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# PENNY IN HARNESS

PENNY BIRCH

*Nexus*

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# **Penny in Harness**

*Penny Birch*

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Penny Birch is among the founding members of the BB&L pony-girl club and has been doing it for real since 1994. There is almost nothing in her novel that is not drawn from true experience.

*I would like to dedicate this book to Boudicea, Palomina, Abigail, Tarragon, the real Pinky and the rest of my stable mates — Penny Birch*

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Cover Page](#)

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright Page](#)

[Dedication](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

[Chapter Fifteen](#)

[Other eBook Erotica Titles](#)

# One

There are few things more embarrassing than getting caught short in the middle of nowhere. With hindsight, I knew I shouldn't have had the second pint of cider when I stopped for lunch at the King Billy. Hindsight was a fat lot of good now, when I was squeezing my thighs together and looking desperately around for somewhere where I could get two minutes' privacy.

You'd think it would be easy: in the middle of the Wiltshire countryside, without a town for miles. It was high summer too and the woods and hedgerows were green and lush. Potential hiding places abounded on every side. Hiding places that looked as if they'd lain undisturbed for years, never mind the time it would take me to get my jeans and knickers down long enough to relieve myself. Appearances can be deceptive. The path I was on ran between a high wall to one side and an enormous cornfield on the other. The wall had a wood beyond it, but I couldn't even reach the top, let alone climb over. The cornfield offered no real concealment. Also, a combine harvester was working slowly towards me, preventing me from nipping across to the inviting-looking line of trees and scrub on the far side. Worse still, there were just enough people using the path to make it impractical for me to whip my panties down and crouch by the wall.

It was getting to the point when it was a choice between risking getting caught doing it and wetting myself; either one was unthinkable. Determined to reach the distant hedge that marked the end of the corn field, I kept going. I made it, scampering the last few yards, only to find that the

hedge bordered a field occupied by the most enormous bull I had ever seen. I squirmed in desperation, crossing my legs. Back down the path, a group of walkers was approaching in the distance: army, by the look of it. In the other direction the path stretched away, the hedge at the far side of the bull's field offering a last, desperate chance to save my blushes.

I ran, dodging around an elderberry bush to discover a collapsed section of wall. It was no more than four feet high, with flint and brick rubble making a little ramp. I was through it in an instant, finding myself in a dim wood of massive oaks and blackthorn underbrush. It was perfect. I had dropped my map and was struggling with my belt buckle even as I identified a nice clear space of ground by one of the oaks. An instant later, my jeans were around my thighs; then my panties were down and my back was pressed against the rough bark of the tree, the air deliciously cool on my bare pussy.

A sensation of utter bliss went through me as I let go, my pee gushing out onto the leaf mould underneath me and splashing my legs and jeans. I didn't care; at least I hadn't wet myself or had the unendurably embarrassing experience of being seen with my panties down by a load of army boys. I finished and wriggled my bum to shake the last few drops off, then stood to pull up my pants and for the first time really took in the details of my surroundings.

I was in a fairly thick wood. Once, perhaps, it had been neat parkland, but now the undergrowth had been allowed to spread unchecked. Blackthorn, holly, smaller bushes and plants grew in profusion, the gap in the wall I had come through now barely discernible among the foliage. Broken sunlight came through the high canopy, creating a cool green space that was a pleasant contrast to the heat of the

footpath and open fields. Beyond the wall I could hear voices, evidently the army boys I had seen before. I paused, suddenly in no hurry to go back to the path.

The wood was obviously private property, but it had an empty, disused look about it and I decided to explore. Moving through the dappled sunlight, I felt a bit like Alice stepping into Wonderland. Not that my surroundings were weird in any way: quite the opposite, in fact. Quiet, peaceful — serene, almost; yet curiously detached from the rest of the world.

