**Uncle Jim**

by Isabella

I was really sad to hear that Uncle Jim had passed away suddenly, I was at school when I heard, one of the girls in my class at school got text messages from her mother and within minutes every girl in my class was in tears, the boys all went unusually quiet but they didn't cry, they were just sad. Jim wasn't actually a relative of any one of us but everyone in the area called him uncle. He was the man that had a smile and a sweetie for anyone, girl or boy, man or woman in the area, he seemed to have exactly the right words to sooth any upset and lighten any depression...we could sure do with Uncle Jim in class after we found out he'd passed.

I caught the bus home after school and spotted Jim's wife Betty waiting outside the village shop. Betty didn't seem to be as upset about her husband's passing as the girls in my class were. My house was to the right from the bus stop and the shop was five hundred yards to the left. I turned to the right and was about to set off towards home but stopped, my mother would ask me if I'd spoken to Betty and the fact that Betty was a fifteen minute walk out of my way wouldn't cut any mustard with my mum, she'd expect me to crawl over hot coals on my belly to make sure a neighbour was all right.

I did an about turn and I walked towards the shop, Betty was still standing outside the shop, she was looking at Mr Robinson, the shopkeeper, it looked like she was scowling at him.

I'd never called Betty aunty, her husband was Uncle Jim to everyone but she was just Betty, I didn't even know her last name.

"Hi Betty, I'm so sorry to hear about Uncle Jim...is there anything that I can do for you?"

Betty jolted; I'd brought her back into the village from wherever her head was.

"Oh hi Sarah...I think I might need your mother...is she home at the moment?"

Anyone asking for my mother's help either needed money or they needed help with a computer problem.

"Mum's over in Leicestershire at a History Group conference this afternoon...can I help in any way?"

"Do you know much about computers?"

"Not as much as my mum but then, I don't think anyone is wired in quite the same way that my mother...I can take a look at your computer for you if you like, if it's something simple I'll probably be able to fix it and if I can't, at least I can tell my mother what is wrong so she will be able to fix it quicker once she's home." Betty looked devastated, so much so that I was moved to place a comforting hand on her elbow...not something I would usually do to an elderly person.

Betty looked from my face and back to Mr Robinson again.

"Thank you Sarah but I think I need an older head to help me with my problem."

The thought flashed through my head, 'Cool, I've tried, no one can say that I haven't...' Shit, I turned back to Betty, I took a hold of her upper arm and eased her in the direction of her house, "Come on Betty, at least I can make you a cup of tea and wait with you until my mother gets home!"

Betty resisted at first but then she let he help her home. Although I'd known Betty and Uncle Jim all my life and I'd often chatted to the two of them in their front garden, at the park or in church but I'd never been in their house before.

I helped Betty into a comfortable chair in the living room and then went into her kitchen to make her a cup of tea. I was going to call out and ask her where she kept her tea cups but my left hand went straight to the wall cupboard to the left of the cooker and I found the cups and saucers. That was a fluke, it wasn't even as if the kettle was anywhere near to the cooker so how did I know where she kept her cups?

I took two cups down and placed them on a tray with her bowl of sugar and a bottle of milk, the sugar came from another cupboard that I seemed to know and the milk was in a fridge that was built in to one of the lower cabinets but how did I know which door hid the fridge? It was starting to unsettle me a little that I seemed to know so much about the layout of a kitchen I'd never been in before.

I took the tea into Betty and sat opposite her and waited for the tea to brew...or should that be mash...

"What about the problem with your computer Betty, if you don't want me to look at it you could at least tell me what the problem is, I might already have come across it before, I watch my mother fixing computers all the time, especially after I've done something stupid and broken it!"

"I just think you're a little too young to deal with my problem Sarah!"

"My dad says that all the time...mum says I should never limit myself by an imaginary barrier and not to turn away from a problem just because of my age."

Betty gave me a strange look, "I'm not sure if there is a problem with the computer, it was Jim's computer...I don't even know how to turn it on...I never went into Jim's den, not even to clean it...I still haven't been in it. it's a good thing that he was in the bedroom when he passed away, if he'd been in his den when he passed it might have been some time before I found him."

"So, how do you know that there is a problem with the computer then?"

"Something that Bill Robinson said. He told me that he'd better come round and pick up Jim's computer before someone discovered what was on the hard drive."

"I wouldn't worry too much about it Betty, my mum finds pornography on men's computers all the time, there's not much we haven't seen at home over the years!"

Betty looked shocked; "Your mother lets you see what she finds on people's computers?"

"I've been helping my mum with computers for years, it isn't that she lets me see, I just find stuff for myself. Most of the problems are caused by over loaded hard drives so someone has to go through the big files and see which one can be moved onto DVD's to make space on the hard drive so it will work again, it's a very time consuming job to go through video files or large photograph files on a slow computer."

Betty looked thoughtful for a moment and then said, "And you don't mind seeing all that kind of stuff?"

"Like my mother says, it's just men's fantasies, no skin off of our noses!"

Betty seemed to relax and she drank her tea and I sipped at mine.

"Perhaps you could just take a look at my husband's PC, I might be worrying about nothing at all!"

I hid my smile with my cup, my persistence had paid off, I was sure that I'd be able to sort out Uncle Jim's computer without my mother's help.

"Shall I go through to Jim's den and switch his computer on Betty?"

Betty nodded her head and I put my teacup down and set off, I had to thread my way past the stairs and just before the kitchen there was a hidden doorway under the stairs that linked the house to the garage, I pressed the 'Trick' latch to open the door, the latch was disguised as a coat hook that had to be twisted clockwise to pull the door latch and pop the hidden door open.

Betty was right behind me as I opened the door, "Sarah...how the hell did you know where the door to Jim's den was and how to open it...have you been in here before?"

I pulled myself up and stopped in the doorway into the den, I turned and looked at Betty, "No, I don't think I have...I can't remember ever coming into your house before but...when I made your cup of tea I seemed to know exactly where you kept everything in there. It all seems a little spooky to me."

Jim's den was hidden inside their garage and when I say hidden I really mean hidden. The garage had been built as a four car garage, two cars wide by two cars deep, Jim had built a brick wall up across the middle of the garage so it was now just two cars wide, it looked like every other two car garage in the area and a hidden space twenty foot square at the back of the garage. The room had no windows so there was no natural light, I knew exactly where the light switch was even in total darkness.

The wall opposite the entrance door had a half life sized picture of Betty, totally naked and sitting on Jim's lap, they were both naked, Betty's back was toward Jim and her knees were open wide hanging over either side of Jim's knees. Betty was facing the camera, almost looking down its lens, there was a fixed smile on her face and her eyes looked dead and distant. Jim's cock was deep in Betty's cunt and he was reaching around her hips, pulling her labia wide open.

I heard a gasp from behind me and a whispered, "How the hell did Jim make that picture?"

I walked over to the picture, it was a poster rather than a very large photograph so it had probably been printed from a digital file through a large plotter printer. I looked over my shoulder at Betty's face, "It looks like it was printed on a large digital printer Betty."

"I didn't mean that...I meant, how did he put my face on that picture...I've never let Jim take dirty photographs of me...no matter how much he pestered me to let him."

I looked at the picture again and around the room for a second time, "Betty, this picture was taken in this room, look, that chair over there, this is Jim and you sitting on that chair."

"I told you that I've never been in this room before Sarah and I've never posed for any dirty pictures."

"But this is definitely you Betty, look, your birthmark here on your abdomen!"

Betty gasped again, "How do you know that I have a birthmark down there, Jim's the only person who's ever seen it...apart from my parents and my doctor!"

"I have no idea how I know you have a birthmark there Betty...I don't know how I knew that there would be a double bed in this corner...or...or how I know that if I open the bottom drawer of that chest I'll find a rubber sheet because Uncle Jim doesn't want any blood stains on his mattress!"

Betty pulled the bottom drawer open and pulled out a pink rubber skeet.

I switched Jim's computer on and while I was waiting for it to warm up I looked at his bookshelf, he had ten different technical volumes on hypnosis and mind control so there was at least one mystery solved, how Jim managed to get his wife naked in his den to photograph her without her knowing that she'd even been in his den...now I needed a few other mysteries answered...like, how I knew so much about the inside of a house that I'd never been in before.

I sat at Jim's computer and had my fingers crossed that my incredible insight into the contents of Jim and Betty's house was some kind of previously undiscovered telepathy on my part but as the screen came to life I looked at the bookshelf again and wondered...

Jim's wallpaper on his computer was a montage of a dozen or more village women and girls, I saw my face in the top right hand corner of the screen, well my naked upper body really but it was from before I grew my breasts. My mother was there as well, I hardly recognised her because she was a similar age when her picture was taken to the age that I had been in the montage...I got a shock, the wallpaper suddenly changed, My face was still in the same place but now I was wearing makeup and my breasts were the size they were now, I looked in the place I'd seen my mother's picture and she was now her current age as well, her massive breasts made her head look small.

Betty was sitting next to me now, "Sarah darling I think we should just close the computer down and smash it to pieces with a hammer to make sure no one ever sees what's in there!"

"Betty, now that I've seen this wallpaper I have to find out just how bad it is in Uncle Jim's warped world behind the garage!"

I opened up explorer and did a simple search on the 'This Computer' icon, then I searched for '\*.jpg' and pressed enter. There was the usual pictures that most people had on PCs, holiday pictures, family pictures, hobby pictures and then I noticed a gap in the line-up of folders, I right clicked and selected 'Show Hidden files and folders' in the menu box. The folder that popped into view just had a '\*' as the file name. There was only one JPG file in that folder, the naked picture of Betty sitting on Jim's lap but there were a lot of files with a '.JIM' file extension.

I selected Sarah C 1.JIM and double clicked on it. it was a picture of me in the nude in Jim's den, I looked like I was about eight years old in that picture. There were a lot of pictures in the 'Sarah C' range, all I had to do was click on the next button and I watched myself growing up. Every picture had me naked or wearing just knickers and when I got to around eleven years old I started to appear with other girls, friends from school who lived around the village and the pictures were getting increasingly sexual.

There was a step change, boys were introduced. Boys who were younger than me, boys that were starting out clothed when I was naked and over seven or eight pictures I would undress the boy and suck his dick for him, all on the double bed in Jim's den. Then there was a picture of Betty looking on as I sucked the cock of a slightly older boy.

"Sarah, I really think that you should turn the computer off now...I don't want to see anymore of this filth."

I looked at her, "Are you sure that you can't remember any of this?"

Betty shook her head, "I can't remember ever being in this room before."

I stepped through a few more pictures; Betty took a turn at sucking the older boy's cock and then Betty was on her back and the boy was between her thighs and a few pictures later the picture showed a smiling boy and a close up of Betty's pussy, a slow dribble of semen slithering out of her cunt. The next picture was of me licking the boy's spunk out of Betty's pussy.

After the picture of me licking Betty's pussy there was another change and the picture viewer froze. I checked the file that the computer was trying to open and it had a file name of 'Sarah C - V1.JAMES'. I found the same file in explorer and it was around one hundred times bigger than the pictures that came before it...I made a guess that it was probably a video clip rather than a picture, just because of the sheer size of the file. I found the video viewing program and opened it and then I dropped Sarah C - V1.JAMES' into it and the file opened, I was once again the star of the video but this time I wasn't in Jim's den, I was walking towards the Village shop, I heard Bill Robinson's voice come out of the PC's loud speaker.

"Are you sure that this hypnosis stuff is safe Jim?"

"I'm sure, just one simple command word from me and she'll do whatever I tell her to and after, she won't remember anything about what happened."

Betty almost screamed out, "Stop the video right now Sarah!"

I pressed the pause button and looked at her, "Betty, I need to know!"

"I know you do dear but if Jim uses his control word on that video to hypnotise you. Won't you also go under here in the den?"

"I don't know Betty, I have no idea how this hypnosis thing works!"

"I just think that you should cover your ears so that you don't hear the word Jim uses to put you under."

I pushed my smart phone's ear-buds into my ear and set the volume to high then I turned the volume on the PC down low, just to make sure that I didn't hear the control word Jim used on me before pressing play again. Betty touched my hand and she nodded her head at me to say that it was safe to take my ear-buds out.

Jim was talking to me, "How do you feel Sarah?"

"I feel good thank you Uncle Jim."

"You're feeling a little warm...it's very hot in Bill's shop today."

In the video I looked around the shop and then at the window before saying, "Yes it is hot in here today but Mr Robinson is here and people could see me through the window."

"You should really go behind the counter then, it will be safe to undress back there."

I looked at Bill Robinson again, "But he'll see me."

"You're very safe undressing in front of Bill, he's a good friend, you love the sweets he gives me to give to you don't you?"

I nodded my head.

"Well, wouldn't it be nice to give Bill a little thank you?"

I nodded my head again.

In the video I followed Jim's instructions, I went behind the counter and stripped off totally and then I knelt on the floor between the counter and Bill's body. Jim moved around so that he could film what I was doing to Bill from the open side of the counter. Nothing more had been said by either man than Jim saying, "Wouldn't it be nice to give Bill a little thank you?" I looked like I was on autopilot, I was naked and I reached out to open Bill's trousers, I didn't pull them down, I just opened his belt, the top button and pulled his zipper down. I pulled the front of his underpants down and hooked them under his balls then I leaned in and started sucking Bill Robinson's cock.

There was the jingle of the bell attached to the shop's door, I saw Bill stiffen as a customer opened the door but I saw no reaction on my part at all, I just carried on sucking his cock oblivious of the fact that someone was about to catch me **'at it'** with Bill. Jim swung the camera towards the shop door, my mother walked in with an agitated look on her face, "Has Sarah been in this afternoon Bill?"

Jim said something strange to her in response, "Frangipani Sauce Mrs Clarke!"

My mother suddenly looked relaxed, her tight line of a mouth seemed to swell and turn into a rare smile. Jim told her to come to the counter, my mother stepped in beside me and Bill, Jim was directing her and she put her hands on my head as I was sucking Bill's cock and my own mother was pushing at the back of my head to make me suck more of Bill's cock into my mouth.

Bill was going through his orgasm, his body jerking about so much that I was fighting to keep his cock in my mouth. Bill almost collapsed it took so much out of him.

Jim guided my mother to the shop's doorway and as she stood with the door open Jim said, "You are happy...you have seen Sarah and you know that she is safe, you have told her that it is okay to stay out until six o'clock. I'm going to count down from three and when I reach one...you will be totally relaxed and happy, you will go home and start to cook dinner for your family."

