**Summer**

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**Summer Ch. 18 The Church Hall** Pt1

Sue and Jackie were both members of the local Girl Guide troop, a small troop which met down at the village hall once a week. They had both been members for years. This year the troop had organised a camping trip towards the end of the summer, nothing too exciting, a few days in the woods down behind the village church but enough girls were going that it still took some organising and as usual Jackie and Sue had been roped in to help check the camping gear which was stored under the stage at the village hall. Naturally they had asked for help with the heavy work and the scout master had arranged for a couple of the local lads from the Scout troop to come down and lend a hand. They had all arranged to meet late on the Wednesday afternoon.

Sue and Jackie had arrived first and they let themselves with the huge set of keys they had collected the day before. The village hall was a ramshackle old wooden building which had seen the passage of many generations of villagers through its doors. The place smelled musty and stale and the floorboards groaned as you walked over them but all the kids in the village had grown up in its shadow with countless youth clubs, Scouts and Guides meetings, Brownies, Wolf Cubs, 'Gang Shows', village fêtes, Whist drives, 'Bring and Buy' sales and many and varied concerts, wedding receptions, anniversaries, birthday parties, institutes, clubs, and unions, it had even hosted political rallies and meetings; all of life had passed through this hall.

Jackie's first serious kiss had taken place in the kitchen at the back of the hall. It hadn't got much further and as the boy of her dreams had left with someone else at the end of the night; but somehow that was the point, exactly what the village hall was, what it was supposed to be, a place where the community came together, a meeting place, a centre for the village.

As they opened the main doors the sunlight followed them in, streaming across the faded wooden floor, catching the dust in midflight and making it explode. The rest of the hall was dark and relatively cool; for some obscure reason, which they were sure no one could explain, the curtains in the hall were always kept closed when the place was unoccupied. The sunlight however confounded the strategy by streaming in through the many holes, tears and gaps in the ageing material staining the floor with intense bursts of white light. Benches and chairs were stacked around the walls and folding tables leaned drunkenly in rows. A large wooden stage dominated one end of the hall and behind and to either side of the stage doors led off to a back room and a small kitchen respectively. The whole thing gave off its own unique smell of age and age and use.

Curtain rings squealed on brass poles black with age as Sue noisily opened one pair of curtains at the bottom end of the hall and the stage suddenly sprang startlingly into view as if lit for a show. Fresh clouds of dust dropped complainingly from the disturbed ancient curtains and swirled in the light like liberated fleas and Sue coughed humorously and waved her arms to dispel them and Jackie laughed.

Like the rest of the hall the stage was littered with the debris of village life; ripped baize topped tables covered with old forgotten meeting notes, bits of poorly painted scenery depicting somebody's idea of a castle, the remnants of a bygone cricket match and numerous and various wooden tea chests, cardboard boxes, sacks and piles of papers and books; the repository of a hundred years of village life.

Sue climbed the side stairs onto the stage and turning towards Jackie she spread her arms as if auditioning and began to sing. Jackie laughed like a little girl and clapped her hands excitedly, bowing in return as Sue began to sing.

The small gang of boys arrived quietly, moving slowly into the hall while Sue stood on the stage and sang. They did not disturb her, they just stood by the door before inching their way to the side of the stage where they stood quietly, slightly behind the unsuspecting Sue. When Jackie finally noticed them they urged her to silence with a finger to their lips and smiling Jackie nodded. Standing front and centre in the old hall, the bright sunlight streaming in shafts around her she stood watched her sister sing for her audience. The warm golden sunlight also picked out Sue like a spotlight, the light streaming across her face as she sang to the back of the old hall and as she moved her figure silhouetted through the thin material of her summer skirt and loose fitting t-shirt. The boys stood watching in silence, whether for the entertainment of her singing or the view of her body it was impossible to say but in that moment Jackie thought her sister the most beautiful woman she had ever seen.

Sue finished her impromptu solo and then bowed dramatically, spreading her arms again to what she thought was an imaginary audience, 'Thank you, thank you' she said theatrically and bowed again. Jackie clapped the performance to its end, the sound echoing in the aging rafters. The boys joined in a heartbeat later, a slower, droller round of applause. Sue stopped dead, suddenly embarrassed, mortified that her audience had proved to be real and that they had been privy to her foolishness. Jackie turned to face the newcomers , "I think that they were more impressed that they could see through your clothes rather than with the singing," she said and Sue suddenly blushed scarlet and stepped back out of the sunlight, causing her magnificent silhouette to fade back into her clothes.

"That's a bloody shame," one of the guys said in a loud voice so Sue could hear, "we were really enjoying that."

"I'll bet you were," Jackie answered as the boys sauntered over to stand with her in the centre of the hall. There were three of them and the girls knew them all. They were from St. Stephens, the neighbouring Catholic Church school and they also belonged to the Scout troop that used this hall. While the Scouts in the troop were all supposed to belong to the local C of E church which actually owned the hall and ran the local Guide and Scout troops, kids from other Churches that either had no troops of their own or the congregations were too small to support a troop were accepted onto the register without any particularly searching questions into which Church a child attended on a Sunday being asked.

Red faced Sue wondered to the front of the stage, carefully avoiding the sunlight. "Chris, Steve, John" she acknowledged the newcomers. "What are you doing here?"

"The Vicar asked us to help with moving the camping gear," Chris offered, "said you were going camping next weekend. We weren't fast enough to duck when he asked for volunteers."

"Not true," Jackie said smiling knowingly, "the Vicar would go nuts if he found you here and you know it."

"Bloody hell," Chris laughed "does news travel fast or what?"

"Only bad news. I understand you had to leg it without your trousers."

"All lies and exaggerations," he laughed depreciatingly, "put about by the Vicar and Sally's father."

"So it was Sally was it? The stories are true then; but fancy trying to do it in the Vestry! You must have known you would be caught!"

"She was keen, what could I do? Anyway, it didn't start out as sex did it?" He looked at Steve who shook his head in support. "We were playing strip poker and things just sort of progressed from there."

"And breaking into the cupboard for the Communion wine?" Sue asked.

"Is that what they are saying?" Chris asked looking genuinely surprised, "'Cos that's not true. We had our own booze."

"Probably equally as bad but that's the story I heard. They say that Vicar went straight 'round to the Police and that they are trying to identify the people involved. They also said that Sally left her pants behind and that's how they identified her, they were rather distinctive."

"As I remember the only distinctive thing about them was that Sally was no longer wearing them when the old bastard found us." He glared at his brother Steve, "and the only reason he found us was because that fucking idiot was smoking! The Vicar smelt the smoke and came looking."

"I wanted a fag," Steve said shrugging his shoulders and looking down at his shoes sheepishly.

"Should've been outside keeping watch as you were told." Chris said his voice taking on a hard edge.

"I didn't want to miss my turn," Steve said, a 'not my fault' whine suddenly appearing.

"We all missed our turn thanks to you. She was as ready as they come until the bloody Vicar turned up. She'll never come near us again now. Probably put her off sex for life," he said grinning at the girls.

"Well the word is that the Police are involved and so you three had better keep your heads well down. The Vicar is gunning for you. He can't prove anything yet but it seems he's fairly convinced it's you two."

"How do you know so much," Steve asked suddenly suspiciously.

"Heard Mrs Pringle the Guide Mistress talking about it last night when she gave me the keys to this place. She was full of it." She answered lightly and smugly. "And you are certainly not the Vicars favourite! She reckons he'll turn you in to the coppers if he can prove it's you."

Chris laughed nervously; the Vicars wrath was not to be invoked lightly, "He's just jealous! The miserable old bastard probably never had sex in his life."

"Not what I've heard," Jackie offered and Chris looked interested, "I wouldn't like to be alone in here with him. He's got wondering hands."

"The Vicar?" Chris laughed disbelievingly until he saw the girls serious faces and he shook his head, "Why that sly old bastard."

"All that aside," Sue said, changing the subject and bringing them back to the original question, "what are you doing here?"

"I owed Sandy a favour."

"And he was the one the Vicar actually asked to give us a hand," Jackie finished the excuse for him. "Makes sense now. Well, I would suggest that we get on with it before the Vicar turns up and catches you."

The boys suddenly glanced nervously towards the door making the girls smile.

"Are you expecting him?" Chris asked, trying to make question sound casual.

"Not that I'm aware of but he does have a habit of just turning up; as you lot found out last night."

"Very funny," Chris said dryly, "let's get on with it."

The boys looked around. Two of them, Chris and Steve, were not-quite identical twins, very similar but easy to differentiate when close too. Good looking in a wholesome, public school sort of way and despite their clean cut image they had a well deserved reputation for getting into trouble. Nothing ever too serious, just some minor scrapes with authority but it earned them a reputation with the local kids and it certainly enhanced their appeal with the girls. The third, John, always hung around with the twins and generally played stooge for them. Wherever the twins were John could always be found following along.

"Where's the stuff you want moving?" the twins asked almost in unison and the girls laughed.

"Under the stage," Sue said stamping her foot to indicate the space beneath her and raising a puff of dust from the old boards in the process. "Two ways in," she said, "through these two trapdoors on the top; they need opening when you're working down there anyway otherwise it's too dark and claustrophobic but the main way in is down the side there. She pointed towards the stairs at the rear of the left hand side of the stage.

