**Summer**

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**Summer Ch. 19 T**he Church Hall Pt2  
  
Sue jerked as she registered the slap on her bum, before she felt Steve scuttle away. Slowly she sagged forward, her legs shaking, her endurance suddenly nearing its end. With Steve gone Sue waited for Chris to resume his sexual predations, his assault up on her body. She was expecting it, standing meekly as they had left her, the good soldier, tired but obedient and now well trained with her legs wide open, her shirt pushed up onto her chest and her breasts exposed, her nipples hard and erect. But the expected renewal of his furtive seduction didn't happen immediately; he just sat quietly, looking at her almost naked body displayed before him, biding his time. His silence intimidated her, she could feel his eyes on her, his gaze hardening her nipples like fingers, caressing her sex and making her even moister. She shuffled her weight from leg to leg in anticipation; waiting for him to make the move that she knew must come.  
  
Slowly, almost in slow motion, he reached up and pushed her shirt higher up and off her breasts completely, balling it above her breasts, taking his time, tucking the material in tightly so that it could not fall down and spoil his view. Sue swallowed nervously; Chris's constraint was unnerving,  
  
Reaching forward he cupped the underside of a hanging breast and she started, the renewed sexual contact making her jump. His hand moulded itself around the soft shape, cupping it, feeling its weight and texture. He gently rolled her nipple between his thumb and forefinger; a subtle, dangerous, sensuous attack in the dark shadows below the stage. His thumbing of her nipple immediately had its effect on her, creating a warm and constricting pressure in her chest and in response she groaned softly into her folded arms. He squeezed her breast gently, caressing her sensuously, holding her like a lover, not like a piece of butcher's meat as Steve had. His hand milked her breast, softly squeezing, his hand moving from the wide base of her breast to her nipple, elongating it, drawing it down to where he was hiding in the warm darkness below, where he was waiting for her, drawing her down to where she felt vulnerable, naked and accessible.  
  
He continued gently to milk her, his hand moving between both her hanging breasts, drawing them both alternately down, gently pulling and extending her nipples, extending her pleasure. He was unseen beneath her, only the pleasure of his hands felt, out of sight, sensual gropings in the dark. And suddenly her tired body rushed slick with sensation, as dark and forbidden as sin itself; and she sighed as his hand left her nipples and carried on down her body, moulding itself deliciously to her soft and yielding form; gliding smoothly down her flank, sliding comfortingly across her stomach before slipping gently and finally between her waiting and open legs.  
  
Chris's gentle seduction was devastating, he was sweeping all resistance, all thought, away with every touch. His hands were irresistible and Sue could feel her thoughts slowly fragmenting as his fingers travelled the length of her sex. Her unseen assailant, her unseen lover, was moving with consummate grace between her legs; touching, feeling, seeking her out, intimately pleasuring her as he passed. And she shook as the strength of her feelings overwhelmed her. His fingers captured her wetness, spreading it slickly down the inside of her thighs. He was savouring her and he could feel that she was melting, succumbing to this slow and gentle seduction.  
  
As his hand captivated her senses, drawing fire from her nipples and her sex, so her fear of discovery slowly receded in proportion to her growing desire. The warmth of his hand on her body, his fingers in her sex were gently overcoming her fading common sense. The Vicar had so far, uncharacteristically, remained in his seat and had not tried to join the girls and so her ordeal by pleasure was allowed to continue without being discovered. 'Dam the bloody man!' she suddenly flared as he sat, solid as a lump of clay, in the middle of the hall. Why couldn't he just leave so she could either lay down and fuck or stand and fight the man who had undressed her in the darkness below, the man who now had his fingers inside her.  
  
She stifled a gasp and her eyes widened as she felt Chris's lips close on her nipple, his head hard up against the underside of the wooden floor of the stage. He suckled her deep into his mouth, creating an electrical current between the fingers in her sex and the mouth on her nipple. She began to whimper as he suckled deeper, his fingers still playing lightly between her legs.  
  
Chris could dimly hear her, a small moan against the backdrop of the vicar, painting the silence in the hall a dreary grey with his unending monologue. He was talking now of the good work the youth club does in giving youngsters a place to go, to keep out of trouble, speaking as if reading from the Church magazine. And Chris laughed grimly to himself as his fingers moved with a slow determination in Sue's sex. The youth club was a great place for youngsters to go he thought; he himself attended regularly, in fact he had made love to his first woman on the table in the kitchen at the back of this very hall while his mates had kept watch. He could not remember if he had let them have a go with her after he had finished with her or not, but the memory of the act itself was sweet.  
  
As his lips drew deeply on Sue's nipple he could feel her tremble and begin to rise to her next climax. Neither the Guides nor the youth club has done much to keep this young woman out of trouble he thought as he savoured her body. He was slowly drawing her up towards another enjoyable but yet potentially disastrous climax. And this is nothing he thought, smiling to himself, to the trouble that she could find herself in as soon as the Vicar decided to leave. That is of course unless he does not leave, in which case they will all be in the very worst kind of trouble when Sue collapses, as he knew she must certainly do eventually. But there again, he thought smiling, as his fingers slid through her, no one ever said life was meant to be easy.  
  
With his arm around her waist keeping her sex firmly centred on his fingers and his mouth on her breast Chris took Sue up to her climax; and her whole body shook as she tried to quietly crest the wave he had brought her to, her thighs and sex tightly gripping his hand, squeezing the circulation from his fingers. He was impressed at how quietly she could climax when the Vicar was watching. 'The things you can do when the Devil drives' he thought, reluctantly releasing her nipple from his mouth. He held her close as she continued to shiver through her climax, resting his head against her breasts, his hand still trapped between her legs.  
  
As he felt the last tremors of her climax wash through her the hand around her waist slid down to explore the tightly clenched cheeks of her arse, squeezing her cheeks like ripe plums, holding her close as he felt the tension ebb from her. Her thighs slowly relaxed their grip and he stretched his crushed fingers experimentally, feeling the sensation return. He touched her sex and she shivered again muttering quietly under her breath, he could not understand the words but he fully understood their meaning. Her sex was soaking, her moisture coating his hand and the inside of her thighs. She was spent and her knees were sagging, she was asking for time to recover. Chris laughed quietly and held her close and in response to her almost silent pleading he slipped a finger deep inside her.  
  
His finger slid in easily and without resistance and she groaned quietly, opening her legs with a sense of weary resignation. He pushed hard and she gasped quietly and he could feel the resulting tremor through her body. He smiled as he explored her again, never tiring of the warm wet secret darkness between her legs. She moved slightly to accommodate his finger, involuntarily pushing down on him as he pushed up, impaling herself, feeling herself already beginning to rise again to the pressure of his finger inside her. Leaning forward he gently bit on her still erect nipple and he felt her vaginal muscles grip his fingers in response. Without removing his fingers from inside her he sat back and looked at her, he could afford to take his time this time, she was going nowhere.  
  
She began to ride him, her breasts swaying gently to the rhythm of her body on his fingers. Her nipples were engorged, shining red and wet in the light from where he had recently suckled and bit them. He watched his fingers moving between her legs; beginning the long, slow, in and out motion that he knew from experience she would be unable to resist and that would surely soon have her reaching for yet another climax. He wondered idly just how long she could continue without finally giving herself away to the Vicar, how long she could remain upright with his fingers moving so silkily and deeply between her legs. He was amazed that she had managed for this long, she was very wet and his fingers were sliding easily into her. She was extremely excited, the situation and the fear of being caught actually heightening her arousal. Her sex sucked at the edges of his fingers, her lips moulding softly around them at the end of each slow and easy stroke.  
  
