**Summer**

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**Summer Ch. 09**

Sue hastily brushed herself down and straightened her hair. Leaning back against the wall she closed her eyes for a moment and shivered; she could still feel Andy's hands between her legs and she needed to pull herself together before going back into the party.  
  
"You look as though you've had too much to drink," Andy said suddenly, standing close beside her, startling her.  
  
"Bloody hell you made me jump!" She said, pushing herself away from the wall, her hand at her chest in fright.  
  
"Thinking of us were you?" John said looking over his shoulder and smiling.  
  
"No, yes, err, maybe" she answered totally confused, her heart still pounding. "I don't know. Look, just bugger off will you?"  
  
Looking over his shoulder at John who had appeared behind him Andy laughed, "She missed us," he said; and then his face changed, breaking in to an even broader smile, "Well, look who's here," he said, stepping past her to hold out his hand. Sue turned to find herself face to face with her parents.  
  
"Hello Andy, John," her Father said, wreathed in smiles. Her Mum nodded her greetings from the background.  
  
"She been causing trouble then?" her father jokingly asked the boys.  
  
"What? No, not at all," Andy said putting his arm around her waist and pulling her close again, "Been really great to see her again; get to know her," he added and Sue blushed, elbowing him in the ribs.  
  
"Been keeping us entertained," John added and patted her bottom from behind, "Grown up a bit hasn't she?" he asked and her parents nodded, smiling,. "almost didn't recognise her."  
  
"With her clothes on," her Dad offered and everyone laughed; 'If only you knew' Sue thought, smiling ruefully. "You just arriving or just leaving?" he asked the boys.  
  
"Just leaving unfortunately," Andy answered, "meeting friends in Town later on."  
  
"And if you're ready to go," Sue's Mum said to Sue, brushing her down as she spoke, " Uncle Terry is waiting to give you a lift. I told him you'd be coming back with him."  
  
"OK," Sue said, almost reluctantly disentangling herself from Andy's arm and the hand that rested warmly on her hip. "I'd better get my bag and hat," she said and went back into the house leaving her parents to quickly catch up with Andy and John. Making her excuses and saying her goodbyes Sue made her way to the back door again.  
  
"Don't wait up for us," her Dad said, "I have a feeling that this could be a late one."  
  
"You think you're going to end up sleeping over here?" Sue asked.  
  
Her Dad shrugged his shoulders and her Mum rolled her eyes. "Got some things here just in case," she said holding up a bulging shopping bag. "Will you girls be OK?" she asked, fussing as always.  
  
"No problem," Sue laughed and slipped past them. "Where did Andy & John go?"  
  
"Left already," her Dad answered, looking inside, checking out the gathering. "You'd better get a move on. Don't keep Terry waiting. He's in a hurry." Sue kissed her parents goodbye and ran up the path to the front gate, half hoping to see Andy and John but they had disappeared.  
  
The street was quite full of cars, most of them she guessed belonged to the guests back in the house, this area was certainly not affluent enough for this many cars normally. She spotted Uncle Terry standing by his car smoking a cigarette, he raised his hand in greeting and Sue walked over. "Hi Uncle Terry, thanks for the lift." She admired the car he was leaning against, a huge, gleaming Ford Consul. "Wow," she said, "new car?"  
  
"Got it last month," Terry said puffing up with pride, "A beauty isn't she?"  
  
Sue nodded, looking the car over, "It's huge," she said bending down to look inside, "could get a football team in here."  
  
"Only a small one," Terry laughed depreciatingly, loving the praise.  
  
He opened the driver's door and Sue looked in. "Oh, hi Frank," She said to a young man sitting on the passenger side of the large bench front seat.  
  
"Hi Sue," came the shy but eager reply. Frank was Terry's son, a year or so younger than Sue, about Jackie's age. A nice enough young man but gawky and spotty, tongue tied around girls, very quiet. He looked awkward, shy, dressed by his mother in old fashioned clothes that never seemed to quite fit, definitely a young man under his mothers thumb.  
  
"You ready?" Terry asked and Sue opened the door and slipped into the huge, rear bench seat.  
  
"Wow," Sue laughed again, "this is bigger than our house!" Frank turned and smiled at her wide-eyed appreciation. "Could get another three or four people in here," she said, sitting in the middle and spreading her arms out, not quite able to touch each door. "This is fantastic!" she said settling back.  
  
"You're looking good Sue," Frank said looking her up and down shyly, blushing as he said it, his eyes lingering momentarily on her breasts. Sue knew he had always had a crush on her but she had always treated it as just that, a young man's crush.  
  
"Why thank you," she said smiling back at him, his face turning a deeper shade of red, his spots shining red on a red background, "looking good yourself."  
  
He dropped his eyes, "Thanks," he mumbled, turning beetroot, swivelling around to face the front, unsuccessfully trying to hide his embarrassment.  
  
Sue suddenly sat bolt upright as both rear doors opened at once and John and Andy slid into the car, one on each side of her. For a moment she was too startled to speak. "Almost missed you Terry old lad," Andy said and leaned forward to pat Terry on the shoulder, "thanks for the lift."  
  
"Happy to oblige," Terry said starting the car.  
  
Andy looked at Sue and gave her his best boyish smile, "Terry offered us a lift into town," he said by way of answer to the unasked question. "Good of him wasn't it? It was your Mum's idea," he continued without waiting for an answer "Very thoughtful." Terry manoeuvred the car away from the kerb and the two boys settled themselves back into their seats for the journey and Sue sat quietly between them, trying not to touch them, trying to make herself as small as possible, totally nonplussed by this sudden turn of events.  
  
Trying not to touch however was impossible. Big as the car was two large men and Sue just about filled the seat; and the boys were expansive, crowding Sue, making themselves comfortable. "Got enough room there our kid?" John asked patting her knee affectionately and leaving his hand there.  
  
"I'm fine thanks," she said, trying to deal with his hand only to find Andy joining in and taking control of her other knee. "Stop it," she whispered, fiercely, "they'll see!" John laughed and began a conversation about football with Terry.  
  
Sue could see Terry's eyes in the rear view mirror, glancing back at them as they chatted away, nothing visible below the high backed bench seat. John leaned forward, one arm over the back of the front seat, the other hand on the inside of her knee, as he kept up the animated conversation. Andy joined in smiling amiably while his hand softly caressed the inside of Sue's other knee, gliding slowly over the soft smooth skin of her inner thigh. Sue couldn't stop them and their hands roved at will over her legs. After a while she gave up, forcing herself to sit back in the seat while the two men gently held her legs open and stroked her knees and thighs.  
  
After a while she realised that she was safe enough with Terry and Frank in the car and she sat back and closed her eyes. The warm leather of the seat and the feeling of the hands gently stroking her legs proved extremely relaxing and sensuous and Sue could feel herself letting go, giving into the warm, gentle eroticism of the moment. She could feel herself becoming aroused, growing moist; she thought about trying to stop them but they seemed to be content with just stroking, quietly exploring her legs and thighs.  
  
Slowly, surreptitiously, without letting anyone see, their hands crept gently up and under her dress. The hands were comforting, sexy and she slid slowly down in her seat. In the darkness beneath her dress their hands moved across the flat expanse of her tummy, slowly down over her knickers, stroking softly between her legs and over her sex. She held her breath as the fingers, trailed down between her legs and across her sex, drawing delicious, sensuous patterns on her skin. She moved contentedly as the fingers lingered for a moment, finding the outline of her lips beneath the soft cotton fabric of her knickers. She closed her eyes and let them touch, she was allowing them the liberty of her body and they were being discrete, touching her softly, below the vision of Terry and Frank, out of sight. This time she was granting them the license which they had taken by force earlier, gifting it on her own terms; and she knew they were enjoying the present she was making them, touching her softly, turning her on, treating her gently. She was safe, the boys could only touch, her Uncle and Frank were her chaperones.  
  
Half hypnotised by the fingers on her skin Sue slipped still lower in her seat, her dress riding higher as the hands on either side moved over her. Through half closed eyes she could now clearly see Andy's hand between her legs as he softly traced the shape of her sex, one finger gently indenting the material until the shape of her lips and the line between them could be clearly seen. Sue shivered and moved her hips softly against his fingers. Her eyes finally closed as Andy continued the easy movement of his fingers. She was getting dangerously turned on and she knew she should stop it before they made her cum but the fingers were so gentle, so comforting.  
  
John's hand moved casually up and onto her stomach, pushing her dress higher. His fingers moved lower to trace the line of her knickers, moving from side to side, looking for an opportunity, before dipping under the waistband and sliding down to rest lightly in her pubic hair. She raised a hesitant hand to stop him but in one easy movement his hand had slipped down between her open legs to find and cupped her sex. For half a second she let it remain, craving the fingers that were already searching between her open lips; but with a sudden recognition of her surroundings she managed to control her desire, pulling herself upright, forcing them both to quickly withdraw their hands. Terry looked at her in his rear view as she suddenly pulled herself ruefully upright, shedding the hands and closing her legs. "Ah, the Sleeping Beauty awakes! I thought you had nodded off in the back there."  
  
"No, no," she said, smoothing her dress down and trying to compose herself. "Just closed my eyes for a bit, that's all." She looked around, trying to avoid the disappointment in the faces of Andy and John while at the same time trying to ignore the tingling between her legs and her erect nipples. "Where are we?" she asked, peering out of the window  
  
"Not far now," Terry said, slowing down and turning off the main road, "Hope you folks don't mind but I have a little business to do just down here; won't take more than a couple of minutes." Sue looked at Andy and John but they both shrugged their shoulders and shook their heads. Terry turned in front of a boulevard of shops before swinging around behind them into a small car park. He pulled up against a blank brick wall that was the back of one of the shops and turned off the engine, opening the door and leaping out before anyone could argue. "Won't be more than a couple of minutes," he called, quickly shutting the door and disappearing around the corner.  
  
They sat there is silence for a few seconds, all seemingly equally surprised at this sudden turn of events until Frank swung around in his seat, leaning over to face them. 'Actually he'll be ages," he said. "He's gone to the bookies. Saturday afternoon races, it's always the same."  
  
"Really?" Andy asks and looks at John who smiled and shrugged. "Always the same?"  
  
"Yep," Frank nodded, "I get used to it. He brings me along so he won't have to tell my Mum where he is."  
  
"Tell you what," John said, reaching into his pocket, "want to earn some money?"  
  
"How much?" Frank asked looking suddenly wary,  
  
"Ten bob," he said, pulling out a note and holding it up.  
  
"What do I have to do," Frank responded suddenly interested,  
  
"Just keep an eye out."  
  
"What for?" He asked looking around.  
  
"For anyone coming."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Well, Andy and I are going to have some fun with young Sue here, play some games if you know what I mean," he said trying to talk man to man with the barely formed boy, "and I would like you to keep an eye out in case anyone wanders past."  
  
Sue spun around and looked at John "What? Are you joking?" John ignored her and carried on his conversation with Frank. Sue looked around in panic.  
  
'No problem." Frank said smiling, "Can I watch?'  
  
"No you bloody can't, especially because nothing's going to happen!" she said and tried to make a grab for the door. The John easily restrained her and pulled her back down into the seat between them. Frank smiled and leaned forward eagerly to watch. The boys turned to Sue and easily pulled her further down until she was almost lying on the seat between them. They each took one of her hands, trapping her arms under their bodies, pinning her down. Sue struggled ineffectually and tried to plead with them, "Look, you can't do this! This is a bloody public car park in the middle of town! Its Saturday afternoon for God's sake! You just can't be serious, someone will come!" There was a moment's silence and then Frank's voice floated over from the front.  
  
"She talks a lot does she?" The boys looked at each other and suddenly burst out laughing. Frank smiled and looked from one to the other, pleased that they thought what he said funny although he didn't really see the joke. "You just keep your bloody eyes peeled if you want to earn the money," John said over his shoulder. Frank nodded gravely and shut up but Sue saw that he did not look away, his eyes slowly roved over her body in hopeful anticipation of the next stage of her humiliation. She could expect no help from him.  
  
The next move was not long in coming. With her arms still firmly pinned the boys wasted no time and Andy reached for the hem of her dress. With a couple of quick tugs he pulled the dress up her body to her chin. Franks eyes bulged, Sue struggled and tried to cross her legs in an attempt to lessen her exposure but there was not enough room. "Please," she pleaded with the boys, "this is far too public, please let me go," But the boys ignored her and her nylon slip quickly followed her dress up to below her chin, leaving her laid nearly naked, in only her bra and pants.  
  
John looked her over, "God but you are lovely," he said appreciatively admiring again her small pert breasts and her flat taught stomach. He ran his hand over her, gently squeezing her breasts, his hand following the smooth plan of her stomach, down across her mound, his fingers feeling the warmth of her sex through her knickers.  
  
