**Summer**

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**Summer Ch. 06 Pt. 06**

The fair had been in town for a couple of days. It was only a small affair but in a tiny mining village environment it always created a bit of a stir with kids and families from all over coming to enjoy the fun. There was no big top, this was a very small village and the fair had to set up on the waste ground that everyone used as a football field and there was not enough room for any of the major travelling fairs to set up. This was one-armed bandit territory, dodgems and a caterpillar. By squeezing the rides together they managed to get an entire funfair onto a very small piece of ground.

The local kids had it best; they could get to the fair every night, even if they could not afford to go on the rides. The guys who ran the rides chased off the youngsters and chatted up the older girls. They were foreign and exciting, with tattoos and greased back hair; and the girls mothers would certainly not have approved which unsurprisingly made them doubly attractive.

Jackie and her friends had been to the fair once already but the lights and the music made it impossible to avoid and the next night they were there again. They wandered around arm in arm, flirting with the guys on the rides, occasionally accepting free rides if they were offered and trying to avoid having to pay with a kiss or a grope.

Although they tried to play it cool the noise and the neon were intoxicating for young girls from a small mining village background. They met up with relatives and school friends; groups formed and split and formed again in the dust and the smells and the noise. Boys claimed girls and girls laughed about the macho performances of the guys; throwing darts, shooting air-rifles and generally trying to compete with the fairground guys for the girls' attention.

The occasional fight broke out between a lad from the fair and one of the locals when one of the unspoken lines of demarcation were crossed or when one of the local girls appeared too interested and a boyfriend objected to wandering foreign hands under the caterpillar cover; but these were infrequent and only added to the general spice and excitement the fair generated. Jackie had become separated from her friends and was quietly walking around, not really going anywhere or trying to find her friends, they would show up at some point. She didn't really see Alan until he suddenly took her arm and began walking her towards the darkness at the edge of the fair.

He held her arm so tight that her feet were almost off the floor as he frogmarched her away. The abduction was so quick that Jackie was outside the circle of noise and lights that was the fair within moments. Only ten to twenty yards from the back of the last ride and they were in the relative quiet and dark of the trees that edged one side of the fairground.

Stopping just outside the edge of darkness Alan spun her around and pressed her up against the trunk of a tree, a movement so sharp that it almost knocked the breath out of her. With practised hands he unbuttoned her jacket and pushed it back onto her shoulders.

"Hang on a minute," Jackie spluttered but Alan paid no attention to her protests and without further ceremony he began to undress her in earnest. She struggled ineffectually a little at first but he was determined and strong. Pulling her blouse from her skirt he quickly flicked the buttons open and in one movement pushed it back off her shoulders with her jacket.

With a growing sense of panic and unreality she looked down at the top of her breasts shining whitely in the reflected neon glow. Above the smell of toffee apples and onions, she could smell beer and what she guessed was cheap aftershave.

Brushing away her half hearted attempts to stop him he reached behind her and unhooked her bra. She recognised that he was not drunk. She looked into his face as he paused to admire her growing nakedness, he simply wanted to undress her and he was doing so with a quiet, grim, determination; she realised that what she wanted was actually irrelevant to him,

Watching her eyes he hooked his finger under her the bottom of the loosely hanging bra and lifted it up and over her breasts. She tried to struggle but he held her firmly against the tree. With his eyes locked on to hers he cupped her breast, fondling it and moulding it in his palm.

Jackie found she could not break the eye contact; she was like the proverbial rabbit in the car headlights. He moved his hand slowly between breasts, trailing his fingers lightly over her erect nipples, pulling gently on them until she could feel the familiar weakness in her knees.

He continued to work on her breasts and nipples, pulling and stroking, until her struggles stopped. He was quietening her like he would an animal, petting and stroking. His hand dropped from her breast and slowly and sensuously stroked her stomach just above the waistband of her skirt; slow easy movements of his fingers that made her shiver in the darkness.

Without asking he worked her skirt around on her hips until he finds the zipper and unzips it. She struggled briefly again but he just leant forward and held her firmly up against the tree. Her panic rose as her skirt fell loose around her hips. "For God's sake, someone might see!"

"So?" He replied, the first words he had spoken to her since his abduction began. "They'll only see you naked. I'm still fully dressed. An' if they like what they see and they ask nicely I might even let them join in. We've done that before haven't we, and you didn't object then. In fact you seemed to like it as I remember." Jackie blinked uncertainly but his blue eyes never wavered, she knew he was more than capable of carrying out his threats. With a movement of his hand her skirt was pushed to her ankles.

"For fucks sake Alan!" Jackie protests feebly.

He looked down the length of her body and with a deliberate and easy casualness that took her breath away he hooked his fingers into the front of her knickers and pulled them down over her hips and down her thighs.

She looked around I panic, she was now almost naked, only yards away from the noise and lights of the fair. "Please stop," she begged, trying to cross her legs to stop his hand which began casually working its way between her thighs. "Someone might come.'"

Alan smiled. "The only person who is going to come is you." With agonising slowness he stoked the tender skin of her inner thighs; even in her state of near panic she could feel the overwhelming power of his fingers on her skin. "Open your legs" he commanded and she reluctantly complied, her thighs parting as his hand forced its way between; his fingers, like softly scurrying animals, lightly touching and stroking the lips of her vagina, quickly parting them and then slipping smoothly and easily inside her.

She gasps at the sudden intrusion and her insides instantly turn to liquid. His fingers explore deeper inside her and he lowers his head to her breast, suckling gently on the erect nipple.

The liquid feeling created by his lips on her nipple immediately spread warmly through her chest and, by the fingers inside her, through her groin and down to her knees. She began to tremble. His thumb found her clitoris and the effect was immediate and devastating; she was powerless to resist, suddenly she found herself riding his fingers to her climax. Her cries were lost in the roar and the music, she pulled him to her, into her, deeper inside her. She spasmed again and again around his hand until his fingers slow and her knees gave way.

Alan held up upright against the tree. He stepped back and looked at her leaning back against the tree, spent. Her skirt was around her ankles and her knickers halfway down her thighs, her blouse is open and her breasts hanging free. He held his fingers to his lips and licks the length of each finger as though it was a lollipop. "I'm on 'earlies' tomorrow." He said reaching out and cupping her breast. "I'll be home about two. Come around to my shed tomorrow afternoon."

"No"

He ran his finger down between her breast tracing a line down across her stomach and through her pubic hair. Unconsciously her hips moved forward to meet his finger as it reached the wetness between her legs. "You will," he said and stepped away, leaving her near naked and trembling. Dazed and shaken she covered herself with her hands as she watched him, casually smoothing his hair back into place, walk back into the roar and rattle of the fair without a backward glance.

Gathering her scattered wits she suddenly realised the full extent of her nakedness and the precariousness of her position, only yards from the crowded fairground rides. Still pressing her legs together to try to stop the aftershocks of her climax, Jackie pushed herself unsteadily away from the tree. Turning away from the lights and from Alan she pulled her kickers up with trembling hands.

Clasping her hands over her groin to try and still the sensations that were still centred there she reached down and pulled up her skirt, fastening it with trembling fingers. Reaching behind her she tried to fasten her bra but her shaking fingers will no longer respond so she gave up and instead flattened the useless piece of material down over her tingling breasts.

Pulling her blouse together she fastened the buttons as best she could, putting the wrong buttons in the wrong holes and having to start again; finally smoothing the material down and tucking the tails into the waistband of her skirt. She pulled her jacket together and leaned back against the tree trunk, her breath still rasping in her throat. Slowly the blood cleared from her vision and her legs stopped trembling. Pushing herself away from the tree trunk she stands, swaying, until her strength and control return.

She was still shaking when she finally stepped back into the whirl of noise and lights; she was shocked to the core by the suddenness and totality of the assault; and equally by the swiftness and totality of her utterly abject surrender. This man could do whatever he wanted with her and she just stood there and let him, he undressed her and she never said a word, never lifted a finger to stop him, she just opened her legs,

She could have called for help. She could have fought back; but she did neither. She let him undress her and make her come almost in full view of the entire fair! How does he do this to her? The glare of the lights, the noise and the smell of diesel and fried food all suddenly combined to overwhelm her already reeling senses. She lent onto a wooden rail for support and was just about to be violently sick when an arm wrapped itself around her shoulder and she was looking up into the smiling face of Gwen.

"God but you look rough," Gwen laughed. "One ride too many I think". Jackie smiled and tried to straighten up. Gwen took her arm and supported her.

"I'm fine," Jackie offered, "just too much excitement".

Gwen looked around "What, here? Bloody hell you've set your sights a bit low haven't you?"

Despite herself Jackie burst out laughing. Gwen pulled her closer, "Come on, let's go and find some big strapping fellas. There has to be some somewhere in all this lot," and pulling Jackie laughing behind her they headed off into the whirl of noise and light.

It was some time later when they saw them. They had in fact just decided to go home when Jackie saw Alan with a small group of men and women. They were standing by a shooting range, drinking beer and smoking and watching the punters try their luck. Alan turned and recognising Gwen and Jackie and he raised his beer bottle in acknowledgement.

Gwen tried to pull Jackie away but Jackie stood her ground, "Who's the girl?" She asked indicating the bleached blonde standing next to Alan.

"That's Sally Moreton," Gwen replied still tugging on Jackie's arm, "bad news, just like the rest of them. Rough as they come."

"I don't know her," said Jackie, "is she local?"

"Bottom end of the village, down by the 'tins'." The 'tins' was a local name for the corrugated iron fence which separated the old colliery houses from the railway lines which ran to the colliery itself. "She's a lot older than us, more Alan's age; but she's got a real bad reputation; and a mouth to match."

Alan watched Jackie with an amused look on his face. He put his arm around Sally's waist and pulled her to him. She had her back to Jackie and Gwen but they could see her respond to the affection, nuzzling her face into Alan's neck. Alan watched Jackie over Sally's shoulder and smiled. He dropped his hand and smoothed it over Sally's rear before raising the back of her skirt and folding the cheeks of her bottom.

Sally wiggled in appreciation and Alan slipped his hand into the back of her knickers. Sally snuggled in closer as Alan's hand, clearly visible under the material, could be seen cupping and fondling the cheeks of her bottom, stroking and kneading her flesh before dipping down between her legs from the back. Sally looked around unconcerned; she didn't seem to care if anyone could see this lewd display of sexual ownership.

Gwen leaned closer, completely scandalised, "Slut! Can you see what they're doing?"

Jackie nodded silently. Watching Alan's hand moving easily between Sally's legs caused Jackie's mouth to dry and the familiar tingling start between her own legs. She pulled her eyes away and allowed Gwen to walk her away. She knew that Alan's eyes were following them, laughing.

Jackie was haunted by the vision of Alan's hand under Sally's skirt all the way home; jealousy, anger and lust vied for dominance inside her head. By the time she got home she was so angry and so turned on that all she wanted to do was to go straight up to the bathroom and masturbate; but her Mum and Sue were sitting in the kitchen talking when Jackie walked in and she was forced to sit sedately and share a cup of tea.

Somewhere in the back of her mind she noticed that Sue looked somehow different tonight; contented and perhaps a little smug. She wondered what had happened to her to create this obvious contentment, what her secret was? She wondered idly what was going on in her life; as sisters they used to be very close until Alan began to take over, now they really rarely talked about anything; Jackie suddenly realised how much she missed those long, rambling girly talks in bed at night. Perhaps one day soon they could catch up again she thought, once all this was over. It seemed that they both had something to tell. But not tonight, tonight she just wanted to put out the fire that Alan has started between her legs.

Sometime later, sitting on the toilet, her fingers soft and gentle between her legs, the last weakening spasm's of the climax washing through her, Jackie sat with her back against the wall behind her. She looked down at her knickers which were still hooked around one ankle and thought 'by God girl, but you were in one big hurry to come' and she laughed silently to herself.