My discovery of a path brought me sharply back down to earth. It had the same look of abandonment as the wood: pressed gravel with worn areas filled by half-dry puddles. There were bicycle tracks too, but there was something odd about them. Instead of the normal criss-cross of tyre imprints where the rear wheel has followed the front, the tracks were parallel and a line of footprints ran between them; or rather shoe-prints, shoe-prints made by dainty high heels. As I studied the marks I heard noises coming from somewhere along the path, outside my range of vision.

I stepped back into the bushes, suddenly very aware that I was on private property but too curious to simply leave. The noises I had heard had been laughter and a curious smacking noise. Now came the sound of footsteps, moving at a smart jog. I crouched down and pushed a big dock leaf aside so that I could see the path. My mouth fell open as the strangest sight I had ever seen appeared around the corner.

The first shock was to see a naked girl jogging towards me — or, rather, trotting, as her legs were moving with neat, precise steps. She was trotting like a horse. Also, she wasn't entirely naked. The bits that mattered were; there



wasn't a stitch to cover the little furry triangle between her legs, while her breasts were bare and bouncing as she went, her nipples stiff with excitement. She had a corset on, black leather and very tight, which nipped her waist in and exaggerated her chest and hips. Boots, too: smart little high-heeled numbers that came just above the ankle, also in black leather and fastened with big shiny metal buckles. The strangest thing was the harness she was wearing; heavy leather belts secured her waist and wrists and she wore a complete bridle, including a bit set between her bright red lips. The top of the bridle caught up her long tawny blonde hair in a beautiful ponytail which had been tied with a smart red ribbon.

The second shock was what her harness was attached to. Her wrists and waist were shackled to a cart, painted a jaunty yellow and built like a gig, only in miniature. In it sat a handsome young man in full hunting gear: hard hat, pink coat and all, despite the heat. He held a short riding whip in one hand and, as I watched, he used it to flick the girl's bottom, drawing a muffled squeak from her and an increase in her pace. His expression was one of calm amusement, his eyes fixed on the girl's rear view.

As they drew nearer, I noticed a hank of golden hair swishing from side to side between her legs and realised that she had some sort of tail to complete her outrageous appearance. My eyes were riveted to her and, as they drew parallel to my hiding place, I saw that the tail projected up from the base of her spine in a wonderfully realistic manner. It was the same rich tawny colour as her hair and stuck out an inch or two, falling in a graceful arc over her bottom and down to the backs of her knees.

They went past, my stare following them as they went; her tail swished from side to side across the bouncing

cheeks of her bottom. Her buttocks were covered in little red marks where he had used the whip, and she was running with sweat, making her skin damp and glossy. It wasn't obvious how the tail stayed on but, as he gave her another taste of the whip, the tail swished aside further than normal and I caught a glimpse of a black spine running between the cheeks of her bottom. I knew she wore nothing at the front, which meant that it was somehow plugged up her pussy — or worse, up her bottom.

I found myself shivering as they passed out of sight. She had all too obviously been enjoying herself — the blissful expression on her face had shown that — yet I found myself wondering how she could allow herself to be subjected to such indignity, in the name of sexual pleasure. I mean: stripped, made to wear a tail that plugged into her vagina or even her anus, fastened to a cart to be used as a draught animal, whipped across her naked bottom and in all probability thoroughly shafted when her 'driver' had finished humiliating her. He'd probably have her from the rear, I considered, while she knelt on the stable floor, still in harness, her bottom stuck up in the air while his cock hardened as he looked at her rear view, the tail falling across her open buttocks, the plug showing in—

Shaking myself to disperse the disturbing fantasy, I got to my feet and began to retrace my steps. I felt confused: at once shocked and turned on, horrified and delighted. I had always thought of myself as openminded, an unshockable modern girl, but this was something else. As I made my way back through the wood, the vision of the naked sweat-soaked girl and her cool, poised driver kept coming back to me with increasing force. Stepping through the partially collapsed wall and back into the open sunlight calmed my fevered imagination a little, but only until I looked back into the dim interior of the wood.

