

The House to Themselves

Bradley Stoke



The afternoon sun shone on the sidewalks and hedges of Ambleside Close, Albany, in Livingstone county, illuminating the windows and front doors of the detached houses which circled around the small patch of grass that added a touch of green to the grey tarmac and sidewalk Alison lay stretched out on her bed in just one of the bedrooms overlooking the SUVs parked either by the sideways or in the drives. The television in her room was on, as always, broadcasting the image of a pneumatic teen warbling a pop song of undistinguished quality and even less depth. But saccharine soul was not where her mind was. Mom and Pop were away and Alison was wondering how in the circumstances she could best play.

Her slacks and pants were pulled down to her ankles and her tee-shirt pulled up over her small pale breasts, while one hand stroked a nipple and the fingers of the other gently massaged the small clitoris just growing in receptiveness in the smooth hairless crevices of her vagina. It felt so warm in there, she thought, as her fingers traced around the tight folds and probed into the tight confines of her slit. Her mind wandered with the rhythm of her fingers, while a squadron of young girls and boys gyrated and swivelled on the television screen with the passion of clockwork toys, and words of love, romance and passion coloured the anaemic beat of audio wallpaper. Occasionally, Alison's eyes caught a glimpse of the broad, hairless torsos of the boys as they shimmied and scissored to the candy-coated rhythm, feeling ever so much more passionate as she thought of the dicks hidden in the crotch of their tight denims.

Normally, she'd have been more circumspect, but, hey fuck! it was the summer holidays and the parents were out at some reunion in Fordham county and they weren't due back till real late. If you can't pull down your pants and probe the

pussy when you've got the place virtually to yourself, well, when can you? After all, a girl's got to learn the best way she can. And anyway, soon there'd be college and exams and careers and then there'd be no chance.

"Hey, sis! You ain't seen my Bon Jovi album, have you?" suddenly shouted Alan, pushing open the door and not at first recognising or understanding what he was seeing. His younger sister looked up startled. She'd thought Alan had gone out or something. What was *he* doing there?

And then belatedly, it occurred to her what her older brother was staring at with his mouth wide open and a can of Dr Pepper in one hand. She was still stroking her pussy and the lumps of her breast, as wide-eyed and open-mouthed, Alan's acned face framed itself in the hallway door.

"What the fuck are you doing?" he gasped.

Alison was enjoying the impression she was making on her brother. She'd never really thought of him as a boy as such, any more than he'd probably ever thought of her as a girl, but it occurred to her that like the men whose pictures she'd so often surreptitiously examined on the Internet, Alan must have a dick hidden under those baggy shorts of his.

"What do you think I'm doing?" she replied, not even pretending to stop, for the first time pushing a whole finger into her little pussy, gasping slightly from the pressure and warm pleasure it gave her. "I'm exercising my rights as a woman."

"But, I mean, sis, like that? I mean, it ain't right!"

"Like what, Al? Like this, you mean..." She let her middle finger ease into her hairless vagina while pushing her top up even further to reveal all of her tiny bosom.

“I’m at home. In my room. If I can’t do this here, where can I?”

Alan stood transfixed, not daring to leave and too frightened to stay. Alison could sense his discomfort and was amused to see a kind of stiffening under his baggy shorts just where she reckoned his dick should be. She’d never thought of that before, but she’d had real live dick in her house all along. She didn’t have to go out and look for it. She smiled cheekily at her brother and sat up on the bed. Her top fell down over her bosom, and she steadied herself with one extended arm behind her, while her other hand continued stroking her crotch. It felt so good, why should she stop?

“Look sis! It ain’t right. It ain’t proper! What would Mom and Pop say?”

“Hey, Al. Don’t be such a party pooper! I bet you do just the same in your room when you close the door and get on the Internet.”

“Well, er. Well. Yeah. Well.”

“And anyway, Al. What you got hidden in those jocks of yours? I can just about see something there.”

“What do you mean? Hey, come on, sis. I was just looking for my Bon Jovi CD. I didn’t ask for all this.”

