**Terry, new girl in the village**

by Isabella

Any new family moving into a small village like mine causes a stir but the Carmichael family had a daughter the same age as me and her name was Terry.

I tried to think of something to say as an icebreaker, the perfect thing popped into my head... something all school kids had in common, "What do you have planned for the summer holiday?"

Terry gave me a confused look and said, "Sorry...what?"

"What are you doing over the school holidays?"

"I don't go to school so I don't have holidays like you kids do!"

"Shame, I was just hoping to have someone my own age in the village to hang with for the next six weeks."

"We can hang in the mornings, my parents only teach me in the afternoons!"

So on the first Saturday of my school holidays, I went to the park first thing in the morning, I half expected to be alone on the park because the five boys close to my own age left the village on Friday evening, straight after school and would be gone for two weeks with their parents. Terry was already there, sitting on a swing. I took the swing next to her and we just sat, rocking back and forth and talking...just getting to know each other. Midday came around all too soon and Terry had to run home.

On Sunday morning, I was a little later but Terry was still sitting on the same swing, waiting for me. She was looking towards the bushes that separated the park from the river, "I think it would be safer if you came to my house in the morning, there's a weird old man around who was trying to get me to follow him into those bushes earlier, while I was waiting for you!"

"Sorry I was so late but my mother asked me to wait until the newspaper boy came to collect his money before I left home."

"That's okay, but if I have to wait for you, I'd rather not be sitting out here on the park on my own!"

"So...who was the guy that was trying to get you to follow him into the bushes?"

Terry shook her head, "Never seen him before...but look... he's over there now!"

I looked in the direction that Terry was looking, she was right, he wasn't a local man, probably someone from the nearby town! The green boundary between the town and our village was shrinking all the time, making it a very short walk from the town to our village. I'd looked for far too long in his direction, I saw him grin at me before he opened his long summer Mackintosh and shook his hips. It took me ninety seconds to realise that he had his trousers open and was shaking his 'Boy-parts' at me. I gasped at the sight of his manhood.

I saw the man look to his right and step back deeper into the bush. That area was called the den by the local boys. I looked to my left, Mr French, walking Robby, his Alsatian dog, came into the park. Terry saw the direction I was looking, "Oh, that explains why the old codger disappeared...is there a clearing back there?"

"Yes, the boys call it their den!"

"Do you want to watch him?"

I looked back at Mr French a little confused, "What..."

"Not the man walking his dog, the old guy playing with his cock!"

I jumped straight in with an emphatic "No!"

Terry grinned at me, "Liar, have you ever even seen a man's cock before?"

I shook my head.

"Come on then, this is the difference between government schooling and home schooling!"

Terry almost dragged me into the bushes where I'd last seen the old man. Six feet into the bush, we stumbled across him, his coat was closed now and he wasn't touching himself anymore, he was just looking around the den. I was surprised that I felt disappointed that he wasn't still playing with himself. Terry cleared her throat, he jumped in surprise and then grinned at us.

"What's your name... little girl?"

Terry looked at me and said, "My name is Amanda..." She pointed at me and said, "... this is my friend Poppy!"

"And which one of you is going to help me?"

He turned to face us square on, swept his hands on to his hips, pushing his coat behind him, snowing us that his cock was still sticking out of his trousers.

Terry said, "How?"

"Either come here and rub me...or give me something sweet to look at."

Terry started shaking her head at his suggestion for her to rub his cock but she stopped shaking her head at his second suggestion. Terry looked at me and then back to him, she pulled the front of her T-shirt up, exposing her bare breasts, as she wasn't wearing a bra under it. She dipped her head forward and pulled the front all the way over her head, so that her T-shirt was bunched up behind her head and her arms still sticking out of the arm holes.

His reaction was instantaneous, his cock grew from two inches long to more like seven inches and he started rubbing his cock with his right hand.

"Show me your knickers!"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"Because I'm not wearing any."

He grinned again, "Show me!"

Terry looked at me again, I was just standing there looking from her to him. She gave me a smile and then hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her shorts and pushed them down to her knees. Terry was the same age as me, her breasts the same size, but where I'd grown a thick mat of hair over my pubic mound, she was still bare down there.

His hand was moving faster now and he was muttering under his breath how sexy she looked, then he flicked his eyes to me, "What about you Poppy love?"

My jaw dropped even more! Terry looked at me again and made an upward gesture with her head. I didn't know what came over me but I copied what Terry had done with her T-shirt and pulled it up and over my head...the only difference was that I was wearing a bra. In the second that my eyes were covered by my T-shirt, Terry had moved two feet and was now standing at his side, her right hand had taken over rubbing his cock. His hands, now free, were palpating her breasts.

My eyes were fixed now on Terry's hand and his cock. I was watching so intently that I missed his slowly shuffling feet, moving him and Terry closer to me. I only realised how close he'd gotten to me when his left hand left Terry's breast and rubbed down over my bra. He was breathing very rapidly now and his knees seemed to be giving way under him.

There was a quick flurry of activity, his left hand jumped down from my bra as he straightened his knees and then stood on the tips of his toes. His left hand caught the waistband of my shorts and yanked them down, exposing my knickers. He gasped and my stomach and lower abdomen suddenly felt warm and wet as Terry gave him his 'Happy-ending' while his cock was pressing against my belly.

I think that there may have been a kiss as well, everything around his end-game happened so fast, he might have kissed me or just bumped my head with his but whatever actually happened, it was all over now. My first foray into sex and I was left, standing in the den, my T-shirt behind my head, my shorts around my ankles and his semen dribbling down over my knickers. I was shocked and stunned, looking at Terry's almost naked body as he ran towards the river pulling his trousers up.

I couldn't move, Terry was just laughing her head off at the look on my face. There was a sudden rustling low down at the back of the den, Robby, Mr French's dog, came crashing into the den. At first I thought Terry's laughing had attracted the dog but he launched himself at me, it was obviously the smell of freshly produced spunk that had caught Robby's attention and the dog headed straight for me, sniffing at the old man's spunk and licking it all off of my belly.

Terry suddenly pulled her shorts up, just as a voice, very close by called out, "Come on Robby, where are you boy?"

I was galvanized, my T-shirt pulled back over my head, less than a second flat, I bent over and pulled my shorts up as Terry was pulling her T-shirt back into place. I just managed to cover my knickers and made it look like I was bending over to fuss Robby as Mr French stepped into the den at my side.

"Hello, what are you girls doing in here?"

There was no way I could have answered him but Terry was quick off the mark, "I'm new to the area, Amanda was just showing me around... I'm Terry by the way, Terry Carmichael!"

"Nice to meet you Terry, I'm Peter French."

"Nice day to WALK THE DOG Peter!"

I spotted a grin on Mr French's lips, I'd never seen him smile like that before but something about the way Terry emphasized the 'Walk the dog' part of her statement had turned his usual dour expression upside down.

"I was just talking Robby to the river, to let him have a swim to cool down a little, want to come?"

"We'd love to but I have to get home now...Amanda could..."

I butted in, "I was planning on going with you to your house Terry!"

"Maybe another time if the offer is still open Peter!"

Terry batted her eyelashes at him and she got another smile, "Any time love!"

Mr French followed the path the old man had taken a few moments ago and Terry pulled me back to the park, "I think that Peter French is on the lookout for sex, 'Walking the dog' was the expression used by people on the lookout for sex in the open air before it was shortened to 'Dogging' and it became a mass participant sport!"

"I think you just see sex everywhere...even where it doesn't exist!"

"It is everywhere... I bet you don't believe that your mum and dad still do it."

I shook my head, I mean, they don't fight all the time like some married couples do...but they're not overly affectionate with each other either.

"I'll bet they are at it all the time."

We were at Terry's house and still having the same argument, Terry said, "I'll probably be able to prove my theory before you start back at school."

The driveway down the side of her house was empty, both her mother and her father's cars were missing. We ran around the back of the house, the door into the kitchen was unlocked, well, I guess that the back doors to most of the houses in our village were still left unlocked but the town was creeping ever closer every year and soon we'd have to start locking our doors.