Steve and Chris climbed up onto the stage to look at the trapdoors while John walked around to look at the main doors down the side. The trap doors to the storage space under the stage were centre front of the stage and surprisingly heavy and it took the two of them to lift each one. "Hold it," Sue said when the first trapdoor was raised and on her hands and knees she reached down under it and pulled out the two struts that held the hinged door open.

"Can't get stuff up through that," Chris volunteered looking the small opening, "won't it peg open any wider?"

"Nope, as I said these are just for light and ventilation, you use the main doors for getting stuff in and out." The boys shrugged and trooped down the side stairs to where John had pushed the side doors wide open. They all bent down and peered inside, the limited space that could be seen from the entrance was full of abandoned boxes, misshapen canvas bags and the accumulated detritus of generations of community enterprises. It smelt dry and stale, the air heavy, choked with the dust of years.

"Bloody Sandy certainly saw us coming didn't he," Chris muttered as he bent double and wormed his way into the available space. "Is there a light in here?" he called and Jackie pushed forward and stuck her head into the darkness, the only light coming from the open trapdoors away nearer the front of the stage.

"The switch is fixed on a wooden post. Over there, to the left of the trapdoor." Chris grunted and crawled off in the direction indicated and after listening to a string of muffled bumps and curses part of the room suddenly sprang into stark relief as a single naked bulb lit up the front of storage area.

"That's better," Chris's disembodied voice floated back through the dust, "can at least see what's going on now."

Jackie ducked through the entrance and made her way forward, followed by the other boys with Sue bringing up the rear. "Where's the gear we're supposed to shift?" John asked sitting down on a small canvas bag. He pulled out a cigarette and lit up. Sue pulled it from his mouth and twisted it underfoot.

"Not in here you cretin, this place isn't exactly fireproof; and besides someone's bound to smell it and then we'd get into trouble," she indicated Sue and herself, "we're Girl Guides remember. We're not allowed to smoke."

Steve laughed and cupped Jackie's arse, "Clean in thought, word and deed eh?"

Jackie pushed him away, "Keep your hands to yourself, Steve Bradshaw," she warned, "I've heard all about you."

"Ay, and we've heard all about you."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Jackie asked suddenly defensive, suddenly hostile.

"Chief football supporter as I heard," John joined in, referring to Jackie's bus trip with a football team. He grinned at the others.

"Say that again and I'll rip you're nuts off and use them as earrings," Sue said smiling sweetly

John pretended to be afraid, "Oh no, please don't hurt me," he said and burst out laughing, the macho laugh of a young man challenged in front of his peers.

"Don't be a tit all your life Johnny," Chris said throwing a piece of wood at him. "Come on, let's get this gear moved. Now," he said turning to Jackie, "ignore him, the man's a bollocks. Now, what's to go where?"

For the next forty minutes they all sweated and strained in the hot confines of the cramped storage area. Bags were sorted and boxes of equipment pushed out into corridor down the side of the stage and some into the hall itself. The boys soon had their shirts off, much to the girls delight and amusement and the boys suggestion that the girls follow suit was met with good natured derision. Wandering hands were commonplace in the confined area and were taken as an occupational hazard by the girls working with three fit and healthy blokes in such close proximity; and in truth the girls enjoyed the attention, and depending upon who the offending hand belonged to would sometimes allow the hand to linger moment longer than was strictly necessary before shoving it away with a laugh or a comment.

Of the twins Chris was the most persistent offender; he was also the most affable and charismatic of the three and as such was obviously their self appointed leader. He naturally and good naturedly organised the work, in as much as the chaos could be called organised and he allocated the tasks for each of them, moving them around to facilitate the shifting of bags and boxes. He was also always in a suitable position to good naturedly slip his hand up under one of the girls skirts or to place his hand on a breast when the opportunity presented. As always the girls casually disregarded the advances and always easily sidestepped or removed the itinerant hand without trouble.

When the job was almost over and most of the kit had been sorted and stacked in the hall Chris called a break. With a sigh of relief they collapsed, sitting together in the space they had cleared beneath the stage, the boys drying their sweat and dirt streaked faces and chests with their balled up shirts and the girls flapping their sweat soaked shirts against their skin. The heat was oppressive and the air thick with disturbed dust. "Do you want to go get us a drink?" Chris asked John as he settled himself down on a convenient canvas bag. "We'll have finished this by the time you get back. We'll need a real drink by then."

John looked at him and rolled over onto his back, wiping the sweat and dirt off his chest with his hand, "I've got no money."

Chris gave him a jaundiced look, "When has that ever stopped you?"

John shrugged and laughed, "I'll see what I can get." He rolled off the canvas bag and picked up his shirt before heading out through the side doors. A minute later they heard the front door slam.

As soon as he had gone Chris rolled over closer to Jackie who was sitting propped up against a tea chest near him. He placed his hand on her knee. She smiled tolerantly and brushed it away. "Aw come on," he said plaintively, "let me have a feel. I've been working hard just so that you lot can go off and have a good time. I think you owe me."

Jackie laughed and shook her head, "I owe you nothing," she said. "You're doing this because you owed your mate a favour, nothing to do with me."

"Yep," he agreed, "that's true but we have worked bloody hard and I think we deserve some kind of a reward don't you?" He moved nearer and casually lifted the hem of her skirt, peering up underneath into the darkness. Jackie laughed again and smoothed her skirt down spoiling his view.

"Nothing up there that you haven't seen before," she said, "just knickers and a pair of legs."

"Yes but they are your knickers and I haven't seen them before; or what you keep in them," he added almost as an afterthought.

"And you're not going to either," she said easily, "go bother Sue and leave me alone."

"I'm already being bothered," Sue offered, peeling Steve's hand from her waist where it had once again crept unbidden. "He's like sitting next to an octopus."

Steve leaned forward and raised his eyebrows at his brother. "I'm trying," he said and Chris laughed.

"Bloody trying," Sue said shuffling away a little which only served to put her closer to Chris who casually diverted his attention to her. He put his hand on Sue's thigh and ran it quickly up under her skirt, Sue jumped as his hand reached the junction of her thighs and she crossed her legs, "Bloody hell," she exclaimed grabbing hold of his wrist as his hand flattened over her sex. As she wrestled with his hand Steve leaned over and grabbing hold of her shoulders he pulled her backwards towards him. Sue shrieked and let go of Chris's wrist and tried to stop herself falling backwards. Chris's hand fastened limpet like over her sex while Steve took advantage of her position and reaching under her arms he cupped a breast in each hand. Sue struggled as the boys made free with her body, "Bloody hell, Jackie! Give me a hand here."

Jackie rolled over and rested her head on one arm, smiling at the uneven struggle that for once did not involve her. "Looks like you've got all the hands you can use our kid. 'Fraid you're on your own." Sue looked in disbelief at her sister as she struggled to keep Steve's hands out from under her shirt, where, despite her resistance, he was working his way up towards her breasts. Chris was having a much easier time; he had pulled the front of her skirt up to expose her knickers and was feeling around trying to get his fingers inside the waistband. It was obvious that Sue was rapidly losing the unequal fight. Steve had worked his way up under her shirt and onto one of Sue's bra clad breasts while at the same time trying to pull the front of her shirt up. She squirmed as Chris gave up on the waistband of her knickers and he slipped his hand up under the leg of her knickers and over onto sex. Sue squeezed her legs tightly together as a line of last defence, "Bloody well help me," she yelled at her sister. Jackie watched for a moment longer as Steve finally managed to pull the front of Sue's t-shirt up and over her breasts and he began to try to worm his fingers into the cup of her bra. Sue had crossed her arms tightly across her chest and he was having a hard time making any leeway. Chris in the meantime, failing to get his hand between her legs her hard crossed legs had changed tactics and grabbing a handful of the lose material he had begun to pull Sue's knickers down.

Jackie finally decided that things had gone far enough and laughing quietly she grabbed hold of Chris's shoulder. She took him by surprise, he had just about gotten Sue's knickers down over her hips; and he could just see the beginnings of her blonde pubic hair shining at the base of her stomach. "That's it Boys. Enough's enough now," Jackie said and pulled the startled young man off her sister. Taken off balance Chris fell over backwards and landed sprawling on the floor. Jackie stepped over him and laughing took hold of one of Steve's hands and began to prise it from her sister's breast.

"Left it a bit late didn't you?" Sue asked using both hands to pull Steve's other hand out of her bra.

"Thought you were enjoying it," Jackie responded letting go of Steve's hand knowing that Sue could take care of herself from this point.

"Thanks for nothing," Sue said pushing Steve away and struggling to pull the front of her t-shirt down and her knickers back up.

Jackie laughed again and turned to return to her seat when a trip from Chris at her feet sent her sprawling. "Oop's sorry," he said and before she could recover Chris was sitting astride her thighs, her arms pinned firmly above her head. Winded Jackie struggled but he held her firmly to the ground. "You just spoilt my fun," he said laughing.

"Serves you right, two onto one isn't fair," Jackie said struggling against his grip.

Holding her wrists with one hand he pulled the bottom of her t-shirt up over her stomach. "I guess it's my turn to teach you a lesson this time," he said and began to softly caress the soft smooth skin of her stomach. The feeling was nice and much against her better judgement she almost began to relax as he worked his way up her stomach, pushing her t-shirt up as he went. When he had exposed sufficient skin he slipped his fingers under the material and Jackie struggled as he worked his hand up under her t-shirt and up the remaining distance onto her breast.

