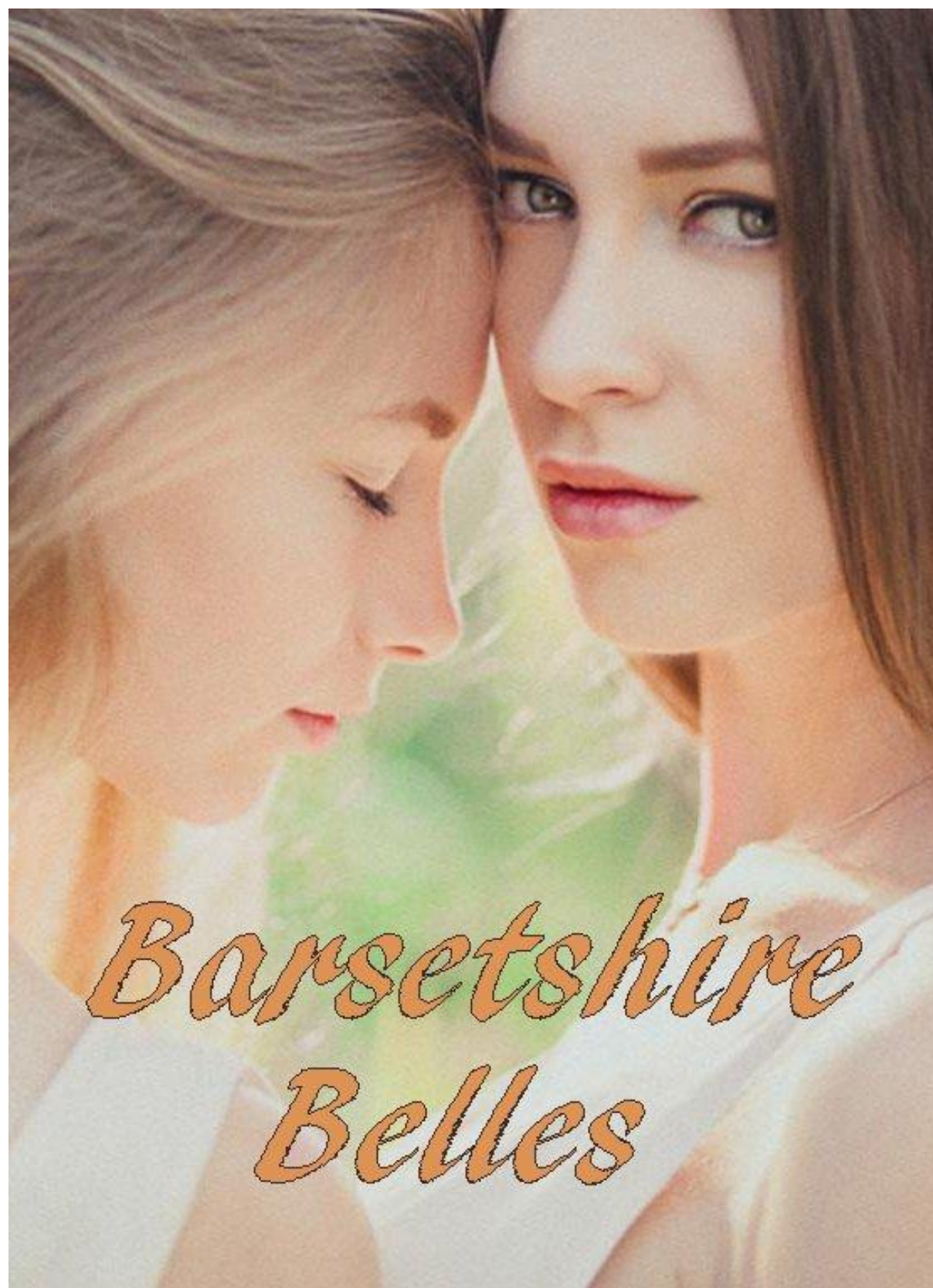




THE LEWIS ADAMS CHRONICLES

BOOK 4

BARSETSHIRE BELLES

LEWIS ADAMS

INTRODUCTION

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This story contains depictions of sexual activity between consenting adults. It also offers some fictional depictions of sexual and inappropriate activity between adults and minors. It is entirely a work of fiction and none of the characters are based on or should be seen as resembling any persons living or dead. The locations mentioned do exist but as far as the author is aware none of the activities shown have ever taken place at any of the locations referred to. The story is intended for an adult audience namely persons of an age for which reading such written material is not viewed as contravening the laws of the country in which the story is being read.

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CHAPTER 1 – SHOPPING IN WOOLCHESTER

Friday began like any other Friday. School beckoned and I was really looking forward to it, not.

At least it was a sunny day. I drew back the curtains and looked out on to Honey Lane. I really should remember that my room was on the front of the house. Sleeping naked is all very well but appearing like that to the world is probably not. Fortunately Honey Lane is a relatively quiet cul-de-sac and the appearance of a nubile sixteen year old in an upstairs window was not going to be seen by anybody. Well, usually, but for some reason today was an unusual day. Pushing his bicycle across the road from the house opposite was young Adam the paper boy.

The movement in the window as I threw the curtains back clearly attracted his attention. I stood with my tits on display as he stared, his mouth open at the vision that appeared before him. Probably not something he was used to seeing every day of the week. Certainly not in this street where there were more pensioners than pubescent's.

I don't know who was the more surprised, him or me. I do know that I wasn't going to hide from a randy little twelve year old boy with raging hormones. I stood hands on hips and watched his eyes running all over me. Should I? Yes, why not. I waved and blew him a kiss then wiggled my hips so my boobs, what there was of them jiggled slightly.

He was quite a long way away but I could see the colour rushing to his cheeks and probably somewhere I couldn't see as well. The window sill in my room was quite low. Not low enough to afford him a view of anything really naughty so I satisfied my wicked streak by just putting the hand I had used to wave, down between my legs. He wouldn't be able to see but it would be blatantly obvious what I was doing. Poor boy was clearly embarrassed but he stayed where he was and by the time I turned my back and walked away he hadn't moved an inch, just stood gripping his handlebars.

I dressed, grabbed a piece of toast and orange juice. Pulled on the obligatory school blazer and shoes then rushed out of the door.

"Bye Mum, Dad. Off now, busy day for us students. See you tonight." I didn't wait for an answer, not that I got one most days anyway.

A quick walk round the corner into Sunnymore Close to meet up with little Sarah. She would be ready and waiting, she was always ready. Sarah is so cute but she is a real swotty thing. I don't think she ever missed a day at school since she started in the infant's class. Outside number eight and just as I draw level with the path Sarah comes skipping down it to meet me.

"Hi Luce, another lovely day at school."

"Thank goodness there are not many left now. Last year and then 'freedom' for me anyway. Sorry you are still going to have to put up with it for another two years and without me too." I laughed at the thought that I would soon be away from all the annoying things that go with being a schoolie"

“More than two years Luce, four until my ‘A’ levels and then another two or three at University. I don’t know why you don’t like going to school. I love it.”

It was only about a mile and a half to school but we never walked there, well not often anyway. Sometimes we walked home so we could meet up with boys in the middle of the village but in the mornings it was the school bus which we boarded on Main Road only five minutes from home.

Standing at the bus stop on the corner of Parkers Cross Lane were another couple of girls from school.

“Hi Pen” I greeted one of them. The other I never really liked ever since she stole my boyfriend in third year so I blanked her.

“Hi Luce, Hi Saz”

“Morning Penny. You know I don’t like being called Saz” Sarah put on her ‘I’m so offended’ look but I knew she wasn’t really.

“Yeah, whatever. Here we go again then. Bus is coming, you only just made it today.” Penny and the other one got on first when it pulled up next to us and they went straight down to the back of the bus. Sarah and I stayed near the doors for the ten minute journey.

It was a nice day, quite warm, too warm for heavy school uniform but I had a plan. I filled Sarah in on it but she said she would let me do it alone. I really didn’t expect her to come with me, she is a lot younger than I am and also rarely did anything she wasn’t supposed to. I struggled through the mornings lessons. I was getting increasingly disillusioned with education and couldn’t wait for the end of the school year when I could ditch the blue and black uniform and get out to work to start earning some proper money and buy some decent or more likely indecent clothes.

Lunchtime came around. The timetable for the afternoon was all Sports so I played the ‘monthlies’ card and managed to get out of it. OK so I wasn’t on my period but nobody ever questioned you when you were getting near to the end of your school life. The teachers knew who was worth trying to save and just gave up on the rest of us. I didn’t wait until after lunch, just as soon as the last morning lesson finished I sneaked out of the gate and got the first bus I could into the centre of Woolchester. I knew where I was going and exactly what I wanted to do. I got off the bus near Sizewell Street and headed straight for Peacocks. I couldn’t wait for the time when I had a job and could afford to go shopping in some of the better shops on Princesshay but for now Peacocks would have to do and they do have some nice stuff. I had my sources of funding for clothes shopping but more about that later.

After about an hour picking out some skirts and tops I went back out into the street. I had tried on a lot more than I ended up buying but still had my hands full of carrier bags as I tried to adjust my eyes to the bright sunlight outside.

“Hi Lucy. Why aren’t you in school today?” I looked up to see who had spoken to me. I had not expected to see anybody I knew, after all Woolchester is a big city these days.

“Oh, Mr Adams” Oh God it was the guy from round the corner from my house. He is so hot, even Sarah fancies him and she’s only a kid. “I didn’t expect to see you here.” He was with a girl I hadn’t seen

before, I wondered whether he had a new girlfriend or whether they worked together. I think I probably went a bit red because I knew I should not be in the middle of town on a school day. My mind was working at top speed now trying to work out an excuse for being here.

I always thought he was a nice guy, although I had only spoken to him a few times but it was Mr Adams who came to my rescue.

"Let me guess. You've got no lessons this afternoon and decided to pop into town to do some shopping? Who wouldn't on a lovely day like today? I couldn't blame you for wanting to get out of school. Did you tell Mum and Dad? Of course you did."

"No, they don't know, please don't say anything if you see them, Dad will go ape." I could feel myself colouring up even more. Mr Adams winked at the girl.

"This is Harriet I don't think you two have met yet."

"Do you work together?" I asked Lewis as Harriet held her hand out to shake mine. I was juggling carrier bags but managed to not drop any as I shook her hand. Lewis didn't reply, maybe he hadn't heard me.

"Hi Harriet, I'm Lucy." We shook hands.

"Hi Lucy, I'm Harriet but you know that now" the girl said. She was very pretty, shorter than me and slim. "It's lovely to meet you. Lewis has told me lots about you" I guessed she was just being polite after all what would Mr Adams have to say about me. He was so much older, surely he would think I was just a little bratty school girl. That is if he even thought about me at all.

"Do you and Mr Adams work together Harriet?" I was actually quite good in social situations.

"No, we met on the train last week." She threw a glance at Mr Adams and he smiled back. It felt like they had a secret but I couldn't be sure.

"Oh, no wonder I haven't seen you two together before then."

"I love that little skirt you are wearing Lucy. I love tartan and that is a really pretty colour." I instinctively brushed the front of my skirt down with my free hand and out of the corner of my eye could see Mr Adams watching every movement closely. "I think Lewis does as well." Harriet smiled at me in a knowing way. "Have you been shopping? That is probably the stupidest thing I am going to say today, of course you have unless you always have a pair of carrier bags everywhere you go and you don't look like a bag lady." Harriet leaned in towards me and put her hand on my arm.

"Do you ever shop in Peacocks?" I asked her. I felt really silly saying that because looking at what she was wearing it was obvious she shopped in much more up-market places.

"Sometimes. It's not necessary to spend loads of money to get things you like, you know. But of course you know that, that's why you look so good." I was warming to Harriet, she seemed so nice and I felt I would like to get to know her better. "Peacocks do some good stuff."

All the time Harriet and I were talking, Mr Adams didn't say anything just kept looking at me in that funny way he had when he spoke to Sarah and me the other day when he was out in his sports car. He seemed to be unable to lift his eyes from my knees. I felt a bit uncomfortable but he is cute and surely a girl's knees are built to be looked at.

"Do you have to go yet Lucy? Why don't you come with us for a coffee? You can show me what you've bought. I can't wait to see what's in those bags." Her hand which had been resting on my forearm now got a bit more forceful as she gripped my wrist. Not hard but as if she really didn't want me to leave.

"I really should be getting home" I hoped she wouldn't take this at face value because I did want to stay. I know we had only just met but you know when you feel that somebody is on your wavelength well it was like that now. I knew somehow that we were going to become friends.

"I know what it's like taking a sneaky afternoon off and wouldn't it be a bit unusual if you arrived home this early? Don't want Mum suspecting anything." She smiled and her whole face lit up.

It was Mr Adams who spoke next. "Sorry ladies but I have to be back in the office fairly soon, if Harriet wants to have a girly chat with you Lucy then you two have fun. I'll just come for a quick coffee and then leave you alone together.

I thought about it for what must have been at least ten seconds. "Alright, I would love to but I can't stay too long. I wasn't actually going to go straight home I was planning to meet up with my boyfriend later and I need to get the train back. Julian said he would be waiting for me near the station about three." I watched Harriet's face to try and see what she was thinking. "Please don't mention him to Mum and Dad they don't know anything about him and I don't really want them to yet."

"Not a word Lucy but I want you to tell me all about him, is he at school with you?"

"Not exactly, well not at all really. That's why Mum must never find out." Putting her arm through mine and also taking Mr Adams by the hand we headed off up the street to a nearby coffee shop. We went in and found a table near the back. I slid along the bench and sat right in the corner so I could tuck my shopping down beside me. Harriet sat next to me and Mr Adams sat opposite.

"While I think about it Lucy, will you stop calling me Mr Adams please it makes me feel so old." He was so old, a few years older than Julian but still in pretty good shape. "Call me Lewis."

"OK Mr A... Lewis" The coffees arrived and I put in my usual two sugars.

"Not weight watching then Lucy." Harriet laughed out loud. "Me neither" and she stirred the same amount into hers. "Come on then show me what you've bought?"

I pulled the first bag onto my lap and reached inside. The first thing out was the sweetest little skirt. I had seen it last time I was in the shop and this time I just couldn't resist buying it. "Do you like it Harriet?" I handed it to her.

"Oh I love it. How much was it?"

“Only ten, oh and another four for this top” I pulled out a white camisole vest with round scoop neck and ribbed design which was going to look lovely with the skirt. If I wore it without a bra I felt certain it would show off what little I had up top and would be certain to get Julian horny. Looking across at Lewis I knew I was right about the effect it was going to have.

I put the two items back in the bag and dived into the second one. I pulled out a thin summery dress which Harriet absolutely raved over. “I would love one of those. I might just have to pop in to the shop on my way back to work.”

That’s pretty much it, I don’t have much to spend on clothes yet. Dad is a bit tight but Julian lets me have some money. I reached to the bottom of the bag and withdrew a little peach coloured pinstripe bikini with side ties on the briefs. The bra was a bandeau with a halter neck tie. This was the one that did it. Lewis was almost foaming at the mouth as his eyes widened.

“Look girls, I’m going to have to get off. You two stay and chat. I’ll see you on the train Harriet and hope to see you again soon too Lucy.” I swear he winked at me. It was a bit weird, like having your Dad winking at you. Lewis gave Harriet a peck on the cheek. I thought he might try with me as well but he didn’t. Mixed emotions, it would not have been right but at the same time I thought it might have been nice.

Harriet and I finished our coffees. We must have been in the cafe about an hour before Harriet decided that unless she went back to work soon they would probably sack her. I needed to get the train home anyway. I walked back with her to the Music Room where she worked. Apparently she plays the saxophone. That is so neat, I always wanted to be able to play an instrument. After the usual experiments with recorder Dad made sure I never tried again.

Kisses goodbye and we parted company.

“See you tonight then Lucy?”

“Look forward to it I’m sure Julian will be OK too. Bye Harriet.”

“Bye Lucy, love you.”

Harriet went into the shop and I headed for the station, about a ten minute walk.

CHAPTER 2 – HEART OF OAK

The two thirty train for London pulled in to Penstone Station just before three. I was looking out of the window as it came to a halt. Opening the door and stepping out onto the platform I couldn't see him anywhere. Through the little white painted gate and there he was just outside on the station approach. I ran up to him and threw my arms around his neck planting a big sloppy kiss on his cheek.

"Grief Lucy, anybody would think I'd just come home from the war."

"Well I missed you."

"Maybe you should be a little tiny bit more discrete?" He disentangled himself from me.

"What is so indiscrete about a girl in school uniform kissing her boyfriend?" I didn't get it.

"It could just be that you look like a schoolgirl, which you are and I look like a thirty one year old which is exactly what I happen to be. Not sure the good people of Penstone are ready for our relationship yet."

"Sod the good people of Penstone. Where did you park the car Jools?"

"Round the back of the Surgery. Come on let's get out of here." He took my hand and we crossed the railway line and located his car. I put my bags in the boot and got in the passenger seat. As soon as Jools was behind the wheel he leaned over and gave me a proper kiss.

"That's better, I missed you. What has it been? Two weeks?" Julian had been away on business and hadn't been able to see me for the whole time. I had missed him so much. I expect his wife and ten year old daughter Katie had missed him as well but I tried not to think about them too much. "Where are we going today then? Your place or mine?" I giggled. He knew my place was a non-starter and as his wife was nearly always at home I had only ever been round there a couple of times. It was a bit strange having sex with him in the same bed he fucked Barbara in but it was quite a turn on too.

"It's a nice day. How about Ashbourne Forest? We can be there in about ten minutes. It should be pretty quiet this time of day. The doggers don't usually come out until it gets dark and I know a couple of places to park the car where we won't be disturbed."

"Wherever, you say Daddy. You're the Chauffeur" Julian threw me a look.

"You are going to get me into so much trouble calling me Daddy, even though you know it turns me on. Most people would view that as totally unacceptable language in these days of paedo panic."

Julian started the car and we headed off to the woods. He took a route out of town rather than the quick one so we wouldn't be seen by anybody who knew us. In less than fifteen minutes we were parked up just off a secluded track within the forest. I loved these clandestine trysts. It was so sexy hiding from the world with my older lover.

“What would you prefer today Luce? In the car or shall I get that blanket out of the boot?” Julian had such a romantic nature I couldn’t help smiling.

“It’s a nice warm day lets go for the blanket option.” Julian got out, opened the hatchback and produced a large tartan car blanket and a bottle of wine and two glasses which I had not expected. Locking the vehicle we wandered up the path deeper into the trees. After about ten minutes we came across a little clear area amongst the beeches. It was grassy and the fact that it was quite short grass showed that it had been well used in the past. Probably by the doggers Julian had referred to earlier. I had heard about dogging but had obviously never experienced it. Not really a suitable hobby when you are still at school.

“Have you been dogging Jools?” He looked a bit shamefaced. “Well, have you?”

“Once or twice, long before you and me though. After Barbara gave birth to Katie and was not terribly receptive I used to visit a place near Torside.” I knew that wasn’t the full story so I pushed for more.

“Alright I have been more recently than that. The last time was in the forest here last year. Only a few times though, and it doesn’t affect what you and I have.”

“So what happens?” I was really curious now.

“Usually couples who want a bit of spice in their sex life will drive out and park up somewhere quiet. There are websites where you can let people know you will be around so they can find you. Usually they flash their headlights to alert anybody lurking in the trees that they are there and then the couple will start making out. Anybody interested can close in and watch and usually the couples will allow them to participate turning it into a sort of mini orgy. Lots of hand and blow jobs and sometimes the woman will allow the strangers to fuck her. Different dogging sites are good for different things. Some are gayer than others.”

