**Summer**

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**Summer Ch. 06 Pt. 10**

It had turned out to be one of the worst days of her life. Why she had let him talk her into it she had no idea, she hadn't really wanted to come at all. Alan helped run a local pub football team and this weekend they were playing a summer pre-season friendly away up north and Alan had talked her into going.  
  
"Don't be such an arsehole," he had told her when she initially refused, "you'll know some of the lads and some of their girlfriends will be there as well. It'll cost you nothing and you don't even have to watch the match, you can spend the day in Carlisle if you want to. It'll be fun." Eventually she relented and agreed to come.  
  
When she turned up outside the pub on the day and climbed aboard the coach she was shocked to find Alan's girlfriend on the coach, sitting with a couple of her mates, Sally glared down on her from the bus window before turning to say something to her friends who looked down at Jackie and laughed. The bus was half full of rowdy blokes all sporting various bits of football kit and pushing each other around. They parted to make room for her.  
  
She should have just got straight back off the bus but the doors closed behind her and the engine started. "Sit down you lot and behave yourselves," shouted the driver and the bus lurched forward. Sue sat down and looked glumly out of the window as the village began to slide past. Alan's girlfriend was a bit of a surprise and most of the blokes and girls seemed to be much older than her. Some day out this was going to be.  
  
The journey seemed to take forever. The further north the bus went the more they left behind the fine summer weather, the day turned unseasonably wet and the rain began to streak the bus windows, smearing the outside world as she watched unknown and uninteresting, villages and fields roll by. The bus was half empty and far from knowing a lot of people there seemed to be no one she had met before.  
  
After what felt like half a lifetime of gazing blankly through the window Alan suddenly appeared and sat himself heavily in the seat beside her. "Enjoying the trip?" He asked as though genuinely interested or at least as though he thought that an affirmative answer might be possible. Jackie just pulled a face and continued to look out at the wet landscape. "May just brighten up for the match," Alan offered conversationally.  
  
"Oh goody," she muttered with all the enthusiasm she could muster.  
  
"What's wrong with you?" he asked finally picking up on her mood. "Thought you'd enjoy it. "  
  
"Enjoy what?" She asked sarcastically. "Sitting on a bus going to God knows where, with a group of people I don't know to watch a flipping football match that I don't care about, in the bloody rain." She paused, "Excuse me if I don't get too excited."  
  
"It's Sally isn't it?" He asked as if he hadn't heard her.  
  
"Who's Sally?" Jackie asked nonplussed by the answer and pretending that she didn't actually know who Sally was.  
  
"My girlfriend."  
  
Jackie looked at him, "What the fuck makes you think I care one jot if you bring your girlfriend with you? We're not an item. I don't care who you bring. I just wonder how the hell I let you talk me into this!"  
  
Alan smiled, "Might turn out to be better than you expect."  
  
"What's that supposed to mean?" Jackie asked warily. She never knew with Alan.  
  
"Nothing," he said looking around, "why aren't you talking to anyone?"  
  
"Because I don't know anyone."  
  
Alan looked over his shoulder at the guys sitting towards the back. "Tony," he called and one of the younger guys, who until that moment had been involved with the others in heading the ball between themselves, caught the ball and looked over. "Yo." Jackie inwardly pulled a face 'Yo', where the hell did he get that from?  
  
"Toe," Alan called back to him, "come down here and talk this young lady. She thinks you're all a bit standoffish and she's lonely."  
  
Throwing the ball to one of the others Tony got up and walked down the bus. Alan vacated the seat next to Jackie and Tony sat down. "Tony is our star goal-scorer." Alan volunteered as Tony settled himself down with a smile. "Be nice to her and look after her," he said to Tony, "she's our mascot;" and to Jackie he added, "He'll explain the offside rule. He's good at that," and then he was gone, back down the bus to sit and talk to the lads at the back.  
  
Despite her misgivings Tony was good company and he soon had her laughing as he kept up a steady chatter about the club, his job and the guy's on the bus. He sort of introduced some of the others through his stories although he didn't bring them over to actually meet her.  
  
When he got to Stan she finally remembered him as the landlord from the pub Alan had taken her to on his bike and she blushed at the sudden rush of desire when she remembered Alan's hand under her skirt up against the pub wall; and then the policeman. She hoped that Stan had not heard about what had happened and she gave him a quick glance but he appeared to be deep in conversation with Alan and a couple of the others.  
  
It took hours to reach their destination, a windswept field in the middle of nowhere. The town where there was supposed to be a pub and a café was a good half mile away, other than that it was stand in the shelter of a broken down shed that was masquerading under the title of 'the pavilion', or changing rooms. The other team was already waiting for them when they arrived and friendly insults were immediately exchanged as the visitors got down from the bus. The wind cut across the field at right angles, driving the rain before it. A far cry from the summer sunshine back home and Jackie shivered and huddled under the small shelter the broken porch of the pavilion provided. The few girlfriends and what she supposed was a small scattering of local supporters, ignored her as they huddled in their small groups and shivered in the rain.  
  
Soon the two teams poured out of the back of the pavilion and ran wetly onto the field, jumping up and down trying to look sporting and keep warm while the referee and the team captains tossed up for the kick off.  
  
The game was soon underway and soon both teams were chasing each other up and down the pitch and cries of 'To Me' and 'Over Here on My Head!' interspersed with obscenities as they gamely battled the wind, rain, mud and each other for the few points the game would provide the winner.  
  
Jackie lost track of time as the game ebbed and flowed from one end of the field to the other. Eventually a ragged cheer sounded and Tony ran back away from the opponents goal while an obviously disgusted goalkeeper ran back to collect the ball. Tony acknowledged the congratulations of his team mates and gave Alan a broad grinned 'thumbs up' while sending Jackie a broad, albeit muddy, smile.  
  
Jackie smiled back and waved. Tony looked suitably impressed with Jackie's congratulations and Alan laughed. Jackie felt suddenly embarrassed and dropped her hand.  
  
The match continued without further score until a cold and sodden referee blew for half time and the two teams walked wet and slightly despondent back into the Pavilion. Jackie followed them inside with the rest of the supporters. The teams were towelling themselves dry and had been given hot drinks from a battered old tea urn that wheezed and grumbled tiredly from a rickety old table in the corner.  
  
The air was warm and steamy and smelled of stale sweat and liniment. One of the opposing side grabbed Jackie and pulled her onto his knee. "Come 'ere lovely," he said, "are you the mascot or the prize?"  
  
Jackie laughed and shook herself free of his hands. "Neither," she said, "I'm just a bloody freezing supporter."  
  
"That's what she thinks," Jackie heard Sally say viciously from somewhere inside the huddle of the visitor teams benches.  
  
She heard a slap and Alan's voice saying, "I've told you to keep that bloody mouth of yours shut."  
  
She tried to see what was going on but the mass of bodies seemed to suddenly break up and the teams began to troop to the door for the second half. As they filed passed in a resigned sort of way Tony grabbed her arm and said, "It'll get better soon. We'll all go to the pub after this. It's traditional."  
  
Once the teams had passed the rest of the supporters filed out into the wind and rain and as she passed Sally deliberately barged into her and knocked her backwards. The couple of girls she was with laughed. "Oh sorry," Sally sneered, "did I knock you over? Shouldn't be a problem for you though should it? From what I hear you spend most of your time on your back. Or you will do soon."  
  
The other girls laughed again. Suddenly Alan was at the door, his face like thunder. He grabbed Sally by the collar and pulled her out through the door. "How many times do I have to tell you?" He yelled as he threw her outside. "Keep your fat mouth shut before I shut it permanently," he raised his hand threateningly and Jackie remembered Alan's quick and casual violence.  
  
Sally cowered and Alan added, indicating Jackie with a nod of his head, "And stay away from her!" With a backward glance of pure hate Sally walked to the far side of the pavilion porch with all the dignity she could muster. Alan looked at Jackie, "She won't bother you again."  
  
"What was all that about?" Jackie asked. "What's wrong with her?"  
  
"Nothing," he said looking at Sally, "she's just a jealous bitch. Ignore her," and he turned and clattered off to rejoin the match.  
  
The match eventually staggered to a very wet close as a three - one win for the visitors. After the showers they all boarded the bus for the trip into the village and drinks at the pub. .....  
  
It was a typical small village pub, cheap beer, torn plastic covered bench seats and an overloud jukebox. The teams were raucous and swilled beer as though they attempting to drink the place dry. Competitions were held as though they were part of an Olympic games; nearly all involved lifting difficult or heavy objects, things you do with beer mats and drinking; or a combination of all of them.  
  
It all seemed to Jackie fairly stereotypical macho pursuits that you always found in pubs where alcohol and testosterone flowed freely. Winners bragged about their prowess and losers slunk off to the bar full of excuses.  
  
Jackie was the youngest and the prettiest there by far and as such was the centre of all male attention. They bought her drinks, tried to dance with, copped a feel whenever they could and generally acted like pissed up football teams the world over.  
  
Jackie managed the wandering hands quite well, only occasionally having to prise off a hand that wouldn't take 'no' for an answer; but in the main they were well relatively behaved. She was probably also fortunate that some members of the visitors' team seemed to take it upon themselves to look after her.  
  
Jackie thought it quite gallant that Tony and Stan kept a watchful eye on her. At one point during the session Tony put a protective arm around her shoulder and said, "Oh no. You're with us and we don't share!" Tony looked at Stand and laughed in a way that suddenly made her uncomfortable, "Well, not yet anyway!"  
  
Stan reached and moulded his large hand around her bottom. Jackie skipped quickly out of reach, loosing Tony's arm at the same time. Stan looked up at her and laughed, "Great arse. Don't worry Darling, everything comes to those who wait eh?" and he winked none too subtly at Tony.  
  
Jackie looked around her at the sea of flushed faces. They were all quickly getting into varying degrees of drunkenness. Suddenly across the room she saw Sally, hanging protectively onto Alan's arm. Sally was staring straight back at her but it was the undisguised venom in her eyes that shocked her.  
  
Sally simply stood and exuded hatred from every pore. Jackie dropped her eyes for a moment and when she looked back Sally was leaning close to some man at the side of her and they both looked over at Jackie and laughed cruelly.  
  
They quit the pub somewhere before closing time and shouted farewells clashed with the sound of crates of ale being loaded onto the bus and as the bus left the pub car park the home team and supporters turned and trudged back into the bright lights spilling through the open door and windows. Jackie found a seat on her own and prepared to try to fall asleep on the journey home.  
  
Alan strolled past on his way to the back; he had a bottle in each hand. He stopped and slid into the seat beside her. Despite the amount she had seen him drink during the evening, and the amount he was obviously still drinking, he seemed completely sober.  
  
He leaned over and looked out of the window, a few lights shone in the distance, otherwise all was darkness. "Fucking boring," he said at last.  
  
"The day or the view?" she asked sarcastically.  
  
"Bitchy," Alan smiled indulgently.  
  
"You surprised? If you want to talk about bitchy you want to get that girlfriend of yours in hand."  
  
Alan laughed. "Already done that," he held his fingers up to her nose, "smell! What do you think I was doing down at the front?"  
  
Jackie pushed his hand away, "God but you're a gross bastard!"  
  
Alan laughed again. "Why thank you. Want a drink?" Jackie took the bottle and drank some of the warm beer. "What are you going to do for the rest of the trip?" He asked.  
  
Jackie looked at him. "Try and get some sleep. If the excitement of the day doesn't keep me awake." To prove her point she curled up towards the window and closed her eyes. "Night."  
  
Alan leaned closer and placed his hand on her arse, "There are better things to do you know".  
  
Jackie pushed his hand away, "On a bus with a drunken football team watching? Not really my cup of tea. Go ask your girlfriend, I'm sure she'd oblige."  
  
Alan laughed again and slid his hand up and onto her breast. "Like I said, she already has."  
  
At the feel of his fingers already moulding themselves to the shape of her breast Jackie felt the familiar and instant pull of desire. The fingers found her nipple and without thinking Jackie moved slightly to give him easier access. Voices floated down the bus from the darkness at the back, "Al, come on back and have a drink with us."  
  
Alan tugged on her nipple, "Come on back with me, have a drink."  
  
Jackie snorted, "What? With that lot? You must think I'm nuts."  
  
Alan continued to play with her nipple causing her to catch her breath. "Come on, I'll look after you."  
  
Her entire attention was centred on the feeling being created in her nipple but she shook her head, his fingers and the beer seeming to cloud her judgement and making thinking difficult. "No, I'll stay here."  
  
His hand slipped down over her stomach and found the buckle on her belt. She watched his face as he quickly undid it and popped the stud on her jeans. Jackie suddenly seemed to wake up, "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" she hissed quietly straightening up and trying to grab his hand which was already pulling the waistband of her knickers forward.  
  
Straightening up only gave him easier access and his hand slid down the front of her jeans. She struggled ineffectually as his fingers slid between her legs and found the lips of her vagina. Jackie froze as his fingers deftly opened her and slipped inside.  
  
She gasped at the speed of the intrusion and just as quickly his hand was gone and he was leaning back in his seat. As she struggled to pull her jeans together and to get her feelings under control Alan held his fingers up under her nose. "See," he said with a smile, "doesn't smell like her anymore."  
  
Jackie tried to slap his face but he easily caught her hand laughing. "Come and sit at the back with me."  
  
"Fuck off!" She said, buckling up her belt and pulling her clothes straight.  
  
"OK," he said and pushed himself up out of the seat. "It'll be fun at the back," and then he was gone, lurching off down the bus into the darkness.  
  
Jackie sat there fuming, 'Who the fuck did he think he was?' Shouts and laugher erupted from the back and the clinking of beer bottles could clearly be heard. She squeezed her legs together to try to remove the feeling of his fingers. Then she heard the first cries of "Jackie! Come and sit with me Jackie."  
  