Her struggling had caused her knickers to slide down slightly and the waistband gapped invitingly as it stretched between her hips. Her struggles had also caused her knickers to pull tighter across her sex, plainly, enticingly, outlining the shape of her mound and her lips. Her long shapely legs were forced apart by the cramped conditions. John smiled and taking the waistband of her knickers he pulled it away from her stomach, peering down into the shadowy realms inside. Looking down her body she saw Frank leaning over the back of his seat, straining forward to get a look at her. "Please!" Sue said again, almost in tears, "this is enough."  
  
John smiled ruefully and let go of her waistband, much to Frank's chagrin. "Sorry our kid," he said, "but as we've told you we never pass up on an opportunity; and this is an opportunity and you are far too good to pass up on." As he spoke Andy reached underneath her and unclipped her bra, pulling it from the front, up and away from her breasts. Franks eyes almost popped out of his head. Sue's breasts heaved, shining in the bright sunlight, her nipples pink and already surprisingly hard. John took one between his fingers and rolled it experimentally before letting it spring back to shape. "I'll bet you've never seen anything to equal these have you eh?" John asked Frank, the three of them admiring her breasts as though they were looking at a sculpture in an art gallery. Frank shook his head, not only had he never seen its equal, he had never actually seen a real naked breast before. His eyes widened and his mouth fell open, 'Jesus' he breathed quietly.  
  
"Come on Lads," Sue tried again, vainly trying struggle free, causing her breasts moving enticingly, swaying on her chest, "this isn't bloody funny! Especially not with him watching! At least give me some privacy. This is too public! Someone will see."  
  
"Yep," John agreed, sounding vaguely conciliatory for a moment, "you're probably right; in fact Young Frank here's probably already seen more than he ever has before!" John and Andy laughed as Frank turned bright red, his eyes fixed on Sue's bare chest. Sue looked hopelessly into Frank's eager face as he excitedly watched John take hold of her breast, moulding it under his palm, pulling her nipple with his fingers. She saw him lick his lips, his hand working below the level of the seat and she realised with a sudden revulsion that he was playing with himself.  
  
She closed her eyes, trying to block it all out, trying to pretend that this isn't happening to her, again. With a surge of panic she felt John hook a finger into the side of the waistband of her knickers and with slow deliberation she felt him pull down. She could feel the material slide down across her abdomen, pulled from the side, until she knew that the first of her pale blond pubic hairs must be on view. John held the material there, pulled down at the side. His fingers caressed the skin on her hip before slowly, agonisingly, trailing down to the flat, smooth, skin of her tummy. His finger slowly drifted along the edge of her pubic hair, raising goose bumps on her skin.  
  
"Beautiful," Andy said as he followed suit; slowly pulling her knickers down at his side, exposing her even more. Soon they had exposed her pubic mound completely. Hooking his finger into the front he pulled it down, until the pink lips of her sex could be clearly seen. Sue squirmed as the boys stared, eyen with her eyes closed she could feel their eyes boring between her legs, could almost hear Frank pulling at himself, loving the adventure, loving her exposure, staring at her sex; and shame and embarrassment swept through her.  
  
Unconcerned with her feelings John ruffled her pubic hair with his fingertips and lightly ran his finger down across her sex. Sue could feel the rush of blood at his touch, the sudden moisture and the swelling of her lips and her face flushed hot. John touched her again and her lips opened, folding back wetly, "Best I've ever seen I think," he said and Andy grunted his agreement.  
  
Roughly reaching underneath her John crudely pulled the back of her knickers down and out from under her bottom. "Please!" Sue pleaded quietly, but the boys completely ignored her and in a series of movements John pulled her knickers down to her knees. With Andy holding her down John finally pushed them down to her ankles. He lifted one of her legs slightly and pulled them over one foot; leaving them draped around her other ankle, a useless piece of material, discarded. John and Andy sat back and surveyed the naked girl, for the second time that day they had succeeded in stripping her, an unexpected bonus, a prize worthy of having.  
  
Sue lay as if turned to stone, mortified, shamed. She knew the boys had won again and she knew what was about to happen to her again; and she knew there was nothing she could do to stop them. The constriction in her chest was Frank, she knew he was leaning over the back seat staring down at her sex, loving what was happening to her, revelling in her humiliation, pulling himself off at the sight of her open sex; and to make matter worse she was excited, she could feel the moisture lubricating the lips of her sex, her lips already opening and waiting for their fingers, and she was ashamed that her body was betraying her again.

Her need for sex, to be touched and made to cum, was real and pressing, almost no matter what the situation, no matter who was watching. With an increasing sense of shame she knew that when they opened her up and put their fingers inside her she would forget everything, she would open her legs as wide as she could get them and to hell with Frank, he could see what he wanted.  
  
Taking hold of her knee John lifted it over his own and Andy followed suit with her other knee, spreading her legs wide and keeping them open. "Fuck me," Frank whispered as he stared into her wide open sex.  
  
Sue felt she could die of shame, she could feel her already moist lips opening as they put their hands on her thighs, pulling slightly, opening her legs wider still, "Fucking lovely'" Andy said reverently, watching Sue's moist sex opening like a flower before their eyes. Reaching forward he also brushed his fingers through her pubic hair, fluffing it up so it caught the light. Sue shivered at the touch of his fingers, ashamed at how sensitive she already was. Andy traced the outline of her pubic hair, across the top, down the side in the valley at the junction of her thighs, his finger eventually running down the valley, flowing downwards, brushing the side of her sex. She tried to keep from moving, from showing any sign as his finger moved up the outside of her sex, lightly brushing against her lips.  
  
"You seem to like being watched,'" Andy said, his finger reaching the top of her sex. "You are very wet," he said and held his finger up before her eyes, "look," he said and she opened her eyes. Her moisture could be clearly seen, coating the pad of his finger. She could not take her eyes away, she knew he was right, she loved it and her embarrassment was only matched by her anticipation of their fingers inside her. Andy smiled and his hand disappeared from sight, moving back to her sex, gently inserting itself between her open lips, moving from top to bottom, softly opening her up. She watched the concentration in his face, his fingers lightly feeling between her lips. Shuddering at his touch she knew where his fingers were going, what he was looking for. "Ah!" he said quietly as his fingers finally parted her lips near the top of her sex, "here we are," he said and his finger grazed the very tip of her clitoris. Sue groaned and her hips jumped at his touch.  
  
"What the fuck?" Frank blurted out, startled by Sue's involuntary movement.  
  
Andy laughed and looked at John who smiled back, confident, knowing that Sue would not resist any more, that her protests were over, she was open and ready for them, willing and responsive, theirs until they had finished with her, "You always were a fanny man weren't you?" John said causally to Andy, as though Sue was some kind of experiment spread out before them just for their pleasure, to be discussed and compared.  
  
Taking hold of her breast he softly moulded it under his palm, "I'm a breast man myself," he said, "as you know. Good job I suppose really otherwise there might have been problems on occasions such as this when we have to share don't you think?" Andy nodded, not really listening, he was busy. He spread her lips apart with his fingers, opening her inside to their gaze. He watched her face intently as he did it and despite herself, despite her desperate embarrassment she could feel herself responding to their casual, almost callous, treatment of her body; Sue could feel her juices beginning to flow.  
  
"Always a fanny man, always will be," Andy responded casually. Softly folding her lips back to reveal the deeper pink within. She groaned involuntarily as he smoothed his fingers from the bottom of her sex to the top, picking up her juices and spreading them over her lips before running his finger further down between her wide open legs and on to the small puckered bud of her anus. Sue's eyes opened wide at the sudden intense sensitivity this unexpected touch created. Andy looked at her quizzically and then smiled. His finger returned to trace a line around the small virginal opening again and Sue stirred as if to try to move away from his curious digit. Andy looked up into her face, she blinked and swallowed and he smiled. His finger traced a line up between her legs and dipped briefly into her sex. She closed her eyes and groaned slightly, trying to absorb his finger inside her. But he only lingered for a moment, gathering her juices again before suddenly reappearing at the small, tightly closed, entrance to her anus.  
  
Her eyes opened wide as his finger slowly began to work its way around this new opening, lubricating, increasing in pressure, burrowing softly like a small animal. She looked into his face as his finger stretched her slowly wider, moving deeper with each slow turn. "Not just fanny," Andy said, looking into her eyes and smiling, "I'm interested in all a woman's opportunities," he said, his finger finally sliding into her up to his first joint. Impaled, Sue tried to open her legs even wider, the sensation unbelievably strange, forbidden, unexpected, but at the same time incredibly erotic. He held his finger there, feeling her muscles tight around it; gripping it hard as if not sure if she wanted it to go deeper or to withdraw. Slowly he slid his finger in up to his second joint and Sue groaned and closed her eyes, realising that she could nothing to stop him, slowly giving herself up to the feeling. She didn't even realise when he released her hand and leaned forward, opening the lips of her sex with his fingers while keeping his other hand, finger deep, inside her anus. He found her clitoris and spreading her lips wide he watched as it stood proud, fiercely erect, between his fingers.  
  
She groaned as Andy open her sex again, she could feel her clitoris standing clear, engorged and moist, She knew he was exposing her even further, if that were possible, to Franks goggle eyed stare. They were laying her bare, piece by piece, act by act. His fingers pressed lightly down on either side and she could swear that she could feel the little hood of skin that protected her clitoris roll back, leaving her naked and erect. The finger of his other hand twitched softly, buried deep inside her anus; a totally new, uncomfortable, strangely exciting feeling. No one had ever done this to her before, touched her like this, touched her there.  
  
Her legs strained apart as his buried finger moved deep inside her, she could not decide if she wanted it there or wanted it out of her, the sensations too confusing. Her hips rose up off the seat as the fingers at her sex touched her clitoris, A quick gentle touch that exploded inside her sex. She cried out and tried to move away but she was held down, held open, powerless to stop them. Her legs trembled as her muscles clenched around his invading finger, trying to force it out. She heard him laugh, "Nice and tight," he said and he moved his finger experimentally, "no doubt about her virginity, not at this end anyway."  
  
She felt him change his position with his other hand, still holding her clitoris exposed and vulnerable and she knew he would stroke her again soon, touch her clitoris until she came and she began to whimper in anticipation and fear; fear that they would make her come, make her forget who she was; and she was afraid that if they made her come enough they would eventually strip away the last layer of her defences, just as they had stripped away her clothes, leaving her absolutely and totally naked, her basic needs and desires laid open, like the lips of her sex, for all to see, She was laid there with her legs held wide open, her sex wide open, naked and vulnerable, she knew that she could not resist the pressure of their fingers, eventually she would crack.  
  
Andy knew it too; his fingers moved knowingly over her sex, pressing lightly on either side of her clitoris, making sure that it stood proud and exposed and ready for his touch. Unbidden her hips rose up to meet it, her legs straining wide, pushed wider by the finger buried deep in her rear. He now moved his finger inside her, pulling slightly out and then pushing back in again, her muscles gripping it tightly, the sensation in her anus weird and exciting. At the same time his thumb brushed lightly across the sensitive tip of her small hard clitoris.  
  
She jumped and cried out, her free hand pushing at the centre of his back, whether to urge his fingers deeper or not she had no idea. His fingers moved deeper, opening her up, searching for the sensitive, secret, areas inside her. His thumb found her clitoris again and she yelled out, all senses confused and heightened by the sudden and devastating whirl of sensation. Her hips began to dance under his fingers, her fingers vainly tried to wrap themselves in the material of his shirt, her nails digging into his back.  
  
She began to rise rapidly towards her climax. John held her down, his hand on her breast as she rode higher towards her inevitable peak. Her head began to thrash and she cried out. The boys still held her legs open although every muscle strained in her to get them even wider, to keep his fingers inside her; and then she climaxed, a deep throated roar that began in toes and crashed up through her body. She bucked and scratched as each wave took her higher. Andy rode her like a cowboy, his fingers deep inside her, his thumb heavily stroking across her clitoris; and then he pushed his finger deep into her anus, a slow steady thrust that took him all the way to his knuckle. Sue yelled and tried to close her legs but they were held open, hooked over the boys knees and held in place. She screamed, all sense of place and time forgot. She physically rose to her climax, her hips high off the seat and her body twisting to the sensations between her legs.  
  
She shuddered as the first wave passed her by, burning out time and place; but the fingers did not pause and soon she was lifting again. As she crashed over into her second orgasm Andy slowly withdrew his finger from her arse before pushing it home again, lubricated by the juices flowing down between her legs. She screamed again, his fingers still deep inside her vagina. He repeated the manoeuvre, again and again, each thrust bringing a fresh wave to her climax; until at last she calmed, her orgasms slowing, lessening in intensity and she lay, spread-eagled and spent, his fingers barely moving, still deep inside her.  
  
Andy looked up, Frank was staring open mouthed, his face ashen, a slight sweat on his brow, he looked panicked, "Fuck" he whispered, awestruck.  
  
"Are you Ok?" Andy asked and Frank nodded, not trusting himself to speak. Andy withdrew his fingers from inside Sue and wiped them on her thighs. "That was a wild one wasn't it?" he said to no-one in particular. Sue lay as if dead, almost totally naked, her long shapely legs wide open, her body on display, past caring if anyone could see her now.  
  
