsiding in a series of jerky shudders.  
  
She lay quiet for a while as the guys continued to manipulate her breasts. A fine sheen of sweat shone on her skin in the sunlight. I was inspecting between her legs. Moisture was now leaking from her and running down between her legs. I rubbed my fingers in it. It felt so smooth and sticky.  
  
Mike said "Have you put your fingers inside her yet?" I looked at where the moisture was seeping from. It seemed so obvious that I wondered why I hadn't thought of it before. I gently inserted one finger inside her. For the first time I felt the wonderful warmth and softness as her vaginal walls closed around my finger. She moved her hips slowly, almost involuntarily, to meet the intrusion but otherwise she lay quiet.  
  
"Go on then" Mike said, "finger fuck her." He leaned over and felt between her legs for her. As his finger found her button she again gave a little grunt and tried to close her legs but I was knelt between them, Dave and Mike quickly held her open again.  
  
Once he had his finger in the right place he began to rub slowly just as I had been doing. He looked over at what I was doing, "Try use two fingers" he said. I pulled my finger out and then inserted two. Her walls closed around them like old friends. My fingers were slick with her juices. I began to work them back and forth, slowly in and out, we could all hear the sucking sound my fingers made as they moved inside her.  
  
Sue lay almost motionless for a minute but then our ministrations began to have their effect on her and her hips began to move again. Roy and Dave continued to play with her breasts while Mike and I worked between her legs.  
  
We were all experimenting with our own part of Sue. Dave leant in and took her nipple in his mouth and began to suck; you could tell by the look on his face that he was enjoying the sensation; and by the reaction from Sue so was she. From his position Roy cold not get his head to her other breast so he continued with his manual manipulations of her breast and nipple with one hand while he cradled her head and stroked her face with his other. Mike was leaning across her stomach working on her nub with absolute concentration. I was working my two fingers in and out of her and feeling all around her insides.  
  
I discovered that by curling my fingers slightly inside her I could touch another obviously very sensitive area. Under this combined assault Sue was again soon rising to our fingers. She was now almost continuously emitting small animal sounds which were steadily rising in volume. In the sunlight her body shone with sweat. As the volume of her cries rose we all increased our different actions watching Sue thrash about underneath our hands with an almost detached fascination.  
  
Suddenly she began to buck again and trashed about like a wild thing. We all leaned in to hold her down while keeping our hands working on her. The act of us holding her down just seemed to increase the effect our fingers and hands were having. With one last strangled cry Sue bucked as though to throw us all off and then collapsed and lay still.  
  
We all sat back and looked at her. Her breath was coming in short gasps and her skin was shiny with sweat. Strands of hair were lying across her face where she has thrashed her head about. Her body and breasts were covered in fingerprints and her pussy looked open and swollen when two sets of fingers had been probing and stroking. In short she looked fantastic.  
  
Roy looked up and grinned "let's swap" he said "I haven't seen anything of her pussy yet." We all nodded our agreements and shuffled around her naked body. Sue opened her eyes and looked at us. "No, please." She said. "Just give me a minute."  
  
Lying on her left hand side I stroked her face "Don't worry, the boys just want a look. Some of them haven't seen much of you yet." She just looked back at me. "You don't mind do you?" I asked. "It's only fair we all get a turn."  
  
Dave settled between her open legs while Mike and I lay on either side with her arms underneath us. Dave moved over slightly as Roy squeezed in for a closer look. Fingers began to explore and with a groan Sue closed her eyes again.  
  
I reached for her breast and then the nipple, still slick with Dave's saliva. Sue moaned again as fresh hands and lips found her breasts and while a new set of fingers began to explore inside her.  
  
..............................................  
  
That first afternoon with Sue went on for hours. The boys all took their turn between her legs and Sue thrashed and moaned as fingers explored every nook and cranny of her young body. Her cries echoed around the woods and mingled with the excited shouts and laughs of the guys as they discovered something new.  
  
Interestingly the guys stayed fully clothed throughout. It somehow never occurred on that first afternoon to do any more than explore the lovely young body that had been presented so unexpectedly to us.  
  
Later, when the guys had had their fill and were finishing off the beer and talking amongst themselves while Sue lay between them, still on her back with her legs apart, Dave and I crawled out of the den into the bright sunshine and sat down. With our backs against a tree, looking into the den, we could see Sue slowly beginning to recover from the onslaught of hands that had played with her tender young body all afternoon.  
  
She slowly sat up and began to gather her clothes. Dave lit up a cigarette and passed one to me and I took it even though I did not really smoke, it seemed a grown up thing to do after what had been a very grown up afternoon; and besides I seemed to remember that people were expected to smoke after sex.  
  
An air of almost embarrassed silence had settled in the den, no-one sure what to do anymore. Boundaries had been crossed and things could never be the same again but a Sue with clothes suddenly put us back into the normal world. She pulled on her blouse and began to straighten her hair with her fingers. Her breasts moved enticingly underneath the thin material.  
  
"Do you think we'll get the chance to do that again?" Dave asked, his eyes on Sue as, still sitting, she began to wriggle into her skirt. "Do you think she'll let us?"  
  
"Did she actually 'let us' this time?" I asked.  
  
"What do you mean?" He looked puzzled. "Of course she let us."  
  
"I seem to remember holding her down while we took her clothes off" I pointed out "I don't think she had much choice."  
  
Dave shrugged noncommittally. "She seems to be none the worse for it" he said as we watched her shake her knickers free of grass and leaves. As she began to pull them over her feet she looked up and our eyes met, she smiled shyly and looked away and in that moment I remembered the control we had just exercised over her young body and somehow I understood that, in exercising that power, we had touched something quite fundamental in Sue's character. Something that needed to explored further.  
  
"She didn't put up much of a fight when we stripped her did she?" Dave asked almost casually returning to the question.  
  
"No, she didn't" I agreed.  
  
"Do you think she wanted us to?" He asked.  
  
"She didn't seem to object" I replied more to avoid a debate than anything else.  
  
"So do you think she'll let us do it again?" He asked again.  
  
"I think she might" I said stubbing out the half smoked cigarette "after all, it's only the start of the summer."

**Summer Ch. 02**

The walk home after that first time was strange and exciting. The boys were buzzing with the new experience and horsed around all the way back with Sue being the centre of attention. Sue laughed more than was usual and seemed to be enjoying her newfound popularity. Things were back to normal but somehow completely and irrevocably changed, the group had taken on a new and different dynamic.  
  
As the boys walked back in the late afternoon sunshine I noticed small almost furtive attempts to touch Sue. Fingers looked for skin to touch, hands brushed down her back and tried to cup her backside, no one was sure how to get back to the position of a short time ago. Sue dressed was different to Sue naked and vulnerable; and she fielded the attempts at groping with ease, stepping out of reach, moving hands away. The boys were puzzled and confused by her behaviour; they seemed to expect that Sue would simply allow them access to her body whenever they wanted. That clearly was not going to be the case.  
  
We all met on the football field as usual the next morning. Despite the early hour the day was already beginning to warm up. We all walked across the field and flopped down in the long grass that ran away in a series of folds and small ridges to a tree topped hillock that ran down on the other side to the railway tracks beyond.  
  
The talk was all of Sue and the events of the previous day. Everyone had been talking to elder brothers, friends, or people who 'knew about women' and a whole new raft of words suddenly entered our vocabulary; 'clitoris', 'clit', 'come', 'climax', 'finger fuck' and others. We savoured them and applied them to yesterday. The feeling was exciting and the words themselves redolent with forbidden acts and sexuality, strangely exciting and mature.  
  
Every few minutes the question was repeated, 'do you think she'll let us do it again'? The guys were mute on this point. Sue's return to untouchable on the walk home had foxed us. At this point Sue appeared stepping out of a line of bushes that edged one side of the field. Dave saw her first. "There she is." He stood up and waved, Sue saw us and made her way over.  
  
She stood on the edge of the small fold of ground where we sitting and looked down on us causing us to squint up at her into the glare of the sun. She moved her weight onto one hip and looked around. She seemed to be unsure about joining us. A small group of boys raced onto the far end of the field and began to kick a ball about between them, their voices sounding small and shrill in the distance. She looked back down at us. "What's happening? Are you doing anything?"  
  
Dave shrugged, "Still talking about it."  
  
She stepped down into the small hollow and sat on the edge of the group, just about out of reach. She looked around. "It'll be hot here soon."  
  
