**Summer**

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**Summer Ch. 11**

"So why do they call you Moby?" Jackie asked puzzled. Peter flushed a deep and immediate red. Dave and I looked at each other quickly before looking at Peter with raised eyebrows, wondering how he was going to answer the question. Peter looked at each of us in turn as if looking for help and when none was forthcoming he shrugged and blushed harder, a sheepish grin on his face.

"I thought everyone knew," Dave said eventually, as he watched Peter's stupid grin spread across his face.

Jackie shook her head, "If I knew I wouldn't ask."

"You want to tell them?" I asked Peter who looked back at me smiling shyly,

"Better still, do you want to show them Moby?" Dave added as if slightly bored.

Peter thought about it for a few seconds and then shrugged as if suddenly realising that for the rest of his life, this could be his party piece; and without any further embarrassment he stood up and unbuckled his belt, his decision made, Peter was going for gold.

Sue and Jackie sat back and watched in confusion as he unbuttoned his trousers before quietly pushing them down to his ankles. There was a moments silence as he stood there, his hands hanging loosely at his side, his eyes looking down at his shirt tail. Then the realisation of what they were looking at hit the girls in one sudden shock. Sue squealed and Jackie's mouth fell open. The end of his penis hung down below his shirt, the entire head, large, purple and glistening in the light.

"My God!" Jackie breathed, "It's huge!" Peter smiled and held up the front of his shirt to display his penis in all its semi tumescent glory.

"Meet Moby Dick," I said quietly. "Pride of the blokes changing rooms. Cock of the school, in more ways than one." The girls stared in awe as Peter stood there proudly displaying his manhood. The boys glanced at each other uneasily, they recognised the change that was suddenly taking place; the old criteria was suddenly falling away; academic prowess, sports ability, intelligence, all gone. This was a far more basic measure of manhood, a more primitive measure than polite society imposes. In this sexual field, where only the most basic measurements counted, Peter was king. No more the butt of schoolboy jokes, of changing room humour, an oddity, an icon; in this sexual context, Peter was suddenly the alpha male and for the first time it was obvious that he recognised it.

Almost without realising what she was doing Jackie slid forward on her knees until she was almost face to face with Peter's penis. She looked up into his face before reaching out her hand and laughing in shock, she wrapped her fingers around the shaft. Peter's knees almost buckled as the first woman in his life, outside his family, took him gently and kindly in her hand. He laughed self consciously as Jackie lifted its weight and laid it across the palm of her hand. "Good God Peter! I had no idea that they came this big!" Self consciously Peter half stepped back but was hampered by the trousers and underpants around his ankles. He was surprised to find Sue suddenly at his other side, her hand restrainingly cupping his bottom. She ran her hand across his stomach and down into his patch of black pubic hair, her fingers exploring the base of his shaft and cupping the balls hanging below.

Unsurprisingly Peter began to grow, he was already excited from what had happened already and he blushed slightly as he felt himself becoming erect again. Sue sat back but Jackie was fascinated. Smiling to herself she slowly worked her hand up and down the shaft and watched in awe as Peter's large dick slowly grew and swelled under her fingers, beginning to arch up and harden.

"I think we need these off," Sue said untying his shoe laces before raising each foot in turn to pull off his shoes and socks, "I want a good view of this," she said to Jackie, indicating peter's growing penis, "I think we need him naked".

Peter looked a bit startled and self conscious as he raised his feet to allow Sue to pull off his trousers and underpants. Jackie continued to slowly stroke Peter erect as, giggling with excitement like an infant, Sue stood up and unbuttoned his shirt. Peter stood quietly and shyly as Sue pulled his shirt off and finally Peter stood naked before us. We all gazed at his magnificent cock which, as Jackie brought him to his full size, now stood proud and erect before him.

"Oh wow," Jackie said as she leaned back on her heels, releasing her hold so that his dick bounced gently in front of him. "Isn't he fabulous?"

Peter smiled shyly, he was somewhat bemused by this turn of events, this was uncharted territory for him. Having a big dick had until now proved a very mixed blessing. Amongst his peers he was usually considered either a trophy or a curio; at best a thing to be treated warily. Most of the men he knew laughed uneasily when they saw him and jealousy made him the butt of their jokes. He recognised their confusion in the jokes they made about him, that they were somehow nervous, were fearful in case of comparison, no man likes to be found wanting in that department; he also knew somewhere in the back of his head that when it actually came to sex he would come into his own; but except from his sister he had never been called upon to enter the field as it were and he was worried that his lack of experience and a general chronic lack of self confidence would cause him to foul up, make a fool of himself, as he always did. When it came to sex he had, up to this moment, had no idea of what to do or what would be expected of him, he had no idea what it was all about apart from a few snatched glimpses of pictures which had confused and sometimes almost scared him, an abusing sister and her bitchy friends; and of course what he had learned from a lifetime full of dirty jokes. Other kids always seemed to know more and have done more sexually than he had; he was always one step behind, trailing in a perpetual fog of fear and ignorance.

Sue folded Peter's shirt and knelt down beside him, Jackie to one side, Sue to the other. "He's wonderful," she said running her fingers lightly down the length of his penis. Peter stood watching the two women kneeling in front of him; they were obviously fascinated by his erect cock, like two beautiful snake charmers kneeling before some huge and beguiling python. For the first time in his life he found himself revelling in their attention, craving the touch of their hands on him, loving the act of standing naked before them while they admired him. This was the first time he had ever exposed himself willingly to a woman and standing there before the two of them he suddenly felt like a God. He looked down at his organ, jutting large in front of him and he smiled; for the first time in his life he felt proud of his huge appendage. Taking it in his hand he laughed quietly to himself, he had never been so hard and so erect, it almost hurt. He looked down at the two girls staring up at him, their eyes wide and he suddenly had the first inkling of the power his weapon would exert over women.

Gwen had almost cried out when she had first seen the size of Peter's cock. She had pushed herself up onto her elbows to watch the girls undress him, watch them touching his cock until it had stood up, proud and erect like a hard young tree. He now stood in front of her, between her open legs, smiling down at the two girls on either side of him, watching them as they touched and stroked him, keeping him erect, talking about his cock as if it had a life and personality of its own. This was a Peter she had never seen before, smiling and confident, magnificently naked, his penis standing hard before him like a club. Dave reached down between her legs and ran his fingers lightly up between her wet and pouting lips, coating his finger with her juices. She made no attempt to stop him as he inserted his finger deeper inside her, she just opened her legs a little to accommodate him.

"I'll bet you never realised he had that in his trousers did you?" Dave asked as he pushed another finger gently inside her. Gwen shook her head and looked back at Peter's large dick swaying in front of her, mesmerised, Jackie's hand seemingly small on his shaft. "That will certainly keep you warm on a cold winter's night eh?" Dave said quietly and slid his fingers further into her warm wetness. She sighed and looked down at his hand between her legs, pleased with the attention she was receiving but all the while her focus was on the huge shaft towering in front of her.

I reached out and took her breast in my hand and unconsciously she pushed her chest up into my hand in greeting. I felt the weight and the shape of it again, moving across between breasts until I took the one closest to me and taking her nipple between my fingers I pulled until it grew and hardened. I leaned in to kiss her bare shoulder; "That will certainly spoil you for other men," I said following her rapt gaze towards Peter's penis and she moaned softly at the back of her throat, whether from the attention she was receiving or from the images my words created I was not sure.

Jackie leaned into Peter and wrapping her arm around his hips she began very slowly to stroke his large erect penis, revelling in its size and weight, pulling the foreskin back to expose the glistening purple head. Peter put his hand out and gently stroked the back of Jackie's head, like a master with his acolyte, all the time smiling, all the time watching Dave's fingers stroking deeper between Gwen's open legs.

Gwen's head slowly fell forward until her chin rested on her chest, her eyes half closing in pleasure as Dave began to move between her legs more determinedly, his fingers delving deeper as if searching for the climax he knew was there. She watched through half closed eyes as her juices began to glisten on his fingers, her focus alternating between what was happening between her own legs and Jackie's hand slowly moving the skin up and down on Peter's long, thick shaft. She growled quietly at the back of her throat as she watched drops of pre-cum begin to escape and run slowly down from the tip of his bulbous head and over the slender fingers wrapped around his shaft. Peter stroked the back and side of Jackie's head, instinctively pulling her closer into his waist as the pressure in his loins grew. Her face was now merely inches from his cock and she watched in fascination as her fingers moved up and down the length of his shaft; slicking it with his own juices.

Moving lower down Gwen's body to gain better access Dave turned his fingers inside her, increasing the pressure, causing her to close her eyes. I rolled her nipple and added a little extra pressure, "Keep them open," I instructed, "Peter's going to cum soon." She opened her eyes and they travelled slowly up Peter's cock to Jackie's hand travelling in long, slow strokes along his shaft. We could all see that he was beginning to concentrate, his hips making small rhythmic movements against her fingers, increasing the pleasure and the pressure. "He's going to cum on you," I said quietly to Gwen and her eyes became unfocused at the thought, the growing pressure between her own legs heightening her desire to see him cum on her. His shaft hung high above her open legs, some of his flood of pre-cum already dripping down onto her thighs. "Just think what that would feel like inside you," I offered quietly and she licked her lips, her eyes almost burning with her need to cum. "Once he's cum he will last a lot longer the second time," I said and she nodded, drifting in and out with my words, "do you want the second one to be inside you?" I asked and she nodded, lost in the sensation between her legs. "Watch," I said and Gwen opened her eyes again, focussing her addled attention on Peter's cock, huge and towering above her. "He's going to cum all over you any time now."

Dave moved his fingers still deeper inside her and she groaned, straining her legs wider to accommodate him. "Moby is bigger than this," Dave said quietly twisting his fingers, "are you sure that you can take him?" The words registered and Gwen focused again on Jackie's hand, her fingers looking small on Peter's cock. At the top of each stroke Jackie ran her hand around the bulbous wet head of his cock as though washing it, the head on its own easily large enough to completely fill her half closed hand.

"Look at you," Dave said, "I've never seen anyone so wet," and Gwen looked down between her legs, she could feel her juices pouring out of her, she could hear Dave's fingers moving noisy and wet inside her. Dave turned his hand again and his thumb searched for her clitoris and Gwen cried out as he found it.

