**Summer**

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**Summer Ch. 07**

It was Tuesday and another sultry evening in that never to be forgotten long hot summer. We had decided to go to the cinema and to this end we had all arranged to meet at a prearranged time outside the largest of the picture houses in town. Having some things to attend to I had made my own way there. Sue was already waiting by the time I arrived, looking around and searching the faces of the people in the street, looking for her friends. She smiled when she saw me. "Are the others with you?" She asked immediately.  
  
"No, aren't they here?"  
  
She shook her head. "I thought they'd be here by now." She glanced at her watch. "They've got another 20 minutes or so before we have to go in."  
  
"Many people inside?" I asked.  
  
"Almost empty I would guess. Hardly seen anyone go in. Probably too warm for the flicks; and it is Tuesday."  
  
I nodded. "Fancy a quick drink?" I indicated the pub across the street. "If we sit by the widow we can see them when they come."  
  
Sue nods and we stroll across the road to the pub. Even the traffic is light, 'Tuesday nights' I think to myself.  
  
I buy two drinks; a pint of beer for myself and a half for Sue and we settle ourselves in a window seat where we can see the front of the cinema.  
  
"Think they've stood us up?" Sue asks at last.  
  
"Possibly; but if they're not coming there's a good reason." Sue nods and continues to drink her beer. "How's Jackie?" I ask.  
  
"Wondered when you'd ask," she smiled over her beer.  
  
"Well, you've got to admit she stole the show the other day.  
  
"Not shy in coming forward my sister, showing what she's got!"  
  
I laughed, "I think we all saw everything she's got."  
  
Sue raised an enquiring eyebrow. "That's not a complaint is it?"  
  
"Not at all. I think you both performed wonderfully! Couldn't have ever asked for anything better."  
  
"Good."  
  
"Didn't see her over the weekend. Thought she might have come out with us."  
  
"I'm not enough now? You need my sister as well?"  
  
"Not what I meant," I said squeezing her knee under the table, "you will always be all I ever want," Sue looked down and blushed, "I was just wondering where she was. The guys were asking."  
  
"She had other things on over the weekend." Sue said, a darker shade entering her voice, making her frown.  
  
"What is it?" I asked, "What's wrong?"  
  
"Nothing," she smiled again. "Just a little unfinished business we have on that's all." She drained her beer, "Shall we go? They can join us inside when they come; they know roughly where we'll be sitting."  
  
I drank my beer and we sauntered back across the road to the cinema. The main feature was an 'A' rated film, which meant the film had 'mature themes' and that minors (under 18) had to be accompanied by an adult. I was legal and it never occurred to me that we would have any problems; that is until we tried to buy the tickets.  
  
The woman in the kiosk was obviously having a bad day. "Can I see some ID please?" She almost snarled.  
  
I looked at her as if she was insane. "What? ID? I'm not carrying any ID. Who carries ID? I've never been asked before!" I bristled with indignation.  
  
The woman sat back in her seat and looked at me, she took a drag on the cigarette that was burning in a battered old ashtray next to her. She was totally unconcerned by my indignation. "Then you can't come in unless you find someone who will take you in... sonny." she added smiling maliciously through the smoke haze.  
  
I began to argue but suddenly a very soft and cultured voice from behind me cut in "It's all right. They are with me." The ticket lady looked up in surprise and, I thought, disappointment at her fun being spoilt. A very smartly dressed, middle aged man eased his way between us. He positioned himself in front of the woman in the kiosk, politely but firmly moving me aside, out of the potential conflict zone. She looked him up and down with obvious disapproval. "I said 'they are with me'," he said again.  
  
The woman hesitated for a moment, her hooded eyes glaring at the stranger, looking for all the world like a heavily made up lizard in a smoke filled glass cage. She hissed at him, "Circle or stalls? You know that If they come in with you then you will have to stay together." she added indicating at Sue and I standing behind him.  
  
"No problem," the stranger said smiling sweetly. "Circle or stalls?" He asked over his shoulder to Sue.  
  
"Circle," she answered.  
  
"Three for the circle please," he instructed and paid the money across, much to the woman's obvious displeasure.  
  
We moved inside into the large and spacious foyer. The cinema suffered from pre-war delusions of grandeur, a throwback to the golden days of cinema; a neo-classical monstrosity of marble pillars and sweeping staircases, dusty cut glass chandeliers and stained, threadbare, red velour seating. Its days were numbered and it knew it full well but it seemed determined to go out in its own inimitable, faded style. An Usher in a badly fitting uniform waited indifferently in the background to inspect our tickets and direct us to our seats.  
  
Standing together in the large vaulted foyer we bought some mints for the show and paid the stranger for our tickets. He glanced at the lizard lady in her glass kiosk who was signalling to the Usher and then pointing at us. "Looks like I've upset the silly old bat," the stranger said, "I think she's going to make sure we sit together. Sorry," he added with a shrug of his shoulders.  
  
"No problem," I answered, "thanks for the help. She wouldn't have let us in without you." I looked at the stranger closely for the first time. He was of an indeterminate age, mid-forties to early fifties, smartly dressed in collar and tie; no condescension to the warm weather. He carried an overcoat and wore a trilby, the very epitome of a middle aged and affluent English gentleman in the sixties. He spoke softly, expressing himself easily with his well manicured hands. His hands looked surprisingly strong with long tapering fingers and his eyes were exceptional, a deep rich hazel surrounded by web of fine laugh lines. As he moved a wedding ring softly caught the subdued light.  
  
He was good company and spoke confidently and easily with a well modulated, educated voice. We discovered that he was the manager of one of the more prominent banks in town and that his wife had died some years ago, he had not remarried and one of the ways he helped fill his evenings was through these regular, solitary, visits to the cinema. I was quite surprised to hear Sue, who is usually quite reserved and shy, chatting away to him, telling him about herself, about her school, her hobbies, her family, etc. The stranger listened with interest, asking the occasional question, gallantly offering the opinion that if Sue's sister were anywhere near as good looking as Sue then she must indeed be well worth meeting. Sue blushed and finding a sudden interest in her shoes she smiled the compliment away.  
  
The stranger looked at his watch. "Perhaps we had better make a move to find our seats, the programme is about to start."  
  
We showed our tickets to the Usher who directed us up a small side staircase towards the circle seating upstairs. As we entered the twilight world of the cinema the stranger half turned and said "I don't mind sitting on my own if you two want to be alone."  
  
Sue brushed aside the objection. "No, please, don't worry. It would be our pleasure to have you sit with us. Wouldn't it?" She asked, turning to me as I followed on behind. I shrugged noncommittally and mumbled something about it being OK. The stranger was too far ahead or simply didn't hear my somewhat surly answer and accepted Sue's offer with thanks. I had to admit that I didn't really mind, I found the stranger pleasant enough and Sue's obvious enthusiasm for such a stray dog was quite endearing. I had hoped to be able to play under Sue's skirt during the film but I wasn't too put out, there would be plenty of time on the way home for a little fun.  
  
At the top of the stairs we entered the corridor that ran the length of the back of the circle. Curtained doors led off the corridor to the circle itself. In that dimly lit half world the 'upstairs Usher' lived. He had a small cubicle let back into the wall, curtained off, where he sat and read newspapers until the film changed or he made his 'rounds' to check that all was well in his small upstairs domain.  
  
He was waiting for us as we reached the top of the stairs. He took our tickets and inspected them thoroughly as if expecting to find that they were forgeries and that we were trying to perpetrate some deception on the cinema. Eventually satisfied he roughly tore the tickets in half and returning them he led us through the heavy curtains into the seating area.  
  
The 'circle', a semi-circular balcony with a couple of hundred or so overstuffed red velour seats, was virtually empty; not many people had ventured out to the cinema on a hot Tuesday night for what looked like being a fairly average film. The seats at the very back were 'doubles' for courting couples and the Usher led us passed those to some a few rows down the aisle and then, lighting the row with a wave of his small torch, he stepped back to let us in. The stranger led, followed by Sue and then myself. The stranger led us a few seats down into the row and then stopped; asking Sue if these particular seats were OK. Sue nodded and we settled ourselves down, the stranger carefully folding his coat on the seat next him and placing his hat neatly on top.  
  
Sue and the stranger exchanged some small talk I could not hear for a few moments and then the house lights fell and we settled ourselves down in the darkness.  
  
The first film, the 'B' movie was an old film, a predictably awful remake of some even older classic; and even the occasional glimmer of light from the odd late arrival did nothing to enliven the proceedings. I looked around me in the darkness. The occasional cough or glow of a cigarette was all there was to mark the presence of other people in the semi-deserted cinema.  
  
After a while Sue leaned over and took my hand. Drawing me closer and putting her mouth to my ear she whispered that the stranger was stroking her arm. I leaned forward and looked passed her. The stranger was sitting back watching the film. I asked her if she was OK and she whispered back that she was fine, he was not doing any harm, "It's quite soothing really, quite sweet," she added almost as an afterthought.  
  
If he had heard any of the exchange the stranger did not show it, instead he turned slightly and catching my gaze, he smiled. I smiled back and returned to half watch the dismal parade of characters on the screen. As the film continued its dreary course the stranger slowly stretched himself before relaxing, casually placing his hand, face down, on his knee.  
  
As he watched the film he slowly relaxed and as he did his legs fell open slightly and eventually the back of his hand touched Sue's knee. I saw her start a little at this first contact but she never moved or gave any sign that she had noticed, remaining slouched down in her seat, eyes seemingly firmly fixed on the movie. The stranger remained totally motionless, the back of his hand touching Sue's knee, his eyes fixed upon the screen, as though completely unaware of the warmth from Sue's young skin that must have been burning through the back of his hand.  
  
I eventually saw him stretch his fingers, leisurely, almost innocently, until they were touching the side of her knee. He was moving slowly, carefully, so he could claim it was an accident if Sue objected. Sue passed me a quick glance to see if I was watching but said nothing, made no movement to either stop or accept the growing intimacy.  
  
With elaborate deliberation his finger moved slowly against her skin, first touching, then stroking, the outside of her knee; gently, casually, as though it has no intention of ever being so personal. Yet Sue carried on watching the film, as if unaware of the opportunistic finger that was now blatantly stroking the side of her leg.  
  
The finger continued its stroking for a while, before the movement became more obvious, more predetermined, the finger bolder in its intent, moving from the accidental to the deliberate, openly stroking the side of Sue's knee; until finally, gaining courage from her lack of reaction, the stranger very casually reached across and placed his hand flat on her knee; the movement so normal, so easy, that I almost missed it.  
  
Sue could not have missed it; despite the fact that she never moved a muscle, never showed any sign that she was aware of the intimate change of circumstance, I knew that every iota of her attention was focused on the hand that now rested easily and blatantly on her knee.  
  
The hand did not move for a while, remaining stationary, as if expecting at any moment to be discovered and chased away; but no such cry of outrage, of offence, was uttered and the hand remained, unchastised, the undisputed possessor of Sue's knee. Leaning forward I watched him pretending to watch the film, his eyes straight ahead, relaxed, as if the hand that rested on Sue's knee was totally unrelated to him, not his at all; and then I looked at Sue, also pretending to be engrossed in the film, for all the world as though the hand on her knee did not exist.  
  
If Sue had said anything at that point, made any sign that she was alarmed or uncomfortable I would have intervened, said something, stopped it; but she didn't and so I remained silent, a voyeur, simply standing by and watching events unfold.  
  
Having received no objection to this first direct advance the stranger slowly began to explore the knee he had just taken possession of. Small movements to begin with, testing the water, a gentle movement of the fingertips, feeling the skin and the shape of the knee beneath his hand. Although obviously aware of the tentative exploration Sue did not react; so he gently spread his fingers, covering her knee, touching and caressing. Slowly he reached further afield before his hand slowly moved down below her knee towards her shin.  
  
After touching and stoking softly below her knee the stranger slowly, deliberately, changed direction, moving back up over onto the top of her knee before moving slowly higher, touching the soft, smooth, skin of her thigh. I wondered if he knew that I am watching, ready to stop him if Sue gave me any sign that she was unhappy. If he was aware he either did not show it or did not care; and still Sue sat with her eyes glued to the screen while his hand slowly stroked the soft skin of her thigh just above her knee.  
  
He moved slowly, tracing small leisurely circles on her skin, moving the hem of her skirt up an inch or so as he explored higher up her thigh. After each upward movement he rested, gently stroking the soft skin, before moving on, each small movement moving her skirt slowly higher up her leg. Sue never for one moment took her eyes from the screen, never acknowledged the steady movement of his hand and her skirt, up her thigh.  
  
He was now making no effort to hide his actions from me, he must have known that I was watching but despite that, or maybe because of it and Sue's lack of response to his advances, his boldness grew. His movements were no longer hesitant; his hand moving easily up her thigh, pushing her skirt before it.  
  
Hiding just below the hem of her skirt his fingers moved with infinite slowness, inch by inch up her thigh, pushing her skirt with it. Sue squirmed slightly, just a gentle movement as his fingers, an inch or so under the hem of her skirt, finally reached the edge of her knickers. His hand stopped, as if it had reached the end of its instructions and was not sure what it should do next. There was a small intake of breath from Sue, almost a gasp of surprise, as the strangers hand reached the top of her leg. She looked down briefly and seemed shocked to see that her thighs were now completely laid bare, her skirt high up, bunched on his hand.  
  
She blinked as the strangers hand began to move again, audaciously exploring the edge of her knickers, tracing along the elasticated seam at the top of her thigh. His fingers skirted tantalisingly along the edge of he material, moving from warm skin to warm cotton and back as they dipped briefly down towards the soft skin of her inner thigh and her mound. Sue held her breath as the fingers slid towards her sex before veering away down her inner thigh. Sue let loose her breath as his hand flattened out on the skin of her thigh, caressing the length of thigh from hip to knee and back; his fingers trailing back up on the soft sensitive skin of her inner thigh. He paused for a moment at the top of her leg before slowly disappearing again beneath the hem of her rucked up skirt. His hand paused again at the edge of her knickers before, in one audacious movement; he brushed her skirt up high onto her tummy, fully exposing her white, flowered, knickers. He smiles at his handiwork, his fingertips briefly grazing the warm, white material.  
  
Sue sat in silence as the hand retreated, sliding slowly back down her thigh to her knee. At every step he was giving her time to react, to stop him. His hand lingered for a moment, stroking her knee before slowly gliding back up again; a long, slow, deliberate stroke that causes Sue to shiver and gaze in growing disbelief at her increasing exposure and the growing boldness of the stranger's hand.  
  
