**Summer**

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**Summer Ch. 04**

By arrangement the three of us, Dave, Sue and I, had met particularly early this morning. There was no reason to meet early except that by unspoken agreement we wanted to be together as much as possible; the discovery that we could get Sue naked on a daily basis had changed our perspectives on the way we spent our time and to be honest I don't think that we thought of much else except Sue and what lay beneath her clothes; I for one certainly wanted to spend as much time in her company, preferably undressing her, as was possible.

Sue and Dave had both arrived at the corner of the playing field before me this morning and were sitting there waiting for me, I could see them sitting together on the wall by the road as I approached. Even from the distance Sue looked great, sitting there swinging her legs, her face glowing in the early morning sun. She saw me and waved; lightly hopping down from the wall and brushing her hands down the back of her skirt.

She turned to pick up her cardigan and I caught the outline and movement of her breast through the thin material of her blouse and immediately recognised that she was not wearing a bra today. As she turned back to face me I also thought that perhaps her blouse was open a button lower than usual and suddenly I realised what these two items meant. Tying her cardigan around her waist she looked up and smiled as I approached.

"Another lovely morning," she said.

I looked her up and down appreciatively, "Getting better all the time" I said and she smiled again.

Dave smirked, "You came just in time."

"Why's that?"

"Saved the tart from a fate worse than death."

Sue paused for a moment and looked at him, "Is that going to be my name from now on? Tart?"

Dave looked at back, "Well you are aren't you?"

"And what fate am I saving her from?" I asked trying to defuse what looked as though it could possibly become a difficult situation. Slow as I was I realised that something was happening between them but I wasn't sure what. It would take years to realise that men were always slow on the uptake when it came to deciphering relationships.

Dave laughed and taking Sue's arm began to walk on. "You saved her from me." Sandra rolled her eyes at me in mock desperation. "I was just about to pull her over the wall and into the field." He swung her around to face him and with one finger he pulled the neck of her blouse away and looking down the front he said "Hmmm, that looks interesting, can't see a bra." He looked up into her eyes and smiled, "Still thinking about it."

"Guess I did come just in time then," I said catching up with them and taking hold of Sue's other arm and swinging her away, "she wouldn't want to be lumbered with a prat like you when I'm available."

Sue looked from one to the other, "Spoilt for choice now" she smiled.

"You don't have to choose," I said, "you can have both of us."

"Oh good," she said obviously pleased by the idea.

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Our walk took us on a wide an circuitous route out of the village and up past the local colliery on into 'Silverwood' woods, so called because the woods comprised of silver birches with their distinctive grey/white bark. I think our eventual aim was towards the reservoir but that was still some distance away.

In the early morning the woods were cool and inviting, not yet coloured and dusted from the heat of the sun and we horsed around and shouted and sang snippets of pop songs as we walked. The paths were broad and well trodden and the woods, although overgrown to waist height, were light and relatively open.

Later these woods would be buzzing with kids but for the time being we had them to ourselves. We knew these woods like the back of our hands and almost automatically our feet took us, via various twists and turns, to the top of the old quarry. As we had grown up this old quarry had been many things to us and our imaginations from moon craters to battlefields and from the top it still provided the best views of the countryside for miles around.

The last few hundred yards to the edge of the quarry was steep and overgrown which made access difficult and almost guaranteed a reasonable degree of privacy and judging by the difficulties we had in making our way through the last yards of undergrowth to the top even fewer people than I remembered seemed to come here anymore. Yet the views when we finally broke out into the open were breathtaking.

"I haven't been here in ages" said Sue.

"Me neither" I said "what a view!"

"Fantastic," agreed Dave.

The wood behind us had opened out onto a narrow swathe of grass that ran along the top edge of the quarry. From this grassy lip the quarry fell away in front of us in an almost sheer drop to the rock strewn, overgrown floor some 100 feet below. "You can see for miles" said Sue. The sunlight glinted on glass somewhere off in the distance. "All those hundreds of people out there all doing their own things, going their own ways."

"Perhaps going off to strange, exotic places" I joined.

"If you could be anywhere where would you be right now?" Dave asked.

Sue looked at him. "Anywhere in the world?"

"Anywhere."

She seemed to consider the question for a while and then she looked up at Dave and burst out laughing. "Look at you! You look so sorry for yourself! She threw her arms around his neck and pressed her face to his. "I wouldn't want to be anywhere except here you stupid bugger!"

Dave looked sheepishly reassured and began to grin, "You sure?" he asked nevertheless.

Sue rubbed noses, "I am where I want to be. You two are my closest, best ever friends and I love being with you both. This is where I choose to be!""

I moved up behind her and put my arms around the both of them. "Is this a private party or can anyone join in?"

"It's certainly not private," she said, "look around you; this is about as public as it gets but feel free to join in; two's company but three's even better!" Dave laughed and face to face, pulled her to him. I moved closer and Sue was sandwiched between us. She smiled "this is getting cosy" she said.

"I think we are back to being a private party," said Dave.

Sue cuddled closer into him and rested her head on his shoulder. "This is not like the parties that I usually get invited to." I moved back a little and ran my hands down her sides and rested them on her hips.

"Why? What's different?" I asked.

Sue did not move. "Everything." She whispered.

I reached around between them and untied the cardigan at her waist and dropped it on the floor beside us. Sue lifted her head slightly and looked at Dave before she laid her head back on his shoulder.

Dave kissed her gently on her cheek, "I think you may be a little overdressed for our little party don't you think?" He said. Sue faintly shrugged her shoulders. I knelt down behind her and ran my hands up the outside of her legs under her skirt. I heard a very small and almost startled "Oh!"

I stood up, bunching her skirt up over my wrists as my hands travelled up towards her waist, slowly exposing more and more of her legs. She never moved. As I watched her school regulation grey cotton knickers came slowly into view. My hands moved over her bottom in a soft caress and I felt her cheeks tense slightly to the touch.

"School knickers?" I asked.

Dave's eyebrows rose slightly, "Really? God, but I do find school knickers sexy. Don't you?" He asked me over her shoulder.

I found the waistband of her knickers and moved my hands inside, cupping her smooth round cheeks. "I think that what's inside is more exciting."

Dave shrugged, "Can't disagree with that."

I moved my hands to her hips and slowly eased her knickers down over her hips. "I do think that you could be a little overdressed for this particular party" I said quietly. "What do you think?" Sue did not answer but kept her head on Dave's shoulder. My fingers slid inside the knickers and pushed down. "I think we can dispense with these," I said easing them clear of the swell of her hips.

Once clear they slid slowly down her legs and pooled around her ankles. My hands explored the fullness of her bottom before travelling down over the back of her thighs and then back up and onto her waist, lifting her skirt to expose her now naked rear.

Dave looked at the smile on my face, "Good view?" he asked.

"Better than the one you are looking at," I said, nodding my head in the direction of the view away over the quarry.

I saw Sue smile, "It's a bit of a public viewing at the moment. Parts of me feel a little exposed."

Dave laughed. "This is just about the most exposed place for miles. And probably just about the most private. No one can see us from either side and there's no-one in front of us for miles!" Sue looked doubtful and glanced out over the view. "Look on the bright side," said Dave, "If anyone is watching they've already seen what you've got to show."

"And," I carried on, "they have had a better view than they ever expected." I stepped closer and moulded my hands around her arse. "There, no one can see anything now."

My hands explored her flesh, separating the globes of her beautiful bottom, my fingers moving down the crack between them. Sue sighed.

Dave stepped back a little, "I think it's about time we gave them something else to look at" he said and began to play with the top button on her blouse. Sue stood stock still between us, her skirt bunched up at the back and her knickers pooled around her ankles while Dave slowly and deliberately unbuttoned her blouse.

Dave quietly worked his way down the buttons, stopping between each one to touch the newly exposed skin. He finally undid the last button and paused for a moment as if collecting his thoughts. Reaching under the blouse he slowly peeled the material back on both sides, leaving her breasts bare. Dave let his hands fall to his sides and just stood there, his eyes travelling from her breasts to her face and then back again. Sue raised her chin slightly almost as in defiance of her growing nakedness.

"No bra. I noticed that earlier. Now that's a sight worth seeing" he said, almost to himself.

"I'm pleased that I please you" she said quietly.

"You left the bra off for us didn't you? To make it easier for us to get you naked." He reached out and touched her nipple and Sue shivered. "You are a tart. Beautiful but a tart."

Sue looked down at his hand on her naked breast and looked back at him. "It's in my skirt pocket. Tell me you don't like it."

Glyn smiled and took hold of her nipple making her gasp, "You know I like it" he said.

"Good" she smiled.

I moved closer in behind her, keeping the back of her skirt raised by the press of our bodies. I reached around and slowly, an inch at a time, gathered the front of her skirt up into my hands.

"I'm about to improve your view," I said to Dave.

He stepped back a little and watched as her skirt rose slowly at the front, exposing first her thighs and then the first wisps of hair as her pubis came into view. His eyes ollowed the rising hemline, "Absolutely the best view in the world" he said and reached forward to lightly brush the soft down on her stomach.

I let the skirt fall and Dave looked up in surprise. "No touching yet," I said and felt for the waistband of the skirt. In one movement I pushed the skirt down over her hips and let it fall. Apart from a quick intake of breath Sue never moved, she stood like a mannequin, her clothes bunched around her ankles, allowing us to expose and undress her at will. "Est voila!" I said with a flourish, "How is that for a view?"

"Wonderful!" He said quietly. I reached between her arms and pulled her blouse back off her shoulders. The action thrust her breasts forward.

"Any better?" I asked.