Peter closed his eyes as Jackie moved her fingers to the sensitive skin just below the ridge of his large head. She ran her fingers over the tip, gathering his juices before smearing them over the head and shaft again taking up the rhythm that she knew would shortly drive him over the edge to his climax. Peter hung his head, his breathing laboured. His hips thrust forward with every movement of her hand, his need to cum now urgent. His eyes opened at Dave's words and he looked down on Gwen's open legs and at Dave's fingers, buried deep within her sex. He saw Dave's thumb on her clitoris and heard her strangled cry, her hips were mindlessly rising to meet every thrust. She was pouring juices, flooding out across his hand and the sofa. The sensations were immense and his senses swam.

Gwen smothered a cry as the first fierce ripples of her climax began to spill out from between her open legs, "Watch when he cum's," Dave said and Gwen forced her eyes open again, "he'll cum like a fountain," he said and she saw Jackie's hand move faster, bringing him quickly up to the edge. His hips pushed against her hand and his cock strained against her fingers. If possible he seemed to grow larger in her hand as his climax approached. Jackie pulled Peter forward, aiming his huge cock at Gwen like a weapon. As the first spasm shook him large jets of hot sperm erupted from him, splattering down across the Gwen's naked body laid out below him. He strained again against Jackie's fingers and sperm cascaded down across Gwen's thighs, across her tummy and her chest. Gwen's eyes were huge, saucer like, as Peter's sperm rained down upon her, seeming to burn into her skin, sending her spiralling out of control, her muscles locked around Dave's fingers as she cried out her own climax in response to his.

Jackie slowed her rhythm as Peter buckled against her, her fingers sill wrapped around his shaft, draining the last drops of semen from him. She let him go and raised her fingers to her lips and tasted him, the tip of her tongue darting out like a small animal. "Salty, but nice," she declared and laughed to herself, looking at the huge splashes of cum spilled across Gwen's prostrate body, "there's a good cupful there for any woman that suck's him off, never seen anyone cum like that before." Peter slowly raised his head and surveyed his handiwork, his cum shining in pools all over Gwen's skin.

"Do you always cum like that?" Sue asked, reaching out and taking a slow, gentle grip on Peter's still semi-erect cock.

Peter shrugged slightly, "Dunno really," he said watching the soft rise and fall of Gwen's chest, her hard, erect nipples. His eyes strayed slowly down her body, the liquid pools of cum across her stomach and abdomen, her pubic hair glowing fiery red in the sunlight, small spots of cum sitting on top of the hair, glinting wetly, his eyes finally coming to rest between her wide open legs where her sex showed clearly, her lips pouting and well used.

"I guess it was the occasion," he said at last, "I got a little excited." He laughed a little shyly at Sue's wry smile, watching her hand on his penis, travelling its length, feeling its weight and it's girth. He had fancied this girl for years but been too tongue tied to say anything and now here he was, in one afternoon, naked between the two sisters while they both played with him, with his girlfriend naked and spread out before him, he almost felt that this had to be a dream; he had never been as excited as he felt now, he felt invincible, that he could go on forever and he smiled, a smile that reached back into his very soul and he knew that he was forever changed.

Sue's hand moved on his shaft, pulling his foreskin back to let her fingers roam over the pink and shining head. She could feel him growing again, lengthening slowly, raising himself. Jackie leaned forward and took the head into her mouth, running her tongue around the head before letting it go, leaving the head wet and shiny with her saliva. She smiled at Sue and shrugged, "Had to try it before it got too big, not too sure I could get it in my mouth when it's full size." Sue laughed and continued stroking noticing that Peter had grown considerably in the few seconds he had been in Jackie's mouth. She noticed Gwen push herself back up onto her elbows, her fingers, dipping almost in awe, into one of the pools of semen that were splashed liberally across her body. She looked up at Peter and smiled, holding up her sticky fingers for him to see. He smiled back at her, his penis rising rapidly in Sue's hand. Sue turned to Gwen who looked at her and then down at the penis, growing ever larger in her hand. Gwen licked her lips and looked back at Sue.

"Do you want this?" Sue asked quietly, letting his penis rest in her palm.

**Summer Ch. 12 Peter takes Gwen**

"Do you want this?" Sue asked quietly, letting Peter's penis rest in her palm. Gwen opened her eyes and looked at her, a glance of fear and lust in equal measure but she said nothing. Sue felt the monster in her hand jerk at her words and looked at Peter, his eyes were firmly fixed between Gwen's open legs. Gwen followed his gaze and then looked back at Sue.

"Well, do you?" she said, her hand softly stroking the large shaft. Gwen looked around as if for advice but the ring of faces were unhelpful, the decision solely hers.

"He wants you," Sue continued softly, pulling Gwen's eyes back to the erect penis now filling Sue's hand. "Peter wants you," she said and Gwen looked up at Peter, towering over her, his erect penis pointing between her open legs. Her fingers unconsciously rubbed more of his pooled semen against her skin.

"Do you?" Gwen asked quietly.

"If you want me to," Peter responded, the conversation suddenly excluding the others, intimate despite the crowd around them. Gwen swallowed and looked at Peter's huge penis, her indecision painful, wavering hesitantly between lust and fear.

With a gentle pressure from her hand Sue led Peter to kneel between Gwen's open thighs. In silence we watched Peter position himself between Gwen's legs, his large penis making Sue's hand look small. Peter seemed to shake slightly as he lowered himself down, his eyes fixed on Gwen.

"Easy mate," Dave said reassuringly and Peter gratefully smiled back. Gwen tried to push herself a little more upright but Dave held her. She licked her lips and watched Peter's penis towering up between her open thighs.

"Well?" Sue asked, still massaging Peter's penis, his foreskin rolling down and then back up under her hand, alternately exposing and then half covering the large protruding head, a sexual version of the children's game 'Bo Peep'. Peter moved forward of his own accord, spreading Gwen's legs wider, bringing his penis closer, dragging Sue along with him. I stroked Gwen's shoulder, offering reassurance and support but I could not help but notice that her nipples were hard and fiercely erect and her breasts heaving as if she were having trouble breathing, her breath coming in short excited gasps.

Sue pressed the head of his penis down and Peter leaned forward until the tip rested against the lips of her sex. Gwen cried out as though the touch had burned her and she tried to shuffle away, back up the sofa but Peter held her thighs, keeping her in place. Dave and I still held her hands. Peter leaned forward again; just a fraction and the soft pink lips of her sex opened slightly as his penis pressed up against them. Gwen closed her eyes for a moment as she felt first slight intrusion. The sensation flood through her, threatening to overwhelm her and she shook her head gently as she watched Sue lift Peter's penis, running the tip of it up between the lips of her sex until it touched her erect clitoris. Gwen cried out again, the sensation exploding between her legs arcing up through her body like an electric shock, causing her to gasp for breath.

Gwen began to shake as a sudden realisation of the moment took her, she struggled to gain a hold of reality as alcohol and the sex clouded her reason. Peter's penis was already between her legs, between the lips of her sex; and she knew that unless she took control now he was about to push and enter her, to consummate the afternoon and their hugely accelerated relationship. She could feel Sue's hand keeping Peter's penis between her legs, keeping it pushing gently at the entrance to her sex. She could feel how unbelievably wet she was, the result of her previous climaxes and copious amounts of Peter's pre-cum. There was no resistance to his gentle insistence, she was wide open and she knew it; and she wanted him, she wanted him safely gathered inside her, filling her, stretching her beyond the limits of her reason. And she was terrified. Scared that she would show herself in front of this audience of her closest friends, that she would expose herself completely, be laid ever more bare, open to ridicule and degradation, branded a slut as she lost her reason and screamed out as she knew she would with Peter inside her butted hard up against the entrance to her womb.

And suddenly she saw, as though she was standing naked at the top of a mountain, at the edge of a high cliff, buffeted by wind and rain, that in a thunder flash she could see her whole self laid out, bare and in stark relief; everything was suddenly clear in that bright blinding light and she knew in that moment that this is what she had been moving towards all her young life, all her sexual experiences had been leading to this moment. To be laid naked in front of her friends, to be acting like a slut in front of her friends was not just a half formed fantasy, it was the fantasy, the core of her sexuality; and she was living it now. And her heart filled her chest and tears of joy pricked her eyes as she felt the tip of Peter's penis slowly travelling the length of her sex.

We all watched, mesmerised, as Sue's hand drew Peter's penis up through the folds of Gwen's sex, her lips parted as the head of his penis passed between them, her sex opening to him, a parting of the waters. Sue suddenly sat back and took her hand away, "You're on your own now," she said decisively to Peter "your decision if you want to go any further;" and his eyes blinked uncertainly as he looked at her, trying to understand the import of her words. Peter looked down at his penis, pointed firmly at Gwen's sex, the massive head of his manhood nestling between the lips of her sex. One push, he realised and he would be inside her, making love, no longer a virgin, his first conquest. He looked up at Gwen's face; she was staring back at him. "My decision," he said, almost a question.

Gwen shook herself free of my hand and reached out, placing her palm flat against Peter's chest. "And mine," she said, her head bowed, her eyes firmly fixed on the penis that was resting against her sex. Peter rocked his hips slightly, the slight pressure transmitting itself through the raw nerve endings of her sex. In response her fingers arched against his chest, her nails scraping softly against his skin. Another slight push and her lips parted, forming themselves gently around the intruder. The soft sibilant intake of breath through Gwen's clenched teeth could be clearly heard, the only sound in the whole room. "Go on boy." I could hear myself whispering in my head, "Go on Pete, she's ready for you." Peter's hips moved almost imperceptibly and his penis moved another fraction of an inch deeper between her lips. Gwen groaned, her eyes closed, a slight sheen of sweat forming on her skin, her hand still pressed against his chest. Peter rocked his hips again and another quarter of inch of his substantial head disappeared inside her. We watched her lips expand around him as he slowly moved forward, stretching to accommodate his girth. All our eyes, all our attentions were focused between Gwen's legs, on that point of union, watching the serpent insinuate itself fraction by fraction, between her straining, glistening lips.

The girls watched in perfect silence, even their breathing hushed, as Peter moved forward again, stretching Gwen still wider, slowly but surely forcing her open. Gwen shook her head and gripped his hips harder with her thighs as if trying to slow the ingress of the monster between her legs. Her breathing was ragged and she breathed heavily through her mouth, like a woman in labour, the sweat shining on her skin as she tried to accommodate his size. He was stretching her wider than she believed possible, her one and only sexual partner, active though he had been, had not prepared her for this. She pushed back against his chest, fingers splayed, Canute turning back the tide and Peter relented, pulling slowly back, the head of his penis withdrawing, slick and shiny with her juices, until it rested, just the very tip of him, with only the last millimetre lodged inside her

As he retreated Gwen relaxed, her whole body easing, shedding its tension as his penis withdrew. Peter knelt between her legs, leaning easily against her outstretched hand. She flashed a faint smile at him and eased a sigh of relief. We all breathed with her, our eyes fixed upon Peter's seemingly huge penis twitching softly, forming a bridge between them, the large purple head resting against her sex shining almost angrily against the pink puffy lips which had tried and failed to accommodate him.