Andy looked at John who was shaking his head slowly, a rye, bemused smile on his face. He had let go of her breast and was now just stroking her lightly, running his hand over her skin, feeling her perspiration and the smoothness of her. "I have to admit she's a really beauty," he said as though discussing an animal rather than a young woman, watching his hand smooth over her, "never seen one go like that. Went off like a rocket," he paused for moment and then nodded his assent. "You know, I'd be happy to marry this one," he said with feeling.  
  
Andy nodded, "I know what you mean; smart, spirited, beautiful and wild sex. Shame her Dad doesn't own a pub." John laughed and shook his head again.  
  
Frank had leaned further and further forward until he was now hanging over the back of his seat, his head almost directly above Sue's wide open legs. "Never touched a woman, have you?" John asked and Frank blinked uncertainly and shook his head. "Well, go on then," Frank urged kindly, "she's not going to bite you."  
  
Sue stirred, "No," she protested weakly, looking at Frank. Frank looked back at her, his eyes twitching nervously in the light of her stare; his hand moved forward hovering uncertainly in midair. "Frank, I said no!" Sue snapped at him trying to close her legs but the boys just laughed and held her open.  
  
"You'll never get another chance like this," John said to him, placing his hand back on Sue's breast, partly to feel her and partly to show Frank how amenable she could be and to show Frank his mastery of her body. Sue watched as Frank's trembling hand made the fearful journey towards her knee.  
  
"Frank, don't!" Sue said with growing despair and Frank hesitated, his Adam's apple bobbing as he swallowed.  
  
"Only chance you'll get," John reminded him, "be a man."  
  
"Frank!" Sue said louder, trying to sit up but Andy quietly and firmly held her in place. Frank hesitated, his indecision plain. He looked from John to Sue and back before his uneasy glance rested between her open legs again. "Frank!" Sue said sharply but his hand settled on her leg just above her knee and she knew she had lost him. As his fingertips circled for the first time on the soft, smooth skin of a young woman's thigh his whole hand shook. He looked at his fingers and then up at Sue, connecting the two in his head. With his eyes fixed on Sue's he slowly he placed his whole hand, palm down on her thigh. She shivered, she could almost feel the heat of her skin burning up through his clammy, trembling palm. "Now Frank..." she said warily. His fingers jerked as he spread his hand out, the smoothness and the warmth of her skin, the forbidden pleasure of touching her, slowly registering behind his eyes.  
  
He looked at John who smiled and nodded, "Feels good doesn't it?" His eyes went back to Sue and then down to her sex glistening wetly between her legs. He swallowed audibly and his fingers twitched. "It's your only chance," John repeated quietly. Frank briefly glanced at him before returning his gaze to the prize between her open legs.  
  
"Go on boy," Andy encouraged and as if in response Franks hand jerked forward, higher up her thigh. "Go on," Andy repeated and Franks hand continued its hesitant journey up Sue's thigh. Andy and John looked at each other smiled while Sue watched the hand approach in horrified fascination, as though it was some grotesque spider creeping slowly along her thigh.  
  
His hand reached the juncture with her hip and he paused, his fingers feeling the soft crease of skin. He laughed quietly, the sound a child makes when amused. His fingers inched forward and felt, for the first time in his life, the coarse softness of a woman's pubic hair. Sue cried out for him to stop. "Frank! Stop this before it's too late! Do you realise what you are doing?" she cried. Frank looked up and carefully avoiding Sue's gaze he smiled childlike at the boys. His fingers moved across her pubis, his eyes following their progress, pausing to take some hair between his finger and his thumb, feeling the texture. "Frank..." Sue pleaded; but there was no stopping him now and his fingers moved across her pubic mound, revelling in the feel of her.  
  
John watched him as he hesitated slightly, frightened to take the final step. "Go on boy," Andy said again, "She's open and waiting for you. Go on, touch her." Frank looked down between her open legs and the desire to know became too strong for him, over riding his fear of discovery and family disgrace and slowly, hesitantly, his finger slid down between her open legs and onto her waiting sex.  
  
Sue stiffened and closed her eyes as Frank cautiously explored her moist lips. Andy leaned back pinning her free arm underneath him and took a breast in his hand, squeezing it to make her nipple push out. Sue glanced briefly at him but she was straining forward, trying to follow the progress of Franks hand between her legs. "It's cold," Frank said suddenly, holding up his finger, showing them the moisture on it.  
  
"'It's cooled," John answered as though talking to a slightly backward child, "you need to warm her up again like we did. Put your finger inside her; get her going."  
  
"No!" Sue said, trying to free her arms pushing against the restraining hands.  
  
"Go on," John instructed, "open her up. You've seen us do it," he said. Frank hesitantly returned his fingers to the outside of her sex. Sue struggled as he slowly pushed his finger between the lips of her sex, watching with amazement as his finger gradually disappeared inside her.  
  
"Take it easy," Andy quietly instructed Sue kneading the soft shape of her breast with his hand. "Everyone has to have a first time; and he is family, you should be pleased to let him have his first feel," he added as John took control of her other breast, his fingers capturing and rolling her nipple.  
  
Frank leaned forward and taking hold of her lips with both hands he opened her up, leaning forward to inspect inside her like a car mechanic, all he needed was a spanner and a torch. Sue cringed at this workmanlike and insensitive handling. He ran his finger experimentally around the inside of her lips, watching in fascination as her soft and sensitive skin yielded to the pressure of his fingers. Sue gasped tried to move away from the rough touch but she was held firmly in place.  
  
The boys just smiled as her discomfort became apparent. "Easy there Tiger," Andy said, "that's sensitive material you are handling there."  
  
"Pure gold," John added quietly, beginning to regret inviting Frank to the party. Frank stopped and sat back, looking them like a child caught with his hand in sweetie bowl.  
  
"Treat her with respect or you're out of here," Andy said.  
  
"And without you're ten bob," John added. "Now," John said, leaning forward and placing his hand between Sue's legs, expertly opening her up with his fingers on either side of her sex, "Put your finger inside her. Gently!" he admonished as Frank lunged forward, eager to be off again. Sue gave a little moan of despair as she felt Franks finger at the entrance to her sex. She shook her head in denial as she felt him press forward, the walls of her vagina opening to accept the intruding and unwelcome digit.  
  
Frank pushed softly until his finger slid slowly knuckle deep inside her. He looked at his hand in amazement; he could not believe that he was finally inside a woman. He looked at Sue and despite the disbelief and revulsion he saw in her face he needed no further urging to explore further and Sue began to squirm as his finger searched her hidden places, mapping out her sex.  
  
As Frank pressed deeper inside her she was horrified to realise that her previous climax and the steady manipulation of her breasts and nipples had sensitised her to the movement of Frank's fingers in her sex. Perhaps that was what the boys had realised would happen, perhaps that was what they had intended. She could feel the first slight flood of moisture between her legs, lubricating Frank's finger, making his movements easier, more pleasurable for her. She was disgusted with herself to find that her head fell back and a small moan escaped her lips as the first warm sensations of pleasure began to wash up from between her open legs.  
  
"She's enjoying it, you must be doing it right," Andy said with relish and Frank looked up, obviously pleased with himself and the praise he was receiving for them. "Use two fingers inside her, you won't hurt her," he instructed and Sue grunted softly as Frank inserted a second finger. He half withdrew them, marvelling at the warm, slick coating they had acquired. He pushed them back in and Sue stiffened and moaned again, "  
  
You haven't hurt her," Andy said as Frank looked up in surprise, "she likes it. Do it again, only slowly this time." Frank withdrew his fingers again until his fingertips were just resting inside the lips of her sex, before pushing them back, all the way inside her. Sue tired to think of something else than what was happening to her, trying desperately to ignore the sensations that were being generated by the hands at her breasts and the fingers inside her.

"Again," Andy instructed, "keep doing it. Long, slow, steady strokes, now Frank. Nothing too hard or fierce, she's extremely delicate down there, you don't want to hurt her do you?" And Frank did as he was told, his fingers moving slowly and steadily in and out between the soft folds of her sex, his fingers turning gently, exploring inside her with every stroke.  
  
"She's getting wetter," Frank offered, watching the moisture beginning to seep out around his fingers.  
  
"You've got her started Lad," John laughed quietly, "Now you need to bring her to the boil."  
  
"No, Please, don't ..." Sue said, her voice trailing off as Franks fingers sank deep inside her again.  
  
"I don't think you mean that do you?" John asked as Andy leaned down and squeezing her breast he ran his tongue around the tip of her nipple. Sue closed her eyes as he suckled her deep into his mouth.  
  
John leaned forward bringing his head closer to Franks. "Shall we bring her off then Frank? Make her cum?" Frank nodded. "Keep on doing what you're doing then," John told him and waited until Frank had resumed his rhythm between her legs. "Now watch carefully," he instructed and reaching forward he parted the lips of her sex, his other hand still working at her breast. Sue moaned. "I'm going to help you make her come," he said as Frank watched wide eyed.  
  
"Now use three fingers inside her," Sue distantly heard him say and she felt him insert another finger inside her, stretching her lips as she opened to accommodate him. She groaned as the sensations radiated out from her sex, she could feel her lips stretching around Frank's fingers. Her breasts were on fire, growing rivers of flame connecting her nipples to her groin. She was beginning to have difficulty concentrating, her body beginning to dissolve under their combined attentions. "That's her clitoris," she dimly heard John say, his voice coming from a distance as though down a tunnel, "You stroke it like this and it'll make her cum.."  
  
The rest was lost as sensation whited out all conscious thought. She bucked like a wild animal as his fingers found her clitoris. She cried out for help as she now willingly impaled herself on Frank's fingers, trying to force them deeper inside her as she rode them towards her climax, spiralling upwards, burning up, as the flames burned brighter. She arched herself in the final rigor of passion, only her shoulders and feet in touch with the car, she offered her body to her tormentors, offered her sex to Frank's fingers, every sinew strained to the limit.  
  
And then she collapsed.  
  
She slowly surfaced to the feeling of Frank's fingers still moving between her open legs; he was running them slowly up between her lips, spreading her juices out over her, matting her pubic hair, coating her skin. She could feel Andy still holding her breast, gently moving the nipple with his fingers; she was still floating on the high of her climax and she found their attentions comforting, almost solicitous. She opened her eyes to find the three men looking down her at her, "Time to get dressed our Kid," Andy said gently, "Terry'll be back in a minute."  
  
Startled Sue pushed herself upright, dislodging the boys' hands. She hurriedly pulled her dress and slip down and looked around the car park, "Where is he?" she asked pulling the now useless slide from her hair and pushing her fingers through it.  
  
"I think he's gone to the shop on the corner," John answered looking for the returning Uncle, "I think I saw him a minute ago."  
  
"Where's my bag?" She asked frantically searching the seat around and behind her. Andy reached down and picked it up from where it had fallen on to the floor. Sue grabbed it and ripped it open, retrieving small mirror. With a groan of despair she began to sort her face and hair out. The boys began to straighten themselves up, tucking shirts into trousers and pulling collars straight.  
  
"Go check it out Frank," John said tapping his shirt pocket containing the ten bob note, "earn your money."  
  
Andy snorted, "I think he should be paying us after what he's just had." Sue looked up at him angrily and went to speak but then thought better of it and carried on tidying herself up.  
  
"What do you want me to do?" Frank asked, immediately returning to his usual indecisive form.  
  
"Go and see where your Dad is," Andy snapped, "and come and tell us when you see him coming back." Frank nodded and jumped out of the car, hesitated for moment as if unsure of his instructions and then walked quickly away and around the corner out of sight.  
  
John sighed and sat back, "Bloody hell, he's turning into a bit of a mummy's boy isn't he?"  
  
"Not much," Andy answered, "a real limp rag."  
  
"But it's alright to let him loose on me?" Sue asked suddenly angry again.  
  
Andy shrugged, "The boys got to learn sometime, thought it might make a man of him."  
  
Sue balled her fist and hit him hard on the shoulder, "Bastard!" Andy held his arm where she had hit him and rolled in his seat pretending to be hurt, Sue burst out laughing and pushed him away as he tried to roil over onto her. In one movement he ran his hand up her leg and onto her sex, Sue yelped in surprise and fumbled under her dress trying to push his hand away, spilling her handbag again and scattering its contents on the floor. "Stop it'" she hissed as his fingers searched between her lips, looking for the entrance to her sex. "Terry'll be here in a minute!"  
  
"Don't think so," John offered quickly reaching under her dress himself and pulling her hands away, leaving Andy free to work his fingers into her. Sue moaned as his fingers slipped inside her, her resolve immediately failing as he opened her again. "I made it up to get rid of young Frank there." John continued pushing her back a little to give Andy room between her legs, "Terry's probably still inside betting on the ponies." Sue groaned again as Andy worked his fingers deeper inside her, she lay further back and opened her legs, she knew by now that resistance with these two was futile and that they would take her regardless.  
  
John held her hands together in front of her while he folded her dress back to her waist with his free hand. Andy moved her legs further apart and worked his fingers deeper inside her, "I'll never get tired of this view you know," he said watching his hand between her wide open legs, his fingers working their way into her sex.  
  