Terry turned her computer on...l swear that her computer was ready and waiting for her large screen monitor to warm up, it was so fast. She typed 'Radar' and the screen emulated a radar screen, seven blips illuminated as the line swept around her screen. She clicked her mouse and an option box opened, she selected 'Merge with Google-earth' and the village map appeared under the radar sweep.

She hovered her mouse over the blip that appeared to be floating over my house, "Is this your house?"

I nodded my head.

She clicked her left mouse button on the radar blip over my house and a data box opened on her screen, "You're on Talk-talk?"

I nodded my head again.

She moved her mouse pointer down to the field marked 'Password', "Looks like you have a nine- digit password, far more secure than Talk-talk's usual six characters!"

Her pointer was now touching one of the nine asterisks that hid our password, a right click converted the asterisks into their real characters and she had access to our WiFi.

"I can see an old pc with an oversized hard drive...do your parents use iPads or iPhones?"

"Yes, they both have, well, my dad has the iPhone and mum an iPad."

"When was the last time your dad had to work away from home for more than a few days?"

"February twelfth, this year."

Terry highlighted the 'C' drive on the pc at my house, "I'm hoping that your dad is using this old computer because the Apple products have very limited memory and they can't be upgraded, so People often use an old pc as a home cloud and server!"

Terry typed '\*.\*' in the search for files field and quickly selected the advanced search option, and then files created between and typed, '12-2-2019 to 12-2-2019'

Terry looked through the list of files, "Some of these are easy to discount, log files, dynamic library files and that kind of thing...do your mum and dad chat on facetime or Skype?"

"Facetime."

"Well, none of the files look like facetime files but those files have to be big...". Terry picked the largest file in the list, right clicked on it and selected 'Open as facetime file'. I was surprised to see that there were two video streams on Terry's screen, my mother's video on the left and my father's on the right. Whenever I'd used facetime, the person I was speaking to would fill my screen and my own video would be a tiny little insert, usually on the bottom right of my screen. It never occurred to me that all the information for both of the large pictures would be passed through the line.

The conversation in that first message was a little stunted, 'I see you got there safely then!'

'Yes, traffic was easy, pitty I had to leave before Amanda got home from school.'

'Yes...she blamed me...as usual.'

'Can't chat for long tonight, as soon as the electrician's have made the machine safe, I've got to get my crew into the factory to strip everything out, be a long night tonight. Give my love to Amanda....and...'

'And what?'

'After Amanda goes to bed...why don't you pop down the club, I was supposed to be partnering Peter French in the quiz, you could take my place with Peter if he hasn't found a replacement....' Then my father gave a really dirty laugh, '... and if you fancy it, you can let Peter take my place after the club closes!'

'You're a very bad man John Clarke...now get off back to work!'

Terry looked smug with a capital 'S', "Have I proved my point? And your mother was only wearing a nighty at lunchtime to talk with your father"

"Well, it was a little suggestive...but nothing more!, and as my mother starts work at five in the morning milking the cows and works in the dairy until midday, she always showers as soon as she gets home and sleeps until I get home, so, nothing unusual in her being dressed in her nighty at lunchtime."

Terry took that as a challenge and searched for the same file type on the thirteenth of February.

My father opened the conversation in that exchange and his picture resolved first on the left hand side of the screen, 'Did you go down the club last night?'

Mother's picture was slower to come through but when it did, you could clearly see that she was naked under her very thin summer nighty, 'No...you know that I don't like leaving Amanda in the house on her own at night...especially when she is in bed!'

'You should have taken her to the club with you...Peter wouldn't have complained, nor would any of the other regulars either!'

'I think Amanda is a little too young to be exposed to the regulars at the club just yet.'

'You were younger than Amanda is now when you started visiting the guys at the club!'

'I think that I was just ready earlier.'

'I think your dad encouraged you more!'

My mother nodded her head in agreement.

'So, did you have a naughty dream last night?'

Mum blushed and nodded her head again, 'I did, and it was all your fault!'

'What did you dream about?'

'You put Peter French in my head, I dreamed about him!'

I saw my mother wriggle down her bed slightly, her nighty rode up a little, exposing her deep red bush and I saw my father grin.

'Tell me what happened in your dream!'

Mother started stroking her upper thigh as she started to recall a very sexy dream to my father. Her fingers rubbed over to her bush and she parted her thighs...A knocking sound came over the speakers but there was no way of knowing who's door had been knocked until my father's picture disappeared, he'd turned his iPhone face down on his desk to prevent whoever had just entered his office seeing my mother running her fingers through her bush.

Two other voices came over my father's picture-less connection, 'None of this is my fault boss!'

'Herb, this is not about apportioning blame at the moment, if Mr Clarke can't magic up a solution, we're looking at a minimum of three days to re-engineer the main conveyor assembly!'

'Give me a second guys, I'll join you out on the factory floor as soon as I can!'

My father suddenly reappeared on the left half of the screen, 'Sorry about that darling but I never get a moment's peace in this place.'

'I understand darling.'

All the time that my father had been talking in his office, my mother had been lazily rubbing her right index finger up and down between her pussy lips, I could tell that he was looking at her finger and where she was rubbing herself, he smiled, 'I should have left my screen up, let those two idiots see what they are dragging me away from!'

I heard my mother gasp and watched her run through a minor orgasm at my father's suggestion of showing her masturbating to his workers, he laughed, 'At least one of us had a happy ending, sorry I've got to run darling, chat again, same time tomorrow...wear your baby-doll nighty for me...please!'

Terry looked triumphant; she closed the file and started searching for the same file type on the fourteenth of February.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm looking for the next file, your parents are just getting interesting!"

"Okay... you've made your point...we don't need to spy on them any more!"

Terry opened the next day's file, this time my mother's picture was resolved first, she was calling my father. She was wearing a red baby-doll nighty, more froth and mesh than any substance, it gave the clearest picture of her breasts...size, shape, firmness, all clearly on show. The camera wasn't focused on her pussy...yet...but I was certain that her mound would show clearly, even more so than yesterday.

My father appeared, said, 'Hi darling... happy Valentine's Day.'

'Hi, did you get yesterday's problem sorted out?'

He grinned, waved her question away.

Mum said, 'Have you got your briefcase with you?'

'Right here... why?'

'Open the zipped pocket in the lid!'

We watched as my father pulled a Valentine's Day card out of his briefcase.

'Thanks darling, what a clever way of delivering it! Your present should be arriving...any...second!'

There was the sound of our front door bell ringing.

'Go and answer the door... take your iPad with you!'

The picture went all out of focus and dark as the iPad fought to resolve something out of all the movement and darkness. Mum propped her iPad on the hall stand, pointing at the front door. Because of the way that she was dressed, my mother opened the front door demurely, using the door to hide her body.

The young man making the delivery looked shocked to the core as he handed over a bunch of flowers, a bottle of wine, a card and a gift-wrapped box, about a foot long, six inches square at one end and three inches square at the other.

'I think he deserves a little kiss for delivering all that... don't you darling?'

The Voice emanating from the darkness just added to the young man's shock but as my mother pulled him into the hallway and kissed him, he discovered a whole new level of embarrassment...and as my almost naked mother kissed a total stranger, so did I. I think it was worse for me because my dad was watching them and he had told her to kiss him.

The screen went wobbly again as my mum closed the front door and took her gifts and her iPad through to the kitchen. Mum was going to put the flowers into a vase first but dad pointed out that he could be called back to work at any time so he wanted her to open the gift in the oddly shaped box first.

I tried to stifle a gasp as my mother pulled an anatomically perfect cock and balls from the box, she held the dildo by its balls in her left hand and lifted the weight of the cock with her right. I realised that the movement of my mother's right hand on the fake cock was exactly the same as I'd seen Terry doing to the old man's cock earlier.

'What do you think?'

My mother looked from the dildo to her iPad's screen, 'Seems to be a little on the big side!'

'You think it's too big for you?'

Mum shrugged her shoulders.

'Pity, I picked that cock because it's exactly like Peter French's cock is in real life!'

'How do you know what Peter's cock looks like?'

'From the showers at the football club's changing rooms!'

My mother tested the weight of the dildo again.

