**Summer**

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**Summer Ch. 16 Sue and I Pt. 2**

We made love throughout the night, seemingly unable to get enough of each other. When we slept we dreamed of sex and I awoke erect and ready to start again, Sue always the willing partner. Our initial lovemaking was unadventurous, I just wanted to be inside her and she just wanted me there, clasping her legs behind me, pulling me deeper into her. I quickly learned how to control her, bringing her to her own climax before looking for mine. I also learned how to keep her going by reaching down between our bodies to find her clitoris, bringing her up for climax after climax before leaving her spent and exhausted and ready for sleep.

She rolled onto her back after just such a string of climaxes, "Wait a minute," she gasped, grabbing hold of my wrist, trying to slow the hand that was already worming its way between her legs again. I had not cum and so was following her across the bed. "Just give me a minute," she said again, "I need a rest," and she lay back with a sigh. I pushed her restraining hand away and worked my own between her legs again, pushing them open before moving on up to her sex. She sighed as my fingers found her again and her resistance crumbled and she opened her legs further to give me access. I slid slowly down her body to watch as my fingers opened her up. I traced the lips of her sex, slick with our mingled juices, slippery and warm, flushed a deep pink and looking well used. My fingers slid along her length, I just could not stop touching her. She sighed again and relaxed as I explored, my fingers wandering, dipping inside her and drawing out her wetness. I opened her lips and studied her clitoris, now small and hiding beneath its protective hood of skin. I pulled the skin back and Sue shivered.

"When did you first cum?" I asked inspecting her small almost translucent looking pearl.

"What?" she asked, almost dreamily as I slid a finger inside her again.

"When did you first cum? When did you first start playing with yourself?"

"My first cum?" she sounded vague, following the feel of my fingers, until she finally gathered her wits and thought about it. "Er, it was Jacks. My first climax, she made me cum, here, in this bed."

"Jackie?" I asked surprised, looking up at her. "Didn't you do it yourself? I thought that's how everybody learns? Under the covers at night, tossing yourself off; or whatever it is that women call it. That's how every bloke learns."

Sue shrugged and then sighed contentedly as I inserted another finger inside her. "I guess it never really occurred to me until Jackie did it to me," she continued, her eyes closed. "She was always a lot more precocious about sex than I was." My fingers moved softly inside her. Her insides felt like silk.

"Did the two of you sleep in the same bed together? My brother and I did when we were young." She nodded, her eyes still closed, my fingers still moving.

"It started as a game, at least on my part, somehow got more serious as time went on." She laughed quietly as if at the memory. "She used to get really frustrated before she learned how to make me cum properly. At first it would take her ages, talking me out of my pyjamas, I was fairly uninterested but she really persistent, kept at it, really tenacious. And then, when she'd finally got my clothes off, she'd just take control. She'd be all over me, trying all sorts of things. I was quite passive I suppose, but she would get really worked up, pulling at my nipples and pushing her fingers into me. What she lacked in technique she made up for in enthusiasm. She could get quite aggressive. It was a real relief to both of us when I finally came for her."

Pausing for a moment I looked at her; I was picturing the two sisters in bed at night with their parents downstairs watching TV. I could imagine Jackie being the more aggressive and adventurous, crouching over the prostrate form of her more compliant sister, much like I was doing now. Sue laying open legged, finally naked, Jackie working between her legs, trying to make her cum. "I guess she'd learned the technique by then," Sue said moving her hips, reminding me that my fingers had stopped. "She should have done, "she said as my fingers took up their slow but steady movement again, "she practiced on me enough."

"Did you ever make her cum?" I asked, my male inquisitiveness aroused.

"Not as often as she did me," she replied, "Often it was mutual, you know, we did each other but most times she started it and she finished it. She'd do me in the bath, in bed, any chance she got she'd have her fingers inside me. She is so bloody bossy and in a fight we're just about even Stevens so most times I used to give in just to keep the peace; and anyway, she was good at it and in the end I got to really like it. It felt a bit weird at first but I figured it wasn't doing anyone any harm and we both enjoyed it so why not?"

I shook my head in confused agreement. "When we'd first learned to do it properly she became as demanding as you and Dave did when we first started. I'd find her waiting for me when I came home from school. She'd grab me as soon as I came through the door." I laughed quietly but Sue shook her head, "She was really tough I tell you; she'd make me get my knickers off and lie on the bed and then she start in on me; rubbing me and pushing her fingers into me until I came. It made no difference to her if I wasn't in the mood. She'd just push me onto the bed and pull my pants off. She wouldn't take 'no' for an answer."

"Did you put up a fight?"

"At first, but she nearly always won."

"You mean she found your secret." Sue's eyes opened for a moment and she looked at me.

"Secret?" With my fingers still inside her I extended my thumb and touched the top of her sex.

"Touching your clitoris," I said as she stiffened and groaned. "You just give up when anyone touches it, you just collapse, all the fight goes out of you. You're easy after that." Closing her eyes Sue pushed my thumb away but placed her hand over mine, keeping my fingers inside her.

"She knew how to do that almost from the start," she said, relaxing as my fingers began to move inside her again.. "she'd sit on me and get her hand down the front of my pants. She knew that once she'd got her fingers inside me, on my clitoris, she knew that the fight was over. Not fair really. I was too easy." I smiled to myself as she again easily opened her legs for me and I explored inside her myself, my fingers sounding wetly as they probed deeper. She moaned quietly and settled herself in preparation for another climax.

"Wasn't it a bit strange?" I asked exploring deeper, "having sex with your sister?"

Sue shrugged and moved her hips, following the movement of my fingers. "I never really thought of it like that. It started out as a sort of 'doctors and nurses' game at first. We would each take turns at 'inspecting' each other. All kids do it but she was always more insistent than most. Her 'inspections' were much more clinical than other kids, she really did 'inspect' me, every inch. She'd been listening to our cousin Jane who had told her about cuming and she wanted to try it out on me. Sexually she really was streets ahead of me, I had no real idea what was happening except that she was experimenting on me. She'd work on me and the next day she'd go and ask Jane what she was doing wrong, or right. And she kept on until she could make me cum every time."

My fingers continued to move inside her and she stiffened as a first small climax washed through her. "Go on," I said without pausing, my fingers continuing their slow steady movement, "tell me the rest. Did you ever try and stop her?" Sue moved her sex slowly up and down against my fingers, she was talking now as much to keep her mind off the growing pressure between her legs as much as to tell the story or in answer to my questions.

She took a deep breath and continued, "Of course I did. She used to get really pissed off with me then. We'd wrestle and fight until she got her hand in my knickers and then it was over. Most of the times shed punish me for fighting back, right little bloody tyrant she was." I smiled as the strain sounded in her voice, She was having difficulty in controlling her voice, "As a punishment for fighting back she used to make me lie on my back with my legs apart and my skirt pulled up around my waist and she's 'inspect' me and play with me until she made me cum, at least once." Sue settled herself down into the bed, getting into the swing of her story now. "She was a bloody tyrant to me!" She said laughing. "She once tied me up on the bed and she just kept making me cum. She kept at me for bloody hours. She opened the window so that people could hear me cum; can you believe that? I spent the whole time trying to cum quietly and she spent the whole time trying to make me scream!"

"Who won?" I asked.

"She did," she said with a wry smile. "I could barely walk when she finally let me go. Mind you she was unhappy then," she said suddenly quieter.

"Unhappy?" I asked but Sue would say no more about it. I didn't realise it then but that was the first time I'd heard about Jackie's relationship with Alan next door. It would take me a long time until I could piece the full story together.

"When we first got you in the woods, when we first got you naked," Sue gave a sly smile and looked at me, "I thought you said no one had ever seen you naked before?" I asked slowing the pace of my fingers inside her. She groaned and I watched the frown of concentration as she fought to control the climax rising up between her legs.

She struggled to continue, "They hadn't, except Jackie and Jacks' is family so she doesn't count."

"Is Jackie a Lesbian?" I asked somewhat naively following a sudden thought.

"A Lesbian?" Sue exploded, half sitting up, throwing me off her, all thoughts of her climax gone. "Are you stupid? What the hell made you ask that?"

Startled I lay back and looked at her trying to gather my wits, "Well, for one thing you've been sitting here for the last hour telling how much she enjoys making you cum. Sounds a little suspicious to me."

"No way," Sue spluttered, half laughter, half anger, "she likes men! Trust me, she likes men. What do you think she's doing downstairs with Dave right now? She's not baking a cake; or she wasn't the last time I looked. And anyway I don't count, I'm her sister." I raised an eyebrow. "What?" she countered, "lots of girls experiment on each other! I'll bet blokes do too but they're much to bloody macho to admit it. OK, Jacks really used to enjoy making me cum; and she still does," she added almost as an afterthought, "but that's just Jacks, she was always wilder than most and thank goodness she still bloody well is; especially after what she's been through" she finished with a shrug.

I missed the afterthought and followed the main theme of my argument, "What about Gwen this afternoon?" Sue lay back on her elbows, her breasts swinging enticingly in front of me. I really couldn't care less about Jackie's sexual orientation and really wanted to get my fingers back inside Sue, to finish off the climax I had so stupidly interrupted.

"Yea, what about her!" Sue said enthusiastically, suddenly remembering the show Gwen had put on on the couch downstairs the previous afternoon. "Brilliant wasn't it? What a surprise eh! Good old Gwen! Who'd have thought?" I moved back closer and placed my hand tentatively on her thigh.

