


RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS

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# Plaything

Penny Birch

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## About the Book

This classic book in the Penny Birch series features some of bad girl Penny's dirtiest antics ever. After going a whole month without doing anything naughty, she is desperate to be even more filthy, despite her imminent departure to Brittany where she is instructed to set up a university field course. Once there, her academic responsibilities get pushed aside for more deliciously rude indulgences. This time, however, she will encounter a French voyeur called Tom, whose penchant for dirty fun will shock even Penny and her playmates ...

## About the Author

Penny is the author of the following short-story collections: *Bad Penny*, *In for a Penny*, *Tight White Cotton* and *Penny Pieces*. She is also the author of the following full length novels featuring Penny as the main heroine: *Penny in Harness*, *Plaything*, *Tie and Tease*, *Regime*, *Bare Behind*, *Fit to be Tied*, *Nights in White Cotton* and *American Blue*.

*Also by Penny Birch:*

PENNY IN HARNESS  
A TASTE OF AMBER  
BAD PENNY  
BRAT  
IN FOR A PENNY

# PLAYTHING

*Penny Birch*



Dedicated to Bart Pelham, a fellow student in the art of  
decadence

# One

Never in my life had I needed a spanking so badly. For a month I had done without sex, a whole month, without even touching my pussy in a sexual way. It had been deliberate, designed to bring myself to a state of really biting erotic tension before the university's term ended and I returned to my lover, Amber, in the south of England. My frustration was even in tune with my cycle, so I would be at my most sexual when it came to a head. There had been three days to go, just three short days and it would have happened.

I knew what she'd have done first, my favourite thing. She would have put me across her knee, bared my bottom and spanked me to ecstasy. I'd have come on her leg, with my thighs open across it and my pussy rubbing on her while I was beaten. After a month of abstinence the orgasm would have been truly superb, only now I wasn't going to get it.

Professor South had dropped the bombshell on me, seating himself at my table in the refectory and asking if I could set up the departmental field course in Brittany instead of him. It was an irksome duty I'd managed to put off for the three years I'd been lecturing under him, and his reason for not going was impeccable. I had no good reason to refuse and so accepted, all the while with a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach.

He thanked me and excused himself, leaving me to ponder my self-inflicted frustration. As I ate my lunch I couldn't stop imagining myself with my panties down across someone's knee and my bum bare and red. Everything would be showing, my plump little cheeks, my



pussy, even my bumhole. Especially my bumhole. For me, that is always the rudest, the most exquisitely humiliating detail of being given a bare bottom spanking, knowing that the little pinky-brown ring between my bum cheeks is on show.

It's rude enough for a girl to show her pussy, but nowadays we're supposed to be proud of our pussies. Showing your bumhole is different, dirtier, naughtier, and so much more humiliating if it's done in the course of a good spanking.

There is the contrast, too, with whoever is disciplining me fully dressed while my bottom is bare, perhaps my breasts too. He or she without a hair out of place, me with my panties pulled down, my legs kicked wide, my pussy spread, my titties dangling out of my bra and my rude little bottom-hole exposed.

When I masturbate over being spanked I seldom get past the point where I imagine my panties being pulled down, before I come. I like to think of my exposure, maybe slow, deliberate and matter of fact, maybe gloating and lecherous. Either way my clothes are being interfered with, first the outer ones and then my more intimate garments, until my panties are sliding down, uncovering the top of my bottom crease, then my cheeks, which I always feel look fat despite my petite figure. They are tweaked down that last vital inch and it's showing, the tiny, tight pucker of pink and brown flesh that closes off my rectum.

I usually come at that instant, and if I didn't stop thinking about it that was what was going to happen now. My panties were soaking and my nipples so stiff that they felt sore within the soft fabric of my bra. The urge to get my hand down the front of my jeans was really powerful. So powerful, in fact, that if I'd been alone I'd have done it.

It was hardly practical in the middle of the university refectory. With the squeaky-clean image I had taken such pains to maintain, my audience would have been not

merely shocked but amazed, a thought that set my lips in a wry smile. Most of my colleagues and students think of me as a bit of a bluestocking, which is an image that seems to have clung to me all my life. It means that the offers I do get are from thoughtful, politically correct men, and when I turn them down it simply reinforces their opinion. The fact that what I really like is a well-beaten bottom and rough, dirty sex is a secret known only to a handful of playmates.

