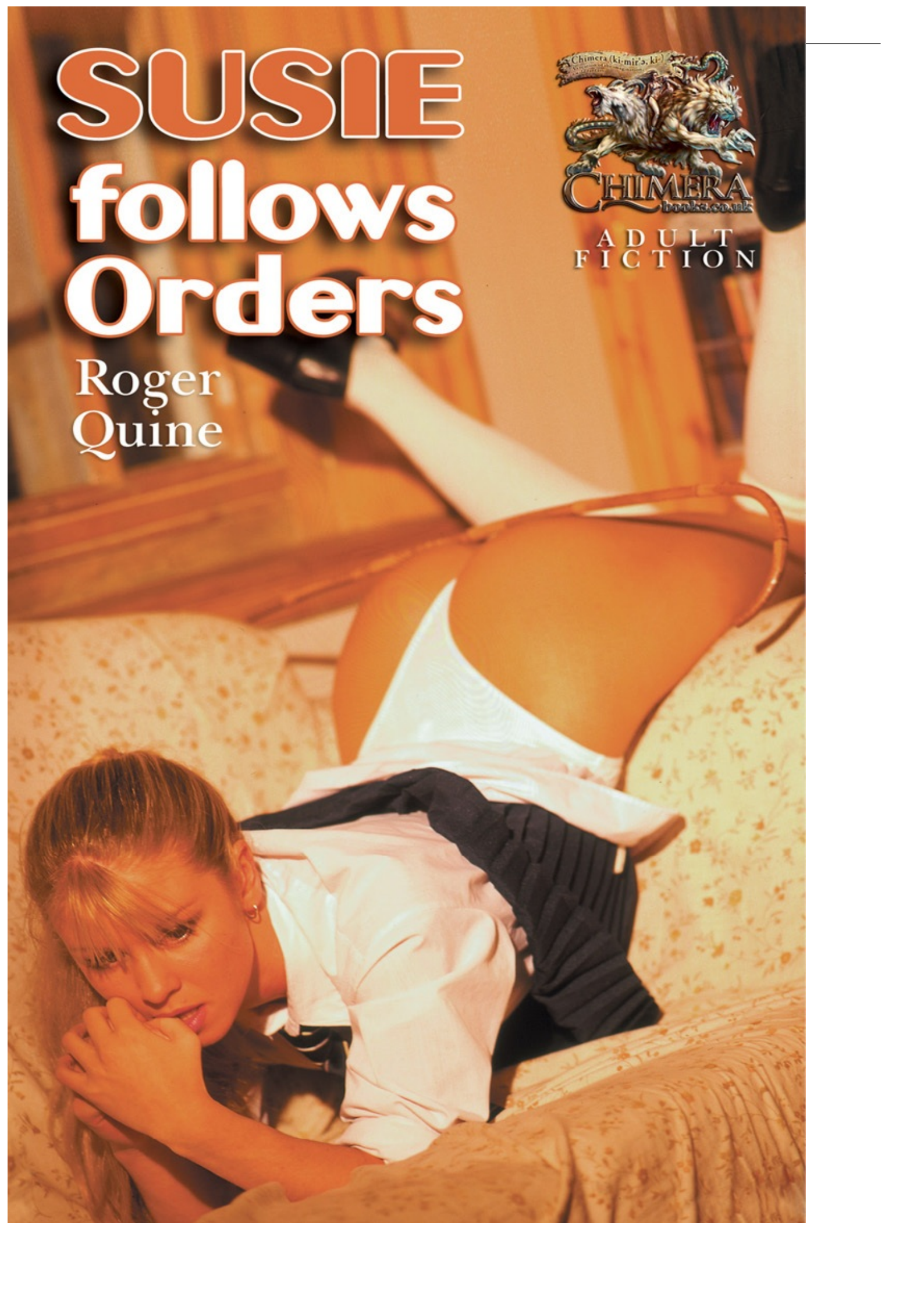


# SUSIE follows Orders

Roger  
Quine



ADULT  
FICTION



## Susie Follows Orders

By Roger Quine



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Chimera a creation of the imagination, a wild fantasy

This novel is fiction - in real life practice safe sex

# Chapter One

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Her name was Sophie and her legs were longer than a Derby winner's.

Slim and shapely, they ended under the short black skirt that clung possessively to her tight little bottom. A white T-shirt clung tighter still to the rounded fullness of her breasts, its lower edge not quite meeting the waistband of the skirt and revealing enticing glimpses of a narrow waist and flat tummy. The gentle, fluid movements within the material were yet more enticing, and her nipples poked proudly against the soft cotton.

She was pretty in the extreme. Her eyes were baby-blue, her hair a golden blonde draping her shoulders, and her shy half-smile betrayed a nervous vulnerability that was breathtakingly arousing.

'Fucking hell,' breathed Simon, and you could see his point. And a lot more besides, as she glanced nervously around her, then sat on the edge of the black leather sofa, exposing more slender thigh and the faintest glimmer of pale underwear under her skirt.

She seemed shy, embarrassed, and unsure.

She looked to one side, as if seeking inspiration or instruction - and found it, nodding her head then shifting her limbs quickly, the small jerky movements combining with the wide eyes to make her look like a frightened gazelle.

'Fucking hell!' whispered Simon again, as she turned towards us slightly, one elegant leg swinging away from the other so we could see into the gap between those delicious thighs, beneath the hem of her skirt to where white knickers stretched tightly over her intimate secrets.

She looked anxiously beyond us, seeking approval, nibbling her lower lip; a gesture hugely appealing in its innocence. Then, acting in response to an unseen prompt, she brushed her hands along her thighs, a light movement with fingers elegantly outstretched, and spread her knees wide, revealing the plump fullness of the material nestling between her outstretched thighs.

You couldn't hear a sound, except the ragged breath tearing in half-a-dozen throats. We were transfixed, unable to speak or move; we couldn't even turn our eyes away. Nor did any of us want to.

She looked off towards her right, seeking approval, and the quick half-smile as she received it was replaced even more quickly by a look of consternation. The look vanished almost as quickly as it appeared and she seemed to nod her head slightly, acknowledging a command and her obedience to it. Her hands were trembling as she lifted them and cupped her breasts, one in each palm, fingers searching until they found the hard tips beneath the thin fabric, squeezing and plucking, the little pinching movements making her whole body twitch and start. Her eyes were still wide, her gaze fixed on one point in the room, but the nervous nibbling of her full lower lip had become a softer, gentler response.

She still seemed unsure, as if she didn't know what to do or whether she should actually do it, but obediently followed the guidance of her invisible prompter and raised the hem of the T-shirt with one hand, pulling it out and over the curves of her body, so two full breasts sprang into view. They were perfect, and defied gravity with their youthful firmness.

The finger and thumb of one hand twitched, and she nodded slightly, acknowledging her instructor as she did his bidding, first brushing her fingernails lightly across the curve of a breast, around and over the cherry tip as it grew hard, then plucking it, squeezing and rolling, her tongue darting into view, licking her lips in timid movements.

There was utter silence in the room. I think we had all stopped breathing completely, frozen still with our eyes locked on the same spot, much as Sophie's eyes were fixed in one place, as if listening intently to a voice we could not hear. She nodded almost imperceptibly and released her grip on the T-shirt. It stayed in place, a white blaze tucked up under her arms and across the tops of her breasts.

Now both hands were cupping those breasts, lifting them like an offering. The forefinger and thumb of each hand rolled and pulled the nipples. The supporting fingers caressed, and there was a long gusting sigh in the room as six sets of lungs released the breath they'd been holding and we admired the firm thrust of her breasts as she caressed herself.

We had seen nothing like her. Without a trace of make-up she was as beautiful as an angel, but she was behaving like a whore. It was a blindingly erotic combination.

Young, pretty and innocent, she should have been running in slow-motion through sun-kissed fields of corn to meet some stalwart country boy with a check shirt, a cheeky curl of hair and a manfully glinting eye that promised long lusty nights ahead - but only after they'd been to the courthouse and the judge had made it right.

Instead she was sitting half-naked on a black leather sofa, legs wide and breasts offered, arousing herself and all who were watching.

And we *were* watching.