"Absolutely bloody fantastic but what I was going to say was that it was Jackie who took the lead. She got Gwen naked and she was the first to make Gwen cum." I slid my hand gently, almost casually between her thighs and her legs parted a little.

"Of course she was; who else could have got Gwen's knickers off?" She looked at me as if I was terminally stupid. "Gwen and Jacks have been best friends forever. No one else could have got her naked, although I'm fairly certain that despite her protests she actually couldn't wait to get naked, don't you?" I nodded my agreement, my fingers moving higher up between her slowly parting thighs; Moses parting the waters. "I think we were knocking on an open door there," she said finishing the thought as my fingers closed on the outside of her sex.

"Pete certainly was," I added, feeling bolder with my fingers back on familiar ground so to speak and Sue laughed briefly before closing her eyes and opening her legs to allow me access.

She rose to her climax quickly, crying out and pushing back hard against my hand, driving my fingers ever deeper. She was tiring but I wasn't, I was young and this was my first time of spending the night with a woman. I was insatiable, I was voracious, ravenous. I used my mouth and fingers until I was ready to cum inside her again. I was unstoppable.

She fell asleep in the early dawn with my fingers still inside her, the dawn light strengthening behind the curtains and I fell asleep still stroking her flank; and we slept the sleep of the dead.

I slowly awoke to a roomful of painfully bright sunshine and an erection. Not just an erection but the sensation of a warm wet mouth engulfing the head of my erection already bringing me towards my ejaculation. I lay back with my eyes closed and in my disorientated and confused state I could not differentiate between what was real and what was part of my still lingering highly erotic dreams. My head was full of a cascade of images of Sue from the night before, blonde, naked and wide open, Gwen naked with Pete stroking his monster between her legs and Dave and Jackie with Jackie kneeling proud and naked between his legs. I smiled as the sensation grew around the imaginary mouth that worked so beautifully on my erect and straining penis. 'I'm going to cum,' I thought lazily, 'what a way to wake up',

Reaching down and grasped the head that was bobbing up and down on my turgid shaft. "My God, Sue," I began as I began to reach towards my climax. She laughed around my straining cock and I casually glanced to my side. Sue was still fast asleep beside me. I stared at her for a moment as the realisation hit me. My mind went into a kind of cart wheeling freefall, the elephant dance, where everything happens in slow motion and your head fills with a roar like breaking waves. I attempted to sit up, pull back the covers and cum at the same time; and succeeded only in cumming.

Jackie held my dick firmly in her mouth and swallowed my cum without breaking her rhythm, draining me as, despite myself, I groaned and strained against her mouth and her restraining hand. I fell back against the pillow as she continued to suck until every last drop had been taken. I groaned again as her mouth finished working its magic.

I slid back the covers to find Jackie's happy face looking up at me, smiling up at me as she finally released my cock from her mouth. She was kneeling alongside the bed with her head under the covers. "What the hell are you doing?" I whispered frantically knowing as I uttered the words just how incredibly stupid they sounded. Jackie smiled and shrugged her shoulders.

"Bringing you a cup of tea," she said, her laughter bubbling up.

Sue turned away and pulled the covers up over her shoulders. "Will you two shut up? I'm trying to sleep." Jackie smiled at me and gave my cock a final affectionate pat and stood up. She was wearing a shapeless old pyjama top which she hitched up back onto her shoulders as she stood. She walked around the bed to Sue's side and sat down heavily. Sue groaned and pulled the covers up over her head.

"Come on sleepy head," Jackie said shaking her sisters sleeping form, "I've made us all a cup of tea. Come on, hutch over!" Sue rolled over and Jackie slipped into bed beside her. For the first time I noticed three cups of tea on a tray on the bedside table, presumably going cold. Sue groaned and rolled over towards me, still cocooned in the blankets.

"Leave me alone will you?" She groaned, "I'm tired and I don't want any bloody tea."

Jackie looked at me, "Bloody hell but you must have really worn her out last night. " I shrugged and tried to look nonchalant. Jackie took hold of the covers and peeled them down from the top of Sue's head. "Come on sleepy head, time to rise and shine."

Sue burrowed further down pulling the sheets tighter under her chin. "Leave me alone."

Jackie laughed and leaned over her. "Come on our Kid, time's up," she said grasping hold of the covers and yanking them out of her sister's grasp. Sue moaned and tried to grab the covers back but Jackie pulled them even further away, pulling them off her completely. Sue curled into the foetal position in an attempt to block out her sister and the new day; she wanted to sleep. "Never a morning person were you?" Jackie asked poking Sue who just shook herself as trying to be rid of a troublesome bug.

"When did you put a pyjamas on?" I asked, Sue was wearing a similar shapeless to her sister.

Sue opened an eye and glared balefully at me, "What is this, 'Twenty Questions'? I went to the loo a while ago, before she showed up," she aimed a poisoned glance at

Jackie who beamed in response and took a small bow, "it was cold. Also," she added, getting into her stride, all attempts at going back to sleep forgotten, "I don't parade around the house In the nude so that any passerby can get an eyeful."

"I think she means me this time," I said to Jackie, bowing slightly.

Jackie laughed and pushed Sue over onto her back. "Do you want a cup of tea or not?"

"Stop being so bloody cheerful. I hardly slept a wink last night!" Sue wearily complained at the ceiling

Jackie looked at me and laughed. "Congratulations," she said admiringly. "I did hear a lot it though. You were not too subtle and really rather noisy," she said and Sue shrugged.

"Where's Dave?" she asked.

"He went home last night. I think I wore him out."

Jackie took a cup of tea from the table and passed it over to me. I turned and leaned my back against the headboard and took a sip. It was almost cold. Jackie leaned across the recumbent form of her sister and reached down, taking hold of my penis. I jumped with surprise almost spilling my tea, an automatic reaction to someone grabbing your groin. "I say, steady on Old Girl," I said stuttered in my best Oxford English, "you'll scare the horses!". Jackie laughed and rolled my dick between her fingers, "I see she didn't wear you out." Jackie said.

"Leave him alone," Sue said sleepily, "go get your own bloke." Leaning fully across Sue Jackie stroked my penis which despite the battering of the last twelve hours, began to stiffen in response to her intimate handling.

"I'd say he's ready to go again." Jackie offered her professional opinion. "Mind if I have a test drive?" she asked and Sue muttered up at the ceiling, "Just leave him alone can't you? At least let me wake up with my own bloke ON MY OWN| Now just bugger off and take your bloody cup of tea with you."

Releasing her grip on me Jackie sat back and looked at her sister. "Bit of a sour mood this morning aren't you?"

"Bloody hell! Are you surprised? Now get out of my bed and leave me alone will you?"

Laughing Jackie leant over and placed her face close to Sue's leaving my neglected penis to bob ineffectually against my stomach, almost ready for action but now abandoned. "Expecting a little action were you this morning?" Jackie said good naturedly goading her sister, poking her in her ribs. Sue tried to push her away but Jackie wasn't going anywhere, she had the bit between her teeth and Sue was the target. Rolling over Sue turned her back on the annoyance that Jackie had become but Jackie was not to be thwarted, almost knocking me out of the bed Jackie suddenly leapt astride her sister, pulling her back onto her back beneath her. Taken by surprise Sue struggled ineffectually as Jackie pinned her arms above her head. I quickly placed by cup on the side table and watched as the two girls struggled. I have to say that there is nothing sexier than watching two lightly clad girls wrestling and I must admit that these two women were well worth the price of admission.

Laughing and thrashing around beneath her sister Sue kicked the remaining bedclothes aside as she tried to unseat her but Jackie was not to be moved. She sat astride Sue, using her weight and position to advantage to keep her pinned beneath her. Slowly Sue ran out of steam and eventually lay quiet, out of breath, tired and defeated. Jackie looked at me and smiled.

"Here, take her hands," she instructed, backing down her sister until was sitting astride her legs "let me show you how ticklish she is."

Sue squirmed as I took her hands and began begging Jackie not to do it but Jackie was not to be dissuaded and sitting back she began to tickle Sue, along her ribs, lightly, almost experimentally, through her pyjama top. Within seconds Sue dissolved into laugher, which became louder and more hysterical until she was screaming for her sister to stop but Jackie knew what she was doing and continued until she knew that Sue was truly finished, gasping for breath and exhausted, no fight left in her at all.

Jackie looked down on her and smiled, "The number of nights I've done this to her." she said, talking to no one in particular until she looked across at me, "I usually either wait until she's asleep," she said by way of explanation, "or wait until she's not expecting it." I looked at Jackie puzzled, not sure where this was going. I still had hold of Sue's hands, holing them above her head and I wondered if I should let them go.

Jackie moved over and lay down at the side of her sister. She took one of Sue's hands from me and tucked it away underneath her. Following her lead I did the same and Jackie nodded. Sue lay between us exhausted from the wrestling and the tickling and she looked to be well out of the game. Her pyjama top had ridden up and twisted slightly in the fight and Sue lay quietly while Jackie straightened it and smoothed it out. Below the pyjama top, from her waist down, Sue was naked. We lay there with Sue spread out between us and the silence lengthened.