The boys were calling plaintively, "Jackie, come and have a drink". She sat and ignored them for a while but she was angry and the voices were taunting her and finally she snapped and launching herself from her seat she stormed to the back of the bus.  
  
A cheer went up as she moved down the bus, lurching slightly as the bus swayed down the local country roads. Her bravado had left her, she was still angry but the hot burst of temper had passed. As she slowly approached she spotted Alan, sitting one seat from the back on the aisle.  
  
He smiled and patted his knee, "Come and sit with me, have a drink," and he held up a bottle of beer he was drinking from in invite. She shook her head and looked around. Faces smiled at her in the gloom, indistinct, vaguely disturbing.  
  
Hands reached out of the darkness and some of the guys were calling mild obscenities while Alan sat quietly smiling. He patted his knee again, "Come and sit with me."  
  
She took a step back out of reach. "Not bloody likely," she said. "What do you think I am? Stupid or something?" She was angry and pissed off at him and she was also slightly drunk.  
  
"Come on," he said again, "trust me Come and sit here."  
  
"Yeah," the boys cheered. "Come and sit with us."  
  
"No thanks," she said. "I've a seat of my own back here." She turned to go just as the bus gave a lurch and she staggered slightly, a hand from somewhere to her side pushed her further off balance and Alan leaned forward, snagging her hand, pulling her quickly down onto his knee.  
  
He wrapped his arms quickly around her as the boys gave out another ragged cheer. "See," he said quietly as she struggled, "I knew you'd come if I asked nicely," and he stilled her with long and passionate kiss.  
  
Jackie slowly stopped struggling and gave in to kiss, her resistance softening in his unexpectedly tender embrace. When she had finally stopped struggling he broke the kiss and looked up. "See," he said the guys behind and around him, "I said I could do anything with her. Putty in my hands," he said looking back down at Jackie cradled in his arms, "aren't you love?"  
  
Street lights flashed by lighting his face with strange streaks of orange light. He smiled again. He swivelled slightly and leaning forward he deposited her on the back seat. "There you go boys," he said. "She's all yours".  
  
Without really understanding what was happening Jackie jumped to her feet but Alan pushed her back with a hand in the middle of her chest. Hands grabbed her from both sides and a hand went across her mouth. "Now, now," said Alan quietly, "be a good girl for me. Don't want my mates to think that you're a spoilsport now do we?" And he stood up and moved back down the bus a couple of steps.  
  
Space was made for her on the back seat and Jackie found herself quickly laid out flat, hands pinned her arms above her head. She looked around at the faces looking down on her, Alan was right she thought bizarrely, she did vaguely know some of them. An opened bottle of beer appeared in front of her face and a voice said, fairly politely under the circumstances, "Would you like a drink?"  
  
Jackie nodded, she was under no illusions about what was happening and was feeling strangely calm given her position. Hands held her head up and the bottle was placed against her lips. She drank somewhat awkwardly.  
  
"I like a woman who knows how to hold her booze". She looked up to see Alan's face hovering above her, floating in the darkness, looking over the shoulders of the guys who were holding her down, smiling. Stan suddenly sat himself down alongside her, he looked up at Alan.  
  
"You don't mind?" he asked.  
  
Alan smiled modestly, "Naw, enjoy yourself."

In the part of her mind that was still functioning normally Jackie was incensed. Alan was casually giving her away to his mates as though she were an old coat! And they were asking him if it was OK to use her! She was nothing to them, she didn't count, she was his property for him to dispose of as he liked!  
  
Stan smiled, "Thanks Alan". He leaned forward and casually and deliberately began to undo the buckle on her belt. She began to struggle.  
  
"Just wait a fucking minute!" she began.  
  
Looking down at her Stan paused for a moment and then said, "Will someone please shut her up? I hate noisy fucking women!" A hand clamped down across her mouth and she heard approving voices. Stan casually went back to unfastening the buckle which quickly came undone. He then proceeded to pop the button on her jeans. "Let's see what kind of knickers we have shall we?" He said as he began to pull down the zip. "Knickers tell you a lot about a woman." He added sagely.  
  
"Unless of course Alan's already been there and then there won't be any eh?" He added as a sop to Alan who was presumably still watching over Stan's shoulder. Jackie continued to struggle as the zipper made its journey to the bottom and the flaps of her jeans were casually pulled open. Cool air wafted across her tummy. "Pink. I think." She heard someone say. There was an approving mutter from the crowd.  
  
"Pink's good," said Stan and he continued undressing her. "I like pink knickers." He reached over and began to ease her jeans down over her hips. "My name is Stan, Jackie." He said quite politely as though introducing himself over a pint at the pub rather than undressing her on the back seat of a bus.  
  
"Just in case you're interested or forgotten, we met at the pub if you remember." Jackie wanted to scream but the hand was still firmly held over her mouth. She tried to push her bottom down in the seat to prevent her jeans being removed but they slid down over her hips and halfway down her thighs. Stan stopped and looked at her.  
  
"Now there's a pretty sight." He said. "I love watching a beautiful woman being undressed." He looked at the guys who were holding her feet. "Get her shoes off for goodness sake." He instructed, "How're you going to get her jeans off over her shoes?"  
  
Jackie felt hands lift her feet and undo the laces of her shoes. Her shoes were removed and dropped on the floor. "There, that's better. Now the jeans"  
  
Willing hands pulled her jeans down her legs and off to join her shoes on the floor. As her jeans came off she tried to kick out but hands grabbed her ankles and she was once again pined to the seat. "Now, now," said Stan quietly, "I don't think it's a good idea to struggle love do you? Better just enjoy yourself is best."  
  
Jackie looked up into Stan's face. He was smiling gently down at her and stroking her thighs. He could see absolutely nothing wrong with this and she realised that it had probably happened many times in the past. She was just the current girl being stripped on the back seat on the way home from the game.  
  
She looked up at Alan who was still smiling down at her with an amused look on his face and suddenly the fight left her. He looked down at her and smiled. "Enjoy," he mouthed.  
  
"Let's have the jacket now," said Stan and her jacket was pulled up and off her arms. "And the jumper," he said once the jacket was gone and the jumper was also pulled up over her head and down her arms and away. She was being stripped of her clothes with a casual efficiency.  
  
"And a T-Shirt!" said Stan as the jumper was removed. "You certainly intended to keep warm today didn't you? Still," he said, "keeps the interest high doesn't it? Peeling them off layer by layer."  
  
Jackie lay there on the back seat of the rocking bus and watched her attackers almost dispassionately. It was almost as if it were happening to someone else. Streetlights continued to flash past alternately illuminating the scene with a weird orange glow before plunging the bus back into darkness and shadow.  
  
"Are you sure you wouldn't like a drink?" Stan asked solicitously. "Might need one before the evenings over." Jackie nodded and the hand was removed from her mouth to be replaced by the wet neck of a beer bottle. She drank deeply, almost choking on the gassy liquid due to the position she was in. "  
  
Take it easy lass, don't want you to choke now do we?" he asked and rubbed her tummy under the T-shirt. A hand wiped the beer from her mouth and chin. "Happy to get you drunk love but we do need to keep you alive don't we?"  
  
Jackie looked up again into Stan's face and wondered what was going on in his head? How could he get to the point where he thought that this was normal and acceptable behaviour? Come to that how the hell did she get to this point? How the hell did she end up here nearly naked on the back seat of bus with half a football team waiting to get their hands on her?  
  
She could feel that the hands that had been holding her feet had now moved higher and were holding her knees, keeping her legs open, stretching her panties tight across her mound.  
  
Stan brushed a strand of hair from off her forehead. "My but you are a pretty one." He said, running his hand down her body, letting it come to rest on her hip. "You are one of the best this clubs had; and that's saying something!" he added almost proudly. Stan stroked his thumb across her mound through her panties and Jackie stiffened. "Not yet lass." Stan said. "Don't get too excited yet. Have to get you naked before the fun starts."  
  
He looked across her at the man holding her hands "Let's have the T-shirt off then," he said and hands reached forward and grabbed the hem of her t-shirt, tugging it up over her breasts and then over her head, finally to be pulled off and discarded. Absurdly she hoped that they were looking after her clothes and that she would get them back when this was over.  
  
Stan smiled broadly at the sight of her bra cover breasts. He ran his hands lightly over them and smiled again at the guys surrounding him, "By God but these are the real things," he said, "smallish but good and firm, not like that last one, all padded and pretend". He gently squeezed her breasts again. "Nope, these are the real things alright." There were quiet laughs from the shadows around her.  
  
"Get on with it Stan," a voice said by Jackie's feet, "you always take all bloody day over getting their clothes off."  
  
"Best part my lad," said Stan releasing his grip on her breasts and sitting back. "Still, I suppose you are right". He looked at Alan. "Have you had her?" he asked and Alan nodded. "Good," said Stan and he turned to the shadowy figures around him "who's turn for the bra?"  
  
"Me. My turn," said a youngish voice to the side. Jackie looked as a face materialised above her, it was one of the younger members of the team, Danny his name was, and incongruously she remembered his playing on the wing. "It's my turn this time," he said pushing forward until he was kneeling alongside her prostrate form.  
  
Stan leant back to give the lad room. Carefully Danny reached under Jackie and searched for the clasp to her bra. He fumbled ineffectually with it for a few seconds before reaching under her with both hands lifting her torso off the seat slightly and finally the clasp came undone.  
  
He smiled up at Stan as if he had just completed some feat of immense difficulty. He hooked his finger into the front of her bra and gently tugged, the bra came loose at the front and Jackie knew that the material was now only loosely covering her breasts; she could feel the collective excitement growing in the darkness around her.  
  
Somewhere in the last few minutes Jackie realised that her fear had somehow disappeared and that she was now following the events with an almost detached interest. In a perverse sort of way she found herself being pleased that they found her attractive and that the comments on her body were appreciative.  
  
"Unveiling time," Danny said and Jackie snapped back into reality; he reached forward and with trembling hands, he lifted her bra and pushed it up off her breasts. Her nipples puckered in the cool air and Jackie looked down at her exposed breasts.  
  
"Bloody lovely," said Stan admiringly, "absolutely bloody lovely. Nicest pair of tits I've seen in a long time." Once again Jackie felt an illogical sense of pride that they found her breasts worthy of such praise. Street lights flashed by for a moment, washing her breasts and the expectant faces above her with the almost demonic orange neon glow.  
  
A hand reached out of the sudden darkness and the bra was lifted over her head and slid up off her arms and away. Stan leaned forward and took one puckered nipple between his fingers. Jackie stiffened again. "Take it easy lass" he said quietly. "We've not seen what you've got between yer legs yet. If it's as beautiful as the rest of you, as I am sure it will be, then we are in for a rare treat."  
  
Jackie began to squirm under the pressure from his fingers on her nipple. Stan laughed, "I told yer. Yer don't want to peak yet lass," he said smiling, "you've got a long night in front of you yet." He looked around him. "Hasn't she lads?"  
  
Numerous voices sounded their agreement in the darkness. "Shall we see what's she's got between her legs?" Stan asked to more sounds of agreement and as the coach rocked steadily on into the night he leaned forward and slowly began to ease her knickers down over her hips. A cheer went up as the first pubic hairs come into view. A couple of the younger guys begin to chant 'Off! Off!' quietly but a look from Stan quietens them. "Easy lads, removing a lasses knickers is a serious do and needs some respect."  
  
He tunelessly began to hum a few bars from 'The Stripper' as he eased her knickers down, slowly exposing her soft vee of pubic hair. A ripple of laughter mixed with a couple of appreciative 'look at that' came from the shadows in the darkness. Jackie looked down the length of her near naked body.  
  
She could feel the eyes drinking her in, she could feel their need, their lust. She could feel herself getting wet. She tried hard to stop the feelings beginning in her groin but their need for her was almost palpable and her body was responding.  
  
She watched, unable to take her eyes from the scene, as Stan ran his fingers through her pubic hair; she shivered at the touch. Stan looked at her and smiled, "That's a nice snatch you've got there. I appreciate nice pubic hair."  
  
Orange light flashed across his coldly smiling face again putting Jackie in mind of a Devil. He slowly hooked his finger into the front of her pants and pulled them down another inch and she realised that the top of her vagina must now be in plain view.  
  
"Ah lads," Stan said dramatically looking around, "what have we here now?" and he ran the back of his finger up the length of her sex. Jackie shivered at the touch and Stan laughed. "She'll be an easy one," he said.  
  
Almost as if getting bored he suddenly reached for the sides of her knickers and pulled them down to her ankles and the then off her feet. "Who wants these?" he asked and a hand reached out and took them. "Let's see her then shall we?" said Stan and the hands holding her ankles opened her legs.  
  
Stan peered between her legs intently before reaching forward and running his finger along the length of her lips. "Nice," he said appreciatively. "Young and fresh." Using two fingers he opened her up and inspected her.  
  
With his other hand he ran a finger between the open folds of her lips which were shining wetly in the intermittent light. Jackie could feel her juices beginning to flow as his fingers probed between her legs. She tried to keep from showing how aroused she was becoming. A bodiless hand reached out of the darkness and took her nipple between its fingers.  
  
Stan continued his intimate exploration, gently folding back her lips, opening her to the gaze of the others in the darkness. The hand at her breast began to roll her nipple with more determination. Stan exposed her clitoris with a small triumphal sound. "Ah, here we are boys. The heart of the matter."  
  
He took the small nub of sensitive skin between two fingers and pulled experimentally' Jackie cried out in surprise at the sudden assault. "And very sensitive it is too," he said almost to himself.  
  