Mike sat up and said "That's true; anyone got enough money to go swimming?" We all shook our heads; swimming was a start of the week activity, before we ran out of money. Sue got up and walked off toward the hill behind us. We all got up and followed. At the top of the hill she stopped and turned around before sitting on the brow, tucking her skirt in under her knees. We sat on either side of her in the bright sun, the ground beneath us hard, cracked and devoid of grass from the passage of generations of feet of kids who have fought their imaginary battles or run their races over it. The few sparse and stunted trees that ringed the summit offered no protection to the growing heat of the sun.  
  
Mike kicked at the ground with heel of his trainer. "How about the rezzer?" The 'rezzer' was the local reservoir which was a couple of miles away. We all looked at him. The reservoir at least offered some cool air and the possibility of a splash in the water if the officious bastard who patrolled the area was not around. We all shrugged, "Sounds OK." Sue nodded in agreement, "Can we wait a while? Jackie said she may join us later." Jackie was Sue's younger sister. A spiting image of Sue except with darker hair and freckles but Jackie sported an entirely different character; while Sue was quiet and calm Jackie was wilder; a 'life and soul of the party' character. We all shrugged an 'OK' and settled down in the sun and watched the riot of a game of football that going on down on the field. Eventually one of the players broke away and shouted across to us asking if we wanted to play. Dave stood up and shouted back saying no thanks and the kid went back to his game.  
  
Dave turned and looked at Sue, "Right then. No football. What are we going to do while we wait for your Jackie?" Mike rolled over onto his stomach and flopped down just over the brow of the hill. He shuffled up a little till his head stuck out over the top. From top to bottom the hill was only as long as he was tall. He placed his chin on his folded arms and watched the kids on the field. They were picking sides again as more kids joined the game. All except Sue followed Mikes lead and we lay ourselves out on the far side of the brow to watch the proceedings on the field. We made comments about the choices being made and who we would have playing for whom. Slowly the kids sorted themselves out and then suddenly half the kids were taking their shirts off to play skins against shirts. Dave smiled. "Fancy joining in Sue?" Sue threw Dave a look over her shoulder and then looked up at the clear blue sky. "No thanks."  
  
Dave lent on his elbow and looked at her. "You looked good in skin yesterday." Sue turned away from him to watch the kids on the field. "Shut up." Dave leaned forward and felt her bottom with his hand. She spun around and pushed his hand away and made as if to stand up. "Stop it." Dave looked confused. "What's wrong with you? Yesterday we took all your clothes off and today you won't even give us a feel. What's going on?"  
  
Sue settled down again, obviously feeling in control of the situation. "Because I don't want to that's why. That's all you need to know." I tapped her on her shoulder and she half turned to face me. "But that's not good enough is it?" I asked. "Even though you haven't said anything I know that you enjoyed what we did yesterday." Sue again made to sit up. "I did not" she began but Dave grabbed her shoulder and pulled her back down on the ground over onto our side of the hill. She rolled over onto us with a squeal, legs in the air. Dave and I grabbed her, spun her around until she was lying between us and held her down by her shoulders. She began to thrash around, kicking out with her feet and trying to free her arms but Dave and I just held her down and let her get on with it.  
  
Strangely enough she never called out although there was plenty of help within earshot. Eventually she began to calm down and lay there looking at us sullenly. "Look. Just let me go and I won't say anything."  
  
Dave laughed. "About what? Are you talking about now or yesterday?"  
  
Sue struggled again. "About both!"  
  
"It's a little bit late to complain about yesterday isn't it? People would wonder why you've left it so long to complain won't they?"  
  
Sue stopped struggling again and glared at us. "Course you won't say anything!" I said, "You loved what happened to you yesterday!"  
  
Sue began to thrash about again "I did not!" She almost spat out.  
  
Dave looked at me and at Mike who was leaning over my shoulder looking on. "Think she means it?" he asked. I thought about the look in her eyes when we undressed her yesterday and shook my head. "No. I'm sure she doesn't." Almost without thinking I pulled the bottom of her blouse up exposing her tummy and pushed my hand under the waistband of her skirt. Sue began to fight harder as my fingers found their way under the top of her knickers and down across her flat stomach and onto her pubic hair. When my fingers began to move through her pubic hair and search out the wetness between her legs Sue stopped struggling.  
  
"See." I said as my fingers found her. "I knew you liked it. You're wet. You've been thinking about us doing this to you ever since you got up this morning haven't you?" Panting from her exertions Sue looked at me under her lids but didn't reply. I slid my finger down and across the top of her slit. Her lips parted to meet the intrusion. Sue gave a sigh, her eyes closed and her head fell back. I moved my finger into her and her warm wetness enclosed it. "And so very wet." I whispered quietly in her ear. Sue kept her eyes closed. My finger moved easily in her. I found her clitoris and she gave a little moan of pleasure. I looked at the boys. "That's all she needed. You can undress her now."  
  
The guys needed no second urging. Roy scooted around and sat astride her legs. He took hold of the waistband of her skirt and quickly began to pull it down to her hips while both Mike and Dave leaned in to undo the buttons on her blouse. Sue began to struggle. "Stop it! What do you think you're doing? Stop it! Are you all crazy? You can't do this to me here! It's too open! Stop it! People will see!" I continued to work my fingers up and down her increasingly wet slit. Sue slumped back with a groan while Roy felt around the waistband of her skirt for a button or a zipper. Dave and Mike continued to fumble with the buttons of her blouse. I could see skin appearing as the buttons came undone. Sue feebly tried again, "Please stop. You can't do this to me here!" Realising that her waistband was elastic Roy pulled her skirt down over her hips. As her skirt slid down her legs to her knees everyone stopped to watch. My wrist disappeared under the waistband of her white cotton knickers and my hand could be clearly seen under the material working slowly up and down between her open legs.  
  
Hooking his fingers into the waistband Roy pulled her knickers down over her hips. We all watched in fascination as the material slid down over my wrist and the back of my hand. Her golden curls now plainly, wetly, available for all to see shone in the morning sunlight. My fingers moved between her open legs. Sue groaned and slumped back in defeat. "Oh God," she said to no-one in particular, "what are you doing?" Her skirt and then her knickers slid down her legs to her ankles. Roy admired the view, he stroked his hands up and down her legs and then lifted each foot in turn to pull her knickers and skirt over her shoes and clear. "There," he said to her, "that didn't hurt did it?"  
  
At the same time Mike and Dave opened the last buttons on her blouse.  
  
"She's wearing a bra." Said Mike.  
  
"Take it off. She won't mind." Roy said and held up her skirt and pants as evidence of her compliance.  
  
Sue half protested. "No, please. No more." But no one was listening and Dave lifted her up by her shoulders into a semi sitting position while Mike reached behind her and struggled to undo the catch on her bra. While he was doing this Dave pulled her blouse down her arms and off. Sue never opened her eyes. She now let the boys move and undress her without a sound. Mike finally undid the clasp on her bra and quickly pulled it forward off her shoulders letting her breasts fall free.  
  
Mike laid her back and admired his handiwork. Her bra and blouse joined the rest of her clothes in a pile to the side of us. Except for shoes and socks Sue once again lay there before us, totally naked in the bright sunshine. The sound of my finger moving slowly up and down inside her sounded loud in the stillness. No one was moving. No one was even breathing. Once again the sight of Sue lying naked between us was almost more than we could take in; we could hardly believe that we had managed to get her naked again.  
  
Sue moaned slightly as I slowly withdrew my finger from inside her. I held it up and the wetness glistened in the sunlight. Sue sighed and then lay back with her eyes closed as though abdicating all responsibility about what was happening to her. Roy moved forward and parted her knees. Her moisture, spread by my finger, glistened on her lips and pubic hair. Sue stirred slightly as the warmth and sunlight poured across her body.  
  
Roy shuffled forward further up between her legs. He opened her legs fully as he ran his hands up her inner things until he reached the top. He parted her lips with his fingers and she shone wetly pink in the sunlight. Slowly Roy worked one finger inside her. He withdrew it and Sue sighed softly in protest, rolling her hips slightly as if looking for the lost intruder. He inspected his wet finger with some satisfaction and then leaned forward and holding her open he began to insert two fingers. Sue's head rolled back slightly as if to make room inside for the invading fingers as they slid slowly forward until they were completely embedded in her. Roy paused. He seemed pleased with his efforts and I saw him flex his fingers inside her. Sue moved and moaned slightly, her eyes were closed and she seemed to be drifting away on some internal trip of her own, lost in her own nakedness, the heat of the day on her skin and the fingers that were inside her. Roy slowly withdrew and then reinserted his fingers inside her. Sue half sighed with each thrust, her breasts swaying slightly with his rhythm.  
  