"She is very beautiful isn't she," Jackie said at last. I nodded without speaking, Sue was indeed extremely beautiful, her tussled blonde hair framed a near perfect face; her blue eyes were closed as she listened in silence to the conversation taking place over her prostrate form. The shapeless pyjama top did little to hide her body, slim and lithe with high shapely breasts and Jackie softly smoothed the material over them emphasising their shape and form. Below the hem of her top her stomach was flat and firm and her legs wonderfully long and shapely. Her pubic hair shone pale and golden in the early morning light. Jackie reached down and ruffled her fingers in it, softly dragging her nails up through the soft growth and Sue stirred.

"I usually make love to her at this point," Jackie said and looked up at me, holding my gaze with a calm, steady stare. "Or at least make her cum," she continued quietly, her fingers making small intimate circles in Sue's pubic hair. Sue murmured softly and her hips moved slightly in response to Jackie's delicate, tantalizing touch.

"Beautiful," Jackie said in a hoarse whisper and she reached up and softly moved some stray hair away from Sue's face, the back of her fingers brushing her cheek. Sue wet her lips, a small motion with the tip of her tongue, but highlighting the sexual tension that she was feeling. I glanced down at her sex, a slight sexual friction, a small rubbing of the thighs but already a small hint of moisture glistened on her swelling lips.

Jackie followed my gaze and smiled, "She's already getting excited;" she said still speaking very softly, "she's very easy to turn on if you know how to do it." She looked up at me a shrugged, "Sorry, teaching my Grandmother to suck eggs I guess. I forgot you've probably had her almost as much as I have."

I smiled back, "Oh I don't think so. You have a few years head start," and Jackie laughed, running her hands over her sister's prostrate form. Lookng between her legs I studied Sue's sex. Against her white/gold hair and the pale skin of her thighs her lips had flushed a deeper coral pink, a soft sheen of moisture reflected the light.

"If you open her up now, open her lips, you'll see her little man, her clitoris, he'll be standing up hard and proud." Jackie leaned forward and whispered into Sue's ear. "Standing up, hard, waiting to be touched, to be made to cum."

At the words Sue clasped her legs together. A drop of moisture formed and rolled silently down between her lips but she just swallowed and kept her eyes firmly closed. Jackie and I watched the drop make its way down between the lips of Sue's sex in silence. Watched until it disappeared into the shadows between her legs. As the drop disappeared Sue made a small whimpering sound, she could feel it and she knew we were watching. A slight flush appeared on the skin of her cheeks, spreading slowly down her neck and across the top of her chest. Jackie reached down her sister's body and gently parted the lips of her sex.

Sue flinched and made a small sound as her lips opened revealing the small, erect, bud of her clitoris. Sue pressed her thighs together, a vain tightening of her muscles. Her need was in plain sight as her lips rolled back and her clitoris stood hard and swollen, demanding attention, desperate to be touched. Sue pressed her legs together again trying to cover up what was obviously displayed, embarrassment vying with the need to be touched. We studied her sex in silence, watched as her lips curled open with a new flush of blood, the small protrusion of her clitoris having outgrown its protective hood standing like a sexual beacon. insistent and beautifully sensuous. We watched in awe, the raw sexuality of the view stealing our ability to speak.

Pulling herself together finally Jackie looked down on her recumbent sister. She softly touched her face, touched her hair; small gentle touches that spoke of tenderness and deep affection. Sue's head fell back at the gesture, trust and affection genuinely returned. Jackie traced the line of her throat down to her collarbone, pausing to feel the texture of the skin beneath her fingers. Then she took the top button of Sue's pyjama top and pulled it open. Moving on to the next and the next until all three were undone. When she was finished Jackie pulled the jacket apart, pulling the material back off Sue's breasts, laying her chest bare.

Not a word was spoken; we lay there gazing at the beautiful young woman lying naked and silent between us. Her breasts glowed in the warm summer morning sunlight streaming in through the old and inadequate curtaining. The remnant of the curtains faded pattern dappled across her softly glowing skin. It is only when you have the opportunity to actually observe do you get a sense of the wonder of real naked beauty, the joy of the divine form; and if I had been a religious man I would have said that Sue was possibly as near divine as we were ever liable to see.

The silence, the reverence, the sensuality with which Jackie had disrobed her sister allowed for just such a signal opportunity and Sue was stunning, awe inspiring; and we drank her in in silence. Her hard nipples were erect and strikingly prominent, the areola taught and puckered with sexual anticipation; her breasts were firm and high on her chest, the upper slopes flushed with sexual excitement. Her breathing was fast and shallow although we could sense that she was trying to control it, the muscles in her flat stomach taut, her hips proud and defined, her skin glowing with the bloom of youth.

Jackie placed her hand flat on her sister's breast. Sue caught her breath but still kept her eyes firmly closed, running on desire, senses heightened, desperately anticipating the attention that will make her cum. Jackie squeezed and Sue arched her back a little pressing her breast up and into Jackie's hand. Jackie smiled and her fingers closed on the nipple, squeezing briefly, nipping between her fingernails, drawing a gasp of pain and pleasure, before travelling down across the flat expanse of Sue's stomach, across the curled thickness of her blonde pubic hair to dip down between her legs, her hand resting lightly on her sister's sex.

Sue groaned and her hips rose to meet the intrusion, Jackie smiled and her middle finger slid into the darkness between the open lips of Sue's sex. Sue cried out and arched her back again as her sister's finger probed inside her. A second finger followed the first and Sue opened her legs and pressed her pelvis up trying to impale herself on the hard, probing, fingers. She cried out, urging Jackie on, pushing her deeper inside her, once again suddenly desperate to cum. Jackie worked her fingers around inside her, sister's sex, twisting and curling them with a familiarity and knowledge that spoke of experience and practise.

Jackie silently worked her sister with skill and patience, quickly bringing her up to her climax. Sue cried out and arched her back, lifting her hips clear of the bed as she rose and exploded into her orgasm. Jackie controlled her sister's climax, keeping her cuming, working her until she was finished and she subsided, falling back onto the bed, temporarily emptied and spent.

Jackie slowly withdrew her fingers and Sue deflated as though Jackie had let the air out of her. "Hush now," she said gently, settling her sister, talking quietly, the first words she had spoken since the seduction began. Jackie looked over at me facing her across the now quiet, naked body of her sister. She smiled and held up her fingers for me to see. She turned them slowly causing their coating of juices to glisten in the soft summer light. "Surprised?" she asked at last. I looked at her, I don't know if I was shocked or surprised and I don't know if I should have been either of them.

"Nothing surprises me anymore," I replied shaking my head.

Jackie laughed, "Ah cynicism; and in one so young."

It was my turn to laugh, "Very good," I responded, "where did you get that from?"

"A book at school," Jackie said smiling for the first time; and all the while Sue lay quietly between us, stretched out, her eyes closed as if sleeping. Jackie leaned forward and placed her hand back between Sue's legs, slowly inserting her fingers back inside her sister's sex. Sue groaned contentedly and spread her legs, welcoming the fingers back inside her.

"Sue told me that you like to make her cum." I said quietly, watching her fingers working their way between Sue's legs.

"Did she?" Jackie asked leaning forward and taking her sister's nipple in her mouth. She suckled contentedly, pulling on the breast like a baby on a teat, all the while her fingers were slowly moving inside her sister's sex. "What else did she tell you?" she asked, releasing the nipple to speak.

I shrugged, "Nothing much. She told how you used to practice your technique on her; that you played 'doctors and nurses' until she came." Jackie nodded and took Sue's nipple in her mouth again. Sue was already rising to Jackie's ministrations again, her breathing was becoming ragged and her fingers were digging into my back. Expertly

Jackie quickly took her up and into her climax again, bringing her deftly through her peak and down the other side.

Once Sue had settled she looked up at me, her finger still active in Sue's sex. Sue was resting quietly between us, open legged, letting Jackie do as she pleased with her, almost a passenger in the proceedings; a willing passenger no doubt but a passenger none the less, taking no active part in either the conversation or the use Jackie was making of her soft and yielding body. "There's no favouritism here you know. You can join in at any time. I know that you know how to do this, I've seen you, I've been there, I heard you last night. Just look around the two of us, pick an unoccupied piece of skin and get stuck in. No big deal, try it, you'll soon get the hang of it."

I watched as Jackie went back to work on Sue, increasing the tempo of her fingers, delving deeper inside her, and always the perception, the unspoken understanding that this was very familiar territory for both of them. Bringing Sue quickly back to the boil Jackie once again deliberately eased back, keeping Sue bubbling away without allowing her to climax. I watched her technique in open admiration, the way she kept Sue floating, balanced on the end of her fingers.

Jackie rolled over and without breaking the rhythm of her fingers she knelt astride one of Sue's legs. From her new vantage point she pressed her fingers deeper between her sister's legs. Sue cried out and spread her legs as wide as possible, giving her sister complete access. Jackie smiled as Sue cried out, a look of mastery over her given subject and suddenly I saw the 'spare piece of flesh' that Jackie had instructed me to look for. In one movement I was kneeling behind her, Jackie looked startled for a moment but then leaned back against me. I placed my hands on her hips, picking up on the rocking of her body as she kept up the movement between her sisters legs. I slid my hands down over her hips until I felt skin and I then reversed my direction, sliding up her body, this time moving up and under her pyjama top. I filled my hands with her breasts, rolling them, feeling their generous shape and texture. Jackie purred, the sound reverberating through her chest. My fingers found her nipples, hard and erect and closed on them, exploring, pulling and rolling; her sharp intake of breath attested to their acute sensitivity.