Listening to him talking I knew it was something that he had enjoyed. It was not just an expedient blowjob because his wife wasn’t available. He came because he wanted to. I needed to know what he had got up to when he came here.

“So did you get to fuck these women?”

“I could have done but to be quite honest she wasn’t that attractive. I just watched the action and had a wank alongside the car.”

“Nothing else?”

“Eventually, it seemed a bit churlish not to get involved so I did take my turn in the queue. She was getting screwed by her husband on the back seat with the windows open and was fellating anybody who came close enough to the car. I think I was about fifth in line. She may not have been that pretty but she did know how to give head. It didn’t take long before I presented her with a small white package and yes she did swallow.”

I was a bit shocked by this revelation but was not really in any position to be judgmental, "Have you been to the gay ones?" That was a side of him I had sometimes wondered about but he had never admitted to liking guys so I never pursued it.

"Yes, but I prefer pussies or more particularly kittens." I knew that little pussies were his big downfall and I was so glad he had found mine.

"Sounds like fun, maybe we should try it sometime."

"Maybe, we'll see. Not sure I want to share your mouth and pussy with dirty old men though"

I helped Jools get the blanket laid out on the grass and we settled down in each other's arms for a glass of wine. Jools only had one because he was driving but I had two. It wasn't long before I began to feel a little tiny bit tipsy and then I felt his hand on my knee. I kissed him as his hand crept slowly up my leg under my skirt and soon I could feel his fingers stroking the outside of my school knickers. I had changed my skirt and top when I went into town but still had the same knickers I had worn for school. I lay back letting the glass fall from my hand onto the grass as Julian continued to stroke my slit through the material.

I put my hand out and rested it on his crotch feeling for the growing bulge in his trousers. I loved the feeling of cock responding to me. Julian gently turned me on to my stomach so he could unfasten and unzip my tartan mini-skirt. I lifted my buttocks and he slowly slid the skirt down off my hips and down my thighs. I had to kick it off to get free and it flew away from us landing a few feet from the blanket. I was now lying on my back his hand between my legs and a small damp patch appearing in the crotch of my knickers as I started to respond to his touch.

He put his hands inside the waistband and then slid them down and off to join the growing collection of clothes surrounding us. My pubic mound, smooth and soft with the little slit pointing down between my legs was just aching to be touched now that it was naked. Jools never needed asking. He put his hand on my mound and let his fingers slip between my legs. I could feel them stroking the outside of my pussy, my outer lips waiting for him to separate them. He did, his finger passed between them seeking out the inner lips and the sweet cavern which they protected.

"Oh Jools, that feels so good." I opened my legs allowing my pussy lips to open like the petals on some sweet scented flower. He rubbed inside my outer lips searching for the little button of my clit which was waiting at the top just for him to stimulate. "Mmmmmmm."

Not to be outdone, I reached over and unbuttoned his trousers, sliding the zip down and as I took them off and tossed them to the ground I watched as his beautiful big cock strained against his boxers. "Take them off for me Jools." He responded instantly and in no time at all his monster cock flicked up and hardened even more. Up to now Julian was the only man I had ever fucked so whether his penis was bigger than normal I had no way of judging. I had seen enough on the web to guess that he wasn't under-endowed. It must have been about eight inches long fully erect and thick like a baby's arm. He was circumcised so his cock head stood proud and unencumbered with superfluous skin.

While he continued to stroke my cunt I put my lips over the head of his penis and slowly slid it into my mouth until the tip rested on the back of my tongue. I so wanted to deep throat him but knew that I

would gag, so I settled for rolling my tongue over and under his cock. It tasted salty and hard and twitched against my tongue. I could feel his finger moving into my vulva and wanted to feel it go further plunging between my inner rosebud lips and up into my vagina.

I increased the motion of my tongue against him and creating a vacuum sucked hard until my whole mouth closed like a little cunt around his member. He was obviously enjoying the sensation as I could feel him moving against me, his prick rubbing itself against the roof of my mouth.

He had moved from one finger in the entrance to my sixteen year old pussy to two and was twisting them back and forth as he sought to bury them deep into me. My muscles replied by pulsating against his fingers as they pushed in and then withdrew. His cock was twitching harder now and I didn't want to take him over the edge. I released the grip of my lips on his shaft and he pulled out of my mouth. His fingers withdrew from my slit and were soon replaced by the head of his penis. It was still wet from my saliva and slid easily between both sets of lips and in no time at all I could feel the head pushing up against my cervix and the entrance to my womb. I do not have a very deep pussy maybe five inches so he couldn't get all of his hard thick penis inside me but what was in there was certainly doing the business. I writhed underneath him as he bucked violently against me. Our hip bones ground against each other and his weight crushed me into the blanket.

In, out, in, out. Thrusting and withdrawing over and over and over and..... There it was that sudden surge of heat as his semen shot up the shaft and exploded in a white storm deep inside me. I could feel his cock pulsating as my vaginal muscles milked it of all he could provide. I am so glad I had put myself on the pill. Mum didn't want me to, but Doctors have a duty of care and discretion these days however young the girl might be. It would have been a terrible shame if he had needed to put a condom on it and deny me the pleasure of feeling that spurt of semen.

Julian stopped thrusting, lay still his shaft buried deep up my cunt. I held him tight not wanting him to withdraw but I knew he would not stay inside me for long. He may have a monster penis but it collapsed as quickly as it became erect. If there was one thing that disappointed me with Jools it was his inability to keep an erection once he had ejaculated. But it would be churlish to complain after all he did give the best fuck in the world.

It was late afternoon now and a slight breeze was getting up. I was feeling a little bit chilly and I guess he must have been as well. We snuggled together for warmth for a while longer and then put our clothes back on. I knew I was going to have to wash my knickers when I got home. I wouldn't dare just put them in the laundry basket with the wet semen which had leaked out onto the gusset. I think Mum would not be too pleased to find out what her daughter had been up to this afternoon.

Before we drove home I got my bags out of the boot to save time later. On the way back to the village in the car I told Julian about my meeting earlier with Lewis and Harriet and the fact that Harriet had suggested we all went to the Heart of Oak this evening for a chat and a drink.

"Can you get away from home Jools? Please say you can."

"Shouldn't be a problem for a few hours I can always tell Barbara that I have an off-site meeting to attend. She knows how erratic my work is and I doubt there will be a problem. What time did they say?"

"I told Harriet we would be there about nine 'ish is that OK?"

"Sure, look I'll drop you off near the school bus stop now. If you can walk down to the Heart tonight and wait outside in the car park we can go in together when I get there." I leaned over and gave him a peck. He hated that because it interfered with his driving. "Get off, little monster." I sat back in the passenger seat until we got back to Main Road when I got out of the car blowing him a kiss as I flounced off down the pavement.

He drove off in the direction of the village centre and then I assumed back home to his loving wife and daughter. I couldn't wait for tonight.

Nobody asked how my day at school went when I got home. Nobody asked what was in the carrier bags. Nobody seemed at all bothered about me. I got changed and then joined Mum and Dad for tea before going back up to my room to watch some TV. Is it just me or do teenagers become invisible as long as they don't make a nuisance of themselves around the house.

About eight fifteen I left home calling out goodbye to the house. I had given up on expecting any response from the oldies.

I didn't rush, but strolled through the village stopping to have a chat with some other kids stood outside the various takeaways, arriving at the Heart of Oak about eight forty five. No sign of the Skoda yet so I just loitered in the car park until it appeared just before nine. I went and stood by the driver's window and waited for Julian to wind it down and then leaned in and snogged him. He responded as he often did by playfully biting my lip.

"Are you doing business?" He asked me as if I were on the game.

"You bugger Jools. You watch or they'll get you for kerb crawling." I pulled away and he closed the window, climbed out and locked the car. We went into the pub arm in arm. This was not the first time we had been there, Joe and Annie the landlords were very discrete. Provided I didn't blatantly drink alcohol they were happy to turn a blind eye to most things. Mum and Dad never used the Heart so they would not get to find out about our clandestine visits.

It seemed to be a quiet evening in the bar for a Friday. There were one or two regulars chatting with Joe and Annie. Julian and I found a table in the corner where we would not attract too much attention and Jools got himself a pint and a vodka chaser and me an OJ. Guess what happened to the vodka.

Not sure what time they arrived but I looked up to see Lewis and Harriet coming into the bar. Lewis stopped to order drinks and Harriet came on over to where we were sitting.

"Hi Lucy, how are you, glad you could come." We shared air kisses like a couple of real film stars. "This must be the lovely Julian you were telling me about." Jools stood and tried to shake hands with Harriet but she forestalled him by moving in for a double kiss.

"Julian was up for this as soon as I told him Harriet and I am thrilled to get out of the house again. There is nothing worse than a Friday at home with the wrinklies."

"Well you were right, he is cute no wonder you don't want Mum and Dad to find out. Mum would have him off you in an instant. Lewis is just getting the drinks he won't be long. Have you two been together very long?"

"Longer than I would care to admit to most people," Julian replied. "Off and on for a couple of years now."

"So, since Lucy you were... hmmm right, I see your difficulty Julian. I guess there must be a lot of people who would find that unacceptable. I am sure you have always been a lovely girl Lucy, pity I never met you before. Lewis and I would have been very supportive if you know what I mean."

I smiled. "I know what you mean and I'm certain Jools definitely does."

Once he had been served, which given the sparseness of customers didn't take long, Lewis brought his and Harriet's drinks over.

"Hi Lucy, This is Julian? I don't think we have spoken before have we?"

Lewis put the drinks down, Julian stood up and shook hands with him. He is so sweet and ever so polite.

"Hello Lewis. It is Lewis?"

"Yes nice to meet you Julian, you picked yourself a lovely little girl. Lucy is one cutie aren't you Lucy." I blushed, not for the first time in front of Mr Adams, Lewis. I had had the hots for him ever since I was little. He came over to where I was sitting and leaned down for a kiss, I turned my cheek to him as I would to any man of his age but he somehow got round me and planted the kiss full on my lips. That was clearly a trick he had perfected over the years. Quite nice really. "Nice to meet you again Luce."

I ran my hand through my hair, hearing Lewis calling me Luce was getting me a little bit hot and bothered, only Jools had ever called me that. He must be ten years older than Jools but still fuckable.

We all sat around chatting and drinking and Jools as requested kept slipping vodkas into my juice to the point where I was getting just ever so slightly tipsy. I can't remember what we talked about but everybody seemed to be getting on really well. It looked as though Julian and Harriet were particularly friendly.

Towards closing time I noticed that Lewis and Julian had gone up to the bar for some drinks and were talking furtively. When they came back I asked Jools what they had been discussing and he said that Lewis was quizzing him on how long we had been together. I think he regretted telling Harriet the truth earlier because he lied to Lewis and said it was only a few months when in fact we first had sex when I was barely fourteen. He had managed to get Lewis to agree not to say anything about us to Mum and Dad which was at least something. To be honest I think he should have been open and told Lewis the truth after all what harm could it do. Before I knew what time it was Harriet stood up to go.

"So are you two coming back to ours for a nightcap?" she asked Julian. She probably included me in the question but I was a little too far gone to notice. I looked at Julian and gave him tacit approval to agree.

I smiled a lopsided sort of smile and said. "Well I don't know about you Jools, but I'm up for it"

Everybody helped me out of the back door of the pub so that I wouldn't give away the fact that I had probably overdone the vodkas, not that Joe would have said anything. He was not one to give his license away if he could help it.

Julian left first with Harriet while Lewis put his arm around my waist and kept me vertical. It is not easy walking in high heels after a few drinks. You should try it sometime.

When we finally got back to Honey Lane it was a good job there was a little passageway down from the Main Road which meant we could get to Lewis's house without passing mine or the game would have been up.

Lewis opened the door and showed us all inside, Julian and Harriet headed for the lounge and before long they were settled on the sofa. Lewis took my hand and guided me staggering slightly to one of the recliners where I did just that, reclined. Not sure I adopted the most lady-like position in the chair, if I remember my legs were slightly apart and my skirt had ridden high up my thighs. I caught sight of Lewis looking over his shoulder as he went to get some drinks.

A few minutes later he came back with a bottle and some glasses. He filled them and handed one to me.

"Cheers, guys." Lewis raised his glass. "Bottoms up." I could have sworn he was looking at me when he said that with a lascivious grin on his face.

Harriet replied with an Irish toast and Julian in German.

I was a bit fuzzy but thought I'll beat that and wracked my brains to think of something my friend Terje had taught me.

"Terviseks."

"What language is that?" Julian had perched on the arm of the chair and is leering down my cleavage, what there is of it.

"Estonian. A girl at school, Terje, comes from there and taught me a few words, it's funny isn't it. 'Ter-Vi-Sex'." I couldn't contain my giggles. Lewis snatched my glass away so I didn't drop it.

Almost imperceptibly Lewis had rested his other hand on my breast. He was very subtle about it. Not a grope more a gentle touch as he laid his arm on my shoulder and moved his palm down over the front of my blouse.

On the sofa, Harriet and my boyfriend are engrossed in each other, he has gone a lot further than Lewis in his foraging. He has his hand inside Harriet's top and is fondling her breast while she is kissing him passionately and running her hand over his crotch.

I should be mad but somehow it doesn't seem to matter that much. I know that Jools loves me and whatever happens this evening will just be a bit of fun. Whatever Harriet's tit feels like I can see that Jools is getting hard again even though we fucked only a few hours before.

Oh well, I thought, seems a shame to be just sitting here drinking when they are having a good time. I wondered whether Lewis would be up for a fuck. That sounds so bad when you say it but it was what I wanted now.

I look up at Lewis and nod my head in the direction of the doorway. He catches on quick. He takes my hand as I get up from the chair and then without saying anything to the others, who are too busy anyway, I follow him upstairs.

He led me into what I guess was the master bedroom and closed the door quietly behind us. I was stood with my back to the bed as he turned towards me and then putting his arms around my waist, he pulled me towards him until my breasts were touching his chest, He probably couldn't feel anything though they're not that big. The feeling of a man's chest against my cloth covered nipples however made them stiffen a little. He leaned his head towards my face and kissed me slowly and tenderly. I could not help but respond.

I never told you what I had decided to wear for this evening out, but it seems a bit irrelevant now because Lewis was going to waste no time in taking it all off me. The blouse was one that buttoned up the back, always a pain trying to get on and off. When I realised his hands were sliding up and down my back freeing buttons as they went I realised that the time had arrived for it to come off again.

It would have been mean to let him do all the work so once I felt it had been freed from the fastenings I shrugged my shoulders and let it fall away.

I tried to remember what bra I had put on and was relieved to see that it was that really pretty pink one I bought a couple of weeks back from H&M, the one with the little flowers embroidered on it. It was a balconette bra and my little titties heaved slightly as the excitement of being undressed got to me.

Lewis pulled me closer again and hugged me. His hands were back and I felt his fingers unclasping my bra. This went the same way as my blouse and was soon lying on the floor. What he did next really took me by surprise. He suddenly fell to his knees and then he took my left nipple between his lips and having kissed it sweetly he then did the same for the other one so it wouldn't feel neglected. I could feel them both getting harder and as they did Lewis also felt it and rolled his tongue over first one and then the other.

I was beginning to feel not only a little bit tipsy but decidedly horny now and couldn't wait for whatever would come next. That's the good thing about older guys, they know how to make a girl feel good.

Lewis caught hold of the waistband of my skirt, spun it round so the zip was at the front and quickly removed it. I heard an intake of breath as my matching knickers were revealed. My pubis was making a little mound just above the parting of my thighs. I had always been embarrassed when my camel toe was visible but right now I couldn't care less and Lewis was obviously enraptured with the view.

He put his fingers inside the elastic and slid my knickers down my legs watching as my smooth mound came into view followed by the top of my pussy slit. He didn't speak but his body exuded the signs of a lustful male eying a future prize. He seemed to enjoy a smooth mound as much as Julian does.

Are all men closet paedophiles or is it just the ones I meet?

I moved my feet slightly so my legs parted. My knickers were now on the floor so I stepped out of them. Lewis's face was only inches away from my pussy lips. He was staring straight ahead at them and I wondered whether there was something wrong.

"What is it Lewis? I asked.

"It's nothing, just I have never been with a girl with such pretty inner lips before. Your pussy looks like a rose with those tightly closed inner petals. You are lovely Lucy. I am so glad we bumped into you in town today" He leaned forward. While he was speaking his exhaled breath raised tiny Goosebumps on my pubic mound. Within kissing distance now he put his lips to my pussy and it was my turn to let out a quiet moan as he let his tongue trace the outline of my outer labia.

"Mmmmm, it's been so long Mr Ad..., Lewis. I have had a girly crush on you ever since I noticed you lived here. I wish this could have happened a long time ago. I mean a really long time ago when I was a little girl, I think you would have liked that too." Had I misjudged him? Was he actually normal and not the pervert I suspected?

He moved his mouth move over my pussy lips and gently sucked the inner labia between his lips. "So do I but if this had happened a long time ago you would have only been a child and I would have been a, well you know what."

"I know what and yes I would have enjoyed being your little Lolita." I leaned back and fell onto the bed, my legs spread and lips parting. "I wouldn't have cared Lewis, I have always wanted you to fuck me ever since I knew what fucking was. In fact I wouldn't have minded if you had even before I knew about it. I used to see you hiding up here and I guessed what you were doing. I wanted to do it for you. I knew you didn't have a wife anymore and men need to have girls, it's only natural."

"There is nothing natural about a man in his thirties masturbating regularly over thoughts of a girl young enough to be his daughter." He replied. I knew what he said was true but I also knew what he was not admitting. He loved the thought as well.

Lewis was still dressed but it took him no time to get his clothes off. I slid myself further onto the bed on my back and as I did I drew him towards me. Now he was naked he climbed between my legs. His smooth chest caressed my belly as I edged up the bed. Then his shoulders passed my erect nipples brushing them gently as it did so and soon we were belly to belly. I was looking up at him, so hard and strong. I felt the tip of his penis still covered by his foreskin as it touched the edge of my outer lips and pressed gently forward until my inner lips were pulling the foreskin apart and revealing the head of his cock as it nudged my pussy open. This was a new experience for me as I had never experienced an uncut penis before.

"Are you still a virgin, Lucy?"

“Not any more. Julian and I have done it a few times. You don’t need to worry”. It was nice that he was being considerate. I guess most men given the opportunity he had now would just have got on with it without thinking about whether it was the girl’s first time.

He pushed his hips forward and with one long slow movement buried his lance deep inside my vagina.

I tried to take it soundlessly but it felt so good I moaned slightly and Lewis copied me moaning in return. Very soon we were both bucking and writhing in the heat of passion. My sex was taking everything he had and sucking him trying to extract his semen. After what seemed a lifetime but was actually only moments he slowed down so that it wouldn’t be over too soon while kissing me on the nose and eyelids. It tickled. I had wrapped my arms around his back and my fingernails were digging into his flesh but he didn’t complain. I felt so small and frail with his weight bearing down on me. I know I had said that I wished he had taken the risk and done this to me a few years ago and now I could feel him deep inside me I knew I was right. I don’t know what images he was playing over in his mind but he felt as if he was almost ready to cum. He took most of his weight onto his arms and leaned back with a look of ecstasy on his face as his throbbing penis plunged in and out of my tight little cunt. I wanted him to stay inside me forever now but suddenly I felt the surge and expansion of his cock as his ejaculation started its journey from balls to cunt. He was thrusting so hard inside me now and then it happened. My vagina felt the pulsing of his penis and then my womb became aware of his seed trying to break through. He thrust into me and his semen exploded down the shaft and into my womb. I may not be a virgin anymore and had not been one since Julian fucked me for the first time when I was in year eight. But I still had a very tight little cunt and I knew he was going to be enjoying stretching it. His weight crushed me into the mattress as his cock spasmed inside me. I responded by using my vaginal wall muscles to squeeze every last drop of the white juice out of him. I shuddered, relaxed and shuddered once more before my legs relaxed completely and I took the whole weight of this lovely man uncomplainingly crushing my tiny six stone frame into the bed. I reached down and putting my hand between my legs felt for his shaft where it entered my pussy lips. Wrapping my fingers around it I held him to stop him removing it as it gradually shrank down to a little finger-sized sausage. The semen and its reduced size prevented me from stopping it slipping out of my soaking wet vulva.