Dave smiled, "Actually the view couldn't get any better. Trust me." I reached around from behind and cupped her breasts.

"Just covering them up in case anyone is watching?" asked Dave.

I found her nipples and squeezed gently. Sue leaned back into me. Dave stepped back up close, facing her. He watched her face as my hands fondled her breasts and nipples from behind.

"You do get naked easily don't you?" he asked. He placed his hand between her legs and I felt her move her stance to allow his hand easier access. He looked down,

"You've not even had time to get your feet out of your clothes yet have you? You must be really eager to let us have you."

He suddenly bent down out of sight and I felt Sue shuffle slightly and then he reappeared and he held her knickers up. He rubbed his fingers in the crotch.

"They're really wet," he said showing them to us. "You have been looking forward to this haven't you?"

Sue didn't answer; she never did when confronted directly by her desires. I saw him reach between her legs again and felt Sue stiffen slightly, a slight exhalation of breath as his fingers found their way.

He watched her face, "And you are very wet already."

Sue just stood and let him touch her, put his fingers inside her, she never made a sound.

"You don't care now who can see us do you? You just want us to keep on doing this."

I couldn't see what he was doing but I felt Sue stiffen again as his hand moved between her legs. I held her breasts without moving, just lightly stroking her nipples between finger and thumb. Dave moved even closer and then leaned forward and kissed her on her lips, a deep, lingering kiss which Sue only half returned. She broke the kiss first and Dave smiled. All the while his hand continued to move.

"I'm only using one finger," he said to her. "Is it getting to you?"

Sue didn't answer. He moved slightly and Sue changed her stance a little to accommodate the new arrangement of hand and fingers. They were standing nose to nose. Dave had her full attention.

"That's better," he said, "I can feel all of you now."

He placed his other hand on her hip to steady himself as his hand continued to move between her legs.

"Is he touching your breasts? Does it feel good?" Sue didn't answer. "And I\ve got my fingers inside you. We've got ourselves a Sue sandwich. A naked Sue sandwich." His voice was slow and slightly mocking; Sue continued to stare back into his eyes without moving. "How about what I'm doing? Does it feel good? Is it going to make you come?"

He stopped for a moment and held up his glistening fingers, "It seems to be working doesn't it? Look at my fingers. You're getting wetter." He gave her chance to look and then he placed his hand back between her legs. Sue grunted softly as he reinserted his finger.

"I think you're going to come," he said, "shall I use two fingers or are you going to come with just one?"

I could feel her nipples hardening as Dave moved his hand between her legs again. She moaned a little although she was obviously trying not to give Dave the satisfaction of moving.

"Ah," he said, picking up on the slight noise, "so you do prefer two fingers; I thought you did."

They continued to stand nose to nose as Dave worked his hand slowly between her legs. The silence began to stretch. Her nipples were rock hard and I could feel her legs begin to tremble slightly. The corners of Dave's mouth lifted slightly in a half smile.

"How about I do this?" he said and while I could not see what he was doing Sue suddenly buckled at the knees.

I caught her as she slumped forward on to his hand and held her upright again. She tried to move her hands to grab at the hand between her legs but I held them back. Dave moved closer still until their faces were touching, his fingers moving all the time between her legs. He moved his face slightly and ran his tongue along her lips. She tried to move her head back but there was no room. She was held between us. His hand continued to move between her legs and I could feel her tremble at his touch. He kissed her again and this time she returned the kiss more passionately.

"Got you," he said with a slight sneer, "you are going to come for us now."

Holding her from behind I was half restraining, half supporting her. Her legs were slowly beginning to buckle as Dave moved his hands purposefully between them.

"Come on Sue," he urged quietly as her trembling increased, "you know you want to come."

Her breathing grew laboured and she rested her head against him. He kissed her again and returned the kiss passionately.

"Just let go and give in to it," he coaxed, "it's easier just to come."

She began to shake and I took her full weight as she slumped forward.

"Come onto my fingers for me. You are so wet down here, you're running all over my hand! You are desperate to come; just let yourself go and let it happen."

Sue clamped her lips together and stifled and cry as Dave continued to methodically move between her legs.

"Give in Sue," he continued to urge, "Just come for us. Just come onto my hand."

Sue began to buck as the hand between her legs drove her closer to the edge.

"Just come; just give in and come for us, that's all you have to do, it's so easy, just come."

Suddenly Sue threw her head back and cried out; her legs buckled completely even as she tried to open them wider. I held her upright as she came. Dave lifted her face with his free hand to watch her as he continued to work his fingers inside her. She shuddered and cried out as spasm after spasm wracked through her. I slowly let her down and Dave followed her to the ground, his fingers still deeply embedded within her.

I lay her down and knelt beside her as the last of her climax shuddered through her body. I looked between her legs and saw the moisture glistening on her inner thighs; Dave's hand was still moving deep between her open legs. I took her limp arms and held them by the wrist above her head.

Sue opened her eyes, "No more," she said weakly, "Give me a rest. That was too intense."

"Just one more," I said watching Dave's hand continue to move slowly between her open legs. I caressed her breasts with my free hand.

"Oh God," said Sue quietly.

"Just one more," I said again and Sue closed her eyes.

Our hands moved over and in her, leisurely and deliberately touching her most intimate areas, slowly coaxing a response from her limp body; and respond she did. Quietly her tired, wonderful, body began to move under our hands, following our fingers and sensations they created; her skin, soft and smooth, dimpling to the passage of our hands and lips. Her excitement grew, her hips rising with her passion as our fingers probed and explored her. Finally we drew the climax from her and with a cry she arched her back and trembled in the bright sunlight as the passion overtook her.

As the climax slowly ebbed she sank back onto the grass and lay quietly. Dave gathered her clothing together and sat beside her. Her blouse was crumpled around her shoulders and Dave straightened it as she lay there unmoving. He pulled a packet of cigarettes from his pocket. Leaning over her recumbent body he held the pack out to me. I shook my head. He took one for himself and lit up and we sat in the sunshine and admired the view.

Eventually Sue opened her eyes. She looked around and pulled her blouse across her breasts. We sat quietly for some time and watched her until Sue eventually turned over and reached passed Dave for her clothes. We thought for a moment that she was going to get dressed but she rolled cardigan and knickers into a ball and put them behind her head as a pillow. Sitting up she quickly shuffled her skirt over her feet and pulled it up before again laying down and closing her eyes.

Dave reached over and pulled her blouse apart to expose her breasts, Sue pulled a face and put her tongue out at him but she kept her eyes closed and lay there quietly in the sun, semi-naked, her blouse open and her breasts free.

Dave smoked his cigarette and watched her, He reached out and slowly stroked her breast, She did not move and made no attempt to brush his hand away. I moved around and laying on my back at right angles to her I laid my head on her stomach. Dave lay down beside her. We lay quietly for a while. Dave finished his cigarette and flicked it in a graceful arc away over the edge of the quarry.

Suddenly Sue sat half up and said to no one in particular "He was wanking wasn't he?"

I rolled my head to look at her. "The train driver?" I asked and she nodded. "I'll say he was."

"Haven't you ever seen anybody masturbate before?" Dave asked.

She lay back, propped up on her elbows. "Not really. Only when I was a kid, down behind our shed. It was Alan from next door." Alan was about seven or eight years older than us. He was working away from home now, somewhere down South.

"What happened?" said Dave.

Sandra shrugged slightly "It was years ago. I was very young and didn't really know what was happening. I was playing in the back garden with Jackie and me mum called her in for something so I was left on my own. Anyway I walked round the back of our shed and there was Alan and a couple of his mates."

"Doing what?" Dave asked.

"They were huddled together and talking in whispers. There was obviously something going on and I guess I was just dead curious, you know how nosey I am. "

Dave nodded solemnly and Sue put her tongue out at him. Her breasts moved in the sunlight.

"Anyway, when I when I walked up them I could see that Alan had his pants down around his ankles and was pulling his shirt and vest up. My eyes nearly popped! I'd heard that boys were different but that was the first one I'd ever seen. It was sticking out in front of him like a flagpole.

I tried to run away but his mates grabbed me and pulled me back into the circle. They were laughing. They thought it was a great joke. They made me put my hand on it. Alan put his hand on top of mine and made me rub it up and down. While I was trying to get my hand free one of his mates just reached up and pulled my knickers down."

"Bloody hell" Dave said, "what happened?"

"Well, the other one pulled up my skirt. He said it was only fair that if I was looking at theirs they should be able to see mine. He put his hands between my legs and I think that's when I started to cry. I was more frightened than anything else. Then I think Alan came."

"What do you mean you think he came?" asked Dave. "It's usually fairly obvious."

"It was all a blur. I don't really remember any of it that clearly," she shook her head slightly as if trying to clear her memory and again her breasts moved enticingly in the sunlight. "one minute I was playing in the garden and the next I was holding Alan's dick and his mates had my pants off and their hands between my legs! I had no idea what was happening. Then Alan groaned and my hand was all wet. It was all so confusing and I guess I was just frightened. I was only a kid."

"What happened?" Asked Dave finally giving in to temptation and reaching out and touching her breast.

Sue smiled at his touch and shook her shoulders so that her breasts moved again. "I think I kicked out and began to struggle. They must have been frightened that someone would hear because they tried to cover my mouth. I remember biting down hard and someone screamed and then either I got away or they let me go, I'm not sure which, but suddenly I was racing up the garden with my pants around my ankles. I remember falling over twice but was too panicked to stop and pull them up!"

Dave chuckled at the thought.

"Anyway, just as I reached the house I ran into Jackie. She could see I was in a state and I just blurted the whole thing out. Jackie sorted me out, wiped my nose and my hand and pulled my knickers up."