“Oh fuck it! You know you want it!” Alison said seductively, pulling her tee-shirt up over her shoulders and head with her match-stick slim arms. And then she sat on the bed: topless and bottomless, slacks and panties around her bare ankles, staring at her brother both insolently and lasciviously. “Come on, bro! What have you got between *your* legs?”

Alan didn’t move. A trickle of sweat made its way down his crinkled forehead. “Nothing. Nothing!” he replied without thought or consideration.

“I don’t believe you! I don’t believe you at all!” Alison exclaimed, pushing herself off the bed and approaching her brother. She stood in front of him, naked, her hair tied back in ribbons and pale pink lipstick on her thin young lips. “I want to find out for sure. Isn’t that something I can see pressing against the buttons of your fly?”

“Come on, sis! Can’t we just pretend I ain’t seen you? Can’t we just say I didn’t come in to your room? Hey, sis! Leave me alone!”

This was to no avail, as Alison carefully and slowly, looking up at her taller brother’s face, undid the buttons of his shorts, feeling the stiff, hardness of his penis against the knuckles of her hands, the bangles on her wrists clashing against the cloth. And then, with a sudden tug which surprised both of them in its boldness, down came Alan’s shorts and at the same time his boxers, and Alison could see for real what before then she’d only ever seen on the Internet.

Fuck! It was big. And stiff. And pink, but not as pink or pale as the skin of his chest and upper thighs. Sticking out as big as her hand, if not bigger, a long sheath of stiff hard flesh with throbbing veins, pulsating and pumped up with passion. At one end was a dark brown bush of hair, whilst at the other end, a strange purple colour, was a shining, sticky, smelly glans with such an ever so tiny mouth, but slitted up-and-down, rather than side-to-side. And what was that smell? It wasn’t like the sweetly sickly smell from her own pussy whose fragrance she sometimes rubbed against her nose when it creamed on her fingers. It was a richer, stronger, much more potent smell. She just wanted to get her nose right up against it and smell it close. Perhaps even taste it. With her tongue. Or lips. Or whatever.

Alan’s penis twitched with excitement, and with a reciprocal excitement and

some curiosity, Alison put the tip of her tongue on the tip of her brother's glans just above its vertical slit. Alan started.

"What are you doing?" he asked breathlessly.

"You know what I'm doing," Alison replied gripping her brother's erect penis in her fist, as much to steady it as to announce possession of it. "Mom and Pop are away. We've got the house to ourselves. We can do what we like?"

"I guess so," responded Alan weakly, surrendering himself to the inevitability and logic of the moment. "What they don't know, what they don't have to know, I mean, it won't hurt them. I s'pose."

With that vote of encouragement, Alison ran her tongue up and down the sheath and length of her brother's penis: leaving a thin film of saliva behind to lubricate it and let it shine in the early afternoon sun. One hand grabbed his hard egg-like testicles in the little bag beneath his penis that was now pulled taut and tight by the power of his erection.

"Ooh!" exclaimed Alan. "That feels sore!"

Alison momentarily wondered why, but was then reminded from her sex lessons at school what those two egg-shaped things in the scrotal sac were there for. No doubt they were charging up to splatter her with semen and sperm. Excited by the very vision of it, Alison grabbed her brother's penis in both hands and eased her mouth over the tip, opening it, oh! so very wide!, to let the glans between her lips and her sharp shiny white teeth, still being kept straight by a nearly invisible brace.

It tasted even stranger in her mouth, and it was twitching so very uncontrollably, with a mind so much of its own, while Alan's face contorted with

strain and agony, but totally focused on the attention his sister was giving his still growing manhood. Alison gasped as the twitching dick threatened to choke her as it pushed against the back of her throat. She eased her mouth out and, holding his penis with one hand and supporting her weight against his thigh with the other, she looked imploringly up at her brother. All the while MTV were broadcasting some pop classic turned bland and banal by a quintet of smiling Irish teenaged boys. Her brother smiled down at her, with an expression more foolish than anything else.

“What now, brother?” she asked. “What’s the next thing to do?”