We lay together quietly enjoying each other’s warmth for a long, long time, I managed to keep the head of his penis just inside my pussy lips by pure willpower and muscle control. I gradually realised that the house was very quiet and I guess Lewis noticed it about the same time. There was no sound of lovemaking or anything else from the room below. I slowed my breathing and listened to see if I could work out why it was so quiet. Then I heard it and Lewis definitely did as well because I sensed him tensing as he pulled out quickly and sloppily.

There was a faint creak of floorboards and then another as the bedroom door opened. I could see over Lewis’s shoulder that Harriet was standing in the doorway a huge grin on her face. She was naked, and had a really pretty little body with teeny tiny titties. It was obvious that she had been exerting herself from the flushed colour and beads of perspiration on her breasts.

I looked at Julian who was stood behind Harriet. I knew he was a randy old man, after all he had been screwing me for years and I am sure he still serviced his wife regularly. Now he had the inane grin of a man who had just had a damned good fuck and enjoyed it. The fact that he had now walked in on his teen girlfriend with another man’s penis still clinging to her pussy didn’t seem to bother him at all.

Jools and Harriet walked into the room and then jumped on the bed beside Lewis and me as his cock fell out of my cunt.

Lewis was like a fish out of water which surprised me. He was the oldest and most experienced of all of us but he still acted like a little boy caught with his hand in the sweetie jar.

"Err, I, Umm" Lewis was spluttering which was a bit pointless given the position he was in right now.

"Spit it out Lewis" Harriet said as she reached down between Lucy and me and slowly helped him take his cock out of my pussy. "Was that nice, old man?" She stroked his cock, still wet from cum and pussy juice and then bent down and licked it clean for him.

I just lay still while the others moved around above me. Harriet was having the time of her life licking Lewis's penis and I was enjoying the occasional touch of her fingers on my lower lips.

"Lucy is amazing." He finally said. "Julian is one lucky guy."

"She is, isn't she," Julian confirmed as he too reached out and cupped Lewis's balls in his hand "and so are you mate. I don't let everybody play with my toys."

"Your what? Your toy? Is that all I am to you Jools? A toy?" I pretended to be offended to see what would happen. I looked at Julian's face where several emotions were playing while he tried to decide whether I was really upset. Unfortunately the whole situation was so humorous I couldn't keep it up and burst out laughing before giving Jools a kiss. "It's alright Babe, I know what you mean and I like being your baby Barbie."

Meanwhile Julian was still holding Lewis by the balls. Lewis didn't dare move a muscle just lay on the bed rigid in more ways than one. Julian rolled the bag of marbles in his palm. In an involuntary movement Lewis's cock got harder.

Harriet and I looked on as Julian lowered his face towards Lewis's now sizeable penis and took the head between his lips. Julian grasped the shaft with his large hands and ran his tongue up and down pausing for a moment as his tongue lapped the head. The tip of Julian's tongue flicked gently back and forth across the tender spot just below the head of Lewis's penis.

Harriet moved in for a closer look. "Jools is one hell of a guy Lewis. He just taught me a few things and asked if he could do the same for you. I told him I thought you were totally straight but he insisted there is no such thing. Sex is sex and it doesn't matter who you are with, male or female as long as the chemistry is right. It was right with us downstairs just now. How was it with you and little Lucy?"

Lewis was not really in the mood for conversation but in spite of the action going on between his thighs he said.

"Perfect, making love to a girl as cute as Lucy is the biggest turn on ever."

It was Harriet's turn to feign annoyance now. "Bite if off Jools, you have my permission, he is a cruel man. I thought you liked the more mature woman Lewis?"

More mature? Harriet was only five years older than me. It was obvious that both of these men preferred their conquests to be younger than them, a lot younger. Meanwhile Jools had progressed from licking the head and now had Lewis's shaft firmly between his lips and was deep throating the full length. This was the first time I had ever watched man on man sex apart from on the web and it was making me very wet. I had been so engrossed in watching the show I had failed to notice that Harriet had been stroking me between my legs. When I realised, I opened them further to allow her to get her fingers between my lips.

Eventually Jools took his mouth away. "Better not take you over the top mate, Harriet only wanted me to get you back to strength for her. I did enjoy it though, love sucking a nice hard cock."

Harriet, to my chagrin, left off her ministrations on my cunt and positioned herself with her pussy above Lewis's erect member and then sitting with one leg either side of him she lowered herself onto it.

"Look out, old woman coming aboard." She threw her head back and roared with laughter

I was lying on my back only inches away from where her cunt was enveloping her lover's cock. Staying out of the action was not a situation Jools was going to put up with and before I realised what was happening he was between my thighs and his penis was already between my lips and heading north up inside my eager young twat.

Harriet was riding up and down on Lewis seemingly oblivious to the fact that what she was sitting on was significantly smaller than what was burrowing up my love tunnel. Size really doesn't matter when you are getting fucked and enjoying it but I was glad I had drawn the long straw. Well the long and thick and sexy as hell straw actually. I loved my boy's willy. Harriet's hips were bucking as her pelvic muscles squeezed and squeezed and her bottom bounced up and down on Lewis's legs. The sight of his penis appearing and disappearing in and out of her fanny mirrored the feelings I had of my lover's cock up mine.

In no time at all, hardly surprising given the workout Jools had given him, Lewis came. Jools was still thrusting in and out of my cunt, his cock and my pussy only inches away from Lewis's face. He may have expired but was taking in all the action happening next to him.

I was trying to respond to his lunges but he was moving too fast and in the end all I could do was wrap my legs around him and wait for my orgasm to start. When it did I lost control and screamed so loudly I am convinced Mum and Dad would have heard me from our house just a few doors away down the lane. Thank goodness they had never witnessed me getting fucked and wouldn't recognise my screams of pleasure.

Jools kept on thrashing my, oh so tight pussy with his monster sausage for what seemed like hours, although was probably no more than twenty minutes. Eventually after his cock had probably worn away the inner lining of my vagina, well it felt like it anyway, sore but lovely, he pulled out. The head of his penis stretched my labia almost to breaking point before he did and he came explosively all over my belly. I can honestly say I had never enjoyed getting wet and sticky so much in my life. Jools kept an infinite supply of spunk which he was happy to expend in or on his conquests male or female.

When we came down from the highest high for a long time the bedroom looked like a bomb had gone off which metaphorically it had, for all of us. Four bodies in various stages of exhaustion stretched out one on top of the other across the bed. It was a king-sized bed but with so many arms, legs and torsos it didn't look like it.

Later Julian was the first to get off the bed and go in search of his clothes which had been strewn around the lounge. I retrieved mine from the bedroom floor and then went downstairs with Harriet to help her regain some semblance of normality. Lewis was the last to appear having got himself dressed again and according to him having made a bit of an effort in getting the bedroom tidy.

It was seriously late now and I was not exactly sure how I was going to be able to explain why I was so late getting home, but I guess that was my problem.

"Well, that was an experience, my first full on orgy. Thanks Harriet." I gave her a big hug. "Hope we can get together again soon, I think I might get used to this sort of lifestyle, what do you think Jools?"

"You know me Lucy, I am more than happy to offer my cock in the service of pleasing the ladies, or for that matter..." Julian could be an absolute dope sometimes but I loved him whatever he said, or did.

Harriet gave Julian a kiss which seemed to linger longer than I expected. I wondered whether I was going to have to share him with more than just his wife now. At first I felt a little bit hurt but then the possibility of sitting on Lewis again eased the pain somewhat. After all, 'what's good for the goose is good for the gander' and I wanted another gander at Lewis's penis. It's all very well having a boyfriend with a monster wang but a girl does need something slender sometimes.

"Do you and Jools get it together much Lucy?" Harriet asked.

"Not as much as I would like, too many variables. First he has to get away from his wife, which isn't usually too difficult but then there is where to go. We were alright this afternoon because it was a nice day so we had a blanket in the woods. When it's raining the car gets a bit steamy."

"Why don't you use one of our bedrooms? That would be alright with you wouldn't it Lewis?"

"Of course it's OK, whenever you like. Just give us a call and if we are out I'll leave a key for you. If we're at home then you won't need a key and you will have a guaranteed audience."

"Lewis you are a disgusting old pervert." Harriet gave him a playful slap.

I gave them both a big hug. "Oh thank you so much that would be brilliant and unless Jools has a change of heart we are always happy to play with either or both of you any time you want."

About an hour later I was tucked up in bed at home thinking what a fun evening that had been. My kitten was a bit sore but not too sore for a stroke. Mum and Dad never suspected a thing.

CHAPTER 3 – WHAT SARAH DID

It was the morning after the Honey Lane orgy. I had slept in a bit but it was Saturday after all, no school today.

Just before we left last night I had been taken on one side by Harriet who had asked me to give her a call this morning. She had written her phone number on the back of my hand and fortunately I had been a dirty girl last night and had not washed it off yet. I got up, found a notepad and transferred the number across.

I searched in the wardrobe for my dressing gown, after all the paper boy had seen enough this week.

The house sounded quiet so I guessed the parents had already gone out to the shops. It was like living on my own, the number of times Mum and Dad and I bumped into each other were getting less and less these days.

Downstairs a couple of minutes later I grabbed a glass of water, alcohol is very dehydrating and I needed a top up. What time is it? Ten twenty, not too early, I'll ring my new friend Harriet.

I could hear the ringing tone but nobody seemed to be picking up, maybe they were still in bed as well or perhaps they had gone out to the shops. Adults seem to spend more time shopping than anything else. Eventually it clicked as somebody picked up the handset at the other end.

"Fuck" A male voice shouted.

"Pardon?" I said taken aback by the ferocity in his voice.

"Sorry, I just cracked my toe and it bloody hurts."

"Oh OK, did I ring too early? It's Lucy by the way." Lewis sounded as if he was in quite a bit of pain. "Is Harriet around Lewis?"

"She was asleep in bed when I staggered downstairs but I can get her for you if you like."

"No it's alright, can you ask her to give me a ring on my mobile later please?"

"Sure, does she have your number?"

"Oh No, that's a good point. Hang on I can never remember my own number, do you have a pen?"

"Yeah got one, go ahead."

"Hang on a moment Lewis, just need to find my phone." I rummaged around in my handbag searching for my phone. It wasn't even particularly small, why couldn't I find it. Why, when you need something is

it always, but always at the bottom of the bag. I am certain there are handbag fairies living in there who delight in moving stuff around. "OK got it." I waited until the display lit up and then found my number.

"You ready Lewis? It is 07954 602957"

"Thanks Lucy. I don't know what time Harriet is going to wake, she seemed in a pretty deep sleep when I left her but I'll get her to call you as soon as I can"

"By the way Lewis, thanks for last night." I was holding the mouthpiece close to my lips. Not sure why I did that, nobody at home to listen to what I was saying anyway. "Jools and I had a lovely time at yours after the pub. I hope we can do it again sometime soon. Oh and thanks for agreeing to let us use your spare room. I get so frustrated with Mum and Dad always being around the place and if they ever found out what I do with Jools or if they even knew about him they would go mad."

There was a few moments silence from the other end. Perhaps Lewis was rubbing his toe. "Believe me Lucy, I am the one who should be grateful to you. I have wanted to do that with you for so much longer than you can possibly imagine."

"I can imagine, I've seen you looking at me and Sarah for a long time now. Us girls know when a man wants to get our clothes off you know. It was obvious that you wanted it more than anything. To be honest I was glad it finally happened and your cock is lovely, so much smaller than Jools's but it felt really lovely. I never knew an old man could be so good at making love."

"Not so much of the small and old comments please, Julian is only a few years younger than me" It sounded as though he was offended by me calling him old, but it was only a joke. I started giggling. "I'd better go now Lucy but it was lovely getting inside you too, I am sure we can do it again if you want it. I will tell Harriet when she gets up. Bye sweetie"

"Bye Lewis, and thanks again it was so much fun." I hung the phone back on the cradle and went into the kitchen to make a cup of tea. I wondered how long it would be before Harriet rang me back. I also thought again how nice it had been watching from below as Lewis slid the full length of his beautiful slim penis up inside me.

The kettle boiled and I put a teabag in a mug and scalded it with the water. Two spoons of sugar and a splash of milk and then I carried it into the lounge and sat down to watch a bit of Saturday Kitchen on the TV.

The programme came to an end and my mobile rang deep in the cavernous interior of my handbag. I managed to find it quicker this time and answered it.

"Hi Lucy McGregor. Oh hello Harriet, sorry I rang so early, how's Lewis's toe? Oh good, men are such wimps when they hurt themselves aren't they. Thanks for last night it was nice."

"Yeah, it was fun Lucy, I am so glad you came back with us. You made Lewis's evening. He hasn't stopped talking about you ever since."

"I hope you had fun with Julian as well Harriet."

"Me? Oh yeah I loved it too. You are one lucky little girl to have hooked up with Jools. He is one big boy isn't he?" This had me in fits of laughter I hope I didn't deafen her on the other end of the line.

"He scared the pants off me the first time I saw him naked, I didn't know cocks came that big. Good job it goes down before he puts his trousers back on or it would sticking out over his waistband. Oh and actually my pants were off before he got it out the first time and it would have been impolite to say no." I smiled remembering that first time with Jools. "I love getting fucked by him he really fills a gap, down below and up above. I love blowing him Harriet."

"I bet you do, a girl could choke on it. What a way to go."

"Are we going to be able to repeat last night someday soon? I really want to play with you too Harriet. I would love some girly sex next time."

"Next time? Sure we can have a next time I'm counting on it. I would love to lick you out as well Lucy and I really want you and me to have one at each end as well. Does he expect you to swallow? Hehehe that's almost a meal, I can't wait."

"Is Lewis going to be OK with it all? I know you two haven't been together long unlike me and Jools. I don't want to mess things up for you."

"No Lewis will be fine with it as long as he can have you again." I was relieved that Harriet was keen to do it again. I hadn't had so much fun since yesterday afternoon in the woods.

"Anyway it was you who rang me first, what was it you wanted honey?" I had almost forgotten what I had rung for and then I remembered. I could hear Lewis in the background shouting hello.

"Hi horny" I shouted back.

Harriet repeated my greeting to Lewis. "She says Hi horny. Not sure what she means by that, she can't see what I'm looking at."

"What are you looking at Harriet? Oh no let me guess, he's got a morning hard-on. Lucky you. Anyway what I was going to ask you is whether you would like to get together later today with me and my friend Sarah. I don't think she has ever had sex and I think Lewis would be really good at helping introduce her to it."

"Really?" Harriet didn't sound so sure.

"Yes really Harriet. I know she would like to understand a bit more but she is too shy to find somebody herself. Would Lewis be up to helping?"

"Yes of course"

"You are a star. Thank you so much. I'm going shopping with her in the city later but we could come round this afternoon if that's alright?"

“This afternoon?”

“What time would be best for you guys?”

“Oh I don’t know, how about three ‘ish? “

“Three will be great” I knew Harriet would be up for this and I was certain, given Lewis’s liking for little girls he would be over the moon too.

“Alright, we’ll see you then, then. Bye honey, take care.”

“That’s lovely, thanks for ringing Harriet. We will be there about half past probably. ”

I said goodbye and ended the call. I wondered how long before Lewis would be getting all rampant thinking about the forthcoming delights of two young girls. I was still in my dressing gown when Harriet rang and was just about to get dressed. I put the phone down on my dressing table and took off the dressing gown. Just for a change last night I had put on a nightdress, a fairly short silky one, cerise with one or two little bits of lace around the neckline and cap sleeves. My nipples were making little bumps where the silky fabric touched the tips and aroused them. I grasped the hem of the nightie and in one fluid motion pulled it up, over my head and off.

Like any other teenage girl would do, I posed for a few moments before picking up my mobile and taking a nude selfie especially for Julian to enjoy later when I send it to him.

I couldn’t decide at first what to wear but then settled on shorts and a T-shirt. Ever hopeful that the weather was going to be worthwhile but if not, what the heck, shorts always got the boys watching when I walked around town. I’m not naturally a vain person but I loved being watched by boys. I could visualise what was happening to those poor hormonal young guys as I wiggled my bottom. I wonder how many premature ejaculations would occur while they discretely stroked their cocks with hands in pockets. Plenty I imagine and the embarrassment of walking around for hours with a wet patch in your pants must be excruciating.

I didn’t think today was a day for makeup so getting dressed didn’t take long. I heard the front door open and close while I was in the bathroom having my morning wash and taking a much needed pee. Returning parents I assumed.

Running downstairs and grabbing a coat from the hook in the hall, I called out to the invisible parents as I flew out the door. “Bye Mum, Dad, Back about five maybe.” No reply from the oldies but I didn’t have time to repeat myself, places to go and people to see. In less than five minutes I was stood ringing the doorbell at number eight Sunnymoor Close. No answer, I rang the doorbell again. Eventually I could hear footsteps padding along the wooden floor in the hall.

The front door opened slowly and Sarah peered round the edge of it.

“Oh it’s you Lucy, what time is it?” Clearly Sarah had only just woken from a very deep sleep.

"Ten o'clock, you lazy tart. I told you I would be round this morning but anyway let me in. I have something you will not believe to tell you." Sarah unhooked the chain and swung the door open to let me enter. "Your parents not up yet Sarah?"

"No idea, they probably went out already. Once I get to bed I never notice anything and they don't tell me everything. They expect me to tell them whatever I do but not them. It's like living in a goldfish bowl round here, you wouldn't believe it." We went into Sarah's bedroom where I stretched out on her bed and watched her getting dressed. Sarah was even skinnier than I am but she did have the cutest little bottom. I love watching her getting dressed. She was such a sexy little thing.

I'm convinced that Sarah is a bit anorexic but nothing I say ever makes any difference. If Sarah was going to give up eating, nothing anybody told her would make her eat a sensible diet. Her Mum had been going on and on about it for ages.

"So what won't I believe?" Sarah said.

"Eh? Oh yes, last night. You know I was going out with Jools. Well I met that new girlfriend of Lewis's, Harriet, she's ever so nice. Yeah, I had bunked off school and gone shopping in Woolchester, and she and Lewis spotted me outside Peacocks. Anyway, long story short, they said lets meet up at the 'Heart' for a drink. I know you don't drink but I do, so Jools and I went and then we went back to Lewis's after. That's what you won't believe."

"Don't tell me, you got pissed."

"Nope, I got fucked, by Lewis. For an old bloke he is HOT!!!"

"You didn't... What is the matter with you Luce, Jools not enough for you? One day you are going to be in soooo much trouble."

"I'm not stupid Sare, I am on the pill. So are you and you don't even have a boyfriend yet."

"Mum insisted, once I got my periods she said she wasn't going to take any chance of me getting pregnant like Auntie Jane did when she was thirteen. I don't mind anyway, one day it's going to happen and at least I will be prepared. I really wish Mum and Dad weren't so protective. I feel sort of suffocated. No boyfriend, no going out and staying out late, no fun really."