"I don't think I can cum again," Sue said trying and failing to retain her composure a little,  
  
Andy's fingers rotated slowly inside her causing her to cry out. "Are you sure?" Andy asked laughing as he watched her face as he inserted a third finger. She gasped and pressed back against him.  
  
"Possibly, but we can," John said unbuckling his belt and unzipping his trousers. Sue watched as he quickly pulled up his shirt and pushed his trousers down his thighs. His penis sprang out already fully erect. He rolled towards her until it lay on her lower stomach, just above her pubic mound. He took her unresisting hand and wrapped it around his shaft. "Come on our Kid, it's only fair, how many times have we let you cum? Come on just a quickie off the wrist."  
  
"How many times have you let me cum?" Sue said, adjusting her position as Andy's fingers began to dive her higher, "I don't remember having much say in any of this," she said, he voice trembling as Andy pressed home his advantage, "I've had my legs open since we met." Andy smiled, "And bloody lovely you've looked as well," he said. John's penis felt warm and solid in her hand. She rolled his foreskin back exposing the sensitive head, a small bead of pre-cum shone in the subdued sunlight in the car.  
  
She pulled him forward slightly and lay his penis down flat against her tummy, she gently ran her hand up and down its length. "That feels nice," John said softly. Sue smiled, suddenly and inexplicably feeling very emotional, tears pricking at the back of her eyes,  
  
"It does to me as well," she said, holding him close to her. Sue began to masturbate him, her hand wrapped gently around his shaft, a thumb and finger just under the ridge marking the beginning of the head. John grunted his approval. With his fingers moving inside her, beginning their own slow, steady rhythm Andy watched Sue's hand move up and down John's shaft.  
  
"Me next," he said, unbuckling his belt.  
  
"Bring it here," Sue said almost dreamily, holding out her hand towards Andy. Keeping his fingers inside her Andy pushed his trousers down and moved around so his erect penis was within her reach,  
  
As she wrapped her hand around it Andy smiled, "A dick in each hand," he said, "Is worth a finger in your bush." He laughed at his own joke. "Take over John will you," he said, "I'm in the wrong position for this'" and he withdrew his fingers.  
  
"With pleasure'" John answered and Sue stiffened and groaned as she felt John reverse his hand and insert his thumb deep inside her. Andy now rolled over and leaned closer until both dicks were facing each other, one either side of her stomach She slowly jacked them off in unison as John's thumb began to move inside her.  
  
Andy pulled her dress up higher, out of the way of their dicks, eventually lifting it and her slip higher until it was above her breasts again. "I prefer the view when I can see it all," he said surveying the now near naked girl with obvious pleasure. Sue tried to smile but things were moving too fast, she continued to masturbate the two boys while John returned the compliment with his thumb. She speeded up her rhythm and suddenly John came first, spurting his semen onto her stomach. Sue continued to pump him until he held her hand, stopping her. She continued to hold him, her other hand still moving slowly up and down on Andy's dick.  
  
John sat up a little and began to move his thumb deeper inside her, pushing harder, mimicking the movement of a penis. Then Andy came, his sperm shooting out to join John's on her stomach. Sue let go of both dicks and closed her eyes as John began to take her towards her climax. Andy took her hand and placed in on the sperm that covered her stomach, he rubbed her hand in small circles, smearing the sperm in to her skin and matting it in to her pubic hair.  
  
Sue began to ride his thumb higher, her hips jerking up to meet each thrust, trying to force him deeper. Letting go her hand Andy reached under the fallen hem of her dress and found her breast, pushing her dress back up over her breasts until he could take her nipple into his mouth. As he sucked her nipple into his mouth he took her other nipple between his fingers and rolled it, hard, between his fingers. Sue began to come, her hips again rising up to meet John's thrusts. He buried his thumb deep inside her, his fingers digging into the soft flesh of her bottom, gripping her, as he tried to drive his thumb ever deeper.  
  
And then she came, thrashing around on the back seat of Uncle Terry's car, nearly naked and held down again by two of her favourite cousins. She screamed her way almost silently through her climax, her voice taken by the passion, impaled on John's thumb, in the car park, behind the betting office, near the centre of town. It was in this unlikely venue, as she strained her legs wide apart and the sun beat down on the hot roof of the car, that Sue reached her first understanding of the joys of sex; and of herself.  
  
Not the restrained 'missionary position for the last twenty years' type of sex that she was sure her parents had, the once a month 'pull my nightie down when you have finished' sex; but the sheer joy of pure uncomplicated sex. She thought of the boys, their hands upon her and her hands upon their dicks. They had taken her and stripped her, taken her clothes and opened her legs. They had used her in the most intimate way possible, far beyond what would be usually expected of family in any situation. And she had loved it, and would do it again given half the chance.  
  
What she recognised as she lay there, cuming on John's thumb was that she loved it, loved the pure, simple, uncomplicated act of sex. And she loved being taken. What she had recognised, right from the start of her relatively short sex life, right from where her best friends had taken her in the woods just a short time ago, was her submissive side, her love of being taken, of being forced to sex, of being held open and looked at, of being desired.  
  
Sitting quietly on the way back home, feeling her juices seeping into the soft leather of the seat, her knickers and tights stuffed into her bulging handbag, Sue had to keep on squeezing her legs together as the memories of her climaxes washed softly through her. She rested her chin on her arms on the back of the front seat and stared sightlessly through the windscreen. The boys had gone, dropped off in town, each one fondling her naked bottom as they chastely pecked her 'goodbye' on cheek.  
  
Frank kept on stealing glances at her as Terry rabbited on, making up stories about why he had been so long. Her nipples ached and her sex felt abused, swollen and puffy, she could feel dried sperm on her skin. She sighed and sat back in the seat. She glanced down between her legs and noticed that the leather was darker, wet, where she had been sat. Grabbing her large floppy hat off the back parcel shelf she plopped it down on her lap, covering both the stain and her legs. She pulled her handbag closer, feeling the sudden bulk of her knickers and tights.  
  
As if developing a life of its own her hand drifted under her hat and up beneath short hem of her dress, touching the soft skin of her thighs, slowly stealing higher until it touched the hard, sperm matted hair above her sex. She sat back as her fingers drifted slowly down between her legs. She sighed and her legs opened slightly as her fingers found the soft, puffy lips of her sex. Slowly and gently she opened herself up, catching her breath as her fingers slid like silk between her open lips, searching blindly for her softly sleeping clitoris. As her fingers beneath her dress, beneath her hat, stroked herself erect, she looked out of the side windows and as the sunlit world sped by she caught sight of her reflection; and as her fingers increased the rhythm between her legs she looked back into her own bright blue eyes and she smiled.

**Summer Ch. 10 Gwen -- Some girls need an audience**  
  
When Sue finally arrived home, somewhat creased and dishevelled after her day at the Christening she found Dave, Jackie and I sprawled out on the sofa and chairs in her living room. We were already well settled and also well into the booze we had brought with us. As Sue walked into the room Jackie looked her up and down and burst out laughing. "Not quite as pristine as when you left here but not too bad I guess. You look as if you've had a good time." Sue pulled her hat off her head and throwing it to one side she fell heavily into a vacant armchair.  
  
"Not bad," she said smiling coyly at her sister, "not bad at all."  
  
Jackie moved over and perched herself on the arm of the chair beside her. "Anyone I know?" she asked, raising an inquisitive eyebrow. " Oh hell yes," Sue said laughing, "You most certainly do know them. I'll tell you all about it later," she said and Jackie nodded.  
  
"I'll look forward to it."  
  
Dave took a long drink of his beer and forcing a belch which he obviously thought funny he sourly looked Sue up and down. "No," he said, an aggressive edge to his voice, "come on; tell us now. We're all grown up's. Tell us who you've been shagging this time."  
  
Jackie sighed and shook her head, "Dave, you are such an arsehole," she said but Sue sat back and smiled sweetly at him.  
  
"Fuck off Dave," she answered, "who I shag and when I shag them is none of your business." Dave shrugged and standing, he made his way past Jackie to the booze, "Tart," he muttered as he passed and Jackie quickly booted him up the backside, sending him on his way with an undignified stagger.  
  
"Tell me about it later," Jackie said reaching forward to pat Sue on her knee, "let me get you a drink. Now, what would you like" she asked following Dave and picking a bottle off the table. "Looks like we've got beer, beer and ....oh look," she said picking up yet another bottle, "some more beer." She walked over to the sideboard at the back of the room and opened the fold out cocktail bar in the centre of the sideboard. She peered inside, swinging her bum from side to side as she listed the contents, "Then there's some gin, some whisky, some brandy and a bit of something with a label I can't decipher, probably from some holiday or other, some Martini and .... some other bits and bobs. I can't be bothered to go through them all. If you want one of these you'll have to come over and decide for yourself."  
  
Sue pushed herself up and joined her sister, "That's all Dads booze," she said. "He'll kill you if you drink his stuff."  
  
Jackie pulled the cork out of a bottle and sniffed it, screwing her face up at the smell, "He'll never know," she replied casually re-placing the cork and pushing it home. "When did you ever know him drink anything other than beer? This stuff's been in here for years. Smells like it too," she added trying to decipher the label on the bottle with the foul smelling contents. "Go on, push the boat out," she said returned the bottle to the shelf with a grimace.  
  
Sue turned a couple of bottles around and inspected the labels, "Naw," she said, "I think I'll stick to the beer."  
  
Getting up I went a found a cold bottle from the pantry floor and flipped the cap. The bottle opened with a satisfying hiss and I poured some of the contents into a glass for her. "Thanks," she said with a smile and she flopped down the chair again, the glass in one hand and the half empty bottle in the other. As she looked around for somewhere to put the bottle down Dave leaned over and in one movement he flicked the hem of her short dress up to her waist. With a startled cry Sue tried to push her dress back down, spilling some of her beer on the chair and herself. Jackie leapt forward and pushed Dave away but not before we had all seen the flash of blonde pubic hair which told us that Sue was naked beneath her short skirt. Startled she leapt to her feet, "Fucking idiot!" she yelled at him wiping the spilled beer from the armchair. "What the bleeding hell do you think you are doing?"  
  
"I was just checking." he said settling himself back with a self satisfied grin, "and I was right. No knickers. She's been shagging again."  
  
"God but you are pathetic," Jackie said, looking at him sadly, "like a small bloody kid."  
  
Dave shrugged but Sue hadn't finished and she rounded on him angrily, "And so bloody what? You tosser! What if I have been shagging all afternoon, what's it to you? What I do or who I choose to fuck has bugger all to do with you." The sudden vehemence of the outburst took Dave by surprise and he looked cowed for a moment but then he shrugged petulantly and turned his face away, 'slut', he muttered under his breath in an attempt to save face. He had half risen but I grabbed him and pulled him roughly back into his seat and he allowed himself to be pulled back, like the barking dog who suddenly discovers that the defenceless cat he has picked on suddenly has teeth and very sharp claws. "Don't be an arsehole!" I said and he grinned sheepishly at me and shrugged again but wisely kept his mouth shut.  
  
"Look!" Sue said aggressively, not willing to let it go yet, "you bloody started this; you and your fucking mates, you started it. You two in particular," she said bringing me into the tirade. "You were the ones who first dragged me into the woods and shoved your hands up my skirt; and you did it 'just because you felt like it'. You wanted sex," she shouted at him, her eyes flashing, "you never asked me if I wanted it did you? Not one of you. You just took what you wanted and to hell with the consequences. I had no fucking choice what happened to me so don't you bloody dare to call me names now just because I happened to like what you showed me." Dave looked up and despite her anger Sue burst out laughing at the look on his face. "Yes of course I bloody liked it you dick head! Why the hell did you think I didn't cry 'rape' at the top of my voice?" Dave opened his mouth but thought better of it. "I thought it was fucking fantastic, after that first time I couldn't get enough; and you two should know, you two had enough of me since then didn't you? Or have I been dreaming about all those long walks you took me on? You had my pants off as soon as we were out of sight! I never seemed to have had my clothes on while you two were around."  
  
She looked at Dave again and smiled, smoothing her dress down decorously. "Of course I loved it and I would like to thank you both for showing me what I had been missing. Well now I know what I'm doing and I'm just spreading it around a little, seeing what the world has to offer so to speak." She smiled benignly at Jackie and then glowered at Dave, "So just bloody grow up and leave me alone will you?" Dave dropped his eyes and looked away.  
  
"Bloody pathetic the lot of you," Jackie said contemptuously before looking over at me and adding quickly, "except you of course," to which I shrugged my acceptance.  
  
Taking Dave by the shoulder I turned him around and shoved his beer into his hands, "Just have another drink and shut the hell up will you? What's gotten into you?" Dave just shrugged moodily and took a pull at his beer. Somewhat uneasily we settled back,  
  
"And just for the record," Sue said quietly, "yes, I have had sex this morning and yes, it was bloody fantastic."  
  