He could clearly see her clitoris standing hard and proud at the apex of her sex. It seemed to be begging to be touched, so he brushed his thumb lightly over it, fully knowing the effect it would have on her and once again Sue jumped as though she had received an electric shock, her legs buckling immediately. This time Chris was prepared and held her to stop her falling. Sue's head slumped forward onto her arms and she groaned, turning it into a cough to try to cover herself but yet again the vicar did not seemed to notice, his voice droning on like a distance soundtrack to the story that was being enacted beneath the stage.  
  
Laughing, loving every moment, Chris moved lower, the better to watch his fingers between her legs. Now with every stroke of his fingers he gently brushed the tip of her clitoris with his thumb and Sue jumped with each passing touch, unconsciously pushing her hips forward to meet his fingers. Her juices were flowing freely as they had been for some time now, leaving glistening trails running down from his hand to his wrist. His fingers sounded perilously loud as they moved wetly inside her. The smell of her sex was intoxicating in the warm, confined space. She was working her hips down on to his fingers, her climax a hairs breadth away, driving her forward and he could feel that she desperately needed to cum.  
  
He also knew that at the same time she was valiantly trying to stop the climax she so desperately craved, to control the rising tide that was already beginning to engulf her. 'Please,' she whispered, the plea strained through clenched jaws. 'Please' she begged again. Whether she was imploring for him to stop or to continue he couldn't tell but they both knew that he wouldn't stop, couldn't stop; maybe after this next climax he thought working her harder; but then again, most probably not. He knew they were now dicing with almost certain death, certain exposure, but right now he just didn't care, he just wanted to see her keep cuming, to watch his fingers slide between her pink and puffy lips just one more time.  
  
Sue climaxed again with hardly a sound, a testament to her fortitude, to her strength of character but as she climaxed her knees sagged again and she slumped forward onto Chris so that he was forced once more to hold her up again. Turning her stifled groan into another cough and she hung her head forward, her hair falling down around her face so the Vicar would not be able to see her face burning bright red as her silent climax shook her from head to toe.  
  
There was a moments pause before she heard the Vicar enquire solicitously, "Are you alright my dear? Would you like a glass of water?"  
  
"No! No thanks." Sue replied quickly, her voice high and unsteady, "I'm fine, just a bit dusty down here that's all," she said indicating the supposedly empty stage space below her with a nod of her head.  
  
Chris smile and curled his fingers inside her, he could feel the echoes of her climax still pulsing through her. The Vicar never moved, "If you are sure. No effort you know," he murmured easing his bulk around on the straining chair with obviously no intent of moving himself. Chris smiled again, it was neither dry nor dusty where he was, In fact just the opposite; Sue's juices flooded from her as she trembled above him, her legs stretched and wide open, almost straddling him, his fingers still inside her.  
  
A sudden movement at the corner of his eye caught his attention and Chris looked up sharply, his attention wrenched away from Sue and her sex. John and Steve were sitting at the edge of the encroaching darkness sharing a bottle of Steve's stolen beer. They were watching him intently, making silent comments to each other, watching him make Sue cum. John had obviously returned from what looked like a successful raid on the off licence and was sharing some of the booty with Steve, presumably before joining in the fun. Catching Chris's eye John raised the bottle in salute and Chris nodded in acknowledgement. The boys were applauding his achievement in almost completely undressing Sue and then making her cum under the very nose of the same Vicar who was actively searching for them at this very moment, with a distinctly possible intent of turning them over to the Police when he found them.  
  
Chris bowed his head casually in response, accepting the praise as his just due. John pointed the bottle at Sue and inclined his head in a question. Chris shook his head and nodded towards the also seemingly headless body of Jackie standing a few feet away desperately trying to keep the Vicar engaged in view of her sisters now almost total silence. John nodded and leaning closer, heads together, he had a few quick whispered words with Steve.  
  
Steve nodded sagely and turned his face towards Jackie. John nodded at Chris and grabbing his crotch he thrust it forward in a sign that needed no interpretation. Placing the bottle on the floor the boys peeled away from the darkness like two wraiths materialising from the shadows. They scuttled over to where Jackie stood, her head above the stage, unsuspecting, still anxiously trying to keep the Vicar engaged.  
  
They split up, one on either side and then they moved in quickly like wolves. Jackie started as her legs were suddenly grabbed by two eager pairs of hands. They held her tight, Steve immediately pulling at the button at the top her skirt while John wrapped his arms around the top of her legs to keep her from moving. She fought as best she could without alarming the Vicar who fortunately had his eyes up towards the ceiling and was actually thinking about how the place needed painting and where the funds would come from rather than the rather boring conversation that he was currently involved in.  
  
Jackie kicked out and hit downwards with her fist but she was tightly pinned and her struggles useless. The button on her skirt immediately fell to their attack and the zip quickly followed. Together they swiftly pulled her skirt down onto her hips, laughing quietly as Jackie continued to struggle. The Vicar never noticed that all conversation had suddenly stopped. They pushed her skirt down her legs, slapping each other's shoulders with their free hands in a macho display of victory. In unison Jackie felt two pairs of hands grab at the waist of her knickers, pulling them down onto her hips. She struggled and tried to grab at them but the hand to her left took hold of her wrist and held her as her knickers were pulled unceremoniously down onto her thighs. She gasped as a hand ruffled her pubic hair, feeling for her sex and then there was a moment's pause as the boys stripped her pants down her legs. She tried to hold onto them by pressing her thighs together but they pushed her knees apart and pulled them down to her ankles. She was suddenly naked from the waist down and she could almost hear the self satisfied gloating as hands abruptly grabbed at her arse, pushing between her legs from both sides, eager for her sex.  
  
Sensing a moment's lack of concentration as they fought between each other to get their fingers inside her she managed to half turn and she lashed out with her foot. She felt a satisfying impact with soft tissue and a small groan of pain as her assailant to the left suddenly let go of her and fell away backwards, She felt her attacker on her right lean forward to see what had happened and turning towards him she drove her knee upwards, hard and fast. The result was instantaneous and with a sound like hitting a slab of meat the attacker on her right collapsed with a small cry of pain. The hands had disappeared. Jackie coughed to cover the sudden noise but the vicar never noticed; this time he had heard the front door to the Church Hall open.  
  
The sound of the door opening carried through the hall and everyone froze. The scene below stage level was like the children's game where at a command everyone has to freeze in position. Steve and John were already cheating and were crawling surreptitiously away towards the darkness and safety at the back of the stage. Chris was hanging onto Sue, not willing to relinquish his hard won position, his fingers still deep inside her sex, Sue didn't care, she was almost past recognizing what was happening around her, the sexual glaze of repeated climaxes fogging her thoughts, making her slow.  
  
The Vicars chair creaked in the silence as he turned to face the newcomer. The door from the small foyer burst open with a crash and Pat, the girl they had been expecting, exploded into the hall. She froze in mid stride, her broad smile fading as she took in the scene of the two girls at the trapdoors and the Vicar sitting in the middle of the empty hall. "Ah Pat," the Vicar rumbled, suddenly animated, "so good to see you." They could almost hear the liquid lechery in voice as he looked Pat over appreciatively. Pat's voice sounded wary as she took in the situation and quickly weighed her options.  
  
"Hello Vicar. What are you doing here?" she asked, held in mid-step, half way between the door and the front of the stage.  
  