Sue has by now slid so low down in her seat that she is almost horizontal; the lack of room and the seat in front forcing her legs wide open. Her legs are completely naked, her skirt bunched up high on her tummy; the pattern on the thin white material of her knickers standing out clearly in the semi darkness. The strangers hand began to move again, exploring the sweet, sensitive skin of her inner thigh, high on her leg, just below the point where her thighs meet. Sue licked her lips and, almost as if what was happening between her legs had nothing to with her, she fixed her eyes back on the screen again.  
  
Looking at the young woman laying beside him, his hands moving with increasing intimacy over her, the stranger knew that the first phase of the seduction was coming an end and he was hopefully moving to a much more intimate stage. Half turning in his seat to face Sue he changed hands, his right hand now replacing his left at the top of her thigh.  
  
His fingers again traced the elasticated seam at the leg of her knickers, his fingertips briefly dipping under the edge of the material, touching the secret skin beneath, watching Sue carefully for a reaction to each advance. Slowly, almost tentatively, his hand moved up onto the front of her knickers, his fingers spreading wide, exploring her tummy. Sue drew a small, tentative, breath but never moved. He moved across her tummy, cautiously avoiding her mound which was now clearly visible under the thin cotton. He moved upwards, fingers spread wide across the soft, warm material, his hand pushing her skirt ever higher.  
  
Sue glanced briefly down as the hand moved across her tummy, pushing her skirt up and out of the way, exposing more and more of her body. Despite her increasing vulnerability she never moved, made no objections to the increasing liberties that this stranger was taking with her. He smiled at her silence, gaining even greater confidence from it. Taking his time he carefully folded her skirt up at her waist, smoothing it flat, a sliver of skin visible between the waist band of her knickers and the skirt now bunched up carefully at her waist.  
  
Satisfied that her skirt would stay in place, out of his way, he slowly smoothed his hand down over the soft material of her knickers until his hand rested flat on her stomach. He flexed his fingers, feeling the soft skin and firm muscle beneath the pale, flowered, cotton. He moved again, the warm, smooth, material rippling beneath his fingers like water. He paused for a moment, his fingers exploring from side to side across her tummy, like a dog on the hunt, which I guess in a way they were; before, as if finding the scent, they moved gently down, across white expanse of her tummy, until, approaching her mound, his fingers come to rest on Sue's soft, crinkly, pubic hair, clearly discernable beneath the yielding fabric.

He paused to savour the feeling, his fingers moving gently over the springy material, tracing the expanse of hair to the left and right; the division, the line of demarcation between her tummy and her sex, between intimate exploration and final intimacy, between experimentation and penetration. Sue watched the fingers in mounting anticipation, moving across the material covering her mound, casually exploring, moving ever closer to her sex.  
  
His fingers spread outward, covering the narrowing shape of her pubic mound. Slipping slightly sideways to find the line between the material of her knickers and the crease where her legs join her hips, the soft skin close to her sex; His hand covered her mound and paused again, feeling the shape of her, a small pause on the threshold of commitment, a last chance to halt. Sue watched the hand and licked her lips. He rubbed lightly across the shape of her slightly raised mound, a small circular movement of his whole hand, before very slowly and very deliberately, like the sun setting in the west, it slid gently down between her open legs.  
  
Sue had lain silently beneath the stranger's hand, her legs open, as his had first exposed her and then moved relentlessly down over her stomach. Lying as she was she could not have closed her legs even had she wanted. As his fingers gained her mound she felt her legs tremble slightly, whether in anticipation or in fear she was not sure. His hand was remorseless, moving intimately over her, exploring her pubic mound, touching the tender skin where her knickers met her legs. The muscles in her legs flexed as if unsure if she should allow this very personal intrusion; but then she stiffened as his fingers finally slid down between her legs, moulding themselves to the obvious shape of her lips, his fingers probing gently at the thin material covering her sex.  
  
I watched all this happen. As his hand slipped between her legs she squirmed a little in her seat, whether to make herself more comfortable or to aid his exploration I was not sure; but she never made a sound, her eyes fixed on the hand moving down between her legs. She jumped slightly as the hand settled over her sex, his fingers flexing slightly as they explored the soft shape beneath. Now completely confident that there would be no resistance to any further advances, the stranger moved his hand back up over her stomach to the waistband of her knickers. He fumbled for a second before his hand slipped easily down inside. He paused for a moment, as if overwhelmed by this actual moment of conquest, before his hand, clearly visible beneath the stretched thin material, slowly and silently moved down across her stomach, across her pubic hair, to finally settle between her legs.  
  
I heard Sue's brief intake of breath as his hand closed over her naked sex. She was now his. I knew from experience that once his fingers touched her she would not resist; once she had allowed him possession of her sex she had completely surrendered her young body and her will, to his tender mercies.  
  
His hand stopped as he absorbed and savoured the warmth and slick wetness beneath his fingers. Then he began to move, exploring her intimately. I could clearly see his fingers as they slowly traced the outline of her lips, gently opening her up. He was in no hurry, his fingers exploring at leisure. I could almost see his long manicured fingers, moving slowly in the warm darkness beneath the soft material of her knickers, moving up between her gradually opening lips. He was being very gentle with her; he was making love to Sue in the darkness.  
  
I clearly saw him curl his hand as his finger dipped slowly into her sex. Sue inhaled sharply but made no other move. He withdrew his finger and then equally slowly, pushed it back deep inside her. She was obviously wet as his finger slid easily in and out. Sue bit her lip but never made a sound. I took her hand in mine and the stranger smiled. She looked at me and flashed the briefest of smiles before returning her eyes to the screen. The stranger and I had long ago given up any pretence of watching the film.  
  
The stranger now began to move over his conquest with an easy confidence. Removing his hand from between her legs he leaned forward and taking hold of the waistband of her knickers, he carefully began to work them down over her hips, pulling them down side by side. Sue glanced at me and then raised her hips slightly so that he could slide them under her bottom and down over her thighs, then closed her legs slightly so that he could push them over her knees. I leaned forward and helped from my side and her knickers slid over her knees and down to her ankles. The stranger nodded his thanks; his eyes reflecting the light from the screen, making them appear to shine in the dark. Sue looked at me as I helped the stranger unclothe her but her eyes reflected nothing that I could see.  
  
Now naked from the waist down Sue opened her legs again and the stranger leaned closer to get a better look at her young body. Sue lay quietly while he gently pushed her knees apart with his hands to open them, stretching them as far as they would go. With her legs open her sex glistened in the faint light. The stranger breathed a small sigh of contentment, an almost silent mark of approval, as he gazed down upon her. He ran his hands slowly over her legs, feeling the texture of her young skin. He caressed her hips and the smooth, taught, fullness of her stomach. He moved his fingers through her pubic hair, watching it spring back as his fingers passed. Finally he dipped his fingers into the wetness of her sex, causing her to draw a breath. Smiling he raised his glistening finger to his nose and inhaled the scent of her before licking her juices from his wet fingers.  
  
We were all so engrossed that we never noticed the Usher, making his rounds of the balcony seats, until he was standing there at the side of us. The sudden torchlight blinded us and Sue gave a small cry of surprise and fear, struggling to free her hands to pull her skirt down but surprise had frozen me and I did not release her. There was silence for a moment as the usher played his small beam of light over each of the three of us in turn before finally coming to rest on Sue, almost laying flat on the seat between us. From her face he slowly moved the beam down over her upper body, over her bunched up skirt, to finally stop where the stranger still sat with his hand between her naked legs,  
  
Sue and I had frozen in shock and fear but the stranger never seemed to flinch, he looked up, beyond the light; as if trying to see into the eyes of the Usher almost invisible in the darkness, eyes that were further lost beneath the brim of his peaked uniform cap. The Usher never moved, his torch remained fixed between Sue's naked legs. Leaning slightly forward the stranger again pushed open Sue's reluctant legs to fully expose her glistening sex. Sue feebly tried to pull her skirt down to cover her nakedness but the stranger stayed her hand and pushed her skirt back up onto her hips. Almost casually he opened her legs as far as they would go, exposing her completely to the Ushers unseen gaze. Using two fingers the stranger opened the lips of her sex, the shiny pink coral of her erect clitoris stood out clearly between his fingers.  
  
The torchlight never wavered, highlighting her wet sex. It shone starkly and obscenely in the small white circle of light, like the spot lit star of some very private stage show. The stranger looked back up at the usher and nodded briefly, smiling, as though some unsaid message was passing between them. Finally, as if reaching a decision, the beam wavered a moment and then, almost reluctantly, moved away from her opened sex, back to Sue's ashen face. "Are you alright young lady?" He asked quietly. Sue nodded without looking at him.  
  
"Yes, I'm fine. Thank you." She answered her voice small and distant.  
  
"Is this man bothering you at all?" He asked.  
  
"No." She coughed a little, trying to keep her voice from breaking.  
  
"Are you sure?"  
  
"Yes." Her answer was barely audible, little more than a whisper.  
  
The light was extinguished. The Usher paused for moment and then turned and walked back up the aisle; presumably quietly resuming his rounds. The stranger smiled at no-one in particular and then hung his head slightly, his hands still between Sue's open legs. Sue looked at me and shrugged slightly. I looked over my shoulder. The Usher had disappeared.  
  
The three of us sat unmoving; Sue naked from the waist down, gripping my hand tightly, the stranger with his hand still between her open legs; a strange parody of the three wise monkeys. Slowly, as the shock and tension left her, Sue began to relax her grip on my hand. I looked at the stranger and then followed the direction of his gaze; he was looking at his hand between Sue's legs and realised that he was lightly moving his fingers, gently stroking her sex.  
  
She sighed and despite the recent trauma, the gently stroking finger seemed to be relaxing her and she slowly opened her legs a little further. As her legs opened I could see the stranger's index finger was now slowly travelling the length of her sex, lightly pressing down between her slickly glistening lips. Sue shuddered and settled back lower in her seat, almost horizontal, her slowly gazing eyes only just able to see over the seat in front at the shadowy characters on the screen.  
  
The stranger continued to gently stroke his finger through the folds of her sex. Taking his time, feeling the little movements his fingers were causing in the beautiful young woman who had again opened her legs to him. He was stroking her so very slowly, delicately, his fingers delving centimetre by centimetre deeper between her slick, wet lips. Sue sighed and arched her hips slightly, looking to take him deeper inside her but as she rose to them the fingers retreated and she settled back with a barely audible groan.  
  
The stranger smiled and pressed the length of his middle finger down between her lips, opening them, filling the length of her. I watched him linger for a moment, savouring the feeling as his finger absorbed the liquid heat of her sex. As her lips wrapped themselves around the intrusive digit he placed his ring and index fingers either side of her kips and gently squeezed them together, pressing her lips in against the hardness of his finger in the middle. Sue shuddered and her eyes closed. Slowly his middle finger sank further inside her and his other fingers closed her lips behind it, sealing him inside her.  
  
I saw the muscles in Sue's legs tense and tremble slightly as she absorbed the movement of the stranger's finger inside her. From the shape of his hand I could see that the stranger was moving his finger inside her; and with every movement Sue's hips rose slightly to meet the movement. His hand moved slowly, small circular movements with his middle finger buried deep inside her. I could hear Sue's breathing slowly change as the liquid friction between her legs began to move her towards her inevitable climax.  
  
Sue was vainly trying to fight the growing pressure between her legs, the stranger's finger causing her occasionally to whimper slightly like a child in the middle of a deep dream. Her legs flexed as the finger delved deeper into her. The stranger slipped a second finger inside her and Sue groaned softly. I watched her beautiful face as she struggled to keep from crying out. The stranger was skilfully and patiently taking her higher with every movement of his fingers inside her. Slowly the slight trembling in her hips spread to her legs; her hips rising to meet the steady movements of the fingers that were buried deep inside her, filling her sex. Her eyelids fluttered as she fought to control the sensations that were washing through her. She gripped my hand almost painfully as the bright, fierce surge of her climax began to shout for release.  
  
Suddenly her climax was upon her and her hips thrust up at the stranger's fingers, trying to draw them deeper into the centre of her open sex. The grip of her hand threatened to crush the bones in my fingers and she cried out as the sensations exploded inside her. She arched her body up off the seat, a perfect backbreaking arc, every muscle taught, tight as a drawn bowstring. For a few seconds she held the pose, arched in the moment of passion; a moan strained through her throat, even her voice locked tight, a rigour mortis of passion, a mini death.  
  
The fierceness of her climax took me by surprise; every fibre of her being was locked into the sensation, obliterating everything in its intensity. Then it was over and as if someone had pulled a plug and she was deflating, Sue slowly collapsed back into her seat. Mini climaxes washed through her and she shuddered with each one, each slightly less intense than the one before, until she lay there, limp as a rag doll, soft as a sleeping child.  
  
Both the stranger and I stared silently at her as she lay quietly in her seat; her chest heaving as she tried to get her breathing under control. The strangers hand was still between her legs and I could see his fingers making small, gentling, movements; calming rather than exciting. He was smiling in a small protective way as his eyes roved over her recumbent form. Never had I seen her look more vulnerable than she did at that moment.  
  
I could not simply watch anymore. Reaching over I pushed the strangers hand away and ran my finger through her sex to feel her wetness. The stranger watched as I touched her again, feeling her wetness, my fingers slipping between her lips. The stranger smiled and for a moment his hand joined mine between her legs, our fingers wetly touching at the lips of her sex.  
  
A glimmer of sudden light off to my side brought me back to the moment. The exit curtain opened and the woman who sells ice creams and soft drinks during the intermission pushed her way through the heavy material and made her way down the centre aisle to the front. The film was coming to an end.  
  
As if waking, Sue slowly struggled to sit upright and to pull her scattered senses together. The stranger removed his hand from between her legs with obvious reluctance as though not wishing to relinquish his privileged and coveted position. Sitting up she pushed her skirt down, smoothing the material over her thighs as the credits began to roll on the screen in front of us. She leaned forward and reaching down pulled her knickers back up her legs, lifting her hips to slide them up over her hips. As the lights came up she shook her head and smoothed her fingers through her hair. "Think I need the toilet," she said brightly and I stood to let her past.  
  
The stranger got up without speaking and left by the other end of the row. I watched him queue to buy some tubs of ice cream from the lady with the tray and then make his way back to his seat. He sat down heavily and passed me a tub. "Everyone likes ice cream," he said to my unasked question. I nodded and opened it, taking a spoonful with the flat wooden spoon provided. The stranger sat back and looked slightly sideways at me. "She's a beauty." He said and I nodded noncommittally in response. "Girlfriend?" He asked.  
  
"Girl friend." I confirm, not really sure myself.  
  
"Did you mind what we were doing?" He asked. I paused, I wasn't sure about this either; these events were outside my experience and without Sue and I's relationship being defined I was at a loss about how to react.  
  
"It's her choice," I said at last, "if she objects I will stop it."  
  
"Quite right." He said and with obvious relish he placed another spoonful of ice cream in his mouth. "Then we had better make sure she enjoys it and does not object hadn't we?" I did not answer. "She certainly is a beauty." He repeated almost to himself.  
  