Well, quite a few actually, but not many at the university. Certainly Professor South would have been horrified. Then again, maybe he wouldn't have been. Maybe he'd have ordered me to his room, locked the door, turned me over his desk, whipped down my trousers and panties and beaten me across the bare bottom before stuffing his cock unceremoniously up my pussy. Perhaps he'd even have buggered me, using my own pussy juice to lubricate my bumhole and forcing himself up my rectum ...

I was doing it again, and if I didn't stop it there was going to be a damp patch on the seat where I'd been sitting. Abandoning the remains of my salad, I got up and walked out, hoping that nobody would notice the straining points of my nipples. I needed to phone Amber and give her the bad news, but I knew I would put it off for as long as possible. My afternoon was busy in any case, with an interminable first year genetics practical to oversee and a seminar at five o'clock.

My demonstrator at the practical was Wendy Smith, who had just completed her PhD. She had been one of my research students and we had always got on well, which allowed me to moan about going to Brittany early. Not that I explained the full reason for my annoyance, as our relationship had never gone beyond ordinary friendship. She was bright, cheerful and pretty, with carrot-coloured curls, freckles, a snub nose and a compact, well-formed body that in other circumstances I wouldn't have minded

exploring. Not that I would ever have dared suggest it, but it was a nice thought.

After the seminar, driving back to my flat and washing down dinner with a half bottle of white wine, I decided that I was ready to call Amber. I knew that her saddlery would be closed, and so was surprised when she didn't answer after the first few rings.

I hate the feeling of building myself up to an awkward phone call and then discovering that nobody is in, and so there was a big bubble of tension in my throat when she finally answered.

'Amber?' I asked, unnecessarily as it was quite obviously her voice.

'Penny, hi,' she answered, her voice full of pleasure at hearing mine and perhaps a little breathless.

'Is anyone there?' I asked.

I knew there was, because I could hear noises in the background. If she had a client so late I knew he was unlikely to be buying riding gear, at least not riding gear for horses. Her discreet trade in leather gear for pony-girl play and other erotic diversions attracted a very different set from the horsy men and women who normally used her shop.

'It's just Anderson,' she assured me. 'It's nice to hear your voice. I didn't expect you to call. Is everything all right for the weekend?'

'No. That's why I'm calling. Can we talk?'

'Yes,' she assured me as his voice sounded behind her and she responded with the information that it was me calling. 'Anderson says hello.'

'Say hi from me then,' I responded, fighting down a twinge of envy at the realisation that Amber's breathlessness and the presence of Anderson Croom in the shop were unlikely not to be related. He is one of the few men she will tolerate sexually, and it was not at all unlikely that they had been up to something when I phoned.

‘He came round to help me paint some jumps,’ she said. ‘I was just sucking his cock to say thank you. But what’s up?’

The thought of her with his penis in her mouth sent a shiver the full length of my spine. She looks so respectable, with her short, tawny blonde curls and healthy country look, so seeing her do something dirty is always wonderfully rude.

‘I can’t come,’ I answered. ‘It’s this field course in Brittany. I’ve got to go over a week early and set it all up.’

‘Oh. Can’t you get out of it?’

‘Not this time. I really should have done it before now. I’m sorry.’

‘So am I! I haven’t seen you for two months.’

‘I know, but it’ll only be another three weeks.’

She didn’t answer immediately, and I heard the sound of a chair scraping at her end, then a brief conversation between her and Anderson, of which I only heard her end.

‘Will you be alone?’ she asked when she came back to me.

‘Yes.’

‘Whereabouts in Brittany?’

‘We’ve arranged an exchange of facilities with the university at Rennes,’ I answered. ‘It’s a lab somewhere up in the hills inland from St Brieuc, near a village called Haix. Why?’

‘Hang on, Penny.’

The phone went silent, evidence that she had smothered the receiver in some way. She was up to something, although I could hardly imagine even Amber closing up shop and coming all the way to Brittany just to give me a thrill. Anderson was a different matter. Not only does he have no regular job and an adequate income, but he is such a devoted eroticist that I could well imagine him thinking the trip worthwhile. By the time Amber came back onto the phone I was in a state of trembling expectation.

‘What are you up to?’ I demanded as soon as I heard her gentle laugh and a deeper chuckle from Anderson.

‘Probably nothing,’ she answered, ‘but let’s just say that if anything unexpected happens while you’re in Brittany you shouldn’t feel threatened.’

‘What sort of thing?’

‘You’ll see, or more probably you won’t, but the anticipation will be good for you in any case.’

