**Worship**

I suppose the whole thing was my fault really. To set the background, some years ago I had a fungal infection in my groin and to cure the problem I started shaving my pubic hair. I couldn't stand the itch as it grew back so I just carried on shaving - not from any sexual motive, you understand, although I confess it did feel rather nice. My husband, of course, took ages to notice and then it didn't seem to do much to arose him.

This summer, as you may remember, we had a long spell of very hot weather, in the mid-thirties - which is very hot for where I live, anyway. I got to leaving my knickers off around the house, for coolness, and daringly even went out without them at times. Coupled with a fairly short and thin cotton skirt, the feel of the warm air blowing up my nethers was very pleasant and not a little arousing.

Well, after a while I got so used to going around pantieless that sometimes I forgot I was doing it. The sight too of other women - even some my age (mid-40s, which is not that old these days) - shedding layers of clothing until they were wearing very skimpy outfits encouraged me to do the same.

One day I was out shopping for a pair of high- heeled sandals for a party. I was wearing only a sleeveless top and a mid-thigh length cotton skirt, and a bra of course, for much as I would like to dispense with it, my breasts just don't feel comfortable swinging around. I was being served by a very helpful young shop-assistant. She must have been doing work experience from school because I'm sure she was not even sixteen. She had very long straight ash-blonde hair which I envied, as mine is an unruly mop of mousy brown.

She was squatting on the stool in front of me, twisting her long pale legs to one side. I remember thinking that if her little black skirt had been any shorter it would classify as a belt. I lifted my leg so that she could fit the shoe and saw her glance up at me and freeze. A bright red flush spread over her face. I realised, with a blush of my own, that our positions were such that she could see right up my opened thighs to my naked pussy. There was no possibility that it wasn't clearly obvious that this middle-aged woman was both pantieless and shaved.

I felt her hands trembling as she tried to get the shoe onto my foot. She kept dragging her eyes away from my crotch and then staring at it as if hypnotised. Despite my own embarrassment, part of me was enjoying her discomfort. I even found it rather arousing! I even - shameless hussy! - opened my legs a little further to shed more light on the mystery, as it were.

The girl got the shoe on and turned her attention to my other foot. This necessitated (a) my shifting position, which I did taking care to let my skirt ride up even higher on my thighs, and (b) the girl swinging her legs to the other side, which she did with her thighs slightly open, letting me catch a glimpse of the white triangle under her skirt. My heart missed a beat as I realised that we were flashing at each other.

I told her with a catch in my voice that the shoes were a trifle loose; did she have a half- size smaller? The girl went away to the store- room. I wondered what I was doing - the situation was getting me excited, but I had no lesbian experience and was content just to have a little game with the girl and then go away and fantasise.

She returned, giving me a shy smile, and sat down in front of me again. This time she didn't bother to put her knees together decorously. Her skirt was so short that I saw immediately that she had taken off her white knickers! Her pussy was crowned with a thin tuft of blonde hair, but her slit was clearly visible. I felt a sudden surprising desire to kiss it ...

For the next few minutes, while the rest of the shop saw us fitting shoes, we traded ever more revealing views of our pussies. Finally I couldn't spin it out any longer, and the girl went away to wrap the sandals and I stood at the till to pay. She gave me the carrier bag and our hands touched briefly.

Out in the street, I decided to abandon the rest of my expedition and head for home. I was amazingly horny and only a session in the bedroom with my vibrator would cure things. I walked back hurriedly, very conscious of my nakedness under the skirt. I could even feel a drop of moisture oozing out of my slit.

So absorbed was I in my fantasies that, of course, I failed to notice the hosepipe across the pavement. A man was washing his car, as they do. I caught my heel on the hose and went flying. I ended up flat on my back, my skirt around my waist, with one leg bent uncomfortably under the other.

As soon as he heard my yelp, the man turned round, and the first thing he saw was my very naked, very bare and very aroused pussy between my splayed thighs. I should explain that normally my lips are rather thin and unobtrusive, but when I'm aroused my outer labia swell up and go pink, while my inner lips protrude like fleshy wings, dark and corrugated. This was the sight that met his eyes. His mouth fell open.