She closed her eyes as her fingers idly stroked her wetness, revelling in the sensations they could create. A soft languorous peace; so different to Alan's sure fingered intrusion of earlier. She remembers his hands on her as her stripped her up against the tree in the darkness. She remembers his need as he took her, his fingers inside her. His need fuels hers and her own fingers begin to move again, insistently, mirroring his.

Memories intertwine and she can still feel her helplessness as he bent her back over his bike in the shed, his hand sliding down her stomach and between her legs. With her free hand she reaches under her blouse and slips her hand under her bra, finding a nipple, pulling on it slowly and sensuously. She remembers in Alan's shed, stretched helpless across his bike with Alan's friend Tom standing over her, watching and eventually touching, while Alan makes her come.

Her fingers find her clitoris and she bites her lip to stop from calling out. She sees herself sitting on the back of his bike in the sunshine as Alan pulls her knickers down around her thighs. Alan holding her while he undoes her dressing gown and pyjama's to hold her breast while her mother is upstairs. She feels herself coming and buries her fingers deep inside herself, pulling hard on her nipple as she bends over at the waist and shudders happily to another climax.

After what seemed an age Jackie reaches down and slips her foot back into her knickers and standing, pulls them up and smoothes her skirt down. She tucks her blouse back into the top of her skirt and turns to look at herself in the mirror, she notices her hands are trembling as she straightens her clothes.

Through the pebble glass window of the bathroom she just makes out a light from Alan's shed at the bottom of his garden. She suddenly sees his hand down the back of Sally's knickers and her smile fades, 'I'm on 'earlies tomorrow, I'll be home about two, come to the shed in afternoon'.

Straightening her hair with her fingers she smiles at the light seeping from the shed, "Not a bloody hope," she says quietly to herself ,"you can just fuck off," and switching out the light she turns and leaves the room.

**Summer Ch. 06 Pt. 07**

The next day after lunch, Jackie found herself hanging around in her back garden, waiting for him to arrive home from work. She had spent almost the entire morning do the mental equivalent of the children's game of 'she loves me, she loves me not' when they pull the petals off flowers as part of a decision making process. In this case it was 'I'm not going to meet him, I am going to meet him'.

Now, despite her bravado of the previous night, the power of Alan's fingers was proving too strong, her desire had won out and the decision was made and now she found herself waiting impatiently for him to appear.

She hung around, hanging out washing, looking through the window, doing anything to keep busy and yet, at the same time, where she could see the shed. She could not get him out of her mind; all she could think of was his hands on her body, his fingers inside her. The waiting was becoming unbearable.

After what seemed an age she saw him walk down the path to the shed. She ran to the door and then caught herself and stopped, smoothing herself down and taking a deep breath before casually stepping out into the garden. She wandered down and made a great show of slowly gathering in the washing, all the time watching the shed. Alan never appeared.

She took the washing indoors and came back out to wander around the back garden in as nonchalant a manner as she could manage. It was difficult to appear to be doing something and not simply waiting for him but she tried. She dead headed a couple of flowers before she realised that she had no idea what she was doing and that her mother would go mad if she destroyed the few blooms that had struggled to survive in what was euphemistically called 'the flower bed'.

Every so often she could hear him moving about in the shed, the clink of metal on metal, the creak of wood as the old floorboards protested under his weight. And then suddenly he was there, leaning over the fence and looking at her with that casual detachment that she found so unnerving. "Well?" he asked.

"Well what?"

"Are you coming round to see me or do I have to spend the afternoon pulling myself off without you?"

Jackie looked at little startled at his blunt, earthy approach but she guessed she had expecting nothing else; but even at just his words she could feel the now familiar urge between her legs, the instant knot of sexual excitement in her stomach. Without waiting for an answer he turned and went back into his shed leaving her standing there feeling, and probably looking, foolish.

Looking around to see if anyone was watching she walked out of her garden and round the back into his. The shed door stood open and she walked in. "Don't make yourself comfortable," he said sitting side saddle on his bike, smoking a cigarette, "we're not staying, we're going up to the house."

"The house?" she said, feeling suddenly, strangely uneasy. Alan's house was unfamiliar territory, unknown. The house was where Alan's parents lived, part of her everyday world; Alan's suggestion was bringing the familiar into the realm of her sexual fantasy, strangely forbidding and yet intoxicatingly adult.

"Everyone's out for the day. Thought we could have the place to ourselves. Bit of comfort." Jackie nodded and looked around. "'Course we could stay here if you wanted to," he said, "not much room to lie down though I dare say we could manage. Others have."

The reference to 'others' was not lost on Jackie, she looked at him sitting there smoking his cigarette, so cock sure of himself, so confident of his power over her. "What makes you so sure of me?" she asked at last "what makes you so sure that you can just call and I will come?"

"Because you will. I know women and know what they want, want they need."

"No you don't, you know some local women," she nodded towards his 'trophy' drawer, "some women from around here; you don't know all women."

Alan smiled. She watches him appraise her, his eyes travelling down her body, lingering on her breasts and her groin, making her stomach clench with that familiar visceral, sexual desire that only he could promote.

"Come here," he said and half turning he stubbed out his cigarette in the top of an old tin can he kept on the top of the dresser; he looked so smug, so confident that she would simply obey. He looked directly at her, "I said come here," his voice hardening; and she did, her legs moving of their own accord, drawn slowly and inexorably across the divide to stand obediently before him. He smiled and reached out and cupped the side of her face, his fingers curling around her neck.

"That's better." He shook her playfully by the neck before running his hand to slowly down her chest to lightly cup her breast. She could feel every movement of his fingers as they moulded themselves softly to her breast; he felt her nipple through the thin fabric of her t-shirt. She stood stock still as his hand moved over her breast, cupping and moulding her shape. He knew he could do as he pleased with her.

He slowly let his hand trail down over her stomach. Although there was no need she pulled in her tummy and he hooked his fingers into the waistband of her short skirt. With a sudden jerk on the waistband he pulled her closer until she was standing between his legs, facing him, chest to chest. His eyes held hers as his hand moved down the front of her skirt, touching, moulding themselves to her, moving down over her pubis, tracing the shape of her mound.

His hand continued down to the hem of her skirt and his fingers touched the naked skin of her thighs. She flinched at the contact but she still never moved. Spreading his fingers his hand began the slow, sensual, crawl up the front of her thighs, his wrist taking her skirt with it. His fingers found the material of her knickers and moving slowly to the front moulded themselves to the shape of her mound, gently kneading the material covered shape.

Jackie's breath caught in her throat slightly as his finger gently traced the length of her sex, his fingers moving lightly between her legs. Alan smiled at her reaction and he removed his hand, letting her skirt fall back. Jackie stepped away in confusion at the sudden abandonment, already missing the warmth of his hand between her legs.

"Women are women. Their needs and wants are the same whether they're from here or they're posh birds from the golf club. They all need the same thing."

"How would you know?"

"Because I've had 'em all. Big, small, young, old; they're all the same. To the posh tarts I'm a bit of rough, so that's what I give them. To the local birds I'm excitement, a bad 'un. Women love a bastard and there aren't any bigger bastards than me. Let's go to the house," he said, suddenly tiring of the conversation, pushing himself up off his bike and half pushing Jackie towards the door. She turned and looked at him. "What about me?"

He sighed, "What about you?"

"What do you know about me?"

Alan shook his head a little as if explaining something to a child. "I know that you love sex, I know that you love the excitement of being taken. You love me taking your clothes off and making you come; you're attracted to the thrill. I also know that you're going to let me fuck you That you want me to fuck you. I'm your excitement. You don't want me to leave you alone and you cannot leave me alone can you? I can do what the fuck I like with you and you'll let me. I just proved that. You want me to take you, further and harder than you've ever been before and I'm now going to fuck you and you'll let me."

Jackie was stunned by his brutal and accurate appraisal. She looked at him and he began to push her towards the door. She resisted, she wanted to know more about herself. "Did you know it from the start?"

Alan paused. "Near enough, I could see it in your eyes; you wanted a taste for yourself. You were curious about sex, about how far you would go, what it would be like. You still are."

"Am I?"

"Nobody forced you to come here did they?" he said and he slipped his hand up the back of her skirt and fondled her bottom; running his fingers between her cheeks and down between her legs, feeling the warmth of her through the thin cotton of her knickers. "You wanted this from the start; this is where you wanted to be; you'd always wanted me to fuck you, you just hadn't realised it."

"I guess you're right," she said as his fingers slipped between her legs "I was always curious."

His fingers found their way under the elastic around her legs and touched the wetness gathering between her lips, "Dangerous thing curiosity," he said, "I understand it's killed lots of cats." She closed her eyes as his other hand made its way up under the front of her T-shirt until it cupped her breast over her bra. He flipped the bra over her breast and took a nipple in his fingers. Jackie shuddered.

"Now let's go to the house," he whispered, his mouth so close to her ear that she could feel his breath on her cheek. His fingers continued to lightly touch her breast while the others still stroked between her legs. "You want this; you want me to fuck you, you love it." Jackie leant back against his hand, her eyes closed. He took his fingers out from between her legs and they shone wetly. He held them up and smiled, "I do think it's now time to fuck you properly don't you?"

Meekly Jackie followed Alan up to the house. She could feel herself trembling slightly; whether from the effect of Alan's fingers or from anticipation of the forthcoming act she could not be sure.

She could not believe that she was quietly walking up the garden path following the man who was about to casually take her clothes off and then to take her virginity. She glanced over the hedge at her own house and back garden next door and the situation became even more surreal; that house had represented family and security all her life and now here she was about to open her legs to her next door neighbour, a man whom she recognised did not emotionally care for her all. He just intended to fuck her, she was just another conquest, another lay.

For a second she suddenly longed for the safety and security of that house and her family and her feet hesitated; but suddenly she found herself standing before the door to Alan's house.

Alan took her by the elbow and led into the kitchen. He paused for a moment and then turned her and led her though to the hallway, up the stairs and left into his bedroom. He left her standing in the open doorway to the bedroom and casually walked across and sat himself down on the edge of the big double bed that dominated the room.

She looked around. The room reflected Alan, or her view of what she imagined Alan to be; sparse, fairly tidy, extremely masculine. There was an old gramophone on a table under the widow with a stack of LP's and singles beside it. Motorcycle magazines were heaped on the chair at the bed, a half full ashtray perched on top.

A 'girlie' magazine lay open on the quilt cover; he picked it up and flipped through it before throwing to the floor. Jackie wished she could have had a look at it, she had never seen one except the front covers in the occasional newsagents shops.

"Come in and close the door," he instructed her. She stepped inside and with trembling hands she turned and pushed the door closed. She stood just inside the bedroom, with her back to the room, the bedroom, the place of her deflowering; and her courage began to desert her, she wanted to run, to get away from him and the forthcoming act but her legs wouldn't move.

She rested her head against the smooth painted surface of the door, her hand resting on an old dressing gown hanging there. "Lock it," he said quietly. Looking at the door she noticed a bolt half hidden by the jacket. "I like my privacy," he said, "especially when I've an important guest," and she slipped the bolt into place, locking herself in. "Now come here."

Meekly, as if in a trance she turned and walked across to stand in front of him, head down, hands at her side.

Reaching under her skirt he ran his hands up the front of her thighs to her knickers. She flinched slightly as his fingertips gently passed over her sex. "Just getting a feel for you," he smiled. Jackie watched him in silence, feeling his hands on her, touching her intimately.

Hooking his fingers into the waistband of her knickers he casually slide them down, over her hips and down to her legs to her feet. She felt them pool around her ankles; he was undressing her, slowly, casually, as if she were a doll he was playing with.