When Jim returned to the counter Bill's cock was totally flaccid but I was still sucking at it as if he was still hard.

"Sarah, you have thanked Bill enough now, he is very happy and you can stop sucking his cock."

I stood up, still totally naked and just stood in front of Bill, he pushed his hand between my legs and started to feel me up but apart from quick glances in my direction, he was more intent on looking through the shop window in case someone came to buy something or even just look through the shop window.

The video ended at that point and I looked at Betty, "I'm glad I know what Uncle Jim was doing but I think I need to reformat the hard drive on this computer so no one else ever finds out about anything that Jim was up to."

"I think that's a good idea Sarah and after you've wiped it clean, I need to alter your control word, Bill Robinson knows how to send you under and who knows how many other men know."

It took a very long time to erase every bite of data from the computer and while it was working I found a notebook, a list of people's names and their control words. I slipped the book into my handbag and then turned to look into Betty's eyes.

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"Sarah...Sarah are you okay?"

My shoulders were being shaken, it was hard to open my eyes.

"Sarah have you been drinking? Have you taken anything?"

I managed to focus my eyes, my mother was leaning over me and she was shaking me awake.

I looked around, I was sitting on a bench on the park and obviously I'd been asleep.

"I've not been doing anything mum; did you know that Uncle Jim died today?"

Mum pulled me into her chest and hugged me, "I do darling, I heard the news at the village shop earlier. Now what the hell are you doing sleeping on the park?"

I shook my head and shrugged my shoulders.

"I don't know what I'm doing here mum, I remember being on the school bus and then you were shaking me."

"I'm really starting to worry about you darling, yoy've been acting strange for years but you've been going missing more and more recently with no memory of where you've been or what you've been doing, I think I need to make an appointment with our doctor so she can take a look at you."

"Ohhh...mum, I'm okay, there's nothing wrong with me, I'm just very sad about Uncle Jim."

We walked home with our arms wrapped around each other talking about all the good things that we could remember about Uncle Jim. Mum started dinner and I started Geography homework. I dipped into my handbag for my pen and found a strange notebook. I opened the book; it looked like a spreadsheet of some kind, two headings, one was subject and the other control. Under the subjects was just a list of names, almost everyone who lived in our village, lots of the girls and boys from my school.

I was about to toss the book in my bin when I spotted my name, next to my name was the control word 'Rumpelstiltskin shoes' and then I saw my mother's name and her control word was 'Frangipani Sauce' according to the notebook.

My interest had been peeked so I opened up my mother's computer and Googled subject and control. All the six hundred thousand results that Google came up with seemed to be references to hypnosis.

I walked into the kitchen and said, "Mum, can we have apple crumble sometime with Frangipani Sauce on it please?"

I had to move quickly because my mother froze, her hand too close to the stove and she was in danger of burning herself.

I pulled my mother around to face me, "Mum, are you okay?"

"I'm fine thank you for asking."

Her response was what I'd expect...well, almost what I'd expect, I'd have expected a darling at the end of her reply. I took a deep breath, "Mum, can I have a puppy?"

I was expecting the usual instant "No!" but she didn't say no...she didn't respond at all. I was confused, totally confused...then I got a little bit of a brainwave.

"Mum, lift your left arm."

She lifted her left arm. The object word in the book was control, if I gave her an instruction she would do it, if I asked her a question I would have to be careful how I phrased it.

"Mum, put your left arm down."

Mum lowered her left arm. According to what I'd just read on the internet, you couldn't hypnotise anyone to do anything that was basically against their character. A hypnotised person would only do things that they could have done in real life. Now the one thing that I knew about my mother above all else was that she was pathologically shy, she would never leave her bedroom without being fully dressed. She was so shy that she wouldn't even sleep with my father, I knew that he visited her bedroom from time to time but whenever he did he would knock on her bedroom door, I heard him every time because my bedroom was right opposite my mother's room. I'd hear her unlock her door, my father would go in, I'd hear them dancing the ugly dance for two or three minutes, my dad would thank my mother and leave. She would close her door and lock it and then before going to sleep she would use her bidet to wash my father out of her body.

I'd never seen her without her shirt on before so the little devil in me prompted me to try, "Mum, you've splashed fat on your blouse, you need to get it into soak as quickly as possible or it'll stain."

I was shocked by the speed that my mother moved; she unbuttoned her cuffs and the front of her blouse and ran to the utility room to put her blouse into a bucket of warm water with a little soft action detergent in it.

I watched from the doorway, my mother wasn't small on top, her bra was a work of engineering prowess and as she agitated her blouse in the bucket her breasts swung from side to side and my mother made no attempt at stopping them or covering herself up.

"Mum, the saucepan is boiling, shall I stir it?"

Mum rushed out of the utility room and back to her place at the stove, she didn't trust me with boiling fat. I was amazed to see her standing there in just her skirt and bra stirring the dinner.

"Mum, I think the sauce might have splashed on your skirt as well."

I was really just being mean, I was wondering just how far my mother would go before she fought against her hypnotic trance. But she didn't, she just stood there in front of the stove and unzipped her skirt and dropped it to the floor, "Do me a favour darling, pop my skirt into the bucket with my blouse to soak please."

So now I really was surprised, my mother standing in the kitchen wearing just her knickers and bra and nothing else. Another thing that surprised me, I'd helped my mother for years with the laundry and all I'd ever seen her wash in the way of lingerie were white, cotton, granny knickers and yet here she was, standing in matching black bra and panty set and rather than being granny sized, her knickers looked more like the size I'd wear, bikini-brief knickers but very small on her.

I was just thinking that I'd taken the joke far enough and was about to take a dressing gown to my mother to cover up with when my father walked into the kitchen, he was about to say something when he stopped dead in his tracks, his jaw flapping up and down like a goldfish in its bowl. Mum turned her head and smiled at my father, "Oh hi darling...you're home early. Dinner won't be long, you still have time to take your shower and get changed if you like."

My father stood there flapping his jaw without sound for what seemed like hours but was just a few minutes before his mouth started working, "Vicky darling, are you okay?"

Mum smiled at him and said, "I'm fine thank you for asking."

The smile on my mother's face looked very plastic, very fake. Dad shook his head and walked off to his bedroom to have his shower and get changed out of his work clothes. I moved quickly, I grabbed a dressing gown and rushed out to cover my mother up. I ran through to my mother's computer, I'd put her into some kind of hypnotic trance and now I needed to find out how to get her out of it.

The internet had lots of stuff on hypnosis but not the actual mechanics of putting someone under or bringing them out of the trance after.

I was just a few strides ahead of my father when I got back in the kitchen, "Mum, can you hear me?"

"Of course I can darling."

"Mum, you have to act normally from now on, okay?"

"Okay darling."

The plastic smile on my mother's face was still there all the way through dinner and it was still there while we were in the living room after. Dad reading the newspapers as usual, mum reading a book or watching one of her soap operas on TV, things looked outwardly normal but they weren't, mum was still wearing the dressing gown I'd given her and when it fell open she didn't bother to pull it back into place. I went up to bed early and mum followed me an hour later.

I couldn't get to sleep as quickly as I'd have liked so an hour after I went to bed I heard my mother going into her bedroom, my door was open slightly, I saw the hall light go off as it usually did after my mother went into her bedroom. Ten minutes later, my father came down the passageway without turning the hall light on, he knocked at my mother's bedroom door and I saw her light go on, she had never done that before. Her light pooled out under her bedroom door, lighting my father's legs up. Dad was wearing pyjamas and dressing gown. I heard my father gasp so I sat up in bed and looked, mum had opened the door to my father and with her light on, I could clearly see that my mother was naked and from my father's gasp. I guessed that it was the first time he'd seen her naked with her bedroom light on.

I'd heard my father's visits to my mother many times; there was never much noise, just a few minutes of bedsprings, a slow trot for a minute or two and then a medium canter for a minute and finally a gallop for just thirty seconds. But that was all, no other sounds at all. Tonight was different, my dad was gasping and wheezing and my mother was baying at the moon. I heard my dad say, "What are you doing?" several times and the act lasted for twenty-five minutes, rather than just five.

When my father left my mother's bedroom the light was still on, I sat up in bed again and watched my father step out into the hallway, he was naked, his pyjamas and dressing gown draped over his arm. He was about to close her door but he stopped and ran back, he kissed my mother, she was naked and she was stretched out on the bed, her back arched and as my father kissed her she reached for his cock and started to rub him. He winced in pain, "I'm sorry darling I can't do it again, I'm too sore..." I saw my father's hand reach between my mother's legs, "...the hair here at the side if your...well, they are far too course, they rubbed me raw."

I wanted to shout out, of course her cunt hair is rough dad, she's full on ginger, you could make pan scourers out of her hair. I pushed my hand down the front of my knickers and felt my own pussy hair, I was only half ginger but my pussy hair was stiff and course. When I realised that I was stroking my labia while looking at my naked mother and father I yanked my hand back out. If I needed to masturbate I'd have to wait until that picture was well out of my mind.

Dad finally left mum's bedroom, as she always followed him to the door to lock it my father didn't actually close the door properly, I heard his bedroom door open and close at the other end of the passageway and slowly the hallway lit up again as my mother's bedroom door slowly opened by itself. I looked over again, mum was still lying on top of her bed, she was like a cat that was being stroked only she was stroking herself, her light still on, naked and one hand between her legs and the other mauling her own breasts. I watched her take herself to three orgasms before I got out of bed and turned her light off, I closed her door and realised that the latch didn't work properly, the door wouldn't stay closed if it wasn't locked closed.

In the end, to get the sound of my mother masturbating herself out of my ears I had to close my bedroom door for the first time in my life.

As I drifted off to sleep I had my fingers crossed that my mother would eventually go to sleep and that might reset her clock, so to speak, and she'd wake up her usual shy and neurotic self. It was okay for my father, he had his bathroom and mum's bathroom between his bedroom and hers, all I had was one thin door and a few feet of fresh air between us and my mother's constant journey through the highs and lows of her orgasm kept waking me up. At two o'clock in the morning I lost my temper and stomped over to my mother's bedroom and shouted, "Go to sleep!"

Mum was in the throes of an orgasm that ended instantly and the sound of gasping for air was replaced with the gentle snuffles of a woman sleeping.

I dropped off to sleep like a rock falling from a cliff and didn't move again I woke at mid day on Saturday. I walked out of my bedroom, my mother was still on top of her bed, still totally naked and her door was wide open. I walked in nervously, if her trance had worn off while she was sleeping, finding me in her bedroom while she was naked might just freak her out. I shook her shoulder and she opened her eyes like her eyelids were in switches, she smiled at me and said, "Good morning darling, ready for breakfast?"

I nodded my head and walked out of her bedroom, she was on my heels out in the hallway so I looked over my shoulder, "Mum, you need at least a dressing gown on before you come downstairs."

Mum slipped her arms into her dressing gown and followed me down the hall, as I passed my father's bedroom his door was wide open and his pyjamas were strewn across his bedroom floor on top of his dressing gown, it flashed into my head, 'One good fuck and it turns the man into a slob.' I picked his pyjamas up off of the floor and dropped them into his laundry basket, then I hung his robe on the back of his door. I was about to pull his duvet over his bed to make it look tidier but I stopped short when I saw traces of blood on the bottom sheet, I remembered his telling my mother that his cock was rubbed raw.

"Give me a hand mum, we need to strip dad's bed and wash his sheet and duvet cover."

We remade dad's bed between us, mum was more naked than covered as we worked. I empted his laundry basket onto his bottom sheet and carried the whole lot down to the utility room. There was a note pinned to the door of the fridge with a magnet, 'Had to go to work, see you later, emptied the milk bottle and didn't have time to fetch another...sorry, John!'

We could have breakfast without milk but my mother would need some for her coffee. I was pushing clothes and bottom sheet into the washing machine when I heard the back door close. I ran after my mother, she was at the back gate about to go down the drive and out into public wearing just a dressing gown that she wasn't bothering to hold closed at the neck. I grabbed her, "Mum, you can't go out in the street dressed like that.

Mum looked confused, she couldn't see why she shouldn't go out to the shops dressed the way she was.

"I need milk for my coffee."

"That's okay mum, I'll run down to the shop and get a pint of milk."

I guided my mother back to the kitchen and sat her at the table, I'd have to work something out to snap her out of the trance I'd put her in soon because she was becoming a liability and I wouln't be around on Monday to look after her.

I dashed back into the utility room and found an un-ironed dress, I also found clean knickers, I was about to run up to my bedroom to get changed, my mother would usually have flipped if I'd got changed in the utility room. I stood in the doorway where she could see me and stripped off. She just looked at my naked body and smiled at me. I pulled the dress on and stepped into my knickers. I took a quick look at myself to make sure that I was okay to go out to the shop without a bra on under my dress. I could just see my areola as slightly darker rings showing through the dress. If I'd found a bra I would have put it on but...hell, it was only a five minute dash to the shop and back so I probably wouldn't even meet anyone apart from Mr Robinson at the shop.

I took a pound from my mother's purse and dashed off to the shop.

I opened the door into the shop, the bell attached to the back of the door jingled and Mr Robinson looked up, he had a quick look around the street outside his shop and said, "Rumpelstiltskin shoes Sarah, how are you today?"

I jolted to a halt, Mr Robinson had just used the control phrase that should have sent me into a trance like the one I'd put my mother into around twenty hours earlier. I had no idea if I was in a trance or not, how could I possibly know what it felt like to be in a trance. I didn't know if I was in a trance or not but I did know that I had to say something...

"I'm very well thank you Mr Robinson."

"Come now Sarah, didn't Uncle Jim tell you on Thursday that it was okay to call me Bill, you gave me a wonderful thank you for all the sweeties that I give to Jim to give to you kids...why don't you give me another thank you today?"

I was really confused; I had no idea what the hell he was going on about. He gestured with his hand for me to go to the front counter so I did, "No, come around the back of the counter."

I walked around the back of the counter. There was a big display cabinet that stopped people seeing in behind the counter from the street, Bill put his hand on top of my head and pushed me down in front of him, he unzipped his trousers and fed his cock into my mouth. As soon as his cock touched my lips I opened my mouth and leaned forward. I'd never sucked a cock before but as soon as I leaned forward I seemed to automatically know what to do and started sucking Bill's cock. Judging by the sounds he was making...I seemed to know exactly how to suck a cock.