I was beyond embarrassment - partly because my hip hurt where I had landed on it. He was younger than me, with short pale blond hair, handsome in a Nordic sort of way. His body, most of it revealed as he was only wearing shorts, looked fit and tanned. The hosepipe continued to gush into the road.

'Ow. I guess that serves me right for not wearing knickers,' I joked.

'Oh god, I'm sorry,' he said, as the spell was broken. 'Are you OK? Here, let me help you. I should have thought ...' Maybe he was worried I was going to sue him.

'My ankle hurts,' I said as I tried to get up. He put his arm around my back and lifted me to a sitting position. I didn't bother to pull my skirt down - to tell the truth I was enjoying this flashing lark, and the effect it was having on him. His bare arm was warm and strong around me. He helped me to stand, but I couldn't put much weight on my left leg. I could smell his aftershave mixed with a faint tang of fresh male sweat. Oh dear, I was getting even more aroused!

'Come inside, I'll make you a cup of tea. Then we can see to your injuries. Can you hop?'

With his arm firmly around me, I hopped into his house and into the big light airy living room. He put me down gently on the sofa, and I grinned up at him. 'Thanks.' He knelt in front of me and took my ankle in his hands, gently feeling it. His fingers were strong and warm. I raised my leg, and realised that once again I was exhibiting my bare pussy. I also noticed that there was a growing bulge in his shorts. He massaged my ankle carefully, then said, 'I can't feel anything broken. Can you move it? Does that hurt?'

In fact his attentions had improved things quite a lot already. 'It doesn't feel too bad. Just a bit of a sprain, I think.'

'I'll put a bandage on it if you like. I've got some tubigrip.'

'Actually my hip hurts more,' I said. 'I hope I'm not bleeding on your cushions.' With some difficulty I turned over and knelt on the edge of the settee and lifted my skirt up so he could see the back of my hip, where the pain was. Yet again I realised that my pussy was on show, from the rear this time, a position in which my labia stuck out very prominently.

I heard him gulp, probably not at the sight of my wound. 'You've grazed it. I'd better give it a wash and get any dirt out. It's not deep though. I'll get some antiseptic.'

He went away while I continued to kneel and consider my position. Here I was in the house of a hunky man, flashing my naked and obviously aroused pussy at him. Suddenly the thought of my vibrator didn't seem like the best option ...

He returned quickly with a bowl of water and some other things, and proceeded to clean my grazed hip carefully. I felt him dry it and apply some cream.

'What's your name?' he said. 'I'm Robert.'

'Gina,' I said. 'I live over on the \_\_\_\_\_ Estate. I don't usually walk around in a daydream, falling over things.'

'Do you usually walk around without knickers?' I heard the chuckle in his voice.

'Well, it's been so hot lately ...'

'Gina, I hope you don't mind my saying this, but you've got the most beautiful pussy I've ever seen. And I've seen a few.'

I felt myself blushing anew. 'Why, thank you, kind sir,' I murmured. 'You know how to flatter a woman.'

I turned round again and sat on the edge of the settee, lying back with my legs open. Again I didn't bother to pull my skirt down. I knew what I wanted to happen, and married or not I was feeling so horny that I didn't care.

'It's true,' he said. 'In fact it's so beautiful that I want to fuck it.'

I could see his shorts were now distended with something fairly large. I've not had many men (only one since I got married) and none who were huge. The thought of his big cock sliding into me was unbearably exciting.

'You better get on with it then,' I whispered.

He pulled his shorts down and his cock sprang out - he wasn't wearing any underpants. It was fairly large though not frighteningly so, and completely straight and rigid. He was circumcised, unlike my husband, and the big purple head shone in the sunlight.