"Well that's just the point, I said we would go round to see Harriet this afternoon. You will love her, she is so funny and really pretty. I like that dress Sarah it's so your colour. You are cute, Harriet and Lewis will love you. Lewis already does, you know that, you've seen the way he looked at you the other day. So, are you coming with me?"

Sarah looked undecided but eventually she made her mind up. "Why not, I suppose it might be fun." She finished getting dressed. When she was ready we went into the sitting room and started playing One Direction at full volume. After about an hour of ear shattering 'music', I don't really like the songs but the boys are cute, we went out and got the bus into town where we walked around the shops and then came home in time to get round to Harriet's for half three. I suppose it was Lewis's house really but it was Harriet who had agreed to our visit.

On the dot of three thirty we two little teens were stood on the doorstep waiting patiently for somebody to answer the bell. After a minute or two Harriet swung the door back and coming outside gave me a big hug and then put her finger to her lips. She then hugged Sarah who looked a little bit sheepish.

"Lewis is in the lounge Luce, he doesn't suspect a thing. This is going to be one big surprise for him, hope he is 'up' to it." I knew what she meant and chuckled quietly. "Come on in girls let's see what he thinks."

We both followed Harriet indoors and turned right into the lounge. Lewis was sprawled on the sofa but when he spotted Sarah just behind me he shot up off the seat and rushed across the room to greet us. He kissed me full on the lips but then stood wondering how to greet Sarah.

I broke the silence. "Go on Lewis, give her a hug she hasn't had a good hug, ever... and I know she wants one." Sarah and Harriet just stood and giggled.

"You don't have to ask him twice Lucy, the randy old bugger would grope anyone given half a chance." Harriet interjected.

Sarah stepped tentatively up and accepted Lewis's embrace. Up against him she looked so tiny but so sweet. She amazed me with the alacrity of her reaction, she almost melted into his arms.

"Welcome to my little palace, specially built for princesses."

"God Lewis, you can be such an arse sometimes" Harriet said to him. "You sit there with Sarah, Lucy and I will go and get a drink. What would you like Sarah?"

"I don't mind, Harriet, is that OK to call you Harriet?"

"Well I usually answer to Harriet, Gorgeous, sometimes even 'Oi you get your knickers off'. Take your pick" She laughed at Sarah's obvious discomfort. "No, I am sorry darling that was really mean." She came over and gave Sarah a big squeeze. "You are a lovely girl, no wonder Lewis fancies the pants off you. Would you like a little glass of wine? Lucy and I will be having one. As for Lord Lascivious over there, he will probably start on the Scotch"

"Yes please, a Malt would be nice. Sarah will have a white wine won't you Sarah, just for me?"

"OK Lewis, just for you." She smiled, blushed and I watched as he put his hand on her leg just above the knee.

Harriet appeared at the door to the dining room a few minutes later with a glass of Riesling for Sarah, quite a large glass too. She took the drink and then took a surprisingly long swig from it. After a bout of coughing and spluttering she took another and seemed to be enjoying it. I handed Lewis the whisky Harriet had fixed. It smelt horrible but apparently he liked it.

The afternoon proceeded for the next hour or so with all three of us girls getting tiddly. Lewis only had a couple of Scotch's but they were large ones.

"I'm going to take the girls upstairs and show them what I have in my wardrobe." Harriet announced eventually. "You stay here and enjoy your Scotch. If we aren't down in half an hour come up and fetch us?"

Harriet went first followed by Sarah and then me. We did the usual girly stuff of taking things out of the wardrobe, trying them on, putting them away again. Then Harriet introduced us to her lingerie collection or knickers drawer to the uninitiated.

"You like lingerie Sarah? Harriet asked.

"Love it, you have some really pretty things Harriet. Mum and Dad don't like me having stuff like that. I think they have some sort of deal with M & S. You know all the boring knickers and bras. I wish they would let me go to somewhere like 'La Senza' in Princesshay but there is no chance of that. They think pretty things are for tarts."

"Oh thanks Sarah, who are you calling a tart?"

"No not you Harriet, Oh goodness please don't be cross." Sarah coloured up from her neck to her forehead.

"Why don't you try some on then while you have the chance? Lucy can join in and I'll sit here and offer advice and guidance being the older woman and all."

"Can we? Really? That would be so neat." Sarah was excited I had never seen her so bouncy. "Are you going to try some on as well Lucy?"

"Of course but with these little bee stings nothing is going to fit me"

"I'll start so you don't feel self-conscious then girls." With that Harriet took her top off and unclipped her bra, throwing it on the bed. "See no modesty now then."

I followed suit and very soon was stood naked in front of her. "Come on Sarah your turn." She looked a bit bashful but eventually we were both on the bed totally nude.

Over the next three quarters of an hour or so Sarah and I tried on most of the really pretty things in Harriet's collection until I said "That's me finished Sarah." And lay down on the bed on my side, my pussy hidden between my closed thighs. "Why don't you take those off and take a rest as well."

Sarah looked at Harriet for guidance. She was sitting on the end of the bed facing into the room topless. Harriet nodded and Sarah removed the last pair of knickers she had been modelling and climbed onto the bed beside me with her back to Harriet. I reached out and stroked her hair.

"You are so cute Sarah I don't know why you haven't got yourself a boyfriend yet." I let my hand run down her cheek and touched my forefinger to her lips. I meant what I was saying she was adorable I put my hand behind her neck and drew her to me. I placed my lips on hers and we kissed for the first time. It was bliss, I could taste the little bit of lipstick she had put on before coming out this afternoon. I felt so comfortable with Sarah it was even nicer than kissing Jools. I let my hand cup Sarah's right breast and

teased her nipple with my fingers. To my surprise Sarah eased her tongue between my lips and then put her hand between my thighs cupping my pussy and gently stroking my lower lips.

My eyes were shut and when I next opened them Harriet had left the bed and was nowhere to be seen. I could hear quiet talking coming from the en-suite to one side of the room. The door opened and I looked up expecting to see Harriet coming out, probably after taking a pee. What I did not expect was to see that she was not alone and was also naked.

Harriet walked across and climbed on the bed beside Sarah and me and behind her in the en-suite was the taller figure of Lewis. He must have come into the bedroom while Sarah and I were otherwise engaged. Sarah still was, she hadn't seen what was happening behind her and was still stroking my pussy and fingering me between my lips. As I watched Lewis quite brazenly stripped off and flaunted his nakedness. There was no getting away from it he was in great shape for an old guy and his equipment was so pretty. I really couldn't wait for him to let me play trains and tunnels with him again. Unfortunately I think this time he had his sights set on burying his meat in my little friend first.

Harriet put her hand on my bottom and slid the other up between Sarah's thin white thighs. Sarah rolled onto her back and next thing I moved to get my knees either side of Sarah's head allowing her to get her tongue deep into my hot warm snatch.

Harriet was stroking between my legs so I was getting attention at both ends. The only one giving but not receiving was Harriet. Lewis must have seen this omission and decided to join in and help her out. He came out of the en suite and slowly entered the room.

Kneeling on the edge of the bed nearest to Harriet and slipping his hand between her thighs he started to gently massage her labia. She responded by opening her legs so I could see the pink interior of her vulva. She reached out and grasped his cock and started to stroke it very, very gently but firmly enough for the foreskin to slide down and release the purple head from its hiding place. She slowly slipped his penis between her lips and sucked on it like a lollipop.

All the while Harriet and Lewis were playing I could see he was watching us, two little teens pleasuring each other. This was the first time he had seen Sarah naked and I could tell he thought she was beautiful. He stared at my fingers which were now playing sweet music on Sarah's pussy lips and clitoris. Sarah's little body was vibrating in tune with the movements between her lips while her mouth was rhapsodising in my vulva. Sarah shuddered and then opened her eyes. What she saw from her position between my legs was Harriet sucking Lewis's penis.

Sarah was taken completely by surprise and almost choked, closing her legs together sharply she trapped my hand between them with my finger still inside her vagina. "Ow" I couldn't stop myself crying out.

"Mr Adams?" from Sarah.

"Oh fuck yes" he replied while Harriet just lay there with her mouth wrapped tightly around his cock unable to say anything at all. "But this is hardly the place for formality now is it? Call me Lewis, actually just call me." Harriet still couldn't speak but managed to register her amusement with a furtive eyebrow lift.

It was almost like one of those tableaux you used to get before striptease was legalised in England where the girls were allowed to strip as long as they didn't move. The four of us froze in position until Harriet in her inimitable style broke the silence. She removed Lewis's cock from her mouth, lifted herself on one elbow and said. "Well this is fun eh kids?"

I started laughing hysterically, Lewis smiled but kept staring between Sarah's legs while sexy little Sarah turned her back to the group. Now it was Lewis's turn to say something constructive. He disengaged his finger from Harriet's vagina, crawled over her and positioned himself behind Sarah so that she could feel his cock as he slipped it between her thighs from behind.

"Come on Sarah it's not that bad is it?" Lewis said.

I could feel how tense Sarah was at that moment so I stroked her hair and gradually I could sense that she was beginning to relax while Lewis moved closer to penetration.

"I don't know Mr... Lewis. I never did it before."

I knew she was a virgin, but Lewis only found this out now as his penis was slipping up and down between her outer lips allowing her pussy juices to lubricate his rampant cock.

"I can stop now if you want me to?" Sarah said nothing, she didn't stop him just lay patiently anticipating what was about to happen.

I could see her legs relaxed even more as Lewis pulled himself back slightly so he could adjust the angle of approach. He disengaged his hips from her bottom while the head of his penis pulled back between her labia and with a little bit of manoeuvring he managed to line it up with the entrance to her tight little pussy and aim it at her hymen. He edged himself forward slowly, pushed and the head disappeared between her lips and slid into her inner sanctum. Her buttocks tensed as she felt an alien object entering her private place. Pushing again and two inches disappeared. The warmth of her cunt flowed over his penis. Watching her taking her first full size male penis was so stimulating I was getting really wet now. Her muscles stretched and his member drove deeper. Soon it was as far in as it would go. Lewis put his bum in reverse now until his cock was just inside her pink outer lips. Then forward again deep, deep inside her virgin slit. Back and forth getting faster and faster.

Harriet and I had adopted a soixante neuf position head to pussy, licking and sucking for all we were worth. If last night had been exciting today I was in utter unbelievable ecstasy. Lewis tried to slow his movements down to fully enjoy the pleasure he was feeling buried in her tight little gash but Sarah was beginning to respond to his thrusts and was making it quite difficult for him to hold back.

Suddenly he seemed to decide to go for broke and started plunging in and out faster and faster until he orgasmed and his cock filled her pussy with load after load of semen. Still with my head between Harriet's thighs I could see the other two fucking like rabbits. Lewis pushed as far forward as he could, tensed his leg muscles and held himself buried deep in her vagina until the spasms subsided.

Once it was over he kissed little Sarah on the back of her neck and nuzzled her hair.

"You are lovely Sarah. I didn't hurt you did I?"

"No it's OK. It's just I never did it before and didn't know what it would be like."

"So what was it like? Was it alright?" All the while we, the Sapphic team were still playing the mutual cunnilingus game right next to him oblivious, lost in the moment.

"It wasn't like I thought it would be." She said. "It felt really funny having something inside me like that. I thought it was going to hurt but it really didn't. I liked the feeling it was sort of like I was all full and then really wet."

"So you did enjoy it?" I knew Lewis really hoped the answer was yes, because taking her virginity would have been a wonderful experience for him.

"Yes, I did, don't worry" She looked back over her shoulder at him and he leaned forward and planted a soft kiss on her rosebud mouth. "Lucy was right, she said it was going to be fun. Can we do it again?"

"Sure, but give me a minute or two to recover. I haven't been in such a tight position for a long time Sarah. Is it right that you are the same age as Lucy? She just turned sixteen in February didn't she? Have you had your sixteenth birthday yet?" Lewis seemed a little concerned that she actually was only fifteen.

"No not yet Lewis, my birthday isn't until October."

"Well Happy sixteenth birthday for October then Sarah" he said

"Thank you but it's not my sixteenth it's my fifteenth."

His mouth fell open. He gulped and his penis shrank instantly.

"Oh Jesus." I had never seen blood drain from somebody's face so fast.

"It's alright, I'm on the pill. Mum made sure I took it once I started having my periods."

I guess it wasn't actually the contraception issue that was uppermost in his mind at that moment. It was more the fact that he had just rogered a girl who was not much younger than me but none the less was still only a fourteen year old. Admittedly a decidedly pretty and slim one but still only in the first flush of her teenage years.

By now the Sapphic delights being enjoyed by Harriet and me had cooled slightly. We were just lying there, arms and legs intertwined. Pussy to soft sweet pussy, breast to breast.

"Wow, that was fun wasn't it" Harriet said.

"I'm not going to take a vote on it but I think the general feeling is going to be yes." Lewis replied. "I am sorry though Sarah I really thought you were older. I guess I should have checked, it's my fault not yours."

"It's OK Lewis, I should have said I guess but then you wouldn't have fucked me would you?"

"I think he would Sarah." Harriet looked at Lewis. She obviously knew that he would not have held back even if he had known the truth.

The revelation did not curb Lewis's libido however. The fun was repeated several times more before Sarah and I went home. Sex was enjoyed in every combination imaginable where one man and three girls are involved.

CHAPTER 4 – LUCY AND JOOLS

It must have been maybe seven o'clock by the time I got home. Sarah and I chatted about what had happened this afternoon while walking back. We took the long way round, up the little passage from Lewis's house to Main Road then back round to Sarah's. Her Mum and Dad were eating dinner when we got there.

"What time do you call this Sarah? Your dinner's going cold. I put your plate in the oven ages ago, hopefully it will be edible still." Sarah looked at me and burst into a quiet giggle.

"Every time Lucy, I told you what they're like. It's like being in prison here. It's OK Mum I don't mind if it's cold honest."

"Go on Sarah have your dinner, I'll call you in the morning. Hope you enjoyed this afternoon, Harriet is bound to want to play again."

"Yeah I did." She whispered so her Mum couldn't hear. "My first time but getting fucked is fun. I want to do it again with Lewis, he is so nice."

"He is isn't he and Harriet is fun too. I've decided I like girls as much as boys. Not that I'm going to stop having sex with Julian or Lewis for that matter. Just add you and Harriet to my regular partners."

"Ooo yes please Luce. I loved it when you and I were licking each other on the bed. Your pussy tasted so sweet."

"Well, guess I had better get home as well then, otherwise the oldies will wonder where I am too. I bet there's no dinner in the oven for me though. Probably have to find a pizza in the freezer. Anyway, bye little Sazzy, see you tomorrow I hope." I kissed her on the lips before walking home to see what lay in store for me there. Whatever it was it wouldn't be anywhere near as much fun as this afternoon.

I was right. The parents were watching TV with a glass of wine. All I got was a "Hello, had a nice day?" without any real desire to hear whether I had or not. I dived into the freezer got a pizza and after putting it in the oven for half an hour took it up to my room to eat. Not the best idea because the room stinks when you've eaten pizza in it but I really didn't care. I opened the window to mitigate some of the problem and got it down to a bearable level. Bearable enough to sleep in later on anyway.

After fattening myself up I stripped off, paraded up and down in front of the window just in case there happened to be any passing perverts who might appreciate the view. Nobody, such a disappointment, this afternoon had got me in the mood for being really naughty again unfortunately Lew and Hat would not be receptive to me going round there again for a while and Jools was back home in Badgery St John with his wife and daughter. Probably giving her a Saturday night seeing to. His wife that is not his daughter, after all she is only ten and even Julian would probably draw the line at fucking her. Well, probably, perhaps one day I should ask him what sort of a daddy daughter relationship he has with little Katie. Certainly from the photos he had shown me she was incredibly pretty and I am sure he must have been tempted.

The evening moved on, outside it was starting to get dark. The light was starting to fade but I couldn't be bothered to draw the curtains, when I put the light on. Instead I flicked the catch on my bedroom door and went over to my dressing table.

In the second drawer under my knickers was a pretty pink plaything. Of course it was nothing like the real thing but right now I just wanted something, anything touching my pussy. I took the little bunny out of its burrow and checked that the batteries hadn't died.

Nope, still humming nicely. I went back to my bed and lay down with my legs apart, head on the pillow. Mr. Rabbit came to life when I flicked his switch and I applied the slowly rotating head of the vibrator to my outer lips. I love introducing bunny to my kitten they always got on so well. I lubricated the head of the toy with a little saliva and touched it against my lips again. The gentle vibrating motion transmitted itself to my pussy lips and I could actually feel it all the way up inside me without even slipping it between my labia. I held it there for a minute or two revelling in the feelings it was generating inside me.

Up and down the outside of my pussy lips and then over the edge and just inside again not forcing things just touching the moist inner edges gently and sliding up and down my slit from my perineum all the way to the top where my clitoral bud was hiding inside its protective shell. Round and round my clit and then back up and down my slit. At one point I moved beyond until I could feel the vibrations against the ring of muscle around my anal opening. That was a special kind of tingle and unique to Mr. Rabbit. Nobody else not even Julian had been near my bum, which was one place I had never wanted violated but tickled was another thing. Thank you bunny that is so nice.

Back to the front, back to the clit and several exciting moments stimulating the little bud into enlarging itself.

Time now I think to move to stage two. Bunny pushed my outer lips apart and rubbed his vibrating head around and between my inner lips where my vulva is waiting in damp anticipation for something to separate the petals and pass onward.

Getting very wet now, no need to lubricate my pretty pink friend just have to slide him forward and the petals part as he slips between them into the entrance to Lucy's hot grotto. In and out, not deep just maybe a centimetre or two and then back into the cool air of the bedroom. I could do this forever, the vibrations ripple all around my cunt and as I push it forward and deeper inside they travel up the walls of my vagina until they rebound like waves on the shore from the obstructive circle which marks the entrance to my womb.

I slide the vibrator in and out, in and out, in and out. Unlike a man there is no fear of ejaculations spoiling the ongoing sensations. Mr. Rabbit will not cum. Mr. Rabbit merely obeys my every whim and teases my tissues until I choose to bring the experience to a conclusion. I don't want that yet, I don't think I will want it for a long time.

The last time I took bunny for walk on the dark side he kept popping in and out of the burrow for almost two hours before I brought myself off by turning up the volume. Probably not going to be so long tonight because I am feeling especially horny and really need another orgasm. He is happily plunging into my pussy and enjoying the feeling of my contracting muscles as he slides back towards the exit. I

flick another switch and the two little fingers on their special stalk at the base of his shaft start to vibrate independently. I apply them to my clit and let the shaft rotate internally against my vaginal walls. Oh that feels so good, no man is ever going to be able to fuck as well as Mr. Rabbit can. But then what man do you know who has a cock that vibrates, rotates and has little clit ticklers on the base. Evolution has a long way to go before the ideal penis appears, until then us girls will continue taking our pleasures with the pink plastic pussy plunger as well as letting our menfolk shoot their semen up inside us.

Can't hold off now, I feel my orgasm building deep inside my stomach. My legs begin to shudder, my vaginal muscles spasm and bunny keeps doing what he does best. Here it comes, everything explodes inside me, not just in my cunt but throughout my whole body. I shake and convulse in the throes of ecstasy, I see flashing lights behind my closed eyelids. I can hear sounds that don't exist except inside my head. Shuddering, my whole being is shaken by a sexual earthquake. A muscular tsunami flows up and down my vagina. Moisture becomes wetness, wetness becomes a torrent and for only the second time in my life I squirt. Literally, not pissing myself but squirting. I hold bunny deep inside me, close my thighs together trapping him and my hand in place until the waves subside.