'I've got to go in a minute, show me something dirty before I have to go.'

Mum put the balls of the dildo on the kitchen table, they had an inbuilt suction cup, allowing the cock to stand up on its own, albeit a little floppy. Mum tried to straddle the corner of the table but couldn't as the table was a little bit too high for her.

Voices could be heard outside my dad's office door so mum didn't have long, she dipped forward and took the dildo in her mouth, working hard to get half of its length into her mouth as my dad said, 'You need to practice on that to get you ready for Peter when I can arrange it!'

My father's office door opened and he closed the link instantly.

"Amanda... your mum and dad are so fucking hot...pity I didn't get to see Peter French's cock in the bushes earlier!"

There was a voice from below, "Terry... I'm starting to dish up lunch, you have five minutes to wash your hands now!"

Terry looked crestfallen, "I'm sorry Amanda, I'm going to have to ask you to go, my lessons start straight after lunch...we can pick this up again in the morning."

I left Terry's house in a bit of a daze, I started walking in totally the wrong direction for home. I was on the road to Wellingborough before I knew what I was doing. I reached the bridge over the river and stopped. Peter French was on the river towpath, talking to two strangers, about fifty yards from the bridge. Peter threw Robby's ball for the dog to run after and as he let the ball go, he spotted me on the bridge over the river. He said something to his companions and slapped one of them on his shoulder. All three men looked at me and then, as Peter waved at me, his friends walked further along the path.

I walked down the steps to the riverside and was met at the bottom by Peter.

"I'm really honoured today, seeing the prettiest girl in Northamptonshire twice in one day!"

We walked along the river, Peter throwing the ball for Robby and Robby bringing it back, as we walked Peter was just making small talk with me.

"Are you on your way home?"

I looked up into his face and shrugged my shoulders, "I didn't tell my mother any particular time, she'll just be getting home about now...if I'm there, she won't go to bed, if I'm not she'll have her usual three hours sleep after work."

Peter smiled and threw the ball again, this time it hit a tree and bounced into the bushes between the river and the park, "Bloody hell! Robby will never find his ball in there, I'll have to go and look for it!"

I wasn't asked to help to look for it but I followed Peter into the bush. We came across the boys den but from the other direction this time. As we approached the den, Peter kept his back to me as he said, "so... what exactly were you and your friend doing in the den this morning Amanda?"

I could have lied, probably should have too but I didn't, "Terry saw a man go into the den playing with himself and Terry wanted to watch him..."

I stopped short when the two men that Peter had been talking to on the riverbank suddenly came into view, they were drinking beer from cans and just standing, waiting!

"Oh...hi again guys, I didn't expect to bump into you again so soon...this is Amanda, one of my young friends...Amanda, this tall, handsome man is Paul and his athletic looking friend is Alan!"

I nodded my head in both men's direction, Paul handed a can of beer to Peter and Alan offered one to me.

"No thanks, I'm not old enough to drink!"

Alan looked nervously at Peter...Peter smiled and said, "Your mum and dad tell me that you're very grown up and they both think that it's time for you to start enjoying more grown up things...you can start with a beer and see where things go from there!"

I took the can and thanked Alan.

Peter gave Alan a sly, sideways glance, "Whenever anyone buys your mother a drink...she usually thanks them with a kiss!"

Alan turned his back to me and walked to one of the wooden boxes that the boys used as seats when they were playing in the den and he sat down.

Peter raised his eyebrows and gestured towards Alan with his head, "You could sit on Alan's knee to give him his thank you kiss if you like Amanda!"

I thought about it for a moment and then remembered what my mother and father had said back in February, that they thought that I was old enough to start 'having a little fun' so I sat on Alan's knee and pressed my lips against his. I had only intended to make it a quick kiss but Peter came up behind me and lifted my arms and put them around Alan's neck, "Kiss him properly Amanda."

I wrapped my arms tightly around Alan's neck and the kiss turned more passionate. Peter was still close behind me and as Alan kissed me his right hand slipped onto my bottom, well, upper thigh, gently stroking me through my shorts. I felt movement around the waistband of my shorts, Peter was gently easing the bottom of my T-shirt out of my shorts and once he'd freed it all the way round, he started to roll it up, towards my armpits.

There was the sound of a beer can opening, behind me, Peter tapped my shoulder, "Here Amanda, try your beer!"

I looked down at my bare midriff and the bottom strap of my bra that was now exposed. I didn't try to cover myself, I just took the can of beer and took a little sip. Peter and Paul exchanged smile, Peter said, "That wasn't even a taste, take more of a swallow!"

The beer wasn't a bitter beer, it was quite sweet and fruity, quite nice actually, so I took a bigger swallow. I smiled at Peter as he took the can off of me, he smiled back and then looked over at Paul but said, "Hey... Alan, did you buy all the beer?"

"No Paul paid half...why?"

"Perhaps Amanda should give Paul a thank you kiss too... what do you think?"

I was about to start kissing Alan again but he nodded his head to Peter's question.

I slipped off of Alan's lap and started to move towards Paul, Peter stopped me, "Take another big swallow first."

I took another gulp from my can and as I handed it back I looked into the little hole, the can was already half empty.

"Amanda... can I be a little bit cheeky?"

"How?"

"Can I take your T-shirt off before you kiss Paul please?"

I shrugged my shoulders, "I guess so if you like!"

Peter handed my beer can to Alan before he pulled my T-shirt off and tossed it onto the back of the box that Alan was sitting on. Alan had a small bottle in his hand, it looked like a half bottle of clear spirit, something like white rum or vodka. I continued over to sit on Paul's lap. Just before my eyes closed into the kiss, Alan tipped some of the spirit into the small hole in my beer can.

As soon as my eyes closed, Paul slipped his right hand over my left breast, he was rubbing and squeezing my breast through my bra.

Peter said, "Is this okay for Paul to touch you there Amanda?"

I nodded my head.

Peter came behind me again, I felt his warm breath on the back of my neck, "Do you like to have your tits played with Amanda?"

I nodded my head again.

I felt Peter fumbling in the middle of my back, the bottom strap of my bra tightened for a moment and then it slackened off all together. Peter eased my shoulder straps off of my shoulders and then gently eased my bra cup out from between my breast and Paul's hand.

I heard a scraping sound and opened my eyes. Alan had moved his box to the side of Paul's and Alan started fondling my right breast. Peter tapped my shoulder again, "Time for another drink Amanda!"

I took the can, it was almost full again, I took another gulp, it was less sweet now, sharper and as I swallowed, it burnt the back of my throat.

"Stand up Amanda; it's Alan's turn for a kiss again!"

I thought that was funny, I could easily have kissed Alan without getting off of Paul's knee first now that he was so close.

Peter eased me up onto my feet, Paul moved, causing me to look down, Paul was unfastening his trousers, I looked at Alan, his legs were bare, his trousers and underpants were around his ankles. I took another, much smaller swallow from my can and felt my hips rolling involuntarily, I looked from Alan's hairy knees to my own. Peter was pulling my shorts and knickers down in one go.

I was about to sit across Alan's lap, the way I had before but Peter stopped me, "No, sit astride his legs this time!"

Peter placed me on Alan's lap before he reached between Alan's body and mine, he unbuttoned the bottom of Alan's shirt and pulled it open, revealing Alan's erect cock, five inches long and about as thin as a chipolata sausage.

"Amanda, listen to me... Alan's going to open your door, it will be a little bit painful, a girl's first time always is but Alan is a perfect size to start a girl off. If it hurts you too much just say stop and he will, we all will. You can help us the way that Terry helped old Bill this morning if you don't want to do more...just give it a try!"

I was lifted, Alan's hands under my armpits and as Alan held me up, Peter moved Alan's cock, lining it up with my pussy. Alan lowered me down and as his cock engaged with my fanny, he shook me gently from side to side to help his cock slide into me.

There was another shake, more like an earthquake, "I said are you okay Miss...you were really out of it there for a moment. I said I'm Detective Constable Hewer of Northamptonshire County Constabulary. It isn't safe for you to walk along the river alone. Is there anyone I can call to come and collect you?"