Inevitably, now that I didn't need to pee anymore, there was nobody in sight; the footpath stretched away in both directions, empty. Even the combine harvester driver had stopped for a break, his massive machine looming over the hedge of the bull's field, silent in the bright sunlight. Now I could have stripped naked and danced the hornpipe, never mind had a quick pee, and nobody would have been any the wiser. To add to the irony, the next field along proved to be planted with maize: tall, ripe and offering ample concealment. It was as I stood looking at the maize that a sneaky little thought came into my head.

I might not need to pee anymore, but I could certainly do with a good orgasm. Perhaps I could find somewhere quiet and masturbate? No, the idea was too dirty; besides, I was bound to get caught and, if the idea of being seen relieving myself was unendurable, that of being found frigging myself, by some farmer, defied description. On the other hand, I could think about it and work up a really good fantasy for later, when I could do it in safety. I would imagine myself the subject of attention from that cool, handsome young man, allowing him unrestricted access to my body.

He'd amuse himself with my breasts, fondling them casually, possessively; he'd take his whip to my bottom, just for sport of it, then watch while I lubricated the tight little hole between my buttocks...

If I didn't stop, my panties were going to be soaking, and for a quite different reason than before. On the other hand, why restrain myself? I wasn't doing any harm, and it was stupid to feel guilty about fantasising — or masturbating, for that matter. Beyond the maize field was the stand of trees and scrub I had seen earlier. Surely it would provide enough concealment for a quick frig? Surely

the scrub was dense enough? Why would anybody be there, anyway? Trousers and knickers down, ten minutes on my back with my eyes closed and my legs apart, and I'd be there; nobody would see.

I took my map and unfolded it, which brought home a sudden reality to the idea. A pang of guilt shot through me. Masturbating? In a wood? You little slut, I thought to myself. Yes, a little slut, what a delicious thought. Imagine getting caught, though. Found with my jeans and knickers in a tangle around my ankles, my top up so that I could play with my tits, with one hand on my pussy and the other on a nipple. Any farm boy who found me like that would undoubtedly expect to fuck me then and there. The thought was terrifying — but also thrilling, just so long as it didn't actually happen.

Looking at the map, I saw that getting caught was very unlikely. The trees I could see hid a stream in a gully, beyond which were more fields. There was no farm building nearby, nor any track marked in the woods. The idea was becoming more and more compelling. I glanced to where the map showed the woods I had seen the couple in. There was a roughly square area of woodland with a lake at the centre and a symbol marking the site of a ruin, nothing more.

Determined to carry out my intentions before common sense got the better of me, I glanced hastily to either side to check that the path was empty and climbed the fence into the maize field. The act of leaving the public right of way sent a new thrill through me, a deliciously naughty feeling of anticipation and rudeness. The maize stood to the height of my head, the hedge shielding me from the other side. I ran light-footed down the channel between the two, dodging to avoid the occasional muddy patch. I quickly reached the far

end, finding myself in a broad channel between the high maize and the dense scrub. The solitude was absolute; droning insects and the distant bark of a dog were the only sounds. I waited, standing still and listening for possible signs that I had been seen and followed, but none came.

The next task was to find a quiet place, a really quiet place where I could concentrate. Maybe it would be possible to titillate myself a little first though, to do something rude that would help me to my eventual climax. An idea came to me as I looked around. The thing that had affected me the most had been the girl's tail and the utterly dirty way it appeared to have been held in up her anus. I didn't have a lovely black tail to match my hair, but that didn't mean my bottom had to stay empty. A maize cob would provide the perfect natural dildo; phallic, bumpy, yet clean and abundantly available.

Most of the cobs were far too large for my unfortunate bottom but a search quickly found one that was just daringly large. I began to peel the husk away, and decided that I ought to perform the whole operation with my knickers down to increase the thrill. I put the cob between my teeth, and my heart was in my mouth as I again fiddled with my belt and slid my jeans and panties down around my thighs, exposing my pussy and bum to the hot sun. My fingers were trembling as I peeled away the rest of the husk, glancing nervously out from among the maize plants. The cob was quickly peeled, the surface pale yellow and lumpy as I stroked it and wondered if I could really be that dirty.