The dual effect of the hand at her nipple and the intense pressure between her legs was now beginning to have its effect and Jackie could feel herself beginning to slip down towards the start of a climax. She bit her lip as Stan again pulled on her clitoris, holding her open with his fingers to get a better purchase, pushing the skin back off the small sensitive head, masturbating it like you would a penis.  
  
Jackie looked around frantically for help; someone to stop this happening to her, but all she could see was eager shadowy forms, hands occasionally bathed in orange light reaching out to touch her, glowing eyes fixed on her body and Stan's intrusive hands at her sex.  
  
Her stomach muscles tightened and she began the rise to the end she knew she could not avoid. Holding the skin of her clitoris back with the fingers of one hand Stan began to draw the ball of his other thumb gently over the now extremely sensitive head of her clitoris. Jackie stifled a cry.  
  
Stan paused to dip his thumb lightly into her vagina to lubricate the thumb with her juices before again gently stroking her clitoris. Jackie arched as the climax grew and took hold, slowly her hips lifted to meet the stroke of Stan's thumb. The hand on her breast began to pull on her nipple and the climax gathered in intensity until it finally crashed over her and she spasmed, trying desperately to close her legs against the against the hands that held them open.  
  
With a groan she slumped back onto the seat. Stan smiled and sat back to admire his handiwork, "One," he said and laughed. "The first of many eh lads?" He asked to general murmurs of agreement.  
  
Slowly he ran his fingers down her between the lips of her vagina and with a theatrical flourish he put them in his mouth and sucked the juices off with a loud smacking of his lips. "Ah, wonderful,l" he said with relish. He nodded to the man holding Jackie's hands above her head, "Give me one," he said and the man passed a hand to Stan.  
  
Stan wrapped his fingers around hers so as to leave one of her fingers free before pushing her finger down between her own legs. She tried to struggle but realised that it was in vain, he is too strong for her. He drew her finger up through her own vaginal lips coating it with her own juices.  
  
Holding up the wet captive digit he called out, "Does anyone want a taste? Its worth it believe me." A number of voices clamour for the prize but he put the finger into his own mouth and sucked it clean.  
  
"Too late!" he crowed, "You'll all now just have to wait your turn; but let me tell you, she's wet, sweet and very juicy." A murmur of appreciation ran around the shadowy, gathered faces.  
  
Suddenly Jackie heard Alan's voice behind the sea of shadowy figures and turning her head she saw him push through the press of bodies. "Don't forget who's first lads. I brought her, I get first shag." Stan looked up and with considerable and obvious reluctance Stan moved away to let him through.  
  
Alan was suddenly looking down on her. "By God but you look good," he said. "Spread out for me like a dog's dinner." His eyes moved down her body, lingering between her legs. He leaned forward and stroked her cheek before standing up and unbuckling the belt of his jeans.  
  
The lads around him nodded and muttered appreciatively as he unfastened the press stud and pulled down the zip. She heard their mutter calls of approval and encouragement 'go on Lad', 'start her off Alan' and the occasional 'after you boss'.  
  
Alan took the accolades for granted, he was the boss and she was his present. Smiling at his audience he slowly and deliberately pushed his jeans down his thighs, his penis clearly jutting aggressively from beneath his t-shirt. He pulled his t-shirt up and over his head, dropping it on the seat to the side of him.  
  
He stood there in the aisle of the bus, naked apart from his jeans around his calves, his penis proudly standing out before him. The crowd growled its approval. Smiling broadly he raised his arms above his head and gyrated his hips to make his penis jerk and bob.  
  
The lads laughed at the obvious display of male dominance. Alan was proving his position as leader of the pack. Using one foot as a lever he pulled off one of his sneakers and pulled his leg clear of his jeans. He turned to his audience, "Let her go," he said and the hands holding Jackie disappeared. "I don't need anyone to hold my women when I fuck them. Do I love?" He asked resting his hand on her breast. In one movement he swung his leg over her and sat astride her prone body.  
  
He stroked her face and then cupped her breasts, feeling for and finding her nipples. Hands pulled hair from her face, she looked up at him and he knelt above her. He was smiling; he was going to fuck her, performing for his audience and making her perform.  
  
Another passing street light bathed him in its amber glow, painting him devil red, the tip of his penis glistening wetly in the light. She could feel his hands on her breasts, his fingers on her nipples and even in this position she suddenly felt the lurch of desire that Alan created every time he touched her.  
  
She looked up at his smug, confident smile and realised yet again that he knew the complete hold he had on her. Even under these circumstances, stripped naked and held down by strangers on the back seat of a bus, about to be gang banged, he could still create that sudden rush of desire.  
  
Letting go of her breasts he moved up her body and pushed his erect penis towards her face. She turned her head away and the crowd laughed. Alan took her face between his hands and turned her back to face him. "Now, now, love," he said quietly but loud enough for his audience to hear. "I want you to suck my dick for a minute. You'll do that for me won't you?" And he moved forward until the tip of his penis touched her lips.  
  
She looked up the length of his body as he towered above her and she slowly, obediently, opened her mouth. "That's a good girl," he said with satisfaction and slowly he slid his penis into her mouth. She raised her head to make it easier and her lips engulfed the tip of his swollen dick.  
  
"Fucking hell, he's broken her in well hasn't he?" she heard someone by her head say in admiration. "Couldn't get my woman to do that me." Alan looked up in the direction of the disembodied voice, "This one will. You'll get your turn to try her." Jackie tasted the precum in her mouth and she shivered slightly at his words. Alan slid his penis deeper into her mouth and slowly began to work it in and out between her lips.  
  
"Come on Jackie," he said looking down on her, "wet it. You're not trying," and she worked her tongue up and down the shaft, wetting it with her saliva, making it slid in and out easier.  
  
"That's better," he said and patted her cheek affectionately. He straightened up and looked around, "God but she sucks well," he said and someone patted his shoulder amid a smattering of muttered approval. He looked down and with a movement of his hips he withdrew his penis from her mouth. The movement took her by surprise and his penis popped out with an audible plop. He straightened up and straddling her chest he towered over her. His penis shone wetly with her saliva in the dim light. As he got off her he pulled her up by her shoulders until she was sitting upright and then he turned her until she was facing down the aisle, looking for all the world like a normal passenger, except that she was naked, and so was the man who now knelt in front of her. Holding her waist he pulled her hips forward to the edge of the seat and positioned himself between her legs.

Putting his hand on her chest he pushed her back until she was half sitting, half laying, against the back of the seat. Without helping Jackie watched him position her body; pulling her hips forward and opening her legs. She was becoming a bystander in her own violation. All the faces leant forward to get a good look at what was now on open display between her legs, the prize that was glinting in the half light, the prize that they all hoped to share once Alan had finished with her.  
  
Her mouth went dry at the thought. She just hoped that they would be gentle, that they come at her one at a time, that they would use her kindly, and that Alan would look after her. She dismissed the thought as soon as it formed; look after her? He had brought her to this and he was now kneeling in front of her, waving his penis around like some kind of trophy, about to fuck in front of all his mates. Sure, she thought, he's a man I can rely on to protect me.  
  
She looked around at the faces she could see, from the old to the young, there were not that many but they all looked at her as though she was a slab of meat and they all certainly intended to have their piece of her just as soon as Alan was finished.  
  
Alan pulled her hips forward again and she slid lower down the seat. She realised that he wanted her just right, she was his party piece and he had to show the lads what the master was capable of. He ran his hand across her tummy and down her flanks as if he was calming an animal.  
  
"There," he said giving her legs one last tug, pulling her hips just over the edge of the seat, opening her legs wide so everyone could see, "just about right eh?" He didn't seem to be expecting an answer so she just lay there impassively and looked at him. He laughed quietly and leaned forward and in a stage whisper said to her, "You'll brighten up when I get this inside you," and he grasped his penis and waved it like a club.  
  
The men who were close enough to hear laughed in support. "Give it to her Al," she heard one of them say. He straightened up and smoothed his hands up her legs, brushing lightly over her pubic hair and she felt the same familiar lurch in her stomach at his touch. She wondered if he could sense it too because he smiled at her as though acknowledging her thoughts.  
  
His hands continued on up her body, looking for and finding her breasts. "You certainly are one good looking woman," he said as he moulded her breasts with his hands, his thumbs stroking lightly across her sensitive, already erect, nipples. "The lads are really in for a treat."  
  
As he leaned forward to easier enjoy her breasts his penis nestled itself gently against the outer edge of her lips. He moved his hips slightly causing the tip of his penis to brush along the length of her and she stifled a moan; but Alan knew and he kept the gentle pressure between her legs while he continued to stroke a response from her nipples.  
  
Jackie could feel the wetness beginning as Alan stoked her desire with small, almost imperceptible, movements of his penis against the lips of her vagina. He began to pull gently on her nipples and he smiled at the silent response that only he could feel. "You like that don't you?" he half whispered to her. Jackie shook her head and Alan gave a quiet little laugh.  
  
She could feel every movement of his hands on her breasts and his penis between her legs and she could feel her passion mounting. She was determined not to show anything in font the others but she could also feel her resolve rapidly slipping away.  
  
Alan could wind her up like a clock.  
  
She wanted to cry out when his hands left her breasts and travelled down the length of her body to rest on her inner thighs. He gently pushed her legs apart so that he could look at the head of his cock, nestling gently between the lips of her glistening vagina. His penis shone wetly, whether from her saliva or her juices she could not tell.  
  
He looked at her again and smiled, "Shall we put it in?" he asked the lads around him loudly, as if at a pantomime, to be met with a small cheer and cries of, "Yes, go on!" and "Give it to her!. Alan smiled down at her, "They want to see you perform for me."  
  
"I don't perform" she said quietly.  
  
He laughed and pushed his hips forward a little and the tip of his penis gently forced it's way a between the wet lips of her vagina. Jackie gasped. "Don't you?" he asked. "I'll bet I can make you," and with just a little added pressure from his hips the head of his penis pushed gently past her lips and inside her.  
  
A call of 'he's inside her' went up from the side and she could feel all eyes focus between her legs where they could clearly see that Alan had already embedded the head of his penis inside her. The level of excitement in the bodies surrounding her rose considerably. She could almost smell the testosterone floating in the warm dusty air of the bus.  
  
Despite the fact that he wasn't moving Jackie could feel every minute movement of the bus transmitted through Alan's hips and down through the shaft of his penis. He was humming like a human vibrator. She wanted to scream with pleasure.  
  
She knew that everyone was watching this most intimate of acts, watching Alan slowly impale himself between her legs and she suddenly she really didn't care anymore. All she could feel was the tip of Alan's steadily vibrating cock, nestled snugly within her open sex.  
  
"Still don't perform?" Alan asked quietly maintaining his position with his hands on her thighs.  
  
"No," she whispered with a feverish shake of her head. Alan laughed and slowly leaned forward, driving the full length of his penis deep inside her. Jackie cried out and arched her back in an attempt to further impale herself on his shaft. Alan smiled and wriggled his hips to settle himself snugly between her legs. "How's that?" he whispered, "Feel better?"  
  
Jackie shook her head and gripped the edge of the seat with her fingers as Alan slowly withdrew almost the full length of his shaft. There was a hiss as Jackie drew a sharp intake of breath through her teeth. She braced herself for his next thrust. His shaft shone wetly in the dim light.  
  
Orange light again bathed their union as fresh streetlights sped past outside. His shaft shone wetly in the crazy light. Jackie's legs gaped open as she waited for him to return and fill her again. She was no longer aware of the crowd around her, of the eyes boring between her legs, watching and waiting, like wolves around a tethered lamb, she just wanted him to return and fill her again.  
  
"There," he said and with a slow steady push he buried himself fully inside her again. Jackie cried out in pleasure as he filled her. With one hand on her hips and the other placed flat upon her chest to keep her in place Alan began a long, slow, steady stroke; in and out. Jackie's knuckles turned white as she gripped the seat and the muscles in her stomach turned to liquid.  
  
Alan suddenly became aware of Sally, standing at his shoulder. Her face contorted with a strange mixture of arousal and hate as she watched, "Go on Al," she suddenly shouted taking everyone by surprise, "fuck her!"  
  
The crowd parted and Sally moved forward for better view. She continued her tirade, almost oblivious to everything else, her wet lips mouthing obscenities, her eyes fixed between Jackie's legs. "Look at the slut laying there with her legs open! She loves it. Getting shafted now aren't you little 'Miss Butter wouldn't melt in your mouth'."  
  
Alan looked up at her and an one swift movement he pushed his hand up Sally's skirt. Taken completely by surprise Sally tried to stop him but it was too late and she gasped as he slid two fingers inside her. Alan laughed, "Oh look, no knickers! Wonder who's got them? Let me think, oh yes, me!"  
  
The guys laughed as Sally squirmed, impaled on Alan's fingers. She looked around desperately for help but none was forthcoming, nobody liked her; she had a good body but a mean mouth and temperament to match. It was good to see her brought down a peg or two. If it hadn't been for the fact that she was Alan's girlfriend no-one would have had anything to do with her.  
  
After roughly twisting his fingers inside her Alan pulled them out and held them up for all to see. He indicated towards Jackie with a nod of his head. "She may be getting fucked but you're the one getting wet. " His fingers glistened in the faint light.  
  
"Are you a lesbian or something? Want to join in?" He taunted. "Bet you'd like to suck on her tits wouldn't you?" Sally pulled her skirt straight and tried to look composed. Alan turned away from her and slowly eased his penis back into Jackie who had lain, shocked and shaken, with Alan still embedded between her open legs, while the exchange had taken place. "Now fuck off back to your seat," Alan yelled at Sally, "and leave me be! This is mans work and I want to enjoy it." With his hand on her hips Alan smiled easily down at Jackie while he slowly worked his dick back inside her. Sally went to say something and Alan turned towards her slightly, "I said Fuck Off!" and he raised his hand. Sally quickly moved away amid guffaws and nods of approval from the boys around him.  
  