‘Don’t be a bitch! Tell me!’

She just laughed. I was more turned on than ever, with an urgent need to touch myself, and all sorts of strange and wonderful fantasies flowing through my mind. Amber knows me too well to do anything that I wouldn’t enjoy, but I could be sure of being pushed to my limits. Maybe it would happen on the ferry, with Anderson catching me and making me suck him in some corner where I’d have the constant worry of being seen. Maybe he’d break into the lab one night, bind and gag me and spend the night using me in every hole, over and over. It might be anything, and as she said, even if it didn’t happen the knowledge that it might would keep me on edge for the entire week. I was shivering now.

‘You’re turning me on!’ I protested. ‘It’s not fair!’

‘Are you at home?’ she asked, her voice now full of amusement and pleasure at the state she had put me in.

‘Yes,’ I told her.

‘Exactly where?’

‘Sitting down, in the armchair next to the phone.’

‘I can picture it. Have you had dinner?’

‘Yes.’

‘Did you have anything to drink?’

‘A little.’

‘What exactly?’

‘Wine, a Pinot Grigio, about half the bottle.’

‘Good enough, and what are you wearing?’

‘Nothing special. Jeans, a baggy top, panties and bra, socks and trainers.’

‘Hmm, just as well it’s not something more expensive.’

‘Why?’

‘Because you’re about to wet yourself.’

‘Amber!’

‘Come on Penny, do as you’re told.’

‘At least let me go into the bathroom!’

‘No, no, I want you to make a mess, the bigger the mess the better.’

‘Please Amber!’

‘Now, now Penny, no arguing. Open your legs like a good girl, then just relax and let it all run out into your panties.’

‘I couldn’t, not all over the chair! Anyway, I’m not sure I can.’

‘Penny! Don’t lie to me. Even if it’s just a little bit, you’re to do it.’

I had lied, and she knew it. I was actually quite full, not painfully so, but enough to make my jeans feel just that little bit more tense against my tummy. My legs were already open, just as she had ordered, and I knew I’d do it if she was forceful with me. It was going to be an awful mess though, with pee on the chair as well as in my panties and jeans.

‘Do it,’ she ordered, and even though she was nearly two hundred miles away and had no means of bringing her authority to bear, the cheeks of my bottom gave a little twinge.

‘Okay,’ I breathed, ‘but you’re to be naughty too.’

‘Fair enough,’ she responded. ‘Right, I’m pulling up my skirt. Now the front of my knickers is showing to Anderson. Now my hand is down them and I’m feeling my pussy. Do it, Penny, now, and tell me as it happens.’

‘Okay. I’m sitting back in the chair, with my legs apart and one of them cocked over the arm. My pussy’s spread really wide and I can feel the need to go. I could do it now,

if I tried, but it's not easy. Just knowing how naughty it is makes it difficult, but I'm going to do it, Amber. I'm going to wet my panties for you and play with myself in my own pee.'

My breath was coming hard and fast. I could feel the urge to do it, really strong now, a wonderfully rude feeling that mingled with despair for what it was going to do to my clothes and the chair. I relaxed, almost letting go, then held it back, teasing myself.

'I'll do it with my hand down my panties,' I went on, 'just like you are, only I'll be able to feel the wet cotton and I'll be sitting in a pool of pee.'

'Perfect,' Amber said to me, 'carry on like that. It's really getting to me. Anderson's got his cock out now and he's stroking it hard while he watches me play with myself. Go on.'

'I'm holding back to let the pressure build. Oh that feels so good. I'm rubbing myself through my jeans now, feeling my pussy lips and the cheeks of my bum. I'm going to do it soon, Amber, I'm too turned on to hold back now. I wish you were here too, then you could do it on me. You could do it down my front so my titties show through my top. You could do it in my mouth and I'd drink it for you. You could do it over my pussy while I touched myself. I'm going to do it! No ... Oh God it's too late. I'm doing it, Amber. It's coming out, into my panties and through my jeans. Now it's all over my pussy and down between my bum cheeks. It feels all hot on my bumhole. It's soaking through too, all over my pussy and up my thighs, down around my bum too. Oh God, that's so rude!'

My pee was coming out really hard now, pushing up the front of my jeans into a little wet hump over my pussy. At the centre it was actually gushing through them, a tiny fountain of liquid that bubbled and glittered in the light. I was watching, entranced by the sight, as I committed the unspeakably rude act of peeing my panties in my living

room. Amber was moaning and I knew she was frigging off to the sound of my dirty commentary.