In the meantime Steve had pulled Sue back down onto him and trapping one hand under her and holding onto the other he had renewed his assault upon her breasts; pulling her T-shirt back up with his free hand and grabbing a handful of bra clad breast. Sue struggled and her skirt rode up revealing her knickers crumpled at the top of her thighs still showing an expanse of pubic hair. In a flash he had released his grip on her breast and his hand slid down between her open legs. Sue cried out in surprise as his fingers found her sex, "Oh yes," he said as his fingers quickly pushed between her lips, "that's better. Pucker up Buttercup I'm coming in!" He laughed as Sue struggled

The sudden crash of the front door being flung open caused them all to freeze; four silent figures in an intimate tableau of potential coitus very rudely interrupted. Steve's fingers twitched briefly against Sue's sex while Chris had pulled down the front of Jackie's bra to grasp her nipple with his fingers. Both trophies briefly claimed and equally quickly abandoned.

The heavy tread of the Vicars footsteps was unmistakable and his voice loud in the hall causing an immediate frenzy of movement; the boys dove for concealment in the jumble of boxes and bags at the rear of the stage while the girls attempted to pull their clothes straight and tug their displaced underwear back into place. His voice sounded large in the hall beyond the area beneath the stage, "Hello," he called, "is anyone there?"

He walked over to the front of the stage, his footsteps echoing noisily in the emptiness. "Hello?" he called again. He heard the muffled sound of sudden movement from somewhere under the stage and the muted sound of a hurried conversation. "Hello?" He repeated, "Who's there? Come on out please."He called again, his request abruptly answered as Sue popped up through the left hand stage floor trapdoor. He immediately recognised her as one of the girls from the guide troop. "Hello Sue," he said, his eyes narrowing in pleasure at the unexpected reward of the sight of the very attractive although obviously very sweaty and grubby, young lady. "Are you here on your own?" he asked looking around. Sue smiled sweetly, trying to compose herself and finish pulling her knickers up out of sight below the level of the stage.

"Hello Vicar. No, I'm not. My sister Jackie is here," she said and as if on cue, like pulling a rabbit from a conjurer's hat, Jackie's head appeared through the second trapdoor alongside her. For a moment the vicar's face registered his disappointment that Sue was not alone but he smoothly covered his disappointment and he smiled benignly at Jackie.

"Hello Vicar," Jackie offer, smiling back at him. "We're getting the equipment ready for a camping trip for next week." The Vicar nodded, his face already folding down into his frozen Vicars smile.

"Hello Jackie. How are you? Yes, I already know about the trip. You're camping in the woods behind the Church. I've just signed the papers."

"Papers?" Jackie looked confused.

"Don't worry about it," the Vicar answered condescendingly, "you have to rent the woods from me, the Church, if you want to use them, they belong to me."

"Oh," Jackie looked at her sister, "I didn't know."

"No reason that you should my dear. Are there only the two of you?" he asked changing the subject, "I would have thought that there would have been more of you, those tents are heavy." He paused as if confused, "In fact I thought I'd asked some of the Scouts to give a hand?"

"Pam said she would be here soon. Three of us will be fine." Jackie said quickly covering, trying to move away from the possible subject of the twins.

"Pam?" the vicar asked looking suddenly interested. "Pam Jackson? From the choir?"

"Yep," Jackie answered a little warily, noting the Vicars sudden interest, "she said she would be here. We're expecting her any time now."

The vicar licked his lips and looked around, obviously considering his options, before walking across and picking up a wooden fold up chair. He returned to his spot in front of the low stage and sat down, settling himself in the empty hall like some malevolent stage director at a rehearsal. With sinking hearts the girls exchanged nervous glances and Sue resignedly settled her chin onto her folded arms; the stage was just high enough that she could stand with just her head peeping through the hole and rest her head on her arms. She again exchanged glances with a distinctly uneasy Jackie, neither wanting to leave the safety of their wooden boltholes and both girls preferring the reassuring bulk of the wooden stage between the vicar and themselves.

The girls were right to be nervous; the situation was extremely dangerous for them in a number of ways. The Vicar was one of the most powerful people they knew. Not only was he the local Vicar with the massed strength and power of the Christian Church behind him, and the village was still strongly Church oriented not so much by belief but certainly by tradition; but his position also meant that he sat on the Board of School Governors' and on every other board or committee in the village right through to the local Golf Club. He controlled all the youth activities including the Guides and Scouts and the local youth club. To a very real extent he held the power of life and death over their young lives.

He was doubly dangerous; as a known sexual predator the girls recognised the need to keep well away from his wondering hands, to stay out of his grasp, but neither could they do anything about him, he was the Vicar, a man above suspicion. Any attempt to denounce him would almost certainly fail, to rebound upon the accuser and the Vicar was an extremely dangerous man to make an enemy of. Any girl who would be brave enough to make any accusation would have to be certain that they could bring him down with the first shot, merely wounded he would trample you to death. He was extremely vindictive when he was crossed or felt some imaginary slight, as a fair number of people in the Parish could testify to, much to their chagrin. And he wielded his power ruthlessly. A petty tyrant to be sure but in a small village his power was real and absolute.

So as the Vicar pulled up his chair and settled himself before them the girls were effectively pinned, frozen in place. The prospect of him settling himself down in front of them for what could be a long conversation was a totally unexpected and an extremely frightening prospect. They were also aware of the boys somewhere in the darkness behind them and they were painfully aware that they could under no circumstances let him know they were there. The initial lie saying that they were on their own was fairly innocuous, a natural enough reaction when they had expected him to leave immediately; but now they were trapped into the lie.

The Vicar settled his not inconsiderable bulk down onto the creaking wooden chair and smiled beatifically at the terrified young woman. The presence of the boys in the shadows somewhere behind them made their blood run cold; their presence, if discovered, could lead to ruin by association and also a possible involvement with police if the stories about their recent escapades were true and the girls had a sudden chill thought of being with the Vicar and their parents at the police station with the policeman holding up a pair of knickers and asking if they could identify them. The casual lie of being on their own had doubled their jeopardy.

"I would get you a cup of tea," Jackie offered nervously, "but everything is locked away in there," she said indicating the small kitchen off to the side of the hall with a nod of her head.

"That's alright," the vicar replied largely. "I have a set of keys but I'm not worried about one thank you."

The Vicar paused and smiled at the two girls, his imagination suddenly conjuring up the image of the two young and what he knew to be, very nubile bodies that were lost to view beneath the stage. Letting his mind dwell on the image he settled back in his chair and began a desultory conversation with the two girls while unseen, his hand slowly moved in the pocket of his cassock, gently stroking his slowly hardening shaft.

The girls would have been shocked had they been able to read the Vicars thoughts or seen his hand in the pocket of his cassock but they could not and their attention slowly drifted as he continued to drone on. He was not so much having a conversation with them, he had no real interest in their opinions or their news; rather he was talking at them, throwing up words to cover his thoughts and his actions. He was used to talking while his thoughts were elsewhere; he did it every day at Church. Looking back at their young faces hand he smiled, deriving a certain frisson to be pleasuring himself in front of such an attractive and unsuspecting audience. When he delivered his sermon from the pulpit on a weekday morning the audience often only consisted of dried up old biddies and his imagination had to work overtime to enable him to bring himself off in those circumstances.

He droned on, his voice falling into a dull monotone, giving lie to the graphic images of the girls that filled his head. He was pontificating, he was talking down to them, he was giving them the benefit of his knowledge and his position and despite the fears he personified he was boring them to death.

In the darkness under the stage, from the jumble of boxes and sacks at the back, the two boys slowly emerged from their hiding place, like rats from their holes, pausing to listen to snippets of the Vicars conversation, sniffing the air in the semi-darkness, testing the situation before crawling cautiously forward towards the light. At first they looked for a means escape before realising that they were trapped and would have to stay there and wait out the vicar's pleasure. So they settled themselves behind the girls and listened to the one way conversation, making faces at each other, bolstering each other's jaded bravado and trying not to laugh. Steve offered a cigarette but Chris shook his head, indicating that he put them away with a 'didn't you do enough damage with those things last night?' look. Steve shrugged but returned the pack to his pocket.

Chris sat for a while watching the headless girls at the trapdoors, listening to the stilted conversation, watching the sway of two bodies beneath the stage and suddenly he smiled. Slipping silently across the old floorboards he quietly came up behind the unsuspecting Sue. Without attracting her attention he moved around her, settling himself down in front of her, carefully studying the headless torso in before him. Standing slightly above him, completely unaware of the attention she was attracting, Sue continued her stilted conversation with the Vicar.

