**Summer**

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**Summer Ch. 20**

Chapter 22 The Vicars story Part 1

Canon Green, our local vicar, was a huge slab of a man, dressed in black, flat faced, pink skinned and as solid and unimaginative as a side of pork. He was a petty tyrant, balding, with large fleshy jowls and hairy hands the size of dinner plates. He was dictatorial, egotistical and dangerous and he gripped the social and religious reins of the Parish tightly in his hands. He chaired the board of just about every club, association, group and committee in the village and brought his own bigoted and autocratic views bear in every sphere of village life. He was a tyrant and he wielded his position as God's representative like a club, bludgeoning and striking down anyone who opposed or challenged him. He was universally disliked and feared in equal measure. All agreed that the milk of human kindness had curdled and run sour in him years before.

He was old school, the 'do as I say not as I do' type of preacher with endless sermons taken straight from the Bible and delivered without interest; as boring and indigestible as they were long. On top of which he was as dull as ditchwater and had all the personality of a plank. He carried his religion around like a stone, which he placed on the table in front of him at meetings and gatherings and alternately hid behind it or beat people into submission with it; he didn't necessarily believe in it but he knew how to use it to his own best advantage.

Despite the fact that he chaired the all the school councils, youth committees and clubs, he actually had no idea what a young person was. He watched the growth of the new philosophies and values of freedom of expression and social revolution with an abhorrence and a growing sense of dislocation. He did not understand them nor had he any desire to. He had never had any choices as a youngster growing up in one of the many poor areas of Northern Ireland in the forties and he didn't understand why this generation should have any, let alone to demand them which was what they seemed to be doing. He had simply done as he was told and when his mother had thrust the clergy upon him as the only career open to him he had succumbed and taken the cloth; a career that he found desperately uninteresting and uninspiring but one that he found gave him status and respectability. As a Vicar he had power that no other profession he could think of would have given him. He was no fool; the church had put him through university and given him status in the community and in return he had understood what was expected of him. But he had never had any choice; choice was a luxury he had never tasted and the bile burned deep within his stomach.

Yet if the philosophies of modern youth left him cold the fashions they were adopting certainly fired his interest and the rising hemline of miniskirts and the exposing of long and shapely legs served to inflame his imagination. As a result he frequented the youth clubs of which he was chair of the committee in the oft rewarded hope of a flash of knickers as some young girl sat down or a long look, in cases where the skirts were spectacularly short, as they danced.

Neither did he understand the new music. Gone were the strict rules and formality of the dances he had grown up with, the waltz and the two-step as well as the associated romance of the words. Now it was all jumping about in darkened rooms with loud voices wailing loosely veiled lyrics about sex. When did the words of songs become 'lyrics' and stop being words? When did 'love' become synonymous with sex? When did sex between unmarried couples become commonplace rather than unusual and how had he missed it?

When he was younger the only way to have sex was to get married and any girl who broke that rule remained unmarried; that was the way it was, no self respecting man would even think of marrying a woman who had had sex out of wedlock. Women had to be virgins, pure and chaste until they were married and under the protection of their husbands; those were the rules. Their reputations, like their hymens, had to be intact.

And when had sex become enjoyable? The newspapers banner headlined 'The age of the Climax', books proclaimed 'The Joys of Sex', there was even a version with pictures! Pictures! He hadn't had sex with his wife since their son, their only child, was conceived; and he was now away at University himself. The idea of enjoyment had never entered their bedroom, they had procreated and once the need for procreation had passed they had stopped. Sex had been a duty not a pleasure. Cold and loveless couplings in a darkened bedroom. A brief and unequal struggle with a heavy winceyette nightie and even heavier, meatier, thighs. Followed by an equally heavy sense of shame and embarrassment when the act was over. He would sigh and roll over, leaving her with the damp patch and she would silently castrate him for him having asked; and now with the advent of 'free love' he felt cheated.

He watched the girls and his eyes took in their breasts and their slim nylon clad thighs. He watched the gropings and the grindings on the darkened dance floor as the young studs tried to simulate the act of sex to the beat of some unintelligible song. He noted who was more forward and who was not, keeping a record of who slipped off to the back rooms at the Church Hall with the coats and the cigarettes and who did not; keeping some undefined record of promiscuity for use at some unknown future date.

He had started to 'accidentally' walk in on the couples in the back rooms, having given them enough time to 'get started' as he thought of it and had been occasionally pleasantly rewarded with the glimpse of a hastily covered breast and even, on one occasion, the fleeting sight of some pubic hair as the discovered couples had hastily tried to conceal the results of their romantic clandestine fumblings.

He usually pretended that he had not noticed and let the couples quickly sneak away in the knowledge that they would be more desperate and therefore bolder, the next time he 'caught' them and each experience gave him more to hold over them if and when the time came to use the information. Very occasionally he would take the offensive and would severely chastise the terrified young couple, threatening them with public disclosure and parental involvement, browbeating them until the girl broke down and cried for forgiveness.

Once dismissed the young man would gladly flee the scene with his tail euphemistically between his legs, happily abandoning the young woman to her fate, with the vicars sonorous voice ringing in his ears, the smell of sulphur and brimstone in his breath, telling him to 'beware the fruits of his carnal appetite'. Once the young man had run for his life the Vicar would then offer comfort and succour to the distraught young thing left at his mercy. Sitting next to them, his arm around their heaving shoulders, his hand would always stray a little, the odd passing feel of a breast or of a nylon clad young thigh. He had once even slid his hand accidentally between one particular young woman's legs, one that had repeatedly visited the back room with a number of boys and been added to list of 'possibles'. Surprisingly she had shown an immediate and remarkable recovery from her tear washed anguish of seconds before and displayed a gratifying lack of surprise or resistance to his 'accidental' touch by instantly opening her legs for him and allowing him a moments feel of the warmth and softness, the promise of satisfaction that lingered there. He had remained between her legs only a moment before retreating with the memory of her warmth in his fingertips and an immediate and powerful erection to remind him of the occasion. But he was also a coward and the thought of what he had done, and what could have happened had the woman reacted differently, terrified him and he had never repeated that particular operation again.

His priesthood, his position in society, the power he wielded, was a mighty double edged sword. Powerful as he was one slip and it would all come crashing down about his ears and that was a fate far too terrible to contemplate. So he watched and waited, biding his time while he stroked his erection through the hole in his pocket as he talked to the numerous women of his parish; young and old. No-one was safe from his fervid imagination and they would have been shocked to find that he had imagined them all naked and under his hands at some time or another.

Pat had been part of Church since a child; brought into the congregation by her parents when she was still at her mother's breast. Unusually by modern standards she had continued being a member long after most of her friends has dropped away. She grew up into the congregation, becoming a senior member of the choir, a Senior Girl Guide, a youth club council member and she regularly helped out with chores in the church, arranging flowers for the services and delivering Sunday school classes. All the things that young people no longer did, that were no longer fashionable or contemporary.

The vicar had marked Pat out as one of the professional church goers, a 'God groupie' as he uncharitably called them; and there were a few of them in the Parish, mainly young people, mainly keen and all devout and squeaky clean. In truth he could not stand them, they made him feel old and tired. But there was always something slightly different about Pat, a stillness about her that made him watch her; an intensity that said she was not as straight as she seemed, a hidden depth that spoke of rebellion and still waters. And so he watched her, quietly, from a distance.

Their paths crossed regularly. She was an altar girl as well as a chorister and so they were bound to meet. He began to touch her when he spoke to her, safe, easily explainable touches that would not get him into trouble. Even so she showed nothing, seemingly oblivious to the thrill he was getting from the scent of her perfume, from the soft warmth of her skin. He started positioning himself so that he could look at her breasts, taking in her shape, imagining the feel of her. If she knew what he was doing she showed nothing, revealed nothing. She was always passive when he was around, always accepting, always looking for work, looking to be helpful; and he became convinced that she was putting herself near him, putting herself in his way.

Everything changed for him the day they met together in the vestry to inventory hymn books; a standard routine that was performed once a month before the Sunday evening service. A simple task that he had performed a hundred times with one or other of the parishioners; but this time Pat turned up to help, filling in for a sick absentee.

After the count was over and the piles of books counted he was down on one knee next to the bookcase, picking up a stack of hymnals from the floor when she came over and stood close by him, hard against his shoulder. He hesitated, half down on one knee, suddenly aware of the young woman as she stood next to him; long shapely legs and short loosely billowing skirt. Steadying himself with a hand on the pile of books he suddenly noticed a fresh graze on her skin, just above her knee and without thinking he reached out and touched it. She never moved. Her skin was warm and soft, the graze a rough patch under the pad of his thumb. He stroked her knee, lightly, marvelling in the feel of her skin and she stood quietly as he softly rubbed his thumb over the small patch of damaged skin, his fingers gently resting on her leg, soft against the back of her knee. His eyes were fixed on her knee without seeing it, gazing into some sexual middle distance as his thumb began to grow bolder, following its instincts, moving in slow circles higher up her thigh.

Suddenly he shifted back into real time and his hand dropped away as if scalded. In the same moment he realised with a shock that he was hard and painfully erect inside his pants. He quickly looked up to find that she was just standing there beside him, staring down at him, her dark eyes reserved and unfathomable. He coughed in embarrassment as if from the dust and picked up the stack of books from the floor. He slid them heavily into the bookcase. He made to speak but her silent stare unnerved him and the words died in his throat and he rose to his feet, brushing his hands on his cassock, rearranging it to hide his erection.

Standing he towered over her once again and felt better, his position of authority somehow restored. Her expression never changed as she slowly looked away from his face, her eyes travelling silently down to his body to his crutch and his hastily hidden erection. For a moment there was a brief flicker of something in her eyes as if she could see his erect member beneath his trousers and cassock and he felt himself blush fiercely.

A small and beatific smile creased the corners of her face, angelic, the long suffering smile of sexually abused womanhood through the ages, a contrived innocence that only the truly tainted have; and at her vulnerability, her purity, her youth, his erection strained at the front of his pants as if it had a life of its own, screaming to be unleashed and to do its worst. Shaken to his core by his reaction he muttering some incoherent excuse and pushed himself away from her and almost ran back towards the safety of his office in the vestry.

He was sweating and his hands were shaking. Looking back over his shoulder he could see that Pat had simply returned to stacking the books on the shelves, calmly, methodically, spines outwards, as though nothing had happened at all; and perhaps for her nothing had happened other than a brief touch of skin and his overactive and overheated imagination.

Bursting into his office he slammed the door closed behind him as if to shut out the devil that he now knew to be chasing him, without realising that the devil had entered with him. He lay back against the varnished wood and all he could think of was the feel of her skin under his fingertips and her smile, the soft seductive smile of the innocent; and he felt his erection, iron hard and straining in his pants. Locking the door behind him he collapsed into his chair and putting his head into his hands, he shook his head as if to clear it. He shook from head to toe, his hands trembled, and his thoughts whirled like sparks above the sudden and raging bonfire of his lust.

He had no idea how long he sat there but when he looked up he saw the fading light filtering down through the small arched window high up on the wall of his small office and he realised that it must be getting late. He pushed himself unsteadily to his feet, he felt drained, weakened, like the aftermath of a fever. He was exhausted by the fire that had burned so suddenly bright, that had raged in his veins. He straightened himself up, brushing his hands on his cassock and through his short, thinning hair, he needed to pull himself together, get himself moving again. He was shocked by the strength of his desire, the power of the passion and the poisons that had suddenly boiled inside him.

Taking a deep breath he walked unsteadily out of his office and slowly made his way through the darkening and deserted church, checking that the place was clear before he left and locked up. As he made his silent rounds he felt somehow that the place had changed, or that his life had somehow taken on a tilt that left him feeling a little dizzy and unbalanced. He felt strangely that something had been let loose, broken loose from inside him; something that he had kept on a leash for so long and it frightened him. He now knew that his lust was real and dangerous, as real as the church he was walking through, that it now walked alongside him, set free, always present.

For the next couple of days he could not settle, his mind was aflame, it was alive with desire. He could not put the event behind him, he could think of nothing other than the soft, warm, feel of her skin and the shape of her knee under his fingers. But as the days passed he managed to slowly bring his fevered imagination under control, and as the immediacy of the event began to recede he calmed down, slowly getting his life back a normal pitch and routine. By the end of the week he was beginning to try to convince himself that he had imagined the whole episode.

It was almost a week later and he had just finished the last service of the day, the one he was most fond of, if he could be said to be fond of any. The best thing about the evening service was that it was short, a couple of hymns and brief sermon and no real pressure. On this particular evening the congregation was particularly sparse even for one of his services, the usual smattering of spinsters smelling of mothballs and lavender, dressed in heavy coats and hats and gloves regardless of the season. His God groupies, sitting in God's waiting room waiting to be called, that attended every service. There were a couple of old men seeking some human warmth and companionship, although he thought with a dour smile that he doubted if they would find much with the biddies that had turned up tonight. At the back a couple of young bloods who no doubt had only turned up to escort certain young ladies of the choir home, probably hoping to find a little more carnal comfort in their companionship than the older men were looking for, although you could never be sure anymore.

The church organ played a slow, quiet dirge as the choir filed out of the back to their disrobing room behind the choir stall. The parishioners slowly queued in the aisle for a few muttered last words to the vicar at the door before stepping out into the warm night air. When the congregation had all left the Vicar gratefully closed the large old wooden door behind him. He made his way to the nave to speak to the organist and choirmaster, a wiry old man of indeterminate old age who had been pumping the pedals of the organ man and boy almost since the church had been built and that was in the sixteenth century he thought wryly. As they spoke the choir, now changed out of their cassocks into their day clothes, slowly filtered by; saying their goodnights in a suitably respectful voice as befitted his position as they passed.

Once they had gone the choirmaster made his way to change in the vicars robbing room and the Vicar to his office. He picked up the collection plate on his way and grimaced at the few copper coins that were scattered on the worn green felt at the bottom of the old wooden plate. In his office he counted the meagre collection, marked the meagre total in a book and placed the coins into an old safe which was kept in an even older cupboard where he kept his vestments. Locking the safe and pocketing the key he disrobed, a ritual he had undertaken for far too many years and the symbolism of which had long ago lost any meaning.

He closed the cupboard and sat on the edge of his desk and contemplated his options, he could go home and spend what was left of the evening in the frigid company of his wife, on the other hand there was a confiscated copy of a Playboy magazine locked in the top drawer of his desk along with a half empty bottle of fine Irish whisky and a glass. The young man whose playboy he had confiscated had been to see him earlier in the week, suitably contrite, and asked if he could have it back 'as his dad would kill him if he didn't put it back where he had found it'. The Vicar had sent him away with a curt admonition to send his father to him if there were any problems. The boy had walked away muttering imprecations under his breath.

The vicar searched for the key for the drawer in an old and battered jar on his desk. As his fingers closed around the key and he could feel the tingle of anticipation in his loins he stopped and suddenly thought that before he settled down he had better make sure that the church was empty and the doors locked. Parishioners have no sense of humour when it comes to catching their vicar masturbating over a naked woman in a men only magazine.

He made his way through the darkening church, making his familiar evening rounds, switching off lights and locking doors behind him, making sure that all in his domain was locked down and closed tight. Turning behind the tiered wooden seats of the choir stalls he pushed open the door and walked into the robbing room.

Jenny was standing by her open locker, seemingly in the action of undressing. She had just pulled her heavy cassock over her head and was standing with her arms still in the garment, holding it against her chest. She had her back to him but she half turned at the sound of the door behind her. He froze in the doorway as she stood before of him, dressed only in her knickers, the cassock still in her hands.

She stood stock still, unmoving, frozen in time; her head lowered demurely, holding the cassock tight against her, her eyes fixed on the ground. Neither moved, his heart, like time, had stopped, crushed by the sudden constriction in his chest. The seconds ran on and time elongated as his eyes, unbidden, followed the smooth shape of her white shoulders, slightly hunched as she clutched the cassock to her chest. Followed the long travel down her back, alabaster flushed with pink, the soft line of her backbone tantalisingly bisected by the marks of her bra strap, although, he noticed with another jolt, that if she had been, she was now no longer wearing one. His eyes moved on, down over the slight flair of her hips to the smoothly rounded curve of her delightful bottom, each cheek a softly rounded handful, pleading to be fondled and his hands twitched and curled with sudden and acute desire. The smell of sulphur filled his nostrils.

He noticed that her white floral print knickers had ridden low at the back and the shadowy crease of the beginning of her cleft that divided those heavenly cheeks could be clearly seen. His eyes followed the line down, hidden beneath the soft cotton but the indent still easily visible until it disappeared into the shadows between her legs. He licked his lips at the thought of what forbidden delights lay hidden in that warm and inviting darkness between her legs. He shuddered with desire at the thought, his penis rising suddenly and painfully in the confines of his trousers. He stood transfixed, his eyes staring, his blood roaring in his ears. In the subdued light he took in every curve, every nuance and texture of her body.

Slowly and demurely, almost without moving, she unhurriedly turned to face him. His world cart wheeled as he stood rock still, holding onto the door frame for support as the moment unfolded, almost dreamlike, around him. She looked up at him, her eyes impenetrable pools of pure liquid black and his world shattered as he stared back at her, crashing and burning around him. His lifetimes defences were completely overwhelmed, his penis screamed for attention and his hands were clenched so tightly that his fingernails were driving into his palms. She looked back at him, seeing his discomfort, his despair and disarray and her face betrayed nothing, her dark eyes empty and expressionless.

"I'm sorry," he said at last, his voice cracking, sounding loud in the small room. His cheeks flushed a furious red as her eyes met his.

"I thought everyone had gone, I... I was just checking."

His hands fluttered ineffectually, indicating the silent, empty body of the Church behind him.

She did not answer or even acknowledge him, she simply stood and stared; until slowly, without a sound, the cassock seemed to slip through her fingers, sliding down her body like an unveiling, a single, soft susurration of cloth to pool on the floor at her feet.

Time stood still in that moment, he stood in the doorway and looked at her, shocked beyond reason. His eyes transfixed by the roll of her breasts, her nipples roseate and hard in the soft light, soft buds tipping her swelling breasts; her firm, flat, stomach tapering down to the deep shadowy 'v' where her thighs joined; the shape and fullness of her sex outlined by the soft material of her knickers.

She looked at him, her hands, still redundantly held between her breasts from where they had let the cassock fall, her eyes silent and defiant, somehow slightly amused at his obvious disorientation and confusion. He made to speak but his mouth had gone dry. She looked back at him, perfect, statuesque, the shallow rise and fall of her breasts her only sign of engagement in the moment.

He took a halting, hesitant, step into the room. She never moved, her eyes fixed on his, watching him like some fixed and rooted bird of prey. He took another step on unsure and leaden feet. He was closer to her now, could almost feel the heat emanating from her body, a palpable warm. She finally, almost defiantly, lowered her hands to her sides her eyes betraying nothing. Her breasts stood high and proud on her chest, her nipples erect; the noise in his head was deafening, with agonising slowness he raised his hand towards her until his trembling fingers mere inches from her hard pink nipple.

The peal of easy laughter rang clear in the soft night air; followed by the rush of excited voices from the body of the church behind him. He halted, his hand outstretched. His breath came out as a soft hiss and his hand dropped impotently to his side. Another rush of voices came through the door from behind him and tearing himself away from the near naked girl he reluctantly took a step backwards. Her eyes followed him, still defiant, slightly mocking.

Stepping outside he closed the door quietly behind him, his knees suddenly weak, his breath hard and tight in his chest. The sound of voices was louder now and he shook his head, desperately trying to pull himself together, straightening his pants and trying to hide his erection. Tearing himself away from the room and scene inside he hesitantly, shakily, made his way around the corner and into the body of the church.

She listened to his receding footsteps, his distinctive heavy footfall and she stared at the closed door. It was not until the silence returned that she kicked the cassock casually to one side and turned to continue dressing.

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The situation had completely and utterly unmanned him; in the days that followed he found he could think of little else other than her firm young body, her perfect high riding young breasts with their pink erect nipples, the deep and enticing v where her legs met. He fantasised about her incessantly and he carried an almost constant erection and had to be careful to keep it concealed although his voluminous black cassock could almost have been designed for just such a purpose.

And she seemed to be around him all the time, wherever he was, helping at the Church both before and after the services; at all the church functions as a member of the congregation and also as a senior member of the church Girl Guide group and choir; she was haunting him, he could not avoid her, she seemed to be there every time he turned around, her calm stare looking back at him, taunting him, exciting him, turning him on.

In response he masturbated like a man possessed, his devils riding him until his hand was a blur; taking every opportunity to slip away and make himself cum, fishing his rigid shaft out of his trousers with relish and stroking himself while imagining Pat naked and compliant beneath him. But despite his desperation there was no opportunity to get her alone, he had to be careful, he could not afford to be caught. And whether by design or accident she always seemed to be surrounded by people, chaperoned and inaccessible; and always her eyes, watching him, laughing at his impotence to make good his desires.

Eventually, as the weeks passed, his passion failed to cool but instead became a cold and implacable obsession. Frustration became calculation, calculation allowed calm. He began to watch and plan, he knew it was only a matter of time before he managed to find her alone and then he would have her. He just needed the patience to wait for the opportunity to present itself.

It was only a few days later that he noticed that the curtains were open in the church hall as he drove past. It took him a moment to remember that the Guides had asked for the keys to go in and get their kit ready for a short camping trip they were planning. He also remembered that they had booked a few days use of the grounds behind the church itself that they always used as their local camping grounds. He had intended to check out the campsite when they were on the chance that she would be there but on an instinct he pulled his car into the church hall drive and parked.