Jackie laughed delightedly, "Atta boy girl!" she said and Sue laughed back until she caught my eye and her smile faded slightly. I just shrugged and gave her the best smile I could muster and she looked away as if embarrassed.  
  
We drank steadily through the remainder of the afternoon, the sudden flare-up fading as the afternoon lengthened and an alcohol induced tranquillity slowly infused our small group. As the booze ran down Dave and I went to the shops and bought some more and some mixers for the spirits in the cupboard. "This is getting a bit serious isn't it?" Jackie said, holing up the fresh bottle of tonic we had just bought.  
  
"I thought you girls liked a Gin and Tonic?" I said, "We were just trying to be a bit sociable."  
  
"Oh we do," Sue laughed looking for the bottle of gin, "and you are," she said, "very sociable. Thanks."  
  
As Sue poured herself a drink there was a sudden staccato rapping on the back door and without waiting for an answer the door swung open. In a full fit of giggles, Gwen, an old school friend of Jackie's, staggered into the house. She was followed somewhat sheepishly by Pete Hobson, a school mate of ours. Like Gwen Pete lived on the next street along.  
  
"Hey up Moby!" Dave said, sitting up and looking at him in surprise, "What are you doing here?" Pete smiled sheepishly and nodded at Gwen who was making her way unsteadily to the sofa.  
  
"She wanted to come," he said, "said Jackie had invited her."  
  
"You two together then," Dave asked, "an Item?"  
  
Pete blushed, shrugging his shoulders noncommittally. "Sort of," he answered quietly.  
  
"Why you sly old git!" Dave laughed. "Come on in, sit down and tell us all about it. Want a drink?" Pete nodded before looking around shyly, acknowledging each of us in turn. He sat himself down on the arm of Sue's chair. He was an almost painfully shy character. A nice enough bloke, he played football with us and stood his round at the bar but he did seemed to be under his Mum's thumb a bit and he had a sour and domineering older sister; but he was liked well enough and we were always pleased to see him.  
  
Gwen made her way somewhat unsteadily to sofa and flopped inelegantly down in between Dave and I. "Not staying long," she said somewhat deliberately and slowly, as though words were something new that she was just trying out. She smiled smugly at the end of the sentence, a 'mission accomplished without making a complete fool of myself' kind of smile.  
  
Jackie laughed and stood up to get them a drink. "What have you been drinking?" she asked.  
  
Gwen smiled. "Gin and tonic; all afternoon," she said largely to the audience and smoothed the front of her skirt down over her long nylon clad legs. Jackie caught my eye and smiled. "I'm not stopping long," Gwen said again and then corrected herself, "sorry, we are not stopping long," indicating vaguely towards Peter to include him in the statement and to demonstrate that they were indeed now connected; "because I've got to get my Dad up at six." She looked around to make sure we were all listening before continuing with her alcohol fuelled explanation. The next bit came out in a bit of rush and we all leaned forward to stay with her to the end, "He's been on nights and he's playing darts tonight so he needs someone to get him up." She paused before pointing slowly and dramatically at her own chest, "Me!" she said and giggled.  
  
Jackie looked at Peter who shrugged. "We went to the pub," he said, trying to explain Gwen's obvious difficulties, "we met up with some of the gang and it turned into a bit of a session."  
  
"Shame on me." Gwen said shaking her head and she giggled.  
  
Jackie laughed, "Maybe she needs a coffee more than another drink."  
  
"Gin and tonic please!" Gwen demanded loudly and held her hand up for the drink. Jackie finished pouring and handed the glass to her. She handed a beer to Peter who nodded then all eyes returned to Gwen who had settled back and propped the drink on her tummy. She dipped a finger into the glass and stirred it around before putting the finger into her mouth and sucking on it.  
  
Dave leaned over and said in a stage whisper, "I can think of something better than your finger to suck on if that's what you want to do. I'll even dip it into your drink first."  
  
Gwen looked at him somewhat vacantly for a moment until the penny dropped and she burst out laughing. "Cheeky bugger!" she added pushing him away with her elbow. "I'm a nice girl I am. Nice girls don't do things like that." Dave dipped his finger into her drink and put it in his own mouth, leering at her as he sucked on it suggestively.  
  
"So this was a date then was it?" Jackie said, ignoring Dave and settling herself on the floor at Gwen's feet.  
  
Gwen craned her neck and looked at Jackie over the top of her drink. "What do you mean?"  
  
"All this," Jackie said, tugging at the hem of Gwen's chequered black and white mini-skirt, "and matching short sleeved top!" Jackie fingered one of the line of small white and black chequered buttons that ran all the way down the front. "This is your Sunday best isn't it? Your party outfit. Out on a date with Pete then were you? Looks like you were pulling out all the stops." Pete looked embarrassed and shrugged.  
  
Gwen glanced across at him and smiled. "Might be," she said taking a good sip of her drink.  
  
"Lucky man," Jackie said smoothing the front of Gwen's skirt with her hand.  
  
"I'll say he is," Gwen responded giggling.  
  
"And you've had your hair done!" Jackie added, "Really giving him the works! He must be important," she said looking at Pete again who this time looked down blushing to the tips of his ears. Gwen ran a hand through her thick, red, wavy hair, throwing coy, semi-embarrassed glances at Pete. "It looks really good." Jackie said.  
  
"Do you think so?" Gwen asked, raising a hand to pat her hair, her insecurity showing in the gesture. We all knew that Gwen's mane of flowing red hair was her crowning glory but the girls also knew that at the same time it was the bane of her life. No matter how hard she tried she could never manage to get it into one of the straight pageboy styles that were now becoming all the fashion. No matter what she did she always ended up with the same glorious deep red waves and she hated it.  
  
Gwen took another drink and pulled a face, "Wow," she said, "that's strong!"  
  
"Is it too strong?" Jackie asked and leaned forward to take it from her but Gwen held onto the glass with both hands.  
  
"Oh no," she said. "That wasn't a complaint. This is fine thanks, I'll stick with this one, honest." Jackie laughed and shrugged at Peter who smiled and looked away. He obviously had no objection to Gwen continuing to drink. Like all inexperienced young men he probably figured that his chances of 'getting somewhere' with her later increased proportionately with the amount of alcohol she consumed; and under normal circumstances he would probably have been right.  
  
So Gwen took a long drink and slowly sank down into the sofa while we all sat around talking and drinking as the light started to fade into one of those long, warm, summer evenings. The drinks were replenished frequently we all began to mellow, shoes coming off, shirts unbuttoned a little more, relaxing as the booze and the warmth dulled our senses.  
  
Suddenly, out of the blue, Jackie leaned over and tapped Sue on her knee, "That scar's never gone has it?" she asked.  
  
Sue leaned forward and brushed distractedly at the offending knee, she shrugged and sat back, "Not disfiguring, I'll live."  
  
Perched on the arm of her chair Pete leaned forward to look. "I can't see anything," he offered, ever the gallant.  
  
"He's trying to look up your skirt!" Dave offered dryly and Peter sat back embarrassed. "I was not," he stammered.  
  
"Go on, have a look." Dave offered largely with a wave of his hand, "It's not an exclusive club," he continued before Jackie hit him over his knee with the flat of her hand. Sue laughed, drink softened and lay back in her chair.  
  
Holding the front of her dress down she pulled up the side to expose her naked flank as high as her hips. "Look," she said, "no scars." Peter's eyes popped and he almost fell off his chair. Like most of the men of his year Sue had been the unknowing source of many of his nocturnal masturbations and the sudden flash of fantasy skin was enough to throw him. Still laughing Sue pulled her dress back down and put her tongue out at Dave.  
  
Everyone laughed except Gwen who just sat looking a little confused, the drink slowing her down. "I've got a scar," she said suddenly and all eyes turned towards her.  
  
"Where?" I asked and she turned her face to me.  
  
"My appendix," she ventured eagerly, "I had it out about two years ago."  
  
"I've seen it," Jackie said almost dismissively, "it's nearly gone."  
  
"It's still a scar; and you can still see it." Gwen said smugly. She suddenly liked being the in the limelight and she didn't want to release centre stage quickly.  
  
"Prove it," Jackie said, still on the floor at Gwen's knee.  
  
"What do you mean?" Gwen asked cautiously, sensing the loaded question and suddenly realising that she was somehow moving onto dangerous ground.  
  
"Prove that you can still see it." Dave said taking up the challenge, "Go on. Show us."  
  
"Not likely," Gwen said holding her glass out to Jackie for another drink.  
  
Jackie took it off her and got up, "Same again?" she asked and Gwen nodded. We watched Jackie refill it in anticipatory silence. "Go on," Jackie said handing the drink back and settling herself at Gwen's feet again, sitting between her legs and resting her chin on her hands on Gwen's knee. Gwen looked down into Jackie's placidly smiling face and giggled.  
  
"Go on what?" Gwen asked.  
  
"Go on and show us the scar." Jackie repeated.  
  
"It's an appendix scar," Gwen said by way of explanation, almost whispering, "I can't show you here!"  
  
Dave and I leaned in conspiratorially, one on either side. "Go on," Dave said, his voice quietly cajoling, "show us, we won't tell anyone we've seen it." Gwen turned her face to him and he smiled back at her reassuringly, "Go on, we only want to have a look at your scar. Go on, show us."  
  
Gwen looked around, her eyes wide and slightly unfocussed, everyone was watching her. Peter smiled at her noncommittally. "It's private," she said at last.  
  
"I've seen it," Jackie said quietly.  
  
"And so have I." Sue added.  
  
"There you go then, most of us here have already seen it," Dave whispered quietly. "Go on," Jackie joined in, "don't be a spoilsport. Show the rest us your scar."  
  
Gwen licked her suddenly dry lips and looked at Dave. "I'm not a prude you know," she said, standing on the edge of the precipice, feeling the wind blow.  
  
"I know you're not," he said and he slowly hooked his finger under the bottom of the loose top of her suit and pulled it up an inch or so, exposing a little of her bare midriff. Gwen laughed uncomfortably and pulled the hem back down, holding it there with her free hand.  
  
Jackie looked up at her, her head still resting on her hands on Gwen's knee, "Go on then," she encouraged quietly, "let's see your scar. What harm can there be? We've already said that no one will tell." Irresolute and unsure Gwen looked down at Jackie and then around the rest of us, she was obviously struggling with the whole concept of the scar and its intimate location. We all nodded solemnly, sympathetically, silently endorsing the fact that no one would tell; all trying to keep our faces straight.  
  
She looked at Peter for support and following our lead, not sure where this was leading but happy to see any part of Gwen that Gwen was willing to show him, he nodded his encouragement, "Go on Gwen," he said, "show us, I've never seen it." We all turn to stare at him. "We've only been going out about a fortnight," he said in explanation, turning bright red, "not really seen anything of her yet!"  
  
Gwen still looked unconvinced until, sitting between her legs, Jackie stopped further discussion by reaching forward and gently pushing the bottom of Gwen's skirt higher up her thighs. The sudden silence was deafening. We all leaned forward almost as one, taking in Gwen's long shapely legs, which looked even longer encased in her sheer white tights. Taken by surprise Gwen looked at Jackie and then slowly down at her own long nylon clad legs.  
  
"Nice legs," Dave offered, breaking the silence, "you kept them quiet didn't you?"  
  
"You've never looked." Gwen responded ruefully, staring at her legs stretching out below her bunched up skirt. Dave smiled, he had always known that Gwen had a crush on him but he had never taken it seriously.

"Well I'm looking now." Dave said appreciatively and Gwen smiled, feeling the warmth of the compliment somehow tingle between her legs. Leaning forward Jackie smoothed her hands across the top of Gwen's thighs. Gwen looked unsure as Jackie's hands moved over her. She looked around at the ring of faces watching her, looking at her body and the tingle between her legs grew in intensity, moistening her sex. Jackie felt her squirm and looked at Gwen and smiled.  
  
Jackie smoothed her hands over the front of Gwen's thighs, gentling her like an animal, smoothing away her resistance. "Nice tights," she said, slowly pushing Gwen's skirt higher, out of the way, moving it up her thighs and onto her hips until her plain white knickers came into view, standing out clearly underneath the sheer white material of her tights. Gwen lay quietly, watching her growing exposure; her eyes darted back to Peter for reassurance but Peter's smile was fixed, he was not going to rock the boat, this was already further than he had ever dreamed of getting when he had earlier met her for a drink.  
  
Moving very slowly so as not to spook Gwen and yet easily enough as if this was the most natural thing in the world, Jackie pushed Gwen's skirt up and over her hips, bunching it crudely at her waist before hooking her fingers into the waistband of her new white tights. Gwen made as if to say something but faltered as she felt Jackie slowly begin to ease her tights down over her hips. Gwen belatedly moved her free hand in a half hearted attempt to stop Jackie but I reached out and caught hold of it. I held her gently, restraining her. "Take it easy," I said quietly, comfortingly, "we don't want to ladder them do we? Tights are very expensive, aren't they?" Gwen gave a small, slightly confused nod. "Better to take them off then, before they get ruined."  
  
"And anyway, we need to take them off to see the scar don't we?" Jackie added.  
  