"That she is." I echoed.  
  
"Can I ask a somewhat delicate question?" He asked leaning towards me conspiratorially.  
  
"No she won't." I said flatly, anticipating the question. "She's a virgin and I certainly would draw the line at that."  
  
"Ah!" He said and sat back, looking at me. "Quite right old man, quite right." He took another spoonful of his ice cream. "Not seen her breasts though have we?" He said looking at me.  
  
"I have." I said somewhat spitefully; and then immediately regretted it, feeling childish and out of my depth; wishing he would stop the conversation.  
  
"Quite," he answered, "perhaps we may all get the chance later."  
  
"That's her choice." I answered.  
  
"Quite," he responded quietly, "quite"  
  
We sat in silence for ten minutes or so before he craned around to look at the exit behind us. "I wonder where's she is; been gone a long time. They'll be starting the trailers and adverts soon."  
  
"I'll go look for her." I volunteered.  
  
"Ah, no need," he said as the house lights began to fall, "here she is now."  
  
I squeezed my legs in as Sue pushed passed me and plumped herself down in her seat. "Thanks." She said to the proffered tub of ice cream.  
  
"You OK?" I asked. She smiled sweetly and opening her tub she scooped up some ice cream, rolling it around her mouth with her tongue.  
  
"Fine. Looking forward to the next film. It should be a good one." I smiled at her and wondered if she was actually talking about the film.  
  
We sat in silence eating our ice creams as the trailers and ads came and went. We abandoned the empty tubs at our feet and settled back as the lights came up and then immediately went down again. The overture for the next feature filled the cinema.  
  
Sue quickly slid down in her seat almost immediately, lying almost flat, obviously ready and eager for whatever would happen next. She reached out and took hold of my hand, squeezing briefly, reassuring me that she was OK with this. Her eyes were alive with excitement as she tried to pretend to concentrate on the film which had just started, as though by the pretence she can absolve herself from responsibility over what was about to happen to her.  
  
The movement was not lost on the stranger. This time there was no preamble, no hesitancy or pretence. Almost as soon as the lights had dimmed he leaned over Sue and taking hold of the hem of her skirt, he raised it up to her waist and smoothed it down, exposing her legs and knickers in the one movement.  
  
Sue looked up at the two faces hovering above her in the semi darkness. Our heads almost touching as we leaned over her, I to watch and he to action. Leaning together, creating a small tent of intimacy in which intimacy could take place. "May I?" the stranger asked and without waiting for an answer, he ran his hands appreciatively up and down her long slim legs and over the front of her cotton knickers.  
  
A small sigh escaped her as the stranger again briefly traced the outline of her sex through the thin material. He pulled on the waistband of her knickers, "Shall we have these off?" he asked quietly. Sue lifted her hips slightly and the knickers slid down under her bottom and down her legs. He opened her legs fully to inspect her sex. He touched her briefly and she stiffened. Moving his inspection higher he brushed up her public hair with his fingertips. "Beautiful," he breathed softly. "Quite beautiful." Sue smiled slightly at the compliment. "And the skirt I think," he said quietly. Sue threw me a quick glace as, without a word, she lifted her hips so that her skirt could join her knickers around her ankles. I noticed her kick the skirt and knickers clear of her ankles to enable her to better open her legs,  
  
Sitting back he smoothed his hands over her naked lower body, "Absolutely wonderful," he said again to himself. "Do you know that you really are a most beautiful young woman my dear?" Sue quickly looked at him and smiled faintly before refocusing her already unfocussed eyes on the film. The stranger's hands continued to drift slowly over her legs, thighs and hips; stroking, touching, causing Sue to stir softly in her seat.

Reaching between her legs his fingers stroked the soft sensitive skin of her inner thigh, brushing lightly over her sex. Her lips opened and her eyes closed. I can see that she is already wet to the touch. The stranger paused, "I think I need to see your breasts now," he said quietly, Sue started at the question but did not answer, her eyes remaining firmly closed. "May I take it that I can proceed?" His fingers whisper up against her sex again and Sue shivered but again she did not answer. Good," he said, taking her silence for an affirmative.  
  
Beginning at the bottom he undid the lowest button on her blouse. Sue opened her eyes and briefly looked down at his fingers. She made as if to speak but then stopped, her eyes returning to the figures moving unintelligibly on the screen in front of her. She had no idea what was happening in the film. All she knew was that she was now almost naked from the waist down, in a public cinema and that a total stranger was intent on removing the remainder of her clothes. She licked her lips but remained silent.  
  
With practised fingers he moved up the front of her blouse, quickly and easily undoing each button in turn. He paused for a moment, as the last button came undone, before running his finger all the way down from her neck to the bottom of the blouse, as if to prove to Sue that he she was now completely undone. Then, with deliberate slowness he folded the two halves of the blouse back to the side, exposing her chest.  
  
With the back of his fingers he brushed the skin above her belly button, moving upwards toward her plain white bra. He brushed over the bra and trailed his fingers across the fullness of her breasts. He brushed he blouse back onto her shoulders, tracing the line of her collar bone on each side. His fingers brushed across the top of the swell of her breasts again and he could see her chest heave in anticipation of exposure, of being released into his hands.  
  
Leaning forward he reached one arm underneath her and she arched her back to help. He quickly unsnapped her bra and suddenly the material sprang free, lying loose upon her chest. She licked her lips, she tried to remain impassive as he continued to unclothe her; in quick succession he had removed her knickers and her skirt, now her blouse was open and pushed back on her shoulders and her bra lay open and useless and across her breasts; he now had her almost naked.  
  
I waited for him to raise his hand to push her bra away, to expose her breasts as he had said he wanted; but instead he leaned closer and placed his hand low on her knee. Confused at this unexpected move Sue opened her eyes to look at him. He smiled back at her as, with infinite slowness, he trailed his hand up her inner thigh, slowly approaching her sex again, stroking and caressing the soft skin as he passed, savouring the warmth and the texture of the body he was undressing.  
  
Finally his fingers finally reached her sex and her mouth opened in a soft, almost silent, "Oh!" He paused for a moment, stroking her soft, wet lips. Sue swallowed, the wetness between her legs giving lie to the dryness in her throat. His fingers toyed at the outside of her sex, gentling the lips open with his fingertips, luxuriating in the soft, wet, heat that radiated from her.  
  
Slowly he parted her lips with his fingertips and smoothed them apart. Sue moaned and stretched her knees as though the stranger's fingers had opened them also. I watched his long, immaculately manicured, fingers leisurely move between her lips, touching, claiming, building, gradually stoking her desire. Sue shook her head slightly as his fingers slowly explored the outside of her open sex. She was rising to the touch of his fingertips which were already glistening wetly with her juices.  
  
"You love this don't you?" He asked quietly and Sue's eyes opened wide in surprise. "You are very...," he searched for the right word, his voice soft, barely audible, "eager to be touched. I have already noticed how you love being undressed." He looked at her lying nearly naked under his hands and smiled, "Perhaps a little submissive maybe." Sue looked away. "You do love this don't you?" He asked again. "The being undressed, the sex." Without speaking Sue looked back at him and then at the hand that was still gently stroking at the wet and shining lips of her sex; she swallowed. "Can you feel that?" He whispered, "Can you feel how wonderful my fingers make you feel?" Nodding ever so slightly Sue looked at his hand again and licked her lips.  
  
Slowly he inserted two fingers into her, sliding them slowly up to the knuckle. Sue stiffened and a small moan escaped her. The stranger smiled and his fingers began a slow steady movement inside her. "Wonderful isn't it?" He asked as Sue closed her eyes, She nodded again. "It feels the same for me," he said and she opened her eyes briefly,  
  
"Really?" She asked.  
  
He nodded. "Of course, what did you think? Now," he asked; his fingers still active inside her, "I am going to return to my original question." Sue looked confused. "I wonder what your breasts are like." He looked at her breasts but made no move to touch them. Sue looked up into his eyes; they were shining down on her in the half light. "Are they topped I wonder by beautiful, rosy pink nipples? " He asked, his eyes are fixed on hers, holding her attention as his fingers continue their steady motion inside her. Sue half closed her eyes as her breathing became laboured. His fingers worked their way deeper inside her and Sue squirmed, her legs open as wide as possible, her loose bra now askew across her chest, the shape of her breasts clearly visible under the loose material which barely covered them. "Tell me what your nipples are like?" He asked her, she shook her head, whether in answer to his question or to clear her head of it I was not sure. He slid his fingers deeper inside her again and she bit her lower lip to keep any sound from escaping.  
  
"You want me to see your breasts don't you?" He said, a statement, not a question. "You want to show me your breasts don't you?" He asked and as if taken by surprise, Sue stopped moving. She looked at him but didn't say a word. His fingers kept moving between her legs, slowly in and out of her wet and open sex. "Answer me," he prompted, "you want me to look at your breasts don't you? They ache for me to touch them, to explore them, don't they? You want me to lift your bra and look at you, naked, lying here on a seat in the cinema with your legs open, a stranger with his fingers inside you, in public, making you come. That is what you want isn't it?"  
  
Sue looked at him and shook her head slightly. The stranger smiled, "No? You don't want this?" His fingers moved wetly inside her making a soft squelching sound as her juices ran down his between her legs. "Perhaps a little late to reach that decision?" He pushed deeper inside her and Sue stifled a small cry.  
  
"Now let me tell you what you are going to do." Sue looked into his shadowy eyes, half frightened, half mesmerised and bit her lip as his fingers moved inside her. "You are going to come for us; right here, right now." Sue looked at him, her eyes hooded, her hips following his fingers. "And we are going to watch you come; right here, laid between us." Sue glanced at me and then back to the stranger. "But not just any old come," he said quietly, "we want to see a real 'legs wide open', 'coming all over my fingers', come. Don't we?" he asked, including me without ever looking in my direction. Sue again glanced briefly at me and then back at the stranger.  
  
"My young friend and I want to see you come for us, want to watch you squirm on my hand. You are naked, well, near enough; you have opened your legs for us. Now all you have to do is come. We are waiting. That's all you have to do, for now." Sue just lay there, nearly naked, legs apart, while his fingers continued to move inside her. She was lost and she knew it. His fingers and his words were breaking down the last of any inhibitions she may still have.  
  
"Now Sue, my young friend and I" he continued, "want to watch you perform, we can already see everything you have to offer; all your body is open to us. You have let us undress you and now you are ours and we want to see you perform for us. We are waiting to watch you come. Are you going to come for us Sue?"  
  
Sue lay and looked up at him, her hips rocking, impaled on the stranger's fingers, she could not have stopped her movement even if she had wanted to. "Are you going to come for us Sue?" The stranger repeated softly. Sue closed her eyes as if the question may disappear. The stranger laughed, "I know what may help you make up your mind," he said and his fingers slowed and he withdrew them. Sue groaned and she opened her eyes; even though his hands had withdrawn her hips continued their circular motion as if still impaled on his fingers. She watched his hovering hand with a desperate intensity; she wanted his fingers back inside her. The stranger smiled and placing his hand back on her sex he opened her lips with his fingers, her clitoris stood out proud and clear. He deftly drew his thumb across it. Sue jerked as though she had received an electric shock. "Ah!" he said, "I thought that may help," and he brushed his thumb across her swollen clitoris again causing Sue to groan fiercely and arch her back.  
  
"Now," said the stranger, his thumb brushing her again, "I think you are going to come for us now, don't you?" Sue shook with the intensity of the feeling between her legs. The stranger stopped and leaned in closer, "And we are going to watch you come. Is that that OK Sue, can we watch you come for us?" Sue kept her eyes closed and didn't say a word but her hips strained up to find the fingers that had so cruelly deserted her. "I'm sorry Sue," the stranger said, "I didn't hear you. Did you say that you wanted to come?" He brushed her clitoris and she shuddered. "I'm sorry," he said and withdrew his hand again; Sue almost whimpered in frustration. "I didn't hear you." He brushed her clitoris again and a small groan escaped her lips. "Are you going to come for us?" He asked, running his fingers up the length of her sex, her hips following the movement, trying to recapture them. "Are you going to come for us?" He asked again and this time we hear a small, barely audible, "Yes."  
  
The stranger smiled, "Did you say 'Yes'?"  
  
Sue nodded, her hips searching for his fingers and said it again, "Yes."  
  
"Good," he said and his fingers again brushed against her sex, Sue moaned with pleasure. "Oh, yes," he asked, stopping once more, "I forgot to ask," in desperation Sue's hips searched for his fingers, "can we watch you come?" Sue looked at him, her hips blindly keeping their rhythm, desperate for his fingers. "I said," he asked slowly as if talking to a child, "do you want us to watch you come?"  
  
Sue swallowed hard and nodded. "Yes," she said. "I want you to watch."  
  
"Very good, at least we now know where we stand." He slowly slid his fingers between her lips, sliding them deep inside her, his thumb again brushed her erect clitoris. Sue uttered a small sharp cry and she immediately began to shudder with the first throes of her approaching climax. He expertly began to take her higher, his fingers searching out her most sensitive places, his thumb keeping a constant pressure at the entrance to her sex.  
  
Slow at first her hips began to rise off the seat, his fingers moved deeper inside her, till finally she arched and cried out, a series of small sounds as she climaxed around the strangers fingers. "Well done," the stranger offered as she slowly sank down in her seat, "that was certainly well worth watching." He opened her legs and withdrew his fingers from inside her and held them up for her to see. "A real come." He said. "All over my hands. You really did want that one badly didn't you?" He gently reinserted his fingers and rotated them slowly inside her. Sue softly moaned her protest. "This will help you through the aftershocks" he said, ignoring her protest. As if in response Sue shuddered as a mini climax washed through her.  
  
His fingers still inside her, her shudders eventually subsided and her breathing began to return to normal. She lay between us, a slight sheen of sweat making her skin shine. The stranger smiled at me and with his free hand he stroked her legs and stomach. Sue slowly opened her eyes. "Ah, the young lady returns from her journey," he said with a smile. Sue lay unmoving while the strangers hand continued stroking her stomach and her hips, his fingers still slowly and gently moving between her legs.  
  
"Isn't she beautiful?" He asked me and I nodded, watching his hand moving over her as she lay spread-eagled between us. Slowly he withdrew his fingers from inside her and Sue stirred slightly. He sat back a little and then leaned forward and brushed up her pubic hair with his fingertips. Sue lay quietly as the stranger inspected her small patch of golden curls. "Look how wet she is," he said almost in awe, speaking to himself, brushing down the wet and matted hair near her sex. Bending closer to inspect her between her legs he brushed the back of fingers across the outside of her lips; "and look how puffy her lips are," he said. Using both hands he opened her lips, holding them wide apart so we could both see inside her. "But still beautiful," he said, looking deep into her sex, "even here."  
  