The main doors to the hall were unlocked and he let himself in. The hall at first appeared disappointingly empty but then he noticed that the trapdoors to the space beneath the stage was propped open and he could hear the muffled sound of voices coming faintly from inside. He walked over to the front of the stage, his footsteps echoing noisily in the empty hall and the voices fell silent.

"Hello?" he called and he heard the sound of movement from somewhere under the stage, he heard hurried whispers.

"Hello? Is anyone there?" he called again and suddenly a head popped up through the trapdoor. He recognised Sue as one of the other senior guides from the troop.

"Hello," he said, "are you here on your own?"

Sue smiled, "Hello Vicar. No, I'm not. My sister Jackie is here," and as if on cue Jackie's head appeared in the second trapdoor alongside her. The trapdoors, which were set into the floor of the stage, were heavy contraptions and over the years someone had designed a couple of supporting struts that could prop the doors open for light and ventilation for anyone working under the stage. It was these struts that held the doors open now.

Unfortunately the doors could only be propped open enough to allow the girls heads and shoulders to show and consequently the two disembodied heads resembled a Punch and Judy show rather than real people.

"Hello Vicar," Jackie offer, smiling. "We're getting the equipment ready for a camping trip for next week."

He nodded and smiled back, "Hello Jackie. I know about the trip. You're using the woods behind the Church. I've just signed the papers."

"Papers?" Jackie looked confused.

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

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

"No reason that you should my dear." He said condescendingly, " are there only the two of you? I would have thought that there would have been more of you, some of those tents are very heavy."

"Pat said she would be here soon. Three of us will be fine."

"Pat?" the vicar asked his interest suddenly peaking. "Pat Jackson? From the choir?"

"Yep," Jackie answered, "said she would be here. We're expecting her any time now."

The vicar paused and licked his lips, looking around. Slowly and ponderously he walked across and picked up a folding chair, returning to his spot n front of the low stage. He sat down and settled himself like a stage director in the empty hall. The two girls exchanged glances and Sue ducked back under the stage.

"She's getting something to kneel on," Jackie offer and after some shuffling Jackie rested her chin on her arms and Sue's head reappeared.

"Sorry, just getting something to kneel on. Floors a bit hard on the knees and the stage is just a bit too high without something to kneel on."

"That's alright," the vicar offered, his overheated imagination suddenly conjuring up the image of what he knew to be two very attractive bodies that were lost to view beneath the stage. He could feel himself growing hard at the thought and he crossed his legs, enjoying the now familiar feeling of his growing erection. Since Pat had offered herself in just her knickers his mind had been constantly alight with sexual images of every woman he had come into contact with. He realised with a smile that his obsession with sex was now totally out of hand.

He coughed and taking his time he rearranged his cassock over his growing embarrassment. He looked up at the girls and realising that his tell tale erection was below their line of sight he relaxed. He slipped his hand into the false pocket in his cassock that lay behind the real pockets and which gave him access to his trousers and with a small sigh of contentment he quietly unbuttoned his trousers. Looking around he slowly pulled himself out and gently began to stroke his shaft as he let his mind dwell once again on his recent meeting with a semi nude Pat.

The conversation with the girls drifted, his interest focused on his hand on his shaft and his eyes on the door waiting for Pat to arrive. The girls folded their arms on the stage in front of them and rested their chins on them as the vicar droned on. He was lost in the sensations that were growing as he slowly kept on stroking himself. The secret pleasure he was giving himself and knowing the risk he was taking made the pleasure more intense. In fact he was so wrapped up in his own pleasure that he did not notice the growing discomfort of the two young women. Sue in particular seemed to be suffering more than her sister from the dust and the heat under the stage

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She seemed restless, jittery, unable to settle and a number of times she seemed to almost drop from sight, as though her legs were incapable of holding her up. She looked flushed and hot, resting her head on her arms on the edge of the stairs. Had he been less erect he would have made the short journey to the edge of the stage to see what was wrong but his erection was too obvious and besides he was enjoying the sensations of pleasuring himself. He was thinking of Pat and not Sue and Jackie. Attractive as they were they were unknowns whereas Pat had staked her claim on his attentions by disrobing in front of him.

His mind constantly ran back and forth over the scenario and he cursed the people in the Church, the ones who had returned unexpectedly. His mind was alive with the possibilities of what would have happened if they had arrived even ten minutes later when his hand would have been able to complete its journey and claim her young and extremely beautiful breast.

His mind was occasionally pulled back to the conversation with the two sisters in front of him although every time he did he noticed that their situation seemed to have deteriorated. He began to idly wonder whether Sue was drunk, she was sweating, her eyes looked glazed and she could barely keep her feet. Under normal circumstances he would have investigated, made them come out and explain themselves; but he did not want any problems that would not leave him free to deal with Pat when she arrived. Normally the problem of having to take a drunk young woman home in his car would have been a God given opportunity, especially when he could have conjured a hundred excused to dump her sister and thereby get Sue alone but he was fixed on Pat and he glanced back at the door wondering where she was. Looking up he suddenly noticed that Sue had in fact disappeared below stage at some point and he hadn't noticed, he was just about to comment when Pat arrived. Throwing the door open almost at a run she burst into the hall like a miniature whirlwind.

Calling Jackie's name she headed for the stage before she saw Jackie standing with her head out of the trapdoor. Confused she slowed slightly in her headlong rush. "Hi," she said cautiously, leaning over to catch her breath. "What's happening? Are you alright?" She saw Jackie staring pointedly past her and still confused she turned to follow her gaze.

"Hello Patricia," he said, rising from his seat like some prophecy of doom made mortal and slowly he turned to face her, a strangely depreciating smile of triumph on his lips.

Pat froze, "Hello Mr Green," she said, suddenly subdued as if the very sight of him had robbed her of her will.

"I've just been talking to Jackie and Sue," waving a large hand vaguely in their direction as if it were not obvious who he was talking about. "I understand you are here to help them."

Pat nodded but added with a sudden desperation, "Actually I'm here to apologise, I've got to get home, my Mum needs me to help her." She looked around the Vicar and pulled a face at Jackie, "Sorry," she said, "she just sprang it on me." Jackie smiled back at her, a strange sort of distracted smile but she told her it was OK and not to worry.

"Are you leaving now?" the Vicar asked moving with surprising speed for such a large man and placing himself between Pat and the door, effectively ending any thoughts of flight that she may have been harbouring.

Looking around and realising her predicament Pat nodded. "She's waiting," she offered apologetically. The Vicar collected his chair and placed it carefully back against the wall.

"I'll walk out with you," he said, "I really have to go as well." He turned back toward the stage and waved a curt farewell to Jackie before taking Pat by the arm and walking her out of the hall. He did not hear the heartfelt 'Fuck!' as Jackie's head slumped forward onto her arms or hear the short cry of surprise as she also suddenly disappeared back under the stage as if snatched away.

With his hand gripping her upper arm the vicar propelled Pat out into the small vestibule just outside the main hall. A few abandoned coats and an old scarf still adorned the pegs around the walls. Still retaining his grip on her he sat heavily on to one of the benches that were stacked there.

"I want to talk to you," he said, pulling her closer.

"What about?" she said, standing quiet and surprisingly unresisting before him.

"You know what about," he said, letting her go; and she stood back, trying to put herself out of his reach. "Parading yourself naked in the vestry the other day."

"I wasn't 'parading myself'," she said beginning to quietly prepare her defence, "you walked in on me. I didn't know you were there."

"Stop lying," he said bluntly, cutting through the arguments she was constructing in her head, "you knew I was there. You dropped your cassock on purpose, you exposed yourself knowing I was there, that I could see you, so that I could get a good look at you. You thought I was a safe man to expose your body to didn't you?" he said, his voice harsh and insistent and Pat backed away suddenly fearful of the huge man in front of her. "The vicar," he continued remorselessly, "a man of God, what could he do if you exposed your body to him? Nothing! He's just an impotent old man you thought and you took great delight in showing yourself off didn't you? Flashing your body and your breasts. You were teasing me."

Pat turned her back on him, pretending to read the dusty notices haphazardly pinned to a board on the wall, her confidence had suddenly evaporated and she didn't know how to handle the situation and the man, his position, his power and his sheer size dominating her.

"I wasn't teasing," she said, her voice shaking slightly, betraying her new found fear, "you misunderstood, you took me by surprise."

He stood up and moved closer behind her, his breath hot and moist rasping against her ear and she stiffened as she felt his nearness behind her, hard up against her.

"Misunderstood? You were naked! You only had your knickers on. You were teasing," he repeated, "and I am not a man lightly to be teased."

She started as she felt his hand, slowly and purposely, close around the softly rounded globe of her bottom, moulding itself to her shape. She bit her lip to stop herself from crying out as he deliberately and calculatingly squeezed her cheek. She could feel small beads of sweat starting along her hairline, his hand felt huge and hot, his breath heavy and threatening behind her. Her head swam as he groped his way over her, feeling her shape, pressing up against her. She had somehow lost control of the situation, between the Church and here and she was panicked. She stood stock still as his hand moved back to her bottom, following the contours of her cheeks. She was rooted to the spot, shock and disbelief taking their toll in equal parts.

His hand moved easily, feeling its way from cheek to cheek, confident, thorough; and she could feel herself begin to tremble as his hand slid slowly down the back of her thigh, moving lower until his fingers finally touched bare skin and with a deliberate and calculated slowness he lifted the back of her short, pleated dress; carefully tucking it up at the back, exposing her from the waist down.

His hand immediately moulded itself once again to the contours of her cheek. She whimpered slightly as he squeezed and fondled her through the thin material of her knickers, his hands growing stronger, more sure, more dominant.

"I told you I am not a man to be teased," he whispered quietly, his mouth still hot and foetid against her ear. He gripped her, kneading her cheeks with the palm of his hand, his fingers hard and insistent, dipping into the dark cleft that separated them, slowly working the material down.

"Not a man to be teased," he whispered, dark and menacing, his breath in her hair and she shook beneath his hands.

"Nice arse," he said quietly, the word sounding even more shocking from a vicar and he laughed again.

"But there again," he added after a brief pause, "I always knew it would be."

She felt his hand move over her with a growing intimacy, moving up under the top of her skirt onto the soft skin above her knickers, skin new exposed by the movement of his hands; and she knew that she had lost her chance to object to him, to express indignation at his actions, for an outraged outburst of moral anger, to save herself from further intimacy under his hands.

Taking the soft material of her knickers in both hands he pulled the elasticated waistband away from her skin. He paused for a moment and she waited, she could feel him looking down in to the back of her knickers, looking at her bared bottom like some small and naughty schoolboy. She tensely waited for what seemed like an age, her forehead resting against the ancient crusty glass of the notice board; before she felt his hand slip slowly down inside the back of her pants, flesh against unresisting flesh, sliding slowly and silently down into the darkness where her secrets were kept. The only noise the soft, excited, exhalation of held in breath at her ear. She shuddered as she felt his fingers glide down in the darkness inside her pants, intimately exploring, crudely searching.

His hand felt huge behind her, filling the back of her knickers, covering her cheeks, his fingers pushing rudely into the cleft between them and her legs began to tremble. She rolled her forehead against the glass as she silently acquiesced in her own violation.

She tried to keep still but she could feel herself shaking, dazed and shocked.

"See what happens to little girls who tease?" he said and he squeezed her flesh, his finger pressing against the small, secret, bud of her anus. He pressed a little harder and his hand shook with the adrenaline rush. He felt her tense, he had never felt so strong, so in command and without knowing really what he was doing except that it was forbidden, he pressed a little harder until the tip of his finger just began to open her and she whimpered.

He was doing things he had never dreamed possible, he had this young woman exactly where he wanted her, and was shocked at her passivity, her acceptance of his advances and her seeming complete acquiescence to what he was doing to her. There was no objection to his hands in her knickers, to his touching her, not even a token resistance, she just stood still and let him do as he pleased; and his mind raced with the sudden sexual possibilities she presented, the opportunities to touch and unclothe; and his mind reeled, a flash of light, his epiphany complete.

She did not feel his hand shake as he took the thin waistband of her knickers in his hand and slowly and deliberately pulled the back of them down below the pink, scrubbed cheeks of her bottom. When she realised what he was doing she cried out and made a move to catch hold of them and he laughed and in a voice that brooked no argument he snarled "leave them," and she stopped in mid motion.

"That's better," he said as her hands dropped subserviently to her side and he reached around her, fumbling up and under the front of her skirt to grab the waistband of her knickers and to pull the front down onto her thighs just as he had at the back. As he pulled them down the back of his fingers accidentally brushed lightly against her pubic hair and his heart missed a beat. He hesitated for a moment and his mouth dried up. The touch at her sex, the brief brush against her pubic hair made him suddenly and terrifyingly aware of the enormity of what he was doing. He was standing in the vestibule of a dark and decrepit old village hall pulling down the knickers of one of his parishioners, one of the women in his congregation, one of the woman he was supposed to succour and protect, not fondle and abuse.

He had completely crossed the line, his behaviour was so outrageous that if discovered his life in this community, in any decent community, was over. He would be a pariah, an outcast, defrocked and cast out. His life was already in tatters, everything he had worked for and become had been risked in this one brief moment of sexual madness, crystallised into the accidental brush against this young woman's pubic hair. He hesitated, his logical mind trying to stop the folly but uncontrollably the sexual urge proved stronger and his hand continued to work her knickers down from under her skirt.

"Just do as you're told and you'll find I can be very nice," he said, his hands shaking as he worked the loose material down her thighs.

"You see I like a girl who does what she's told."

She whimpered slightly as his hands, in their haste and excitement harshly handled her.

"No use snivelling now," he said as with one hand he pushed her knickers further down her legs before pushing her legs hurriedly apart with his foot. He straightened up, running his hand back up between her thighs and back onto her bottom.

"You brought this on yourself you know," he snarled. "Flashing your body at me, making fun of me, thinking I would be a safe target, that I wouldn't do anything. I'll bet you told all your friends what you'd done, had a good laugh at me didn't you?"

Pat shook her head, shocked and dazed, she could feel his fingers tremble with excitement as he caressed her, her arse and her hips, his desire in plain sight, his own darkness finally exposed.

"Open your legs," he instructed and she hesitated for a moment but he squeezed her naked cheek hard and she winced.

"Open them," he repeated threateningly and so she opened her legs further for him, shuffling slightly in her fear, conditioned by his authority to obey.

"That's better," he said, his hands stroking her flanks and cheeks, "no more teasing now is there?" She shook her head.

He could not breathe when he looked at her, almost naked from the waist down, her skirt high and out of the way, her knickers around her knees. He prayed silently to himself, his lips mouthing the words, his mind on the edge of hysteria, a whirl of fear and lust, his erection hard and painful in his trousers. With shaking hands he grasped her bottom with both hands, exploring, kneading, excitedly absorbing every curve, every texture. He worked his hand slowly up and down the crack of her bottom, feeling the dark warmth of her secret brown skin, probing rudely, intimately and she whimpered. No one had ever touched her like this, so familiarly, not even her doctor; but like her doctor the man behind her now knew exactly what he was doing when he touched her. He knew how to unclothe her, how to search her forbidden places and how to expose her for his needs. But unlike the doctor the vicar's hands shook.

She placed her own hands on the wall to brace herself as his fingers worked their way slowly down between her cheeks, following the line down between her legs.

"Further," he said quietly, authoritatively, "open them further." And she obediently shuffled her legs further apart to allow his hand access to her. Watching her stand there with her legs apart, waiting for him to touch her, he paused for a moment as he struggled with an overwhelming desire to cum. He moaned quietly and shook as he fought for control of his ejaculation. Yet all she could feel was his hand as it slid slowly down into the darkness between her legs.

For him there was a moments fumbling in unfamiliar territory and then his fingers closed on her, as he always knew they would; warm and moist, soft and trembling, the object of his deepest desires. Desires he had often prayed to overcome and desires he had quite obviously failed to erase.

She gasped as his fingers found her, reaching for her from behind, between her legs, sliding inexpertly along the length of her, along the soft, wet, line of her sex. Yet his large fingers were strangely inept, strangely tender, almost childishly gentle in their assault up on her most intimate of places. His trembling fingers, as they followed along the line of her lips, separating and stroking, were surprisingly tormenting, unexpectedly erotic.

"Yes," he said quietly against her ear, his incredulous fingers softly caressing her sex as if it were some warm, small bird, "that's what I've been looking for. Thank you," although if asked he would have been hard pressed to say what he was thanking her for.

His fingers pushed between her lips, opening her up, feeling her wetness transfer itself onto his hand.

"It feels like you have a beautiful fanny," he said at last as his fingers travelled wetly along her. He laughed harshly.

"Has anyone ever told you that?" he asked and she shook her head.

"No?" he asked pleased with her answer and his finger slipped inside her, seeming to suddenly fill her, causing her to lean heavily against the wall as though her legs would no longer support her.

Looking down she could not see his hand between her thighs; she could only feel his finger inside her, filling her, making her tremble and she groaned as he pressed himself home.

"No?" He asked again as he continued quietly to explore her sex, "I find that hard to believe. It feels beautiful to me," and she hung her head, biting her lip and fighting back the tears and the sudden unexpected need to cum.

Once again he ran his finger along the length of her, from the front to the back of her sex, she was already very wet and his finger moved easily between her lips and he rejoiced in the feeling, he could not ever remember feeling anything so beautiful, so rare, as this young woman's soft wet sex. Her knees sagged again and she remained upright only by resting her head against the wall in front of her. His finger made the return journey, moving between her lips with the hubris born of his growing confidence, his growing intimacy with and knowledge of her body.

He finally realised that he now had complete control of her and providing he used her wisely, at least at first, he could do with her what he pleased. He could not believe how easily she had fallen. She was not going to report him now, her chance had passed, he was safe.

He reached the top of her sex, searching for and finding the small nub of her clitoris and she stiffened and cried out as he touched it, her forehead pressed against the wall.

"Ah yes," he said gleefully, his finger circling the hard little point, "that is what I believe they call 'the clitoris', the 'pleasure centre', the 'g-spot', the centre of your universe. It's what all the current excitement is about in your generation; or so I've read. It seems that you have just invented it. We'll have to check it out properly at some point won't we?"

She hung her head and tried not to cry out as his finger centred on the spot. "Sensitive isn't it," he said, his finger making dazzling, lazy circles, that lit up in fireworks behind her eyes and made her groan.

"Do you like it? Do you like me doing this? You do don't you? He said and she slid slowly forward, leaning more heavily against the wall. "You don't have to answer now," he said, "we'll have plenty of time to discuss it later," and his finger moved back along her sex and she almost collapsed with despair and relief.

His finger slipped inside her, sliding into her, filling her and this time she could not control herself and she cried out.

"Ah, so you do like it," he said, "I thought you would," he said and pressed his finger deeper inside her. She cried out again, feeling her self control slipping away from her, his fingers and his words stripping her of her ability to think straight or even to stand up. He pressed again and with a small shudder she came on his finger, sagging hard against the wall.

He laughed, his breath harsh against her cheek.

"Well," he said triumphantly, "that was easy wasn't it? Very quick. I hardly touched you. Just you wait until I really get my fingers inside you," she shuddered, her face pressed up against the wall, her legs apart. His fingers withdrew and she moaned softly.

"I think I'm going to enjoy getting to grips with you; and I know that you're going to enjoy it as well, a joint voyage of discovery." He patted her affectionately on her naked rear and stepped back. "You have a really beautiful bottom," he said his hand lingering on the soft globe. "And a very beautiful fanny," he said his hand slipping down between her legs as if reluctant to let go of his wet prize, "I'm really going to enjoy you."

With a discernible effort he pushed himself away from the young woman, leaving her hard against the wall. He paused for a moment.

"Oh, and Pat," he said, but she didn't look up, just sagged against the wall with her head down.

He heard a muffled 'What?', she was still standing with her skirt tucked up around her waist, her legs apart with her knickers half way down her thighs, her naked bottom on display. His wet finger marks glinted in the sunlight on her skin. He touched her and she flinched.

"I was just going to say 'don't forget to pull your pants up'. We don't want anyone to get the wrong idea about you do we? Some people wouldn't understand you going out half naked; they might think you were easy."

He laughed to himself and made to turn away, "Oh and yes," he said turning back and standing close behind her again, "while I'm thinking about it." He fondled her bottom again and she shuddered. "While I have really enjoyed our little 'conversation' here today, I don't want you to run away with the idea that I'm finished with you. Do you understand?"

She remained quiet, her head resting on her arms which were braced against the wall. With his hand still on her bottom he reached under her arm with his free hand and grasped her breast, squeezing it. "Do you understand?" he repeated and she gasped at the semi painful pressure. "Do you understand?"

"Yes," she said quietly, "Yes, I understand."

"Good," he said smiling, "I'll see you later then," and without a backward glance at the exposed and spread eagled young woman, as if in a sudden hurry to flee the scene of the crime, he turned and walked out of the front door into the sunshine.

**Summer Ch. 21**

**Summer Chapter 23 The Vicars Story Chapter 2**

The vicar didn't drive off immediately. He sat in his car outside the church hall and waited for his shaking to stop. He leaned his head forward against the cool plastic of the steering wheel and closed his eyes until his breathing came back to something like normal and his heart rate slowed. He was terrified, what he had just done was unbelievable, unimaginable; and incredibly exciting. He sat up and ran his hands through his short, thinning hair, shaking his head to try and shake loose a little reality and to bring a little sanity back into his world.

His hands were shaking, sweating and his eyes felt bright and fevered. He was ill, he felt ill, feeling sick, his stomach tied in knots, churning over. His terrors wrapped around him like a blanket, all the negative questions pounding in his brain. What had he done? What if he was discovered? What would happen to his job, his home, his marriage, his position in society; all forfeit. All he had worked for and built. Too lose them all was simply too terrible to contemplate and in a blind panic he looked around for the door handle, fumbling with it in his haste, unable to get it open.