"I believe it's my Church Hall," he said depreciatingly, opening his hands to encompass the hall and all in it, emphasising his position in the hierarchy while trying to appear jovial rather than interested in the newcomer.  
  
Seeing that the Vicars attention was now focused on Pat Jackie took the opportunity to retrieve her knickers from around her knees and she quickly pulled them back up her thighs. The Vicar was no longer interested in the girls under the stage; his entire focus was plainly on Pat who was now standing rock still, confused and unsure, halfway into the hall. She was poised for flight but could not figure out how to achieve it without giving offence, such was the Vicars presence. She looked for help but she instinctively understood that for some reason neither Jackie nor Sue were in a position to offer any. Surprisingly agile for someone his size the Vicar suddenly sprang to his feet and quickly moved towards the door, cutting off her escape and Pat realised that the opportunity for flight had passed.  
  
Sensing his opportunity Chris slid his fingers forward through Sue's sex, searching for and finding her clitoris. He brushed his thumb, hard, over it. The effect was instantaneous, already exhausted and caught off guard Sue's legs collapsed and Chris caught her as she slid down into his arms. With his finger still inside her he eased her down to the floor. He held her there for a moment, kneeling beside her, listening intently, his nose in the air like a rat trying to sniff out danger, trying to figure out what was happening in the hall. Seeing the opportunity, still holding his crutch where Jackie had kicked him, John quickly scuttled across to kneel by Sue and without waiting to be asked and passed caring about Chris of the Vicar, he began to pull Sue's t-shirt up and over her head; determined that he was at least going to get something from this debacle.

The Vicar closed with Pat, moving slowly and with care, like a cat stalking a bird, cutting off her escape route to the main door. She looked around for a moment and then, realising that there was no easy way out her shoulders seemed to sag in resignation and she turned to face him.  
  
Pulling her skirt back up and trying to fasten the button Jackie watched the unfolding scene with fascination and growing relief, there was obviously something happening out there between the two of them, she could see it clearly but she had no idea what it was. After a moments fumbling at the waist of her skirt she realised that the button was missing and also that the zip was stuck, both obvious casualties of the boys' rush to undress her. She shivered as she imagined the Vicars solicitous although prurient interest in how such a thing might have happened if he were to discover it but it also meant that with one hand holding her skirt up at her waist she was in no position to offer any help to Pat.  
  
Chris strained to listen to what was happening in the hall, only vaguely aware that John had now managed to completely remove Sue's t-shirt and bra, pushing her hands away easily when she had feebly tried to stop him. He was now kneeling over the naked girl, assiduously kneading her breasts and nipples. John had yet to make the connection between Sue's passivity and Chris's fingers in her sex but he didn't care, he was just happy to take advantage of the now completely naked girl laid out in front of him. Chris and he always shared everything including Chris's women and besides, he firmly believed in the adage that you don't look a gift horse in the mouth.  
  
Chris was shocked when Steve suddenly appeared from back in the shadows; he was bleeding profusely from his lip and nose. "Fuck me," Chris breathed, "what happened to you?"  
  
"That bitch kneed me in the face," he spluttered through his fat lip, pointing over his shoulder at Jackie.  
  
Chris tried to appear sympathetic but could not resist laughing at the sorry state of his woebegone bother, "I wouldn't tell anyone that if I was you," he said biting back a smirk, "it could destroy your credibility." He studied his brother's battered face and shrugged, "What are you going to tell Mum? She'll think you've been fighting again." Steve shrugged and sat down heavily on a rolled up tent looking just about as miserable as it is possible to get. Laughing quietly to himself Chris kept his fingers moving slowly over Sue's clitoris, keeping her quiet while he turned his attention back to what was happening in the hall. At the moment he didn't care about John helping himself to Sue's breasts.  
  
"Hello Patricia," the Vicar said having finally managed to place himself between her and the door. Pat looked in desperation at Jackie before turning to face the Vicar.  
  
"Hello Mr Green," she said quietly, suddenly subdued.  
  
"I've just been talking to Jackie and Sue," he said as if that were not obvious. "I understand you are here to help them."  
  
Pat nodded but suddenly added, "Actually I'm here to apologise, I've got to get home; my Mum's taking me to town shopping." She looked around and pulled an apologetic face at Jackie. "Sorry," she said, "she just sprang it on me." Seemingly distracted Jackie told her it was OK and not to worry.  
  
"Are you leaving now?" the Vicar asked solicitously and Pat nodded.  
  
"She's waiting," she offered by way of explanation.  
  
The Vicar picked up his chair and placed it back against the wall. "I'll walk out with you," he said, "I really have to be going as well."  
  
He turned back toward the stage and waved a curt farewell, before taking Pat by the arm and walking her out of the hall. He didn't care if anyone saw his farewell and he didn't even notice that Sue had disappeared, nor did he hear the quiet, heartfelt, "Thank fuck!" as Jackie's head slumped forward onto her arms; or hear the short cry of surprise as she suddenly disappeared back under the stage like her sister had a minute before.  
  
Bloodied but not yet beaten and stung by Chris's lack of sympathy, Steve had returned for a second attempt to get to grips with Jackie. It was not his day. Hearing the Vicar leave the hall he grabbed at Jackie's legs, trying to pull her to the ground. As her knees sagged Jackie somehow managed to turn and face her attacker. Raining open handed blows on his head and kicking out at the same time Jackie vented her anger and frustration. Steve reeled back under the sudden and unexpected fierce retaliation, ending up on his back on the floor as Jackie continued to pummel away at him. Still kneeling beside the naked Sue Chris and John looked on in amazement as Jackie beat Steve into submission, leaving him curled foetal like on the floor, his hands covering his bloodied face.  
  
Stepping forward Jackie picked up a short length of wooden tent pole from the floor. Steve looked up at her, tears mixed with the blood and snot on his fingers, "I think you've broken my nose you fucking bitch!" he muttered, wiping the blood from beneath his nose with the back of his hand, "and I think you've just about knocked a couple of fucking teeth out!"  
  
Jackie swung the pole menacingly in front of her, "I'll knock your fucking head off if you ever try and touch me again you little shit," she threatened and he cowered quickly away, scrabbling backwards on his arse to put himself out of her reach.  
  
Chris looked over and laughed, Jackie stood there in her knickers, her skirt loose around her thighs, swinging the pole like a baseball bat. "Very nice," Chris said nodding at her knickers. Jackie pulled at her skirt with one hand, wrestling it back up her legs to her waist.  
  
"Not looking too good yourself," Jackie said looking down at him. As Sue had finally collapsed he had pushed his pants down in the hope of quickly fucking her before the drama in the hall had played itself out and he was now naked from the waist down, his penis jutting proudly from beneath his shirt. While listening to the Vicar he had taken one of Sue's hands and wrapped it around his shaft, stroking himself with his own hand wrapped around her compliant but inert fingers. His other hand still stroked her clitoris, keeping her accommodating and acquiescent.  
  
"Let go of my sister," Jackie said quietly and Chris took his fingers from between Sue's legs and let go of the hand that was wrapped around his penis; raising both his hands to his shoulders in the universal sign of surrender. John loosed his grip on her breasts and Sue pushed him away, sitting up quickly and reaching between Chris's legs, grabbing him by his balls  
  
Chris gasped with pain and tried to disengage her grip but she held on. "OK, OK," Chris said panicking, "that hurts! It's not funny, you can let go now, I get the picture!"  
  