Dave laughed, "She always was the bossy sort."

"And then she grabbed my hand and dragged me back down the garden towards the shed. I was frightened but she went at them like a tiger! Fists, nails, teeth and boots! She just tore into them!"

"Bloody hell! What happened?"

"They ran off! Took off like frightened rabbits! I guess they were scared that the noise would bring my Mum and I would tell on them."

"Would you have?" Said Dave still fondling her breast. She was watching him play with it in a quiet, contented sort of way.

"Don't know. Too long ago to remember really. I think I was calming down and Jackie was laughing her head off when they ran away. She was standing there shouting and cursing after them. I don't really know what I was thinking. Alan turned around when he was far enough away and shouted that he'd get Jackie for this but she just made as if to chase him and he was off again, still holding his trousers up, running as fast as he could." My head bounced on her tummy as she laughed.

"And did he?" I asked.

"What?"

"Get Jackie for it? As I remember he was a bit of a vindictive bugger."

"I don't know," she said slowly, "I know something happened between them some time later but I don't really know what. She never told me."

"She probably beat the crap out of him again if I know her." Said Dave laughing but I noticed that Sue didn't laugh this time.

"Yeah probably."

"Did it have any effect on you?" I asked.

"Like what? "

"I've been reading a bit about it, These events can have a traumatic effect later on in life."

"Really?" She said. "Keep your books to yourself." She spread her arms as wide as she could while still leaning on her elbows. "Here I am lying half naked in the open air having made love with two guys and having watched a train driver wank himself stupid over me. What do you think? Did it have any effect on me?"

"But I think that you wanted this to happen" I said indicating vaguely around the three of us, "but I guess that you didn't want the other with Alan and his mates. That makes a difference."

Sue shrugged. "You may be right. The 'do' with Alan certainly wasn't exciting, it was frightening; while watching that driver certainly was certainly different! And how! I just couldn't believe he was doing that!"

"What about what you were doing? He certainly couldn't believe his luck. He'll probably wank himself silly for a year after seeing you strip off.

"I know," said Sue, "I can't believe I did it either! But it was just so bloody exciting! When he started to plead I just wanted to make him happy."

"Well you certainly did that. He's probably gone cross eyed trying to wank himself to death." Said Dave.

Sue laughed. "I did get a bit carried away didn't I? What the hell have you guys done to me?"

"Done to you?" Said Dave. "Bloody hell! I haven't thought about football at all since this started."

Sue snorted and pushed him away. She placed her hand on my shoulder and I tuned to look at her. "Do you wank?" She asked.

"What?"

"Do you wank? It's a straightforward question."

"Well, yeah" I said surprised, "of course I do. Every bloke does."

"When?"

I looked at Dave who just shrugged noncommittally.

"Every chance I get. Sometimes two or three times a day." I looked over at Dave again. "You do the same don't you?"

Dave shrugged. "About that" he said. "Why?" he asked Sue "do you?"

Sue smiled. "I'm not really equipped to wank but I masturbate a lot. Or I used to; don't seem to need to recently."

I smiled "Happy to oblige." I said.

Sue sat up and my head slid down into her lap. I looked up at her. Her face was serious. "Will you do it for me?" She said.

"What?"

"Masturbate, wank, toss off, whatever you want to call it. Will you do it for me?"

"What? Here? Now?"

She cradled my head, her blouse hanging down created a sort of private tent, a shaded place where she leaned over and placed her nipple in my mouth. I suckled it in. Sue closed her eyes.

"Is there a better time?" She said.

At that moment I had to agree that masturbating was high on my list of priorities. I know that all the guys had done little else since we had first managed to get our fingers into Sue, but strange as it seemed we had never thought of doing it with her.

We all had raging erections the whole time we were with her but we always waited until we were alone before we pulled our trousers down and masturbated; stupid as it sounds it never crossed our minds to do anything else. Masturbating had never been a group activity; we all did it, and we all knew that we all did it, but it was something that we all did in private.

I suckled on her nipple and thought about it. Her other breast found its way into my hand. Sue's eyes were still closed. I pushed a little and she lay back with me still suckling her breast.

Dave reached in behind me and flipping her skirt up he put his hand between her legs. Sue moaned contentedly and I felt her open her legs for him.

"I want you both to masturbate for me." She said quietly, her voice growing slightly husky. "I want to watch. It's only fair."

I sat up and looked at her as she gave herself up to Dave's fingers. I ran my hands over her chest, feeling the curve and swell of her breasts. The sun shone down us. Dave moved his fingers inside her and she began to move with him. I lay down beside her my hands still caressing her breasts.

She closed her eyes "I'm coming" she said.

She gripped my arm and bit her lip. Suddenly she raised her shoulders and hips off the ground as if she was doing stomach crunches. She cried out and then came in a long series of silent intense shudders. As the climax passed she slowly released my arm and fell back.

We lay there quietly in the sun for a while, Dave and I laying on either side of her, just gently touching her, feeling the shape of her breasts and the curve of her. Sue lay between us slowly coming down. Dave and I just getting off on watching her laying naked, totally abandoned, slowly coming down.

"You are right" I said quietly, she slowly opened her eyes to look at me, "It is only fair." I said.

She smiled, "Will you do it for me now?"

I looked at Dave and nodded. "If you want me to." I said to her.

She smiled again, "Please."

I wasn't sure what to do now, as I have said masturbation was a very frequent but also a very solitary occupation. I rolled over onto my back and unbuckled my belt. Sue pushed herself up onto one elbow to watch and Dave peered over her shoulder.

I was becoming very self-conscious and could feel my erection beginning to wane. I popped the stud on my jeans and pulled down the zip. I slid my hand down the front of my pants.

"What are you doing?" Sue asked.

"What do think I'm doing?" I said defensively. "I'm going to wank."

"But I want to watch," she said, "pull your jeans down. I want to see what you're doing."

I was about to argue when I thought 'what the hell' and before I really knew what I was doing I was arching my back to raise my bum off the ground and was pushing my jeans and pants down to my thighs.

Sue leaned forward for closer look. My penis had developed a severe case of stage fright by this time and just lay there as she inspected it.

"Take your top off as well." She said.

I half sat up and pulled my T-shirt over my head, dropped it at my side and then lay back. Sue looked me up and down and then she placed her hand on my chest in an exploratory gesture and spread her fingers wide.

"You have such smooth skin." She said.

I could feel the touch of her fingers in every nerve ending in my entire body. No one had ever touched me like that before. Sue trailed her fingers down my chest and over my stomach and down onto the skin of my hip carefully avoiding my pubic area. I lay there and watched her face as she touched me. Every sensation; wonder, fear and excitement were clear in her eyes.

My penis twitched and her eyes widened as my penis began to revive and grow. Her fingers stopped moving. Dave reached around under her arm. He pulled her blouse aside and cupped her breast.

She snuggled her breast into his hand and looked at me "Go on," she said. "Please, go on."

I closed my eyes for a moment to gather my courage, took a deep breath and wrapped my fingers around the head of my penis and slowly pulled my foreskin back. I was acutely aware of my nakedness, of my vulnerability and I began to see how Sue felt when we forced her to strip; and suddenly I began to understand the sexiness of vulnerability, of submission and exhibitionism and I felt my penis growing again.

My fingers took over without me thinking about it. I opened my eyes, Sue was leaning in closely, watching intently, her fingers still on my hip. I could see Dave's hand slowly caressing her breast and nipple.

I followed Sue's gaze down to my penis where drops of colourless liquid were now leaking from the tip. Sue made to speak but I said "No, it's pre-cum. It's just a lubricant. It's just like your juices before you cum."

Sue nodded and opened her mouth to say "Oh" but no words came out. My fingers were working on autopilot now, following a regular mechanical rhythm; masturbation and I were old friends. I had lost my inhibitions. In fact, having Sue watch was beginning to add an extra dimension to the act. I could feel the familiar tightening begin in my balls, signalling the beginning of the climax.

"I'm going to cum soon." I said, my fingers now only stroking the sensitive head in response to the pressure for release building steady within me.

"Why are you doing it like that?" Sue asked, breaking the reverie somewhat.

"Like what?" I asked.

"You're just holding the top of it." She said.

It took me a second to realise what she was talking about, my fingers were now on automatic and I was simply riding the pressure to my climax as I always did. I slowed the pace a little and tried to explain that only the head of the penis was really sensitive and it increased the pleasure to place your fingers just on or below the ridge around the top.

Sue leaned forward to look at what I was talking about and suddenly it all became academic; the sun on my skin, the way Sue was watching me with such concentration, Sue's breasts swaying in front of me, Dave's fingers on her nipple, all became too much and I began to climax.

"I'm coming!" I gasped and felt the first jet of sperm race up from my curled toes.

My fingers moved in time to oldest rhythm in the history of mankind and as the first spasams gripped me I began to cum. With eyes wide as saucers Sue lay beside me and watched in fascination as I reached the greatest climax of my young life. My fingers slowed down and took a death grip around my rock hard shaft as my climax hit me.

My balls tightened and my world exploded as the first load of cum flew through the air and landed on my stomach. I could feel more cum run down my hand as I continued to pump away at my penis. A second spasm shook me and I felt a second smaller load land in my pubic hair. I curled up and groaned around by clenched fingers, my hand jerking spasmodically, milking the last ounce of fluid from my penis.

With my hand still wrapped around my penis and with a series of shudders I slowly sank on to my back on the ground.

Sue moved in closer, she reached out and uncurled my hand from around my penis and moved it out of the way. With an air of excited concentration she peered intently at my slowly wilting penis. She reached over and dipped her fingers into the mess of semen which had pooled on my stomach. She raised some to her nose and sniffed it before rubbing it between her fingers to try it's texture.