"Not all the way off do we?" Gwen asked in a quiet voice and Jackie smiled, "Better to be safe," she said, "we don't want to ladder them do we?"  
  
Gwen cradled her drink to her chest and I held her other hand, stroking it reassuringly, even raising it to my lips and kissing the back gallantly. "Lift your bum a little," Jackie instructed, pulling the waist of Gwen's tights further down her hips. Gwen hesitated for a moment and then obediently raised her bum off the couch and the tights slid unresistingly down onto her thighs. Jackie shuffled back, pulling the tights down Gwen's legs to her ankles. Before Gwen could argue Jackie pulled them clear and handed them to Sue who turned and handed them to Peter. Peter took them almost reverentially, rolling them in his hands, quite obviously revelling in their smoothness and the residual warmth from Gwen's body.  
  
Gwen now lay quietly between us, her skirt bunched high up on her hips. Her naked, long, shapely legs were wide open and Jackie sat between them alternatively stroking the sensitive inside of her thighs, making Gwen squirm, before intimately smoothing down the plain white material of her knickers over her stomach just above Gwen's sex. All eyes were following Jackie's hands, drawn by the prominent shape of Gwen's sex, clearly defined beneath the stretched white material. Jackie smiled reassuringly as she moved her hands smoothly over the soft white material. The fingers were comfortingly insistent, smoothing across the front of Gwen's pants, occasionally dipping briefly between her legs to brush against her sex before returning to the higher ground of her stomach, each foray between her legs causing Gwen's heart to lurch and her sex to tingle. With a start Gwen realised that Jackie was deliberately touching her, gently grazing her sex, turning her on and she found it strangely comforting. Slowly she closed her eyes as Jackie's fingers did their work.  
  
We all watched Gwen slowly relax, watched mesmerised as Jackie's fingers drew attention to the slowly darkening patch of material covering Gwen's sex. "Getting wet I see," Jackie said quietly and Gwen's eyes shot open and she tried to close her legs but Jackie leaned forward again, "Now," she said in a quiet, matter of fact voice, "where were we?" Gwen looked blank for a moment as if struggling to understand the meaning of Jackie's words before a sudden flash of fear behind her eyes indicated that comprehension had dawned. "Ah yes," Jackie said, smiling, as if suddenly remembering what she was doing and her fingers again dipped briefly between Gwen's open legs to trace the length of her damp sex, "we were going to look at the scar!" Gwen's eyes glazed slightly at Jackie's touch between her legs and without giving her time to muster her thoughts Jackie smoothed her hands up the front of Gwen's pants.  
  
"You really have got nice legs you know," Jackie offered quietly, "and a beautifully shaped mound." Gwen started and smiled half heartedly at the compliment, both confused and turned on at the same time, certain that she should not be letting this happen but desperately not wanting it to stop. The only thing she was certain of was that her clothes were disappearing and that it was her closest friends that were very publicly undressing her. "I've never really noticed before," Jackie continued, smiling sweetly, as her fingers dipped between Gwen's legs again, this time very deliberately travelling the full length of her rapidly moistening sex.  
  
Smiling at Gwen's growing confusion, Jackie ran her hand across the front of Gwen's knickers, smoothing the already taut material. Confused and excited Gwen watched as Jackie smoothed away imaginary creases, the feel of Jackie's hands disturbing, warming and exciting. Gwen watched as the hand continued to move across her flat stomach. "And really nice knickers," Jackie added seductively stretching the material tight, further emphasising the shape of Gwen's sex nestling clearly and softly between her open legs.  
  
Feeling her self control slipping Gwen fixed her eyes on Peter and tried to ignore the hands which continued to intimately glide over the front of her knickers and that dipped between her open legs to graze briefly and tantalizingly along the length her sex. Her hips moved slightly with each touch between her legs, following the drawn out pull of the fingers as they moved over her. She was aware of the eyes of her friends seeming to crowd in around her, watching her every move, savouring every shudder of her growing sexual desire; and she knew that they are waiting, in full anticipation that before they have finished, they will open her up, lay her bare and see her cum.  
  
She cast around for something to say, something to save the situation, to halt the rapid descent towards public exposure and the growing and real possibly of actual sex. In desperation she suddenly blurted out that the knickers she was wearing came from a local retail chain store, famous in the UK for its underwear. A nervous outburst that sounded foolish the moment it had left her mouth.  
  
"Really?" Jackie smiled, looking at the others and hiding her smile, her fingers travelling freely between Gwen's open legs and over her sex. "I thought so," she said, continuing with her intimate smoothing action, causing Gwen to shiver slightly as her thumb brushed casually over her sex. Gwen tried not to squirm as Jackie gently slipped her fingers under one of the legs of the knickers, lightly grazing the sensitised skin beneath. She rubbed the soft material between her finger and thumb as if for inspection; the action pulling the material tighter, further highlighting the shape and form of Gwen's sex. She pulled the material out, following the shape of it down between Gwen's legs, pulling it away from the skin, offering a brief and tantalizing glimpse of the pink lips of Gwen's sex before she let the soft material spring back into place. Without any pretence Jackie smoothed the material back over Gwen's sex, causing Gwen to quietly moan and her hips to rise to meet her fingers. Smiling around at everyone Jackie leaned forward and slowly and deliberately pressed the material between the lips of Gwen's sex. Gwen stiffened and groaned quietly, her senses suddenly and totally focused on Jackie's fingers as they pushed the soft white cotton of her knickers into the crease of her already damp sex, the fingers unhurried, almost casual in their intimacy. She knew that the others were watching; she knew that her sex, or the line of her sex, and her growing need, was now clearly on display. She was blushing, she could feel the heat spreading across her chest and up through her face, a blush born of equal parts sexual stimulation and desperate embarrassment. She was terrified that she would soon cum in front of them and desperate that she wouldn't, that Jackie would stop touching her and would leave her writhing in front of them, humiliated and unfulfilled.  
  
Gwen knew her composure was rapidly disintegrating and that she was now almost completely out of control. In desperation she looked at Peter for some support, for some sort of help and guidance before Jackie's, or anybodies, fingers found their way fully into her sex and she ended up cuming in front of them, a star turn giving a solo performance, open legged and humiliated. But Peter just looked back blankly, mesmerized by the sight of Jackie's fingers exploring and defining the shape of his girlfriends sex.  
  
Jackie sat back and surveyed her handiwork. Gwen's sex was now clearly visible for us all to see, the indented line of white cotton between her legs profiling the contours and shape of her lips and Jackie could tell from the heat and humidity emanating from her sex that Gwen was clearly suffering from a growing need for further attention. "Ah yes" she said again, running her hands over Gwen's thighs and stomach, noting with a smile the soft sexual twitch of Gwen's hips, "the scar." Gwen opened her eyes, confused and more than a little panicked as she tried to make sense of the words, "What?"  
  
"The scar," Jackie repeated, "you are going to show us the scar."  
  
"Am I?" Gwen said in a small voice, looking at Jackie's hands resting easily on the white material of her knickers. Dave leaned in close to her ear, "A little Dutch courage?" he asked, taking her hand and moving her drink closer to her lips.  
  
"What?" she asked as she tried to focus on his words, the alcohol blurring the distinction between Dave's face close up against hers and Jackie's floating strangely disjointedly between her legs. She could feel Jackie's breath against her thighs and Dave's against her cheek, both strangely comforting, both strangely disturbing. She looked at Dave as though she did not recognise him.  
  
"A little Dutch Courage?" he said again, indicating the drink her hand.  
  
She looked at the drink as if seeing it for the first time. Comprehension flooded through her followed immediately by the need to explain, "I don't need it," she said refusing the drink, "I'm not drunk. I don't need drink to enjoy myself." Knowing she was babbling she looked down at Jackie between her legs, "I'm not a virgin you know!"  
  
Her words bounced off the wall of startled faces. She had blurted them out before she realised what she was saying. There was a moments silence as the meaning washed through them. Peter's eyes went wide in shock as, slowly, all faces swung around to him.  
  
"Don't look at me!" Peter stuttered in surprise. "It's nothing to do with me!"  
  
Gwen looked stricken as her own words echoed in her head. She tried to sink back into the couch, to make herself smaller, to disappear. Jackie turned back to face her smiling ruefully, "Well! You sly old bugger! And I always thought you were a prude. How did you keep that one quiet? Come on now, spill the beans, who was it?"  
  
"No-one," said Gwen wishing desperately that she had kept her mouth shut. "At least, no-one you know."  
  
Jackie looked hard at her friend realising that there was much more to this than she could possibly have guessed but she quickly covered it with a laugh and she leaned forward between Gwen's open legs. "Well then," she said "if you're not a virgin, then showing us your little old appendix scar won't be any big deal will it?" and without waiting for a response she took hold of the waistband of Gwen's knickers and slowly began to work them down off her waist. Gwen watched in dazed fascination as Jackie eased the soft material down over her hips, inch by inch, until with one slow motion pull they slid down over her gently rounded tummy, coming to rest just above the soft mound of her pubic hair Gwen squirmed a little as we all gazed in rapt silence.  
  
"Oh dear," Jackie said quietly, smiling up at her, drifting her fingers across the newly exposed skin, "I didn't mean to pull them down that far." Gwen just lay there, her knickers now a narrow band of material across her groin, just barely covering her sex and her pubic hair. She was losing the fight to stay covered, to stay clothed. The hands at her tummy confused her and the wetness between her legs was beginning to demand an answer. She didn't even notice as I took the drink from her hand and passed it back over my shoulder to Peter who was again watching the proceedings with a happy, slightly stupid, grin on his face.  
  
Turning back to face her I reached over and placed my hand flat on the smooth skin of her exposed stomach. Gwen started at my touch and looked at me as I gently expanded my fingers, feeling the dry warmth and soft texture of her skin. "Nice." I said, taking my hand away, "very nice indeed. You're a lucky man Pete," I said over my shoulder, "a very lucky man to have all this coming." Pete just looked at me, missing the innuendo completely, smiling happily, saying nothing.  
  
Dave's hand replaced mine, "Oh yes," he said the tips of his fingers gliding over her skin of her exposed tummy. "Oh yes," he said, "very nice indeed."  
  
"Let's have a look shall we," Jackie said, shoeing our hands away with a smile. Gwen lay unmoving between us, almost allowing us to unclothe her now as we wanted, to take more and more liberties; she was now all but a passenger in the proceedings, passive, being drawn along by the events and her own growing desires.  
  
"A look at what?" She said in a small dry voice.  
  
"At the scar silly," Jackie replied leaning forward and taking the waistband of Gwen's knickers delicately between a finger and thumb. Sensing no resistance she pulled one side of the front of the garment down a little further to reveal a short, faded, pink and slightly puckered scar line to the side of her lower stomach. "Ta-dah!" she said quietly, like a conjurer revealing the undamaged watch at the end of a trick, or some cheap presenter revealing a valuable item to their audience. "Ladies and Gentlemen," she said, "the scar!" She looked up at Gwen who just lay there, watching her own unveiling in silence while, like a group of students at some anatomy lecture, we all leaned forward for a better look.  
  
Holding the front of Gwen's knickers with one hand Jackie traced the faint line of the scar with her fingertips. "Nothing much to write home about is it?" she asked looking up at Gwen, who in turn was looking down at her scar as if it belonged to someone else. "Hardly anything to see at all," she said. Gwen's eyes widened further as Jackie s fingers reached the bottom of slightly raised scar tissue. She involuntarily tried to close her legs but Jackie was kneeling between them. Jackie's fingers continued on down past the scar, over the loose material of her knickers, to dip briefly between her legs, the back of her fingers brushing across the clearly visible indentation of her sex. The touch sent sudden sharp, warm, warnings racing up through her body and she inhaled sharply, not failing to understand that Jackie's finger at her sex was a poignant indicator as to where all this was leading; and she shuddered at the thought.  
  
Dave leaned forward, "Can I touch? I've never seen an appendix scar before," he said quietly and before Gwen could answer Dave slid his hand under Jackie's and gently ran his fingers along the length of the scar. "Oh yes," he said appreciatively, rolling his pleasure through the sound. "Really soft skin" he murmured, his fingers opening to feel the smooth skin on either side of the scar. Gwen squirmed nervously at the feel of his fingers, moving easily and intimately over the sensitive skin so close to her mound.  
  
"Let me have a feel" I said and again my fingers quickly replaced Dave's. Gwen started and made to speak but no sound came out, she was unsettled and distinctly aroused by the rapid change of hands touching her so intimately. I ran my fingers along the slightly raised ridge of pale pink skin, feeling the puckered run of the scar. It ended abruptly, just above and to the left of her pubic mound. I stroked lower, moving down until I found the waistband of her knickers. I pushed it even lower down her stomach. The first curls of pubic hair escaped from under the edge of the material and we all stopped for a moment and stared silently at the stray wisps.  
  