She hadn't come out of the hall, at least he hadn't seen her, so she must still be in there, maybe he could go back and apologise, maybe make amends in some way, beg for forgiveness. And then as the pendulum swung he realised that he actually couldn't go back now even if he wanted to. In that one small encounter his life had changed dramatically, completely and forever. With a real shock he also realised that for the first time in his life he actually felt alive, actually felt himself a full man. And he liked the feeling, he liked the power that came from putting his hand up a woman's skirt; and he knew in that instant that risking it all or not he could never go back.

His mind burst into flames at the thought of Pat and the delights that were lurking up inside her wonderfully short skirt, inside those beautifully enticingly flimsy cotton knickers, delights that he only just had the briefest sample of. And he began to shake again, a man with a terminal case of newly discovered lust. He brushed the sweat from his forehead and wiped his hands on his cassock and suddenly he realised that in truth he didn't give a fig about the morality of what he had done. Fingering a parishioner was small beer in the hierarchy of clerical misdemeanours and if discovered probably wouldn't even make a line in the parish magazine; and besides, living most of his life amongst 'godly' people had somewhat blunted his sensibilities towards matters of morality. In short he simply didn't care. What preoccupied him here and now was what Pat looked like naked and how she had felt when he had his hand up her skirt.

He had come so close, he had to finish it. Like an alcoholic with a serious thirst he needed another taste of Pat's young and tender body. He needed to see her completely naked, to be able to touch her, he needed his fingers in her sex again. The devil was riding him bareback, using his spurs and whirling his hat over his head shouting 'Yeeha!" The sweet and heady smell of sex was already in his nostrils, growing him horns and putting a ring through his nose, undoing him. He was homo erectus for the first time and the feeling was intoxicating.

It had felt so good, wonderful in fact, absolutely bloody magical! He slammed the flat of his hand repeatedly against the steering wheel. 'Yes!' he screamed inside his head, 'Yes! Yes! Yes!' He wanted to get out of the car and run around the car park like a man demented, to punch holes in the tired old wooden walls of the church hall; to scream it out at the top of his lungs, that he, the vicar of this God forsaken piss hole of a parish, at his age, at his stage of life had just experienced his first real sexual conquest. My God, what a thing! Not that it was much of a conquest in the grand scheme of things he had to admit, she had cum on his finger, and very quickly, surprisingly quickly in truth, but for an unpopular small town vicar who had all but given up on life it was indeed a major, major event.

With trembling hands he started the car but still he just sat there with the engine running. And then she came out of the front door, blinking in the bright sunshine, arching her back, brushing her hair with her hands, the movement tightening her blouse across her breasts. She looked so good, so beautifully lithe and sensuous and once again he remembered exactly how she had felt, her sex under his fingers, the small shudder as she came and suddenly he was rampant and totally unrepentant again. He suddenly realised that he had to finish what he had started, he had to finish his conquest of this young woman, he had to have her naked, to cum in her. He had to make her his; his quest for sex had begun in earnest.

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The Guides and Scouts used the woods behind the church for their campfires and shorter summer camps. The main summer camps were usually better organised and took them further afield but the short, more spontaneous, weekend and midweek summer camps usually took place in the fields and woods behind the church. Being the Vicar he always knew when they were taking place, the grounds were church owned and they needed his permission to use them and so he usually wandered over to the camps least once a day when they were taking place.

The visit to this particular camp had assumed an even greater importance to the vicar as this time he knew Pat was camping there. She had taken part in previous camps but back then he had not touched her or had his fingers inside her. This time the interest had an intensely persona aspectl.

When he arrived unannounced he was disappointed to find the small camp apparently deserted and so he took the opportunity to walk slowly around the few closely grouped tents and looked inside them one by one. Wherever the guides were they had not been gone long, for despite the growing heat of the day there was a small billie can of water bubbling away, keeping hot on a small wood fire in the middle of the camp.

Despite his disappointment he carried on his inspection with relish. He got a thrill from looking through the empty tents. He became aroused by the empty intimacy of the neatly laid out beds, the rolled sleeping bags in which the young girls and women slept, the intimate articles of clothing he 'accidentally' came across in the kitbags. All these things were extremely exciting and he looked forward to the sexual pleasure he drew from them.

The tents were laid out with military precision, all spotless, bedding folded neatly and the treasure trove of the kit bag at the bottom of each camp bed. He walked the camp imagining the older women, the senior guides, who would be sleeping here tonight, trying to put names to each bed in turn. Looking inside the last tent he was suddenly surprised to find someone sitting on a camp bed reading and as he recognised her his excitement immediately peaked.

"Hello Pat," he said quietly and the woman jumped, she tried to rise but he moved further into the tent, blocking her exit, dominating the available space.

"Sorry," he said, turning to close the tent flap behind him, "I didn't mean to make you jump. I didn't think anyone was here. Quite fortuitous really."

Trying to hide her shock at the vicar's sudden appearance Pat struggled to recover her composure, her hand at her chest, her book open on the floor where it had fallen. Ignoring her obvious discomfort the vicar moved fully into the tent and sat heavily on the camp bed opposite, his bulk filling the small tent. Reaching down he picked up the paperback she had dropped, turning it over in his hand to read the title. It was a trashy romantic 'bodice ripper' and with a small smile he placed it face down on the bed alongside him.

"I don't seem to have read that one," he said generously, quietly noting that her taste in literature quite suddenly matched his own aspirations, for today at least. She smiled uncertainly glancing at the tent flap as if expecting someone else to enter.

"I'm here on my own," he said by way of unasked explanation and she turned nervously back to face him.

"Where are the others?" he asked, indicating the empty camp with a vague nod of his head.

"Gone on a hike," she answered uneasily, total unnerved by his towering, unexpected, presence in the small tent, "they left about fifteen minutes ago."

"Only just missed them then," he said smiling disarmingly, "such a shame, I like to see the girls when I can."

She glanced up at him but he simply smiled back at her, forcing her further back into the tent with his sheer presence. He looked her up and down predatorily, his very size intimidating.

"Why didn't you go with them?"

She shrugged and fidgeted nervously. "Just didn't feel like it," she said, "I wanted to be on my own for a while."

He smiled, "And I come along and spoil it,"

"Oh no," she said hurriedly, realising her social blunder, "not at all. We are always pleased to see you."

"Are you?" He asked. "That's nice to know."

In the confines of the small tent they were sitting opposite each other, so close that they were almost touching, nose to nose, knee to knee. She laughed nervously and brushed a stray lock of hair from her face as the silence began to stretch away. He looked at the woman sitting opposite him; she was obviously waiting nervously for his next move.

He wiped the perspiration from his lips with his hand.

"Hot in here isn't it?" he asked at last and she nodded, glancing around, nervous and unsure, as if looking for a source of the heat.

"Try undoing your blouse a little," he instructed, "you'll feel better," he said and smiled. She blinked and looked up at him as if unsure she had heard him correctly.

"Sorry?" she asked quietly, her voice small and vulnerable, his blunt instruction lying between them like a stone.

"I said undo your blouse a little if you are too hot."

She looked at him and made to speak. "Undo your blouse," he said finally, his voice edged with a sudden authority. She hesitated for a moment before reaching up with clumsy fingers and slowly unfastened the top button just below the neck of her heavy blue uniform blouse.

"There," he said when she was done, smiling easily, "that is better isn't it?" he asked and she nodded, looking confused and unsure. "You'll be cooler now."

He studied her face for a moment, his smile calm despite the snakes that coiled and roiled in his chest. He reached out and took hold of the button she had just undone; she flinched but did not move away. He rolled it in his fingers, pulling her blouse away from her skin as he feigned interest in it.

"Did you sew this?" he asked at last and she nodded.

"Cotton not quite the same colour as the others," he said by way of explanation and smiled reassuringly at her. She said nothing, just looked down at the fingers that were pulling at the button, making her blouse gape, showing the beginning of the soft swell of her breasts. The hand didn't retreat, it just continuing to roll the button between finger and thumb. Time stretched away as they sat there, joined together by the tenuous thread of the button and his fingers. Then, as if making up his mind, he finally looked up at her and smiled.

"Lie down," he instructed and for a moment she sat stock still. She examined his face for some indication as what he was going to do to her. He smiled again, his forced friendliness at odds with his words. She knew what he was capable of. He had proved that to her in the church hall and she was nervous but she could not see any obvious way out.

"Lie down," he repeated and she looked at him, feeling his authority, seeing his position and his power as he loomed over her and she licked her lips in resignation, slowly swinging her legs up onto the camp bed, tucking her skirt under her.

"That's a good girl," he said quietly, authoritatively, "now lie down properly".

Looking around she lay down, flat on her back, rigid, hard and stiff as if on Church parade, which in a way she was. She looked up at the canvas ceiling hanging just feet above her and she had a sudden flash of childhood memories, of laying flat on her back in a children's play tent playing 'doctors and nurses' with the boy from next door, watching him hovering over her, feeling his hands inside her clothing, exploring, probing, making up childish medical words and procedures as he lifted her dress and pulled down the front of her knickers, his fingers greedily moving between her legs and she closed her eyes as a stray shiver of anticipation ran through her.

She felt as tight as a coiled spring as she lay there on the bed while he leaned over her watching, enjoying her discomfort. She crossed her hands nervously in front before changing her mind and finally settling for them placed flat at her sides, on parade, flat on her back, waiting for him to make his next move, realising already that he was now in complete control of her and wondering how it had once again happened so quickly.

Slowly, like some overstuffed frog, he shuffled forward, closing the gap between them, leaning over her until he seemed to hover in the space above her, filling her horizon, blotting out the rest of the world, narrowing her perspective until the intimacy became oppressive. She looked up at him, expectant, fearful and he smiled again. His fingers still held the button on her blouse and he pulled on it experimentally. The blouse moved, opening slightly and bagging at the neck. He let go and took hold of the open neck of her blouse, folding it back until the blouse pulled, tethered suddenly by the next fastened button. Pat lay and stared at the ceiling as he casually reached down and released the offending fastening. Once released the blouse gapped a little further.

"Oh look," he said quietly as if making a sudden discovery, his fingertip touching the soft newly exposed skin of her chest. She started at his sudden touch, at the obvious intent of his deliberate intimacy. He looked carefully at her face for a moment, expecting a reproach that never came, a remonstration a remonstration against his familiarity. Instead she stared silently at the ceiling and so, emboldened, he continued on down the front of her blouse, his finger and thumb capturing the next button, holding it for a moment before opening it and moving on to the next.

She closed her eyes as he worked his way down the front of her blouse, methodically, unhurriedly, opening all the buttons down to her waist. When he at last reached the bottom he sat back a little to admire his progress, his excitement mounting as he took in the line of pale skin showing whitely between the two deep blue halves of her open blouse. He reached over and this time he touched his fingertips to the smooth skin of her flat stomach. With a sharp intake of breath she drew in her stomach and bit her lip. Seeing her response he laughed quietly to himself before running the back of his finger along the length of the gap, from the bottom to the top and back again, navel to throat, each time making a deliberate show of crossing the line where her soft white bra bisected her chest. She shivered and closed her eyes as she felt his fingers raise involuntary goose bumps on her skin.

Leaning over her he casually pulled the shirt clear of her skirt, almost idly working his way around her waist, tugging the material clear. She felt him undo the last button that had been hidden below her belt and then she knew her blouse was now open, her first line of defences breached. She wanted to grab the open front and hold it together and her hands twitched protectively but she simply lay there, passively, submissively and let him continue to slowly undress her.

As if reading her thoughts he smiled and taking hold of the open edges of her blouse he slowly and deliberately folded them back out of the way. His large hand smoothed at the loose material, pushing it back at the shoulders, unwrapping her as if she were a present, exposing her bra clad chest and smooth, flat stomach, her skin shining like ivory under the aging green canvas of the tent.

"Very nice," he said quietly, his voice thick and hoarse. "You have a beautiful body. You should show it more often, and more of it" and she glanced up at him, recognising his words and wondering nervously if she could stop him going any further. Yet despite her fears she just lay there as he hovered over her, her blouse open, his big hand resting with a deceptively easy familiarity on her stomach, the intimacy explicit, the intent plain. And she kept her eyes closed, almost holding her breath, not sure if he expected an answer or no, not even sure if he was actually talking to her or running some internal conversation in his head in which she played no part.

"There," he said finally, his fingers gently spreading on her stomach, possessive, territorial, his voice almost distracted, remote, practicing his excuse for undressing her if he was ever called on to give one, "that's better isn't it? It's good to get some air to your skin. Healthier. You looked hot, you must be cooler now." He inched still further forward, his knees touching her bed, his words drying up, completely distracted by the beauty of the body he was uncovering, the soft glow of her skin, the rise and fall of her breasts inside her close fitting, white, virginal bra.

His hand rubbed gently at her stomach, his fingertips tracing invisible patterns on her skin.

"Smooth," his voice little above a whisper, "so very, very smooth." His hand moved slowly down her stomach and for a moment he fingered the black enamelled buckle on her broad black leather guide belt, proudly embossed with the guide emblem, before he casually twisted it open. She looked up into his face but could read nothing there beyond the false painted on smile.

"Be prepared," he said quietly running his thumb over the raised words.

"A good motto; are you prepared?" he asked and he pulled the belt loose, pushing it through the loops on her skirt before pulling it out and dropping it onto the floor beside him. Inanely she arched her back to help him, unthinkingly participating in her own unclothing.

Finding the zip and button at the side of her skirt he quickly unfastened the button and using two hands he tugged the zip down.

"I'm prepared," he said as the skirt sagged lose. He folded the waistband back, exposing more of her smooth stomach and the first tiny, tantalising glimpse of the top of her soft white knickers. He stopped, his hand poised, the very real intimacy of the first sight of her knickers gave him pause and his hand trembled at the thought of what lay hidden within the soft white garment. He had already felt her, her softness and her moisture; but that had been a fleeting, hurried, touch in a dirty church hall vestibule. This was an altogether a much more intimate and hopefully prolonged opportunity.

Without taking his eyes off her knickers he sat back a little and licked his lips, tasting the sweat that clung once again to his upper lip. He wiped it away with the back of his hand, wiping his hand in turn on front of his black clerical shirt. Now that it was real he was suddenly frightened of what he was doing; but he also fully knew that there was no turning back now even if he had wanted to.

"Feeling better?" he asked her almost solicitously, as if he was undressing her for her own benefit; and even as he said it his shaking hand returned to smooth across her stomach once again.

"You must be much cooler now," he said, keeping up his inane pretence, "without all those constricting clothes. You feel cooler," he said and as if to prove his point his hand moved over her bare skin, sliding across her stomach, skimming the top of the white material of her knickers, "much better to touch."

She swallowed nervously as he touched her, stoking her tummy, moving up her ribcage to just below her breasts; moving slowly lower to drift momentarily under the waistband of her knickers as if testing how far he dare go, waiting for a reaction. In response she watched his broad flat face hovering just above her, seemingly calm and smiling. Yet she trembled and breathed in sharply, almost a whimper whenever his fingers slipped beneath the waistband of her knickers or circled near her bra covered breasts.

She shivered as his hands explored her, the skin he had exposed. She knew it was only a matter of time before he found the courage to touch her properly, before his hand slid down inside her pants in earnest or wormed their way inside her bra to find her breast and her nipple; she remembered him in the church hall, his hand between her legs and she trembled at the thought, staring at the canvas above her as if trying to distance herself from what was happening to her, what his hands were doing, where they were going and what she knew they were eventually going to do.

He was using both hands now, one at her waist and the other higher on her chest, circling, getting bolder. She stiffened as his lower hand finally breached the line of absolute intimacy and his fingers slid slowly down her stomach and slipped under the lose waistband of her knickers. She looked at his face as his fingers, gaining courage, moved down into the warm soft darkness. His eyes were fixed, following his fingers down into the secret places reserved for lovers. The pretence was over. She breathed in as he spread his fingers in the darkness, holding her breath as her knickers gaped away from her skin as his hand moved further down her smooth, flat stomach. 'My God,' he breathed as his fingers finally brushed lightly against her pubic hair. She gasped and his eyes vacantly flicked to her face although his thoughts were fixed on the exhilarating sensation of the rough hair he could feel beneath his fingertips.

"Oops," he said suddenly remembering she was there, a real person attached to the hair and she started at his forced jovially. "What have we here? Is that your pubic hair?" he asked. "I guess I'm going a bit too far eh? Perhaps a bit too fast? She said nothing, she just looked back at him, her eyes wide with shock and his hand slowly and extremely reluctantly retreated. "Plenty of time," he said quietly, "let you get used to idea."

He let the elastic at the waist of her knickers snap gently and silently back into place and he sat back again for a moment, his hand resting softly on her stomach, a tight little smile on his face. He was painfully erect and he reached down and moved himself into a more comfortable position. She lay and watched him, her defences falling, her eyes warily flicking from his face to the ceiling, waiting nervously for his next move. He looked at her laying there before him. Her shirt wide open, more off than on, her skirt undone, passive and accepting, nervous but compliant; and he knew that in truth there was no stopping now, he had already crossed the line of common decency, he had put his hand inside her knickers, reached her pubic hair, mere inches from her sex; all pretence was over now, they both knew what the game was, no more 'are you cool enough now", they both knew that he was shortly going put his fingers inside her; he just needed to move slowly.

Changing tack he placed his hand at the top of her chest, his fingers at her throat, his thumb resting in the hollow at the base of her throat. He could feel her pulse beating beneath his fingertips, a rapid thread beat that spoke of fear, and yet perhaps concealed the possibly of excitement and he smiled.

"You're not saying much," he said quietly, "cat got your tongue?"

His thumb gently stroked the base of her throat and she closed her eyes, raising her chin slightly as if opening herself to him, yet she still remained silent. She had said nothing since he had begun to undress her but he wasn't worried, her skin was warm and soft to the touch, her pulse fast and strong, he had her blouse open and her skirt undone. He was halfway there.

Still watching her closely he trailed his hand slowly down her chest onto the soft upward swell at the beginning of her breast. He felt the rise with his fingertips, following the curve upwards to the soft, lacy, edge of her bra. She shifted nervously and her hand twitched in self defence as he once again hovered on the edge of decency. He placed his other hand flat on the soft silky plane of her stomach and again he felt a satisfyingly nervous intake of breath. She knew he was going to take her, that there was nothing she could do to stop him, he was working her like a doll, conditioning her, getting her ready for when he would finally slip his hand between her legs.

He smoothed her stomach with his palm, gliding over her skin, gently kneading, reinforcing her vulnerability. She murmured quietly as his hand once again slid finally lower, his fingers almost stealthily working their way under the soft material of the waist of her knickers. He again paused, waiting for a reaction but this time he received none other than a shuddering rise and fall of her chest beneath his fingers. He slowly stretched his hand until he once again felt the first small hairs of her pubis. He ran his fingers over them, feeling their texture and the line, his hand moving freely from side to side beneath the tent of her clothing. She shivered as his hand stroked her intimately in the darkness, softly insistent, exploring. And she recognised for the first time, with a unlooked for, a sudden and strange arousal, a strange and moist desire developing between her legs.

He felt the first tremors in the body laid out beneath his hands, a first indication that she was beginning to respond, to take an active interest in her own seduction. Not that he was particularly concerned if she did or she didn't, her satisfaction had not entered into his consideration until now but he smiled at the thought that possibly he could turn this young woman on.

He flexed his fingers, one of his hands inside her knickers, the other on the soft rising swell of her chest; and he noticed a line that seemed to connect the two points, the two ends of her sexuality and as he moved his fingers at one end he felt a corresponding movement at the other. He felt her move beneath him, almost a soft shudder of hope being abandoned, but perhaps of a nascent sexuality, the first small hint of the budding of desire; she was rising to him.

His fingers curled, rasping his nails gently across her skin, raising goose bumps, making her press her thighs together. He smiled at her innocence; he could almost smell the moisture he now hoped would be forming between her legs. He had read about how wet a woman get when she is stimulated, he had felt it briefly when he had made her cum in the church hall and he suddenly dared hope that he could make her wet again. He began to work her, stroking lazy circles on the soft upper slopes of her breasts and doing the same in the darkness inside her knickers. Touching her softly, keeping her on the edge of final intimacy, moving closer then retreating, then closer still, building her slowly, feeling the first movements of her hips, the small tell tale intakes of breath, the tremors in her thighs. As best he knew how he was keeping her aroused, making her squirm. Her back arched a little as she stretched out on the bed before him, well on her way to being half naked, her clothes in growing disarray, her skirt sliding slowly lower.

She was open and exposed and she felt it, growing moist, vulnerable, turned on, aroused and weakening. He watched her slowly shake her head as his hand drifted once again ever closer to her sex, exploring down the sides of her mound where the soft smooth skin led directly down to her sex. Her nerves were stretched taut, her sex moist, her nipples erect and almost painfully sensitive rubbing against the inside of her bra. She knew he would soon be at her breast, his fingers between her legs; and she squirmed in fear and expectation as he stroked her, getting even closer before drifting away, making her shiver, making her whimper in anticipation. She was no longer sure what she was hoping for, that he would continue or that he would stop. At this moment both seemed unreal and unnatural choices for her

She felt him slide her bra strap off her shoulder. She looked down and to the side as her bra eased its tension on her breast. She whimpered as his hand caressed her now naked shoulder, feeling the line where the strap had been. It was only a bra strap but already she felt vulnerable with it. She felt his other hand withdraw from her knickers and she bit back a cry of disappointment. Reappearing from the darkness inside her knickers it reached down and taking hold of the hemline he pull the front of her skirt up to her waist. She felt the air against her thighs, the sudden exposure and she jerked as if she had been hit. He smoothed his hands down the front of her thighs, he was preparing her for the final assault, a good tactician, removing the obstacles in his way. He pulled the front of her knickers down a little and she shivered and cried out quietly as his hand once again slid back into her pants, the elastic pulling softly against her skin as he moved lower, seeking out the shape of her mound, once again exploring, touching, stroking, drawing ever closer to her sex and she shook with nervous anticipation.