I was back on the bridge over the river, Peter French was talking to a tall, handsome looking man and a shorter, more athletic looking man, Peter threw a ball for Robby to run after, Peter spotted me and the man I was talking to, he nudged the other two men, all three looked in my direction, I read their lips, it looked like, 'Bloody shame!' and all three disappeared in different directions.

I checked my watch, "No, no one, my mum is still at work for another thirty minutes and my dad works in Leicester."

DC Hewer was obviously wired for sound, he said, "I'm going to have to take this young girl home, I'll be back on nonce patrol, soon as!"

I was led to a beaten up old BMW saloon car, the outside looked like nineteen-eighties but inside it looked brand new and when he started his engine, it sounded like a well tuned formula one racing car. I had to give directions to my house but in my still befuddled state, I was giving a thirteen year olds directions, suitable for walking or cycling and not for driving a car, so we had to do a lot of doubling back.

He asked me if I had a key to get in home, "This is a small village, no one ever locks their back doors around here."

"That will have to change as the town gets closer, it has already started...the unsavoury elements from the town are drifting out to your village along the river paths."

I left the car and walked down the side of my house to the back door, just then my mother pulled up on the driveway.

I sat on the backdoor step listening to my mother and the policeman talking, he told her that at first he'd thought that I'd been drinking but after talking to me he'd changed his mind, he thought I may have spent too long in the sunshine, "I really worried that she was about to fall over the bridge parapet and into the river!"

Mum thanked him for bringing me home and offered him a cup of coffee, "No...thanks for the offer but I have to get back to the river, I'm patrolling there until five o'clock this afternoon."

"Well, if you're ever passing in the afternoons, you're welcome to a coffee."

Mum was standing over me as I sat on the step, "So... what exactly happened?"

"Not sure, I was on the bridge, I stopped because there was a cool breeze off of the water, I was just watching Mr French throwing a ball for Robby as he talked to two men and I guess I just sort of drifted off into a little daydream!"

"What kind of daydream..." Mum pulled me to my feet and looked at where I'd been sitting on the step, "...oh! that kind of daydream!"

I looked down, the step was wet under where my bum had been.

"So...who starred in your daydream...was it Peter French?"

"Oh mum, you're so embarrassing!"

"Come with me while I have my bath... I want to hear all about it!"

"Why?"

"I'm just interested in the kind of boys that you're fantasising about."

My mother dragged me up to the bathroom behind her and started filling the tub, "Who was in your daydream then? Was it a boy from school?"

I shook my head.

"Was it a girl from school?"

I just gave her a shocked look.

Mum had a sly look on her face as she checked the water temperature and looked away from me she said, "Perhaps...as you had just seen Peter French on the riverbank, he was on your mind!"

I blushed as I recalled my daydream.

Mother looked at me and smiled, "Peter is a very adventurous lover, very handsome but extremely...erm... large but when you have a little more experience, I'll be happy to arrange for him to come over for you!"

I didn't say yes.

Mother had a confused look on her face, "Not Peter?"

I shook my head, Well... not exactly!"

Mum pulled her dress off over here head and my jaw dropped, it wasn't the fact that she had been to work wearing just a thin summer dress with no underwear beneath but, I'd seen her bush two hours earlier on Terry's pc and it looked like a sleeping Ginger Tom cat in her lap...now her pubic mound was bare... totally bare!

Mum looked at where my eyes were focused and she said, "It was your father's idea, he likes the way it looks now but he thought I would feel cooler with out the fur coat down there in the summer."

The house phone sounded, "Fetch the phone for me please darling!"

There was a portable handset in my parent's bedroom so I ran to fetch it, handing it to her and turned to leave the bathroom to give her a little privacy but she stopped me, "I still want to hear about your daydream and how exactly it wasn't about Peter French!"

She pressed the green button to accept the call, "...Oh hello darling, I didn't expect a call today..." There was a pause as she listened to the caller, "...yes darling, she's okay, he was a policeman, he thought that she'd been drinking but realised that she'd just been out in the sun for too long... that's sweet of you dear but we don't need the car's registration number, she's home safe and sound!"

The phone was handed back to me, "Put the phone on the side please!"

Mum started soaping her breasts, "That was Peter French, he saw you get into a stranger's car and was worried about you, he made a note of the car's registration number for me to pass on to the police if there had been a problem. So...you were about to tell me about your daydream!"

"Welllll! Like I said, I saw Mr French talking to two men on the riverbank...then it got a little confused...when I got to him, he was on his own, just him throwing a ball for Robby to fetch. We walked together just chatting, Mr French threw the ball again but it bounced into the bushes so we went in to find it. The other two men were sitting in the old den drinking beer. Alan offered me a beer..."

"Alan who dear...did you know him?"

I shook my head, "His name probably wasn't Alan, it's just all part of my daydream...so Alan gave me a can of beer. Then Mr French said that when men give you drinks, you always thank them with a kiss...anyway... I sat on Alan's knee and thanked him and while I was kissing Alan, Mr French was messing about with my T-shirt. The other guy, say Paul, said that he paid half for the beer...so I should thank him too..."

"So, there was a Paul there as well?"

I nodded my head?

"Would you say that Paul was tall and handsome and that Alan was a little bit shorter but very athletic looking?"

I nodded my head again.

"Peter actually does have two friends, Alan and Paul and that is exactly what they look like...go on darling!"

I was very confused now, "So...I was moving from Alan to Paul, Mr French gave me my can of beer and I drank some, then Mr French took my T-shirt off and I sat on Paul's lap to kiss him. Paul put his hand here..." I demonstrated by putting my hand on my own breast, "...through my bra but Mr French took that off while I was kissing Paul. I think I kissed Paul for five minutes or more but I was drinking more beer as well at the same time, it didn't taste like I expected it to, it wasn't bitter, it tasted of fruit but it had a lot of alcohol in it."

"Did it taste of apple and blackberry?"

I nodded my head again.

"I like that beer, Peter brings it around here for me, if he visits me in the afternoons!"

"So...again...well, Alan moved, he was suddenly sitting right next to Paul, he said it was his turn. Alan lifted me off of Paul's lap and while I was in the air, Mr French pulled my shorts and knickers down. I looked down and saw that Alan didn't have any trousers or underpants on and Mr French was holding Alan's penis as he lowered me down and Alan started shaking me from side to side because something was stopping him getting in me."

I saw my mother rub soapy fingers between her legs and a shiver ran through her body, "Then what happened?"

"I was shaken again but it wasn't Alan, it was that policeman and he broke my daydream!"

Terry, new girl in the village 2

Mum actually looked disappointed that my story had ended without the final blow so to speak, the coup de gras but then pragmatism took over, how could I have a dream about sex when I had never experienced it?

Mum looked thoughtful for a moment, then she rinsed the soap from her body, stepped out of the bath. She wrapped her body in a massive towel, she dried her hands and picked the phone up, switched the speaker phone option on before pressing speed dial five. The loudspeaker burbled a seven tone song, there were three ring tones and then, "French Business Solutions, Peter French speaking."

"Peter!"

"Hi again Victoria darling!"

"Peter... when you saw Amanda earlier, who were you talking to on the riverbank?"

"Paul and Alan...why?"

"Alan the opener...or was it Alan Bishop?"

"Alan the opener! Why?"

"Just wondering...so, if it was Alan the opener, was it Daventry Paul as well?"

There was a slight pause from Peter, "Erm, yes...what's on your mind darling?"

"I was just wondering, if Alan the opener and middle order Paul were out on the riverbank with you, it sounds to me like you were out on a virgin hunt!"

A longer silence this time, "Well...it is the first day of the summer holidays, so we were hoping to catch a young girl playing out of sight of her parents for the first time!"

"So...if Amanda had made it down to the riverbank, would she have been a target?"

There was no hesitation this time, "Of course, every woman of any age out walking on the riverbank would have been a target but Alan is the best man if the woman is younger or a virgin...or...if she wants to try anal sex for the first time!"

My mother was silent, she was just staring at me, I was trying to avoid eye contact with her but that meant that I saw my reflection in the mirror, my face was bright red...my neck too.

"Victoria...are you angry at me?"