I squeezed harder, palming her breasts, pulling her back into my chest. She cried out, her voice adding to Sue's who was reaching up towards her own climax. I released her breasts and pushed her forward, bending her at the waist. She placed a hand beside Sue's head to steady herself. Sue watched her loom over her and smiling she reached up to touch her sisters face. All the while Jackie's fingers moved within Sue's sex. I ran my hand over the round white globes of Jackie's bottom, finding the cleft between, following it down between her legs to find the warm slick wetness of her sex. She hung her head like a submissive animal, snorting softly as my fingers explored the warm folds of her softly pouting lips, gentling the wildness, taming the beast. My fingers slid easily inside her, through the wetness, passed the lips and into the darkness. She cried out and Sue reached up, holding her face, bringing succour, adding grace. Her fingers traced the shape of Jackie's eyes, her cheeks, and the line of her mouth. Jackie opened her mouth and Sue slipped her fingers passed her lips and into her mouth allowing Jackie to suckle them, deeply sexual and the same time softly comforting.

I pressed my fingers home and Jackie moaned around her sisters fingers, pressing back against me, forcing me deeper. I could feel her juices flowing, her sex slick and wet coating my fingers. She arched her back and her head came up like a young colt. I placed a hand in the middle of her back to hold her in position while my fingers worked ever deeper inside her. Sue reached down and under her sister and found my hand between Jackie's legs. She moved higher and her fingers found the small bud of her sister's clitoris. Jackie cried out again as Sue fingers danced across it, drawing her higher, breaking her reserves. Jackie threw back her head as she climaxed, pushing herself hard back against my hand, Sue's fingers forcing over the top and deep into the first crashing waves of her climax. She bucked and thrashed, impaled on my fingers and sorely tormented by Sue's, her climax wracking her body, a deep guttural cry torn in pieces from inside her.

Her arm gave way and she slid down her upper body across Sue, her bottom in the air. Her fingers slipped from Sue's sex and Sue hugged her sister to her, holding her while the last of her climax washed through her. I was still on my own high, my head buzzing with the sights and the sounds of the two climaxes; my hand explored Jackie's arse, loving the shape and the texture, the slick wet heat between her legs, the coarser wet mat of her pubic hair framing her sex. I opened her and explored the softly engorged folds of her lips, her clitoris, now hooded again and hiding at the top of her sex. She moaned and moved softly as my fingers roamed without check, exploring and exposing her, delving and manipulating. Jackie shook her head as my fingers moved over her, nuzzling herself into her sisters chest, eventually finding a nipple and suckling it deep into her mouth. Sue arched up to meet the mouth at her breast, wrapping her arms around her sister, cradling her closer to her chest.

I slowly worked my fingers back inside Jackie and in response she pushed herself back up and onto her hands, head down, arms stretched outwards and slightly forwards, bracing herself against me and my fingers. Sue reached around her sister and grabbed the bottom of her pyjama top at the back, sliding it up and onto her shoulders, baring her torso, baring her breasts. Sue pulled the jacket forward over her sister's head, stripping her, forcing Jackie to raise each arm in turn to free the jacket.

Sue smiled; Jackie was now naked and disadvantaged by position and me. For once Sue was in charge. She took Jackie's hanging breasts in her hands, milking her like a cow, drawing her down until their breasts were touching, nipple to nipple, sister to sister. Sue pressed her chest up and worked Jackie's breasts over her own, small circular movements that further inflamed both their nipples. Jackie was panting hard, her mouth open, Sue at her breasts from below and me inside her from behind. I worked my fingers into her and her juices fell onto Sue's stomach. She pulled harder on her sisters breasts, her hands slipping down on the wet skin, grasping Jackie's nipples, pulling downwards. Jackie pulled back as Sue pulled down, stretching her nipples and her breasts almost painfully. Jackie cried out and pushed back on my hand as if trying to pull herself free of Sue's fingers. My thumb found her clitoris, an extremely hard, slick, little marble, while my fingers continued to press deeply inside her. Jackie bucked, trying to shake us off as our tormenting fingers drove her over the edge and into yet another climax. They were coming faster and faster as they drove each other on.

I held her in place with one hand still inside her and the other pressing down between her shoulder blades. She bucked and snorted, crying out as her climax rode her. Sue tethered her, the pain/pleasure syndrome; pulling down on her sisters breasts, keeping her in place; she knew exactly how much pressure to exert without causing real pain or damage.

Finally Jackie calmed, the crisis passing; and she slowly collapsed down onto Sue who gathered her spent and exhausted sister into her chest again. She gave her a few moments to recover and then rolled her gently away to one side, rolling her without resistance over and onto her back. Sue lay alongside her and began carefully wiping her down with the edge of a sheet. Jackie laughed as her sister fussed over her. I lay down on the other side, a mirror of our previous positions but this time Jackie was the 'piggy in the middle' not Sue.

Jackie struggled up on to her elbows, "Wow," she said, "that was wild! I thought that between you both you were going to blow my head off." Her breasts swung forward as she moved, rolling voluptuously, Sue's finger marks livid upon the white satiny skin, her nipples a deep bruised pink from Sue's rough handling. With a shove on her shoulder Sue pushed her sister flat back upon the bed. She was at this point clearly in charge of proceedings, a position which surprised me as Jackie was the natural initiator of events and Sue the more submissive. She leaned closer and took her sisters breast in her hand, slowly kneading the soft flesh, rolling it under her palm. Jackie closed her eyes and settled back, happy to be the centre of attention again. I moved over and lay down alongside, feeling a bit like an extra in a movie; not really sure what was expected of me, of what my lines were or when to come in; simply grabbing whatever 'spare piece of skin' that came my way, not being at all proactive, simply playing a fairly lone game of 'follow my leader'.

Sue's head came down and she suckled on Jackie's nipple. Jackie sighed as she pushed her breast up into Sue's face. Sue's hand snaked across her sister's hip and down between her legs, finding her sex and parting her lips. Her fingers stole noiselessly inside her. Jackie closed her eyes, opened her legs and sighed again as the fingers began to explore, working her whole sex with a light, deft touch; stroking the outside, folding her lips back before moving smoothly inside again. Strength where needed, power and depth, or a gentleness of touch that left Jackie dazed and breathless. Sue made love to Jackie's sex with an empathy and deftness of touch that few males, if any, could ever hope to achieve. Jackie squirmed under Sue's touch, groaning and stretching, opening her legs as wide as possible to allow her sister access to her.

Jackie rose to another climax with her sister working with care and deliberation; stroking between her legs, her fingers buried deep inside her sex, stretching, turning, her thumb on her hard, erect clitoris. Jackie groaned, her head rolling from side to side as if seeking an escape from the fingers that were driving her higher and higher. She grasped my arm and squeezed, her fingernails digging painfully into my skin. Her voice rose with the pressure of her approaching climax, a siren warning of her impending crisis, rising and falling with the pressure between her legs. And then she was there, her climax flooding her sex, staining the bed beneath her.

Sue laughed quietly as her sister fell back onto the bed. "No quarter," she said grimly and pushed Jackie back flat onto the bed as she struggled to rise. They were about equal in size and weight but Sue had the advantage in position and stamina, Jackie was the initiator, the motivator, the person who got things started but Sue was the athlete, the marathon runner, the serial climax. Sue had the legs of her, had the stamina to keep going, she could absorb orgasm after orgasm and keep going, Jackie was from the same stock but did not have that same longevity.

In a moment Sue was astride her, her hands on her shoulders pinning her to the bed, Jackie struggled ineffectually but was no match for her sister. Sue sat on her until Jackie slowed and lay still. "You know what's coming now don't you?" Jackie looked up at her nodded; a strange, almost hooded, look in her eyes. Slowly, warily, Sue released the pressure on her sister's shoulders and sat back. Jackie lay passive, dormant, as her sister took hold of her breast and casually palmed it, pulling on her nipple, making the nipple stand upright and hard. Jackie winced as Sue roughly played her breasts, her nipples already too sensitive and engorged; but Sue was demonstrating her dominance, showing her control of her sister's body. Slowly Sue inched forward until she was sitting astride her sister's chest.

Taking hold of Jackie's arms she spread them out before moving up again until her knees were on either side of Jackie's head, I watched with baited breath, realization slowly dawning. Sue rose up on her knees, her legs pinning Jackie to the bed; Jackie grasped her sister's thighs as Sue brought her hips forward. Sue looked down and smiled, spreading her knees and bringing her glistening sex slowly down toward her sister's face. Jackie smiled and raised her head slightly, bringing her mouth up toward Sue's waiting and open sex. Jackie blew softy, ruffling the hair around her sister's sex, blowing air across the sensitive, pouting lips. Sue sighed and shivered and then I saw the small, pink, tip of Jackie's tongue dart forward and part the waiting lips hovering just above her.

Sue stiffened with pleasure, bracing herself on the top of the headboard, bearing down on Jackie's mouth. Jackie held her hips to try and control Sue's movements as her tongue travelled the length of her sister's sex. Sue arched her back and pressed down with her hips as Jackie probed deeper, her lips on her sisters, tongue full extended, French kissing à la French. Jackie changed her position and her tongue found Sue's clitoris. Sue sagged forward, resting her head on her arms on the headboard. Jackie worked with patience and knowledge, her small pointed tongue pushing back the protective hood from the sensitive nub of skin before swirling around and over it; draining Sue's strength, drinking deep at her well.