Although I knew she was listening to his every word Sue lay as though unconscious throughout this inspection. I wondered what she was thinking, laying there as the stranger carried out this most intimate of examinations. Still holding her sex wide open with one hand the stranger slowly inserted a finger inside her. "Beautiful," he said, rotating his finger before withdrawing it and inspecting the fluids that now coated it, "absolutely beautiful." He sat back and looked at the silent, almost naked girl, her sex and public hair glistening wetly in the half light.  
  
Wondering why no one was touching her Sue slowly opened her eyes. The stranger was sitting back, smiling down at her. His eyes travelled appreciatively over her, lingering between her legs before returning to her face. "Truly beautiful," he murmured again. "But I think we have forgotten something don't you?" he asked her. Sue looked at him. "We haven't seen your breasts yet have we Sue?" He asked. Sue looked at him and then down; her bra lay almost useless across her small breasts. "And we want to see them don't we?" He looked at me briefly, "at least I do." She looked up into his eyes, he was smiling, "Show them to me."  
  
For a moment Sue lay and looked at him. The stranger looked impassively back. "Show them to me Sue," he said, "like we agreed." Sue looked back at the stranger and licked her lips and then, freeing her hand from mine, she slowly lifted her bra clear of her breasts. The stranger and I watched in fascination as she moved the bra away, before letting it fall, leaving her breast exposed to our stare. They were indeed beautiful, small and full; her deep, pink nipples standing hard and erect in the faint silver light. I looked at them as if seeing them for the first time, the eroticism of the moment taking my breath. "Now I have truly seen a naked angel," the stranger said quietly.  
  
He reached forward and almost reverently, moulded his hand to her breast, his finger and thumb lovingly taking and rolling her erect nipple. "Perfect," he breathed, "absolutely perfect." Leaning closer he now caressed her naked breasts with both hands, feeling their shape and texture, revelling in their movement. One arm went around her back and he lifted her bodily out of her seat towards him until, almost in awe, his lips closed on her nipple. He drew her nipple deep, suckling her into his mouth.  
  
Sue's head fell back as she felt the strangers lips close on her breast. As he worshiped at her chest her hand moved to the back of his head, entangling in his hair, pulling him closer, encouraging him to drink deeper. She closed her eyes almost in rapture as his other hand found and captured her other breast. He ravished her, his lips and fingers feverishly cupping and suckling on her naked breasts.  
  
Holding her breast with his hand and he moved his head back slightly to watch the nipple swell up between his fingers, he milked her breast, squeezing from the base, pulling forward to the tip, his lips descended to suckle the erect pink nipple at the same time. Responding to his desire Sue arched her chest up into his hands and mouth.  
  
I watched as if in a dream as Sue curled herself around the stranger, frantically cradling his head into her chest, pulling him closer, burning in the white heat of his passion. Her breasts shone wet n the half light as his mouth moved over them, her nipples red and painfully erect. Their lust was contagious, appalled at my lack of will I found myself leaning forward to watch them. Sue's hips were off the seat as she gave herself up to the stranger's pleasure. My hand suddenly reached down between her open legs. Sue shuddered deeply as my fingers found their way between her wet and welcoming lips. Her sex drank me in, devouring my fingers as if it were a mouth. My thumb found her clitoris without effort, standing swollen and hard at the very apex of her sex. She cried out as I stroked it, her hand still deeply entwined in the stranger's hair, pulling his mouth down harder onto her breast. My fingers rolled inside her, moving of their own accord, touching and exploring the space so recently deserted by the stranger's hand. I could feel Sue, under this dual assault on her body, stretching her legs as wide as they would go, every sinew strained to breaking point.  
  
My fingers ran slick with her juices as she instantly began to buck upon my hand. Small feral whimpers escaped from somewhere deep inside her. She clasped the strangers head to her chest as though she would drown if she let go, his lips and hands feasting hard upon her breasts. I inserted more fingers, filling her, working them deeper until she cried out.  
  
And then her climax hit her and she came, crashing like a wave breaking upon the shore, gripping my fingers inside her, crushing the stranger to her chest, her breath a high strangled wail. She came again and again, shuddering and staggering from body wracking peak to peak; shuddering and gasping like a floundering fish. Slowly the spasms began to diminish in intensity, until eventually the shuddering stopped and she fell back onto the strangers arm, releasing her deathlike grip on my hand and his head. The stranger looked down into her exhausted face and slowly and lovingly, he lowered her back onto the seat, where she lay, limp and spent; a beautiful, naked rag doll.  
  
Eventually the stranger looked up at me and smiled, "Glad you lent a hand. I thought you weren't going to join in there for a while."  
  
I looked at him and then down at my hand, wet with her juices, "I hadn't really intended to, I guess I sort of got carried away on the moment."  
  
The stranger smiled, "Your restraint was better than I could have managed."  
  
I sat back staring at my hand, "You look embarrassed," he said, "are you sorry you joined in?"  
  
I shook my head trying to clear my thoughts of visions of Sue's passion at the hands of the stranger. "I gave up embarrassment in favour of joining in."  
  
The stranger gave a small laugh and looked down at Sue's spent, spread-eagled form. "She really is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen," he muttered, half to himself. He reached out and touched a finger to a still erect nipple. "Simply beautiful," he said again, watching the nipple move under his finger. Sue stirred slightly but did not open her eyes. He looked up at me as his hand moulded itself to her firm, young breast. "I don't want this evening to ever end," he said.  
  
I looked at him and nodded. "I understand," I said.

He sat back slowly in his chair, his hand still softly caressing Sue's breast. He sighed and ran his hand down over her ribcage and onto her stomach. His hand flowed over her skin, his fingers following the shape of stomach, dipping briefly into her belly button and on, down to the line of her pubic hair.  
  
He spread his fingers through the small bush of blonde curly hair, luxuriating in the feel. Then slowly, as if drawn by an invisible thread, his hand slid slowly down between her open legs, cupping her sex, feeling the warmth emanating from her. He closed his eyes for a moment as if trying to capture the feeling and lock it away forever in his memory.  
  
His middle finger slowly .traced the shape of her lips, sliding softly over the sticky wetness, opening her as he passed. Sue stirred quietly, almost as if asleep. His finger moved inside her and he smiled as her warmth folded in around it. He gently inserted another finger. A slight movement of her hips was all that indicated that she was even aware of the fingers so softly insinuating themselves into her sex. Moving his finger he slowly and gently explored her, taking his time, committing every part to memory.  
  
Slowly he withdrew, drawing his fingers up through her sex to the top, exposing her small, sleeping clitoris. Even in the dim light I could see it, sleeping softly between his open fingers. Sue's eyelids fluttered briefly and then closed as his finger gently stroked the small nub of sensitive flesh. A small groan escaped her but her eyes did not open again. She just lay there, spent and open, arms spread out, legs wide apart, while the stranger quietly, intimately, moved across her open sex.  
  
His finger drew small little circles over her clitoris, an almost continuous, slow, figure of eight. Sue groaned slightly but otherwise did not move. The stranger continued his soft, slow manipulations between her legs, taking his time, loving the feeling of his fingers floating over her swelling and hardening clitoris  
  
The stranger kept up the steady manipulation between Sue's legs, building the pressure within her with infinite slowness. Suddenly she grunted and tried to close her legs but her position and the chair back stopped her. She raised her upper body slightly as a subdued climax washed over her. She moved her hand over his to try to stop his fingers moving but at a nod from him I took her hand and held in mine; he did the same with her other hand. Sue collapsed back into the seat as his fingers slowed a little but otherwise kept up the same soft, insistent rhythm. Sue moaned quietly and moved her head softly from side to side but then settled down again as the feelings between her legs reclaimed her.  
  
That is how we passed the remainder of the film, Sue skipping from one small climax to another as the strangers fingers continued to stroke between her legs. As the pressure built she would softly climax and then fall back, waiting for his fingers to take her onto the next. She was totally spent and completely pliable, a beautiful naked doll with her legs open and the strangers fingers gently moving between her legs.  
  
She did not stir at all; she had gone beyond her limits. How many times she climaxed I have no idea; she just kept coming under the strangers skilful fingers, all small, all soft, skipping from climax to climax like a stone across water.  
  
Eventually the sound of gunshots from the film soundtrack brought us back to reality. On screen a celluloid figure died dramatically and someone wrested a smoking gun from the heroines hysterical grip. At the sound the stranger reluctantly withdrew his fingers from between Sue's open legs. He ran his hand over her recumbent form for a last time, caressing her breast, rolling her nipple gently between his fingers. He stroked her face, "Come on Sue, my beautiful little nymph," he whispered, "I'm afraid it's time to get dressed."  
  
Returning slowly from wherever her multiple orgasms had taken her Sue opened her eyes and slowly focussed on the stranger. As her awareness of her surroundings grew she looked around her and a little startled, she sat up.  
  
"The film is over," I finally whispered, releasing her hand. She shook her head and pulled her blouse across her chest, her eyes focussing on the credits beginning to roll on the screen. Pulling her bra down over her breasts she leaned forward and I reached behind and fastened it. Finding her skirt and knickers at her feet she quickly pulled them up; lifting her bottom to get them over her hips. As the house lights came up she fumbled with the buttons on her blouse. In all but a few moments Sue's beautiful body had disappeared back beneath her clothes. The beautiful, naked, wanton Sue had evaporated and respectability had emerged like rabbit from a hat.  
  
I looked around, the few other couples scattered throughout the arae seemed to going through their own brushing down and buttoning up routines, no one had any eyes for us. Sue blinked and seemed a little dazed, as if confused by the sudden lights and the rapid change from nymph to normal. She patted herself down as if searching for something. She checked to see if she had her shoes on, felt at her hips to ensure her knickers were in place, her clothes straight and all fastened. Eventually she sat back and took a deep breath. "Ready?" she asked at last. If you had looked at her you would never have suspected that mere minutes before she was lying almost naked in her seat, eyes closed as she skipped from climax to climax. I shook my head in wonder.  
  
The stranger and I nodded and the three of us stood and made our way out of the cinema in silence. When we reach the street the stranger took Sue's arm and led her away a couple of paces. He spoke earnestly to her for a minute or so and then pressed something into her hand. He turned and walked over to shake my hand, formalities had returned and needed to be observed. He offered a somewhat embarrassed 'goodbye '. He looked at Sue and seemed about to say something but thought better of it and simply raised his hat to her. He nodded slightly, "I would not have missed it for the world," he said,  
  
"Thank you." Sue mumbled, looking down at her feet and blushing. With nothing left to say the stranger turned and walked briskly away. We stood together and watched him go.  
  
Dodging cars and pedestrians we had to run for our bus which had just pulled up across the street. Jumping aboard we made our way upstairs and sat down at the back. Sue looked out of the window in silence. "Are you OK?" I eventually asked as the bus pulled away.  
  
She nodded, "Fine."  
  
I looked at her, "What did he say to you at the end there? He obviously did not want me to hear."  
  
"He gave me his business card with his telephone number on it," she held out her hand to show me the small, white embossed card with the bank's logo on it, it was already creased from her hand. "He said if I wanted to go to the pictures again anytime to give him a ring. His home number is on the back." She turned the card over to show me the number written in a small neat script on the back.  
  
"Are you going to ring him?" I asked. Sue shrugged and turned back to look out of the window.  
  
We made the rest of the journey in silence, both lost in our own thoughts. By unspoken mutual consent we got off at the bus outside the local pub. I went inside and bought the beers. Leaving the noise of the pub behind we seated ourselves on the wall outside. The soft, warm, evening air settled around us.  
  
Unsure of what to say we again sat in silence for while. "What happened this evening?" I eventually asked.  
  
Sue looked down into her drink; she had obviously been expecting the question and had been thinking about it for a while. "He was a nice man." She said. "When we were talking to him I though he seemed very lonely, I liked him."  
  
"He certainly liked you. He showed that in no uncertain terms."  
  
"Jealous?"  
  
I laughed in the best nonchalant manner I could muster, it even rang hollow in my ears, "No, of course not, why should I be?"  
  
"Just a thought." She inspected her beer for a second, "He was kind and he seemed safe. I felt OK with him; and ... I guess it was just so exciting, you know, just being wanted. I could feel his need."  
  
"We could all feel his need," I responded sarcastically. Sue looked hurt and I immediately backtracked, "Sorry, maybe I am a bit jealous."  
  
"It was knowing that he wanted me, that I excited him, that was just so exciting. The cinema, the hands in the darkness, the fact that he was a stranger, lonely, all of the above...." She tailed off with a hopeless shrug of her shoulders.  
  
I looked at her; she was obviously struggling to come to terms with what had happened as much as I was. "I guess the main thing is, 'Did you enjoy it?'" I asked, trying to make her smile.  
  
"Yes," she said seriously, "I thought it was wonderful. I loved it," Then perhaps she saw my face fall and added, "but I also knew that you were there to protect me. That's why I felt so safe, why I did what I did."  
  
We sat for a while and drank our beers in silence.  
  
I tried to find something to talk about. "What took you so long in the interval by the way?" I asked eventually, "You were gone for hours."  
  
"Hmm," she said inspecting her beer even more closely, obviously not sure where to begin or even if she should begin. Eventually she burst out, "It was that bloody Usher!"  
  
I turned to face her. "The Usher? Why, what do you mean?"  
  
"He was waiting for me when I went to the loo."  
  
"Waiting for you? Where? What do you mean?"  
  
"Well, there was no one else around was there?" She was now speaking quickly, he words tumbling over each other in their hurry to be heard. "He grabbed my arm as I went passed his cubicle and just pulled me in before I had realised what was happening." I looked at her incredulously but she quickly rushed on. "He asked me what I had thought I was doing committing an 'indecent act' in a public cinema! He tapped at a notebook in his breast pocket and said he had written it all down for the Police!"  
  
"What?"  
  
"He said he was going to take me down to see the manager, 'accompany him' I think he said, and then they would call for the Police. Get us all arrested! In my head I knew he was lying but I was still frightened! It was all happening so fast and I was confused! He was talking at me so quickly and he was standing so close; I didn't have time to think! There was no room in that little cubicle. I didn't know what to do. I almost begged him not to call the police, I was nearly crying.  
  
Suddenly he put his hand on my shoulder and told me not to get so upset and that he was sure we could 'work something out'. I sort of sobbed my thanks and then he took his hand off my shoulder and just placed it on my boob! I tried to step back but there was nowhere to go, he had manoeuvred me around so I was standing at the back of his bloody cubicle. I was upset and confused; I asked him what the fuck he thought he was doing?  
  
