**Summer**

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**Summer Ch. 06 Pt. 02**

Their next meeting was by accident.

It was a regular Thursday evening and Jackie had just had a bath. She was downstairs kneeling in front of the fire towelling her hair dry when Alan simply walked in through the back door. In those days doors were rarely locked and other people's houses tended to be left open and knocking was often optional. Glancing around the room Alan settled himself against the edge of the kitchen sink and crossed his legs and folded his arms, making himself comfortable. His eyes settled on Jackie who was desperately trying to pull the neck of her dressing together and he smiled.

He kept his eyes firmly on Jackie, who was growing more flustered by the moment, but addressed his comments to her mother who was sitting in a chair by her side, mending a pair of her father's work trousers. "Evening Mrs C," he smiled brightly, switching his attention at last, much to Jackie's relief. "My Ma has sent me to ask if you have those old textbooks you mentioned for our kid. He's trying to get ready for his exams an' she thinks they may be useful."

Mrs C put her sewing down and hauled herself to her feet with a sigh. "Sure," she said. Alan had no idea how old she was, he guessed somewhere in her early forties but she looked much older, older than she should, typical of so many women in this neighbourhood. Life was hard and money tended to be scarce. Her life revolved around hard work and the family, the best she could hope for was an evening at the pub at weekends. Yet if Alan had asked her he guessed that she would have said that she was happy, not that she ever thought about it. "Sit down Alan," she said indicating the worn sofa, "take a load off. It may take a couple of minutes to find them."

"Thanks Mrs C," he replied as she walked passed him and out of the room.

"Do you want a hand?" asked Jackie, panicked by Alan's sudden appearance and the fact that she was being left alone with him.

"No," her mother called back over her shoulder, "you sit and keep Alan entertained," she said as she disappeared into the hallway. Jackie and Alan looked at each other in silence as they listened to her mother's slow progress up the stairs. "You loved it didn't you?" he said, finally breaking the silence.

Jackie dropped her eyes and feigned ignorance "Loved what?"

"Me holding your tit," he said smiling, "you know what I'm talking about."

"You're a cocky bastard," she said at last shaking her head.

"Thanks," he said lightly and in a couple of strides he was standing over her. She struggled to her feet in surprise and he quickly put his arm around her waist and pulled her close.

"Get your hands off me," she hissed, "my Mam's just upstairs! I'll yell!"

Alan laughed and tugged on the tie belt of her dressing gown, "Go ahead, yell away," he said. The belt gave and the front of her dressing gown fell open to reveal the childish teddy bear pyjamas underneath. "Oh good," he smiled, "ready for bed. You must have been expecting me." Jackie ineffectually tied to push him away but he just pulled her closer. "Now, now," he said as if to a small child, "your Mam told you to keep me entertained didn't she? So entertain me." She swung at him with her free hand but Alan grabbed it easily enough and forced it behind her back, holding both her wrists with one hand. "That's better isn't it?" he asked quietly.

"Let go of me!" Jackie quietly hissed, "or I'll.."

"Or you will what?" he asked, placing his hand firmly on her breast on the outside of her pyjamas. Jackie struggled again but it was futile, he was far bigger and stronger then she was. He quickly unbuttoned the top two buttons on her pyjama top and pushed the material back off her shoulder, exposing her breast.

"What the fuck do you think that you're doing?" She asked incredulously, "My Mam's just upstairs; she'll be down in a minute!"

"Then you'd better keep quite hadn't you?" He asked. "Or she'll hear you and we don't want that to happen now do we? Don't want her to hear me undressing her little daughter," and he casually took her naked breast in his hand. "Nice," he said, "very nice indeed." He thumbed her nipple and Jackie gasped. "I'm looking forward to playing with these properly," he said and bent down and took the nipple in his mouth. Jackie almost swooned as he sucked the nipple deep into his mouth, her legs buckled, only his hand holding hers behind her kept her upright.

She hadn't realised before that her nipple was directly connected to her groin, which immediately demanded attention. She could not breathe; he was sucking the resistance out of her. Her response to his sudden attack was complete capitulation and he knew it. He casually and boldly manipulated her breast with his free hand, feeding her nipple between his lips and despite her shock at being manhandled so suddenly in her own front room she found she just wanted to scream in pleasure.

All thoughts of her mother were driven from her head by the sensations being created by her breast and nipple, suddenly, only his hands and his lips mattered. He lifted his head and smiled cockily, correctly reading the mix of desire and confusion in her eyes.

"See," he said, "I knew you'd like it;" and before she realised what was happening Alan's hand had left her breast and slid down the front of her pyjama bottoms, grazing across her stomach and the front of her thighs before resting lightly on her pubic hair. Jackie was totally shocked at the speed and the audaciousness of the attack but before she could respond or say anything he suddenly he let her go and was sitting comfortably down in his seat before Jackie became aware of her mother's footsteps on the stairs. Jackie quickly pulled her pyjama top together and retied her dressing gown just as her mother came in carrying a small pile of school text books that had once belonged to Jackie and Sue. "There you go Alan." She said, handing the books over. "I hope that they'll be OK. Let me have them back if not."

Alan turned the books to read the titles on the spines. "Yep, I'm sure they'll be OK. Thanks Mrs C!"

"That's OK Alan. Did Jackie keep you entertained?"

Alan looked at Jackie and smiled "Don't worry Mrs C, she kept me entertained right enough," and Jackie scowled and blushed bright red.

"Oh she's a right chatterbox when she gets going," said Mrs C bustling to put the kettle on, not noticing the blush, or confusion, "I have difficulty in shutting her up sometimes."

"Don't worry about me Mrs C," he said looking at Jackie, "I have my ways."

"An' I'll bet you have," said Mrs C laughing. "Now be off with you and get those books back to your Ma." With a last look at Jackie Alan turned and left. "Now he's a right handful" said Mrs C. after he had gone, "a real 'jack the lad'".

"You think so?" Asked Jackie nonchalantly, reaching to get the tea down from the cupboard over the sink.

"Not much!" Her mother replied."Had half the women in the neighbourhood has that one." She turned to look at Jackie and paused, hand on hip. "Steer well clear of him Love."

Jackie snorted in contempt, "What makes you think....." but her mother did not give her time to finish

"I'm not saying that you are interested but it's just a word to the wise; don't mess with his sort, he'll have your knickers off you before you can say 'Jack Robinson'. He's bad news."

Jackie turned to get the teapot, "I suppose that depends on whether you want to keep your knickers on or not doesn't it?"

"Don't be smart."

Jackie quietly continued to help her Mum make the tea. She stood by the sink watching out of the window at the falling dusk acutely aware of the feeling of Alan's fingers on her nipple and the light brush of his fingers across her thighs and she shivered, clutching her thighs tightly together. Suddenly the light came on in Alan's shed and she shuddered quietly and turned away from the window.

**Summer Ch. 06 Pt. 03**

A couple of weeks later Jackie walked out of the school gate with her arm around Gwen's shoulders; they were laughing, heads together, as school friends do. They stood around in a group, heads together, moving their weight from foot to foot, swinging their school bags idly as girls tend to when they are together and not in a rush to part company. Gwen was the first see him, slowly cruising around the corner on his bike and she nodded to Jackie, "Trouble." She said quietly and the girls looked in the direction of her eyes.

"It's Alan from next door," said Jackie, trying to sound nonchalant.

"I know who it is," said Gwen keeping her eyes on him. "I just said 'here comes trouble'"

"He's OK," said Jackie, trying to sound nonchalant.

Gwen looked at her incredulously. "He's OK? He's nothing but bad news! Always in fights and he'll shag anything that moves! I reckon he's slowly working his way through this place," she indicates the school behind her with a general wave of her head, "and half the bloody neighbourhood!"

"He's not that bad." Jackie said, wondering why she was defending him. "Quite kind really," she ended lamely.

"Kind? He's bad 'un that one. I don't care if he is your next door neighbour. I'd stay right away from him."

As if suddenly seeing them Alan turned and cruised his bike up alongside the three girls. He revved his engine briefly and then simply sat there casually looking at them, smiling. Gwen scowled back. "Good evening ladies" he offered, "and just what are you three young lovelies doing I wonder?"

"Going home," said Gwen pointedly.

Alan ignored her and looked at Jackie, "And you?"

"The same," she said quietly, blushing and hanging her head. To Jackie it seemed that the entire school had stopped to watch the exchange. A silence descended on the group. Alan continued to stare at Jackie and she shifted uneasily from foot to foot under his steady gaze.

"Give you a lift home?" He finally asked patting the seat behind him.

"No thanks," said Gwen quickly, "we have somewhere else to go."

"Wasn't talking to you." He said shifting his gaze to Gwen who visibly wilted. He looked back at Jackie. "Give you a lift home?" he asked again.

Jackie looked down, "OK." She answered quietly.

"Jackie!" Gwen almost yelled.

Jackie looked quickly at her friend and then stepped forward and swung her legs over the seat of the bike, settling herself down behind Alan. Gwen stepped forward and grabbed Jackie's arm. "For fuck's sake! What do you think you're doing?"

Jackie shrugged herself clear of Gwen's hand. "Getting a lift home," she said, "that's all." Before Gwen could say anything else Alan opened the throttle and the bike shot off down the street with Jackie squealing and holding on for dear life. Once they were around the corner Alan slowed down and pulled into the kerb. "Gimme your bag." He said and Jackie handed over her school bag which she had kept clasped on her knees. He reached around to the back of the bike and opened a small flip top container which was fastened to the rear at the side; another was slung on the other side. "Panniers," he said indicating the boxes, "don't have 'em on very much." He said putting her bag inside one and closing the lid. He looked her up and down and smiled "Must have known eh?" He swung his leg over the bike and revved the engine. "Right, let's go for ride. Hang onto me." He ordered and without waiting he pulled away from the curb.

Once clear of the village they were out into the countryside and Jackie suddenly loved the feeling of freedom the bike gave her; the sun shone down and the wind whipped her hair around her face, she felt wonderful, and being forced to hang onto Alan gave the ride an added aura of excitement. The bike cut and weaved down quite country lanes, hedgerows and fields flashing by at a bewildering speed. In the end she rested her head against the back of Alan's Denim jacket and with her arms wrapped tightly around his waist she clung tightly to him as the bike raced on.

She only slowly became aware that the bike was slowing and she raised her head to look around. She vaguely recognised where she was, on the edge of some woods not far from home; they had been going around in a big circle. Alan pulled off the road and slowly eased the bike down an overgrown track leading away from the road and deeper into the woods. Eventually they entered a small clearing and Alan stopped the bike and eased it back on to its stand. He turned to face her, "Enjoy that?"