She was openly moving under his hands now, her hips trying to follow his fingers as they moved around the edges of her sex, stroking, inflaming; softly arching her back to offer her breasts to the sky or whoever may wish to use them, the slowly mounting craving to be touched turning her nipples to rock . Her body was on autopilot, responding to her growing needs, her sex seeking his fingers, her nipples needing his touch. She was becoming lost to herself, sexually wracked, undone by unexpected desire.

She almost did not notice when his hand finally slipped inside the soft cup of her bra, sliding down to take possession of her breast. Concentrating on the hand in her knickers and the promise of relief it signalled the first she realised was when his fingers wrapped themselves around her breast, encircling it, capturing the high ground of her taut and stretched out body. She gasped in confusion and surprise as his large hand filled her bra, overwhelming her breast, his fingers squeezing, constricting her lugs. Her heart was suddenly pounding so fiercely that, she was sure he would be able to feel it beating against his palm. His fingers found her nipple and she almost screamed as he tugged at it, pulling it and the breast it was attached to free of the cup.

No one had ever held her like this before, so familiarly, so blatantly sexually, and she gasped as he rolled the highly sensitised bud between his finger and thumb, squeezing slightly, drawing it upwards stretching it out. Her hand automatically covered his, trying to stop the pleasure that her nipple was delivering. He laughed and brushed her hand away. He pulled her breast completely free of her bra, drawing it out into the daylight, alabaster skin pink tipped, soft breast and hard nipple. He pulled down the cup to expose her completely. She cried out as he took her nipple again .holding it between his finger and thumb and carefully rolled it back and forth, pulling and squeezing experimentally before cupping her entire breast in the palm of his hand.

She groaned as he squeezed, working her entire breast under the palm of his hand. She moaned as he worked her, her sex responding to the sudden handling of her breast and nipple, each twist of her nipple vibrating between her legs. She could almost feel herself getting wetter, her sex tingling with arousal and with a growing sense of desperation and horror she realised that she was desperate to be touched.

With a casualness that denied his own excitement he pushed her bra strap from her other shoulder, pulling it down her arm as far as it would reach before pulling her other breast free of the restraining confines of her bra. Freer now, he pulled the cups down below her breasts completely exposing her. Her firm breasts stood proud from her chest, her nipples hard and pointing skyward. He laughed and ran his hand from one to the other, squeezing and fondling her soft and tender flesh.

She squirmed as her touched her, squeezing her breasts and rolling her nipples, his other hand still deep inside her knickers, curling his fingers in her public hair, a short breath away from the top of her sex. He could feel her hips moving, small rolling movements that he realised indicated her need to be touched, she was rising to meet him. He could feel her heat as his fingers explored the smooth skin at the side of her sex, stroking, teasing, feeling the first hint of the wetness that awaited him. His fingers traced a line adjacent to her lips, so close she wanted to scream and she involuntarily spread her legs, opening herself up, urging him on.

He rolled her nipple, twisting it slowly one way and then the other, testing its stretch, feeling the texture and the shape. He pulled on it, slightly harder, feeling it elongate feeling her breast stretch out of shape to accommodate it. She groaned and her chest lifted to follow her nipple, easing the tension and the stretch he was creating.

She spread her legs wider, astounded by the sharp and sudden line of fire that linked her nipple and her sex and her hips rose, searching out his fingers, searching for relief. She squirmed, her juices running between her legs, soaking into her knickers, her sex beginning to boil. She whimpered her growing need, twisting beneath him, surrendering to him as her desires drove her ever higher. He was in complete control, drawing fire from her body. His eyes shone like a demon and his lips curled in a parody of a smile as she cried out and opened her legs even wider, desperately seeking relief for the fierce heat building through her breasts and between her legs.

She shook as he caressed her mound, his hand softly pressing down and she pressed back, pushing against him, involuntary movements that moved his fingers ever closer to her sex. Finally his fingers found her, sliding onto her wetness and she cried out again pushing herself blindly up against them. "Please," she whispered, "please." Her voice dissolving into small animal like mewling sounds as her need robbed her of articulate speech. She spread her legs as his huge hand covered her, her hips shaking in desperate anticipation of relief, she could feel her juices smearing beneath his fingers, his palm sliding over her sex, the friction delicious and electrifying. She cried out as he worked her nipple, now red and swollen from his handling, her hips were twisting and thrusting up into his hands, her desperation obvious.

He knelt in wonder beside her as she writhed on the bed, one hand wrapped around her beautiful firm young breast the other inside her knickers between her legs, pressed flat against her hot, wet sex. His fingers slid along her lips and he marvelled at the amount of moisture he found, she seemed to be soaking, her sex running with liquid fire. Her breast was hot, her skin slick, her nipples hard and fierce. He had to hold her down, press her back against the bed, hold her flat as she squirmed and roiled beneath his hands

Her legs opened wider as he felt along the length of her sex, his fingers slipping through her wetness, her juices smearing his hand. She cried out as he touched her, driving him on, his excitement as great as hers. She strained back against his fingers, pushing her sex against him, her thighs spread as wide as she could get them. He had never guessed that such abandon could exist, such wildness, such a desperation to cum; he had never dreamed that sex could be like this.

She was totally unaware of the sexual epiphany that was taking place in the man with his hand between her legs; all she knew was the desperate need for blessed relief. She writhed beneath him as he squeezed her chest and nipples, working her sex with his fingers and the flat of his hand. His fingers slipped between her lips and that was all she needed. She was so excited that she came, instantly, piercingly, arching up into his hands, her small cries turning into one long drawn out sob of release as she bucked and shuddered through her first overwhelming and uncontrollable climax. Her pressed her sex beneath his hand as she came, pressing fiercely back as she pushed up against him; his other hand gripping her breast, holding her down, pressing her back onto the bed.

The strength of her climax rocked them both. She bucked her hips against the pressure of his hand. She cried out and gripped the wrist of the hand that held her breast and squeezed until he feared for his circulation. She sobbed and cried out, shaking and squeezing his hand with her thighs until slowly the crisis passed. He stared at her wide eyed and she sank back onto the cheap canvas bed. He had never seen anything like it before. If someone had described it to him he would have said they were lying, that it could not be true. He had read about them, heard descriptions, but never seen one in real life, let alone imagined having been the cause.

He shook his head, his world had tilted as she had moved beneath his hands and he suddenly realised that this semi naked young woman on the bed before him had opened up a whole new world to him, a world alive with sexual possibilities. Even if she had not planned for this to happen, it must certainly been a possibility for her when she had first dropped her cassock to display her body to him in the church. And the realisation shocked him; and he further recognized that despite her apparent naivety that she was probably more aware of the possible outcomes in this game of consequences that he was, and suddenly sobered he wondered exactly who was playing who.

She had slowly subsided beneath his hands, quietly sinking back onto the bed, her climax short lived and fierce. But his hands seemed glued to her body, he could not let go, his fingers still slowly moving on her sex, feeling her warmth and her unbelievable wetness. His hand massaged her breast, his palm sliding softly over the red and still engorged nipple. She lay still as he used her, as if he was not there, as if his hands were not still on her body. Her eyes were closed, her hair in disarray, her lips glistening in the soft green light, her breathing ragged. He wanted this moment to last forever, his moment of his own sexual awakening, his very own, very personal epiphany; one that he never imagined would happen, never even guessed had existed. He marvelled at the feeling of her, the beauty and the warmth. Her sex still burned beneath his hand, her breast rolled wonderfully, enticingly under his palm.

"Where have they gone?" he asked eventually, his voice sounding loud and intrusive, in the silence that had settled on them. She didn't move, as if she had not heard, lost in the post climactic rush of hormones that had flooded her body like an after wash. He asked again. "Where have they gone," and again she didn't stir. He eventually shook her shoulder and she opened her eyes, confused and disoriented.

"Where have they gone," he repeated a third time.

"Who?" She asked sleepily, slightly grumpy at being called back from the place she had found.

"The troop," he said, "the girls. Where have they gone?" She struggled to focus. His fingers still lingered inside her knickers, between her legs, gently moving on her sex, adding to her confusion, making rational thought difficult.

"Er, Walton Crag I think," she offered with an effort. "They're meeting up with the Scouts for some wide games and orienteering."

She mumbled something unintelligible and closed her eyes, part ignoring and part enjoying the hands at her sex and at her breast. He gently squeezed her breast, he wanted a response, wanted her to acknowledge that he was touching her. She sighed and casually, contentedly wiped the stray hair from her face, her eyes sill closed. He pulled gently on a nipple and noticed for the first time the pronounced contrast between her nipples, one dusky pink, the other red and apparently swollen and he smiled at the realisation that this was his doing, that he had used her until she looked sore and he itched to take her again, to make the two nipples match. He felt her sex, wet and puffy between her open legs, his fingers deep inside her knickers, still stroking gently between her soft and welcoming lips. She was in disarray, she looked used, not the composed and pristine senior guide he had discovered reading in her tent such a short time ago.

He shook her again.

"When will they be back?" he asked, his voice calmer than he felt, the question important to his plan.

"Later," she answered distractedly, still humming to the small whirlpools of sensation his finger were creating. "I'm supposed to getting dinner ready for them, about sixish," she offered dreamily.

"And have you," he enquired gently and she nodded as his fingers continued to paint soft patterns behind her closed eyes.

"It's all done," she said, gathering her thoughts with obvious difficulty, "it's in the billie cans by the fire."

Without taking his hands off her he glanced over his shoulder. For the first time he noticed the line of covered cans neatly lined up beside the open fire and he smiled.

"Then we have plenty of time don't we," he asked and she nodded absently before the import of his words struck her and she opened her eyes with an effort.

"That is unless you are expecting anyone else?" he asked and without thinking she slowly shook her head.

"Good," he said, his hand casually caressing her breasts, moving slowly from one to the other; his fingers playing easily in her sex, exploring the subtle, slick, sexual, shape of her.

"Very good indeed" he said with satisfaction. "This day is turning out to be such an unexpected pleasure. For both of us I hope."

She closed her eyes again, shivering slightly in the lingering remains of her climax, his fingers gently stretching out her dreamlike pleasure as he continued to caress her, rolling her breasts beneath his palm, her sex beneath his fingers. She closed her eyes as his surprisingly delicate hands worked gently at her, feeding the sensations as they spread throughout her body, sensuous ripples that caught in her throat and made her voice break, made her open her legs and rock her sex softly against his hand again.

She felt she could have stayed like that forever, soft and warm, riding on a cushion of gently manipulated sex. She was surprised to discover that she was still aroused. She was totally aware of the feel of his hands on her, still inside her knickers, stroking between her legs, moving over the outside of her sex, moving tentatively between her lips, threatening to push deeper before retreating and she would groan, softly, between her teeth at the loss. .

He smiled smugly to himself as he caressed her. He could not believe that he, the vicar, had managed to get this far with this beautiful young woman. He had her almost half naked; he was caressing her breasts and he had her sex quite literally, in the palm of his hand. The thought made him moan quietly, bending at the waist, his erection almost painful. He looked down at the semi naked girl, her gentle breathing, he almost hated to disturb her but he needed to move this on, he really needed to finish the seduction before anyone came to disturb them.

When he gently disengaged his fingers from her sex and slowly removed his hand from inside her knickers the soft rocking of her hips stopped. She opened her eyes and looked up at him, wondering why the pleasure had suddenly ceased.

"I think we need to lose the skirt don't you? It will get creased," he said quietly and raising her head a little she looked down the length of her body at her skirt, bunched up around her waist, as if seeing it for the first time. He smiled to himself at his perceived need to stoop to using artifice at this stage; he had the woman half naked and had made her cum but still felt compelled to use an obvious pretence to continue the seduction, to remove her skirt.

Weather she recognised his words as a ruse or not she didn't try to stop him as he took hold of the bunched up material around her waist and slowly worked the skirt slid down onto her hips. He licked his lips and smiled at her wide eyed stare as her knickers slid softly into view.

"Lift your hips," he instructed and she did, dutifully, obediently, arching her bottom off the bed to allow him to slide her skirt slid down her hips and onto her thighs. She grabbed hold of the waist of her knickers to stop them sliding down with her skirt and he smiled at her misplaced show of coyness. 'Too late my dear' he thought, 'much, much too late.'

"That's better," he said, trying to keep his voice cool and calm. Inexperienced as he was he knew instinctively that it would probably be very easy to spook a young woman while removing the remainder of her clothes for the first time.

Moving as quickly as he dare he worked her skirt down her legs, pulling until it reached her feet. Tamely she raised each foot in turn so he could slip it off and shaking it out he folded it and placed it neatly on the bed beside him.

"Good girl," he said, turning back to face her, shocked at the sudden expanse of naked leg, the clearly defined shape of her sex deliciously outlined in the damp crutch of her enticing white knickers, a promise of delights to come. .

"Beautiful," he murmured as her long legs stretched out before him, her skin glowing with youth and health, her muscles taut and well defined. His hands suddenly shook and his throat dried as he looked at the woman spread out in front of him. He had to take a strong grip on himself, he had never been this close to an attractive woman in her underwear before and the sight of her growing nakedness suddenly quite unnerved him.

He licked his lips and wiped his sweating palms on his pants almost overawed with what he was about to do.

"Something wrong?" she asked and he realised that he had been staring for some time.

"You are almost too beautiful," he said and she looked at him quizzically, blushing at his words. He ran his hands up and over her thighs, revelling in their smoothness and their warmth, regaining his confidence from the renewed contact with her skin. She sighed and relaxed as his hands stroked over her legs, calming, comforting, sexy. As he felt the tension leave her his hands slowly dipped between her legs, pushing her knees gently apart. His hands followed his eyes the narrowing v of her thighs to the point where her legs joined. He placed one hand on the inside of either thigh and slowly he pushed her legs even further apart, stretching the material of her knickers tightly across her sex. She did not complain or try to stop him, seeming unable or unwilling to deny him any intimacy, allowing him to run his fingers up against her, smoothing the wet material of her knickers up against her sex.

"Only your knickers left really," he said quietly almost to himself and as he did so he saw her eyes suddenly focus on the canvas sagging softly above her head, like a child looks away when something important or a little frightening is about to happen, as if by ignoring it it isn't real.

There was a small intake of breath as his fingers brushed up against the clearly defined outline of her sex. She moved as he touched her, a slight resistance, a brief shudder of nerves as his fingers spread, pressing gently against the lips nestling moistly beneath the cover of the soft, damp, material. He covered her sex with his hand, his fingers curling over her, taking up her shape. She murmured slightly as he squeezed, rubbing gently, helping her to forget her lack of a skirt; and slowly she relaxed, gently yielding, slowly sinking back under the pleasure. She felt his fingers slowly trace the line along the length of her sex, following the shape of her lips, pushing the damp material between them, moulding it to her shape, and she sighed and her legs fell open and her eyelids fluttered closed. Any worry about the loss of her skirt, now laying discarded and neglected on the bed beside him, completely forgotten as his fingers gently caressed her sex.

He smiled as he felt her slowly succumb to the simple pressure of his fingers. She was growing accustomed to the feel of his hands on her body, his hand between her legs and she relaxed as he fondled her, her breathing slowly deepening, her body sinking back into the bed as his fingers worked a sexual magic between her open legs. The words of the old saying , 'softly, softly catchee monkey,' ran through his head as stalked her sex with his fingers; watching her relax, following the line of her lips, working her knickers gently into the crease of her sex.

"And now the knickers I think," he said quietly and he felt Pat start, a short tremor of unease at the import of his words. On a nervous reflex Pat half-heartedly tried to close her legs but he gently held them open and without pausing he continued to gently stroke her, working her sex. And once again she relaxed, her legs open, slowly acclimatising to the idea of him removing her underwear.

"I can see your sex," he said finally and she jumped again at his words.

"It's quite clearly defined," he said softly, "here," and he stroked up between her lips and she shivered at his touch.

"It feels beautiful," he said, talking softly. "I'll bet it looks beautiful if I could only see it properly; without your knickers." He said and she swallowed nervously but did not protest he noted with hope. "It would be a shame not to let me see it now don't you think? To see it properly you understand, not just through your knickers."

He ran his finger under the leg of her knickers, moving down until the back of his finger brushed lightly against the lips of her sex, skin on skin and she shivered again and closed her eyes.

"I've already touched it anyway haven't I, already made you cum. We have already removed your skirt, what earthly difference does it make if you are wearing knickers or not?"

She didn't answer him, just lay there looking nervously at the ceiling. "I'll take that as a yes then shall I?" he said taking the waist of her kickers in his hands. She seemed to hold her breath as he gently pulled them down a little, easing the soft white material down onto her hips

He stopped for a moment and sat back a little to give her space to come to terms with what he was doing. Her nerve failed her and as soon as he let go she quickly pulled them back up, holding onto them with one hand.

Fighting back his disappointment he smiled at her. "Now why did you do that," he asked, talking gently as if dealing fondly with a naughty child. "You want me to see your sex don't you?" he asked. "That's the whole point behind taking your skirt off wasn't it? To allow us to take your knickers off next." He stroked his finger down the length of her sex and she closed her eyes, her hand still gripping the waistband. He once again pushed his hand up under the elasticated leg and slid his hand onto her sex and she stiffened a little as his fingers found her.

"See," he said, "we don't even really need to remove them do we? I can do whatever I need with them still in place." With his wrist he pushed aside the material covering her sex and exposed her. She cried out a little but didn't move to stop him. "Ah, so that's what she looks like," he said although his eyes were on her face and not between her legs. "See," he said again, "we don't really need to remove them do we, I can do whatever I need to do while you are still wearing them, it doesn't stop me doing anything but it makes life so much easier if we take them off don't you think," he asked and to make his point he inserted the tip of his finger slowly inside her. She sank back with a small exhaled hiss of breath. "Now I want to see my finger inside you making you cum and I want to see you laying there with your legs open for me to do it, laying there with your legs open without your knickers. You do want me to carry doing this don't you," he asked and she lay there looking not at him but at the ceiling above her. He pushed his finger a little deeper inside her, "don't you?" he repeated and was answered with a small, almost imperceptible nod of her head.

"Good," he said letting her knickers fall back to cover her modesty. Reaching up he gently uncurled her fingers from the waistband and moved her hand away. This time he pulled them down onto her hips without resistance, tugging at each side in turn until they were sitting low on her hips. His eyes glinted as the first stray curls of pubic hair poked out above the waistband. He could see her hand twitch with the ingrained urge to pull them back up again but she bit her lip and this time she left her hands where they were.

"Lift your bottom for me again," he said, "you need to help me a bit"; and still looking at him she hesitated for a moment before she raised her hips, holding them off the bed so that he could slide her knickers down and with a sudden surge of elation he slid them under her bottom.

His hands shook as he worked them over her hips, sliding them over her mound and onto her thighs. He paused, almost unable to control himself, as he felt the resistance as the damp material slowly peeled away from her sex. With a supreme effort of will he made his shaking fingers work them down to her knees where they seemed to stick for a moment before he managed to get them down to her ankles. He had to stop there for a moment, he was so excited he didn't think he could manoeuvre them over her shoes and so he left them there, wrapped around her ankles. He looked up. Her body stretched away from him up the bed. She was lying with her eyes closed, very still, hardly breathing. She had her legs bent and he was holding her knees together so that he couldn't see the part of her that he had waited all morning to see; but it didn't matter anymore, he had taken her knickers off, they were coiled around her ankles, it was now only a matter of time.

He moved back up her legs until his hands were resting on her knees. "Open them," he said quietly and she flinched. He waited a moment although his chest was about to burst with excitement. "Open them" he repeated quietly, "I want to see." She silently stared at the ceiling for a moment, her arms flat by her side, her knickers looped carelessly around her ankles; he never knew what passed through her mind in those few seconds but finally, colouring brightly under his frank and open gaze, she slowly let her legs fall open.

The clouds suddenly cleared and the vicar finally gazed down from his mountaintop onto the land of milk and honey. His days in the wilderness were over. He would later swear that the light was shining out of her sex rather than falling on it. His hungry eyes simply absorbed the view and burnt it forever into his memory. Even many years later as an old man he could have closed his eyes and recalled in every detail that first magical view of her naked sex. The perfect pleasure machine perfectly formed. The shape of her mound tapering beautifully down to her glistening sex, her soft brown hair glinting lightly in the sunshine, a gentle riot of short curls. The lips of her sex literally shone with moisture, reflecting the promise that lay within; ripe, rolling open, begging to be touched, inviting him down to partake of the soft and secret pleasures that lay within. He sighed with anticipation. He watched in awe as her lips flushed full of blood under his gaze, slowly engorging, rolling open in anticipation of his touch; and he saw the same flush, this time of embarrassment, spread up her neck and light the cheeks of her face as, with her legs open, she could fell her body readying itself for pleasure.

She was almost trembling as he gazed down on her, her sex opening like a flower between her legs, already beginning to flow with excitement, with nectar. Looking at her he could sense the tight constriction of air in her chest as she held her breath, blooming under his gaze, longing to be touched. As he watched he could see her dark pink nipples growing hard in anticipation, becoming firm and erect; could almost feel her clitoris between her legs shedding its protective sheath as she put herself on display for him; she was preparing herself for sex, opening herself, offering herself for his pleasure; and hopefully hers.