Alan placed his hand back on Jackie's hip and used it to pull her hips forward to meet his thrust. Alan looked around as he slowly withdrew his penis for the next thrust. "Sorry lads, this could take awhile, this is my third come today. Not as young as I used to be." The lads laughed appreciatively.  
  
Jackie closed her eyes as Alan leaned forward and very slowly worked the length of his shaft back inside her. Despite her shock at the exchange with Sally Jackie sighed as she felt him slowly fill her up.  
  
He leaned further over, pushing himself deeper inside her, impaling himself completely. "You've gone off the boil a bit haven't you?" he asked quietly. "It's understandable. She a fucking annoying bitch at the best of times. But don't worry; I can get you going again."  
  
Jackie looked at him as he slowly withdrew before beginning his thrust again. He was taking his time, moving slowly, and Jackie suddenly realised that despite all his bluff and showmanship he needed this, he needed her to come for him in front of these men.  
  
"Just for the record," he said indicating with a nod of his head back down the bus to where Sally had disappeared into the darkness, "she's been here," he said, meaning naked on the back seat being gang banged 'for the team'. "She's done this; and she isn't a patch on you, believe me." Having said that he began his slow steady thrust again, slowly stoking the fires inside her.  
  
Somewhere in the back of her head she marvelled at how he could do this to her; even with Sally hurling abuse at her and a crowd of men watching her being used on the back seat of a bus and waiting their turn to do the same. She could still feel him inside her, bringing her back towards a climax and no matter how she tried to ignore him she also knew that he would make her come.  
  
She felt his hand move across her stomach and down between their bodies to where they were joined. His thumb moved through the slickness where his shaft entered her, searching for and finding, her swollen clitoris. With his next thrust his thumb began to gently stroke across the swollen nub of flesh at the very apex of her womanhood. Lights flashed behind her eyes and her stomach knotted, she grasped his hips with her knees and grasped his wrist in an attempt to take his hand away.  
  
Other hands reached out from the shadows and pulled her hands away, pinning them down by her side. She tried to back away from the sensations that were pouring up through her body from between her legs but Alan steadied her hips to meet his thrusts, his thumb continuing to set her senses on fire.  
  
From somewhere in the distance she could hear voices murmuring appreciatively as she began to writhe under the dual attack of is his dick and his thumb. She couldn't care less; all her senses were now focused on what was happening between her legs, pleasure so absolute it was almost painful. She cried out as his next thrust pushed her further back up the seat; only his hand on her hip and the hands holding her hands down by her side stopped her from riding back. He was thrusting so deeply that she feared he would tear her apart. With each thrust her shoulders came up off the seat, it was almost as if he was pumping her up, with each thrust she rose up to meet him.  
  
She tore her hands free of the hands that were holding her and with a cry she threw them around his neck and shoulders. She pulled him to her, crushing him to her breast. His thrusts slowed as she neared her climax and his thumb stopped, held between their bodies. He put an arm around her waist and pulled her close as he continued to move inside her. Sucking in his stomach he freed some space between them and began to move his thumb again.  
  
"Are you ready?" he asked quietly. Jackie began to tremble as the sensations between her legs blotted out everything else. Suddenly everything exploded and she cried out and held him to her while she cried and shook her way through her climax.  
  
Eventually her senses returned. She was draped around his shoulders like a rag doll, her breathing ragged and rasping in her ears. Alan quietly stroked her back, from shoulder to flank, gentling and calming her. When her trembling had stopped he gently laid her back on the seat. "I knew you'd come for me," he said with a smile.  
  
"I won't come again," she said quietly, "no matter how many of them there are."  
  
"That's up to you lovely," he replied, "I only provide the excitement, I don't guarantee the satisfaction." And then he was gone and she was suddenly left on her own on the gently rocking seat of the bus.  
  
"No one else is to ride her bareback," Alan said to the faces who were watching. "Anyone who goes inside her wears a Johnny. Is that clear?" They all nodded. "I'm not catching anything from you fucking lot when I have her in future. OK?" They all nodded again.  
  
"Who's going first?" He asked, looking down at Jackie. His words were suddenly terrifying and she crossed her arms protectively across her chest and closed her legs. From somewhere in the darkness beside her she heard Stan's voice, "Tony is. He scored first."  
  
"Come on then Toe," Stan said and Tony shuffled out from just by her head; his had been one of the hands holding her down. "Fame and a lovely fanny are waiting for you."  
  
Alan nodded at Tony and moved away, abandoning her to her fate. "You'd better get on with it then." He said, as Tony moved in front of her, finally blocking out her last view of Alan's retreating back.  
  
Jackie watched as Tony unzipped and dropped his trousers. Taking a small foil packet that was handed to him he tore it open and pulled out a rolled up Johnny. Pushing his underwear down to his thighs his semi erect penis sprang out from beneath the flaps of his shirt. Stan laughed cruelly, "First night nerves got you Tony lad? It'll need to be harder that if you you're going to do any fucking tonight."  
  
Taking the tip of the Johnny between his thumb and forefinger he began to ease it over the head of his dick. "It'll be fine," he said, gathering his confidence. "Don't worry about me." He rolled the Johnny down the length of his shaft, slowly stroking it erect.  
  
"Lay her down," he said and hands took hold of Jackie and pulled her back down onto the seat until she was laying on her back. Hands pinned her arms above her head again and others held her legs open. Tony gingerly climbed on to the seat to kneel between her open legs. He was fully erect now; he gripped his penis at the base and pointed it determinedly at her.  
  
Jackie looked up at him, his face flashed in and out of light as the buss sped through the night. 'He's not bad looking,' she thought, 'a good body', under different circumstances she may even have fancied him. She wondered if he knew that when he entered her he would be only the second man to have ever been inside her; she also wondered if that would make any difference to him, or any of them, at all. He lay awkwardly between her legs, stretching them wide open. Hands helped by holding them open at the ankles and knees. He tentatively placed a hand on her breast. He squeezed experimentally and smiled. He inspected her nipple as her breast swelled up between his fingers before lowering his head and taking the nipple in his mouth.  
  
As he sucked on her nipple he shuffled up her body on his knees and elbows until his rubber coated penis nestled against the lips of her sex. She moved her hips to make it easier for him and more comfortable for her. He took her movement as excitement and released her nipple long enough to whisper, "Don't worry, you'll really enjoy this."  
  
Jackie looked over his shoulder into the semi darkness above her head. Faces rocked into edge of her vision. Stan was leaning over, watching and waiting his turn. She tried to ignore him but his grinning face loomed closer. "We're all going to enjoy this," he said and laughed at his own joke, spittle arching from lips in the sudden flash of light.  
  
She felt Tony gather himself and brace himself at the entrance to her wide open sex. With one hand still wrapped around the shaft he guided himself into her. She stiffened as he slid slowly inside. Waves of humiliation washed over her as he settled his length within her. Her vagina moulded itself around him.  
  
"I'm in!" he gasped.  
  
"Well done lad," she heard voices say. Stan's face loomed above Tony's shoulder again, smiling obscenely "Go on then Lad. Get on with it, fuck her properly. The team is depending on you."  
  
Tony began to move, his penis sucking wetly inside her. At the end of each thrust she can feel his balls slapping against her bottom. He's not looking at her, he's looking somewhere beyond her shoulder, silently reciting the 1966 world cup line-up in his head to stop from coming too quickly and disgracing himself in front of his mates. His hand is still squeezing her breast his other hand is on her hip to give him better leverage for his thrusts.  
  
Jackie lay impassively underneath him; he grunted with each thrust of his hips and his hand on her breast was becoming painful. She wished he would come and get it over with. She heard his breathing become ragged and his brow furrowed with concentration as he tried to postpone the inevitable. Suddenly his eyes glazed and he arched as he buried his penis deep between her legs.  
  
He shivered and groaned as he emptied his seed into his Johnny. He slumped forward and Jackie tried to wriggle away from him to get his penis out of her before he deflated and left the Johnny inside her.  
  
He realised what she was doing and groggily withdrew. "Sorry," he said, "I almost forgot. Did you enjoy that?" he asked and she almost laughed. "I've been looking forward to it all day," he continued, "Ever since I first saw you this morning. Played my heart out to make sure I got first go with you. After Alan of course," he added quickly. Hands began to pull him clear of her. "That was great! Hope I get another chance," he said and then he was gone.  
  
Without any ceremony Stan quickly took Tony's place between Jackie's open legs; climbing awkwardly over her and kneeling naked between her legs. He was a big man. He loomed over her in the dim light, huge and intimidating. His belly was large and round, a real beer gut and was surmounted by a huge chest, complete with a pair breasts many women would have been proud to own.  
  
He towered up into the darkness. As the lights began to flash again he tilted his head back and drank deeply from a bottle before smacking his lips together appreciatively. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. He handed the bottle to a figure somewhere to his left and looked down on Jackie. He reached beneath his belly and grabbed his limp dick in his hand. "I think I need some help here little girl," he said grinning lewdly, "I don't think this fella is ready to play yet." He reached forward and grabbed Jackie by the shoulders, his finger biting deeply into her flesh as he pulled her upright. Jackie winced as he manipulated her into position facing his limp penis. Close to, as the lights lashed their orange glow, she suddenly realised how hairy he was. Covered from head to foot in a mat of dark hair he reminded her of a gorilla.

She shivered as a wave of revulsion swept through her. His huge hand moved from her shoulder to the back of her head and he pulled her head forward until she was face to face with his penis. He began to stroke it erect with large easy rolls of his fist. The first drop of precum appeared on the end.  
  
"Suck it," he said without preamble. Jackie became aware of someone sitting behind her, ostensibly holding her upright but she felt a hand steal around under her arm and cup her breast, immediately finding and pulling on her nipple. Stan pushed his growing member against her lips. "Open up Lass, do your job, I need to be hard to fuck you."  
  
His groin smelled sweaty and his precum smeared her lips, she could feel tears beginning to well up in her eyes. The hand that had held her breast slid down her stomach and between her legs, quickly slipping a finger inside her. Stan was growing impatient at her lack of response and he pulled her head back by her hair, hurting her. "Come on now Lass, open yer mouth and give me a suck. There's others behind me and they're getting impatient."  
  
He took the bottle of beer back and held the wet top against her lips. "Have a drink. It'll make you feel better." Jackie willingly took a drink and the bottle was pulled away spilling beer down her breast. "Bit of a waste that but I'll lick it off later," he joked with the others. He pushed his penis forward against her face again. "Come on now. I've been nice to you now be good to me and suck it."  
  
Jackie opened her mouth and Stan fed his penis into it with his fist. Gagging on her revulsion Jackie began to suck on the bulbous end of his penis. Stand arched his back in contentment and patted Jackie on the top of her head like a dog. "That's better. I knew you'd like it once you started." He raised his hands above his head in an exaggerated and theatrical yawn, Jackie sitting before him, her head bobbing up and down as his shaft for all to see. "Life doesn't get any better than this does it?" He said to all around him, "Look at her, she's a real pro at cocksucking." He patted her on the head again, "God but you do do it well Lass, a real professional."  
  
The fingers worked their further inside her and Stan's penis hardened in her mouth. Tears began to roll down her face. Stan pushed her head away and his penis fell from her mouth leaving a string saliva between the Jackie and the tip of his penis.  
  
Stan laughed and wiped her lips with his thumb. He pushed her back down onto the seat forcing the body behind her to move and to withdraw his fingers from inside her. Stan laughed at the man who now sat at her head.  
  
"Bit bloody cheeky that Lad, trying to cop an early feel. Wait yer turn like the rest of us. She's keen enough, there'll be plenty left by the time we come around to you. Give us one of those Johnny's," he yelled theatrically, "I've got some serious fucking to do." Someone passed him a rubber and he made a great show of rolling it onto his wet dick.  
  
He fell forward, supporting his weight on his arms. He settled his hips down between Jackie's open legs, his penis nestling up against her vagina, his stomach resting on hers. He leered down on her, his spittle spraying across her face and down her chest. "Get yerself ready to be fucked by a man. Yer've just had little boys until now," he said and without waiting he pushed into her, burying himself deep inside her.  
  
Jackie grunted with the sudden weight of him, a sound he mistook for pleasure. "See, now you know what it feels like to have a real man, didn't I tell you you'd know the difference?"  
  
He raised himself back onto his arms and began to thrust into her. Jackie looked at the lights flashing across the ceiling as another hand crawled down her chest from somewhere above her head and fastened onto her breast and nipple. Stan grunted away between her legs, every thrust driving her back up the seat a little.  
  
Tears streamed freely down her face but no-one noticed in the darkness and their eagerness to touch her, to feel her body, to get inside her. Drops of sweat began to fall on her as Stan continued his assault between her legs.  
  
"Yer sweatin a bit Stan Lad," someone laughed from the side. "Yer a bit unfit to be on the team if yer sweatin already!" Stan paused and wiped his brow, the sweat ran in lines down his chest and onto her stomach. The pungent aroma of unwashed body filled her nostrils, she tried not to gag.  
  
"I'm fucking fit enough to fuck this one, aren't I Love?" he asked her, patting her cheek as though it was a sign of affection. "She's never had anything like me I'll warrant," he boasted and Jackie wanted to be sick. He continued thrusting away between her legs.  
  
"Come on yer big fat slob," someone called, "hurry up and come will yer. There's other's here waiting their turn you know." Jackie looked over Stan's shoulder as best she could. Expectant faces looked down on her and her heart sank.  
  