Gwen looked up at Peter, her eyes sad and noticeably moist, "I'm sorry," she said quietly, "I just couldn't do it; he's too big." Peter looked down and smiled understandingly, "It's OK," he said, "it's not a problem," and as he said it his hips moved forward. Gwen's eyes went wide as saucers and her mouth formed the perfect 'O' as, with one long, gentle, easy push, the huge head of his penis slid smoothly past her lips and lodged itself firmly inside her. Gwen cried out and pushed at his chest but Peter was not moving, he looked at her and smiled. "See," he said, completely the master of the situation, "where there's a will..."

There was a collective inhalation of breath as we watched Gwen's lips stretch and open, wrapping themselves around the large wet head of Peter's penis as it pushed its way inside her. The girls bit their lips in concern, trying not to wish it was them lying there, trying to control the growing moistness between their own legs. Dave and I glanced at each other and grinned inanely, acting as though our team had just won some kind of an important match. Gwen shook as her hand slid down Peter's chest, across his abdomen to finally grasp the thick shaft between her legs, the thick shaft upon which she was now impaled. She wrapped her fingers around it as if to pull it out of her, like an arrow in some old B Movie cowboy; but Peter held her by the hips, rigid, unmoving, keeping her positioned where he wanted her. Eventually her hand stopped its ineffectual attempts to push him out of her, slowly changing her grip, feeling the width and the warmth of the animal in her hand. She felt its length, from the base at his groin to the warm wetness where he entered her and her eyes travelled slowly up to meet his as she absorbed the information her fingers were passing her. Peter rocked his hips and his penis moved slightly inside her and she moaned, softly, her hand still wrapped around his shaft. Peter rocked again and she let go, lying slowly back, opening her legs wider for him, acceptance and submission.

Gwen cried out as Peter moved within her, fractional movements of his hips transmitted through her sex. A slick of sweat glistened between her breasts. We all leaned closer in, a strange parody of childbirth; all eyes were fixed between her legs, on the point of union where Peter's penis was embedded in her sex. The women made encouraging noises, touching Gwen's hand as she strained wider to try to accommodate the log between her legs, the boys muttering muted congratulations to both parties on what had been achieved so far,

Gwen was moaning now, a constant low groan that made the girls moist and the boys erect. Peter frowned in rapt concentration, eyes closed like some kind of swami as with short, slow, steady thrusts of his hips, he slowly pushed himself deeper in to Gwen. Sue moved forward so she could see better, sliding off her chair, bracing herself with a hand on my thigh. Her eyes were almost glazed with lust and awe as she watched Peter's penis slowly, inch by slow inch, disappear between Gwen's stretched lips.

Then, with a final slow thrust Peter slid his full length deep inside her. Their hips met, pubic hair joined together, bright red on black. Gwen wrapped her legs around Peters hips and with a low moan she pulled him into her, forcing him deeper, filling her completely. Peter smiled and pushed slowly down on her knees, forcing them even wider; he was in control now and he showed it. His whole demeanour had completely changed in the time it had taken him to impale Gwen. His shoulders had broadened and his eyes had suddenly taken on the confident look of a man who has recognised the power he wields, the value of what he has been blessed with. His eyes were shining, no longer the indecisive, slightly bruised look that had previously resided there. Feeling the pressure Gwen opened her eyes and looked up at him and Peter could see the wild, slightly unfocused, passion that he had kindled and he smiled. Peter had suddenly discovered the power of sex, he had come of age.

In one long slow continuous movement Peter slowly withdrew from inside her, his shaft shining in the light, slick with her juices. Gwen's mouth opened into a perfect, silent, 'O' as the glistening length of his shaft reappeared. She looked for all the world as if she were some pornographic conjurer disgorging a snake. At the end of his stroke Peter paused and smiled, the showman, the magician. He looked down at Gwen laid back on the sofa, legs wide open, his to command; at the sheen of sweat that coated her skin, the look of awe and surprise in her eyes. He looked around at our faces watching the show he was putting on, the ringmaster surveying the crowd and he smiled again, the unchallenged star of his own gala performance.

Dave reached out and ran his hands across Gwen's chest, his fingers sliding slickly across her skin. For the first time he weighed her breasts and felt their shape and form. He rolled her nipples between his thumb and forefinger and felt her rise to his touch. Peter watched with a smile on his face, his shaft poised for the return journey. He looked down the length of her prostrate body, spread before him like a sacrifice; down between her legs where her lips stretched tightly around the head of his shaft, waiting to accept him again. He smiled and in one fluid movement he slid his shaft all the way back into her, filling her to capacity, causing her to cry out as he pushed up against the entrance to her womb. There was a hiss of inhaled breath from both Jackie and Sue, watching unashamed, wide-eyed and envious from the sides. Gwen lay back, her arms outstretched, quiescent, impaled and tamed.

Full of confidence now Peter leaned forward and ran his hands up Gwen's body, feeling the shape of her hips and flat stomach, leaning further forward to cup her breasts, his penis still buried to its hilt inside her. Gwen shuddered as he stroked her, his hands roaming freely over her chest, between her legs, through her pubic hair, looking for and finding the hard, erect nub of her clitoris. Gwen stiffened and flexed her hips, her movement constrained by the shaft buried deep between her legs. He stroked his thumb across the sensitive head and was gratified at the response it drew from her. She reached to stay his hand but Dave and I held her, keeping her spread-eagled. Peter continued the gentle pressure on her clitoris and Gwen's hips jerked in response to each touch. Each twitch moved the penis buried deep between her legs, intensifying the sensation created by his thumb.

Gwen began to moan again, low and deep at the back of her throat, she was skilfully being taken to her climax and there was nothing she could do to stop it. Peters thumb continued to rotate between her legs and slowly Gwen began to shake, her whole body responding to this small movement at the very tip of her sex and the shaft that was buried deep inside her, stretching her sex to the limit, filling her completely.

I saw Jackie's hand caress her own thigh for a moment before slipping almost unnoticed up under the hem of her skirt, she fumbled briefly with her underwear before I saw a small shiver of satisfaction as her fingers slid unseen into the darkness between her own legs.

Gwen trembled as her climax approached. Peter's thumb moved lightly over her clitoris, his shaft still butted up, hard inside her. She shook as his thumb robbed control of her body, robbed her of thought. She wanted to close her legs, to stop his thumb, to scream but she could achieve none of these things; her climax was already coursing through her body, rushing like a train, wiping her out, breaking her down. Then it crashed upon her and she cried out, her body suddenly rigid, taught enough to snap, her hand gripping Dave with such force that I could see his skin turning white under the pressure of her fingers. She cried out, her hips jerking in time to Peter's thumb. She thrust up against him, spread eagled and lost, still pinned by the shaft embedded deep within her.

Jackie's hand moved in the darkness under her skirt and she groaned softly, jerking in time to the unseen rhythm of her fingers. Sitting up Dave reached out pulled her hand away, out from between her legs. Her fingers glistened wetly in the light. She knelt silently upright before him, knees slightly apart, hips thrust aggressively forward, her eyes watching him defiantly, waiting to see what he was going to do. With both hands he raised the front of her skirt exposing her knickers and thighs, strips of moisture shone at the top of her thighs where he had brusquely pulled her fingers away. He looked up at her but her face was impassive, staring silently back at him. Her silence goaded him. Reaching under her skirt he pulled her knickers roughly down over her hips. Her body swayed and jerked as his hands pulled at her underwear, pushing them down her thighs to her knees. Dave looked up again, her eyes were still impassive but her lips had taken on a half sneer that pricked at his pride like a needle. He thrust his hand between her legs searched for her wetness. She winced slightly as he pushed his fingers roughly up inside her although she never made a sound. Pleased that he had elicited a reaction Dave pushed his fingers up in to her to his knuckles. She moved her knees apart slightly to ease his access. Hooking his fingers inside her he pulled her towards him and intimately caught, she shuffled forward on her knees, her knickers working their way under her knees and down her shins with the motion.

Looking down on Gwen Peter shook his thick head of black hair like a young bull beginning to test his mettle for the first time. A light sheen of perspiration bronzed his chest and shoulders. He smiled to no-one in particular and rested his body forward, leaning slowly in between Gwen's legs, his penis still hard inside her. Post climax Gwen stirred and made a half hearted movement to back away up the couch but Peter held her by the hips and she relaxed into his control again with a spent sigh. Peter wanted to cum now, he was hard and more excited than he had ever been in his life and he had already cum once but today he felt he could keep going forever. Slowly his hips began a soft, gentle motion that caused Gwen to breathe deeply, almost as if asleep, her eyelids fluttered and her stomach muscles tensed. His hips continued their circular motion, his penis slowly withdrawing a little more with each stroke before almost leisurely sinking back inside her. Her breathing grew ragged as his shaft stroked in and out, lifting her, causing her to moan softly with each slow thrust.

"Shall I pull out?" Peter asked quietly and Gwen shook her head. "Are you sure?" He asked again without breaking his rhythm, and she nodded. "Good," he said and watched his shaft slowly sink between her legs, burying itself deeply into her open sex.

Dave pulled Jackie into the space between his open legs. Wrapping his arm around her waist he held her close while his hand between her legs explored deeper inside her. She was so wet; her juices coated his fingers and ran down the inside of her thighs. He could hear his fingers moving like liquid inside her and he smiled as he saw her beginning to strain to keep her features cold and impassive. He moved deeper, probing, stroking, his fingers delving harder into her tender places. She shuddered as his thumb found her clitoris; her eyes locked on his for a moment until suddenly she leaned forward and came around his fingers with a softly stifled groan.

Taking his fingers from inside her Dave grinned triumphantly as he pushed her upright, holding her at the waist like a rag doll. He pulled her T shirt clear of the waistband of her skirt and in one movement he pulled the T shirt up and over her breasts. She made no move to stop him. He ran a hand almost insolently across the top of her breasts, feeling their swell over the soft material of her bra, showing her that she was his to do with as he pleased. Watching her face he rudely pulled one cup of her bra down exposing her breast and nipple. Her hands made an almost involuntary movement to defend herself but Dave caught them and pushed them away and they fell limp and unresisting to her sides.