“I guess I ... er ... fuck you,” Alan replied, no doubt remembering the sequence of events that usually took place in a sex film. He was probably aware that normally this might also involve such added extras as DP, FC or CP. However, for the moment, normal sex, for the first time in his life, seemed plenty good enough.

“Not up the front you can’t!” replied Alison. “I’ve been to sex education, you know. That’s how you get pregnant. I don’t want that to happen.”

“I guess not, but I haven’t got any rubbers,” Alan responded with some disappointment. “I guess we just can’t go onto the next stage.”

Alison stroked the long warm column of her brother’s passion. That wouldn’t do. That wouldn’t do at all. To have got this far and then just to leave it at that!

“Well, how about we just do it up the ass? It mightn’t be as good, but I’m sure it’d be something.”

“Yeah, I s’pose so,” said Alan, a little disappointed. It wasn’t going to be a proper fuck at all. It was going to be something else - and Alan had always wondered what the point of doing it with girls was at all if you just poked them in the ass, since

men had asses just as much as them. Still, it was some kind of a fuck. And that was better than nothing. “Ain’t we s’posed to like lubricate the ass or something. So’s that it opens up proper. I mean, mightn’t it be all shitty and tight otherwise.”

“Yeah. I guess you’re right. And I guess I’m gonna have to put a plaster over my vagina” (it sounded so grown-up to be using a word like that) “so’s you can’t accidentally slip it in the front. Then I’d get all that creamy stuff in me. And then I’d be pregnant or something.”

“Yeh! Sounds like a good idea.”

Alison dashed off to the kitchen, wearing only the ribbons in her hair, while Alan naked from his stomach to his socks, sat on a pink flowery sofa in the corner of her sister’s bedroom and watched a rock group in black leathers and long hair prance and preen about with guitars disconnected from any mains supply and giving a rendition of a song which bereft of volume and shrieking vocals and thunderous guitar breaks would have sounded very sorry for itself indeed.

And then as MTV switched to an image of an English indie rock group for whom dress sense was clearly a mystery, Alison returned, a plaster over her bare hairless crotch and a tub of low cholesterol margarine. Alan jumped up, his penis slightly less tumescent for the momentary reprieve, while his younger sister smiled at him.

“I’ve put some of this stuff up my ass already. It feels real weird. And it smells even funnier. Let’s hope it works. I guess what I’ve got to do now is lie on my front while you stick your dick up my ass. D’you think that’s what we do?”

“Yeah. I guess that’s just what we do,” Alan replied. Then he must have

remembered something from the porn films he'd watched with his friends. "But I think I've got to poke you with my finger or something first."

"Do you? Why's that?"

"Makes it easier for the dick I guess. Opens it up, I think. After all! It's such a tiny hole, ain't it?"

"Yeah! I s'pose," remarked Alison who'd never thought much about it. "But *such* big things come out of it!"

"Yeah! Guess you're right!" Alan said, as his sister bent down on the side of the bed with her young smooth buttocks raised up ever so much and the little puckered hole of her anus pointed right towards him.

Cautiously, Alan put his hands on the cheeks of her ass. He's never touched a naked ass before, and he was surprised how soft and round and warm it was. But then it was a girl's ass. He eased open the cheeks and could see small traces of margarine oozing out of the puckered hole and a trail dripping down the front towards the thick waterproof plaster. "I think I've gotta put some of this marge on my dick as well, sis."

"Well, get on with it, Alan. I'm beginning to lose interest here."

Alan took the hint, took a large two-fingertip full of polyunsaturated fatty solids and smothered his dick with it, while he probed his sister's anus with a finger. It wasn't that easy just getting a finger in, even with all that sticky slippery margarine there, but bit by bit his forefinger eased in, feeling strange in the tight hole squeezed in by the slightly harder flesh on either side. His sister was moaning strangely.

"Move it about a bit!" she ordered. "Don't just stick it in!"

Alan did as he was told, pulling his finger backwards and forwards, margarine

and perhaps other visceral internal things getting caught under his fingernail, while his dick twitched with excitement at the very thought of what he was doing. If his friends could see him now! Fingerfucking his sister's ass while Elton John was crooning one of his interminably tuneless songs on the TV.