He ran his hands up the back of her legs until he felt the smooth, warm, skin of her bottom. He gently fondled the soft globes, feeling their form and weight. Jackie stood unresisting as he palmed the soft, pliant flesh. His hands were warm on her skin, soothing and gentle. In her mind's eye she could see them in the darkness beneath her skirt, moving over her bottom, caressing, feeling her most secret, most intimate parts. She began to tremble inside. His finger found and followed the crack between her cheeks, moving down until it encountered the small, puckered, opening he had been looking for. He traced its shape and Jackie shivered. Alan laughed and looked up at her, gently increasing the pressure of his finger at her virgin opening until the tip of his finger entered her.

Jackie gasped and tried to clasp her muscles to keep the intruder out but Alan had already moved on, travelling down between her legs from behind, seeking and finding the wetness at the junction of her thighs. He ran his finger slowly along her lips as far as he could reach and felt her tremble again before letting his hands fall from under her skirt.

Pulling at the waist he slowly swivelled the skirt around until the buttons that ran down its short length at the back faced him at the front. Starting at the top he undid the first button and pulled the material apart. The skirt sagged on her hips. Looking down Jackie watched him in breathless anticipation as he unbuttoned her skirt. His pleasure in seeing her growing nakedness was obvious.

She wanted to grab her skirt and hold it together but she did not move. He undid the next and the skirt slid a little further. When the third button gave way to his fingers the skirt slid down and joined her knickers around her ankles. Alan smiled as he surveyed his handiwork, Jackie stood naked from the waist down, passive, pliable. He had achieved his objective. She was now open to him, her main defences fallen. She knew that she was now his.

He placed his hands between her knees and gently opened her legs a little. Hobbled as she was by her skirt and knickers she shuffled her feet apart a foot or so; enough to give Alan access between her legs. He leaned forward to bring his face closer to her groin and blew gently on the lips of her sex which could he could clearly see between her legs.

The sensation was immediate and Jackie shivered and placed a hand on his shoulder to steady herself. Extending a finger he lightly stroked between her wet lips, separating them, drawing the moisture onto his finger. Jackie shuddered again and a slight moan escaped her.

"You like that," he said at last, a statement, not a question, and he drew his finger down the length of her sex again. Jackie tried to open her legs a little more, bending slightly at the knees. Alan drew his finger to the front and opened her up until he could see her clitoris, standing proud like a small sentinel at the front of her sex.

Jackie moaned quietly in anticipation as his fingers exposed her secret, sensitive, centre. He lightly drew his finger across it and Jackie bent her head slightly as if drawn by the sensation which was being created within her sex. Alan looked briefly up at her before returning to watch his fingers between her legs.

He lightly stroked his finger across the protruding head of her clitoris again and Jackie leaned heavily on Alan's shoulder. He ran his finger back between her legs, delving deeper into her sex. Jackie gripped his shoulder and moaned quietly as his fingers slipped slowly inside her.

With ease his fingers slid deeper until he was embedded in her up to the full extent of his reach. He flexed his fingers and Jackie groaned, gripping his shoulder tighter and placing her other hand behind his head, holding on as if she may fall over if she let go.

Alan curled his fingers inside her, exploring, touching; increasing the sensations, the pressure that was beginning to build. His fingers retreated fractionally and then slowly reinserted themselves, filling her up again. She groaned softly as the sensations inside her waxed and waned with the movement of his fingers.

Again she wondered how he could do this to her. How he could reduce her to this, an extension of his fingers, powerless, will less. Willingly and completely impaled up on his fingers, his desire for her the most powerful aphrodisiac imaginable; resistance was unthinkable, the fingers inside her were touching the core of her being, creating sensations she had never dreamed possible before he touched her.

She leaned forward from the hips as his fingers slowly slid in and out of her again, resting her forehead on the top of his head. She bit her lip to keep from crying out. He turned his hand, his fingers still inside her, and ran his thumb across the sensitive head of her clitoris.

Jackie sagged forward, her knees now resting on his, as his fingers stroked more purposefully between her legs. He was taking her, casually, efficiently, towards her climax. His thumb was sending waves of liquid fire rippling through her body, blotting out all awareness of her surroundings, curling her around his fingers as burning paper curls around the flame.

The explosion was as sudden as it was fierce; her climax bursting upon her like a lightening flash, lighting her up and then plunging her, shuddering and gasping, into the darkness.

As her senses returned she found she was half sitting, half laying, across his knees, his fingers were still moving gently between her legs. He was watching her as her eyes opened. He smiled. "Well, you seemed to enjoy that. Came right up from your shoes didn't it?"

Jackie smiled weakly and Alan shifted to roll her off his knee and over onto her back on the bed. She lay quietly; regaining her senses, as he lifted her legs and stripped her skirt and knickers off her feet and dropped them on the floor at the side of the bed.

Next he lifted each foot in turn and took her shoe and socks off, gently massaging out her feet and toes. She was now completely naked from the waist down. He moved her legs apart slightly and smiled at the sight of the puffy lips shining wetly between them.

Half kneeling with one knee on the bed between her legs he leaned forward and ruffled gently through her pubic hair before opening her up with his fingers. He inspected her closely, his fingers touching and moving softly between her legs, opening her, sending little jolts of pleasure through her.

She sighed with disappointment when he eventually straightened up and taking hold of the bottom of her T-shirt he began to pull it up her body, working it from side to side until it reached her shoulders. "Let's have this off shall we?" he said. She raised her head and he pulled the T-shirt clear of her shoulders and off. It joined the growing pile of her discarded clothes on the floor. He surveyed her carefully, his hands stroking down her flanks and across her stomach. His fingers were warm and sensuous, his touch light and assured. He hooked his finger under the central strap of her bra between her breasts and tugged gently, "and this," he said.

Jackie half sat up and half turned, allowing him reach behind her and unhook the bra; it fell forward from her breasts, hanging loosely from her shoulders. He tugged it free and dropped it with the rest at the side of the bed. With a light touch in the middle of her chest he pushed her back until she was lying on the bed. She was now completely naked. Her nipples puckered slightly in anticipation and perhaps and little fear.

He stood up and moved her legs together, positioning her to his satisfaction, rearranging her until she was lying straight with her head resting on the pillow. He sat beside her and straightened her hair with his hand, stroking her cheek and tracing her collar bone with his fingers. His hand moved down to her breast, palming its shape, feeling the texture of her nipple, leaving it tingling and erect.

With his other hand he repeated the same procedure with her other breast, she closed her eyes as his hands created centres of warmth and sensation wherever they touched. She felt like purring. His hands stroked down her flanks and down onto her hips, his fingertips caressing the skin, making her feel light and warm, almost floating away on the gentle sensations. She could feel the fine hairs standing up and bending under the passage of his fingers, sensitizing her skin, raising goose bumps as they past.

She shivered as his hands travelled up the front of her thighs and over her stomach, lightly skimming the edge of her pubic hair, sending ripples of anticipation down between her legs. He leaned forward and gently nuzzled his face into her stomach, smelling her skin, kissing it lightly as his hand again traveled south, down across her pubic hair, finally sliding between her legs.

She sighed and opened her legs a little to give him access as his fingers slid between her wet lips and he moved inside her. He rotated his finger before withdrawing it and sitting up he holds the wet finger up for her to see. "I think you're absolutely, really, ready to fuck now," he said quietly.

He stood up and turning his back to her he stepped away from the bed and casually undressed. At first she watched him shyly, from under her eyelids; but he acted unconcerned, as though she was not there at all and soon she was watching him with open interest. In one motion he pulled his stained work shirt over his head and casually discarded it. She sees him pop the stud on his jeans and they fall to floor, crumpled around his ankles and suddenly he is naked, he is not wearing underwear.

Stepping out of the pooled jeans he kicked them away. He stood with his back to her for a moment as if to give her chance to look at him. She knew he was a labourer of some sort; she'd heard her parents say that, but what his job was she had no idea.

His body was lean and well muscled, it had not yet fallen prey to the flab and degeneration that will come with bad diet, cigarettes and booze. His arms and neck were brown from the sun and she could see from the slightly lighter colour where he had been working in a T-shirt; the rest of his body was strangely an almost luminescent white. His back tapered smoothly down to a tight white bottom and smooth almost hairless legs. He reminds her of some classical statue, a David or some such, finely chiselled and yet somehow unreal. From the back he is almost asexual and yet, at the same time, she finds his shape extremely masculine and pleasing.

He turned around and caught her looking at him and laughed. He turns to face her full on and opened his arms, theatrically, peacock like, exposing himself; knowing she had probably never seen a naked man before and quite obviously proud of his physique. "Ta da!"

His muscular outstretched arms lead out from strong shoulders and a broad, smooth chest. Her eyes travelled down his stomach to a surprisingly dark mass of pubic hair. She was about to mention the difference between the hair on his head and the hair at his groin when she saw his penis and she was struck dumb by the sight.

It is not that it was peculiarly shaped, or particularly large, or big, or round or anything, not that she much to go on, but it was real. She was looking at her first real life penis; she had seen pictures in books and paintings, she had seen alabaster penis's on statues; she had even, for a bet on a school trip, touched a stone one on a statue in a museum, but she had never somehow made the connection that they were replicas and that the real thing was actually made of flesh and blood; and then suddenly there it was, the real thing, being paraded before her, and presumably would soon be inside her.

She could not help but stare at it, strangely enough her first thought was that how different one looked in full colour; the shaft was pale against his pubic hair but the bulbous head was a deeper colour, almost an angry shade of pink and she could see a glint of liquid at the tip. It somehow reminded her somewhat poetically of a picture she loved of a drop of dew on a rose.bud.

He walked towards her and his penis swung lazily, almost arrogantly, in front of him. He stood by the side of the bed and half knelt with on knee on the bed beside her. She could not take her eyes off his penis. "Touch it," he said. "Let me introduce you to your master".

She looked up at him "My master?"

"He will rule your life from now on. You will not be able to get him out of your mind. He will dictate everything you do."

"Your dick?"

"Not just mine. You'll have many more dicks than just mine, but they will always be your boss and you will always be their slave."

"Why?"

"Because you love them and you will always love them. You will love the feel of them inside you and you'll soon long for the feel of them. They will rule your life. They already do, you just haven't realised it yet." He reached out and took her hand and wrapped it around his dick.

That first feeling was amazing; it was soft and smooth and warm, like a baby's skin. She caressed it gently, feeling it move beneath her fingers. She rolled the foreskin back and traced the shape of the head, she felt him begin to grow in response. Taking her arm he pulled her up into a sitting position and wrapped his arm around her shoulder holding her up.

He ran his free hand down her chest and cupped her breast. His fingers found her nipple and stroked lightly across it, drawing it erect, causing her to gasp. Her hand continued to stroke his penis, feeling the skin move softly under her fingers. She was suddenly on fire again.

His fingers stoked her breast and nipple, drawing lines of liquid flame on her sensitised skin. She almost expected to look down and see red weal's where his fingers had been. He moved his hand between her legs and stroked the sensitive skin of her inner thigh. She opened her legs slightly to allow his hand to move between them. His penis grew in her hand, swelling, becoming harder. She watched in silent wonder as it grew before her face.

His fingers moved between her legs and found her wetness; he opened her and she moaned in pleasure. His penis was now fully grown and she wrapped her hand around it as if to stop it escaping. Her fingers moved of their own accord, stroking and moving on his shaft, a slow milking movement as old as time itself. His fingers found her clitoris and she shook with the strength of the sensation.

He gently cupped his hand around the back of her head and drew her face forwards; her mouth moved towards his penis. "Suck it," he said quietly. Her mouth opened as his fingers stroked between her legs. She was drowning in sensation, shaking with desire. Without hesitation she opened her mouth and gently took the tip of his penis between her lips, she could taste his precum on her tongue, salty but not unpleasant, she licked it again.

At that moment, high on sensation, she thought his penis the most beautiful thing in the world and her fingers moved up and down the shaft as she took more of him into her mouth. Her tongue swirled around the sensitive head and she felt him tighten with pleasure, she sucked him deeper into her mouth, she wanted to please him, to turn him on the way his fingers were pleasing her.