Jackie walked across the small space between them and pushed the end of the pole up close to his face. "Now listen you little shit! I don't mind a little fooling around, a little bit of trying to 'cop a feel' here and there. Who knows, I might even have let you. But this wasn't funny; this could have been an unholy fucking disaster for all of us!"  
  
"And look at me!," Sue joined angry beyond belief. "I'm fucking naked! And you made me cum in front of the bloody Vicar!"  
  
Chris looked her up and down, "and very nice you look too," he said and doubled up and cried out as Sue squeezed on his balls. "Just remember this you stupid little prick! The choice is mine who I let into my knickers. Mine," she said squeezing again causing him to cry out once more, "not yours."  
  
Naked as the day she born Sue pushed herself to her knees without letting go of Chris's scrotum. She squeezed again and Chris winced and bent forward around her hand; she had his undivided attention. "I'll say it one last time," she said, "the choice is ours, not yours," she said with an even tighter squeeze and Chris grabbed hold of her wrist to try to lessen the pressure and the pain.  
  
"I understand, I understand," he said quickly, "I'm sorry, it was just a little fun."  
  
"A little fun!" Sue exploded and Chris winced in anticipation of more pain. "You were about to rape me, you fucking creep! You didn't care less what I wanted."  
  
Chris shrugged his shoulders and nodded," Its true, it's true," he said quickly, "I was going to fuck you. Sorry;" and Sue squeezed again. "Honestly! Really sorry!" he almost squealed, "I guess we just got carried away. Didn't mean any harm, really didn't, honestly." Chris looked from Sue to Jackie, trying to ooze sincerity through his pain. He ended up looking rather pathetic, his penis already wilted, kneeling with his pants around his knees and his balls firmly gripped in Sue's fist. The sight of the naked Sue painfully leading Chris by his balls was not lost on the other two boys who backed away, cowed and beaten.  
  
Jackie looked at Sue who shrugged her shoulders, her breasts moving as she looked up at her sister. Sue slowly released Chris's balls and sat back. Picking up her skirt she held it to her chest in an attempt to cover herself up a little.  
  
In the sudden relaxing of tension Jackie let her hands fall to her side and she dropped the pole to the floor. "Keep that little bastard away from me," she said pointing at Steve who was still sitting some way out of reach, rocking backwards and forwards, nursing his bloody nose and groaning.  
  
He looked up and held up his bloodied hands in surrender. "I'm done," he muttered, "I'm done" and he went back to dabbing at his swollen and beaten face with his handkerchief.  
  
Chris looked around, trying to seize up the changing scene. "No problem" he said cautiously, "does that mean...." his voice trailed off with the question, "we're OK?. I mean are we friends again?"  
  
Jackie laughed at the cowed and beaten faces, she had nothing to fear from them now. She turned to face John who was looking completely confused at the sudden change of tone. "Shame to waste an opportunity for a drink I guess," she said looking enquiringly at Sue who shrugged noncommittally. "Gimme a beer," she demanded and Steve scuttled away to return with a freshly open bottle. Jackie stepped forward and letting her skirt slide down her legs she stepped out of it and kicked it to one side. "Bloody buttons missing and the zip's broken. Now, where were we?" she asked, indicating that John should move over so she could sit down. She took the bottle from his passive fingers and tilting her head back she drank long and hard before passing it to Sue.  
  
Chris quickly pulled his pants up and sat back on his heels before Sue could change her mind and put the squeeze on him again. He waited for her to finish taking a drink before he tentatively took the bottle from her, wiping the mouth with his hand before taking a long drink himself. "Is there any more of this?" he asked John who simply nodded. "Got half a dozen," he offered without further explanation.  
  
"Do you want to get them?" Chris asked, an order more than a question and John rolled off his seat before slipping off into the darkness at the back of the stage. The girls sat together, touching each other sympathetically, regrouping and whispering quietly while Chris listened to the distant sound of John knocking the caps off the beer bottles. He returned carrying five opened bottles and handed them around, calling a still wounded and smarting Steve over to collect his. Steve took it and sat at the edge of the circle, nursing his wounds, both physical and emotional.  
  
Chris raised his bottle in a salute, "To the Ladies," he toasted with mock gallantry, "who have survived the Vicar and survived us with their virginity's intact despite our best efforts." Sue laughed and licked the running froth from the neck of the bottle.  
  
"Intact?" she indicated her loosely covered nudity beneath the skirt she was holding to her chest. "I don't think so. He's had his fingers inside me all afternoon," she said pointing the bottle at Chris, "with the bloody Vicar watching on!"  
  
Chris bowed slightly acknowledging the remark, "And you took it so well," he said with a smile, "at times I would have sworn that you were almost enjoying it."  
  
Sue shrugged and tried to appear non-committal, "Not with the Vicar breathing down my neck," she said.  
  
Chris shrugged and smiled, "I beg to differ," he said taking a drink, "you seemed to get quite wet down where I was." Sue blushed and took a drink from her bottle.  
  
They slowly settled back, talking and laughing quietly as the afternoon wore on. Sue retrieved her shirt and quickly pulled it on, blushing when the boys commented on the brief flash of breast as she struggled into it. She remained with skirt covering her lap, not attempting to put it on in front of them although when she looked at Jackie, sitting confidently in her knickers in the middle of them, defiant in her sexuality, she stopped worrying; they'd all seen her naked anyway. After a while John gallantly moved across and retrieved her knickers from the floor under the still open trapdoor. He offered them to her almost shyly and she smiled, placing them on the floor beside her.  
  
At one point they all fell silent when the outer door to the hall opened and closed but no one entered the hall and slowly the conversations resumed; Sue with Chris and Jackie with John; with Steve finally joining in, bloodied, bruised and sheepish. They slowly drank their beers, the warmth, the half light and the camaraderie of familiarity and commonality slowly returning; and soon they were laughing properly, events of the afternoon passing into the stuff of legend, old friends again.  
  
When Sue thought John and Steve weren't watching she quickly pulled her knickers over her feet and up her legs, raising her bottom to slide them up and over her hips beneath the loose covering of her skirt. Chris smiled ruefully as she settled down again, her skirt still across her hips keeping her covered. "Spoil sport," he said quietly, "took me ages to get them off and now you've gone and put them on again."  
  
"You blew your chance this afternoon," Sue said shaking her head. "When I think about it I just can't believe that you did all that to me."  
  
"When I think about it I can't believe I stopped," he answered and Sue looked at him and smiled, a cross between embarrassment and his remembered fingers.  
  
"You didn't want to as I remember; and you didn't care if I wanted to either."  
  
Chris shrugged and gave her his best boyish smile, "You take your opportunities where you can," and Sue shrugged, she understood the boys and their take it where you can get it philosophy. It applied to most of the boys she had ever met.  
  
They had all moved around since they had first sat down, making themselves comfortable, finding packing cases to lean against, rolled up tents as cushions to rest on, groundsheets on the floor to lay on, carrying on the conversation naturally, splitting easily into two groups. More beer had appeared, "Was keeping it for later," John said "but may as well drink it now, I can always pinch some more," he said and Jackie laughed, scandalised but at the same time strangely attracted by the idea of stolen booze.  
  
The afternoon quietly wore on as the light from the hall through the trapdoors began to slowly lose its remote intensity. The mornings exercise, the beer and the warmth were taking their toll and slowly people stretched out in the underground gloom, side by side, the conversations desultory and the mood relaxed and comfortable. Sue looked across at her sister and was surprised to see that John was sitting close to her, his conversation quiet and gently animated, his hand resting on her thigh. She looked back at Chris to find he was also watching John and Jackie. He leaned closer to Sue, "Looks like John is getting on well with Jackie," he whispered quietly, his breath soft against her face. Sue felt the familiar lurch in the pit of her stomach at his proximity, the maleness of him.  
  