Alison gasped and sweated and growled. Alan was quite frightened to see so much animal passion. Where was it coming from? Just from a little finger? He pushed it back and forth, back and forth, feeling the ass getting somehow wider and slipperier and freer and easier, while his dick twitched and throbbed and pulsated. And then, he couldn't resist the throbbing red beat of his temples any more which was drowning out the strangled cat sound of Celine Dion or some other kind of shit, and in went his dick straight into the ass. And almost as quickly out again. God! It stung! He didn't know it was supposed to do that. Perhaps it was all the goddamn margarine. But the sight of his sister's expectant ass and the commands of his dick, made him whimper with an unfamiliar helplessness. And then straight back in. Easier this time. Back and forth. Back and forth. A slap slap slap sound. A squelchy, squishy, liquid feeling.

Alan was lost to the world now, like Alison. He wasn't really thinking now what he was doing, or concerned at what it might seem. The commands of his hormones dictated to him how to act, buttocks pumping back and forth, his dick in his sister's ass, while she seemed even more lost to it all than him, somehow melted into a sea of passion, her hands clutching the plaster over her crotch, while Alan's dick pushed as deep into her as it could: an ass tighter at the entrance, and strangely capacious inside, a squeezing on the glans and the neck of his dick. Backwards. Forwards. Slap. Slap. Slap. Alan was barely aware of the grunts and gasps that

accompanied their lovemaking, coming not only from himself, but louder and more bestially from his sister. Slap. Slap. Slap.

“Hey, Alison! Wassup!” suddenly interjected a familiar voice. And then, a sudden silence, followed by a “I fucking can’t believe it! I just can’t fucking believe it! Your brother’s fucking you up the ass!”

Laura, Alison’s best friend from school, stood at the entrance to Alison’s bedroom, bright white eyes and startling white teeth the more pronounced for her very dark skin, and short dark curly hair. She wore a pink sweater and a pair of lilac shorts, a shoulder bag dangling from a fist and the door handle gripped tightly in her other hand. Alison turned her head round, where she had been supporting her weight by her two elbows on the mattress and smiled sweetly at her best friend. All the while, Alan, not at all sure what to do, was following his instinct and continued fucking, even though Laura was standing there transfixed by a sight as arresting as it was disturbing and the television screen was erupting in a cascade of bright lights and dull sounds.

“Alison! What. The. Fuck. Do you. Think you’re. Doing?” Laura asked, not unreasonably.

“What do you think?” gasped Alison, not in the grip of so much passion now, though more than happy to let her brother continue from behind. Slap. Slap.

“But. It’s not. Right,” Laura continued.

“Nonsense,” breathed Alison. “Why don’t you join in? I’m sure Alan won’t mind. You don’t mind do you, Al?”

Alan wasn’t really concentrating. His mind was flooded with passion and obsession, as his dick pushed back and forth in his sister’s ass.

“Hey, Alan!” continued Alison, abruptly pulling herself off his dick which stood out, revealed to Laura’s full gaze, long and tall and slightly sore and very red and even more sticky. “Why not let Laura have a taste of your dick?”

Laura gasped, but she was quite tempted by the offer. She’d never seen an erect penis before, not in real life anyway, and curiosity was pretty much getting the best of her.

“Are you sure?” she asked breathlessly, her previous reservations seeming more distant as she studied her naked best friend, and her brother whose dick stood out so prominently and more than made up for his skinniness and spottiness.

“Alan won’t mind, will you? And anyhow Mom and Pop are out all day. We can do whatever the fuck we like.”

Laura nervously faced the erect penis that was swivelled round toward her, but it was *so* tempting. She eased herself down on her knees to the tepid sounds of Sting and with some trepidation reached out a hand to hold that long red raw dick that was proffered so temptingly toward her. It felt very slimy and sticky, and her hand almost slid right off. Alison smiled at her, and Laura noticed for the first time that she was covering her vagina with a rather large sticking plaster. So her best friend wasn’t wholly naked.