Robert shuffled forward on his knees, and bent his cock downwards. I pulled my now moist labia wide apart and craned my head to watch him slide into me. Slowly his shaft filled my hungry pussy, forcing my slippery walls apart, filling me with hotness. He didn't stop until all his column was buried in me and I could feel him pressing against my cervix.

'Oh that feels good,' he moaned. 'You have a delicious pussy.'

I squeezed him tightly with my muscles and he moaned again. I pulled my outer lips apart to show him my clitoris, now proud and solid. He gripped my hips and began to thrust gently.

'I'm glad you shave,' he said breathlessly. 'I like to see a woman's pussy on display. It's too beautiful to hide in a bush.'

I would have kept up my side of the conversation but his thrusting was taking most of my attention. I could see his long straight shaft, now glistening with juice, sliding in and out of my fleshy pussy lips. I had watched myself in the mirror with my vibrator, but I had never actually seen myself being fucked before. It was exceptionally arousing, even apart from the solid piston pumping deep inside me.

I touched my clitoris with a finger, and he got the message and started to work on it with his thumb. We were both sweating and panting a bit by now, and further talk was impossible. We watched intently as the cock thrust harder and faster and the thumb vibrated more fiercely over the clit.

I climaxed strongly, my inner muscles squeezing his cock, rich slurping noises coming from the slick membranes of my tunnel. His thumb kept my orgasm on the boil for quite a while, almost as long as when I use my vibe. I had to lie back and just let it wash through me.

Suddenly I realised he had pulled out of me. 'Can I come in you?' he gasped, and I could tell he was on the very brink. What a considerate man.

'Yes!' I shrieked. 'In me!' I was sterilised many years ago, after I had kids, and had almost forgotten that it might have been a problem for some women.

He plunged back into me, I squeezed him automatically, and he burst deep inside me. I swear I felt the jets of sperm hitting my insides! His face was contorted and the veins in his neck stood out as he pumped spurt after spurt into me. The poor man must have been desperate, I thought, or I was a sexier middle- aged woman than I realised.

He stayed hard in me for ages, breathing deeply, while I milked him gently with my internal muscles. Finally he withdrew and I felt the cool air rush into to my hot gaping orifice. He gazed intently at my pussy, now even more swollen and florid.

'I'm going to leak,' I warned him.

'Don't worry,' he said. 'I like to see that.'

Oh well, it was his carpet, I thought, and shivered as I felt the cooling semen ooze out of my tunnel and trickle down over my anus. He chuckled as more and more of it seeped out into the daylight and dripped onto the floor. I must admit that seeing how much he enjoyed it, I helped it along with some careful muscular contractions.

I felt relaxed and wanton, lying there naked from the waist down with a strange (but handsome) man watching his spunk drip from me - something my husband had never done. When no more seemed to be forthcoming he bent forward slowly and kissed my clitoris gently. I trembled faintly at his touch, thinking what I must taste and smell like. But he seemed to like that, for he began to kiss and lick my pussy, sucking my swollen labia into his mouth and chewing them gently, lapping up the juice that covered my membranes, and taking my clit in his lips and worrying it. Well, if he enjoyed it, I certainly did! He knew what to do to a woman, that was for sure.

I just let him do what he wanted with me. What he wanted seemed to be to make me come, so I did. I surprised myself at how easily I climaxed, how much noise I made, and how quickly I was ready for the next one. His tongue was tireless, exploring deeply into my hole and flicking across my clit so that I gasped with pleasure.

Just as my back was starting to ache from lying - and coming - in the same position, he lifted me up and made me kneel on the edge of the settee, supporting my shoulders and head on the back, my knees wide apart so that my pussy gaped. I heard him moan with delight at the obviously very erotic sight of my big dark swollen lips protruding backwards. I felt his fingers pull them wide apart and then his cock, as hard as before, slid firmly into me.

I was pretty loose and juicy, and there was a loud wet farting noise as he filled me completely. His balls slapped against my clit, and I felt his pubic hair tickling my anus, still slick with cum. He pushed as far into me as he could, and I pushed back, relishing the feeling of being stretched without pain. Then he got hold of my hips and started to pump, hard and fast, all the way in and out on every stroke. The sound of grunting, mixed with loud rhythmic slurping, filled the room.