"I don't know what I expected." She said finally indicating the cum, "but that wasn't it."

She put her fingers back into the pool on my stomach and rubbed it around; finally putting her hand flat on my skin and rubbing the fluid around. In the heat the cum rapidly dried and disappeared, when it had just about all gone she raised her hand and looked closely at it.

"It's amazing stuff isn't it?" I shrugged, I hadn't really thought about it that much, sperm just happened. "All those little tadpoles. Smaller than you can see."

She reached down and gingerly tried to pick some of the sperm up that was caught up in my pubic hair. As the sperm broke up she tried harder to catch some and her fingers brushed lightly against the side of my penis and it twitched in response. She looked up at me,

"He moved".

I raised myself up on my elbows, looked down and nodded.

"You got him interested." I said. She looked at me.

"What do you mean?"

"You touched him."

She looked at my penis again. "Just touching him can make him move? Is he that sensitive?"

I nodded, "Uh hu. Just think about how sensitive you are when we touch you"

She spread her fingers in my public hair, deliberately touching the base of my penis. He jerked at the touch and began to rise a little. Dave, who had been stroking Sue's bum, ran his fingers down the crack and between her legs. Sue smiled over her shoulder at him.

"What are you doing?" She asked.

His fingers found her wetness and began to probe deeper. "Just seeing how sensitive you are." He replied. Dave's fingers made her bold and she suddenly reached out and wrapped her hand around my penis.

"God he's smooth." She said as her fingers began to explore.

My penis responded as a young man's penis will and immediately began to grow. She held it gently, her fingers touching, working their way around it. Feeling braver she wrapped her hand around the shaft. I could feel him grow in her hand, gently swelling, pushing between her fingers like the soft nose of an eager young puppy.

"Isn't he fantastic?" .She asked no one in particular, talking directly to my penis. Had he been able to speak he would have agreed that her hand did indeed make him feel fantastic. Almost reluctantly her hand slowly released my penis and moved down to cup my balls. She held them lightly. "They're moving!" She said in some surprise.

I smiled as I watched her hand holding and playing with me. "I know they do."

"Why?"

I half shrugged, "No idea really. They just do."

She let go and brushed her fingers through my pubic hair. "It feels the same as mine." She said.

I laughed. "Oh no it doesn't. Nothing feels as good as yours."

Even with Dave's fingers still inside her she blushed. She wrapped her fingers around it, feeling the shape of my penis and the texture of the skin before beginning to stroke her fingers tentatively up and down the shaft. The movement of her fingers caused an immediate overload of my sensory system, all sensors began to flash warning signs and sound alarms.

"Will this make you come?" She asked seriously.

"Bloody hell yes!." I replied. "Just keep doing that."

She looked up at my face and smiled and then went back to concentrating on my penis; continuing her long gentle stroke. I closed my eyes and gave myself up to the feeling. "My God that feels fantastic."

"Has anyone ever done this to you before?"

I shook my head. "No. Only me." She began to lengthen the stroke, moving slowly up and down the shaft.

"So I am your first?" I opened my eyes to watch. Her fingers were creating the most perfect feeling I had ever experienced. I could not take my eyes off the sight of her hand wrapped gently around my penis, her breasts rubbed softly across my skin as she moved, her hard nipples a distinctly counterpoint against the softness of her breasts. She looked up. "Am I?" She asked.

"Are you what?" I managed to say, the question lost in the moment.

"Am I the girl first to do this to you?" Her fingers lingered at the top of the stroke.

"Oh yes." I said. "Oh God yes!"

She leaned closer still, a slight frown of concentration on her face. "Does it take long?"

"What?"

"To cum."

Her fingers felt fantastic and despite having only just come I could feel myself beginning to tighten again. "Oh no, just keep doing that." She smiled.

"Am I doing it right?" Her face was earnest, the question I guess every woman has asked the first time she masturbates a man.

"Absolutely." I managed to say, "It feels fantastic!"

The familiar sensation was growing in my balls. I knew that I would not last long. Sue loosened her grip on my shaft and wrapped two fingers lightly around the head of my penis. She looked at me. "You said the top was the most sensitive." She began to stroke again, this time concentrating on the head and foreskin, the pre-cum coating the head adding a silky lubrication to the movement of her fingers.

I think I must have moaned out loud because Sue looked up anxiously and let go, "Are you OK? Is doesn't hurt does it?"

I groaned again and made to grab her hand and replaced it on my penis. "No, no. It's fine. Don't stop. That was bloody fantastic. Don't stop!"

Sue needed no second urging. She seemed eager to continue. Somewhere in my subconscious I recognised that Dave's hand appeared and rested on Sue's hip. He had taken his fingers out of her. He was also watching my first masturbation.

Sue again wrapped her fingers around the head of my penis and began to stroke slowly up and down. "Is this OK?" She asked. I could only nod. The sensation was wonderful. Her fingers continued to stroke. More pre-cum ran down onto her fingers. The pressure in my balls began to increase. I watched in fascination as of their own accord my hips began to lift my penis forward to meet the stroke of her hand.

"I'm going to cum soon."

Sue nodded and smiled, "Good. Shall I just I just keep doing it like this?"

I nodded. Her fingers were creating fantastic sensations that were about to effect the desired result. The need for release was rapidly becoming overwhelming me. I was about to cum. Dave leaned forward. "Speed up a little" he said to Sue and her fingers picked up the pace. It was enough. I began to thrust harder into her hand as her fingers took me over the edge into the orgasm. Sue yelped in delight as the first drops splashed across her wrist and forearm.

"Don't stop!" Urged Dave over her shoulder as Sue stopped moving her fingers. "Keep on wanking."

Sue quickly resumed her motion as the second wave crashed over me. Sperm trickled down her hands and onto my skin. She grabbed the shaft and began milking with long deep strokes. I closed my eyes and my head fell back as my hips strained for a last time.

The stroking continued but now softer than before. I raised my head and opened my eyes. "You can stop now" Dave said smiling. "He's done".

Sue was looking at her hand which was still holding my penis. Her eyes were wide in astonishment. Her hand and forearm shone wetly in the sunshine.

She let go of my penis and wiped the back of her hand on my skin before wiping it up again and rubbing it back onto my penis which seemed to have developed a life of its own and despite having now come twice it showed no real signs of wilting.

"Does it stay hard for a long time?" She asked holding it as though she would never let go.

"Not usually." I said, finding my voice again. "He usually goes down quickly. I think he likes you."

Sue smiled at me; I think it was the happiest smile I had ever seen. "And I like him" she said.

Dave quietly cleared his throat and Sue looked over her shoulder suddenly remembering he was there. "Your turn," she said, "drop your pants."

Dave needed no second asking. As Sue and I struggled to turn over to face him he quickly lay on his back and unbuckled his belt. Sue pulled his shirt up as he pushed his pants down to his knees. His already erect penis sprang free like a dog let off the lead. She put her hand on it.

"Can you make it bounce like that?" She asked.

"Take your hand off it" said Dave. Sue did and Dave made his penis move for her; Sue laughed with delight and took hold of it again. Dave sighed and lay back closing his eyes.

I spooned up to Sue's back watching her slowly masturbate Dave. I think it was perhaps the most erotic sight I had ever seen. This summer had certainly turned out to be special in every sense of the word.

While concentrating on slowly stroking Dave Sue must have become aware of my penis nestling against her bum because she wriggled herself back against me. It felt really good and I reached down between us and pulled her skirt up to her waist and out of the way. Reaching down again I stroked the smooth cheeks of her bum.

She pushed gently back against my hand and I moved on down between her legs. She was so wet my fingers slipped inside her with ease. Sue opened her legs slightly to give me better access to her; all the while keeping up a slow steady stroke on Dave's penis.

Dave was the ultimate exhibitionist; he lay there in the sun, eyes closed, his pants bunched around his knees, his legs crossed and his head resting back on his hands. Sue leaned gently over him and stroked his penis with long slow movements of her hand.

He was in no hurry to come. He was contentment personified. I slipped another finger inside Sue and she grunted softly with pleasure. Dave opened his eyes and looked down at the hand on his penis. It continued to move sensuously and slowly up and down.

"Are you fingering her?" He asked and I nodded; he squinted up into the sun and then back at Sue, "She was really wet when she was tossing you off. Is she still wet?" He asked as though this were a competition. My fingers moved inside her and she sighed.

"Very wet," I replied.

"Good." He said and closed his eyes again.

Sue continued her slow stroking. I moved my fingers deeper inside her and saw Sue momentarily tightened her grip on Dave's shaft. He shifted his position slightly, pre-cum glistened on her fingers and around the head of his shaft. Sue bit her lip and rested her head on his chest.

"Are you going to come?" I asked and she nodded. "Will it take long?" I asked, mimicking her earlier question to me.

"Soon" she said faintly. Her fingers continued to move gently over the length of Dave's penis. "God, but it just feels so good," she said. I wasn't sure if she was referring to my fingers or Dave's penis or both; I also knew it didn't really matter.

Dave opened his eyes and looked down at her. She was watching his penis closely and trying to concentrate on what she was doing although my fingers were beginning to have an effect and her concentration seemed to be wavering a little.

"What feels so good?" he asked.

"Everything" she replied vaguely. "All of it."

I curled my fingers inside her. "This?" I asked.

She bit her lip and closed her eyes momentarily. "Yes" she said.

"How about my dick?" Asked Dave.

"All of it," she said, "it all just feels so bloody fantastic."

Dave lay back again and smiled and closed his eyes. "Oh good." He said airily, "then you may continue."