The girls were lost in each other, Jackie worshiping at her sisters sex and Sue beginning to tremble astride her sister's face. I needed to join in. I slid down alongside Jackie's glorious body until I was level with her hips. She was flat on her back underneath her sister and her sex glistened between her legs. I felt her start as I moved over her, opening her legs and lowering myself between them. She had forgotten about me and the sudden reminder of my presence between her thighs came as a surprise. I slid my hands under her bottom, spreading her legs and raising her hips. I lowered my face over her sex and inhaled. The lush, verdant, smell of a young aroused woman almost overwhelmed my senses, brought me to my proverbial knees. I gripped her arse with my hands and levering with my elbows I raised her hips higher off the bed. Her sex opened before my fascinated eyes and I found myself staring deep inside her.

Her outer lips were wide open revealing and framing the deep coral fringed lips inside. She glistened with moisture. Towards the top of her sex her clitoris stood proud and erect, bold and defiant, a miniature version of Jackie herself. I blew gently, just as I had seen her do to Sue and saw her hips tremble as if touched by a strong sensual wind. She rose up to meet my breath and I leaned forward, brining my lips down upon her. I heard her cry out as my tongue tasted a woman's sex for the first time. The taste was mixed with the texture and the smell; hot, musky, redolent with sex and sensuality. My mouth covered her. Her juices stained my lips and ran down onto my chin. My tongue slid over her and into her. She called out and strained her legs, her cries muffled by her sister's sex. I delved deep inside her, trying to touch the places where earlier only my fingers had been. Jackie writhed under me as I lapped my way up her sex, finding her clitoris, instinctively sucking it into my mouth as I would her nipple.

Sue came at that moment, pressing down on to her sister's mouth as her sister cried out and I took her clitoris between my lips. I suckled it, holding it in my mouth, tasting her juices as I sucked as much of into my mouth as I could. Jackie cried out, her own mouth still muffled by her sister's sex and the whole was just too incredibly intoxicating, I was high on the sensations, the taste and the smell of raw sexuality. I had never known I could get this excited. I felt Jackie cum as I sucked on her clitoris and felt her Jackie writhing beneath my as I lay between her legs my mouth on her sex. She was soaking, whether from her own juices or my saliva I could not tell and I didn't care,

I was drunk on drinking her sex, not wishing to stop or let go until I felt Sue gently pull me away, "She's done," she said quietly looking down at my confused and cum stained face. I looked up at Jackie and she lay quietly, unmoving, her arms and legs spread, head back. I pushed myself up and wiped my face and mouth on my arm looking around sheepishly. Sue laughed and offered me one of the discarded pyjama tops. I wiped my face and offered it back to her but she shook her head and I dropped it to the side of the bed. Sue leaned forward and reaching down she wrapped her fingers around my still erect shaft. "Great for us but not so satisfying for you I see."

I shrugged, "Bloody brilliant for me actually, no complaints at all."

She stroked her fingers up and down my shaft and I watched her like a child would. "Perhaps you should finish off in there," she said indicating her sisters open sex with a nod of her head. I looked down at Jackie; she hadn't moved. She looked unconscious but her sex beckoned enticingly.

"I thought you said she was done." I asked stupidly, suddenly in need of relief, Sue's fingers reminding of my own need to cum.

"She is but she'll be happy to have you inside her, trust me. She'll make you welcome. Go on," she said, "put it into her."

Chivalry often takes a back seat when faced with an unfulfilled erection and a naked, possibly comatose, girl with a very wet and shiny vagina and a sister urging you on. I crawled back up the bed between Jackie's open legs and looked up. Sue nodded her encouragement and I smiled stupidly back at her. I tried to appear reluctant but in truth nothing could have stopped me now. Sue rolled over and taking her sisters hands she pulled her arms over her head, holding her flat, crosswise on the bed, immobile. She positioned herself to watch

I moved forward, resting my weight on my hands on either side of her, until the head of my penis touched the lips of her sex. Jackie groaned and tried to move away but Sue held her and motioned for me to continue. I pushed slowly and the head of my penis slipped inside her. Sue was right, Jackie really did feel warm and welcoming whether she was aware of it or not; hot and magnificent as her sex closed around the tip of my penis. Jackie stiffened for a moment before moving her hips and settling herself to accept the rest of me. Without waiting I pushed myself fully inside her, sliding all the way up and inside in one movement until our hipbones met and our public hair meshed together.

I was inside Jackie. Until last night I had never had my penis inside a girl and now, a few hours later and here I was, fucking my second woman. And despite their similarities they felt different, like this, with my penis buried deep inside her. Even blindfold I would have known that I was in Jackie and not Sue. Jackie groaned and her hips rose up to meet me. I was in seventh heaven, I did not care whether Jackie knew I was inside her or not, or even if she wanted me there or not, I was in heat, I just wanted to use her body, to cum in her.

"See," Sue said quietly, smiling, "I said she was ready." I looked up at Sue, she had moved closer to Jackie's head, holding her by her elbows, pinning her arms above her head while I fucked her. "Let me see," Sue said and I moved over, withdrawing slightly from inside her sister so that she could see the glistening shaft of my penis, fresh and slick with her sister's juices. "Good," she said, strolling her sisters face with one hand. "Carry on then," she said, giving me permission to continue. I thrust back into Jackie, burying myself in her, leaning my weight into the stroke to get the full sensation of sliding into her and to thrust myself as deep into her as I could.

Jackie moaned and smiled, "God but that feels good," she said quietly.

I thrust into her again and she hissed between clenched teeth as her breasts bounced to the movement. Laughing, Sue reached down with both hands and captured Jackie's swaying breasts, taking her nipples and rolling them between her thumb and forefingers, twirling them like she was tuning a radio. I began to lengthen and slow the stroke, pushing up hard into her with my hips at the end. Jackie cried out and pulled her legs up, spreading her knees as wide apart as possible.

"Let me see," Sue said again, peering between us, watching every movement as my wet and shining penis slid in and out of her sister. "I want to see it" she repeated excitedly, "I want to see her cum." Jackie was breathing heavily, almost snorting through her nose, like a winded horse. I could feel her muscles gripping me tighter and knew she was going to cum soon. Her already aroused state and the combined assault on her nipples and her vagina was bringing her quickly to her climax. I continued to stroke but I knew my own climax was approaching.

"Do I pull out?" I asked, hearing my own breathing sounding ragged in my ears.

"No!" came the short response from both girls at the same time.

"Stay in!" Sue urged, "We're both on the pill. It's alright."

It was too late anyway and suddenly I was straining, pushing as far up inside Jackie as it was possible to get, pumping my seed deep into her. Jackie and Sue cried out together; Jackie in her climax and Sue in sympathy as I shuddered to my end before collapsing across her, feeling my penis twitch as I emptied my last drops of seed inside her. I gasped for breath, taking great lungfulls of warm air before slowly rolling over onto my back and away from her. Jackie lay still, her chest rising and falling,, her sex gleaming red and used between her wide spread legs, her lips wet with white mucus and already beginning to seep sperm her body slick with sweat. "That was brilliant," Sue said, her eyes shining in excitement.

"Thanks," I said, wiping the sweat from my face with my hand, "we try to please."

"Watching was almost as good as being done yourself!" She said and quickly snaked her way down her sister's body until she was level with her crotch. She leaned over and opened her sister's wet and puffy sex with her fingers and peered inside. Jackie groaned and tried to ineffectually push her away but Sue would not be moved. She was fascinated by her sisters well used body; she was fascinated to see the results of the sex act. She could not see her own body as we had fucked in the night so she was keen to see he sisters, up close, From inches away she inspected Jackie's well used sex, watching the juices mixed with sperm running out of her,

"Fabulous," she breathed as she mopped at her sisters sex with the edge of a sheet. Jackie gave up and opened her legs a little to allow her sister access. Sue pushed her fingers inside and felt around as if she would some discover something hidden and Jackie moaned softly. She withdrew her fingers and looked at the juices coating them and she smiled. "See," she said to me again, "I said she was ready'" and she slowly pushed her fingers back inside.

We continued to fuck throughout the rest of the morning as the sun shone down on the three of us. And it was fucking, as soon as it had become the three of us the tone had changed. Sweat mingled with our juices and our skin shone in the warm, golden light. We fucked, fingered, and tongued in every conceivable position and manner that we could think of,. Three fit and active and very ready young people. I watched in fascination as they made love lying face to face, nipple to nipple, tongues entwined, hands between each legs, fingers deep within each other's sex. Writhing and twisting in their heat and their passion, two superbly lithe and beautifully attractive women in the first full flower of their youth.

There was no reticence from either, they made love with an abandon that took my breath away. But they were doing more than that, they were making love with a rare intuition, with an empathy and understanding of the other that only two women could share; touching each other, drawing each other out with a technique and an understanding of the others body and needs, an intuitive understanding of their physical and emotional requirements of the moment that no man could match.

I joined in, often pulled in, when a penis was required; and it was required frequently. I freely availed myself of their bodies, breasts, nipples and vaginas and they were happy to give of themselves. We were three very close friends doing what came naturally, again and again. Slowly we faded, the heat of the summer and our exertions eventually bringing us to a stop; our juices dried on us and we fell asleep, tangled easily together, limbs entwined.