We lay along side her, watching every movement, smelling the warmth from her skin, watching her breasts move and her nipples grow erect as Roy knelt between her legs and continued to slowly work his fingers in and out. The sunlight rippled across her skin and turned her public hair into wet spun gold. Her eyes moved behind her flickering eyelids making her look as if she was dreaming; her lips were slightly parted as small sighs escaped with each retreat and then insertion of Roy's fingers within her.  
  
I reached out and touched her breast. Her skin was warm from the sun. I took the engorged nipple between my fingers and rolled it, feeling its size and texture. The nipple sprang back, seeming harder and larger than before, the skin around the nipple puckered and tightened. I again took the nipple between my fingers and gently pulled it towards me stretching the breast before letting go. Sue moaned in response and pushed her chest out looking for another touch. I looked across at Dave who had been watching me with an air of almost detached interest. "Your turn." I said. Dave casually reached out and took Sue's other nipple between his finger and thumb and rolled it and pulled as I had. "Her skin is so warm," he said. Sue moaned again. Dave looked at me and smiled. "Together?"  
  
"Why not?" I said and we took a nipple each and began to gently pull in unison.  
  
After a few seconds Sue began to respond. Roy took up the rhythm and his fingers began to move in and out of her in time with our manipulations. I looked down at her. She was certainly beautiful; blonde and naked and spread out for us to enjoy as we wanted, her arms pinned beneath Dave and I and her legs held open by Roy as he knelt between her thighs. The pubic hair between her legs was slowly matting with the juices which coated Roy's fingers; her hips were beginning to rise in time with each thrust. Her breasts moved under our hands, her nipples taught between our fingers. Roy looked at us and smiled again. "Isn't it about time she came?"  
  
"She's all yours," I said to him, "you're in charge; make her come whenever you want."  
  
Roy bent to his task with a frown of concentration and began to increase his pace, Sue moaned at the change and her hips took up the new rhythm of his fingers. Slowly she began to rise as the feeling built within her. She gritted her teeth and began to buck and writhe. Her moans grew in intensity.  
  
I leaned over and put my hand across her mouth. "Shhh. There are guys nearby playing football and your sister's about somewhere. You don't want people to come and find you like this do you; on your back naked with four guys making you come?"  
  
Sue opened her eyes and looked at me over the top of my hand. She was rising to her climax and her eyes fixed on mine as her body continued to rise. I knew my words were registering but I was also fairly sure that the meaning was being blunted by the rising tide of her approaching climax. Her breast moved under my hand and I could hear Roy's fingers moving wetly inside her. "You do love this don't you?" I asked. She stared at me, her eyes glazed and lost focus for a moment and then came back.  
  
"How does this happen to you Sue? One minute you're fully dressed and the next we've stripped you and you're on your back naked with the four of us finger fucking you in turn. We've got you spread out on the ground, in the sunshine, with your legs wide open and Roy's about to make you come." She closed her eyes for a second as my words broke up and lost their meaning. She was breathing hard around my hand, her cries muffled. She tried to concentrate again as her climax began to claim her. "You do love this don't you Sue? Getting naked in front of four guys." With a soft cry that began somewhere between her legs she began to rise. Every muscle in her body began to tense and she gripped Roy between her legs.  
  
"See," I said, "you do love it. This is what you wanted to happen isn't it? You must have been dreaming about it all night." Sue's eyes focussed on mine for a moment. "You're ours now Sue. Come for us." Her eyes went wide. "Come on Sue, open your legs and come for us now." Her eyes closed as she crashed over into her climax. Her hips rose and she spasmed again and again. My hand managed to stifle her cries as we held her down. She arched her back and then collapsed like a rag doll.  
  
Mike looked over our shoulders. He had been taking a back seat and waiting his turn between her legs. "Wow! That was a noisy one. She really went for that didn't she?" Roy slowly withdrew his fingers from her and held them up for all to see. "It's the way I do it."  
  
Mike laughed and slid down the banking pushing Roy out the way. "My turn Sonny Boy, make way for a real expert." He said as he moved into position between her legs. Roy rolled over and lay on his back on the banking in the sunshine. He took out a cigarette and lit it, inhaling deeply and casually blowing the smoke down his nose. I took my hand away from Sue's mouth and brushed away a few strands of hair. She blinked open her eyes and looked at me. "You really did come hard." I said. She looked at me almost uncomprehendingly. Mike inspected between her legs, "Fuck she's wet." He said running his fingers between her lips, "She's like a river down here." Sue looked down at Mike kneeling between her legs as if seeing him for the first time. Mike looked up at her and smiled. "My turn now."  
  
Sue went to say something but her eyes closed and the words turned into an exhalation of breath as Mike inserted his fingers into her. I leaned forward and kissed the side of her face. "You may as well get used it. There are four of us all wanting to have a turn inside you."  
  
Dave lent in a kissed her other cheek. "So you are going to come at least four times." She opened her eyes and looked at him. "And that's if we only want one turn each."  
  
Mikes fingers worked inside her. "I can't speak for the others but I'll certainly want another go after this" he said.  
  
Dave stroked her breast and down her flank. "And I'll probably want at least two goes. You feel too good to miss."  
  
"Looks like you could be in for a long morning doesn't it?" I whispered in her ear.  
  
Sue half closed her eyes as the general onslaught of three pairs of hands on her body began to have its effect again. "Still," I said, "I guess you had nothing better to do this morning do you?"  
  
Dave laughed. "We didn't."  
  
"Couldn't think of anything I'd rather be doing right now than you," said Mike.

Dave rolled her nipple. "Sweet Sue."  
  
Mike worked his fingers. "Sexy Sue."  
  
"Spread-legged Sue." She looked at me under her lids. He breathing was becoming shallow. I looked at Mike. "Slow down a bit Mike, she'll be coming soon if you keep that up." I leaned in close again, her eyes followed me. "And we don't want you to come too soon do we eh? We've only just got your legs open again." I ran my hand down across her stomach and into her pubic hair. My finger felt for and found her little button amongst the folds of skin and Sue stiffened with the touch. I gently stroked her a couple of times and she groaned. Mike continued to work his fingers inside her. I took my finger away and she groaned again, this time in disappointment. "Not yet," I whispered, "It's too easy to make you come like that. We found that out yesterday. Today we are going to really enjoy you. We'll save that for when you start to slow down." Sue's hips started to tremble. "Which isn't yet by the look of it." I looked at Mike, "Is she coming Mike?"  
  
Mike nodded. "I think so."  
  
I looked at Sue again, her eyes were on me. "Are you ready to come again Sue?" She bit her lip and began to moan quietly. Dave took her nipple in his mouth. She arched her body to give us greater access to her as she again began her spiral into orgasm. I reached under her and cupped her bottom in my hands, holding her hips up off the ground so she rested on her shoulders. Mike whooped with delight. "What a view! Jesus you should see her now!" Roy rolled over and sat behind Roy. He reached around and spread her legs wider. "Open your legs for Mike Sue," I said quietly, "Open them as wide as you can."  
  
"I can't get them any wider!" She breathed.  
  
Roy held her open as Mike worked his fingers in and out. I could feel her juices flowing down between her legs and over my hand. Slowly her moans gained in volume until I again took my hand off her breast and placed it over her mouth stifling her cries. "Shhh Sue. What would happen if someone heard you? You might end up opening your legs for all the guys down on the field. You'd be here all day if that happened." I don't know if she registered my words but she suddenly looked at me and then she crashed over the edge into her second shuddering climax.  
  
Sue lay still for a while, her breathing deep and regular. I took my hand from her mouth and again brushed the hair away from her face. She slowly opened her eyes. "You really ought to slow down a little." I said. "You are in danger of peaking too early and only two of us have had our fingers inside you yet. There's a whole day to go."  
  
For the first time Sue smiled. "I don't think I'll make it."  
  
Dave gently stroked her hair with his fingers and then trailed them down the side of her face, her neck, and then her chest until finally they found her breast where he lightly drew circles around her nipple. "Oh," he said, "I think you'll do alright. You wouldn't let the boys down now would you?"  
  
Still kneeling between her legs Roy reached out and lazily trailed his finger down the glistening length of her open lips. "Of course you won't let us down. You love what we do to you don't you?" Sue closed her eyes as Roy's finger made the return journey up through her lips.  
  
Dave laughed quietly, "Attaboy Sue, keep coming for the boys."  
  