"She doesn't seem to be objecting," Sue agreed.  
  
"Would you?" He asked quietly. "Is sister like sister?" Sue swallowed but didn't reply. Emboldened by her silence Chris reached out and placed his hand on her thigh, half way up, just below the edge of the skirt which was still draped loosely across her legs. She looked at his hand and then quickly up at him, smiling briefly, a half smile, part embarrassment and part indecision. The smile quickly faded and she dropped her head, ignoring his hand and looking back at Jackie.  
  
John had moved closer, his hand slowly slipping higher up the soft skin of Jackie's thigh, until his fingers stroked innocently against the loose material of her old and baggy knickers. Steve watched quietly from the side, nursing his beer and his swollen lip. If Jackie was aware of John's hand she did not show it, her conversation remained relaxed and easy, just old friends talking. They all watched in silence as John casually trailed his fingers up and over her hip before turning around in a long, lazy circle and back down again to rest on her thigh. Jackie half turned her head to look at John without acknowledging his fingers, her conversation steady and soft. Almost casually she rolled completely over onto her back, stretching her legs and crossing them, settling herself, lying almost flat with her hands behind her head, quietly talking to John and the stage floor a few feet above her.  
  
Sue turned her back to Chris, resting her head on her arm so she was facing Jackie. Watching, she could feel the old familiar arousal beginning between her own legs as John stroked her sisters. She made a pretence of ignoring Chris as he snuggled up closer behind her, playing spoons, his body disturbingly warm and comfortable. "Do you think he'll make it?" he asked, his voice quiet and dangerously close.  
  
"Make it?" Sue asked purposely obtuse, aware of Chris's hand on her own thigh.  
  
"Make it," Chris repeated, his fingers gently rubbing circles on her skin. "Will he get into her knickers?" he persisted and Sue shrugged noncommittally; but she did not resist when he slid his hand carefully up under the loose material of her skirt to rest it gently and easily on the smooth curve of her hip.  
  
John trailed his fingers on the front of Jackie's thigh, small casual circles that slowly slid down between her legs, moving gently over the sensitive skin of her inner thigh, moving steadily upwards, persuasive and gently enticing. Jackie paused as he reached the top of her thighs, his fingers hesitating a moment before sliding slowly and boldly up and onto her sex. Jackie sighed, her first acknowledgement of his hand on her body. His fingers lingered, exploring the shape of her beneath the lose material of her knickers. She almost casually opened her legs to allow him access and she closed her eyes as his fingers intimately followed the contours of her sex.  
  
His fingers indented the material of her knickers, tracing the line of her lips and Jackie stretched luxuriously, cat like, arching her back as John took the opportunity to completely cover her sex with his hand, rubbing lightly, pressing gently. There was no longer any need to pretend, his touch was now overtly sexual and everyone watched as his hand moved casually between her legs.  
  
Sue bit her lip as she watched, she was acutely aware of Chris's hand gently caressing her own hip. She knew that the two events, the hand on her hip and the hand between Jackie's legs were intimately connected, they were not isolated events. What happened to Jackie would most probably happen to her unless she stopped it, put an end to it, halted the hand before it found its way back into her own sex. She could not take her eyes off her sister's seduction, the hand between her sister's legs, moving easily and familiarly over her sex. She felt Chris's hand slide forward, sneaking down onto her tummy, caressing her, pulling her gently back into him, back up against him. Chris did not speak, his hand slowly moving over her stomach, getting its bearings. Her skirt fell from her hips, crumpling on to the floor beside her. She never moved. She knew if she was to stop him it had to be now.

After toying with the elastic John gently and deliberately slid his hand up under the leg of Jackie's knickers, he was moving slowly, giving her time to object although he was now confident that she was a full and willing partner. His hand could be clearly seen beneath the material, a puppy beneath a blanket, moving slowly, feeling its way in the darkness. His hand flattened out across her mound, curling around the shape of her, feeling the hidden, curling, patch of pubic hair, coarse beneath his palm and the narrowing v of her mound, curving down to be lost in the dark and exciting shadows between her legs. There was no movement from her, she lay quiet and passive, her eyes firmly closed, a slight smile at the edge of her mouth, as his hand slid downwards between her legs to close finally and firmly over her sex. There was a moment's hesitation and then she exhaled, almost a sigh, as his hand found her, cupped her, felt her, exploring her before finally slipping a finger casually but confidently between her lips.  
  
Chris slid his hand down Sue's stomach, moving over her mound to slip unhurriedly between her legs. He was following the path that John had just charted with Jackie and Sue gasped as he held her sex, his fingers lightly curling around her. Like her sister before her she never moved as his fingers pressed softly against her, renewing his memory of her before he moved back up her stomach. He slipped his hand down under the waistband of her knickers as she breathed in to help him, sliding down inside, moving between her legs to cup and cover her naked sex. Sue started as his fingers covered her. "Too late to complain," he whispered as his fingers caressed the silky soft lips of her sex. "You should have said something earlier." Sue bit her lip as he ran his finger along the length of her, feeling her wetness, his finger trailing a path he had already travelled earlier in the day.  
  
John withdrew his hand and sitting up he reached for the waistband of Jackie's knickers. Without opening her eyes she raised her hips and allowed him to pull them down onto her thighs. The crutch of her knickers caught between her thighs and he reached between her legs to pull the material clear. With her knickers down around her knees he lay back alongside her, placing his hand back between her legs. She sighed as he slipped his finger back between the moist lips of her sex. Jackie moaned softly as his finger explored her and she spread her legs as wide as her restraining knickers would allow. She stiffened slightly as John began to work his finger deeper between the pink folds of her sex. He was opening her up, spreading her lips, laying her bare, warming her up for the climaxes they were all now sure were soon to follow.  
  
"Looking good," Chris whispered, his hand softly buried between Sue's legs, his finger slipping easily between the folds of her own sex. Sue blinked but continued to say nothing, she was not sure if he was referring to John's fingers inside Jackie or his own inside her; and then she thought that it didn't really matter, they were both part of the same seduction, both lost, both interchangeable parts of the same act. Holding her by the hip Chris gently turned her over onto her back. "No Vicar watching this time," he said as she allowed herself to be gently manhandled into position, "shall we finish what we started?" Sue stared back up at him as he leaned forward and pushed her knickers down her legs, stripping them down as far as he could reach. "Very nice," he offered as a compliment, looking down at her sex, shining pink and gold in the strange direct light of the similarly naked bulb. He opened her thighs with his hand, opening his access to her sex. Her glistening lips shone wetly in the light, a beacon for his ambitions, an aspiration for his desires. He reached down and ran his fingers lightly across her sex and felt her move at his touch. He slowed his eager fingers, stoking her gently, easily; he didn't want to spook her now, not when the final prize was within sight.  
  
John now had two fingers inside Jackie and was beginning to work up to a steady rhythm, his fingers sliding deeper into her with every push. He could see it was beginning to have the desired effect, her hands were now less casually folded behind her head and her hips were beginning to rise in answer, lifting slightly with every push of his fingers inside her. Despite Jackie's warning Steve had decided that he really wanted a piece of this action and he had been moving slowly and hesitantly forward, inching every closer to the reclining girl. Slowly and tentatively he eventually plucked up the courage to reach out and place his hand carefully on her knee, just above her tightly stretched knickers and there he waited, eyes half closed and wincing, for the expected outburst.  
  