Slowly Chris sat upright and brushed himself down. In the heat the dust was sticking to his skin and perspiration was soaking into his shirt. He wiped his face with his hand and wiping his hand on his shirt he wondered how long the Vicar would be staying, wondered how long the girls would be made to stand there. He watched as Sue changed legs and settled herself more easily onto one hip as she made herself comfortable. It sounded like the Vicar was in no hurry to leave. Chris was not surprised; the Vicar had a well deserved reputation for talking too much; which Chris supposed went with the job; it seemed that he also had a reputation for touching up attractive young women, which certainly did not go with the job. 'Lucky Vicar' Chris thought to himself when he considered some of the girls in the Vicars congregation, some of which he had tried to touch up himself and many he would like to. He didn't blame the Vicar; except that he was supposed to be a man of God it seemed perfectly natural that he would try it on whenever he could and if it all went wrong who would ever accuse a Vicar? 'Clever bastard' he thought, very clever. Turning away he silently crawled to front of the stage and peered through a small crack in the ageing woodwork. He could see the Vicar sitting on his chair talking to the girls. He was plainly settled in for the duration. Chris shook his head and smiled thoughtfully to himself as he made his way back to resume his position in front of Sue.

Sue casually reached down and fanned the front of her t-shirt away from her skin to cool herself down, the movement being accentuated by the fact that all Chris could see of her was her body; her head and arms were above the level of the trapdoor and out of sight. Her lithe young body moved in the hard yellow light, as she shifted her weight yet again. She was soft and shapely and he easily imagined the body that was hidden beneath her skirt and t-shirt. He moved quietly forward in the dusty heat, half crawling, half crouching, until he was kneeling directly in front of her. Looking around he found a canvas sack and silently he pulled it over to sit on. Making himself comfortable he began to inspect the body displayed before him, much as an artist would survey his model before taking up his brushes to paint.

Unaware of the scrutiny Sue casually scratched the back of her calf with a foot before shifting her weight again, her hip jutting as she settled herself more comfortably. The Vicars deep sonorous voice rumbled interminably on, he was in his stride and there seemed to be no end in sight to his conversation. Up close Sue's body swayed gently as she idly rested one foot, toe down, on the floor and slowly rocked from side to side on the other, a resting stance common to young women the world over. Chris smiled as she moved and her t-shirt pulled up slightly at the waist showing a soft expanse of bare skin.

She was mid sentence when Chris first ran his finger over the bared strip of skin at her waist. She quite literally jumped and let out a little shriek, ducking down to frantically push his hand away; she briefly glared at him before standing up to face the Vicar her face flushing a bright, panic stricken, red. "A spider on my leg," she stammered, lying hastily but fluently. The Vicar laughed and asked if she needed a hand. "No, no, it's alright. I'm fine thanks," she answered flustered and worried about Chris still lurking in front of her while imagining what kind of hand the Vicar would offer; and she shuddered at the thought of both but for different reasons. "The others will be here in a minute," she added in desperation, a pointed comment to keep the Vicar in place and hope that he remained seated and at arm's length. One set of wondering hands was all she could deal with at any one time. Chris and Steve had convinced her of that earlier.

Jackie glanced at her sister, obviously aware that something was wrong but Sue was staring fixedly straight ahead, seeming to be staring at some point above and behind the Vicars balding head. As she turned her attention back to the Vicar she glanced down and for the first time saw Chris, sitting calmly in front of Sue, casually inspecting her body as though she were a road map and her jaw fell open and for a moment her composure deserted her. Breaking into a cold sweat she turned to face the Vicar again while offering her sister a forlorn and unacknowledged smile of encouragement.

Moving closer Chris placed his hand firmly on Sue's leg, letting her know he was still there, staking his claim. She kicked out at him as surreptitiously as she could but he caught back of her calf and held it, pulling her leg into his body and effectively immobilising her. She wobbled uncertainly on one leg as he leaned down and gallantly kissed the skin of her dusty knee. She shivered ae ran his hand slowly up the back of her thigh, squeezing the soft flesh gently before letting her go. Standing as upright as she could Sue arched backwards away from him, trying to place her body as far away from him as she could without attracting the Vicars attention. Seeing the small movement Chris smiled and taking hold of her by the hips, he pulled her back into him, holding her there, telling her through his hold on her to stop struggling, that resistance was futile.

He held her until she settled down, his arms wrapped around her legs, holding her close in against him. When she had finally quieted he slowly pushed up the bottom of her t-shirt with his free hand, exposing a small triangle of skin. She struggled again but he pressed his face against her, rubbing his cheek against the warmth and silken smoothness of her tummy. With one hand Sue reached down and grabbed his hair, ineffectually trying to pull his head away but Chris grabbed her hand and forcing it behind her he held it there. With slow deliberation he pressed his mouth against the soft skin of her stomach, his tongue making small wet circles around her navel, raising goose bumps and making her shiver. He let go of her hand and knowing she was defeated, Sue placed it back on the top of the trapdoor, abdicating responsibility, effectively abandoning her body to him.

As she retreated he sat back a little and inspected the body she had just abandoned to him. The sensation was strange, cocooned in a warm secret place with his own live body to play with; a beautiful, albeit headless, body at that. With her head above the trapdoor and her arms resting on the stage, Sue was gamely keeping up her side of the conversation although he could tell by her voice that she was frightened, nervously awaiting his next touch.

Moving closer again he casually reached around and found the button on the waistband at the side of her skirt. As soon as she felt him Sue again reached down and tried to stop him but he easily waved the hand away and with obvious reluctance it once again disappeared back from where it had come. Taking his time he fiddled with the button until it came undone and with a gentle pull her skirt immediately settled a little on her hips, a small expanse of skin appearing between the waist of her skirt and the bottom of her t-shirt. Taking hold of the material he turned the skirt around until the open button and zipper were facing him. He pulled at the zipper opening it almost silently.

Sue coughed nervously as she felt her skirt suddenly sag lower on her hips. She was being undressed and yet there was little she could do, the Vicars voice just droned on interminably. Almost mockingly he was now lecturing her on to the benefits of the Scout and Guide movements, of which he was pleased that Sue and Jackie were both members. "So very good for young people;" he voiced pompously as Chris pulled down the zip on her skirt, "a good introduction to the teachings of the Church. Builds character and instils a strong moral code."

If the Vicar could only see what he was doing to this young and very sexy acolyte beneath the stage Chris thought, he would probably have immediately rescinded those opinions and probably excommunicated all of them. 'Or maybe not' he suddenly thought, knowing the Vicar's penchant for you women and looking at Sue standing in terrified compliance in front of him with her skirt hanging loosely on her hips. "Maybe the Vicar just might approve' he though smiling. He heard Sue nervously agree with the Vicar about worth of belonging to the Guides although he guessed that at this particular moment, with Chris below the stage trying to remove her skirt, her ideas as to what constituted a 'strong moral code' and the Vicars probably drastically parted company.

Reaching around her Chris ran his hand around the waistband of her skirt and pushed it slowly down over her hips, working it onto her thighs before letting it slide down her legs to pool on the dusty wooden floor around her ankles. She squirmed as she felt her skirt slide down her legs, a small protest forming in her throat but her fear of discovery stilled it. She rubbed her legs together nervously, suddenly exposed and vulnerable standing there in just her knickers.

She again leaned back away from him as if somehow trying to distance herself from the reality of what was happening to her and Chris sat back and smiled, revelling in her nervousness. Sue was undressing nicely and he was in no rush, his confidence was growing. He was now confident that would have her naked, or as near to naked as he could get her, before he was finished. Holding her legs, feeling the warmth of her skin beneath his hands, he waited for her to settle down again before reaching down and lifting each unresponsive, leaden, foot in turn he removed her skirt completely.

Standing with her head out of the other trapdoor like a stunted jack-in-the-box Jackie was worried, she and Sue were having difficulties in keeping the conversation with the Vicar moving. He could keep talking forever but occasionally he would throw a question back at them and they had to be ready to answer; and Sue was obviously faltering, seeming to lose the thread. A quick glance across at her confirmed Jackie's fears, Sue had the frozen look of a rabbit caught in the headlights, she was staring straight ahead, rigid, almost terrified. Feigning a stretch Jackie causally leaned back and glanced down to try to see what was wrong with her, what was happening below the level of the stage.

Seeing the movement Chris looked up and smiled. He held Sue's skirt up for Jackie to see and smiled when he saw the look of shock on her face. Laughing to himself he very deliberately folded the skirt and placed it with exaggerated care to one side. He spread his hands and dipped his head in a mock curtsey to Jackie who was staring back at him in complete disbelief. Smiling Chris reached out and without taking his eyes off Jackie he stroked the back of his fingers up and over Sue's naked legs. Reaching the top he moved around and grabbing her bottom, he pulled her forward until he could bury his face in her groin. Sue closed her eyes as if she were about to cry. Jackie could see Chris's cheeks slowly expand and deflate as he blew through the soft material of Sue's knickers and she could almost feel his hot breath blowing through her knickers against her own sex and she shivered.

Sitting back Chris looked up at Jackie and smiled. He raised one eyebrow conspiratorially. "You next," he mouthed silently and smiled. He extended two fingers in the universal imitation of a gun which in slow motion he pretended to cock and then fire straight at Jackie. She almost winced as he pulled the imaginary trigger so real was the moment. The Vicars voice broke into her consciousness bringing Jackie back to the present; he was asking a question, forcing her to tear her eyes away from Sue and turn to face him.