“Put it to your mouth!” Alison instructed, which Laura did, opening her mouth wide open, her large white teeth gleaming and her full dark lips onto the funny purple glans at the end, the skin of the penis tugged tight and taut behind the nobbly edge of it. The first thing she was aware of was the strong and unmistakable taste and smell of polyunsaturated margarine, and then another very strange animal smell that seemed to

emanate from its very core. And also, but Laura tried to ignore it, what smelt a little like shit.

Her black hand slid up and down the length of the dick, while her other hand groped inside her pants to feel the smooth and sticky heat of her crotch, losing her normal reservations about feeling herself in front of other people from seeing Alison do the same thing. And then she closed her eyes the better to taste and smell the odours of Alan's dick which was twitching and flicking against her teeth, tongue and the inside of her cheeks. And while her eyes were closed, she felt warm delicate hands touching against the bare skin of her midriff. And then a pair of soft smooth dry lips on her ear.

Alan pulled his dick out of Laura's mouth and she opened her eyes to see Alison's smiling face approach her, a wicked glint sparkling from her eyes. And then, without thought or concern, she and Alison pushed lip to lip, mouth to mouth, tongue to tongue, gripping each other around the back of the head, the other hand around each other's bare waists - although Laura was uncomfortably aware that Alison was naked whilst she was still dressed. She could see Alan stand back, his dick twitching as he ran his own hand up and down from its tip to its tail, and the flickering image of a reconstructed soul singer from the screen: boobs unnaturally firm, unlike her own small ones.

And then, she felt her pants being pulled down by Alison's eager little fingers. Taking the initiative, she leaned back, taking her face reluctantly away from her best friend's mouth and eased her sweater up and over her shoulders, neck and head. And now there were two naked girls for Alan's gaze. One pale and slim and pony-tailed.

The other dark and slim and short-haired. Two pairs of bright eyes and gleaming teeth, framed by different colours of skin, while the two girls wrapped each other in their arms, face locked to face, hands and arms exploring the back, the breasts, the nipples, the crotch, the buttocks, the whole mass of gleaming shining youthful skin.

And then the mouths unlocked from the slobbery sloppy slurping kiss, and tongues wandered over each others' faces, down the length of slim, arching neck, onto the chest and then to the breasts: Alison's lips taking her best friend's nipples in their grip, while Laura leaned her head back at the sensation. Seeing her mouth was no longer occupied, Alan again offered his dick to Laura's mouth which she took eagerly, snorting and gasping as she did so. Alison let her mouth traverse from nipple to nipple, while the fingers of one hand probed the slippery warm lips of her crotch and the other hand supported her friend up so that she wouldn't fall backwards. Laura could mostly see only dick in front of her face. A long length of dick with a bush of hair at the base and a smooth, slightly rounded belly. Alison had moved her gaze down from her friend's bare breasts to her crotch, which she kneeled in front of, tongue and fingers probing the smooth surface and none too intricate folds, sweat from her forehead mingling with the sweat running down Laura's chest and stomach, strong new smells assailing her nostrils, different and even richer than those from her brother's dick, with an odour as much of fish fingers and peas as of passion.

Alan arched up on his knees, supporting Laura by the back of her head, as her mouth and head bobbed backwards and forwards on a dick that had never before felt so thick and dirty and sticky and potent and raw. He could see his reflection in his sister's make-up mirror: a young man still afflicted by acne, with thick brown hair, a

baggy sweater and a black girl's mouth attached to the end of his dick. And while his dick pulsed on the tongue and lips and sharp white teeth, he could vaguely hear heavy metal guitar and cat-shriek vocals from the leather-clad figures dancing on the TV screen.