She closed her eyes, fully aware of the enormity of what she was doing, laying back almost naked, taking her knickers off for the vicar, letting him see her, look between her legs, letting him touch her. She shook with a potent mix of anticipation and fear, an adrenaline high that made her nipples tingles and her sex run wet. She knew she was shamefully exposing herself and yet at the same time the act made her excited and totally aroused and she shook at thought of even further and more lewd exposure as he took her. She realised with a shock that she actually wanted to be looked at, that she wanted him to open her legs and carefully examine her, the thought of him holding her open and exploring her proffered sex was unbelievably erotic; even now she could feel the air against her sex and was shocked to discover that the thrill of losing her knickers and exposing herself was totally and absolutely intoxicating.

The vicar also realised the enormity of what they were doing. As he looked down on Pat as she lay before him he now knew that without a shadow of a doubt he was going to get to fuck her. He watched her turning herself on, amazed that just staring at her sex could elicit this response. Instinctively he recognised the voyeurism inherent in both of them, she desperately wanted to be looked at and equally desperately he wanted to look, a match truly made in heaven. She not only wanted to be looked at; she was almost squirming with the need to be touched. She had turned her head away in shame at the unexpected force of her feelings; the pure sexual intensity of lying with her legs open on a camp bed for the vicar was almost more than she could bear. She could feel herself running with moisture, wetting the bed beneath her, shame piling deliciously upon shame. She flushed bright scarlet and shook. She almost didn't need him, the very act of exposing herself was almost doing enough to tip her over the edge in to a climax.

The vicar himself was breathing hard and shaking with excitement. He knew he had her, she was semi naked and she was obviously extremely excited. She had let him bring here this far, it had not taken him long to get inside her knickers and then to remove them. It would not take him long now to get her naked and take her the rest of the way. Lifting her feet he finally untangled her knickers from around her ankles and pulled them down and off her feet. Smiling inanely he gripped the small damp garment in his hand like a trophy, moist with her juices and warm from her body they were redolent of this highly sexed young woman and on an instinct he held them up to his nose and inhaled. His mind reeled with a sudden intoxication as the potent smell of her filled his head. The feeling was so powerful that he lurched a little and grabbed at the edge of the bed for support. His senses reeling for a moment he opened his eyes to find her staring up at him, startled by his actions.

"They smell of you," he said feeling stupid, trying to reassure her. "Fragrant, foetid, surprisingly beautiful," he added, waxing uncharacteristically lyrical, drunk on her smell.

Almost reluctantly he turned and placed the damp garment reverently on top of her skirt and tenderly he smoothed it with his hand. "They will need washing I'm afraid," he said feeling the dampness against his palm and turning back he looked eagerly at the now near naked young woman on the bed before him. He was visibly shaking with emotion, like a child at Christmas he was almost feeling physically sick with excitement. She was spread out before him, excited, beautiful, nervous, waiting for him to make his next move, to make her cum again, to make the shame worthwhile. Her eyes searched his face for reassurance that she was doing the right thing, lying with her legs open waiting for him. Smiling, he reached between her legs and his hand closed upon her sex. She gasped and closed her eyes, refusing to think, shaking with desire and simply surrendering to the feeling of his hand between her legs.

He could feel the warmth of her sex almost burning against his fingertips, a raw energy that pulled him deeper into her and her hips rose softly as his finger slid past her lips as he pushed easily into her; and she groaned as his finger slid into her, part in disavowal, a weak reassertion of her middle class morality, knowing she should not be doing this, letting him undress her and use her like this, pushing his fingers inside her; and part pleasure, a discovery of sin and carnal delight that had begun when he had touched her knee in the church and which had eventually led to this, her knickers on the top of a pile of discarded clothes and the vicar with his fingers inside her.

Before she realised what had happened she realised that he had withdrawn his finger and she groaned with disappointment. Kneeling on the floor between the two beds he crawled forward and reaching between her open legs he once again touched his finger to her sex and was pleased to hear her sudden intake of breath at his touch, a sharp quiver of lust. He ran his finger the length of her lips and watched them slowly open to even further to his touch, rolling back like the waters before Moses. He worked his way to the top of her, holding her open until he could see her clitoris, standing hard and erect at the top of her sex, the small protective hood rolled back like some actor in a play, 'Voila!' pushing back his cowl so that you can see his face discarding his hat before going into action.

Scrambling closer he moved down the bed so that he kneel between her legs. Forcing her legs wide he placed his thumbs on both sides of her sex and she groaned as he gently pulled her lips apart, opening her up to his gaze, holding her there so he could look inside her. She groaned quietly as he opened her; the groan and her heavy breathing the only sounds in the tent, she was shaking with excitement as he manipulated her, treating her like meat. The world had fallen silent as he gazed into her. Unconsciously she began to move her hips slightly, turned on by his inspection, looking for his fingers, signalling her need to be touched, to be made to cum. 'Please' she whispered, 'please.'

He touched his thumb to her clitoris and she jumped as If he had electrocuted her. "Ready to cum I take it," he asked and she groaned. He held her open again, his thumbs stretch her wide, her clitoris standing stark and proud.

"Such a strange thing," he said leaning closer to inspect it more thoroughly. "They call it a little man," he said as she gripped the edge of the bed with her fingers, white knuckled, her legs like her sex wide open.

He leaned forward gingerly touched his tongue to the tip f it and she cried out, her hips bucking up off the bed. "Nice," he said, "nice", savouring the taste. He slid one of his thumbs across to rest gently on her clitoris and she again cried out, her back arching and her head thrown back. "Are you ready to cum now" he asked solicitously.

His rock hard shaft throbbed inside his pants, he was so erect it was beginning to hurt. Looking down he could see the dark wet stain on the front of his trousers where his precum was soaking through the material. He grasped his shaft one handed through the tick material and groaned with the almost overwhelming need to cum, he desperately wanted to take his shaft out and burry himself inside her but he heroically fought back the urge, 'Not yet,' he thought, 'not quite yet' and turned his attention back to the woman on the bed before him.

She cried out as his thumb began to stroke across the small nub of her clitoris. A easy touch that brought her hips up off the bed and a strangled cry of pain cum pleasure from her lips. She bucked against him, calling out for him to stop. She came almost immediately, crying out as she arched herself up off the bed, shaking so violently that he had difficulty in keeping his thumb on her sex; but he kept at her, working her clitoris until as she stretched and thrashed on the bed. He held her with a hand on her stomach until the worst of her climax was passed. Keeping her stretched out, her legs wide open with his shoulders and elbows.

Eventually she shuddered and lay still, her breathing ragged in her chest. A sheen of sweat sheathing her lithe young body. The vicar sat back on his heels and stretched his arms out, easing the stress and tension. He rolled his head like an athlete preparing for some event. "Hard work this," he said quietly as he cracked his fingers before leaning forward back between her legs again.

Watching closely he inspected her sex again, not touching, just looking, noting the differences that had occurred, the deeper pink shade of her lips, wet and puffy, slightly swollen and enlarged. The moisture running out of her, soaking down into the already soaked bed beneath her bottom. He leaned forward and pressed a finger between her open lips and she groaned in protest as she felt him between her legs again. She groaned again quietly, pleadingly, as his finger slid slowly into her. She softly rolled her hips as he penetrated her, instantly ready despite her impressive climax of a minute earlier. He could not immediately tell if her moans were complaint or pleasure until she began to push against him, gently pushing her sex back against his finger, driving him deeper inside her. Her legs opened fully as he slowly pushed all the way inside, his finger disappearing into her without resistance. She lay back onto the bed, drawing her knees up, holding them with her hands , spreading her legs wide open for him and he pushed into her until he could go no further, until he could feel her warmth and wetness coating the length of his finger.

He felt her shiver as he began to move inside her, to explore inside her darkness. The tip of his finger brushed the entrance to her cervix and he smiled as she slowly but surely surrendered her warm and wet, secret places to him. Inserting another finger into her she groaned and her hips pressed back against him again, still gently, almost experimentally, as though she were trying to be good and failing.

Exploring further he turned his fingers inside her and she stifled a small cry, her sex skilfully moulding itself around his fingers, gripping him, trying to draw him in. He withdrew them completely and she moaned again, this time a sound full of disappointment and loss. He stared at his fingers and the slick coating of juices that covered them and he laughed, quietly and jubilantly before he pushed himself back into her, burying himself once again inside her and she immediately rose to meet him, her hips rising to his meet his thrust and again he laughed, marvelling at the control he was now able to exercise over this young woman's soft and yielding body.

Partially withdrawing he felt the friction between her sex and his fingers, her sex seemed to be sucking at him, the lubrication she was providing adding to the soft vacuum that her sex created around his fingers and she moaned again as he pulled against it. He worked his fingers back inside her and he marvelled at the complexity of the sexual act, the moving parts that all fit together so beautifully and functioned so smoothly. He sex was moulding itself to him, adapting to the shapes that were working their way between her lips. He pushed back inside her before she was ready and she cried out, part surprise and part pleasure. He turned his fingers inside her and as before her hips rose up to meet him. Her eyes were closed and her hands flat at her side, she had her knees up, presenting her sex to him, for his use, for her pleasure.

He repeated the manoeuvre, partially withdrawing his fingers, drawing back out of her up to his knuckles before pushing back inside her, deeper, stronger; slowly beginning to build up a rhythm that he hoped would carry her up and into yet another climax.

Her hips began to rock as his fingers pressed into her. Her breath grew increasingly ragged and rasping as she strove to control the sensations that were whirling up like flames from between her open legs. His big fingers slipped in and out of her sex, building stroke upon stroke and she gripped the edges of the narrow bed as she fought to keep her hips still and her legs open. He pushed harder, turning his fingers inside her at the end of each stroke until her control finally broke and with a cry she pushed back with her hips, impaling herself on his fingers at every thrust.

He laughed with pure joy as she rode him, mounting his fingers with a growing abandon, lost in the new and growing wave of sensation that was sweeping through her. She stretched her legs wide, her sex sucking at his fingers as he watched with unconcealed delight. He drove her harder. Leaning over her he pushed her hips back down onto the bed, his hand flat on the top of her mound, holding her down, holding her in position, working her sex with his fingers like an amateur gynaecologist conducting an extremely private and thorough examination.

His fingers were driving her into a frenzy. She thrashed under him, rising higher with every thrust. Her head whipped from side to side, her breasts shaking, her bra riding free high on her chest. Her sex gripped him, her juices coating his fingers and his hand. Just like her he was slipping into sensory overload, unable to absorb the sensations, the pleasures, that were bombarding him. No passing spectator in the act she lifted her hips high off the bed with every stroke as she drove his fingers deeper and deeper into her sex. Her fingers were white and she gripped the bed as if her life depended on it, as if she would drift away if she let go. She cried out again as his fingers worked inside her, a cry that broke suddenly into a series of smaller, shorter cries, almost of surprise, as her climax burst upon her.

She thrashed under him, held hard against the canvas bed beneath her by his enormous hand. She clamped her thighs tight shut, hard around his hand as she rode the first overwhelming waves of her crisis. Her hands gripped frantically at the wrist that controlled the hand between her legs, trying vainly to stop him, to stop the climax that was wracking her. She shuddered violently and her body shook, curling up off the bed as if winded, almost frightening him with the intensity of her climax.

He continued to work her as her climax continued, keeping her 'on the boil' as he had heard it expressed; rolling her on into wave after wave of her orgasm, cresting one peak before climbing up and into another, each higher and more intense than the last. He watched in awe each time she rose to his fingers before crying out and collapsing back onto the bed as a new wave crashed through her, washed her out, leaving her just enough strength to rise to the next; his fingers were relentless. Finally she slowed, each climax now just a little lower in intensity than the one before until at last she tugged on his wrist trying to halt the rhythm of his fingers inside her. 'No more, please, no more,' she begged quietly.

He withdrew his fingers and sat back onto his heels and Pat collapsed exhausted onto the bed, her eyes closed, her breathing fast and shallow, her skin slick with a bright sheen of sweat. He ran his hand down her leg and she muttered softly and complainingly under her breath. He smiled and ignored her protest, feeling the sweat cooled warmth of her skin, marvelling in her strength and her raw sexuality. He picked up her knickers and began to wipe her down, wiping between her breasts and her tummy and down along her legs.

He dropped the knickers back onto the bed but on an afterthought he picked them up again and pushed them into his pocket. 'A memento' he thought and he fought the urge to laugh. For the first time in his life he felt liberated, he had seen the sexual revolution first hand, up close and personal and his head was bursting with it.

"Sit up a little," he said pulling her up by her shoulder. She moaned and tried to shrug him off but he was insistent and slowly she struggled upright, floppy and disjointed like a rag doll. He held her against him as he stripped off her heavy blue shirt, working it down her arms as she muttered grumpily, her head rolling against his shoulder.

"We've lost the knickers," he explained excitedly as he pulled the shirt off each arm in turn. "And look at how much fun we've had since. So now my dear, I think it's time to get you completely naked don't you?"

She looked at him uncomprehendingly as, still holding her upright, he reached over and dropped the shirt on the pile with the rest of her clothes. The shirt was followed by her bra which he pulled down her arms and off, tossing it onto the pile of discarded clothing. "You were wearing all those this morning when I arrived," he said proudly, cupping a breast and rolling the nipple, "and now look at you. As naked as the day you were born. My, we have been busy haven't we?" He held her close, cradling her against his chest while his hands rolled down her back, cupping her bottom before moving back up and around to her breasts again. There was no resistance, she was exhausted, too tired to protest.

He laid her back on to the bed, gently, her legs open and her arms loose. She muttered incoherently as he ran his hands over her but nothing could spoil his mood as finally she was completely and utterly naked every bit as beautiful as he had imagined her to be.

"Quite wonderful my dear," he said as he rolled her breasts, inspecting her deep dusky pink nipples standing out proudly from the luscious fullness of her breasts still surprisingly erect. He rolled them in his hands until she moaned and tried to push him away. Smiling to himself he drew his hands down her stomach, feeling the smooth clean lines of her hips before moving further down between her legs. He ignored he quiet protests, her attempt to close her legs and he quite roughly pushed her legs open again. He surveyed her used and puffy sex, her juices still trickling down the crack of her bottom, the stain on the canvas bed now dark and wide. "I hope that that dries before your friends get him," he said quietly laughing to himself. He saw the stain as further proof of his new found virility.

"Ah yes," he said smugly, "quite, quite wonderful. I wonder if you know how perfect you are my dear. You really were meant to be naked, to be fucked. And I am just the man to do it." She didn't stir, whether she heard him or was even listening was debatable. She lay on her back, her arms crossed over her breasts, holding them, protecting them. She tried to curl over onto her side, looking for sleep, for rest but he held her with a hand on her hip, rolling her over onto her back again and she complained grumpily.

"Not so fast," he said ignoring her tiredness, "where do you think you are going?"

She covered her breasts with her arms again as he laid her gently back onto the hard canvas bed, a conditioned modesty reflex and he laughed. Taking hold of her wrists he gently pulled her arms away, pulling them down to her sides.

"That's better," he said releasing her. "There's nothing left to cover up is there," he said slightly mockingly, "There's nothing I haven't seen already, nothing you haven't already showed me."

"I now just want to see some more of it," he said as he ran his hands over her, fondling her breasts, stroking down her stomach. "In fact I want to see a lot more of it," he said almost gaily as he dipped his hands between her thighs.

"Open them again," he instructed and somewhat resignedly she opened her legs for him.

He marvelled once again at her shape and the feel of her, he had never known anything like it, in truth he thought that this may have been the first woman he had ever seen completely naked in his whole sad and sheltered life. His wife still maintained her privacy, even after all their years of marriage. Even on their wedding night the lights had been switched off and the room plunged into darkness before her nightie was demurely raised to her waist, never removed and hastily pulled down as soon as the quick and unsatisfactory act had been performed. He had never, ever, seen her naked and now, after all these sexually sterile years, he sadly had no desire to.

He looked at the young woman before him. This was so totally different he could not believe it; this was quite literally virgin territory for him, perhaps for both of them, but whatever happened now he simply had to make love to her, he had to fuck her whatever the cost. He now had her completely, absolutely, unbelievably, wonderfully, stark naked, stretched out like a vision on the bed in front of him. And she was compliant, willing, opening her legs to him when he asked and she was his for the rest of the day. So far it had taken him a surprisingly short time to get her undressed, and the rest of the day stretched out before him like some sunlit uplands. On top of that he had put his fingers in her sex. So, even if she was a virgin now, he intended to make absolutely certain that she would lose that cherished status before her outward-bound friends returned home for dinner.

He slowed his exploration of her, wanting to make it last, committing it to memory so that he could bring it back later, play it back in his mind like a private blue film. She was unbelievable, she was everything and more that his fertile and considerable imagination had promised she would be and he could not keep his hands off her. Touching her, her face, her sex, her breasts, stroking her, his enthusiasm, his intimate touches turning her slowly on despite her half hearted and coyly muttered protests.

"It's too late for that I'm afraid," he said brushing away her fluttering hands as he explored her red and finger marked breasts, rolling the hard, erect nipples between his fingers until she groaned.

"It's too late to be shy now. Trying to cover yourself up. You should have thought of that before you encouraged me to take your clothes off shouldn't you?" Startled out of her lethargy by his words Pat made to protest but he ignored her, pulling her legs open to examine her swollen and puffy sex again, her juices thick and matted into her pubic hair where his fingers had moved inside her just minutes before. Pushing her legs even further apart he opened her sex with his fingers.

Holding her open he examined inside her, the swollen outer lips and the smaller darker coral inner lips guarding the deep secret entrance to her sex. He could not resist touching her and she moaned in protest as he slid a finger inside her. She groaned as he breached her new found modesty, her tired body struggling to adapt to the new intrusion. She moaned a soft protest but never attempted any serious resistance; if nothing else the morning had taught her not to protest too much, to just lay back and open her legs to him, and so that is what she did

He pushed inside her and like a child he explored the already explored, turning his finger inside her until she groaned. He perversely withdrew his finger and examined it, carefully watching the juices that coated it catch the light and glisten. He lent between her open legs again to study her clitoris. It surprised him that it took him a while to find it, now hooded and seemingly much smaller than he remembered. Stroking it with his finger he rolled the protective hood back to expose the small, seemingly insignificant, head. The effect was electric and despite her torpor Pat cried out and tried to squirm away from his fingers. He pushed her hands away as they tried to stop him and she moaned again as he touched the small, highly sensitive, nub of flesh.

He sat back, his mind afire with his new knowledge and shopping list of possibilities. He rearranged himself in his trousers. He had never been so desperately erect, so sexually aware. His almost painful erection was straining to escape the confines of his pants, the large wet patch staining his front testimony to his readiness and his need.

Making his mind up he leaned back and unbuckled the broad leather belt he wore before, working with both hands, he slowly and deliberately unbuttoned his trousers.

"What are doing?" Pat asked, her voice unsure, wary, for the first time perhaps showing a hint of fear.

"You know exactly what I'm doing," he answered quietly, pushing his trousers down to his knees. He reached under his shirt and taking hold of his huge and voluminous underpants he levered himself up so that they could join his trousers around his knees. He knelt upright and as he did his erection suddenly sprang free, poking out, hard and angry between the flaps of his shirt. Startled, she cried out and pushed herself up onto one elbow as his penis bobbed threateningly just a hand span in front of her. He smiled and with one large hand he pulled up his shirt, exposing himself to her. Shocked she tried to back away but came up against the canvas wall of the tent. She licked her lips nervously and glancing away from his erection she looked down at herself as if realising the precariousness of her position for the first time. She made to sit up but he restrained her with a hand on her shoulder.

"Too late for that my dear," he said quietly and without threat, "we've come far too far to stop now. Only a few more steps and we can relax."

She stared at him, shocked, her eyes wide, her fingers at her mouth. His penis reared red and angry from beneath his shirttail, a thick cluster of short ginger hairs at its base and below that his scrotum hung creased and ugly.

"What do you mean, 'a few more steps'?" she asked eventually when she could find the words but he ignored the question, still holding his shirt up at his stomach, his erection waving dangerously in front. She scrambled up into a sitting position and he let the shirt drop.

"Which hand do you use?" he asked and she looked at him, slow and confused, her mind trying to make sense of the question, her eyes fixed on the head of his penis which was still poking through the front of his shirt tails.

"What?"

"Which hand do you write with?" he asked deliberately as though talking to a small child and still confused she slowly raised her right hand. "Good," he said and without waiting he took hold of her wrist, pulling her hand towards him.

"No!" she shouted suddenly realising what he was about to do and she pulled back trying to wrench her hand out of his. She looked as if she were about to burst into tears and he let go of her, realising that he was moving too fast. He sat back on his heels as she curled back against side of the tent, her arms defensively wrapped across her chest again.

"I'm sorry," he said. suddenly conciliatory, quietly reassuringly, "I thought you had seen one before," he said indicating his penis which still poked out from under his shirt. "But you haven't have you?" and she shook her head briefly, the tears now glistening on her lashes.

"He's quite friendly," he said holding up his shirt again for her see. He took his penis in his other hand and shook it like a stick, "not dangerous at all see?"

She watched as he played with his own penis, moving it up and down, waving it from side to side, pulling the foreskin back to reveal the purple bulbous head, until she began to smile at his antics, her interest slowly piqued. He kept talking throughout, trying to make her laugh, innately recognising that curiosity would lead her where he desperately wanted her to go.

"Come here," he said at last, letting his shirt fall and holding out his hand to her but she remained stubbornly just out of reach. Smiling reassuringly he placed his hand causally and easily on her thigh, re-establishing the all important physical contact; softly stroking, all the while talking quietly and encouragingly to her.

Slowly she began to relax, he could see the tension beginning to drain out of her, her body less rigid, her hands slowly unclenched. She stared at the head of his penis still poking out almost comically from under the front of his shirt tails; so he bounced on his knees making the head bob lazily, disappearing momentarily beneath his shirt before reappearing like a character from a Punch and Judy show and she laughed.