Chris sat back again, admiring the view of Sue standing before him in just her knickers. Her long shapely legs glowed in the bright yellow light. Motes of dust swirled in the air around her giving her body a slightly ethereal aspect. He smiled to himself wondering vaguely if undressing a woman while she talked to a Vicar gave her any added purity, any added holiness, hence the slightly supernatural glow. He placed his hands on her hips and felt her start, felt her panic bubbling away just beneath the surface and he smiled again. He drew her closer to him and with a real degree of satisfaction he felt her try to resist him, pulling back, trying to distance herself from his hands. Shaking his head slightly he plucked at the elastic at the leg of her knickers, letting it snap back against her skin; a warning that resistance was futile, a warning that she clearly understood and he smiled as he felt her reluctantly try to relax back into his hands again.

Chris's hands wandered slowly down the outside of Sue's legs as Jackie stumbled dazedly through her responses to the Vicars tedious but dangerous questions. His hands caressed her skin, revelling in the soft warmth and smoothness of her thighs. Her old, faded, cotton school knickers bagged slightly as she moved uneasily under his hands, the elastic as loose as the material; and he noted with a slight frisson of anticipation that the shape of her pubic hair and the outline of her sex could be clearly seen, loosely concealed beneath the thin material.

Gently he ran the back of his knuckle down across the front of her knickers, crossing her pubic area and over the outline of her sex and he felt the small answering tremble in her hips as his finger brushed her lips, his first real intimate contact. He ran his hands over her legs, gentling her to his touch, the front, the side and the back, drawing goose bumps as he passed. She squirmed softly under his hands, the intimacy slowly warming between her legs.

He caressed the back of her thighs, slowly moving higher until they reached the soft edge of her knickers, the line of demarcation between the skin of her legs and more secret, more exciting skin of her bottom. He paused for a moment as his fingers explored the soft ridge of material before they dipped under the elastic and moved upwards, stroking and fondling the firm, smooth, naked, globes of her bottom.

She gasped as his hands took possession of her arse and she squeezed her cheeks and legs together in the forlorn hope of stopping any further advances. But in truth she knew that she could not stop him, he now had all the advantages on his side, he had removed her skirt and he already had his hands inside her knickers. His hands palmed her cheeks; squeezing and rolling them, working his fingers between her tightly clenched buttocks. He was playing with her and she knew that any time soon he would move between her legs and put his fingers inside her. She was extraneous to the event, she knew Chris felt no responsibility to her, he did not care about her, she was just a body to be touched up and felt, another notch on his headboard. She gripped the edge of the stage as his hands continued to knead the globes of her arse, working her cheeks apart, touching the sensitive entrance between them, moving freely inside her knickers. She felt she wanted to cry, despite the moisture growing between her legs, the natural result of his manipulations, she felt cold and tired. The Vicar was watching her and she smiled as Chris intimately played with her below the stage, and suddenly she gave up, she knew she was lost anyway and she relaxed her muscles, letting his hands do as they pleased, standing upright and straight as Chris played freely and easily inside her underwear.

Chris felt her relax, he could not believe in his good fortune that had placed him here today. He palmed the soft cheeks of Sue's arse, filling his hands and his imagination with the weight and the texture of her softly yielding globes. He felt the fight go out of her, she relaxed as his fingers delved between her cheeks, heard her sharp intake of breath as his fingertips found and circled the tight brown rosebud entrance that nestled there. 'Oh God!' he heard her whisper as his fingers probed, her cheeks tightening again involuntarily and he laughed. He wasn't sure that God had much to do with it but he knew he could thank the Vicar for helping keep her in check while he these amazing things to her. Fate was with him and he smiled contentedly as his hands luxuriated in feel of the bare skin of her bottom, gently probing the dark secrets now on offer.

Did he believe in God? He didn't know but the one thing that he was sure of was that someone was certainly smiling on him today. He had already managed to remove Sue's skirt and bow here he was with his hands inside her knickers and the Vicar, who was the representative of the Church in the village but who certainly represented nobody that he knew off's idea of God, was actively aiding and abetting, albeit unknowingly, in the sexual and moral decline of one of his charges right here and right now under his not inconsiderable nose.

Having no idea of the theological questions that were occupying Chris Sue braced herself against his finger as it slowly circled the entrance to her arse. She tensed her muscles, squeezing her cheeks together, once again trying to halt the increasing intimacies he was taking with her body. The more she struggled however the more pervasive and insistent his finger became, waiting until she could resist no more before touching the small brown rose of her arse, slowly working its way past the tight ring of muscle; extending his intimacy, his knowledge of her body; and she gave a small, lost, almost inaudible cry at the familiar way he was using her

Her resolve to remain stoical faded and she reached down, trying again in vain to pull his hands away, trying to stop the steady intimate invasion of his finger; but Chris just ignored her efforts and keeping up the steady pressure of his finger at her arse he leaned forward and ran his tongue along the inch or so of bare skin showing between the bottom of her shirt and the top of her knickers. He felt her shiver and her hands switched instinctively to try to push his face away but he laughed again and pressed with his finger, working at her tight virgin entrance, pushing the tip of his finger past the tight barrier of muscle. She cried at the intrusion and again reaching behind her she grasped his wrist with both hands trying to pull his hand from inside her knickers and away from her bottom,

Chris smiled at the panic and taking hold of the waistband of the loose material of her knickers with his free hand he pulled them down at the front. Panicked again as she felt the front of her knickers slide down Sue gasped and once more grabbed for the front of her knickers in an attempt to keep her underwear. Smiling at this new game Chris pushed again with his finger, sliding a little deeper inside her, feeling the resistance as Sue clenched her cheeks. She held for a moment before she let go of her knickers and once again grabbed for his hand trying to halt the steady intrusion of his finger. He let her continue the unequal struggle for a moment as he continued to slowly impale her on his finger before he casually took hold of the front of her knickers and pulled them down. As she struggled behind her he slowly pulled her knickers down at the front, lower this time, sliding them down until he had revealed the beginnings of the soft golden mass of her pubic hair.

With a barely muffled sob Sue let go his hand behind her and again made a grab to pull the front of her knickers back up but anticipating her and enjoying his new game Chris once again pressed his finger deeper into her causing an instant reversal of direction as she again tried to grab his wrist. She almost sobbed in frustration; she was losing the unequal fight to retain her underwear and what was left of her modesty and try as she might neither could she remove Chris's intrusive finger from where it was lodged.

Like all women Sue saw her knickers as a last line of defence. Illogically she felt that once they were gone she was defenceless; there was nothing to deny Chris access, to keep him out of her sex. Logically she already knew that the thin material offered no defence at all; and the little protection they actually had provided had been breached, he was already inside them, already inside her but still she struggled.

And Chris was enjoying the completely uneven tussle. Slowly he removed his finger from inside her and Sue sighed, clenching her cheeks tightly, squeezing hard, as if barring him from re-entry, shutting the stable door after the horse had, voluntarily, bolted. Smiling to himself he fondled her tense cheeks briefly before removing his hand completely from her knickers.

He now had a new game in mind, or to be more precise, a continuation of the current game. Playing cat and mouse with her first pulled her knickers down at the front and then as she desperately tried to recover them, pulling them down at the back. Watching her trying to pull them back up he could feel her growing desperation; and as she struggled with her underwear his hand slipped back inside her knickers at the back, roaming freely over the quivering cheeks of her superb arse while the back of his other hand brushed lightly over her sex at the front.

Changing his line of attack he pulled down on her knickers at the front while at the same time pushing his finger back deep into the crease of her bottom. As she made a grab for the front of her knickers he gently forced his way between her softly rounded cheeks and despite her belated resistance his fingers once again found the soft brown rosebud that nestled there. Sue froze as he again explored her with a fingertip, pressing again against the recently vacated Gently he increased the pressure and his finger slipped slowly passed her restraining muscle and once more she cried out quietly, as his fingertip, more easily this time, slid back inside her.

He held her there for a moment, balanced on his fingertip, almost standing on tiptoe to try to lessen the intrusion. Smiling he slowly swivelled his finger inside her causing her to open her legs slightly, pushing her bottom backwards against him, this time unsure if she wanted him to withdraw or push harder. She deflated around his hand as he pulled back out of her, coming down off tiptoe, slowly breathing again.

His finger traced the opening he had just vacated, feeing the soft heat of her secret place, making her squirm; hoping to make her moist. He felt Sue tense as his hand slowly moved lower down, following the natural crease of her arse, searching for juncture where her thighs met. He could feel her tense in anticipation, knowing full well where his hand was headed. She was hanging on to the front of her knickers, her knuckles white with strain but the threat was at the back and the hand moving softly but purposely down between her legs. He heard the Vicar address a question to her and she bravely tried to answer, trying to keep her voice calm and steady as his hand finally slipped between her legs from behind.

His fingers moved inquisitively in the darkness between her thighs, seeking for the warm silky wetness that he knew lay waiting to be explored in the dark and forbidden places where her legs met. His hand inched slowly forward, moving towards his goal a fraction at a time, hampered by the awkward angle of reaching around from behind her. Trying to keep up her conversation with the vicar he felt Sue tense as his hand crept forward, her smiling to himself as her voice finally broke as his fingers found her, finally closing softly over the gently yielding lips of her sex.

He paused as he savoured the moment, his hand moulding itself around her warmth. She stopped talking; her breath held as a finger delicately traced the soft line of her sex, gently and blindly following the deep indentation between her hidden lips.

Sue's voice trembled uncertainly, almost breaking from a mixture of desire and despair as she desperately tried to continue her conversation with the Vicar while trying to ignore Chris's finger as it moved along her sex, familiarising itself with her secret places, slipping easily between her lips, gently drawing her sweet and secret moisture from her.