I tried to squeeze him on each stroke, as I knew my pussy would have much less friction than before. Whether because of this, or because he had already come once, he kept up his relentless fucking for ages, until the inside of my tunnel was almost numb. I could feel my juices and his residual spunk spreading over my buttocks and thighs, cooling and drying. I was loving every second of this hard sex, much harder than I had had for decades.

Suddenly he reached around me and started to rub my clit fast. To my surprise I climaxed almost immediately, crying out loudly and clamping down on his cock. He shouted something and rammed into me like a piledriver and I felt his cock pulse as he climaxed in time to my own. We throbbed together, lost in our own sensations.

This time he softened quicker and slipped out of me. I felt him spread my lips apart and again the cool air rushed in to my gaping void. He murmured in appreciation as another trickle of cum ran out and dripped off my clit onto the floor.

'You have an exquisite pussy, Gina.'

'Thank you,' I said, 'Your cock's not bad either.'

'Oh shit,' he said. 'I've left the hosepipe running.' He got up and dashed out into the front garden. I took this as a polite way of saying that the sex was over, and to tell the truth I wasn't upset. The last thing I wanted to get embroiled in an emotional tangle. We'd had an hour of purely physical sex, and that was that. Sometimes it's what women want as well as men, I realised.

I got up, pulled my skirt down, and collected my bags. I found that I could walk on my ankle OK - perhaps the orgasms had helped the sprain to heal! He was just coming back in the door, and I could see he was relieved that I was going but didn't want to show it.

'Thanks for the fuck,' I said, unaccustomed to using the word in conversation.

'Are you OK?' he said, indicating my ankle. 'Can I run you home?'

'No, I'm fine. It doesn't hurt much at all.' I strolled onto the pavement, waved at him casually, and headed for home.

There are few things more sluttish than walking along the road, pantieless, with spunk trickling down your thighs. I was quite proud of it, but I don't think anyone noticed. It made me feel superior - me, a respectable married woman approaching her half-century, having been casually fucked by someone I had just met and probably wouldn't meet again.

I got home and wandered around, reluctant to shower - I liked the feeling of the wetness drying on my legs and pussy. Then I remembered my purchases, and opened the box containing the sandals I had bought. In amongst the tissue paper I found something else - a crumpled pair of small white cotton knickers! There was some writing on them in felt-tip - a mobile phone number! The little slut had left me an invitation - to what, I wondered? Who was she? I looked on the receipt: "You were served today by Lorraine".

So she wanted me to get in touch with her. I do confess to occasional sexual feelings towards women, although never towards one so young, and I had never acted upon them. But I was still very horny - my afternoon session had only made things worse - and the girl - Lorraine - had been very pretty, with a wicked glint on her eyes. I lifted my skirt and examined myself in the mirror. My pussy was swollen and dark, encrusted with dried semen, certainly well used. But when I touched it, I wasn't sore at all. I felt exercised, that was all, and ready for more. The girl obviously found me desirable - who was I to deny her?

I resisted the urge to masturbate, and spent the next couple of hours tidying the house, showering, and pampering myself. At about 6 I reckoned she would be back from work, and with trembling fingers phoned the number on the knickers, realising with a shiver of delight that, like me, she would have spent the rest of the day on show to anyone who looked closely.

She answered quickly. 'Hi!'

'Is that Lorraine?' I said.

'Yes ...'

'This is Gina. You sold me a pair of sandals this afternoon. Do you remember?'

I heard her gasp. 'Hang on.' There was a pause.

'Sorry. I'm in my room now. Oh my god!'

'Didn't you expect me to ring?'

'Oh, I don't know ... I thought ... oh wow.'

'Do you want to see me again?' As I said it I realised the double meaning.

Lorraine gasped again. 'Oh yes, please! I'd love to ... do you really want to?'