‘I’m soaking now,’ I continued. ‘It feels all warm and sticky and moist, but best of all it feels really, really rude. What have you made me do, Amber?’

‘Now make yourself come,’ she sighed.

‘The pee’s still coming out,’ I answered. ‘It’s everywhere, all over me, all over the chair, everywhere. Now I’ve put my hand in it. It’s all hot and wet over my pussy. I can feel my pussy lips through my wet jeans. They feel really swollen and the pee is running out between my fingers and over my hand. Hang on.’

I jammed the receiver between my shoulder and my head, freeing my spare hand. From the moaning noises at the far end of the line I could tell she was getting close to coming, and I knew it wouldn’t take much to make me do the same.

‘Taste it!’ she ordered, in a really hoarse, passionate voice.

‘I will,’ I promised and put my hand to my mouth to lick the sharp taste of my own pee from my fingers. ‘I’ve done it, Amber, I’ve put my hand in my mouth, the hand that was on my wet pussy. My mouth’s full of the taste of pee, and I’m going to put more in while I frig. I’m doing it now ... That’s nice, but I wish it was yours instead. It’s stopped coming how, but I’m soaking with it and I’m undoing my jeans. There, that’s the button gone and I’m sliding my hand down the front, now into my panties and onto my pussy. I’m really open. Now I’m pulling my zip down so that I can finger myself. In it goes, all soppy with pussy juice and pee. I’m going to pull my jeans down now and sit my bottom in the pee in just my soggy little panties. Here they come, down over my bum. They’re soaking and it’s dripping everywhere! Now they’re down and my panties have come halfway with them. I’m pulling my legs up to get at my pussy. I’ve started to frig. Oh, that’s lovely.’



‘Do it, Penny darling, come,’ she gasped. ‘I’ll be doing it too, and I’ll be sucking on Anderson’s cock while you talk.’

There was a wet sound which I knew was him putting his cock into her mouth, then a sticky sucking noise that must have been mainly for my benefit. I listened to it for a moment as I frigged, then once more began to speak.

‘I’m rolled up tight now, Amber, with my wet bum stuck out and my panties pulled halfway down. I’m rubbing my clitty and feeling the wet skin of my thighs and bum. Now I’ve got a handful of my panties and I’m squeezing them out over my pussy so that the pee runs down into my hole and down between my cheeks. I can do some more now – yes, that’s it, there’s a little fountain coming up over my pussy hair and onto my tummy. I’ve soiled my top now, and there’s a little pool of it in my tummy button. I’m pulling my top up, and my bra. Now my titties are bare and I’m rubbing pee on my nipples. They’re lovely and stiff. Oh that is nice, that is lovely ...

‘Keep sucking his cock while I play with my titties. I want you to swallow it when he comes. You will, won’t you, for me? Yes, I can hear you sucking. Oh how I wish I could too. I’m going to do it now, Amber. I can’t wait any longer. I’ve put my hands back on my pussy. I’m opening my lips. My clitty feels so hard, so sensitive, I can hardly bear to touch her. Oh yes, that is so, so nice. I’m reaching up under my bum. I can feel the pee dripping off my cheeks and I can feel the wet patch on the cushion. Now I’m putting a finger in my pussy. She feels hot and open. It’s going in. My flesh is all puffy and swollen inside.

‘I’m touching my bumhole now. She’s stuck out as if I was going to be really, really filthy with myself. I can feel the little ring, all tight and hot. Now I’m putting a finger in ... Ow! Oh, that feels nice, and so, so dirty. I’ve got a finger in both holes now, well in. My clit’s burning. I’m going to come Amber, I’m going to come and I’m peeing again. I’m coming and I’m peeing, Amber! My pussy’s tightening, my

bumhole's tightening! There's pee everywhere! Oh I love you so much, Amber! I'm coming!'

I screamed down the phone as I came. More pee really had come out as I started my orgasm, and it was splashing all over my hands as I brought myself to the most superb climax. I threw back my head and arched my back, leaving the phone to slip from my shoulder as I finished off, rubbing and rubbing until I could stand no more and was forced to take my hand away and allow the waves of my orgasm to fade slowly away. When the last little shivers of pleasure had gone I actually felt weak, and dropped the receiver before managing to get it back to my ear. I heard a wet, sticky noise, a muffled groan and then Amber's voice.

'Thank you, Penny, that was glorious,' she sighed.