Jackie's face shone with excitement. "Fantastic! Bloody fantastic! I've never done anything like that!"

Alan smiled "No? Then we'll have to take you out more often. That was tame really."

"Really?" Jackie was grinning from ear to ear. "It was bloody exciting to me!" Alan reached around her and grabbing the top of the pannier on the other side to the one containing her bag he and pulled hard. The pannier came away in his hand. He pulled Jackie forward on the seat and somehow pushed the pannier into position behind her. She heard it click into place. "Sit back." He said and gently pushed her back into a reclining position resting against the pannier. "Turns into a backrest, built it myself." He said with evident pride.

"It's good." She said, pushing back against it as if to test it for strength and comfort.

Alan shrugged, "It works." He said with ill concealed pride.

He swung his leg back over the handlebars and sat down, this time facing Jackie. There was not much room, he hooked her legs up and rested them on his. He pulled her slowly towards him and she slid down the backrest a little. "Comfy?" He asked.

Jackie looked at him, for the first time since the bike had stopped she was suddenly so very aware of his presence, of the nearness of him that she shivered slightly despite the warm sun that was bathing the clearing. The bike ticked in the silence as the engine began to cool. Alan smiled. "Cat got your tongue?"

Jackie shook her head, "No." She said quietly.

Alan smiled and placed his hands on her thighs over her pleated school skirt. "Good. I asked if you were comfy?" He rubbed her thighs with the palms of his hands and Jackie could feel her skirt beginning to move, riding up with the movement of his hands, warm through the heavy material. She could feel the skirt bunching under his fingers. She looked at his face, a small smile played around the edges of his eyes and mouth. Jackie nodded slowly, her eyes on the hands on her thighs. The hem of her skirt had risen above her knees. She realised that if she was going to stop this she would have to speak soon.

"Good," he answered, continuing the soft gentle rubbing against her thighs, "I like it when my passengers are happy." Jackie looked at him and again looked down to watch the slow progress of her skirt up her thighs. With a start she realised that sitting astride the bike as she was her legs were wide open and she had no way of closing them. Alan had done this before. He moved his hands slowly down from the top of her thighs and sliding them between her thighs, he began stroking with his thumbs, through the material, the tender skin of her inner thighs. Jackie looked slowly up into the trees; the sun glinted between the leaves blinding her in sudden flashes. Jackie could not believe how the feeling of his hands was affecting her; she wanted to squirm on the seat but did not want to break the spell his fingers were weaving. "Do you like this?" Alan asked softly, his fingers suddenly stroking skin. She looked down to see that her skirt had ridden halfway up her thighs and Alan's hands were now stroking flesh. 'When did that happen?' She wondered almost distractedly. She watched his thumbs move over the soft, sensitive skin of her inner thighs. Goosebumps ran up under the hem of her skirt to her groin. She bit her lower lip as she watched the incredibly slow progress of his hands as they pushed the hem of her skirt higher. "How do you like my bike?" He asked suddenly. Jackie looked up at him uncomprehendingly.

"Sorry?" She asked feebly, as though a little stupid.

"The bike," he asked again, his fingers distracting her, weaving slow circles on her skin, "do you like the bike?"

She tried to get her brain to function "The bike? Oh yes, it was good."

"Did it get you excited?"

"What?"

"Did the bike get you excited," he paused and then nodded at his hands on her legs, "or is it this?" Jackie shook her head in an attempt to make sense of his words.

"Did it make you wet?" He asked.

"Wet?" She was beginning to feel stupid. "Wet?" She repeated, thoroughly confused. "I'm not wet."

Alan arched his eyebrows in a disbelieving sort of facial shrug. "I think you are;" he said, "shall we check?"

Jackie looked down as, with one movement, Alan gathered her skirt with his hands and lifted it up her legs to her waist, exposing her legs and her blue cotton knickers. "Oh" she said quietly.

"Oh," he mimicked, "that's better isn't it? A much nicer view". He tried to smooth her skirt flat across her hips but the pleated material was too heavy to sit flat. He looked at Jackie who was sitting, dumbly watching him trying to get her skirt to stay up. "Here," he said, "hold this."; and Jackie took the hem of her skirt in her hands and held it high up on her waist, out of the way as requested. Not sure how this had happened so fast she looked down almost unbelievingly. She was sitting there holding her own skirt up high on her waist so that Alan could get access beneath it. Alan looked up at her and smiled. "Thanks". He said. Jackie looked at him and then back between her wide open legs. Alan's hands were dark against the skin of her thighs and her knickers were stretched tight across her mound, her lips plainly visible through the thin blue cotton.

"That's nice," he said, "I haven't seen school knickers in years. 'The stuff that dreams are made of.'" With one hand resting flat on the inside of her thigh he ran the index finger of his other hand up between her legs, gently tracing up between her lips and over her mound. Jackie gasped. Alan arched an eyebrow and smiled. "See," he said quietly, "I said you were excited." Without taking her eyes from the finger gently rubbing between her legs Jackie shook her head slowly. "No," she said quietly, "no I'm not."

"No?" he asked and she shook her head again like a child. His fingers stroked across her mound and then dipped, slowly and deliberately, down between her legs, Jackie gasped as, more firmly this time, he again traced the outline of her lips, gently pushing the material into the line between them. In silent fascination she watched his fingers moving lightly, tracing the shape of her sex. She could clearly see the now damp outline of her lips through the light material. Alan ran the back of his knuckle up between her lips again, opening them further, causing her to shudder; the material now lewdly indented with her shape; fascinating and to her eyes, captivating sexy.

Alan watched her eyes follow his fingers; "Shall we check?" he asked slowly.

"Check?" she asked, her own voice coming at her down a long tunnel.

"To see if the bike got you wet." She looked at him. He slowly ran his fingers up between her legs and up across the front of her knickers until he reached the waistband. With deliberate slowness he hooked his finger into the front of her knickers and gently pulled the material out and away from her tummy. Jackie watched in dumb silence, as, still holding her own skirt up for him, Alan slowly pulled the front of her knickers down. He leaned forward and peeked inside. "Very nice." He said looking up at her smiling. Leaning forward and now using both hands he pulled the sides of her knickers down over the swell her hips. He looked at her face for a reaction and finding none other than a look of silent acceptance he slowly ran his finger to the front of her pants and pulled the material down further. As he exposed more of her tummy he stroked the warm skin with the fingers of his other hand. "Very smooth," he said, "very smooth indeed." Jackie felt the shiver created by his fingers run in circles away from his touch to settle behind her nipples and deep in her groin. She was vaguely aware of the sun, warm on her newly exposed skin.

Running his hands around to her hips again he pulled her knickers further down at the back and sides. "I think we need to see a little more don't you?" Jackie didn't answer; she just sat and watched as with both hands he slowly pulled her knickers down her hips until, because of the way she was sitting, he could get them no further.

She sat quietly astride his bike in the sunshine and in total disbelief was letting him slowly and deliberately expose her; and she was meekly holding her skirt up to allow him to do it! No man other than her father had ever seen her like this, intimately, between her legs, no one had ever done this to her.

As he slid her knickers down with such exquisite slowness, the first of her pubic hairs glinted in the sunlight. "Lift." He said quietly and without questioning she raised her bottom off the seat. He pulled her pants down under her hips and she settled down again. Slowly he pulled her knickers down onto her thighs, the material peeling away damply from the lips of her vagina. He was undressing her in slow motion and she was letting him, better than that she was helping him, holding her own skirt up to her waist to give him better access to her. She looked down again and wondered vaguely how he had managed to get her knickers down so easily and when did it happen? Raising each of her legs in turn he eased her knickers down her thighs until they reached her knees; then he leaned forward to gently held her legs apart with his hands. "There," he said, looking between her legs, "that's what we've been talking about isn't it?" Jackie looked down distractedly and was startled to see the slightly puffy lips of her vagina clearly visible between her open legs. "What is?" She asked.

"You're wet," he said as if speaking to a child, "did the bike get you wet?" Jackie slowly shook her head. Alan leaned closer and with extreme deliberation brushed a finger lightly down the outside of her vagina, Jackie watched her lips open and roll back as his finger passed gently over them, like a flower opening at the first touch of sunlight. Alan smiled as he watched her lips fold back like wet pink coral. Jackie moaned softly, her eyes fixed between her legs as if watching some strange, solemn, somewhat miraculous, religious ceremony. She felt remote, as if this were happening to someone else; as if she had no power to affect the events unfolding before her. Her only reality was the sensations between her legs. They were real enough.

Alan reversed his finger and starting at the very bottom he drew it up between the moist lips of her vagina again, slowly and gently, opening her all the way up to her clitoris. Jackie's head rocked back at his touch; she gasped at the intensity of the feeling and her bottom rose off the seat as her hips tried to follow his finger. He held up his finger for her to inspect, it glistened wetly with her juices. "I beg to differ," he said. "You're wet." He inspected his finger, "Was that the bike or was that me?" Jackie shrugged; she had no words to answer him with. Her tongue had dried to the roof of her mouth. He leaned forward again and using two fingers, he opened her up for inspection. Between her white thighs her lips glistened wetly, shining a deep coral pink as her opened her. Jackie fell back against the rest as he gently spread her lips apart. "Beautiful" he whispered as his fingers spread her open. Jackie watched in awe as he bent closer to look, how could it be beautiful, she asked herself? How could he find it so attractive? He raised his shining fingers to his nose, "and scented." He said, looking into her eyes. Jackie shook her head in bewilderment.

He touched her again; his fingers felt like fire between her wet and waiting lips, she never wanted this feeling to end. He traced the shape of her upwards until her found her clitoris. "Ah!" He said, uncovering it, leaving it standing proud, protruding from between his fingers like a small nipple. "What have we here?" He gently held it between his fore and index finger and Jackie cried out in amazement. "Sensitive little beggar isn't he?" He touched it again and the feeling was so intense that she thought she was going to faint.

"Please stop" she managed to gasp. Alan looked at her in surprise, her clitoris still held between his fingers. "Please! It's too intense, I can't stand it!"

Alan looked up and smiled at the reaction he was getting, he had never met anyone as responsive as Jackie. He was going to enjoy making her scream. Then he frowned as the though suddenly occurs to him. "Are you a virgin?" He asked suddenly.

The question confused her; part of her wanted to lie and say 'no', to appear more adult in his eyes and the other part recognised that he already knew and she would just appear more foolish if she lied; "Yes." She answered looking up at him, quietly and deliberately, his fingers between her open thighs momentarily forgotten. "Why?"