Lubricated by her saliva her lips slid smoothly down over his shaft. She could smell his musky scent. She was all sensation, acute, floating. His fingers continued to move lightly through the folds of her sex, wetting, touching, building a pressure that could only find release in another climax.

She began to move her head slowly up and down on his shaft, she could feel the skin of his penis stretch gently, trying to follow the soft pull of her lips. Her tongue followed the ribbed line of skin up the underside of his shaft. Alan shuddered, his fingers tightening their grip in her hair, pulling her head closer into his groin. She suckled on the head of his penis, sucking softly like she would on a lollipop. Alan shuddered again and said quietly, 'Stop now or I'll come'.

Jackie looked up at him, her lips still wrapped around the tip of his penis. Reluctantly she released him and sat back, a strand of liquid briefly strung between the tip of his penis and her lips; she wiped it away with back of her hand. "I want to come inside you," he said gently, pushing her backwards, laying her down. She settled into the soft candlewick bedspread and he moved her over slightly, making room for himself.

The bedsprings creaked as he lay beside her. "Noisy old bed," he said with a smile, "but the creaks help you keep the rhythm when you get going".

He reached over and softly touched her cheek. Turning her face towards him he leaned in and kissed her, his tongue moving over her lips, licking her, tasting her. She opened her mouth and his tongue slipped between her lips, moving deeper, probing, exploring. She felt a sudden flush of excitement and was surprised to feel her hips rise in direct response to his oral intrusion and realised that her body was responding to his tongue like it would a small penis.

The movement of her hips made her yearn for the real thing, for his penis to actually be inside her. His tongue probed deeper and she realised the various ways she could be penetrated, penis, tongue and fingers and she marvelled at the sexual variations. Every orifice was a potential source of experimentation and penetration; she shuddered with anticipation.

Alan cupped her breast, catching and rolling her sensitive nipple between his fingers. Sharp ripples of desire ran from her nipple, coursing out throughout her body. He cupped her breast again and lowered his head, taking her nipple and some of her breast into his mouth, suckling it deeply, softly biting the end of the nipple causing her to cry out in pain and pleasure.

With his mouth still on her breast his hand began its slow and tantalising descent down her body; across her stomach, through her pubic hair, until his fingers found, and slipped between the lips of her sex. She wanted to scream out as his fingers slowly wormed their way inside her, coating themselves with her juices, probing ever deeper.

She opened her legs wider to try to make herself more accessible. He flicked her clitoris with his thumb and her hips bucked to his touch. Every nerve in her body was on fire. His thumb almost centred on her clitoris, lazily stroking across the sensitive head, her hips began to tremble with the rising tide of her climax.

Still sucking on her breast he began to work his fingers inside her in rhythm with his thumb on her clitoris. The trembling in her hips spread to her legs and stomach; she knew she was rushing towards her peak. She could feel her juices running down between her thighs; she was so wet his fingers made squelching noises inside her. Then suddenly she screamed as the climax crashed over her.

As the mist in her head cleared she became aware of her breath rasping in her throat in deep, broken sobs, she gulped air into her lungs. Her thighs still gripped his hand tightly as she continued to spasm in the aftershocks of the climax, her muscles tightly clenched. Despite her grip his fingers continued to move slowly inside her and his mouth was still at her breast.

She had never known sensations of such power and intensity, she felt drained and empty but already aware of the movement of Alan's fingers and the steady suckling at her breast. She was so completely sensitised that every fibre of her being was alive to his touch, she was so aware of his lips at her breast, the movement of his fingers inside her. She wanted to scream with joy, she felt so alive, so free, so gloriously complete. She knew he was just fucking her, deftly, expertly, giving her the benefit of his sexual prowess; that she was just a body to him, a 'lay', but even that turned her on, she wanted to be used, to be fucked. At that moment she wanted him inside her so desperately it shocked her; she was frightened, turned on, and every sensation in between. She wanted him to take her virginity; she knew she didn't love him and she knew he didn't love her. She suddenly realised she was hooked on the sex and the realisation shocked her to her core.

Alan swung his leg over hers and sort of slid sideways until he was lying between her open legs, his weight forcing her legs appart as far they would go. He moved forward slightly and she could feel his penis nestling against the cheeks of her bottom and even while, for a brief instinctive moment, she thought about trying to close her legs she also knew that she desperately wanted him to put it inside her.

Alan took hold of her arms and pulled them over her head. Holding both wrists with one hand he lowered his head to her breast and again suckled on her nipple, she pushed her breast forward to meet his mouth. He slipped his hand between their bodies, down between her legs and searched for her clitoris.

She arched as his fingers found her and began the slow stroking that she knew from experience would quickly take her to climax. She could feel her juices running down and soaking into the bedspread beneath her.

Alan slowly moved his hips until the head of his penis rested against the outside of the lips of her sex. She could feel her lips open under his gentle pressure, welcoming him in. The tip of his penis slid slowly inside and she gasped at the feeling, her first penis, her first man.

Alan pulled his head back from her breast and looked at her, "I call this 'knocking at heaven's door'".

"What?"

"This," he said slowly rocking his hips, the tip of his penis moving gently between her lips. Jackie gasped at the pure intensity of the sensation; "Knocking at heaven's door," he repeated and slid his penis a hairsbreadth deeper inside her. "I'm knocking," he said, "can I come in?"

Jackie closed her eyes as he pushed slowly inside her, he was sliding in easily, riding her lubrication, filling her; she wanted to cry out in pleasure, this is what she was made for, this feeling was what she had been waiting for all her young life. "Fuck but you're tight," Alan said, his pleasure evident, "feels great".

With half the length of his shaft inside her he halted. "You've no idea how good a tight cunt feels; and you are one tight cunt!"

Jackie looked up at him; his words were iced water on her feelings and she froze. Of all the things he could have said these were probably the most insensitive she could imagine. "I'm glad I please you," she said coldly, finding her voice. He didn't notice the sarcasm or didn't care; he was lost in his own journey to his own fulfilment.

He leaned forward, sinking his shaft to its full extent inside her. Still holding her hands above her head he looked into her eyes and smiled but she still felt cold; she felt like an insect, held down and inspected, impaled on his shaft, pinned to the bed.

She could not move, he held her wrists high above her head. With his free hand he began to explore her again; cupping her breasts, rolling her nipples, pulling and stretching them. She winced at the rough way he handled her.

He cradled her face and squeezing her jaws he opened her mouth. He placed two fingers into her mouth, "Suck them," he instructed and she did, her lips and tongue working at the invasive digits like they had done with his penis just a short time before.

As she suckled she felt the familiar sexual warmth beginning to spread through her. Sucking his fingers was highly sexual. She could taste something on them and then realised it was her own juices. Her breasts were still tingling from their rough treatment, his penis lay firmly embedded in her up to the hilt, not moving but somehow flexing very gently, each soft pulse now sending shock waves up through her body.

He looked down on her and smiled "How does it feel? As you imagined? As of this moment you're no longer a virgin. I'm deep inside you," and, as if to prove it he slowly began to make slow circular movements with his hips; little circles, movement enough to make her realise the import of his words. Gently, slowly, he was beginning to fuck her.

He removed his fingers from her mouth and bent his head to her breast and slowly sucked the nipple into his mouth, she groaned as the sensations ran through her. She tried to move but he held her firmly under him, she was stretched out beneath him like an offering, powerless now to do anything except let him use her as he wanted.

She could feel every last centimetre of him as he softly rocked his penis within her. "You like that don't you?" he asked casually, knowing the answer. "I've waited to fuck you for a long time. Being the first was an added advantage that I never expected but I'll take these little bonuses whenever I can get them." His penis continued to move inside her and she could feel the liquid friction beginning to build the sensations within her. He took her nipple between his fingers more gently this time and inspected it, feeling her breast, moving its weight under his hand. She could sense the rising tide within her, the warmth that was spreading from his shaft buried deep inside her, from his fingers on her nipple, from the contact of his skin on hers, the slight friction of the light sheen of sweat that was forming between them. She shook her head and tried to control her breathing but Alan laughed and squeezed her nipple harder, she gasped as the pain/pleasure shot through her, taking her breath again. "I'm going to make you come now," he said, "while I'm inside you. I want to feel you're muscles gripping me. I love that" and he slid his hand down between their bodies again, his fingers searching for and easily finding, her clitoris.

She gasped as his fingers began to stroke her; soft circular movements of his fingertips, drawing a deep, guttural moan, from somewhere deep in her chest. At the same time he began to move his hips again, short stabs, meeting the thrust of her hips as she moved to the rhythm of his fingers. She knew she was lost. The feeling was overwhelming and within seconds, pinned firmly to his bed, open and helpless, being fucked for the first time, she was rising to her third climax.

She cried out as the climax took her and washed through her. She spasmed around his shaft as his fingers drove her over and through the peak; leaving her weak and breathless on the other side. Alan removed his hand from between her legs and cupped her breast again, he was savouring the moment. "You are fantastic you know. The best fuck I've had in ages. You were worth waiting for."

He pushed a wet strand of hair from her forehead and then went back to fondling her breast. Jackie shook her head weakly, "Please, give me a minute". Alan rolled his hips gently and Jackie felt him move, still hard, within her.

"Not finished with you yet love, not by a long chalk."

"Just a minute," she begged.

He squeezed her breast and Jackie groaned again. His penis moved inside her. "If you can't take the heat you should stay out of the kitchen," he laughed and he suddenly drove his penis, hard, within her. She gasped as he filled her, the sensation blotting out all other thoughts.

"I'll tell you when I'm finished," he said, "and I'll tell you when you're finished. OK?"

Jackie nodded and winced as his hand kneaded her breast. He was in complete control and he knew it; he laughed again as he leaned forward and suckled her nipple deep into his mouth.

Despite her protests the sensation rocketed through her body and she instinctively pushed forward with her hips, trying to impale herself further on his shaft. Alan stabbed back, short, rolling thrusts that she could feel from her clitoris to the very depths of her womb. Her hips trembled and her eyes went wide in wonder at the sensations that were coursing through her.

Alan let go of her hands and in one movement he reached down and placed his hands under both her knees and drawing her legs up toward his shoulders, her pressed his shaft deeper inside her. Jackie almost screamed as he pushed deeper in to her than she would have believed possible, the tip of his penis seeming to touch the very top of her womb.

Alan laughed. "Do you like that?" he asked, rocking his hips against hers, moving deeper within her with every movement. Jackie cried out again, she could feel tears forming in the corner of her eyes and beginning to run down the sides of her face. He was splitting her in two. She was overflowing with unbelievable sensations; she had never felt so defenceless, so wide open, so full; he was driving to the brink of extinction, hollowing her out, filling her up, she was on fire. With his arms under her knees, holding her in position for his penetration, he drove deep between her legs, slowly pulling out before driving home again. Jackie grabbed at him, trying to hold him, to keep him inside her, but he pulled away, withdrawing again before once more driving to his full reach, deep inside her.

Arms outstretched like a crucifix Jackie's fingers dug deeply into the bedspread, she cried out again and Alan laughed. "Stop moaning like a virgin, this is what you came here for."

Jackie breathed out as he withdrew again, "I am a virgin," she gasped as she felt him gather again for the thrust.

"Not anymore," he said and thrust deep with her and again she cried out.

This time he stayed, moving to short, sharp thrusts with his hips, driving her deeper into the bed. She could feel the rhythm change deep within her womb and instinctively knew that he was moving towards his climax. Grabbing his hips she tried pulling him down into her with all her strength but Alan resisted, his hips making small circular movements, rubbing against her clitoris, sending waves of white hot sensation flowing through her.

"You come first," Alan said at last and Jackie suddenly felt herself crashing over into yet another loud and crushing climax. She shook and gasped as her climax obliterated all other sensation. Then it was done and as the room returned into focus she felt Alan begin the swift descent down into his own climax.