Sue wrapped her fingers gently around the sensitive tip of his penis, "Why thank you sir. Is this to your satisfaction?"

Dave stiffened slightly and his hips quivered as her fingers began to weave that easy magic that leads to certain climax.

"Perfect," he said, "in fact it could be too perfect. I think I'm going to come soon."

Sue smiled and continued with her stroking "Oh good," she said, "maybe we will cum together."

I could feel she was soaking wet between her legs, her juices were everywhere. I felt her begin to spasm as her climax began. Her head went down and her thighs gripped my hand.

Suddenly Dave began to jerk his hips and the first jet of cum arced out and landed on Sue's arm and hand; his head went back and he strained up and into her hand. Then they both fell silent, breathing laboured as though they had just finished a long race, which in a way they had.

Sue still held his shrinking penis while his cum ran down her hand onto his belly and into his pubic hair, I took my fingers out of her and sat up a little. They never moved. Sue lay half curled on Dave's chest like a small and rather beautiful child.

Eventually we untangled ourselves, brushed ourselves off, dressed and continued our walk. We put Sue's underwear in our pockets and she laughed and tried to grab them back but Dave and I held on to them, adamant that she would not need them for the rest of the of the day; or until she went home! To prove it Dave pushed her up against a tree and ran his hand up her leg, found her and put a finger inside her. Sue's eyes went round and she breathed a silent 'Oh!'

"See", he said. "knickers only get in the way. Life is much easier without them."

Sue swallowed and nodded. Dave stepped back and let her skirt fall.

"Shall we walk on?" I said and everyone nodded their agreement, Sue perhaps a little more shakily than Dave and I.

"Wonder who we can flash Sue to next?" I said.

Sue laughed again, "Bloody hell! First a train driver and now half the bloody world!" She said indicating the countryside behind us. "Is there anyone left who hasn't seen up my skirt?"

"That's the problem with being a tart" said Dave in mock seriousness. "Although it stands to reason that there must still be someone who hasn't seen between your legs."

Sue playfully hit him on the shoulder as he walked away. She looked at me for support and I shrugged noncommittally, "I don't think it's true at all" I said and she smiled.

"Thank you".

"There must be at least half a dozen people left who haven't been in your pants" I said and she put her tongue out at me and turned away.

I stepped up behind her and raised the hem of her skirt and admired her bottom and she laughed.

"Lets go find them." she said and letting her skirt fall, I led the way back down the slope and into the woods.

**Summer Ch. 05**

The walk to the reservoir took longer than usual. There were frequent halts while one or both of us would push Sue up against a tree or wall and reach under her skirt or up under her blouse to touch or play with her body. She never objected and was always accommodating to our somewhat crude and coarse use of her; and we did use her.

We would raise her skirt and make her sit or lay with her legs open while we inspected between her legs to prove either one point or another. We talked about her as though she were not there while we opened her blouse or pulled up her skirt. And whatever we did to her or how crudely we used her she never objected or seemed embarrassed, in fact she seemed to positively enjoy our attentions and would allow us to spread her legs or bend her into whatever position we wanted; whenever and where ever we chose.

The sun was high overhead by the time we reached the water and the day had again grown hot and uncomfortable. We climbed over the stone wall that formed the boundary of the reservoir and began to walk the pathway which skirted the edge of the water. From above the reservoir was shaped a bit like a boomerang with serrated edges, all twists and turns with small trees and bushes which was great for trespassers like us as it gave lots of places to duck out of sight should the wardens turn up. The reservoir was the property of the water board and in those days was strictly off limits. Not that the 'Private Property, Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted' notices ever really bothered us; if the wardens ever spotted us they would yell a lot and they did sometimes give chase but in the main we never saw them.

As we continued our walk, heading further around the perimeter to a secluded little spot we knew where the bottom of the reservoir slopped gently away and you could paddle and cool your feet when, as we rounded a bend, we walked into Mike and Roy, sitting quietly off the path smoking a cigarette in the shade of a small tree.

"Good job I'm not the warden," he said casually, "saw you coming ages ago."

"We weren't trying to hide," said Dave, "and it's far too hot for the warden to be around."

"Been here long?" A voice from behind them surprised us and suddenly Jackie's head appeared between their shoulders.

"Not long," she said, "just long enough to get my feet wet" and she held up her socks and shoes as if to prove the point.

Sue seemed the most startled, "What are you doing here?" She asked a little sharply.

"Now, now, sister of mine" Jackie replied scrabbling around Mike and sitting between them "I was invited, wasn't I Mike?"

Mike looked sheepish and nodded. "No problem is there?" He asked.

"No" Sue answered a little too quickly "no problem at all, just a bit of a surprise that's all."

"I'm not pushing in am I?" Jackie said a little slyly, the question somehow pointed and heavy in the already hot and heavy air. "Not spoiling your fun?"

Sue pushed the question aside lightly "Not at all, the more the merrier I always say."

Jackie pulled some weed from between her wet toes "Good, hate to be a party pooper."

Sue grabbed Dave and I by our arms and pulled us along the path, "Come on then" she said brightly "let's go on a bit."

Dave and I looked at each other and shrugged, something had happened just then between the two sisters but we didn't know what. I looked over my shoulder to see Mike and Roy pushing themselves up to their feet to follow us. Jackie said something that I could not hear and Mike leaned down and grabbing her ankles tipped her over backwards into the gully at the side of the path.

Jackie disappeared from view with a shriek. Mike and Roy casually turned and began to saunter along the path behind us. As I watched Jackie, looking slightly miffed, pulled herself back up on to the path scrabbled around for her shoes and socks and raced to catch up to Mike and Roy, barging her way in to walk between them. Mike casually rested his arm around her shoulders and pulled her closer before pushing her away in the same movement, Jackie staggered forward laughing.

We walked on until we came to our usual spot, a secluded patch where it was possible to swim or paddle without being too visible. The trees and bushes swept down on either side effectively enclosing the area. We had swum here many times, often skinny dipping when there only us boys about. We sat by the water's edge waiting for the others to arrive. Sue pulled her shoes and socks off and Dave casually tossed a stone out into the water.

"Did you know she would be here?" Sue asked quietly, the question addressed to whichever of us wanted to answer it.

Dave and I shrugged, "No idea" Dave said "didn't even know Mike and Roy would be here. Why?"

It was Sue's turn to shrug "No reason, just surprised that's all."

"Is there a problem?" I asked.

"No, no problem," she answered "just surprised."

The others caught up with us and the guys settled down together while the girls walked on a few paces before sitting down, heads together, talking as girls do. "What's she doing here Mike?" Asked Dave.

Mike shrugged "She wanted to come."

"You going out with her?" he asked.

"Naw, just brought her along. She's a nosey little bugger. Wants to know what we get up to." He looked meaningfully at Sue. "Asking all sorts of questions."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Like who's had her sister."

I raised my eyebrows. "She asked that?"

"Not in so many words but the meaning was clear."

I thought about the implications. "Bloody hell. If she splits on us all hell will break loose."

Mike shook his head, "I don't think it's like that. She's a bit of a wild one Jackie is. She's curious."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"She thinks she's missing out on something. She said Sue's changed recently. She wants to know what's going on."

"She'd go nuts if she found out" said Dave throwing another stone.

Mike sat up and looked at us. "I'm not too sure about that" he said.

Dave turned to look at Mike, "What's that mean?"

Mike smiled and pulled what looked like a handkerchief out of his trouser pocket. He shook it free and held it up. A pair of knickers dangled from his fingers. We all looked stunned.

"Are they ...?" began Dave and Mike nodded.

"Jackie's" he said. "She came up to me looking for Sue while I was waiting for him this morning" he said indicating Roy with a nod of his head. "She thought we'd all be meeting up at some point and she wanted to come with us. She though when we all met up Sue would be there. I tried to put her off for obvious reasons but she was very insistent that she wanted to come with me."

He looked at the knickers and smiled "I've no idea why but I said that she could come only if she gave me her knickers but I did. As soon as I'd said it I thought that it was a bloody stupid thing to do and that she'd run off or hit me or something; but she only thought about it for a second and then reached under her skirt and pulled them down." He swung the knickers around on his finger and looked at us innocently.

"Sodding hell!" Roy complained "How come you haven't said anything? You mean she's been with us all morning and all that time you've had her pants in your pocket? That's not bloody fair! We could have had some fun with her; at least tried to get the rest off!" Mike just shrugged.

"Did you see anything when she took them off?" asked Dave "Are her pubes the same colour as her head?"

Mike shook his head. "I was as surprised as you are" he said "I never planned it and I never expected her to do it." He looked over the top of our heads to where the girls were sitting a few yards away and smiled "I said she was a wild one didn't I?"

We all went quiet and looked at the knickers Mike was holding. Almost without thinking I said "Just how wild do you think she is?"

Mike shrugged and held up the knickers "about this wild" he said. I noticed Jackie glance over and seeing the flash of white between Mikes fingers she looked away again quickly.

"Then why don't we show her?" I said. Dave looked up at me and smiled, the others looked confused. "Why don't we show her what we do?" I repeated "with Sue".

The penny dropped with Mike, "You mean? What? In front of Jackie?"

I put my hand in my pocket and produced Sue's knickers "Snap" I said quietly holding them out.

Mike laughed, "Sue would blow a gasket if you suggested that!"

"Who's suggesting we actually ask her?" I offered.

"Will she have a choice?" agreed Dave.

"What do think Jackie would do if we did her sister in front of her?" said Roy beginning to get excited at the idea.

"Well, you said she was curious" I ventured "let's find out just exactly how curious she is." Mike and I returned the two pairs of pants to our pockets.