No-one could ever say that Sue was not generous with her body; and we certainly took full advantage of her generosity. She gave herself without restraint and we were eager to avail ourselves of her. Her skin shone golden and warm in the morning sunlight. Her breasts and nipples now tinted red after being rudely used by pair after pair of hands and lips. Her flat stomach tapering down in to golden curls and her legs spread so wide that I sometimes wondered how she would ever be able to get them together again. Her wonderful, golden body was ours.  
  
We made love to Sue for the next hour or so; taking it in turns to kneel between her legs and make her come, alternating between how fast we could make her come or how long we could prolong it, keeping her on the edge until she would arch her back like a bow and finally scream her release. As all guys do we became competitive, Mike, who had a watch with a sweep second hand, timed our efforts.  
  
Sometimes there would be all four of us with our hands either in or on her and sometimes there would be only two or three as we changed positions or dropped out for a cigarette; and the sun shone down on us and Sue lay between us, beautiful, pliable and gloriously naked. Across the park, just over the hill the football game continued, boys joined in and others left. As far as we knew none came our way although in truth had we been watched we most probably would not have noticed. All that mattered to us was that Sue was lying naked between us and that we could keep her coming.  
  
It was during one of the quiet times that Jackie arrived.  
  
After many changes of position Dave and I were again laying on either side of Sue and just stroking her gently, she was drifting in and out of sleep; the warm sunshine and an hour of being made to come having taken it's toll. We had covered her up with her clothes as she slept, partly to cover her from the sun and partly because we had this strange idea that it was a 'gentlemanly' thing to do while she slept. We could forcibly undress her and then crawl all over her body but we were still bound by our upbringing.  
  
Mike and Roy were sitting together smoking a cigarette when Mike suddenly craned his neck to look over into the field. He looked back at us and took another lazy drag on his cigarette. "Jackie's here" he said to no-one in particular. Roy looked over the top of the embankment and began a running commentary. "She's looking for Sue. She's asking Alan Davies and he's pointing this way. He must have seen us walk over here. She's coming over. She's got Gwen with her."  
  
Mike nodded at the still sleeping Sue. "What are you going to do with her? She hasn't got time to get dressed. You had better wake her up and get her out of the way before Jackie sees her."  
  
I looked at Mike. "No. This is your turn. You had the last go with her," I nodded at Sue, "so you can get over there and sort Jackie out."  
  
Mike pulled a face. "I can't stand Jackie."  
  
"Tough. Get out there and head her off. Tell her we went to the shops or something." Mike went to sand up. "But duck down and make it look as though you were strolling back, not like you've been sitting here watching her." Mike ducked down and grabbed Roy by his shirt and pulled him along. "You're coming with me. I'm not talking to her on my own. She's an absolute loony tune." And together they slowly straightened and then walked off up the incline. They paused at the top. Then they slowly walked down the other side exchanging greetings with the two approaching girls.  
  
Sue slowly opened her eyes. "I've been asleep" she said.  
  
"I know "  
  
"Have I been asleep long?" Her body moved languidly under our hands. She seemed strangely divorced from the clothes which had been laid over her like old dead skins leaving a beautifully soft and warm living person beneath them.  
  
"Too long," I said, "Jackie's here."  
  
Sue lay still for a moment and then the full meaning of my words hit her. Dave just managed to get his hand over her mouth in time to muffle the panicked "What! Where?" She tried to sit up but we were still firmly holding her down. "Shhhh . Be quiet" I said "She's just over the top there. On the field. Make a noise and she'll hear you. Listen." Sue lay still for a second eyes searching over her shoulder for the top of the rise which was just above her head.  
  
Suddenly Jackie's voice could be clearly heard talking to Mike and Roy. She could not have been more than short width of the hill away. Sue tried to struggle free. "Let me go." She whispered. "I've got to get dressed. She can't see me like this."  
  
Dave took her breast in his hand under her clothes. "Shhh. She'll hear you." He whispered.  
  
"And you don't want that to happen do you?" I said moving my hand down over her flat stomach and onto the curly hair covering her mound.  
  
Roy's laugh drifted over the top of the rise. He asked if anyone wanted a cigarette and with a number of affirmatives we heard them sit down to smoke and begin to chat a few feet away from our heads.  
  
"Looks like she'll be here for a while." Dave whispered in to her ear. "Too late to get dressed." He began to tease her nipple. "They'll hear you if you move."  
  
I moved in closer and ran my hand down between her legs. She opened easily to my finger. "Maybe we could find something to do to take your mind off it." My finger began to probe into her wetness.  
  
"No" she whispered desperately, "you can't."  
  
"Oh yes, I think we can" I said and despite her protestations her legs began to open at the gentle but insistent probing of my finger.  
  
"Please." She pleaded quietly, but her protests were already beginning to lack conviction. I eased my finger deep inside her and Sue sighed. Her legs opened wide.  
  
We could clearly hear Jackie and Roy talking about the football game being played on the ground before them. Roy was being funny and Jackie sarcastic about the various players' abilities.  
  
My finger moved deeper inside, probing and withdrawing. Sue closed her eyes.  
  
Mike was talking to Gwen about some party they had both been to some days ago which neither seemed to have enjoyed.  
  
I inserted two fingers and began a gentle and slow in/out rhythm and Sue's legs opened as wide as she could get them. Dave moved her blouse aside to expose her breasts. "No, please!" Sue whispered without opening her eyes. Paying her no attention Dave ran his hand lightly across both breasts, gently bringing her nipples to attention. He bent his head and suckled the nearest nipple into his mouth. Sue's mouth formed a soundless 'Oh'. He reached across and cupped her other breast, his fingers quickly finding and stroking the already erect nipple. I felt a deep shudder of arousal run through her body.  
  
Tiring of talking about the game and the players Mike and Jackie had changed subject and were now getting heavily into music. Jackie was into mainstream pop while Mike was more into R&B and it took them some time to find some common ground. As various groups and tracks were mentioned Roy and Gwen began to throw in comments of their own.  
  
I moved Sue's skirt up to her hips so that I could see what my fingers were doing between her legs. Her clothes were now bunched in a loose swathe across her middle, covering nothing but her navel. I moved down her body slightly so I could watch my fingers. Her clitoris, swollen and erect, peaked out from between the folds of her lips. With my fingers still inside her I stroked it with the ball of my thumb. Sue's hips bucked at the touch. I could see her biting her lip to keep from making a sound.  
  
Roy was more into Folk music and the mention of a certain group brought howls of derision from the rest. Music being the common currency of most young people the conversation began to develop a motion and momentum of its own.  
  
A few short feet away our fingers were creating both the motion and the momentum. Sue could neither resist nor deny the fingers that moved so insistently inside her and the thumb which continued to stroke her. Dave suckled first on one nipple and then the other. His fingers always quickly finding and fondling whichever nipple his lips had just wetly abandoned.  
  
The smell of cigarette smoke drifted across the rise. Gwen was now professing her preference for a particular brand of filter tips while Roy extolled the virtues of another. I was always surprised that Roy still smoked after his Dad had made him sick by forcing him to smoke a whole a packet in one go when he first discovered Roy with a cigarette. Mike demonstrated his party piece by flicking a cigarette from his hand to his mouth.  
  
Dave flicked his tongue across Sue's erect nipple causing her to push her breasts up, eager for the attention, into his face. Still slowly working my fingers and thumb I leant forward and licked the soft smooth skin of her lower belly, just above her hairline. My tongue left a wet trail that glistened in the sunshine.  
  
Mike asked for a match and Roy threw him the box. As he lit his cigarette Jackie laughingly sang 'Come on Baby light my fire."  
  
I rested my head on Sue's stomach and watched my thumb as it moved in circles between her legs. We had lit Sue's fire. I could feel her vibrating from head to toe. Her legs were wide open and her juices were running through my fingers. From this close distance, with my head on her tummy, the sun seemed to dance in her public hairs, glistening gold and red, her skin smelling of warmth and talcum powder, of young woman and sex; the movement of her hips causing the sun to fragment in her pubic hair like small rippling flames.  
  
Mike threw the matches back. Jackie wondered where Sue had got to. Mike laughed and suggested that she was probably somewhere getting laid. Jackie laughed. "Not our Sue. She's too much of a tomboy. I'll bet she's never even been touched up let alone laid."  
  
I was touching Sue up. I slowly and easily worked a third finger inside her and stepped up the rhythm just a notch. My thumb continued making lazy circles on her clitoris. With my head on her tummy I could hear what sounded like a deep bass note beginning inside her; faint like a guitar string that had been plucked or a brass gong that had been struck and was beginning to resonate deep within her body. She began to tremble.  
  
"I wouldn't bet on it." Said Roy.  
  