She pulled him close as his thrusts became shorter and more urgent, their rhythm broken. Suddenly he arched, every muscle in his body clearly defined and taut. He thrust deeply within her, searching instinctively for the mouth of her womb in an attempt to plant his seed as deep within her as possible. He groaned loudly and she felt him come, straining forward with his hips, his penis moving deep inside her in short convulsive movements, emptying his seed.

Letting go of her legs he slowly sank down on top of her, his breath ragged and rasping. Jackie held him close, his shaft still pulsing, still buried deep inside her. She stroked his back and tentatively touched the back of his hair while his breathing subsided and his strength returned.

He slowly rolled off her and onto his back, his shaft still standing out slightly proud, glistening, red and angry looking. He looked sideways at her, "Well? Did you enjoy that?" Jackie nodded her head, afraid to trust to words. Alan chuckled and reached out and stroked the back of his hand lazily across her breast. "I knew you would. You were desperate to be fucked. Built for it."

"Am I?" Jackie asked, unsure of what to say.

"Absolutely. The best fuck I've had in ages." Jackie smiled, slightly proud, vaguely disappointed. She shivered in the aftershocks of her climax, her womb felt used, warm and full, her vagina swollen and wet. She felt suddenly cold where his body had been covering hers.

She wanted to curl up and go to sleep but at the same time had never felt so alive, so energised in all her life. She wanted to shout and scream, run around the room, break something. She wanted to kiss him.

"Did you enjoy it?" she asked quietly, wanting to hear something kind, something gentle.

"No bloody much," he said appreciatively. "A shag and a half that was."

He rolled over and reached across her for his cigarettes and then lay back again, resting the battered old tin ashtray on his chest. He lit a cigarette and offered the pack to her. She shook her head and he lay back, one hand behind his head and inhaled deeply, blowing the smoke lazily out through his mouth and nose.

She watched his penis slowly wilt; fading from its former glory, leaking fluid as it slowly lay down, like a small deflated balloon, on his pubic hair. Alan followed her eyes and looked down at his wrinkled penis, he took it between his fingers and inspected it. "No blood," he said at last.

Jackie shrugged "There's only been you." Alan shrugged and lay back.

"What if I get pregnant?" she suddenly asked, the thought only just occurring to her. Alan took another unhurried drag on his cigarette.

"Not my problem," he answered.

"But there's only been you," she repeated.

"Still not my problem."

She lay there, thinking about his words, not knowing what to do. She wasn't really bothered or worried but she had hoped that he may give her a little more consideration than he was showing.

She could feel his seed beginning to seep slowly out of her. Should she get up and get dressed or should she lay there until he was ready to move? What was the etiquette of a quiet afternoon shag she wondered?

Alan lay quietly, presumably contemplating life and the ceiling and slowly smoking his cigarette. Eventually he stubbed it out and rolled over and put it and the packet back on the table beside the bed. He rolled over and half lay across her. "Thanks," he said lightly, "I really enjoyed that."

"My pleasure" she said ironically.

"I know," he replied taking her breast in his hand and squeezing gently.

Jackie tried to ignore his hand but her body was still responsive to his manipulation. "I've got to go soon," he said moving his attention to her nipple, Jackie lay quietly as Alan pulled her nipple erect, she could already feel the effect it was having and she was trying not to squirm.

His lips found and sucked her nipple fully erect, Jackie closed her eyes and tried to concentrate on something else, anything else. Alan reached across and began to fondle her other breast, searching for and finding, the nipple. Jackie began to rise to the pressure.

Without any preamble Alan suddenly moved between her legs and she was surprised to feel that he was already hard. "Always enough time for another shag though," he said and in one movement he pushed his way inside her. Jackie gasped as he quickly moved up the bed, pushing forward and gaining purchase with his feet on the bedspread.

Jackie opened her legs as far as possible to allow him full access to her vagina. He grunted as he filled her, moving his penis around inside her, getting himself lubricated from their mingled juices. Once he was satisfied that he was ready he began a steady thrust and withdrawal, slowly sawing away inside her.

The friction began to arouse her, Alan wasn't trying to make her come she realised, he was just shagging her for his own pleasure; she could be anyone or even his own hand, he was just using her to come. She tried to match his rhythm but he was fucking her coldly and mechanically and she soon gave up and just lay there while he moved above her, his hand abstractly squeezing her breast. She could find no pleasure in the act, she was being used and she felt it.

Suddenly Alan changed is rhythm slightly, getting a better purchase with his feet and knees and driving deeper into her and slowly she found herself becoming aroused. Every time he thrust he brushed across her clitoris, bringing it instantly erect and to the peak of sensitivity. She shuddered with pleasure.

Alan sensed the change in her and realised the warmth in the body beneath him. He snaked his hand between them, down to where their bodies joined and he found her clitoris and began to stroke it while continuing his steady thrusts. Jackie gasped at the sudden pressure and spread her legs as far as they would go,

Alan laughed, "God but you were made for shagging," he said and he manipulated her clitoris, bringing her quickly to her climax. Jackie gripped him tightly as she crashed over into her orgasm.

Alan removed his hand from between their bodies and increased his pace. Jackie held him as he rode her to his own climax. Suddenly Alan arched his back again and pushed hard into her, once again planting his seed deep inside her. She stroked him as he again deflated slowly on top of her.

"There," he said at last, his voice hoarse and raw, "twice in an afternoon. Not bad eh?"

Jackie shook her head in acknowledgement of the feat although she had absolutely nothing against which to gauge his performance. "No," she said, "not bad at all." Alan looked at her and then burst out laughing again.

"A sense of humour is a dangerous thing in a woman," he said, "I would suggest you lose it before you fuck anyone else; they might not appreciate it like me," He rolled off her and swinging his legs off the bed he sat up. "Time to go," he said.

Jackie got off the bed and gathered her clothes, sudden shy now that she was standing up. Alan looked her up and down appreciatively, "You really are one fine looking woman you know."

"Thanks," she mumbled, blushing a little and holding her clothes close to her chest. Alan dressed quickly, a male utility dressing, functional and direct. Jackie hopped on one foot while trying to get the other in her knickers; while at the same time keeping her clothes at her chest. She looked up at Alan's laugh, "What are you doing?" "Getting dressed," she answered, "what do you think I'm doing?"

"Messing around by the looks of it. Put your clothes down and get dressed. There's nothing you have got that I haven't already seen."

Jackie blushed and dropped the pile of clothes at her feet. "That better?" she said, holding her arms out at her side.

"Much better from my point of view," he said sitting on the bed and studying her as he combed his hair back into his distinctive DA. "Now get dressed."

Jackie quickly dressed while Alan sat and watched her. After a while she began to enjoy the attention. He made the occasional comment, 'nice tits', 'lovely arse', which she found she quite liked. In fact being watched was quite turning her on and she began to slow down so he could look at her body, she even began to pose a little as she dressed.

Alan watched for a while, liking the show she was putting on but eventually he stood and leaning forward hit her across her bottom. "Get a move on. I haven't got time to fuck you again now. Maybe later, we'll see how the time goes. Now get your clothes and let's go."

Pouting a little Jackie quickly finished dressing and they made their way down stairs. He hustled her outside and on down the garden path. He unlocked his shed. He stepped inside and beckoned for her to follow. He turned as she entered and suddenly pushed her up against the wall. Startled she stood still as he reached down and lifted her skirt to her waist.

He hooked his fingers into the side of the waistband and stripped her knickers down over her hips, down her thighs and down to her feet. "Step out of them," he instructed and she did as she was told. Holding her skirt up he lightly ruffled her pubic hair with his fingers. "Just like it to look neat when I've finished with it," he said and then he let her skirt fall.

Bending down he picked up her knickers and held them to his nose and inhaled deeply. "Now they smell like you." He inspected the damp patch where their fluids had leaked out of her and soaked into the material and Jackie blushed again. "Looks like we both had a good time," he said quietly. He turned around and opened his trophy drawer; Jackie looked at the multicoloured tangle of knickers inside. Alan held hers between his fingers and dropped them daintily into the drawer with the others.

"You already have a pair of mine in there," she said.

"I know but they were from before I fucked you. Now you can officially join the rest, I've fucked you now."

Jackie looked at her stained and soiled knickers resting on top of the rest. "I guess you have," she said as Alan shut the drawer.

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He fucked her regularly after that first time and she was always ready for him no matter where he wanted her; in the shed, on his bike, in his bed, whenever and where ever he called she was there. She fitted him in around the rest of her life, a secret part, separate from school and family.

And she liked to keep it that way, so it was something of a shock when one afternoon, Jackie came home from the shops to find Sue, her older sister, standing by Alan's bike at the bottom of the garden. Alan was polishing the chrome work and talking to her, leaning close, pointing out bits of the engine and listening to Sue talk.

Seeing them together Jackie experienced a sharp, sudden pang of territorial jealousy, family had no place in her tight little sexual world and the two should never meet. Alan was her secret.

Then, hard on its heels came the first twinge of fear, what was he telling her, what did she know? It was so unlike Sue to be talking to Alan, he was not her type at all and anyway she was timid, afraid of men, a tomboy, hanging around with her little group of guys; and then, just as suddenly, the fear was passed, Sue knew nothing, how could she?

Sue was naive and inexperienced; she was just talking to Alan. Jackie's fear passed as quickly as it started but was immediately replaced by a sudden apprehension, a concern for her older but sexually inexperienced sister. Alan was a predator, look how he had seduced her. She began to increase her pace as she walked towards them. What she did with Alan and his friends was her business but he could stay away from her sister.

Sue turned and saw Jackie and her face lit up, wreathed in smiles. Sue grabbed her younger sister and pulled her into the small circle of intimacy the three of them created. "Alan's been showing me his bike" she started excitedly "isn't it fantastic?" Jackie nodded smiling, looking hard at Alan. He smiled back noncommittally and half shrugged his shoulders.

"Yeah, great," Jackie responded heavily.

"He's offered me a ride on it." Sue continued excitedly.

"Has he now?" Jackie asked warily; Alan just smiled.

"Yeah, he said he's already had you on it," Sue carried on and Jackie looked at her sharply but Sue seemed unaware of the sexual connotations of her phraseology

"Yep," Jackie answered, "Alan's taken me for a ride," her voice heavy with irony which at least raised a smile from Alan.

"You never mentioned it," Sue said.

"Thought Mum wouldn't approve," Jackie improvised.

Sue nodded "Probably right".

"Where you off to?" Jackie asked her sister who looked at her watch and jumped as thought she had been bitten.

"Oh shit" she said, flustered, "I'm late, supposed to be helping Mum. Thanks for the offer of the ride," she said to Alan," I'd love to, can I take you up on it later?" Alan nodded and Sue grabbed Jackie by the arm. "Sorry but I've got to dash" she said and she turned and hurried off through the back garden gate leaving Jackie, arms crossed, scowling down at Alan.

Alan smiled easily back, "Got a problem?"

"What was all that about?"

"I offered her a ride," he said returning to polishing his bike. Jackie moved in closer. "I know your rides. She's my sister."

Alan looked up at her casually, "You're welcome to join us if you want to; it's a long time since I've fucked two sisters at the same time."

"Leave her alone, she innocent." Jackie said moving forward threateningly. Unconsciously putting herself between Alan and the back gate through which Sue had just left.

"She's not that innocent," Alan said, "someone's giving it to her."

"What?"

"You heard, someone's giving your precious sister a fucking, and unfortunately it isn't me - yet." He added with a smile.

Jackie looked shocked "No one's going with her, I'd know about it. What makes you think she is?"

"I'm a man, I can tell; and your big Sister is definitely getting her kit off for some someone. Trust me."