"See," he said, lifting his shirt to show her his still erect penis, "there's nothing to be frightened of with this little chap. He's quite harmless really."

"He?" she asked, leaning forward a little to look at it, moving closer, her interest growing. Be careful my dear he thought smiling to himself as she leaned in for a closer look, it was curiosity that killed the cat.

"Of course it's a 'he'," he said and took it in his hand again, "what else could it be? Look at him! He's the very epitome of masculinity. What could be more masculine than a penis?"

She looked at it carefully, keeping her distance as best she could, just in case it still proved capable of biting. He leaned forward and taking her by surprise he reached up between her legs and placed his finger against her sex.

"And this is the most feminine part of a woman," he said quietly, stroking his finger against her. "And it's always called 'she'."

Pat closed her eyes for a moment as his finger pressed softly between the lips of her sex surprised at how she could so instantly be turned on again. She opened her legs a little to grant him access and running his finger higher he quickly found her clitoris, exposing it, rolling back the hood with his newly found expertise and she sat back with a softly breathed 'Oh God!'.

"There," he said quietly as his finger drew lazy little circles over the suddenly erect nub. "I thought you would like that."

Pat closed her eyes for a moment as his softly reassuring voice washed over her, the individual words passing unheard but the timbre of his voice calming, his finger exciting as it circled softly on the sensitive centre of her sex. He body began to instantly vibrate, despite her recent climaxes she was already turned on, being naked was obviously helping keep her high, she was meant for it. His free hand reached up and cupped her breast and she opened her eyes to voyeuristically watch him brush his thumb across her nipple, it was already erect and waiting for his touch. Now familiar sensations raced from her nipple to her sex signalling her readiness to cum again if the stimulus continued

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"Such beautiful breasts," he said quietly as his thumb stroked her. Her eyes clouded over as he fondled her, his hand moving slowly and indecently from one beast to the other. His finger was still at her sex. Slowly her pupils dilated and her eyes closed and she once again surrendered her body to the newly discovered salacious opiate of sex.

"Do you really think so?" she asked quietly, almost dreamily. The sensations like a drug washing through her body, "are they really beautiful?"

"Of course," he offered, his hand reinforcing the words as he moved from one breast to the other. "The most beautiful I have ever seen," he said as if he was an expert, "the weight, the shape, the texture, all absolutely perfect." He didn't tell her that he had only ever seen one other pair of breasts and that was when he had inadvertently caught his wife breastfeeding their son and he had hurriedly made his embarrassed apologies and left the room. He had not found the sight at all exciting, rather disgusting actually, her wet, veined and overfilled breasts leaking milk had in fact repulsed him. The act of breastfeeding too intimate.

In truth he knew he had long ago stopped seeing his wife with any form of sexual desirability. He had obviously felt his wife's breasts, both inside and outside her heavy nightie during their brief period of trying of trying to procreate their species, although now he thought about it he didn't know why they were bothering, as if his species was worth procreating. He didn't really have any remembrance of the feel or the shape of her breasts and he could not have described her nipples if his life had depended on it.

The breasts that he was now holding in his hand were the complete antithesis of his wife's; these were soft and warm and beautifully shaped, full and enticing, entirely sexual. These breasts were designed for looking at, for holding and touching, fondling and sucking on. These breasts beat his wife's drooping sacks hands down. He squeezed Pat's nipple and felt her stiffen, felt the corresponding intake of breath as the sharply exciting pain raced through her chest. There was no comparison.

She had moved forward on the bed, drawn by the finger at her sex and was sitting with one foot on the floor, the other folded back and crossed under the first, the position opening her sex wide for him. He looked down between her legs where his finger still stroked softly over her clitoris. He saw that her hips were moving in time to him, an unconscious rhythm that would eventually dance her up and into her climax. Her breast rolled in his palm and her sex moved under his finger, soft sexual rhythms and he could not help but admire the shape and texture of her, the very feel of her and his penis throbbed in anticipation.

"And the most beautiful fanny," he said, testing the word for size, rolling it around his mouth like his finger rolled over her clitoris; and despite her growing excitement Pat giggled a little like a child with a new dirty word. The very use of the forbidden was fanning the flames of her mounting desire.

"Fanny," she repeated quietly beneath her breath, trying the word in her own mouth.

"Penis," he said raising his shirt again, just enough to let her see.

"Penis," she repeated and looked at him before looking down at his penis poking out from under his shirt, suddenly looking smaller and less threatening for being named.

"Touch him," the vicar said and suddenly she looked a little pensive, unsure. "Go on," he said, "touch him, he won't hurt. In fact you'll probably enjoy it. Here, give me your hand, go on give it to me," he said to her sudden reluctance, "let's make friends with him and don't be such a scaredy cat this time"; and he reached down and took her hand in his and she let him. He just held it for a moment before slowly drawing it towards him. His hand shook as if palsied as he wrapped her soft, unresisting, fingers around his shaft, feeling cool and wonderfully exciting as they gripped his hot and fierce erection.

"My God," he breathed in awe as he watched her hand close on him, a slight squeeze, a tentative investigation. The sight drove him to an even higher state of excitement if that was at all possible. When he looked at her face as she stared at her own hand; the rapped expression of guiltless inquisitive innocence, her eyes wide, the pink tip of her tongue poking between her lips in childish concentration, he almost came immediately.

He allowed her to hold him for a few moments, her first hesitant, wary, step into the unknown. Her fingers closed around him and she glanced up at him, shy but enthusiastic and he nodded his encouragement. He took her hand and ran it around the head of his shaft, spreading his juices with her hand, gently leading her, teaching her how to hold him, quelling her fears; and she took to these uncharted waters without a qualm, sliding right in, her hand wrapped around him, leaning forward enraptured and her eyes shining with excitement.

"Lie down," he said, his voice almost breaking with repressed excitement. "Lie down," he repeated, trying to calm himself, "and let me look at you again."

Pat cast a shy coquettish glance at him before swinging her legs up onto the bed, suddenly hopeful that she would once again find his fingers back inside her and she could continue her interrupted journey back to her climax; and with an almost unseemly enthusiasm she quickly settled herself onto her back, arranging herself for him, smiling as unasked, she spread her legs again. As she settled herself she reached out and took hold if his shaft again, the dutiful student practising her lines.

"Good girl," he said smiling, "you are a fast learner," and taking her hand in his he began to move it up and down on his shaft; slow easy strokes that he realised, in his heightened state, would have him coming very quickly.

"This is my penis," he said "as if beginning a lecture at Sunday School and he laughed at the thought that what they were doing here was about as far from Sunday School as it was possible to get. "But there again I guess you've worked that out yourself haven't you" and he disengaged her hand from his shaft, pushing it between his legs and cupping her fingers around his balls.

"These are where the sperm comes from when I cum," he said letting her feel them, hold them and almost instinctively she hefted them in the palm of her hand, squeezing them experimentally. "Easy," he said laughing tentatively as he disengaged her hand from his testicles, "they're very sensitive to pressure," and he wrapped her hand around his shaft again.

"And that's what you're going to do for me now, isn't it?" he said and she looked at him a little confused. "You're going to make me cum, just as I did for you, just as I have been doing all morning. A little reciprocity eh?

He took hold of the hand that was wrapped around his shaft and slowly began to move it up and down on his shaft. The feeling was immediate and intense.

"Oh yes," he breathed, trying not to groan as he felt his testicles tighten in anticipation of relief, "oh yes! That's just so good."

Pat watched him very closely; she was now totally engrossed in the experiment, an active and eager participant, her hand slowly stroking the length of his shaft, rubbing from the base to just below the bulbous head. His precum began to flow copiously down his shaft and onto her fingers, lubricating, shining in the soft green light inside the tent. He hovered over her, shaking, as she watched his cock move in her hand. He could tell from the smile on her face that she was learning and liking what she now knew was expected of her.

She stroked him slowly and steadily, squeezing gently as if milking a cow, beginning to understand from his reaction to her hand the power she could exert over him. His shining face was slowly turning purple, his jowls quivering as she squeezed him lightly. He began to push against her restraining fingers, working himself as much as letting her make the running, driven by his growing need to cum. He looked up at the ceiling, looking for strength, fighting the urge to cum, his hands gripping the edge of the bed as she worked him, his penis pointing straight out from his groin like a gun.

Pat slowed, unsure of what to expect. "Don't stop!" he instructed, his voice strangely strangulated and she immediately began to stroke him again.

"That's it, that's it, keep going," he urged, his voice sounding strangled and guttural. He was beginning to bend at the waist, folding slowly over around her hand.

"Keep going," he urged again, almost frightening her with his intensity. And then suddenly he cried out, a deep elemental groan that seemed to come from somewhere near his toes and he thrust his penis forward, hard against her hand, his shaft seeming to swell and harden even as she held it.

"I'm cuming!" he called out his warning to no one in particular and his shaft seemed to explode in her hand causing her to cry out at the same time. Huge spurts of hot, milky white liquid splattered down onto her chest and stomach and his shaft jerked in her hand like a live snake.

Suddenly terrified she let go and the Vicar groaned before wrapping his own hand around his straining penis, pumping hard, finishing himself off. A second wave of sperm rained down on her and she cried out again and thoroughly panicked she tried to wipe it away, smearing it across her skin and down into her pubic hair. A third wave fell on her as he milked his own shaft, covering her stomach again and falling on the back of her hand.

"Stop," he said finally, weakly, taking hold of her wrist as she tried to wipe her hand off on the bed. She looked up at him, the frightened, startled look of a woman on the verge of tears and he burst out laughing, his reaction surprising her into inaction.

"It's just sperm," he laughed. "That's what happens when a man cums, I would have thought that you would have known that."

Shaking her head in confirmation of her obvious ignorance she looked down at her stomach and the hand that he was still holding up. Glutinous strands and pools of sperm glistened like jewels across her tummy and hung like strings of pearls from her fingers. Laughing he used the flat of his own hand to smear the creamy substance across the smooth expanse of her firm young stomach.

"It's harmless, except for making babies of course," he added with a chuckle.

"And you had better get used to it my dear because if today is anything to go by you are going to see a lot more of it from now on."

Startled she made to speak but he took the hand he had been holding and pressed it into the smeared mess on her belly. He wiped her hand over her stomach, forcing her to rub the sticky substance into her own skin.

Slowly, as he rubbed, her resistance faded and as if beginning to enjoy the experience, she rubbed herself with the flat of her own hand until the bulk of the liquid had disappeared; the heat of the day and the warmth of her skin drying it rapidly. After a time she lifted her hand and stared at her palm where small traces of sperm remained stuck to her and bringing her hand up to her face she sniffed at it suspiciously.

"What does it smell of?" he asked, his heart rate slowing and his colour coming back to its normal florid hue.

"Nothing really," she said propping herself up on one elbow and he smiled. Almost jovially he raised his shirt and showed her his deflated penis, a short string of sperm still dangling precariously from the end.

"He's shrunk," she said in surprise and he took her hand again and placed it on his wilted member. She took it in her hand without any urging, lifting it and smearing the now cold sperm around the purple head. He shuddered at her touch and his penis jerked a little. She laughed and opened her fingers, letting it rest like a bird in the palm of her hand.

"What do you think to him?" he asked, as he would a child with a new toy and she smiled.

"Not quite what I expected," she said, quite absorbed with its new state and she rolled it in her palm again. The effect was instant and his shaft twitched in her hand causing her to jump and she laughed again. He laughed with her, kneeling beside the bed holding his shirt high up on his stomach as if in a "I'll show you mine if you'll show me yours" game; which in a grown up way he was.

He pushed himself heavily to his feet, bending over in the restricted headroom of the tent. Letting go of his penis Pat sat back on the camp bed, resting back on her arms and watched him, her pose one of quiet smouldering sexuality, she knew the effect she was having on him. She was also growing in confidence, she had weathered every test that she had faced and in the main she had enjoyed each of them in turn. Now she wanted his fingers back inside her. She wanted to feel his need for her, she wanted to cum.

He could sense her complacency, she felt that she had now experienced all there was to know and he smiled benignly at her naivety. Sex was a big subject and he knew that he himself had learned more today than he had in the whole of his life to date; but he also knew that there was a whole lot more to learn and that today they would learn together. He hoped that she would enjoy it but in truth it didn't really matter if she did or she didn't because today he was not going to let her escape the tent with her virginity intact, she was his for the taking.

Bending down to unlace his shoes he kicked them off his feet before he pushed his trousers and underpants down to his ankles and kicked them off his feet as well. Finally, balancing precariously on each leg he pulled his socks off. Standing up he gathered his clothing into a bundle and casually pushed it to one side.

Once again he stood as upright as he could in the confined space his huge bulk filling the tent. He looked down on her and resting on one elbow, she stared back up at him, seemingly completely unabashed by her own nakedness and the fact that he was now totally naked from the waist down. With a shrug of her shoulders she casually brushed her hair out of her face and her breasts swayed softly on her chest, her nipples hard and prominent. She looked down at them and smiled coyly up at him, after the morning's adventures she was now fully aware of the sexual fascination her body and her breasts had for him.

"Are you trying to play the femme fatale with me?" He asked quietly and she blushed a little and looked away.

"Because if you are its working. Look," he said and pointed to his suddenly semi tumescent penis. She laughed and raised her eyebrows in mock surprise.

"See what you do to me?" he asked and taking his shaft in his finger and thumb he jiggled his penis to make her smile.

"Actually I should be getting you to do that shouldn't I? You handle him much better than I do; and to much better effect he added." His flattery struck home and she flushed with pride at his praise. For the moment she seemed relaxed with her nudity, a brief taste of what she could become if handled correctly and he smiled.

With a deliberate calmness he slowly leaned forward and almost experimentally he touched her sex with the tip of his finger. She instantly stiffened, whimpering slightly as he wiped his finger up along the outside of her sex.

"There," he said, as if establishing some fundamental truth, holding his glistening fingertip up for her to see, "you're wet."

Pat blinked and blushed furiously. She stared at his finger as if the moisture had come from somewhere other than between her own legs. Laughing quietly he ran his finger up between the lips of her sex and she gasped as she watched her lips roll back, opening to the light pressure of his finger as it passed.

"Lovely, absolutely beautiful" he said and with awed curiosity she watched him press his finger slowly inside her, pushing it easily home up to his knuckle.

She looked down at the hand between her wide open legs, watching the Vicar leaning forward, engrossed in her sex, still wearing his dog collar, his badge of office, his finger inside her up to his knuckle and her composure drained from her and her arms suddenly sagged under the pressure of what he was doing to her. Laughing quietly at her sudden complete surrender to pleasure he withdrew his finger and then pressed it home again. She hissed her approval as he slid still deeper inside her.

"Look how wet you are," he said quietly, his finger moving inside her, gently twisting and curling, robbing her of will and strength to think and she sagged further back as he explored her, her arms trembling as they tried to hold her up. His finger withdrew and pressed home again and her head fell back with a soft moan.

"And I think you're going to cum again for me aren't you," he asked quietly, determinedly, and she hissed as his finger moved out and then back inside her again.

"Ah yes," his voice delighted, almost mocking in its certainty, "you know you are, we both know you are." His finger slid wetly inside her again and with a groan she sank further back, surrendering her body and her sex to him as he knew she would.

"What a beautiful sight," he said, slipping a second finger inside her and she cried out, a small cry of pleasure mixed with defeat, "you, completely naked, with your legs open for me," he said and she shuddered as he worked his fingers slowly in and out of her. Her arms shook as she tried to support her weight behind her.

He moved slowly closer. "You know I'm going to make love you today don't you?" he asked quietly as his fingers moved smoothly in and out of her. Pat's eyes snapped open and she stared at him, his voiced intent suddenly bringing her back to reality.

"You do don't you," he asked again and she slowly shook her head, her eyes fixed on his, fear and caution vying with pleasure as his fingers caressed her. Curiosity killed the cat he thought smiling. You should have run when you had the chance he thought,its far too late now.

"No," she said quietly.

"Of course I am," he said, working her sex steadily, staring straight back her, giving her his best smile. "And that's what you want me to do isn't it? Otherwise why would you be here with me now, naked, letting me play with your fanny?"

She stared at him, trying to concentrate on his words but his fingers were distracting, confusing her. He curled his fingers and she cried out, rocking forward to grip his upper arms with her hands. He smiled benignly at her as he worked his fingers still deeper, drawing her juices from her, keeping her legs spread wide.

"We are going to make love," he repeated and she shook her head, looking down between their bodies to where his fingers were sliding in and out of her, breaking her resistance, making thought difficult. She saw his penis, now fully erect, rearing up from under his shirt, dangerously close to her sex and she gripped him tighter.

"You know that you want to," he said, his voice reasoned and strangely persuasive, "you want to feel him inside you don't you?" She shook her head again, her thoughts even more confused and distracted than before.

"Of course you do," he softly cajoled his voice like butter, his fingers steady and intrusive. She shook as he worked her sex, steadily, persuasively and she gripped his hips with her knees as he bought her slowly but steadily up towards her climax.

"Shall we put another finger inside you?" he asked and she shook her head.

"No," she whispered watching between her own legs, shaking her head in mute and futile denial as he slowly withdrew his fingers from her sex.

"Watch," he whispered and like a conjurer preparing for a card trick he showed her his hand.

"One,'" he whispered quietly before running a single finger up the length of her sex. Dutifully, fascinated, her eyes followed every movement as his finger parted her lips, moving slowly up the through the length of her sex. She shuddered and tried to close her legs as his finger lightly and briefly grazed her clitoris before sliding deep between her lips.

"No," she said quietly, shaking, staring down her body to where his finger moved lightly and enticingly slowly pushing deep within her glistening sex. She cried out briefly and her hips jerked before he laughed and slowly withdrew.

"One," he said holding her gaze.

He flexed his fingers like a showman before uncurling and extending two fingers, pointing them straight at her shining and open sex like an arrow.

"Two," he whispered and sliding forward he slowly inserted them between the lips of her sex. Her breath hissed between her teeth like a steam engine as his fingers once again travelled the length of her sex, lingering at the end as they softly caressed the small nub of her clitoris. She cried out softly as he found her, wrapping her arms around his shoulders, clinging to him as a lost and shipwrecked sailor to a rock.

"There," he said quietly as he slid the two fingers deep into her sex, "a perfect fit. I knew that you'd appreciate it," he said and laughed. He took his time, working his fingers inside her until she shook like a leaf in the wind. "Are you ready to cum yet," he asked as he pressed himself home, his fingers up to the knuckle. She fell back away from him, resting back onto her arms, allowing herself to watch his fingers at work between her open legs. He extended his thumb and lightly brushed her clitoris and she threw her head back, a small cry escaping from her. Her nipples were hard, her lips drawn tight across her teeth. She was starting to rise.

She cried out when he eventually withdrew, her strength ebbing with his retreating fingers. She shuddered as he withdrew them, bright and shining with her juices. He held her to him, his arm around the small of her back, holding her close, cutting off her retreat. "Two," he said, holding up his wet and shining fingers for her to see.

He shook his hand as if shuffling a pack of cards before holding his hand out again. "Three," he whispered, adding his ring finger to other two, extending them together, letting her see them, letting her know they were intended for her.

"No, please," she said, mesmerised and intimidated by the sheer length and width of his hand and fingers.

In response he once again ran his fingers up the length of her sex, opening her lips, causing her to shudder in wide eyed anticipation. A the top of her sex his fingers once again found her clitoris, rolling over her sensitive nub, pressing lightly, breaking up her thoughts, short circuiting her reason and she moaned, her body coming upright, her head falling forward onto his chest.

"Three," he said quietly as he pushed his way slowly and deliberately inside her. She groaned as he stretched her, impaling her on his hand. She tried to shuffle her bottom back a little and she whimpered slightly as he worked his way slowly inside her.

"Coming whether ready or not," he said in a stage whisper and she shook her head.

"No," she whispered as he slowly worked his fingers deeper into her, spreading her lips, spreading her legs. He twisted his hand as he slowly worked at her, coating his fingers with her juices, ensuring that they were well lubricated as he pushed slowly and inexorably deeper between her legs.

"No," she whispered again, her eyes wide as saucers she watched his fingers slowly disappear inside her, pushing into her, stretching her wide open.

"Oh yes," he said, "it's time to spread your wings even further m little bird, or your legs at least, and fly."

"No. Please no, oh my God!" she cried quietly as his fingers relentlessly worked their way inside her, stretching her lips almost obscenely, her legs spread as wide as she could get them. She watched in fascination as he forced her open. "Stop," she cried, "you're beginning to hurt me," and he laughed as his fingers slowly disappeared inside her. "Please no," she whispered, her legs gripping his hips as she tried to close her legs but he slowly twisted his fingers inside her, spreading her even further. Her fingers gripped at his arms, her nails digging into his flesh but there was no stopping him and his broad, thick fingers slowly disappeared inside her. He laughed at her half-hearted attempts to stop him and he pushed even deeper into her, continuing to rotate his fingers, working her ever further open. Pat leaned backwards, her legs spread wide open; she felt as if her sex was being stretched almost to breaking point, her lips expanding like elastic. She wasn't sure if she was in pain or in the throes of an orgasm, she shook her head and beat at him like a wooden door, flailing at him as he laughed quietly at her distress.

"That's my girl," he said and she whimpered as his fingers filled her. "I knew you would enjoy it once you'd warmed to the idea, now all you have to do is cum for me," he said as he began to push slowly in and out, a small movement that he was certain would take her quickly over the edge. He wanted her to cum, and then to cum again; in fact he wanted her to keep on cuming until she was exhausted, totally compliant, prepared and ready for the next step.