Such a pose couldn't last forever, but the next stage had an inevitability and a logic to it, that surprised Alan just as much it did Laura. She lay on her back, her mouth once again glued to Alison's, dark and naked on the light pink sheets, beside the flowery lilac duvet, with Alan on top of her, his hands and arms supporting his weight above her, her eyes flickering with excitement back and forth from brother to sister to brother again. And then, with a suddenness that she felt should have been more subtle, but happy when it happened, Alan's erect pink dick sunk into the lighter brown folds of her vagina, pushing bit by bit into her, until all its length was tight inside the grip of her lips. The caution which had protected Alison's crotch from frontal assault was blown to the winds as surely as her clothes had eased off her, and Laura surrendered herself to the pain and pleasure of vaginal intercourse. And fuck! It was painful at first. She felt a rip inside her which almost caused her to pull out, but she was so enrapt in passion, and eased by Alison's kisses. And it was mere moments later that this pain subdued, although she was conscious of it still, like a bloody nose on a summer's day, but from between her thighs rather than beneath her eyes. And had she or Alison or Alan focused their gaze away from each other or the flickering images on the television screen or the pink and brown flesh reflected from the make-up mirror to the pink sheets between Laura's legs, they would have seen a small bloodstain slowly grow as it soaked into the polycotton and nylon - a colour in

keeping with the red heat of passion that soaked their skin, pounded their hearts and gave vent to choruses of grunts and shrieks that erupted unconsciously and frequently, giving a visceral accompaniment to the tawdry twaddle of the televisual teenage beat.

Alan's buttocks thrust back and forth, back and forth. Laura's legs were opened wider than she could ever remember them being opened before. Slap. Slap. Slap. Crotch against groin against crotch. Liquid loins and slippery thighs. Alison's mouth was sore and raw and focused on her best friend's mouth, her hands most often on her nipples, but then wandering to the conjoined crotches where all the action was. She put a hand where the two lovers' genitals met, and felt the hair of her brother's groin press against the top of her hand while her palm gripped her best friend's smooth crotch: margarine, blood and sweat mixed with the sticky fluids of conjunction and fevered copulation.

Had their passion not been so great they may have noticed a fourth presence in the room, Alison's younger sister Evelyn, who stood with eyes wide open and an even wider open mouth, framed at the doorway, as her brother and her sister and her sister's best friend were busy fucking and sucking and licking and stroking each other. This was an education to her for which her sex education classes at school had not prepared her. Rooted to the spot by her curiosity, but anxious not to be seen. So, that's what sex is like, she thought. So unlike the line drawings she'd seen and a lot more exciting. Her indecision and hovering relieved by the duty, as she considered it, of answering the door when she heard the door bell ring.

She dashed off, plaits streaming behind her, and opened the front door to find Alan's girlfriend, Fiona, standing there in her blouse knotted over her midriff and her

baggy pink shorts. Fiona was a much larger and fatter girl than either Alison or Laura, and not just because she was older. Her plumpness was undeniable, her large full breasts pressing against the fabric of her bra and the starched white cotton of her blouse, a mass of stomach bulging over the belt of her shorts.

“Where’s Alan?” she asked, seeing Evelyn’s slightly startled face.

“He’s in Alison’s bedroom,” Evelyn replied nervously, not at all sure what to say in these circumstances. “But I think he’s busy.”

“Busy?” queried Fiona. “Well, not too busy to see me, I hope.” She marched into the house and set a course up the stairs. She paused half way as she heard a curious kind of thumping and slapping and gasping, and the echoes of electric guitar and whining vocals. She couldn’t remember that John Bon Jovi ever had samples like that in his songs. She continued up the stairs towards the open door of Alison’s room, while Evelyn hovered around in the hallway, too frightened to follow her brother’s plump girlfriend, but too curious in what would happen next to leave where she was standing, the front door closed behind her.

The sight that met Fiona’s eyes when she entered Alison’s bedroom could scarcely have been more shocking. There was her boyfriend on the bed, buttocks raised behind him and rhythmically lowering and raising them, while wrapped around his legs were Laura’s dark legs. And this wasn’t all. Just under her boyfriend’s head was Alison’s naked body, stroking and kissing Laura and Alan, as the two of them gasped and yelled and grunted in the heat of their passion.

“Alan!” she cried, hardly able to voice the words. “What *are* you doing?”