Bill was gasping with pleasure; I'd heard similar sounds from my father, once every time he visited my mother in the past and several times last night. Bill started to raise himself up onto his toes and then drop back down as his muscles started to spasm, I got an ultra sweet taste in my mouth as a little jet of something left Bill's cock into my mouth and the doorbell jingled, someone was entering the shop. I froze mid suck expecting someone to catch me at any moment.

In the blank space between my freezing and Bill reacting to whoever had just entered the shop I wondered what Bill had spurted into my mouth. Talk from girls at school had been that a boy's cum tasted like drinking liquid ear wax and yet whatever had just spurted in my mouth tasted like honey.

Bill's cock started shrinking in my mouth as he came down off of his sexual high and he said, "Christmas Egg Paul, and how are you today?"

"I'm very well thank you Bill."

I pulled my mouth off of Bill's cock and peered over the counter towards the door, Paul Mason stood there with a dumb grin fixed on his face. Paul Mason was the village god, he was eighteen years old, in his last year at my school and rumour had it that he'd got an unconditional place at Oxford University. Paul was the football team captain, the cricket team captain and the head prefect.

Bill turned my head back to his cock and he pushed it back in my mouth. I heard a shuffling at my side and opened my eyes, I looked sideways towards the opening into the cash desk area, Paul was just standing there looking at what I was doing to Bill or rather looking in my direction without really seeing what I was doing.

Bill reached for Paul's wrist, "Isn't she beautiful Paul?"

Bill put Paul's hand on the back of my head and Paul started stroking me. Bill said, "Sarah, I'm about to cum but I want you to hold as much of my spunk in your mouth and when I've finished I want you to kiss Paul and give him my sperm through your kiss!"

Kiss was a pivotal word, as soon as it left Bill's lips he fired off into my mouth. Once he finished shooting into my mouth he dragged me to my feet and pushed me in front of Paul. He told Paul to kiss me passionately and as our mouths locked together I let Bill's semen seep from my mouth and into Paul's. As we kissed I felt Bill's hand fumbling between us and when my mouth was empty I pulled my mouth from Paul's and looked down.

Bill had opened Paul's trousers and was rubbing Paul's cock. Bill saw that our passionate kiss was over and he pulled me away from Paul, he pulled my dress up and off over my head, then he tore my knickers off and bent me over. I felt Paul's hands grip my hips and suddenly he was in me. I braced myself for the pain that every girl said accompanied their deflowering but I didn't feel pain, just excruciating pleasure as Paul's cock slipped into my body.

I was a little distracted from the pleasure I was getting as Bill held me bent over in front of Paul. I got Bill's still flaccid cock pushed into my mouth again as I started counting back to my last period, I was close to my next period so I just relaxed and enjoyed the feeling of losing my virginity. Paul only took five minutes to climax into me; he made a lot more noise over his climax that Bill did or my father ever did but that was okay with me, I felt every spurt as Paul shot his load up into my pussy.

Bill moved quickly again, I was pulled away from Paul and turned to face him, I was expecting Paul's cock to be covered in my maidenhead blood but apart from his own semen and my excitement his cock was clean, a good thing really as Bill rammed his cock in my cunt hard, pushing me onto Paul's cock, I managed to react fast enough to take Paul's cock in my mouth instead of up my nose.

Bill fucked me for twenty minutes and all the time I was breathing life into Paul's cock, so much so that he managed to get hard again and shoot off in my mouth just as Bill filled my pussy from behind.

Bill left me standing behind the counter of his shop while he walked with Paul to the door, Bill opened the door and as he eased Paul out into the street I heard him say, "Paul, I'm going to count down from three to one and when I reach one, you will wake up feeling totally refreshed, you will have no recollection of coming into my shop, you will not remember meeting Sarah Clarke in my shop..." Bill looked over at me and smiled, "...You will remember nothing of your meeting with Sarah but you will think of her whenever you masturbate, you love Sarah and are desperate for her to be your girlfriend. Three...two...one...wide awake."

Bill came back to me; I was still naked, just standing there to see what Bill was going to do to or with me next. Bill started to rub between my legs while he looked out of the main window at the street, a car pulled up against the curb and Bill picked up a small notebook and flicked through the pages, he didn't find what he was looking for and threw the book down on the counter. He thrust my dress at me, "Put this back on!"

A farmer walked into the shop, he wasn't really interested in buying anything, he was there to chew the fat. Bill quickly whispered, "Sarah, I'm going to count backwards from three to one, when I get to one you will wake up feeling totally relaxed and will have no memory of what went on in the shop today but you will fall in love with Paul Mason the next time you see him. Three...two...one...wide awake!"

I looked down at the floor behind the counter, my knickers were there on the floor, torn to shreds I looked at Bill's smiling face and said, "Can I have a pint of milk please?"

I had to brush close to the farmer as I left the shop, he closed the gap down so that the contact was more solid and the farmer whispered, "Hello Darling, you look pretty in that lovely white dress."

I looked into his eyes, he wasn't looking that high, he was scanning my body through my thin white dress. I already knew that my areolas were showing through the thin material but I realised that without any knickers on my hairy triangle would also be on show through the thin material.

I'd been fucked twice and I'd sucked two cocks but when I realised that the farmer was hitting on me as well I got an extra swish in my tail as I walked down the street.

I'd been gone for an hour instead of just the five minutes that it should have taken to buy a pint of milk, that had happened in the past and every time it had, my mother exploded all over me for taking so long to do a simple errand. I walked into the kitchen and saw my mother sitting in exactly the same place that she had been sitting when I went out an hour earlier. I'd heard Bill close down a trance twice now so I felt confident that I'd be able to get my mother out of her trance.

I realised that there must be a problem with my own control word because I don't think I was in a trance in Bill's shop because he'd told me to forget everything that happened in his shop but I remembered every fantastic minute of my hour's playtime.

"Mother can you hear me?"

"Yes darling, of course I can."

"Mum, I'm going to count backwards from three to one and when I get to one..."

I stopped myself, there were a few things that needed changing in my mother's character so I thought quickly.

"...when I get to one you will no longer be shy, you will be happy to leave your bedroom even though you aren't fully dressed...oh, mum, your vaginal hair is too course and it cuts dad's penis, before you go to bed tonight, when you are in your shower, you need to shave your labia clean and do it every time you shower to keep your lips hair free. I'll put some of dad's disposable razors and shaving cream in your bathroom ready for your next shower. Oh, and another thing, Go easy on your daughter, she's a good kid and just slips up from time to time. Three...two...one...wide awake!"

It was like a switch had been flicked in my mother's head; she suddenly gripped the front of her dressing gown and pulled it closed over her breasts. She looked at me and said, "You can't wear that dress without underwear on...not even just around the house!"

After breakfast I went into the lounge to do my maths homework and mum went to her bedroom to get dressed, I was actually surprised that she hadn't run for her bedroom as soon as I brought her out of her trance. I fought with one difficult problem in my maths homework and as I concentrated really hard I heard Bill Robinson say, "Come now Sarah, didn't Uncle Jim tell you on Thursday that it was okay to call me Bill..." I wasn't at Bill's shop on Thursday with Uncle Jim...or at least I couldn't remember being at Bill's shop on Thursday, Bill's voice came into my head again, "...you will wake up feeling totally relaxed and will have no memory of what went on in the shop..." Well, one thing for sure was that I was very relaxed when I got home from school on Thursday, I was an hour late and got nagged by my mother for the missing hour.

The realisation hit me that it was probably Uncle Jim who started all the hypnotism stuff and that Bill was riding on the coat tails of Bill's endeavours but that didn't explain how come Paul went into a trance when Bill used his control word but I didn't think that I was effected by my control word at all.

Betty suddenly popped into my head...I remembered seeing her from the bus on the way home from school, I remembered the internal struggle I'd had with myself about going to comfort her and how it could freak me out talking to my dead uncle's wife. I found a wall in my memory, Betty was definitely on the other side of the wall. I was sure that I'd spoken to her, I touched her elbow in a comforting way as I asked her if there was anything I could do for her but...well...was it real or was it just a dream. I dug the book of control words out, the first name on the first page was just a 'B' and the control word was 'Boopper'.

I closed my books and I called my mother to tell her that I was going out. I didn't get a reply from my mother and started to worry a little, after all I had messed with her head in the last few hours. I searched the house, her bedroom door was still wide open, her bathroom door was too, I saw the shower tray was wet and on the tidy rack at the side was a disposable razor and shaving cream can, so it looked like she had a shower after breakfast and she'd either shaved her legs or taken my hypnotic advice and shaved off her labia.

I found my mother in the garden, she was wearing a dress that she only ever wore over leggings but today she wasn't wearing leggings under it, she was talking to the postman as she was weeding her flower beds. I walked up behind the postman and looked over his shoulder, he was looking straight down the open front of my mother's dress, there was a lot of bare flesh before the edge of her bra cups came into view but worse than that, as my mother was squatting down to pull the weeds her knees were wide apart and the postman could see her knickers up under the hem of her dress.

"Mum, I'm just going out for an hour."

Mum stood up and the postman suddenly lost interest in her and wandered away to carry on posting mail.

"Where are you going?"

"I was going for a walk out on the common."

"Can you go past Betty's house for me please? I've got a commiseration card and a basket of fruit for her, you could drop it off for me. And don't forget to ask her if there is anything we can do for her."

Spooky, I was going to have to find an excuse for going to Betty's house and now my mother was giving me one.

I knocked on Betty's front door and as she opened it I thrust the basket of fruit under her nose with the 'In Deepest Sympathy' card jammed between two apples.

"Hi Betty, my mother sent this around for you."

Betty smiled at me and took the basket as she thanked me and I just blurted out, "Boopper!"

Betty's face turned hollow, the smile was still there but the life seemed to be missing.

"Betty, did I come here yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Did you hypnotise me?"

"I did."

"Why did you hypnotise me?

"To make you forget that my husband had been sexually abusing you for years."

"Did you change my command word?"

"I did."

"Why?"

"Because Bill Robinson was going to take over abusing you from Jim and I didn't want him to be able to do that to you."

I remembered Bill had a similar book to the one I had with all the control words in it. and if I guessed Betty was the first subject then Bill would have realised it in time.

"Betty, from now on, you will only become hypnotised if you hear my voice saying your control word do you understand me?"

"Yes, only you can hypnotise me."

I did the countdown to bring Betty out of her trance and told her that although she was sad that Jim was gone, she could be happy that he'd lived a long life and brought joy to so many people.

I had to work out if I liked having sex with Bill Robinson or not because he would keep trying to hypnotise me. At least he let me have sex with Paul Mason before he fucked me and he had left Paul with the message that he loved me so Bill wasn't all bad.

I went back home, Mum was in the kitchen with our postman, he'd finished his deliveries and returned to our house for a coffee, I'd never known my mother to offer anyone a cup of coffee before. I started to read through Jim's book, I found one Bill in the list; it was a very recent addition to the names, the control word was 'Battered Wellingtons'.

I went back into the kitchen and opened the fridge, "Mum, there isn't enough milk left for breakfast tomorrow and the village shop won't be open, should I go and get another pint?"

"Get two please darling."

I took more money from my mother's purse and went to the village shop for the second time that day.

Mrs Jenkins was in the shop buying bread when I walked in, I collected my two pints of milk from the fridge and waited behind Mrs Jenkins. As she walked away from the counter Bill gave me a massive grin, "Back for more so soon Sarah?"

I heard the doorbell jungle as Mrs Jenkins left, "I have to make 'Battered Wellingtons' for dinner."

Bill's wide grin shrank to the plastic grin that I'd seen so often.

"Are you okay Bill?"

"I'm very well thank you Sarah."

"Do you hypnotise people for sex Bill?"

"I do Sarah."

"Bill, it is very wrong to hypnotise people for your own pleasure and you must never do it again...if you try to hypnotise anyone you will lose the ability to get an erection."

I found Bill's copy of Jim's book, Betty wasn't in the list, just people who lived in our village. I put Bill's book in my pocket and, feeling evil, instead of making Bill feel good when I brought him out of his trance I told him that he would have a violent and incurable headache for the next thirty six hours and then I left the shop with my milk as well as the money I should have paid for the milk. I didn't feel guilty though because Bill had got at least two blow jobs from me and one fuck for a hand full of sweets.

I got home just in time to break up a passionate kiss between my mother and the postman. His index and middle fingers were both wet and the front of my mother's dress was folded back and her knickers were on display, it was obvious to me that the postman had been fingering my mother.

I chased the postman out of the house and put my mother back into her trance to alter her conditioning to stop her letting the postman have his way with her. I added that she should only allow my father to have sex with her in future.

"Do you understand mum?"

"Yes, I must only have sex with Ron in the future."

That stopped me in my tracks as my father's name was John.

"Erm mum, who is Ron?"

"You know who Ron is...he's John's father."

"Mum, you must only ever have sex with your husband!"

Mum looked confused.

"Mum, have you had sex with my grandfather?"

"Yes."

"When? How?"

"We were at your grandmother's seventieth birthday party and got drunk and I was put to bed in their spare bedroom, I woke up to find your grandfather in bed with me and I found out that I was pregnant a few weeks later."

Well, everything seemed to be upside down now, nothing that I believed to be true was.

"Mum, was Uncle Jim at that party?"

"Yes he was."

"Was Jim with you when you got drunk?"

"Yes he was."

Was it Jim that put you to bed?"

"Yes it was."

Another thought struck me...

"Mum, did Jim tell you not to let my father get you pregnant in the future?"

"Yes he did."

I could remove that block but I had a problem, if I was really Ron's child as my mother believed then a baby from my father should look like me but if I was Jim's child...a child by my father could look totally different.

"Mum, think very carefully back to the night of Grandma's seventieth birthday party. Did Uncle Jim have sex with you?"

Mum looked confused, "Mum, did Jim tell you to forget that he'd had sex with you?"

"Yes he did, he told me to forget about everyone else having sex with me, just to remember that Ron Clarke had sex with me but not to tell anyone."

"Who else have sex with you at that party?"

"I don't remember them all, just men that Jim brought to the party."

I was confused now, I probably wasn't the child of anyone I knew but I needed to try and find out who my real father was.

I was starting to see just how crazy my family were...hell, my family, the whole village was crazy. I knew that my mother's parents lived in the next village even though I'd never seen them in my life, I even knew the house they lived in because it was called 'Porter's Lodge' and my mother's maiden name was Porter.