"Plenty of time yet lad," Stan grunted. "We've got all night to fuck her. Don't want to rush it. Don't want a little beauty like Jackie here to think that we don't appreciate her now do we?" Stan grunted and pushed himself up on his arms, pulling his penis out of Jackie.  
  
"About fucking time," voices muttered.  
  
"Not finished yet," he said and he picked Jackie up by the hips and unceremoniously rolled her over. Pushing her up on to all fours he entered her again doggy style. Suddenly Danny pushed his way forward, he was naked from the waist down and erect his penis swung in front of him like a club. "Fuck this Stan, if you're going to take all day I'll keep myself busy," and he knelt down on the seat by Jackie's head.  
  
Jackie looked wearily up at him; Stan was pushing and pulling on her hips to drive himself into her. Danny leaned forward and taking her head said, "Open your mouth love." Jackie looked up at him "Please," she said but before she could say anymore he thrust his penis into her mouth and began to fuck her face.  
  
"Fucking magic," he said to his friends after a few seconds. "She's as smooth as silk. Alan was right, she sucks like a pro," he said smiling broadly.  
  
They fucked her at both ends until Stan suddenly shuddered and fell forward. His weight took Jackie by surprise and collapsed under him. Danny howled more in surprise that pain as Jackie bit on the dick in her mouth as she fell. Danny hopped around inspecting his rapidly wilting penis in the half light. "Fucking stupid twat!" He yelled at Stan, who grinned inanely and climbed off Jackie who wearily pushed herself back onto her knees. "Bloody great oaf!"  
  
Jackie sat back but the next in line were already pushing forward to take their turn and she groaned as the next man lay her down on her back and climbed between her legs.  
  
The men came and went. She was manhandled into different positions and placed so as to be at the right angle for whatever the current man wanted. At one point as she was being moved into a doggy position so someone could take her from the behind  
  
"Leave her arse alone," she dimly heard Alan say from somewhere nearby. "I haven't been there yet." Yet despite his admonition sometime later she felt a thumb slowly worm its way between her cheeks and work its way inside her while she sat on a lap with someone's penis buried deep inside her.  
  
She was almost past caring now. It was all becoming a dream and still the fucking continued. No-one physically mistreated her or was particularly rough; in fact the men were surprisingly gentle, but they were out to fuck her and she was just being used as a warm body, something attractive to fuck.  
  
At times she found herself laying flat on the back seat hanging onto the arse of whoever it was that was inside her as she came; all small little climaxes, tired responses to constant friction. They were all trying hard to make her come, a matter of male pride, but she was remote, watching them use her as the lights flashed on and off, lending a surreal air to the proceedings. Her breasts were wet with saliva and her nipples ached from too much attention.  
  
Alan would come back every so often to see how she was doing. She felt his hand stroke the wet hair from her face and opened her eyes to see him smiling down on her. "Are we enjoying it?" he asked her at one point. "You're doing well, the guys are really enjoying it. You could take this up as a career, you've certainly got the body for it."  
  
She didn't answer, just lay back as yet another man suddenly thrust deep inside her as he came. She later found out that Alan had only allowed six of the men to fuck her, his close friends, but there were many more hands and after the first round of fucking many hands mauled her breasts and found their way inside her and the fucking never really slowed. Six relatively young and fit men can keep coming, and they did, time after time, emptying themselves inside her and then sitting back to watch the others while they got ready to go again.  
  
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Alan walked her home from the pub where the coach dropped her off. She sat on the back seat numbly trying to find her clothes and slowly getting dressed. He was waiting for her as she got off the bus. Many of the guys had already gone, walking off into the cold, night. "Steve will take you home" he said to Sally.  
  
"Why? Why can't you take me home?" She pouted, glaring at Jackie who she could see trying to straighten herself up at the back of the bus.  
  
"Because I can't. Now fuck off!" He said and she reluctantly left with Steve. "You can fuck her if you like," he said to Steve as they walked away. Steve visibly brightened for a second, "Oh, OK! Thanks Al"  
  
"Fuck off!" Sally said scornfully and Steve's smile faded.  
  
Jackie was already quickly walking away with her head down and arms wrapped tightly around herself as if to keep out the night time chill. He had to run to catch up with her. They walked in silence, their breath misting slightly on the unseasonably cool night air. In silence he takes her arm and Jackie begins to cry, silent tears running down her face.  
  
They get home and Alan pushes her gently up against the back gate under the trees and unbuckles the belt on her jeans. "Please no,." she says quietly, "haven't you done enough?" But he carries on without acknowledging her. He popped the stud at the top her jeans and pulled the zip down, pushing her jeans and her pants down over her hips and down her legs. He bent down and without untying the lace he pulls one of her shoe off and then pulls the leg of her jeans over her foot. He stands up and pulls open her jacket and pushes her clothes up over her breasts.  
  
Strangely she does not feel the night air on her skin. She is too numb to feel anything. He released the clasp on her bra and frees her breasts. His hands are warm on her body and suddenly she begins to feel the dampness in the air. His mouth closes on her nipple and she holds his head to her breast, her fingers deep in his wavy hair.  
  
He unzips himself and putting his hands under her bottom he lifts her up and gently lowers her down onto his already erect penis. She gasps as he enters her. He smiles and kisses her gently on her neck and face. Car headlights wash across them but he doesn't stop his slow thrusts and either the driver didn't see them or didn't care. She wraps her legs around his waist and feels his slow movements inside her, filling her up, touching the top of her womb. He kept moving, slowly and methodically, deep inside her. Slowly she could feel the tension building between her legs. She tried to contain it but it slowly built, each slow stroke stoking the fire in her loins. Resting her against the fence to take some of her weight Alan reached for her breast and without stopping his slow thrusts he takes her breast in his hand.  
  
"You feel good," he said quietly, his mouth near her ear. His thumb rolled her nipple and he leaned back to look down the length of her body to where they were joined, groin to groin. She looked down and could his member gleaming wetly in the light as he moved slowly in and out of her and suddenly she finds it all too much, the act confusingly all too pure and too beautiful. "I'm going to come," he said quietly and suddenly tears well up and she cries out as her own climax floods through her.  
  
She clasped him hard as, straining and pushing hard, he pumped his seed deep inside her. To keep from crying out as they both shudder to their separate ends she bit hard on his shoulder, still aware that her parents are probably still awake not far away.  
  
In response he pushed hard into her, opening her wider than it seemed she had ever been before; touching her deeper and somehow softer than he ever has before. She climaxed hard and long, milking his penis with her hips, leaving her limp and hanging around his neck like a doll.  
  
They stood like that for a few countless minutes, locked together at the hips, breathing slowly, neither wanting to move away. Slowly he pulled out of her and lowered her to the ground; her legs are weak and she has some difficulty in standing. He pushed her to her knees and presents his glistening still erect penis in front of her face, "Suck it," he says simply and she does, taking it in her mouth and holding his balls with her hand.  
  
She can taste their combined juices and despite his having just come inside her he is soon erect again and she keeps working his penis with her lips. She looked up at him and found that he is looking down at her, kneeling half naked in the woods at the bottom of her own garden. He smiled and she can feel his penis stiffen. He comes and fills her mouth with his sweet/sour tasting seed. Swallowing, she keeps sucking until his limp penis falls from her mouth with a plop. He gently pulled her to her feet and wiped her mouth with his thumb. "There, that wasn't so bad was it? You liked that." She nodded dumbly, she knows her face is streaked with her tears. He wipes under her eyes with his thumb.  
  
Silently he pulled her to him and stroked down her back, eventually resting his hand on the flank of her smoothly rounded bottom. He gently pulled her top down over her breast and bent to retrieve her shoe which he quickly unlaced. Putting her leg back into her jeans he then replaced the shoe on her foot and slowly pulled her jeans back up her legs.  
  
She let him dress her like a doll. As he pulled her jeans and pants up her thighs he stopped and nuzzled his nose into her crutch. "Mmmm." He mumbles from between her legs. "Smells nice. Well used, but nice," and he continued to dress her. When she is finally fully dressed he held her again. "You'd better do your bra up before you go in. I'm an expert at undoing them but crap at doing them up. You're folks may notice."  
  
"Not a bad day was it?" He said as he unlatched back gate and pushed her through. "See you tomorrow. I'll take you for a ride on my bike. I'll probably want to fuck you again. I enjoyed that." And then he closed the gate, leaving her standing there alone in the darkness. She heard him open his own gate and hears it close behind him. He paused and there is a brief flare of light as he lit a cigarette.  
  
She watched his face in the soft glow of the match. He turns towards her and smiles at her over the fence. "Goodnight" he said as he doused the light, "Go home, you've had a busy day", and he walked off up the path to his parent's house, slowly disappearing into the darkness.  
  
She heard the backdoor open and then close with a quiet klick. She can feel his sperm slowly running out of her and soaking into her knickers. She softly begins to cry again but she is not sure why. She stood there for a while until the cold began to seep into her through her light clothes and she slowly made her way back towards her own house.  
  
Both houses are in darkness and she briefly wondered if he was watching her from one of his windows; but she knew that he wouldn't be.  
  
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Jackie made her way up to the bathroom and locking the door she used her mother's douche to wash away Alan's sperm. Although it was now many hours since he had first come inside her she fervently hoped that she could prevent a pregnancy; and it was only Alan she was worried about, the rest all used condoms.  
  
As she sat on the toilet and sprayed the vinegar solution inside her she noticed that her hands were shaking. She put her shaking hands down to the fear of pregnancy, she certain did not want to be pregnant; but in reality she knew it was a reaction to the events of the day.  
  
She undressed and slipped into bed. She avoided Sue's questions and soon Sue was fast asleep. Jackie lay quietly listening to Sue's deep rhythmic breathing. Lying in bed, through a gap in the curtains she watched the clouds race past the moon and her thoughts followed them.  
  
Now that the fear and emotion had passed she had time to reflect.  
  
She wondered in truth what had happened to her today? That she was used by at least half a dozen men was not in doubt; she could feel their hands all over her, her nipples and vagina lips were swollen and tender; she certainly felt abused, but she also felt something else and it took her a while to put her finger on it.  
  
Then she realised, she felt alive! For one of the first times in her life she felt fantastic! Absolutely and totally alive! Somehow today she had broken the bounds that had held her in her place all her life; and suddenly she was living, she felt alive, life could never be the same again.  
  
She now knew that she was capable of anything and the thought excited her. For the first time in her life she felt that nothing was beyond her capabilities. The bonds that held had been broken. She knew that she would never do it again, at least not without her full consent; but even being taken was exciting!  
  
And she had lived through it; and what was it that they say? 'Whatever does not kill you only makes you stronger' and boy was she still alive!  
  
In her head, with her eyes wide open, she re-lived the whole thing again; how they had stripped her, of their eyes and hands upon her body; she heard their compliments as they used her, as they felt her and took her, she feels their need for her as they entered her, again and again;.  
  
And as she remembered her hand slowly crept down inside her pyjama bottoms and between her legs. She climaxed quietly as her fingers walked her through the day's events. She found that she could not stop and she came again and again, marvelling at her own as endurance as her climaxes flashed by like the lights in the bus. Eventually her fingers began to slow as exhaustion finally claimed her. She was drifting softly in and out of sleep when she felt the covers being gently drawn back and Sue slipped quietly into bed beside her.  
  
"Sounds as if you've been having a busy time," Sue whispered.  
  
Jackie grunted sleepily in response. Sue settled herself down into the bed and pulled her exhausted sister into the circle of her arms. Jackie snuggled in closer, already half asleep. Soon Jackie's breathing dropped into that deep rhythmic pattern which usually indicated a deepening state of sleep.  
  
As Jackie slid into her deepening slumber Sue gently continued to stroke her hair and back. Sue listened quietly to Jackie's soft dreamy muttering and idly wondered who she is dreaming of. In her drowsy half state, hovering between sleep and dreams Sue felt Jackie's hand move up, under her pyjama top, blindly working its way to her breast.  
  
Sue pulled her sleeping sister closer and held her as Jackie's hand moulded itself to her breast. The hand was comforting and warm and as she drifted off to sleep Sue inhaled Jackie's warm, slightly sweet scent and then drifted into a deep and strangely untroubled sleep.

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Jackie never spoke to Alan of the bus trip and what he had done to her; she knew he would not have understood if she had asked for an explanation. Not that she needed one. He simply saw her as his do with as he wanted and he had decided to hand her round his friends as his gift.  
  
He saw nothing wrong in this and he simply expected that she would do it and in all probability enjoy it. Nothing else would have crossed his mind. And she had enjoyed it, not the act, but what the act meant, it gave her the freedom from the sexual mores that bound her friends and peers, so she could not complain.  
  
She had gone to Alan's to have sex. They had arranged it the day before when he had made her come in the corridor down the back of the pub by the toilets. He had taken her as she came out of the ladies, pulling her around the corner under a staircase before unbuttoning her jeans and pushing them and her underwear down to her knees and inserting two fingers inside her and quickly bringing her to a climax.  
  
Once he was finished he unbuttoned himself and wrapped her hand around his dick. "I want to come," he said simply and Jackie had wanked him off until he came; her jeans and knickers still crumpled down around her knees. His sperm had splattered on the floor and down her leg.  
  
Alan looked down and smiled, "Made a bit of a mess haven't you?" Without waiting for a reply or offering any help he quickly buttoned himself up and had turned to go. "Come round tomorrow about two." He said over his shoulder. "I want a proper shag. Need to see you naked," and without waiting for an answer he had walked off leaving Jackie to try and clean herself up and get dressed as best she could.  
  
Letting herself into the house she walked in to his bedroom at exactly two o'clock the next day. He was sitting in the hardback chair waiting for her. He was listening to rock and roll on a little transistor radio which he kept on the dresser at the side of the bed against the wall and smoking a cigarette.  
  