"Do you think Sue will go for it?" said Mike

"No" answered Dave "but that's never stopped us before has it? We know we can make Sue do whatever we want her to do. Let's get them over here."

Roy sat back and shook his head. "Naw, it's just too weird, and too dangerous. If Jackie objects to us stripping her sister, which she will, then we are all in real serious trouble."

Mike pulled Jackie's kickers from his pocket again "then how do you explain these? I tell you she's a real wild one. I wouldn't put anything past her."

"Too dangerous" Roy repeated and Mike shrugged.

"Here they come" said Dave as the two girls got up and walked the few paces back to sit with us. Mike returned the knickers to his pocket once again. Jackie gave Mike a long look as she sat down next to him and Sue sat next to her.

"What have you lot been talking about?" said Jackie brushing off her knees looking directly at Mike again.

"Nothin' much" said Mike looking at each of the boys in turn "bit of football, bit of this and that."

"Football's boring" she said wriggling her wet toes "tell me about the 'this and that.'"

"Oh you know" said Mike looking for a bit of inspiration "nothing much, bloke stuff really."

"Did my knickers have anything to do with it?" she asked. Sue looked shocked and tied to interject but Jackie ignored her. Mike looked suitably lost for an answer. "Well did they?" Jackie insisted. Mike shrugged noncommittally but Jackie quickly reached into his pocket and pulled them out. "I see they did" said Jackie shaking them open and calmly inspecting them.

Sue looked on in shock "Are they yours?" She asked. "What's he doing with them?"

Jackie calmly laid the knickers across her knees. "I gave them to him" she replied.

"What?" spluttered Sue "what for?"

"Because he asked for them" Jackie explained patiently like you would to a slightly backward child. The boys watched the exchange with growing interest, we were enjoying this unexpected turn of events. Jackie was obviously in charge and was not going to be hassled by her sister. Sue was quickly losing control as the conversation seemed to be getting away from her.

"What the hell does that mean?" stuttered Sue, the answer seeming more bizarre than expected "'because he asked for them'? Do you always give your knickers to anyone who asks for them?"

"Depends who asks" smirked Jackie and then the smile quickly left her face and she spun to face Sue. "Anyway, you've some bloody need to talk haven't you?" Sue recoiled from the sudden attack; she had seen Jackie like this before and recognised that she wasn't to be messed with.

"What do you mean?" Sue asked defensively, not sure where this was going and not sure she wanted to pursue it in front of an audience.

"What do you mean?" Jackie mimicked, "I said that you've some bloody need to talk! At least I've got most of my underwear on!"

Sue blustered looking panicked "What do you mean?" Jackie rounded on her

"I'll bet that you don't even have any underwear on do you?" she shouted. "Well it's obvious that you're not wearing a bra for a start, your nipples are standing out like chapel hat pegs!"

Sue tried to cross her arms across her chest as Jackie grabbed a handful of Sue's blouse and yanked it up. We all caught sight of bare skin. Sue yelled and tried to pull the blouse down again but Jackie hung on to it trying to pull it up and over Sue's head and displaying still more bare skin.

"Let go of me!" Sue shouted trying to roll away "what the hell do you think you're doing?"

Jackie was not listening, her blood was up and in one movement she was astride her sister. With one hand she held Sue's arms above her head and with the other she kept on trying to pull her blouse up and over her sister's breasts.

Roy reached over and taking hold of Sue's hands said to Jackie 'may I help?' and he pinned Sue's arms above her head.

Jackie nodded breathlessly and quickly used both hands to finally pull Sue's blouse up to her chin and exposed both her breasts. Sue, who had been yelling for Jackie to stop, became suddenly quiet. Jackie knelt astride her sister, both girls gasping for breath.

Jackie looked down at Sue's heaving breasts as though seeing them for the first time. She stared at them for a moment and then quickly looked up at us. "See" she said as though Sue's naked breasts justified her actions "no bra".

"We know" said Dave and from his pocket he produced Sue's bra. Sue now watched on almost impassively. Jackie smiled in vindication "I knew it" she said. She jiggled Sue's breasts "You tart" she said "I knew they'd had you." She looked around "what else have you got?"

I pulled Sue's knickers from my pocket and held them out for Jackie to see. Without getting off her sister Jackie half turned and reached back, pulling Sue's skirt up to her waist. Sue lay quietly as her sister exposed her, not even crossing her legs or attempting to hide herself from our eyes. Jackie looked at us again "so who's had her?"

"We all have" said Dave.

"What? Together?" she asked in surprise "all at the same time?" Dave nodded and Jackie looked back down at Sue lying quietly under her. "Well you little tart!" she said affectionately rocking Sue's breasts again "you kept that well hidden didn't you?" Sue never answered but just stared back impassively at her sister. Jackie looked up at me "I want to see" she said suddenly.

Sue looked startled "What?"

"I want to see what you do to her" Jackie continued.

Mike looked at me and smiled. "I told you she was a wild one" he mouthed quietly.

As the full import of Jackie's words hit her Sue suddenly started began to shout and struggle.

Dave placed his hand across her mouth and I held her legs. "Are you sure?" I asked and Jackie nodded, her excitement plain in her eyes. Sue shook her head violently from side to side and we could all hear her muffled protestations.

Mike leaned forward and lifted Jackie off her sister, sitting her down beside him and pulling her back almost protectively into his chest. I moved up and sat across Sue's legs, she was struggling violently but Roy and I held her firmly.

"Wait!" said Jackie suddenly and pushed herself away from Mike. She knelt up alongside her sister and gently placed her hand on her sister's breast. "I've never seen you like this before" she said to Sue who suddenly lay quietly looking up at her "I've seen you naked of course, thousands of times," she continued to stroke her breast, "but not like this" she said "never like this.".

She looked down the length of her sisters near naked body and at the boys who were holding her down. "Not like this" she said and took an already erect nipple in her fingers, "You look different, sexy somehow" Jackie shook her head "not the same." Jackie leaned forward and brushed the hair from Sue's face and then began to unbutton her blouse "Mum will kill you if you tear this" she said and gently laid the blouse out on either side of her sister's prostrate form. She smoothed it out as flat as she could get it "there," she said "that's better" and sat back again resting against Mike's chest. Sue watched her in silence, Dave's hand still across her mouth. Jackie looked around and smiled "Go on then," she said brightly "get on with it".

Dave took his hand away from Sue's mouth and lay down alongside her, he cupped her breast and found her nipple "You heard what the lady said" he whispered to Sue who closed her eyes at his touch "get on with it".

I moved my position and knelt between Sue's legs, she opened them without resistance. I pushed her skirt up and exposed her to her sisters avid gaze. I placed my finger at the entrance to her slit and gently moved her lips apart. Jackie watched the violation of her sister intently, her eyes bright with excitement. Sue moved her hips to accommodate me as my finger slid slowly into her. Jackie licked her lips. Dave leaned forward and Sue moaned quietly as Dave took her nipple in his mouth. I withdrew my finger slightly and Sue's juices glistened between her legs, Jackie watched the movement intently.

I slowly completely withdrew my finger and held it up for Jackie to see. She licked her lips again and reached out, wrapping her fingers around mine, feeling the slick coating that covered my finger. Almost in a trance she moved her fingers up and down on mine in an unconscious parody of masturbation before reluctantly releasing my hand and leaning back against Mike.

Her eyes never left my hand as I reinserted my fingers into her sister, Sue moaned and her hips slowly rose to meet my hand. I began the easy in and out movement with my fingers that Sue knew so well, her legs opened and her hips began their search for the same rhythm that would take her to fulfilment. The sound of my wet fingers inside Sue was loud in the quiet of our concentration; her body began to move to our gentle coaxing.

Dave continued his quiet assault upon her breast, gently suckling in first one nipple and then the other, his lips leaving her erect and wet in the sunshine. Jackie's eyes were glazed, she leaned forward and took a nipple between her fingers and Sue opened her eyes at the strange touch. They looked at each other and Jackie slowly withdrew her hand.

Jackie's eyes met mine, "Watch" I said quietly and Jackie leaned forward as I opened her sister up with the fingers of my other hand. Her clitoris stood out hard and red amongst the folds of her lips. Jackie's eyes narrowed, she was lost in the moment. "Touch it" I said, she looked at me blankly and then back at the erect, glistening clitoris. "Touch it" I whispered again and Jackie reached out hesitantly, her fingers slowly narrowing the gap. With one hand I continued to work my fingers in and out of Sue causing her juices to flow freely and with the other I took hold of Jackie's outstretched hand and gently led it between her sister's legs. Her fingers touched the clitoris and Sue moaned. Jackie looked at me almost uncomprehendingly and I smiled.

As Jackie sat back and looked at the wetness on tip of her fingers I saw Mike slowly reach around from behind Jackie and gently cup her breast. Jackie seemed not to notice and continued to watch the ravishing of her sister while Mike slowly unbuttoned the top buttons on the front of Jackie's dress. His hand slipped inside into the shadowy darkness and I could see him cup her breast again.

I reached out and took Jackie's hand again, bring her forward and placing it once again between her sisters legs. Mike released her breast and continued to slowly unbutton the front of her dress. Holding Jackie's trembling hand I again placed her finger on Sue's clitoris, Sue stiffened again. "Stroke it" I told her quietly. Jackie looked at me uncomprehendingly, "Stroke it" I said moving her fingers in small circles over her sisters erect clitoris. Sue groaned and strained her hips up to meet the welcome pressure. Jackie looked me in wonder as her fingers moved slowly around in circles between her sister's legs.