Thanks Mr. Rabbit. I turn him off, extract him from his moist fleshy prison and let him rest beside me on the pillow. I can smell the sweet odours from my slit in the air around me putting to flight the lingering smell of pizza. Pussy smells so much nicer than pizza ever could.

I pull the light switch, plunging the room into twilight and naked with my legs still apart, my pussy throbbing, my breasts swollen and tender I let myself drift off to sleep.

Sleeping the sleep of the just, it is well past nine Sunday morning when I come round and rubbing the sleep from my eyes realize that I have lain motionless in the same position all night. I guess I needed my sleep more than I realized. The night air is changing to warm now daylight has arrived but I can still feel the coolness on my pussy and reaching for the duvet cover myself over. It is lovely to be able to snuggle down under the feather and down of the duvet feeling my body heat warming the cocoon of my girly bed. I reach down with my hand and slip it between my thighs so it can warm the cool lower lips. It is nice being a girl, I can keep my hand there and although if I wished I could stimulate myself and start those lovely feeling again, that is a choice I can make.

Boys don't have that facility. Invariably they will slip their hands between their legs and morning wood appears almost instantly. I have seen it once with Julian when we managed to sneak a whole night together and as I put my hand between his legs his cock rose immediately to meet me even though he was fast asleep. What a difficult thing it must be if that happens every time you touch your willy. Poor boys you have the heartfelt sympathy of this little girl. I would much rather be able to orgasm whenever and as often as I like without having to hide an ungainly stick every morning.

Thinking about it again though, if there was somewhere hot and wet to hide it who wouldn't want to have a penis? But there isn't always a hiding place to be had so I will stick with what I know and what I love. Me and my pussy cat will play together with or without a man and still have fun.

Ten o'clock, I really should get up and get moving. I reached out and fumbled for my phone which I thought I had put on the bedside table last night. It wasn't there. No good I would have to get out of bed and find it. I pushed the duvet back and leaning over the edge of the bed checked the floor. Ah hah there it was, very clumsy I must have knocked it on the floor while I was asleep or perhaps I was just too

tiddly and dropped it there. No matter. I swept it up and flicked the switch so the display came alive. No messages, no missed calls and then I remembered the selfie I took yesterday morning. It was still there waiting to torment Julian when I send it. I quickly wrote a short text and attached the file to it. 'Hi J, enjoy, CU L8R, your wet princess'. Just hope he doesn't open this at breakfast Barbara would not be pleased.

Five minutes later my phone pinged with the incoming text sound. "Nice wish I was there now. Doing anything this afternoon?"

Quick reply. "You if I can pretty please."

"I'll text H and L check room availability. Time?"

"Three?"

"Sweet. Get back 2U. Getting hard now."

"Glad to hear it don't use it xx"

Right time to get up and face the day. I swung my legs over the side of the bed and put my naked feet on the carpet. The mirror on the wardrobe stared back at me as I stood in front of it and checked myself out. No doubt about it Lucy is a very sexy little girl. I picked up a brush and pulled it through my hair which hung down over my shoulders. I am so glad that the curly hair has grown straighter as I have got older. I don't think I have ever described myself to you so it must be difficult imagining the vision of loveliness stood in front of that mirror. Just over five foot tall in bare feet, six stone seven naked. Slim, fairly broad shoulders and a pair of divine little titties, pert with cute pink nipples. My waist is narrow which shows the slight flair on my hips. Fortunately I have a boyish bottom, would hate to have a girly fat ass. Flat stomach curving slightly into a smooth mound of Venus which juts seductively over the gap in my thighs where my slit slopes back and disappears between my legs. A pair of puffy lips looking a lot younger than their sixteen years, thank goodness. Still pale and attractive, I know Julian loves to play with them and it seemed on Friday that Lewis is also an aficionado of smooth puffy labia.

A sudden panic washed over me as I stood there brought on by a small aching twinge in my belly. Oh no it can't be. I grabbed the phone and checked the date. No, I should be alright, not due on for another four days. Just please don't be erratic now. The last thing this girly needs is to start her period right now. Not that it would stop me fucking but it does make things a bit messy for Jools, poor lamb. I chuckled at the thought that one day, please not today, but one day I would let him screw me while the painters were in and watch his reaction when he pulled out and discovered his cock all bloody. Like I had bitten the end off with my cunt. No that was just too mean for words and he didn't deserve it.

Not that any of that mattered now. The ache has gone and I will be more than ready to entertain my boy later. Can't stand here admiring myself all day though, better get a shower and decide what to wear.

I wrap a gown around my shoulders before going to the bathroom. I can't risk Dad stumbling out of their bedroom and copping an eyeful of his nubile daughter. It might just give him a heart attack, although from some of the looks he has thrown my way when I have been wearing my little tartan miniskirts maybe not. I wonder? One day maybe I should give him the opportunity and see what happened. He

never tried anything when I was little but was that because he didn't want to or was it exceptional self-control. Perhaps he has ephebophile tendencies and I have got to just the right age for him. There is definitely a possibility for experimentation there. I could use it as research for a graduate thesis if I ever go to University and happen to get on a course where such a thing was required. Accountancy would not do it, I would have to do Social Studies or Criminology. What am I waffling on about, I don't even plan to do 'A' levels let alone Further Education?

Gown thrown over my shoulders, don't bother to fasten it just make a dash for the other end of the landing and into the bathroom. Not a sound from the oldies room. I close the door behind me but forget to throw the latch. Open the window slightly to get the steam out of the room, hanging the gown on the back of the door I check that there is a nice large fluffy towel to hand and then step into the shower cubicle. Always an abundant supply of hot water in our house. I turn the shower tap on and as soon as the steaming water starts to flow, climb under it and let it cascade down my skin. Shower gel and one of those funny little sort of net sponge things and pretty soon I have built up a tremendous lather which I proceed to rub all over my body, Shoulders, stomach, breasts, nipples, pubis, legs. Rinse the soap off and wash one foot then the other taking care not to slip. Hair can wait today I did it the day before yesterday and when I was brushing it earlier it smelt and felt clean. Almost finished, just my bottoms to wash now, both of them.

I turn to face the wall and rub soap all over my buttocks and into the builders crack. My ass is like a boys, slim and tight not at all like a girls bum. I reach between my legs and then turn to face the door so the water can flow down my back and wash the soap off my bottom. One hand between my legs rubbing soap all over my pussy lips. That is such a sensuous feeling as the bubbles tease my cunt. I let my hand linger between my thighs and the sponge moves up and down my labia. I had been concentrating so hard on what I was doing that I failed to notice that the bathroom door had opened and standing staring at me was my Dad his hand inside his dressing gown rubbing his morning wood as it stood to attention. I couldn't see anything but knew it was there from the movement of his hand. I hadn't seen him come in and he was so intent on staring at my pussy coated in all those bubbles he had not noticed that I was watching him. I took my hand away and opened my legs slightly so that my fanny was there for him to ogle. I dropped the sponge on the floor of the shower and using both hands parted my lips so that the pretty darker pink inner lips were visible.

"Hi Dad" His hand shot off his cock and he turned to run out of the room. "Come back anytime." I smiled as he disappeared back along the landing to his and Mum's room. I wonder whether she will get the rogering that my little show had prepared him for. Probably not, I don't think they do that anymore. I guess he will go straight past the bed into the en-suite and jack himself off fantasizing about his little girl.

Well at least my research had started and it looks like he had latent tendencies that he had kept under wraps until now. Interesting.

I finished up in the shower, dried myself off, and brushed my teeth. Covered myself liberally with talcum and then went back to my room to find something to wear.

Choices, choices, choices. I have quite a good wardrobe for a sixteen year old who relies on Daddy for financing. Admittedly Julian helps out as well which means that I am never short of something to wear. He usually just slips me a note or two every so often and I decide what to spend it on. I know what he likes and so I try and please him with what I buy. I usually use Jools's investment on underwear or short

skirts. The two items seem to go together quite nicely. One thing that really surprised me when we first went shopping together for some stuff was what he liked most. Obviously like a lot of men, especially those with a penchant for the younger girl, he had a particular taste for those pleated miniskirts. The ones often favoured by trannies, you know, black and white tartan which if you are lucky come down low enough to cover your fanny, at least until you sit down. After that decency is virtually impossible to achieve. No, that isn't what surprised me, I would have been amazed if they didn't turn him on. It was the underwear thing with him. Not tarty, lacy, frilly, sheer things, Jools prefers the younger look.

We were in M&S a few months back and he had told me to get some new bras and knickers. I wasn't that keen on the knickers but bought a few little bras, plain, cotton in pink and white. He then suggested we check out shops like Peacocks and M & Co, He was in his element there. I am quite slim and as he hoped I was going to be able to fit into girl sized knickers. M & Co proved to be his salvation. By finding the largest size girls knickers he was able to buy me several packs of cotton ones with typically little girl patterns on them. Hearts and strawberries, butterflies and little stripes and spots. They were just like the ones I used to wear at Primary School and Jools loved them.

"Does Katie wear these Julian?" I guessed that she did and he was trying to get me to choose similar styles.

"Yes, she does," He admitted.

There is something seriously wrong in the wiring of the male brain. I am sure there are some guys who fantasize about sleeping with their grannies or somebody else's granny. There must be some who prefer the fatter, hairier females. I have never met one yet though, all the guys I have ever had anything to do with have a serious case of latent child lust. I am getting off the subject though. I am supposed to be choosing an outfit for today, bearing in mind that Julian will be on the menu this afternoon.

After some time sorting through my wardrobe and assorted drawers I came up with what I think would be an ideal selection. I don't know whether you remember when I met Harriet in Woolchester well I had just come out of Peacocks and had bought a really pretty little black and white dress with a handkerchief hem. It was very floaty and summery with bootlace shoulder straps. The skirt was quite full which I liked because it floated nicely when you walk. I teamed this with a sort of matching pair of knickers, white with a very small black butterfly motif which I knew Jools was going to adore. I wasn't sure about the bra because the straps were going to show so I decided not to bother and just leave my titties free. After all it wasn't as if they were going to hang down or anything, too pert for that still. The feel of the silky lining to the bodice actually felt really sexy as well, making my nipples firm up and show through.

Once I was dressed I sent Jools a quick text. I knew when but did not know where we were going to meet. I know he had mentioned Lewis's house but had he managed to arrange anything yet? It had only been an hour but I was impatient and he had not got back to me.

"Place? L"

Nothing for ages. I had gone downstairs and sorted out something to eat.

Still nothing. I wondered whether something had interfered with his plans, like the family. After all it is Sunday and Daddies are supposed to be with their wives and children on a Sunday. Not that Julian let

such formalities get in the way of a bit of fun. Should I go round to see if Sarah wanted to chat or wait here until I got a reply from Jools?

I was just about to walk out of the door when my phone pinged. The display lit up with indication of a new text arriving. Sender was 'J', at last. I opened it.

"12 free 3.30 Meet Heart CP 1 4 lunch."

Cryptic but good news. For those of you who don't do textspeak it translated to "No 12 Honey Lane is available. Meet me at three thirty in the Heart of Oak car park at one pm for lunch." Seemples. Sunday afternoon delight was on and lunch as well. My lucky day, getting stuffed from both ends.

"K CU L8R X" No translation necessary.

What time is it now? Half past eleven. Only an hour and a half until we meet, not enough time to go round to Sarah's. I will need to leave here in an hour to take a slow walk into the village. Back up to my room and check out my makeup and hair. That should kill twenty minutes, as for the rest of it probably put the TV on and watch some Sunday Brunch.

Time moved on and before long it was time to take my stroll down the road to the Heart of Oak. I got to the car park about ten minutes earlier than agreed but the Skoda was already there, parked up in one corner well away from prying eyes.

I opened the passenger door and got in, Jools' eyes went straight to my legs which were poking out of the irregular hem of the new dress.

"Lovely, is it new?" He lifted his gaze back up to my face and I took his in both hands and pulled him towards me to plant a kiss on his lips.

"First time on, got it in Woolchester when I met Harriet. You like it?" He leaned back and appraised the view for a few moments.

"Very pretty, you look lovely in it, I like that hem, shows your thighs off a treat." He winked and reaching across with his hand lifted the hem about six inches. "Nice, lovely little knickers too. I think it's going to be a really good day today."

"Me too, how long do we get at number twelve before they need the room back?"

"As long as you want, I told Barbara that I had to go to Bristol to meet a client who can only make it on Sunday and that if I didn't go we could lose the business. She won't be expecting me back until the early hours. As for Harriet and Lewis, they said they would probably be home early evening but not to worry, we don't have to leave until we are ready. I got the feeling Harriet was hoping we might stick around for the evening. Probably something on telly they want us to watch with them."

"Great, so we going in for lunch? I'm starving only had a bowl of rice krispies."

"No, I thought we could have a change this time and go over to The Lazy Toad at Upper Hetherington."

"Yeah, OK, never been there is it any good?"

"Me neither but it's far enough away that we shouldn't bump into anybody we know." He lowered the hem of my dress. I hadn't realized that he had been staring at my crotch all this time. "Ready to go miss?"

"Let's do it, how long to get there?"

"Twenty minutes. I rang them while I was waiting and they will make sure we get a quiet table."

Julian switched on the engine and we drove off heading north. Twenty minutes later we pulled up on to the forecourt. Surprisingly for a Sunday it wasn't packed. Lots more people than the last time we went pubbing but still room to breathe. Julian approached the landlord who showed us to a reserved table in a corner of the lounge bar. A couple of drinks were ordered and arrived while we checked out the menu boards.

"Sunday lunch for me please Jools, Mum doesn't cook anymore and I love a roast."

"OK two roast dinners then please." Order taken we settled down for a cosy chat. "So what have you been up to since Friday? Have you seen anything of Sarah?"

"Oh yes, I've seen quite a lot of Sarah. More than I ever have before. You would have loved it too."

"Why? What have you two been getting up to now?"

I recounted the whole of last night's exploits while I could sense Jools getting hornier and hornier. I rested my hand on his leg under the table and slowly moved it between his thighs so I could check out the bulge that was growing. Yes it certainly was, I hoped he didn't need to stand anytime soon.

"Next time, I want an invitation please." Julian never missed an opportunity for fun.

"Not if I have my way you don't. Honestly you want it on a plate. You've got Barbara at home whenever you want her."

"More like whenever she wants me and that is becoming rarer by the day. I don't know why she has gone off it unless she has another man in her life."

"Well if she has, it serves you right, putting it about everywhere like you do. Anyway, Barbara, then there's me and I never say no to you. Now you have the option to enjoy Harriet whenever you fancy it. Not to mention a bit of gay sex with the lovely Lewis. Now, to cap it all you're angling after getting into little Sarah's knickers as well."

"You can't blame me, she is a really cute little thing."

The lunches arrived. Conversation dropped off while we ate and before we knew it the time had moved on to about half past two.

“Do we need to get round there before they leave, or do you know where the key is?”

“Better than that, before I met you I called round and Lewis gave me a spare key. So we have the run of number twelve whenever. He is one cool guy being happy to share his pad with us like this.”

“I thought I saw you drive past ours when I was getting dressed but then I thought no it couldn’t have been, why would you? Good job Mum and Dad don’t know you or your car.”

Julian settled the tab with the landlord and we got back in the car for the twenty minute drive back to Honey Lane. It is quite a nice drive, Upper Hetherington is a lovely quiet little village and the route took us back along country lanes to get to a point where the road crosses over the River and then goes East alongside Stokenchurch Woods before turning South back to Penstone.

“Nice woods Jools, are they any good for a picnic? Bit closer than Ashbourne.”

“Could be, have to try them out one day. But it certainly looks promising and quieter maybe.”

When we turned into Honey Lane, I slid down in my seat so that nobody would spot me as we drove past my house. In the process my dress rode up and gave Jools a glimpse of knickered fanny.

“You get the door open Jools and I will run up the path when it is.”

He got out of the car, unlocked the front door and I shot up the path like a rabbit on heat, which of course I was. I heard him locking the car remotely as I bolted into the lounge. I know this was now the third time I had visited in less than a week but I was really getting to like Lewis’s house. He had great taste in furnishings and the latest little touches that Harriet had added made it even nicer. Just a little bit of femininity here and there.

“Are we allowed to make a drink?” Julian nodded so I wandered into the kitchen and started opening and closing cupboards looking for the coffee. Eventually I found it and put the kettle on. “Cups are in that one down there Lucy, Harriet showed me last time we were here.”

“Glad to hear she showed you something useful.” I grinned. The kettle came to the boil and I filled a couple of mugs with steaming coffee.

I took them both into the lounge and settled down on the sofa tucking my legs up underneath me in the corner. Julian took his jacket and shoes off and then loosened his tie. I loved the way whenever he was supposed to be away on business he made such an effort to look the part. There is no way Barbara would ever have suspected that he had not gone where he said. I sat quietly in my corner, mug of coffee in hand, it was so warm and comforting. Julian sat next to me one hand cradling his coffee mug the other softly stroking my thigh. I loved feeling so close to him whenever he touched me. I laid my hand on top of his, feeling the strength in his hand as it gently gripped my leg. I moved his hand further up my thigh almost to the top of my leg and carried on drinking my coffee. We sat cuddled up like this on the sofa until we had both finished our drinks. I took his mug and placed it with mine on the side table. Time to concentrate on the man in my life now.

“Kiss me Jools.” I lay back against the arm of the sofa and pulled him down towards me. Our faces met and our lips closed in on each other. I felt as though I had come home again. My heart started beating harder in my chest and I could feel myself getting hotter as my passion for this lovely man grew inside me. We kissed for what seemed a lifetime, our tongues darting in and out of each other’s mouth and entwining themselves in a dance of desire.

“Maybe we should go upstairs?”

“Maybe we should.” Julian took my hand and helped me up from the sofa as my legs untangled themselves from underneath me. He put one arm around my back and the other under my knees sweeping me up into his arms. “Time for bed said Zebedee.” I smiled at him and relaxed into his arms.

“Boing.” We laughed hysterically and Jools carried me up the stairs.

CHAPTER 5 – HONEY IN THE LANE

It was so nice having a bedroom we could actually call our own even though it was only borrowed.

Julian carried me upstairs and lowered me gently onto the bed in the room Harriet had offered us for such an occasion as this. He leaned over me and once more kissed me on the lips. I had my arms around his neck and held him close to me while I savoured the taste of his mouth. He tasted of horseradish sauce and roast beef. Not surprising really since that is what he had just had for lunch.

"I wish I had a toothbrush" He must have noticed the same on my breath and worried that I might not like it.

"You taste lovely to me Jools. Maybe we could ask Lewis if we could keep a spare here somewhere for emergencies like this but I really don't mind you tasting like Sunday lunch. I enjoyed it the first time round and I'm enjoying it now as well." To prove it to him I slid my tongue between his lips and rolled it over his.

I was lying on the bed with Julian's weight on top of me and I could feel his cock getting harder and pressing into my stomach.

"Perhaps we should get undressed? I want to feel you against my skin."

Jools stood up beside the bed and removed his tie before unbuttoning and removing his shirt. Naughty but I could not keep my hands off him and as soon as his chest appeared I sat up on the bed and ran both hands over his skin. He was so soft and yet firm at the same time. I loved every inch of him. He was not a hairy guy which suited me, I had never got off on watching monkey men in films and now I had a man for myself I was pleased he was a smoothie. I must have been tickling him a bit because he stood away from the bed so that I could not reach him from where I sat.