He sat back and looked her up and down, his eyes lingering for a moment on the glistening lips which pouted wetly in the sunshine. He reached out and ran his finger lightly up between her lips until he grazed her clitoris. Jackie gasped and closed her eyes.

"I need a beer." He said finally and stepped quickly off the bike leaving Jackie sitting there with her legs open. She reached out to hold him but he was gone. He stood by the bike and lit a cigarette. It had all happened so fast that Jackie simply sat there watching him, her knickers still down around her knees and one hand still holding her skirt up high about her waist. She was completely nonplussed, off ballance; she simply sat unmoving, looking at him. He drew deeply on his cigarette, "You'd better cover that up if we're going to the pub." He said nonchalantly, indicating between her open legs with a slight nod of his head. With a start Jackie realised her nakedness and dropped her skirt and struggled to pull her knickers back up her legs. "I wouldn't bother putting them back on," he said casually, "you'll be giving them to me later." Alan reached behind her and pulling her unceremoniously forward he unclipped the backrest, quickly fastening it back on the side of his bike. Jackie starred at him in mounting disbelief. She could feel her anger rising, he was playing with her. He had picked her up, coerced her, albeit willingly, into opening her legs for him and now he was wasn't interested, he was discarding her and fucking off to the pub for a drink as if she was totally irrelevant, forgotten; a toy to be played with and then left in the garden when something else took his fancy. Did he think she did this regularly? Dropped her knickers to everyone? Did he not realise how much of herself she was giving; and how desperately disappointed she now felt as he rejected her.

"Fuck off" she said savagely, pulling her kickers up under her skirt. Alan watched her impassively. "Oh you will," he said smoking his cigarette with a consummate casualness, "you'll give them to me. I won't need to ask." Jackie made to get off the bike but Alan simply pushed her back on and swung his leg back over the low slung handlebars. He kicked the bike into life and with a glance back over his shoulder he said "Hold on." Jackie sat back, determined not to give him the satisfaction of touching him until the bike lurched forward and forcing her to throw her arms around him and cling on tight. She could feel him laughing at her brief show of defiance.

Then they were back on the highway and Alan opened the throttle, Jackie squealed as the speed increased. Alan took her hand and placed it between his own legs. She immediately pulled it away but not before she felt the outline of his semi erect penis through the heavy denim. Blushing fiercely she buried her head between his shoulders, taking comfort in the thought that he could not see her embarrassment; but his quiet laughter seemed to vibrate hollowly through his chest and back causing her to blush even more. She closed her eyes and buried her head into his back as the world flashed by. Her anger subsided as quickly as it had erupted, the speed of the bike dizzying her, turning her anger to excitement. She closed her eyes to block out the blurring landscape. In her head all she could see was his hand between her open legs and the feelings he had created when he stroked her. She tried to clamp her thighs together to stop the growing feeling of arousal but it was no good, she could feel herself getting wetter and wetter and they sped on. "It must be right," she thought, "it must be the bike that gets you wet."

By the time they pulled into the pub courtyard she had already quietly climaxed, her legs tightly wrapped around the vibrating seat of the bike, but the bike was still sending hot and heavy sexual signals through her groin. She almost slid off sideways as Alan wheeled the bike to a standstill. He dismounted and turned and reached out a hand to steady her. Her legs felt like jelly.

He turned her around and pushed her, dazed and wobbly, towards the pub's main entrance. "Isn't it closed?" She asked.

"Not to me." He answered and pushed her forward. She wasn't sure that she wanted to go in but she had no strength to resist and she found herself standing in the cool, darkened interior of the main bar. The smell of stale beer and cigarettes wafted up from the heavily stained carpet.

She vaguely knew the pub, but mainly by reputation as she had only ever been once before. It was a biker's pub with a reputation for wild nights and violence. Alan pushed her up to the bar as a well built, middle aged man appeared behind the counter. He nodded to Alan and looked Jackie up and down with open interest. "You can't bring her in here in a bloody school uniform." He said as if she was not in the room. Alan looked at her as if seeing her for the first time, "She's legal." he said.

"Don't doubt it," the reply came back, "but I've got enough trouble with the Law without her. Take her in the back and get her out of here pronto if the cops show up."

"You expecting them?" Alan asked.

"Often call in for a pint at the end of their shift; or during it." he added with a knowing smile.

"She'll be no trouble." Alan said and dropped a note onto the bar. "Pint and a half." he said without asking her.

"She'd better not be." the barman said picking up the note and turning away to get the glasses and pull the beer.

Alan led Jackie through a door near the back of the bar into another, darker, much smaller room. A small number of tables were set around a few bench seats lined up against the walls. One wall of the room was a continuation of the main bar. Alan stood by the bar waiting for the beer to arrive. He watched Jackie as she looked around the room. "Take a seat," he said, "don't mind Stan, his bark's worse than his bite."

"Stan?"

"That's me," said the barman coming around the corner and putting the drinks on the bar along with Alan's change, "and my bark's nowhere near as bad as my bite. Remember what I said; get her out if anyone comes in."

Alan nodded. "Stop fussing, you're like a bloody old woman."

Stan walked away. "You owe me" he said over his shoulder, "don't forget."

Alan took a long swig of his beer and smiled, "I'll think of something. Have I ever let you down yet?" Stan laughed and left the bar. Alan picked up both glasses and brought them to the table where Jackie was sitting. He set the small glass in front of her. "You drink beer don't you?" he asked. Jackie shrugged noncommittally but picked up the glass and drank slowly. Alan looked away, "I come here a lot, could call it my local. I run the 'footy' team for them."

Jackie looked at him in surprise "What you? Play football?"

Alan laughed, "Naw. Only if they're short or something. I manage it, set up the matches, organise the transport and stuff." Jackie nodded and Alan looked at her, "And I organise the prizes and the trophies and the like."

"Prizes? 'Man of the Match' stuff?"

Alan nodded, "Something like that."

The quiet of the bar was suddenly shattered by the sound of a couple of bikes arriving in the car park. Jackie knelt up on her seat and looked out of the window. "I know who it is." Alan said without looking up.

"How do you know?"

"Recognise the sound. Police bikes." He swung around and stood behind her and leaning in close he lifted the curtain at the window.

"Police!" said Jackie leaning forward for a better look, all the time aware of Alan standing so closely behind her. Alan placed his hands on her waist as if to steady her. She caught her lower lip in her teeth to steady her nerves. Without a word he quietly reached under her skirt cupped her bottom. Jackie continued to stare out of the window. Standing back a little Alan raised her skirt at the back and tugged at the waistband of her knickers. Jackie knelt in silence as Alan pulled her knickers down over her hips, gently tugging them down her legs to her knees. He lifted each knee in turn until he could slip them down her shins and off her feet. He turned as Stan coughed loudly from behind the bar. Jackie swung round in embarrassment but Stan appeared not to notice. "Police. Now fuck off." Alan nodded and slowly and with exaggerated care he folded Jackie's knickers and placed them into his pocket. "Let's go." he said and pulled Jackie to an emergency exit at the back of the room. He pushed the metal locking bars and the door swung open and suddenly they were standing outside in the bright sunlight in the beer garden to the side of the pub. Half blinded Jackie stumbled as Alan pulled her towards the car park only to suddenly push her up against the pub wall as he noticed one of the policemen walking around looking at his bike. Alan stood close, pressing her tightly with the wall against her back. "What's wrong?" She asked, "We're legal aren't we?" Alan was not sure if she was referring to the bike or herself but he placed his hand across her mouth to quiet her.

"Yes we're all legal." He hissed quietly. Jackie shook her head to move his hand and whispered back "So what's wrong?"

Alan looked down at her and smiled, "I hate Coppers. Don't mix with 'em unless I have to." Jackie turned her head to see the policeman bending over Alan's bike, obviously looking at the tax disc down on the front fork. Jackie suddenly felt Alan's hand at the hem of her skirt. "No!" she whispered fiercely but Alan just smiled.

"Hate to waste an opportunity." he said and his hand continued its journey up her thigh. Jackie tried to stop him but his hand was relentless and slowly made its leisurely way to the top of her leg, her skirt riding up, bunching on his wrist. As he slid his hand around between their two bodies Jackie saw the policeman turn from the bike and reach into his top pocket and pull out a pack of cigarettes. Alan's hand worked its way calmly down between their bodies and came to rest on her pubic hair. "Nice." he said, running his fingers through the soft, silky growth. Despite the presence of one policeman who could see them anytime if he looked in their direction and the unknown location of at least one more somewhere in the pub, Jackie began to respond to the presence of Alan's fingers with a growing urgency that she herself could not believe. His fingers slid slowly down between her legs and unconsciously she parted them slightly to allow him better access. Alan smiled and she suddenly hated him for his smugness, for knowing that he can do this to her, that he held this sexual power over her. His fingers move between her legs and she gasped as his fingers found her moist sex and slowly part her lips.

As Alan casually worked his finger along the length of her lips, slowly parting the folds, Jackie could see the policeman casually light his cigarette before flicking the spent match away across the car park. She began to tremble, partly with fear of discovery but mainly with excitement as Alan's fingers grew more insistent between her legs. The butterflies started deep within her stomach as Alan's fingers moved through the folds of her now wet lips. She groaned as he inserted one finger slowly inside her; her legs trembled and her head fell back against the wall. She knew she was powerless to resist. Alan leaned further in against her and his finger moved his finger deeper inside her and Jackie stifled a cry. His finger began a slow in out motion that caused her to follow his finger with her hips. She groaned as he slowly withdrew the finger and then gasped as he quickly pushed it back. He smiled down on her as his fingers began the age old rhythm between her legs, her hips responded and she rocked backwards and forwards on his fingers. The wet sound of his fingers inside her became clearly audible in the still warm air. Her juices ran down his hand and on down the inside of her thighs. Jackie bit her lip and rested her head on his chest as he probed deeper and deeper inside her. She moaned as she felt her climax beginning to build.

She couldn't stop it; his fingers were expertly moving inside her, taking her further away from reality. The only thing that mattered now was what his fingers were doing to her, all else was forgotten. She cried out as his thumb brushed her clitoris. She grabbed his upper arms as her climax began to wash over her, obliterating all sense of time and space. She was completely swept away in the all consuming rush of her first climax brought on by fingers other than her own.

She wondered at the complete collapse of her senses as he held her upright and continued to move his fingers wetly inside her. She could feel everything so clearly and yet nothing at all made sense. She was totally aware of his fingers still inside her, of her juices running down her legs, she could hear her own breath rasping in her throat and feel the tears on her face. She was aware that her insides had turned to liquid and her knees to jelly. She clung to him, trembling and utterly spent.