Almost casually he cupped her breast and fingered the soft white flesh until his fingers found and fastened onto her hard pink nipple. He rolled it between his thumb and fingers, harshly, not with the gentleness such soft and delicate anatomy deserved and Jackie winced but remained silent, allowing him the freedom to abuse her without giving him the pleasure of her acquiescence. Suddenly letting go he took hold of her shirt and in one movement he pulled it up over her head and she raised her arms to allow him to pull it off. He casually tossed the garment to one side and paused to inspect the girl who was defiantly allowing him to undress her, kneeling submissively in front of him, eyes blazing like a warrior.

Smiling confidently Dave pushed her bra straps off her shoulders and down her arms. He ran his hand over her chest to the point between her breasts. Hooking his finger into the strap between the cups he pulled her bra down until her breasts sprang clear. Jackie never uttered a word; she simply squared her shoulders causing her breasts to jut proudly. "You look like a slut," Dave said watching her eyes. Jackie reached behind her waist and unhooked her bra and never taking her eyes off Dave she dropped it casually to one side. "I may look like one but you actually are one," she said quietly. Dave laughed and leaning forward he took a nipple in his mouth, Jackie briefly closed her eyes and wrapping her arms around his head she cradled him to her breast.

Peter paused and shook his head and his mop of jet-black hair swayed with the motion; he was trying not to come. Gwen moaned and pushed her hips upwards impaling herself further onto his weapon, driving him as deep inside her as it was possible to be. Peter gripped her thighs until the spasm passed and opened his eyes. Gwen lay flat on her back, her eyes closed, she was bathed in sweat, her hips moved blindly, searching out the relief that she now craved so desperately again. Sue leaned forward and brushed the hair away from Peter's brow. "Take it easy," she said quietly, "take it easy. You've got all evening. Don't rush." Peter looked up and smiled.

I put my arm around her shoulder and pulled her close, "He's about to cum," I said quietly. "He's doing fine, leave him alone," and Sue nodded, leaning back into my arms. I pulled her closer and ran my hand up the back of her thighs to cup the soft cheeks of her naked bottom. Sue sighed and leaned back further into me the back of her head resting on my shoulder. My fingers naturally drifted down between her legs, moving between her open thighs to find her sex. She was soaked, her juices flowing copiously, wetting the inside of her thighs. She sighed as my fingers opened her and I pushed softly inside.

As his tongue swirled around her nipple Dave took hold of the waistband of Jackie's skirt. In one movement he had pulled it down over her hips and pushed until it fell to her knees. Jackie was now naked. Dave's hands roamed her waist and hips, moving down the crease of her bottom, caressing her cheeks, the other at her front, moving between her thighs. Jackie gasped slightly as his fingers separated the lips of her sex and moved deeper, exploring her wetness, creating growing centres of warmth, linking up between her breast and her sex. As the sensations grew Jackie slowly and affectionately ran her fingers through the hair on the head at her breast. She looked across and smiled at Sue opposite, "I'm going to cum again," she mouthed almost dreamily and closed her eyes, abandoning herself to her pleasure and Dave's hands.

Trembling almost uncontrollably as her climax approached Gwen pulled herself up and threw her arms around Peter's neck, bursting into tears as she buried her head into his shoulder. Wrapping his arms around her he cuddled her in close into his chest, his penis still buried deeply inside her, his hips between her open legs, barely moving, hanging onto his own climax. "Are you OK?" he asked.

She sobbed against his chest and nodded wetly. "This is the happiest moment of my life."

"Then why are you crying?" he asked in total male confusion.

"How the hell should I know?" She responded, her shaking increasing in intensity. "Because I'm a woman," she said biting her lip to hold back her climax, "because I'm happy; and because I'm about to cum again." Peter pushed his hips forward, moving his penis inside her and she groaned, biting down on his shoulder this time as the shock waves radiated out from her groin, overpowering her, stripping her resistance. He reached between their bodies, his hand folding around her breast. His fingers curled around her nipple, pulling gently. She leaned back slightly to give his fingers room to continue their work, her head falling forward against his chest as if all the muscles supporting it had suddenly failed. As her sobbing subsided he gently pushed her back, laying her flat on the couch again. She closed her eyes as he began to slowly stroke his member deep inside her. She groaned and arched her back, crying out and reaching out to hold the arm that still held and caressed her breast. Peter began to stroke more forcefully, pushing himself deeper and higher inside her. Gwen cried out again, her cry ending in a low guttural moan.

Dave pulled Jackie closer, his arm around her waist as he pushed his fingers roughly, deeper inside her. There was no attempt at gentleness; Dave was trying to show his mastery of her and Jackie was letting him, revelling in the rough treatment. She thrust back at him with her hips, devouring his fingers, her legs defiantly apart. He shook her and her breasts bounced, he latched onto her nipples with his mouth, pulling them taut, stretching them almost painfully; and Jackie laughed, driving him to greater exertions, until, almost against her will, she came; curling up around the hand that was wedged firmly between her legs, folding over as the climax swept through her. Dave kept his fingers moving inside her, smiling triumphantly as Jackie cried out and crumbled, rolling sideways against Peter who barely glance at the naked young woman crashing through a climax at his side,

Gripping Gwen by the hips Peter suddenly completely withdrew, his penis making a deep sucking sound as the air rushed into the vacuum his withdrawal had created. He pulled back until the bulbous head of his penis began to reappear; his huge shaft glittered in the light. Gwen rocked her head from side to side, desperate for him to fill her again. In response, in one movement, he pushed his length fully back into her, his penis disappearing inside her, causing her to cry out, a gasping, cry of pleasure. He leaned forward slightly and placing his hands on Gwen's hips he pulled her into him, completing the thrust. She sagged under his attack; there was no resistance from her, her body pliant and open. He now controlled her completely.

She continued to roll her head from side to side, her body slick with sweat as Peter began to thrust in earnest, pulling back a little further each time before pushing back to the hilt inside her, pulling her hips in to the thrust and making her cry out. Gwen shook like a leaf with each penetration. She moaned as he worked his shaft deeper inside her, his torso glistening with sweat as he also tried to control the shifting urgency of his own his rapidly rising climax.

Gwen came suddenly, her back again arching up of the couch, her throat issuing a deep wail that started in her womb and rose up to her throat as she rode his penis to her climax. As she came beneath him, every sinew taught like a silent scream, Peter pulled from inside her and slid his penis up and onto her stomach. His fingers were white with effort as he grasped Gwen's thighs, his dick twitching, swollen and desperate for release. Sue could not help herself. With my fingers still inside her she reached forward and wrapped her slim fingers around it, automatically stroking its length. At her touch Peter exploded, his sperm flying high up Gwen's body and onto her chest, Sue held on as his penis twitched in her hand and she watched in awe as again he pumped thick pools of semen out onto Gwen's stomach.

Gwen lay still, her breath coming in broken gasps like a beached fish. His head hung forward, his eyes almost obscured by his heavy fringe. He looked down at Sue's hand still holding the shaft of his penis and he smiled. "Thanks," he said, "always use a helping hand at a time like this." Sue smiled self-consciously and took her hand away, leaning back into me again. I ran my hand up under the front of her dress and cupped her breast. Peter's eyes followed the movement, a glint of interest despite his still warm sperm coating Gwen's body. Smiling I pulled the front of her dress up a little to gain better access to her breasts. As her dress slid up her body Peter looked around at her, "Really beautiful," he said appreciatively. Sue smiled and straightened herself, her legs apart and her chest thrust forward, the classic nude model pose. I pulled the front of her dress up to her shoulders, exposing her completely, displaying her body to Peter; she gasped in mock surprise but I could feel her begin to tremble with growing excitement. I recognised the signs; she wanted him to see her. I turn her to face him. He looked her up and down appreciatively. Naked from her shoulders down she knelt defiantly upright facing Peter, her knees apart, my fingers inside her from behind.

He reached a hesitant hand out towards her, "Do you mind?" He asked me, incongruously formal. I shook my head and wrapped both arms around her from behind, holding her dress up above her breasts. Peter reached out and cupped his hand around her breast; Sue breathed in as his hand explored her chest, first one breast and then the other, feeling their shape and their texture. He explored her nipples, rolling them in turn between his finger and thumb. Eventually his hand moved down over her ribcage, his fingers trailing slowly down across her smooth flat stomach and over her blonde pubic hair. Sue gasped as his fingers slipped between her legs, finding her wetness. He parted her lips and exposed her protruding clitoris. Her eyes close and her body sagged a little as he brushed across the sensitive head. Peter smiled knowingly and his eyes glinted. 'Poor Sue,' I thought to myself as I held her upright, "yet another one now knows your secret." Peter slid his finger fully inside her and she groaned. "Really lovely," Peter said exploring her, his fingers moving around inside her. Sue began to tremble but Peter removed his hand and touched the love bites on her abdomen, nestling just above her pubic hair. "Battle scars?" he asked and Sue nodded. "Busy girl," he said and Sue blushed. "Easily done," Sue answered, nodding down at Gwen, "you two have had one already." Peter laughed and nodded, "You're right," he said, "can't argue."

"I thought you were going to come inside me?" Gwen asked suddenly, rubbing her fingers almost sadly in a small pool of sperm on her tummy.

"Decided against it," Peter said, "there's too much shagging for us to do before I get you pregnant."

Gwen pulled herself upright again and hugged Peter to her. She began to cry again. Peter stroked her back and her hair, he can feel his sperm running down between their bodies. "What's up now?" He asked gently.

"Does that mean you want to keep doing it?"

"Only as often as I can," he said laughing gently.

"Thank you," she said and kissed him full on the lips, "I knew I'd made the right decision in going out with you." Peter laughed again and hugged her tightly to him. Jackie disengaged from Dave and leaned over to throw her arms around both of them. "Stop it you two, your making me jealous."

Peter opened his arms to include her. "No need to be," he said, "there's always room for one more."

Sue moved forward to join in the group hug. "And what about me?" she asked.

"Room for everyone," Peter said putting her arm around her shoulder and drawing her near.

I glanced across at Dave who was leaning back on the couch; he smiled at me and shrugged. I shrugged back. "Getting a bit girly for me" he said and Jackie laughed and hit him affectionately across the knee. Dave watched Peter's hand slowly fall from Jackie's shoulders and trail down her naked back to cup and caress her bottom. Jackie kisses him on the cheek and hugged him tighter. His hand continued to knead her cheeks, clearly enjoying the feel of her firm round globes.

Gwen looked down between their bodies at Peter's slowly thickening cock. "Bloody hell! I don't believe it. Are you getting hard again?"