We clearly heard the front gate open and the muffled sound of voices. Jackie and Sue sat bolt upright and stared at each other in panic. The gate clanged shut and footsteps sounded on the concrete garden path. 'Fuck! It's my parents," Jackie hissed and the girls launched themselves out of bed as the sound of keys could be heard rattling in the back door. Jackie pulled on her pyjama top and reached for her dressing gown muttering 'Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!' under her breath as if hoping that the litany would keep her parents at bay just a little longer. Footsteps came to the bottom of the stairs.

"Hello? Are you girls up? Do you know what the time is?" their mother's voice floated accusingly up the staircase.

Absolute panic engulfed the bedroom. Wrapping her dressing gown around her Jackie ran to the top of the stairs to stall her mother should she attempt to come upstairs. I dressed in frantic haste stuffing my shirt into my pants as Sue pressed my socks into my hands.

"Where are my shoes?" I hissed and we searched hurriedly as the sound of Jackie and her mum floated into the room.

"Find them later," Sue hissed as she opened the window.

"What are you doing?" I asked watching her pull the curtains aside.

"It's the only way out," she said pulling the widow open.

"What?" I asked incredulously, "we're upstairs if you haven't forgotten. I can't fucking fly!" Sue glared at me as if I was being totally unreasonable and grabbed by arm.

"There's a concrete platformr over the front door." She hissed poking her head through the window and looking down. "It's just under the window. You can jump from there when the coast is clear."

Far from convinced I looked out. Some three or four feet below the window a flat concrete slab jutted out over the front door, a token attempt at a cover to keep the inclement weather off if you ever decided to use that particular entrance; which rarely ever happened such was the informality of the .local folk.

From the landing outside I could hear Jackie talking to her Mum, still frantically stalling but losing ground, a hint of panic at the edge of her voice. Looking at my dishevelled state and the condition of the bedroom I decided that it was probably better to break my neck climbing out of a bedroom window than have it broken for me facing the girl's outraged mother. So, throwing caution to the wind, I pulled up a chair and climbed out of the window, gingerly lowering myself down onto the small concrete platform below.

"Get down!" came the hurried instruction and looking up I saw Sue partially close the window above my head. I ducked down as Jackie and Mrs Preston came into the room.

"And what time do you call this to be laying about in your pyjamas?" I heard her start. Despite my predicament I smiled to myself, 'you should have been here ten minutes earlier' I thought, 'they were not even wearing pyjamas'. Crouching uncomfortably on the rough concrete I raised my head and glanced back into the room. Jackie saw me and smiling broadly she gave a small discrete wave with her fingers. Their Mum was ranting on about the chaos and mess in the room. I ducked back down again.

Turning to sit with my back to the wall I buttoned up my shirt and looked around to take stock of my situation. The run of houses were below road level and the garden sloped upwards until the garden gate was almost at the same level as I was. Dave was sitting on the low garden wall casually looking up back at me.

"All right?" he asked.

"Not bad," I offered quietly acutely aware of the open window, "and you?"

"Can't grumble," he answered fishing a crumpled pack of cigarettes out of his trouser pockets. "Want a fag?" he asked. I shook my head and he returned the packet to his pocket. "When you get down eh?"

I nodded and glanced around. The drop to the garden looked considerable, at least ten to twelve feet and without shoes. I pulled my socks on while Dave impassively smoked his cigarette sitting on the garden wall. Inadequately shod for throwing myself off high places I tentatively shuffled to the edge of the slab, dangling my legs over, feeling decidedly unhappy. I'm not a great one for heights and the jump looked horrendous. "Come on you wuss, jump." Dave offered blowing out a cloud of smoke.

"Is the coast clear?" I whispered and Dave shrugged.

"As it'll ever be."

Turning slowly I lowered myself down until my arms were at full stretch. I hung there for a moment feeling even more stupid than I had sitting on the concrete porch. "Get on with it," Dave offered sympathetically.

Swinging briefly and inelegantly back and forth I launched myself backwards onto the garden, landing ungainly and heavily with an impact that drove the wind from my body. I lay there for a moment looking up at the sky and wondering how I get myself into these messes when Dave appeared, upside down and sort of hovering over me.

"All right?" he asked, smoking his cigarette and not offering his hand.

"Fine, no need to help" I answered and sat up rubbing my neck and dusting myself off. He finally offered his hand and I pulled myself to my feet, wincing with pain when I put my weight on to my ankle.

"Broken?" he asked noncommittally.

"Just turned," I replied.

I hobbled up the garden to the wall and sat down. Dave followed and sat beside me. He reached behind him over the wall and picked up my shoes, offering them to me without comment. I looked at him and he just shrugged. I put them on, pulling the one gently onto the foot with the tender ankle.

When I was ready I stood up and dusted myself down again and glanced up at the bedroom window. Muted voices could still faintly be heard. Dave nudged me and proffered his open pack of cigarettes. I took one and lit up.

"Did you have a good night?" he asked at last as we set off down the street.

"The best," I answered slowly, limping along beside him. Not feeling particularly sensitive to his feelings after the shoes episode. He looked at me sideways.

"Took your time this morning didn't you?" he asked noncommittally, "Getting up I mean."

"Been here long?" I asked in response, ignoring the question.

"Long enough," he answered.

"How did you get my shoes, they were downstairs."

"Their Dad gave them to me. He found them downstairs by the sofa. There were a pair of knickers stuffed in them but he kept them." I nodded and drew on my cigarette.

"Whose were they?" I asked, "The knickers."

Dave shrugged, "Not sure, could have been anybodies. Probably Jackie's."

"A long day," I ventured, smiling as the memories suddenly vied for space in my head..

"A long day," he agreed nodding sagely. We walked on is silence for a while.

"You saw them then? The parents." I asked.

Dave nodded, "I was here when they arrived."

"Looking for Jacks were you?" I asked. Dave shrugged noncommittally. We walked again in silence for a while until I felt I needed to fill the void. "They gave me tea in bed." I offered and he thought for a moment.

"Did you do them both?" he asked eventually looking nonchalantly straight ahead. I glanced sideways at him and shrugged. He looked at his feet and swore quietly but sincerely under his breath, "Bastard." We walked away side by side, me limping. "Shall we invite them round to my place tonight," he asked to no-one in particular, "my folks are out."

I took a long drag on my cigarette and looked around as if seeing the day for the first time. "Beautiful day," I said, leaning an arm on Dave's shoulder as I worked my ankle. "Been a brilliant summer."

Dave looked at me and shading his eyes against the glare of the sun he nodded and smiled. "Can't grumble," he agreed.

**Summer Ch. 17 Sue goes swimming**

Sue was still deeply troubled by the changes this summer had wrought in her life and in herself and she was still trying desperately to come to terms with her burgeoning sexuality, trying to make sense of the mores and conventions that she was breaking with an easy recklessness in her newfound sexual freedom. Nothing she had ever done had affected her so profoundly or completely as discovering the joy of sex, it had rocked her to her very foundations. She loved it, loved losing her clothes, opening her legs; being touched and taken, being wanted, and being desired.

She was no fool, she knew where this path could lead and the possible consequences of her actions, and reactions, to the situations she found herself in, or quite possibly to the situations she perhaps knowingly put herself in. So far she had enjoyed every situation she had found herself in Even the scary one with the usher at the cinema had, in retrospect, turned her on and she had walked away from each on a sexual high that had left her wet and weak. Nothing had stilled her desire for more. She had enjoyed the scary fringes of her sexuality almost as much she had enjoyed the safe, warm and wonderful, sex in bed she had enjoyed the previous night; and she had loved it, she loved it all including the frisson that the edge of safety brought and that worried her. She began to wonder if she was normal

Despite the fact that technically she had only lost her virginity the previous evening the list of men who now had had intimate knowledge of her body was growing with a rapidity that alarmed her. .She needed a little space, a little time to think, so she packed her towel and swimming costume into her duffel bag and slipped out of the house and caught a bus into town. She walked the short distance to the local swimming baths. Her heart fell when she turned the corner and saw the queue outside the baths. In the hot weather it seemed like half the town had the same idea and the queue for the next ‘session’ was already long, snaking back around the front of the building. Despite her reservations when she saw the queue begin to move she joined on to the end and slowly shuffled forward with the rest.

Once inside she changed into her one piece black swimsuit and made her way to the pool. The noise of people under the arched roof of the pool was fierce and she almost turned back, this was not the quiet venue she had been looking for; but she had paid her money and the water, although already crowded, looked cool and inviting. She made her way down the length of the pool, past the screaming and splashing kids and families to the sectioned off area where the ‘lane swimmers’ go.

This half the pool was roped off into lanes for the serious swimmer, the people who wanted to swim shortened lengths. Even this section was crowded but Sue lowered herself into the water, catching her breath at the sudden chill, and pushed off, weaving through the swimmers, aiming vaguely for the other side.

Sue swam a slow confident breast stroke and after a while the rhythmic exercise and the water began to have a soothing effect on her. “This was a good idea after all’ she thought to herself, feeling her muscles begin to unwind and her mood begin to lift. She had almost switched off, lost in her thoughts when suddenly someone swimming in the opposite direction came too close and their hands briefly touched. The touch was fleeting and she vaguely heard a man’s receding voice call ‘Sorry’ as he swam past and away. This first time she gave the incident no thought, just an accident, the pool being so busy.

As she made her slow turn at the end of her lap she look for the man who had touched her, if she could recognise him from the fleeting contact, but he was lost somewhere in the press of swimmers. Settling back into her stroke again she tried to concentrate on relaxing again but the casual touch had disturbed her and she found her waiting to see if he would pass by again

This time she was sure that the touch was deliberate, a brief touch on the arm, a quick blurred vision of the swimmer as he passed. Yet somehow this time she was sure that the touch had been intentional, she could feel his fingers as they slid down her arm, somehow an implied caress more than an accidental touch.