'Did you come?' I asked.

'Yes, long before you did. It was Anderson who took his time. Of course the poor boy couldn't hear your voice, so I suppose that's an excuse.'

'And he did it in your mouth?'

'Yes, and I swallowed it, just as you asked. I tried to anyway; some came out so I'm in a bit of a mess.'

'You're in a mess? What about me!'

'Well, not that much of a mess. Look, you had better clean up, but I mean it about Brittany. Anderson's got an idea and we'll really try, so keep an eye out for strange men!'

'What about strange girls?'

'You leave strange girls alone, Penny Birch, or I'll take a dog-whip to your fat little bottom when you get back.'

'Ow! You wouldn't!'

'I would, and I know you'd admit to it, so be careful.'

'So what are you planning?'

'I told you, you'll have to wait and see.'

'Oh come on, you can tell me now!' I demanded. 'Come on, what wicked scheme have you two cooked up?'

‘I’m not going to tell you, and that’s all there is to it. Just put it this way, you can count yourself lucky that you’ll be on your own or it would be more embarrassing than even you could take. I’ll make your limits clear, of course, but the only instruction I’ll give him is to think of your body as a toy; a plaything for his amusement.’

‘Amber!’

‘Bye, bye, Penny, happy mopping up.’

The phone went dead and I was left sitting in a rapidly cooling puddle of my own pee. I put the receiver down and stood up, grimacing at the sticky sensation of peeling my bottom away from the material of the chair. Turning round, I discovered a roughly bottom-shaped damp patch where I had been sitting, while my panties and the rear of my jeans were absolutely sodden. A trickle started to run down one leg and I had to pull my shoes and socks off quickly. Barefoot, I ran into the shower and turned it on, then started to strip under a stream of lukewarm water. Even though I’d just come I was giggling with the naughtiness of it all, and by the time I was nude I was thinking of taking another, slower climax over what I had done. I decided that a nicely titillating punishment for being so dirty would be to clean it all up in the nude, the idea being that I would be ripe for another climax by the time I was finished.

It felt lovely to be stark naked as I mopped up the little puddles that had formed on the floor and wrung out my sodden clothes into the shower. I fed them into the washing machine, then went to see what could be done about the chair. The cushion was drenched and probably ruined, but I decided to soak it anyway and had just forced it into a sink full of cold water when the doorbell rang.

I love doing rude things that might just be seen, or when I might just get caught, but when it actually happens it’s a shock. I was standing stark naked in the kitchen, forcing a pee-soaked chair cushion into the sink and somebody wanted to come in! I froze, listening and wondering if I

could pretend not to be at home. My car was outside and my lights on, which made it difficult enough, but then my visitor called out and I recognised Wendy's voice.

'Hang on!' I yelled. 'I've had a bit of an accident.'

In the next instant I had run from the kitchen, slammed the door behind me, run into my bedroom, grabbed a dressing gown, run out again, hurled the living room window open and upended the remains of the bottle of Pinot Grigio over the offending chair. I looked around as I struggled the dressing gown on, trying to identify tell-tale signs of my naughtiness. Nothing was obvious, only the lingering scent of sex and pee in the air, and that was rapidly becoming swamped by the wine. Sure that I had done all I could, I opened the door, admitting Wendy.

'Are you all right?' she asked.

'Fine,' I answered. 'Well, no, not fine really. I just managed to spill wine all over myself and the chair too. I don't think I'll ever get the stain out of the cushion.'

'Let me help. Salt's good for wine stains.'

'No, no, don't worry really. I've put it in to soak, and it was an old chair anyway, and I never liked the colour -'

'It won't take a second.'

'Don't ... please ... I mean, really, it's not worth the trouble.'

'Well if you're sure, but at least let me make you a coffee while you put some clean clothes on.'

'No thanks - that is, I'd rather have wine actually. Look, there's another bottle in the fridge. I'll get it. Make yourself comfortable.'

Before she could answer I had scampered into the kitchen. Working with frantic haste in case she came in, I grabbed the bottle, glasses and corkscrew. I rushed back, only to find Wendy sitting quite casually on the sofa with her legs crossed and a smile on her face. For a moment I thought that there was something mischievous about the way she was looking at me, perhaps an echo of the way

Amber looks when she's thinking up an excuse to smack my bottom. I told myself not to be silly and tried to calm the shaking of my hands as I struggled to get the bottle open.

'So what brings you over?' I asked, although it was not that unusual for her to drop in for no better reason than wanting a chat.