Yes, I could, I decided, popping the cob into my mouth and sucking it. I left it in my mouth for a moment, licking at it while my hands went behind me to feel the soft orbs of my bottom. Trembling more strongly than ever, I let a hand sneak down between my cheeks, finding the tight hole of

my anus already wet with sweat. My finger went in easily, the feeling making me catch my breath.

Part of me was yelling not to be so filthy, as I took the cob out of my mouth with my spare hand. I paid no attention, instead sticking my bottom out and preparing the target. The little hole closed as my finger came out. I put the tip of the cob a little way in, relaxed, pushed and then my anus was gaping around the rough surface as it slid up my bottom. There was that wonderful feeling of being entered, and it was more than I could resist not to slide it in and out a few times. The sensation made me pant but I forced myself to stop and stood up, feeling the cob between my thighs, my anus filled just like the girl's had been, experiencing the same deliciously dirty feeling she must have had. Part of it, at least; for the whole feeling, I needed some extremely fancy equipment and a good-looking young man with a riding whip.

Still, it was plenty for now and I pulled up my pants and wriggled into my jeans with a feeling of exquisite rudeness. For a moment, I considered returning to the path and continuing my walk to experience the thrill of passing people quite casually while, unknown to them, I had a small maize cob inserted in my anus. My need to come was too strong and as I emerged from the maize I was already looking around for a way into the scrub.

This wasn't so easy; a great bank of bramble and thorn barred my way for the whole length of the maize field. I walked up and down, becoming increasingly frustrated — and increasingly turned on by that very frustration and the motion of the cob in my pants. Finally, I decided on a place and forced my way through, arriving scratched and sweaty in the interior of the wood. The growth was even thicker than in the other wood; a rank tangle of thorn and elder

grew low over a carpet of sodden leaves. For a while I had to go along in a crouch, but finally found a place where one of the bigger elders had fallen. It had created a small clearing, carpeted in soft grass and hemmed in on all sides by thick vegetation.

It was perfect. Not only could I not be seen but, if anybody should approach, I would hear them long before they saw me. The atmosphere was wonderful as well: quiet, secretive, somehow special. It was also pleasantly warm rather than hot, and faintly scented with pine, elder and woodland smells.

Emboldened by the secrecy of my hiding place, I stood and stretched, then began to strip. As I undressed, I imagined the man I had seen driving the girl watching me, inspecting my body and commenting on it. His expression had been so calm, so arrogant, and I imagined that same look as I lifted my top with mock timidity. My bra followed, the air cool on my breasts as I lifted them in my hands and ran my fingers over the nipples. He'd tell me to do that, of course, instructing me to make a display of myself as he looked on. The girl would be watching too, an amused sneer on her face because it was my turn to be utterly humiliated. She was perfect for my fantasy: tall and blonde with big breasts, the opposite of my own petite figure.

Naked from the waist up, I undid my belt, popped the button on my jeans and slowly slid the zip down, opening my fly and holding the front of my panties out and down to show my pubic hair. He'd know I was embarrassed about the size of my bum, and he'd want to see me expose it, to add to my shame. I turned to my imaginary onlooker, sticking my bum out and sliding my jeans down ever so slowly. The girl would laugh and remark that I had a fat bottom, even though hers was a good deal fleshier than mine. The jeans

fell to my ankles and I was left with just my pants to cover my modesty, and of course to conceal the fact that I had already been thoroughly dirty and put a maize cob up my bottom.

He'd laugh, telling me to touch my toes and pull my back in, thrusting my bottom up for their inspection. He'd walk up to me and pull down my pants. No — he'd make her do it, doubling my humiliation as another girl peeled the little scrap of pink cotton down over my bum. He'd laugh when he saw the base of the cob protruding obscenely from my rear. She'd give an exclamation of disgust, planting a firm smack across my buttocks to make them bounce and wobble. He'd tell her to do it again, to spank me well for such disgusting behaviour. He'd also order me to masturbate while I was beaten.