She began to look for him in the press of swimmers but it could have been any one of the numerous men around her. She slowed down to give herself more time to look. When she turned at the end of her length she spotted him, he was smiling at her as he swam towards her with a strong, confident stroke. She knew instinctively it was him, he was watching her, half smiling as he narrowed the distance between them, swimming straight for her..

He closed the distance quickly, a much faster swimmer than her. And as they close with each other she found herself looking away, strangely embarrassed by his easy, confident gaze. As she raised her eyes she found she was suddenly looking directly into his pale blue eyes and she quickly looked away again. From that first glace she ascertained that he was quite obviously older than her, not a great deal but enough to allow him the arrogance of staring.

This time, as he swam past, he deliberately made contact, stroking his hand down her arm, upper arm to shoulder, deliberate and slow. This time there was no hurried call of ‘sorry’.

Sue was shocked and yet intrigued, the sudden unlooked for intimacy both repelled and attracted her with equal measure. She wanted to know more. When she turned again at the end of her length she immediately looked for him, trying to pick him out from the mass of bobbing heads. When she finally recognised him she saw that he had already turned and was closer to her than she expected, swimming easily, strongly, quickly closing the gap, coming up quickly behind her.

As they closed again she could see that his eyes were still fixed deliberately on her and her heart suddenly began to beat a little faster and she felt that first slow tingle in her nerves, the first brief flicker of interest; this man was stalking her. She pushed off from the side and swam slowly straight towards him, accepting the challenge, watching to what he would do.

He kept eye contact, swimming almost directly at her, passing her so closely that she had to shorten her stroke to avoid him. This time his hand brushed the outside of her thigh and briefly up onto and over her bottom before he was passed her again. She gasped at the audacity, a definite and deliberate stroke, a glancing intimacy that would only be possible in a crowded swimming pool; and her stroke faltered, as she wallowed in the wake of his passing. She looked over her shoulder but he was already at the end of the lane and again she feels the first stirrings of arousal, the small flame that comes with the awareness of interest, the sudden flicker of warmth that the sudden and unexpected presence of possibility presents.

She swam slowly, acutely aware of the intimacy of his last touch, her breath somehow catching in her throat, her body suddenly alive In anticipation of his next move.

She was aware that he was now behind her somewhere; drawing closer, closing the distance. At the end of the lane she paused for a moment, holding onto the rail at the side of the pool to catch her breath. She casually looked around to see where he was when suddenly he was there beside her, holding onto the rail next to her. His wash hit her in the face and she turned her head away. “Sorry” he smiled coming to a stop at the side of her, holding on to the rail with one hand, “Going a bit too fast I think.”

“Not a problem” she said, wiping her face with her hand, taking her time to get a good look at him. Close to she realised that he was actually older than she had first thought but he was one of those men who is difficult to pin an age to and as he held the rail next to her she could see his well muscled arms and upper torso, the physique of a regular and dedicated swimmer “Sorry if I bumped you back there. I’m a little out of practice, I don’t breaststroke that much anymore.”

She looked at him, unsure of how to respond. “You swim well“ she said and he shrugged depreciatingly, “better than me anyway,” she finished, tailing off lamely, suddenly intimidated by the sheer size of the man beside her, he seemed to dwarf her somehow, make her feel small.

He paused and studied her for a moment, “I swim a lot,” he said at length, “always have. I enjoy it. And you?” He enquired, his eyes moving slowly over her face, her shoulders and then, conspicuously, down to what he could see of her breasts and figure below the waterline. With his eyes clearly appraising her body Sue again felt that familiar sexual lurch in her stomach; the one that always seemed to happen when someone desired her; and this man was making no bones about his interested in her. He swung closer, the water drifting his body into casual contact with hers. “Oops” he said with a smile, making no attempt to move away, “Sorry”.

Sue smiled back, suddenly unsure in front of this man’s obvious and easy predatory confidence. Beneath the water his hand moved onto her hip as if to steady himself as another wave from yet another swimmer pushed them together again. This time he made no apology or attempt to move away, to give her space, to stop crowding her with his casual intimacy. The hand stayed there, just resting on the top of her hipbone, holding her waist, casually and easily.

Sue looked around, they were surrounded by people and yet somehow the pool seemed suddenly empty and quiet. She was only aware of the stranger and his softly resting hand. “Do you swim much?” He asked, his hand now gently feeling at her waist, moving over her with an easy, confident, familiarity. “It feels as if you do.” he said, acknowledging his intimate touch, giving credence to his exploration of her waist, “or at least you seem to work out.”

“Not much,” she said quietly, aware that his fingers were now gently exploring the shape of her hip and the soft outside curve of her bottom, briefly touching the bare skin below the leg of her costume, “but I exercise a lot.”

“I can tell that,” he said, his hand moving higher, stealing softly up her ribcage, feeling the shape, his thumb briefly touching the underside of her breast. “Not an ounce of fat on you, anywhere,” he said openly stroking back down her flank, armpit to thigh, savouring the feel of her, gentling, talking quietly and taking control. Sue looked around again; no one was paying them the least attention. Two swimmers touched the wall alongside him and turned at a fast crawl and pushed away again. As if to get out of their way he slowly swung himself around her as if to shield her from the crowd

He gripped the rail on either side of her, enclosing her, his body pressing up against her from behind, his body warmth turning the water cold, bringing her out in sudden goose bumps. He moved against her, his whole body softly pressing up against her back, his penis, unmistakably hardening, rubbing up against her bottom. He made no attempt to move, just held himself there, gently pressing up against her back letting her feel his erection.

Sue bit her lip, the warmth of him, their bodies touching, moving with the water, was unbelievably erotic. She hung her head slightly. He let go of the rail with one hand, holding himself in place with the other and placed his arm easily but deliberately around her waist, his hand on her tummy. He gently pulled her closer, back, into his body, making his erection impossible to ignore. He spread his fingers wide, experimenting, exploring her tummy. Her acceptance of the intimacy, his hand on her tummy, signalled her acquiescence to the act and his fingers moved in ever widening circles, each movement slowly expanding his area of permissible familiarity with her body.

“See,” he said quietly, his hand soft on her tummy, his mouth almost at her ear, “not a trace of fat anywhere.” Sue nodded vaguely, his warm body behind her and his arms encircling her created an intimacy from which it was hard to escape. He explored her tummy for a while longer moving the material of her costume over her skin, pulling the material tight as his hand moved over her with a blind, easy confidence; brushing lightly at the underside of her breasts and then travelling down to the top of her pubic mound. His hand travelled where it wanted, casually expanding its license, anesthetizing her objections. She relaxed against him, his voice warm in her ear, the noise and bustle of the pool faded from notice.

His hand cupped her breast, softly, naturally and she closed her eyes, feeling his warmth soak through the thin material of her swim suit. He squeezed gently and she felt her nipple harden at his touch. He covered her breast, moulding it with his fingers, softly at first but gradually gaining confidence; her silence giving her consent to this latest advance. He found her nipple, his fingers teasing it, drawing it out through the thin material. She pressed her legs together as he played with her, amazed at how sensitive she felt as he teased her nipple erect, making it stand hard and proud, eager for his touch.

As if to make sure that it had not been an accident that she had allowed him the freedom of her breast his hand moved across to her other breast; squeezing gently, taking hold of her other nipple, drawing it erect and hard. She shivered and closed her eyes, his hand the sole focus of her attention, her breasts glowing, her nipples painfully hard. He laughed and pressed his erection against her bottom and instinctively she pressed back drawing a deep and liquid chuckle from him and he squeezed her breast in response.

He ran his hand up and over her chest to her throat, caressing the soft taut skin of her neck and she almost purred as she raised her chin for his to caress her. No one had ever taken possession of her like this. He pulled her back into him, his hand around her throat, his strength, his control, his masculinity almost overpowering her.. Then, as his hand moved back down over her chest, without warning, he hooked a finger into the front of her swimming costume and in one easy movement he simply drew the top down over her breast. She gasped at his audacity and her sudden exposure although she made no attempt to stop him. Startled, she looked down at her naked breast, its shape shifting and swirling just below the surface of the water. She stared at it as if it belonged to someone else She thought it quite beautiful, her nipple roseate and enlarged against the sheer white of her breast, detaching itself and rejoining as the water played tricks on her perception. They stayed like that for a few moments, holding their collective breath in quiet anticipation of a reaction, until, receiving none. his hand moved up and cupped her naked breast.

“Are you OK?” he asked quietly, his hand now fully exploring her naked breast, moving over it, feeling its shape. She nodded silently, his fingers finally finding and teasing her soft, sensitive nipple. She shivered involuntarily as his fingers released their hold and then, pulling the remainder of her costume down completely below her breasts his hand slowly moved across to her other breast. He cupped it slowly and deliberately, taking possession easily, naturally. She felt as if his hand had always been there, holding her. Cupping her breast in the palm of his hand his long nimble fingers teased her nipple erect. “Beautiful nipples” he said at last.

“Thanks” she responded, unable to think of anything else to say, her eyes closed, concentrating only on the feeling of his fingers at her breasts.