Mike's hand moved and he quietly finished unbuttoning Jackie's dress. He gently opened it for me to see. I'm sure Jackie never noticed. As Sue began to rise to her climax Jackie's eyes opened wide, her finger continued to move over Sue's wet button as my fingers continued to move inside her.

Sue's moans grew louder as Mike drew Jackie's dress aside and slowly slid his hand down between her legs. Jackie glanced quickly back at him as his finger found her but then went back to watching her sister climax. Sue began to thrash around as Dave and I took her once again towards her climax. I saw Jackie almost unconsciously open her legs slightly to give Mike better access as she watched Sue begin to come. Jackie spread her legs as Mike began to work his fingers slowly inside her and her breath began to rasp in the back of her throat.

Sue arched her back. Jackie looked down at Mikes hand between her legs and then up at me. She sat back as Mikes fingers moved deeper inside her, her head resting back on his shoulder. Sue screamed her release as Jackie watched her through half closed eyes. Sue lay quiet as Mike moved his fingers inside Jackie, with her eyes closed she quietly climaxed, clasping Mike's hand between her thighs.

All was quiet for a while. Slowly the sounds of the day filtered back, the quiet lapping of the water by our feet, the buzz of insects. Sue lay with eyes still closed, my fingers moving slowly and wetly inside her and Dave still fondling her breast. She was between climaxes but I could tell she was happy to be led by our fingers.

Jackie lay back contentedly against Mike's chest, her dress unbuttoned and Mikes hand slowly moving between her legs. Roy was sitting to one side admiring the parts of her body he could see. Sue moaned and moved slightly as Dave and I continued our ministrations. At the sound Jackie slowly opened her eyes and looked down at the prostrate form of her sister. For a moment she watched my fingers moving in and out between Sue's open legs and then to Dave who was slowly pulling on Sue's erect nipples. She looked at the marks left by our fingers standing out clearly on Sue's skin.

As if making up her mind she slowly pushed herself up into a sitting position. She looked at Mikes hand still between her legs and shrugged her dress from off her shoulders and let it fall on the grass behind her. Roy leaned forward and took the dress, straightened it and laid it aside, out of the way. Jackie leaned forward and arched her back toward Mike; he removed his fingers from inside her and unhooked her bra which fell forward releasing her breasts. Jackie let it fall to floor. She sat there naked for a minute as if collecting her thoughts and then looked up at us. She slowly lay back onto her elbows, laying parallel with Sue and then she lay back flat on the ground and put her hands behind her head and closed her eyes. "OK boys" she said "now it's my turn".

Roy moved down the length of her body and opened her legs with his hands while Roy lay down alongside her and reached for her breasts. I heard her sigh as both sets of hands found their mark. Sue began to move as our fingers again began to have their own profound effect upon her and I felt her body begin to tense as the she once again began her ascent towards another climax. Sue lay with her arms outstretched in her usual cruciform position, her fingers beginning to grip the grass as her passion rose. As I heard Jackie gasp at the first feel of Mike and Roy's intrusive fingers, I saw Jackie reach across and her fingers blindly search for and find, Sue's. In that moment the two sisters grasped hands, their fingers intertwined, holding each other, feeling the others tensions and passions as they both sought their own paths to their climax.

The afternoon became a sexual feast as we crawled all over the two naked women; comparisons were made and noted as the girls were led from climax to climax, vaginas and public hair was compared, nipples measured and breasts weighed. The similarities were obvious as the sisters shared the same frame from the same gene pool; their bodies and general shape were identical but the differences were more subtle and intriguing; the darker shade of hair giving Jackie's pubic area a more pronounced look and her nipples and skin had a slightly darker shade than Sue's. Jackie had a slight sprinkling of freckles across her chest but when our fingers were inside them the differences were minimal; with our eyes closed we would have had a hard time telling the difference; Jackie's clitoris was perhaps a bit larger than Sue's and her nipples perhaps a little longer but they both came in very similar ways and they felt almost the same under your hands.

We continued to swap partners throughout the afternoon, the girls continuing to hold hands as different guys knelt between their legs and kept them coming. Eventually Jackie closed her legs and said "Enough! For God's sake give me a breather. I won't be able to walk tomorrow." Roy and Mike sat back as she struggled up to a sitting position. Jackie shrugged off the hands that had been touching her and leaned over and with her free hand brushed the matted hair from Sue's face. "How are you doing sis?" she asked surprisingly tenderly.

Sue turned her head and looked at her sister, "Doing fine" she answered "and you?" Jackie nodded and Sue closed her eyes as Dave moved his fingers inside her, "Just one more come" Sue whispered and lay back as Dave's fingers delved deep.

Jackie grasped Sue's hand between both her own "Atta girl Sis" she said proudly "show them what you're made of."

Sue giggled even as she began to reach for her climax "Oh I have done, they've all seen what I'm made of" she said and the two girls laughed, their heads together, until Sue's laugh turned in a cry and she arched over into her climax.

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The girls dressed slowly as once again the boys sat around and watched, smoking and talking and making comments about what had just happened. Suddenly Dave knelt and pulling me to my knees beside him he said "What about us?" Everything stopped and we all looked at him. Slowly he unbuckled his belt and unzipped his jeans. Quietly he pushed his jeans and pants down to his knees and straightened up. "What about us?" He asked again "We want to come. Are you girls going to oblige?" Roy and Mike looked at Dave and then back to the girls who had sat stock still while Dave dropped his trousers. In view of the scrutiny he was getting Dave suddenly beganto lose confidence, his smile slowly faded and his penis wilted from half hard to completely flaccid.

Suddenly Jackie laughed and jumped up to her knees. "Oh boy! Four dicks to go at! Come on boys!" she urged the rest of us "Drop your pants and give us a show!" Still on her knees she moved over to stand in front of Dave "You never were backwards in coming forwards were you, hu?" Dave smiled and looked relived, as she reached out and took his penis in her hand. His sudden shyness visibly disappearing as his penis began to grow in her hand. She expertly began to stroke him. Roy and Mike could not believe their luck at this sudden and totally unexpected turn of events and quickly dropped their trousers and knelt there, expectantly erect, while they waited their turn for Jackie's attention.

As I slowly unzipped my jeans and began to push them down off my hips I heard Dave say appreciatively to Jackie "You are no stranger to this are you? You've done it before." Jackie laughed and carried on with her action. She looked along the line of waiting dicks that was forming for her attention.

"Once or twice before" she giggled.

Sue came and kneeled alongside her sister and watched as Jackie slowed her stroke to prolong Dave's pleasure. "Where did you learn to do that?" she asked. "Bloody hell I've only just done it for the first time today."

Jackie laughed again "There's a lot we haven't told each other big sis" she said a she deftly brought Dave to his climax. "We really do need to catch up don't we? Who's next?" she said as Mike shuffled Dave out of the way. "I somehow thought it would be you" she smiled as she took him in her hand, Mike gasped as she wrapped her hand, still wet with Dave's semen, around his erect penis. Jackie looked at him, "No one's ever done this to you before have they?" she asked.

Mike shook his head. "Lay down" she said "Let's make it a bit more memorable". Mike sat down and rolled onto his back. Never letting go of his penis Jackie sat astride his legs and began to wank him with long, slow stokes. Roy quickly lay beside him, his penis pointing skywards "Me next" he said eagerly. Jackie looked at Sue, "Are you going to join in at any point? There's another two to do after this one."

Sue turned and smiled at me "Are you ready?" She asked quietly and then looked down at my dick standing out proudly from underneath the bottom of my T-shirt and giggled, "Silly question. Lay down" she said and indicated the floor alongside her. Jackie looked up from stroking Mike and smiled "she obviously wants you to enjoy it" she said "what a surprise she chose you first". Mike shuddered to his climax and Jackie sat back with a pleased grin on her face.

She held up her wet hand and indicated to Roy, "Are you next? The doctor is now free." Roy pulled up his shirt and his dick stood proud in the sunlight. Jackie laughed and said "Next!" as she swung her leg astride and him and settled herself and grabbed his penis. Sue knelt quietly next to me and pushed back my T-shirt to expose my penis and give herself some freedom of movement. She took my penis in her hand and almost shyly began to work him with long, slow strokes.

Jackie smiled at her sister, "Have you blown him yet?" she asked. All heads turned towards her.

Sue looked startled, "What?"

"Obviously not" said Jackie and went back in a workman like manner to tossing off Roy who was beginning to look a little worried that Jackie might demonstrate a blowjob, a hitherto only vaguely grasped concept, on him. Sue turned back to me and very gently continued her long, slow strokes.

I looked up at her, "I'm not going to last long" I said quietly.

"Good" she smiled almost coyly "I want you to come for me". I reached out to touch her breast but she took my hand and gently pushed it away "This is my treat" she said quietly.

As I reached my inevitable climax I heard Roy gasp and Jackie's satisfied "There we go, any more or are we all done?"

**Summer Ch. 06 Pt. 01**

As we walked home from the reservoir the talk amongst the boys was all of Jackie and her obvious sexual experience. We had just come to terms with our own sudden sexual freedom and had come to think, as every generation does, that we had invented sex and were the only ones doing it; and then along came Jackie who is obviously far better versed in sex than we were despite our somewhat liberal attitudes to getting naked with Sue, Jackie's sister.

In truth it took me the full summer to get Jackie to tell her story and she didn't tell it all to me, some came from Sue, but I have pieced the bits together into one continuous tale for the ease of telling; and I think it is worth telling, I just hope that you agree.