We were watching her face, that fearful expression still in place, the arousing innocence in such utter contrast to the obedient lewdness of her actions. Her head moved slightly in acknowledgement though nothing changed, and she continued to caress herself as before. Then she nodded more firmly as if the instruction had been repeated, and her right hand slowed, stopped, and the fingertips released their hold on her nipple. The hand slid aside, dropping to reveal the luscious curves and swollen tip in plain view.

We watched and waited while her hand hovered indecisively. The left continued its gentle movements, but for the first time since she'd sat down her eyes moved, darting around the room like a frightened animal looking for an escape route, before returning once again to that same fixed point. She nodded again, and this time the suspense was ended as her hesitant hand began to fall, dropping into her lap, until it came to a gentle rest on her thigh.

Our eyes followed its path all the way till it landed on that smooth tanned flesh, pulled tight because her legs were still wide apart, stretching the sinews and shaping soft hollows either side of her groin. They made taut bridges that disappeared into the white panties.

Ah, the panties.

Skimpy, tight and almost see-through, they curved and swelled, filled with a softly bulging promise that was already divided in two, a darker furrow appearing as her body responded to the continuing caress of her left hand on her breasts.

But it was the right hand we were watching.

Slowly, reluctantly, Sophie stroked upwards along the inside of her thigh. Her palm was the only part of her hand in contact with the warm skin, leading the way as she eased her wrist upwards and the fingers trailed behind. She flinched slightly as the ball of her thumb brushed across the white material just at the point where the curve was fullest. She hesitated before moving again, slowly, the gentle pressure of her hand tugging her knickers even more snugly against herself until her palm rested on the bone of her mound and her fingers began to curl inwards, closing together until she was cupping herself protectively.

She sat like that for several seconds, looking down at the floor as if avoiding the instruction from above. But it came anyway, some signal only she could see or hear, but we could see the effect as she

jumped slightly, shoulders tensing, making herself smaller, almost cowering away. Gradually she relaxed and looked upwards, staring at her invisible mentor. As she looked for some sign of approval or encouragement, a small tear formed in the corner of one eye, and her hand began to move.

The protective fingers began to open and unbend, revealing glimpses of the material beneath, and then her fingertips curled, pressing, softly at first and then more firmly as her wrist began to move slowly, fingers spreading the softness underneath, searching for the opening and pushing into it.

We stared as she stroked herself, her hand arching and spreading till just the middle finger pressed deeper, bunching the material and pushing it into a deep cleft that was slowly darkening at its centre, shadow mingling with the juices that seeped from her body. As her wetness grew and her fingers delved, Sophie seemed to relax, the gentle touch clearly sending waves of sensation into her tender body, the pleasure overcoming her anxiety.

Suddenly her eyes, now soft and hooded, flicked upwards as if she'd been drawn back to reality by a sound or a command, and the anxious expression reappeared on her face, her stroking fingers slowing and stopping. We saw the now-familiar nod, and waited expectantly to see what command had been given and what she would do next.

It was a long wait. Her hand withdrew slightly, hanging in mid-air, quivering.

'Fucking hell, will you look at that,' exclaimed Simon. Sophie's skirt was pulled up around her waist, her thighs were wide apart, and the narrow slash of white that had once been a perfect taut curve between them was pulled unevenly up into her tender body, dampened and darkened by her juices and clinging wetly to each fold of soft flesh.

Finally, she moved.

The hesitant hand dipped between her legs and her fingers curled around the cotton, lifting and pulling. It was like a magic trick. One second it was wonderfully wet, clingy knickers, the next we saw a plump pussy, pink and shiny, glistening wetly, soft lips open and inviting.

'Yes!' said Simon.

When she let go of her panties they were still pulled aside and we could still see her secret places as her fingertips brushed across the opening, making her quiver. More firmly now they stroked and teased, settling into a leisurely movement up and down, slowly moving towards the centre until the middle finger was between her lips, slithering between the folds of flesh, coating her fingertip with sweet juices.

Infinitely slowly that finger began to bend, and as it bent, so the tip and its sleek nail pushed deep into the opening between her lips, sinking into her body. She slid it out almost as slowly, then eased back in.

'Oh, my God!' exclaimed Simon as Sophie began to masturbate, her finger moving deeper and faster.

She sank back on the sofa, relaxing against the cushion, the movement tilting her pelvis towards us, exposing more of her vulnerable body to our greedy eyes. Her eyes, almost closed and distant, flickered open as she looked up, hearing the command again. Her finger slowed, halted and withdrew. The room grew colder in an instant, but there was more.

Sophie used two fingers to caress and open herself while we stared, speechless with lust. Small glistening pearls clustered in the fringe of blonde hair around her pink flesh, and the soft lips were swollen and puffy, slick with wetness spread by the caressing fingertips.

Then the two fingers came together and straightened as she angled her wrist. This time her pelvis swivelled to meet them, her body lifting as she pushed them firmly into herself, spreading her lips wider as they slid in as far as they would go. She sighed quietly, the first sound she had uttered. The

her wrist flexed as she circled her fingers, slowly and luxuriously, before beginning to masturbate again, firm and steady. The soft lips clutched around her fingers as they slithered in and out, and the puffy folds of her pussy were squeezed wider by the thrust and pull of her knuckles.

A trickle of juice ran down and vanished into the cleft. Her fingers bent and straightened, and her pussy spread and narrowed around them.

Her thumb swivelled and searched, delving around until it found the little nub of hardness. Her head was thrown back, her breasts thrust upwards, nipples straining as she caressed first one and then the other with her left hand.

Her thighs stretched as wide as they could go and her pelvis was circling in time with her thrusting as her breath began to catch in her throat and cute moans escaped her lips.

Her head turned and her eyes opened; she stared and we knew she was receiving further orders. She nodded again, decisively, and her pretty cupid-bow mouth said, 'Yes,' although we heard no sound. There was no hesitation now, nor any sign of anxiety, as if her body had taken control of her mind and she was answering its own needs - needs which were stronger than almost any other and overpowered her fear, embarrassment and shame. She obeyed now because she wanted to, because she could not stop.

But her fingers withdrew for a moment, she reached out to one side, and returned delicately grasping a shaft of shiny black plastic that filled her dainty hand. At least eight inches long it was moulded into the shape of a stiff penis, with a bulbous head and corded veins along its underside. As its snub end came to rest against the soft warmth of her body she jumped - perhaps from cold, perhaps, we preferred to think, from want, from lust, from greedy need.

'Go on,' pleaded Simon, but he needn't have. She was going to anyway, not because Simon had asked or the rest of us were mutely begging, or even because she'd been ordered. No, she was going because she wanted to feel it opening her and sliding solidly inside. She wanted to be fucked and she no longer cared that she was so exposed, so vulnerable and so lewd; she no longer bothered about what people saw or what they thought. She *wanted* to come, and nothing short of nuclear holocaust could have stopped her now.

But first she teased herself, pressing it lightly against the lips of her pussy, enjoying the feeling as she spread them smoothly, wider than her fingers, thicker and stronger. And then she'd relax and pull it away, gently tickling and pressuring her clitoris until her hips were circling and her pelvis was moving forward and up - begging. And then she'd push it more firmly against herself, let it slide a little further - but not too far - and ease it out, teasing herself some more.

Finally she eased it in and her pussy spread wider, stretching as the rounded knob crept deeper and deeper. She paused until she could stand it no longer, and eased it the last tiny fraction so the mouth of her pussy was past the bulbous tip and gripping the shaft itself, and she sighed deeply, a moan of contentment.

But not for long. Almost at once she pushed it in, steadily and firmly, a sliding thrust that buried itself right inside her body.

After a long pause she reversed the movement, slow and steady.

We watched, transfixed, as Sophie fucked herself with the shiny dildo, thrusting and twisting it, her body writhing in response, hips lifted, pelvis grinding, mouth open as she gasped for breath. Her wrists were a blur, the black shaft pummelling in and out - and then she froze, completely still, the tip of the dildo still inside her. Soft moans filled the room and her hips began to circle slowly. Incredibly, the lips of her pussy began to clutch at the shaft in rhythmic spasms, and we could see the muscles in the floor plane of her tummy stiffen and contract in perfect timing.