He turned and curled his big fingers inside her and she stretched until she thought her sex would never be the same again and still he continued to work her until she could hear her juices squelching around his fingers. Her head fell forward again and she watched with a growing dismay the steady movement of his hand and wrist between her legs, drawing her ever higher despite herself. She knew she was losing, that his fingers were blowing away all her reserves of willpower and that she was going to cum again for him.

She closed her eyes but the feel of the motion filling her sex filled her head and she began to rock her hips against him, urging him on, urging him even deeper into her over full sex; and she began to shake, a trembling in the pit of her stomach that was being fed by the fingers inside her. She knew that he was setting her alight, that he was building a fire that would soon consume her, that would burn her up when her approaching climax broke upon her like a fever.

He placed his arm around her waist and with a gentle pressure he pulled her forward onto his fingers.

"That's it," he said quietly, the sound of her liquid sex filling the tent. "Keep on cuming, keep riding my fingers."

And as if his words had opened some floodgate inside her she began finally to buck against him, thrusting her hips forward, impaling herself even further.

"Good girl," he said as she began to whimper, grunting with each thrust of her hips, her noise getting louder as her climax grew.

"Come on," he urged twisting his fingers, driving them into her, hard and remorseless. She cried out and fell back against the restraining arm around her waist, abandoning control of her body and presenting her wide open sex to him to finish her off.

Turning his hand on its side he pushed as deep inside her as he possibly could and she almost screamed as he filled her, driving her over the edge. She shook as he worked her, her breasts swaying, her nipples as hard as rocks. He called out his encouragement as she rode his hand, her juices flooding from her. He was rocking with excitement as he drove into her, his own erection jutting from beneath his black clerical shirt, his precum streaking her inner thigh as he brushed against her.

"My God!" she cried, her cry rising to a wail as she begand to climax against his fingers.

"My God, my God, my God!" she cried as his fingers whipped her into a frenzy and he laughed at the wonderful inappropriateness of her call for help. Still wearing his dog collar he wondered briefly if he would still be able to offer her succour and counsel given the present circumstances of her request. His eyes shone as she climaxed against his fingers, his chest swelled with unbounded pride. He had heard that women call out to their maker during the moment of climax but he had never dreamed he would ever witness it, let alone be the cause.

He flexed his fingers inside her and she cried out again. Despite his calling he himself was beginning to feel like a God, more powerful and in control than he had ever felt in his life. With his arm around her waist he held her hard against his hand as she thrashed and strained to finish her climax. His fingers pushed ever deeper in his quest for her orgasm and her ultimate deliverance from virginity and she rocked against him, breaking herself on his fingers until she was done.

With a cry she held him tight, straining to drain every last ounce of pleasure from him until, with a shudder, she suddenly seemed to deflate, sinking down against his chest, all the life and the passion seemingly switched off, like a record when the arm is lifted. He held her against him as she collapsed, taking her weight as if she were child. As she fell he slid her sideways, laying her down onto the bed with barely a murmur of exhausted protest.

"You did well," he said quietly, wiping a strand of wet hair away from her face, letting his hand cup her breast, feeling her nipple as hard and erect as a small stone.

"You did very well," he said, squeezing her breast, watching the stiff nipple bulge gently between his fingers, "exactly as I wanted you to."

With one hand he opened her legs, pushing her thighs apart to once again inspect her; not sure what he was looking for, simply mesmerised by the sight and scent of her sex. He moved her like a doll, for his pleasure. Opening her legs further, pushing them off the bed, moving her until she lay one foot on the floor on either side of the low camp bed. She was totally unresponsive, completely exhausted, as he rearranged her; his hands sliding over her body, his fingers plucking at a nipple here, sliding between the wet and puffy lips of her sex there. He paused and tugged at his dog collar, ripping it off, throwing it onto the bed behind him. In a flurry of excitement his shirt and vest followed, fluttering like settling birds onto the pile of discarded clothes behind him. All the while his hands moved restlessly over her body.

Reaching behind him he pushed back the tent flaps and a flood of bright sunlight washed across them. Pat kept her eyes closed but turned her head away as the outside world streamed in.

"All the better to see you with," he said as the sunlight turned her skin a liquid gold, bronzed her sex and tipped her breasts with deep dusky pink nipples. Her sex glistened between her legs like a beacon. He slid a finger inside her and she groaned, trying feebly to move away from the uninvited intrusion.

"Oh my," he said quietly, childlike, as he moved his finger around inside her, "you feel so good. I just can't seem to get enough of you can I?" and he slid another finger inside her, revelling in her heat, her wetness and her youth.

"Truly wonderful," he breathed and she murmured slightly and shifted to accommodate his fingers. "It's true you know," he said although he knew she wasn't listening and he wasn't really talking to her anyway, "God really does move in mysterious ways."

As if to prove it he began to curl his fingers inside her, taking up the slow easy rhythm that now had begun to seem natural and right to him and Pat groaned, opening her legs wider despite her protest and he smiled, knowing that she would soon cum again; and even better, that really she wanted to cum despite the fact that she had climaxed only moments before. Her stamina amazed him. She had youth on her side he thought and the fact that she was in the first flood of her first real sexual encounter and he was shrewd enough to bet that that at this moment, with pressure of his fingers inside her that opening her legs was all that she wanted to do. Created out of circumstance she had become a willing, wanton, sex machine; and in creating that machine, he suddenly realised, with a turn of his fingers inside her, he had total control of it; and control gave him power.

With his fingers inside her, moving he spread the lips of her sex with his other hand and she groaned again in protest. He watched, fascinated, as the sun glinted on her small, hard clitoris. The sight made him lick his lips; he suddenly desperately wanted to taste her, to lick at the juices that coated his fingers, to lap at her sex like a puppy. He salivated at the thought of tasting her, his mind in freefall with the sight and smell of her sweet, wet, sex. He took the covered head of her clitoris between his finger and thumb and peeled back the protective sheath. Pat moaned and arched her back, pushing her sex forward searching blindly for more attention; attention that he was happy to provide.

He stroked the exposed head of the small, sensitive, nub with the ball of his thumb and the reaction was violent and immediate; she shook and her hips jerked at his touch, she thrashed her head and emitted small grunting noises like an animal. He watched the sinews in her legs stretch taut, felt her sex grip his fingers as he easily strummed at her clitoris like a pop star at a guitar.

The sensation was too intense for her and she called out and tried to grip his wrist, to pull his hand away. Instead he took her flailing hand and wrapped it around his once again hard and straining shaft. An automatic response she began to stroke him, her thumb running over the head of his shaft, spreading his heavily leaking precum and in the process almost making him cum. He shuddered and fought for control as she continued to stroke him, the strength of his sudden need to cum taking him by surprise. Placing his hand over hers he slowed her action and with a supreme effort he eventually managed to control himself. Once his crisis was over and under control he released her hand to continue its motion on his shaft.

His fingers continued to work inside her, his other hand opening her lips again, seeking for and finding her own small hard female erection. She cried out as he stroked her again, her body instantly losing its tension, falling limp as a rag doll as he worked her clitoris. Slowly she began to respond, began to tremble as he stroked her, drawing her up, leading her by her sex, like a bull with a ring through its nose, bringing her ever closer to her steadily approaching crisis. She pulled distractedly at his shaft, enthusiastic but unfocused, doing to him exactly what he was doing to her, driving him upwards, leading him by the growing tightness in his groin towards his own inevitable conclusion.

She cried out again as his thumb brushed across her clitoris, her hips jerking up off the bed, her hand gripping his shaft, jerking him spasmodically as her own climax rushed upon her. He came marginally before her, unable to hold off as she squeezed him, spilling his seed down her arm and her side, long streams of pearlescent liquid that ran and pooled and quickly soaked into the already wet, stretched canvas of the bed. He strained against her hand as he came, every ounce of his being focused on the hand that was wrapped around his shaft, the hand that was squeezing his soul out through the end of his dick. And she kept on squeezing, until he curled forward, his eyes bulging with the effort, his voice no more than a strangled grunt that became a cough as he pumped his seed out onto her.

Almost stepping on his heels she came hard after him, pushed over the edge by the fingers that still moved inside her and the sensations of his climax straining in her hand, the sudden rush of seed falling hot and exciting on her skin. She reached up with her hips, pushing his fingers deeper as she searched for her own consummation. She squeezed her eyes shut as she pushed back at him, feeling his fullness and his warmth as he towered over her. She cried out as his fingers worked between her open legs, ever deeper, opening her secrets and laying her bare. She pushed back against his hand, crying out as her climax wracked her, straining up off the bed in a series of spasms that once again left her limp and weak, the stranded starfish on the beach.

His heart pounding he sagged back onto his heels as she finished, his deflating shaft slowly slipping from her grasp. The sunlight fell across her, lighting the wet trails of his sperm, glittering in the thin strings that trailed from the tips of the fingers on her outstretched hand. Looking at her he suddenly laughed with the sheer joy of the moment, the staggering sense of physical relief; the emotional release, revelling in a sexual freedom that he had never even dreamed existed and even if he had he would never for a moment have guessed that it could apply to him.

Newfound sensations were overwhelming him, sweeping away his normally dour personality so that for a moment he almost felt a genuine connection with the young woman laid before him, naked and real in sunlight, spread out before him like a feast for his pleasure, simply here to be used and enjoyed; a bounty, a gift. And in an uncharacteristic rush of emotion he leaned forward and taking her chin in his hand he kissed her, his tongue working its way between her unresisting lips, exploring her mouth.

Her startled cry was stifled, lost in his own mouth as he pressed the kiss upon her. Her hands went to his chest, pushing ineffectually back against him, struggling ineffectually. He had taken her by surprise; this was an intimacy she had not expected. He was unabashed, holding her face he kissed her long and hard until slowly, inevitably, she stopped struggling. He continued the kiss and somehow, despite her surprise and initial aversion she found herself beginning to respond to this large, unattractive, mans passion, to his obvious and all consuming desire for her. Being desired is a powerful aphrodisiac and finally she found herself kissing him back, her arms slowly snaking up around his shoulders to hold him.

Without for a moment breaking the kiss his hand slid down between their bodies to grasp her breast, his large hand engulfing it completely, squeezing it, forcing the breath from her. She tried to breathe through his kiss but his mouth would not release its grip on hers. She was drowning in his need for her. He squeezed her nipple and even though she had only just cum, she felt her sex suddenly ache for his fingers.

He broke the kiss at last and she gasped for air, her head swimming, her body reacting to his passion, his fever contagious. She opened her legs as his hand went between them, searching once again for her sex. His mouth found her nipple, suckling it deep, his tongue drawing it fully erect, working at it with his lips and teeth and she hissed with pleasure and held his head at her breast. His fingers slipped between the lips of her sex, opening her up, slipping inside her and she cried out, a small plaintive cry of surrender that stoked his desire, inflamed his passion even further. He could feel his erection swelling, rising up between his legs with a strength and a glory of its own. He glanced down and for a moment the sunshine shone on his still wet shaft and in his sexual delirium he was reminded of a fiery sword, a biblical allusion that resonated in him like a struck chord and imbued him with a warped sense of righteousness and power.

She didn't see, she was already rising to yet another climax, her eyes closed, her legs apart. With an arm underneath her he lifted her easily into a sitting position. She opened her eyes, her disappointment at the removal of his fingers plain, she wanted to cum and her need was strong. He turned her towards him, manhandling her like a child, placing her feet on the floor, kneeling between her open legs.

Sitting back on his heels again he reached up and holding her under her arms he easily lifted her off the bed and pulled her forward onto his lap. Surprised she feebly protested as he lifted her like a doll, setting her down on his thighs, face to face, her legs astride his. She looked up into his face as he slid his arm round her, pulling her closer, belly to belly, her nipples grazing his chest. She could see the concentration on his face, the focus and for a moment she didn't understand until he reached down between them and adjusted himself; and almost too late she felt the head of his penis at the entrance to her sex. She half struggled as it slid up between her lips, her breath caught in her throat and her eyes opened wide as she belatedly realised what was happening.

"I said we were going to make love didn't I?" he said taking her by her waist and slightly lifting her, pulling her hips forward towards him.

She tried to stand up, to pull away but she was astride his lap and her bent legs could not find the purchase to lever herself up. She struggled fitfully as the head of his penis slipped and skidded along the length of her sex like a live thing; sliding around between her legs, blindly, desperately, seeking the way into her. She could feel his rising panic as he tried to find the entrance to her sex, thrusting frantically with his hips, a blind search for what should have been an easy target.

His alarm was swiftly turning to hysteria. How could he not find the entrance? Men had been accomplishing the task since time began, even bloody cavemen could find the find the entrance to this particular cave, and yet still he struggled, the head of his penis sliding in every direction except the right one. He was committed, no retreat, he had to find his way in. only ridicule and humiliation waited on the other side of failure. He stabbed with his hips and still the entrance eluded him. In response Pat struggled as he slipped and slid between her legs, trying to avoid the very thing he was so desperately trying to achieve.

Suddenly the Vicar stopped his wild thrusting and sat still, trying to calm himself. He could feel his chest heaving, he could feel the cold sweat of panic running down his back and his sides. He looked down at Pat and catching his gaze she averted her eyes knowing how close he was to achieving his intent. Putting his arm around her he pulled her back onto his lap properly, pulling her in close and he felt her resistance.

'Relax,' he said quietly, the only thing he could think of to say, a word without any meaning when she knew his penis still nestled between her legs. His hand slid down her back and cupped her bottom, pulling her still closer, the other he placed behind her head, cradling her into him, holding her close, his shaft rising hard against her stomach, her sex open and nestling against him.

He rocked her slowly, like a baby, holding her tight until he felt the tension slowly ebb out of her. 'Shhh,' he hushed quietly every time he felt her try to move, holding her in place, his large arm wrapped around her, calming her, keeping her close; and slowly he felt her sag against him, almost curling up against the strangely comforting bulk of him. He pulled her closer and her legs spread around his hips, almost kneeling. He held for a while, his hand cupping her bottom and then he slowly reached down between them and she felt his fingers part the lips of her sex, stroking her softly, brushing softly and easily against her clitoris. She shivered and moaned quietly against his chest, closing her eyes as his fingers began to draw their slow, comforting circles on her sex.

His fingers were slow and gentle between her legs, quieting her, building her up, a slow and persuasive invitation to yet another climax. She sighed quietly and pushed her hips against him, open to his fingers, open to his unspoken suggestion of another climax. She snuggled into his chest and he pulled her even closer, his large hand supporting and cupping her bottom, his fingers nestling in the soft crease between her cheeks.

Her eyes were closed, she was blind to the danger, she never saw him take hold of his shaft, never felt him gently manoeuvre it into position. She was lost in his fingers. She gasped slightly as she belatedly felt the head of his penis finally slide between her lips to push up gently and easily against the entrance to her sex. She felt him breathe out in a long and relieved sigh as the head of his penis slid smoothly and slowly into her. She tried to retreat, to pull away but he held her, his fingers gently digging into the soft white flesh of her bottom as he easily pulled her forward onto him. She felt him push upwards as he pulled her forward, sliding himself easily and smoothly into her. She heard his strangely subdued burst of elation, tinged heavily with relief, that he had finally achieved his goal. With a weird sense of dislocation she finally felt the warm, wet walls of her vagina sliding down onto the full, hard length of his shaft.

"Oh!" she said quietly as she felt the soft head of his shaft slip deeper inside her. She tried to stop him going any further but her struggles only served to drive him deeper into her. Unable to stop him, confused and disoriented, she pressed her forehead into his chest. "Oh," she whispered, "oh, oh, oh," a small series of breathless sounds each measuring an inch of his progress as he slowly and smoothly slid into her.

She finally settled onto his lap with a soft exhalation of breath like a steam engine coming to a stop, a hydraulic wheeze as when a jack finally settled its load, his shaft finally, completely buried inside her. Impaled, she looked up at him and shook her head in wordless disbelief; she could not somehow comprehend what had just happened to her, even though they had been building towards this point all day. He was inside her. Her legs were wide open and she could feel him, every inch of his length filling her. She blinked and rolled her forehead against his chest. She looked up at him, a full head taller than her despite the fact that was sitting astride his thighs.

His eyes were smiling, down at her, jubilant, happy but she recognised that they were without any genuine concern for her or the loss of her virginity, just victorious and slightly mocking and she looked away feeling even more dazed and confused. She looked down into the shadows between their bodies where she could clearly see the base of his shaft embedded between her legs, the lips of her vagina wrapped accommodatingly and snugly around it, somehow, despite her misgivings, a perfect fit. 'Wasn't nature wonderful' she thought illogically, that he could fill her so completely and that she could accommodate him so perfectly. Was it always like this or was it just luck that it had happened so impeccably this time? She could feel every inch of him inside her, filling her up, from the stretched lips of her sex to the tip of his shaft butting up against the top of her womb, the sensation, unusual but not unpleasant, just very different to anything she had ever known before.

'So this was sex,' she thought distractedly and she moved slightly to try to see how it would feel and almost with a shock she felt the last centimetre of him slide into her and she gasped again.

"That's my girl," he said, his hand deep into the crease of her bottom, holding her against him. "Settle yourself down. Feel him," and he gave his hips a little push and her mouth formed a small 'o' as he reared up slightly inside her, her insides somehow flexible and adjusting unbidden to the changes.

Her eyes grew wide as saucers as he slowly and deliberately began to rock his hips.

"Yes," he gloated, his eyes closing as the walls of her vagina sucked at the full length of his shaft, "yes, oh yes, oh yes."

He swelled inside her with each small thrust, a slight sea swell of movement and then a small retreat. She felt his hips rock gently and watched in awe and disbelief as the merest fraction of his shaft disappeared and then reappeared from inside her. She saw it glistening in the dim light between their bodies and realised with a start that those were her juices that were coating it and that those juices were coming from inside her. The realisation brought an awakening and a sudden of rush of feeling and she had to close her eyes as the sensations, unbidden, suddenly speared up from between her legs, threatening to overwhelm her.

Her head fell forward onto his chest and she could feel the sheen of sweat that coated his skin. She was suddenly desperately aware of her body in a way she had never been before, every nerve vibrantly alive and every sensation raw and vividly bright. She felt his hand holding her bottom, the fingers deep between her legs from the back, pressing against her anus, almost at her sex, holding her in place, pulling her closer with each small thrust of his hips. His other hand moved up between their bodies, taking hold of her breast, forcing her to arch backwards as he cupped and squeezed the tender flesh, her nipple already so hard that it was almost painful. The hand at her breast forced her to lean slightly back, the position driving her ever deeper onto his hard shaft. How strange, she thought vaguely as his hand pushed her upper body ever further back, forcing her to spread her legs to keep her balance, further opening her sex, that she seemed to have been designed to perfectly fit him sexually, that every move, every position, only served to open her more to his advances, to present her body to him to allow him to take even further advantage, to make her ever more accessible to him. She was designed for him to fuck her.

He began to push harder, driving himself more forcibly into her and she groaned, her hands reaching up to grip his shoulders. His fingers plucked at her nipple, squeezing and pulling, gripping her breast and twisting it slightly, creating sensations that connected directly with her sex, combining and twirling together, filling her head with noise and lights.

He leaned her further back, arching her away from him and feeling the wooden edge of the bed in the small of her back she released his shoulders and gripped the bed with her hands.

His large hands held her hips, taking control of her as he pulled her forward and down onto his shaft, forcing her to ride him. He levered her up and down on his shaft, a strange parody of her father singing 'bouncy, bouncy,' to her as a small child as he joggled her on his knee. She slid up and down on him as he easily manhandled her, raising and lowering her as he ground his hips against her sex, his penis butting up against the top of her in the darkness as he completed each stroke.

She pushed his hand away from her breath and she struggled back upright as he thrust away inside her; gasping for breath and a small degree of control as he manipulated her body. She grasped his shoulders again and held onto him as he worked his shaft inside her, a complex rhythm as old as man himself. She cried out softly and bit her knuckle as the delicious friction inside her sex started to take its toll and without thinking she began to push down to meet him. He grunted with each push and she responded in kind, a soft 'oh' that formed itself as he seemed to drive the breath out of her.

She was beginning to need to cum. Without knowing what she was doing she tried to climb up him, pulling on his shoulders and trying to get a grip with her thighs on his; but her legs were too widespread, her juices and their sweat were making him slippery and he controlled her with his hands at her hips and she slowly she gave up and slid back down onto him. He pulled her close and held her tight and for a moment she wondered if he had cum but he pulled her close and paused for breath. She could feel the strain in him, his arms were shaking and sweat rolled down his back and chest. He held for a moment and she felt his penis twitching inside her. She wondered what he was going to do when, without warning, in one motion, he lifted her completely off him and turning her he deposited her on her back on the bed, moving her down the bed in a couple of lifts until her legs were sticking out over the end.

She cried out in surprise but before she could question what was happening to her he moved to the bottom of the bed and knelt between her open legs. Pulling her down onto him by her hips in one motion he pushed himself back inside her again. She cried out with the shock of his somewhat rough and callous entry. Selfishly he buried himself inside her, up to the hilt, giving her no chance to resist or refuse. He impaled her, fully and without question, holding her flat onto the bed, kneeling between her soft and open thighs before, gently at first, he began to drive into her.

Her head was spinning, she held up a hand to try to touch him, to slow him down but he was beyond reach. This time he quickly began to build up a rhythm, long deep strokes that paralysed her will and set every nerve alight; that fuelled the fire that was beginning to rage inside her. She again reached out for him but he brushed her hands away, smiling cruelly as he watched the young and nubile body beneath him shake and shiver, her legs stretched wide, her breasts bouncing delightfully at the end of each full stroke. He was at the height of his power and mastery over her, he was an engine, his penis was made of iron and he worked it inside her like a piston. She cried out and shook as he drove her, reaching out for him, trying to hold him. Reaching between her arms he grabbed her breasts, squeezing them, kneading them, making the nipples pop out between his fingers; all the time driving his shaft deep between her legs, working her until she cried out again.