On Sunday morning I left home early and cycled to the next village and knocked on the front door of Porter's Lodge. An elderly woman opened the door and gasped, tears formed in her eyes and she said, "Are you Sarah?"

I nodded my head and she attacked me, I had the life squeezed out of my body in a powerful bear hug. Nothing was said as My maternal grandmother hugged me and rocked me from side to side and then she suddenly pushed me away, "Is there something wrong...something the matter with your mother?"

I shook my head...and when I was finally able to fill my lungs with fresh air after the boa constricting hug I'd been given I said "No, I just wanted to find out a little about my past...you know, whenever I ask my mum or dad they just tell me I'm too young to understand!"

Now my grandmother looked very suspicious as if I was trying to trip her up...

"So Sarah, what do you want to know from me?"

I hadn't really thought things through to this point, I'd just guessed that my grandmother would know things that might shed light on how I came about!

"Oh, I don't know...perhaps I could look at some old family photographs."

"Would you like some milk and cookies while you look through my old photograph albums?"

"Milk and cookies...grandma...really, I'm fourteen years old...not four!"

"Oh, I'm sorry dear, they are chocolate chip cookies..."

"Okay, just a small glass of milk with the cookies please!"

That got a smile out of my grandmother. There were a lot of photograph albums and I started from the oldest pictures. As I looked through the photo albums I realised that I knew nothing at all about the Porter family, I didn't know if my mother was an only child...like me...or if she had brothers and sisters.

Granny sat at the side of me and pointed out things of interest, like my great grandparents and the house they lived in and relatives in uniform from both world wars. I opened the third album and came face to face with a picture of a naked boy, flame red hair and his cock standing to attention. It was a bit of a shock to suddenly come across a naked picture in a sea of photographs of elderly people dressed in Victorian clothes.

"Who is he?"

"That's your Uncle Simon...your mother's brother."

The next page had Simon with his arm around the shoulder of a girl with flame red hair, he was still naked, he still had his flagpole waving in front of him and the girl was naked too. I looked at my grandmother expecting her to tell me that Simon had his arm around the shoulder of my Aunty XXX.

"Don't you recognise your mother?"

I swallowed hard and almost choked on my fifth chocolate chip cookie. "My mother...are you sure? She always seemed so shy to me, until yesterday, I'd never seen her out of her bedroom unless she was totally dressed."

"Did something happen yesterday?"

"A man from my village that I called Uncle Jim died and my mother went a little crazy for a while."

"Jim that's married to Betty?"

"Yes."

"He's a slimy...pardon my language...bastard. He gate-crashed a family party we had just before your mother and father got married. Ruined the whole birthday party when he turned up with six of his mates from Northampton. Betty, Jim's wife, was working at the party, serving and cleaning up, that sort of thing. Your other grandmother was devastated, ruined her seventieth birthday party."

"Are you sure that it was Grandma June's seventieth birthday party?"

"I'm sure...it was the last time we saw any of the Clarke family, we were disinvited from the wedding after that party."

"I thought that my mum and dad got married before Grandma June's seventieth."

"No, two weeks after."

I turned the page over, Simon and my mother were still both naked but in this picture they were facing each other, up close and kissing. I had to look very closely but I could see that my mother's hand was on Simon's cock in the photograph. I flicked through several other pages, my mother was naked more often than she was clothed in the photographs.

"Gran...my mother seems to be naked in a lot of these pictures!"

"Your mother hated wearing clothes when she was younger; I had to put her into all girl schools just so she wouldn't flash her fanny at boys."

"Boy, she really changed when she grew up then."

I flicked through a few more pages, as my mother got older she seemed to grow even closer to her brother and they were always kissing and touching each other. I didn't know what was more disconcerting, the fact that my mother was all but fucking her brother all the time or the fact that her parents seemed intent on documenting it for posterity.

I was about to finish my milk and remembered my breakfast time pill, I'd left home so early that I hadn't eaten my breakfast so I opened my purse and popped my allergy pill.

My grandmother looked at the blister pack my allergy pill was in and said, "No wonder your breasts are so big, these are maximum strength birth control pills, they don't usually prescribe this strength of pill for a girl as young as you."

"These aren't birth control pills, they're for my allergies. I got all kinds of allergies from my mother, we both have to take the same allergy pills."

"My Vicky never had an allergy in her life...when you get home, look up the makers name and see what the internet comes up with, I think you'll find that the only allergies they'll protect against are sperms."

I was confused all the way home, so much so that I almost crashed my pushbike several times on the ride.

When I got home I spotted my Grandfather Ron's car on the drive, he was in the kitchen talking to my dad about the kind of send off that Jim was going to get...

"Betty wants him cremating and his ashes scattering out on the common...I'm sure that she only wants to do that because of the cost of a burial plot...I want you to dig through the church records to find one of Jim's long lost relatives who already has a family plot so we can buty him with a family member."

My dad sipped his coffee as he thought about it, "Dad, why are you so keen to help Betty out...isn't she a little old even for you?"

"I went to school with Jim...he was just about my best friend in the whole world until he upset your mother a fortnight before you married Vicky!"

It was at that point that my grandfather spotted me in the kitchen doorway. He stood up and came over to me and gathered me in his arms to kiss my cheek.

"Are you sad that Jim passed away as well darling?"

I nodded my head and then Ron whispered, "We'll have to find you a new uncle to play with, do you like Bill Robinson?"

I shook my head and I saw my grandfather's mouth curl into a smile, he looked down my body, he looked at my feet, they're nice shoes darling, are they..." his voice turned into a whisper against my ear, "...Rumpelstiltskin..." his voice returned to normal volume, "...shoes?"

My God! I couldn't believe that my own grandfather was using the control word that Jim had programmed me with. I tried not to let my shock show on my face, I just smiled my best plastic smile and looked sweetly into Ron's eyes.

Ron turned to my father, "John, why don't you pop over to the church and find me someone, anyone that is buried there and was related to Jim!"

My dad left his coffee half finished and wandered over to the church, Ron looked at me and said, "Are you okay Sarah?"

I put on an imitation stunted voice, "I'm very well thank you."

"I think Bill Robinson will make a perfect uncle to replace Jim and if you're a very good girl...I might even throw in that boy you like, the one that's about to go off to university next term...what's his name?"

"Paul...Ma...son!"

"Paul Mason...that's right. You look a little sweaty from riding your bike darling, why don't you go up and have a shower!"

I went to the bathroom that I shared with the two guest bedrooms and as they were mostly empty and my parents both had their own bathrooms inside their bedrooms, the family bathroom was to all intents and purposes, my bathroom. I closed the door and undressed but before I turned the shower on I heard Ron's voice outside the bathroom, he must have been at the door to my mother's bedroom, I heard him say, "Victoria...'Frangipani Gravy'."

I stopped in my tracks, that wasn't my mother's control word, Ron should have said 'Frangipani Sauce' not gravy. I strained my ears to see if I could hear what my mother said but all I heard was Ron, "Undress and get on your bed Vicky I'll be in to fuck you in a minute."

I jumped under the shower and started washing myself as quickly as I could. The door opened and Ron walked in. I really wanted to cover myself, hide my body from my grandfather, but I guessed that would have given the game away so I just continued to wash myself with a fixed smile on my face. The water suddenly went off and Ron was reaching for my wrist, he pulled me out of the shower cubicle, pulled me into his body and kissed me, "I love the scent they put in this shower jell, I'll have to get your grandmother some so that when I fuck her I can close my eyes and imagine my cock is in you and not her!"

I was quickly wrapped in a towel and told to dry myself and as I did I watched my grandfather getting undressed. I wasn't properly dry by the time Ron was naked but he still yanked my towel out of my hand and pulled me, naked, behind him to my mother's bedroom. She was lying on her bed, the duvet on the floor at the side, she was naked and her legs were wide open, she was staring at the ceiling with her plastic smile fixed on her face.

I was thrown on the bed at my mother's side and my grandfather covered my mother's body first which was a good thing because I could see how she reacted to sex while in a trance. As Ron's cock slipped into my mother' cunt he looked surprised, "You've shaved off the course hairs around your pussy lips, it feels much better now when I fuck you!"

I lay on my side, propped up on my elbow, my cheek resting on my hand, watching my grandfather screwing my mother. I actually found it very entertaining to watch my mother being fucked. As my grandfather slid his cock into her cunt it was like a switch being turned on, she went from cold to orgasm in a second and as Ron stabbed his cock into her harder and harder her legs started 'Frog kicking', it was almost as if she was trying to swim out from under Ron's body.

Ron looked over at me and leaned away from my mother to kiss me and as our lips met my mother was trying to pull him back into place over her...mainly because while he was kissing me, he wasn't able to fuck her quite as hard as he had been doing. She managed to pull his mouth from mine but before he went back to kissing her he said, "Don't worry baby, I'm saving my juice for you today...it's your turn!"

Well, it seemed like this wasn't my first time in bed with my grandfather and mother but it would be the first time I was conscious of doing it. I'd been fucked twice now while conscious but both times I was standing up, bent over and sucking a cock as I was taken from behind...I was actually quite looking forward to being fucked on my back in the traditional missionary position and the only drawback was that it was my grandfather who was going to be doing the fucking instead of Paul Mason!

Well, my grandfather proved me wrong, instead of me lying on my back and taking his cock missionary style, as he pulled his cock out of my mother he pulled me over and pushed my face down between my mother's thighs and made me lick her dripping wet cunt, not dripping with his semen, dripping with her own fanny juice, Ron was saving his juice for me.

I once again took a cock from behind but this time, instead of taking a cock in my mouth I was shoving my tongue into my mother's pussy. When Bill had fucked me he was on the lookout for people passing his shop so he wasn't so focussed on what he was doing to me as my grandfather was now. I rocketed through a massive orgasm and in turn, I passed that orgasm on to my mother with my mouth.

I'd already worked out that men loved having their cocks sucked for them but I had no idea just how pleasurable it could be to have your pussy licked but I found out just how pleasurable it was after Ron filled my cunt with his spunk because he pulled out and lifted my lower body by my hips and placed my cunt over my mother's mouth. She went berserk as she licked my grandfather's spunk out of my vagina and I had an even bigger orgasm than I'd had before with my grandfather.

We were in that post coital haze, three of us lying on the bed in a triangle, I was sucking Ron's cock back to life, he was licking my mother's pussy and she was licking mine when Ron's phone rang, my father had found a plot that had been used by one of Jim's distant relatives more than a hundred years earlier and my father managed to find the current owner of the old family plot and he was at their house to get their permission to put Jim in their family grave.

"John will be home soon so we'd better get dressed, Sorry Vicky, you'll have to take my spunk first next time. Ron made us stand side by side as we dressed and he was making comparisons between our breasts and it turned out that both my mother and I were taking the same allergy pills and they were being provided by my grandfather.

"You'll soon be as big as your mother Sarah...I only wish I'd got to her when she was younger...just imagine how big she'd be by now if she'd been taking the oestrogen and progesterone pills when she went through puberty like you!"

That made my eyebrows rise a little, my mother was a thirty-eight 'DD' cup size already with such a thin waist, she already looked like a caricature of a blond bimbo. Once we were all dressed Ron went through the motions of bringing us out of our trance, I was told that I had to visit Bill Robinson's shop after school on Monday and my mother was told that I'd be late home from school and that she shouldn't worry about it, it was all fine.

We were all sitting around in the living room when my father got home; he'd got the documents signed to allow the internment of Jim's body in his ancestors plot.

The rest of Sunday was uneventful; my father didn't even knock on my mother's bedroom door at bedtime. I had a very restful night's sleep and by the time I woke up I could hear my mother in the kitchen starting breakfast.

I went down to the kitchen wearing just a very thin nighty with nothing on under it, mum looked at me as I walked in the kitchen, she smiled and for the first time in as long as I could remember, she didn't tell me to put knickers on or to put my dressing gown on over my nighty, she just gave me a warm smile and a glass of freshly squeezed orange juice.

My father pushed past me as he rushed into the kitchen to grab a slice of toast on his way out to work. Dad pressed his body against my mother's back and wrapped his arms around her waist and that was the first time I realised that my mother was only wearing her nighty as well, her ginger bush flashed out through the thin white tulle material.

My dad opened the back door just as the postman knocked. Dad asked him if he wanted a coffee as they passed on the doorstep, "I'm sorry I can't make you one Ted but Vicky will pop the kettle on for you!"

Ted was a grinning fool when he saw the way my mother and I were dressed. He spent thirty minutes flirting with both of us. Ted was still there in the kitchen when I went to my bedroom to get ready for school. Ted was gone by the time I got back to the kitchen. I kissed my mother and got a stringent smell from her mouth.

"Mum, your breath smells terrible...what have you been doing?"

Mum looked confused and she put her index finger in her mouth as if she was sucking something sweet off of its tip...then she shrugged her shoulders and said, "Nothing...I don't think anyway."

"You should brush your teeth mum, your breath smells like..." I stopped myself saying 'A man's cock, but was stopped by her comment.

"Not safe to brush so soon after..." her comment trailed away as if she was searching for something to say, "...I could use mouthwash though, that would be safe!"

I walked to the bus stop where the school bus that would collect all the kids from my area would stop, it was a nice warm day so I'd chosen the uniform option of just wearing a white blouse and navy skirt, ankle socks and black flat sandals. I was wearing a coral pink bra and panty set under my uniform...when I first went to that school three years earlier it was actually written into the school's uniform code that girls had to wear white bra and knickers under their uniform but Sandra King's mother put a stop to that, Sandra's mother was a barrister in London and had served a summons on the school for an offence under the sex equality act for insisting that girls had to dress differently to boys so the all white underwear for girls was dropped within days.

Paul Mason and two of his friends were already at the stop waiting for the bus when I got there, there were six other kids as well but I didn't really see them, I was focussing on Paul to see how he reacted to seeing me.

I wasn't expecting miracles; Paul was with two of his friends so I didn't expect him to run over to me. I stood a few feet away from the three older boys, Paul was kicking stones towards me and he was inching closer all the time. I was just expecting Paul to say "Hi" or something similar when a car pulled up at the bus stop. The rear nearside window wound down and my friend Kitty Hopewell called me over.

I looked in the window; she was sitting on the nearside of the car with her legs wide open and her knickers on display, "Want a lift into school Sarah?"