My panties joined my jeans at ankle level as I slipped a hand between my legs, finding my clitoris and beginning to rub. The other went back and I began to smack my bum, imagining it was her doing it while he watched. She'd spank me hard, aiming at the fullest part of my cheeks so that the cob was rammed home each time she hit me. He'd pull his cock out as he watched my pussy begin to juice, casually getting his erection ready for me as I was beaten in front of him.

I'd look back between my legs and see him as he stood up, an enormous erection rearing out of his fly, his dress otherwise undisturbed. She'd step aside, leaving my buttocks red and sore, the maize cob still sticking out of my anus. I'd grip my ankles as he got behind me, watching her bend and take his erection briefly in her mouth, leaving it glistening with her saliva. I'd feel another wave of humiliation as she turned her attention to the rear of my



vulva, avoiding my frantically rubbing fingers as she dampened my pussy lips with her tongue.

He'd be casually ordering her to go and fetch the cart and harness as his cock touched my pussy. Then he'd be in me, filling me, my pussy stretched around his erection, his first push catching the base of the cob so that it was shoved yet deeper into my anus. Everything would be full to bursting, my fingers working desperately at my clit, his big hands locked onto my hips, my little titties naked in the warm air. Finally he'd orgasm, filling me with sperm, the sticky come squelching out around my pussy to trickle down my thighs and over my vulva. As my fingers became coated with sticky hot sperm, I'd come myself — which is exactly what I did.

The standing position was too much, and I sank down onto my haunches and lay back in the grass, finishing myself off with my eyes shut and my mind focused on my fantasy and the feel of the cob as my anus contracted around it in orgasm. I was holding my pussy lips open with two fingers, frigging with a third while my spare hand gave a nipple her share of attention. My orgasm seemed to last an age, draining me of strength and breath and leaving me panting on the grass.

I lay there for a long time, pussy and anus both rather sore, the cob still lodged up my bottom. I rolled over into a kneeling position and drew the cob out, throwing it into the woods. I felt sweaty, sticky and badly in need of a wash but utterly satisfied. The sense of solitude was stronger than ever. Remembering the stream marked on the map, I undressed completely, bundled my clothes together and began to make my way carefully towards it. The ground quickly began to slope, then became steeper. I was soon

plastered in leaf mould and mud. Finally, I lost my footing and slid the last few feet on my bum.

I ended up sitting in the stream, my clothes around me, absolutely soaked. I got out and hung them up to dry in a sunny patch, then climbed back into the water to wash. It was wonderfully cold against my body, easing my soreness as I lowered myself onto the sandy bottom. Sitting in a little pool, I was quite enclosed and was able to wash at leisure, then relax in the cool water, watching the patterns of light through the leaves high above me.

As I lay there, I began to think about what I had seen. Now that the knot of sexual tension it had caused had been eased, that any girl should allow herself to be treated that way seemed incredible. I had often fantasised about being controlled by lovers — had even been tied up once or twice, spanked occasionally, buggered not infrequently. Being used as a draught animal represented a whole new level of submission to a lover's will. Unless of course, the girl had been the instigator of the game. It was possible, after all, as most of the supposedly degrading things I'd done had been at my own instigation. A lot of men didn't dare ask for that sort of thing, even when they wanted it. Actually, it's remarkable how many men won't do that sort of thing, even if the woman does ask. More than once I'd tried to tease a man into spanking me, only to be told he had too much respect for me. I'd have thought that the offer of a squirming girl over your lap with her bare, hot bottom stuck up in the air would be more than any man could resist, but apparently not.