"Have you two finished now?" A voice quietly asked from behind them. Alan spun around so fast to face this unknown threat that Jackie almost fell forward. A policeman was standing, pint in hand, in the shadow of the open emergency door that they had used only minutes before. Almost without thinking Alan immediately placed himself between the policeman and Jackie; his fists were clenched, every line of his face and body indicated an immediate readiness for violence. The policeman smiled as Jackie, blushing furiously, quickly smoothed down the front of her skirt. "A little young for you isn't she? School uniform an all that?" The policeman asked looking at Alan.

"She's old enough." Alan answered, his aggression obvious. "Anyway, what's it to you?"

The policeman smiled mirthlessly and indicated his uniform with a casual movement of his hand, "Goes with the territory lad, it's my job to be nosey." A second policeman appeared in the doorway behind him. "You know it's an offence to have sex in a public place?" The policeman asked. Alan didn't answer.

"Problem?" Asked the second policeman looking over the shoulder of the first.

"Naw," the first policemen responded. "Just young Alan here fucking his girlfriend up against the pub wall." The other policeman looked Alan and Jackie over and then shook his head, snorted and disappeared back into the pub.

"How'd you know my name?" Alan asked warily.

The policeman shook his head, "Goes with the territory like I said Lad. I know all you fucking tearaways; I know your bikes, I know where you live and I know who you're shagging." He looked at Jackie who wilted visibly under his gaze; her head hanging down and her hair hiding her face. "But you're a new one on me lass," he said to her. "I don't think I've ever come across you before." Jackie looked up at him from under her fringe. "You're not his usual type love," he said causing Jackie to flinch. "Take my advice and get rid of him. He's no good. He'll do you no good either."

Jackie hung her head again and Alan turned and took her arm, turning her away towards the car park. "Take this as a warning," the policeman continued, raising his voice as Alan frogmarched her away. "Next time I'll book you and then you'll have to explain that to your Mum and Dad. I'll bet they wouldn't be chuffed to learn that their little girl is fucking in public car parks!"

"Fuck off!" Alan muttered under his breath as he pushed her around the corner and over to his bike. He sat astride his bike and kick it savagely into life. "Get on," he snarled over his shoulder as Jackie inexpertly swung her leg over the seat, she was frightened and flustered by their seemingly narrow escape from the law. For her authority figures were exactly that and represented power and establishment. The sixties attitude of rebellion and protest had not reached here yet and Alan's total disdain and disregard for the law shocked her. "I said get on." Alan snarled again as Jackie hesitated, confusion staying her feet. He pulled her towards the bike and as she swung her leg over the seat her dress billowed up revealing her nakedness beneath.

"Very nice too," she head the policeman chuckle. He was standing at the corner of the pub watching them go. She pushed her skirt down blushing furiously again as the policeman turned away laughing quietly and shaking his head. Alan revved the engine and the bike shot forward in a spray of gravel and dust but the policeman had gone.

Alan raced his bike hard down the country lanes for a few minutes, weaving around the bends with a recklessness that terrified her. She clung onto his waist as the bike banked wildly from side to side. Eventually he slowed. She could feel him trembling with anger under his t-shirt. She held onto him although who was drawing comfort from who she wasn't sure. As he slowed his trembling stopped and she began to try to take in what had happened, she knew he wasn't frightened of the policeman, that wasn't what was wrong. It was more the authority that they represented he seemed to hate. "Fucking coppers!" she heard him mutter.

The rest of the ride home was in silence. She sat behind him quietly, never moving, even when he eventually reached behind him and calmly reached under her skirt between her legs and ran his fingers through her still wet and open lips. She looked down at his hand between her legs and with one hand she held her skirt down as his hand and the wind threatened to billow it up. As his fingers casually explored between her lips she wondered what had happened to her, how much her life had changed in the course of one short bike ride. From demure schoolgirl to riding on a bike with no knickers and a man's fingers inside her. In one short afternoon.

When they reached home he bounced the bike up the kerb and into the woods behind their houses; eventually stopping at the gate to his back garden. She got off without waiting to be asked, afraid of her parents seeing her riding with Alan; especially after her Mothers explicit warning. Alan pushed the back gate open with the front wheel of his bike. "Wait a minute" he instructed over his shoulder and Jackie waited obediently as he wheeled his bike inside and opened the shed door. "Come in" he said and Jackie followed him and his bike into the cool darkness. He pulled the bike up onto its stand against the back wall and turned to face her. Jackie wondered what he was going to say. He took her knickers from his pocket and held them up to his nose, inhaling deeply "You smell good," he said without smiling, his blue eyes quietly fixing her to the spot.

He leant against the bike, turning the material between his fingers. "Can I have them back?" she asked eventually.

Alan shook his head and laughed. He turned away and moved over to the old chest of drawers that stood against one wall. He obviously used it as a toolbox and as storage for bits of his bike, cans of oil and polish and all the other junk that always accumulates in sheds and workshops; although she noticed that Alan kept the shed quite tidy, everything seemed to have its own allotted place, not at all like she would have expected. Alan opened one of the draws and looked inside; he reached in a pulled out a mass of brightly coloured material. At first Jackie took them to be rags or cloths for cleaning the bike but she suddenly started as he dropped them onto the top of the chest and she realised that they were pairs of women's knickers. Lots of pairs. "Whose are they?" Jackie asked when she eventually found her voice. "Who do they belong to?"

Alan looked at the pile and almost distractedly picked through the pile of underwear. There were knickers of all types, from the very plain to the obviously very sexy and expensive. Knickers that had been worn to be seen, to be touched. "These belong to a friend of yours," he said picking up a plain pair of white pants. Jackie looked at them as if they would somehow have a name stencilled across them. "Who?" she asked bemused. Alan laughed quietly, "That would be telling wouldn't it? You know her." He picked up another pair, "And that's her mother," he said quite nonchalantly, knowing the impact his words would have. Jackie looked incredulously at the two pairs of knickers dangling casually from his fingers. "Never fucked them both at the same time but I should have done, they were both dead willing once we got started."

Jackie looked at him and then back to the pile of knickers scattered across the wooden surface. She reached out and ran her fingers across the material, pausing slightly as her finger tips registered the feel of cotton and then silk and then a little lace. She wondered about the story each pair represented, of seduction and lust, of fucking and being fucked, of abuse and use; and eventually possibly of betrayal and abandonment. With a start she realised that he was probably still fucking some of the women that these knickers belonged to.

She looked up and was startled to find that he was still watching her. He picked up a brightly coloured pair of plain cotton kickers and held them to his nose. "Do you know these belong to?" He asked almost absently, breathing in their scent. She shook her head, her eyes on the material he was holding. "Do you know Mrs. Williamson?" He asked casually.

Jackie shook her head as she cast about for the name until her jaw dropped open in disbelief. "The schoolteacher?" She asked incredulously. Alan nodded smugly. "Led me a merry chase she did. Liked the bike. Liked her 'bit of rough'. Went like a rocket when I eventually got my hand up her skirt. Fucked like a rabbit." Jackie shook her head. "You've had Mrs Williamson?"

Alan laughed and casually discarded the knickers to pick up another pair. "Guess who these belong to?" he said and he held up a pair of satin French knickers, black and trimmed with ribbons and lace. Jackie shook her head as she stared at them, they were stained and crusty in parts, they mesmerised and revolted her at the same time. "I don't know" she said at last.

He flicked them at her and surprised she caught them. The material was soft and warm between her fingers. "She was a real prick tease that one. Always coming on to me and the lads in the pub. She'd show her legs and open a button or two to give us a flash of her tits. But she was always with her husband, the big drip, and always ran away whenever anyone tried their luck. But you knew she wanted it. She was dripping when I got my hands in her pants once at a dance. She struggled a bit but you can always tell."

Jackie thought of her own willingness to open her legs for him, she hadn't put up much of a struggle had she? "What happened?" She found herself asking.

Alan took the knickers out of her hand, "Me and a couple of my mates called round to see her when her husband wasn't there. She couldn't get enough after that."

"You forced her?" Jackie asked shocked.

"Forced?" Alan asked, thinking about the word. "She didn't need forcing," he said. "She knew what we'd come for as soon as she opened the door. Give her her due she did try to close it but we were ready for that. She struggled as the guys held her down and spread her legs but once we'd got her started she was as smooth as silk. Wanted it real badly, just needed a little coaxing that's all. Couldn't get rid of her in the end. Use to buy this fancy underwear to try to keep us interested."

"Who was it?" Jackie asked not really knowing if she wanted to know.

Alan smiled, "Your Mum's friend. Joan Baxter across the road."

Jackie almost reeled in shock. Mrs Baxter! Although much younger than her Mum she was still one of her Mum's closest friends. She was heavily pregnant. "What happened?" Jackie asked "are you still..?"

Alan shook his head. "She became a pain in the end. Wouldn't leave us alone. Turned up wherever we were, trailed after us. Loved it rough. The rougher the better. We fucked her blind; in the woods, here in this shed, in her own bed, in the alley behind the pub, all over the place. Got her across a table in the pub once while her hubby was in the lounge playing darts," he laughed and shook his head, rubbing the material and the memories between his fingers and his thumb, "she wasn't expecting that one. Put up quite a fight until we got inside her. Didn't struggle after that. Half the pub was watching when we fucked her. Some even joined in. She loved it. Moaned about the beer stains on the back of her dress though. Had a job explaining that to hubby. Not sure how she explained that she was leaking cum for the rest of the evening or the that all the guys in the pub were smiling at her."

Jackie suddenly pictured the husband, a youngish steelworker, a nice enough kind of bloke but even she recognised he was not a very exciting kind of character. "But she still wanted more," Alan continued. "Chased us from one end of town to the other. Got to be too much in the end. An then she became a bit of a liability."

"How?"

"She got herself pregnant." Alan said simply.

Jackie reeled again as if struck. She couldn't believe she was hearing this. "What?"

"You heard."

"You mean the kid she's carrying now?"

Alan nodded. "Could have been anyone's. We've all had her; any number of times. We'll be able to tell better when she drops it," he said and he laughed.

"Does Dave know?" she asked, Dave was the cuckolded husband.

Alan shrugged, "He ought to, we left him enough signs for a blind man to read."

Jackie could not believe the callous way Alan was dealing with this. He really didn't care what happened to the woman he and his mates had used and probably made pregnant. Alan looked at Jackie, "She should have been more careful. That's what you get when you play with matches."