Taking hold of the hem of her t-shirt Chris slowly worked it up over Sue's tummy. She quietly lay looking up at him, her blue eyes soft and unreadable. Chris had blue eyes she noticed, a similar blue to her first full seduction, in bed at home not long ago, Jackie had been there as well, perhaps they were always meant to be together when they had sex; but this current seduction was not the same, it did not have the same depth of affection as the first, no love with this one, This was a technical seduction, sex for sex's sake and nothing else, Chris just wanted to fuck her; and she was letting him.  
  
Seeing her watching him Chris paused for a moment to give her time to object but when there was no refusal or complaint forthcoming he took the bottom of her shirt and balling it in his hand he pushed it up above her breasts. She simply lay there while he exposed her, unresisting, acquiescent, strangely remote from the action; applauding his technique as he bared her sex first with her knickers pushed down on to her thighs and then her breasts, with her shirt held high up on her chest. She knew what he was doing, titillating himself, exposing her by degrees, laying her bare, preparing himself and her for sex.  
  
She knew he was taking his time with her, slowly laying her naked from nipple to knee, opening her to his hands and his gaze; and despite her sense of remoteness from the overall event part of her rose to his slow steady seduction. He was turning her on with his unhurried, almost casual, unclothing of her, the obvious pleasure he was drawing from her naked body; and slowly, in pace with her steady disrobing, his controlled desire, the warm anticipation of sex finally stole over her, hardening her nipples and moistening her sex.  
  
She wanted to look at Jackie, to see how she was doing, but she knew that with two men to deal with she would probably be naked by now. And these boys weren't family or even particularly close friends, they wouldn't back off if she changed her mind, she would be expected to go all the way now, to open her legs to them and let them in; and the thought frightened her and also made her wet. She looked up at Chris and he smiled, reaching slowly between her legs to insert a finger inside her again and she gave a small cry and closed her eyes, leaving herself open to him to do with as he wanted.  
  
Sue didn't know it but she was indeed right, Jackie was now naked. When Steve had placed his hand on Jackie's leg and the expected attack had not materialised Steve had gained a little confidence and had moved his hand slowly higher up her body. He had seen her straining her legs wider as John rocked his fingers in her sex and he had moved still higher, to cup her breast through her shirt and bra. Jackie had slowly risen to the pressure of Johns fingers as Steve had felt her nipples, hard and prominent beneath his palms. Jackie had groaned while Steve had squeezed her breasts before finally siding his hands up under her shirt and pulling her shirt and bra up over her breasts to feast his eyes and his hands on her soft and tender skin; and while John had kept her occupied with his fingers inside her Steve had finally finished her undressing; removing her shirt and bra, raising her arms to pull them off before placing them neatly to one side.  
  
Despite their small town machismo the boys were still unsure of themselves, not confident of the etiquette of seduction. Steve still reverted to his middle class upbringings by neatly folding Jackie's clothes after removing them. Jackie would have laughed had she noticed and had she not been so preoccupied with the fingers moving with insistent intent inside her.  
  
In truth Steve was still afraid of Jackie and so took care with her clothes, afraid of the woman who now lay naked before him. Both John and he were both still bruised from her earlier attack and Steve was still bloodied and he had no intention of provoking another. Girls who could fight as well as boys were not at all uncommon at his school and in general they were treated with the respect reserved for the berserkers of old; and Jackie had already proved she could fight he had the fat lip and bruising to prove it. But she was now naked and nothing had prepared them as to how they should make love to such a sexually attractive and at the same time extremely dangerous a creature.  
  
To both boys she seemed much less formidable now, lying naked and compliant before them, beautiful and open, on her back with John's hand between her legs and Steve's on her breasts. Their confidence was slowly growing and the memory of their recent humiliations fading. Watching John's fingers moving in and out of Jackie's sex had given Steve the confidence to finally undress her and feeling her breasts beneath his palms his fear receded as his excitement grew.  
  
She had opened her eyes to look at him as he had pulled at her shirt and Steve had panicked, but she had raised her arms and Steve had slowly pulled the shirt off her, over her head and away. He had tentatively reached underneath her and Jackie had arched her back as he had fumbled with the clasp before he had mastered the hook and eyes and her bra had suddenly sagged lose on her chest. In triumph he had pulled the bra away and down her arms, leaving her naked on the floor before him and he had smiled, she did not seem so invulnerable now.  
  
Reaching forward he cupped a naked breast and Jackie closed her eyes again. He squeezed and she squirmed, already rising to her climax from the fingers inside her. Steve laughed quietly and took her other breast in his other hand, kneading the soft flesh until Jackie moaned and again pushed her chest upwards against his hands. He seized her nipples, taking them between his thumb and fingers, turning them, squeezing them harshly until she gasped.  
  
Between her legs Steve spread her thighs as wide as he could get them, using his elbows to get her as wide open as possible before he pushed his fingers fully inside her, his knuckles bruising against her sex, feeling her rise as her climax began to take her. She bucked her hips against the pressure that was building, thrusting her sex back against his hand, her chest up against Steve. She cried out and arched up off the floor, only her shoulders and her feet in contact with the hard wood floor beneath her. The two boys punished her as she rode them noisily to her climax, partly out of excitement and partly out of revenge for recent humiliations. They clung to her, half holding her down and half working her higher, Steve hanging onto her breasts and John trying to keep his fingers inside her as she thrashed around, her cries almost rising to a wail as she climaxed under their joint ministrations. As spectacular a climax as either of them had ever witnessed.  
  
Then she was done, deflating like a holed balloon she sank back down on to the floor' John, with his fingers still slowly moving deep between her legs and Steve, still grimly holding onto her breasts as though she might at any point suddenly try to escape. The boys looked at each other in amazement, staring at each other across Jackie's naked and prostrate body.  
  
John slowly took his fingers from Jackie's sex and looked at the juices coated thickly over them, turning them in the light so that the moisture glistened and flashed. He smiled and looked down at the body laid out before him, her breasts reddened and her nipples distended from John's rude handling, her sex gleaming wetly between her widespread legs, her pubic hair matted and flattened, her juices smeared and her lips puffy and red from his own fingers. Catching Steve's excited glance he knelt up and tugged at his shorts, pushing them and his underpants down over his hips. His erect cock sprang free, bouncing briefly as if taking a bow at its sudden appearance, excited to be loose from its confinement. He sat back on his arse with his legs in the air, kicking his pants free. Sitting up to pull his shirt over his head in one movement and he was naked. He knelt back up leaving his clothes where they fell. Steve watched him strip, sitting back, unsure of what to do as his eyes darted between Jackie's sex and John's newly released erection.  
  
John was not suffering from any such indecision. Moving onto all fours he crawled up between Jackie's open legs. When he was in position he reached down between his legs and took hold of his penis, he was so rigid it almost hurt. He jacked himself off a couple of times, smearing his precum around the helmet-like head of his shaft and Steve laughed and licked his lips excitedly as he watched. Leaning forward to brace his arms on either side of her head John lowered himself down until he had positioned the straining head of his cock at the wet and open entrance to her sex. Jackie lay supine, still wrapped in the warmth of her post climactic daze. She felt John lean forward and take control of her breasts again, his hands warm and softly exciting as this time they gentled across her nipples, drawing her slowly back to the present.  
  