He laughed and said, "Look, I've just said I'm not calling the police; I'm being nice to you aren't I? Now," he said, squeezing my boob, "you've got to be nice to me. I can easily change my mind you know." He just keep squeezing on my boob, he was beginning to hurt. I tried to think of what to do but he didn't wait; he just yanked my blouse out of my skirt and pushed it up over my boobs; then he pushed my bra up out of the way and before I knew what was happening he was holding my tits and pulling on my nipples! He tried to kiss me but I turned my head away and the next thing I knew he had my boob in his mouth."  
  
I just sat and listened, open mouthed. All this had been happening only yards from where we had been sitting!  
  
"I was scared to make a noise in case someone heard."  
  
I snorted derisively, "I would have thought you wanted someone to hear and come and help! Why didn't you call out?"  
  
"I was frightened and I guess that in the back of my mind there was still the threat of the Police! I've never been in that position before and I never even thought that what he was doing was illegal and would get him into trouble rather than me. Anyway while I was trying to push him away and stop him sucking on my boob he hooked his fingers into the waistband of my skirt and pushed it down to my thighs! I tried to push him away but he was far too strong and it's difficult to fight in that position. As I tried to reach down and pull my skirt back up he grabbed my knickers and pushed then down as well! I did try fighting, honestly I did, but it all happened too fast and he was too strong! Once my skirt and pants were down he pushed his knee between my legs to keep them open." Sue saw the look on my face. "Look!" She said getting angry with me. "You want to try fighting off bloody great slob when you're half bloody naked and trying to keep your balance because you're hobbled by your skirt and knickers! And then he puts his bloody leg between yours!" She took a breath and I shrugged noncommittally. "Anyway," she resumed, taking a deep breath, "he then just sort of pushed his hand up between my legs and grabbed a good feel!" She looked at me, "I kind of gave up fighting then."  
  
I knew that feeling with Sue all too well. Once you had your fingers inside her all fight left her, you could do what you wanted with her. "What happened?" I asked, not really sure that I wanted to know.  
  
"He pushed me up against the back wall of the cubicle and began to move his fingers about inside me. 'It's my turn now,' he said 'the others have had their go.' This guy wasn't taking no for an answer so I just opened my legs so he didn't hurt me. He wasn't messing about and he just carried on fingering me and sucking on my boobs. I was bloody half naked in there! It had all happen so fast! He just kept at me! He kept his fingers inside me for ages. His other hand was all over me, mauling me. I honestly didn't know what to do so eventually, calmly as I could, I said "My friends will be wondering where I am, they'll come looking for me soon," and he suddenly realised I was right and stepped back. He kept me pinned against the wall with one hand and with the other he began to open his flies. I almost yelled at him "Keep that bloody thing away from me! Touch me with that and I'll scream the place down!" I guess I was a little hysterical!  
  
"Perhaps a little late;' I offered, "half naked and pinned to the back of a kiosk in the flicks!"  
  
"Better late than being raped by some pervert in a uniform!" She answered and I nodded, I couldn't argue with the logic. Anyway he grabbed my hand and put it under his coat, his dick was already out and he wrapped my hand around it.  
  
He said, "Toss me off and I'll let you go." I told him to get lost but it was too late, it was in my hand and I wanted to get out of there in one piece."  
  
"So you tossed him off." I finished.  
  
"Yes," she answered quietly. "He let me go then. I almost fell out of the cubicle in my hurry to get passed him. He was cleaning himself up and I was passed him and in the corridor before he could do anything to stop me."  
  
"Still half naked?"  
  
"Dead right! Skirt and knickers down around my knees and my top up over my boobs! Hell of a shock if anyone had been passing but the corridor was empty thank goodness! I ran across the corridor and into the ladies and tried to pull myself together; I knew you'd be wondering where the hell I'd got to. Anyway, by the time I came out he was gone and the lights were going down for the ads!"  
  
"I had no idea! You looked calm enough when you came back."  
  
"I had calmed down by then. I remember thinking what the hell? He had done me no real harm, little more than just copped a quick feel really. And it was partly my fault for getting caught doing what we were doing before."  
  
"And what you were about to do in the second half." I added.  
  
"Yes," she agreed somewhat sheepishly, "and that."  
  
"Because you knew what was going to happen when you came back and the lights went out didn't you?"  
  
"Yes,'" she answered quietly.  
  
"And what happened with the Usher had really turned you on hadn't it?" I asked. Sue looked down at her feet. We had already recognised that Sue was an exhibitionist and that she quite liked being semi-forced to the sex.act.  
  
"Yes," she said with a slight smile, turning the tables, "but what I've also realised is that you enjoy watching me being used don't you?"  
  
It was my turn to smile ruefully, "Yes," I admitted, "I love watching you."  
  
"With other men?"  
  
"You're talking about tonight now aren't you? You're not talking about 'the lads' are you? I've seen the lads climb all over you."  
  
"I'm talking about tonight, strangers. Did you enjoy watching that?"  
  
"In truth I'm not sure." Sue looked at me strangely.  
  
"Why?"  
  
I tried to change the subject; I did not want to get drawn into a discussion about how I felt about all this. "You seem happy enough with what went on tonight -- even taking in to account episode in the cubicle with the Usher! And that makes two strangers in one evening! Quite an exciting turn of events for one quiet trip to the cinema."  
  
"Too bloody true. I can't believe I actually did all that! Any of it! And in the cinema too!." She said shaking her head and grinning from ear to ear. Then she stopped and turned to face me, suddenly serious, "Are you really alright with what happened? I wouldn't want this to affect us. I didn't really think about it when it was happening, I guess it was all too exciting; but I'm worried now."  
  
"Worried?"  
  
"About you."  
  
I thought about it for a second. "I guess I'm OK with it. It's your body and you can do what you want with it. You don't need my permission."  
  
"I don't need your permission, I want your approval."  
  
"Ah," I said quietly, "I probably need some time to think about that." She nodded and looked at me strangely, almost regretfully. We finished our beer in silence and I helped her down off the wall. "Home?" I asked and she nodded and we set off down the street, Sue tightly holding onto my arm.

**Summer Ch. 08 The Christening**  
  
Sue had actually volunteered to act as the 'family representative' at the first part of the Christening. As both her parents were working in the morning she had agreed to attend the actual service and the small reception afterwards and then back to Aunty May's house for the main family 'do' where her parents would join her when they finished work.  
  
She was actually quite looking forward to it, Even though they did not see each very much the family considered itself to be quite closely knit; when Sue was younger the family had regularly holidayed together and many of Sue's early memories were of the family sharing caravans at the sea side, games of cricket and football on the beach, adults and kids alike joining in.  
  
Over the years, as the kids had grown and life had gotten a little harder, the family had drifted apart bit; Christmas and Birthday cards were still exchanged, anniversaries still remembered, and they still got together for the occasional wedding or funeral but in the main they did not see much of each other even thought they only lived on opposite sides of the town. So Sue was looking forward to meeting them all again; it had been years since she had seen some of her cousins and Aunt May had always been a favourite.  
  
Jackie had somehow managed to side step the invite altogether and had poked fun at her as she had dressed to go out but even Jackie had had to admit that she looked good, her hair drawn up severely onto the top of her head and held with a large clip which she covered with a wide brimmed floppy dark blue hat. Her simple A-line, pale, air force blue, mini dress, relieved by short puff sleeves and a mandarin stand up collar. With white sheer tights and black button down clumpy shoes she looked every inch the sixties girl. Jackie had whistled as Sue had made a twirl, making her dress billow out. "Not too much of that today," Jackie laughed, "that's the shortest skirt I've ever seen, I can see your knickers."  
  
"Can't," she said laughing, "I'm not wearing any!"  
  
"Sue!" Jackie laughed and lifted the hem to have a look.  
  
"Only joking" Sue said, smoothing her dress down. She slung her small strappy purse over her shoulder and posed, "How do I look? Will I do the family proud?"  
  
"You look a million dollars," Jackie said appreciatively, "legs right up to your neck."  
  
"Mum did a good job of this didn't she?" Sue said looking at the needlework, "Didn't take her long either. You should get her to make you one."  
  
"How on earth did you ever get Mum to agree to it? She'd never let me wear anything that short."  
  
"Bet she would now. She's coming around to the idea of miniskirts. She's not as old fashioned as you'd think."  
  
"You'll knock 'em dead at the Christening," Jackie said, brushing her older sister down and picking a piece of cotton off the back of her dress.  
  
"Sure you won't come?" Sue asked but Jackie smiled and shook her head,  
  
"Not my scene thanks." The one year difference in their ages, although not significant in many ways had ensured that Jackie had not quite shared the same early memories and consequently was not that close to Aunt May's side of the side of the family. She was just that bit too young to remember. So claiming that she had something else on she had weaselled out of the event all together.  
  
As Sue's lift arrived Jackie gave her strict instruction 'not to stay with the old fogies' too late as she was going to try to get a few of 'the gang' around and that Sue would have more fun coming back home. "We'll get some booze in as well," she dropped in as an added incentive.  
  
Meeting up with everyone outside the Church was great fun and Sue laughed as she tried to put names to faces and fill in the gaps in the family history that the years of little contact had created. Aunt May fussed over her, straightening her clothes and her hat, all the time sighing and tutting and going on about how she had grown and showing her off to half remembered relatives and guests; and Sue loved it.  
  
When the Vicar arrived they all made their way noisily into the Church and settled themselves into the pews. Eventually the Vicar managed to achieve a semblance of order and quiet and slowly the service took form. When the parents stepped forward with the baby Sue was shocked at how young they seemed. "They'll be having the wedding next," Aunt May whispered, obviously of the opinion that the young couple should have been posing for school photographs rather than standing there looking entirely lost in 'grown up's' clothes; pretending to be adults, with a child in their arms.  
  
Sue looked around; it was the usual family gathering, bored children, slightly less bored adults, the old and the young, the good and the half remembered. The women smiled, resplendent in their Sunday hats and the men slightly cowed, unfamiliar in the face of God; all perspiring slightly in the hot dusty air inside the Church.  
  
Then she noticed two faces she hadn't seen in a long time, her older cousins, Andy and John, companions from those long ago family holidays. They were sitting together down the side of the Church towards the back of the congregation. They were now fully grown men and had that special look that hard physical work bestows on the Northern working man. They were bored and hot and had spread themselves out across the pew, ties loosened, jackets undone, slowly deflating with the air of men who know that they must endure until the final 'Amen'.  
  
It took her a while to attract their attention, the heat and boredom having slowly robbed them of any interest in their surroundings; but when he finally recognised her Andy struggled upright, grinning broadly, rudely nudging John back to life. John looked around confused until, following Andy's pointing finger, he suddenly recognised Sue in the crowd.  
  
She laughed as they gave her the 'thumbs up' in greeting and silently mouthed their hellos and their pleasure at seeing her again. Eventually realising that they had exhausted their repertoire of mouthed conversation Andy raised his eyebrows in enquiry and mimed the universal action for having a drink; 'going to the pub after?' he mouthed and Sue laughed and nodded.  
  
She turned back to the ceremony, her smiled fanned by warm memories of the boys as summer browned youngsters, playing in the sand at the seaside, sharing a 'shandy' from their father; both young and both running slightly just this side of being wild. She had always had a crush on them, for as long as she could remember they had always been her hero's. They were both much older than her but they had tolerated her, a gawky young girl, who followed them around and was always under their feet whatever the game. They always affectionately referred to her as 'our Kid'.  
  
The ceremony was soon over and the heat dazed congregation surged unceremoniously out of the Church and into the sunshine; the women fanning themselves with their hats and the men loosening their ties and shrugging off jackets; gaudy braces and broad leather belts characterising the style. The hubbub of noise dissipated in the open air and the crowd began to break up into groups. The main group with the mother and father and the newly christened baby made straight for the pub, 'Surprised if they're old enough to drink" Aunt May muttered into her double chin as she and Sue tagged onto the end of the procession crocodiling its way down the main street.  
  
Suddenly John appeared and saying hello to his aunt he asked what the 'two girls' were drinking "Andy's already at the pub, getting a couple of rounds in before the rabble arrive. I'll give him your orders." As soon as May and Sue had told him he shot off back towards the front of the procession again. "Good lads those two," May volunteered, it seemed she an opinion of everyone and was more than happy to share it weather asked or not. "A bit wild though. Don't seem to have much respect for rules, either of them, always courting trouble if you know what I mean. A good laugh though when they've had a drink, everybody likes them. Always, been full of life, always been in trouble, ever since they were kids. Bet you remember that don't you?" Sue went to speak but May just carried on without waiting for an answer, "Always do everything together they do, absolutely bloody inseparable. You'd think they were still tied together by their mother's chord."  
  
They finally made their way to the pub and joined the mêlée outside and found themselves seats at one of the rickety tables on what passed for the pub's 'beer garden', the inside was obviously already packed to capacity. Soon she spotted Andy and John pushing their way through the crowds with a full tin tray of drinks each. The boys made their way over to the table and placed the drinks down with exaggerated care. "Good grief," Sue laughed, "stocking up are we?"  
  
John grinned and handed a drink to May and Sue. He surveyed the remaining drinks with pride, "'Thought we'd better get a couple or three rounds in, it's five deep at the bar in there and it's a hot day."  
  
The guys sat down and turned to face Sue, she laughed, "Bloody Hell, you both look so serious suddenly."  
  
"I'll have you know that drinking is a serious business," John said picking up his first pint.  
  
"And you should know John Davies," Aunt May chimed in, "you've certainly done enough to be called an expert!"  
  
John smiled and shrugged, "You have to do your bit don't you May? Life would be pretty bleak otherwise."  
  
Aunt May leaned forward planting her feet wide apart like a Sumo wrestler and heaved her bulk to her feet. "I'll leave you youngsters to catch up with each other a bit. I've just seen someone over there I haven't seen in years and gossip beckons. Many thanks for the drink boys and I'll catch up with you later. Might have a bit of a job for you before we all leave here; if you're still capable that is," she said eying the tray of beer.  
  
"Happy to oblige May," John said putting his pint down, 'just give us a shout." May nodded and turned and walked away, cutting a broad path through the throng. "She's a card," John said scooting over to sit next to Sue, Andy followed with the tray of beer.  
  
"Heart of gold and the biggest busy body in town." Sue laughed, "She hasn't changed a bit. Perhaps a little more weight but basically still the same."  
  
"And what about you?" John cut in. "Anything but the same! Definitely not the same little girl that used to show us her knickers at the seaside are you? Grown up just a bit or what?" Sue laughed and blushed, memories stirred and she briefly wondered if they were referring to an episode when they were very young, a game of 'soldiers' in the sand dunes had led eventually to 'you show me yours and I'll show you mine'.  
  