"You are a distraction Luce, a lovely one but a distraction."

He reached down and unfastened his belt followed by the top button of his trousers and then I watched in fascination as he took hold of the tag of his zipper and slid it slowly downwards. A hand on the waistband above each hip and he lowered his trousers down his legs and stepped out of them.

Just his pants and socks to go now. He turned and sat on the bed beside me and slipped both socks off his feet.

"Let me do it. Please?" I slid closer to the edge of the bed and put my hands on his hips.

"Of course"

Jools was stood inches from me and I moved my hands up the inch or so necessary to get my fingers inside the waistband. Slowly they moved down off his hips and as they did his cock which was semi-erect was held down by the front of the waistband and as I pulled it bent further down until the

pressure was too great. His pants suddenly slid off his penis and it sprang vertical right in front of my face, narrowly missing my nose on the way up. It was beautiful, he was beautiful. Julian's thick circumcised penis stood proud and firm right in front of me. I let his pants fall to the floor. I was no longer interested in what happened to them. All I wanted now was to hold his wonderfully strong member.

I put my left hand on his right buttock and drew him toward me. My right hand grasped the base of his penis and my fingers wrapped round the back felt his hardness while the heel of my hand rubbed against the wrinkled sack of his scrotum.

Now he was close enough I released my hold on his bottom and instead put my left hand under his balls and bounced them gently up and down as they moved inside the sack which held them safe. My other hand slid up his pole to the very top where I ran my palm over the bulbous purple head feeling the warmth of him as well as the strength embodied in a man's penis before sliding back down the shaft. The one good thing I had discovered since going out with and fucking Jools is that circumcised men seem to be able to go longer than uncircumcised. Lewis shot his load very quickly. Nice but it was so much nicer to have a toy to play with for as long as I wanted to. In fact Jools could outlast me in the race to an orgasm.

Holding the base of his cock with one hand and his balls in the other I slowly slid my hand up and down the shaft lingering every time at the top. I loved fingering the little eye on the end and the slight raised edge around it. Up and down his rod until it needed some lubrication.

I lowered my head over the tip and applying my tongue to the eye I rolled my tongue all over his glans and let my saliva run down the sides of his shaft. This made it so much more slippery and I am sure improved the sensation for Jools. I carried on licking, sucking and massaging his member until I could feel the twitching which would inevitably lead to ejaculation. I had learnt from Julian that when that happened I should stop stroking and squeeze his cock gently until the feelings subsided. Apparently a trick he had taught himself when he was young and prone to premature ejaculations. It worked a treat and I had no problem just holding on to his erect member whenever he wanted me to.

As the moment passed I released my grip and let go of his penis.

"Undress me darling. I want to feel your hands on my body too."

Julian knelt beside the bed while I sat up so that he was between my legs. My new dress had a looped button at the top and a zip that went half way down the back. I helped him by unbuttoning it and then waited while he put his hands underneath my hair and took hold of the zipper. I loved the sound of the zip descending and the cooling air on the nape of my neck.

His penis had started to collapse now that I had withdrawn my ministrations. I stood up between his legs so he could take hold of the hem of my dress and lift it up past my bottom before sitting down again to allow him to draw it up and off over my head. We were now face to face, me on the bed, legs together wearing a white bra and those black and white butterfly patterned knickers. He with one leg either side of mine on his knees. I leaned forward and kissed the tip of his nose and he took the opportunity to reach behind me and unclip my bra taking hold of the shoulder straps and removing it. My pert breasts pointed at him and the nipples hardened in the cool air. Julian placed his lips on my left nipple and ran

his tongue around it. The nipple hardened in response to his tongue as the nerve endings reacted to the heat and moisture of his mouth. I took hold of my breast and squeezing it gently pushed my nipple and the areola deeper inside his mouth. His tongue rolled round and round the pointy end of my breast the nipple turning into a small hard button. Now for the other one. I carried on massaging my left breast while Jools transferred his allegiance to the right one making sure that the nipple on that breast got as hard as the first. When he was satisfied that they had reached the ultimate state of arousal he took both breasts in his large masculine hands and massaged them. The feeling inside my breasts was exquisite, not only in my breasts but throughout my whole body right down to the balls of my feet. My hand was redundant now he had both my breasts cupped in the palms of his hands so I reached between us and started stroking his penis again. The feeling as it started to grow and swell and fill my hand was wonderful.

It was time we both ended up totally naked. Jools abandoned my breasts and put his fingers inside the waistband of my knickers. I stood in front of him now, my belly level with his eyes as he pulled my knickers off and buried his face between my thighs. His breath on my pussy lips was hot and I opened my legs slightly to give him more access to the honeypot he so much desired. His tongue snaked out between his lips and lightly touched mine, I shuddered as he kissed my slit and then let his tongue part the lips and move inside my hot moist vulva. He kissed my most precious place with his lips and licked all around the inner edges of my labia. I couldn't control my response. I could feel my cunt getting wetter as he made love to my slit with his mouth.

The wonderful feeling came to an abrupt halt as he took his mouth away. Before I knew what was happening I felt his body against mine as he put his hands under my arms and lifted me a foot off the floor. He kissed my cleavage and then lifting me higher still, moved his tongue down between my breasts and stretching his arms out, as if I had no more weight than a feather, laid me on the bed. He walked up towards the pillows and then climbed on top of me. Lifting one leg over my head he adopted the sixty nine position with his head between my thighs and his penis directly over my face. I knew this wouldn't work and so did he. Grabbing me he rolled us both over so that I was in the dominant position and he lay subservient to me. I knew he was staring straight between my legs and right into the gash of my gaping pussy lips. He took hold of my legs and slid me down the bed as his mouth sought out the warmth of my love box. He found it, I knew he had found it because his tongue resumed its questing search inside my vulva until it settled on the little bud of my clitoris.

Meanwhile at the other end of the bed I had taken over control of his joystick and was busy licking his lollipop for all I was worth. I don't know what is so attractive about sticking an engorged piece of meat in your mouth and sucking what on other occasions is used to evacuate urine but it sure as hell is fun. The head of Julian's cock is so tasty I never get enough of it. I slide my tongue underneath the head trying to locate the point of most excitement for him. I knew that where his foreskin used to be attached to the shaft before it was taken away was a little tiny piece of skin which could give him the same pleasure as I had when somebody stimulated my clitoris.

Found it, Jools moved imperceptibly as my tongue flicked against his frenulum and his legs twitched uncontrollably. I pressed my advantage and rolled my tongue over and under his glans pausing to tantalise this most sensitive part every time the tip of my tongue was anywhere near it. I closed my lips around the shaft of his penis trapping the head inside the cave of my mouth. Still holding the shaft firmly with my slender fingers I stroked my hand up and down the shaft simultaneously sucking hard and creating a loving vacuum around the head.

Between my legs Jools was doing the same to my clitoris. He held my outer lips apart with his big strong fingers as his tongue teased my little pleasure bud and it grew as blood flowed from other parts of my body to this little engorged focus. The nerve endings sending messages of lust and excitement to my brain. I knew these feelings so well, there is nothing in life that comes anywhere close to the sensation of getting near to orgasm but consciously holding back keeping that moment at bay until you are ready to let it explode in a multi-coloured fireworks display in your brain. Jools's tongue flicked at my clit and then moved down and lapped at the inner lips which guarded my love grotto. His saliva was moistening my cunt from the outside but I was flooding it with love juice from deep inside my vagina. I released his shaft from my fingers holding it tight between my lips. My hands moved down to my breasts and squeezed and stimulated them both in time with the sensations building in my cunt. Jools slid his tongue between my inner labia and teased the entrance to my vulva. Such a slippery muscle, his tongue forced its way between my lips and lapped up my love juice as it ran its way round and round the entrance to my pink grotto.

We were both so close now it was becoming difficult to hold back the moment of our mutual explosions. I lifted my leg and rolled onto my back alongside Jools's hard firm body. Still head to toe on the bed, Julian lifted himself up on one elbow and then rotated through a half circle as he positioned himself with both legs between mine. I lifted my legs up either side of his and presented my pussy, lips parted waiting in anticipation of the impending thrust of his long, hard, thick penis. I lifted my head on the pillow so that I could watch what was about to happen. Jools was leaning on his hands with both arms straight so that his weight did not crush me. This gave me an uninterrupted view down between my tiny breasts and across the flat pale expanse of my stomach and pubes to where his cock waited. The bulbous purple head seemingly too large to fit in its intended target. Jools moved his hips forward, I felt the tip of his penis nudging my lips apart and then it was past my first line of defence. Forward again and my inner lips offered their resistance to the advancing marauder. Nothing would stop it now. Jools's cock brushed aside the tiny inner lips as if they were not really there and then it was in, just the tip, just enough to stretch my vulva before this leviathan, this juggernaut of male potency surged through and into my cunt. My vagina throbbed and the muscles relaxed as his cock buried itself six inches deep inside me. Even then there was some of him that had to wait outside. The red cave was full, no more room inside, my vaginal muscles contracted now and squeezed his hard, wide member. The tip was knocking on the entrance to my uterus but my cervix prevented any further progress up inside my belly. Denied access he pulled his cock back down the tunnel until the head was back at my inner lips without leaving the warmth of my honeypot. Forward again, deep inside me and then back and forward and back. Each thrust stronger than the last, each thrust stimulating the nerve endings on my vaginal walls.

Apparently vaginal orgasms are a rarity in most girls. With the thickness of Jools's cock and the heightened emotional state I was now in I knew today I would achieve one. Jools kept thrusting and I held him tight with my legs wrapped around his waist. Such a lovely feeling had to be enjoyed to the fullest and Jools was filling me to the brim. We had fucked before but for some reason today was fast becoming the best ever. I felt his cock slip back down again and then with one final deep push he buried it as far as it had ever been inside me and his ejaculation surged from his balls up the shaft, up, up and out of the spitting eye at the end of his penis. I could feel the wetness deep inside my womb as his semen filled my belly. Surge after surge, wave after wave. Nothing escaped, his penis was filling my vagina so completely nothing could pass back. I squeezed my legs against him as the first waves of my orgasm began in my cunt and then spread like a warm glow up my body. I shuddered with each wave of ecstasy and then it was all over. I continued to trap him deep in me and lay still, my head falling back onto the pillow as his arms gave out and his whole body weight descended, forcing the breath out of my lungs as it did.

We lay on the bed two bodies conjoined into one. I loved my big smooth sexy man so much. I never ever wanted to be parted from him. For one fleeting moment the image of his wife flitted across my mind. An image that hurt so much I didn't want to imagine him inside Barbara but I knew he had been many times. After all how else had they produced the pretty little Katie, his ten year old daughter? Did he lie like this with Barbara after orgasm? How often did they make love? Would he ever be truly mine and mine alone? Probably not. Just enjoy the moment Lucy. Just enjoy the feeling of your lover deep inside you. Enjoy the hot wet feeling of his seed flooding your womb. Relish every moment of being at one with your soulmate.

I did, Oh I really did.

Lifetimes later, well it seemed like that anyway, Jools and I were still lying on the bed.

We had taken a time out for a few minutes. I needed to get to the bathroom to clean up. On the way I tossed Jools a box of tissues and warned him not to get any semen stains on the bed. I cupped my pussy with my hand and swinging my legs around got off the bed and holding myself to keep his precious love juice inside I ran along the landing to the bathroom.

I really did not want to do this, I so did not want to lose the life-force my lover had planted inside me but if I didn't do it now I would be going home with wet knickers. I squatted over the bidet facing the wall and turned the water on until it ran warm and soft. I took some in my hand and gently massaged it into my pussy lips and then inside my vulva as Jools's semen started to flow down my vagina and out. My god that man was big, I could still feel him inside me even though my cunt was empty. Fortunately I was prolific when it came to producing lubricant so even the size of his penis did not cause me any discomfort only pleasure and lots of that.

I made sure my fanny was sweet and free from any traces of our lovemaking before drying myself off and sitting on the loo for a wee. Stimulation always made me want to pee, Jools had once suggested we combine the two sensations if you know what I mean. Not something to be undertaken in somebody else's bed. Actually not something to be entered into in bed full stop. It would have to be on one of our nature watching expeditions when another bit of damp moss wouldn't matter. Alternatively, maybe we could get together in a bath tub where any excess golden showers would not matter either. The thought of urinating on Jools while making love was actually quite a turn on. After all if you don't try everything at least once you will leave this world unfulfilled, or so Jools said. I couldn't get my head round how he could return the favour. Surely once he was erect then his ability to pee would vanish. I must get on to Google and check out the mechanics of this sometime.

Back to the matter in hand though, me having a wee, don't you just love the feeling of letting it all flow? The sense of release as you allow the body to just let it do what it wants to do. Girls have it so much better than men. All that posturing and peeing higher than the next kid means they lose the ability to just sit and enjoy the sensation as your urethra opens and the golden stream of pee flows out and away. I know even sitting down, the shape of girls down there means that it does not always go exactly where you want it to but just that wonderful warm feeling as it hisses out of your bladder is so comforting somehow. I finished and then a couple of sheets of toilet paper folded not scrunched and wiped front to back. Mummy was fastidious about teaching me to do it that way.

I stood up, flushed the loo and rinsed my hands off before heading back to the bedroom. I opened the bathroom door and stepped out onto the landing to be confronted by Lewis coming in the opposite direction. Of course he was dressed and I was stark naked.

"Oh" Nothing to cover my modesty with I just stopped in my tracks.

"Well hello Lucy. You are looking gorgeous today." His eyes roamed up and down my body and as expected lingered longer on the V of my crotch than anywhere.

I instinctively put a hand down there and folded my other arm across my little breasts.

"Sorry didn't mean to startle you. Harriet and I just got back, she's in the kitchen fixing a drink would you two like some? Oh and if you want to borrow one of Harriet's dressing gowns they're in the left hand wardrobe. She won't mind"

"What sort of drink Lewis?" I actually found it quite exciting stood nude in front of him just chatting.

"Wine I think. It usually is with Harriet."

"Sure that would be nice thanks. I'll just get a bit decent and then Jools and I will be down."

I walked past him and he went into his bedroom.

"Was that Lewis, Lucy?" Julian said as I opened the bedroom door and walked in.

"Yeah, they're home and there should be a glass of wine for us when we get downstairs. Apparently Harriet's dressing gowns are in this wardrobe." I said as I slid the mirrored door open. I found a pretty pink shortie one and put it on,

"So, what about me then?" Jools asked. I slid a few hangers along the rail but there were only girly gowns. Up one end was one which seemed to be a lot looser than the others in a pretty turquoise with three-quarter length sleeves and trimmed with frills. "This will do for you Jools." I threw it to him and he put it on. Surprisingly it fitted. I had expected it to be way too small for him. "Ready to go down?"

"I'll just pop for a wee and join you downstairs in a minute."

"OK and mind you keep your aim straight, I know you."

I left him in the bedroom and skipped downstairs to the kitchen.

"Hello Lucy, had a good afternoon so far?" Harriet asked as I entered the room.

"Mmmm yes thanks. We haven't made too much of a mess upstairs."

"Don't worry about it, just glad we can help you two get some together time. Here, grab hold of this, you deserve it." She handed me a glass of Chardonnay. "Where's that lovely bloke of yours? Still upstairs?" I took the glass from her.

"Yes, having a tinkle, he should be down in a minute." I had a sip of the wine. "This is nice wine Harriet."

"It is isn't it, not too oaky. You look lovely in my dressing gown too, great legs."

We left the kitchen and took a seat on the sofa in the lounge. A minute or two later Lewis appeared from the kitchen also with a wineglass in his hand. "I needed this Harriet, thanks. Looks as though our lovebirds have been enjoying themselves while we were in town."

"Of course they have. Isn't that why you agreed to let Julian have a key?" As if he had heard his name, at that moment Jools appeared in the doorway in his very fetching turquoise robe. Harriet hid her smile behind her hand. "Very nice Julian that really suits you."

"I'm sorry Harriet, I needed something to put on before I came down and Lucy gave me this. I hope you don't mind me wearing your things?"

"Not a problem, except that's not mine. It's Lewis's and he looks as pretty as you do when he gets dressed up. I looked from Julian to Harriet and then at Lewis to see what his reaction was. Nothing. He took what Harriet had said without a flicker of emotion.

"Yes, it is and I really don't mind you wearing anything of mine. In fact if you want to try a few more things some time we could get together and have some girly time. Just the two of us." The conversation had suddenly got a little bit weird but I'm pretty open minded when it comes to sex and fetishes. If Lewis liked wearing girls clothes why not? I wondered what Jools's response would be, as far as I knew he didn't, but maybe he only needed to be introduced to it and he would give it a try. "No pressure Julian but it is something I like to play around with occasionally and any hobby is always better shared don't you think?"

"I, I, I guess so." Julian looked a little bit taken aback "Cross dressing is not something I've ever tried before but I'm always open to new ideas." It seems I was right, I was going to have to watch him now or he would be asking to try my dresses on.

Lewis was watching Julian closely now, it was as if seeing him in a frilly robe was getting him somewhat excited. "Why don't you girls take the recliner chairs and let us boys sit together on the sofa?" Here we go I thought, Lewis is going to make a play for Julian now. Nonetheless Harriet and I stood up and moved to the other chairs. "Thanks ladies." Lewis sat himself down on the sofa and gesticulated to Julian to join him. He patted the seat cushion and Julian like the good little girl he was, sat down trying to cover his legs with the robe but having great difficulty. This was going to be interesting. I wondered where it would end but whatever happened Harriet and I had ring side seats.

"You look lovely in that gown Jools, what do you girls think." I nodded in agreement. Jools smiled across the room at me and settled against the back of the sofa.

"Thanks Lewis, it actually does feel very nice. I should wear silk more often perhaps." As he spoke the gown slid off one leg and Lewis seized the opportunity to place his hand on Julian's thigh. Nobody spoke, Harriet and I just sat and watched. It was incredibly sexy looking on as Lewis attempted to seduce my boy.

Lewis slid his hand up Julian's thigh and under the hem of the silk robe. It was out of sight now but it was obvious where it was going. Lewis moved his hand down between Jools's thighs and signs of activity were visible as the silk lifted and fell back again. I guessed that he was stroking Jools but couldn't see anything, it was so frustrating, but not for long, Lewis withdrew his hand and unfastening the gown, slid it off Jools until he was sat on a silken sheet and his nude body reclined against the back of the sofa. Between his legs his balls nestled and from the front of them a hardening penis rose slowly into the air. Lewis stood up and quickly removed all his clothes until he too was naked. He put his hand under Jools's knees and slowly swung his legs up on to the seat.

Lewis sat on the floor beside the sofa and putting his hand on Jools's thighs again moved it up his leg until he could touch the burgeoning penis. He wrapped his hand around the shaft and started stroking it up and down just as I had earlier this afternoon. Jools was clearly recovered from our sex session and his penis grew very quickly until it was standing proud and erect below his pubic mound with its carpet of curly black hairs. The purple uncircumcised head topped off the veiny shaft of his knob. I took my eyes away from his penis and looked down at what was happening in Lewis's lap. A sympathetic erection was rising like a phoenix from between his legs. His looked so totally different though. It is amazing what a difference a foreskin makes to the look of a cock. It was almost as if they belonged to two different species.