Jackie was quickly on to the comment "Why? What makes you say that? Do you know something I don't?"  
  
Mike was dismissive, "Naw. Just figured that by now someone would have taken her cherry."  
  
Jackie turned mock indignant, "That's my older sister you're talking about. Behave yourself. No," she said decisively, "Sue hasn't put out for anybody. I would know."  
  
"Yeah," Said Mike, "You're probably right. But just seems a bit of waste with a body like hers that someone's not playing with it."  
  
I wasn't playing. I was deadly serious. My fingers were wet with her juices. I again picked up the tempo. Recognising the growing crisis within her Dave placed his hand across her mouth.  
  
"Mind you," said Jackie, "You lot should know if anyone would. I'd have though it would have been one of you lot who was going to get into her pants first, she's always hanging around with you lot." I could almost hear Mike dismiss her with a shrug. "I think there's only one of you that she'd put out for." Jackie continued "I think she fancies Dave."  
  
Dave's tongue caressed Sue's nipple.  
  
Jackie laughed again. "I wouldn't blame her if she did put out for one of you. Handsome set of studs you are. Bloody hell I'd put out if you'd ask me!"  
  
"Jackie!" Gwen screamed in imagined or real horror.  
  
"Only kidding." said Jackie sounding very far from kidding.  
  
"Bugger" said Mike, standing up "might have taken you up on that if you'd have been serious."  
  
"Really?" said Jackie with more than a hint of hope in her voice.  
  
"Jackie!" yelped Gwen again, "You really are incorrigible."  
  
"Yep," said Mike obviosly still addressing jackie "especially if you were just a bit older. Fancy an ice cream?"  
  
"Who's buying?" said Gwen quickly.  
  
I could hear Mike dusting himself down "I am if you'll open your legs for the boys."  
  
"Bugger off."  
  
"Such poetry." said Mike "how about you Jackie?"  
  
"I'm game," she said, "for an ice cream anyway" she added very much as an afterthought.  
  
"I'll bet you are" said Mike sounding interested "come on, let's go."  
  
I heard them get up and walk away, the sound of their conversation merging into the farther sounds of the ongoing game of football. Dave took his hand away from Sue's mouth, "They're gone. You can make a noise now if you want to."  
  
And she did; under our hands and fingers she moaned and yelled and screamed her way from climax to climax until eventually she slowly she fell into an a very beautiful and naked exhausted silence.  
  
The sun had climbed high into the sky before Sue finally got dressed. Dave and I lay back on our elbows and watched her as she pulled on her blouse and straightened her hair, she knelt up and we brushed the dust from her bottom so that she could put her knickers back on. We took our time with the brushing down and ran our hands over the smooth skin, taking in the curves and textures of her. She knelt there in front of us with her pants in her hand and her head slightly down while we explored her marvellous rear. Eventually Dave patted her on her rump and sat back. "Beautiful."  
  
She stood up, dusted off her knees and then stepped into her knickers and slid them up her legs. She stood up in front of us and stretched into a long and languid yawn; a studied pose that stretched her blouse across her breasts and lifted the tail of her blouse clear of her white knickers. An narrow expanse of golden midriff flashed enticingly. The stretch of her knickers emphasised her mound. She looked down at us and smiled and I suddenly realised that she was posing for us, flirting, turning us on again.  
  
Dave reached out and with his fingers lightly brushed the front of her knickers. Almost without moving Sue looked down and watched his fingers tracing the outline of her mound. I laughed, "Let's go somewhere else. It'll get crowded around here soon when the game breaks for lunch. We'll take your clothes off again when we get there." Blushing slightly she finished her stretch and picked up her skirt, brushing it down before stepping into it and pulling it up. She turned and did a little twirl for us making the pleated skirt fly out "Tralaa!". Dave and I stood up and we brushed off the seat of our pants. "OK then, let's go." I said and we walked up to the top of the hill.  
  
The game was still going on, a milling mass of shouting kids all doing their level best to kick the hell out of each other. Mike, Roy and the girls were nowhere in sight. We stood for a while on the crest of the hill and watched. Sue stood between us and linked arms with us and we felt grown up enough to let her. Dave moved in closer and put his arm around her waist. The sun shone down on us and life had never seemed as sweet.  
  
"Let's just walk" said Sue "and see where it takes us."  
  
Dave dropped his hand and cupped her bottom, "I know where it will take us" he said.  
  
"Then let's go" she said and started off down the hill.

**Summer Ch. 03**

In just a few short days we four lads had sexually come of age. We had progressed from being schoolboy virgins to being sexually active and adventurous young men and like any other young men, once sex had become available, and so readily available in the form of Sue, we could not get enough of her.  
  
In a very short time we had moved from being wistful dreamers to active predators. We were now hunting in a pack.  
  
Within two days we had learned how to stalk Sue; we had learned how to gain physical and mental control over her and unclothe her. Once we had her naked we stormed all over her lovely young body, we explored every inch of her, watched her responses to what we were doing, experimented with her; and majorly we had also realised that despite her initial resistance to our advances, and when we were in a group there was always some resistance to our initial advances, that despite this resistance Sue actually wanted to be undressed and used.  
  
She loved to submit, she wanted to be taken. I am no psychologist but it almost seemed as if she needed to be taken. She loved having us take her clothes off and then use her. She had probably been thinking about having the boys undress her for a long as we had though about undressing her; but in those days nice girls just didn't take their clothes off willingly for a boy, let alone a whole group of boys.  
  
This was the sixties and we were in a small mining village in Yorkshire. We had no real access to risqué books or pornography to show us that there was a whole world of change going on around us; even the films and music we were listening to and watching just promoted this middle class attitude of saving yourself for Mr Right; the whole ethos of our upbringing was 'don't do it' before marriage.  
  
The 'swinging sixties' may have been raging in London with the promise of the free love and mini-skirts but they certainly had not reached our village yet. We were still firmly mired norms and mores of the 40's and 50's.  
  
Within the last few days however we had broken all those norms and Sue had broken them with us. The feeling of freedom and excitement was breathtaking.  
  
Breaking the social norms that we had grown up with may have added an extra level of excitement to what we were doing but I guess at that age, when the hormones were flooding our systems and sex was literally just days old simply being able to do what we were doing was exciting enough. I figure that we just considered ourselves incredibly lucky to be where we were and doing what we were doing; we didn't really question it any further.  
  
We were simply four guys who lived in a small village who had made a fantastic discovery, a girl who wanted us to take her clothes off and make love to her. This was the most exciting time of our lives.  
  
Looking back on it now I really don't know how Sue survived those first few weeks. We had her naked at every possible opportunity and when we had her naked we used her for hours. When she was with us there was rarely a time when someone wasn't touching or undressing her or didn't have their fingers inside her; and in truth, despite the ever present initial resistance, Sue seemed to thrive on being the sexual focus of the four of us.  
  
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The summer continued hot and dry and the gang continued to meet every day. The number of guys in the group changed on a daily basis as we had to deal with home responsibilities and chores but whoever was available and whatever we did, Sue was always included.  
  
Today it was just Dave, Sue and I who met up. There always seemed to be an extra frisson of excitement when it was just the three of us. Sue always seemed to smile just a little more and seemed a little brighter when she saw that it was just the two of us. As always we met by the playing fields and immediately struck off into the woods by the railway track.  
  
Conversation was desultory in the growing heat and the air was heavy with the earthy smell of vegetation. As we walked along the path began to rise and veered slightly to the right as we neared the railway. We cut off the path and made our way towards the railway and soon we were standing at the top of the embankment. Through the trees we could catch glimpses of the tracks below shimmering silver in the bright sunlight.  
  
Sue sat herself down and wrapped her arms around her knees. Dave sat beside her. "Are you wearing knickers?" he asked without preamble.  
  
Sue gave a smug half smile and sat back. "Might be" she said.  
  
Dave laughed, "What do mean, 'Might be'?"  
  
"What it says; I might be wearing knickers and then again I might not."  
  
"Saucy bloody thing aren't you?" said Dave, "Only a few days again and you'd have ripped my head off for even thinking about asking a question like that." He sat beside her and pushed her back onto the ground. "Now you are positively asking us to find out ourselves."  
  
Sue laughed again. A liquid bubbling laugh that made me smile "Might be, then again I might not" she said.  
  
"Then I guess we will just have to find out" he said and took the hem of her skirt between his fingers. He looked at me, "What do you think? Is she or isn't she?"  
  
"She is" I said and Sue looked at me and smiled. Dave pulled her skirt up and peered under it. "Bugger! You win. She is."  
  