Chris exhaled slowly, he had not realised that he had been holding his breath as his fingers had sought for Sue's sex. Now he was there, between her legs, his fingers in possession of her most secret place, he suddenly realised he had been so intent on his quarry that he had forgotten to breathe. Suddenly he smiled and stifled a laugh, he had won, he was holding her sex, she had no more defences left, all had fallen and his fingers were now in control of her, she was his. He looked around, he wanted to tell someone what he was doing, where his hand was, he wanted to shout it out that he was holding Sue's sex, but all that came down to him through the hot dusty air was the Vicars voice, turgid and ponderous.

"I must admit to being more than a little concerned at what appears to be a rapid moral decline in the younger generation." The Vicar rumbled on unaware of the rapid moral decline that was being enacted right in front of him. "Mini-skirts and 'free-love'," he asked, "what is all that about?" Chris could have told him and for once, as he held Sue's sex in the palm of his hand, Chris felt almost sorry for the Vicar that the changes in Society he was watching had left him so far behind. 'Sex,' Chris answered in his head, 'that's what it's all about Vicar; just sex.' But this simple thought had not occurred to the Vicar and so the modern generation was simply drifting on by him, unintelligible and incomprehensible. The Vicar shook his head almost sadly, "It is almost beyond me," he said, his hand still caressing his erection buried deep in his pocket, his need to cum growing steadily. "Nowadays it just seems that all most youngsters care about is instant gratification."

'And for once you are totally correct.' Chris thought as his fingers cupped and explored Sue's sex, 'I fully endorse the concept of instant gratification. That is what my generation is all about! I've wanted this girl from the first time I saw her this morning and look, 'Hey Presto'," he gave her sex a slight squeeze, feeling Sue move in response, 'here I am.' He gave a small bow towards the Vicar's voice, 'and I could not have done it without you. Thank you. I couldn't agree with you more, I love the moral decline in the modern generation and I hope to help this young lady decline a whole lot more before I am finished with her.' And as if reading his thoughts Sue shivered at his touch. Feeling his hand beginning to cramp from the uncomfortable position he was holding it in he gave Sue's sex a departing squeeze before removing his hand from between her legs.

Sitting back he flexed his hand, his fingers tingling as the circulation returned. He held them to his face; the sweet scent of Sue's sex lingered and he inhaled deeply. Turning his attention back to Sue he reached out and lightly brushed the skin on her tummy, just above the sagging waistband of her knickers and he smiled as she jumped to his touch. Moving lower he touched the naked skin of her thigh, running his fingertip slowly upwards, barely touching the soft, warm skin, drawing a shiver from her as he went.

When he reached the material of her knickers he carried on, stroking up the side of her mound and then back, across the top of her sex, before reversing his path back down the other side of her mound and back down onto her thighs; boxing her sex, outlining his target, defining his intent. And Sue knew it and despite herself she found herself beginning to tingle with this soft and dangerously delicious attack, the memory of his fingers still lingering upon her sex. She vainly tried to disassociate herself from the feel of the fingers that were again tracing the outline of her sex; reminding herself of the danger that the Vicar represented and trying not to succumb to the glorious warmth that was spreading through her groin, the slow building fire that his fingers were starting, desperately reminding herself to keep her legs together.

Taking the material at the waist of her knickers between his finger and thumb he gently pulled the front lower down on her hips, baring most of her stomach. He moved slowly giving her time to react, but apart from a sudden stillness there was no resistance from her this time. He ran the flat of his palm over the newly exposed skin of her stomach, feeling the soft warmth, the soft fine hairs that promised more that was still hidden beneath the material of her knickers. His fingers strayed lower, taking the material with them until he grazed the edge of her pubic hair and then he stopped, only his fingertips moving, making small circles in the curly blond hair. He felt rather than heard her sharp intake of breath, the sudden concentration of her attention, the quickening as he neared the centre of her.

Suddenly he needed to see her, to see what his fingertips had felt, to see what she kept closed and secret in her knickers, what she had defended so valiantly all day and was only now, under duress and with great reluctance, surrendering. Hooking his finger into the waistband of her knickers he pulled the front down, working his finger from side to side, stretching the tired elastic at the waist, working it lower until he had completely revealed the shock of golden curls nestling in the v of her groin.

She stood stock still as he finally exposed her, as he sat before her and stared at her. She knew she should try to stop him, push him away, pull her kickers back up or cry out but she just stood there while he stared, terrified and turned on in equal measure. Slowly, as she knew he must, he pulled the material lower, wanting to see all of her, his fingers reaching in and pushing the material down and away from between her legs until finally, for the first time, he could see her properly, the tip of her sex visible below the small sea of curls. He leaned closer and breathed in the scent of her, a faint trace of flowers mixed with the heady scent of sex, the same scent that had haunted his fingers from their encounter earlier.

Sue trembled slightly, she could feel his eyes peering between her legs, staring at her the way she was beginning to realise that all men seem to do when they see her sex; a mystery to her that something so mundane could exercise so much power. She could feel his fingers holding the front of her knickers down, exposing her for him to look at, his face bare inches away from her sex. And she could feel herself moistening under the intensity of his scrutiny, and she realised suddenly that despite the Vicar she was craving the attention, looking for his touch, waiting for it. The skin on her stomach still tingled from his fingers. His face was so close she could feel his breath between her legs, moving soft against her sex. The hand at her waist held her gently but firmly, keeping her where he wanted her while his other slowly worked the front of her knickers lower, exposing her, laying her bare, laying her open, the delicious surrender. His fingers hovered fitfully, caught between exposing her completely now or to stick to his plan to slowly break her down, steal her will.

He was not sure that she was ready to break and so almost reluctantly he gently released the front of her knickers, letting them slowly return to shape, covering her again and he sat back, his breathing returning to normal. He stared for a moment at her covered mound and he suddenly realised that his own hands were shaking with the emotion of the moment. Pulling himself together his hand dipped briefly between her legs, bushing lightly across her sex and Sue shivered at the fleeting touch. It was not the touch she had anticipated, his finger sliding inside her and she briefly wondered if she was disappointed or not and she also released her breath slowly, not realising she had been holding it.

He moved on, keeping to his self imposed agenda, working methodically, stoking her thighs front and back, his fingers trailing across her waist and her stomach; and she realised what he was doing, that he was seducing her, making her want him. And it was working; and she had to try to force herself not to relax into it, to keep her slowly disintegrating composure together, and her legs. His fingers were making her shiver and she could feel herself getting moist. 'God but he's good', she thought in despair, slowly succumbing to the delicious feel of his slowly moving hands. And he kept moving, drawing whirls of excitement from her and she found herself looking forward to his light touches between her legs, the brief sparks he was creating that was starting a slow fire in her sex. He was drawing her out, turning her on; despite her resistance, her position, he was making her want his touch.

Suddenly he could resist no longer, the short sight of her lingered behind his eyes, a vision to be revisited and his hand slid between her legs, his fingers closing gently to cup her sex. It was such a soft touch she could hardly feel it and yet even so the touch was like a jolt of electricity between her legs and she bit her lip, her hands tightly gripping the stage in front of her. He held her there, floating on his fingers, the gentle pressure squeezing the breath from her lungs. Her eyes became slightly unfocussed as she desperately tried not to concentrate on the hand between her legs. He pressed very gently, once again feeling the length of her through the thin material of her knickers. His fingers moved slowly, exploring the shape and the feel of her and she groaned softly as she tried to keep herself together. She was taken aback by the force of her reaction, at just how turned on she was, how completely and overwhelmingly aware of his touch. Riding on his fingers she felt as if she could cum with this simple devastating pressure on her sex.

His fingers kept moving over her, small light circles with his fingertips, pressing gently and she knew he could feel her wetness slowly soaking into the thin material beneath his fingers; and she blushed with embarrassment that she could be so easily seduced. He traced the line of her, his fingers moving softly over her already swollen lips, gauging their shape and their texture. His index finger pressed more firmly into the centre of her sex, softly pushing the material of her knickers into the shallow hollow between her lips, soaking up her juices.

He could feel her lips clearly, swelling, blossoming under his touch and he smiled to himself, she was falling, weakening, her body betraying her. He worked her sex, softly, assiduously, bringing her to the boil, giving her no chance to recover. He was working her without entering her, without really touching her, the thin layer of material acting as a barrier between his fingers and her skin although he knew that the flimsy piece of damp cloth offered her no protection from the pressure he was creating, the friction he was building.

He gently pressed her lips together as he moved over her, a gentle pressure that caused her to press her own legs together to try to gain some brief relief from the fire he was kindling. She wanted to cum. He rubbed gently, feeling her lips moving under his fingers, rubbing them together, creating a delicious friction that drew the moisture from inside her. She sighed, a small choked off groan that threatened to become more, a sexual need made obvious; and he pressed slightly harder, his fingers widening the line between her lips. She shuddered and tried to concentrate on the man in the hall in front her, the Vicar, the man who could undo them all if he realised what was happening to her, what was being done to her; but her concentration failed her, sliding in and out of focus with the persistent movement of the fingers on her sex. The Vicars words rolled past her and she smiled, vague and lost as to their meaning. The Vicar smiled back, suddenly confused at the warm smile and the obvious effect his words were having; a lifetime of sullen, blank faces had not prepared him for the sexually rapt gaze, the entranced look of a young woman moving towards a climax, he had no point of reference for the look and he found her gaze disturbing.