I was torn, the bus could be another fifteen minutes before it arrived and it would take almost fifty minutes for the bus to go around its pickup route before it dropped us all off at school but I might get the chance to talk to Paul. I looked over at Paul; he was engaged in an arm punching contest with one of his friends. It would take twelve minutes for Kitty's father to drive us directly to school...Speed won out over potential, Paul always sat at the back of the bus with the older students and they didn't allow year nine kids at the back of the bus...not even girls with sexy bodies like mine.

I smiled at Kitty and opened the door. Kitty had to unbuckle her seat belt to slide over into the seat behind her father.

I instantly noticed that Kitty sat far more demurely when she was behind her father, knees together and her skirt pulled down almost to her knees.

"Thanks for the lift Mr Hopewell."

He looked in his rear view mirror and said that I was welcome. I realised that when he looked in his rear view mirror he couldn't see my face and there was no way that with the mirror in its current position he definitely couldn't see out of the rear window of the car, all he could see were my knees.

As he pulled away from the bus stop he had to look over his right shoulder to see if it was safe to pull out and as he did, Kitty reached over and grabbed my right knee and pulled it towards her and she quickly pushed the bottom hem of my skirt up so that the crotch of my knickers was on display to her father if he looked in his mirror.

I gave Kitty a confused look, she took a sheet of paper from her school bag and wrote, 'I'm just being nice to him because my mum had a massive fight with him last night and she slept in the spare bedroom...just let him look at your knickers for ten minutes!'

So I just sat there with my legs wide open and my knickers on display for Kitty's father until we got to school. We stopped opposite the gates to our school so that I could get out of the car on the pavement side of the car, I leaned forward and looked through the gap between the front seat, "Thanks for the lift again Mr Hopewell." I looked down; his right hand was between his legs covering his cock, hiding his erection from me but there was a distinct wet spot on the front of his trousers.

I slid out of the car and Kitty slipped into the middle of the back seat and she leaned through the gap between the seats and gave her father a big kiss on his lips. She had a grin on her face as she joined me on the pavement, "Well, thanks for doing that Sarah, you certainly started his engine and I'll bet he pulls into the lane behind school and drives down to the riverside car park to have a wank while he can still picture your knickers as he gets himself off."

I punched Kitty playfully on her shoulder, "You're a dirty cow..." I was stopped before I could finish my statement as I watched her father turn right into the lane that ran behind our school and down to the river...not the way he needed to go to get to work in Corby because the lane was a dead end at the riverside car park.

"See, I told you, I know my father."

"How did your date with Simon Pullman go on Friday night?"

Kitty looked a little upset, "Not good...we went ten pin bowling in Kettering and for a burger after. Simon had to phone his dad to pick us up and while we were waiting for his dad he dragged me behind the burger bar and wanted a fuck but I told him that he'd need a condom because of my cycle. He didn't have one so he made me suck his cock instead."

"Did you like it?"

"Are you kidding, It's beyond disgusting and he didn't warn me or anything, he just spurted off in my mouth."

"Didn't you like it?"

"You obviously have never done it before, it tastes disgusting, the pre-cum is bad enough but when they spurt it's beyond bad."

"I've sucked cocks, I like the taste."

"Lying bitch...you can't like the taste."

I just shrugged my shoulders, "I think it tastes like honey."

"Well, I think it tastes disgusting so I spat it out and stopped sucking him...he didn't like that and was really pissed off with me...I thought that he was going to leave me in Kettering, he didn't even kiss me good night or anything."

"I just swallow it all down, I really like it."

"Okay, Simon's over there...why don't you suck his cock for him, let me see you swallow it all down!"

I shrugged my shoulders again, I thought no skin of my nose, I'd go somewhere with Simon and Kitty at lunch time, find somewhere private and get him off. Kitty marched straight over to Simon and pulled his arm to get his attention. Simon was very cold towards Kitty as she apologised for not letting him fuck her on Friday night and for spitting his spunk out, he looked unmoved by her apology and then she said, "Sarah will suck your cock if you like, she said she likes the taste of a boy's spunk!"

Simon looked over at me and smiled for the first time since Kitty grabbed his arm, he was obviously a boob man because his eyes zeroed in on the shadow of coral pink that was showing through my blouse from my bra. Kitty's tits were about average for a girl of our age, mine were far bigger because of the birth control tablets. Simon looked from my tits to Kitty's and his smile widened, "Okay...meet me at 'Smoker's Corner' in five minutes!"

I pulled Kitty away, "Kitty, I'm not going to suck Simon off at 'Smoker's Corner', that's the least private place in the whole school...I may as well suck him off out in the playground."

"You're just trying to get out of doing it now!"

"No, not at all, I'd just rather do it somewhere private."

Smoker's corner had been created a year earlier; our school had been built in front of an electricity substation as a way of masking its ugliness from the executive housing estate that was planned for the other side of the road from school. Last year we got funding to extend our school from a middle school into a high school but to take the extra students the school needed more classrooms. They did the extension on the cheap, the first plan had been to reposition the substation further away from the school building and erect a new brick structure. It turned out the cost was too high in the current economic climate so they put far less money into buying ten mobile classrooms, six for music classrooms and six to form a languages suite.

Because the substation was still there the mobile classrooms created a kind of quadrangle, an access route had been left for electricity company workers to get down to the substation but that access was visible from several classrooms. At the other end of the block of mobiles was the back wall of the gymnasium changing rooms. They had tried to get the mobiles as close to the changing room's back wall but because of overhanging guttering there was enough room for students who smoked to get down into the void at the back of the substation. And of course the smokers will go to any lengths to find a space where they can smoke without being seen by a teacher.

I pulled away from Kitty and headed for the language classrooms where there was a small toilet block for kids in the new classrooms to use.

"Where are you going?"

"I need to go to the toilet first."

Kitty was right on my elbow all the way to the toilet stall, it wouldn't be the first time we'd shared a toilet stall so I wasn't surprised that Kitty wouldn't let me close the door with her standing on the other side.

"I'm not going to let you lock the toilet door and sit in there until the bell goes"

"The bell isn't going to go for over forty minutes."

I reached up under my skirt and pulled my knickers down and stepped out of them, "I can't risk these getting ripped, they're brand new and cost fifty pounds for the set."

I put my knickers into my shoulder bag and followed Kitty back out of the mobile classroom block. Simon was a few feet from the gap down the side of the classrooms looking in every direction to make sure that it was safe. Kitty and I slipped down the gap first and Simon followed a moment or two later. I knew that there would be at least one smoker in the hidden space, there usually was, even during lesson times. I actually found four boys standing there and smoking cheap cigarettes.

I whispered, "I told you we wouldn't have any privacy back here!"

"So what...if four boys watch you sucking Simon's cock or not, it won't alter the taste!"

Simon emerged into the space and Kitty pushed me towards him, "Go on!"

I looked at the four smokers and then turned my back on them and put them out of my mind as I reached out and rubbed the front of Simon's trousers. I unzipped him and bent over, I took his cock in my mouth and as I sucked him he was kissing Kitty and fucking my mouth.

It took about thirty seconds before I was aware of other legs around us, the four smokers had all gathered around as close as they could to watch me suck Simon off. I felt a hand on my bum through the back of my skirt. The hand rubbed, stroked and patted my bottom. I realised that he was feeling for knickers through the back of my skirt and once he realised that all he could feel was bum under my skirt he lifted the back and looked at my naked backside. Now as I sucked Simon I could feel first one boy and then two were touching my bum and rubbing fingers between my legs.

I heard Jim's voice in my head, he was telling me to apply a little suction, form a seal with my lips, move my mouth up and down his cock and rub what wasn't in my mouth with my hand. There was one last word of advice, "When your mouth is almost off of his cock, stop pulling away and lick over his cockhead before you take him in deeper."

Simon gave a shudder and grabbed the back of my head to stop me pulling away, I started swallowing instinctively and as he fired off in my mouth, one of the boys feeling my arse managed to find my vagina and slipped a finger in me. It was looking like I was going to have to suck the other four boys in the smoking area or suck some and let other's fuck me when Mr Dover our sports teacher shouted from the other side of the electricity substation, "What are you boys doing there?"

Fortunately, because I was bending over Mr Dover couldn't see me, just five boys...even Kitty was out of sight behind Simon. We scattered, Kitty and I managed to escape without being seen by Mr Dover but the five boys weren't so lucky, they'd all be spending time in detention on Friday afternoon after school.

Kitty was bubbling over with a mixture of fear and excitement, fear at almost being caught in smoker's corner, the boys would face detention for being out of bounds but if Mr Dover had seen me and Kitty with them, our parents would have been called in for a conference...the school were maniacal about any inappropriate behaviour between boys and girls at the school.

Kitty was laughing her head off as we reappeared in the playground just as one of the other teachers came running up, "What are you girls doing here?"

Kitty jumped in with an answer, "We're just going to the toilet Miss."

"You know that you're supposed to use the toilets in the main school, the toilets here are just for students using the mobile classrooms."

"Our first lesson is French Miss, we probably won't have time to get all the way around to the main toilets and back before the bell goes."

The conversation was ended by the sudden appearance of five boys from the gap between the mobile classrooms and the back wall of the gymnasium's changing rooms. The teacher lost focus on me and Kitty as she took out her demerit book, "Name!" she was filling in detention slips and handing them out to each boy as they passed her, they got pink slips to hand to their parents to explain why they would be late home on Friday and give them a chance to arrange transport as they'd miss the school bus home. The teacher kept a white copy in the book and there was a yellow flimsy that went to the teacher in charge of detention.

We walked towards the entrance to the mobile classrooms and their toilet just inside, "Are you going to put your knickers back on now?"

"No, it feels quite nice on a warm day like this to go commando but I suppose that I'd better put them on before first lesson." I swished my hips to feel my skirt float across my hips, buttock and lower abdomen.

Kitty giggled, "I dare you to leave them off all day!"

"I will if you do as well!"

Kitty giggled again and then she grabbed my hand and pulled me into the toilet and took her tiny white knickers off as well.

As we left the mobile classroom block we saw the bus from our village arrive, it was much earlier than expected and I watched Paul Mason tumble off of the bus with his friends. I walked towards the group of three boys, I was walking swinging my kips because it felt so nice having the soft cotton of my skirt swishing against my naked body and I realised that Kitty was walking in exactly the same way and she had a broad grin on her face.

As we closed the gap on the boys I said, "Hi Paul."

Paul looked really shocked, he looked from one of his friends to the other and then back at me, "Oh, hi...you're Sally from my village aren't you?"

"Sarah...my name is Sarah."

I saw the corner of Paul's mouth curl upwards into a veiled smile, "Oh...yes...sorry, hi Sarah."

Kitty chirped up, "Pity the teachers are watching 'Smoker's Corner' like hawks this morning, I really fancied a smoke!"

Paul's friend Ben said, "If the teachers are watching 'Smoker's Corner' they can't be watching the spiny, we could go over there and have a smoke...have you got any fags?"

Kitty shook her head.

"What were you going to smoke then?"

Kitty grinned and said, "I was hoping to make a trade with someone who had cigarettes once I was in 'Smoker's Corner'...you know!"

Ben said, "What were you going to trade?"

Kitty looked at me and then back to Ben, "If you had a fag and a condom I'm sure we could barter!"

Ben shook his head, "Sorry love, I don't have a condom."

"Well, Sarah loves giving blow-jobs; perhaps you could give us a fag for a blow-job."

Ben didn't look impressed by the offer, "A fag for just one blow-job? That doesn't sound like a good trade!"

"I'm sure Sarah will give all three of you the best blow-job of your life in exchange for a fag."

The three boys formed a triangle and had a telepathic conversation together for a moment and then Ben reached out and grabbed my wrist and pulled me off towards the hole in the school boundary fence to what we called the spiny but what Mr De-Lisle called his back garden.

Ben pulled his trousers down to his ankles and stood there with his cock pointing at my chin, Kitty stepped in between us, "Cigarette first, blow-job second!"

Ben shook his head, "I cum first and then you get the fag."

Kitty looked over at me, "Get to work girl!"

So, I was interested in Paul Mason and yet here I was about to go down on his best friend Ben while Paul kept a look out for the owner of the house, teachers from school or other students intent on finding somewhere to smoke out of sight.

I was vaguely aware that Kitty was tapping Paul's arm to get his attention and then intensely aware of her lifting the back of my skirt when Paul looked to see what she wanted. I twisted my head slightly as I continued to work on Ben's cock, I saw Paul look at my bum sticking out of the back of my skirt. He looked at Kitty, "Do I need a condom to fuck Sarah?"

Kitty shook her head, "Help yourself, probably better that way; she can get two of you off at the same time." I had got Ben close to his end when Paul fucked me from behind and once again I was having sex like a dog instead of a human being.

I swallowed Ben's cum and he was replaced by Paul's other friend and as I sucked him I saw Ben move in on Kitty, he had the front of her skirt up and was finger fucking her as they kissed. Paul filled my pussy with his spunk at the same time as I swallowed my third load of cum of the morning.

Kitty and I had to leave the spiny first, just in case the teachers had refocused their attention away from the 'Smoker's Corner', I burst out laughing, kitty looked at me sideways, "What's got into you?"

"I've just sucked two boy's cocks and been fucked for a cigarette and you didn't even collect the cigarette off of Ben!"

"You're right but I got something even better, Ben got me off with his fingers, Ben's the oldest boy I've ever been with and I have to tell you that he knows a lot more about giving pleasure that that jerk Simon!"

I thought, I wish I could say the same but I had no idea who the oldest man was that I'd had sex with, Probably my grandfather but I had no real idea how many men I'd been with or their ages.

In English class Kitty and I sat in our usual seats right at the front of the class, the desk that was right in front of the teacher, Mr Bull. After ten minutes of discussion we were told to read a chapter of Animal Farm and then write a five hundred word report on the chapter. I heard James Hikling say, "I wonder if Bull will turn up in this chapter." Anthony Flynn laughed out loud at James's comment and Mr Bull slammed his copy of Animal Farm on his desk.

"Right, Mr Flynn and Mr Hickling, down to the front of the room please...I'm sorry Miss Hopewell, Miss Clarke, can I ask you to move to the back of the class for the rest of the lesson please."

No girls sat at the back of the class...ever. It wasn't a school policy or anything, just that the boys bullied girls until they moved to the front half of the room. It was really strange that the boys of our age had no time for girls, they didn't even want us sitting near them in class but boys from year ten, just one year older were always sniffing around girls...year ten girls as well as us younger girls.