Jackie suddenly remembered the black eye and the small talk just before Mrs Baxter announced she was pregnant. She hung her head trying to let the information seep in but Alan suddenly held up another trophy; two pairs of knickers tied together with a ribbon. He held them up "Now these have an interesting story, someone else you know." Jackie looked at the knickers, they were expensive, lacy and she recognised that they were the expensive kind of knickers that would be bought for an occasion. He swung them round his finger for a moment, re living the memory. "This was a wedding," he turned to look at Jackie for her reaction. "Can you guess?" He asked.

Jackie had not been to that many weddings, "Was I there?" Alan nodded. "The whole bloody street was there. In a hotel in Broughton."

Jackie looked at him, recognition dawning "Anne Thompson's wedding?"

Alan nodded smugly. "Then whose are they?" She asked, she knew just about everyone at that wedding, it had been a big affair, in a posh hotel out of town.

Alan laughed and held one half of the tied pair of knickers up for her inspection "Anne's" he said smiling.

"Anne's?" she asked incredulously, "At her own wedding? I don't believe it!" She had known Anne from being a child. She was a very close friend of the family. Her whole family was at the wedding last year. Jackie and her Mum had helped with the arrangements and Jackie herself had been a bridesmaid.

"Believe it." Alan said and fingered the material, "here's the proof".

Jackie leaned back against the wall, now needing the support. "How?" She asked before she realised that she did not really want to know.

"After the reception," he said, "four of us and the maid of honour, don't remember her name.."

"Pat." Said Jackie quietly.

"What?"

"Pat, her name was Pat, the maid of honour."

"Was it? Oh yea, she came from Connington or something didn't she? Out of town. I remember now."

Anyway we all went upstairs to do something to the bedroom, Anne and Alex's room, they were staying at the hotel that first night."

Jackie nodded sickly, she knew that the bride and groom had spent the first night of their honeymoon in the bridal suite at the hotel; she had helped to 'decorate' it with confetti and ribbons and stuff.

"We all snuck up the back stairs; drunk as lords we were, noisy as hell. We had no idea what we were going to do but it seemed like a good idea at the time. You know what its like when you're pissed." Jackie just stared back at him. He shrugged, "Well, maybe not."

"Anyway we made such a racket in the corridor outside the bedroom that Anne appeared to tell us off. Quite funny really, if she hadn't come out none of it would have happened. Anyway, we all leapt passed her into the bedroom, waving bottles of beer, falling over ourselves, trying to toast the bride and groom or something when we saw Alex, out cold, dead drunk and we all just stopped and stared at him. It took a while to register. Then Anne burst out laughing and we realised she was dead drunk as well. Pat began to try and wake Alex while Anne headed for the loo to be sick. Naturally I helped her ..."

"Naturally" said Jackie.

"Didn't take long to get her pants off, these are the very one's in fact" he said displaying them again proudly, "and I fucked her in the toilet, sitting on the sink."

Jackie shook her head.

"Don't look at me like that," Alan said, smiling, "I wasn't the only one. By the time I got her back into the bedroom the lads were stuck into the maid of honour. Not much honour left in her by the end of the night I can tell you. So we had them both, stark naked on the wedding bed, side by side. Fucked them both senseless. Great night."

"What about Alex? Did he ever find out?"

"Certainly did. He came too after a while. Too late to do anything mind you, we'd all banged his wife by then. He rushed off to be sick at first and by the time he came back in I guess he'd had time to think about it and figured he didn't really mind, or that there was nothing he could do about it. He stood there in the doorway looking green before someone invited him to fuck the maid of honour. He didn't need a second asking. He was on the bed and up her faster than a rat up a drainpipe. Don't think Anne was too please but she had other things to worry about at that point. Strange isn't it? She 'd just been had by four guys and yet she was still miffed that her hubby was fucking another woman! No sense really."

"Probably something to do with free will." Jackie said quietly.

"What?"

"She didn't have much choice about fucking the four of you did she?"

Alan shrugged. "Didn't put up much of a fight in the bathroom. Got her tits out and my hand up her dress pretty quick."

"She was dead drunk. Some conquest."

Alan shrugged and dropped the knickers back on to the pile. "Boys will be boys won't they?"

Alan swept the knickers back into the drawer with his arm. He finally picked hers up and dropped them onto the top of the pile. "They can join the collection." Alan said.

"You haven't had me yet," she said defiantly.

"Yet," he answered slowly and closed the drawer. He stepped across and stood in front of her. Jackie backed up against the wall as he loomed over her. "But I will soon," he said and put his hand up the front of her dress and slipped a finger inside her. Jackie gasped at the sudden intrusion. "And you will let me because you want me to," he said simply and then took his hand away.

He stood back and lit a cigarette from the pack he took from his pocket. "Now fuck off," he said quietly, "I've someone else I need to go and see." Jackie turned and walked out of the shed without a backward glance. Despite all she had heard all she could feel was his finger inside her and she knew he probably was right, he would have her soon.

**Summer Ch. 06 Pt. 04**

**Jackie's Story**

The party had been in full swing for a number of hours; most of the house lights were out and the music was turned up as loud as they could get it without attracting the neighbours or the police. The booze, mainly beer and mainly in one large barrel was on a table in the kitchen. In the fuggy, smoked filled darkness bodies swayed and gyrated to the latest pop songs. Jackie sat on a wall just outside the kitchen talking to her friends. Cigarettes were passed around and Jackie took one although the combination of cigarettes and booze usually made her feel light headed and queasy.

After a while she decided to go to the toilet and pushed her way through the swaying bodies and made her way through the darkness to the stairs. She found her way upstairs by the faint light of the street lamp outside and she worked her way to the toilet door, mainly by touch and pushed gently, only to find it locked. Mentally shrugging her shoulders she turned to look down the corridor. In the faint light she could just make out a number of bedroom doors facing off either side. 'A few more bedrooms than we've got' she thought.

She turned at the sound of someone coming heavily up the stairs. The bulky shadow of a man appeared. He paused at the top of the stairs and took his bearings. After a moment he walked to the bathroom and tried it. Standing in the shadows she tried to make herself as inconspicuous as possible, she could smell the beer on him and did not want any trouble.

"Fuck!" he muttered and half heartedly kicked the door with his shiny, pointed shoes. With a shock like a bucket of iced water down her back Jackie recognized him and tried to step further back into the shadow. At the movement Alan looked up. "Fancy meeting you here," he said as his eyes focussed slowly on her in the half light.

"Fancy," she replied poised between flight and staying.

In the semi darkness he reached out and took her wrist in his hand. "With anyone?" He asked.

She shrugged her shoulder noncommittally, "Friends." He nodded and slowly started to walk away down the corridor, pulling her after him. "Where are we going?" she asked his back but he didn't answer. He pulled her along the corridor until he came to one of the bedroom doors. Pushing the door open he pulled her inside. "Wait a bloody minute.." she began but he spun her around, up against the wall and in one easy movement he pinned her hands above her head.

He looked her up and down and then reached for the big loop tab on the broad zipper that ran down the length of the front of her dress. "I love these new fashions," he said, "so easy to get into. Made for men like me," and with a soft chuckle he began to pull the zipper down.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?" said Jackie, panicking and trying to pull her hands free, "Let me go!"

Alan calmly continued unzipping her dress. He reached the bottom and the dress fell open. "That's much better," he said smugly. He leaned back a little and pushed the two halves of her dress apart. He surveyed her body, pinned up against the wall, hands above her head, almost on tiptoe. He caressed her breast in its plain white bra before reaching around behind her and unhooking it. Because her hands were held above her head the bra almost immediately sprang clear of her breasts so he pushed it up and out of the way. Her breasts glowed whitely in the pale light, her nipples obvious and prominent. He paused, savouring the view, he chest heaving as she tried to control her panic. "I love your tits you know," he said, "ever since the first time I felt them."

"Please stop," Jackie pleaded, "Someone may come!"

Alan cupped her breast and at his touch Jackie felt the first familiar lurch in her stomach. He bent his head to her breast and sucked the nipple deep in his mouth. Liquid warmth began to pour from her nipple and she unconsciously pushed her breast forward to meet him.

Alan suckled deeply, drawing her breast to his mouth with his hand. The warmth spread to her groin and Jackie began to whimper, she knew she was losing control. She clasped her legs tightly together to try to control the tingling sensation that was building there. Alan moved his attention to her other breast and she him mutter, "Small, but really very nice. Absolutely class tits."

As he suckled on her other breast Jackie could feel her resolve slipping. She could not believe how fast she crumbled when he touched her. Her body was betraying her and was instantly responding to his every touch. "Alan, for fuck's sake stop!" she pleaded but he took no notice. Her nipples were on fire. Alan alternately suckled on one and rolled the other between his fingers. She squeezed her legs together and her knees began to buckle. "Alan PLEASE!" she almost cried.

In reply his hand began a lazy decent from her breast down across her stomach until he hooked his finger into the waistband of her knickers. She closed her eyes and in desperation she squeezed her legs tighter together. He pulled the front of her knickers down and slid his hand inside, running his fingers through her pubic hair.

"Please Alan, please," she said, her voice now almost a whisper. She was no longer sure whether she was pleading for him to stop or continue. His finger began to probe between her legs. Her head sagged forward in despair as he tried to worm his hand between her closely clamped thighs.

He released her nipple from his mouth and raised his head to look at her. "Open your legs," he said.

She shook her head slowly, "No" she whispered.

Alan looked blearily at her and then suddenly he drew back his hand and hit her, once, sharply, across the face. The sudden blow shocked her to her core, the slap wasn't hard but the shock was intense. "Open your legs," he said quietly again and raised his hand as if to repeat the slap.

Jackie turned her head away from the expected blow but Alan dropped his head to her nipple again. She gasped at the intensity of the feeling as he first bit and then suckled at the nipple; she felt it immediately become erect. His hand moved down inside her knickers, pushing them, unresisting, down her thighs.

"That's better," he said. His fingers explored between the folds of her labia and Jackie knew that her resistance was almost over.

"Oh God!" she whispered and rested her head against his arm as he inserted a finger inside her and began to move it slowly around in exploration. She shuffled her feet, opening her legs wider to give him access.

Suddenly there was a sound in corridor outside and the door burst open. A couple stumbled into the room laughing and giggling. They turned on the bedroom light and the man pulled the unresisting girl towards the bed, sliding his hand up and under her short skirt. They stopped short in confusion when they suddenly realised that Jackie and Alan were standing silently against the bedroom wall.

Jackie tried to shield her eyes from the sudden light behind Alan's arm that was still pinning her hands above her head. She knew that that the couple were staring at them, that they must be able to see her with her dress open, her breasts displayed and Alan with his hand between her legs. She struggled to cover up but Alan did not move, he just said very quietly, "Whoever you are just fuck off and turn off the light when you leave."