Her legs opened slightly and Chris smiled to himself, he knew he had won, not that he ever really doubted that he would. His fingers moved with a subtle grace that belied his years, displaying a knowledge of a women's anatomy and sexual needs that gave Sue no chance. He had known how to break her, to end her resistance and it was now coming to pass, her legs were opening to him without any force needed, the only pressure was the gentle movement of his fingers over her sex. She was falling to him, he had her.

She climaxed quietly, a sudden crisis that only he and Jackie saw, the Vicar never noticed, staring now predominantly at Jackie, still slightly unnerved by Sue's intense and slightly dreamy state. She hung her head and shivered. She sighed, a fluttery sort of sound that came from deep between her legs although fortunately the Vicar did not recognise it as such; he just thought she was stifling a yawn and he was used to that. He droned on as Jackie looked sideways at her sister, knowing full well what had happened and panicking that more was yet to come and that discovery and disaster would soon be inevitable.

Chris smiled, Sue's climax obvious by the sudden increased wetness between her legs, her juices further wetting the material beneath his fingers and by the sudden shuddering in her legs and the tightness in her stomach muscles, the gripping of her thighs. She had cum. For a while his fingers continued to play softly over her sex while she stood there, docile, head falling forward, shivering under his touch like a leaf in the wind. Despite the danger she wanted to cum again and despite the fact that she had just cum her sex still ached to be touched. There was no resistance at all as he peeled her knickers down over her hips, tugging at the waistband, drawing them down her legs until they hung at her knees. He pulled at the material until they finally fell to her feet.

She knew that this should not be happening, to her, that each move he made, each practiced touch, each piece of clothing he removed was a step towards her own ruin; most likely to all their ruins. But she felt as if she were in a dream, her current real and pressing sexual needs drowning out the small far away voice of common sense, of survival. Naked now from the waist down he held her, his face once again almost level with her hips. She could feel his breath once more against her stomach, warm and moist like the feeling between her legs. He opened her legs slightly with his knee, sliding forward, moving ever closer between her legs, opening her up for his next and very obvious move.

His fingers slid between her legs and onto her sex and she sighed deep within herself, accepting the inevitable and the longed for, as he touched her lips, his fingers gentle as he retraced the line of her sex again. This time the intimacy was complete, contact directly made, skin on skin, her knickers lying damp, discarded and useless, at her feet. She stifled a moan as he opened her with his fingertips, knowing full well that he was watching her, watching his fingers at work in her sex. She felt him lean forward and softly place a kiss on the velvet smooth skin of her stomach as his fingers moved along her length, parting her lips, sliding through her moisture.

She shook as he touched her, the intimacy so intense that she wanted to fold up around his fingers and never let them leave her sex again, so intense that she wanted to cry out and open her legs to him without restraint, to fall on the floor and let him do with her what he wanted whether the Vicar was watching or not. Let the Vicar see what her hidden intruder was doing to her; she didn't care. She shook her head and looked around desperately as the fever built between her legs. Let them all see she thought, let them all see his fingers inside her, what he was doing to her, that he was going to make her cum again, unbidden, unasked; that he was making her tremble and open her legs again. Why could no one stop him?

Chris knew he had her and he softly pressed his mouth against the warm satiny skin of her tummy again, the soft down of hair against his lips, his tongue leaving a broad wet trail from groin to navel. Sue shivered and tried to rub her thighs together, trying to still the growing need that he was creating between her legs, but she could not. She groaned quietly as he continued to explore her, his fingers inflaming her, fashioning small burring points of fire throughout the length of her sex, generating bright sparks of light behind her eyes. He moved slowly, drawing her out, touching all of her, his fingers gently dancing between her lips, investigating every nook and cranny of her sex; and she trembled for him, waiting for him to use her, desperate for him to start.

He eventually spread her lips with his fingers, gazing into the shadows between her legs, the light glinting in patches, highlighting parts of her coral pink sex while leaving the remainder in darkness. She moved softly under his fingers, knowing full well what he was doing to her, that she was under the closest and most intimate scrutiny, his eyes between her legs watching his fingers and the knowledge turned her on, made her burn brighter, made his touch more intense. His fingers moved softly through the silky folds of her sex, searching slowly, intently, and she shivered, knowing what it was he sought.

He fingers drifted slowly forward towards the front of her sex, until, as he pressed her lips back her clitoris suddenly rose from between her glistening lips, standing proud as if on a suddenly well lit stage, rising up from her sex, unfolding like a flower. He smiled as he watched it rise and slowly swell, engorging as it slowly shed its cover and stood, glistening in the lamplight, a proud sentinel, a thing of rare and extreme beauty; and for a moment he stared, captured by the sight until she moved her hips slightly and his fingers slipped in her wetness causing the sight to disappear from view. He almost cried out in his disappointment and his fingers searched for her again and in the semi-darkness his fingers brushed against her now erect and extremely aroused clitoris

At that first brief contact Sue grunted softly and slumped forward, her knees suddenly sagging as she fell against him. Taken by surprise he only just held her sudden weight, keeping her upright, holding her in position with both arms around her hips, her knees and weight resting on his thigh. Sweating, suddenly aware of how close they were to discovery, he held her until her strength returned and she shakily regained her feet, her fingers still gripping the edge of the stage as though her life depended on it. Slowly the panic passed for both of them and their breathing returned to normal. Again they had cause to thank the Vicars lack of attentiveness and they both sighed with relief as his voice continued as bombastic and as monotonous as ever,

When he felt she was steady enough and his confidence had returned a bit his hand stole carefully back between her legs and again she shivered at the contact, fear and need vying in her in equal measure. His fingers moved with care, opening her again, turning her slightly so that the light shone more directly between her legs; he wanted to see. He reached down and tapped her ankle as you would with an animal and obediently she raised her foot, allowing him to pull her knickers clear. With his hands on her inner thighs, he pushed her legs further apart; making her stand straggle-legged for him, completely open and accessible.

With his fingers he spread her lips again, opening her carefully so as not to obstruct his own view. His intent was clear and Sue shivered in anticipation, knowing where he was going, what he was looking for. She felt like at exhibit at a show, under the spotlight, open and totally exposed, terrified that he would again single out her clitoris for special attention and that when he did so she would this time be absolutely and totally undone. She looked up at the Vicar, sitting as if in judgement before her, his face blank and inscrutable and she knew there would be no mercy there if she fell from grace with Chris's fingers inside her.

Chris peeled back the soft secret folds of her sex to once again reveal the small proud stand of flesh they had been concealing. He stared, lost in the intimacy of this private viewing into the very core of Sue's sexuality, the tiny, sensitive, heart of her. He could see her legs tremble and he knew instinctively that she could feel his gaze. He knew he was laying her totally bare, more than just taking her clothes off, more than just opening her legs, he was stripping her and he knew it excited her and he saw her excitement made real, her small hard clitoris standing proud and her juices lubricating her sex; and he smiled to himself.

Jackie glanced sideways and was once again shocked to see the state her sister was now in, naked from the waist down, standing spread legged with Chris holding her, his hand, between her legs his face inches from her sex. Jackie could see the look on her sister's face, the mixture of terror at what was happening to her and desperate longing for it to continue. She knew from what had happened that Sue had already cum once and judging by her near collapse Chris had obviously found her clitoris and presumably would now keep her cuming Jackie knew that her sister was in real trouble. She also knew that it wasn't Chris that was keeping her sister upright, allowing him to have his way with her; it was the Vicar sitting in the hall in front of her that kept her pinned there, the very real fear of discovery and unimaginable repercussions of which were keeping her upright and facing forward.

Chris looked up and caught Jackie's eye and he smiled, the confident cocky smile of a man who holds all the cards and is sure that he has won. Contemptuously he ran his finger through Sue's sex and then smiling, he looked back at Jackie and he held his hand up for her to see. His finger glistened with Sue's juices and Jackie burned, aching to be able to wipe the arrogant smile from his face, desperate to help her sister but knowing she was unable to stop what was happening. Chris shrugged again and placing his hand insolently back between Sue's open thighs he turned his attention back to the woman in front of him.

Sue was completely compliant now, half naked with her legs spread; he was in complete control of her. Even the Vicar was on his side, working for him, helping to keep her compliant to his wishes. He trailed his fingers through her sex, slipping between her lips, gathering the moisture as he went, getting closer to her clitoris, knowing what would happen if he did; half wondering if he should continue, if he should bring her down or not, take that small step, that small touch, press the self destruct button for them all.

Sue shuddered as his fingers slid through her, she knew was lost and at his mercy. She was desperate to cum again, to let his fingers claim her and yet she was completely panicked. She trembled as his fingers brushed close to the front of her sex, she could feel him folding back her lips to uncover and look at her clitoris. She could feel his fingers circling her, cat and mouse, moving closer before sliding away at the last minute. And he knew she was panicked, he could feel it in her; and he loved the power it gave him over her. She was so wet that if the Vicar would only shut up for a moment he could probably have heard his fingers squelching through her sex. He was forcing them all to run the risk; if the Vicar moved or asked her to come out for any reason the consequences, the scandal and disgrace were too terrible to contemplate but Chris now had her nearly naked, open legged and ready and he was bloody certain there was no way he was going to stop now.