Kitty sat against the wall and I sat in the aisle seat, the boy across the aisle from me was Ruben Baum the class's token Jew, he wasn't the 'Bad Boy' that the other back row residents were but he came from a reasonably wealthy family and always had plenty of cash to splash around as well as the latest gadgets and he used both to buy friends and we saw a lot of Ruben because he was on our school bus route. Kitty started to play with me under the desk, it wasn't a lesbian thing, she'd been so turned on earlier but couldn't do anything about it because her boyfriend didn't have a condom so she was trying to get me to help her over the 'Hump' as it were.

Kitty hiked her skirt up and pulled my hand over onto her lap, as I started to rub her clitoris she gave a little gasp and that attracted Ruben's attention away from 'Animal Farm'. I'm guessing that Ruben had seen sex acts on his computer before but I doubted that he'd ever seen it in real life, even if all he could see was my hand in Kitty's lap as she wriggled through as silent an orgasm as she could manage.

Ruben wrote, 'SHOW ME! Or I'll tell the Bull what you've been doing.' and he leaned across the gap between the rows of desks and put the paper under my nose. I gave him a confused look and shrugged my shoulders. I thought he wanted to see what I was doing to Kitty but that would be difficult to show him because of the legs of the desks and the distance Kitty was away from him.

He pointed at my knees rather than Kitty's...he wanted to see up my skirt so I stopped rubbing Kitty and half turned towards Ruben, I pulled the hem of my skirt up and opened my legs putting my knee right next to Ruben's hip. He started rubbing my knee and leaned in towards me so that his hand slipped along my inner thigh towards my pussy, I was witnessing Ruben's sexual awakening, his fingertips were just approaching my pussy when Mr Bull suddenly stood up and started walking towards us.

I had to move fast, pulling my pussy away from Ruben, closing my legs, folding my skirt back into place to hide my body, I had to sort myself out first because I would be seen first. Mr Bull was right on top of us by the time I covered Kitty's fanny. He was towering over me when he suddenly barked out, "What's the matter Miss Hopewell?"

Kitty fought to keep from laughing, "Sorry sir, I'm feeling a little hot..." then she whispered, "...I think it's my time of the month!"

Mr Bull was ten feet away in a single second, "Miss Clarke, would you help Miss Hopewell to the nurse's office please. One thing you learn, as a girl, within days of puberty was that men couldn't handle anything to do with the bloody time in a girl's life. We could get away with murder with the male teachers but woe betide us if we tried it on with a female teacher.

The nurse's office was empty, she must have been at a meeting somewhere, Kitty told me to watch the door and she used the nurse's telephone to call her father. I stood in the open doorway looking out whilst listening to Kitty's conversation.

"Hi dad...it's me."

She grinned at me as she listened to her father for a moment.

"So, how late were you getting into work this morning?"

Kitty looked shocked for a moment.

"Good thing you saw them but it's a shame you didn't get the chance to work out your frustrations..."

Kitty suddenly pressed the telephone to her stomach, "Sarah...if you like sucking cocks so much...would you give my father a blow-job?"

I shrugged my shoulders and then nodded my head.

Kitty lifted the telephone back to her ear, "Dad, what time do you have to get to Nottingham?"

"So...you don't have to leave until two o'clock then?"

Kitty grinned again, "So...you could pop down and have lunch with me and Sarah before you have to drive to Nottingham...we could meet you at the car park by the river...I know that the police were there this morning but they don't hang around for long and if they are there, we'll just have to find somewhere else to eat lunch together."

It was Maths after mid-morning break, the boys filled the back rows of the classroom again and Kitty and I sat at the desk in front of the teacher's table as we usually did.

When the lunch bell sounded we dropped our bags off at the classroom that we'd have Geography in after lunch, we took our sandwiches out of our bags and headed straight for the car park at the side of the river behind our school. Kitty was looking all around, almost turning every stone and shaking every bush, "You don't think your father could already be here do you?"

"No, my dad said that the police were sitting in a dark blue Ford Fiesta this morning, I was just checking that they aren't still here."

We stood around kicking our heels for ten minutes until Kitty's dad pulled into the car park. He chose a shady spot to park in out of the sun. He got out of the car and looked towards an area of picnic tables, "Shall we eat over there girls?"

Kitty looked disappointed, "Erm...it's a bit hot out in the sun and Sarah and I don't have our sun hats with us, we'd be much better off sitting in the car in the shade to eat."

Kitty manipulated the situation; she got her father to get into the car in the rear seat on the left hand side of the car, Kitty told me to get in the back seat on the opposite side of the car to her father and she opened the front door in front of her father. I thought that she was going to get into the car in front of her father but she didn't, she simply slid the front seat as far forward as it would go to give her father extra space.

Kitty then walked around to the driver's side of the car, opened the driver's door and slid that seat as far forward as it would go as well. Kitty opened the door next to me and told me to move over a little. The back seat of the car wasn't really comfortable for three people to sit and eat and as Kitty closed her door she said, "Move over a little more Sarah please!"

"If I move over any more...I'll be sitting on your father's lap."

Kitty winked her eye at me and grinned, "Go on, sit on his knee, he won't mind, he loves it when I sit on his knee."

I looked nervously at her dad, he just smiled so I lifted my bottom and slid over onto his lap. I instantly felt him grow against my thigh. We ate our sandwiches in silence for ten minutes. Kitty finished her sandwich first and then turned sideways in her seat. She didn't say anything, she just pressed on the inside of my left knee, opening my legs as wide as my skirt would allow her to and when the hem of my skirt stopped her opening my legs wider she pushed at my hem so that my legs would open even wider.

Kitty took her father's right hand and placed it palm gown on my left thigh and rushed it until it disappeared up under my skirt.

"Sarah likes giving boys oral sex dad...you like oral sex don't you?"

"I think I do but it's been so long that I can't remember if I like it or not."

He eased a finger into my cunt as Kitty started to rub her left hand over his cock through his trousers.

"Would you like Sarah to give you a little blow-job daddy?"

Her father didn't say yes or no, he just grinned a stupid schoolboy grin. Kitty started to unfasten her father's trousers as she told me to get on my knees between her father's legs as she finished opening his trousers. She pulled his underpants down and tucked them under his balls before she started to rub her hand up and down his cock.

"It's been a long time since I did this for you dad."

"Yes, ever since your mother came home early from work and almost caught us."

Kitty continued rubbing her left hand up and down his cock while her right hand reached out for the back of my head and she pulled me down onto his cock. I just covered the head of his cock with my mouth and applied suction and used my tongue to massage over his glans while Kitty masturbated him.

He started pumping pre-cum almost from the second my mouth covered his cock, it was like sucking a thick milkshake through a thin straw. Kitty's hand was pressing the back of my head more, "Can you take more of his cock in your mouth?"

I kept my mouth over his cockhead and nodded my head; I didn't know how far I could get an adult's cock in my mouth but I seemed to know an awful lot about sucking a cock so I was willing to try anything. Kitty stopped rubbing her left hand up and down his cock's shaft and pressed the back of my head harder. My mouth sank further down his cock until I felt a gag or cough urge at the back of my throat. Jim's voice popped into my head again, "When you start to gag try swallowing rapidly as if you haven't chewed your food enough but are still trying to get it down...if that doesn't work, try changing the angle of your mouth and neck alignment."

I swallowed hard and fast but it still felt like I wanted to cough so I raised my body slightly, moved my shoulders back a little to alter the angle of my oesophagus and suddenly there was a pop or a twang, it registered in my ears although it was just a vibration of a wide mushroom cockhead forcing its way past my uvula.

Kitty's father's hands joined his daughters on the back of my head, forcing the last millimetres of his cock into my throat, my nose was buried in his pubic hair and my bottom lip was pressing into his balls. I was still swallowing...or at least trying to swallow his cock down when he started fucking my throat with short stabbing thrusts until he spurted off into my throat...I didn't even get to taste his honey sweet spunk, I just swallowed it all down.

We were back in the playground fifteen minutes before we had to go back to lessons and Ruben Baum streaked in like a guided missile.

"Been looking all over for you two all lunch time..." Ruben checked his watch, "...we only have fifteen minutes before school starts...come on, no one will be in the classroom yet."

The three of us went to the Geography classroom, Kitty kept look out while I got to work on Ruben's trousers. I took his puppy out of its kennel and de-fluffed it, a cock with no foreskin seemed to collect a lot of lint during the day. I got on my knees in front of Ruben and made his week.

That voice in my head that sounded like Uncle Jim reminded me that if I liked the boy I should take my time, make the pleasure for him last as long as possible, bring him close to shooting and then hold him off, let him calm down a little before going to work on him again but if I didn't like the boy, it was okay to get him off as quickly as possible...I didn't really like Ruben all that much so I sucked his circumcised cock as hard and as fast as I could, gave him a three minute blow and his balls for him. Ruben's cock wasn't long enough to reach the back of my throat so all of his juice flooded into my mouth and I got the full advantage of his sweet spunk before swallowing it all down.

I'd just put his cock away when Kitty ran past me, "Teacher alert!"

Mr Patterson, our Geography teacher walked into the room just as I started writing in my exercise book, Kitty had a textbook in her hands and was reading out a paragraph on the wheat fields of Canada...We were just about to move on to the products of North America and its global importance, so it looked like we were getting a head start on the next lesson.

Mr Patterson looked at the three of us suspiciously, Kitty and I...he could believe that we would want to get a head start on the lesson but not Ruben, Ruben was a typical boy, he put in as little effort as he could get away with in each and every lesson. Questions were asked but before any answer could be invented, the bell sounded and the room suddenly filled with students.

The rest of the afternoon whizzed by and at three o'clock we were sitting on the bus watching a stream of other students filling out the rest of the bus, I was by the window, Kitty by the aisle. There was a lull in our conversation so I said, "Will your mother be in a better mood tonight with your father being away with work?" I only said it to start a new conversation thread.

"She'll be in a much better mood; she's going out to dinner with her boyfriend tonight."

"Will she do your dinner before she goes out with him?"

"No, she won't be coming home, she's told me to get my own dinner because she's eating in Northampton."

"That's terrible...so you'll be home all alone this evening then!"

"Yes...and no boys within a mile to entertain me...not that I'd have any fun if they don't have condoms."

"Why don't you come home with me, my mother won't mind you having dinner with us."

"I wouldn't be able to get home from your house, not without going all the way into Kettering and catching a bus from there to my village."

"I'll ask my dad, he might be willing to give you a lift home later."

"Pity we don't have mobile phones, you could phone your dad and check to see if I can come over for dinner and get a lift home after."

"Ruben...he's got the latest Apple phone...he might let us use it to make a call...I did give him a blow-job earlier after all!"

Kitty looked thoughtful for a moment and then said, "That blow-job is water under the bridge... Ruben won't see any profit in letting us use his phone unless we have something else to offer him in trade."

"Go and ask him Kitty...you never know, he might let us use it...he might count the blow-job from earlier as credit in the friendship bank."

Kitty shuffled to the back of the bus, she was gone for two minutes...the bus had started off by the time she got back to my side.

"You won't believe it...he wants sex."

"What the hell...sex just to use his phone?"

"You already sucked his cock for nothing...I guess he figures he can get whatever he wants if we need to use his phone badly enough."

"Has he got a condom...if he has, you can screw him...I've already sucked his dick."

"He said his dad has got some..."

"That's no good to us...unless his dad is driving the bus."

"He sent his dad a text, he's at home and if we get off the bus with Ruben, his dad will drop us off at home later...we won't be much later home than the bus would have dropped us off."

"Cool, then you can do the dirty with Ruben if he uses one of his dad's condoms."

"Well, the problem is...his dad will want to use a condom as well!"

"You mean his dad wants to screw you as well as Ruben?"

"Weeeelllllll...I was hoping we could take one each...and...I was kind of hoping that you would go with Solomon...that's his dad's name."

I didn't have long to make up my mind, Ruben's drop off was one of the first on the bus route, just a few yards over three miles from school so it would take just ten minutes for the bus to get that far. I knew that Kitty wanted to have sex and that she'd need a boy with a condom to be able to do it with or she'd have to wait for over a week until she was in her safe period. I knew what it was like to want to do something badly and have to wait until I could do it or have it...like when I needed new shoes for my birthday, I'd go with my mother, pick my new shoes out, try them on and then get told that I couldn't have them until my birthday...and they were just shoes, not sex!

Kitty was looking at me pleadingly, large puppy-dog eyes, blinking rapidly, batting her eyes at me.

"Oh...okay, go and tell Ruben I'll look after his dad if I can use his phone to call my father first."

Kitty was gone just for a second this time and she returned with Ruben's phone. I called my father and he agreed to Kitty coming over, then I had a brainwave, "Dad...can Kitty stay the night...we can stop on the bus to her house and you could pick us up from there on your way home from work?"

I got yet another agreement and phoned my mother and told her that dad would bring us home later and that Kitty would be stopping for dinner and a sleep over because her mum and dad were going to be out all night. I handed the phone to Kitty and told her to ring her mother to tell her that she'd be sleeping at my house.

Kitty looked confused, "I thought that we were getting off the bus at Ruben's house...how do we get to my house after that?"

"Solomon was going to take us to my house...he can just as easily take us to your house instead and that way...we'll have longer to do the business with Ruben and Solomon...won't we?"

Kitty's confusion was over and she grinned and nodded her head at me.

Ruben was at Kitty's side with his hand out for his phone, we were just seconds away from his stop now and we both followed Ruben down to the front of the bus.

Ruben's house was a palace, it was so big that I expected to find a moat and drawbridge and portcullis guarding the front door. Solomon was waiting just inside the front door, he was wearing a quilted silk dressing gown, I could see bare chest at the top of the dressing gown and bare legs at the bottom so I guessed that he was totally naked under it...totally naked and his hair was wet, he'd obviously had a quick shower after Ruben had sent him the text message.

We were shown to Solomon's den, he was a consummate collector, there was a glass fronted display case with ten shotguns of various types, there was another display cabinet with model trains, picture frames with sporting cards in them and others with old army medals. There were two massive leather sofas in the middle of the room facing each other with a six foot long coffee table between them standing on a massive Chinese rug. Solomon's den was dripping wealth, one wall was covered with bookshelves from wall to wall and floor to ceiling, the shelves were staggered as if they were hiding a chimneybreast but one press on a remote controller showed that the staggered bookshelves were just hiding a home entertainment centre, there was a faint hum as the middle section of the bookshelves parted, covering the shelves on the left and right.