"Sue?" Jackie said looking confused, defensive. "Not a hope, I would know,"

"Take my word on it, she's getting some. She got that air about her. She's glowing. Been a tomboy up until now, but trust me, she's having sex."

Jackie sat heavily on the edge the bike seat while she absorbed his news. "No," she said at last, "I still can't believe it. Not Sue."

Alan knelt down and poked his polishing rag through a gap in the chrome work, he looked up at her "Why not? She's a fantastic looking Lass with a body to die for. It stands to reason someone would have got between her legs by now."

Jackie put her grocery bag down on the floor beside her. "I just can't believe it."

"Have you asked her?"

"No, we don't really talk much anymore."

"Not told her about me then?"

"No," said Jackie sharply, "and you're not to either. Got it?"

Still crouching Alan swivelled on the balls of his feet and looked directly up at her. "Not good enough hu?"

"It's not that," she answered defensively, "its private."

"Private?" Alan said cocking his head on one side as if thinking about it. He leaned forward an in one fluid movement he had pushed Jackie's skirt up to her waist. She sat there in stunned surprise as Alan moved between her legs. She tried to stand but he pushed back until she was sitting down again.

"Private eh?" he asked again and he took hold of her knickers, pulling them down on to her hips. Jackie grabbed at them in panic. "What the fuck are you doing?" She asked in hushed terrified whisper. "Stop it! We're out in the open."

Kneeling between her open legs Alan continued tugging at the thin material of her knickers as Jackie ineffectually tried to stop him. "Alan, please! Sue might come back!"

"Then she'll see what her little sister's been doing won't she?" Slowly he won the battle and her knickers slid from under her bottom and down her legs. Jackie sat back in despair as he lifted her leg slightly and slid the knickers off one foot. He spread her knees with his hands peered into the darkness created by the tent of her skirt across her spread thighs.

He raised her skirt and told her to hold it up out of his way. Jackie looked around in panic as she sat there in broad daylight with her legs apart and her knickers around one ankle. "I said 'hold it'!" he repeated and Jackie took the material in her hands, holding it clear. He placed his hands on the inside of her thighs and leaned forward, spreading her legs as wide as they would go.

Her lips parted and glistened moistly in the sunshine. She could feel the heat of the sun between her open legs. She looked down and found him looking back up at her. "The most beautiful view in the whole world," he said looking back between her legs. "Life does not get better than this."

Jackie looked around acutely aware of where she was. "Alan, no!" she said, not finishing the thought. Alan smiled and leaning forward he pressed his mouth against her sex.

Jackie rocked back against the bike as his tongue gently inserted itself between her lips. "Alan!" she hissed between gritted teeth. His tongue slowly worked its way up the length of her slit, parting her lips, causing her to groan with pleasure. He sat back on his haunches and wiped the back of his hand across his mouth. "

Well?" He asked "You were saying?"

Jackie tried to push her skirt back down but Alan caught it and pressed it back into her hands. "Oh no, my cocky little bitch," he said opening her legs again. "You'll do as I want you to," and he leaned forward again and placed his tongue inside her.

Jackie's head rolled back as he began to search between the folds of her sex. She knew what he was looking for and she gave a strangled cry as his tongue found and lapped at her clitoris. Dropping her skirt she grasped his head as he continued caress her with his tongue.

Her hips began to rock as he drove her higher, her legs gripping his shoulders, his hands around the outside of her thighs. She could feel her juices and his saliva running down between the crack of her backside as she slid forward off the seat and onto his mouth. She scrabbled to keep her seat on the bike as his tongue lapped against her. She began to moan as her climax approached.

He put his arms around her, under her legs, lifting her slightly, opening her up, clasping her bottom beneath her skirt and drawing her forward onto his tongue. Jackie cried out as her climax burst upon her. She rocked on his face as her climax rolled in like the waves on the sea, threatening to drown her. She cried out and clung to him, muttering unintelligibly, as her climax washed around her and away.

Alan sat back and wiped the back of his hand across his face. Jackie pushed her skirt down and collapsed across her knees. Her breathing ragged and broken. "There's no such thing as private," he said and stood up and unbuckled the belt to his jeans.

He popped the button and in one motion he unzipped them and pushed them down his thighs. His penis stood out, angry and erect. "No!" Jackie gasped, thinking he was going to fuck her there in the open.

"No what?" Alan asked and stepped forward. Taking her face in his hands he pushed his penis into her mouth. Jackie gagged as he pushed forward until she grasped his shaft with her hand and controlled his movements. "Blow him," Alan instructed and with no other choice Jackie began to move her lips up and down on his shaft. "That's better," he said as if to a child. With his hand at the back of her head Alan straightened up and looked around "See," he said, "there's no such thing as private".

Jackie continued to bob her heads up and down on his shaft until Alan suddenly pulled her head away. She looked up at him dazed and confused. He pulled her up onto her feet he pushed her light summer blouse up and quickly unhooked her bra, exposing her breasts to the sunlight.

She gasped as he sucked a nipple deep into his mouth. She tried to regain her balance as he palmed and suckled her breasts but he had not finished and turning her around he pushed her unceremoniously forward and bent her over the bike. Over her protestations her threw her skirt up over her back and pushed her legs apart with his feet.

Jackie groaned as he thrust himself into her from behind. He withdrew and then, holding onto her hips, he pushed deep inside her again. Looking down Jackie could see her breasts move with every thrust from behind, he was taking her, literally, at his pleasure.

She raised her head and looked around, she was being taken over his bike in a public wood with a public path passing only feet from where they were. They were in full view of anyone who passed by. She tried to pull her blouse down over her hanging breasts but Alan saw the movement. "Leave them," he growled, "they look better out in the fresh air," and she placed her arms back on the bike seat, bracing herself against his onslaught.

She placed her head down on her arms as Alan continued to use her but his thrusts and his rough treatment were beginning to have their effect and she could feel her hips beginning to push back to meet him, feel the familiar heat building in her womb. Alan was only interested in himself now, he was teaching her a lesson and getting himself off in doing it; so with one hand bracing herself on the bike she reached down between her legs with her other and finding her clitoris she began to help herself reach her own climax.

She climaxed before he did, her legs buckling and her arm giving way until she was laid flat out across the bike. Alan continued his thrusting in and out of her, in no hurry to come, he placed his hand flat on the small of her back as her increased his pace slightly. She could feel the hot summer sun on her bare bottom, on her arms resting on the hot bike seat and on her breasts when they touched the warm metal of the bike as he pushed her forward and pulled her back with his hand on her hips.

She could hear him grunting as he thrust away and his own climax approached. Suddenly she heard the back gate open and Alan paused. Still with his hand on her back holding her flat and his penis still deeply embedded inside her she could feel him half turn around to see who it was.

She could hear the embarrassed shuffle of feet and a quiet cough. Then Alan's father's voice said, "Sorry lad, didn't mean to disturb you. I, err, didn't know you were busy."

"That's OK," Alan said calmly, "close the gate will you? I haven't finished here."

"What? Oh, err, yes, of course. Sorry lad," and she heard the gate close.

Alan turned back to her. "That'll have given the old bastard something to talk about," he said and began to thrust into her again. Flustered and desperately embarrassed Jackie tried to struggle upright but Alan held her down and she had to lay back and let him continue.

It was not long and soon she felt him thrusting deep and shuddering as he emptied his sperm inside her. As soon as he had finished and stepped back Jackie sprang to her feet and whirled to face him.

"What the Fuck?" she yelled, lost for words. Alan just smiled and pulled up his trousers and casually fastened them. Jackie kicked off her knickers and stuffed them quickly into her overturned shopping bag. She picked up the spilled groceries and she pulled her bra into place and pulled her blouse down.

She stood up to find Alan lighting a cigarette, watching her with an amused smile on his face. "What's so fucking funny?" she yelled, "That was your Dad! He knows my Dad. He'll tell everyone."

"No he won't." Alan said confidently. "He won't say a thing."

"How do you know?" She said, calming a little, fighting back the tears that were suddenly threatening to form.

'Because I know," he said. "Anyway, I know too much on him for him to fuck me around."

"He saw me!" Jackie said desperately.

"He saw nothing. He saw me shagging a bird that's all. He doesn't know who it was. He has no idea."

"Are you sure?" She asked with relief obvious in her voice.

"Sure I'm sure," he said reassuringly "The most he could see was your arse. And if he can tell who you are from that angle I'd be fucking amazed."

Jackie sat back onto the bike hugging her shopping to her chest. "Bloody hell but I hope so."

"Mind you he might have guessed it was you from all the shouting you've just been doing."

Jackie's mouth dropped open. "Oh fuck!" she said, her heart falling to her shoes again.

"Got to go," he said moving Jackie from her seat on the bike and sitting astride it. Jackie stood and watched him kick the bike into life. "Don't worry too much," he said as he wheeled the bike around to face the right way, "I'm sure he doesn't know it was you".

"Really?" she said brightening again.

"Really," he said. He made as if to go and then he stopped and leaned over towards her. "Just remember what I said".

"What?" She asked stepping closer.

"There's no such thing as privacy." ...... That night in bed Jackie tried to find out what was happening with Sue but with no result; Sue was not talking. Jackie tried any number of ways to bring up the subject of sex but it seemed that they had grown too far apart for such an intimate conversation and soon Jackie lay there looking at the darkened ceiling wondering what had happened to those two young girls who used to share everything?

Sue's evasiveness only served to fuel Jackie's determination; if someone was fucking her sister Jackie wanted to know who. She could only imagine it was one of the four guys in Dave's mob as they were all Sue seemed to hang around with. But the question was which one?

Jackie knew them all well; they had been in and out of the house for years. She had had crushes on all of them at one time or another, still had crushes on them in all probability, so she could not fault Sue if she was opening her legs to one of them; but the question remained, which one?

Jackie decided she needed to find out and the only way to do that was to get a bit closer to Sue and the group and dig about a bit. She began to run through the boys in the group in her head and she suddenly thought of Mike, tall, good looking and lanky Mike and she found herself smiling into the darkness.

She slipped her hand inside her pyjama bottoms and between her legs. She had always had a particular fancy for Mike. She would start with him she thought as she moved her fingers through her gathering wetness. She pictured him as she had last seen him, smiling down at her in his amused way on the playing fields near her home. She had been looking for Sue but had run into Mike and Roy instead.

In her fantasy the hand between her legs was his; he leaned in close as his fingers found her clitoris and she stiffened. He hushed her with a kiss, "People may hear us" he said quietly, "we don't want that now do we?" She smiled up at him, opening her legs as wide as her pyjama bottoms would allow as his fingers began to move with an easy intimacy over her lips and erect clitoris. . She gasped as he gently pinched her clitoris between his fingertips. Taking her higher, closer and closer to her climax. His fingers dipped inside her, sliding easily through her wetness and he smiled again at her obvious excitement. "I think you're about to come," he said and his thumb found her clitoris again.

As the climax hit her she rolled over burying her face in her pillow to attempt to muffle her groans. Her fingers slowed as she milked every last ounce of pleasure from between her open legs. Slowly she stilled, he breath ragged and hoarse in her ears. She lay back, the thoughts of Mike slowly fading.

She laughed at herself, 'a bit childish' she thought, masturbating to a figment of your imagination, a schoolgirl crush. 'Still', she thought, 'I wonder if he's that good in real life?' and she laughed to herself, pulling her pants back up and preparing to sleep.

Slowly her thoughts returned to Alan. She looked over at her sister but she was sound asleep, Jackie thought that she could see a small smile on her face in the half light. Jackie envied Sue her evident peace of mind.

Jackie knew that she desperately needs someone to talk to; she is unsure where this relationship with Alan is taking her. She feels she ought to put a stop to it before it goes any further but she also knows that she cannot stop it on her own, the feelings are too big and strong, she cannot break free by herself.

He had her half naked with her legs spread wide, sitting on his bike out in the open at the bottom of the garden today! She broke out in a cold sweat at the very thought of it. Bloody hell! What will he make her do next?