He pulled her nipples and watched her squirm under the pressure, squeezing one breast with one hand while pulling hard at her nipple with the other. He was making her work, pounding into her sex, making her bounce until her teeth shook, squeezing her breast as she tried to pull his hands away.

She screamed as she came, thrashing under him, rocking on the length of his shaft as he continued to drive into her, now blindly seeking his own fulfilment, his own salvation. She continued to cry out, her climax rolling on as he worked himself up towards his own, pumping himself inside her for maximum pleasure, using her sex like a hand to make himself cum. He struggled to hold it together, his shaft building such a head of pressure that it threatened to blow him apart. He pulled out at the very last moment, exploding onto her belly with the help of his hand as he bent double over her, shaking as the force of his climax washed over him. It didn't matter; she was almost oblivious as his hand pumped furiously at his wet shaft, emptying his seed over her stomach and thighs. She didn't even feel it, her eyes were closed and her mind lost in the white noise and explosions that filled her head.

As the force of his climax finally ebbed he slowly sank down over her, chest to chest, his head on her shoulder. He kissed her neck and she blindly wrapped her arms around him, holding him to her as they both shuddered through the last of their own separate climaxes.

They lay like that for a long time, both lost in their own post coital thoughts, until slowly his weight began to tell and she had to move to try to get more comfortable. He pushed himself up and looked down on her. She looked totally dishevelled, well used, well fucked; and he smiled. His sperm was smeared across her belly and into her pubic hair, still wet where he had been laying on her. He dabbed ineffectually at it with his fingers until, reaching across and picking up his trousers, he pulled his handkerchief from his pocket and proceeded to wipe her down, clearing her tummy and her pubic hair as best he could before patting tentatively at her wet and puffy sex. He worked between her legs for a while, at her sex and her thighs, before he turned his attention to himself and wiped his own hairy stomach, finally cleaning his penis as if it were a sword, wiping it lovingly and carefully, holding it with one hand and wiping it clean with the other. He then folded the soiled hankie and pushed it back into his pocket.

He looked up to find her watching him. His concern for her evaporated in the instant, caught out in a moment of weakness his defences down he struck first. Startled and flustered he snapped at her, "What?"

She shook her head, startled and hurt, "Nothing."

"Not quite the 'Prince Charming' you expected eh?" he said unromantically, embarrassed that he was naked now that the passion was spent and he clapped his hands on his belly and shook it, brazening it out; for a big man there was surprisingly little movement as he shook his big belly. She shrugged her shoulders and said nothing. "Anyway you brought it on yourself," he said suddenly defensive, irked by her lack of response. He'd just fucked her and had the best time of his entire life and he wanted a similar response from her; at least his ego needed to know that she had enjoyed it. Her silence just angered him further.

"I think we need to get you onto the pill," he said coldly, rankling, "we don't want you getting knocked up do we?" He should have known better than to expect anything else from her thought irrationally, any warmth or affection, he was the vicar and she was just a willing young woman he had managed to screw.

"What?" She said, sitting up, shocked out of her apathy. She looked stunned, "How on earth can you do that? My parents would need to know and my mum would go crazy if I even suggested it."

"But not if I suggested it," he said smugly, happy to have provoked a reaction, even if it was an angry one.

"You? How could you suggest to my mum that I go on the pill?" she asked suddenly wary. She didn't really know what he was capable of, he was out of her league, she didn't really know him at all, he was the Vicar, more powerful than God and probably older than her Dad. She looked at him as if seeing him for the first time, kneeling naked beside the bed and was suddenly shocked at what she had done, what she had gotten herself into.

The thought must have shown on her face and the vicar read it correctly, one thing the vicar was good at was reading people, he had survived all his life on doing just that. He covered his sudden hurt by reverting instantly to type and striking first.

"Make me a tea," he said harshly as he reached for his clothes.

"What?" she said, confused by the sudden change in both attitude and conversation.

"You heard me, make me a cup of tea." He nodded in the direction of the billie can of water bubbling slowly, suspended half over the small open fire outside. She reached for her clothes but he grabbed them first and pushed them out of reach. "You don't need those," he said quietly.

"What?" she asked again, confused and suddenly more than a little afraid.

"You heard me, you don't need them. Go out and romp naked for me, play a being a woodland nymph or something," he could sense her rising panic and he smiled, he was back on familiar ground, he could not believe that he had almost fallen for all that sentimentality and schmaltz, sex was just sex, another commodity, another power play; and power plays he could do in spades.

"Besides which you look better naked and I want to watch you."

Sensing that she was near tears he turned his back on her while he pulled his shirt on. "Don't just sit there, get me a tea."

Thoroughly scared now, Pat tentatively inched her way to the end of the bed and nervously poked her head outside.

"Go on," he said poking at her shoulder, "get out there, there's no-one within miles of this place."

Pushed forward Pat crouched outside the tent in the hard sunlight; the world suddenly seemed too bright and wide open, she could feel unseen eyes everywhere. She looked back over her shoulder and could see the Vicar, unconcerned, sitting on the bed pulling on his socks.

"I'm still waiting," he said to the naked girl without looking up.

Crouching low, Pat scampered over to the fire like a frightened rabbit, grabbing a cup from the homemade rack and adding some tea with shaking hands. She looked nervously around as she crouched by the fire and added the hot water. Still at a fast crawl she ducked into the store tent and added some milk and sugar, stirring it with a knife she found, too panicked to search for the correct utensil. She backed out of the tent and her heart almost stopped when she bumped into the Vicar who was by now almost fully dressed. He stood over her casually fastening his trouser fly's.

He took the tea from her trembling hand and she made to bolt past him and back to the sanctuary of her own tent and the shelter of her own clothes.

"Where are you off to?" he asked and she froze.

"To get dressed," she answered quietly her head down, completely browbeaten.

"I haven't told you to get dressed have I?" he asked and she didn't answer, curling up in the sunshine, curling in on her own nakedness, her own helplessness.

"Have I?" he asked again and she shook her head.

"Good, now stand up." She looked around and hesitated for a moment before she slowly straightened up.

"Stand up straight," he ordered and like a child she straightened up, a naked Girl Guide on parade bowing to his authority.

"Good," he said drinking his tea and staring coldly at her over the rim of the cup.

She was a wonderful sight naked, the hot sun burnishing her skin, her body lithe and taut, not an ounce of fat upon her, her breasts riding high and taut on her chest, red marked from his handling; her nipples glossing bronze in the sun. Her pubic hair glinted in the sun, the vee between her legs steepled in shadow, dark and mysterious and begging for his further attention; he could see the dried marks of his sperm mottling on her stomach and her thighs, he could almost feel the soft pull of her sex on his penis.

He swallowed hard. He was amazed that he could feel himself stirring yet again as he looked at her and he realised that it was in part the newly found intense sexual attraction she had for him and part the absolute power he now held over her. He now owned her; he knew could take her whenever he wanted. As much to prove it to himself as to reinforce it with her he took hold of her wrist and led her to one of the low split logs positioned around the campfire for seating. She dragged behind him reluctantly and he had to jerk harshly at her wrist. This was a game she didn't really want to play.

The logs were worn smooth and polished by the countless backsides of young people and adults who had sung their campfire songs seated on them over the years. He would guess that they had never witnessed a sight such as this naked young woman before but then again, knowing this younger generation and their rampant sexuality, who know knows what they might have seen.

"Sit down," he said with another slight pull on her arm. Unsure of what he wanted now she sat down, wrapping her arms around her knees, trying to make herself as small and un-naked as she could.

"Good," he said, sitting himself heavily beside her, "I like a girl who does what she's told. Sit up straight," he chided, as she cowered, trying to cover her nakedness; and once again she did as she was told, her eyes scanning the encroaching trees for any signs that they were being watched.

"Good," he said again and he looked her over appraisingly, proprietarily and she realised she was being punished for something but she had no idea what for; she just realised that she had to go along with whatever he had in mind until he would allow her back into the tent and allow her to get dressed.

He drank his tea slowly and in silence, ignoring her, sitting beside her as if having a naked woman sitting beside him in the open air was an everyday occurrence. Pat squirmed in the bright sunlight, trying to make herself as small and as invisible as possible. Eventually he put his cup down with a self-satisfied sigh and turned to towards her.

"That was a nice cup tea," he said, "thank you."

"Now," he continued, his cold smile sending a chill through her, "let me look at you. Sit up straight please," he said and she did as she was told.

"Push your chest out, you have wonderful tits. Be proud of them, let me see them," he said and once again she did as she was told, reluctantly, shyly, pushing her breasts forward into the bright sunshine.

"Wonderful," he said quietly and he reached out and cupped her breast. Pat flinched and looked down at his hand as it fondled her.

"Please," she said quietly, her voice barely above a whisper as he moved from one breast to the other.

"Please what?" he asked, rolling her nipple, feeling the warmth of the sun in her skin.

"Please let me get dressed," she asked her voice cracking, "someone will come. At least let's go back into tent where it's a bit more private, you can do what you like," she pleaded quietly, afraid of someone seeing them but now more afraid of angering him. "Please," she ended lamely.

She could tell from his face that she had said the wrong thing. "I can do what I like here," he said coldly, his power challenged, "sit back."

She looked around frightened and confused, "Sit back where?"

"Put your arms back and lay back across the seat," he said and he pushed her backwards until she was leaning back off the log, almost in danger of falling, she put her arms out backwards to support herself, her hands on the floor behind her, holding the position for a moment before settling back onto her elbows to take the strain off her arms. She was almost horizontal, bent back over the log with her hips thrust forward. Wide open for him, a present, natures gift in the great outdoors and he grinned at her open sex, soft and succulent, wet and ripe for the fucking, her soft breasts rolling as she moved, her nipples erect and casting hard shadows on her skin. For all her shy distress he looked at her wetness and realised that she was ready to be taken again if he wanted.

He turned to face her, sitting astride the log beside her. She looked up at him fearfulyl as he casually took one of her breasts in his hand and rolled it with his palm. She closed her eyes against the intrusion and the glare of the sun. He slid his other hand between her legs and she jumped.

"Your cunt's warm," he said and chuckled to himself as he savoured the uncustomary word, sliding a finger down into the crease between her lips; "and wet," he said as worked along the length of her.

"Please," she said again, a sharp intake of breath slicing the word off short as he found her clitoris.

"Open your legs." he ordered and she obeyed, unable to see a way of resisting, spreading them wide as he pushed first one, then two, fingers inside her. She gasped as he slid into her, the sensations immediate and intense; her body was still on a sensual high from the afternoon's sex and she was responsive to every touch. Her head fell back, her eyes tight shut and her mouth slightly open. He looked at her and smiled.

"I'm going to put my penis in your mouth one day," he said slowly, waiting for a reaction and she licked her lips, "and you're going to suck it," he said, working his fingers slowly deeper into her sex as she tried not to groan. "And you're going to suck it until I cum," he finished, his fingers finally as far inside her as he could get them.

He savoured the moment as she lay there naked, impaled on his fingers, with her legs wide apart again. He had proved he do whatever he wanted with her, she was spread for him again. He was as equally high on the power he was exerting over her as much as he was the sex, his confidence was burgeoning. He now knew he could repeat this in any way he wanted, whenever and wherever he wanted, she would be compliant. Looking down at her so passively spread out for him, calmly accepting his fingers, he suddenly thought of all the women in the parish, young and old, married and single, that had passed through his hands at the Church and he wondered why he had waited so long to take one of them.

He played with her breast as he slowly worked his fingers inside her and as his fingers began to move she raised her legs up off the floor to help him. She held her knees with her hands, holding her legs up in the air, holding herself open, resting on her bottom, presenting her sex to him, total submission; he was humiliating her and she knew it, taking her in the open, proving his mastery, establishing the rules,.

His fingers sounded strangely muted in the open air as they moved inside her, sliding backwards and forwards with ease and the vicar laughed, a dark rumble deep within his chest. He was at this moment the happiest man in God's creation. The sun poured down on him, warming both his back and the skin of the young woman laying compliant beneath his hands, her sex was liquid fire around his fingers, her body a thing of rare beauty and he felt an overwhelming urge to sing out his joy, to find a hymn to keep the rhythm his fingers were creating inside her, inside this greatest of all His creations.

Pat shuddered as the sensations once again unbidden, began to overwhelm her, she knew she was going to cum and part of her rode his fingers with a willingness that shocked her while part of her seemed to reel in shock at what was happening to her, at how he was using her.

"Don't try to fight it," he said as she pushed herself once again up onto her elbows. She was blowing hard as she tried to find a place where she could find some respite but he kept her stretched out, open, under his hands and he worked her sex, lifting his pace yet again and she sank back with a groan, simply giving up, surrendering herself to him. He quietly laughed at her as his thumb searched for her clitoris, opening her up to his gaze and the sunshine, her sex glistening, wet and distended. She groaned as his thumb finally found her, grazing lightly across the erect nub. The sight and the sounds were too much for him and he was amazed to feel his own erection hard and demanding inside his trousers. Releasing her nipple he quickly unbuttoned his fly and reaching in he pulled his erection free.

Pat came as his thumb worked her clitoris, crying out and arching her back off the log, pushing her pelvis up against his thumb, pushing his fingers deeper inside her. He laughed as he took her up and through her crisis, an old hand at this now, working her completely, placing his hand back on her breast, pulling hard upon her already sore and erect nipple. She cried out again and shuddered, spreading her legs as wide as was humanly possible, giving him everything she had, everything she was, holding nothing back, she was too exhausted, too strung out for games of deception.

He watched her climax and coldly congratulated himself on a job well done. He was experimenting with her now, seeing how far she would go, what he could do with her. But he was also excited and he looked down at his penis, standing out starkly against the clerical black of his clothes. Pat rolled slowly sideways off the log, curling foetally on to the ground with her legs together, both hands between them cupping her sex as if to try and contain the sensations that were still pulsing through her, to stop them leaking out.

Standing abruptly, his penis jutting before him like the bowsprit of some ancient sailing ship he quickly walked over to the largest tent where a long dining table had been erected with a ceremonial guard of canvas and aluminium chairs around it. Grabbing a chair he carried it back to where she lay. She opened her eyes and looked at him.

"Sit," he said without preamble and reached down and pulled her to her feet. With his help she struggled to her feet and sat herself gingerly in the rickety chair. Pushing his braces off his shoulders he pushed his trousers and underpants down to his ankles and stepped out of them, kicking them to one side. she suddenly found the sight of him, his thick, solid legs shining naked and white and hairy in the sunshine ending incongruously and comically in a pair of black sombre socks and black highly polished formal shoes in which her own naked reflection was clearly visible.

"Oh my God," she said quietly and her smile died as she saw his angry, red erection poking out through the gap between his shirt-tails. She licked at her suddenly dry lips and looked up into his coldly impassive face.

"Open your legs," he instructed and she did, the sunshine warm on her wet sex.

"Move your hips forward," he ordered, "to the edge of the chair. Show me your fanny," he said with relish, rolling the word in his mouth and she shuffled forward and spread her legs, her bottom hanging over the edge of the chair.

"That's good," he said studying her approvingly.

He knelt down heavily between her legs and she realised once again the sheer size of the man. Taking her hips in his hands he pulled her forward and without any consideration he simply pushed the head of his penis inside her with a single, slow and measured thrust. She groaned as his shaft slid smoothly between her well lubricated lips. He held her down in the chair with a hand in the middle of her chest while he began to thrust into her, long hard thrusts that rocked her in the chair and made her breasts roll. He liked that when he saw it and he laughed and pulled her hips forward onto his thrusts, forcing her legs further open, bumping up against the entrance to her womb with every stroke. She called out and tried to move back up the chair but he easily held her where he wanted her.

She gripped the flimsy plastic arms of the chair as he pushed into her, the chair rocking alarmingly, threatening to overturn or collapse under the unusual use he was putting it to. He growled as he stroked his shaft into her, her juices slickly coating him, causing him to glisten in the bright sunlight. He was rising on a bright tide of desire, his legs were trembling and his breathing quickly became ragged. The sensations boiled up inside him as he worked his length into her, slamming up against her as he strove to fill her completely. She cried out with every thrust, further inflaming his passions. In his newfound power he had become superman, made of iron, his shaft a battering ram, aimed at the very centre of her, at the very heart of her being. She had become unimportant, only her sex and his need to cum were important now. He pushed in and out, hard and uncaring, working only towards his own end, the motion rocking her, threatening to tip over the chair and unseat them both.

She clung on, her eyes closed, his penis slamming into her and driving the breath from her body. She could feel her sex awash with her own juices, liquid fire running out of her, coating his weapon. Her body protested at the careless and severe way it was being handled he knew but still he continued to slam into her, pounding her into submission, taking his pleasure from her discomfort.

And then she came, the sensations a mixture of abuse and hard use that both frightened and excited her, literally pushed her over the top, unable to resist the pressure. He laughed as she came, trying to grip him with her thighs, lost in the throes of her orgasm but he held her legs open, driving into her as she climaxed.

He continued to use her sex as she climaxed around his shaft, using her body as a soft and liquid hand for his own pleasure. She bounced as he continued to stroke between her legs, building towards his own climax and she groaned in protest as he held her now limp body down onto the chair until he was finished. As his climax approached he pulled out of her, releasing his hold on her to grasp his shaft and work himself furiously until he came, once again liberally pumping his seed over her.

As his crisis passed he threw his head back and smiled drunkenly at the sky, his now redundant hand still slowly working the length of his slick and diminishing erection obviously not realising this its part in the proceeding was over, its job done. His breathing was laboured and he shuddered as he strained and squeezed the last strands of liquid from the end of his shaft. Still grinning as he watched them on the pool on Pat's recumbent form. Letting go of his now deflating penis he smeared his cum over her stomach with his fingers, rubbing the sticky strands into her pubic hair, leaning back slightly to inspect her puffy and abused sex, shinning slick and swollen between her open legs. In a fit of excess he smeared his sperm covered hand down over her sex, slipping his fingers between her lips and he almost idly wondered if she could become pregnant from it.

"I enjoyed that," he said at last but she didn't answer, lying naked and used in the sunshine. He pushed himself to his feet and the chair rocked alarmingly but she didn't move.

Retrieving his clothes he dressed unhurriedly, his eyes on the naked woman lying in the canvas chair, legs spread open, eyes closed, her sex leaking fluid and strength. He laughed and prodded her with his foot.

"You had better get dressed," he said quietly. "The others may be back soon and they'll be wanting their tea. You don't want them to find you like this do you? They may get the wrong idea," he said and laughed at his own little joke.

As if waking from a long sleep she slowly closed her legs and pulled herself a little upright, she looked up at him, squinting against the sun.

"Don't close them," he said indicating between her legs with his eyes and obediently she slowly opened them again. "It seems a shame to hide what God gave you," and he laughed to himself again.

"I'm going now. I will expect to see you in my office after school on Monday. We'll carry on where we left off here. Don't be late. You can tell your parents we have a meeting or something to discuss, I don't care what. You tell them you're with me, that's all they will need to know. Got it?" Pat nodded. "Monday," he repeated as if to a retarded child, "don't forget. After school," and she nodded again. "And not a word about this to anyone," he added almost as an afterthought and she nodded her understanding again. "This is our secret. No one must ever know. One word and you'll regret it. No 'girlie talk' after lights out. Got it?" he asked and she nodded yet again, her face closed and impassive. "Good," he said and turned away. Without stopping or looking back he called over his shoulder, "Monday, after school." She nodded again even though he had not turned around and she knew he could not see her.

She sat and watched him walk away, his bulk still large and menacing as he walked the edge of the wood like a hole in the sunshine, gliding slowly and purposefully towards the gate at the top of the field. She moved more under cover, crouching under the eaves of the tent, huddled in the green dappled shade at the end of the damp and stained camp bed until he had disappeared from view. Her nipples were tender and her sex tingling where he had used them and she could feel the wetness on her thighs where her juices were slowly trickling out of her.

She sat there for a while in the warm silence, somehow unable to move, a sudden and complete lethargy leadening her limbs. A delayed shock gripped her as the momentous events of afternoon cartwheeled through her head leaving her dizzy and stunned. She put her hand between her legs and felt the tenderness in her still puffy lips and the sudden enormity of what had happed hit her and she sat back as her mind reeled. 'The vicar' she kept repeating under her breath, her hand still cupping her sore and leaking sex, 'my God, the vicar.'.

After a while she made the effort and pulled herself to her feet. Standing up she moved unsteadily out into the hot sunshine. She looked around until she found a patch of clean grass that had not been trampled by eager feet and she eased herself down in to its cool and welcoming greenness. Laying flat on her back, almost invisible in long grass she watched the sky blazing blue and clean above her. The sun hurt her eyes and she closed them although the sun still bronzed out her world through her eyelids. Insects buzzed just above her naked body and she found the sound strangely relaxing.

She opened her arms out on either side of her like wings and she spread her legs repeatedly making a grass angel. She could feel his sperm crinkling and cracking on her skin as it finally dried, the hot sun stinging her sex like antiseptic. She lay there in the long grass and let the sun slowly soak into her, warming her clear through to her bones. She had no idea how long she lay there but slowly she began to relive the feeling of his hands on her body, on her breasts and her sex, moving inside her, probing and eager; and then his member, large and rampant, pushing between her legs, moving inside her, spilling its seed on to her stomach and she remembered his words, "I'm going to put my penis in your mouth one day and you're going to suck it." A threat said to frighten her; and suddenly she began to laugh, a deep, joyous, gurgling laugh like water over stones that began somewhere down between her open legs and worked its way slowly up behind her nipples to burst suddenly out of her, to carry on up, spiralling and tumbling in the clear blue air, high up and away into the heavens.