Mum sighed, "No...not really...I guess that I'm actually surprised that, with the men in this area, Amanda has made it to thirteen without loosing her innocence!"

I sensed a sigh of relief from Peter, "If I remember rightly...you were very young your first time...didn't your father get you started?"

"I was very young but I didn't start with my dad...it was just because of him that I got started!"

"Can I call you back darling, I've got another call coming in?"

Mum looked a little pissed, she didn't like call waiting, she would have preferred a person to concentrate on one call at a time. In the past I'd even heard her tell people not to bother, but not this time, "Okay, I'll still be here."

Now I looked at her, "How...erm...young?"

"I was nine!"

"Wow...how did my grandfather get you started?"

"You know that there used to be a pub on the village green called The Coach and Horses? Well that had been built as a hotel, it had six letting rooms for people to sleep in on the journey from London to Nottingham, our village was about half way. Well, when I was nine, the landlord rented out two of the rooms cheap to the village Photography Club, one large room was a photo studio and the other, a much smaller room, was the darkroom. Whenever my father went to the pub, my mother made him take me...just to keep him out of mischief and to get me out from under her feet!"

"What kind of pictures did my grandfather take?"

"Rude ones...the ruder the better!"

Being a child of the digital age, I couldn't understand what it was like in the dark ages, when a picture had to be developed and someone else usually had to do it and they got to say if a picture was too rude to be printed or not.

"Mostly the pictures were of member's wives or girlfriends, they would pose in their bikinis, their underwear or nightdresses and all the time, I'd be at the back of the room with a bottle of pop, watching. The men kept pestering the women to go further... you know, topless or two models together, posing as if they were making love. Anyway, the wives and girlfriends got fed up and refused to keep modelling so one guy had a whip-round amongst the members and he paid the two village whores to pose together for an hour."

"There used to be whores in our little village?"

"Used to be... still are!"

"I can't believe it."

"Anyway, the two whores were a mother and daughter, at harvest time, they worked on the farm and for the rest of the year they did whatever they could to get by...including selling their bodies for sex. Well, the men, especially my dad, went crazy because the whores striped total naked and they egged the women on to do more. Mother and daughter actually performed a full lesbian show together and I was right there...watching."

"Didn't my grandfather mind you being there and seeing that?"

"You'll understand when you know men better! Once their blood is up, they stop reasoning with their heads and they think with their dicks. Anyway... after the lesbian scene, some of the men wanted sex with the whores... that was obviously the whores intention all along, to boost their earnings from the men. Well, two of the men had the money to pay for sex...right there in the room, right in front of me and the other men."

"Did you understand what was going on?"

"Your grandfather had lots of books and films with fucking in them and I'd been looking at them all my life...so I knew all about sex. My dad didn't have enough money to pay for sex and nether did his three best friends, but between the four of them, they had enough money to pay for one of them to have sex with the whores. My dad was given the money in exchange for me. While my dad fucked the whore I was taken to another room and had to entertain his three friends."

"Wow, three at once and on your first time...and you were only nine years old!"

"And I didn't have a man like Alan to open me up, two of the men were as big as Paul and the third was just a little smaller than Peter is!"

"What happened after that?"

"I bled for two days, had to keep that hidden from my mother!"

"And after that?"

"My dad started to photograph and film me having sex with his friends...or strangers....sometimes I had to bring boys from school to have sex with me while my dad and his friends filmed us. He went from buying dirty films and books to making and selling them and I went from reading them to starring in them."

"Where's my grandfather now...Is he still alive even?"

"There was a massive shitstorm when we got caught, my dad ended up in prison, he still has a banning order preventing him from coming near the village but he still comes around, I saw him this morning actually, when I was taking the cows back to the top field after milking, I saw him going into the village park!"

"How was he dressed?"

"A long summer Mackintosh, light grey or cream coloured!"

"Is his name Bill?"

Mother nodded her head just as the phone rang.

The phone was still on speaker, "Sorry about that darling, just a business contact touching base! So...if we see Amanda on the paths one day...can we make a play for her?"

Mum muted the call, "What do you think darling? Would you like to try having sex with someone like Alan, Paul or Peter?"

I shrugged my shoulders!

Mum un-muted the phone, "I don't think Amanda is really ready for s..."

Mum must have seen some hint of panic in my face at the prospect of missing out on something as important as sex.

"You still there Victoria?"

"Sorry...Amanda just walked in the room to tell me that she was going back out to play!"

Peter chuckled, "Pity Alan and Paul have gone back to Daventry...oh...sorry, you were just saying that you thought that Amanda was still a little bit too young for sex at the moment.. weren't you?"

"I'd say so but, I guess that everyone deserves a chance at fun so you can add her to your hunt but don't get her drunk and if she says no...then stop! Is that a reasonable stand on my part?"

"Very reasonable...erm...if Amanda has gone out...does that mean I can come around to see you?"

I saw a smile cross my mother's lips, "Sure you can!"

"And...what about Robby? Can I bring him too?"

Mum blushed, "You can but if I say to stop, I dodn't want any pressure to keep going...okay?"

"Understood...see you in five minutes darling!"

Mum dropped her towel in the laundry basket and I started putting my shoes on, "Where are you going?"

"You wanted some privacy!"

"You don't have to go out, just stay in your bedroom and keep quiet!"

Mum was naked, she always put a nighty on after her bath or shower but today she remained naked. I followed her to her bedroom, she stripped the duvet off the bed and pulled the bottom sheet off too, "Amanda darling, could you pop down to the living room and bring up the coffee table for me please?"

I ran down but staggered back under the weight of the coffee table. Mum had covered the mattress with a rubber sheet while I was away and she was covering that with an old bottom sheet that she used as a dust sheet but always washed it after using it.

The coffee table was long and made of oak; it had a bottom shelf that was slatted. As soon as she had finished covering the rubber sheet, she draped four silk curtain tiebacks over slats in the bottom shelf of the coffee table.

There was a bark from in front of the house, mum told me it was time to go to my room now but before I did, I noticed that she was calling my father using facetime on her iPad and she propped it on her dressing table, pointing out into the room. She quickly checked that the bed and coffee table were both in shot of her iPad.

Peter didn't knock the door; he just let himself in and walked up the stairs, almost catching me on my way to my bedroom. I had to sidestep into the spare bedroom or my father's 'Home Office' as he liked to call it. The computer tower was chuntering and the drive activity light was flashing. A thought hit me, I turned the screen on and there was a picture of my dad's face on the right half of the screen and my mother lying on the bed, on her back as Peter undressed on the left.

"I see that the coffee table is in the bedroom Peter, does that mean that Robby is there to play?"

"He is John, he's waiting patiently for his turn."

Peter climbed on top of my mother and started fucking her but as he fucked her hard he was Holding a conversation with my dad.

"Do you have any contact details for young prostitutes Pete?"

"The Police clampdown has driven them all away... I'm having a lot of problems entertaining my foreign customers."

"Pity, my sister asked me to find a girl for my sixteen year old nephew's birthday party tonight...looks like he's plumb out of luck... shame that Vicky thinks that Amanda's still too young..." Peter stabbed his cock into my mother even harder and faster, she rocketed to a massive climax, "...Amanda could help turn my nephew into a man...and if she liked it...she could solve your entertainment problems with your foreign customers!"

The smile on my father's face actually tipped me into a small climax of my own...well, that, the conversation and Robby jumping on the bed to lick Peter's semen out of my mother's cunt did.

"I'm sure that Vicky is just being overly cautious because of what happened with her father, she doesn't want Amanda to have to go through anything like that but I think that if I broach the subject to Amanda in the right way, she'd jump at the chance!"

"Tell her that I'll give her forty pounds if she gives my nephew a good time!"

Another shiver of excitement ran through my body listening to my father and Peter talking about me having sex and now the mention of me being paid to do it just added to my excitement!

Peter was pulling my mother away from Robby on the bed, he dragged her to the coffee table, made her kneel at one end, he used the silk curtain tiebacks to hold her thighs against the table legs and bottom shelf, then he pulled her forward and tied her wrists to the other end. Robby was still licking her out as Peter looped the wrist restraints through the bottom shelf.