Make her? She rolled the thought around in her head for a moment, 'make her?' That sounds as if everything she has been doing was against her will and that she had to be tied down for it to happen. Mentally she shook her head, who is she fooling, it's not like that and she knows it.

She absolutely and totally LOVES the sex and the excitement, she cannot pretend otherwise. He is not making her do anything that she does not want to happen. He is taking her on a roller coaster ride and she is clinging on with both hands and PRAYING for it not to stop, to take her around that next bend, that next experience, she is out of control and she knows it, and she loves it.

**Summer Ch. 06 Pt. 09**

**Jackie's Story**

A couple of days later, on her way back from a friend's house, Jackie spotted the familiar lanky figure of Mike, sitting on the wall by the edge of the woods behind her house. The heat was oppressive and Mike was sitting on the wall in the shade of an overhanging tree.

Jackie quickly smoothed her hair with her fingers and smoothing down her old summer frock she casually sauntered up behind him, approaching from the woods at his back. "Who you waiting for?" she asked and Mike almost leapt off the wall in surprise.

"Fucking hell! Don't do that! I was miles away then, could have given me a heart attack."

Jackie laughed and leaned against the wall, Mike swung his legs over to the other side so he was facing her. "Sorry," she said unconvincingly and she pouted, "didn't mean to make you jump."

It was Mikes' turn to laugh. "No problem, just didn't see you that's all. I'm waiting for Woodie. He's supposed to be meeting me here." 'Woodie' was Roy's current nickname. A fairly recent acquisition gained during the course of a school medical where all the boys had been traipsed in their gym kit to see the school nurse and doctor.

The examination had been conducted behind a flimsy rollaway screen erected in the school corridor and the boys had all lined up, cold and in truth a little scared, to be told to drop their pants and cough. The examination had gone smoothly enough until Roy, next in line had peered through the gaps in the screen to see what was happening.

Unfortunately for Roy the regular old battleaxe of a school nurse had been replaced by a young and reasonably sexy, nurse. By the time he was called through his imagination had run riot and to his eternal embarrassment he entered sporting a full grown erection, a 'woodie' in the popular slang. The nurse had to tell him to drop his shorts twice before in exasperation she pulled them down for him. His penis sprang free 'almost taking her eyes out' he would later boast. All the waiting pupils heard was the doctor spluttering and coughing and an angry "And you can go and sit over there until THAT wears off!"

It took a few moments for the guys outside to figure what had happened but when the penny dropped everyone collapsed laughing and a new nickname was born.

"Haven't seen him," she said and looked around, "have you seen Sue?"

"No, you looking for her?"

"Not really. Just thought I'd tag along with her for a bit. Getting bored at home." Jackie looked up at Mike and thought what a good looking man he was. "Are you meeting up with her?"

"Not sure," Mike said, a little warily she thought, "No plans; might bump into her later, depends," he said without stipulating on what.

Jackie turned and leant back against the wall. The light summer dress she was wearing buttoned down the front and undoing the top button she flapped the dress loosely to give him a view of her breasts. "Bloody hot isn't it?" she said looking up and catching him looking down her top as she had hoped he would.

Mike laughed and sat back quickly, caught red handed. The breasts he had just caught a glimpse of looked very appetising and his interest in Jackie rapidly increased. Jackie hopped up onto the wall beside him and casually sat forward, her shoulders hunched slightly, causing her dress to sag and again innocently offer Mike some tantalising glimpses of the curve of her breasts; she was deliberately turning him on and she was enjoying it.

And so was Mike. He leaned forward almost openly watching the gentle slope of her breast as she fanned the material. He made no attempt to hide his interest. If she took offence then he was hoping to meet up with Sue and the gang later, if she did not take offence then who knew where it may lead?

He took a cigarette from his top pocket and fished around for a match which he struck on the wall beside him before using it to light the cigarette. She looked sideways at him "Where are going when Woodie comes?"

Mike shrugged. "Don't know. Probably a walk. May head down towards the 'rezzer'. Should be cooler down there. Chance to paddle your feet at least; unless you want to take your clothes and go for a swim?" Jackie looked at him smiled, "I don't have my swimming 'cozzy' with me," she said innocently.

"Neither do I" he said with a laugh. "Wouldn't let that bother us. Why do you ask?" he added, taking another drag on his cigarette.

"I was thinking about asking if it's OK to come with you. I feel like a walk and the reservoir sounds fun. Are you really going to swim?" Mike shrugged and tossed the cigarette away and then, almost as an afterthought, he hopped down off the wall and stubbed the cigarette out under his foot.

"Are you going to meet up with Sue and the others?" She asked and Mike again shrugged noncommittally. "Talkative aren't you? Is there a problem? I'm only asking if I can come down to the bloody reservoir with you, I'm not asking you to marry me." Mike looked at her and held out his arms to help her down off the wall. She hopped down with his hands holding her at her waist. "Well" she asks again "can I come or what?"

"I guess so" Mike ventured at last and Jackie heaved a mock sigh of relief.

"God, the man talks!" "But you have to give me something first" He said.

Jackie looked at him. 'What?"

"Your knickers," he said and he stood there and watched her mouth drop open in surprise.

"What?" she repeated slightly shaking her head as if to clear her hearing.

"You heard me," he said again "If you want to come along you have to give me your knickers first."

"Why?"

"Because I want them and I'm making up the rules," he said simply. "Do you want to come or not?" He turned as if to walk away.

Jackie looked at him for a moment and then shrugged her shoulders , "OK". She said touching his arm, holding him in place. Mike raised his eyebrows slightly but said nothing. Jackie reached under her skirt and hooking her thumbs into the waistband she slid her pants down her legs to her ankles.

With her knickers pooled around her ankles Jackie stood up and smiled at him. Mike watched her with a slightly bemused smile. Stepping out of the small pile of material she stooped down and scooped them up, holding them in her hand as if weighing their import. Finally making up her mind she held them out to him.

"Here." She said. "Can I come now?" Mike reached out his hand and took the still warm material from her. He rubbed it slowly between his fingers before raising it to his face and with a smile he inhaled deeply.

"Dirty bugger!" Jackie said laughing and made to grab them back but Mike stepped back out of reach. She grabbed again but Mike swiftly pocketed them.

"Yep," he said. "I guess so," and her turned away and began to walk into the wood. Jackie fell in alongside him. As they began to walk along side by side Mike suddenly reached down and flicked the back of her skirt up. Jackie quickly danced out of reach, pulling the back of her skirt down and laughing but not before he had a tantalising glimpse of naked flesh.

Throughout the walk to the reservoir Jackie tried to find out what was happening with Sue. Roy, who had joined them en route, was already ducking and weaving under a slow but steady barrage of questions; but Jackie once again drew a blank, the boys were tight lipped. At first she tried to laugh it off to herself but inside she could feel she was starting to get irrationally angry at what she saw as their stupid reticence.

Why would Sue not talk to her and why was everyone being so bloody secretive? The more she thought about it the she was sure that Alan was right, Sue was fucking somebody and these guys knew who. Her sense of isolation, her own secrets, began to weigh heavily. She needed someone to confide in, to hear her confession, why would Sue not talk to her. By the time they reached the reservoir Jackie was boiling inside and Sue was fast becoming the unwitting target of her anger.

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When they finally arrived at the reservoir there was no one in sight and so they walked around the edge until they found a shady place to sit. Jackie immediately pulled her shoes and socks if and bathed them in the cold, fresh, water. Mike and Roy sat by her side watching her bathe her feet and smoking, holding a desultory conversation that owed more to the heat than the company.

Eventually Roy pointed to the wall at the bottom of the reservoir where the road came closest; Sue could be seen on the other side of wall, soon to be joined by Dave and Pete. They scaled the wall and headed down the path towards them.

When she saw Jackie waiting with Mike and Roy, Sue was clearly not amused and made little attempt to hide it. The boys watched as the two girls walked off a short distance, and stood heads together, deep in what looked like a fairly heated, conversation. Sue obviously felt that the boys were her territory and she made no bones that she wanted to keep it that way.

Jackie could feel her anger rising; she was hot and bothered, and wanted to get close to her sister, she needed her help and advice; and here she was being a real cow.. Jackie looked at Sue closely and tried to figure out what was going on, why the hostility? Sue leaned forward as she was talking to Jackie and Jackie suddenly realised that Sue was not wearing a bra.

Jackie looked at her in amazement; she knew that Sue was wearing one this morning but now she was bare breasted beneath her thin blouse. Jackie quickly glanced over Sue's shoulder at Sam and Dave and suddenly realised that the mystery lover was one of them, perhaps even both. As Sue ranted on Jackie carefully looked at the boys faces in turn and tried to read the story in them but Sue kept on talking, probing, trying to figure out what Jackie was doing there. Jackie was nearing breaking point.

Glancing back at the group Jackie saw Mike produce something from his pockets and quickly show it to the others. She recognise her knickers and then she saw Sam take a similar item from his pocket and could almost hear the laughter as they compared their prizes. Jackie suddenly realised that Sue had had sex this morning and she could feel her temper, irrationally, beginning to flare again. She looked at Sue and resisted the urge launch herself at her. Instead she got slowly to her feet and as calmly as she could she walked across to join the boys Sue got up and followed her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What?" Sue spluttered, losing her grip on the conversation, "what for?"

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

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

"Depends on who asks," Jackie replied with a casualness that left Sue speechless. The smile suddenly fled Jackie's face and she spun to square up to Sue. "Anyway, you've some bloody need to talk haven't you?"

Sue recoiled from the sudden attack; she knew Jackie too well and recognised that when she flared up like this she was dangerous and wasn't to be messed with.

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

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

Sue looked flustered and panicked, "What do you mean?"

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

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

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

Jackie was not listening; her blood was up and like a feral cat, in one movement she was astride her sister. Sue was no match for Jackie in this mood. With one hand she held Sue's arms above her head and with the other she kept on trying to pull her blouse up and over her sister's breasts.

Roy reached over and taking hold of Sue's hands said to Jackie, "May I help?' and he pinned Sue's arms above her head. Jackie nodded breathlessly and quickly used both hands to finally pull Sue's blouse up to her chin and expose both her breasts. Sue, who had been yelling for Jackie to stop, became suddenly deathly quiet. Jackie knelt astride her sister, looking down at her victoriously, both girls gasping for breath.

Looking down at Sue's heaving breasts as though seeing them for the first time Jackie suddenly thought how beautiful her sister looked; bare breasted, tousled and vulnerable. She stared at her naked breasts for some time and then, as if reaching a decision, she quickly looked up at us. "See," she said as though Sue's naked breasts justified her actions, "no bra".

"We know," said Dave and from his pocket he produced Sue's bra. Sue now watched the events unfolding almost impassively.

Jackie smiled in vindication. "I knew it!" she said. She jiggled Sue's breasts. "You tart," she said, "I knew they'd had you." She looked around, "What else have you got?"

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

"We all have," said Dave.

"What? Together?" Jackie she asked in surprise, "All at the same time?" Dave nodded and Jackie looked back down at Sue lying quietly under her. "Well you little tart!" she said affectionately, swinging her hips, making Sue's breasts rock again, "you kept that well hidden didn't you?"

Sue never answered but just stared back impassively at her younger sister who held her captive, spread out and exposed. Jackie was calming down but the residue of her anger still held sway.

Jackie looked up, "I want to see," she said suddenly.

Sue looked startled, "What?"

"I want to see what you do to her" she said, addressing the boys and ignoring Sue who was beginning to squirm again, unhappy with the course events were taking.

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

As the full import of Jackie's words hit her Sue suddenly started began to shout and struggle. Dave leaned forward and placed his hand across her mouth and Sam held her legs. "Are you sure?" Sam asked and Jackie nodded, slightly unsure but now committed.