'Yes, why not?'

'Oh yes! Come round this evening. My dad's going out.'

'OK,' I said. 'I've got something of yours to return anyway.'

She giggled. 'I felt really naked,' she whispered. 'I couldn't bend down or anything. You must feel like that.'

'We can talk about it this evening. What's your address?'

She told me - it was on the way into town. I said I'd be round about 8.30, and hung up. What had I let myself in for?

It was still hot, so I dressed as barely as I could. A thin bra, a stretchy top, and a denim mini-skirt that I hadn't worn for ages. It was indecently short. No knickers, of course. And the high-heeled sandals that I had bought that day - in honour of Lorraine. I looked like a tart. But a nice tart - my skin was clear and lightly tanned, and my make-up subtle.

I realised before I got there that her address was the street where I had had my experience of the afternoon. What if he - Robert - saw me? He might be out in his garden, or washing his car again ... Looking at the house numbers, I had a premonition, which turned out to be correct. Lorraine lived at Robert's house! She must be his daughter! Oh my god! She had said he was going out that evening ... but nevertheless ...

Oh well, I had come this far. I took my courage in both hands and rang the doorbell. The girl must have been waiting behind it, for she opened it almost immediately. We stared at each other. Lorraine was as pretty as I remembered - her ash- blonde hair shone in the evening sun. She had put a bit of lipstick on, and some glittery stuff around her blue eyes. She was wearing even less than I - just a silk scarf tied across her small breasts, and a tiny orange cotton skirt that was not even a wide belt. I could see that she had no bra, and it was a good bet that she had no knickers on either.

'Hi,' I said, wondering what to do.

'Hi Gina,' she said shyly. 'Come in.'

We went into the lounge where I had lately been fucked. I looked for traces of wetness in front of the settee, but couldn't see any.

'Would you like a drink?' Lorraine said. 'Um ... coffee or something?'

'Yes, coffee would be nice, thanks.' Maybe all she wanted to do was chat. I followed her long legs into the kitchen. Stretching up to get the coffee jar, the skirt revealed a glimpse of small rounded buttocks. A surge of horniness washed over me, taking me by surprise.

'You're a very beautiful girl, Lorraine,' I said. 'How old are you?'

'Sixteen,' she said. 'Well, fifteen. Nearly sixteen.'

God, only fifteen. What was I doing?

'I think you're beautiful too, Gina,' she whispered, looking at the kettle rather than me. 'When I saw you in the shop ... I've been thinking about you all afternoon.'

'Come here,' I said, remembering my own daughter at that age and how lovely it felt to cuddle her lithe body. Lorraine flowed into my arms and we hugged tightly. Then she lifted her face to mine and kissed me clumsily but passionately on the lips. It felt the most natural thing in the world to respond. I hadn't had a good wet snog for longer than I could remember, but it all came back and I opened my lips on hers and she sucked my tongue eagerly into her sweet hot mouth. We kissed until we were breathless.

'Oh god!' she said, looking at me with shock. 'I'm sorry! I didn't mean to ...'

'Shhh,' I kissed her again. 'It's what we both wanted, isn't it?'

Lorraine nodded vigorously.

'And we can do whatever we want to, can't we? Anything at all.'

She nodded again. 'Please! I want ...'

We snogged passionately again.

'What do you want?' I asked as she rested her head on my shoulder.

Her answer was a whisper. 'I want your pussy ...'

I stroked the warm skin of her neck and shoulders. 'And I want yours.'

The kettle was boiling furiously. 'Are you going to make that coffee or not?' I chuckled.

We took the mugs into the lounge and sat down, me on the settee and Lorraine opposite on a chair. As we sipped our drinks she gradually lifted one leg and rested her heel on the edge of the chair. The tiny skirt was crushed into a thin band around her waist, letting me see her young pussy in all its glory. I didn't say anything, just looked at it, running my eyes over her soft puffy pink lips and the thin slit between. The brown hair on her pubic mound was thin and didn't hide anything.