I sat beside her on the other side and took the bottom of her skirt out of Dave's hands and folded it back to her waist revealing her long shapely legs and white cotton pants. "Ah yes, Indeed she is," I said and reached out and pulled the waistband of her knickers away from her tummy, "but I feel fairly certain that she will not be wearing them for long."  
  
Sue raised her eyebrows in mock surprise and said "Oh!" I pulled gently on the waistband of her knickers, pulling them down at the front to expose her flat, firm tummy. Dave placed his hand on her stomach and Sue lifted her bottom as I eased her knickers down over her hips.  
  
Her knickers continued their downward journey and I hesitated, as always, at the first sight of the soft golden curls of her pubic hair. There was a small hissed intake of breath from Sue as Dave almost lazily reached out and trailed his fingers gently through them.  
  
For a moment we were content just to look at her. There is something so sexy about a girl with her knickers halfway down her thighs and Sue was happy to be looked at, the sun shining on her skin; but we wanted more that to just look and her knickers were unceremoniously pulled down her legs and over her shoes and dispensed with. Her skirt soon joined them in a pile at her feet.  
  
There was no resistance from her today; she did not put up any kind of a fight as we had stripped her knickers and then her skirt from her. She lay there and watched as we did it, she liked being handled like a rag doll, having her clothes literally pulled off.  
  
She showed no embarrassment as she lay there, in fact I think that today she was in a hurry to loose her clothes; she wanted to be naked as much as we wanted her naked.  
  
We were a little off the beaten tack and we were laid just a little down the embankment so there was little danger of unwanted visitors. We could be seen from the railway side but we knew we would have time to cover up if a train came.  
  
Sue's bra and blouse quickly joined the rest of her clothes in a pile by her feet and suddenly she was completely naked again, lying between us in the sunshine, her head resting back on her arms, smiling up at us, her eyes shining. She was truly beautiful at that moment, a naked young women revelling in the knowledge of her beauty and the first full flush of her sexuality; she was ready for sex and anticipation was adding to her confidence; the knowledge that we wanted her was making her bold.  
  
We sat on either side and studied her at our leisure and we could tell that she loved the inspection. Her breasts lay soft and full on her chest, her nipples hard and firm in anticipation; her skin glowed in the sunlight. My eyes followed the soft curve of her belly down to the swell of her hips and the tangle of soft golden curls where her legs met.  
  
We knew that she felt beautiful and sexy; she glowed with that sublime confidence of a newly discovered sexuality that young women often display. She lay waiting. "Open your legs." I instructed. After only a moments hesitation her legs opened and we casually leaned forward to continue our very intimate inspection.  
  
Between her legs her sex glistened in the sunlight, her moisture already wetting the outer lips of her vulva. As we watched her outer lips parted slightly as her excitement grew exposing a little of her deep coral inside. She must have felt the involuntary movement of her sex, the visible betrayal of her excitement.  
  
I pulled her nearest leg closer to me and rested my arm on her knee and my chin on my arm and watched her sex swell and unfold before my eyes. "Incredible." Dave whispered half to himself.  
  
As her excitement increased more moisture began to seep out of her and work its way down between her legs. Anticipation of our fingers was making her wetter. Her lips were opening in invitation, her body making ready for invasion, more receptive to penetration. Sue was exposing herself, we were doing nothing other than watch and the more we watched the more turned on she was getting and the more her lips opened.  
  
Moving her knee I gently stretched her legs further apart and her sex peeled wetly open a little more. I ran my hand from her knee down the inside of her leg toward her sex.  
  
"Where is your little man?" I asked touching the moisture running down between her legs, "Does he want to come out to play?" Reaching forward with one finger I parted her lips to reveal the hooded tip of her clitoris hiding amidst the soft folds. "Ah," I said, "there he is." I touched him with my finger and Sue moaned softly. "Does he want to play?" I asked.  
  
Sue moved her hips slightly searching for my teasing finger. I brushed lightly across the exposed head again. "I said 'does he want to play?'" Sue stiffened but again said nothing but her arms came down to her sides and her fingers gripped the grass.  
  
I traced the tip of my finger around the sensitive bud. Sue moaned a little louder her eyes fixed on mine. "Well? Does he want to play? You are going to tell me you know." Sue opened her legs even wider and again moved her hips forward to keep my finger in contact with the sensitive head as long as possible and I again withdrew my finger. "Well?" I asked.  
  
I heard the whispered "Yes".  
  
"Yes what?"  
  
"Yes," she said quietly "he wants to play."  
  
Her need made me smile. "What's the word?" I asked. She looked startled,  
  
"What?"  
  
"What's the word?" I said, "You have to ask nicely."  
  
"You must be joking!"  
  
"I never joke when I am about to put my finger inside you. Now ask me nicely." I leaned forward and blew gently on the sensitive head.  
  
Sue stiffened and closed her eyes. "Please."  
  
"Sorry? What was that, I'm afraid I cannot hear you."  
  
"Please." She said a little louder.  
  
I ran my finger up the length of her lips and touched her clitoris again, slowly circling the head. "Please what?"  
  
"Please put you finger inside me." I continued circling the head of her clitoris. Her hips trembled a little. I slid my middle finger up to my first knuckle into her liquid warmth.  
  
She rose to meet me. "Ahhhh."  
  
"Is that what you wanted?" I asked and moved all the way inside her. Sue moved her hips against it.  
  
"Yes." She breathed.  
  
Dave leaned forward and placed his hand on her tummy. "Mind if I join in?" Sue stiffened again as I inserted a second finger inside her. "I'll take that as an OK" he said and slowly moved his hand up and onto her breast, finding and gently pulling on her nipple. Sue began to squirm and moan gently.  
  
"God you are excited." I said felling her juices running out and over my hand. Sue moved her hips into my fingers. "You are a real exhibitionist aren't you? You really love us looking at you. You love being opened and touched. Having our fingers buried deep inside you like this." I pressed deeper inside her ask I spoke. Sue said nothing but knuckles whitened as she gripped the grass with her fingers.  
  
Dave straddled her waist and drew her hands up above her head, pinning them together. With his free hand he gripped her breast. "You really are a tart you know," he said as he manipulated her breast, "you'll let us do anything to you won't you?"  
  
Sue's eyes glazed as Dave roughly used her nipple. "You've let us strip all your clothes off you again, Pete's laid between your legs finger fucking you and I've got your breast to play with." Dave squeezed her nipple and Sue's head rocked from side to side and she gasped for breath.  
  
"Yesterday you let all four of us fuck you and then Pete and I had you when your sister was just over the hill. You couldn't wait to get your legs open could you? You are a real tart," he squeezed her other nipple and she stifled a cry, "but you are our tart now, mine and Pete's, do you understand?"  
  
Sue strained against his weight on her but she didn't say anything. He squeezed again and she cried out, more fluid poured out over my fingers.  
  
"Do you understand?" he asked again and Sue nodded her eyes open wide. "You will do whatever we want whenever we want." Sue nodded again. "Good," he said, "now come for us you tart."  
  
Sue climaxed quickly, crying out as she rose up to meet our hands before subsiding in a long series of shudders. Eventually she lay quiet, her muscles trembling as though she had just finished a long race. Dave ran his hand down the length of her as though soothing an animal. He moved off her and looked at me. "Swap".  
  
I took my fingers out of her and Dave slid his in smoothly to replace them. Sue began to move instantly as his fingers began to feel inside her. I sat back to watch as Dave knelt over her hips, his fingers buried deep between her legs, now expertly moving her along towards a second climax.  
  
His free hand found her breast and began to knead the already tender flesh. I lay alongside her and moved the hair from her face as Dave continued to play with her. She rose quickly to her climax and then on through it, subsiding quietly as the crisis passed.  
  
"Don't stop," I said to Dave as he began to lessen the intensity of his movements, "keep her going." His fingers sank back deep inside her and slowly Sue began to ride them again.  
  
I took her face in my hand and moved her head to look at me. Her eyes were bright and slightly unfocussed as Dave's fingers sought and found her attention. She reached out and grabbed Dave's shoulder as his fingers worked even deeper inside her. I took her wrist and moved it over her head, holding her arms to the ground.  
  
Dave inserted another finger into her and Sue closed her eyes for a moment until she could accommodate him; then she began to ride them again. A slick sheen of sweat covered her brow making strands of her hair stick to her face. I brushed them away and turned her face towards me again.  
  