She sat down on the bed. He looked her up and down. "Get undressed," he instructed. Jackie looked at him but he obviously wasn't in the mood for small talk so she began to unfasten her shoes. Kicking them off she bent down and pulled off her socks.  
  
She sat up and as she reached for the button on her blouse there came a soft knocking on the bedroom door. Jackie froze with her hand still on the top button and looked at Alan. He looked back at her and raised one eyebrow slightly, "Who is it?" He called.  
  
"It's me." Sally's petulant voice came plaintively through the door. "Open up."  
  
Jackie reached for her socks but Alan held up his hand much as he would stay a dog. Jackie hesitated and then sat back, her bare feet crossed nervously in front of her.  
  
"What do you want?" He asked almost unconcerned, as if this was the most common event in the world.  
  
"What the fuck do you mean 'what do I want'? I wana come in. Open the bloody door."  
  
Alan sighed and stood up. With a deliberately casual slowness he crossed the room and opened the door. Sally almost fell in to the room in her hurry to enter. "It wasn't locked." He said.  
  
Sally stopped short when she saw Jackie, immediately taking in her naked feet and the small pile of shoes and socks. "What's she doing here?"  
  
Jackie got to her feet, "I was about to ask the same question" she said, amazed at her own bravery and she reached for her shoes and socks. Alan was across the room in two strides and he kicked the shoes and socks into a corner. Jackie straightened up in surprise and Alan pushed her hard, back onto the bed. "I'll tell you when you can leave." He said and turned to face Sally. "What are you doing here?"  
  
"I came to see you." She said, looking around him and glaring at Jackie. "And by the looks of it it's a good job I did. What's that cow doing here?"  
  
"I invited her." Alan said ominously.  
  
"What for?"  
  
"Because I wanted a decent fuck." He said deliberately as if he was talking to a rather slow child, placing an emphasis on 'decent' that Sally either missed or chose to ignore.  
  
Jackie got to her feet again and turned to look for her shoes and socks. She was totally unprepared for the blow that sent her sprawling across the bed. Alan stood over her as she tried to gather her scattered wits, her hand pressed tightly to the side of her numb face. "I told you not to move." He said as the first flowers of pain began to radiate out from her cheek.  
  
Tears began to flow as the shock of the sudden attack began to wear off. Sally began to laugh but Alan grabbed her by the front of her blouse and pulls her close, face to face, "What the fuck are you laughing at?" He hissed.  
  
Sally put her arms up to protect her face, she had seen what had happened to Jackie and she had suffered the same herself on a number of occasions. She knew what Alan was capable of.  
  
With a casual snort he pushed her away; she staggered a few steps backward and then fell, sprawling on the floor. Alan looked down on her and then suddenly he lunged forward. Jackie thought he was going to kick Sally and she cried out, obviously Sally thought the same and she scuttled backwards, crablike, until her back was against the bed. Wide eyed and scared she looked up at Alan as he towered over her laughing scornfully down at her cowering at his feet.  
  
He stood between her legs and pushed her knees apart with his foot. The action caused her short skirt to ride up exposing her garter belt and stocking and a pair of white lace knickers.  
  
Sally looked down between her legs, confused, until the realisation dawned; and realising that a safe and well travelled course of action was opening to her she began to smile slyly.  
  
Alan placed his foot on her crotch and pressed, Sally laughed uncertainly, and tried to move his foot away with her hands. Alan slowly relented and stepped back a little. Sally knew better than to try and close them so she sat there, legs wide apart, watching him look down at the tightly stretched crutch of her lacy pants.  
  
"Get up," he said eventually and she scrambled to her feet. He reached forward and casually pulled up the hem of her skirt to reveal the garter belt and stockings framing the pair of white lace knickers. "Take them off," he said pulling on the skimpy bit of white material and Sally quickly reached under her skirt and pulled her knickers down, unhooking and re-hooking the garters as she went; finally pushing the pants down to her knees.  
  
She wriggled her knees and her pants dropped down to her ankles. She looked up at him before stepping out of them with one foot and the dramatically flicking them off to the side with her other. She let them lay where they fell, not trusting to put herself at risk by bending down to retrieve them. She watched Alan's face and correctly read the lust in his eyes and her confidence returned a little. Lust she knew how to handle.  
  
She was glad she had worn the suspenders and stockings, she knew how much they turned him on and any advantage she could get was welcome when he was in one of these moods. Like this he was dangerous.  
  
Alan moved forward and pushed her, she fell backwards onto the bed, landing across Jackie's legs. Jackie tried to extricate herself but Alan moved between Sally's legs and Sally immediately lay back to accommodate him, trapping Jackie's legs beneath her.  
  
Alan pushed Sally's skirt up over her hips and Sally wriggled her hips to help him. Jackie watched in horrified fascination as Alan spread Sally's legs and then used his fingers to open her up. Sally in turn watched his fingers moving between her legs and she giggled in anticipation.  
  
In one swift movement Alan pressed his fingers deep into her and with a sharp intake of breath Sally's head rocked back and her eyes closed. He turned his hand sharply and his fingers rotated inside her. Sally groaned at the harsh treatment but when Jackie looked she saw that a half smile played at the side of Sally's mouth. She was obviously used to such rough treatment and perhaps she probably enjoyed it.  
  
Jackie watched with mounting unease as Alan continued to twist his fingers cruelly between sally thighs and in turn Sally squirmed on Jackie's legs. Jackie could not believe she was in this position and she tried to slowly move her legs from under Sally. Alan glanced up; Sally stopped gyrating her hips and followed his eyes.  
  
"Keep still," he said to Jackie and she immediately froze, instantly regretting attracting his attention. "No one told you to move," he said and he looked at Jackie and then back at Sally. He roughly pulled his fingers from between Sally's legs and pulled her roughly to her feet.  
  
Sally stood with her skirt still up around her waist. "Get my dressing gown off the door." He told her and Sally looked around as though confused until she spotted the old dressing gown hanging behind the bedroom door. She crossed the room and took the aging garment down from its hook, turning it in her hand as if looking for inspiration.  
  
"Lock the door." He said and Sally pushed the bolt home, "I don't want any more interruptions."  
  
Sally returned to the bed and Alan took the robe from her. He stripped the belt from the loops and he dropped the gown to the floor. Alan moved forward and climbed onto the bed. Jackie shrank back against the headboard, trying to make herself as insignificant as possible. Sally moved around the other side of the bed, a slight sickly smile of anticipation beginning to play across her face.  
  
Jackie launched herself forward, making a bid to reach the door. Alan caught her by the back of her shirt and Jackie felt the material tear, the seams biting into her shoulders. He hauled her back with ease and with a casual movement he pushed her back on the bed.  
  
Alan grabbed her by her wrists and despite her struggles he hauled her to up the bed like a sack of potatoes. "Help me with her." He said to Sally who leapt onto the bed and sat astride Jackie's legs. He looped the belt around her wrists and quickly tied them to the headboard. Jackie struggled ineffectually against the restraints as Alan sat back and looked her up and down. She could her Sally's inane giggling.  
  
Alan casually lay down beside Jackie and brushed the hair from off her face. "Don't worry," he said, "no one's going to hurt you." He trailed his fingers down from her cheek, down the side of her neck and onto the front of her collar bone. Jackie realised that the top buttons of her blouse were missing, victims to Alan's rough handling.  
  
Alan pushed the top of her louse open, exposing the beginning swell of her breasts. He moved his face closer, "This could be new for you," he said quietly. Jackie looked at him. "Something I probably never mentioned about young Sally here." Jackie's eyes moved to Sally who was sitting astride her legs, gently stroking Jackie's thighs through her jeans.  
  
Sally smiled at her as if having just been introduced. "Sally swings both ways," Alan continued and Jackie looked back at him the import of his words lost on her. "She swings both ways," he repeated patiently. "She likes women as much as she likes men."  
  
As if in confirmation Sally placed her hand flat on the front of Jackie's thighs and ran them up the front of her thighs to her groin and back again. Jackie looked from Alan to Sally and back. "Go on then, you know you want to," he said to Sally while holding Jackie's stare.  
  
Crawling on all fours Sally moved cat like up Jackie's body to sit across her upper thighs. She smiled down on Jackie and licked her lips in a predatory fashion before reaching forward and taking hold of the bottom of her blouse with both hands she ripped Jackie blouse open with one quick movement. Jackie heard a button hit the floor. Alan laughed at Jackie's cry of surprise.  
  
Sally pushed the remains of Jackie's blouse to each side of her body, laying her chest bare to her gaze. Sally inspected her skin, stroking her hands up the sides of Jackie's ribcage and across her stomach. "Nice bra," she said running her fingers under the strap, puling the material away her skin.  
  
Jackie could feel her skin crawl at the touch, repulsed by the look in Sally's hooded eyes, reminding her of an alcoholic desperate for a drink. Sally looked around and then reached over and took a pair of scissors from the dresser to her side. Jackie's eyes went wide in fear and she tried to back away up the bed but both Alan and Sally held her. "Easy," he said, "she won't hurt you. "  
  
Sally leaned forward and casually cut through the shoulder straps on Jackie's bra, smiling to herself as she did it. Finally she cut through the strap between the cups and the bra sagged open a little. Sally pulled the cups away from Jackie's beasts and then pulled the ruined bra out from under Jackie's body.  
  
Holding it up she inspected it. "Nice bra," she said again. "Just the sort he likes," she said tossing the tattered garment at Alan who caught it and dropped it over his shoulder onto the floor without looking at it.  
  
Sally was enjoying herself now; the attention was on Jackie and the danger seemed to have passed. Sally leaned forward and inspected Jackie's breasts. Alan watched impartially, unconnected, like a bored spectator at some country show.  
  
With both hands Sally took hold of Jackie's breasts. "I somehow thought these would be better than this," she said squeezing them hard. "I thought you said there were good?" she asked Alan. He just smiled. She squeezed them hard again and Jackie winced in pain. "They don't look anything special to me," she said.  
  
Releasing them she sat back and stared at the bare chested girl beneath her. She pulled hard on a nipple and Jackie cried out. "Good length nipple mind you," she said to Alan, discussing Jackie as though she was an exhibit at a show. Releasing the nipple she suddenly swung her hand slapping Jackie's breast hard. Jackie cried out in pain.  
  
"Easy!" Alan warned, slightly raising his hand. Sally sat back smiling sweetly. Silent tears slowly rolled down Jackie's cheeks.  
  
"Sorry," Sally said smiling down at Jackie. "Got a bit carried away. Your tits aren't really that bad." She reached out and caressed them, her fingers circling, gently pulling the nipples erect. Jackie gasped; the sudden mixture of pleasure and pain confusing.  
  
Sally worked on Jackie's breasts for a minute or two, moving gently over her chest and rib cage. Jackie tried to ignore the growing feelings of pleasure Sally's hands were creating.  
  
Sally shuffled backwards until she was finally sitting on Jackie's thighs. Taking the material in both hands she popped the button on Jackie's jeans. "Let's see what we've got in here shall we?" She said tugging the zip down. Jackie squirmed ineffectually as Sally began to work her jeans down.  
  
"Take it easy," Sally said and slowly began stroking her fingers across Jackie's stomach, down between the open flies of her jeans. "You must be used to people undressing you," she said as she worked Jackie's jeans over the swell of her hips.  
  
"When was the last time I saw you?" She continued, talking to herself as she undressed Jackie. "Oh yes! You were being fucked by half a soccer team. Surprised you bother with buttons and zips. Press studs would be easier for you wouldn't it? Less trouble to get off."  
  
Jackie's jeans slid down to her thighs. Sally raised herself up a little and pulled them down underneath her before sitting back down on Jackie's legs. "Did you enjoy being fucked by a bus full of strangers? You seemed to enjoy it. I came back a few times to watch but you wouldn't have noticed, you were a bit busy entertaining the troops. I really enjoyed the bit when they came all over you, you looked quite good covered in spunk." Jackie glared back at her in silent defiance. Sally smiled sweetly again, knowing that she was scoring points.  
  
"The knickers are a bit schoolgirlish aren't they?" Sally said running her fingers across the front of the plain white cotton pants she had just uncovered. Jackie tried to squirm away as if to protect herself from the invasive fingers. Alan reached out a with unconcerned casualness he took hold of Jackie's breast and moulded it to his hand.  
  
Sally's tongue flicked across her lips as she looked at Jackie's nearly nude form beneath her. She continued to pull and the jeans slid down her legs, turning inside out as they were pulled off over her feet. Sally held the crutch of the jeans to her nose. "God what a stink," she crowed loudly for Alan's who laughed at the crude humour, "don't you ever wash?" she said and dropped the jeans on the floor.  
  
Alan smiled indulgently at Sally and continued to fondle Jackie's breast. Sally watched his hand with malignant interest and quickly crawled back onto Jackie's legs, picking up the scissors again. Inserting a finger into the elastic at the leg at the front of Jackie's knickers she pulled the material away from her crutch.  
  
She paused a moment to ensure that Jackie could feel her knuckles crease along the line of her sex before she cut through the material, cutting quickly across the crutch. The material sprang back to hang limply between her legs. "Oh dear," said Sally taking the useless piece of material between her fingers and flapping it. "Looks what's happened."  
  
She flipped the flap back to expose Jackie's pubic hair, her sex somehow obscenely on view. "Guess these are not much use to you now are they? Don't seem to cover much." She cut up through the material again, cutting at the hips, watching the knickers fall away as the scissors did their work.  
  
"Still, if you will buy cheap underwear... " she said pulling the shredded material out from under Jackie's bottom. "You should go to 'Marks and Sparks' you know. They do a much better range of knickers than this cheap crap" and she threw the remnants onto the floor.  
  