He continued to manipulate her, teasing her nipples out between his fingers, pulling first one, then the other, before cupping and kneading her breast. She could do nothing, she was lost in the intimacy of the moment, the feeling of his fingers, his erection hard against her bottom, the curtain of intimacy created by his arms around her, his hand gripping the rail, blocking out the rest of the world. She rested her head back into his shoulder, her breath slowly becoming ragged. “Can you stand?” he asked, his hand relinquishing her breast to hold the rail again. She put her feet down,

“Just,” she said.

“Good, stand there,” and as soon as her feet touched the floor his hand left the rail and cupped her breasts again. His hand was hot against her skin, She was amazed at how turned on she was, her nipples ached to be touched. She could still feel his penis, hard, against her bottom and she softly pushed back into it.

His hand released her breast again and slowly travelled down across her tummy and then back to her hip, almost as if helping her, steadying her. She looked down at her naked breasts, pale and free below the water, almost floating, her erect nipples clearly visible to anyone taking the trouble to look. She felt his hand move down off her hip until it rested on her bare skin at the top of her leg. She shivered at his touch, his casual intimacy with her, his knowledge of her needs, absolutely compelling. Suddenly his fingers slipped under the thin material of her swimsuit and in one movement came to rest on her pubic hair, his hand confidently cupping her mound, his fingers finding and following the shape of her sex. She started and made to move away. “Wait,” she said without conviction, “you can’t...” but his fingers had already found their way down between her legs and were softly feeling between the folds of her labia, opening her up.

“Beautiful,” he said and she gasped as his fingers slipped inside her.

His fingers curled back against her pelvic bone, holding her close, pulling her back against him; he was showing his mastery of her and the situation, holding her there, pinning her in position for his further use and inspection. She moaned and opened her legs as the sensations speared up through her. Even had she wanted to she could not have moved away, she was held, impaled, she could now only follow the dictates of his fingers. She gripped the rail until her knuckles went white with the effort. His free arm came around her and cupped her breast again while his thumb found her already erect clitoris and brushed lightly across it. Sue sagged, she gripped the rail so tight she thought her fingers might break, oblivious now to everything except the feeling of those wonderful fingers buried deep between her legs and the others at her breast.

He laughed quietly, his breath spilling hot against her ear, “You like that don’t you?” She nodded, the sensations spiralling up through her from her groin. He gripped her harder and she groaned, her legs feeling weak. She gripped his arm and her head fell forward almost to the water and he laughed again. She looked down her body at his hand at her naked breast, her nipple between his fingers and the other hand inside her swimsuit, moving between her legs, all in motion, swirling with the patterns of the ripples and the shining of the lights on the water.

His fingers began a steady movement inside her, his thumb stroking the hard nub of her clitoris. She was lost and she cried out. The sensation, building with such rapidity that it took her breath away. His fingers continued to move inside her, opening her up, dazzling her, blinding her to everything except the sensation. She rode his fingers, the probing intimacy of his embrace and she cried out, a soft burst of joy at the wonderment of what he was doing to her and then she came; a brief wracking explosion of feeling that left her weak and dazed, hanging on to the rail and his arm to stop herself from sliding down beneath the water.

His fingers inside her held her up and she shivered, suddenly cold in the water as the climax washed away with the waves in the pool. She looked around, suddenly aware of her surroundings again. He laughed, “No one saw. No one’s even looking.” She brushed hair from her face and tried to pull herself together. His fingers still moved slowly between her legs, distracting her, but the intensity of that first moment had passed. Worried that she could feel it building again she reached down and took his wrist, gently pulling his hand away, His fingers reluctantly slid out of her. She felt suddenly, surprisingly, empty and for a moment she was tempted to push his hand back between her legs, to get him to fill her again. She shook her head as if to clear it, “It’s too public to do that again,” she said in explanation, as much to herself as to him.

He smiled and leaned forward against her ear, “I’ll take my chances if you don’t mind,” he said, “and anyway, ‘what’s good for the goose is good for the gander’.” Sliding around her he took her hand and placed it firmly on his erect cock.

Sue gasped and looked around quickly, “I can’t” she said, somehow shocked at the suggestion, “it’s far to public!”

He placed his hand over hers and laughed, “No one’s looking’” he said again and gently pushed her unresisting hand under the waistband and down the front of his straining trunks. Almost in a daze her fingers felt the length of his penis in her hand, his pubic hair strangely coarse in the water. She looked into his eyes as he wrapped her hand around the hard shaft. She could feel its heat and his need burning into her palm. Confident now that she would do his bidding he pushed the front of his trunks down until his penis was free.

Almost mesmerised she moved her hand experimentally up and down the length of his shaft, exploring it, getting used to the feel of the strange cock in her hand; and he smiled. “That’s better,” he said quietly, revelling in the feel of her touch, “my turn now.” Sue nodded as she began to masturbate him. He wrapped an arm around her shoulders and pulled her closer to him creating a small intimate circle with their bodies, turning their backs to the world outside. She suddenly, desperately, wanted to please him and she had done this enough now to know how. He closed his eyes as she ran her fingers around the sensitive skin of his penis just below the bulbous head. He groaned and began to thrust up gently into her hand. Looking down she was almost shocked to see their nakedness, her breasts bare and his trunks down low on his hips. She could clearly see her hand, white against his pubic hair, the head of his penis a pale, diluted, purple in the water, forming and dissolving in the pattern of the waves.

Her hand moved over his shaft almost of its own accord. She knew the feelings she was creating. His smile was almost beatific, “That’s lovely” he said quietly, his eyes still closed, his head half back, his body rocking with the motion of the water and her hand. Looking into his face she was suddenly struck by the all consuming power of sex, of the need to cum that drives us all, the need to ejaculate in a lover’s womb, or a stranger’s hand. Watching his cock below the water she could almost see him trying to hold on, to fight the urge that had brought him to this point, to delay the inevitable; and she smiled at the control she now exercised over him, the reversal of roles. She held him quite literally in the palm of her hand.

“Open your eyes,” she commanded and he did so, he looked at her softly over the edge of his climax. “Look at my hand in the water,” she instructed and he looked down to where her hand moved slowly up and down on his shaft. “That really feels good doesn’t it?” she asked, he hand moving softly on his length and he nodded, his eyes glazing over. She lengthened her stroke, increasing the pressure on his shaft, rolling his foreskin down as far it would go, drawing him higher, his hips pushing back against her hand.

“Cum now” she instructed and with a fleeting, almost desperate, glance at her, he obeyed, doubling over, folding his body around her hand. She felt his cock strain against her fingers. Strings of milky while come exploded from the tip of his penis and she watched in awed fascination as they separated, floating slowly away, spreading out into the pool, like small emissaries of sex, waving softly like seaweed. She held on to his cock, the beauty of the moment somehow so overwhelming she could not let go. She felt strangely disturbed, amazingly tender, as though something poetic had just happened, something somehow dazzlingly beautiful. She rubbed her thumb over the tip of his penis, feeling the silky smoothness of his seed beneath the water. It was his turn to shiver.

She was still oddly reluctant to let go, she kept on milking him as he slowly deflated, watching the last strands of sperm escaping quietly in to the pool. He disengaged her slowly, moving her hand away, his cock disappearing as he pulled the front of his trunks back up. Disoriented she looked around but could not see any of his seed in the water. The act ephemeral, without substance, a heady mix of emotion and sensation but with nothing to take away, nothing to keep that was hers except the ghost of the moment. She looked at him, suddenly saddened that there was nothing left to show of the event, of their brief moment of sexual union.

He smiled and reached forward pulling her swimsuit up and over her breasts, covering her again, “Thanks” he said and watched her closely, his voice suddenly concerned; he could see tears forming in the corners of her eyes. ‘Are you alright?’ he asked at length but she shook her head slightly, saying nothing; there was nothing to say. He stood quietly by, embarrassed, as she fought back the tears. She wanted him to touch her, to hold her.

“What’s your name” she asked eventually.

“Mark” he said, confused, smiling, “shouldn’t we have asked that earlier? Introductions usually come before masturbation.” She shrugged, not quite sure why she had really asked. “I usually expect to be introduced before I have sex in a public baths,” he added, trying to make a light of the awkwardness that was now growing between them.

“So do I.” she said, looking around as though she had lost something. She straightened the top of her costume with an self-conscious smile.

“What’s your name?” he asked at length.

She shrugged and looked at him, “What’s the difference?”

He smiled again, an unlooked for sadness spreading across his face. “Thanks for the sex” he said at last and she nodded. “I thought it was rather beautiful” he said quietly, his confidence had somehow evaporated like his seed; and again he added ‘Thanks’. He waited a few moments for her to answer but she kept her eyes down, looking into the water. Eventually he said, “See you again sometime, I hope.” She nodded and looked away; when she looked back he was gone.

She watched him swim away; long, slow, easy strokes, carrying him into the crowd and suddenly the noise flooded back, almost drowning her. She somehow wanted to cry, to call him back, to feel his arms around her again, confident, protective and warm.

As she looked down she suddenly noticed a thin white string of semen sticking determinedly to the back of her hand and she raised it to her face, turning her hand to make it glint and glisten pearlescent in the bright light; and slowly she smiled.

Grabbing hold of the rail she pulled herself up and out of the water. Adjusting her costume she turned and sat at the side of the pool and dangled her legs in the water. She rubbed the strand of semen between her fingers and her skin, feeling its silkiness as it disappeared, as ephemeral as the moment and she looked up, watching for Mark as he continued swimming up and down the pool.