'I've got good news,' she answered. 'I'm coming to Brittany with you.'

## Two

The rest of the week was busy to say the least. Not only did I have all the normal end of term work, but also the preparations for Brittany. Fortunately I had Wendy to help, but I was still hurrying on the Saturday morning. We were booked on the night ferry between Plymouth and Roscoff, which meant driving the departmental Land Rover down to the West Country.

Only then did I start to relax. For the three years I had known Wendy there had always been an inequality between us, as I suppose is inevitable between tutor and student. Now she was qualified, that was gone, and our conversation became increasingly easy and intimate as we drove south. My need to view her with professional detachment was also gone, which made it harder than ever not to think of her in sexual terms.

Her attitude to dress was as casual as mine: jeans, loose tops, and a habit of not bothering with a bra despite being fairly full-breasted. This left the outlines of her nipples showing through her T-shirt, which I had always found distracting. It was hot on the drive down and she was in a baggy red top with big arm holes that not only hinted at her nipples but afforded glimpses of the sides of her breasts as she drove. The temptation to reach out and tweak a nipple was considerable, but I would never have dared and so contented myself with enjoying the view.

We reached Plymouth at dusk and by midnight were well out into the English Channel. The ferry was the first possibility for Amber's little scheme to be brought to fruition, which kept me in a state of nervous tension. It

seemed unlikely that she could have acted so precisely, but I kept an eye out for Anderson in any case. By one in the morning I was sure he wasn't on the ferry, which I found disappointing, perhaps unfairly. Wendy had curled herself into a comfortable chair and was fast asleep, which seemed a good idea. Selecting the darkest and quietest of the various lounges, I settled into a reclining chair and did my best to join her.

I may have slept, I certainly dozed, because my watch read nearly three o'clock when I became aware of a soft conversation in the row of seats behind me. They were speaking French, and too quietly for me to understand, but the tones of their voices were clear. There was a male voice, soft and urgent, almost pleading; also a female one, a touch giggly, a touch resentful, as if annoyed but too uncertain to really voice her feelings. I was immediately intrigued, and eased myself back so that my head was against the bulkhead and their row of seats largely visible.

The light was dim, with only a dull orange nightlight to illuminate the lounge and the reflection of the boat's other lights from the calm surface of the sea. He was laid along the seats, his body encased in the dark form of a sleeping bag, his face turned towards her where she knelt in the aisle that divided the rows. Her face was visible, a pale oval framed by dark, straight hair, typically French. It was hard to make out her features, but her lips were either rather full or set in a sulky pout. Her eyes were turned not to his face, but to the midsection of the sleeping bag, where a telltale lump and slight movement showed that he was nursing an erection.

My French is less than perfect, but after a minute of straining to catch their conversation it became evident what was going on. He was turned on and wanted her to bring him off. She was reluctant and felt that asking showed a lack of respect for her. Nevertheless, she didn't go and I was soon sure that her reluctance was just a case

of salvaging some pride. His entreaties became more persistent, and she finally succumbed, calling him a choice selection of rude names as she slid her hand down his sleeping bag. The jerking motion of the sleeping bag quickly became more pronounced, and I knew that she had taken him in her hand.

Just knowing that he was being masturbated within feet of me had me trembling and brought all my suppressed desire back to the surface. She was doing it in a thoroughly matter-of-fact way, tugging hard at his cock and occasionally asking if he was getting there. I can think of few ways to better guarantee that a man takes his time about coming, but was personally more than happy for the experience to take time.

If it had been a long time since I'd had sex, it was a lot longer since I'd had a cock to play with. In the girl's position I too would have feigned reluctance, but quickly given in and transferred his erection from hand to mouth to pussy. As it was, all I dared do was carefully slip a hand between my legs and gently knead myself through my jeans.

Despite her supposed distaste for the job in hand, she kept at it and eventually he began to groan and breath deeply. He was clearly approaching orgasm, and I began to rub harder, hoping to get enough friction to my clitty to come while I watched. At the evidence of his rising excitement she shut up, only to give a fresh exclamation of disgust as he hissed some demand to her.

She stopped wanking him, then, with a single, angry motion she had wrenched down the zip of his sleeping bag and exposed his cock, long and pale in the dim light. I wanted to see it, but was only allowed the privilege for a second. Then she had spoken a brief, terse command, leaned forward and gone down on his erection. She had done it with every evidence of disapproval, but she seemed