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**Jackie's story Chapter 1**

Jackie was not sure when she first became aware of Alan, quite literally the man next door. He had always been there in background, a vague part of the life going on around her, but she could not remember when she first became aware of him, the man, as a separate and perhaps somewhat dark and dangerous entity. He was much older than she was and therefore not within her usual sphere of interest, she was still at school and he was a working man, in his 30's, positively ancient.

He owned a motor bike, quite a status symbol in a small town and she would often see him, the bike pushed out onto the bit of hard standing he had laid in the wood that bordered onto the bottom of their back gardens, tinkering with the engine or polishing the already highly polished frame. The talk was that he was a 'bit wild' and he had a 'reputation' around the area, she was not quite sure for what but the older folk would make veiled comments about him from time to time and Jackie's dad thought him a 'bit of a rough one'. The adults in the two families in the adjacent houses were friendly enough in a casual sort of way but not what you could call close except in that, 'can you lend me a cup of sugar' sort of way that was the norm in those days.

It took a while for her to realise that Alan was showing an interest in her. As she walked back from the shops, through the woods he would occasionally stop working on his bike and watch her as she approached the back gate. He never spoke, just watched her while he polished the already gleaming paintwork. His eyes took in her body, not in the way most other men or friends looked at her, his gaze was predatory he unsettled her and she did not know how to handle his silence. She had never met anything like him before.

Once, she summoned the courage to ask him what he was looking at, he stopped polishing for a moment and sat still on his haunches at the side of his bike, "You" was all he said and he smiled, his gaze slowly working it's down her body. She hovered for a moment, full of youthful indecision, her bravery evaporating under his blatant stare.

"Well don't!" she said childishly and then cursed herself for such a pathetic, immature response; and with as much dignity as she could muster she pushed open the gate to her back garden and went through. She could feel his eyes on her back as she moved and as the gate swung shut his quiet derisory laugh followed her.

She couldn't figure out why he unsettled her and she couldn't figure out why he was watching her but she was aware enough to recognise he was somehow dangerous. When she found him watching she immediately became gawky and awkward, ungainly, all legs and angles. But she also acknowledged his effect on her, she was always aware of him watching her, a tightness in her chest and somehow turned on, excited, a walking on ice feeling, the fatal attraction of danger. When she knew he was watching she would push out her small chest and walk with an exaggerated sway of the hips. She quickly realised she liked the attention.

Once when she was sunbathing in her bikini on the back garden, lying on her back on a blanket, one arm shading her eyes as she read a book a book; she suddenly became aware of him, leaning quietly over the fence between the two houses, smoking a cigarette, almost looking straight down on her. She literally jumped and squealed with surprise. "What the bloody hell are you doing?" she yelled, sitting up and dropping her book.

He made no attempt to hide his interest in her body; he studied her breasts in the small bikini top like a man judging horseflesh at a fair. "Grown up a bit since I last looked at you." He said ignoring her question.

"You're always looking at me," she said, beginning to wilt under his casual scrutiny "why?" She wanted to cover herself up with her blanket but she found she could not move. She could feel her nipples hardening under his blatant stare.

"You've got nice tits," he said, "small, but nice. Not quite a handful but they look juicy." She never moved. His eyes roved down her body and focused on her groin, where legs meet. She felt as though he could see through her pants, she wanted to run. He smiled and looked up into her eyes. "You could be interesting naked."

Her eyes opened wide as the meaning of his words registered. She licked her lips with a tongue that had gone surprising dry. She could not break the eye contact, she could not move. "Might even be worth fucking." he said in the same quiet, matter of fact voice he would use to buy a daily newspaper. Her mouth fell open as his words hit her.

Blushing furiously she struggled to her feet, her mouth still open, her shocked brain trying to form some kind of response. She stood poised somewhere between fight and flight, her chest heaving in confusion. He never moved, never flinched, he just casually inspected her body as she stood in front of him. "No," he said, "definitely worth fucking."

She grabbed her blanket and book, "You'll never get to find out!" she spat at him and turned and stormed off up the garden. "And a nice arse." He said loud enough for her to hear.

When she had calmed down she began to try to understand what she was angry about. Who was he? What was he to her? He was far too old for her; he wasn't her boyfriend she didn't even find him that attractive, dirty fingernails and sideburns. But he had something that she could not throw off, he was interested in her, no one had ever shown this intensity of interest, this blatantly sexual interest, and she found it attractive, very attractive.

Plus he was 'grown up', he was no spotty youth trying to 'grab a feel' at the pictures on a Saturday night, he gave off the air of sexual confidence, of experience, he knew what he was doing; he was mature and self assured, a powerful combination for any young woman to handle.

He could clearly handle her although he also obviously didn't need her. He was beginning to figure large in her imagination and she wanted to feel his interest in her, he was a powerful aphrodisiac.

She recognised the connection between his eyes on her body and the tingle in her groin; and she liked it. She knew she loved the feel of her fingers inside her in bed at night, bringing arousal and eventual relief, and the idea of someone else's fingers doing the same to her was fiercely arousing. Alan was taking shape in her imagination.

She began to look for him and when she knew he was around she would stroll down the garden and while feigning disinterest she would try and attract his attention; hoping that he would notice her and then getting angry when he didn't.

When he did notice her it would never go as she had planned it in her head, he wouldn't talk to her or act normally; he would simply stop what he was doing and just stare at her, at her breasts or at her groin, with a slightly amused smile on his face until she grew uncomfortable and she would finally slink back into the house. This situation continued for some time with Jackie beginning to become more extreme in her attempts to draw Alan's attention. He was becoming a fixation for her and yet if you'd asked her why she would not have been able to explain. If he was cleaning or working on his bike she'd find an excuse to stand by her bedroom window and brush her hair while pushing her breasts forward.

When this failed to draw his attention she would change into her dressing gown and stand by the window 'towelling' her hair dry, showing as much cleavage as she dare and watching for his reaction; and his reaction was always the same, if he saw her he would stop what he was doing and stare.

She sometimes thought she could see a small smile playing about the corner of his mouth, but his eyes never smiled, of that she was sure, his eyes were always cold blue, like ice. In many ways he frightened her but she could not stop herself from trying to attract his attention, she wanted him to notice her.

The next real contact came almost by accident. Just when Jackie thought that he had lost interest she bumped into him as he was cleaning his bike on the hard standing in the woods at the bottom of their gardens. She was on her way to a friend's house and hadn't expected him to be there.

She saw him as she closed the high garden gate behind her; he was leaning over his bike rubbing down the gleaming paintwork of the fuel tank. He looked up at the noise of the gate closing and she froze; she could not retreat and was almost too frightened by his sudden proximity to go past.

He smiled. "Do you like bikes?"

"Don't know." She said with a dry mouth.

"What do you mean 'you don't know'?"

"I've never been on one." She said, recovering her confidence a little.

"Come here." He said, a command, not a request, and she felt herself walking towards him and his gleaming machine. In one movement he put his hands around her waist and lifted her astride the bike. She gasped at the sudden contact with both his hands and the bike and tried to squirm away.

"Sit still," he said, "you'll have it over on you." She sat stock still realising the weight of the machine she was sitting astride.

"There," he said at last when he was satisfied she wouldn't move, "now you've been on one." He took a step back and looked at her. "You look good on it."

"Thanks." She said attempting sarcasm but failing. She had no idea what to say, she could feel where his hands had rested on her hips, she felt off balance, unsure.

He walked around her, openly appraising her as he made the circuit. "Yeah, you look good."

"I want to get down." She said quietly. This meeting wasn't going as she expected, as she had run it or one very like it, a million times in her head.

"Sure." He walked to her side and put his hands around her waist but made no attempt to lift her.

"What are you doing?" She asked at last.

"Just wondering what you would be like to fuck." He said, his hands openly feeling the swell of her hips. Her mouth fell open but before she could speak he lifted her easily off the bike and placed her down in front of him. She tried to step back but the bike was behind her. He placed his hands on her shoulders and steadied her.

"Easy." He said gently, his hands following the line of her shoulders and arms.

"Let go of me."

She had intended it to be a command but it came out quietly, a request at best. He looked down on her and gently, but deliberately, brought his hand up and placed it on her breast. She tried again to half heartedly step back but the bike was behind her. He squeezed softly, his hand moulding to her breast.

"Oh yes. You would definitely be worth fucking." She placed her hand over his as if to push it away but her hand stayed there, covering his as he gently felt the shape of her breast, his fingers tracing the outline of her nipple, the pressure of his finger immediately bringing it erect.

"Let me go." She said almost in a whisper and looked up at him. He smiled and suddenly stepped back, taking his hand away from her breast. His movement was so sudden she almost fell forward, her hand holding her now deserted breast.

He bowed slightly and swept his arm out to his side in a grand and elegant gesture "Your wish, Ma'am." Confused and shaken she walked passed him. She realised she was still holding her breast and dropped her hand. "Yes, very fuckable. Very fuckable indeed" she heard him say; she turned to look but he had returned to polishing his bike.

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She fantasised about the hand on her breast for days, lying in bed, her hands between her legs as she tried to remember every detail of what had happened. She could not get him out of her mind; she watched for him constantly and made herself available at every opportunity.

He did not however, show any interest in her at all, he simply polished his bike or looked through her as if she was not there. Her anger flared, a first cut of wounded pride, and she swore that she would not give him the opportunity to touch her again; but every night she was there in bed, masturbating to the memory of his fingers on her breast.

She would hold her breast and stroke her nipple, imagining that the hand was his. After striking her nipple erect her hand would finally sneak between her legs, pushing her pyjama bottoms down around her thighs and when she finally came, it was to his imagined fingers.

Desire coursed through her body, filled her up and soaked out of every pore; and it grew stronger every day. He had opened a door in her mind, in her life and she was eager to rush headlong through it.