A Samsung UHDTV set slowly revealed itself and as the shelving units reached the end of their travel the screen blinked into life. It was showing Sky Sports One and a live feed from the England Cricket Team on tour in Sri Lanka. A list of options appeared down the left hand side of the screen and Solomon chose PC from the list. He was given a representation of a PC screen with lists of films stored on his PC. The icons were about a foot square and Solomon was aiming the cursor to a file called 'Ruben's Birthday Whore.mpg' and as Solomon pressed the select button I said, "I've never seen a TV that size outside a sports stadium or pop concert."

The file started to open and Solomon laughed, "No, it's the biggest home TV you can buy at the moment, and you can't buy it in the UK at all yet, I had to import it privately from China. If you watch the woman performing for my son on the screen, she's actually taller on the screen than she is in real life because that screen is one point eight meters high and she was only one point six five meters tall, it's two point six meters wide as well, it's classed as a one hundred and ten inch screen. I paid a prostitute to perform for Ruben on his thirteenth birthday party and 'Bar Mitzvah' celebration."

The whore started dancing and prancing, I spotted the book case behind her, the stepped layout...she was dancing in Solomon's den for Ruben. I realised that the camera seemed to be fixed and wasn't following the stripper or focussing on Ruben; I looked behind over my shoulder and saw a small statue on top of the display cabinet with the train collection in it, the statue was far too ugly to actually be a work of art, it had to be hiding the camera that filmed the whore as she danced. She kept slipping out of shot and Ruben would ask her to dance on the rug at the end of the coffee table so he knew exactly where the camera was focussed and kept drawing the dancer back into shot.

Solomon realised where I was looking and grinned at me, he gestured for me to look back at the screen, "Do you think you girls could dance like that for me and Ruben?"

Kitty looked thoughtful for a moment before she said, "You mean shake our ass like her or strip like her?"

"Both."

"Easy."

The whore was naked now and Ruben was sitting on the end of the coffee table, he was naked as well, she pushed him onto his back, his cock standing looking at the ceiling and she gripped it and started to roll a condom down his cock when he exploded all over her hand.

Solomon said, "And that was a waste of two hundred and fifty pounds!"

Solomon used his remote controller to kill the movie of his son killing the moment and started music playing, the music that the whore had been dancing to.

"Come on then girls, dance for us."

Kitty and I started dancing, separate but together, dancing in our own little world until we were down to our bra and, no knickers of course, we'd been commando all day at school. Suddenly Kitty bumped into me, she whispered, "I'm so fucking horny right now...help me...take my bra off for me and play with my tittys!"

Kitty turned her back on me and faced Ruben and his father, I unclipped her bra and pushed its shoulder straps off of her shoulders and down her arms. I reached around her body and started to fondle her breasts the way I liked mine to be played with. Kitty started to rub her bottom against my abdomen and she bent her knees and straightened them again to put pressure on my pubic mound.

She suddenly spun around and kissed me and as she did she ripped my bra off, straining the clasp until it gave way. She was far rougher with my breasts that I had been with hers, not only playing with my tits with her hands but she started kissing and biting my nipples as well. Kitty wrapped her arms around my neck and planted her lips against mine and started humping her pussy against mine.

"Help me!" she whispered into my mouth so I slipped my hand down and started to finger fuck her. She went a little crazy on my finger and we ended up rolling around on the floor getting each other off like crazy with an audience of a boy and a man looking on. Our performance lasted for ten minutes and in that time we both ended up breathless from our monumental orgasms.

I caught my breath and looked over at the sofa; Ruben and his father were both totally naked. Their cocks looked almost exactly the same...just a different scale; Ruben's cock was three and a half inches long and his father's was over six and while Ruben's cock was little fatter than a cigarette his father's cock looked fatter than one of those massive Cuban cigars that you only see men smoking on TV or in a film but never in real life.

Kitty pulled my face down again for another kiss and then I felt Solomon grabbing my arm. Solomon had a hold of us both, one in each hand, lifting us off of the floor, "Okay, do you both need condoms to fuck you?"

I shook my head, "Only Kitty needs a condom, I'm okay without."

"Good then, Ruben can fuck Kitty and I'll fuck you!"

I was sat on one end of the long coffee table and Kitty on the other. We were both pushed onto our backs and our heads ended up cheek to cheek in the middle of the table. Solomon wasn't in the least bit gentle entering me, in fact he was quite rough but he got me to an orgasm in a few seconds flat and which was more than could be said for Kitty, she actually looked a little bored with Ruben's attempt at fucking. His dad did give him pointers as they both fucked us and Kitty did eventually reach an orgasm under Ruben and as she got there she turned her face in my direction and kissed me.

I lost count of the number of orgasms I had from Solomon before he fired off into my cunt at the exact same moment that Ruben reached his own orgasm with Kitty but she had only reached one orgasm.

We were dressed and in the back seat of Solomon's Mercedes AMG 'S-five-sixty' in a head-spinning two minutes flat, sitting in leather seats that were more comfortable than my sofa at home. I was glad for Solomon that his seats were leather as the semen he'd pumped into my cunt was spurting out with every bump in the road, the soft leather almost slapping my bum as Solomon pushed his car above the speed limit. I'd flicked the back of my skirt out of the way when I sat down so that I didn't get a wet patch on the back of my skirt.

We just left Ruben's posh estate when his mobile phone rang, "Hi mum...I've been home already, I'm with dad, we're taking one of my school friends home...he stopped by to help me with my Biology homework."

Ruben popped his phone into his pocket, "Mum's just got home and wanted to know why I wasn't home from school yet."

Solomon laughed, "Good thing we took the back road out of the estate, your mother must have been just seconds away when we left home."

"Did you remember to set the password protection on the new video dad?"

"No...I'll do it later."

"What if mum goes in your den and puts your TV on?"

Solomon laughed out loud, his hand dipped into his trouser pocket with a struggle as he was driving and returned with a small remote control, "She won't be able to get the bookcase open without this..."

I'd guessed that the ugly figurine that I assumed hid a video camera would have been pressed into service for our little game in Solomon's den so I wasn't surprised but I was happy that they took security seriously.

We pulled up outside Kitty's house just as the school bus returned from its last drop, Kitty's house wasn't the last drop off but the last but one. The bus had to return past Kitty's house because the last drop off point was at the end of a 'dead-end' road. We were at Kitty's house just five minutes later than we would have been if we'd stopped on the bus from school because of the speed that Solomon drove to get us home.

Kitty told me to undress in her bedroom, "Haven't you had enough?"

"I've not had as much as you...but it's not for **'THAT!'** I strained the clasp on your new bra and now I want to try and fix it for you."

I'd never seen Kitty as a 'Handy woman' before. She'd always been such a 'Girly girl' but in the bottom of her wardrobe, she had a pink plastic toolbox. She took it out and opened it, she had a hammer with a pink glass fibre shaft, pliers with pink rubber hand grips and a screwdriver set with pink handles too. Kitty took out a small nail and placed it under the bent hooks of my bra clasp and then used her pliers to squeeze the metal clasp down over the small nail's shaft.

"Try that while I get changed and pack my overnight bag."

The clasp wasn't perfect, it was a little loose so kitty found a smaller nail and repeated her squeezing action...this time the clasp worked perfectly.

Kitty was absentmindedly packing things into her overnight bag, "Ruben wasn't very good...you know...not as good as his father. I suppose I shouldn't complain though, he did get me off eventually...which is more than Simon ever has...well, with his cock at any rate. Simon is good with his fingers and after he fucks me he always gets me off after with his fingers..."

Kitty went back to her drawers and sorted through knickers in silence and when she returned to her bag she started again, "...do you think I should dump Simon and start going out with Ruben?"

"You just want a crack at his dad when you're in your safe period!"

Kitty looked thoughtful for a moment, "You're probably right but if my mother finally pisses off and leaves my dad..." Kitty looked at me, there was a twinkle in her eye and a sly grin on her face, "...I might have to look after my father's needs."

"You think that your mother will leave your dad and not take you with her?"

"She'll want me to go with her, that way my dad will have to pay her maintenance for me for the next seven or eight years while I'm in fulltime education but if I get a choice I'll stay with my father." There was another sly grin on Kitty's face.

"In your dad's car...you said that your mother came home early and almost caught you...what were you doing exactly?"

"I'd been talking to my dad about Simon...what we'd done together back then. I noticed that my dad was turned on while I was telling him about what I'd done with Simon..."

I butted in, "You tell your dad what you do with your boyfriends?"

"...sure, why not...I've told him about every boy since the first kiss in 'Primary One'..."

I butted in again, "You were only five years old when we were in that class."

"...Yes I was..."

"So...who was it and what happened?"

"Can you remember Ben Goodman?"

I nodded my head.

"Well, he kissed me while we were getting our lunch boxes from the cloakroom one day and I told my dad about it when I got home. My dad wanted to know all about it, you know, if we cuddled or if we touched each other. I remember that day, I was sitting on his knee when I told him about Ben and he got a stiffy against my bum."

"Did you know what it was?"

"I'd seen him in the shower lots of times so I knew what was down there but that was the first time I'd felt it grow...anyway, he told me things to do with boys, what I should let a boy do to me and what I should do to boys and we got around to him showing me in a more practical way, either him touching me or me touching him while he told me what to do."

I shook my head in disbelief, this had been going on for nine years...most of our lives and I knew nothing about it.

Kitty stopped her explanation when she saw me shaking my head, "Hasn't your dad ever told you what you can do with a boy?"

"Yes...he's told me I can't do anything with a boy until I'm fifty years old!"

Kitty giggled, "Anyway, Simon had asked me to suck his cock when I told him it wasn't safe to have sex...I told my dad...he told me that it was okay to do it but that it wouldn't taste very nice if I let him go all the way. He said that I could practice on him before I did it to Simon and I was just getting his cockhead in my mouth when my mother walked in the kitchen...fortunately I'd only unzipped his fly so we were both still fully dressed. I didn't even zip him up, I just rolled onto my back and let my hair cover his cock so my mother didn't see anything, just me and dad on the sofa watching TV with my head resting on his knee."

"I think your father shouldn't have told you that Simon's spunk would taste nasty, he should have just let you find out for yourself how nice it is."

"I've tasted it since; it tastes worse than ear wax!"

"I can't understand it, it tastes like honey to me..." as soon as I said it I realised that it was probably something to do with hypnosis, my Uncle Jim must have told me while I was under his control that spunk tasted lovely and that I wanted to drink it as often as I could.

I was still pondering on why spunk tasted differently for Kitty and me when there was a toot from a car horn out on the lane. I looked, even though I didn't need to, I knew that it would be my dad...so far out in the country, few cars passed by and even fewer parked and tooted.

When we got home I took Kitty to my bedroom to drop her bag off and we started to do our homework, my mother called up the stairs and asked me to run to the village shop to pick up some ice cream to eat for our desert.

Bill Robinson, the owner of the corner shop, jumped into my head, my grandfather had told me to visit Bill after school today while I was supposed to be in a hypnotic trance so I should have gone there straight from school...I told Kitty to wait in my bedroom while I ran to the village shop but she wouldn't hear of it, she was sticking to me like glue.

I collected some money from my mother and Kitty and I ran to the shop, Bill grinned at me when I opened the shop door but his smile dropped off when he saw Kitty on my heels...Bill looked a little frustrated for a minute before he said, "Good afternoon 'Rumplestiltskin Shoes', and how are you today?"

I stopped dead in my tracks, glued the plastic smile on my face and said in an almost robotic voice, "I'm fine, thank you for asking."

Kitty looked a little shocked, the strange words from Bill Robinson and strange reaction from me! Then Bill started talking to Kitty, I was totally ignored for five minutes while Bill set about hypnotising Kitty with a voice as thick as syrup and just as sickly sweet, he gave her the control word, 'Magnolia Football' and then he told her to undress. He was lining up to fuck her when I said, "Kitty's in her fertile time of the month, it isn't safe to have sex with her for another week."

Bill stopped himself in his tracks, "So Sarah, what do you think Kitty needs?"

"Kitty wants to be able to suck her boyfriend's cock for him but her father frightened her about the taste."

Bill turned back to Kitty, "Kitty, what's your favourite food?"

Kitty's inner robot voice said, "Rocky road ice cream."

"And Kitty, what's your second favourite food?"

"Grilled cheese and ham sandwich."

Bill started to condition Kitty into believing that when she sucked a boy's cock, his semen would taste like a grilled cheese and ham sandwich but if she sucked a man's cock it would be rocky road all the way down her throat. I was told to keep a look out while Bill taught Kitty how to suck a cock properly and as I stood by the shop door looking out, Jim's voice superimposed itself over Bill's in my head, all the instructions that Bill was giving to Kitty were exactly the same as the ones that Jim gave me and that popped into my head every time I sucked a cock.

I heard Bill starting to orgasm and looked over my shoulder, Kitty was swallowing all of Bill's spunk down greedily, trying to drain every last drop of spunk from his balls. Bill was finished, his cock shrinking away but Kitty was chasing it, trying to keep his cock in her mouth for as long as she could. Bill had to push her face away from his fly to stop her trying to suck even more juice from his already empty balls.

I looked back into the street and saw one of the ladies who lived across the road from the shop was walking across the road. "Mrs Fletcher is coming Bill!"

Bill zipped his trousers closed and he pulled Kitty to her feet. He brought us out of our trances as quickly as but left Kitty with a final message, "Kitty, you love sucking cocks and want to do it as often as you can, it doesn't matter whose cock, any cock will do and you will love every drop of spunk that you can drink."

I asked for a block of vanilla ice cream but Kitty complained, "I've got a taste for rocky road in my mouth, can we have that flavour instead?"

I looked at Bill, "Do you have any rocky road Mr Robinson?"

"No, I'm sorry Sarah...I'm all out of rocky road."

Kitty looked really disappointed; I looked at her, "Well, any other flavour you'd prefer instead of vanilla?"

"I don't suppose that they make a grilled cheese and ham flavoured ice cream do thay?"

I shook my head and turned back to Bill, "I'll take a block of Vanilla ice cream please Mr Robinson."

I paid for the ice cream and pulled Kitty out of the shop just as Bill said, "Good afternoon Mrs Fletcher and what can I do for you this afternoon?"