'Oh, yes!' she screamed as she collapsed on the sofa, still gently moving the thing inside her.

gradually her hips ceased that luxurious rotating thrust only women can do.

She shuddered and sighed deeply.

Even Simon was lost for words.

And then she began to caress her pussy, dreamily feeling where the shaft, slippery and wet with her juices, spread and opened her.

We still watched, hungry for more, but it was over, and after a minute or so she relaxed and gently pulled the dildo out, leaving glittering trails along the inside of her thighs, and her swollen pussy shining wetly, as if still ready for more. But she wasn't. In fact, she'd changed completely; a shy and startled creature once more. Demurely she pulled the skirt down, and then the T-shirt, transforming herself back into a sweet young virgin. Except now we knew she wasn't, and we'd always know. None of us would ever forget what we'd just seen.

'I think she only stopped because her arm got tired.' Simon of course, but much later, in the bar of the *Crown*.

And it was more or less the last remark on the subject, because we'd talked about it endlessly since Sophie's last agonised shudder, and the main topic, of course, had been how Hugh got her to do it.

'She was all right once she'd got going,' he said, and he was dead right about that. 'But she wasn't happy about it at first.' He could hardly pretend otherwise, since it was plainly obvious to all of us that Sophie had been an extremely reluctant film star, although she *had* been all right once she got going. 'She said it was different to when we're just messing around. Not spontaneous. I can't see the difference, myself,' he said, slightly puzzled.

'You mean, she does stuff like that to herself all the time?' Simon asked the question we all wanted the answer to, even if we were too polite to ask it.

'Oh, yes.' Hugh was enjoying himself. Having a rude girlfriend gave him the kind of superiority among his mates he could never have earned by sporting prowess or sheer personality. Not that there was anything wrong with him, exactly. In fact, on first sight you'd say quite the opposite. Good looking, polite, well-spoken, cheerful; all of those things. But he'd never win a popularity contest. Didn't need to. He already liked himself more than enough to make up for any lack of friendship from those around him. Always looking out for himself, there was something slimy about him. You'd never trust him with your pint, never mind your wallet, car keys or girlfriend. And now it seemed he couldn't be trusted with his own.

'Been doing it since she was in the sixth form,' he was telling Simon - and the rest of us. We all groaned inwardly at the thought of Sophie at seventeen, doing what she'd just been doing, but in white socks and a blue pleated skirt.

'Copied it off her sister,' he added, and we almost cried at the thought of the two of them doing it together. 'No, not like that. Susie got caught by her mum and there was a big row, and it sort of made Sophie curious. They talked about it, like girls do, and Sophie tried it and liked it.' He beamed smugly, the self-satisfied bastard. If his parents weren't rich he'd have no friends at all.

'Mind you,' offered Dave, 'if you had something like that in your pants you'd never leave it alone, would you?' It was a long speech for someone making his first conversational sally of the evening and a very good one at that. We all thought about it for quite some time, remembering those pin-sharp pictures of Sophie's elegant fingers slithering around on the pink softness between her legs.

'She does have a very pretty little fanny,' breathed Simon, demonstrating once again his gift for the obvious.

'Juicy, too,' agreed Hugh, with a smarmy smile that almost concealed a very powerful state of



arousal, and for the first time it became obvious that showing us the video had turned him on even more than watching it had got to the rest of us.

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Reading magazines had told me that loads of men get hard at the thought of watching their wife or girlfriend having it off with another man - or men, preferably. So it shouldn't have been a surprise to find Hugh was one of those who enjoyed it, and that for him showing us pictures of his girlfriend fiddling herself was the most fun he could have. In fact, it wasn't that much of a shock; it was the idea of Hugh having any kind of sexual fantasy that surprised us. Good-looking and rich - yes. But devoid of personality you couldn't imagine Mr Android actually wanting to have sex or being aroused by it. Except to prove ownership and demonstrate ability. That's why it wasn't a video of him and Sophie together; he wanted to be part of the audience, not part of the act. He wanted to watch himself being fucked by someone - or something - else.

'So was it her own, um, *thing*?'

That was Gavin, normally quiet and reserved, but obviously so interested in the answer that he had to overcome his usual reticence.

'Nah, I got that when I was in London.' Spending his parents' money, of course. None of us could afford weekends away, certainly not in London.

'How did you get her to... I mean, what did you say to her?' asked Gav.

'Just wrapped it in a pink bow and left it on her pillow, did you?' sniggered Alan. Good on the bald hard man in the scrum, crap with women. Just grunted at them and made signs. Don't think he'd had a proper girlfriend in his life.

'She was quite surprised,' Hugh agreed, his smile oily. 'But she soon got used to the idea. As you saw. Much better with a proper one than the sort of things her sister used.'

'Things?' Simon, naturally, asking on behalf of all those not brave enough. And Hugh had been expecting the question. It was his way in these situations to dribble information drop by drop, making us quiz him so he could lord it up all the more.

'When she was younger. Stuff lying about the house. A lot of girls do, don't they?'

'Do they?' Simon was clearly stunned by this intelligence. I think we were all a bit taken aback. Well, you are a bit naive when you're only just twenty-one, aren't you?

'Course they do. Stands to reason, doesn't it?'

It did, when you thought about it, but most of us never had. We thought of girls as being above all that - oh, they did sex all right, but only with blokes, and never in the same way. And they certainly never wanted it or needed it like a chap does, so you couldn't imagine them doing - well, doing what we'd just been watching Sophie do.

'Things?' said Simon, clearly still puzzled.

'Things,' said Hugh patiently. When Simon still didn't get the picture, he added, 'You know bananas, chocolate bars, hairbrush handles. Anything that's the right size and shape.' He sniggered in his unappealing way.

'Blimey, I never knew that,' said Simon, still not embarrassed to display the degree of ignorance the rest of us were scrupulously concealing while we conjured up mental pictures of Susan experimenting with bananas. Peeled, or unpeeled?

'Everyone else knows,' sneered Hugh, absolutely in his element; he knew our collective silence for what it was and was loving his moment of glory as the fount of all knowledge on such a vital topic. 'Deodorant bottles aren't that shape by accident, are they?'

We were temporarily silenced, partly by the mental images his words had produced and partly by the idea that large international corporations might deliberately package their products

conveniently shaped plastic bottles to increase sales among teenage girls and young women to embarrassed to buy the real thing, even by mail order.

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‘So Sophie... she, when she was... um...’ Even Simon was lost for words now.

‘No. She’d never tried it with anything before. That was her first time. You could say she lost a kind of virginity.’ Hugh smirked obnoxiously.

‘And S-S-Susie...?’

Gary was older than the rest of us by a couple of years, old enough to remember Sophie’s sister as the lust object of an entire fifth form, and he stuttered like that all the time. But the expression on his face was a clear indicator of how deep an impression she’d made.

‘Couldn’t leave herself alone. Sophie told me all about it.’

Gary went into a private trance as he tried to picture Susie with a hand in her knickers, and by the look on his face he obviously succeeded. Though legend held that Susie’s legs were longer, her bottom more rounded, and her breasts just that little bit firmer and fuller, the rest of us were happy to think about Sophie, since we’d all seen more of her - in every sense of the word.

Finally, Alan broke the appreciative silence with the obvious question. ‘So how come she doesn’t mind? Sophie, I mean. That we’ve all seen it - her?’

‘I haven’t told her.’ Hugh looked slightly off-guard for the first time.

‘You didn’t tell her you were going to show us the film...?’ Alan was lost for words, pretty much as usual.

‘No. I didn’t tell her I was making a film. I hid the camera.’ He sounded as smug as the Cheshire cat with a bowl of cream.

‘Jesus!’ Simon expressed the enormity of our response in a single word.

‘S-s-s-so she th-th-thought... th-th-th...’

‘So she thought that was just a private little moment in your love life, is what Gary’s trying to say.’

‘God, yes,’ said Hugh. ‘You saw how hard it was to make her do it at all, never mind filming her as well.’

‘What will she say? She’ll go loopy when she finds out, won’t she? Absolutely fucking loopy.’

‘She *won’t* find out, though, *will* she?’ Hugh was now clearly less pleased with himself than he would have liked. ‘Because no one’s going to tell her, are they?’