So maybe it wasn't so much a question of submission to a lover's will, but of lovers having mutually compatible sexual fantasies. In any case, they would have to be extremely intimate and very trusting of each other. After all,

one of the problems of indulging in the more outrageous sexual pleasures was that it could become embarrassing when a boyfriend became an ex-boyfriend and the fact that you liked it up the bum was being broadcast among your friends. This was worse when you worked in the rather closed environment of a university research facility, as I did. It had happened to me, so I knew.

On the other hand, it looked wonderful fun; given the right man, I felt I could manage it and really enjoy it. Given the right man, of course. Someone discreet; also trustworthy enough not to overstep the mark when I was helpless; rich enough to own a suitable location to play; inventive enough to make the fantasy work; cute enough to turn me on; into petite, dark-haired girls and without a partner already.

I laughed at myself as I sat up in the pool. I'd never met a man who filled even half the necessary requirements. The chance of one cropping up, just because I fancied a bit of unusual sex, had to be close to zero. I stood and stepped out onto the lower bank at the far side of the stream. My clothes were still wet, but the area was quite enclosed and my feeling of safety absolute, so I walked naked down the clear space along the bank, wondering if it really was practical to make anything more than a fantasy out of my experience.

Ten minutes later, I was sitting on a log, still stark naked and still thinking about the couple in the woods. I had long since ceased to have the slightest worry about being caught when a sharp crack from upstream brought me to my senses. Suddenly acutely aware of my nudity, I scrambled back to where my clothes were hanging and began to dress hurriedly, despite the dampness of the fabric. There were no more noises, but the moment had gone and the lonely

beauty of the wood had faded, replaced by a sinister atmosphere that had me imagining eyes peering out of every thicket, as I struggled to make myself decent.

After what seemed an eternity I was finished, my boots alone proving really uncomfortable. I climbed back up the slope, pushing under the elders and emerging into the maize field to find it as quiet and sultry as it had been before. The heat of the day had barely begun to fade. Although the shadows were getting longer, I had plenty of time to get back to my car, which I had left outside the King Billy. That was only three miles away, so I decided to skirt the wood. When my boots were dry, that was, I decided as I bent to undo the laces.

The map showed the footpath running along one side of the wood and the other three sides bordering fields, except where a track ran up to it from the road. Having been running around in the nude for the best part of an hour and having got away with it, I felt bold enough to risk the minor piece of trespassing necessary to investigate the wood. Whether I would dare enter it again was another matter, given that I now knew that it was being used, and how!

Eventually, my boots were dry enough to be bearable and I pulled them back on. I walked along the side of the maize field and checked carefully that the coast was clear, before climbing over the fence. As I had felt a thrill of disobedience when I crossed onto private land, so the thrill went as I crossed back, and I looked back at the maize field with a curious sense of missing something and a lovely sense of having been really naughty and got away with it.

Oddly enough, it was harder to pluck up the courage to climb the fence at the far end of the wood than it had been to climb into the maize field. Maybe this was because I no

longer desperately wanted to masturbate. On the other hand, it may have been because I was stepping into a big open field with no cover and because I was spying rather than trying to avoid being spied on.

The first side was frustratingly blank. The wall stretched away, taller than my head; the flint and brick construction made it impossible to get a good toe-hold. Even if I had been able to see over, the wood on the far side was as thick as it had been where I had first got through. The wall turned at an angle then thrust out into the open field, leaving me feeling completely exposed and thankful for the moderate camouflage of faded jeans and a green T-shirt.

Along the next section of wall, I could see banks that presumably marked the position of the track and therefore the gate. I stole towards it, bent over and undoubtedly looking extremely guilty. The gate proved to be set between massive stone pillars, its ancient black paint flaking to reveal rusty iron-work beneath. There was a little stone lodge inside the gate, the windowpanes long gone and the thatch of the roof sagging and moss-grown, in keeping with the general air of dilapidation. Despite this, the gravel showed scrape marks where the gates had been swung open recently.

I listened for a moment but heard nothing. The gate was shut and held closed with a rusty chain. The padlock was shiny and suspiciously modern, quite clearly not part of the ancient construction it guarded.