She stretched languorously as she felt the head of Steve's penis push gently at the entrance to her sex, lubricating itself with her juices, moving forward with a steady intent. Jackie opened her eyes when she realised what was happening but it was already too late even if she had wanted him to stop. She felt her lips part as Steve slid forward and with a long slow push he slid fully inside her. Jackie's eyes opened wide in surprise as her sex opened to accept him and her breath left her in a long drawn out sigh. She lay there for a moment almost dazed as he settled himself inside her, feeling his length filling her, feeling her insides adapting to his shape. She spread her legs wider as he settled between them, laying himself slowly down on her, hip to hip, chest to chest. Steve had taken his hands away from her breasts and sat back to watch.  
  
Sue had turned to watch her sister's noisy climax. She had watched as Steve and John alternatively held her down or worked her body as she had trashed and cried out; a climax that had surprised Sue with its ferocity and intent. She had watched Steve shed his trousers, his erection springing clear, hard and proud in the harsh light. She knew what was going to happen and she watched John settle himself between Jackie's legs with a detachment that surprised her. As Steve slowly slid into her sister she felt Chris place a finger under her chin and gently turn her head back to face him. She looked up at him as he took her nipple between fingers that were still wet and shining with the juices from her sex, alternatively rolling and stretching it, making her breasts move with the gentle pressure.  
  
His gentle treatment was still working and she could feel herself rising easily to his hands. He looked over her to where John now lay between Jackie's open legs. "He's fucking her now," he said quietly and Sue looked up at him as he continued to watch, his hand roving over her body, sliding down her flank to slip between her legs again. She opened her legs to allow him access to her sex. His finger slipped inside her and she could the soft, warm flames rising around it. "She we do the same," he asked, "shall I fuck you?" His finger was creating wonderful sensations inside her and she shrugged noncommittally, her eyes closing. He slid a second finger into her, sliding easily between her wet lips to join the first, spreading her, working the length of her sex with the palm of his hand.  
  
"You're good," she said at last, relaxing into the very intimate and personal massage, her hips beginning to move in response.  
  
"Thank you," he answered quietly, "you're very easy to make love to."  
  
"Thanks," she said quietly without knowing why. He continued to work her, his fingers slick with her juices, his palm massaging the front of her sex. He leaned down and took a nipple into his mouth and she sighed and lay back, her legs falling open.  
  
"That's the way," he said quietly, taking her nipple back into his mouth. He suckled her deeply, drawing her deep and hard into his mouth. She groaned and arched her back, thrusting her breast up to meet him. He sucked and nipped gently on the hard nub of flesh, his fingers constantly moving between the lips of her sex, drawing her higher, setting her body alight. She began to moan, quietly, deep in the back of her throat and he increased the pressure of his fingers and his lips.  
  
He curled his fingers inside her, exploring, experimenting and pushing her ever higher towards her climax. She began to shake, her moan becoming a cry as she suddenly began to spiral upwards, rising rapidly, her climax coming upon her like a wave. She wrapped her arms around him pulling his head into her breast, crying out as his teeth pulled gently at her. His fingers worked inside her sex and she gripped his hand with her thighs, her hand gripping his wrist as she curled wetly around him.  
  
Her climax was intense. Not as fierce as Jackie's but leaving her exhausted and limp as it passed. He held her close until the final spasms had washed through her and she at last lay quiet. When her breathing had stilled and she at last lay calm in his arms he half sat up and reaching down, he pushed her restraining knickers down her legs until he could slip them off her feet. With one arm still holding her he unbuckled his belt and slid down the zip on his trousers, Sue opened her eyes and watched him quietly, saying nothing, her eyes deep and fathomless.  
  
Sliding his arm from underneath her he sat up and rolling from side to side, he quickly pushed his trousers over his hips and down his thighs. His penis sprang clear, rising from a shock of brown pubic hair, rearing up from his groin, proud and eager. Sue looked at it and following her gaze he sat back to allow her to see it, his arms outstretched behind him. He looked down at his penis, twitching softly against his belly and then back up at her. "you've already seen him," he said smiling, "already had your hand around him although you may not remember." She looked at him but said nothing as he slowly kicked his legs, working his pants down to his ankles until he could kick them clear. Once they were gone he sat back again, his legs apart, his penis lying hard and erect against his belly. He looked at Sue and then back to his erection. "You should be pleased," he said, "he's very happy to see you." He looked pointedly between her open legs, "to see all of you."  
  
He sat forward again and pulled his shirt up over his head, discarding it carelessly to one side. He was now naked. Sue watched him in silence. "Cat got your tongue?" he asked. She looked up at him, studying his face as if searching for something. He glanced past her to where Steve and John were busy with Jackie. He smiled and lay back down alongside Sue, she didn't move, she just followed him with her eyes. He took hold of the bottom of her rucked up shirt and tugged, she raised her arms and allowed him to pull it off. He smiled, "Now we're both naked," he said quietly, placing his hand flat on her stomach. "Any ideas?" he asked and slid his hand down her stomach, pausing to twirl the soft blonde hair of her pubic mound around his fingers. He tugged lightly before releasing her and sliding his hand down between her open legs.

She closed her eyes as he opened her with his fingers, sliding between her lips into her wetness. She took a deep breath, seeming to hold it as he worked his fingers deeper inside her. He pushed harder, and she opened her legs wider to make it easier for him. He moved closer, his erection laying hard and demanding against her thigh. She sighed again as he worked his fingers fully into her, pushing deeper, his thumb searching once again for her clitoris. She knew what he was doing and she made no attempt to stop him. His thumb found her and she cried out, her body convulsing as the shock passed through her.  
  
He kept up the pressure, working her sex with his fingers and she slowly began to shake as yet another climax began to grow. His thumb made small circles on her clitoris, keeping her quiet and quiescent while at the same time driving her higher, driving her upward. Her hips began to thrust back at him, pushing up against the pressure of his fingers. He leaned forward, "I'm going to fuck you now," he whispered quietly and she paused, her hips slowing momentarily before he pushed again and she rose to the pressure. He slowly removed his fingers and moved over between her open thighs. She was suddenly still as he positioned himself above her, the tip of his penis resting intimately and confidently against the entrance to her sex. He pushed gently with his hips and her lips parted around the head of his shaft. She opened her eyes and stared at his face hovering above hers as he supported his weight on his outstretch arms. She turned her head and looked for Jackie, she saw that Steve had shed his clothes and was obviously awaiting his turn while John continued to rock backwards and forwards between her sisters open legs, his bottom rising and falling almost comically with each thrust. She could not see Jackie's face but she knew that Jackie was not doing anything that she did not want to and she could handle Steve if she needed to, besides she was busy with her own man at the moment.  
  
Chris pushed again and his penis slid gently into her, sliding fully inside until he was brought up hard against her pelvic bone, only the second penis to have made the that particular intimate journey and Sue sighed as he filled her, his length hard and hot inside her. Chris paused for a moment, looking down on her. He smiled at her, not unkindly but a smile with the soft condescension of victory around the edges. He had made her, he was fucking her. He lay quietly for a moment, savouring the feeling of being inside her, feeling her vagina holding him, the soft buzz of conquest, the feeling dangerously intense and he worried about cuming too soon and spoiling the whole thing. She raised her hands and experimentally placed them on either side of his hips, she could feel every centimetre of his length as he twitched quietly inside her. Slowly he moved again, pushing tentatively forward, testing the feel of his length inside her. She gripped him harder, both her hands at his waist and her muscles around his penis, involuntarily holding him tighter as he began his thrust.  
  