Jackie now lay naked beneath her except for her blouse which Alan had pulled up her arms, out of the way. "That's better isn't it?" Jackie said, admiring the naked form beneath her. "Now we can see what we're doing can't we?"  
  
Alan leaned close and placed his mouth close to Jackie's ear. "You are hating this aren't you? That's because you hate Sally not the sex." Jackie looked at him from the corner of her eye. He was too close for her to see him properly. Jackie was again disturbed by the fact that Sally's handing of her body, despite the roughness, had been able to turn her on. He was right; she loved the sex.  
  
His hand still on Jackie's breast Alan looked over at Sally. "But she is beautiful isn't she?" He said to Jackie as if finishing a thought. He was watching Sally sitting on Jackie's thights, openly admiring the body beneath her. "Completely devoid of any finer feeling," he continued. "Quite the beast in fact. A little reptilian beauty."  
  
"Take your clothes off for us Sally," he suddenly instructed and Sally sat back pouting, her eyes moving between Alan and Jackie's naked body. She slowly, reluctantly, moved back down Jackie's legs. "No. Wait. Show us your breasts first," he said, changing his mind. "Jackie and I would like to see your breasts," he paused before adding "we can already see everything else".  
  
Sally looked down at her skirt rucked up around her waist, her wet and glistening sex clearly visible between her legs. She looked back up at Alan and smiled a sly, cat like smile, but did not move, toying with the danger of disobedience.  
  
"I said shows us your tits Sally." His voice harder this time, stronger. Slowly and with a show of defiance Sally pulled her tight low cut jumper up and over her head. Her full breasts, constrained by her half cup bra, stood out proudly. She cupped her breasts in her hands and pushed them together, pouting at Alan, sure of her sexuality and it's hold over him but always wary of his quick and violent temper.  
  
"Take the bra off," he instructed and Sally reached around behind her and her breasts fell free. She shrugged the bra free of her arms and Alan smiled. "Look at those breasts," he said to Jackie, who in truth could not take her eyes off them, "aren't they magnificent? They never moved when she took her bra off." Her breasts were indeed magnificent, firm and succulent, standing proud and high on her chest. Dusky pink areoles tipped by small pink nipples.

"She really is a beautiful animal," he said, admiring her. Jackie tried to get a good look at his face, she had never heard him speak like this before; to be moved by anything. "Now get the rest off!" He instructed and then, like a child being forced to do something they do not want to do Sally sighed and slowly got up off the bed and drew herself upright. She undid her skirt and slid it down her legs and stood there, completely naked except for her suspender belt and stockings.  
  
She looked up at the man and the woman lying on the bed and she slowly pirouetted to allow them a good look at her. "She loves her own body," Alan said as if Sally was not in the room, "her own sexuality. She thinks she's the sexiest thing around;" he paused, "and looking at her right now I might not disagree too much. Shame about the personality." He added almost as an afterthought.  
  
Jackie looked at Sally who was now standing quietly at the side of the bed, rocking slowly, rhythmically, from foot to foot, distractedly, unconcerned, as if listening to her own internal music. Jackie had to admit that Sally was indeed the epitome of the sexual young woman; beautiful in a harsh, brassy, sort of way. A lithe and sensuous body, small hipped with full firm breasts tipped with deep, dusky pink nipples. At the apex of her thighs a light down of pale pubic hair barely concealed the puffy, pouting lips of her sex.  
  
"Like what you see?" Sally asked, startling Jackie out of her reverie, she looked up into Sally's face and was shocked at the raw, predatory look in the eyes that were staring back at her.  
  
"She is hateful isn't she?" Alan asked, his mouth close to Jackie's ear. "Beautiful, but frankly, absolutely hateful. She really wants' to make love to you you know. She's fancied you ever since she first saw you; and knowing I'm shagging you is driving her nuts!" Jackie looked back into the mirror of Sally's eyes and shivered but she wasn't sure why.  
  
"And she will make you come you know," he said, "believe me, she's very, very good at what she does."  
  
He reached out and took one of Jackie's nipples between his fingers and casually rolled it to bring it erect again. "In fact she is exceptionally good at what she does." Jackie squirmed under the pressure of Alan's fingers. "Now open your legs for Sally and let her see what you have got for her." Jackie shook her head.  
  
Alan sighed and turned to look at Sally. "Open her legs for her."  
  
Sally quickly moved onto the bed and took Jackie's ankles in her hands. Jackie clamped her legs together and Sally shook her head. Alan laughed quietly. "That could be a mistake, you don't want to deny Sally when she really wants something; and especially not when you're naked and tied to the bed."  
  
Sally slid up Jackie's body and taking her other nipple in her fingers she pressed her nail into the sensitive flesh. Jackie cried out as the pain exploded behind her eyes.  
  
"Open your legs for me." Sally said, almost sweetly and Jackie obeyed, opening her legs and exposing her sex. Sally pouted again as though she had been denied a little extra fun but she quickly slipped her hand down between Jackie's open thighs, resting her hand on her sex.  
  
Jackie instinctively made to close her legs but a gentle pressure of Sally's nail on her nipple made her relax her legs again. Sally roughly ran her finger the length of Jackie's sex, opening her. Jackie gasped in surprise at the strength of the sensation, fear or the forbidden possibly heightening the receptors in her brain. Sally smiled at the response and moved down the bed, moving to lie between Jackie's legs with her face inches away from her now open sex.  
  
"Now let's see what we have here," she said, fully opening Jackie's lips with her fingertips. Jackie shivered at the touch. Using both hands Sally spread Jackie open, peeling her lips back like a flower.  
  
Jackie looked at Alan who was still smiling down at her from where he lay alongside her. He was obviously enjoying her discomfiture.  
  
Sally found her clitoris and holding her open she softly squeezed it between her thumbs, causing it to bulge out under the gentle pressure. Jackie gasped and closed her eyes, her legs trembled as the sensations rolled up and through her.  
  
Sally leaned forward and extending her small pointed tongue she softly licked at the extended clitoris. Jackie stiffened and choked off a cry. Alan leaned forward and again whispered, "See, I told you she would make you come. She is very, very good at this. You should see what she does to me, actually you will." He added as an afterthought.  
  
Jackie looked at him, her eyes betraying her slipping will power. Sally's tongue rasped against her clitoris again and Jackie cried out. Alan began to caress her breast, slowly, casually, just rolling his hard around its shape, feeling it move under his palm. Jackie pulled against the tie that held her hands above her head, she felt helpless, powerless to stop this casual abuse of her body,  
  
Alan laughed, "There's no point in struggling," he whispered, his mouth still against her ear, "we're both going to fuck you so you may as well lay back and enjoy it."  
  
Sally's tongue worked its way over her clitoris again, circling and stroking and powerless to resist Jackie's hips rose to meet it. Jackie could feel the trembling in her thighs and stomach which betrayed her rising passion. She could not have closed her legs even if she had wanted to. The pressure in her sex was creating a momentum that she was unable to halt.  
  
The trembling in her stomach was spreading to her hips. Alan's fingers moved enticingly over her breasts, caressing and persuasive, pulling her erect nipples, sending new waves of pleasure coursing through her body. The slow insistent pressure of Sally's tongue pushed Jackie steadily higher. She cried out as she felt Sally slowly insert a finger between the lips of her sex, slowly working it deeper. Jackie can feel that she is pouring her juices out onto Sally's fingers and hand, Her humiliation and capitulation complete.  
  
"You sound wet" Alan's voice is desperately close to her although Jackie has difficulty on focusing on his words. Sally's finger twists and turns in time with her tongue. Alan pulls her nipple and laughs quietly somewhere in the distance.  
  
"You are about to come aren't you,." his disembodied voice states, no question in the statement. "You cannot resist her, she's too good." Jackie tries to concentrate on the words and not on the sensations that are coursing through her body. She tries to speak but her tongue feels too big for her mouth.  
  
Leaning forward Sally suddenly pursed her lips and sucked gently on Jackie's clitoris, drawing it up and holding it between her lips. Jackie screamed in pleasure, the sensations literally exploding inside her head, destroying all sense of time and space, she is aware only of her body, stretched out between her two tormentors, weightless, formless, almost floating above the bed; crucified and wracked by the mouth at her sex and the fingers at her breast.  
  
White hot sensation radiates from between her legs, colours sparkle behind her eyes and she screams, soundless and piercing, as her tidal wave of a climax burns out all rational thought.  
  
A movement slowly brought her back to conscious thought, a shifting of the bed beneath her. When she at last opened her eyes she slowly focused on Sally, sitting up between her legs, wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.  
  
Confused she looked to her side but Alan had gone. Wearily she looked around for him but slowly became aware of a sudden, slight, change in Sally; who, still between Jackie's legs was looking over her shoulder. Almost like an apparition Alan suddenly appeared above and behind her. Without speaking he pushed Sally forward with a hand in the middle of her back. Sally fell on to all fours, cat like, crouched over Jackie.  
  
Half turning Alan dipped two fingers into a jar he had placed on the dressing table beside him and pushing Sally's legs apart, he appeared to smear the clear, pungent smelling jelly between them. Sally dropped her head slowly, breathing loudly through her nose, like a hard working beast about to be punished. Her hair fell forward, brushing Jackie's breasts.  
  
Jackie looked beyond Sally's shoulder up into Alan's coldly smiling face. He grabbed Sally's hips with both hands and pulling her more upright, he held her, positioned her, pulling her back onto his erect penis. Jackie feels Sally tense, bracing herself, waiting for what she knows is coming. Realisation dawns slowly as Alan adjusts his position behind the submissive Sally.  
  
Across Sally's back Alan smiles down on Jackie as he begins to work himself slowly into Sally with a series of small, sharp thrusts of his hips. Sally exhales, a string of quiet grunts, as he works himself deeper into her. Almost as if in defeat Sally's arms slowly sag and she slowly slid down onto Jackie's chest, her forehead resting between Jackie's breasts.  
  
Looking up into Alan's cold blue eyes Jackie instinctively tries to place her arms protectively around Sally's shoulders but her restraints hold her firmly in place. Sally raises her head at the movement, her body jerking to every push of Alan's hips; and Jackie is startled by the savage, raw, unconstrained lust she can see in Sally's eyes.  
  
Laughing quietly Sally clamped her mouth firmly onto Jackie's breast. A jolt of passion exploded from her nipple. Reaching down between their bodies Sally slowly inserted a finger deep into Jackie. Amid a million whirling contradictory thoughts and feelings, Jackie gasps with pleasure. Almost instantly her hips begin to rise again to meet the intrusion.  
  
Sally worked another finger inside her and Jackie's hips take up the rhythm as Sally begins to stroke her fingers in and out.  
  
Through the mouth on her nipple and Sally's breasts on her stomach Jackie can feel Alan thrusting into Sally even as Sally's fingers are moving inside her. A strange and unusual symbiosis of sexual rhythms. Forbidden fruit inside forbidden fruit. Alan looked down on Jackie's face already lost in the sensations of Sally's lovemaking and he laughed.  
  
Jackie heard him pull out of Sally. An audible 'plop' followed by a groan of pleasure as he inserted himself again, harder this time, into her vagina. Sally paused for a moment as Alan adjusted his position, then he began to ride her, hard and strong; deep thrusts that forced Sally forward onto Jackie.  
  
Sally was grunting with every stroke Alan delivered, being pounded, her legs slowly spreading under the assault, her backside high in the air. With the air of a battle weary soldier Sally began to move her fingers inside Jackie again; and Jackie, now totally lost to reality, began to feel her climax build again. Sally suddenly screamed as Alan pushed her over into her own shuddering peak of passion. He fingers curled and gripped inside Jackie causing her to cry out in turn.  
  
As Sally began to collapse Alan pushed her forward out of his way and her fingers slipped out of Jackie. Jackie cried out at the loss. Pushing harder on Sally's rear Alan moved her further up Jackie's body until he could see Jackie's hips.  
  
Taking hold of Jackie's knees he pulled them up and leaning forward over Sally's back he thrust himself deep into Jackie. Jackie gasped with pleasure at having her recently vacated sex filled again. Alan spread her legs wide as he pushed himself into her as far as he could reach. Jackie felt his penis touch the top of her womb.  
  
As she cried out Sally suddenly took her face in both hands and planted a deep, passionate, kiss on her lips; Sally's tongue filling her mouth, searching for hers. Without thinking Jackie responded, returning the kiss with equal passion. She felt Sally's hands on her breasts, moulding, pulling her nipples.  
  
Jackie almost lost consciousness when her climax crashed over her and she continued to come, wave after wave, each one sweeping away a little bit more of her reserve, her reality, stripping her down to raw sensation, every nerve bare and on fire.  
  
Through the haze she felt Alan come, pushing himself deeper inside her, pumping his seed deep into her womb and she cried out again. Her legs trembled as his hips jerked and he emptied the last of himself into her.  
  
Then it was over, Alan sank forward onto Sally and Sally onto Jackie and suddenly all was still. They all lay as they had fallen, lungs gasping air, sweat intermingling, senses slowly returning. A layer cake of bodies with Jackie underneath.  
  
Slowly Alan rolled off to the side, laying on his back, a sheen of fine sweat on his skin. Sally pushed herself upright and looked at him. "Did you come in her?" She asked. Alan nodded, his eyes closed.  
  
The blow Sally delivered rocked Jackie's head to the side. "Cunt!" Sally spat at her, "I hope that you're fucking pregnant now." Jackie tried to protect herself as Sally raised her hand for the second blow but her hand were still tied. Alan quickly pushed Sally away before she could deliver the blow, she rolled sideways and off the bed. Alan quickly untied the rope around Jackie's wrist as Sally sprang to her feet.  
  