Peter laughed and shrugged his shoulders. "Simply rising to the occasion. What else can you expect when I'm surrounded by naked women?"

"Are you going to do anymore exhibition shagging?" Dave asked Peter sarcastically, moving Jackie slightly aside so that he can see Peter's slowly swelling cock.

"Might do," Peter says, "Depends on who's willing." Dave noticed him give Jackie's arse a squeeze as he asked the question.

"How about a drink first?" Dave asked getting up and walking around the back of the couch.

Sue pushed herself upright and picking up her empty glass and smoothing her dress she walked around to join Dave. "Good idea she said waving the empty glass, I'm out."

"Me too," I said hoisting my glass above my head.

Sue laughed and reached over to take it off me. "Same again?" She asked and I nodded.

Peter's hand slowly followed the crack of Jackie's bottom, down into the darkness between her legs. Jackie opened them slightly to give him better access. His fingers found her wetness. and Jackie settled her head acquiescently on Peter's shoulder. Recognising what was happening Gwen lay back on the sofa to give them room, she half turned to Dave and Sue, "I don't know where my glass is but I'm thirsty!"

Dave looked at the sperm spattered wetly across her stomach and breasts. "I'm not surprised," he said, "you've been working hard."

"Enjoying every moment of it though," she said reaching forward with a smile and giving Peters semi limp cock a tweak.

"Still plenty to come," he said smiling down at her and Gwen smiled back.

"Oh good," she said contentedly. Sue walked back with the drinks and dropped a towel on Gwen's stomach and Gwen began to wipe herself down.

"Move over a bit babe," Peter said to Gwen, "let's have a look at Jackie shall we?" Gwen laughed sounding a trifle unsure but she shuffled over to make room. Peter swung Jackie around and laid her on the couch.

Dave looked at me and pulled a wry face, "I think we've created a monster."

Peter smiled and placing his hands on her knees he opened Jackie's legs. "Shall we see what you've got to offer?" he asked.

Jackie laughed. "My God but the boy learns fast." Peter reached up and parted the lips of her sex and Jackie's laugh died away.

"Very nice," he said confidently, inserting a finger inside her.

"Working his way through the family," I said to Dave who shrugged again.

"Hope their Mum doesn't come back suddenly," he said ryely. "Could be a task to get her clothes off for him." Jackie put her tongue out at Dave, suddenly stiffening as Peter inserted another finger inside her. She groaned and her head fell back as he leaned between her open legs and placing his hand flat on her stomach he began to explore deeper inside her.

All eyes were again focussed on Jackie when Gwen suddenly jumped up. "Oh Fuck! My Dad!" We all swing round, hands going to cover private parts, expecting to see Gwen's dad striding through the door or peering in through the window. Gwen looked around frantically grabbing for her clothes. "My Dad! " She yelled at Peter, "we've forgotten to wake my friggin Dad! He'll bloody kill me!" Realisation dawning Peter leapt to his feet, grabbing for his shirt. Jackie pouted and sat upright.

Dave laughed at her obvious disappointment. "You might have to make do with me," he said. Jackie laughed and pouting she put her tongue out at him again.

Slightly bemused we all watched as Gwen and Peter struggled into their clothes. "Slow down," Sue urged as Gwen struggled into her tights. "You'll only be a few minutes late."

"He'll bloody kill me if he misses this match." she said, smoothing her very rumpled skirt down over her hips. Looking in the mirror over the mantelpiece she ran her fingers through her hair. "That'll have to do." she said. She turned to face us and spread her arms out wide, "Do I look as if I've spent the entire afternoon shagging?" We all burst out laughing and Sue went up to her and put her arms around her.

Peter pulled his shoe on and stood up, "Ready," he said.

"You coming back?" Jackie asked as hand in hand they rushed for the door.

"Will try to," Gwen threw over her shoulder, "depends upon the mood my Dad's in," she said and she bundled Peter out of the door before her. "See you later," came the departing cry and the door slammed shut. A slightly stunned silence descended upon the group.

"And then they were gone," Sue said eventually, holding up her glass in salute.

"Bloody hell, that was fast." I laughed shaking my head and taking a drink. Jackie leaned over the back of the sofa and reaching up she took the glass from Sue's hand, taking a long drink before handing back. She suddenly looked quite out of place sitting naked on the couch while the rest of us were all fully dressed.

Jackie looked around and laying back she spread her arms and legs wide, "Well, I'm all ready for action and the cast has gone home. Does anyone fancy keeping me company?" Sue reached down and grabbed a cushion from the couch and good naturedly hit her sister with it. Jackie clutched the cushion to her breast, her sex still unashamedly on display. "Gwen's Dad can be a bit of a bastard sometimes," she said quietly, "she lives in fear of him a bit. 'Bit fast with his hands,' she once told me."

Dave shrugged and stood up, pulling his shirt off over his head. "I'll keep you company," he said, "can't let you get cold."

Jackie looked up at him and smiled as she watched him pull his socks off and throw them to one side before unzipping his jeans and pushing them down onto his hips. "Oh good," she said. Dave walked his jeans down to his ankles and stepped out of them. Jackie discarded the cushion and slid to the front of the couch. Catching the front of his underwear she pulled him towards her. "Come here," she said almost coyly, "let me help with that." She pulled down on the front of his pants and his semi hard penis sprang free. She inspected it for a moment before taking it in her hand. Dave smiled as Jackie stroked him a few times, watching him harden. Sue walked around the couch and came and sat on my knee, draping her arm around my neck as we watched Dave and Jackie.

Without releasing the hold on his growing penis Jackie stripped his underpants down his legs and Dave stepped out of them. Bringing her head closer as if inspecting him Jackie rolled back the foreskin and a drop of precum appeared on the tip of Dave's penis. Without warning Jackie suddenly leant forward and put the end in her mouth. Dave almost collapsed and Jackie looked up at him quizzically. She pulled him closer, "Come here," she said, "let me show you how to suck a dick. Come on here to Mama," she said and took Dave's dick in her mouth again. Once again Dave froze as the Jackie's lips engulfed the head of his penis. She took him deep into her mouth and his knees almost buckled. His face was a mixture of pleasure and distress as her head bobbed at his groin. This was his first blowjob and he was not prepared for it, the sensations threatened to overwhelm him. Jackie glanced up at his face and much to Dave's consternation she burst out laughing much to Dave's obvious annoyance and confusion.

Holding on to his penis she manoeuvred him down onto the couch where she leaned over him, slowly jacking him off, a mischievous smile on her face. She took him in her mouth again and Dave groaned. She sucked at him, taking him deep into mouth, controlling his movements with her hand around the base of his shaft. Dave closed his eyes, surrendering to the sensation. He was rising fast, her mouth and her tongue were racing him towards his climax and he could already feel the first sensation of tightening in his balls. He lay back and groaned, she was skilfully weaving her tongue around the head of his penis while slowly stroking his shaft with her hand, even her breath on his groin was driving him higher and closer to the edge; and then suddenly, devastatingly, she stopped.

Holding his shaft by the base it stood upright from her hand, glistening like a lollipop. She squeezed gently causing his penis to twitch in her hand. She stared up at him, smiling wickedly. "He seems to be enjoying this," she said indicating his red and straining cock pointing desperately and forlornly through her hand at the ceiling. Dave blinked at her, he was teetering on the edge, his desperation to come was obvious to everyone. "Are you ready to cum?" She asked coyly, delicately swirling her tongue around the head of his penis, reinforcing the likeness to a lollipop. "Yes," he said, his voice cracking causing him to cough and clear his throat, "yes," he said again, deeper this time.

"Say 'please'," she said. Dave looked startled but another gentle squeeze on his straining shaft convinced him not to argue.

"Please" he whispered hoarsely.

"Not good enough," she said stroking his shaft, causing the veins to stand out on his neck as he strained to cum, "say 'pretty please'".

Dave glanced over at Sue and I and smiled almost malevolently. He watched as Jackie's head bobbed slowly up and down on his penis and then he began to stiffen as his climax approached. Perhaps it was Peter's powerful display that was spurring Dave's macho performance or perhaps he was getting his own back for Jackie's earlier treatment of him, or perhaps he was just pissed at the world but as Jackie felt the change and made to move away Dave reached down and grabbed her head, forcing it down on his shaft, holding her into his groin. She gagged as he pumped his sperm into her mouth. Unable to move she swallowed and gagged.

Realising too late what was happening Sue leapt forward and tried to pull his hands away from her sister's head. Laughing Dave released her and Jackie fell back gasping and wiping her mouth with the back of her hand. In anger Sue hit him hard with her fist but Dave easily pushed her away with a laugh.

"Tosser am I?" he said to Jackie who glared back up at him.

"Tosser!" she spat out again. "What's the hell's gotten into you Dave?" Sue asked trying to pull Jackie away but she held her ground looking down at Dave. "Leave me be," Jackie said quietly. She moved forward and straggled him, reaching between her legs to grasp his semi deflated penis, her eyes never leaving Dave's. "The boy's grown up," she said, "fighting back at last." With just a few strokes Dave began to harden again, they stared at each other, a new understanding between them. Jackie looked at Sue and I. "I think you can leave us now." She pulled Dave closer and rubbed the head of his penis through the wet folds of her lips. Dave took her hand away and pushed a little and the head of his penis disappeared inside her. Jackie stiffened and closed her eyes. Sue watched Dave slide inside her sister. Dave looked over. "Have you two got nothing better to do?" he asked.

Standing I took hold of Sue's hand, she seemed reluctant to leave. "Let's go" I said. "I think we are in danger of becoming a crowd. This one is between the two of them."

Sue looked at Jackie and then at Dave, she rode him slowly, rising up and down on his shaft as though she were riding a horse. "Will you be OK?" she stupidly asked Jackie who opened her eyes and looked at Sue's anxious face.

She laughed, "I think I'll manage" she said, "Fuck off and find somewhere of your own. I've waited for this long enough." She sighed as settled once again on Dave's shaft, slowly pushing him home inside her. "Come on' I said and led Sue away from the couch and the couple having sex there. We stood in the doorway and quietly watched them, gently now, slowly riding each other to their respective climaxes. Confused and somehow embarrassed at the sudden tenderness on display Sue turned and quickly pulled me out of the room.

In the hall she threw her arms around my neck and hugged me close. Her dress rode up as we hugged and I again cupped her naked bottom. She took my hand and pushed it between her legs. "I just needed a little privacy," she said as my fingers once again began to explore between her legs. I think we need to be alone don't you? Maybe try what they are doing."

I pulled my head back and looked at her, "You serious?"