She wanted to humiliate Sue for not telling her what had been happening, for not talking to her; and the wrestling had turned her on slightly, knowledge of Sue's sexual activities and the sight of her nearly naked beneath her, surrounded by four very healthy and excited young males, were all having an effect on her. Jackie wanted her revenge, wanted to see Sue humiliated.

Sue shook her head violently from side to side and we could all hear her muffled protestations. Mike leaned forward and lifted Jackie off her sister, sitting her down beside him and pulling her back almost protectively into his chest. Sam moved up and sat across Sue's legs, she was struggling violently but Roy and Sam held her firmly.

Jackie looked at her sister, held down on the grass and her resolve wavered, her anger finally faded to be replaced by curiosity, a slow burning sexual excitement. She was torn between stopping it going any further and wanting to watch her sister being taken. "Wait!" she said suddenly and pushed herself away from Mike.

She knelt alongside her sister and gently placed her hand on her breast. "I've never seen you like this before," she said to Sue who suddenly lay quiet, looking up at her "I've seen you naked of course, thousands of times," she continued to stroke her breast, "but not like this" she said "never like this." She looked down the length of her sisters near naked body and then at the eager faces of the boys who were holding her down. "Not like this," she said again and took one of Sue's already erect nipples in her fingers, "You look different today, sexy," Jackie shook her head, "not the same at all."

Jackie leaned forward and brushed the hair from Sue's face and then began to unbutton Sue's blouse. "Mum will kill you if you tear this," she said and gently laid the blouse out on either side of her sister's prostrate form. She smoothed it out as flat as she could get it . "There," she said, "that's better," and sat back again resting herself against the wall of Mike's chest. Sue watched her in silence, Dave's hand still across her mouth. Jackie looked around and smiled. "Go on then," she said brightly, "get on with it".

Dave took his hand away from Sue's mouth and lay down alongside her; he cupped her breast and found her nipple. "You heard what the lady said," he whispered to Sue who closed her eyes at his touch "get on with it". Sam moved to position himself between Sue's legs and Sue opened them without resistance. He pushed her skirt up again and exposed Sue to her sister's avid gaze.

Placing his finger at the entrance to Sue's sex he gently moved her lips apart. Jackie watched the violation of her sister intently, her eyes bright with excitement. Sue moved her hips to accommodate him as his finger slid slowly into her. Jackie licked her lips. Dave leaned forward and Sue moaned quietly as Dave took her nipple in his mouth. Sam withdrew his finger slightly and Sue's juices glistened between her legs, Jackie watched the movement intently.

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

Her eyes never left his hand as he reinserted his fingers into her sister, Sue moaned and her hips slowly rose to meet the thrust. He began an easy in and out movement with his fingers, Sue's legs opened and her hips began to move. The sound of wet fingers inside Sue was loud in the quiet concentration of the group around her. Sue's body began to move to the gentle coaxing of fingers and lips.

Dave continued his quiet assault upon her breast, gently suckling in first one nipple and then the other, his lips leaving her erect and wet in the sunshine. Jackie's eyes began to glaze, she thought this one of the sexiest things she had ever seen, she could not believe that this was her sister, spread and naked, being used so softly and so gently.

It was like a soft focus love scene playing inside her head. She could feel herself getting wet as she watched. As if in a dream she leaned forward and took one of Sue's nipples between her fingers. Sue opened her eyes at the strange touch. They looked at each other and Jackie slowly withdrew her hand.

Jackie looked up to find Sam staring at her intently. "Watch," he said quietly and Jackie leaned forward as he opened her sister up. Her clitoris stood out hard and red amongst the folds of her lips. Jackie's eyes narrowed, she was lost in the moment. "Touch it" Sam whispered. Jackie looked at him blankly and then back at the erect, glistening clitoris. "Touch it" he whispered again and finally, as if in a trance, Jackie reached out. Sam took hold of Jackie's hesitant, outstretched hand and gently led it between her sister's open legs. He gently pressed Jackie's finger down Sue's clitoris and Sue moaned. With the tips of her fingers resting lightly on her sister's sex Jackie looked up at Sam almost uncomprehendingly, he smiled and moved her fingers gently over the swollen flesh and Jackie felt Sue move in response. Sam let go and Jackie sat back, leaning against Mike and looked almost in awe at the shimmering wetness on tip of her fingers.

Mike slowly reached around from behind Jackie and gently cupped her breast. Jackie hardly felt the hand that moulded itself to her breast. She was lost in the moment; the hand at her breast seemed natural and comforting as it gently moved, warm and sensual. Mike slowly unbuttoned the top buttons on the front of Jackie's dress. His hand slipped inside into the shadowy darkness and Jackie felt him cup her breast again, this time over her bra, closer to her skin.

Jackie knew that she was being seduced by the event she was caught up in just as surely as by the hand which had found its way through her dress and onto her breast; she also knew that just as surely as her sister was being manipulated towards her climax in front of her, the boys were slowly gathering to take her as well. She looked at the intent faces around her as Mike moved his hand slowly over her breast; and she smiled.

Sam reached out and took Jackie's hand again, bring her forward and placing it once more between her sisters legs. Mike released her breast and Jackie dimly felt him reach around and continue unbuttoning the front of her dress, unhurriedly working his way from button to button, her dress slowly falling further open.

Sam again deliberately drew Jackie's finger down between her sisters open legs and onto her erect clitoris, Sue stiffened when she felt the pressure. "Stroke it," Sam urged Jackie quietly. Jackie looked at him, "Stroke it," he said again, moving her fingers in small circles over her sisters erect clitoris. Sue groaned and strained her hips up to meet the welcome pressure. Jackie watched in wonder as her fingers moved slowly around in circles between her sister's legs.

Jackie was lost as she continued to stroke her fingers across her sister's red and erect clitoris. Sam had let go of her hand; she was now masturbating her sister of her own volition. She could not believe that, lost in the moment, was helping to bring her sister to her climax.

She looked up and saw Sue's eyes were open, she was looking at Jackie; the two sisters looked deep into each other's eyes. Sam took hold of Jackie's hand, stopping her. He moved her hand away and replaced it with his own.. Sue closed her eyes again as Sam took up the rhythm.

Jackie felt Mike quietly finish unbuttoning her dress. He gently pulled the two halves aside to display her to the others. She could feel their eyes on her, could feel their desire. Reaching under her arms Mike cupped her breasts with both hands. Jackie eased her chest out, pushing her breasts forward into his hands.

Sue began to reach for her climax. Jackie watched in awe as Sue's hips began to buck and writhe under the double onslaught of Sam's fingers and Dave still suckling on her breast. Jackie felt Mike's hand release her breast and move down her body. It travelled slowly and languorously across her stomach, sliding across her skin, until his fingers found the first soft hairs of her pubis.

His hand hesitated for a moment as he lightly stroked the line of fine hairs, he was waiting for a reaction, a tacit permission to proceed. When no objection was forthcoming his hand slowly slid down between her open legs. In her cross legged position she was wide open and his long fingers slid easily down between her wet lips until his finger lay along the length of her sex, immobile, parting her lips like the waters of the Red Sea.

Jackie looked down at the hand between her legs and bit her lip. She was being seduced in slow motion. The feeling intense. Then, with exquisite slowness Mike drew his finger back up between her wet lips, searching for and finding her swollen and erect clitoris. She hung her head forward, her hair hanging forward, hiding her face, as his finger began to slowly manipulate her small, painfully erect, bud.

Sue suddenly cried out and arched her back. Sam's fingers were buried between her legs. Dave was almost cruelly using her breasts. Jackie flinched at the cry and then looked down at Mikes hand between her legs, his finger moving in leisurely circles over her exposed clitoris. She shook her head as if to clear her thoughts; Sue's cries and Mike's fingers were making any thought difficult.

Sue cried out again as her climax approached. Jackie looked up in wonder at Sam's intense concentration as he worked his fingers inside her sister. Mike slowly reached around and using both hands he opened Jackie up to everyone's gaze before slowly and purposefully sliding his fingers deep inside her. He wrapped an arm around her chest and gently pulled her back into him while his other hand moved deeper between her legs.

Sue suddenly screamed her final release as Jackie watched her through half closed eyes; lost in her own sensations she was only half aware of what was happening around her. Sue now lay quietly as Mike took control of Jackie; moving his fingers deeper, purposefully, inside her. She shuddered as he curled them deep with her. She was already too far gone to resist and she finally closed her eyes as she quietly climaxed, clasping Mike's wrist tightly with her hands.

All was quiet for a while as the four boys watched the two girls. Sue lay back with her eyes closed, Sam's fingers still moving slowly and gently inside her. Jackie lay back against Mike's chest, cross legged, her dress unbuttoned and open. The boys watched Mike's fingers as they spread her lips wide for all to see. Jackie was past caring about the view she was presenting.

Sue sighed contentedly and moved slightly as the boys continued to manipulate her body. They were now experts at keeping her legs open, moving her from one climax to another. At the sound Jackie slowly opened her eyes and looked down at the prostrate form of her sister and at the hands still intimately using her.

Making up her mind Jackie pushed herself up into a sitting position, moving slowly like at the bottom of a deep sea. With an effort she shrugged her dress from off her shoulders and let it fall on the grass behind her. Roy leaned forward straightened it and laid it aside, out of the way.

She slowly leaned forward arching her back to Mike. He looked confused for a moment but then quickly unsnapped the bra clasp behind her back. With a last look around at the expectant faces Jackie pulled the straps clear and let the bra fall to floor.

She sat there naked for a minute, letting the reality of her actions be clearly understood by all. Then, rolling sideways to lay parallel to her sister, she slowly lay back onto her elbows before laying flat on her back. She clasped her hands behind her head and closed her eyes. "OK boys," she said, "now it's my turn."

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That evening the girls lay together in the same bed. They talked long into the night. Exchanging their stories, until the street lights dimmed and the grey dawn light slowly crept into the room. The differences in their stories are as obvious as their similarities.

Sue is genuinely shocked at Jackie's meek acceptance of Alan's calculated abuse and Jackie is equally shocked at Sue's story of her first sexual experience being with four friends who casually turned on her, stripped her and held her down and had sex with her. As they drift off to sleep, Jackie with her head on Sue's shoulder and Sue stroking her hair, Jackie asks 'But are you happy with them? After all they have done to you?"

"Yes," came the quiet, sleepy response. "You were with them today, you tell me. It's the best thing imaginable."

"Even though they forced you?"

"I'm not sure they did, I think maybe I wanted it to happen."

"They forced you today."

Sue sat up on one elbow and looked at her sister in the half light, "No, you forced me today. I didn't want to only because you were there."

Jackie smiled, "I did didn't I? I was pissed at you for not talking to me."

"You've been pissed at me before but you've never done that; ripped my clothes off me and fed me to four guys."

Jackie laughed again, "True, but it sure relieved a lot of tension, and anyway, you wanted to be fed to them."

"Are you happy?" Sue asked.

At the question Jackie rolled over beneath the shelter of Sue's arm. "No," she said. "He turns me on like a light switch. He can make me do anything he wants."

"Anything?"

Jackie thought about it for a moment, "Yes, I guess so; he's just so bloody exciting. I never know what he'll make me do next - and I love it!" Sue turned and pulled her little sister closer and stroked her back. She could feel the excitement quivering through her like a plucked string. "But am I happy?" Jackie asked. "No, I don't think I am."

"You've gone a lot further than I have," Sue said holding Jackie close.

Jackie snorted. "Define 'further'. Four blokes crawling all over on day one isn't a slow start."

"I know but I'm happy with it. In fact I love it. I love them all."

"Luck sod. I just love the sex but he scares me witless. I'm never sure what he'll do. I know that he couldn't care less about. He just loves fucking me."

"If he hurts you I'll kill him."

Inside the protective circle of Sue's arms Jackie closed her eyes. "Thanks" she said sleepily.

"No problem."