Gwen watched, unable or unwilling to take control, a mixture of desperation and despair in her eyes. She looked around for her drink as we all leaned forward to get a better look at the itinerant, intimate hairs. Watching her face I finally slid the tips of my fingers under the waistband of her knickers. Gwen looked at me as if surprised by the audacity, the overtness, of the act but there was no outcry, just a look of disbelief bordering on incredulity that my fingers were finally inside her knickers. Arching my fingers I tented the thin strip of material away from her skin on the back of my hand and I peeked inside. The silence was palpable, the look on Gwen's face unfathomable. I smiled and flexed my fingers beneath the snow white material. My fingers walked down over her mound to the point where her thighs met and her pubic hair stopped. I could feel the heat of her sex through my fingertips. Gwen swallowed and closed her eyes as in the darkness my fingertips lightly touched the top of her sex.  
  
I pressed down slightly and her lips opened to accept the tip of my finger. Gwen gasped slightly as for the first time the tip of my finger registered the intimate warmth and moistness of her. At the slight noise Jackie smiled, they had all watched the movement of my hand beneath the material of her knickers and all realised that I was now touching her sex. I raised my wrist until the material finally slid down the back of my hand exposing her pubic mound. Gwen looked at me, lost and undone, "You've got red pubes." I said quietly.  
  
Gwen blinked and nodded, "Yes," her voice barely audible, her eyes wide as saucers, "same as on my head." She tried to make light of it but her voice trailed away. With one fingertip still resting between the lips of her sex, retaining her focus, the remainder drew small circles in the luxuriant red hair.  
  
I smiled, "I've never seen red pubes before. Have you ever seen red pubes?" I asked Dave and Peter who both shook their heads gazing at the soft mass of fiery pubic hair. "Do you want to see them properly?" I asked and they both nodded. "Look at this," I said and on cue Jackie reached forward and pulled the knickers down off Gwen's hips and onto her thighs, Gwen made a small, futile, protest but Jackie continued peeling the damp garment away from Gwen's sex. Their usefulness over they finally slid clear of her hips and down her thighs. Jackie finally pulled them down her legs and sat back slightly so that we all could share the view.  
  
There was not a sound as everyone stared. Gwen froze and looked despairingly up at the ceiling as her knickers slid away, her humiliation and embarrassment total. Yet she knew we had been coming to this all along, she had known that before the afternoon was over we would have her legs open and her sex on very open and very public display.

She could feel the gentle pressure of my finger at the top of her sex, the warmth of the moisture gathering in her vagina, the gently swell of her lips as they opened under our gaze. She was trembling with disgrace and desire; she could feel her nipples hardening and the familiar tingling in her sex. She knew we were going to make her come, to put our fingers inside her, open her up and the knowledge took her breath away. We were her friends, we had known each other since childhood, we were as close as friends could get and now we were removing her clothes, taking her knickers off, a continuation of the childhood game of 'doctors and nurses' but this time in earnest. She tried to control the growing desire between her legs but her mind was reeling under the weight of the erotic charge she was receiving from her open legs and the eyes that were now focused on her sex.  
  
She wanted to call out for everyone to stop, to leave her alone, to put her knickers back, to touch her, to please do something to relieve the ache between her legs, she almost sobbed with frustration. Her sex invited attention, begged investigation, the lips flushing a deeper pink as they slowly engorged and unfolded like a flower in the heat, the moisture glistened in the deep valley between her lips, catching the light, accentuating the shape and intricate folds of her sex. There was not a sound as we all stared.  
  
I took her silence for acquiescence. "Are you cool with this Moby?" I asked looking into Gwen's wide eyes but addressing Peter. Seemingly almost mystified by the question Gwen searched my face for a moment before looking at Peter who was leaning forward to make sure he got a good look at what was happening to his girlfriend. Peter looked confused for a moment, unable to take his eyes off the sight of Gwen's fiery red pubic hair and her open legs.  
  
"What?" he asked.  
  
I moved my hand a little, resting my palm on her mound, one finger still lightly nestling between the lips of her sex, the other gently exploring the shape of the outside of her sex. Gwen tensed and opened her legs slightly but otherwise she remained silent. Peter watched my fingers moving slowly over the lips of her sex, gently touching the soft pink lips, his eyes alight. I repeated the question. "I said 'Are you cool with this?"  
  
The question suddenly registered and he recovered himself, "Oh sure," he said with as much nonchalance as he could muster, his voice so rough and broken that he had to cough to clear his throat, "You carry on," he said, "yes, yes, you carry on. No problem." I smiled at Jackie, Peter had just given his permission for us to carry on using his girlfriend.  
  
"You heard the man," I said quietly to Gwen, my fingers tracing the soft shape of her lips, "he said to carry on." Jackie finally pulled Gwen's knickers down her legs to her ankles as my fingers finally closed on her sex. My fingers followed the moist outline, touching, feeling her marvellous softness. We all heard Gwen's sharp intake of breath as my finger, explicitly and openly for the first time, slipped between the moist lips of her vagina.  
  
Taking her cue Jackie finally eased Gwen's knickers off her ankles, lifting each foot to remove them entirely. Gwen bit her lip pensively as she felt them slide away, her last protection was gone, she was ours now and she knew it. With a casual movement Jackie passed the still warm underwear to Peter who took them without a sound, running his fingers over the damp gusset before holding the flimsy material to his face. He inhaled deeply, his eyes almost glazing over.  
  
I continued brushing my fingers along the damp line of her sex. She was so sensitised she shivered with each easy touch. Smiling Dave placed his hands casually on the inside of Gwen's thighs and eased them further apart. "Well now," he said slowly watching my fingers, "what we have now uncovered here, between these luscious legs of yours, is much more interesting than your little old scar don't you think? Much more interesting." Gwen lay quietly between us saying nothing, allowing Dave to ease her thighs still further apart while I continued to run my fingertips along her soft wet lips. She lay between us, compliant, accommodating, her eyes as wide as her legs. She was nervous, undone, her eyes told me that she could feel her sex opening under my fingers, feel her moisture wetting them; she knew that I could feel her shake as my fingers stroked the sensations from between her softly opening lips.  
  
She looked around; her eyes slightly cloudy from booze, her increasing nakedness and her growing excitement. Hands were at her sex, when had that happened she wondered? Fingers were caressing her intimately, clouding her thoughts, her legs were open wide and she could not close them. Her knickers had gone and all eyes were on her open sex and the fingers that were moving gently and insistently between her lips.  
  
She could feel herself getting wetter, the fingers moving easier between her lips. 'This is what they all want', she thought, everyone was watching her, eyes fixed between her legs and on her open sex, waiting, wanting, willing her to cum. .The situation was so intoxicating, so sensuous, that she wanted to cry out. She could feel their eyes caressing her, moving between her legs, lingering, watching her sex and approving of the fingers that were manipulating her so intimately. They watched every movement, every flash of her juices, every shudder the fingers were drawing from her.  
  
She closed her eyes and laid her head back, the fingers were still moving and she was rising too fast, she wanted to prolong the moment, to make them work a little harder to see her cum. She squeezed her eyes closed, the fingers at her sex were not her boyfriends but she knew he was watching, she could feel his eyes between her legs and she knew he approved of what they were doing to her; she was naked from the waist down with her legs apart, her sex wide open and everyone was watching. They were waiting for her to cum, to climax for them. She cried out, her self control was gone and she could feel the first strong pull of her climax beginning between her legs. She was lost.  
  
Her sex opened further as I ran my finger up between her lips and she shuddered at the touch. "My my," I said quietly as if speaking to a child as my finger moved easily and smoothly between her wet lips. "What's happened to you? Where have your clothes gone?" Gwen opened her eyes and blinked, looking around apprehensively as if looking for the thief who had stolen them and landed her in this predicament.  
  
Jackie chuckled softly, drawing Gwen's attention, "Pete's got them. He's obviously enjoying this."  
  
Gwen glanced beseechingly across at Peter who, grinning inanely, held her underwear up like a trophy for her to see. She looked around, "I'm the only one who's naked," she said, her voice quiet, distracted, unable to control the tremble in her hips as my finger continued to draw her moisture from between her open lips.  
  
Watching her closely Sue stood up and lifted her dress to her waist, "No you're not," she said and she laughed as all eyes turned to look at her, suddenly, sympathetically, also naked from the waist down. Sitting on the arm of her chair Peter turned to look and his jaw dropped open; he had always fancied Sue but his natural reticence and shyness had always stopped him from saying anything until suddenly, he is face to face with her, almost naked, his nose only inches away from her golden pubic hair above the faint but unmistakable line of her pouting sex. His mouth remained open but no sound came out, the absolute caricature of a local bumpkin. Sue laughed and bobbed in a short curtsy, her sex so close to him that she could feel his hot breath on her skin. Sue let her dress drop and sat back down. Peter looked around as a man in a deep dream who dare not blink in case he wakes up. Today was handing him present after present, first Gwen stripped half naked and now Sue, he looked like a man who really didn't believe his life could get any better.  
  
Sitting between her open legs Jackie could feel Gwen trembling as my fingers continued to move along the length of her sex. Jackie recognised that Gwen was not going to be long in coming. Catching my eye she turned to Peter, "I think that you had better get over here and join in," she said to him, "after all she is your girlfriend."  
  
"Oh, I don't mind," he said, looking around nervously, "I am quite enjoying watching."  
  
"Then watch and enjoy," Dave said somewhat callously, "Gwen's already enjoying it and she is about to enjoy it even more."  
  
My fingers spread her puffy lips and everyone lent forward to gaze deep into the glistening dark coral interior of her sex. Gwen shuddered and her head fell back. "Better than doing it yourself isn't it?" Dave whispered in her ear and Gwen groaned. My fingers held her open and Jackie leaned forward and inspected Gwen's open sex like a doctor inspecting a patient. With intense concentration Jackie blew gently on the wet folds of highly sensitive skin and Gwen shuddered again. Jackie leaned closer and pulling back the small hooded fold of skin with a fingertip she revealed the erect, shining, shell pink, clitoris beneath. She touched it with the tip of her finger and Gwen jumped as if the touch were electric. She groaned loudly and tried to grab at Jackie's hand but Dave and I held her. Peter stood awkwardly to get a better view of what was happening and Sue took hold of his hand and held it reassuringly. Peter smiled absently, his eyes never for one second leaving Gwen's open sex and the drama that was unfolding there.  
  
Running her finger between the folds of Gwen's sex for lubrication Jackie continued to lightly touch Gwen's clitoris, the soft pad of her finger making small circular motions over the small glistening head. Gasping with the intensity of the sensation Gwen cried out, her hips immediately rising to the rhythm of Jackie's finger, small movements at first, reluctant, unwilling; drawn by the pressure, gradually growing as the tension built inside her. "Is this the first time you've seen her come?" Sue asked Peter over her shoulder.  
  
He nodded, "First time I've ever seen anything," he responded without thinking before realising what he had said and shooting a worried glance at Sue; but Sue wasn't really listening, she was leaning forward, gripping Peter's hand, her eyes fixed on Jackie's fingers between Gwen's legs .  
  
"Beautiful isn't it?" she asked quietly, almost to herself.  
  
"What is?" Peter asked, confused.  
  
"What?" Sue turned to face him.  
  
"What is beautiful? " he asked again.  
  
"You said it was beautiful."  
  
Now it was Sue's turn to look confused, "Did I?" she asked and turning back to face the scene unfolding in front of them. "I guess I meant this," she said vaguely, unsure, "all this," she repeated with a gesture. "Them, us, her," she said slowly, "sex," she concluded finally, her voice tailing away and she fell silent and turned back to watch the final seduction of Gwen. Peter looked at Sue for a few moments more, trying to unpick the meaning from her words but a soft cry from Gwen drew his attention back to the bodies on the couch.  
  
Jackie expertly continued to manipulate Gwen's clitoris causing her to cry out and her hips to lift off the couch. Leaning forward until our heads almost rested on her shoulders, Dave and I began to undo the buttons down the front of Gwen's suit top. It was like undressing a doll, even though Dave and I held a hand each there was no attempt to stop us. When we reached the bottom we pulled the top open revealing her full breasts contained within a stretched white lacy bra. Gwen cried out as Jackie continued to gently finger her clitoris, her body shaking as her climax neared. "Very nice," Dave said admiringly, running his fingers lightly across the swell of her breasts. Pulling her top back on her shoulder he slipped the bra strap down and reaching in he pulled a soft, white, breast clear of her bra cup. He cupped it and rolled it in his palm, feeling its weight and the texture of her skin. He looked over at Peter who was sitting stock still, his dark eyes fixed on Gwen's body. "She has nice breasts Peter," he said and Peter looked at him, his eyes unfathomable. " Very, very nice breasts," he said, thumbing the erect nipple which stood proud in the centre of her large brown aureole. Her breast shook as her body responded to the stimuli of the many hands on and in, her body. Her legs stretched wide in the first small wash of her climax and her juices ran down between her legs.  
  