Of course they weren’t. The idea was stupid. Just wandering up to her in the pub and casually saying, ‘Hi, Sophie, love your work. Smashing tits, beautiful fanny. Great wrist action.’

Who’d do a thing like that?

# Chapter Two

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‘Oh, come on, for God’s sake!’

Susie Wills was shouting at the car she was driving, a rattling old diesel that fitted, so the news editor said, the character she was playing.

Susie thought it fitted the scrap heap rather better and said so, but she agreed she shouldn’t be driving anything posh. A little better than this, perhaps, but not much. She groaned in frustration and she pulled off the roundabout onto the dual carriageway and floored the accelerator with no discernible result, although there was quite a bit more noise.

Normally she wouldn’t hurry, but this was an emergency, and she’d left the assignment she’d been working on to rush home at once.

Just as well she’d got what she needed, she thought, a wry smile revealing a row of even white teeth as she pictured the scene in the vicarage on Sunday morning when he opened the *Sunday Newspaper* although, despite popular legend, it never happened just like that. They always had a phone call first asking for reaction or comment, but as late as possible on Saturday in order to reduce the possibility of an injunction. It wasn’t unknown for well-off prominent people to get a judge to work at the weekend, but unlikely for a country vicar. But they still wouldn’t ring him until Saturday teatime; giving him a whole night without sleep to think about the bad news.

And it would be very bad news.

It had started, as it nearly always did, with an anonymous phone call to the news desk, and the news editor had decided this was just the job for Susie.

‘Perfect,’ he’d enthused. ‘This’ll be just the thing to get you back up to speed after all your, er, experiences.’ And he beamed brightly at her. ‘Spend a week or so in the country, make friends with the vicar, wait for him to pounce, get the pictures to back it up and then bring it all home to us. Couldn’t be easier.’

To be honest, it couldn’t be. Much. The only drawback anyone could see was that to get away with it in such a small community she’d have to be alone.

‘But what harm can you come to?’ he boomed cheerfully. ‘Chap’s only a bloody vicar, after all. Just get him to drop his strides and wave his todger at you and you can make your excuses and bugger off back here to London.’

Trying not to brake too much for the next roundabout, knowing how long it would take to get the damn thing back up to speed, Susie smiled ruefully. It was never as easy to make your excuses and leave as they made it sound in print. Partly because *you* had to get your story and *they* had to cover it enough to make it worthwhile - which meant you had to get rather more involved than the story made out, lead them on with the right sort of encouragement. As the editor said before she left, ‘Make sure he gets it out or touches you up. We can’t have him if all he does is leer and make improper suggestions.’ Which meant, as always, that she’d have to let him touch her breasts or put his hand up her skirt at least, although she didn’t mind since it was all in the line of business, and that was the problem in itself. Ever since she’d been old enough to know that the thing between her legs had been put there for more than her own private entertainment, Susie had enjoyed a voracious and uncontrollable sexual appetite. And she did enjoy it, with a wholehearted innocence that was very appealing to men - and women - and brought large numbers of them to her side hoping to gain access

to the contents of her underwear, blissfully unaware that she generally shared their ambitions in the department.

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Indulging her enjoyment by going to work as an investigative reporter on the nation's most scurrilous Sunday paper had been a natural choice for Susie. But, sadly, the very thing that made her suitable for this job - in fact, the very thing that had made her apply for it in the first place - also made it difficult to do the job successfully. She always found encouraging others also meant encouraging herself, and by the time they got to the point where the victim had done enough to write a good story, Susie was usually so aroused that the idea of making her excuses and leaving the room simply wasn't an option. She kept promising herself it would be different next time, but so far it never had been. Not even with the vicar.

She'd arrived in the village posing as Caroline, fresh new bride of David, who was something in the City. She'd come down from London and rented a cottage alone while she looked around for the house they would occupy in wedded bliss three months or so hence. In the course of the first few days she made a point of meeting everybody including - she was almost certain - the troubled woman who had made the first phone call to the paper. Julie was a prim-looking woman of around thirty-five, with a fondness for tweedy country casuals, horses and golden retrievers. A straightforward, honest sort of woman, happily married without a care in the world except her younger and somewhat errant sister who was a completely different story. Amanda was a pretty girl in her late twenties, with long curly hair so black it was almost blue, and a tight-packed body that wriggled around inside her clothes with a life of its own. Possessing a wide-eyed innocence that seemed unbelievable at first but which Susie came to think was genuine, Amanda could devastate a small village like Kingscombe, causing farmers to forget about crop rotation completely. No wonder the vicar had forgotten his holy orders and begun straining, quite literally, at the leash.

Susie met him on her third day, careful not to arouse his suspicion by moving in on him too quickly. In his mid-fifties, with a head of wispy white hair, he was the epitome of the country vicar, except that he was no mild-mannered cleric, but an imposing figure with a commanding presence and a forceful personality. Slightly red in the face - possibly from an excess of communion wine, but equally possibly because of all that pent-up perversion - he'd obviously been good-looking in a clean-cut sort of way when younger. Out of a dog-collar he probably would have been very successful with women. In it, he could probably have anyone he wanted. But it wasn't his rich voice and compelling personality that set a warm trickle in her underwear - it was fear. Knowing why she was there and what she was going to do made her first encounter quite nerve-wracking and, inevitably, fear not only sent butterflies cartwheeling through her stomach, it also sent juices soaking into her knickers as her body responded with arousal.

It was always the same and it was usually a problem, even on an everyday level. At school poor exam results had been the result of nerves; she'd found it hard to concentrate on quadratic equations because she was stuck to her seat and her mind was seeing lurid images. And now, in her work, meant she was often in a state of arousal just at the very moment when she needed to control herself, make her excuses, and leave.

Like this morning.

She'd been to no less than three of the vicar's coffee mornings and was not surprised to find that five of the seven women gathered there were young and attractive. All were attentive to him, over so, it seemed, with a reverence they were supposed to reserve for God, not the reverend, Susie thought writing a line or two of the story in her head.

None of them was Amanda, which was probably just as well, but there was one attractive redhead

there, with a full body and a wickedly knowing smile. Susie targeted her as her best chance of befriending Stephanie with ease. There was a natural rapport between the two of them, and after each coffee morning they walked home through the village together, Susie going back to her place for a iced drink the first two times, and returning the favour the third, by when she'd become accepted in the village and was beginning to feel quite relaxed. The editor had been right about that, anyway.

They sat in the kitchen of her little cottage, looking across the rolling farmland that curved away to a distant sea, discussing the vicar. It was all they seemed to talk about, which Susie took as a good sign as far as her story was concerned.

'He takes such an interest in us all as individuals,' Stephanie was saying, fluttering her dark lashes almost as if the man was in the room. 'I mean, the parish is so large and he has so many concerns, but he still finds time to spend with us, one on one.'

Oh, Susie had little doubt about that. Despite his age, his white hair, his red face and his shaking hands, he was still quite attractive to women, including her; even when she was on guard and concentrating on him as the object of her story. She'd sat through all three of the coffee mornings with damp knickers from a body aroused partly by fear and partly, she had to admit, by expectation. She had a good idea of the sort of things the vicar had in store for her, and the idea of him whipping off his dog-collar and whipping out his erection knotted her stomach. Aside from the fact she'd never done that with a vicar, he was a bit of a charmer who had a way with women, even when they knew he was their enemy.

And he knew it. He loved the way they doted on him and he loved exercising his power over them. You could see it in the way he made them pour the tea or fetch the biscuits.

And he wanted them. The way he looked at them, the way he watched their eyes, their legs, their bottoms and their breasts, and the way he touched, hand on arm, shoulder, even thigh - all so innocent because he was a vicar, but if any other man did that you'd think he was trying it on.

And it worked on the others, too. Susie initially thought they were a bunch of silly women buried in the country with nothing else to occupy their brains, but she changed her mind the first time the vicar sat close beside her and casually let his thigh rest against hers. He looked right into her eyes with a penetrating stare, and as he laid a hand gently but firmly on her arm and began to speak - she couldn't remember what about - the dampness increased, and if they'd been alone she would have let him do anything he wanted. And he *knew*. From the way he looked at her, the tiny hint of a smile, the extra pressure of his thigh and the small squeeze of his hand on her arm, he knew the turmoil he was creating in her knickers.