John began to shake, trying desperately not to come. He was sawing back and forth, his penis sliding easily, her sex sucking at him as he ground his hips hard against her. Jackie had wrapped her legs around him, exciting him to the point where he felt he could not hang on much longer, his need to cum causing him to groan and hang his head as he tried to concentrate on anything other than the growing pressure in his balls. Jackie seemed oblivious to his problems, she was nearing her own crisis and she gripped him tightly with her legs, pulling him deep into her as she climaxed. It was too much for him and he knew he was finished. He shook his head in desperation as she climaxed before suddenly thrusting his hips forward, pushing as deeply into her as possible, releasing his seed deep inside her, straining as he shuddered with the effort.  
  
Jackie cried out and rode him as he buried himself between her legs, his penis butting up hard against the top of her womb. He thrust forward, pushing into her with all his might spilling his seed deep inside her. He strained, shuddering and jerking, his arse muscles clenched tight until with one last gasp he collapsed on top of her. She held him tightly, her arms and her legs wrapped around him and she rocked him as his crisis passed, feeling him spasm again, pumping more of his seed inside her. He groaned and shuddered one last time as he drained the last of his sperm into her. Then they lay quietly, their sweat soaked bodies still locked together, her arms and legs still holding him pinned inside her. He continued to move, slowly grinding his hips against her, his deflating penis still moving inside her as if in memory of its recent role. He rested his face in the hollow of her shoulder and he could feel the pulsing of the artery in her neck, her breath rasping loudly in his ear. Slowly she released him and he rolled away, his sweat suddenly cold on his skin as he rolled over onto his back lying side by side with her, his now deflated penis lying soft and shiny against his thigh.  
  
The pause was momentary, Jackie was suddenly aware of another body moving on top of her and she was startled to find Steve positioning himself above her, his penis suddenly hard up against the entrance to her recently vacated sex. She made a half hearted protest but he pushed against her and suddenly he was buried deep inside her. She gasped and spread her legs, trying to accommodate her new and unexpected lover.  
  
He gave her no quarter, pushing immediately between her legs with hard, deep thrusts that caused her breasts to bounce. "Wait," she asked but he ignored her driving into her sex, pushing the breath from her body as quickly and uncaringly he took his pleasure with her. Jackie groaned as he pushed at her, his swollen lips fastening onto her breast, sucking and biting as he ploughed into her. She tried to calm him as he snorted above her, trying to pull him closer, to slow his assault but he continued to slam into her, driving his penis hard as if it was a weapon. Jackie gritted her teeth at the ruthless and harsh manhandling and yet somehow, slowly, between the hard pounding at her sex and the mouth chewing on her nipple she somehow found herself beginning to respond to the rough treatment he was handing out; a bizarre and unexpected response to being abused.  
  
She began to thrust back, meeting his every stroke with a reply of her own. She could feel her climax beginning to grow from the pressure of his attack, his total disregard for her feelings or care for her body other than a receptacle for his penis, a sheath for him to cum in. He could not intimidate her, he could not use her unless she let him and she drew strength and pleasure from the knowledge. She began to ride him, her climax growing with the knowledge. Her muscles gripped him, applying the brakes, slowing him as he tried not cum, drawing pleasure from the friction of his penis inside her. She looked up into his face and suddenly saw the fear in his eyes, the fear of her that was driving him. "Slow down," she said quietly, "enjoy it," she added; and he faltered, his attack slowing. He looked down at her and she smiled, "We're both supposed to enjoy this," she said and he stopped looking as if he was about to cry. "Don't stop," she said placing her hands on the cheeks of his arse and gently pushing, giving him permission to continue and he tentatively began to pick up his pace again. She wrapped her legs around him, stroking her climax, allowing herself to be driven again, feeling the beautiful pressure beginning to engulf her sex, spreading quickly up through her chest to her breasts until it began to fill her head, a huge white noise, a roar that filled her ears and whited out everything until her climax crashed over her.  
  
She became slowly aware that John was back between her legs again, his penis slipping easily inside her. The sex was remorseless, they were lasting longer now their first rushes to climax were over and they were taking their time, making sure they were pleasuring her as well as themselves.. They were sharing her, friends passing around a bottle of beer or a cigarette, enjoying her. And she kept cuming, happy to be shared as they changed places; and as each deposited a fresh load of sperm inside her, the other moved between her legs and slid inside her again. And she came as they did, matching them climax for climax, she could feel their sperm running out of her, and she was surprised at the amount they were producing and the rate of their recovery as each one slid back inside her again. Time began to elongate, to become a whirl of climaxes, her body rocking with different rhythms as the boys continued to keep taking turns with her, rolling on and off her like a fairground ride, occasionally sitting her up to offer their penises to her mouth and much to their delight she sucked them as they wanted her to.  
  
Chris lay alongside her with his head level with her sex. He had three fingers deep inside her, sliding them slowly in and out, sliding through her wetness, much of which he had added to himself. He worked his thumb over her clitoris, alternating the pressure, getting the measure her, rolling her through climax after climax until she was as limp and spent as a rag doll. She lay with her legs open, her sweat streaked body shining in the naked light. He continued to work her, ignoring her feeble protests, watching her stiffen every time he touched her clitoris in a certain way. 'Such a wonderful find,' he thought to himself as she began to rise exhaustedly to yet another climax. His fingers were still busy inside her as he moved back up her body, biting the smooth skin of her stomach, working up to her breasts, inspecting them closely, sucking on her red and swollen nipples, leaving marks on the alabaster smoothness of her breasts, matching the marks he had been leaving on her body all afternoon.  
  
She shook again as she began to climb to yet another climax. He looked down the length of her soft and open body, revelling in the perfection that he had control of before moving over her and replacing his fingers with his cock as, in one fluid movement, he slid easily and smoothly inside her. He had lost count of the times he had fucked her, he couldn't remember, all he knew was he just couldn't seem to get enough of the body beneath him, as soon as he came he was hard again, he felt like superman from a kids comic. Feeling her tired response to his presence between her legs again he smiled, "Oh no," he whispered into her ear as he began to slide in and out of her with an easy, practiced rhythm that now came naturally, "I'm really not finished with you yet. Not by a long way." and he stilled her protests, pushing up into her, loving the feeling of her his own sperm mixing with her juices.  
  
When he had again ridden her to her finish and she lay open and quiet beneath him he waited, his face just above hers, watching her closely until his deflated penis finally slipped out of her yet again. Slowly he moved down her body, making free with her as she lay exhausted and quiet; licking their joint sweat from her skin, fondling her breasts, sucking her nipples deep into his mouth. Her exhausted body tried to respond but she just lay there, inert and unmoving while he played with her. He moved down her body, slowly grazing, tasting her skin on his lips, his tongue travelling around her navel, moving in a sweep down her lower tummy down to her matted shock of pubic hair. She lay unmoving. He could smell the sex on her and below that her own unique smell, pungent and erotic, mixed with the softer, sourer smell of his semen; she was redolent with sex and his cock suddenly twitched again in anticipation. His mouth moved slowly across her lower abdomen, into the soft area between her hip bone and her pubis until he found the faded marks he had noticed earlier in the day when the Vicar had been here, the faded love bites left by a previous visitor to her body and he smiled, knowing what he had to do.  
  
Positioning himself directly over the same spot he raised his head to look at her before moving slightly to left. Once he was happy with his position he lowered his head, pursed his lips and began to suck.