In an instant she suddenly saw herself laid on her back in the hot sand, her swimming costume crumpled up by her head while the two boys had crouched beside her, one on either side, not touching her, just staring between her legs. She had lain there a long time until the boys had seen enough and they suddenly stood up and as if nothing had happened they carried on with their game, their side of the bargain unfulfilled. She suddenly realised that the thought of that episode, of those two intense, staring faces, even after all those intervening years could still make her moist and she realised that she was squeezing her legs together.  
  
She blushed and looked at their eager faces and she laughed again, "And what about you two? I wouldn't have recognised you, looking quite the men about town. Bloody hell you've both grown. What do you both do?"  
  
"Colliers, our kid, miners," Andy said and smiled using the pet name they had always called her. He flexed his bicep like a bodybuilder. "Both of us, bloody colliers. Strong in t'arm and weak in t'head," he said emphasizing his Yorkshire accent. A small tattoo danced on his forearm.  
  
"What's that?" Sue asked touching his arm with her fingertips.  
  
"It says 'With Love'," John volunteered. "He was having it done for his wife but she became his ex-wife before he managed to finish it"  
  
"You're married?" Sue asked.  
  
Andy shrugged, "Was; she couldn't stand the pace. I'm like a machine I am." John hit him playfully on the arm and they both laughed.  
  
"What happened to her?"  
  
Andy looked around, "She's over there somewhere, driving our David mad now. Poor bastard married her after she left me. Still, kept it in the family in a manner of speaking!" He took a long drink of his beer and looked at her over the rim of his glass. "Don't worry" he said, "God's forgiven me once, and I'm not going to do it again." Sue burst out laughing; they hadn't changed much, still clowns.  
  
The conversation continued and the beer went down, was replenished and went down again. They caught up on the family gossip and the comings and goings of friends and relatives until suddenly Aunt May appeared at the table, "Are you lot all caught up now?" She said sitting down and making the bench lurch ominously. "Good," she said without waiting for a reply, "because I want you two youngsters to go home for me and get the house ready for this lot coming back." Andy and John shrugged their acceptance and May continued. "Not much to do, just take the plastic wrap off the sandwiches and cakes and stuff, put the kettle on make sure there are enough glasses out for the booze." She waved her arms airily. "You know what to do anyway, why am I telling you? David will give you a lift; he's going back make sure the babysitters arrived for the kids." Aunt May looked at Sue, "Do you want to go with them? We'll all be leaving here in half an hour or so. Up to you." She said, passing a house key to Andy, and pushed herself upright, lumbering off again through the crowd.  
  
The boys looked at Sue "Up to you. You're welcome to come and join us."  
  
"Join in the work more like," she laughed. She didn't even hesitate, "let's go" she said plonking her hat on the top of her head.  
  
They arrived at the house about ten minutes later. The boys had sat in the back taking the Mickey unceasingly out of Mike, who it turned out, was the Mike who had married Andy's ex-wife. A lot of the comments about Mike's wife were fairly close to the bone and Sue tried her best not laugh but usually failed miserably. Sue thought Mike looked really relieved when he eventually dropped them off outside Aunt May's and went on to check up on the babysitter. "He won't be back in a hurry," Andy laughed and they let themselves in. Sue threw her hat and purse onto the sofa with the boys jackets and ties, one of those modern unit sofas with no arms she noticed, surprised a her aunts modern taste and she turned to help the boys who were already unwrapping the plates full of sandwiches, pastries and cakes.  
  
The attack, when it came, was so entirely unexpected that Sue did not even have time to respond. In what seemed like a well rehearsed move the two boys took an arm each, "You know our kid, you've grown up such a lot we wouldn't have recognised you. We think that you have grown up into a really beautiful young woman," Andy said smiling, "and we both thought that we'd like to have a better look at you, didn't we?" he said and John nodded. "In fact it's been so long since we've seen you that we think we'd like to have a very good look."  
  
Before she could say anything Andy's fingers had unbuttoned her dress at the back of her neck. In one quick movement he had pulled down the short zipper and her best blue party dress was lifted from the front, up and over her head; her arms automatically went up to allow them to pull it off. She could only manage a startled 'What?", before Andy moved her quickly back towards the sofa, keeping her off balance.  
  
John dropped her dress over the back of a chair, "Don't want to get that all creased now do we? Lovely dress, you looked good in it. Look better out of it though." he said appreciatively, admiring Sue in her slip, as Andy pushed her backwards down onto the sofa.  
  
John ditched her hat and their jackets from off the sofa as Andy grabbed her legs and swung her round pulling her forward until her legs dangled down over the end, her feet still on the floor. John knelt in front of her and grabbing her slip in one movement, he pulled it out from under her bottom and up over her head, leaving her arms and head tangled in the fine, silky, material. He then pushed her flat back so she was laying lengthwise along the sofa, her legs over one end and head and arms, trussed like a Sunday chicken, at the other.  
  
Gathering her scattered wits a little Sue eventually managed to cry out, "What the hell are you doing?!"  
  
John stopped and smiled, leaning close to her he smoothed the fine material of her slip down over her face so he could see her and she could see him, "we're undressing you our kid, what do you think we're doing?"  
  
"But why?" she asked, her vision clouded by the slip, like looking at ghosts rather than people."Why are you doing this?"  
  
John laughed and leaned even closer, "Aw come on! A lovely looking lass like you in the family! It's about time we inspected what's on offer don't you think?"  
  
"There's nothing 'on offer'!" Sue protested at the face smiling down at her.  
  
"Oh, I think there is," John said, "you just haven't realised it yet. "  
  
Further discussion was stopped by Andy who knelt down between her legs at the end of the sofa, "Look at this!" he said disgustedly, "tights! Don't you just bloody hate tights?"  
  
"Nice legs though," John added sitting back and admiring the view, his hand in middle of Sue's chest, holding her down while she struggled to free herself from the confines of her slip. Andy grunted in agreement and ran his hands over her legs in appreciation. He hooked his fingers into the waistband of her tights and worked them down over her hips. Sue struggled but it was no use, the boys had her completely under control.  
  
With her tights half way down her thighs Andy stopped to admire her as she lay there, now dressed in just her bra and knickers. "Fuck but that's lovely isn't it?" he asked running his hands over the smooth skin of her thighs, brushing lightly against her mound with his fingers, causing her to flinch.  
  
"Bloody lovely" John replied, holding her hands above her head with one hand, keeping her wrapped up in her slip, while running his other appreciatively across her chest, lightly dipping under her bra, is fingers grazing her nipple. "You know, our kid, you have grown up into one bloody beautiful woman."  
  
"Come on then," said Andy returning to the task in hand and pulling her tights down over her knees and down to her ankles, "we've only got about thirty minutes before the others arrive and times passing. Would be bloody embarrassing if the family arrived and found you like this wouldn't it our kid?" He lifted her ankles and pulled her shoes off followed by her tights.  
  
He leaned forward between her legs until his face was near her crotch, she could feel his breath on the sensitive skin of her thighs. He placed his hands on her knickers, on either side of her mound, pulling the material tight, emphasising the shape of her sex beneath the thin cotton. "You know, I love this," he said, leaning closer to inhale her scent, "the anticipation of the unveiling." He pressed his face into her crotch and she stiffened, "You always wonder what a girls fanny is going to be like before you first see it; will it have big lips, a lot of hair, a wart or something; or will it be perfect, pink and pouty," he licked the outside of her knickers, over her sex and she shivered, "and tasting of honey?" He slowly licked the material between her legs again, "I think this one will taste of honey," he said and smiled.  
  
Smiling indulgently at his brother John had by now worked his fingers down into Sue's bra cup and had pushed the cup down exposing her breast and nipple. He was softly rolling her nipple between finger and thumb while he watched Andy licking between her legs. "Look, just get on with it will you, if her fanny is anything like her tits then you won't be disappointed," he stretched her nipple away from her breast making her cry out, "her tits are superb."

Andy laughed and sat back. "Well then, let's see shall we?" He said and leaned forward and hooked his fingers into the waistband at the side of her knickers. Sue tried to struggle but John pulled her arms tighter over her head holding her down. Andy worked the knickers down over her hips and her pubic hair flashed in the sunlight. "Ah, a real blonde," Andy said quietly, "couldn't tell that the last time we saw your fanny could we eh? It had no hairs on it at all as I remember it."; and in that moment Sue was back to that day, laying on her back in the hot sand at the seaside with the two boys staring intently between her legs, and suddenly she could feel herself getting wet.  
  
"Do you remember that day our kid?" Andy asked, "Do you remember when you took off your swimming cossie for us?" Sue had stopped struggling and lay quiet, she remembered the event all too well and the sudden, compelling, erotic charge she had felt all those years ago when she saw them gazing so intently between her legs. Suddenly the fight left her, the hands that held her seemed suddenly inviting not frightening. Caught between the memory and the present she could suddenly hear the sea, feel the hot sand on her naked back, she gazed up at the two heads leaning over her, dark against the sunshine. She could feel their desire, their need for her, to touch and explore; and she responded to that need, her desire, like theirs, echoing down the years.  
  
With a shiver of anticipation, she felt Andy pull her knickers further down onto her thighs, the material sliding sensuously over her skin. He was working in silence now, concentrating on the task in hand. He shuffled back slightly so he could draw them down her thighs and over her knees. They fell to the floor at her ankles and she felt him lift her feet to pull them clear.  
  
There was a moment's hesitation and then she felt his hands on the inside of her knees, gently pulling her legs open. She knew that he was opening her up so that he could look at her sex and she did not resist. John leant forward as Andy moved up between her open legs, pushing them wider, opening her completely to their gaze. Through the nylon veil of her slip she could see the two men bending over her, looking intently at her sex, staring between her legs; and she felt herself moisten. The slip over her face blurred the figures, ghosting them as though she was looking back in time. The two heads remained motionless, staring again down the years, between her open legs at her glistening sex, a tableau of two grown men become young boys again.  
  
"Fucking beautiful," Andy breathed, gazing intently at the soft pink lips of Sue's sex, framed by her pale golden curls and soft, luscious, open, thighs. "Absolutely fucking gorgeous," he said, "the perfect fanny;" and reaching forward he lightly touched the lips of her sex. At his touch she could quite literally feel her lips swell and open like the petals of some exotic and rare flower. She swallowed and licked her lips which had suddenly gone strangely dry. She knew her sex would be glistening moistly in the light of their gaze. Andy laughed quietly, "Open Sesame!" he said and lightly ran his finger over the length of her lips. Sue stiffened and bit her lip to keep from crying out.  
  
"Well?" said John, his hand moulding itself to the shape of her breast, "how is she?"  
  
"Fucking fantastic!" Andy replied quietly, unable to tear his eyes away from the pink, moist lips of her glistening sex. "Fucking beautiful," he said again as his finger slowly reached forward and traced the soft shape of her lips, each small touch causing Sue to shudder and stifle a groan. "And very sensitive," he said as he watched her muscles tighten in response to his touch.  
  
John let go of her hands and pulled the slip clear of her head and arms. She blinked as the vision of the past disappeared. "Time to get the rest off love'" he said in businesslike manner and he pulled her half upright so that he could reach underneath her and unhook her bra.  
  
She made to speak but at that moment Andy slowly slid his finger inside her and the power of speech left her. "So soft, so wet," Andy said quietly as she watched his finger slip gently and easily inside her. John slipped her bra off her shoulders, pulling it down her arms and away, freeing her breasts. He dropped it on the floor beside him before laying her back, naked, on to the sofa.  
  
He again held her flat with a hand in the middle of her chest while he explored her naked breasts with the other; cupping and feeling their soft, smooth, shape, rolling them with his palm, squeezing them lightly. Andy moved his finger inside her and she groaned. "Knew you'd like it," John said, his fingers teasing her nipples erect, "once we got you started". Placing one hand on her stomach to hold her in position Andy inserted a second finger into her moist and open sex. Sue stifled another groan and stretched her legs as wide as she could to allow him access. She could feel how wet she had become.  
  
Feeling her opening herself to him, her body soft and warm under his hands Andy began to work between her legs in earnest. His fingers began to explore deep inside her, revolving slowly in the hot, wet darkness, becoming coated in her juices. He curled his fingers searching for the sensitive areas hidden deep inside her. He sensed rather than saw her hips begin to move, following the movement of his fingers.  
  
He spread his fingers inside her and she began to whimper; softly, quietly, trying to hold it back, the feeling was so intense she knew she could not last for long. Her nipples were now almost painfully erect and John leaned forward and wrapping his large hand around her breast, he squeezed, suckling the nipple deep into his mouth. Sue began to shake, desperately trying to control her body which was responding to their manipulations with a passion that stripped her of any will to resist.  
  
"You are fucking sensational," Andy muttered as he inserted a third finger into her, stretching her lips, forcing her to open her legs eyen wider in an attempt to accommodate him. "Come on girl'" he said, slowly undulating his fingers inside her, causing the top of her head to explode, "you're going to come for us now aren't you?" He said. She began to tremble, all her senses focussed like a laser beam on her nipples and her sex, "Come on Sue," he urged quietly, his fingers touching the opening to her womb "Come for us now," he repeated without thinking, concentrating on his fingers buried deep within her sex, watching her soft body begin to shake and tremble as her climax began to seize her.  
  
In her head, as her senses slipped and rocked, his words connected themselves directly to his fingers and Sue arched her back in response, lifting her hips off the sofa, driving his fingers deeper inside her. She called out as her climax crashed through her, her muscles gripping his fingers, her juices flowing freely down between her legs.  
  
The two men watched her climax with a quiet, smug, satisfaction; this is where they had intended they would take her, willingly or not; but she had proved to be a very willing victim to their seduction, a very able pupil. John continued milking her breasts, pulling hard on her already stretched, sensitive, nipples, while Andy strained to get his fingers even deeper inside her. She pushed back against him, her hips bucking as she rode him deeper into her. She screamed out her climax, her passion, as they held her down, captive and wanton, willingly open, until finally she arched up into the ultimate convulsive rack of her orgasm before collapsing completely to lay inert and spent between them.  
  
The boys looked at each over her now limp, prostrate form. "Bloody hell," John said quietly, still casually fondling a breast, "that was a screamer! A bit quick,like; but she goes off like a rocket when you get her going doesn't she?"  
  
"Fucking beautiful," Andy said, running one hand over her pubic mound and stomach, his other still completely embedded in her sex. He looked at the sheen of sweat that slicked her skin and the pubic hair, matted wetly around his fingers, "She is the most beautiful thing I think I have ever touched," he said. Sue moaned quietly, moving slightly under his hand. "I think I could keep doing this forever," he said, indicating his fingers lodged deep in her wet and open sex.  
  
His hand still on her breast John looked across at Andy, "Unfortunately we haven't got forever have we" he said and with his free hand he began to unbuckle his belt. "If we're going to fuck her then we'd better get a move on."  
  
Through her torpor John's words somehow registered. "What?" she said trying suddenly to sit upright. "You can't fuck me!" she said in panic.  
  