"Do you love coming as much as we love making you come?" I asked. Her eyes closed momentarily and then opened to look at me. "Because we do love making you come you know. Putting our fingers deep inside you, keeping you wet, keeping you coming." I stroked her face and brushed my fingers across her lips.  
  
I was still holding her hands above her head. "You have a beautiful body you know Sue. It was meant to be used like this. This is what it was designed for. This is what you were designed for." Sue looked at me, her body rising to Dave's insistent fingers. "You know it's true don't you?"  
  
Without warning she suddenly sucked one of my fingers into her mouth and began to suckle on it. I guess it was an instinctive action but the effect on her was electric. She began to buck against Dave's fingers, pushing her hips high into the air trying to force more of him inside her.  
  
She suckled deep drawing more of my finger into her mouth. I moved my finger around feeling her tongue and teeth. The feeling was incredibly sexy. Suddenly her head went back and she cried out around my finger, straining her hips high in search of the last ounce of pleasure from her climax.  
  
She shook and shuddered around both our fingers, one set between her legs and the other in her mouth, squeezing Dave's arm between her thighs. Tears welled out of the corners of her eyes and streamed down her face and she thrashed through the last of her climax. Finally she lay quiet except for her ragged breathing.  
  
From the distance came the unmistakable sound of a train approaching. The tracks ran only some fifteen to twenty feet away from where we lay. "Train coming" said Dave. Although we were disappointed to be disturbed so early we sat up and straitened ourselves out.  
  
Still lost in a sexual daze Sue slowly struggled upright. She pulled her blouse around her shoulders and Dave draped her skirt across her knees so that from a distance she looked sort of dressed. She looked flushed and disorientated.  
  
The train came grinding slowly along the track. It was a small, black, dirty, steam shunter with just a few empty coal wagons and a guards van on the back. The train crawled passed us and shuddered and clanked to a stop in a cloud of steam at a signal a few yards down the track.  
  
We sat and watched it. Even to this day the joy of seeing steam engines has never worn off. The driver hung out of his cab and waved to us. Sue waved back, the blouse slipped from her shoulders a little but she recovered it before she showed too much.  
  
"Almost gave him a show there." I said, "His eyes would have popped out if he'd have seen you a few seconds ago." She laughed quietly.  
  
"How would you like that Sue?" I asked and she licked her lips pensively.  
  
"What?" She said almost distractedly.  
  
"How would you like flashing to a stranger? Showing him your body."  
  
Sue sat with her arms folded across her chest under her blouse, hugging the blouse tightly to her. She looked down the open top of her blouse at her breasts. She looked up and gave me a strange sort of look and then, pulling her blouse closer around her, she turned to watch the train.  
  
As the train stopped it seemed to settle onto the tracks as though preparing for a long wait. We watched the driver pull a crumpled packet of cigarettes out of his dirty jacket pocket and put one in his mouth. He struck a match and cupped his hands around the flame as he lit it.  
  
From his cab we were almost at his eye level. He looked across at us and leaning out of the cab widow he turned his face slightly towards the sun. He smiled. "Been a great summer so far hasn't it?" He didn't have to raise his voice much for us to hear plainly hear him.  
  
"It's been brilliant so far." I said, running my hand up Sue's back under her blouse feeling naked skin, Sue struggled to keep the blouse together at the front. Dave caught the double meaning immediately.  
  
"Yeah" he said putting his hand behind her and feeling the top of her naked bottom, "the best I can remember."  
  
The driver began to really look at us for the first time. "Too hot for working" he said. His eyes took in each one of us in turn and then went back to Sue. He stared at her for a while, taking slow drags of his cigarette. Sue began to shuffle uneasily under his gaze.  
  
"It's OK." I whispered. "He's only looking."  
  
"It's also too hot for clothes I see." He said, looking down, "At least it's too hot for some clothes anyway."

We all followed his eyes and there, scattered at our feet was Sue's bra and knickers. Sue gasped and quickly went to reach forward trying to hold onto her blouse and skirt in the process. Dave held her hand and stopped her, "Leave them. It doesn't matter, he's seen them now."  
  
The driver watched our whispering and shuffling with a smile on his face. Our discomfort at his discovery obviously amused him. "I don't blame you lads." He said addressing Dave and I, "Get it when you can I say. You're only young once." His eyes went back to Sue. "And you my Lass are beautiful. I really don't blame them one little bit."  
  
Sue hung her head at the compliment and actually blushed a little. The driver swung himself down of the footplate and dropped down onto the track and we stiffened, poised between fright and flight; but he was a distance from us and there was a shoulder high wire mesh fence between us and him. He looked back down the train to the guards van; the guards head was hanging out of the window.  
  
"Just stretching my legs," he shouted, "It's too bloody hot in there." He indicated the engine cab with a wave of his cigarette. The guard nodded and his head disappeared back inside the van. "Nosey bastard he is," said the driver, "He'd be down here in a flash if he thought there was anything to look at" he said, looking at Sue.  
  
He casually took another drag on his cigarette and walked slowly down the gravel incline from the track. The side of the track to where we sat was overgrown with patches of weeds and bushes but most were only knee high and he worked his way through them with ease. He came closer until he reached the chain link fence marking the edge of railway property. He dropped his cigarette and ground it out with his heavy work boot.  
  
Closer to us, under the dirt and coal dust, I saw that he was younger than I had first thought. He was of that indeterminate age bracket that youngsters have so much difficulty in working out. Not young but not old either. He leant casually against the fence and watching us all the time, he pulled out another cigarette.  
  
There was no sense of danger with him; he was simply drawn to Sue, we could feel it. He could not take his eyes off her. He patted his jacket pockets for a match. As he did we could clearly smell, coming from his clothes, that peculiar aroma of coal dust that all mining village kids recognise. His hands were black with it and his face was smudged with black streaks where he had wiped the sweat away while working. His eyes however were his most striking feature; they were the most hypnotic, the palest blue, eyes I think I had ever seen. They stood out even more against the black of his dusty face.  
  
As those pale blue eyes studied us he lit his cigarette and tossed the spent match in the weeds. He smiled up at Sue. "Yer've not had time to put yer skirt on properly have you?" Sue started and suddenly realised that from where he was standing he could probably a lot more than she had anticipated with her skirt simply draped over her knees. She laid her legs flat to the ground. He pulled a face. "That's a shame. You looked real good until you did that."  
  
"You shouldn't be looking" she said quietly.  
  
Dave and I continued to slowly stroke her back. We weren't quite sure what was happening here but we knew that Sue was in no danger and so we were quite willing to let things happen as they would for the time being.  
  
The driver laughed quietly. "Why not? I don't get much chance to look at something a lovely as you very often." He looked at us. "She is lovely isn't she lads?" Sue looked at us and Dave and I nodded our assent.  
  
"Really?" She said.  
  
I stroked her back, "Absolutely beautiful," I said quietly. She looked at me for a long time before looking back to the driver.  
  
"Are you naked under there?" He asked with a casualness that belied the question. He indicated the clothes that from this distance were so obviously just draped over her. Sue looked down the open neck of her blouse again but didn't answer. "Did they undress you?" He said, indicating us. She nodded slowly. "Did the fuck you?" he asked equally as casually.  
  
Sue licked her lips, "Only with their fingers" she answered quietly. Dave and I looked at each other, the excitement clear in Dave's eyes. He raised his eyebrows in a question and I shrugged; I didn't know where this was going but it was Sue's clear that it was between Sue and the man and I sure as hell wanted to stay with it and see where it would end up.  
  
"Are you naked under there?" The driver asked again. Almost imperceptibly Sue nodded. "If these guys don't mind will you show me?" Sue looked at me.  
  
"This is your call." I said softly. "We're here; you're safe. Do what you want to do."  
  
"'Course you're safe." He said, "I'm the other side of this fence." He shook the chain-link fence with his hand to prove his point. "What can I do to you? Go on, take yer clothes off, make an old man very happy. I just want to look at you."  
  
Sue looked down at him. I could feel the indecision in her. He carried on talking. "I'll bet your nipples are pink." he said. "Are they pink or are they brown? No," he said after a slight pause, "I'll bet they're pink. You look like a pink nippled girl to me. I can tell you know; when you get to my age you become an expert on these things."  
  
Sue laughed quietly and he craned his head as though to see further down her blouse. "I can almost see them from here." She looked down her blouse again but didn't move.  
  