Peter patted my mother's back and said, "Robby, Mount!"

The dog jumped on my mother's back and started to stab his cock wildly around her bottom.

Mum gasped in pain several times as Robby missed his target, "It's your own fault, if you'd just let Alan open your bum up..."

Mum stopped him, "I don't want Alan's bloody cock up my bum, definitely don't want a dog's cock up there..."

While she was talking Peter had taken a grip of Robby's cock and aimed it properly!

"... I think we should just forget...Oh My God!"

Mum stopped taking and started climaxing all over again!

I couldn't see much, all I could see was Robby covering my mother's back and he was humping into her like a steam train. Peter picked up the iPad and moved it between Robby's hind legs, he lifted the dog's tail out of the way, I got a perfect view of Robby's cock pounding into my mother's cunt. Peter stood the iPad on the floor pointing up at the action, I watched as the lump grew an inch from the base of Robby's cock. It grew bigger as his cock forced it's way in deeper into her cunt. By the time the dog's knot touched her labia, it had grown to the size of my fist...there was no way that it would get into her, not with over nine inches of dog's cock already in her.

Peter pushed Robby's bum down hard, Robby's knot 'Popped' into her cunt, mum screamed and fought to get free for a moment until she got used to being so full and then she calmed down, Robby's frenetic pumping slowed to an occasional twitch and each twitch caused a spurt of dog cum to fall to the carpet.

"Hey John, how would you like to see Robby doing Amanda like this?"

I looked from my mother's cunt to my father's face on the other side of the screen...he looked excited at that thought of it, "First things first mate, I want to see you fucking her first...but I have to say...the thought of seeing my daughter being serviced by Robby has got me extra hard!"

Peter pulled my mother's labia apart but there was too much Robby and too little mother, "He'll be stuck in there for at least twenty minutes, all I can do now is to stop Robby trying to turn!"

Peter placed the iPad back on the dressing table to show my father most of the room, then he moved to kneel in front of my mother's face, he held onto Robby's collar and then fed his cock into my mother's mouth... she ate his cock easily, took it all, right to his balls, it had only been three and a bit months ago that she struggled to get half of a dildo the size of Peter's cock in her mouth.

"I think the Coach and Horses Social Club might be coming to the village later in the week John!"

"I doubt it, not with all the police activity in the area."

"I saw old Bill in the village this morning, he was looking for young girls, he said he'd bring some in if he couldn't find any locally!"

"Would be great if they started the sex club up again but very dangerous with all the police about!"

I had a massive itch between my legs that I was considering scratching for myself but then a better idea popped into my head. Peter and my father were just chatting generally about sex while waiting for Robby to calm down enough to disengage from my mother's cunt so I turned the computer screen off and left the office on the tips of my toes. I ran down the stairs and through the kitchen, I opened the back door and closed it with a bang.

I walked slowly through the house even though I wanted to run full pelt. I held my breath and listened, "John, Amanda's home and it'll take Robby another fifteen minutes at least to get free!"

"Is the bedroom door closed?"

Peter's voice went quieter but I could just still hear him, "No, it's wide open and I can't let go of Robby's collar to go and close it, he's already trying to turn!"

"Well... nothing we can do now, just let the chips fall where they may!"

"Turn your camera off John..."

I stepped onto the landing at that point, turned towards my bedroom just as Robby whined, I looked over my shoulder and made a theatrical production of making my discovery!

"Mum, what the hell...what if I'd been dad popping home to pick something up?"

She couldn't answer... not with her mouth so full!

I was leaning on the doorframe, looking at Robby still panting from the exertion of fucking my mother and her sucking greedily on Peter's cock. My mouth went dry, I moistened my lips with my tongue, I saw Peter smile, "Amanda, give me a hand, grab hold of Robby's collar for me, I have to stop him turning!"

I walked into the bedroom as Peter pulled his cock out of mum's mouth and I took over holding Robby's collar, I didn't kneel down, just bent over slightly.

Peter said, "You look a little hot and sweaty Amanda!"

"I am...that's why I came back home, it was too hot out there!"

"Yes, me and your mother were feeling hot as well, that's why we took our clothes off...and...well, one thing led to another..." he laughed as he spoke.

My mother gave me a conspiratorial smile as Peter ran his hand over my back as he played to the camera on my mother's iPad for my dad.

"Can I get you a drink Amanda? It might help you cool down a little!"

I nodded my head.

Peter looked down at my mother, "Would you like a beer with a straw in it darling?"

"Yes please, you can give Amanda a little of my beer too, just a half a glass though!"

Peter left the room and went down to the kitchen.

"I'm assuming that you left your bedroom because you wanted to play a little?"

I looked at mum's iPad and said, "Yes."

"Peter is much too big for you but he will try dildos and vibrators on you to try and open you up enough, if it gets painful, just tell him to stop...okay?"

I nodded my head.

Peter returned with two glasses, one with a drinking straw in it for my mother, I was handed one glass, I took a sip, the taste was just as I'd imagined it in my daydream earlier. I took a large swallow of the beer before Robby got frisky and started to pull away from me to try and turn away from my mother. I had to pass my beer back to Peter to hold so that I could hold Robby with both hands.

Mum was just kneeling there tied to the coffee table, her glass of beer on the floor and she was sucking it through the straw as nonchalantly as if she wasn't tied to Peter's Alsatian dog. I managed to calm Robby down again and Peter patted my bottom playfully, "You look very hot and sweaty now, the drink cooled you down a little but fighting with Robby got you all hot again...perhaps you need to undress like me and your mum to help cool you down."

"Hard to undress myself with two hands full of your dog!"

I looked over my shoulder at Peter, he was looking at the iPad and grinning like a loon.

"I could help!"

"Okay then, come and grab your dog."

"I was thinking more like..." Peter grabbed the back of my shorts and pulled them down to my ankles, then he did the same with my knickers, once my knickers joined my shorts on the floor he patted my left ankle, "...lift..."

I lifted my left leg and he pulled my shorts and knickers off over my foot. I didn't wait to be asked to lift my right foot, I just did it and peter pulled my knickers and shorts all the way off, he kept a hold of my right foot and pulled it to the right before putting it down, about eighteen inches away from my left foot. He reached between my legs and rubbed the palm of his hand over my pussy.

"...your dad prefers a woman's cunt to be bald these days but I do like a little fur covering a young girl!"

Peter was rubbing my pussy back and forward, it was incredibly pleasurable having someone else rubbing my pussy instead of me rubbing myself. The pleasure increased massively when he increased the upward pressure, almost lifting my feet off the floor and now instead of just simple pressure the ridges on his fingers and palm came into play, the high spots of his hand rattled over my clitoris, I got five buzzes each time his hand went forward and five more as he pulled back.

I rocketed to a climax, far deeper than any I'd ever given to myself, it was a good job that he was lifting my weight with his hand between my legs because my legs gave way under me. I looked over my shoulder, Peter was grinning in the direction of my mother's iPad as he drove me mad with a seemingly never ending orgasm. I never took myself so deeply into my pleasure when I rubbed myself, I always stopped as soon as I became breathless.

Peter suddenly changed his tack a little, he pulled his hand out from between my legs and he moved in closer behind me, he replaced his hand with his massive cock that was hard as a rod of iron and thicker than my forearm.

"Close your legs Amanda, trap my cock between your thighs."

It felt wonderful having Peter's cock rubbing up against my pussy as he humped in and out between my thighs, he had bent his knees so that his cock was at the same height as my pussy but again, I found myself lifted off the floor when he straightened his legs and my whole weight was pressing down on top of his cock as he fucked my thighs.

He started to gasp, I was way beyond gasping through my orgasm and it was all I could do to keep hold of Robby's collar to stop him turning on my mother. I was looking down at Peter's cockhead at the moment he let fly and his spunk shot out all over my mother's face. She gasped in shock at the sudden covering of spunk and then gasped in pain as Robby pulled back and managed to disengage his cock from her cunt. Robby pulled away from me and ran into the corner of the room to lick his still hard cock clean of his own spunk and my mother's inner juices.