"Of course. Isn't it about time you made a woman of me," she laughed and dance away out of my arms and started up the stairs, "or maybe I could make a man out of you." I watched her walk slowly away up the stairs, watching me over her shoulder. She was smiling coyly, a glint of laughter in her eye. Half way up she stopped and turned around, "Well, are you coming or do I have to go this alone?" I shook my head and joining in her laughter I set off after her.

**Summer Ch. 13 Gwen's Story 1**

His name was Mr Keitel, he was the general science teacher, one of the stock teachers who could be found in every school staffroom throughout the United Kingdom; solid and dependable, dressed in his tweed jacket with the leather elbows, chalk in one pocket and a pipe and a pouch of tobacco in the other.

Because of his unusual name the school legend told that he was German; and he could have passed for the archetypal German although in our uninformed state just the name was enough for us to build a web of intrigue and stories around him. He was tall and fair, a high angular face with a pale moustache and pale blue piercing eyes; reminiscent of an old Teutonic knight from the colour plates in our history books, he had the caste of the duelling Junker about him.

He was a good teacher, disciplined and respected. He would take the time out for us kids and he knew how to make us laugh in class. He treated us with respect and in the main it was appreciated and returned. I don't think he turned out any rocket scientists, not from my year at least, but he did give us a reasonable grounding in the intricacies of things scientific from biology to chemistry and back through a little physics.

We learned how to master the small Bunsen burners connected through little rubber hoses to gas taps on our desks; and the workings of the human eye from a rough mock up of a 'camera obscura' made with a hole pierced through the science lab blackout curtains; we also got stiff necks from spending many a lesson looking up at the ceiling and the rough and ready images he projected there. But he got his message across, often battering it into even the roughest set of kids, bound for a life of manual work hewing coal or pouring molten steel. Kids who could see no connection between the science that Mr. Keitel had promulgated and the fossils that they often found buried deep in the layers of coal and picked up, briefly wondered about, before tossing them back onto the conveyor belt and turning back to the job in hand.

He wasn't old, although to us kids he was already as ancient as all teachers are and he had been married; it was common knowledge that his wife had died some years before. He was always active in the school, not a 'nine to five' teacher. He ran the science club, the photography club and the chess club; all afterschool or lunchtime activities. He was one of the more popular teachers.

Gwen had joined the photographic club a year or so earlier. She was averagely talented as photographer but it was the developing and printing where she excelled. She had real feel for the darkroom work and quickly became the club's technical wiz. She and Mr Keitel would work together side by side in the darkroom; consulting on problems but often working together in comfortable silence. They developed a mutual respect for each other's expertise, Mr Keitel for his experience and Gwen for her talent. It was a partnership that worked well.

It was the height of summer and the school had already broken up for the holidays but the school summer activities continued as they did every summer; summer fayres to raise money, school trips, open days, etc. And all these events created a huge amount of work for the photographic club and in particular for Gwen and Mr Keitel. The club would take hundreds of photos at these events and it was Gwen and Mr Keitel who developed and printed them. Once printed the photos were then sold to raise additional funds for the school and the club.

Like all darkrooms the school darkroom was small and hot and the while the small extractor fan struggled to take away the smell of the chemicals it did nothing to dispel the heat; and the summer was a hot one. By agreement and by necessity Mr Keital took to working in shorts and T shirt while Gwen wore her gym skirt and either her polo or an old school shirt; and they still sweated.

They had a routine, she handled the printing and he developed and washed the exposed papers. A simple routine in a confined space and they worked shoulder to shoulder, close, arms and shoulders touching. They worked quickly and efficiently, often without speaking, a good team and the prints quickly rolled off the production line to be hung up to dry.

For some time now Mr Keitel had slowly become increasingly aware of Gwen as a young woman. The proximity of working together, the young girl smell of her, the casual contact, arm against arm, hip against hip, had, on a growing number of occasions, left him excited and semi erect. He was not particularly worried by this, in his years of teaching he had never been particularly troubled by the presence of young girls and if he had he had controlled it without too much difficulty. Being surrounded by growing, nubile young girls was part of the job and as part of the job he had always refused to let it affect him.

Part of him recognised that since his wife had died in an accident three years ago he had not had a sexual partner and still being a relatively young man he was feeling the loss of sex more keenly as time went by; but finding a suitable willing girl as a schoolmaster in a small village in Yorkshire was not easy. He was well known and respected in the surrounding areas and was expected to retain a staid and demur lifestyle. The growing cult of free love and the swinging sixties had not yet reached this small and isolated part of Yorkshire; and so he learned to button down his libido and simply got on with the job of teaching.

He had done well in ignoring her womanhood, right up until she climbed up on the stool to get some more photographic papers down from the top shelf in the darkroom. In the red glare of the developing light he had watched her stretch to get the boxes of papers and chemicals down from the shelves and he had felt himself stir. She stretched and the material of her shirt had tightened across her breasts, emphasising their shape, her nipples becoming clearly discernable in the hard red light. A sliver of skin had appeared above the waist of her skirt, soft, smooth and untouched. Even then he had not recognised the danger signs and when she appeared unsteady, standing on the stool, he had reached out and put his hands on her waist to hold her.

When the casual touch had happened Gwen was already hot and bothered, the darkroom was stifling and she was tired. She had climbed up on a small stool to get the photographic papers from a top shelf the same way as she had done a hundred times before. She had not long ago restocked the shelves and the so the boxes were higher than usual and she had to go full stretch to reach the top ones. The old wooden stool, although not very high, was rickety and wobbled as she had began to pull the boxes down and she was forced to steady herself against the shelves to avoid letting the boxes fall.

She was suddenly aware of Mr Keitel turning and putting his hands to her waist in an attempt to help her keep her balance. She felt his hands rest on the bared skin at her waist as she stretched to steady the boxes above her head. He held her firmly. When she has stopped wobbling she had expected him to let go of her quickly as teachers always did, they did not touch you unnecessarily; but this time he hadn't let go, he had simply stood there, his hands on her waist, his thumbs almost imperceptibly moving gently back and forth on the bare patch of her exposed skin.

She was in an awkward position, standing on tip toe, her arms above her head, still supporting the boxes which were hanging half off the shelf. With an effort she pushed the boxes back up onto the shelf and she stood there, her hands still above her head gripping the shelf, waiting for him to move, unsure what to do. After a moment she strained her head around to look over her shoulder, Mr Keitel was standing behind her, perfectly still, his eyes closed; his only movement was the soft motion of his thumbs against her skin.

She waited, her arms beginning to tremble with the pressure of keeping them above her head; and then suddenly, as if on autopilot, his hands began to move, slowly feeling their way around the soft skin of her waist. His hands were large and surprisingly gentle, rubbing in small circles as they moved, making her skin tingle, and her legs to feel surprisingly weak. He moved carefully, with the slow deliberation of a blind man in a half forgotten room, hesitant but captivated by every newly remembered sensation.

His hands moved slowly up beneath her school shirt, soft, slow, movements, moving tentatively in the darkness under her clothes. At first caressing her waist but slowly moving around, inch by inch, to smooth and caress her stomach. Set free by the motion of his hands sudden butterflies fluttered in the pit of her belly, the sensation quickly settling lower in her groin and she tried to press her legs together to contain the sudden and confusing tingling which had started deep in her sex .

She had no compass, no experience as to what she should do so she simply stood there as he began to explore her, offering no resistance, her arms still high above her head gripping the shelf. Her legs trembled, she was caught between the excitement of wanting him to continue and the knowledge that she should cough or something to break the spell, she should drop her arms and tell him to stop but she did neither; she just stood there quietly as his hands moved slowly beneath her clothes, enticingly exciting, a warm and forbidden sensation on her skin.

If her recognised her indecision he showed none himself, lost in his own long suppressed sensations he moved closer, pressing his face between her shoulder blades, his body resting against hers from behind; his spread hands softly holding her stomach, his fingers moving in small circles, sending tremors through her body. Looking down she could clearly see his hands moving beneath her blouse, touching her bare skin, moving slowly higher to reach the pronounced outline of her ribs. Her nipples hardened and she could feel goose bumps suddenly standing up on her legs and arms. His hands were warm and incredibly exciting and she was not frightened, only excited, by the intimate journey of his hands beneath her clothes, touching, uncovering, exploring,

His hands moved on again, seeming to rise with infinite slowness, infuriating patience, up her soft, smooth, stomach, over her ribcage until at last they reached the bottom of her bra. This she knew was forbidden territory and she waited; her nipples hardening at his proximity. His hands smoothed gently over her skin, almost paternally, unsettlingly, a soothing touch, not threatening or aggressive, moving slowly over the material at the edge of her bra, tracing it, familiarising themselves. She bit her lip in excitement and her breasts ached with a sudden urge to be touched. She was sweating, the heat and red glare of the darkroom light distorting her perceptions and making her senses swim. His hands moved again, slowly gliding over the silky material of her bra and for the first time she allowed herself to wonder if he was actually going to touch her, there, skin on skin, touch her breasts; and she held her breath, her nipples almost painfully hardening in sudden and hopeful anticipation.

She was so desperately aware of his hands near her breasts that she would later swear that she could feel every whorl on his fingertips. She almost whimpered with excitement as his fingers moved with agonising slowness around the bottom edge of her bra, touching, lingering. She bit her lip and suppressed the urge to scream when his hands finally moved higher, violating forever the unspoken taboos of student/teacher relationships, to cup the underside of her soft, young breasts. She knew instinctively that Mr Keitel had finally crossed the point of no return, his intent to touch was clear.

She leaned forward, closing her eyes, her heart pounding so loudly under his hands that she was sure he could hear it. Her hands still rested on the shelf above her head, her shaking arms still taking the strain. She was terrified to move in case his hands withdrew and ceased their exploration. She willed him on, every fibre of her being urging him to touch her. His hands continued to cup the lower swell of her breasts, gently squeezing her soft flesh. She shivered in response, her breasts seeming to swell with the desperate need to be handled. Sweat ran down her face and her neck, soaking into the material of her shirt. She realised that she was rubbing the top her thighs together, whether to stop or increase the bubbling excitement slowly building between her legs she wasn't sure.

She wanted to scream, to cry out 'bloody touch them will you?' The anticipation was desperate, the urge to sex so strong that it was sweeping away all restraint, she needed to be touched and she needed to be touched now. Then without warning his hands moved higher to close gently but firmly over the soft globes of her firm young breasts. 'Thank God," she whispered fervently and suddenly the realisation hit her that the first pair of male hands ever to touch her were gently fondling her breasts and she whimpered quietly, her mouth pressed up against her outstretched arm.