Sue trembled slightly, moving from foot to foot as if about to bolt. Taking no chances Chris pulled her close, holding her to him. He bent his head and kissed her stomach again, knowing the intimacy freaked her out, his lips moving over the soft skin, moving lower over the small, fine hairs below her navel. He felt the muscles in her back and stomach clench at the touch of his lips, resistance without resistance. He smoothed his free hand over the taut skin of her hip, his thumb trailing loosely down to follow the shape of her arse, cupping her cheeks harshly, pulling her hips forward onto the fingers of his other hand. His excitement was clear, his need for her as real as the Vicar sitting on the chair in front of her; and she moved as his hands directed, a doll compliant to his wishes, to be positioned as he wanted.

Her choices were none existent and his hands were insistent. His fingers moved through her sex at will, between her open legs. He was exploring her as if she were a specimen in some dark and private lab; and she had to allow him the intimacy, she was unable to stop him. Worse still was that she could feel herself succumbing to the movement of his fingers, his manipulation, his control of her body and her sex. And as his fingers moved with an easy arrogance between her legs she knew that she would probably be made to cum again soon, and if she did discovery could not be far behind

"I am particularly pleased with you girls," the Vicar changed tack and the girls knew that he had recognised something was not quite as it should be, that he did not have Sue's undivided attention. "I know how much time you give to the movement," he said. "Quite unselfish really, beyond what could be reasonably expected." And Sue stared back at him, her eyes glazed with terror and lust, wondering which movement he meant, the one she belonged to or the one between her legs.

Chris laughed quietly, he knew exactly what Sue was giving to the movement at that moment; and it was a lot more than just her time. He looked over his compliant, quiescent prize, naked from the waist downwards, standing there before him, waiting to be used. Her skin felt like velvet and she trembled like a young racehorse as his hand travelled over her flank. Inching forward on his seat he moved his knee further between her legs, forcing them slowly even further apart. Reluctantly she gave way and slowly she shuffled her legs wider and once he had her legs apart he sat back to look at her again. Her sex was open for him, stretched and glistening in the light; but as he looked at her he knew he wanted more from her, he needed to see the rest of her.

Casually he ran his hands up under the front of her t-shirt, pushing it up over her breasts. Sue stifled a gasp at the sudden move and quickly placed her arms back on top of the stage, resting her chin on them, slouching forward slightly to hide any movement of her shirt from the Vicar. Chris laughed out loud before suddenly remembering where he was and quickly controlled himself. Sue coughed to cover him but the Vicar was on autopilot, his attention on the hand in his pocket still softly stoking his hidden erection.

Chris had laughed because Sue's attempts to hide his actions from the Vicar had actually pushed her breasts further forward, almost into his face. As a result her firm young breasts were now positioned mere inches in front of him. Smiling to himself he looked at them, hanging softly in front of his face, held tightly within the confines of her soft white bra. He ran a finger across the gentle curve of her left breast, feeling the softness and warmth of her smooth skin. Sue squirmed and tried with one hand to pull her shirt back down but Christ slapped her hand gently as a warning and pushed it back up. Compliantly Sue found herself holding her shirt up almost under her chin, as if giving her breasts to him. Half turning he tugged an imaginary forelock in the general direction of the Vicar thanking him for his kind support in helping bring him to this most pleasant and unexpected work this afternoon.

As he reached up to cup a breast Chris was suddenly surprised and annoyed to see Steve drawing up a box behind Sue and settling himself down facing her back. He had become so engrossed in the seduction of Sue he had forgotten about his brother lurking at the back of the stage. Without waiting Steve pushed up the back of Sue's shirt and fumbling for a second he managed to unhook her bra. Taken completely by surprise Sue almost cried out at the feel of another pair of hands on her body. She made to straighten up but realised that her shirt was now rolled above her breasts and that the Vicar would see if she stood and so she quickly slid down to resume her former pose. At first Chris did not realise what had happened until he saw Steve's hands reach around from behind her and lifting her bra away from her breasts he quickly cupped them, his fingers immediately taking possession of her nipples, pulling on them and rolling them between his fingers.

"Fuck off Steve," Chris hissed pulling one of Steve's hands away. "Go find your own woman. This one's taken." But Steve showed no signs of having heard and snatching his hand back he continued to rudely handle Sue's soft and delicate breasts. He pulled at her highly sensitive nipples and Sue closed her eyes, coupled with the fingers in her sex this was more than she could stand. Chris released his grip around her waist and leaned around to push Steve away but he was not be budged that easily. Relinquishing one hand from her breast he slipped it between her open legs from behind and Sue's eyes opened wide as a second set of fingers suddenly moved between her wet and open lips.

"I said Fuck Off," Chris snarled.

"Come on," Steve snarled back showing no intention of relinquishing his hold on Sue's body, "just a quick feel. Just let me feel her up for a minute and then you can have her all to yourself," he said, his fingers vying with Chris's for space in her sex.

"You can feel her tits for a minute," Chris offered, bargaining like a schoolboy, doing his deals with Sue's body as though she was a cigarette card to be bartered, "and then you can fuck off. And get your hands out of her fanny" he added as an afterthought. "If you want to play go and play with her sister."

Steve reluctantly withdrew his hands from between Sue's legs and reaching around her he pushed his hands up under her loose bra and once again cupped her breasts. Chris watched Steve's fingers, still wet with Sue's own juices, leaving streaks on the smooth skin of her breasts. Steve immediately began pulling at her nipples, extending them and tweaking them harshly. Sue tried to close her legs in self defence but Chris easily pushed them open again. The boys lines of demarcation over Sue's body temporarily agreed and, Chris's fingers once again resumed their pride of place in Sue's sex.

Sue tried to keep calm under the dual attack but she was tiring and her nerves were completely strung out. The effort of trying to keep her composure while being undressed, fingered and manipulated in front of the Vicar was wearing her down. Her resistance to Chris had really ended a long time ago and she was now just, living on her nerves, hanging on and trying to get through this ordeal intact, trying to keep upright and not give the game away. She felt like a deer being brought down by two wolves. Her legs were weak, her nerves stretched and raw and yet despite everything her body remained amazingly turned on, she was about to explode as the two pairs of hands pulled and stretched at her breasts and slipped between her legs to steadily work their way inside her. Her legs weakened and she closed her eyes momentarily as the hands moved proprietarily over her.

She could do nothing to defend herself, to hold these two at bay. She was near enough naked and they had her at their mercy and she knew from recent experience that it was almost impossible to resist two determined men, especially when they were already between her legs. She was rapidly weakening and with a sense of growing despair she could feel herself succumbing to the pressure of their persuasive hands. Slowly she felt her knees begin to sag and her body surrender to the feelings that were overwhelming her and just as she felt that she was about to drown, the fingers in her sex suddenly withdrew.

She held her breath, thanking the heavens for the small respite. She felt him touch her, his fingertips grazing the skin just above her pubic hair. At first she wondered what he was doing until she suddenly remembered the fading love bites that had been left there by her two over amorous cousins. Feeling his fingers trace the washed out marks on her skin Sue shook her head and she felt herself blush furiously, she knew the not entirely incorrect assumptions that Chris would be making about her.

Not that she now had any doubts about where this would end today, she was near enough naked now and both men had had their hands in and on her. What other impression could they have of her other than she was easy? They had her primed and ready for sex, she knew that. There was no way she would get out of here without giving them in full measure what they were already taking from her piecemeal. There was no way she would be able to get dressed and out of there without the boys having sex with her; and in truth she knew that her body now wanted them. The fingers that had just been working her sex had drawn the resistance out of her, left her just wanting to lie down and open her legs. Steve's hands on her breasts were only stoking the fires, building the pressure that Chris had started; and she knew she was about to give in.

She felt Chris sit back slightly and could almost see him smiling at his discovery. In his eyes she was now flawed and knowing that would make it somehow OK to take this seduction to its logical conclusion. She had love bites near her groin and that meant she was easy, fair game. And indeed Chris was smiling as he smoothed his fingers over the fading discolourations and he realised he was obviously not the first to sample the delights of Sue's body. She was obviously not quite the virginal young woman he had imagined; and he was glad. He would now not have her virginity to worry about when he eventually took her.

Seeing Chris sit back with a small smile on his face John assumed that Chris was giving him another chance to play with Sue and one of his hands relinquished its hold on her breast, running down her front to find her pubic hair and eventually her sex. Sue groaned as her tried to push his finger inside her. He tried to find his way between her lips but he couldn't reach and so his hand quickly moved around the back and he again pushed his hand between her legs, immediately finding her wet and very open sex. Without pausing he pushed his fingers inside her and Sue almost cried out at the rough handling. Her breasts swayed as he drove his fingers into her, pulling her hips back towards him with his free hand to make his access easier.

"Enough," Chris said quietly leaning forward so that his intent carried to Steve who slowed his attack. He looked back defiantly at Chris who simply repeated his command, "Enough!" Steve knew better than to openly defy Chris and he withdrew his fingers, holding them up for Chris to see the soft sheen of moisture that coated them. "Go get Jackie," Chris instructed quietly and Steve finally withdrew, smiling slyly, giving Sue a quiet but firm slap on her arse as he left.