The two reclining chairs that Harriet and I were sitting on were side by side which enabled her to reach across and slip her hand inside the dressing gown I was wearing. It was, as I have already said short and it was not difficult for Harriet to very quickly locate my pussy which was starting to moisten again. She opened my gown now and put her hand between my thighs so that her forefinger could stroke my outer lips. I always knew when to respond to attention and now was exactly that moment. I spread my knees apart and gave her room to move in on my cunt. Her hand went down between my legs, three fingers now stroked and parted my outer lips. Her fore and ring fingers separated them and her middle finger bent over and slipped between them touching my inner lips on its way into my moist cave. I leaned back and the recliner did what it was designed for. In a moment I was lying back and Harriet had stood up and positioned herself between my legs. Her fingers stroked up and down my lips while the third finger slid in and out of my cunt.

I turned and watched what was happening on the couch. Lewis had climbed up alongside Julian and the two men were holding each other's cocks and stroking them gently. Jools's penis head was almost glowing now there was so much blood flooding into it whereas Lewis being uncut was not quite so livid looking. Jools pulled the foreskin down as his hand stroked the full length of Lewis's penis. Even though uncovered they both had the same physical anatomy, Lewis's looked so much less 'angry' than Julian's. Both men were obviously really enjoying their mutual masturbation, They turned towards each other so their hands were almost touching and then as if they knew exactly what the other had planned they let go of each other and the two penis's rubbed together, Lewis took them both in one hand and as if he was fucking he moved his hips back and forth so the two members rubbed against and stimulated each other, I have honestly never seen anything so erotic in my life.

Harriet was frigging my pussy at an alarming rate now and I was getting decidedly hornier. I wanted to play with her fanny but from the position I was in there was no way I could reach it. I made do with disengaging her blouse from her skirt and unbuttoning it. I opened it so I could look at her little pert breasts nestling in their twin cups. I reached round her and flicking the clip gave myself the freedom to lift her bra cups off her breasts so I could hold her little titties. My pussy was responding to her fingers by getting wetter and wetter. I placed both hands on her breasts and moved them so my palms were

massaging her nipples. I felt them harden under my touch and I leaned forward and whispered in Harriet's ear. "Finger fuck me Harriet. Three fingers."

"Are you sure baby? Not too much?"

"I'm sure." I said. In response to my whispered request Harriet bunched three fingers together and slowly pressed them between my lips until they encountered the tight hole which I so wanted to be defiled by them. "Yes, now, please Harriet."

She pushed forward and although it was a very tight fit gradually all three fingers slid between my inner lips up to the top knuckle. My vagina was capable of swallowing Jools's penis which on a good day was over seven inches. I reckoned even though it didn't all go up me at least five did so Harriet should with a bit of persuasion be able to get her fingers in all the way and her three fingers would be fatter than even Jools's monster wang.

Talking of his wang, looking across at the sofa action it was clear that the two boys were in a little gay world of their own, hands on cocks, stroking each other's balls. It had even gone as far as kissing and I am sure tongues were involved as well. It was strange being a dispassionate observer as my lover and his new best friend masturbated each other in full view of me while Harriet continued opening my love tunnel with her fingers. Now at the second knuckle I could feel my lips stretching further than they ever had to give her access to my inner sanctum. I could take it no longer. I had to have more.

"Kiss me Harriet? I want you so badly." She kept her hand where it was and leaning forward, with her other hand cradled the back of my neck and pulled my face to hers before her mouth joined with mine and Sappho smiled down on us both from the summit of Mount Olympus. I licked her tongue with mine and our kisses lingered for a long, long time. Her fingers reached their ultimate position as the last joints met my pussy lips. No more than two to three inches deep inside me but stretching me so that my inner labia were taut. Harriet rotated her fingers inside me so that she could approach my clit with her thumb and once she connected with my love bud she flicked it tenderly. I refused to stop kissing her. Our saliva was flowing between our mouths and my pussy was leaking juice like there was no way to stop it. I imagined what was happening between Harriet's legs right now. I was sure she must be equally damp.

The boys were nearing Nirvana now and as my orgasm washed over me I saw both cocks shoot semen simultaneously over each other's stomachs indiscriminately. My feminine common sense kicked in at that point as I thought it was a good job the sofa was leather and would wipe down and Lewis's girly dressing gown could go in the wash. I regretted that only three of us had climaxed and poor Harriet had been left out but I think she had enjoyed fucking me anyway.

Lewis had got up off the sofa and Julian was busy covering himself up.

"Sorry Luce, I don't know what happened then," Julian said shamefacedly.

"I do and it looked like you both enjoyed every moment of it. Harriet looked after me anyway, so stop worrying about it. If you and Lewis want to play with each other's willies it is fine by me as long as you come back and fuck me whenever I need it and you know how often I need it." I winked at him again. All this winking and wanking was becoming a habit. A delightfully addictive habit.

Harriet leaned over me and gave me another lingering kiss. "That was wonderful Luce, next time you can finger me and it will be my turn to have the fun. Actually are you doing anything next Thursday? In the evening."

"I doubt it, I don't usually do much except homework and I can always catch up on that the next day why?"

"Well I was hoping you could come round here for the evening,"

"Do you want Jools as well? Because he might not be able to get away from Barbara and Katie."

"No just you, Lewis has got an overnight trip to Gloucester he can't get out of. When I say just you though actually I was hoping you could do me a favour?"

"Sure anything you want just ask me."

"Can you get Sarah to come round with you? I thought it would be nice to have a real girly evening in every sense of the word." It was Harriet's turn to wink now. I knew exactly what she had on her mind and if I could swing it then it could be a really emotional evening.

"Of course I will, she will love it and we can make sure you enjoy yourself as well."

CHAPTER 6 – AND JENNY CAME TOO

About half past six on Sunday night the little Honey Lane coterie broke up. Harriet and Lewis set about tidying the house ready for work the next day. Julian drove home to Badgery making sure he didn't get there too early and I walked round the block as usual to make sure I arrived home from the right direction.

That was my weekend over.

The parents were actually in a talkative mood when I walked in.

"Hello Lucy have you had a nice day? Which of your little friends have you been with today?"

"Only Amanda and Carol." Amanda and Carol actually didn't exist but Daddy would never know. Neither he nor Mum had the faintest idea who my friends were.

"That's nice darling, what did you girls get up to then?"

"We spent most of the afternoon in Amanda's bedroom playing CD's and downloading Lesbian porn off the internet. Amanda and Carol have been together for ages and they wondered whether I would like to have sex with them as well."

"Well don't get too involved, you know you have your school work to get on with."

I knew he never listened to me. I could have said absolutely anything and it would have gone straight over the top of his head.

"Did you hear that Susan, Lucy has been round at Amanda's?"

"Oh that's nice Lucy, how is Amanda's mother I haven't seen her for ages?"

I was living in some sort of weird alien universe. I was having a conversation with two people who were convinced they knew my friends and their parents even when I had only just invented them. I couldn't stay downstairs any longer and went up to my room to get on the computer.

Nothing of any significance happened after that. I went to school on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Wednesday evening I went round to Sarah's to help her with her homework. That was a bit strange as well. I know she is two years younger than me and I had done the work she was going through at school now. Well not exactly the same because syllabuses change but similar. The silly thing is she was way more intelligent than I am so any help I could offer her would probably make things worse but it was nice to feel as if I was helping anyway.

"Just going to take Lucy up to my room Mum is that alright?" Sarah never did anything without checking with her Mum first. At least she never used to but I bet she didn't get permission to get laid by Lewis before she let him slip one inside her.

"That's fine Sarah, shall I bring some food up for you girls? I can fix you some sandwiches and drinks if you want some."

Oh yes please Mum can I have ham and cheese? What would you like Lucy?"

"Ham and cheese will be fine for me too if it's not too much trouble Mrs. Evans, I don't want to put you out at all."

"It's no trouble Lucy, be about half an hour. You girls go on up and have fun. I am so glad Sarah has a friend like you, she works really hard at school and it is nice for her to be able to switch off occasionally. You have been a really good influence on her. I am sure she has learnt a lot of things from you. I had an older girlfriend at school as well."

If only she knew half the things I had been teaching Sarah recently she would not have been quite so happy leaving her with me.

"I like Sarah, I always have and I know she is younger than me but she doesn't act like all the other girls in her class, she is much more grown up. I am going to miss having her company when I don't go to school any more. We have great fun on the bus don't we Sarah?"

"Do you know what you are going to do when you leave school this year Lucy?"

"I don't have any real plans yet. Probably try and get a job in Woolchester. Dad wants me to work in an office but I would be happier in a shop. Have you met that new lady who moved in with Mr Adams round the corner from our house? I bumped into her the other day in the village and she works in a Music shop in the city. That would be quite nice I might ask her if she can see if they have any vacancies there. I like music even if I don't know how to play an instrument. She seems ever so nice, have you met her Sarah?"

"No I don't think so. I know Mr Adams though he used to drive that little sports car didn't he."

"Anyway you get on with whatever you were going to do and I'll fix the sandwiches for you." With that Mrs Evans went into the kitchen and we went up to Sarah's room.

When we were safely inside and the door was shut Sarah had a fit of hysterics. "You are so naughty Lucy fancy telling Mummy about Harriet and Lewis, Talk about taking chances."

"What is it they say about 'hiding in plain sight'? Your Mum won't suspect anything. So what shall we do now then?"

"We could do my homework." Sarah never stopped.

For the next hour and a half we concentrated on the work she had been set for today. Mostly Maths but there was a bit of research she had to do on the internet about Social Sciences. That wasn't too bad but the Maths was a bit beyond me. We were interrupted briefly when her Mum brought the sandwiches and a couple of glasses of milk. Yes you did hear right, milk. But after that we were left alone to do whatever we wanted.

"Does your laptop have parental controls on it Sarah?"

"It did but I got rid of it. It was easy to uninstall it and Mum and Dad still think I can't go anywhere they wouldn't want me to but I can." She smiled, the sly little minx. She was not only intelligent but she was smart as well.

"Why don't we watch some porn then? I know a couple of great Lesbian sites."

We spent an hour or so watching movies on Xhamster and Porn tube. Most of the time we cuddled on her bed while the computer displayed erotic images of girls enjoying each other in all sorts of ways, some of which even I had not thought about before. Occasionally we kissed and fondled each other's breasts. No full on sex this time just enough to keep us both wanting more.

"Have you thought about tomorrow Sarah? I can't wait to spend the evening with Harriet." I had asked her earlier in the week if she was up for the evening visit tomorrow and at first she had been undecided. Apparently, so she said, if Lewis had been there she would have definitely agreed but as it was only us girls she wasn't sure. I had hoped that by concentrating on Lesbian porn tonight might convince her to agree.

"Yes and I want to come with you if that's alright Lucy," Thank goodness, she was willing to join in. It was going to be a really exciting few hours.

"Of course it's alright, I know Harriet was desperate to have you round to visit again. Now where were we? Come and give me a kiss you lovely little thing." I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her close to me. I felt her heart beating against my breast and revelled in the smell of her hair and body.

We stayed locked in each other's arms most of the evening just taking time out to go for a wee and get some more drinks until about ten when I went home to bed.

The next day we were both on the bus at the usual time, School proceeded in its usual tedious fashion. We met up for lunch break and then again on the bus home. I arranged with Sarah to come and call for me just before seven thirty and we would walk round to Harriet's. The long way round obviously.

On the dot of half past seven the front door bell rang and I ran downstairs to answer it and open the door. There on the step looking ravishing was Sarah. She was wearing a really pretty little frock. It was dark blue with white polka dots all over it in cotton with a dropped waist, short sleeves and a scoop neck. The hem was at mid-thigh and the skirt had a very slight flare to it. Her sweet little skinny legs poked out temptingly from below the hem. On her feet she had little navy ballerina pumps. If I hadn't been in love with her before I certainly would be now.

“Hi sweetie you look stunning.” I hugged her and planted a kiss on her lips. “You want to come in for a minute? I’m nearly ready just a couple more things to fix and then we can go.”

Sarah followed me as I skipped up the stairs to my room.

“That is a gorgeous frock Saz, I haven’t seen it before.”

“I only got it last week, Mummy saw it in DP and thought it would suit me. I wasn’t really sure at first but at least it isn’t knee length like most of the ones she finds. Do you think Harriet will like it?”

While she was talking I was sliding hangers around in my wardrobe. I was so undecided it was untrue. Why, I had no idea it’s not like this was a date or anything. Just a girly evening in. The question was skirts or dresses? Not shorts or jeans, definitely not.

“I’m sure she will love it baby. What do you think Sarah a skirt or a dress?”

“You usually wear skirts so why not a dress for a change?” I carried on making horrible squeaking noises as the hangers scraped back and forth along the rail. It was as bad as nails on a blackboard.

“Right then, this one?” I held up a very short flowery cotton halter neck. “Or this? An Empire line floral print which was just below knee level.

“The first one, otherwise I will feel naked in mine if you wear that long one.” I thought that we were both going to be naked fairly soon after we got there if I knew Harriet, so it didn’t really matter but I agreed with her choice and stripping off my skirt and top took the little cotton frock off the hanger.

“Loving your undies Lucy” I was wearing a pair of knickers and a bra chosen by Julian a couple of months back. Why he thought it would be a good idea for me to walk around in pale pink knickers with a picture of Elsa and Anna the two girls from Frozen emblazoned across my pubes I have no idea. Well I do actually and it was just what you would expect from a pervert like Jools. But who was I to argue if it got him hot and bothered then more fun for me.

“I know, seems a bit weird, but less pervy than the ones with Lolicon images on which Jools bought me in Japan when he was there.” I stepped into the frock and pulled it up. “Fasten me up Saz please.”

That was it apart from running a brush through my hair I was ready. I had showered and made sure my nether regions were suitably cleansed and perfumed before Sarah arrived.

“Right I’m ready, shall we go?”

“Yes let’s”

We bounced down the stairs and just before I opened the front door I attempted to say goodbye to the parents.

“We’re off Mum, going round to Amanda’s, be back before midnight.” For once I got a reply which surprised me.

"You'd better be home by eleven miss, school in the morning."

"OK Mum I know. See you tomorrow then."

Holding hands like a pair of pre-schoolers Sarah and I skipped down the path and then turned right along Honey Lane. At the end of the road we walked up Parkers Cross Lane, left onto Main Road then left down the passage back to Honey Lane and up the path outside Harriet's home. Incredibly silly really but it felt like we were being really clever and making it difficult for anybody to know where we were going. Actually we could just have turned left and gone straight there as Harriet's house could not be seen from mine but being secretive added spice to the event.

As we approached and I could see the outside of Harriet's there was a car I did not recognise on the drive. We walked up the path and I put my finger to the bell push listening as it chimed inside the door. A delay of a few moments and then the door swung inward.

It wasn't Harriet who greeted us, for a moment I was taken aback.

"You must be Lucy and this is Sarah? I'm Jenny, Lewis's sister."

She was very attractive, probably in her late twenties I guessed, blonde shortish hair. Slim and maybe the same height as me.

"Come on in, Harriet's upstairs but she will be down in a minute. I guess you were not expecting to see me here. Well obviously you weren't I doubt if Lewis has ever mentioned me, why would he."

We followed Jenny into the sitting room and made ourselves at home on the sofa.

"I'm just here on a flying visit. I wasn't planning to come down until tomorrow but Harriet said she was having some pretty friends over so I re-arranged it. I hope you don't mind not having her all to yourselves."

"No of course not, it is lovely to meet you, where have you come from, Lewis has never said anything about a sister." I was a bit put out to find somebody else there but tried hard not to show it.

"Brighton, near the station. My partner and I have a smallish flat."

"I've never been to Brighton, I would like to one day it is supposed to be lovely there especially when the sun shines. What is your partner's name? Is he older than you? Sorry I've always been a nosy cow."

"I love Brighton it's like living in London but with a beach and it has a great gay scene. Eastbourne is better for Lesbians but that whole part of the country is brilliant. My partner's name is Laura and she is the same age as me. We went to school together right from when we were five. We have been living together for, must be thirteen or fourteen years now. She couldn't get the day off so she is back home, probably hoovering the flat and enjoying a bit of alone time without me there to pester her."

"Hi girls." Harriet bounced into the room. "So nobody got a drink yet? You are useless Jenny fancy not getting our guests a glass of wine. Mine's a Pinot please, Lucy will have the same and Sarah you prefer a semi-sweet?" Sarah nodded. "Riesling for Sarah, you can have whatever you like."

Jenny raised her eyes to the ceiling but went out to fetch the drinks as requested. Harriet looked a bit sheepish and whispered. "What do you think of Jenny? She can be a lot of fun when she gets going so I was glad she could get down here for today."

"She seems lovely" I said as Jenny reappeared with the wine.

The wine flowed freely for the next hour and we chatted as if we had all known each other forever. It turns out that Jenny was a very liberated woman. She was thirty, slightly older than I thought but her attitude to life and general demeanour made her seem about the same age as Harriet. It was actually nice that there were four of us now, it made conversation much easier. Harriet was concentrating on putting Sarah at her ease while I was learning a lot more about Jenny and her relationship with Laura and also with her brother. I was surprised that she and Lewis were so close in every way possible. There was a lot more to him than I had realised, no wonder he and Julian got on so well. It seems Lewis has had a fancy for young ladies all his life including Jenny.

By mid-evening we were all quite merry and inhibitions had been shed. Jenny and I were in the recliners while Sarah was cuddled up against Harriet on the sofa. Events moved so naturally from conversation to other things. Looking across at my little girlfriend I could see that she was enraptured by whatever Harriet was saying to her. She was also clearly enjoying the fact that Harriet had rested her hand on her breast and was gently stroking it with a circular motion. It was a wonderfully relaxed atmosphere in the room. I had been talking to Jenny about when she and her brother were young and it made me wish I had been lucky enough to have had an older brother as well.

"Sarah is looking very comfortable over there Lucy, would you like to come upstairs with me? These chairs aren't really conducive to fun." I had expected to be playing with Harriet this evening but I am not the sort of person to look a gift horse in the mouth. Jenny was as forthcoming as her brother had been the first time we met properly.

"I would love to." I leaned towards her and gave her a brief kiss on the lips. "Does Laura know you have the occasional liaison?"

"Yes but I don't flaunt it, that wouldn't be kind." Jenny took my hand and guided me out of the chair and upstairs to Lewis's bedroom. Once there she laid me down on the bed and settled beside me. Jenny put her arms around me and pulled me closer. Our first proper kiss was divine, Jenny may be almost twice my age but then so is Jools. She had all those years of experience in a lesbian relationship with Laura and it was easy to see how experienced she was. I was like a little schoolgirl virgin in front of her.

Jenny brought her face close to mine and pressed her lips against my mouth. Girls kissing girls is so much more sensual than boys kissing girls. I don't know what it is, whether it is the softness of our lips or just that we do things more tenderly than men do but as soon as our lips touched I felt a fluttering sensation in my chest and never wanted it to stop. Jenny stroked my hair and let her hand move down my face her fingers gently stroking my cheek and then touching my ear. I shivered as her fingertip lightly stroked the shell of my ear like a feather settling upon it. All the while our lips moved against each other in the most

delicious kiss I had ever had. What with this and the session with Harriet the other day I was beginning to wonder whether Julian was in danger of losing his little fuck bunny to the world of girly love.

Jenny was in a skirt and jumper, but not for long. I pulled reluctantly away from our kiss and as we both sat up on the bed Jenny lifted her arms and allowed me to pull the jumper off over her head. Her breasts were still firm for a woman of her age, not quite as high as they probably had been when she was a teenager but still delightfully tempting. No bra to remove, just two pretty little pale brown nipples waiting for my tongue to tease and arouse them. I kissed her right nipple and sucked it between my teeth nipping gently like a little puppy dog nuzzling to find its mothers teat. I felt like I was breast feeding again as I hooked on to her and she wrapped her arms around me cradling me to her bosom.