"Just watch me," John said unzipping his trousers and pushing them down to his knees. He pushed Sue back down so that she lying flat back on the sofa again, but not before she had caught a glimpse of John's penis aggressively tenting out his underpants beneath his shirt tails. "What the fuck do you think we got you naked for?"  
  
With his free hand pushed his underpants down and his erect cock sprang free. "Don't worry our kid, if you thought the first course was good then you'll love the desert." Sue struggled to get up but John controlled her easily, keeping her flat on her back. She heard Andy unbuckle his belt and heard his trouser slide down his legs. With John holding her flat she felt Andy push her knees apart and move between them again making sure she could not close them. She began to struggle in earnest. She could feel Andy's naked thighs between her legs, his erect cock between her legs and she knew that he was preparing himself to enter her.  
  
On the edge of hysteria she screamed at them, "Stop it! You can't fuck me, I'm a virgin!"  
  
There was a moment's of dead silence as her words echoed through the empty house. She saw the two boys look at each in disbelief, disappointment writ large across their faces. "Aw fuck!" John said disgustedly and he sat back on his haunches, his cock still clasped in his hand like some kind of weapon. Sue struggled up onto her elbows; all restraint from John had suddenly evaporated.  
  
She saw Andy, kneeling between her open legs, hanging his head in defeat, his penis still erect, pointing forlornly towards the ceiling in mock salute to her virginity. Obscurely Sue found herself apologising to them. "I'm sorry," she heard herself saying, "but I really am a virgin."  
  
John looked at her despairingly and then suddenly sat up and pushed her back down on the sofa, "I don't care if you are a virgin," he said, "I'm still going to fuck you. I'll be your first!"  
  
Sue cried out but Andy stopped him with a gesture, "You know you can't," he said quietly, "beside's, she's family."  
  
John looked at her with a mixture of anger and stunned disappointment, "But you can't be! I mean your Jackie's younger than you .." He tailed off spreading his hands wide in a gesture of hopelessness, his penis standing up red and hard between his outstretched palms like an angry exclamation mark.  
  
"What about Jackie?" Sue said pushing herself upright again. "What's she got to do with this?"  
  
"Well, fuck it," John said, "we all know she's not a virgin don't we?"  
  
"What do you mean?" Sue snapped back angrily, defensively.  
  
"John .." Andy said quietly as if warning John to be quiet but John was not listening. "I know for a certainty your sister isn't a virgin! Bloody hell I've actually fucked her! Well, me and half a football team. Had a great time with her, although not a much time as I would have liked but she was one hell of a fuck! We just sort of assumed ..."  
  
"You fucking assumed what? You bastard!" Sue shouted angrily, "And what do you mean you've fucked Jackie? You were there that day, on the coach? How could you do that? She's family!"  
  
John shrugged, "I didn't recognise her until later and she didn't recognise me; and anyway it certainly wasn't a time for introductions."  
  
"How could you fuck family?" She asked again.  
  
Andy burst out laughing, his slowly deflating penis bobbing ludicrously in front of him, "For God's sake our kid, would you just look at yourself; naked as a jaybird; we were about to fuck you and you're family!"  
  
"You didn't give me much bloody choice did you?" She shouted back.  
  
"I didn't see you objecting as you were coming all over us." Andy replied his voice rising dangerously.  
  
"So it's my fault that you two tried to rape me?"  
  
John tried unsuccessfully to put his cock away beneath his shirttails and reached down to pull his underpants up from around his knees. Sue watched him for a moment as he struggled to get his cock under control. Suddenly she reached out and lifted his shirt tail and looked at his cock, red and angry and refusing to go back into his pants. She burst out laughing.  
  
"What's funny?" John asked looking confused and suddenly shy and defensive.  
  
"He's right," she said letting his shirttail drop and looking at Andy. "Just look at us! Talk about fucked up! This family just couldn't get any closer -- or weirder."  
  
John looked at Andy, kneeling between Sue's legs, naked from the waist down, his half deflated penis a sad shadow of its recent glory. He glanced down at his own cock which was now fast disappearing below his shirt tail; and then at Sue, naked as the day she born, lying between the two of them, and then he also burst out laughing. The laughter built, slowly rolling around the room, dispelling the anger and the disappointment, growing louder, rocking the three of them, and the more they laughed the more ludicrous the situation appeared. Finally, wiping the tears from her eyes, Sue collapsed back on the couch, her hands holding her sides, her breasts bouncing.  
  
Leaning against the couch John fished in his pocket for a handkerchief and he laughed so hard that he almost fell over, exacerbating their sense of the absurd and causing fresh storms of hysterical laughter from the three of them. Andy slowly fell forward across Sue's legs, his head bouncing on her stomach as she laughed until she ached.  
  
They lay that way for a while, until the hysteria slowly evaporated into the sunshine and only the occasional burst of remembered mirth remained. They slowly wiped their eyes and caught their collective breath. "Do you think there's something wrong with us?" Sue asked eventually, suppressing a giggle as she said it.  
  
"What do you mean?" John asked, rolling over so that he could look up at her from where he had ended up on the floor beside the couch.  
  
"Yea, what do you mean?" Andy asked.  
  
"Well, this isn't normal behaviour in a family is it?"  
  
"It is in ours it seems," Andy, said, his head still resting on Sue's stomach, "and I don't think ours is all that unusual around here."  
  
"What about all this?" lying on her back Sue spread her arms to include the three of them.  
  
"We just like to keep it in the family." John quipped and Sue giggled again and John noticed her breasts bounced invitingly. He lifted his shirt to show her his now deflated penis. "We wanted to keep this in the family, we wanted to put it into you but you got the better of us." He snorted, "A bloody virgin indeed, who's have thought it?"  
  
Andy pushed himself upright, "And speaking of keeping it in the family," he said moving his hand between Sue's open legs, "time is moving on."  
  
Her mouth formed a small and silent 'oh!' as Andy slipped his fingers inside her. John was up on his knees in an instant, kneeling at the side of the couch. Pushing her flat again with a hand on her upper chest; he immediately cupped the nearest breast with the other.  
  
"Never look a gift horse..." he said and smiled. Sue closed her eyes as Andy began to move his fingers inside her, a gentle rhythm that seemed to allow him to search out every corner of her.  
  
"And you really are absolutely the most beautiful woman I've seen in a long, long time," John added, using both hands to cup and caress her breasts, stroking and pulling her nipples erect, his actions soothing and exciting in equal measure. Sue settled back, her legs wide open again, as Andy began to work his fingers deeper inside her. She needed no restraining now, she was theirs completely, to do with as they liked and they knew it.  
  
With his fingers still inside her Andy parted her lips with his free hand, exposing her hard and erect clitoris, "He looks a little excited," he said, looking at her over the length of her body. He took the small hard nub between his finger and his thumb and Sue groaned as he rolled back the foreskin, exactly the same as you would on a penis. "Very attractive little fella," he said, leaning closer to inspect it. Sue stiffened as he squeezed it gently, her fingers digging into the material on the sofa. "Wonder what it tastes like?" he said, suddenly leaning forward and sucking it into his mouth exactly as John was now doing with her nipple. Sue cried out and arched her back.  
  
He rolled his tongue around the sensitive head, nipping gently with his teeth, his fingers beginning to move inside her again. Sue's hips came up off the sofa to meet his mouth, he slipped his arm beneath her, holding her up hard against his fingers and tongue.  
  
His tongue lapped greedily at her while his fingers moved deeper, filling her up, splitting her open until she cried out for him to stop. Holding her breasts and stretching nipples already wet with his saliva John took Sue's hand and led it unresisting beneath the tails of his shirt. Her hand closed around his erect penis, she looked up and John smiled, "Please," he said quietly, almost mouthing the word.  
  
Andy's mouth left her clitoris and began nuzzling the soft skin at the junction of her thighs as his fingers increased their tempo inside her. She could feel her juices flooding out of her, coating his fingers, lubricating them, making them slide deeper and easier inside her. She felt John move her hand up and down on his shaft and as if in a trance, she began to follow his movement, long, steady, stokes that caused him to lean forward against her.  
  
She could feel herself rising again; that sharp spiralling climb that could almost threaten her sanity, the sweetest sensation imaginable. She tried to rein herself back, but it was no use; the boy's manipulations of her body, the feeling of John's cock, silky hard in her hand, had all undone her and she had again quickly reached the point of no return.  
  
Her body was in control and her mind was loosely following on, her thoughts a kaleidoscope of sensation. She could feel John's cock in her hand and his fingers at her breast; Andy held her legs wide open and his fingers moved deep inside her, his arm holding her hips arched high off the sofa, she briefly wondered if it was possible to overload on sex. And then she came again, a second climax that locked every muscle in her body, held her rigid, forced her head back and loosened her teeth. She cried out again and again as her climax crashed through her in wave after never ending wave until, with a last, guttural cry she collapsed, caved in upon herself, her hips sinking slowly back onto the sofa.  
  
She opened her eyes to find John trying to release her strangle hold on his bulging cock, "Not quite so tight," he laughed anxiously, easing her fingers open. Sue looked disorientated; she was trying to pull herself together, to gather her scattered wits.  
  
"Sorry,'" she said, pushing herself up on one elbow.  
  
"No problem," he said as her grip loosened. He took her hand and again, coaxing her into finishing the job she had started. He leaned in closer, leaning over her, positioning his cock above her stomach. Taking him back in hand she began to stoke him again, long flowing movements that stretched his foreskin back, wrinkling the skin on his shaft like a badly fitting overcoat. The sight of her hand on his cock overthrew him and he began to shudder. "I'm coming'" he said quietly, thrusting his hips forward. Sue continued to stroke him until he suddenly leaned forward and began to shoot long, thick, strings of cum onto her belly. He groaned and pumped more seed onto her as she continued to stroke him to his end.

She watched in fascination as the cum spread across her skin, warm and sensuous, pooling pearl like in the sunlight. Slowly he eased himself back into a more upright position and after a couple of last slow strokes Sue reluctantly let go his shaft, "Jesus," he moaned, "I needed that."  
  
Sue smiled uncertainly, "Was that OK?"  
  
"Don't worry our kid' that was perfect, you handled him like a professional," he said wiping his cock off with his hand. Sue looked at the ribbons and pools of sperm on her stomach, she watched as some of it began to run down over her waist and away underneath her, tickling her as it ran across her skin. She looked around for a cloth or something to wipe herself with but suddenly Andy was there, kneeling beside her, gently pushing John out of the way.  
  
"My turn next I think," he said and lifted the front of his shirt to show her his erect cock. "It's only fair," he said smiling.  
  
He pushed her back down flat onto the sofa and leant forward to position himself above her. Laying there, looking up him at leaning over her, she smiled. This was almost the completion of the story that started all those years ago laying on her back in the hot sand. She wondered if he had been erect then, his young cock hard inside his trunks as he had gazed between her open legs. She looked at his penis, now jutting so assertively over her, supremely male, arrogant and proud and yet so soft and vulnerable.  
  
She wrapped her fingers around the shaft, feeling the warmth and softness of his skin. A drop of precum glistened at the tip and she wiped it away with her thumb. Andy breathed in with a hiss. "Make him cum," he said quietly and Sue, now sure of her control over this dominant male, this little boy, began to move her hand gently up and down on his shaft, completing a sexual cycle that had begun with a game in the sand at the seaside.  
  
John moved down behind Andy and she felt him move his hand between her legs, his fingers parting her lips and moving gently inside her. "Just checking," he said and she softly moaned at the intrusion of his fingers, "felt I was missing out otherwise." Sue opened her legs again and lay back, continuing to stroke the shaft of the penis that hovered just above her.  
  
She shuddered as John explored deeper inside her and she opened her legs wider to give him access. "You really are beautiful you know," Andy said taking a breast in his hand, his hips softly beginning to move to the rhythm of her stroking.  
  
"Thank you," she said quietly; the boys' hands already taking away her ability to talk, the fingers inside her and the hand on her breast robbing her of everything except her softly growing desire to come yet again As Andy's fingers milked her breast, pulling insistently and effectively on her nipple, she could feel her muscles milking the fingers that were burrowing away between her wide open legs..  
  
"I mean it," Andy said and moaned a little as the gentle pressure of her fingers reminded him that his own time would soon be drawing near.  
  
She looked up at him, the man behind the penis, his eyes closed, trying to control the pressure that was building rapidly in his groin and she smiled. "It all just comes 'round to sex," she said and moaned a little as she felt John insert another finger inside her.  
  
"And family," Andy said as he rocked gently above her, her hand moving slowly up and down on his shaft, his hand on her breast, his fingers almost absently teasing her nipple. John explored deeper inside her, his free hand holding her legs apart. Feeling herself beginning the slide down towards her climax, she suddenly raised her head a little and she gently pulled Andy's penis towards her. His eyes opened in surprise as she reached up and softly placed a small kiss on the very tip of his penis. His precum wet her lips, a strange, addictive, slightly salty taste. John's fingers continued to move deep inside her and she cried out again, her control of her body beginning to crumble.  
  
This time she touched her tongue to the tip of his penis, feeling the smoothness of the skin, the small indent that was oozing juice. She looked up into Andy's face, his eyes were closed. He gripped her breast, holding on as if his life depended on it. She let her head fall back as John found her clitoris, his fingers still deep inside her.  
  
She felt Andy pull away slightly and then she felt him spasm in her hand. She felt his sperm splatter across her chest and he groaned and thrust blindly forward into her hand, exactly as John had done. 'Little boys' she thought as she herself began to ride John's fingers to her own climax 'all they need is taking in hand'.  
  
Holding her legs open with his free hand John brought her swiftly and expertly to her climax. She cried out and bucked her hips as if trying to throw him off. Using his position he held her down and continued to work his fingers inside her until she finally lay there, limp and spent. He sat up slowly and withdrew his fingers; they came out her with a soft, wet, sucking sound and Sue moaned quietly, moving her hips as if searching for them again.  
  
He wiped his hand on her thigh and sat back, looking down the length of her body. Her eyes were closed and she was still holding Andy's now almost totally deflated dick; her fingers unconsciously stroking the soft, warm skin. Andy knelt alongside her, looking down at her, his hands almost absently wiping his sperm beneath his hands, rubbing gently it into her breasts,  
  
She looked well used John thought smugly. Her nipples, still surprisingly erect, shone wetly under Andy's hands, trails of sperm splattered her upper chest and breasts, some almost on her chin, His own sperm remained pooled in Sue's navel, shiny trails down across her tummy and hips showed where some had run off her stomach and onto the sofa below.  
  
Her legs were open, her abused sex clearly exposed, puffy and open, her pubic hair matted and wet. His finger marks shone on her thigh where he had wiped her juices off his hands. He leaned forward and dipped two fingers into the pooled sperm in her navel; it was cold to the touch and drew it down her stomach towards her pubic hair.  
  