'So what do you talk about - you and the vicar, when you're alone?' Susie asked.

Stephanie lowered her eyes and appeared to be thinking carefully, before looking up and gazing directly across at Susie. 'Self-improvement,' she said pointedly, as if revealing a state secret.

Susie raised an eyebrow, inviting further information with a look of interest that was hardly false because this sounded promising. Very promising. 'What, through prayer and so on?' she asked.

'Yes, prayer. But he's very old-fashioned about religion. He thinks we've missed our way and we need to get back to the roots of worship. We need to accept our own insignificance and humble ourselves before God,' she said earnestly, sounding like an over-enthusiastic convert.

'Oh yes?'

'Yes. It's very fulfilling. I'm a much more complete person now than I was before Andrew - before the vicar - arrived last year, and so are the others.'

Meaning, Susie supposed, the rest of the bored young wives who hung on his every word. But she smiled brightly. 'Wonderful,' she enthused, wondering how she could get some of this interesting

personal attention herself without appearing to be too keen and arousing suspicion. But she needed to have worried.

‘Oh, good,’ Stephanie went on. Because Andr - the vicar - thinks you’re just the sort of person who’d benefit from our sessions as well.’

‘He does?’ said Susie.

‘Yes, he does. He mentioned it to me yesterday.’

‘During one of your sessions?’ The way Stephanie only simpered acknowledgement spoke volumes about the nature of her afternoon visit to the vicarage. ‘So, why me?’ asked Susie cautiously.

‘Well, apart from your obvious interest,’ Stephanie went on eagerly, ‘he knows it’s sometimes difficult when you’re so far away from your husband for so long. What with you being so young and well, healthy. I mean, my husband’s only away during the week and he’s almost always here on weekends, but I still find it difficult to... manage.’ Stephanie’s smile was accompanied by a knowing look. ‘There are so many things you can do for yourself that are much better with two, don’t you agree?’

‘Oh yes,’ agreed Susie, with a sudden rush of heat between her thighs, ‘I understand.’ She looked down at Stephanie’s long legs disappearing under her skirt and for a moment imagined Stephanie pulling the material back to reveal pretty little knickers nestling between soft thighs, and reaching between them to pleasure herself during the lonely nights when her husband was away in town.

‘The vicar and I-’ she made it sound like a royal couple ‘-thought you would. And we really thought you’d benefit so much from our extra meetings.’

Even though she’d known where the conversation was heading, Susie still felt a shock of surprise. There was no doubt about it; this was very much more than a polite invitation to tea and sandwiches. She was being sounded out for something altogether much more personal, and incredibly, it appeared the vicar was so much in control of his women he’d got one virtually pimping for him.

‘Oh, I’m sure I would,’ said Susie, as meaningfully as she could.

‘Yes, the evenings can be so long when you’re alone,’ sympathised Stephanie, ‘and that’s why the vicar’s sessions take place then... eight o’clock at the vicarage.’

‘What a good idea. It does get difficult thinking of ways to fill a lonely hour or two,’ agreed Susie and that settled the matter. Within five minutes Stephanie had politely taken her leave, and five minutes after that, just enough time for her to get home and make a phone call, the telephone rang and there was the vicar.

‘Ah, Caroline, Steph’s been telling me about your little chat together. I’m so pleased you’re getting on, and I’m so pleased you’re interested in my seminars. Would you care to come along and try one out?’

Just like that, she thought, now his tame woman had cleared the way and he could be pretty sure she was up for it. Cunning devil. But she merely said, ‘Yes, I do like the sound of them very much. I’m sure I’ll enjoy them.’ She didn’t linger too long on the word ‘enjoy’, but she knew the vicar had picked up the implication.

‘Yes, I think I can promise you that. So, how about tonight then? Strike while the iron’s hot, so to speak. Will I see you at eight o’clock?’

‘Eight o’clock? Fine.’ She tried to sound as bright as she could, but her week of relaxation was over and now she was back to work. With a nervous fluttering in her tummy and a sudden moistness in her knickers, she went upstairs to run a nice hot bath.

After a lovely long soak she chose her underwear carefully, knowing it was going to be seen by other eyes than her own: whatever happened, she would have to undress at least partially in order

get the vicar to say and do enough to write the story. He would almost certainly be ogling her in a state of sexy semi-nakedness, and probably taking liberties with his hands as well, she thought, looking at the reflection that had nothing to do with Caroline and everything to do with Susie: black stockings and suspenders, with sheer black bra and high-cut knickers made from silk almost as transparent as her stockings. She looked ripe and ready for action.

But, taking her cue from the way the other women dressed almost all the time, Susie decided she would look demure on the outside, even though it was evening and she could have dressed for the cocktail hour. In the bedroom mirror she looked perfect for the part, in a plain green button-through dress which had been the editor's idea. 'Buy yourself some clothes from that shop - you know, the one where women who don't like to fuck buy their stuff from,' he'd said tactlessly. She knew where he meant and she'd done it, blending in at once when she'd arrived in the village.

Her black handbag was another suggestion from the editor; it wasn't hers and hardly had room for her purse, since it contained a small but broadcast-quality video recorder which would run for two hours, recording from the tiny lens embedded invisibly in the buckle decoration.

All she had to do now was get everything right, but that worried her. She was still new at the job and though she'd learned fast with Harry she'd never worked alone before, and with a new editor in control she was very much on probation. It was almost like starting at the newspaper for the first time again, and the prospect of making a mess of things and losing her job only added to her nerves and the growing heat between her legs. But she'd been over this a hundred times already and she'd promised herself she wouldn't let her body take control, dictating her actions. No matter what the state of her underwear later, she was going to get the story and the pictures - and get out of there.

By the time she was ready to leave the house she was tingling with nervous anticipation, just like any young woman going on such an assignment. But this was far more important and far more frightening than if she really had been Caroline setting out to be unfaithful with the vicar. And as she neared the vicarage, Gothic and forbidding in the evening gloom behind a cluster of tall pines, the thrill of expectation was replaced by the cold clutch of fear in her stomach. As she stopped at the gate and flicked the machine to 'record', fear became the predominant emotion and for the first time she wished she wasn't alone. But she'd got the mobile tucked away in her bag and she could call for help if she needed to - and how much trouble could a country vicar be?

She rang the bell and the front door creaked open on weary hinges.

'Ah, my dear Caroline.' The vicar smiled and she felt less frightened. He was so nice and upstanding, and it was hard to believe he was anything but a sweet and fatherly clergyman. No wonder he'd been getting away with it all for so long. 'Please, do come in.' He held the door wide and ushered her with his free arm, his hand touching the small of her back for a little longer than was necessary. She stepped into the hallway.

Once inside she took off her coat and followed him into the lounge. She'd been there before, of course, but it looked a little different at night.

As she sat in the big chair by the fireplace, carefully placing her handbag on the small side-table to give the hidden lens a good view of the room, she looked around. The furniture had been moved and the room seemed more spacious, with fewer chairs around the big oak table where the various parish committees sat. And while she wondered why there was no chair at the end nearest her, the chair she'd sat on only that morning, the vicar was talking, wasting no time.

'Now, Caroline, these self-improvement evenings are all about individuals. Later on you can join Stephanie and Debbie and one or two of the others in group evenings, but tonight is all about you. It's your input that drives us along and we can go as fast or as slow as you want. Nothing that happens

tonight or any other night can happen unless you want it to, so we need to concentrate on your needs. Okay?’

‘Yes, vicar,’ she agreed, thinking how clever that was, making her feel at ease and in charge by telling her quite clearly that something most definitely was about to happen.

‘Call me Andrew on these occasions, Caroline.’ He smiled benignly.

‘Okay... Andrew.’

‘Good girl. Now, Caroline, I want you to sit back and relax, make yourself comfortable, because I want you to listen very carefully to me. Are you comfortable now?’

‘Yes,’ she said, because she was, soothed by the sound of his rich warm voice, and comforted by his homely appearance.

‘Now listen to me, Caroline, because God wants you to be fulfilled in every way. He wants you to be the best you can be at everything, every part of your life. And to do that he needs you to start by realising that you’ve failed up till now. That doesn’t make you bad, because almost everyone else has done the same. But now you must accept your failure before you can go forward. Do you understand me?’