Slowly I mimicked her posture, raising my right leg and letting it fall sideways so that she had a perfect view of my crotch. I knew that my pussy was as swollen and florid as it could be, a far cry from when she had seen it in the shop. I saw her eyes widen.

'Oh wow,' she breathed.

'I'm very aroused,' I said softly. 'I had sex this afternoon - quite rough sex.'

'Who with?'

'Just a man.'

'Oh wow, Gina. You're beautiful. Your pussy ... it's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.'

You're the second person today to say that, I thought. 'Yours is pretty, too, Lorraine.'

'I wish I was shaved like you.'

'Why not? I'll do it for you if you like. Would you like that?'

The girl nodded.

'Go on then. Fetch a bowl of warm water and the razor and some shower gel and moisturiser.'

She hurried off, the skirt remaining bunched up over her hips, and was back shortly with the necessary equipment. I spread a towel on the chair and she perched on it, legs hooked over the arms, her pussy splayed before me. I could see that she was excited at displaying herself so wantonly to me. I knelt in front of her and got some lather on my hands, then smoothed it into her pubes. Her skin was soft and warm. I massaged the lather into her soft puffy outer labia, although there was no hair on them as far as I could see. She gave a little moan of pleasure.

I applied the razor carefully, in case she flinched. It slid easily over her firm body, leaving her absolutely naked. I examined her with my fingertips.

'I shave all around my pussy and my bottom,' I said. 'But you don't need to yet.'

I washed the soap off with a flannel and dried her, then got some moisturiser on my fingers and gently massaged it into her skin. Again she moaned. I saw her shift her position to enable her to spread her thighs even wider. Her pussy slit opened and I could see the thin waves of her inner lips, pink and moist. I caught a scent of hot girl-musk, and did something I had never done before but had often fantasised about. I bent my head and kissed her right at the junction of her lips, over her clitoris.

Lorraine gave a little gasp. I kissed her soft lips all the way down to her perineum and then back up again, and then wormed my tongue between her soft cushions and tasted the girl-juice that was seeping out. I scooped it up and let the tip of my tongue touch her small firm clit.

'Oh Gina!' she whispered, touching my hair. I flicked her clit gently with my tongue and she reached down and pulled her lips apart to give me better access.

'I'm so horny ...' she moaned.

Despite never having eaten a pussy before, I knew instinctively what to do. I knew I could do better than the few men who had eaten mine, with varying degrees of skill - apart from Robert, this afternoon, but he had been much rougher than I wanted to be with Lorraine. I didn't try to spin out her first climax, for I knew how badly she would want to come, and I was too eager to have her return the favour on me. So I concentrated on her firm little clit and was soon rewarded by a series of high-pitched cries. She locked her arms around her thighs to keep them spread and her hips jerked upwards against my face.

When her climax had ebbed I sat up and looked at her. The girl's eyes were closed and she was breathing fast. Her nipples were hard under the thin silk wrap. I could see little quivers running through the muscles of her stomach and groin. Her pussy was open, the outer lips engorged and pink, wetness glistening in the slit between.

Her eyes flickered open and saw me looking at her, and she gave a slow smile.

'Oh wow. That was the best ...'

'Your turn now, Lorraine. Have you ever done this before?'

She shook her head. I sat back on the settee - in exactly the same position as earlier that day - lifted and spread my thighs, and held them wide apart. The girl scrambled into position eagerly. I watched her face as she examined my pussy closely.

'Oh Gina! It's so beautiful. I wish mine was like that.'

'Don't just look at it,' I chuckled. 'Get your tongue in there!'

What the fifteen-year-old lacked in technique she made up for in enthusiasm. She licked and sucked and tongued and chewed and nosed and bit with a will, burying her face in my great gaping wet pussy until she had to come up for air. Her whole face was wet. At one point I thought she was trying to force her head inside me. I had to gently steer her back to my clit, which was urgently demanding attention. Then she latched onto it like a baby to a nipple and sucked it far into her mouth and lashed it with her tongue. I howled with pleasure and gripped her head and kept it in place as the orgasm welled up inside me and exploded outwards to my extremities.