The couple hesitated, drawn by the sight of the near naked girl and the man who was obviously undressing her. Without raising his voice Alan repeated his command "I said fuck off NOW!" and the couple almost fell over themselves as they rushed for the door. "And turn that fucking light off as you leave." He casually hurled over his shoulder at the departing figures.

The room plunged back into darkness and the door closed. As the light went out Alan paused for a second and then slowly moved his finger deeper inside Jackie. She almost cried out in pleasure and again her knees began to sag. Alan still held her, pinned against the wall by her wrists. His finger moved further inside her, up and around, she could feel her wetness coat the back of his hand and begin to run slowly down the inside of her thighs. "I'm going to have you," he said slowly.

"Please," she whispered, "not here! Not like this." She can feel the pressure building inside her and she rested her head on his shoulder as she bit at her lip.

Despite her words, at that point she did not care what was happening to her or where she was or who saw her; she just wanted him to take her to her climax, but he half stepped back to look at her. Slowly he withdrew his fingers from inside her and she cried out softly in protest. He gently stoked his finger through the folds of her labia until he found her clitoris. She stiffened again and gave a little cry.

"Ah!" He said smugly. "All in working order I see. Very sensitive." And he began to stroke his finger backwards and forwards across it, slowly and gently. Her hips began to buck against him and she began to whimper again. The sensations were almost more that she could bear. He felt her start to tremble and her knees begin to sag, "I'm going to fuck you soon," he whispered in her ear as her breasts trembled and her legs shook.

Jackie threw her head back as his finger kept on flicking gently across her clitoris. Only his hand pinning her wrist was keeping her upright. "I said I'm going to fuck you soon, but not here, not tonight." He repeated in her ear.

Jackie muttered almost incoherently, "Please".

"What did you say?" he asked tauntingly.

"Please." She muttered again as his fingers took her higher. Her body is leaning so far from the wall in search of his fingers that when he stepped back she almost fell. She opened her eyes in total confusion as he held her gently, back against the wall.

"I said I'm going to fuck you soon." Releasing her he straightened his tie and ran his fingers through his hair. But not tonight my love, not tonight." He bent his head and took her nipple in his mouth, Jackie rose immediately to the sensation, trying to wrap her arms around him but he deftly stepped back and suddenly he was gone, the door closing softly behind him.

It took her a second to realise what had happened, then her knees sagged and she half slid down the wall. Tears sprang to her eyes. "Bastard!" she called out feebly. She slid further down the wall almost whimpering in frustration. "Bastard!" she muttered again.

The unfulfilled sensations between her legs created an urgent need in her, she desperately wanted to finish herself off, to bring herself to climax, to find some relief for the pressure his fingers had created; but the noise of the party began to drift up through the floor again, the heavy thump, thump of overloud pop music. She heard voices in the corridor outside and the door handle moved. She heard laughter and then the sound of feet running away.

She fumbled with her clothes, her tears half blinding her. Her fingers did not belong to her as she pulled her knickers up and struggled to zip up her dress. Wiping her eyes with the back of her hand she went to the door and pressed her ear to the wood. The corridor seemed quiet. Taking a deep breath she opened the door and peeped out, the corridor was empty although she noticed that the lights were now on. She slipped quickly outside and made her way down to the toilet. She tried the door and almost cried with relief when she found it empty. Slipping inside she locked the door behind her.

She sat on the toilet seat and finally allowed herself to burst into tears. 'The bastard, the bastard, the bastard' she kept repeating to herself over and over again until her tears subsided. Pulling herself together she eventually got up and walked unsteadily to the sink and inspected her face in the mirror. 'God what a mess!' she thought. She quickly washed her face and straightened her hair and surveyed the result, 'better but no picture' she thought to herself.

Slowly she again became aware of muffled voices and the sound of feet in the corridor. Taking a deep breath she opened the bathroom door and stepped out. "Switch off that bloody light!" a voice whispered harshly and Jackie plunged the corridor back into darkness. All around her was the excited press of bodies milling around and making noise while trying desperately to keep quiet, as only a crowd of half drunk people can.

"What's going on?" She asked an indistinct shape alongside her.

"There's a couple making love in the bedroom." Came back the excited answer in a half giggle. The owner of the voice was obviously worse for wear. "They're doing it standing up against the wall and they're naked! We've got a camera." The voice continued in a rush. "Going to get a photo." Jackie shrugged her shoulders in the darkness,

"About ten minutes too late." She thought. "Thank God!"

She made her way through the crowd, pushing her way down the stairs in the semi darkness and answering the questions of the people at the back of the crowd who had arrived late and didn't really know what was happening. "A couple making love." She whispered as they passed in the other direction. "Yes, in the bedroom. Yes, completely naked".

Then suddenly she was back in the kitchen to find that the party was still in full swing although there seemed to be considerably fewer dancers. She presumed some had gone upstairs with the rest of the lemmings. She heard a big cheer go up from upstairs followed by an immediate groan of disappointment. Smiling to herself she made her way outside.

Gwen grabbed her arm as soon as she appeared. "Where have you been? You've missed all the fun! Apparently there's some couple screwing in the front room! Can you believe it? Knickers around her ankles and everything!"

"Bedroom" Jackie answered.

"What?"

"Front bedroom. You said front room. If you're going to tell the story you'd better get it right."

She paused and looked hard at Jackie. "What's happened to your face? Where's your makeup? Have you been crying?" Jackie looked around the rest of the group, their faces were alive with excitement and gossip.

"I washed it off, it was making my eyes sting, must have an allergy to it. That's what took me so long." Gwen nodded sympathetically and spat on her thumb and wiped a trace of makeup from below Jackie's eye.

"Happened to me that. Bloody painful when it happens. " She said and Jackie sat back a little while Gwen told her own tale of makeup woes. A crowd of youngsters burst out the door and ran laughing and squealing into the night , one of them was triumphantly waving a camera. "Who do you think it was?" Gwen asked, excited again by the prospect of sleaze and gossip.

"Don't know who the girl was" said one of the group, "but the bloke sounded like Alan Davies."

Gwen looked nonplussed, "Who?"

"You know, Alan Davies, "said the girl moving her attention to Jackie, "you should know him he lives next door to you."

"Oh, him" Jackie said trying to keep her voice calm. "Was he here tonight?" She feigned looking around as if searching for him. "Didn't notice him."

"He was here" said Anne. "Bit of a Lad that one bloody hell! Not a bad looker though; actually if tried he could probably have had a go at me upstairs in the bedroom!" And she shrieked with laughter at her own brazenness. The others shrieked with her in mock moral indignation although she knew for certain that at least two of them had done similar if not worse.

Jackie smiled and tried to stop the feeling between her legs. "Where is he?" She asked looking around. "Is he still here?"

"Don't think so" Anne said, "left a couple of minutes ago with his mates. Off to the pub for last orders I guess."

Gwen looked closely at Jackie for a moment. "Are you ok?"

"Yes, why?"

"You look flushed and your cheek looks a little red. Are you feeling hot?" She asked, putting the back of her hand to Jackie's forehead.

"No, no, I'm fine" Jackie said trying to appear calm, she patted her tummy "Just the 'time of the month'."

"Poor bugger" Anne said fishing in her handbag, "I've got some aspirin's in here somewhere. Never leave home without them."

"No, I'm fine thanks," said Jackie standing up. "Think I just might make my way home though. Get to bed with a hot water bottle. Be fine in the morning."

"Yeah," Gwen said standing up and brushing off the back of her skirt, "might join you. This is dying anyway," she said with a nod of her head at the party still going on inside the house.

"Yeah," said Anne slinging her handbag over her shoulder, "I'll come too. No point in hanging about here anyway now that the excitements over." She grabbed Gwen by the arm as they walked away. "Who do you think it was with Alan in the bedroom?" Jackie looked down at her shoes as they walked. "Naked as the day they were born," she carried on, "doing it on the carpet no less! Honestly! The brazenness of it! Going at it like rabbits apparently!"

Gwen laughed, "If we knew the truth they were probably snogging on the stairs, you know how these stories get exaggerated."

Anne pushed her and laughed, "Honestly, you spoil all the fun; I prefer my version." She fell in step with the other girls as they reached the road, "Wish someone would make love to me on the bedroom carpet."

"Who, Alan Davies?" Gwen asked. "You wouldn't put out for him would you?"

"Why not? I can see myself stretched out naked on the bedroom floor while he crawled all over me." Jackie felt the peculiar lurch of desire as Anne painted the picture with her words. She shivered and folded her arms across her chest, trying to get herself under control. She could still feel Alan's fingers inside her. Her knickers suddenly felt damp. "Why does nobody ever want me?" Anne continued. "I've got a good body haven't I?" and she did a twirl to let everyone see, "I wouldn't mind somebody taking all my clothes off. I'd put out if they asked me. Even for Alan Davies. At least he's exciting. Better than what I've got now."

Gwen looked at her, "What have you got now?"

Anne laughed."Nothing. Nada. Bugger all. Same as the rest of us." She held up her right hand and waggled her fingers. "I'm relying on these for a spot of relief tonight." Gwen howled with shocked laughter. "What's the problem?" Anne responded somewhat glumly "that's what we all use isn't it? Or are you going to tell me something different, like you have a secret lover or something?"

"Not going to tell you any different Lass," Gwen answered. "Because that's what we all use isn't it eh?" she asked, pushing Jackie with her shoulder.

Jackie just kept on walking and said nothing.

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For the next few days she was in a sort of trance. She could not get him out of her mind. She relived the episode a million times in her head, she was totally turned on by what had happened to her; feeling strangely dirty and yet desperately wanting more. She was not angry with him for being forceful with her, when she really thought about it her powerlessness had helped turn her on.

Fighting off guys who are trying to get into your knickers was part of the territory in this part of the world; she'd been doing it since the boys at school first discovered that girls were different. Wandering hands were just boys trying it on, they were not dangerous and most were easy to deal with; in fact she had let a couple of boys she had liked 'cop a feel' at different times.

When they came at you in groups, as boys around here were prone to do, it was more problematic as at least one of her friends had found out; but so far she had been able to handle the wondering hands without any problems and she had been careful to avoid the gangs. Most of the young men she had been out with were quite wet and apologetic, just trying their luck. Alan was different, he was older and bolder, he knew exactly what he wanted and what he was doing. He made no bones about what he wanted from her and she was absolutely unable to resist, just thinking about the way he handled her made her wet; he didn't ask, he just took it.

She trembled at the thought of the growing power he was beginning to exert over her.