Peter pulled me away from my mother and pulled my T-shirt off and stripped my bra off too. I was pulled onto my parent's bed, Peter made sure that I ended up on my back between him and my mother's iPad so my father could see me clearly. Peter pushed his index finger into my pussy, the first time that anything had ever been inserted into me, Peter was trying to give me a 'Deep body' orgasm with his finger but he didn't want to push in too deep, he didn't want to break my hymen with his finger. My mother spotted him being careful and between trying to blow his dripping spunk away from her mouth she said, "You don't have to be too careful doing that, she ruptured her hymen when she was five years old, she fell out of a tree and landed awkwardly. John rushed her to the Accident and Emergency Hospital and after they examined her they discovered that all she'd done was rip her hymen away!"

Peter said, "Isn't that unusual?"

"Not really, girls who dance or play sports often break their hymen before they have sex."

I was looking at Peter's face as he pushed his finger all the way in, he moved his hand rapidly and gave me my first deep body orgasm. I climaxed just as my mother started to orgasm again, I looked over, Robby had finished cleaning his cock and was now behind my mother licking her pussy clean.

"Vicky, do you still have that first vibrator that John bought you last year?"

My mother gasped, "All the vibrators are in my bedside drawer."

Peter let me calm down while he searched through my mother's bedside drawer, he pulled out a four inch long vibrator that had about a half inch diameter. He opened my legs more but not to open my legs more, he was actually turning me so that my father could see right up between my legs. Robby had lost interest in my mother's cunt, he'd cleaned her honey pot out totally and was now licking Peter's spunk from her face.

Peter showed me the little vibrator and then he slowly inserted it all the way into my fanny, it was slightly thicker then his finger and just a little longer, once it was all the way in so that only the base was still visible he said, "Does that feel comfortable?"

"Hummm...yes."

"Good!" the good was punctuated by him turning the vibrator's power on and every muscle in my body clenched, I jerked so hard that I levitated off the bed by a few inches and started to gasp through an orgasm, more powerful than anything I'd ever felt before. Fortunately he turned the power off after a few minutes before I passed out from lack of oxygen. He pulled my hand over and put it on the base of the vibrator and got me to frig myself off while he untied my mother.

I still managed to give myself an orgasm even with the power turned off but it wasn't as powerful as when the vibrator was buzzing, it was more like the orgasms I gave myself when I just rubbed my magic button for myself. Mum climbed onto the bed next to me and slipped her arm under my shoulders, hugging me to her bare breast. Peter was rummaging in my mother's bedside drawer again, he pulled out my mother's second smallest vibrator, that one was six inches long and just under an inch in diameter.

Peter pulled the small dildo out of my pussy and replaced it with the second one. I managed it easily but I did feel full, especially when the last inch slipped in. When Peter turned the power on it felt like a million volt shock in the pit of my stomach. The climax blasted through my body like a rocket going off, 'Whoosh!'

Again I was made to take over the dildo with the power turned off while Peter looked for my mother's third vibrator.

I shook my head when Peter came towards me with the monster, it was eight inches long and an inch and a half in diameter and I thought that there was no way it could fit in me.

Peter pulled the six inch vibrator out of my cunt and started pushing the larger one in, I gasped in pain when it was an inch inside me, he was trying to ease it in gently but it was stretching me wider than my comfort level. He managed to get six inches in me before I begged him to stop. He pulled the dildo out of me and lined it up with his cock, his cock was longer and a little fatter than the eight inch dildo, "Pity, if you could have taken this vibrator, I'd have tried fucking you next."

He pushed the bigger vibrator up me again to the point that I gasped in pain again and left me to work it in and out while he fucked my mother right next to me.

His mobile phone rang, he reached over and turned the power off to my vibrator, he was still balls deep in my mother and put his finger to his lips and said, "Shhhhh"

He accepted the call and said, "French Business Solutions, Peter French speaking. How can I..."

He flicked the phone to speaker, "Hi Joan, how's tricks?"

"I've finished preparing everything for Justin's party, his friends are going to turn up any minute...Peter, I'm not nagging or anything but did you manage to fix anything up for after Justin's party?"

Peter looked at my mother and smiled, "All the young whores have been driven out of town because of the police crackdown but I could talk a forty year woman into making Justin into a man, she loves sex and will give him a great time!"

There was a strangled groan from Peter's sister, "Well, I was hoping for a younger woman...someone that Justin can focus on for the next year, a memory he can use to masturbate over until he actually finds himself a proper girlfriend!"

Mum shrugged her shoulders and Peter looked at me and grinned as I lay there slowly pulling the silent vibrator out of my pussy by an inch before slowly pushing it back in again, over and over again, just because it felt so nice.

"Can I call you back in a minute please darling?"

"Don't take too long, I'll be very busy once Justin's friends start arriving."

Peter closed the call and gave me a serious look, "What do you think?"

I knew exactly what he was talking about, I'd heard him and my father talking about it, talking about asking me to sleep with Justin, Peter's nephew.

"What about?"

"Would you be willing to help my fifteen year old nephew turn from a fifteen year old virgin into a sixteen year old man?"

"What would I have to do?"

"Take him to bed...suck his cock, encourage him to fuck you...let him do whatever he wants to do to you for the night!"

I looked at my mother, her eyes were wide open, she still had Peter's cock in her cunt, she looked from me to Peter and back before shrugging her shoulders, "All I can say is...when I was younger, lots of young men asked me for help with getting rid of their virginity and I always said no...now I wish that I hadn't said no to any of them. Sex is far too much fun to turn any opportunity down!"

I looked up at Peter and said, "Okay I'll do it."

"Great, and if you give Justin a good time, I'll give you forty pounds!"

"Will that make me a whore?"

"Not really, just having sex for a friend or a friend of the family one time for money doesn't really count...a whore is a person who will have sex with anyone for money as a way of making a living."

I pondered that for a moment while Peter pointed his camera at me and took my picture, he turned the phone to me to see my picture.

"Is it okay if I send this picture to my sister so she can see what you look like?"

I nodded my head, the picture showed my hand on the end of the vibrator, four inches sticking out of my pussy.

Peter phoned his sister back, "I'm sending you a picture, the girl is only thirteen but very willing! Tell me what you think."

Peter had to close the contact while his sister opened it and then his phone rang again, he opened the call on speaker phone."There's no way she's only thirteen!"

"She is...that amazing body comes from dairy products and exercise, her mother's a dairy maid, the girl eats lots of cream, butter and cheese and drinks nothing but full fat milk and she runs competitively, dances and plays hockey."

"There won't be a problem because of her age will there?"

"Well...she won't complain to anyone, neither will her parents...so long as Justin doesn't go bragging around his mates, no one will know anything about it."

"Great, Justin's friends will leave just before nine, I'll phone you when the last one leaves. I'm not going to tell Justin anything about the girl...just in case nothing comes of it but I'll send him in the kitchen to tidy up for me, just send her in around the back and let her take it from there!"

The deal was done and Peter finished my mother off while I gave myself another orgasm with the buzzing lump of plastic between my thighs.

Peter had to take Robby home and do a little work before my evening appointment with his nephew, I spent the rest of the afternoon watching blue films with my mother, it was like summer-school, fucking one-oh-one! My mother was going through the pros and cons of different sexual acts. She got me to practice oral sex on a banana, if I could suck off a skinned banana for ten minutes without breaking it or digging into its surface with my teeth, it should be safe for me to suck Peter's nephew's cock. Mum even used the banana to teach me how to take a cock in deeper than I would naturally have thought possible before showing me how she could suck the fake cock that looked like Peter's cock and get the whole foot length of it into her mouth, I even felt her neck, I could feel where the fake cock had entered her throat.

We were still naked when my father got home. Dad was whispering to mum and she said "No...she doesn't want to be sore for her session with Peter's nephew tonight!"

So I guess my father was asking if he could try to have sex with me as his cock was so much smaller than Peter's but my mother didn't want him ruining Justin's birthday fun.

At seven o'clock I took a long soak in the bath and when I went to my bedroom to dry myself off my mother had laid out some clothes for me to wear for my visit to Justin, a very sexy bra and panty set as well as self support stockings, red patent leather shoes with a four inch heel and a very sexy dress that I'd worn to a dance recital the year before and that my mother had bought from the dance school. There was also an overnight bag with my toiletries and a change of clothes for tomorrow.