After dinner Kitty and I headed up to my bedroom to do our homework but before we started working I said, "Kitty...pay attention to me, 'Magnolia Football', from now on...you will only pay attention to my voice. 'Magnolia Football' will no longer be your control word, you will only feel relaxed and compliant when I say, 'Grilled cheese and ham mad!', you will only pay attention to my voice and no one else's, do you understand me?"

Kitty's face glazed over and in a robot like voice she said, "Yes...I understand!"

I did the countdown to bring her out of her trance and she just looked at me expectantly, "Well, you told me to pay attention to you but then you didn't say anything."

"I was just going to tell you not to limit yourself to boys of our own age, older men can be a lot more fun and they won't trash your name in the playground...that's all but I was just making sure that my parents were still down stairs, that's all"

"After seeing you with Solomon and the fun you had with him, I wish he'd used a condom on me instead of making me fuck Ruben."

"If you didn't have such a negative attitude to sucking a cock I'm sure you'd have even more fun with boys."

"What do you mean...negative...I love sucking boy's cocks but I like sucking men off more..."

My bedroom faced south west so it caught the sun all afternoon and evening and as Kitty and I sat doing our homework the room got hotter and hotter so we took items of clothing off to try and keep cool. I have to say that there was far more chattering than homework being done until, at nine o'clock, there was a knock at my door and my father said, "Girls, don't forget that you have school in the morning, don't sit chatting all night!"

Kitty's arm jumped across her breasts and she looked shocked as she stared at the door handle to see if my father was opening my bedroom door.

I whispered, "Don't worry; he won't come in my bedroom in case he sees me undressed."

Kitty looked at me, I, like her, was wearing just a pair of bikini brief knickers, Kitty looked confused, "Don't you let your father see you topless?"

"I don't have a problem with him seeing me like this...it's him...he used to be happy with me running around the house in the nude until I was nine years old and these puppies..." I was pointing to my tits, "...started to grow and he's avoided seeing me topless or naked ever since."

There was another knock, "Sarah...Kitty...did you hear me?"

Kitty looked back to the bedroom door, "Sorry Mr Clarke...we've nearly finished our homework."

Kitty bent her head forward and sniffed her own armpit, "I think I need a shower. Do you think your father has gone back downstairs yet?"

"He's probably in his office getting ready for tomorrow."

My house was very old, most of the walls were solid brick or stone, the house was built at a time when people had a toilet at the bottom of the garden and their bathtub was a galvanised steel box that they stood in front of the kitchen fire and filled with hot water from the copper boiler or from pans on the fire. When we moved in, the house had three bedrooms upstairs and the old steel bathtub was hanging from a hook outside the kitchen. My dad had one of the bedrooms partitioned off to make a bathroom and his office but instead of using bricks to build the walls, he just used timber and plasterboard to make a dividing wall.

Kitty looked out of my bedroom door to make sure that my dad couldn't see us on our trip to the bathroom. We both ran to the bathroom, still dressed in just our knickers. In the bathroom Kitty was about to turn the water on in the shower but stopped and listened, as her head went into the shower cubicle she heard a sound and whispered, "Is your dad using an old fashioned typewriter?"

"No, that's his computer keyboard, his desk is just the other side of that wall."

"That's one really loud keyboard, the walls in your house are so thick that I don't usually hear anything going on in another room."

"This room is different, my dad made these walls, just three by two wooden framework and half inch thick plasterboard nailed on each side...my grandfather said he should have put sound insulation in the framework but my dad was in too much of a hurry to get the wall finished and get us all moved in."

Kitty turned the water on and pulled her knickers off, "Come on, no point wasting water!"

I stripped my knickers off and joined Kitty under the hot water. Kitty grinned and winked at me before saying out loud, "I love your tits, I wish mine were half as big as yours..." Kitty laughed out loud, "...I bet my mum wishes her tits were half as firm...look, no matter how hard I wobble them, they just sit there pert and proud...my mother's tits reach down to her bellybutton when she takes her bra off."

The clicking from the other side of the wall had stopped, Kitty's banter had stopped my dad in his tracks.

After our shower, we both wrapped our bodies in large towels and I was heading back to my bedroom when Kitty stopped me, she whispered, "Don't you kiss your dad goodnight?"

I shook my head, "I'd never go to bed without kissing my dad good night if he was at home."

I was still heading for my bedroom but Kitty grabbed my arm, stopping me in my tracks, "Go on, go and kiss your father goodnight!"

I reluctantly allowed Kitty to drag me to my father's office, Kitty knocked on the door and opened it, "Goodnight Mr Clarke, thanks again for letting me sleep over."

I was propelled into the room and I spun around to my father's side, almost losing my towel in the process, I kissed my dad on his cheek and wished him a goodnight.

I couldn't help but notice the lump develope in my father's trousers as I kissed his cheek, he was looking from Kitty's towel covered breasts to mine and he definately showed signs of being aroused.

We didn't go to sleep when we got into my bed...usually when I had a friend sleep over I would pull the small bed out that was hidden under my own single bed, it was only five foot six inches long and just short of two foot wide but it was perfectly adequate for a teenage girl but tonight, we both slid into my bed and held a whispered conversation as we cuddled together naked.

We were still chattering in whispers when my parents went to bed and still chattering in whispers when we heard my parent's bedroom door open and footsteps pad down the hallway to the bathroom.

Kitty whispered, "Who's that?"

I listened carefully, the sound of piss falling from a height and unshielded by a sitting bottom meant that it was my father.

"Sounds like my dad," I whispered.

I saw a glint in Kitty's eye from the full moon and saw her mouth turn into another smile. "Does your father sleep in the nude?"

I shrugged my shoulders, I had no idea what my father wore to bed...if anything at all.

Kitty rolled out of my bed and ruffled her hair as she ran to my bedroom door. She waited until she heard the toilet flush, she counted to ten in a whisper before throwing my door open wide and stomping out into the hallway.

I propped myself up on my elbows in bed to look down the hall, Kitty reached the bathroom door just as my dad opened it. He was only wearing under pants and nothing else but that was one item of clothing more than Kitty was wearing. Kitty actually walked into my father before apologising profusely.

I almost gave the game away by sniggering at the sudden tent in my father's underpants and the sudden exposure as his cock found the little hole in the front and popped its head out to look at Kitty's pussy.

"I'm sorry Mr Clarke, something woke me so I was looking for a drink of something!"

I thought, 'Something that tastes like rocky road ice cream to her."

"I'm sorry Kitty, I think I must have woken you when I flushed the toilet...it isn't safe to drink the water up here, it's all tanked water, you need to use the tap in the kitchen."

"Where do you keep your glasses Mr Clarke?"

I saw my father's eyes flash to his bedroom door and then to Kitty's naked body, I saw the corners of his mouth turn up into a slight smile, "I'll show you."

I waited until they were half way down the stairs and jumped out of bed myself; I dogged their footsteps all the way to the kitchen on the tips of my toes so my father didn't hear me...Kitty knew that I would be following so she actually looked back as they rounded the bottom of the stairs.

My dad reached up to a high cupboard to reach Kitty a glass and she looked towards the open kitchen door and grinned at me before she put her left hand on the small of my father's back, just a fraction of an inch away from the waistband of his underpants. Kitty was flirting...not that a naked girl really needed to flirt to give an adult man any ideas. I saw that my father was hard again as he turned to the sink to fill the glass with water for Kitty. As my dad turned Kitty krpt her hand in the same space so my father's body rotated under her hand and as he turned the tap on to fill her glass she was gently stroking the hair on his belly, from his navel to his underpants.

"Sarah's pubic hair is very coarse and wiry, the hair on your belly is very soft, does it get coarser further down?"

I saw the shaft of moonlight glint off of my father's teeth, he wasn't smiling now, he was in full 'Cheshire-cat' grin mode. "Are you curious to find out?"

"Yes."

"Okay, you could find out for yourself if you like!"

Kitty's hand stopped at the wide elasticated band of his underpants for a moment, I saw her fingertips twitch as they lifted the elastic and then a wriggle as her hand slipped down into his pants.

"Soft, just like..."

Kitty's voice disappeared into my father's mouth as he kissed her and I saw the rubbing motion of her fingertips through his pubic hair inside his underpants stop momentarily and then her hand moved away from his body slightly, pulling his pants away from his body as she turned her hand to grasp his cock. I watched as the kiss lasted almost to the point that my father climaxed, he pulled his lips away from hers and pushed her hand off of his cock.

"Bloody hell, that was close, I'm not the first boy you've done that to am I?"

Kitty giggled, "I'm not a virgin...if that's what you mean."

"So, how many boys have you had sex with?"

Kitty shook her head, I can't remember, I just like fucking whenever I can."

"Do you feel like fucking now?"

Kitty nodded her head enthusiastically.

"I'm glad I didn't let you get me off with your hand now."

My dad shucked his pants and picked Kitty up with his hands under her armpits, he carried her over to the kitchen table as if she was weightless and sat her on the edge of the table. The movements were almost choreographed, as Kitty's bottom hit the edge of the table she lifted her knees and hooked her feet around his waist as his cock slipped into her cunt. To that point it all seemed like a slow motion ballet but as my father's cock slipped into Kitty's cunt it all became far more frenetic and my father's movements became far more animated. Kitty was knocked backwards under his onslaught, knocking the salt, pepper and sauce bottle over.

The noise of falling condiments made my father look towards the kitchen doorway, he was trying to focus his hearing, listening to see if the noise had woken me or my mother, he pulled his hips back and stabbed his cock into Kitty hard, causing her to purr with pleasure and then grunt under the force of the thrust, my dad's eyes were pointing straight at me as I stood in the doorway but he wasn't focussing so closely, he was focussing on the stairs and above, he pulled his hips back again and on the cusp of another violent thrust he suddenly spotted me in the doorway, he groaned...Kitty groaned in disappointment.

She opened her eyes and looked into my father's face, she saw the look of horror on his face, she jerked her shoulder up and tilted her head back to try and see what my father was looking at that had stopped him in his tracks, "Oh...it's only Sarah. Thanks Sarah, you made him cum before I was ready..." Kitty looked back at my father's face, "...how long will it take you to get hard again?"

My father was opening and closing his mouth but no words were coming out. Kitty pushed on his chest, pushing him away from her, she slithered off the table and knelt on the floor in front of him, she took his cock in her mouth and started to suck his flaccid cock, trying to give it the 'Kiss of life'.

My dad's eyes were focussing on me as Kitty worked on trying to get him hard again; I walked into the kitchen, picked up Kitty's glass and took a swallow from it. My father's eyes were following me around the kitchen, he had started out trying to focus on my face but soon lost his battle and his eyes dropped to my tits and then to my ginger pussy mound.

Kitty pulled her mouth off of his cock, "Good boy...that's better, you're starting to get hard again."

Kitty looked up at my father's face and saw that his growth spurt was more to do with him looking at me than her prowess in oral sex. Kitty fixed my eyes with hers and then flicked towards one of the dining chairs at the kitchen table. I got the message and I pulled the chair out from under the table...I could have chosen to sit demurely on the chair with my knees together but instead, I turned the chair so that its back was towards Kitty and my father and I sat down with my knees spread either side of the chair back.

Kitty was just bending forward again to take his cock in her mouth but she pulled back, "Wow that was a sudden jump in size, Kitty looked over at me again and saw that it was my 'Open' posture that had suddenly inflated my father to bursting point.

Kitty stood up again and sat on the edge of the table, my father wasn't really paying any attention to Kitty, his eyes were fixed on my spread open pussy. Kitty pulled my father into position and as his cock clipped into her fanny he started to fuck her again but he was kissing me as he fucked her. I pushed myself up off of the chair and moved into my father's side, I kissed him on the lips for the first time since I was seven years old. I was suddenly reminded of earlier in the day when I was sucking Simon and he was all but ignoring me as he kissed Kitty.

My father sped up his thrusting and I felt his breathing change in my mouth as he closed in on his climax. I timed it to perfection and just as the first spurts of his second orgasm started the journey from his balls to the little eye in the end of his cock, I dropped down onto my knees and pushed my dad away from Kitty's cunt, Kitty was complaining profusely about my father's missing cock as my mouth slipped over the end of his cock and I sucked every droplet of spunk from his balls.

The Kitchen light suddenly turned on and my, very angry, mother was stamding there wearing her nighty, "What the fuck is going on here?"

I looked at my mother and said, "Frangipani sauce!"

My mother's angry face suddenly turned into a pleasant smile.

"Mum, is everything okay?"

"Everything is perfectly fine darling, thank you for asking."

"Mum, you're having an erotic dream, none of this is real, you are sleepwalking and now you have to go back to bed and not wake up until I tell you too...okay?"

"Yes, thank you darling."

My mother turned on her heels and headed back to bed. My mother's outburst had definitely had a softening effect on my father, even more so than being caught by me while he was fucking Kitty. I left the light on and went back to sucking my father's soft cock but it was a forlorn effort, two climaxes were more than his limit for the night. I turned on Kitty and started to eat my father's semen out of her cunt.

As I was eating her pussy and giving her a massive orgasm, my father reached down for me and pulled me to my feet but keeping my mouth attached to Kitty's pussy, he was rubbing his flaccid cock all over my bottom and between my legs, I felt the soft head part my labia and as it did, it started to inflate slowly. I'd eaten every droplet of his seed from Kitty's cunt but kept up licking her cunt as his cock grew slowly inside my body.

When he started to fuck me in earnest I pushed back and moved forwards quickly to dislodge him from my cunt. I was fed up being fucked doggy style, I wanted a more conventional fuck this time. I sat next to Kitty on the edge of the table and pulled my father back into position and Kitty sat upright at my side as my father fucked me.

I wasn't sure if Kitty was jealous of my being fucked after my father got her so close to her own orgasm but I'd taken his seed away from her, she pushed my dad away from me and then she rolled over on top of me, she was kissing me and fondling my tits when my dad moved back into position, he thrust in me twice before pulling out again and ramming his cock into Kitty twice. He just kept moving from Kitty to me and because he only had two or three thrusts at a time, it took him close to two hours before he came close to his climax, this rotation he fucked me with six thrusts until his first spurt and he pulled out of me and rammed his still spurting cock into Kitty's cunt.

He thrust into her twice, giving her two jets of his spunk and then he returned to me, he was in a hurry to get into me before his final thrust...such a hurry that he didn't actually hit my vagina and he was pushing so hard that his cock jumped right up my arse, delivering his final two jets of spunk in totally the wrong hole.