**Summer Ch. 06 Pt. 05**

A couple of times a week Jackie would meet her friends at the pub for a couple of drinks. She was not a particularly heavy drinker but she enjoyed the scene. One night, a week or so after the party, she had left the pub and begun to walk home alone. The streets were relatively well lit and there was no real danger, it was a smallish village and most people were known to her.

As she walked down the main street a bus passed in a roar of warm air, lights and diesel fumes. It stopped at the bus stop a little ahead of her. It was the last bus from town. It turned around at the top of the street and went back to town 5 minutes later. She had caught it many times with friends after a night out.

Tonight only one passenger got off and she recognised him instantly. He stood and waited for her as the bus drew away. He waited for her to catch up. Although her heart quickened at the sight of him she approached him with some trepidation.

"Thought it was you," he said by way of greeting. "Saw you as we came round the corner." She didn't say anything but walked alongside him with her head down, looking at the darkened pavement in front of her. She was just so aware of him, his presence dominated her, dwarfed her will somehow. "You don't seem very pleased. I got off just to walk home with you. You could at least say thanks."

She looked at him; he was looking straight ahead and smiling. "Thanks," she said quietly. Alan nodded and began a running conversation that lasted all the way home. He didn't notice, or didn't particularly care, that she wasn't joining in. He laughed at his own jokes and leaned in close to her when he thought he was saying something important.

As they turned in to the woods at the end of the gardens Jackie felt that she should say something. She was so pleased that he had got off the bus to walk with her and she had trailed home alongside him like a stupid little girl. "How's the bike?" she asked finally as they neared their back gates. "I haven't seen you out on it much recently."

He stopped and turned to look at her "Come in and see it." It was not really phrased as a request, more as a statement of fact.

She shook her head slightly and began to say, "No thanks," when he took her arm and led her through his own back gate. She stood there quietly while he undid the padlock on the shed and then he stood back and held the door open for her to go in. She looked at him and then stepped into the warm darkness of his shed. It smelled of oil and cigarettes; a close, manly smell. In the dull light the bike gleamed softly along one wall; she placed her hand on its polished smoothness.

He followed her in and closed the door behind him and the outside world disappeared. She could feel her knees begin to tremble. Why did he always have this effect on her? He stepped up closely behind her and she could smell him, a mixture of aftershave, beer and cigarettes. He slipped her handbag off her shoulder and placed it on the floor by her side. "Well?" He asked quietly. "What do you think of it".

"Nice," was all she could think of say.

"Nice?" he laughed quietly. "Now that's no way to talk of a thoroughbred like her." He ran his hands down Jackie's back, his hands moulding to her curves, until he ended up cupping her bottom. She never said a word, she was unsure if he was talking of her or the bike. Taking her shoulders he turned her around and pushed her back until she was half sitting, half leaning against the broad seat of the bike. There was no resistance from her.

He placed a finger under her chin and raised her face until she was looking at him. "Are you a thoroughbred?" he asked.

She swallowed, "I don't know"

He let go of her chin and hooked his finger into the broad loop of the zipper in the denim top she was wearing. "Shall we see?" he said. "I didn't really get a good look at you at the party," he paused and smiled. "Bit pissed you see." She looked down at his finger in the loop of the zipper as she felt the zipper being pulled slowly down. "I'm not pissed now," he said.

No," she said in a whisper and she watched the zipper complete its journey. With a last pull, the top fell open. Once again she could feel the panic slowly rising inside her. How could she be standing here letting him take her clothes off again? She wanted to cry out and run; but then another part of her, the wayward part of her, told her to stay and let him put his hands on her, put his hands between her legs again, just like at the party.

"You want me to touch you don't you?" He said as if reading her thoughts. Looking down Jackie shook her head in denial. He laughed quietly. "Of course you do." He pushed the denim top from her shoulders and down her arms. "Of course you do." He said again.

She sat there quietly with the denim top half way down her arms, wrapped around her back like a stole, or a restraint. He pulled her to her feet and she tried vaguely to free her arms but he stilled her. "I think it's time to have a look at those beautiful tits of yours again don't you?" She shook her head, 'no', but he pulled her to him and simply lifted the front of her blouse and pushed it up, over her breasts.

"Ah yes," he said, holding her and looking down. She could feel her chest heaving, confined tightly by the material of her bra. "Just as I remember them." He lightly stroked the back of his hand across her nipples. She gasped as they immediately hardened, clearly showing through the thin fabric. "Nice bra," he said, brushing the swell of her breast through the fabric. With a practised movement he reached behind her and unfastened the clip. "But next time don't wear one, it's easier."

"There won't be a next time," she managed to say as he flipped her bra up and out of the way, releasing her breasts to the cool night air. She gasped again as he bent down and took a nipple in his mouth. He suckled deeply and hearing her intake of breath, he let go with a laugh.

"Of course there'll be a next time. I'm going to fuck you one day. Now let's have a good look at your tits shall we?" he said and pushed her back, her arms still entangled in her jacket.

She staggered against the heavy machine. "Go easy with the bike" he said and looked down at her breasts. She is leaning back at an angle and struggling to keep her balance. He held her in place while he calmly inspected her breasts, she struggled but he held her firmly, keeping her in place. "I like it when you struggle,'" he said, "it makes your tits bounce." He jiggled her breasts for a moment before cupping one and stroking the nipple with his thumb.

"Really nice" he said appreciatively. He squeezed the nipple gently causing her to gasp. He smiled. "And oh so sensitive. I'm going to enjoy you." Jackie could feel herself getting wet, his fingers on her breast seemed to be directly linked to her groin and she could feel herself giving way to her desires, feel herself sliding away. He laughed and squeezed her nipple again. Her knees felt weak. She was having difficulty in keeping her balance.

He moved his attention to her other breast and after hefting its weight, as if making a comparison with the first one, he rolled the nipple between his fingers. "Lovely nipples," he said quietly, "they stand out like chapel hat pegs," and he pulled on one make his point. Jackie groaned and Alan smiled, "You seem to like that," he said "see, I'm getting to know you" and he pulled gently again. Jackie bit her lip and tried to free herself from his touch, knowing her resistance was rapidly fading.

Alan laughed again and pulled her closer to him. "Now, now," he said, "we've not done yet. Not by a long chalk." He arched her slightly further back over the bike, making her breasts stand out further and laying her more open to him. He inspected her breasts again, suckling and fondling each breast in turn. He raised his eyes to look at her. She looked into his face but his confident smile of triumph as he sucked her nipple into his mouth frightened her.

She looked down across her naked breasts, she could see her nipples shining wetly in the faint light, she could feel the growing dampness between her legs and she could feel her resolve fading away with every pull of his lips on her nipples. She knew she had lost, she was his and she knew he could do what he wanted with her.

Once again he read her thoughts, "You know you love it don't you?" Her nipples ached to be touched. No one had ever touched them like this, suckled on them, played with her breasts. She wanted him to just shut up and carry on touching her; she was now not just damp between her legs, she could feel she was wet.

She shook her head faintly, a last attempt at independence. "No", she said, "I don't".

Alan smiled and reached for her skirt feeling for the zip. Her struggles seem feeble even to her as his fingers found the top clasp and deftly undid it. The skirt sagged a little on her hips. He found the zipper and pulled it down. "Great things zippers," he said, "don't know what we would do without them." He eased the skirt down off her hips, reaching behind her to pull it down over her bottom. With an easy push it fell to her feet.

He looked down at her legs, splayed open to keep her balance but strangely dark in the half light. "Tights," he said disgustedly. "Fucking awful things! don't wear them anymore, or at least not when you're with me." Jackie watched as he hooked his fingers into the top of them, pulling them down over her hips.

He pushed them, as far as he could reach, down her thighs. "There," he said at last, smoothing his hand across the material of her white flowered cotton knickers, "that's better. Almost there now."

Jackie looked at his casual, smiling, face, the 'almost there now' sent a shiver of anticipation racing through her body. He had undressed her with such consummate ease. She had not really resisted but it would not have made any difference, he knew what he was doing.

He was unwrapping a parcel, stripping off layer after layer and the present was in sight, only a damp piece of cotton now lay between him and what he was seeking.

Without any further ceremony Alan placed his hand over her mound and pressed his fingers up through the thin material of her knickers, gently pressing his fingers into her. Jackie almost shouted out with the sudden surge of feeling, her knees almost buckled at the sudden and ungracious onslaught. He took his hand away and inspected his fingers. He looked at her, "A bit wet aren't we?"

Jackie felt herself curl up inside; he knew that she wanted him, her body was betraying her. Alan smiled, "I told you that you wanted it." Laughing he hooked his fingers into the sides of her knickers and pulled them easily down over her hips. She watched in horrified fascination as he pulled the front of her knickers down, her pubic hair glinting as he slowly exposed her.

"I wonder what you smell of?" he asked. She looked at him uncomprehendingly and he laughed again. This was all happening a bit too fast for her, she wanted cry out 'slow down will you, not so fast', but the rest of her brain loved this feeling of being out of control, being rushed towards the feelings that she knew were coming. With a slight push her knickers slid down her thighs. They came to rest, caught up with her tights, around her knees.

She looked down at herself; she was now naked from nipple to knee. She watched as Alan smoothed his fingers across her stomach. How did he get her to this, spread out across his bike, nearly naked, in a shed at the bottom of the garden? He'd stripped her with the ease that he stripped his bike; and possibly with the same amount of passion.

He had not kissed her or shown any affection, he just wanted to get her naked and put his fingers inside her; and that's what she had wanted wasn't it? She hadn't stopped him, she was not sure she could have stopped him even if she'd wanted to; but she hadn't really put up any resistance had she, hadn't even tried to say 'no' had she? What did that make her?

She didn't know anymore, she didn't know anything except that his hand was now moving down across stomach and his finger trailing through her pubic hair. He twirled the hair around his finger. "It's soft," he said. "Most women's are wiry." She began to whimper as his fingers moved down between her legs, a mixture of fear and anticipation. His hand disappeared between her legs and she could feel him slowly slide a finger between the folds of her lips.

She closed her eyes. "Open them," he commanded and she opened her eyes in shock wondering what he was meaning, her eyes or her legs, "Open your eyes" he said again. "I want to see what you're feeling." His finger began to explore the length of her, she whimpered quietly as the feelings flooded through her.

She was so wet she could feel her juices beginning to leak out of her. She tried to curl up around the fingers that were beginning to open her up but he held her upright with his free hand, not allowing her to move. He curled his finger up inside and her head fell back, She had done this to herself a million times but nothing had prepared her for the mind blowing sensations created by his finger inside her now. She tried to open her knees to give him access but her tights held her legs together.