When the throbbing in my loins finally died away, I raised her head and looked at her. Lorraine's mouth was swollen and her face was dripping with my juices.

'Oh Gina, you taste so beautiful!'

I struggled up and bent to kiss her wet face.

'Come on,' I said. 'Let's get these clothes off and go and lie down somewhere. I want lots more of you before we're finished.'

We staggered weak-legged to her bedroom and slowly undressed each other. I sucked her pink puffy nipples into my mouth and licked them until they were hard and swollen. She unclasped my bra and fell upon my breasts, kissing their soft curves, lashing my already hard nipples into an almost painful fury of desire. Naked now, we flowed without really thinking into a sixty-nine position, the girl on top, her long slim thighs splayed over my face. I spread my legs and canted my hips to bring my pussy up against her bent head. She gripped me round the buttocks and buried her face in my gaping wetness, sliding her knees apart so that her pussy rested on my nose and mouth. I pierced her slit with my tongue, tasting the sweet girl- juice within.

I don't know how many times we came thus; when I wasn't concentrating on my own relentless rise to a shuddering climax, it seemed that she was throbbing on top of me. It lasted perhaps half an hour, perhaps several days ...

Eventually we ran out of energy and dozed, the girl's body a comforting weight on mine. She struggled off and we looked at each other. Our faces were wet and shining with juice; hers had soaked into my hair, while there was a big wet patch on her duvet under my bottom. Lorraine sat against the wall and let her thighs fall open, exhibiting her pussy to me. It was red and inflamed, her small entrance gaping darkly.

'I'm a bit tender,' she giggled. 'What about you?'

I opened my legs in the same way and her eyes fell automatically to my crotch.

'Sensitive, I'd say,' I smiled. 'But not sore.'

'Did you really have a man this afternoon?'

 'Yes. he fucked me twice and also ate my pussy - but not as well as you did.'

'Wow. Who was he?'

Your dad, I almost said. 'Just some bloke I bumped into. Serves me right for not wearing knickers.'

'Do you never wear them?'

'Not much since it got really hot. I've got used to it now.'

'I'm never going to wear them again,' she said proudly. 'It feels so good. It makes me feel so horny.'

'You'd better start wearing longer skirts then.'

She scowled. 'I suppose so. They keep on about it at us at school.'

I looked at the clock on the wall - it was after 11. 'I better be off,' I said, reluctantly. 'You ought to be in bed.'

'I should be in bed with you,' she said. 'Do you think we can do this again?'

'Are you sure?' I didn't want her to get a crush on me.

'Of course! Hey, we could arrange to meet somewhere in town, without knickers on, and show each other our pussies in public, and then get all horny and come back here and ...' She grinned.

'And what?'

'You know. Lick each other.'

I leaned forward and kissed her. 'Maybe. I'll phone you, OK?'

I found my clothes and dressed while she watched, still proudly displaying her young pussy to me. My nipples were rigid and showed blatantly through the bra and top. I kissed her again and went downstairs.

Just as I was about to open the front door to let myself out, I heard laughter outside. Before I could do anything the door opened and a young woman half-staggered in, giggling. I could see Robert standing behind her. She must have been no more than 25, with curly blonde hair, vivid red lipstick and black eyeliner. She wore a strappy top - one of the straps had fallen over her arm - and her small but pointed breasts were naked under it. Her shiny red skirt was even shorter than mine. Very high heels completed the outfit - she looked like a stereotypical tart.

'Who are you?' she demanded, slurring slightly.

I could see a whole gamut of emotions running across Robert's face. Several responses flashed through my head.

1. I'm his wife. 2. I'm his mistress. 3. I'm his mother (!). 4. I'm the slut he fucked this afternoon. 5. I've just had sex with his daughter.

Fortunately I decided to say none of these. It would be fun watching Robert explain the situation.

To be continued ...?