"Have they seen your nipples?" he asked indicating Dave and I again, "Of course they have, what am I thinking of? They've had you naked haven't they? You've just told me that. They've finger fucked you. And I can see for myself that you're still not dressed properly. Come on luvie, show them to me; I love nipples and I'll bet yours are absolutely fantastic. A beautiful girl like you is bound to have beautiful nipples, and tits. I just know that you'll have a fantastic figure. Come on love, just a little peek, show me yer tits. "  
  
Sue said nothing; she just kept watching him, almost without blinking. "Your cheeks are flushed", he said, "and your chest is flushed as well." Sue looked down at the tops of her breast. "What else have these lucky lads been doing to you?" He asked. Sue looked at him but again said nothing. "Did they make you come?" he asked. Sue slowly licked her lips and cast a glance at us before looking down at the driver again.  
  
"Come on," he said, "you don't need to be shy with me. You don't know me and I don't know you. I'm just looking. Just show me your tit's and I'll stop asking questions. You certainly are one good looking girl, and I'll bet your tits are the best in the world."  
  
Sue watched his pale blue eyes as he took another drag on his cigarette. "I'll bet I can describe them" he said looking straight into her eyes, "I'll bet they are small and perfectly formed, with beautiful little pink nipples sitting right at the end. Lovely pink nipples that grow and stand out when they're touched, when they're stroked. Am I right?" Sue looked down her blouse again.  
  
"Come on." He said. He indicated with his hands that she should open her blouse. "You know you want to show me don't you." Sue swallowed as if her throat had suddenly gone dry.  
  
The driver looked over his shoulder at the signal. "Come on love, show me. I don't have much time. I'll have to go soon and then you'll never see me again. Just one little look at yer tits, what harm can there be in that? These lads have had them out today so what's wrong with giving me a little show?" He paused and then said quietly, "Please." Sue said nothing although the grip on her blouse loosened a little. She just stared at him.  
  
"What's your name me lovely?" He said and waited for an answer; nothing came. "Come on, you can at least tell me your name can't you? That's not going to hurt you is it?" She blinked and quietly said "Sue."  
  
He smiled. "Sue" he said as if trying the name on for size. "That's a nice name. It suits you. My name's Alan. Are you going to show me your tit's now Sue? Now that we know each other." Sue said nothing but she slowly let go of the front of her blouse.  
  
The driver lent closer into the fence. "That's it Sue my love. Show them to me. Take the blouse off." As if lacking a will of their own Sue's hands fell into her lap and her blouse gaped open a little.  
  
The driver smiled his appreciation. "That's a good girl" he said although I noticed that his voice had taken on a slight tremor. "Now, my lovely, take the blouse off so that I see them properly." Sue looked at Dave. "You'll do that for me won't you Sue? You'll give me a proper look won't you?" Sue continued to look at Dave. The driver's voice continued to plead and persuade. "Go on Sue. Take the blouse off."  
  
Sue looked down at the driver. She slightly shrugged her shoulder and the blouse slipped a little, exposing more of her breasts. Sue looked down at her breasts as if in a trance and then back to the driver. "Just a bit more my lovely, let me see the nipples."  
  
Dave took hold of the back of her blouse and gently lifted it clear of her shoulders "I said you were a tart" he said gently. Sue never took her eyes off the driver.  
  
"That's better my lovely. Now open your arms and let me see you properly." Sue sat in the sunlight and looked down at her arms folded across her chest; as if in a dream she very slowly opened her arms.  
  
The sunlight streamed down across her chest and face burnishing her skin with gold and she smiled. The red marks left earlier by our fingers stood out clearly on her white skin and her nipples were erect.  
  
The driver stared at her breasts silently for a long time. The cigarette dropped from his fingers. "My God," he breathed, "They are the most beautiful tit's I have seen in a long, long time." He looked longingly up at them "And the nipples ...."  
  
Dave reached across and silently took hold of the nipple nearest to him. Sue, sitting bare chested in the sunlight like some young goddess, looked down at his fingers and smiled again. She closed her eyes for a moment as we all watched Dave's fingers caress her breast.  
  
The driver's voice broke into our reverie. "Show me the rest" he said. Sue licked her lips.  
  
"The rest?" She asked distractedly as Dave continued to stroke her nipple. "The rest" he said indicating towards her skirt which had slipped down a little. Her navel and the soft down of hair leading down to her pubis clearly visible. "Show me between your legs" he said "let me see you naked." His voice sounded urgent, pleading.  
  
Sue hesitated but the fingers on her breast were insistent, persuading. "Come on Sue." he said. "let me see you naked. Take the rest off. Please. It's only your skirt. It's almost off anyway. Come on love, show me the rest, open your legs."  
  
Again Sue looked down at her legs as if seeing them for the first time. The skirt had again slipped lower and she was naked now almost to her hips, the first golden curls of her pubic hair clearly visible.  
  
"Go on Sue," he said and she looked down at him, "go on love, open your legs and show me. You know you want to." His hand slowly went to the front of his trousers and for the first time I noticed his erection.  
  
"Go on Sue," he said and he slowly began to unbutton the front of his pants, "you can't leave me like this can you?" He undid the last button on his pants and reached inside. After a moments fumbling he slowly pulled out his penis. "Look what you've done" he said presenting the penis to her.  
  
Sue was mesmerised, his penis looked huge and very white against the black of his hand and the dark blue of his work pants, his fingers were leaving black marks where they touched. He pulled the foreskin back and exposed the bulbous head, its one central eye pointing straight at Sue.  
  
Her eyes widened and she licked her lips. He slowly began to stroke the shaft, pulling the skin back slowly with each stroke. "Come on Sue," he said thickly, show me yours. Its only fair, I'm showing you mine" he said.  
  
Without saying a word Sue slowly pulled aside her skirt and it fell to floor. She was naked. Without taking his eyes off her the man slowly continued to masturbate. "Oh my God," he said, "you are fantastic."  
  
He looked between her legs and nodded. "Open your legs wider," he said "show me properly". Sue could not take her eyes of his hand that was gently stroking his penis backwards and forwards. "Show me" he said again.  
  
Sue slowly opened her legs. I looked down. In the sunlight moisture clearly glinted between her finger marked thighs, her lips were red and puffy, her pubic hair matted and wet, she had obviously been well used. She llicked her lips again.  
  
I reached down between her legs and opened her lips with my fingers. I could feel the slick heat emanating from inside her. I easily found her clitoris and slowly began to rotate my finger.  
  
Despite the sharp intake of breath she continued to focus only on the driver and the hand that was slowly stroking his penis. He was watching my finger move between her legs.  
  
Sucking his lower lip he began to increase the pace of his stroking. As if in a daze Sue looked down at my fingers moving over her clitoris and then to Dave pulling gently on her nipple and cupping her breast. She closed her eyes for a moment and then opened them.  
  
Her eyes went back to the driver. His hand was moving faster now as her stared at the naked girl above him, his eyes followed my finger as it moved at the top of her open legs. Suddenly he groaned and his knees began to buckle. He leant hard against the fence and jerked as he shot out a stream of white liquid.  
  
His face contorted as the liquid splashed down the fence into the vegetation at his feet. He spasmed again, lighter this time and a new, smaller wave of liquid ran down and over his hand. Sue opened her mouth breathing heavily as she watched him collapse against the fence, his hand still wrapped around his penis. Dave and I continued our ministrations.  
  
In the stillness of the moment a shout came from down the track and the driver jumped as thought he had been bitten. "The signal!" came the shout again. Stuffing himself quickly back into his trousers the driver turned and raced back up to his train and swung himself aboard.  
  
There was a grinding of metal on metal and with a mighty shuddering hiss of steam the train slowly began to move forward. The drivers face appeared at the window to the cab. He raised a hand and the train began to move away. "Bloody fantastic!" He shouted, "I won't ever forget that."  
  
My fingers moved inside her while Sue watched the train slowly pull away. She looked at the fence where the driver has stood just a few seconds ago; moisture glistened on the wire. Dave let go of her breast. She looked at him as if seeing him for the first time.  
  
He took her by her shoulders and pushed her down onto her back, "I said you were a tart" he said. He kissed her deeply on the mouth while his hands again cupped her breasts. Her legs opened wide as my fingers moved deeper inside her.  
  
The train slowly gathered speed and as I looked up the end of the train rolled slowly past. Standing on the back platform of the guards van was the thin faced guard with a tin mug of tea in his hand. As he drew level with us he glanced up.  
  
His mouth fell open and the mug dropped from his startled fingers. I smiled and waved at him with my free hand as my fingers delved deeper inside her. Sue began to moan loudly.  
  
As the train gathered speed and pulled out of sight down the track I could see the guard leaning out over the back rail craning his neck to get a last look at the two young men making love to the naked girl on the embankment. Further down the train I could just make out the smiling face of the driver.