Without taking his finger from inside her he released her arm and dropped to his knees in front of her. With his free hand he pulled her kickers and tights down to her ankles. Her knees opened wide. He pushed her further backwards over the bike, the movement further opening her legs and pushing her hips forward. In a single movement he slid his finger deeper inside her. She almost screamed with pleasure.

Smiling up at her from between her legs he slowly withdrew his finger and then pushed it back in until he buried up to his knuckle inside her. Her juices ran down his wrist. "And again," he said and repeated the movement. Jackie's head fell back; she wanted to cry out, her legs opened wide. She struggled to free her arms from the confines of her clothes but couldn't and she rocked back and forth across his bike as she rode his fingers.

The sensations were almost overpowering, how could he do this to her? How could he possibly make her feel like this? Alan swivelled his hand and as he moved his fingers slowly inside her he stroked her protruding clitoris with his thumb. This time Jackie did cry out, a cross between and cry and a whimper that came directly from the feeling between her legs.

Her knees buckled, half standing Alan held her across his bike with his free hand. Her hips rose to meet his fingers. She was exploding, sensations ripped from her clitoris and his fingers and crashed through her body. She began to rock with the rhythm of his fingers, she began to whimper and cry out. He held her across his bike while he continued to move his fingers inside her. Suddenly she stiffened and cried out and every nerve in her body lit up like a whole galaxy of flashbulbs going off one after the other. She thrashed around his fingers as he took her up and over the crest. She screamed and gripped his hand with her thighs.

She came in a long series of unintelligible noises. Noises such as she had never heard or made before; little more than animal grunts and whimpers. He held her down while she climaxed around his fingers; gradually slowing the pace until she stopped moving and it was over. She had surprised even him; he had not expected such a climax. He removed his fingers and stepped back and looked at her.

She was now almost laying flat on her back across his bike, her arms were still entangled in her top and were half held behind her, her breasts were heaving and her nipples erect, a slight flush had spread across her chest. Her legs were still open and her ankles still trapped in her tights and knickers. She looked good. He stepped forward again and with his hand on her chest he held her down while he continued to look at her.

Suddenly there was a small cough from outside and a man's voice said "Er, sorry Al, have you finished now?"

"Who is it?" Alan asked. Jackie feebly tried to rise but she was spent and as weak as a kitten. The force of the climax was still washing through her.

"It's me," said the disembodied voice. "Tom. Can I come in?" Jackie struggled to comprehend what was happening but Alan was still holding her down. She couldn't move.

"Sure" said Alan "come in" and the door opened and Tom, one of Alan's mates, strolled in smoking a cigarette. Jackie struggled to get up but Alan almost nonchalantly held her flat.

Tom looked her over appreciatively "If you've not finished with her" he said nodding at Jackie with his head, "I can come back later."

"No, I've finished," he said but made no attempt to release her. Jackie tried to close her legs but Alan put his knee between her thighs and held her open. Tom studied her naked prostrate form with undisguised interest, inspecting her breasts and looking down to between her legs as Alan held her open. She felt like meat on a slab. "What do you want?" Alan asked Tom who continued his inspection while he smoked his cigarette; he was obviously enjoying the show.

"Pubs are closed," he eventually announced without taking his eyes from between her legs. "Just wanted to know if you fancied coming round my place for a drink, a couple of the lads are there already" Jackie lay spread-eagled as the two men carried on the conversation across her naked body. Shame, confusion and embarrassment, swept through her in waves; then Alan casually inserted a finger inside and Jackie knew she was lost.

Both men were aware of the feelings Alan's finger was creating inside Jackie, Tom was studying her acutely as Alan slowly moved his finger in and out between her legs. Alan looked at Tom, "Just keeping my fingers warm," he said and Tom laughed. With his other hand Alan took a nipple and began to roll it between his fingers.

Jackie was losing her grip on reality, she knew she should be angry at Tom being there, should feel something other than then the glorious feelings of Alan's fingers inside her, pushing her towards another climax; but she couldn't, that's all she could feel. Her body was still tingling from her last orgasm. "Please stop," she whispered but both men ignored her. Alan's fingers found her clitoris and Jackie stiffened. "Please!" she said.

"Yeah. OK. Sounds good." Alan said to Tom, completely ignoring Jackie, his fingers still moving lightly over her clitoris and his other hand on her breast, "Just give me a minute will you while I finish up here?"

"Sure," said Tom and made no attempt to move.

Alan increased the pressure on her clitoris and began to manipulate her breast in earnest. Knowing she was lost Jackie could feel herself beginning to rise again. In the feeble light Tom watched with undisguised interest as Alan's hand moved between her open legs. She began to rock slowly as Alan moved his fingers over her clitoris; she could not stop the feelings that were rising once again. She opened her eyes and saw Tom looking down on her. She closed them as Alan quickened the pace. She could not help herself and her legs opened as wide as she could get them.

"Do you mind?" She heard Tom say, seemingly from far away.

"Not at all," came Alan's response and suddenly another hand moulded itself around her breast. Shocked she opened her eyes to see Tom leaning in closer, one hand on her breast, the other still holding his cigarette. He fondled her breast with unabashed relish, rolling her nipple between his fingers, pulling it erect.

"No," Jackie protested feebly, her body already on the slide down to her climax, but Tom and Alan either ignored her, or perhaps they just didn't care.

"Go easy" Alan said watching Tom enthusiastically rolling her nipple between his finger and thumb, "you'll pull it off."

"Sorry," said Tom and he began to more gently work her nipple and breast.

Jackie awkwardly tried to rise to her feet but she was still spread open across the bike and the hands at her breasts and between her legs made movement impossible. She tried feebly to voice her protest but Alan's fingers inside her were already robbing her of her willpower, taking her higher, the pressure on both her breasts creating exquisite sensations. The intrusion of Tom was suddenly and completely obliterated as her climax rose in a tidal wave, crashing over her, causing her to cry out again, clasping her thighs around Alan's hand.

As her climax slowly ebbed, the echoes lapping at her sex like a warm tongue, she collapsed back across the bike like a slowly deflating doll, her legs wide apart and Alan's fingers still inside her; she no longer cared who was watching or what they could see. Alan stepped back a little and casually wiped his fingers dry on her stomach.

"She's a lively one isn't she?" Tom asked as Jackie began to come down. "Fantastic tits though. Lovely body," he said running his hand quickly down the length of her to very quickly dip his hand between her legs, grabbing a quick feel of her wetness. He withdrew his hand immediately just in case Alan objected. He knew there were limits.

Alan shrugged, "She'll be a good ride when I get there."

"You haven't had her yet? She looks ready to me."

"Just breaking her in," said Alan with a smile.

Tom leaned forward in the faint light as Alan's shadow moved and looked at Jackie's face. "Aren't you one of the sisters from next door?" he asked in surprise. Jackie turned her face away but didn't answer. Alan nodded in answer. "Bloody hell!" Tom said "You've grown up a bit since last time I saw you." Jackie closed her eyes. Tom looked her up and down, "Bloody hell, I would never have recognised you!" he said in all seriousness and Alan burst out laughing.

"Shall we go then?" Alan asked and Tom opened the door, throwing his cigarette out into the night.

"Have you finished here then?" Tom asked indicating Jackie. "Aye, all finished," Alan said and followed Tom out into the night, leaving Jackie nearly naked, spread out across his bike. Pulling herself together Jackie began to struggle to her feet as they left. Alan put his head back through the door, "Put the padlock on before when you leave will you love? There's a good girl," he said and then he was gone.

Jackie struggled upright and sat there in the now empty shed. She clasped her arms to her naked breasts and clasped her thighs together. Alternately shame and then the aftershocks of her climaxes washed through her. Slowly she struggled to her feet and finally managed to free her arms from her jacket. Somewhat shakily she pulled her knickers and tights up; she has to hold on the bike for support, her legs seem unable to hold her properly.

She pulled her skirt up and fastened it, reaching behind her to try and fasten her bra, after a few attempts she gave up; her fingers would not work properly. 'Maybe he was right' she thought, 'maybe I should just stop wearing one, it would make life easier when he's around' and immediately she corrected herself, shaking her head as if to clear her thoughts, 'Bastard! He's never coming near me again!"

Straightening her clothes she sat on the bike for a moment trying to pull herself together. She straightened her hair with her fingers and wished she had a cigarette. Eventually she stood and squared her shoulders. Picking up her bag she opened the door, and then she remembered the padlock. Picking it up she hefted its weight in her hand. Making up her mind she stepped out into the garden and with all her might she threw the padlock over the fence and into the wood. Smiling to herself she wiped her hand on her jacket and headed for home.

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As she lay in bed that night Jackie thought about what had happened. Sue had asked a few desultory questions about her night and then in view of the lack of response had drifted off to sleep. Jackie was wide awake. What was she doing? Why was she doing it? There's no affection between them, it's just straight sex -- and no small measure of humiliation. Thanks to Tom she will bet that what happened tonight will be the talk of Alan's mates tomorrow, another feather in Alan's cap.

She knows he is using her but somehow she doesn't seem to care. She realises she is hooked on the sex. The lack of affection doesn't seem to matter, she does not think she wants the affection, not from him; she wouldn't like it if he tried to kiss her. The lack of affection just seems to highlight the sex. He is using her but she feels that she is also using him and she wonders who has the best of bargain.

She has never felt anything like this, the sex is so strong it sweeps over her blotting out all common sense and all other considerations; nothing else seems to matter except the sensations of having him undress her, touch her, use her. In truth, when she really considered it, she didn't even mind Tom watching Alan take her; she didn't even really mind him grabbing a quick feel; after all, that's what men do isn't it? Especially when there's a naked girl spread out before them; and in some ways she sort of enjoyed the exhibitionism. She thought it quite a turn on to be desired and looked at, to be wanted.

She is becoming a sex junkie and surprisingly, she finds that she loves it. She pushes her pyjama bottoms down her thighs and runs her fingers through her pubic hair and remembers what it felt like to climax on his fingers. Her finger finds her clitoris and she bites her lip in pleasure. She closes her eyes and suddenly she can see Tom standing over her watching Alan bring her to orgasm. She feels the familiar tightness in her stomach as her own fingers begin to cause her hips to move.

She rolls over onto her side and buries her face into her pillow as her climax rolls over her. Her fingers are wet. She clasps her vagina with both hands as she shudders through the aftershocks. She sleepily shook her head, what the hell was happening to her? Slowly she drifts off to sleep with her hands still clasped between her legs, dimly wondering what full sex with Alan will be like; and when it will happen.