‘Yes, I think I do,’ she said, wondering what he was wittering on about.

‘That’s good, my dear. Now, say after me: I have failed and I must repent.’

She did, and they repeated it several times, Susie feeling stupid at first, but less nervous, since it seemed he might just be a religious freak with a bee in his bonnet. So when he stood in front of her and placed his palms flat on either side of her head she wasn’t unnerved, but simply conscious of his nearness, and of his maleness - she could hardly be otherwise, since she was looking directly at his grey-flannel groin, his plain trousers held up by a thin black belt fastened with a brass buckle shaped like a snake. A very phallic snake...

Luckily it was easy to change the course of her thoughts because the vicar was speaking again. ‘Say after me, “I accept God’s punishment for my sins whatever it may be,”’ he intoned, and she heard herself repeating it and realising that maybe she should be nervous after all.

‘In return for your penance God offers you all the unlimited pleasure and joy of paradise,’ he went on. ‘Say after me, “I want paradise and I accept my penance.”’

The pressure of his hands on her head was gentle and insistent, like the softness of his voice, and she found herself repeating his words, even though her voice sounded disembodied and unnatural.

The pressure of his hands changed, exerting a gentle upward pull that brought her easily to her feet, so she was standing close in front of him, their bodies almost touching, his hands holding her head, like the classic posture for the first kiss that she licked her lips in readiness.

‘Say after me, “I want paradise and I accept my penance.”’ His voice was low but insistent. She repeated it, still looking into his face. ‘And again - say it.’ And she did. ‘Undo your top button and say it again.’ Already conditioned to obey quickly and without question, her hands were at her throat and her voice echoed the words, and instead of stopping when she realised what she was doing, she undid the button, trying to suppress the thrill of arousal that loosening her clothes in front of a near stranger was bound to produce, no matter what the circumstances.

‘And now the next button, and say it again,’ he commanded.

‘I want paradise and I accept my penance,’ she said, and undid the second button.

‘And the next.’

As she spoke she pulled the third button a bit too harshly, exposing her bra and the firm swell of flesh inside, wondering if he could see the hardening nipples as they poked against the black silk. Still repeating the phrase after him, she undid the fourth, then the fifth button, so her dress was open to the



waist, and she felt her body opening in arousal as her juices seeped into the silky panties that were nearly visible.

‘Say it with me and undo a button each time,’ he ordered, and together they chanted the phrase five more times. Each time another button popped open and her fingers moved down for the next while the vicar continued to hold her head between his palms, looking deep into her eyes, never once glancing down, not even when the last button was undone and her dress fell open, revealing her slim-waisted figure, see-through knickers, suspenders and black stockings.

‘I knew you were ready for paradise,’ he breathed. ‘I believed God would make you ready, and faith is everything. Have faith and paradise will be yours. Say after me, “Faith is everything, penance is perfect and paradise will be mine.”’

She repeated the words, wondering if he could tell how aroused she was, standing there obediently undressing for him.

‘Again,’ he ordered, and she obeyed.

‘Once more, and this time give me your dress.’ He made it sound so natural and normal, and she pulled the dress off her shoulders, holding it out to him.

He waited until she’d finished the litany before he took it, still not looking at her body, clad like a model in a girlie magazine, and feeling like one, too; nipples hard as bullets in the black silk, liquid fire in her knickers and butterflies in her stomach.

‘Faith is everything,’ he said. ‘Now you, say it.’

She repeated the words back to him, willing him to look down and notice her body. How dare he not be affected by her when she had bared almost everything on his command.

‘Penance is perfect,’ he intoned, and he inclined his head so she said it aloud.

‘Paradise will be mine,’ he breathed, and she said that, too.

‘Faith is everything, Caroline, say that aloud and undo your brassiere.’

His use of the old-fashioned word made it sound proper, like a doctor, and she reached behind her back automatically, unclasping her bra as she spoke the words.

‘Penance is perfect,’ he said, while her hands were still busy. ‘Say that aloud and take it off.’

‘Penance is perfect,’ she said, pulling it from her shoulders.

‘And as you place it on the chair, say, “paradise will be mine.”’

She did as she was told, extending one arm and dropping it from her fingers, conscious of the hardness in her nipples and wondering why he didn’t look down at her breasts, firm and cherry-tipped, thrusting towards him, almost touching the clerical black cloth that covered his chest.

‘You already have faith, Caroline, and soon you will have paradise, too. But first there must be penance. Say after me, “There must be penance.”’

She already had enough on film to get him defrocked, and maybe enough to send him to prison. But as she stood there with her nipples erect and the heat rising in her panties, she decided it might be best to continue just a little longer, just to make sure, until he actually touched her. And as the thought formed in her mind she felt a surge of excitement, a physical sensation almost as if his hand had brushed between her legs.

‘There must be penance,’ she said, and she saw something glinting in his eyes as he heard the words, and knew it was going to happen now.

‘There must be penance,’ he said. ‘Join with me, there must be penance...’ They said it together and he released her head, still holding her eyes with his, and lowered his hands to her shoulders.

Now, she thought, he was going to do it. Her nipples stiffened even more in expectation of his touch, and it felt as if someone had poured a jar of warm honey into her panties, but he simply turned

her sideways, steadily repeating the phrase, 'There must be penance.' As the hypnotic effect of repetition gripped her, she let herself respond to the pressure of his hands, taking one, two steps forward, letting him place her hands flat on top of the big oak table, sliding forward until her nipples touched the wood. Then her breasts pressed against the tabletop and she could see a smudgy reflection of her face in the polished wood as she continued to repeat his phrase with him. His hands left her and his voice receded, and he left her there, bending across the table, feeling the cool wood pressed against her breasts and the edge of it digging into the tops of her thighs.

There was silence, broken only by some soft shuffling sounds, and then he was close behind her, his hand resting lightly on her flank.

'Caroline,' he commanded, and she was silent as he continued, 'do you believe that faith is everything?'

'Um... yes,' she said quietly. 'I think so.'

'Good girl. Then say after me, "I believe faith is everything."'

As she responded a hand slid down the outside of her thigh and dipped between her legs midway between knee and groin, electric thrills darting up and out from his fingertips. 'Say penance is perfect,' he continued, and as she spoke his hand pressed firmly, pushing her legs apart. She thought that from where he was, crouching behind her, he'd be looking between the roundness of her buttocks and cheeks to where the thin strand of her panties opened into a sheer diamond of see-through black silk. Underneath, clearly visible, her pretty little pussy pouted at him, the soft lips open to uncover their inner secrets, sparkling with the oily sheen of arousal.

The long pause told her he was staring, and she wished her body wasn't so traitorous, doing one thing when her mind required another; there was no point in trying to control it, though, because it had always possessed a mind of its own.

But now the vicar was moving and she heard the rustling clink as he undid his belt. She felt the tension in her muscles as she waited for his probing fingers to come squirming into her panties, and her body opened the way for the erection he was even now releasing from his trousers.

'And say, "Paradise will be mine,"' he ordered. As he stepped away there was the briefest touch as his fingers whisked across the black material that was stretched between her parted thighs, and she knew he'd felt her wetness, knew her body had betrayed her, making him think she was enjoying it.

But it was still only the briefest touch; it could easily be explained away as an accident, and she knew she needed more before the editor would be happy and she could say she'd done a good job. So she did as she was told, saying, 'Paradise will be mine,' as she stayed there, forearms on the shiny wood, legs apart; waiting.

But not for long.

She felt the flat of a hand between her shoulders, pressing her further forward and down, lifting her bottom, two firm spheres split by the narrow black band of her briefs. Then she had a flash of déjà vu and suddenly she knew what was coming next, and even though she was ready it was still a shock.

There was a thin whistling sound and a biting line of pain across her buttocks, and she squealed. The belt! He was using that belt with the phallic snake buckle!

'Penance is perfect, Caroline. Say that aloud while I purge you.'

She gasped the words out as the whistling sound warned her just too late to brace her muscles for the stinging crack as the belt landed across her bottom again in a burst of fire.