Lying in her lap, my nose snuggling into her breast while my mouth sucked hard seeking the comfort of mother's milk which wasn't there but I could dream and I could fantasise and I did. I put both hands on her small breast while my mouth suckled at her teat. I kneaded her softness in a vain hope of producing milk meanwhile I felt Jenny putting her hand on my leg and sliding it up under the hem of my dress until she encountered the elastic leg opening of my 'Frozen' knickers. A finger slid under the elastic and began to tease my pussy lips until it managed to part them and seek out the inner warmth of my cunt. I moved a leg just enough to allow the roaming finger to go deeper inside my damp vulval opening.

I had been fucked by a thirty one year old and a thirty eight year old man but to be fingered by a thirty year old woman was like being violated by my own mother. But this was no violation this was an ecstatic moment of maternal love and filial devotion. I felt safe and comforted even though I knew I was being entered from below by somebody I had hardly known for more than an hour.

"Can we get naked Jenny?" I asked withdrawing my mouth from her breast.

"I was hoping you would say that." She replied. "You feel lovely and I am sure you look even more beautiful.

Jenny and I got off the bed and to save time removed our own clothes before climbing back and enveloping each other in a warm embrace. I slid my hand between her thighs and let out a sigh as she did the same for me. Mutually stroking each other's pussies I was thrilled to feel that she was as smooth down below as I was. A lifelong devotee of female shaving Jenny was so fastidious that even a single hair never escaped her razor which slid over her lips at least once a week and often more frequently. I felt the warmth as her legs parted to let me between them. Her lips were soft and smooth and resilient to my touch. I slid two fingers between them and eased them apart. Jenny was already very wet. I just had to see what I was doing, I wanted to look at her so badly. I carefully turned round so I was lying on top of her and my hands could open her thighs. I loved Harriet's pussy but what greeted my eyes now was beauty incarnate. Her outer lips were still as puffy as I suspect they had been when she first started puberty. I eased my fingers between them and opening them up slowly revealed the glorious dark pink moist interior of her vulva protected by two heavenly inner labia. Jenny had never married a man and I don't think she had ever been fucked by one, well apart from Lewis of course. Laura would have treated her with the respect girls always show to each other and Lewis being her brother would have also not been harsh when he got inside his sister. Her cunt was therefore still pretty and I marvelled at how much I loved it. I let the tips of my fingers separate her inner lips and placing my tongue between them lapped at her with small flicking movements of the tip of my tongue. I knew she was enjoying it as I could feel the almost imperceptible shudders passing through her body, I applied my mouth to her pussy and kissed it in the same way I had kissed her mouth previously. Four lips in perfect harmony, and

the taste of her cunt was like nectar. I rolled my tongue round and round the inner edges of her labia and lapped at her juices as they flowed slowly down her vagina to meet my eager tongue.

Meanwhile my fingers were not relaxing. I held her outer lips open with the first two fingers of one hand while my other forefinger sought out her clitoris and so very lightly teased it. Flicking it softly and causing the shudders to grow as her clitoris was growing through my ministrations.

Further up the bed my legs were positioned either side of Jenny's head my knees resting on the bed allowing me to hold my inner thighs in just the right place for her to tongue my slit with the same fervour I was working on hers. Jenny was approaching her task with a different technique undoubtedly learnt over the many years she and Laura had pleased each other. I don't know what she was doing that was different but it felt so nice compared to when Jools licked my cunt and even Harriet had not achieved the stimulating effects which Jenny's tongue was arousing in me.

I tried to ensure I didn't falter from my love making but the shuddering vibrations building in my womb made it difficult not to cry out when they grew and grew. My love tube was leaking badly now. I was afraid that, with her face underneath me and my pudenda pressing against her nose so she could get her tongue as deep as possible between my lips, my older lover would drown in my love juices. Certainly if a squirted like I did the other day she would be taken aback and I would probably never get the chance to fuck her again. Jenny pulled her mouth away slightly and putting both her hands under my thighs lifted me up an inch or two.

"Come on Lucy, you can let it all go if you want, I've had girls cum in my face before you know. As long as you're enjoying it so will I. It's only a sign that you are really being pleased and I want to love you properly. Don't be embarrassed."

I didn't think if it happened I would be able to stop it anyway, I carried on licking Jenny's honeypot and sucking on her lips until my orgasm started to build and build within me. It is so exhilarating being able to give somebody else the pleasure they need. I knew exactly how Jenny felt. I frigged her little love button with my fingers and while licking her inner lips, I plunged two fingers deep inside her vagina and rubbed and teased her muscles trying to find her G-spot. Yes, there it was, that little area which felt slightly different from the other side of her vagina. Light pressure there, continued frigging of her clitoris and licking just inside her vulva and Jenny started shaking. First her legs went, then her whole body shook from top to bottom as her orgasm hit.

On sensing she was there I didn't let up but I could feel myself getting closer and closer and then, there it was again. That mind shattering feeling that swept over me and my belly lost total control. I shook, I shuddered, I squirted and I could feel a sudden gush of wetness pouring from deep inside my vagina and flooding my darling Jenny. Finally everything calmed down and we lay exhausted and spent, both of us sampling and revelling in the joyful tastes and scents of a successful fuck. Wonderful.

I turned myself around again now and we lay embracing each other, our nipples swollen and so sensitive brushing each against the other while we wrapped our legs together and rubbed pussy on pussy, lips on lips and mingled our juices together.

Let us return to the lounge some time earlier where we left Harriet and Sarah beginning to explore each other on the sofa. Sarah takes up the story,

Lucy and I arrived at Harriet's and were met at the door by Lewis's sister Jenny, she was lovely and Lucy seemed to hit it off with her straight away. I felt a little bit left out to start with because I was the youngest there and the others were all chatting and I was sort of sat on the sofa with Harriet but not really joining in the conversations. I had a glass of German wine, can't remember what it was called now but it was really nice. I don't drink very much so after a glass I was feeling a bit squiffy

It was about then that I felt Harriet's hand on my breast. She had put her arm around my shoulders and rested her palm on my left breast. I could feel the warmth emanating from her palm and then she started rubbing my nipple through my clothes. The dress I had on was quite thin and I only had a little cotton bra underneath so I could feel every movement and it felt really lovely. I looked at Harriet to see whether she was smiling but she was still talking to Jenny across the room. I wasn't listening to what they said but after a while Jenny and Lucy got up and went out of the room. I could hear the stairs creaking slightly so I knew they had gone up to the bedrooms.

At first I was a bit worried being left down here on my own with Harriet, but she also got up and went and refilled the wine glasses. When she came back, I don't know why but I drank almost half the glass in one go and my head started to spin. Harriet took the glass out of my hand and put it somewhere. I was feeling even more woozy now but in a way I felt really free and unrestrained unlike usual. I am not very adventurous but with the glass and a half of wine inside me I thought well what the heck, if Lucy is going to play then so will I.

I rested my head on the arm of the sofa and lifted my legs up so they were on the cushions. My dress was already quite short but in that position and because the skirt was flared it slid up my legs. Harriet sat back down beside me and pretty soon I knew what was going to happen. She put her hand on my calf and very slowly slid it up past my knee and on up my thigh until her fingers touched the hem of my dress. I guess I could have stopped her by putting my hand on hers but I didn't want to. I was enjoying the attention. Instead I looked her in the eye and smiled. She knew what I wanted and her hand continued its inexorable path up my leg under my dress until her fingers encountered my knickers. Her hand moved around my thigh and between my legs and I could feel the heat from her hand against my slit through the cotton material of my pants. I let my thighs open just an inch or so but enough for Harriet to get her hand between them. I could feel the side of her index finger rubbing up and down my slit and pushing the material of my knickers ever so slightly between my outer lips.

I think it must have been about then that I heard Lucy moaning from upstairs and I sat bolt upright on the sofa.

"Don't you think we would be more comfortable upstairs as well Sarah?" Harriet had spoken but I wasn't sure I had heard her properly.

"Erm, sorry?" I looked her in the eye and I could see that she really wanted me. I've seen that look on boys before but this was the first time I had really noticed it on a woman.

"I said, why don't you and I go to bed Sarah. I really want to be with you properly and this sofa is so bloody uncomfortable." Her hand was still cupping my pussy and I actually knew I wanted her too.

"Yes" Nothing else that was all I said but it was enough and Harriet withdrew her hand from my pussy. I let her take me by the hand and lead me up the stairs and into the smaller bedroom. I walked towards

the bed and Harriet quietly closed the door behind us. I had sobered up now, I knew exactly what was happening to me and I wanted it more than I had wanted anything in my life before. I waited expectantly beside the bed as Harriet approached me.

“Turn round Sarah, let’s get you out of this dress.” She unfastened the buttons which held the top of my frock together and then releasing my arms from the small cap sleeves she lowered it down until it was near enough to the floor for me to step out of it. Harriet hung it carefully across the back of a chair. “That is such a pretty dress Sarah, I love those little polka dots, mustn’t get it creased. Turning back to me standing slim and vulnerable in my bra and knickers Harriet picked up a hair brush from the dressing table and slowly brushed it through my hair.

“You are so pretty Sarah, I wish I had hair like yours it is so soft and fine.” She leaned forward and buried her face in my hair.” I didn’t notice her toss the hair brush to one side but suddenly her arms were around me and her hands had cupped my little breasts. I could feel her body heat against my back and leaned into her to get more of it. I could have stayed like that for ever but I needed to look at her. I gently lifted her hands away and turned around still held in an embrace by her arms. She was wearing a skirt and a cashmere jumper which felt so soft where it touched the exposed parts of my chest and belly. It felt lovely but I didn’t want to be cuddled by a goat, however soft, I wanted to be made love to by a woman. I took hold of the bottom of it and pulling upwards removed it over Harriet’s head. The very prettiest bra I had seen with little flowers embroidered all over it was revealed but that had to go too. I reached round and flicked the clasp open and then helped her remove it and drop it on the floor. Harriet did the same for mine and now our nipples touched and we pulled each other closer so our breasts were crushed between us. My breasts are smaller than Harriet’s but not much and it didn’t take very much for them to flatten against our chests. The sensation of my nipples rubbing against the soft smooth skin or Harriet’s breasts was so exciting they hardened almost instantly. I reached between us and took one of her nipples between my fingers gently rolling it back and forth feeling her excitement mounting and her nipple firming under my touch.

Harriet was as desperate to make love to me as I was to her now. She unclipped her skirt and that joined our bras on the floor. Matching floral embroidered knickers and her pubic mound thrusting forward above the outline of her cleft between her legs. Now her skirt was off we were both stood in our knickers shivering a little as the window was open and there was a slight breeze coming through. My inhibitions had all disappeared completely now, I slid my knickers down and off and then took hold of the waistband of Harriet’s and helped her out of them. Neither of us had any weight worth mentioning. Two fairly skinny little nymphs, well one nymph and one nymphet. I was in awe of Harriet, she is so beautiful. I put my hand on her stomach and slowly moved it down over her pudenda and between her legs. The feeling of another girls pussy was not new to me, Lucy and I had been there before but I loved stroking and fingering the pretty little lips in front of me.

Harriet took my hand again and led me to the bed where we both lay down side by side, head to head and breast to breast, I resumed my stroking of her sweet slit and Harriet slipped one leg between mine so she could feel the warmth of my moist slit against her upper thigh. She put her palms back on my little titties and rotating them in opposite directions, clockwise on my right breast and counter clockwise on my left she stimulated my nipples back to little firm buds. I had two fingers between her outer lips now and was pressing forward into her vulva. So moist and so soft, I wanted her to consume my fingers. I wanted to fuck her so much. I wanted her to fuck me in return.

“Oh Harriet, you feel so lovely, I never knew other girls could be so wonderful.”

“This isn’t the first time we have done this so what is so different this time?”

I couldn’t say what was different, maybe it was because I wasn’t quite so nervous doing it with Harriet again, maybe it was the wine. “I don’t know, I just know I want you to do everything to me and I want to be inside you so badly I wish I had a willy.”

“You don’t need a willy babes you are doing a great job with those fingers. Here though, try this.”

Harriet moved my hand slightly and positioned the tip of my thumb at the top of her slit where the little bud of her clitoris was lurking secretly under its little girly foreskin.

“Now while you slip your fingers in and out of my pussy you can rub my clit very gently at the same time. I’ll do it to you at the same time so you will know what it feels like.”

She abandoned my titties much to my disappointment because having her hands on them felt so hot. But it didn’t matter. A moment later and I felt her parting my outer lips and sliding her fingers inside me. Her thumb flicked my clit very fast but very, very gently. My mind exploded. I had played with myself loads of times but had never felt anything quite as stimulating as this. I responded by mirroring her movements and frigging her clit with my thumb. My fingers had only been just inside her vulva but realising how deep she was going in my cunt I did the same to her. This mutual masturbation was so, so lovely.

“You like that Sarah?”

“Unnnnggrrrrrghhhh” I couldn’t speak sensibly, just a mumbled moan of ecstasy escaped my lips.

“Good, now I have a better idea. Don’t go anywhere I need a few seconds.” She pulled her hand away and got up off the bed leaving me with wet fingers and an empty gash.

Bending down in front of the dressing table and opening the bottom drawer she gave me a glorious view of her mince, like a dark valley between two small puffy pink hillocks between her legs. Mince, that’s a funny thing to call something so beautiful but it was a word I had heard the boys using at school sometimes. She closed the drawer, stood up and turned round. In one hand was a pale pink penis with a head on each end. It must have been about ten inches long and actually was about the same thickness as the real one Lewis had let us play with the other night. His was warm and twitched when you touched it though, I don’t think whatever this was would be doing any twitching. In her other hand she had a small bottle of a clear liquid.

“What on earth is that? It looks like a phallic snake.” I sat up on the bed to get a closer look.

“It’s my pet penis snake,” She said and brought it towards me. “It’s called a dildo, you get them with batteries in for when you are on your own and need to have your fanny fucked. This one is for two girls to play with at the same time. Shall we play now?”

“Of course, what should I do?” I was intrigued by it and couldn’t figure out how it was going to work but knew that Harriet would show me soon enough.

"Move over a bit and give me room to get on the bed." I shuffled my bum across and Harriet settled down beside me. She opened the bottle which I could see now had a clear substance like hair gel inside. "This is lubricant so it fits in comfortably. The dildo is made of some sort of silicone so it is soft anyway. Here hold it and you will see."

I took it from her and held it in my hand. It was strange, sort of floppy because of the length but at the same time hard. Not hard like a real cock but firm enough that it would slide up inside easily and should feel nice. Harriet took some of the gel and rubbed it all over the pink plastic penis.

"OK now if you come closer to me and we sit facing each other. Yes, just like that, now put your right leg over mine and then I will put my left leg over yours so we are sitting sort of crablike. Yeah that's good. Now edge closer to me. I need to have your pussy really near mine." I could feel the heat from her slit as I edged my bottom closer and closer until our cunts were no more than a couple of inches apart.

"That's good now I will just stick one end between my lips." As she did I watched her outer lips part and the pink dildo slid up inside her pussy. "Now your turn."

Harriet had a slippery pink snake poking out of her slit and she now took the other end and slipped it between my lips and into my love tube. Gently she slid it up inside me until we were joined together, pussy to pussy. She moved her bottom slowly forward and our lips touched in a sweet kiss. The rod of silicon slipped in and out as she moved her hips backwards and forwards. I didn't need to do anything I just sort of sat with our bodies turned into one. She put her arms around me and pressed her breasts against mine and then our mouths met in a passionate and lingering kiss.

After some time sitting facing each other we rolled over onto our sides still with the dildo uniting our sex and as if by magic our hips started to move in unison, backwards and forwards the snake teasing and tantalising as it rubbed our vaginal walls. My muscles contracted around it holding it in and the sensation was so much better than the urgent thrusting of a male penis. It was as if we had been built to be conjoined like this.

I put my hand on Harriet's breast and stimulated her nipples to arousal again while she did the same to mine. Our kisses and touches continued for ages while our bottoms moved in unison bringing us closer and closer to orgasm. I was enjoying this more than anything I had ever encountered since I first understood what sex was all about. My upbringing had been quite sheltered but Lucy had kept me in touch with what to expect from life. Now Harriet was doing the same thing and fucking her pussy with mine was a marvellous enhancement to my sexual enlightenment.

My orgasm was so close now. I moved my hips backwards and forwards even faster as it neared. Harriet was doing the same, we bucked against each other our lips meeting and parting and meeting again. Then it came, my body shook as the emotional outburst of a shuddering orgasm exploded and I pushed my hips as far forward as they would go forcing the dildo up inside until it pressed against my cervix. We both came together and then lay locked in frozen ecstasy like two butterflies when they copulate, their abdomens united or a pair of rutting dogs knotted to prevent the act coming to an end. I would if it had been possible have stayed there for ever. But it wasn't.

There was a tap on the door. Harriet grabbed the duvet and pulled it up over the pair of us. The double headed pussy pleaser was still in position and our legs were still entangled as the door opened slowly and two heads appeared.

"Hello ladies how are things in here?" Lucy spoke first while Jenny looked over the top of her head.

"Oh, right, having fun then?" Jenny chimed in. "Looks to me, although I'm no expert as though we have a double headed dog situation going on here." She walked past Lucy who had a slightly bemused look on her face.

"A what?" Lucy said.

"Unless I am very much mistaken and I rarely am, I think we have two little girls locked in lust." She approached the bed and pulled the duvet down to our feet. We were there in all our glory, naked with our legs wrapped round each other.

Lucy still hadn't grasped what an awkward position I was in, but as she and Jenny sat down on the edge of the bed it wasn't going to be very long before she discovered what I had been enjoying for the last many minutes. I was so embarrassed. I could feel my face colouring up and my cheeks felt all hot. It would not have been so bad if we had just been lying on the bed with our legs wrapped round each other but I knew what was buried up my fanny.

"Come on girls, you've had your fun now. Don't keep Lucy guessing any longer. That's cruel." I wanted things to stay as they were but Harriet gave in and moving her top leg and shuffling her bum up the bed released her hold on the dildo. I knew the game was up so I shifted over as well and the pink pussy poker slid out of both of us and lay looking like a discarded chipolata on the bed. My cunt felt totally neglected now as my vulva slowly closed up again and my outer lips folded closed.

"Strewth Sarah, you lucky little bunny. I am going to have to try that next time. Sorry Jenny nothing against what we just did but fancy not introducing me to that."

"Plenty of time yet Lucy, I must have been mid-twenties before Laura brought our first double home. It still gets plenty of use now though. Of course if you really want to get the best out of lesbian sex there are so many different toys to play with. I've got the most enormous strap-on at home. Laura panics when I get it out of the drawer."

"Any chance of an invitation to visit? I would love to sample some of the Brighton lifestyle."

"What you mean is you want Laura and me to introduce you to some more Sapphic delights don't you."

"Well that would be nice as well of course. If you do invite me can Sarah come too?"

"Would your Mum and Dad let you come to the vice dens of Sussex Sarah?"

"I would need to find a really believable explanation as to why I was going, but I would hope so."

“Right then, I will sort something out with Laura when I get back and we can try and fit you in, if you know what I mean, during the school holidays. Don’t worry Laura is a cracking little liar, I am sure she will think of something plausible.”

By now it had gone eleven o’clock and I was late. I decided not to push my luck any further and Sarah and I got ourselves dressed, kissed our lady loves good night and started the three hundred yard trek back home. Amanda was going to be in so much trouble when I told Mum that it was her fault we didn’t get away earlier.

Good job there is no Amanda and therefore nobody to be punished.