From where Evelyn was, she could hear the dialogue continue: four voices

intermixing with each other. Fiona was saying: “Why with her? Why not with me? What’s wrong with me?” Alison was saying: “Fiona. What a surprise. Why don’t you join in?” Alan was sobbing in confusion: “Oh Fee! I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I just don’t know how this happened. Please forgive me!” Laura was crying: “Don’t stop! Don’t stop! I want more!”

There was a chaos of soothing low voices, Fiona’s strangled cries, Laura’s admonitions, a rustling, a fumbling, and the sounds of voices gradually getting softer, sobs becoming less distinct, and some whispered moaning. Evelyn couldn’t hold back her curiosity. Careful quiet step after another, up the richly carpeted staircase, took her closer and closer to Alison’s open door, her heart beating thunderously under her tee-shirt, while the sounds of teenage pop songs continued warbling cheerfully and inanely in the background. At last, she was at the doorway and grateful to see that no one was looking anywhere at all in her direction. And there on the bed was a mass of white and dark flesh, but mostly white.

Clearly, Fiona had been persuaded to join in with her boyfriend and sister and best friend. Her blouse was removed, revealing quite the most enormous breasts that Evelyn had ever seen: two large aureate pink nipples on round bulbous bosoms, one being sucked by Laura, while her mouth was locked to Alan’s own, who grasped her head from behind the neck, while supporting her large white fleshy back by his arm, his fingers almost sinking into the folds of her skin. Her shorts and panties were also off and flung wildly to the ground. Her legs were parted, and Alison’s head was between the thick flesh of her thighs, a ponytail bobbing up and down with Alison’s head, and nose in a mass of reddish blonde pubic hair. One shoe was kicked off, but

the other dangled over the side of the bed.

Evelyn stood transfixed, her head and hands around the frame of the door, unable to move and far too wise, even for her years, to reveal her presence. She was hoping that she could once again see her older brother's erect penis again and for it to once again enter inside one of the girls' vagina.

And she didn't have to wait long. Fiona was guided backward, gasping, with Alison's mouth still to her crotch to be joined by Laura's thick dark lips, and Alan's mouth to her mouth, a choked grunting and gasping as she slowly descended, a mass of white flesh bulging up on the hard mattress. And then Alan's erect penis was in view to be guided in to Fiona's vagina by her sister's pale pink varnished nails and Laura's less pale fingers. Her legs were open just to the side of the dark red patch of Laura's breached maidenhead as Alan's penis slid in, lubricated by semen, vaginal juices and margarine. Bit by bit, the penis entered, inch by throbbing inch, while Alison licked her brother's pebble-hard testicles, and Laura's tongue and fingers explored her best friend's pale and slim naked body.

And then a loud, agonised, visceral cry of agony as a second maidenhead was broken, a trickle of blood down under Alison's probing tongue and spreading onto the sheets. This merely added to the excitement and the fumbings and gropings and thrustings. Fiona gave vent to more cries: urgent sharp continuous, rising and falling as Alan's buttocks thrust harder and harder and the two other girls busied themselves on her plump white flesh. Alan was also gasping, louder and more insistently: raucous and guttural and uncontrolled. And then, on a signal perhaps learned from the pornographic videos he'd watched with his friends, he pulled out his penis, which was

jerking and twitching as uncontrollably as his girlfriend's cries of ecstasy, a stream of pale viscous liquid squeezed out of its end. And then, to Evelyn's delight, and to the wonder of both Alison and Laura, a sequence of long trails of semen arched out of his twitching dick, rising high into the air and landing on Fiona's large breasts, her round mass of stomach and adding its own colour to the palette of blood and sweat on the sheets.

And then, a sudden collapse: the four youngsters fell into an untidy heap on the bed: two young friends, a brother and his girlfriend, legs and arms and breasts intermingled and tangled amongst each other. Evelyn hovered by the door for a few more moments, dreading the time when one or other of them might raise their head and see her there. And all the while, the afternoon sun shone through the open window slanting onto the television screen. The pants and gasps of sated passion, as the four lay there breathing heavily and low, whilst a chorus of five Irish teenagers sang and danced to songs of dubious merit on what could be seen of the screen through the bright reflection of the trees and passing clouds over Ambleside Close.