His hands moulded themselves of the shape of her breasts, feeling their warmth and softness, their fullness beneath the soft material. She looked down at his hands ballooning out the material of her shirt as he explored the sudden swell of her bare skin above the cups of her bra. She trembled as he squeezed her breasts together, almost squeezing the breath out of her body. His fingers seemed suddenly knowledgeable and certain as they found her cleavage, drawing beads of sweat down between her breasts, no longer hesitant and shy. One hand found a nipple beneath the material of her bra and she felt a sudden rush of wetness between her legs. She tried to squeeze her thighs together to dissipate the sudden wetness. Her whole body was alight with strange, wonderful and conflicting feelings. Slick with sweat her body was on fire, burning in the bright red light and the glow of his hands.

His hands were moving again, displaying an intimate knowledge her woman's body. His fingers found and stroked her nipples causing her cry out in surprise. "Are they alright?" she asked, her insecurities showing.

"All right?" he asked distractedly, his voice far away, his fingers dipping inside her bra, scooping a nipple clear. "They are bloody magnificent", he said and she smiled with a young girls relief.

He rolled the nipple between thumb and forefinger, squeezing with enough pressure to force the air from her body, making it difficult for her to breathe. She closed her eyes as his fingers drew her oversensitive nipple out, elongating it, rolling and squeezing. Her skin was slick with sweat yet her body was on fire, her skin alight, her nipples and breasts sensitized almost to the point of being painful. He squeezed her breast again and she felt herself whimper in submission. "OK," she thought, "get on with it. You have them in your hands, they're yours now, feel them, do what you like with them but please keep on touching me!"

As if he had heard her, with one hand, he pulled the front of her blouse up and over her breasts in one movement. She gasped at the sudden exposure. He balled the blouse up against her throat and she cried out in surprise as he pulled her back harshly against him, his free hand fastening onto her bared breast, crushing her against his chest. Despite her sexual inexperience she recognised that she was being taken, being used, that this was no gentle seduction. She knew instinctively that if she turned around she would find that his eyes were closed, that he was playing her body through his hands on a screen at the back of his mind, a performer in his own internal play. He was lost in the erotica of the moment; his desire held him totally in its grip, driving him without any real thought of her and who she was and it excited her in turn that her body had so provoked him, so captured him to have driven him to this extreme of action, to cross that drawn in the sand dead man's line between starched and regulated teacher to this ardent and desperately passionate man.

He held her close to him, his arms around her from behind. She could hear his ragged breathing and feel his face pressing hard against her neck. She could feel his need vibrating in his fingers and his hands; she could almost taste his desire.

Hooking a thumb under her bra, at the narrow point between her breasts, in one motion he lifted it up and out and her breasts tumbled clear. She struggled a little in shock at the abrupt exposure and looking down she was shocked at the sudden feeling of wantonness that flooded through her at the sight of them, jutting naked and proud, glowing flame tipped in the erotic red glare of the darkroom light. She felt a sudden, shameless, joy at their release; an unexpected freedom that baring her breasts brought and she felt a moment of pure reckless, of immorality and abandonment that left her heady and dazed; and then his hands closed over them, claiming them, obscuring them from her sight.

She watched in amazement as his hands claimed them as only a man could do, moulding them, changing their shape, making them his own. A nipple appeared between his fingers, forced out between them like a peach stone by the pressure of his hands. She cried out a mixture of pain and pleasure as his fingers closed together, trapping the nipple, squeezing it until it popped back out of sight and his hands moulded her breasts into yet another unnatural, exciting, manmade shape that left her gasping and desperate for more.

Without warning he pushed her forward and away from him and taken by surprise she reached up and gripped the shelves for support. As she struggled for balance he grabbed the bottom of her blouse at the back and hauled it up and over her head, leaving her struggling to free her hands from her sleeves while he pulled at her bra strap, quickly unsnapping it. He impatiently pushed the loose bra from her shoulders and reaching around her and ignoring her struggles he pulled her arms free of the damp blouse, discarding it and the bra in one movement, throwing them into a corner somewhere behind them.

He briefly stroked along her naked shoulders before his arms went around her and he pulled her back hard against him once more, pinning her to him, his hands instantly at her naked breasts again It was all a blur for her, he was moving too quickly for her to take it in, to regain control; his hands on her body, manipulating her, turning her this way and that for his pleasure, her growing nakedness, her nakedness glowing in the sensual red glow of the lamp; a whirl of sensation that distorted her senses and made her head spin. He was moving her like a doll, pushing her forward, undressing her, pulling her back, grabbing her breasts and working her nipples, her breath was ragged and her head swam. She could feel the slick lines of sweat in her cleavage as he kneaded and rolled her breasts in his workmanlike hands.

She wanted to scream, she was flying high on sensation as he pulled her tight up against him, his fingers rolling over her flesh. Her nipples hardened and puckered as he found them again and explored their shape and texture before releasing them to squeeze and fondle her breast before going back to her nipples again. She groaned with pleasure as he pulled on them, worked them; and somewhere in the back of her head she vaguely wondered how he knew how to do that. It had taken her years of experiment, alone in her bed at night, to discover how to please herself and yet here he was, the first man to touch her and he seemed to know how to do it to her almost without thinking, without problem.

He rolled her nipples between his thumb and forefinger, a sensation that ran through her sex forcing her to press her legs together again. He squeezed her breasts, hard enough to make her legs tremble and she hung her head as her climax built, gasping for breath, the sensations overwhelming her as she fought for control of her body. She tried to close her eyes against the feel of his fingers and the strange red light that flooded her senses, distending her nipples and painting his hands and she vaguely wondered if she was going to faint, like the reluctant heroine in the type of bodice ripping story her mum always read.

She was amazed at how sensitive she was to his touch as he pulled and squeezed her nipples, working them between his fingers until she wanted to scream, or cum. She could feel the sweat running down her body mixing with the sensation of the wetness between her legs. She was awash with sensation. She looked down again at his hands on her breasts, his fingers stretching her nipples, somehow huge and obscene in the glowing red light. It was all happening too fast she thought as he pulled, rolled and squeezed her nipples and breasts, a welter of sensations that were whirling like a kaleidoscope inside her head.

Her breasts were on fire, her nipples so sensitive that every touch was exquisite torture. She wanted to sit down and rest, to catch her breath but she could not move and while she desperately wanted a respite to gather her wits she also equally desperately did not want his hands to leave her breasts, to leave her body. She was so turned on she felt she was about to explode. Her head was spinning; her juices were running down her legs, yet he gave her no respite, no quarter. He continued to maul her breasts, pulling her back tight against his chest, his hand moving from one nipple the other, pulling, squeezing, setting her breasts afire in the strange red light.

He suddenly stopped and pulled her hard up against him, his hand almost cruelly crushing her breast as he squeezed her tight, driving the breath from her chest. She rocked in his crude embrace like a doll, she was panting like a dog from his onslaught and she slumped back against him, her legs almost giving way as she tried to steady herself. His hand at her breast kept her upright, still kept her occupied, his fingers still plucking at her nipple, before she realised with a sudden jolt that his other hand, which had momentarily been caressing her stomach, was slowly moving lower.

She struggled, trying to concentrate on its progress, she knew that it was important but somehow dazed and confused she was not sure why; and the hand playing with her nipple kept dragging her attention back to her breasts. She squirmed and tried to concentrate, her hips already moving, unconsciously making little sexual circles as his hand worked its way lower, caressing her stomach, a finger exploring her belly button, sending flames racing to her groin fanning the flames higher, causing her push her pelvis forward in anticipation of his first touch of her sex.

He held her close, tight, his hand on her breast, his fingers at her nipple while his other hand moved inexorably down. She tried to catch her breath but her breasts were on fire. Leaning back against him she looked down but could only see his one hand cruelly molesting her breast, his other hand was out of sight and she could only feel it move along the waist band of her short skirt before easing it away from her skin with his fingertips and dipping slowly down into the darkness beneath.

She stifled a cry, despite the pressure at her nipple every fibre of her being suddenly focused on his hand as it moved slowly under the waistband and down into the dark secret places under her skirt. This was forbidden territory; this is where she had always drawn the line, where she had sent the boys packing who had tried to do what he was doing now.

This was the point of no return. But she made no move to stop him, no restraining hand on his, no muttered apology as she politely but firmly reined him in. His hand explored unchecked in the darkness, she wanted to scream but she could not find the breath. One hand held her breast, pulling her back against him while the other moved lower in the darkness, between her skirt and her knickers, hidden and out of sight. Her juices ran, soaking between her legs, she was on the verge of cuming and still his hand moved, testing, exploring, although she knew instinctively that it already knew the way. She gripped her thighs tightly together to try to hold back the climax that was already threatening to engulf her; and then the hand withdrew.

She was about to cry out in disappointment when he squeezed her nipple causing a series of explosions behind her eyes, rocking her head back. Her body was humming like a live wire from head to toe when the hand returned, this time soft against her bare skin, this time inside her knickers. She whimpered as his hand slid down across her belly, across soft sensitive skin that burned under his fingers, moving lower until they found soft springy hair that covered her pubic mound.

She thought she was going to explode as his hand moved down inside her knickers, exploring in the darkness, moving over her secret skin, searching she knew, for her wetness. She also knew that he did not need to explore, he did not need a map, that his fingers knew exactly what they were seeking and she tried to open her legs in desperate anticipation, opening the road to his destination. His fingertips circled in her pubic hair, moving slowly lower until they grazed the very tip of her sex. Her hips rocked and she thrust forward trying to encourage his finger to move even lower. The tip of a finger gazed her wetness and he seemed to hesitate for a moment before he slowly and deliberately slid his finger down into the waiting crease of her sex. Her climax was instantaneous, even as the lips of her sex close wetly around his finger she shuddered in his arms as she came. He held her with surprising tenderness as she came at his touch, his finger gently caressing the wet length of her sex.

She curled against him, clasping her thighs tightly together, gripping his hand as her crisis slowly calmed Suddenly she became aware that his hand was retreating, disengaging and she thrust her hips forward, almost crying out in disappointment. She struggled but he held her fast until she felt him at the waistband of her skirt, tugging at it, easing it down and pushing it lower onto her hips. She realised he was again freeing her body for his hands, completing her unclothing, removing the last barriers to his conquest. He worked slowly around her waist until her skirt slid down to over her hips to rest on her thighs. Her knickers followed as she shivered through the last of her climax. With her skirt and pants loose around her thighs he waited, he had unclothed her enough and he waited for her to finish before his hand began to explore her again.