'Paradise will be mine, Caroline, say that aloud.' His voice was hard-edged, and this time the belt whipped lightly across one firm buttock, the tip curling around and under her, licking painfully across the thin silk covering the tender flesh of a pussy that was open and ready for a completely different

touch.

~~She squealed instead of repeating his phrase, and immediately the belt was back, harder and faster, the tip stinging her tenderest flesh.~~

‘Say it!’ he ordered harshly. ‘Say, “Paradise will be mine.”’ As she tried to form the words he lashed out once again and made her screech with pain. ‘Say it, Caroline,’ he commanded, and prevented her from obeying by whipping her once again so she could not have spoken if she’d tried, the belt snaking around her glowing buttocks.

‘Say it, Caroline!’ *Whip!*

‘Say you have faith!’ *Whip!*

‘Say you believe!’ *Whip!*

‘I believe!’ she wailed... and the beating stopped.

She waited, afraid to turn, afraid to look in case she saw his arm raised again, but there was just his voice, distant and softer, a man exhausted by passion and effort.

‘Thank you, Caroline,’ he said, through ragged breaths.

She felt his hands at her waist, but instead of raising her from where she lay face down across the table, they grasped the waistband of her knickers and tugged them down over her bottom, as far down her widespread thighs as they would go. When she felt the tickle of soft material on the backs of her legs she knew how close he was, standing between her knees. And as he placed a hand flat on the small of her back and pressed down, she knew what he was doing, but she still gasped in surprise when something warm and turgid pressed against her, nestling between lips that were slick with arousal.

‘Paradise will be mine,’ he said in a pensive tone, and pushed all the way into her with one smooth movement that seemed to go on forever, filling her completely with an enormously long and thick erection.

‘Oh, God...’ she groaned, her back arching in unison with the penetration, her breasts lifting off the polished surface.

‘Yes,’ he grunted, ‘that’s right, Caroline. Say, “Paradise will be mine,” and God will answer you.’ He slid the enormous thing out of her again, leaving her empty, wanting, hips pushing in little circles as they searched for it. Gasping noises rasped in her throat.

‘Say it, Caroline.’ He rested the bulbous tip against her, teasing her with it, circling and pushing just enough to make her want the rest.

‘Paradise will be mine,’ she moaned quickly and gasped as he pushed it firmly forward to fill her completely once more, groin pressed hard against her punished buttocks.

‘Praise the Lord!’ he cried, and began to slide in and out, hard and fast.

All she could think about was the sensation between her legs as the pleasure of his movement blended with the burning heat across her rump to make one long wave of ecstasy that coursed through her.

His hips flexed and the great shaft was buried to the hilt with a wet slap. ‘Paradise,’ he said as he thrust again, ‘is mine!’

‘Oh...’ she managed, and then she came, an earthmoving climax that made her tremble from head to toe.

‘Yes!’ he roared triumphantly, and thrust yet again. ‘Yes!’ he yelled as she bucked and twisted, impaled on the rigid shaft as she came and came.

As she eventually flopped forward the movement inside her slowed, and stopped, and then eased gently from her.

‘Oh, my God...’ she moaned feebly, and lay inert across the table.

‘Yes, Caroline, thank God that paradise is yours.’ He pushed into her again, slowly and gently, opening and filling her with his impressive length and girth, making her moan softly. Then he pulled backwards, more slowly still. As the long thickness slithered between the clutching pink lips she felt begin to quiver, and when only the bulbous end of it was in her, resting between lips that were slippery with her juices, he shouted out one final time, ‘Paradise is mine...!’

He came, his shaft jerking as the spasms sent pulsing jets of creamy fluid splashing against her, sparkling like pearls over the red weals that marked her buttocks, glistening brightly between the soiled folds where her swollen pussy still waited for the shaft upon which it had been impaled. And when it was over and there was no more left, he pressed back inside her and fell limply across her back.

# Chapter Three

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‘Where is she then?’ Susie was sitting in the kitchen at home, drinking tea, and her mum was crying. She’d hardly ever cried during Susie’s lifetime, so Susie knew how seriously wrong the situation was.

Sophie had vanished from home almost three weeks before and not a word had been heard from her since. The note she’d left behind was brief and unhelpful: *Mum, it said, I’ve left home. Don’t know how long I’ll be away.* It was signed with the large curving S that was Sophie’s signature.

That note, intended to give comfort to her mother, had done nothing of the sort. It didn’t say where or who with, but it did give the police a reason to do nothing at all. They said, quite properly, that twenty-year-old girls are allowed to do what they like and a great many of them do just that. ‘There’s nothing anyone can do,’ the sergeant had explained, ‘except wait, and hope she’ll come back.’

But Sophie had vanished and, thanks to the note, she wasn’t even on the missing person’s list.

‘I thought she’d come to you,’ sobbed her mother, but Susie had heard nothing. No phone calls, no letters, no visit. Susie was as surprised as her mother that this was so; though the two girls were not truthfully sisters, Sophie being her father’s daughter and Susie her mother’s, they’d been brought together while Susie was still only three years old and Sophie hardly a year, so there was little or no difference in their minds. The fact that they looked so similar, with that rare combination of powdered blue eyes and Scandinavian blonde hair, only served to cement the instant bond between them. They’d been best friends at once and had remained close all through the trials of childhood and adolescence. They’d shared everything as they grew, maybe closer to each other than real sisters would have been because they weren’t actually related.

As they grew older the two-year age difference meant they were less able to share things, and though Sophie looked up to Susie and Susie looked after her sister, they matured separately.

But they were still close, and had remained so after Susie left home, meeting in clubs and pubs very often while Susie was at college and Sophie still at school, speaking endlessly on the telephone once Susie had moved away, and writing to each other rather less frequently. Susie couldn’t believe Sophie could have been unhappy without telling her, nor that she might have left home so abruptly without saying goodbye, never mind saying why or where. But Sophie’s disappearance was absolute, and there was no apparent reason why she should have gone.

‘She’d been so happy just lately,’ said her mother, ‘with her new boyfriend, Hugh. Seemed a decent sort of chap. Very good parents, I believe,’ she sniffed, stifling Susie’s next and most obvious questions, although Susie was better aware than most that so-called ‘good parents’ didn’t disqualify people from villainy. Quite the reverse, in fact. She made a mental note to find this Hugh and see what she made of him.

In the three weeks since she’d vanished Sophie might have gone anywhere, and should really have called. But Susie had been away, so perhaps Sophie had tried to get in touch and failed. The information comforted her mother only slightly.

‘Tell you what,’ Susie said. ‘I’ll ask around for a day or two, then I’ll head back to London and hope there’s a letter at the flat. Or maybe she’ll call.’

‘Okay,’ her mother snuffled into her tissue, and that was settled.

Susie carried her overnight bag up to her old bedroom, an odd nostalgic journey that brought

memories crowding back, all the more poignant and real because she hadn't been in the room since she started college.

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She'd been home before, to see her mum, dropping in to say hello on the way through, always to from somewhere and never with the time to stop for long. She had never been close to her mother like Sophie was, but that was hardly surprising since her mother had never been very keen on what she called Susie's 'wayward behaviour'. Which was her mother's polite euphemism for what she'd seen Susie doing in front of the dressing table mirror when she'd walked into her bedroom unannounced one evening. It was a miracle it hadn't happened sooner, really.

Now, in the warm stillness of her old bedroom, Susie felt a tremor of excitement as she remembered how in that room she'd discovered the delights her clever fingers could bring, and those very fingers brushed the front of her jeans, feeling the sudden warmth of arousal within.

In the mirror she watched her fingers deftly pop the buttons one by one, exposing the white knicker beneath, admired her own slim hips while her hands peeled the tight jeans down until they were around her thighs and she could see the gentle swell of her mound.

Her knuckles stretched the filmy white material tight as her hand pushed under the waistband and her fingers searched lower, through the short blonde down until they reached the smoothly-shaved flesh below, already heated with arousal. Then she felt the oily juices seeping from her waiting flesh and she curled her fingers, sliding first one, then another, inside.

Susie stood in front of the mirror and watched her hand, circling and flexing as she worked two fingers in and out of herself, and she saw the gentle thrusting of her pelvis as her climax began and she gasped several times, trying to suppress the sound so as not to alert her mother. Her knees buckled and she grabbed the edge of the dressing table with her left hand, but her right didn't miss a beat until her orgasm had completely subsided and she began to relax in a comforting glow.