He looked up to find Andy looking at him. Andy smiled, "Something else again hu?" he asked, indicating the spread-eagle girl.  
  
"The best," John said quietly, "job well done."  
  
"Absolutely," Andy agreed.  
  
John put his hand between her legs and cupped her sex, Sue moaned and moved slightly, opening her eyes. He slipped his index finger inside her, feeling the sudden warmth after the cooling wetness of her lips. Andy took her nipple between his thumb and finger and squeezed gently, "Fancy doing it again?" he asked, smiling down on her. She licked her lips, looking from one to the other. John laughed and withdrew his finger, "Don't think we've got time unfortunately," he said and he raised his finger to mouth and licked the juices from it. "Mmm, you taste bloody fantastic."  
  
"Better than beer? Andy asked.  
  
"Better than beer," John said and quickly leaned forward and ran two fingers up the length of her sex. Sue shuddered at the intrusion. John leaned over and held his fingers out, Andy took his wrist and putting the fingers in his mouth he sucked the juices off. "Well?" John asked, wiping off his wet hand on Sue.  
  
Andy looked at him and laughed'" Much better than beer, but then I already knew that."  
  
John got up and pulled his trousers and underpants up, zipping himself up and buckling his belt. "We'd better get a move on."  
  
"What time is it?" Andy asked getting to his feet and pulling his pants up.  
  
"Well past half an hour," he answered, "they should be here by now." As he said it they heard the first car arrive outside.  
  
Sue jumped to her feet, the last of the sperm running down her stomach. "Fuck!" she muttered, suddenly galvanized, gathering her clothes into her arms, casting about her for the rest. The boys almost casually finished putting their own clothing straight before stuffing her remaining items of her clothing into her hands and manhandling her out of the room,  
  
"The bathroom," Andy instructed, "at the top of the stairs," and pushed her naked into the hall. Sue needed no urging and, as the she heard the first voices coming down the path, she raced up the stairs, taking them two at a time. Andy glanced back into the longue, John was checking the sofa for stains, He straightened up and smiled at Andy as the back door opened.  
  
"All Ok," he said and smiling, the two boys turned to greet the newcomers.  
  
Locking the bathroom door Sue dropped her clothes on the floor and looked in the mirror, she could not believe the mess she was in! How could two guys make such a mess of her is such a short time. She could now clearly hear voices from downstairs and the piercing peal of Aunt May's raucous laugh. She had obviously already indulged herself at the pub and was now looking forward to an enjoyable evening. She heard more cars arriving outside and realised she had to hurry.  
  
Running some warm water she washed herself as best she could, a quick once over with a wet cloth, washing the sperm from her stomach and her breasts. Leaning forward she splashed water over her groin and pubic hair, gripping the edge of the sink as the warm water ran down between her legs and over the lips of her highly sensitised sex. Pulling herself together she grabbed a towel and began to dry herself.  
  
Checking herself in the mirror she suddenly noticed what she at first thought was a bruise, but closer inspection revealed the purple and red discolouration of a love bite, on her lower stomach, just above and to the side of her pubic hair. 'Fuck!' she thought, peering intently into the mirror, 'when did they do that? And which one did it?' Then she noticed a second bite, right at the top of her inner thigh, just below her sex. 'Bloody hell!' she almost said out loud, 'how many of the fucking things are there?' She did not remember either of the boys doing it to her. One of them, or perhaps both, was either an expert at speed biting or she was just so high on the sex that she hadn't noticed. She looked in the mirror and knew she knew the answer. She smiled at herself, 'Oh boy, are you in trouble," she thought shaking her head ruefully.  
  
She pulled her clothes on quickly and looked around for her tights but could not see them and with a sinking feeling she realised they must still be downstairs somewhere. Trying not to panic she straightened her hair and looked at herself, she thought she looked as though she had just been having sex but just hoped that no one would notice. Pulling herself together she unlocked the door and stepped out. The heat and noise of the party swept up the stairs to greet her. People were already spilling over from the kitchen and standing in the hall talking, drinks and plates of food in their hands. Taking a deep breath, with all the grace she could muster, she walked down the stairs and joined the party.  
  
She saw the boys immediately, each in a different group of people, glasses of beer in their hands. Andy looked up and smiled at her, looking her up and down. He raised his glass in salute. Sue could feel herself blushing and looked away. She made for the drinks table, all the time scanning the floor and furniture for her missing tights.  
  
She poured herself a glass of warm cider and made her way slowly across the room, smiling at people as they called out to her, touching hands outstretched in greeting, clinking glasses for luck. She walked around until she finally found herself standing next to John who was sitting on the end of the sofa, chatting to some elderly couple whom she vaguely seemed to recognise. The press of the crowded room and the noise made conversation difficult and Sue failed to catch the couple's names. After a few remarks to them, obviously an explanation of who she was, John stood up to talk to her.  
  
'"What's up our Kid?" he asked casually, smiling at her over the rim of his beer glass. "What do you mean 'what's up'?" she almost hissed at him. "I've lost my bloody tights that's what's up!" She looked around trying to appear nonchalant, "They must be down here somewhere, What'll I say if someone finds them?"  
  
John smiled, and his fingers casually touched the skin at the top of her leg just below the hem of her short skirt. "Oh yes, so you have," he said. "Nice skin though," he said brushing his hand a little higher, "also a lovely fanny as I recall." Sue jumped quickly away, almost spilling her drink but he smiled again.  
  
"Calm down our kid," he said, placing his hand comfortingly on her bare arm, she was suddenly so aware of him, his maleness, his hands, that it shook her. "I cleared the sofa and the lounge. All I found was a couple of damp patches on the sofa. I was actually sitting on one of them just now," he said looking down at the sofa beside him and Sue could see the now fading outline of a damp stain on the cushion.  
  
She put her hand to her mouth and looked around the room. "Don't worry," John said conspiratorially, his head close to hers, "the heat from my bum has dried most of it and if anyone notices now they'll just think its spilled booze. Actually the stains on the other cushions were worse but Granma and Granpa there are drying those out for us. I don't think they're about to move do you? Even if they noticed at their age they'd probably think they've wet themselves!" Sue looked at him and he shrugged, "Well I thought it was funny."  
  
Sue pushed him with her elbow, "Look, forget the bloody humour, where are my tights?" John raised an eyebrow and pointed at Andy with his drink.  
  
Andy was watching them, he smiled, obviously enjoying Sue's discomfort before exaggeratedly patting a bulge in his trouser pocket. He raised his glass again in salute and Sue nodded in relief. "Thank God for that!"  
  
"God had nothing to do with it," John said taking another drink, "Andy found them at the bottom of the stairs. All part of the clean-up operation. You don't have to pay us."  
  
"Clean-up operation?" she asked. "Do you make a habit of this?"  
  
John laughed, "Believe it or not, no. But you were just too good an opportunity to pass up; and family to boot! A heady combination." He said lightly.  
  
Sue bridled, "And that gives you the right to almost rape me does it?"  
  
John almost chocked on his drink, "Now don't take about rape!" he said, suddenly defensive, "There was none of that."  
  
"Only because I told you I was a virgin!" Sue hissed and John smiled,  
  
"Aye, who'd 'a thought that eh?"  
  
"That's not the point," Sue snarled, "the point is you didn't ask me, you simply ripped my clothes off, you forced me to do it!"  
  
"Forced?" he said, smiling now, looking over his glass, "Forced? I seem to remember you opening your legs quite readily once we got you started. How many times did you come exactly?" he asked almost innocently, "three times was it, or four? Plus giving two hand-jobs? Forced? I don't think so. You let us take your clothes off almost without a murmur. You were naked within minutes. And you'd let us do it again if the opportunity presented. You know you would, you bloody loved it. Came like a steam train every time. Christ I'd bet you'd come if I touched you now." Sue stepped away suddenly, putting herself out of reach of him testing his theory. She wasn't sure he wasn't right. "Been coming a long time that romp had our kid, a long time. I still think of that day on the beach, how you looked naked, waiting for us to touch you, laying there with your eyes closed. You were a picture even then." Sue opened her mouth to speak but John smiled a greeting at someone over her shoulder and moved away to talk to the new arrival.  
  
Sue stood for a moment stared after his retreating back. She nursed her glass, lost in thought, had we all had the same thoughts for all those years she wondered. She half turned and looked across at Andy, deep in animated conversation with a couple of men and she shuddered. She could still feel his hands on her, undressing her, inside her, pulling her nipples, making her cum; and she realises she is still completely turned on, that she probably would come if John had but stroked his finger a little higher, touched her sex. Her legs felt suddenly weak and she looked around for somewhere to sit She watched his hands move in conversation and she could feel the rush of heat to her cheeks, the sudden moisture between her legs.  
  
She held her drink to her face trying to cool herself, leaning back against the wall behind her. 'It must be me' she thought, 'I must bring these things on myself'. I didn't look for it but John was right, once they had started she had wanted it to continue.  
  
She looked up to see Andy staring at her. He smiled and she smiled weakly back. He made an obvious and exaggerated pretence of sneezing and pulled his handkerchief from his pocket, sniffing loudly as he pretended to wipe his nose. He made to put the handkerchief back in his pocket when he seemed to fumble and the handkerchief unfolded slightly in his hand.  
  
With a shock Sue realised that he was holding her tights, part of one long white leg trailed from his open hand. Sue watched on in horror as he casually folded the material back into the palm of his hand and returned it to his pocket. He looked over at her and smiled at the sheer panic he saw on her face, "What?" he shrugged before turning back to his conversation as though nothing had happened.  
  
The next few hours passed in a blur, Aunt May wheeled Sue around the party, introducing her to strangers and reintroducing her to family and people she already knew. Yet even in the middle of a conversation her mind would flash an image of the boys hands on her body and the feeling as their fingers moved inside her. She would suddenly see the shape of Andy's cock in the air above her and the taste of his semen; and she would blush and feel herself moisten and have to clamp her legs together to quell the desire that suddenly licked at her sex like a flame. "Are you alright dear?" Aunt May asked solicitously a couple of times.  
  
"Fine, fine thanks" Sue would answer, "just a little warm in here."  
  
"And the drink my dear, the drink always makes you hot."  
  
"What makes her hot?" Sue jumped at the sound of Andy's voice from behind her. "Drink and the weather," May replied, oblivious to the sexual context in the question. "I would have got that wrong," he muttered, smiling into his glass. "Anyway Aunt May I've come to say cheerio."  
  
"You going love?" She said heaving her bulk upright.  
  
"Yep, John and I are out with the lads later. Have to get going I'm afraid." Sue tried not to look disappointed as Andy leant over and said "Aren't you going to give your favourite cousin a kiss? Might not see you again for a while." Sue stood up and kissed him on the cheek.  
  
"Bye," she said quietly. John suddenly joined him,  
  
"And one of those for me please," he said offering his cheek. Sue kissed him and he smiled. The boys then turned and made their way to the door, glad-handing their goodbyes and shouting to those further away from their path. She watched them go with mixed emotions.  
  
Suddenly she pressed her drink into Aunt Mays startled hand, "Just remembered something," she said and rush after them.  
  
She caught up with John just outside the back door, "Hello our kid," he said, "missing us already?"  
  
"Where's Andy?" She asked looking around.  
  
"He's in there," he said, pointing to the outside toilet next to the outhouse, opposite the back door. "He won't be a minute." John leaned forward and rapped on the wooden door. "Andy, someone here wants to talk to you." He said in a loud voice. Sue looked around fearfully in case some could hear, but they were all inside the house.  
  
"What do they want?" Came the muffled voice from inside.  
  
Sue stepped up close to the door' "I want my tights back!" she hissed loudly.

"What? Speak up I can't hear you."  
  
Sue leaned against door, putting her mouth close to the wood. "I said I want my tights back!"  
  
The door opened so suddenly that Sue almost fell in. She steadied herself on the doorframe. "Oh," said Andy, zipping himself up, "your tights, I almost forgot." Sue suddenly realised that John was now standing behind her, he put his hands under her dress and cupped her bottom.  
  
Sue half turned, "You can't" she said pleadingly, "not here."  
  
Andy grabbed her arm and laughing he half pulled her into the small toilet, she squealed as he pressed her up against the toilet wall. In one motion he placed his had up under the short hem of her dress and down the front of her knickers. "Just saying goodbye properly" he laughed, his hand moving swiftly down better her legs. "You'll miss us' you know," he said and he slid his finger into her sex, feeling her wetness enclose him. "Feels like you're missing us already," he said and Sue blushed.  
  
"Let me have a go," John said, pushing Andy aside and lifting the front of her dress. She just stood, rooted to the spot as John pulled the front of her knickers down so that he could look at her pubic hair. She never tried to stop him as he put his finger inside her, "Nice and wet isn't she?" John asked over his shoulder as his fingers slid easily into her. Andy stepped forward and pushed her dress higher, feeling for her breasts while John searched for her clitoris.  
  
"Just one little cum," John said and quickly and expertly manipulated the sensitive bud at the entrance to her sex. Sue's knees buckled and she fell back against the wall. She rode John's finger as Andy pulled her bra down and took control of her nipples with both hands. Sue gasped and almost fell as they quickly and expertly made her cum, pressed up against the wall of the outside toilet. When she was finished John let her go and pulled the front of her knickers up as Andy pulled her bra back up and smoothed the front of her dress down, straightening her out. John laughed and cupped her chin, raising her face to his. He kissed her, properly this time, like lovers do, his tongue deep inside her mouth. Dazed she kissed him back. "Forced you?" John smiled his hand still cupping her chin, "I don't think so," he said and then suddenly he was gone.  
  
"My tights?" She asked groggily as Andy turned to leave.  
  
He paused and turned to her, "Sorry our kid but you can't have them, I'm keeping them."  
  
"What?" She asked confused again, "What for?"  
  
"Spoils of war and all that;" he said smiling and patting her sex through her knickers, she groaned as the sudden flames licked up between her legs at the touch of his hand. "A remembrance. A memento of a fabulous event. I'll give them back next time we meet, if you know what I mean" he said with a twinkle in his eye, She stood away from the wall, wanting to follow them.  
  
"Bye," John said from somewhere behind her and he leaned over her shoulder giving her a chaste peck on the cheek while his hand slipped under her dress cupping her bottom.  
  
"Bye'" she said half turning as his hand dipped briefly between her legs from behind.  
  
"Bye," Andy said, placing a kiss on the other cheek, his hand quickly cupping her sex from the front. She turned again to face him, now completely disorientated, but they were gone; out through the door and up the front path.  
  
Sue stood there a second, leaning with one hand against the door frame, bent over as though winded, her other hand beneath her skirt, unconsciously holding her tingling sex. "Bastards," she mouthed before laughing quietly to herself. "Family," she corrected.