Peter picked me up at a quarter to nine, he drove into town and back out again, Justin and Peter's sister lived just two fields away from my village but the planners had refused to allow them to build a road linking the two. We sat talking outside the house watching parents coming and going with young boys...well, older boys than me. I'd expected there to be a few girls at the birthday party of a sixteen year old boy but I didn't see one. All the boys looked more like computer geeks than sportsmen, I usually hung around with the sporting types because I was so heavily into my sports at school.

The phone rang and Peter looked at the screen, just as the last boy walked down the drive to a waiting car, "Right, Justin will be on his own in the kitchen in a minute, just go round the back of the house and let yourself in."

Peter stopped me getting out of the car, he hung a ribbon around my neck, there was a gift label tied to the ribbon that said, 'Happy birthday Justin, love from Uncle Peter!'

I opened the back door and Justin jumped out of his skin, he beat his chest to get his heart started again, "Fucking hell Panda...what are you doing here?"

I lifted the gift tag and turned it for him to read, "Sorry I startled you Time but I was told to come round the back so no one saw me!"

Justin read the gift tag from his uncle and gave me a confused look, "I don't understand..."

"Your Uncle Peter has paid me to take your virginity...I'm yours to play with until eight o'clock in the morning, I think your dad will be home just after eight and I've got to be gone before then."

"You mean that I get to...shag you?"

"That's the general idea. You get to do anything you like with me for the next eleven hours!"

"Where...how...when..."

"Shall we go up to your bedroom?"

Justin suddenly looked at the door from the kitchen to the hallway, "What about my mother?"

"She knows I'm here and why...I think she'll keep out of our way...at least until after we've finished."

The front door was open and I could hear Justin's mother talking to Peter on the front door step. At the top of the stairs I held back a moment and saw Peter and Justin's mum walk in the house kissing. They followed us up the stairs and when I closed Justin's bedroom door Peter was just taking his sister into her bedroom.

"How did you get into this, at school you looked like butter wouldn't melt in your mouth?"

"I was in the right place at the right time..." I giggled, "...I never realised that your real name was Justin, I've only ever heard your friends call you 'Time' at school!"

Justin laughed this time, "I've always known your name was Amanda, I never knew why your friends called you 'Panda' though."

"Because I was always falling out of trees and coming to school with black eyes and bruised cheeks...so, how do you want to do this? Do we undress ourselves and just get into bed? Undress each other? Do you want me to undress while you watch me? Do you want the lights on or off?"

Justin stopped me, "Can I kiss you?"

"Anything, I'm your present to do with as you wish!"

Actually after the day I'd had, what I really wanted to scream was just fuck me...'For God's sake do me now!'

I heard the sounds of sex coming through Justin's bedroom door, "Do you have any music to put on, something romantic?"

Justin turned the music on, just tuned into the radio so we got whatever was playing on the radio station, he moved in and hugged me and kissed me on my lips, jt was just a quick kiss at first and then he pulled his lips away, "I've wanted to do this to you ever since I saw you'd got breasts when you started in year seven, the first girl in your year to grow them."

He kissed me again, a longer and more passionate kiss this time, I managed to wriggle my hands onto the front of his shirt and started to unbutton it. When the kiss finally ended I pushed his shirt off of his shoulders and I kissed his neck and collarbone. I'd seen loads of films during the day where the woman took the initative and when that happened, the woman often treated the man's nipples like they would expect a man to treat theirs, kissing around the breast area and licking and nibbling at the man's actual nipple and the men always seemed to enjoy that so I kissed my way down over his chest and explored his nipples with my mouth as I unfastened his trousers.

Justin certainly seemed to enjoy my ministrations on his breast area and he grew a solid erection while I was doing it. I have to say when I finally looked at his cock out in the open I was disappointed, his cock looked like the smallest of my mother's vibrators, around four inches long and a half inch in diameter.

I wrigglrd down in front of him onto my knees and I took his cock into my mouth. He exploded the moment my lips closed around his cockhead...he was devastated that he'd fired his salvo at the first touch of my lips, I couldn't do or say anything to reassure him, I was running for the bathroom to rinse the disgusting taste out of my mouth...I was hoping that it was because he'd fired off prematurely or that it was because it was his first milking...if spunk always tasted that bad, I'd never offer to suck a boy off again."

I returned wiping my mouth dry, he was lying face down on his bed sobbing because he'd done the 'Quick Draw McGraw' act on his first time with a girl. I started to reassure him and managed to talk him around. He'd thought that my disappearing act was because I was running for home and that his chance of losing his virginity was over, I managed to get him sitting up and looking at me as I undressed, I didn't do it slowly and I only had three items of clothing to remove as I'd decided to leave my stockings and heels on.

By the time I was naked he was hard again and if I wasn't mistaken, he was a half an inch longer and a little fatter with his second erection. I climbed on top of him and carefully lifted the head of his cock and sat on it. I lifted my weight and lowered it again three times before he shot his second load.

Once again, he was upset at the speed of his climax but again I pacified him and started working on getting him hard again. Once again, with his third erection came a little more length and a little more girth to his cock, this time I took him on my back, he wanted to go at me fast like an energiser bunny but I slowed him down and he lasted for three minutes.

After Justin's third climax we went down to the kitchen for a little slice of his birthday cake and a drink of squash before heading back to bed. I took him this time on my hands and knees with him behind me, doggy style, this time he was able to control himself for ten minutes, he gave me an orgasm in the process so I was happy. We cuddled up in Justin's bed for an hour just talking, kissing and exploring each other's bodies with our hands and mouths. We fucked missionary position for more than thirty minutes, Justin gave me 5 orgasms before he filled me up again, it was one o'clock in the morning by the time that I wiped his cock dry this time and we agreed to go to sleep wrapped in each other's arms. Before we went to sleep I told him that if he woke and wanted to fuck again it was okay to wake me up for sex as often as he wanted to.

We fucked again at three o'clock and again at five. At seven o'clock his mother came into the room and woke us, I had just an hour to get dressed and leave the house, his mum told us that she was going to cook breakfast and it would be ready in thirty minutes. Justin wanted to try having his cock sucked again after his disappointing first time. I may have imagined his cock growing last night but today as I carefully slipped my mouth over his cockhead, he was definitely bigger than he had been the night before.

I sucked him for twenty of the thirty minutes we had left together and he still hadn't orgasmed so he climbed on top of me and pounded his cock into my cunt for the final ten minutes, shooting just as his mother knocked on his door to tell him to finish off now.

We ate a quick breakfast together and Peter and I headed for the front door, I kissed Justin and then remembered breakfast and kissed his mother on her cheek, "Thanks for breakfast Mrs Day."

She smiled at me, I didn't take Justin's father's last name when we married, because of our family business, I kept my maiden name so I'm still Ms French."

Peter and I walked down the drive, Justin shouted out, "See you in school in six weeks 'Panda', if that's not too freaky for you!"

I looked over my shoulder and called back, "If not before 'Time', your uncle has my number if you want to meet up before school starts."

Peter smiled at me, "I didn't realise that you two knew each other...it's nice that he lost his virginity to a friend at least but if Justin wants another fuck I'm not paying for it!"

"We're not really friends, I didn't even know that his first name was Justin, I knew his last name was Day and his nickname was 'Time' but I thought that was like 'Daytime' or something."

Peter suddenly swerved off the road and into the car park of a pub, driving as far from the road as he could get, "Thirsty? I don't think they open for a couple of hours!"

Peter giggled, "No, I just spotted my brother-in-law's car in the queue at the traffic lights, if he saw me driving along this road at this time of day he'd be suspicious...much better that I hide here until he gets past."

Peter nodded his head in the direction of the road, "That's my brother-in-law...the flying banana!"

A bright yellow Lamborghini Countach growled past the car park entrance, the man driving the car was sitting on the left of the car, rather than on the right like a standard British car.

"I always spot him coming from a long way off and because he's on the left and I drive a black car, he never sees me until the very last minute."