Jackie tried to move out of the way but Sally launched herself on top of her and began to rain open handed blows down onto her shoulders as Jackie rolled over. "Bitch! Get yourself a man of your own!" Jackie rolled away and hitting back again heaved Sally away. Sally fell on her back on the bed. Jackie could hear Alan laughing at the spectacle of the two naked women cat fighting on his bed.  
  
Pushing herself up off the bed Jackie tried to get away but she stumbled and sprawled clumsily onto the floor. Sally was over her in a second and barefooted, kicked her savagely in the ribs. Jackie gasped as the kick drove the wind from her and she rolled away as Sally prepared to deliver another.  
  
Suddenly Alan was behind her and he jerked her back off balance. Sally swung around at him, hands clawed, cat like, ready to fight. Alan hit her once, hard, across the face and Sally spun with the force of the blow.  
  
Jackie needed no urging to fly. She raced to the door and pulled the bolt, swinging the door open wide. Recovering from the blow Sally grabbed handfuls of Jackie's clothes from the floor and hurled them at her.  
  
"Fuck off! Get out of here!" She threw the clothes at Jackie; stooping to pick up more and hurl them at her she crossed the room. Jackie tried to collect her clothes but Sally pushed Jackie hard and she fell through the open door and staggered into the corridor.  
  
Her clothes followed, flying after her; some landing in the corridor, others down the stairs. The door slammed shut and the sudden silence is only broken by the sound of Alan laughing.  
  
Crouching like an old woman Jackie began to gather her clothes, holding them to her chest. Then slowly, as the realisation of the pain and humiliation began to grow, she sat forlornly on the top step; part of her clothing clutched tightly in her arms and the tears began to flow.  
  
.........  
  
She had no idea how long she sat there shivering and crying on the top step of the stairs. "I think these may belong to you," a voice said quietly from just in front of her.  
  
Startled, she looked up to find Mr Davis, Alan's father, standing on the stairs just below her; a small, quiet, man with thinning blonde hair. He was holding a mug of tea in one hand and with the other holding out her jeans and the cut up remnants of her bra. He smiled gently and held out the steaming mug of tea. Thrown into confusion by his sudden appearance Jackie clutched her blouse closer to her chest. Mr Davies smiled and again proffered the mug of hot tea and her clothes. Jackie suddenly realised that from his position Mr Davies could clearly see everything she had to offer and she vainly tried to cover her nakedness with her blouse.  
  
She did not know how long he had been standing there looking at her but instead of any expected reaction of outrage or embarrassment, his eyes smiled kindly and almost sheepishly he again offered the mug of tea.  
  
"Have a drink; you look as though you need it and there's lots of sugar in it." She takes the mug from him and the hot sweet tea filled her mouth, warming and reviving her. He stepped up and sat next to her on the step and she moved over to make room for him, her nakedness ignored, almost forgotten. He somehow made her feel comfortable and safe.  
  
"Alan?" he asked, indicating with a vague look her present predicament. She nodded and suddenly, out of nowhere she began to cry; large tears that rolled down her face and fell onto her bare arms that clutched her blouse to her chest.  
  
As her sobs deepened and began to shake her body Mr Davies put his arm protectively around her shoulders and pulled her close to him. Leaning her head on his shoulder she cried into his neck, hopelessly and lost. He held her until the crying slowly subsided.  
  
Eventually pushing herself upright she wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. She smiled crookedly at him. "Don't know why I'm crying really." She sniffed.  
  
"Don't need an excuse. A good cry does you good sometimes" he said and Jackie smiled through wet eyes.  
  
"Come on lass," he said, gently taking her elbow and urging her to her feet. As she stands she suddenly remembers that she is naked and held her blouse meekly to her chest, hiding nothing. A modern day Birth of Venus. Mr Davies looked her up and down and shook his head ruefully, "I don't know how he does it. You really are beautiful." Jackie blushed and held her hand over her groin.  
  
"Come on," he said again and gently pushed her up the stairs; "better get you dressed before someone comes. You could take some explaining."  
  
Jackie allowed him to manoeuvre her down the corridor and into the main bedroom. He sat her on the bed and left the room. Sitting there on the edge of the bed, in a strange bedroom still clutching her blouse to her chest, the emotion overtook her again and she began to shiver and cry.  
  
The door opened and Mr Davies came back into the room with the rest of her clothes. He hesitated for a moment and then closed the door quietly behind him.  
  
Sitting beside her on the bed he reached around and pulled the quilt around her shoulders. As she continued to cry he put his arm around her shoulders again and held her to him, rocking her gently back and forth in the age old way one would comfort a baby. He stroked her back comfortingly. She was unaware when his stroking became more intimate and his hand moved inside the quilt; but he was warm and his voice was comforting and protective. When his hand eventually found her breast she found it soothing and somehow quite natural. When his thumb began to slowly stroke her nipple erect it somehow seemed quite normal and she did not object when he slowly and gently lowered her back onto the bed.  
  
His hand found its way between her legs and when his fingers moved between her lips she opened her legs without complaint. His calloused hands were soft and gentle and she gasped as his fingers made their way inside her.  
  
She was pliant and easy and her hips rose to meet his easy rhythm. When his head bent to her breast she cried out and pulled him closer. His fingers moved lightly between her lips, searching for and finding her sensitive clitoris. She groaned and tried to grasp his hand between her thighs but his fingers were insistent and continued to stroke gently.  
  
His lips coaxed her nipple to perfect hardness and she pushed her breast up and into his mouth. With a strangled cry she came, shuddering and pulling him harder to her.  
  
Slowly she fell back into the bed as her climax subsided. She looked at him in shocked surprise. He smiled back gently and bent his head to her breast again, gently sucking and nuzzling her sensitised nipple.  
  
She quietly held his head to her breast as his tongue sent shivers through her body. His lips left a wet trail between her nipples as his mouth moved slowly from breast to breast. She rose meet him, she could feel the liquid warmth of his mouth spreading from her nipples down to her groin again.

His fingers trailed through between her lips as he slowly began to stroke her again. She shivered and opened her legs wider to give him access. His head moved slowly lower, leaving a trail of kissed down across chest and onto her stomach.  
  
He lingered at her navel, dipping his tongue teasingly and seductively inside before moving lower still. She held his head as he moved gently between her legs, his hands holding her thighs apart as he kissed and nibbled the soft sensitive skin of her inner thighs.  
  
Her head fell back as his tongue finally found its way between the outer lips of her sex, parting them and slowly stroking upwards. Tasting and lapping at her juices. She cried out and tried to close her legs when he finally found and circled her clitoris with his tongue but he easily held her open. He enclosed her gently and suckled her clitoris into between his lips creating wonderful sensations  
  
Slowly he slid down he body and his tongue replaced his fingers. She cried out as he made her come again. She did not know when he shed his clothes but suddenly she could feel his penis between her legs pressing gently against the entrance to her sex. She was already lubricated from his fingers and his tongue and she easily opened to him when he pressed forward.  
  
She held him to her as he moved gently and slowly inside her. He never spoke, just continued to move until she came and then he pulled out and came on her stomach.  
  
She could feel his semen slowly running off her and soaking into the bed beneath her. He got up and sat on the side of the bed with his back to her, he ran his hand through his thinning salt and pepper hair. She saw the black scars of a miner on his back and shoulders as he sat there.  
  
Slowly he got up and started to pull on his clothes. Jackie watched him in silence. As he tucked his shirt roughly into his trousers he turned to Jackie and smiled crookedly at her.  
  
"Strange how these things happen isn't it?" he said at last. Jackie nodded. He took the corner of the sheet and wiped at the now cold sperm that was smeared across her stomach and matted into her pubic hair; his hand lingered on her skin.  
  
Slowly his hand slipped down between her legs again and he ran his finger inside her. She lay and watched his eyes. "Best time of my life," he said simply. "You are beautiful," he said and she smiled at his gentleness.  
  
"Alan's an idiot, throwing you out". He stood and picked up the now cold mug of tea. "Get yourself dressed and I'll make a fresh cup". Jackie nodded and he was gone, closing the door behind him.  
  
When he returned she was dressed except for a shoe. He held it out to her, "Found it on the landing, thought you might need it." She took the tea and put the shoe on. "We can never tell anyone about this" he said eventually.  
  
"I know," she said without looking up.  
  
"Not that I didn't .... Well, you know," he ended lamely, embarrassed. She nodded and drank the tea.  
  
When they left the bedroom they walked straight into Alan and Sally in the corridor outside his bedroom, they stood in silence and looked at each other. Alan looked at Jackie and then at his father and suddenly burst out laughing. Sally looked confused  
  
"What's funny? What's going on?" She asked. Alan just shook his head and walked past them down the stairs, pushing a confused Sally before him.  
  
Mr Davies stood awkwardly in the kitchen as Jackie made to leave. "Look love," he began quietly, "this really must stay between us, I mean, Mrs Davies and your Mum and Dad......" He tailed off lamely and looked at her with the desperation of man who knows he has chanced his arm and was staring disaster in the face.  
  
Jackie smiled at his quiet desperation."It's OK Mr Davies, I won't say anything."  
  
Mr Davies looked relieved and he smiled for the first time since they had left the bedroom. "Are you OK?" He asked her tenderly, "I mean ...." He tailed off again.  
  
This time she laughed gently at his confusion "Are you asking if I am OK with what we just did?" Mr Davies nodded. "Yes" she said, "I'm OK with it. In fact I enjoyed it."  
  
Mr Davies beamed "Really? You really enjoyed it?"  
  
Jackie leaned forward and kissed him on his cheek "I really did enjoy it, you are very kind and considerate in bed. The gentlest man I've ever known."  
  
Mr Davies blushed slightly and looked down at his calloused hands. "Not really made for someone as fine as you"  
  
Jackie smiled at his awkward compliment. "Thank you." She said and turned to leave.  
  
"He's an arsehole you know." Mr Davies offered quietly and Jackie paused to look at him. "That son of mine," he said as qualification. "He's an absolute prat. You're worth a million Sally's".  
  
Jackie smiled and touched his hand. "Thanks. That means a lot, but it's unnecessary, I know he's a prat." She said, the tears suddenly threatening to flow again.  
  
She turned away and left him there, standing alone in his kitchen. Halfway down the garden she turned and looked back. Mr Davies was still standing in his kitchen.  
  
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The fire was well established by time it was discovered; smoke and flame curling out from under the roof. Then, with an almost petulant gasp the windows blew out and the whole shed was suddenly engulfed in flame. The shed then quickly caved inward as the walls and the roof succumbed to the power of the conflagration sending a storm of sparks whiling high into the dark night air.  
  
Onlookers said that the fire seemed to pause for a moment and take a deep breath before the petrol tank of the bike exploded and the shed was finally scattered to all the points of the compass. By the time the fire brigade arrived the shed was little more than a softly glowing memory.  
  
The hedge between the two houses however was well alight, as was the garden gate and the washing line post, the line having burnt away earlier, all of which drew the slightly jaded professional attention of the brigade hoses  
  
As the flames were finally brought under control Alan could be seen, poking in the pile of ash and twisted metal at the bottom of the garden, as if not believing that all was irrevocably lost.  
  
Sandra and Jackie watched him from their bedroom window and from the distance, as he picked away at the smouldering remains, smoke wreathing around him, they could swear that his eyes glowed red like the coals he was stirring. A slightly subdued Satan stirring through the ashes of his empire.  
  
The girls shivered involuntarily and their hands found each other and their fingers entwined for comfort. Suddenly, as if sensing their presence Alan glanced up at the window and standing slowly, his eyes seemed to narrow and blaze more fiercely.  
  
He pulled a cigarette from the packet in his pocket and, as if the tips of his fingers had sparked fire, flame leapt from the match in his hand. The sudden glow lit his ash streaked face and in the darkness his eyes seemed to fix on Jackie.  
  
"He can't see us," Sue said resisting the urge to step away from the window.  
  
"No," said Jackie in a small voice, "but he knows we're here."  
  
For a moment Alan studied the darkened window where the two girls stood watching and then, the glow from his eyes fading, he turned and again began poking through the embers of the shed.  
  
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The next day Alan saw Jackie in her back garden looking at the remains of her mother's flower bed. The heat and the water from the fire brigade had alternatively singed and then blasted them into a poor parody of what had already been a poor parody of a flower bed.  
  
As usual Jackie felt him looking at her before she saw him, and she straightened up as he stood in the doorway to the kitchen. He nodded over his shoulder into the house, his usual romantic invitation to sex.  
  
Jackie never moved although she instantly felt the familiar urge between her legs. She shook her head and hoped that he could not see the desire in her eyes. Alan stood for a moment with a puzzled look on his face. He watched her stand her ground for a second more and then he turned and went inside.  
  
Jackie never made love to Alan again. Alan left the area shortly afterwards; he'd found a new job on the oilfields up in Scotland and so one day he just took off.  
  
Jackie sometimes wondered if he'd known it was her that had started the fire. Sandra had stood and kept watch as Jackie had opened the shed with the spare key she had stolen. The one Alan kept on the shelf in the shed. She had pocketed it some time ago and Alan had never missed it.  
  
She had poured oil and paraffin into the drawer where the knickers were kept before dropping the match in. The two girls had sprinted through the woods and casually walked back down the street to the front of their house just as the glow was spreading over the back garden. They had made their way to their bedroom and changed quietly into their nightwear before moving to the window to watch.  
  
They had slept well that night, wrapped in each other's arms, the smell of smoke and freedom clinging softly to their skin. As she had drifted along the edge of sleep Jackie's hand had found its way under Sue's pyjama top; blindly searching for and finding her sisters breast, pulling her closer, moulding her herself to her sleeping form. Their breathing rose and fell in unison as sleep claimed them. A pair of slumbering Babe's, innocence reclaimed, fresh from the fire, fresh from the Woods.