Feeling at peace with herself she washed, put on freshly laundered underwear, brushed her hair and decided it was time for action. She ran lightly down the stairs, said a comforting goodbye to her mother, and set off.

She'd decided to do the sensible thing and visit the police station first, though she got no more from them than her mother had. Not even when she produced her press card and her business card. They raised the odd eyebrow, of course; they all recognised the name of the paper and were thereafter a little more helpful and a lot more polite, but no one really seemed to care where Sophie might have disappeared to.

'You know how it is, miss,' said the desk sergeant, somewhat patronisingly. 'She's legally an adult and she can go anywhere and do anything, and we can't stop her - or spend time looking for her. You could try the Salvation Army,' he offered with a shrug, but they both knew there was little chance of finding Sophie unless she wanted to be found.

Rather than go home and share the depressing news with her already miserable mother, Susie called on her mobile and said she was going into town in search of Sophie's friends. That done, she set off enjoying the early evening stroll towards town, a genuine trip down memory lane that took her past the youth club where she'd deliberately flirted in front of all those spotty youths who'd drooled over her and craved to be the one to take her virginity.

She was still in nostalgic mood as she entered the bar of the *Bridge*, seemingly unchanged in all the years she'd known it. She sat in the corner with her white wine and soda, watching as the place filled with familiar faces, including Eric, who so nearly was her first, but came and went before he entered, so to speak. And he was obviously remembering that night as well, and was clearly still embarrassed by it, as he gave her a grudging nod of recognition and turned away.

And there - was that Gary whatever-his-name-was, the stuttering one? She had to wait for him order a drink before she was certain, but when he said, 'P-p-p...' and John behind the bar said, 'Pint of bitter, Gaz?' pouring it as he asked, she knew it was him. And she knew he was sensible and polite and that he'd know Sophie, because she also knew the younger Gary had lusted after her own body, and hung around endlessly in the vain hope she might let him have it. Which was ridiculous. But even so he'd been around long enough to become friendly with her sister.

'Hi, Gary,' she said, light and friendly as she could, leaning beside him at the bar and offering her glass to the barman. 'Same again please, John.'

'He-he-here... l-l-let m-m-m-me.' He waved some notes at John.

'Oh, Gary, that's all right,' she said quickly, remembering just in time how long and painful the process Gary's stuttering insistence could be. 'You don't have to do that - but thanks.'

'You look well,' she said as they sat side by side at her corner table, and to be fair, the years had improved him a little. He looked fit and healthy, taller and fuller, though he still had a pointed face with beady eyes.

'I'm f-f-f-fine. You?'

'Oh, you know,' she said and shrugged. 'I'm a little worried about Sophie. It seems she's run away from home...' and she noticed him shift uncomfortably, a hint of guilt shadowing his face.

'I-I-I'm sorry to hear th-th-that,' he managed, avoiding her eyes, looking at the table, and she was blazed with certainty that Gary knew something he shouldn't.

Picking up her glass and trying to look casual she pressed her leg against his under the table. 'Bottoms up,' she said, and his eyes widened. She let her leg rest against his for a moment longer and then asked, 'Have you seen her lately? Mum said she had a boyfriend.' And she leaned towards him, sliding along the seat so her hip touched his as well.

Gary started slightly and then relaxed, settling into the wooden seat with a look that was almost one of pride, obviously thinking she found him attractive. Without further prompting he told her about Sophie and Hugh, and how they seemed happy together. But she knew he was holding something back and she asked about where they went, and what they did, and were they all in a gang together?

'How did Sophie get on with the rest of you, if she was one girl in a crowd of blokes?' she asked and as a dark shadow flitted across Gary's expression she knew she was getting closer. 'Was there any problem?' she enquired gently, pressing more firmly against him while looking wide-eyed and innocent.

'N-n-no,' he stuttered with difficulty.

'Sophie wasn't, you know, messing around with one of the others... you, for example?' She gave him a knowing smile as she rubbed her thigh against his under the table.

'N-n-no,' he blushed. 'Nothing like th-th-that.'

It was a big effort as usual, every word a struggle, but she knew there was more. 'Only I know she's a bit lively,' she said, trying to hint that she was just one of the lads and so was her sister. 'In fact, she takes after me,' she goaded, resting her hand deliberately on Gary's thigh. 'She likes to live dangerously. And she likes to be fulfilled, if you know what I mean.'

Susie had no idea if any of this was true of her sister in the last few months, but it seemed to encourage Gary.

'Oh, sh-sh-sh-she liked to be f-f-f-f-filled,' he said, and looked guiltily at Susie, as if trying to gauge her reaction. She knew he'd meant to use a different word there. But she also sensed his nervousness and realised this was not the right moment to press him too hard for information. Or more question and he might shut up forever. Instead, she opted for encouragement.

‘Don’t we all,’ she purred, sliding her fingertips higher towards his groin and deeper between his legs until she was almost touching him - there.

‘Y-y-yes,’ he gulped. ‘I s-s-suppose we do.’

‘Come on then, Gary,’ she purred. ‘Why don’t you walk me home?’

He fairly leaped out of his seat at the suggestion and when she tucked her arm in his he visibly swelled with pride. Outside in the street she snuggled against him as they walked, and when she steered him so they turned left at the end of the road, away from her home and towards the bus shelter his stuttering reached fever pitch.

‘Did you ever walk Sophie home this way?’ she asked sweetly.

‘N-n-no. She w-w-was - ’

‘Hugh’s girlfriend,’ Susie interrupted, the temptation to finish sentences for him overwhelming though she knew she shouldn’t. ‘Yes, I know she was.’ As they reached the darkened entrance she steered him gently inside the bus shelter, luckily empty, and lifted her face to kiss him gently.

‘Did you ever kiss Sophie like that?’ she asked quietly when their lips parted.

‘N-n-n-no,’ he said.

‘I think you’re kidding me,’ she said, and laid the flat of her hand along his thigh, stroking upward tantalisingly close.

He shook his head. ‘N-n-n-no...’ His voice rose sharply as her hand came to rest on the front of his trousers, finding the upright shaft, thick and rigid against her palm.

‘I bet you know the sort of things Sophie likes,’ she said deliberately, feeling very calm as her other hand took his wrist from her waist and guided it downwards, brushing across the front of her own jeans, resting his palm against her mound. ‘I bet she likes this,’ she whispered, shuffling her feet apart and pressing her fingers over his, curling them down between her legs to rest against the moist heat radiating through the denim.

‘I-I-I...’ He fell silent as Susie relaxed her grip and began to unbutton her jeans. He still didn’t speak as she took his wrist again, lifted it, and pushed his hand down, slipping the fingers across the silky material of her knickers, pressing them deeper until they were suddenly searching in the humidity of her groin, pushing the wet fabric up into her body, starting a fresh flow of juices and making her legs move an involuntary inch further apart as she pressed herself gently. ‘I w-w-wouldn’t know,’ he finished.

‘Oh, Gary,’ she whispered, the words forced out unbidden as his fingers finally developed a life of their own and scrabbled past the elastic and inside her knickers, spreading her softness and probing deeper. ‘I think you would.’ She used her free hand to wriggle her jeans lower on her hips and make enough room inside them for him to bend his wrist and get his fingers right into her body.

‘N-n-nev...’ he started, attempting to deny the accusation, and as he stuttered his whole body seemed to jerk, making his fingers jump inside her in a highly arousing fashion. And it had the effect of making his erection lurch against her palm, reminding her of its size and strength and causing her warm flow to coat his fingers.

‘Oooh,’ he exhaled, as her fingers were busy below his waist, unzipping him in one swift movement. They wriggled through the opening, finding him hard and thick inside his boxers, which clung wetly to the rounded tip, already seeping fluid.

Gary froze, and the stuttering stopped. Susie had his undivided attention as she squeezed her fingers gently around his shaft, searching until she found the opening in his pants and plucked him out, the sticky end slithering in her palm as she began to massage him gently. As her hips described needful little circles Gary’s hand responded to the prompting and he started to slide his fingers back and forth



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