Dave rolled her nipple between his finger and his thumb, squeezing slowly. "How are you doing?" he asked quietly. Gwen gasped and tried to answer but no words seemed to form. Jackie moved to stroking her clitoris with her thumb and Gwen closed her eyes and lay back, her body shaking as the sensations began to claim her. I pulled her bra strap down and freed her other breast, pulling her breast clear. It felt fuller and heavier than either Sue's or Jackie's, rounder and more pliant. Her nipple was hard and erect, a soft rosy pink, standing proud in the middle of a broad, brown aureole. I took her nipple in my fingers and gently pulled it outwards, feeling the stretch and elasticity in the hard, taut nub. Watching closely Dave smiled and did the same, taking up the same rhythm of stretch and pull. Gwen struggled slightly and pushed her chest out to ease the pressure on her sensitive nipples but we held her close. Jackie worked her thumb in small circular movements over Gwen's clitoris and Gwen's hips rose eagerly to meet each movement.  
  
Peter leaned forward watching Jackie's fingers at Gwen's sex and our hands at her breasts until he almost fell off the arm of his chair. He looked around; his eyes now almost glazed with excitement, his breathing fast and shallow. He still had hold of Sue's hand and with both her own she squeezed it tightly in her lap. Feeling him shake with excitement she took his hand and disengaged his fingers. Raising her short skirt slightly she place his hand palm down on her naked thigh. His fingers flexed but his brain did not acknowledge or engage and his hand stayed where she had placed it. Taking him by the wrist she led his hand up under her skirt. She opened her legs slightly as his hand moved blindly up between her thighs until Peter suddenly realised that he was touching her wet sex. He swung to face her as his fingers registered pubic hair and warm soft wetness hidden in the darkness under her skirt. Sue moved slightly to help him and they both gasped as his virgin fingers finally, clumsily, parted her lips and slid inside her.  
  
Jackie saw Peter's hand moving in the dark recess between Sue's legs and she smiled. She felt the familiar twitch of desire between her own legs and she knew that she would need some attention herself before this was over.  
  
While still manipulating Gwen's clitoris with one hand Jackie slowly trailed one finger of the other down towards the entrance to Gwen's vagina. Gwen was rising rapidly towards her climax, her juices flooding over Jackie's finger and down into the couch. A deep wet stain was spreading on the material beneath her outstretched legs. Jackie slowly inserted two fingers inside Gwen, pushing into her wet slickness, exploring the warm wet walls that closed in around them. The penetration was too much for Gwen, she cried out and rose to meet the climax that suddenly crashed through her, lifting her physically off the couch, straining every sinew and locking her muscles in an explosion of her senses.  
  
Gwen bucked and shuddered through her climax, only slowing towards the end. Catching Peter's attention Jackie carefully, partially withdrew her fingers from inside Gwen, holding her open so that Peter could see the muscles of her vagina spasm, clenching themselves around her finger as the climax took its course. Peter watched with rapt attention, his almost forgotten fingers still deep inside Sue as he watched Gwen climax. Smiling to herself Sue ruefully took his fingers away and closed her legs as Peter fell to his knees, his eyes rived on Jackie's finger, still embedded deep inside his girlfriend.  
  
As the climax passed Jackie withdrew her finger and sat back. Gwen lay quiet for a moment before her eyes fluttered open and she lay there looking at the ceiling, looking but seeing nothing. She was pliable now. She never really seemed to notice as we finally undressed her, removing her top and reaching underneath to unsnap her bra which followed her top onto the floor beside us. Jackie undid her skirt and opened it out on either side before lifting Gwen's hips slightly as she pulled it out from underneath her. Jackie looked at the wet, creased skirt and laughed quietly, "That's going to need a wash and an iron," she said and placed it on the floor with Gwen's other clothes. Gwen was now completely naked.  
  
"Come on Pete, Jackie said. "Now it really is your turn, we've warmed her up for you. Not that she really needed it," she added with a nod of appreciation, "but she's your girlfriend Pete and it's about time you got involved, got to know her a bit more intimately. Put my Sister down and get over here." Peter pulled his hand reluctantly from under Sue's skirt and looked in amazement at the juices coating his fingers.  
  
Sue smiled and patted him on the back, "Go get her Tiger!" She kissed him on the cheek and pushed him forward. Peter smiled shyly as Jackie moved over and pulled him reluctantly into the space between Gwen's open legs.  
  
Peter looked down, Gwen lay before him, naked and open and he licked his lips and glanced around sheepishly, unsure now of where or how to start. He started uncertainly between her open legs and at her sex which glistened softly in the light. For the first time in his life he was within touching distance of a naked woman; his for the taking. He looked at Sue's moisture still coating his fingers and he rubbed them together as if reliving the feel. "Come on Moby," Dave urged quietly, "get a grip, You know you want to. It's my guess it's all you've though about since you started going out. It's all I would have thought about. All we've done is to move things along a little for you. Prepared the ground so to speak." As if in demonstration Dave ran his fingers between the lips of Gwen's wet and glistening sex. Gwen moaned and moved her hips. "She's all ready for you, Moby, all ready and waiting."  
  
Peter looked at Dave and I and blinked. His eyes swivelled back between Gwen's legs and hesitantly licked his lips again. Jackie took his hand and placed it on Gwen's thigh. Peter stared at his hand as though it belonged to someone else. Jackie moved his hand upward; she could feel his resistance grow as his hand neared the junction of her thighs. "Go on Pete, touch her," Jackie whispered, "touch her. She wants you to and you know you want to." Peter hesitated, his hand hovering between desire and the unknown. Jackie leaned in closer, the devil on his shoulder, "It's now or never Peter, she's ready for you, this won't happen again. Miss it now and you'll regret it all your life."  
  
Peter looked up and found that Gwen was staring at him, her eyes a dazed, cloudy mixture of residual pleasure from her climax and the desire for further fulfilment, the cat who got the cream and is now looking for afters. Suddenly, without his being aware that he had moved, his fingers were slipping through the slick, warmth of her sex. Gwen's almost unfocussed eyes smiled at him for a moment before she let her head fall back and sighed with pleasure. The realisation that she had been waiting for his fingers, actually wanting his fingers, stole over him; and the knowledge lit a spark somewhere deep within the quiet youth, a spark that within seconds had become a raging fire, an inferno that would burn away the boy and leave the man. Years later Peter would mark this evening as the decisive point in his life; the evening when he first put his fingers inside Gwen.

His fingers slid easily between her lips and she moaned with pleasure. He gently pressed and she opened under his touch, a flower, a secret garden, a new world waiting to be explored. His fingers disappeared inside her, sliding into her softness, her juices coated his fingers; the same warm, velvet world he had just glimpsed between Sue's legs. He moved deeper inside her, his fingers touching dark, secret places that until now he had only ever dreamed of, only imagined; and his imaginings had fallen well short of the reality he now encountered. He explored, his fingers turning and delving, touching every part; his other hand now flat on her lower tummy, across her pubic hair, holding her hips down and still so he could get deeper inside her, savour her sweetness, fingers in the honey jar.  
  
Gwen shuddered as Peter's fingers moved inside her. She moaned and pressed down on his hand, her juices running freely down between her legs. First Jackie and now Peter, Gwen was rolling from climax to climax, she didn't care who was watching or what they wanted, she just wanted their hands on her or in her.  
  
We watched Peter at work, his hand deep between Gwen's legs, his fingers deep inside her, constantly moving, turning, occasionally reappearing slick with her juices. Now that Peter had finally got started Dave joined in, taking her breast in his hand and hefting its weight again, rolling his palm over its fullness before taking her nipple and working it between his thumb and finger. Peter looked around at the watching faces; his own a picture of awe and wonder. "This is fantastic!" he breathed as Gwen moaned and pushed down harder onto his hand. Peter pushed back, all the time moving deeper, finding the rhythm that would cause Gwen to vibrate, to begin to moan and shake, like a pot slowly coming to the boil,  
  
We left him to it. Now he had gotten started he was doing alright on his own, without any help; besides, sex with a girlfriend is not something friends can offer much help with, especially when they are themselves playing with her breasts. As Peter lost himself between Gwen's legs Dave and I contented ourselves with her breasts, cupping and rolling them, teasing her nipples. She responded to our ministrations but her rising climax was reserved for Peter and we knew it. It was as private an act between two people as group sex between friends could possibly be.  
  
Almost as one Sue and Jackie moved forward on either side of him, closing the circle, watching enviously. A tight knit knot of friends centred around Gwen, lying totally naked, almost flat on her back, on the couch, Dave and I to either side of her with Peter kneeling between her legs. Sue knelt at my knee, her arms and chin resting on my thigh, her face almost level with Gwen's hips, her eyes totally focussed on Peter's fingers busy deep inside her sex. She licked her lips as she watched and I knew that she was wishing it was her laid there naked between us, being used, being made to come. I could feel her need vibrating gently through her as she curled up to my leg. Like a bookend Jackie sat on the other side of Peter, resting between Dave's legs, her hands almost involuntarily stroking the inside of Dave's thigh, drawing his attention as she also watched Peter's fingers moving wetly between her best friends legs.  
  
Gwen raised her head and looked around her, her eyes dulled with lust, she looked up at Peter, his head down, his mop of black hair hanging forward, his fingers buried deep between her legs; and then at the others, craning forward, watching Peter having sex with her while Dave and I held her breasts; and she briefly wondered once again how she had come this, so suddenly and so unexpectedly; and then Peter moved his fingers again and she groaned and her head fell back, her eyes closed, her thoughts frozen by sensations between her legs.  
  
She opened her legs wider, letting him in, his fingers moved deeper, exploring, probing and she began to rise again, her climax gathering momentum as her thoughts imploded. "Stroke her clitoris," Jackie offered to Peter who glanced around, he was so engrossed with Gwen that he was almost startled to find Jackie at his side.  
  
"What?" he asked, bemused, his concentration still with his fingers buried deep inside Gwen.  
  
"Her clitoris," Jackie said again, "bring her off." Peter looked uncomprehendingly back at his hand moving, slowly and steadily between Gwen legs, his fingers covered and shining with Gwen's juices. "Help her to come," Jackie explained as if to a child, "it's very intense." Overwhelmed by sensation Peter struggled to understand the words so Jackie leaned forward and gently pushed aside the hand that was resting on Gwen's pubic hair and she showed him Gwen's clitoris standing hard and erect. "Her clitoris," Jackie explained, touching it with a fingertip, Gwen immediately bucked and tried to move her hands to between her legs but Dave and held her, allowing the sex education to continue. "You try it now," Jackie proposed as Peter registered Gwen's reaction to the touch, "Put your thumb on it," she said and she took his thumb and turned his hand until his thumb rested lightly in the air, just above the small erect clitoris. "Now stroke it gently, very gently. Roll your thumb over it. That's it," she said as Peter rotated his thumb on the small, nub of flesh. "Keep your fingers inside her," she instructed and Gwen groaned at the instruction and the resulting pressure as his fingers slid back inside her sex. "Just add the thumb," Jackie said and Peter lowered his thumb onto the sensitive head.  
  
At his touch Gwen's hips immediately rose off the couch to meet his fingers and Peter smiled, the sudden triumphant smile of a man that has recognised that this trick, this knowledge, had given him almost complete control over the body beneath his hands; and the knowledge surged through him, his hands became suddenly sure in their touch, his thumb deft in its control of her clitoris as though he was born to it, as if he had been doing it all his life. His mastery was complete; he manipulated her until she surged up and into her climax, her body vibrating like an instrument as his fingers strummed inside her. Her body arched as Peter played her skilfully up to and through the first crescendo, the first crashing wave of her climax. She shook as his fingers lifted her, her legs strained wide apart, her teeth clenched; every muscle strained. He never stopped and we took our cue from him, he kept his fingers and thumb moving, we handled her breasts and her nipples. We drove her straight from her first peak into her second and finally into a third and she rose to each climax like a boat to a wave We could see every sinew in her body stretch taut as she rose up to meet each crest. Peter rode her like a champion, prolonging the ecstasy, keeping the momentum going through the troughs before bringing her up again for the next one; until he stopped, and she collapsed; she was done and she sank slowly back onto the sofa spent and exhausted, trembling, her body sheathed in sweat.  
  
Peter slowed his rhythm and she deflated around his fingers, limply, softly collapsing like a punctured inflatable doll.  
  
Peter looked up his eyes alight, he did not want to stop, he was delirious with excitement, rampant with knowledge and new found power. As his fingers withdrew the girls let out their collectively held breath with a hiss like steam escaping between locked teeth. They had been with Gwen through every pulse of her climaxes, living each and every one, growing wet at the sight and the sounds, secretly jealous, wishing it had been them beneath his hands and not her. Jackie sat back and stared at the naked girl spread out on the sofa. She ran her hands over her thigh and felt the sweat and the heat. Gwen stirred exhaustedly and tried to move away from the touch. Jackie shook her head and sighed, "Wow," she said quietly to Peter, "are you sure you've never done that before?" Peter shook his head, still staring at Gwen lying naked and open before him.  
  
"Way to go Moby," Dave said, quietly impressed with his friend's performance, "way to go."  
  
Jackie suddenly looked up at Peter, a puzzled expression on her face. "So why do they call you Moby?" she asked.