His fingers moved quicker this time and he flattened his hand hard across her pubis, his finger resting up against the lips of her sex and she pressed herself back against him, trying to feel every part of the hand that now so intimately gripped her. She knew that he must be able to feel how wet she was but she didn't care. She pushed her groin forward to try to make his hand move lower and he laughed. He squeezed her breast hard and she gasped. At the same moment he slipped his hand down between her legs and this time she actually did cry out as his hand briefly closed completely over her sex, cupping her wetness, his fingers rejoicing in the fullness of her lips. He held her there for a moment, one hand at her breast, the other softly caressing her sex and she folded back against him, sinking into his arms and his warmth as his fingers continued to gently move over her sex.

He suddenly spun her around on the stool to face him, taking her by surprise, making her gasp. He raised her chin with his finger before suddenly pushing her unceremoniously back against the shelves to look at her. His eyes raked her nakedness and she again became acutely aware of her bare breasts, her nipples mow looking almost bruised, distended and red, blazing and finger marked in the erotic glow of the bare red bulb. She was aware of lines of sweat running down between her breasts but she was too far gone to feel any embarrassment. His gaze lingered between her legs, where she knew her sex must be glistening wetly and she raised her chin defiantly, unashamed, suddenly proud of the fire that she had kindled and that she could feel now burning deep within him. As if in response his eyes suddenly flashed and blazed devil red and she blinked in the reflected light.

Without smiling he reached up and crudely pulled on a nipple. She barred her teeth at the sudden pain and her head snapped back and somewhere in the back of her mind she dimly recognised the subtle but persuasive link between the dull edge of pain and the intensity of pleasure. Releasing her nipple he roughly pulled to him, his lips closing upon her breast. He suckled her nipple deeply into his mouth and she cried out at the unexpected power of the feeling. His lips moved quickly from one breast to the other, leaving a trail of saliva and lust, she wrapped her arms around his shoulders, pulling his head down into her chest, her passion feeding his, building the fire higher, burning them both.

She writhed and bucked at the pressure of his lips and his teeth at her breasts and she cried out as he suckled her deeper and deeper into his mouth. She was again suddenly experiencing difficulty in breathing, as if his lips were drawing the breath from her body. Every part of her was now so sensitive that wherever he touched seemed directly linked to her sex. In desperation she closed her eyes as if to divorce herself from the sensations that were ripping through her body, but she could not, he continued to ravish her breasts, biting sucking, drawing her ever closer to her next climax.

She was lost and she knew it; his to do with as he pleased. She was not aware that his hand had moved to her skirt, already hanging low on her thighs, until she felt it slide down her legs to her ankles and she wanted to shout with joy, the pressure between her legs was fierce, her sex was on fire and she could not wait for him to touch her again and clothes just got in the way.

His hands grasped at the soft, rounded cheeks of her bottom pulling her fiercely into him, his mouth still at her breasts, suckling deeply, almost painfully, switching quickly from one breast to the other, keeping her off balance, on fire. His hands pawed at the naked cheeks of her bottom, squeezing, his fingers delving almost painfully between them, pulling her relentlessly, inexorably, in towards him.

She was becoming wild, she could feel her juices running down between her legs but she no longer cared, her breasts were on fire, her sex burning; all she wanted was to be touched. She was desperate for relief, his hands and his mouth had set her alight and she no longer cared about looks and decency, she had a fire between her legs and it was burning white hot. She struggled to clear her thoughts, she was light headed and desperate for breath. Her watched as her breasts rolled obscenely in the red light as he moved his mouth from nipple to nipple, leaving them painfully erect and wet with his saliva, standing proud and hard in the hot red glare. She was nearly naked, nearly free, her skirt and knickers pooled around her ankles; and her legs were open, she was ready, her juices were flooding down her legs.

She called out as he turned her again, making her head spin, his hands pulling her groin hard against him, grinding her sex against his stomach. Her juices soaked his shirt and he slipped one hand down to grasp the back of her thighs, rubbing his fingers in the wet flow of her juices between her legs. She grabbed handfuls of his hair as he continued to work at her breasts, pulling his head hard into her chest. She felt him reach down to pull her shoes off. She staggered as he pulled her roughly from side to side, throwing her shoes and socks away; another barrier gone. He pulled her skirt and knickers from her ankles and suddenly she was naked. His mouth and lips still devoured her breasts, his teeth nipping, his tongue and lips teasing her hard and now intensely sensitised nipples.

Now he had her naked he filled his hands with her body, squeezing, exploring, his fingers freely roving over her; feeling her arse, his fingers pushing excitingly between her cheeks; over her back, her stomach, taking hard handfuls of pubic hair before dipping briefly between her legs, running his fingers along the wet and desperately waiting lips of her sex. Until she was writhing on the stool before him, wide open, lost, desperate, overwhelmed and almost faint with excitement. She wanted to lie down, to cry out, to scream for him to stop, to beg him not to stop, to feel his fingers inside her, to cum. She felt she was a volcano about to explode; every nerve was on fire, every fibre alight. She found herself sobbing, muttering into his hair as he made free with her body, "Please Mr Keitel, please, please make me come."

She felt his hand move between her legs and she burst into tears of relief. He hesitated, mistaking the tears but she cried out for him to continue and his hand cupped her sex. She was soaking; she could feel her juices flowing down and over his hand. He opened her with his fingers and she felt his finger slide between the desperate lips of her sex.

Once again that single penetration was enough, a second first touch. She was so high she did not need any further manipulation. She screamed and wrapped her legs around his hand as she climaxed again, pulling his head tightly into her chest, crushing his face into her breasts. Her legs finally failed and she shook as spasm after spasm wracked her young body, heating her to boiling point, exploding in a hiss of vapour and explosions.

For a moment she became incandescent, like a skyrocket when it bursts across the night sky, a sudden a brief explosion of stars and light. She gripped him to her with all her might, her fingers digging deeply into his back, she went rigid as the sensations shook her mind loose. She cried out and pushed her head into his neck, words tumbling incoherently from her.

Then she almost blacked out, her legs gave way and she started to slide down the hard wall of his body. She was dimly aware of him holding her upright, talking softly to her, holding her until her senses slowly returned. He cradled her head to his chest, keeping her safe, comforting her. He wiped strands of wet hair from her face.

She shook her head in disbelief. "I never guessed it could feel like that," she said and began to cry. He pulled her closer and for the first time she was aware that he was trembling.

"I'm sorry," he was muttering over and over again.

"It's OK," she said, her face wet with tears, "I'm really OK., I don't know why I'm crying." She tried to wipe away the tears with the heel of her hand.

"I'm sorry," he said again.

"Honest, I'm OK," she managed between sobs and a fresh smear of tears. Her legs were still trembling and she leaned against him, burying her face in his shoulder again. "I'm OK." Her arms went around him and she could feel his sodden T shirt. She began to cry again although she had no idea why. He placed his hands on her shoulders and gently but firmly pushed her away from him. Her arms fell uselessly to her sides. He looked down at her, his eyes roving over her body and for the first time since he began to undress her she was embarrassed by her nakedness and she looked down to avoid his eyes.

In the unnatural red light she saw his erection for the first time, straining against the front of his shorts, tenting the wet material, the head a dark smear pushing up under the wet material. She had never seen an erect penis and she wanted to reach out and touch it but he was suddenly talking to her again, his voice coming from a long way away. "I'm sorry," he said again, "I never meant for this to happen."

"Don't be," she replied, looking down at her nakedness, startled at her own words, her brazenness, "I enjoyed it."

His eyes flicked up to hers for a moment before drifting away again, indecision and fear lurking in equal measure. "You are a very beautiful young woman," he began before his voice tailed away. He followed with a half gesture of his hand, whether indicating her nearness or her nakedness she was not sure. She didn't know what had happened here, this was not the same man who had taken her so forcefully a minute before. He did not finish the sentence; he just stood there with his deflating erection, looking lost and somehow ineffectual, his eyes unfocused, gazing into the space between them. Gwen waited for a moment and then, confused, she climbed down off the stool and bent down and began to pick up her clothes.

She dressed in embarrassed silence, turning her back while Mr Keitel emptied the various trays and generally pretended to tidy up. She was dressed by the time he had finished and finally they stood together in the cramped, airless space, unable to avoid each other anymore. She was near to tears as they both stood, heads down, wondering what to do next. Eventually he reached for the light switch and the red light faded plunging the room into darkness. She felt him reach past her to unlock the door and she stepped back against the workbench to let him pass. He hesitated, "I'm really sorry," she heard his disembodied voice in the darkness. "I should never have let that happen."

"You didn't," she answered with a maturity she didn't feel, "I let it happen."

"I'm sorry," he said again.

"Don't be," she said quietly, "I loved it." She felt his fingers lightly cup her under her chin, raising her face slightly and she felt his lips brush against hers, "Thank you," she said and he quickly turned and unlocked the door. Sunlight streamed in from the world outside and they both shielded their eyes against the sudden white glare.

Their sodden clothes clung to them and their hair was plastered to their heads. His normally pale features were flushed and red and she was not sure if it was the heat or the situation that had caused it.

"You had better get off home," he said quietly, his voice trailing away in embarrassment and she nodded.

"We need to finish off in there," she said, indicating the darkroom. He looked confused for a moment wondering if she was talking about what had just happened when he suddenly realised that she meant the pictures.

"Ah, yes," he said quietly, "I guess we do." He ran his hand abstractedly through his hair, "Although, err, I'm sure I can manage from here on in. There's not that much left." She looked hard at his face and thought that she could see tears in his eyes.

"I'll pop by tomorrow and see how you're doing," she said confused, "the caretaker will let me in if you're not here."

She was suddenly aware that outside the darkroom they had become strangers again, teacher and pupil, and she resented it and she felt a hard flare of anger that he was walking away from her. She wanted him to hold her and tell her again that she was beautiful and she realised that that was not going to happen. Most of all she realised that wanted to cum again.

"You'd better go home," he repeated lamely, looking down at his hands and with a sudden flash of anger she turned on her heel and walked away, out of the classroom, swinging her hips in a childish defiance, as if showing him what he was letting go. Had she looked back, she would have seen him, lean forward, holding his face in his hands and slowly slide down the classroom wall.

He sat on the floor with back against wall for a long time. He thought of his career and the naked girl he had held in his arms, he thought of his responsibilities and of his erection still semi-hard and more than semi-painful inside his shorts; and he thought of his wife, now long dead and buried and his head fell slowly forward onto his arms and he remained there until the sobs had finished wracking his body.