Did that mean they had left? Not necessarily, but the padlock was outside the gate and would certainly be awkward to get at from the interior. Intent on taking my piece of detective work a little further, I walked boldly over

to the gate. Tyre tracks showed clearly in a muddy area of the path: one set in, no sets out. They were still there.

Not only that, but the general state of the track showed that the place was used infrequently at best. Whatever the place had been, it had obviously fallen into disuse years ago. I was fascinated; the whole situation filled me with such curiosity that I knew I could never just leave it. I was even thinking of going boldly in and offering my services as a spare plaything, but quickly chickened out when I turned to look at the forbidding, and pointedly locked, gates.

Still, I decided, I could spy a little more. The woods inside were made for skulking about in and if the wall was a serious obstacle, then the gate would be easy to climb. Reasoning that I would hear their car in enough time to hide, I began to climb the gate, using the fancy wrought-iron decorations as holds. I was soon swinging myself over the top and down the far side, then nipping behind the lodge and again listening for noise.

Nothing happened, so I peered gingerly in at one of the windows. The interior was disappointingly empty, containing only a decaying table and a few ferns that had taken root among the soggy mess of leaf mould and glass on the floor. Emerging from hiding, I started cautiously down the drive, ready to dive into the bushes at the first hint of sound. I jumped at the sudden call of a pheasant, which made me realise just how nervous I was. The drive curved, leaving the shelter of the wood to emerge on an area of badly overgrown lawn, beyond which stood a house.

The remains of a house, I should say. There was no roof, and what was left of the walls was in an advanced state of decay, the occasional area of blackened stone or charred wood hinting at the fire that must have destroyed it. I

walked cautiously forward to get a closer look, only then catching a glimpse of bright red, a colour entirely out of place in the rotting grandeur of the setting. It must be their car, I realised, as I stepped back into the bushes.

It was parked among a group of buildings that stood to the side of the main house. I guessed they had once been stables: long, low structures with rows of tall doors facing a compound. If the house was ruined, the stables were anything but. The buildings were in good order and the yard even looked freshly scrubbed. The car, a big, bright red Rover, stood in the middle, empty. I shifted position, bringing more of the yard into my view. The little cart I had seen the girl pulling was parked at the far end, an untidy tangle of harness hanging from the shafts and a pile of clothes thrown across the seat.

I was considering the implication of this when a noise attracted my attention. It came from beyond the main stable building and sounded suspiciously like a squeak of pleasure. I began to make my way around the back of the stable, staying well concealed and ready to bolt if I was seen. I wasn't, and presently found myself in a position from which I could see them. She was on her back on a little grassy area, her legs thrown up and open as he mounted her and thrust away vigorously. Her black corset was still on, and her high-heeled ankle boots, along with the red ribbon in her hair; otherwise, she was naked. So was he; his back heaved and his muscular buttocks moved rhythmically as they fucked.

They were locked in each other's arms, oblivious to their surroundings; their sighs turned to squeals and then grunts as his pace quickened and her grip tightened around his back. My hand had gone between my legs as I watched, feeling the shape of my pussy under my jeans. He was

thrusting furiously, making her pant and gasp. At what must have been the last possible instant he pulled out, knelt up, grabbed his erection and jerked frantically at it to send a spray of white sperm splashing out over her face and breasts as she leant forward.

He sank back on his haunches, cock still proud in his hand as she put her hands up to her big breasts and spread the come over them, rubbing it into her nipples. Her face was towards me, her eyes shut and a trickle of white running down one cheek. He came forward again, this time burying his head between her thighs. She groaned loudly, still smearing his come over her breasts as he licked at her. I felt close to orgasm myself, wishing I had a skirt on so that I could get at my pussy and masturbate again.

Suddenly she screamed, then screamed again as she came under his tongue, her thighs locked around his head, her nipples sticking up from between her fingers and sticky with male come. My head was swimming with my own pleasure, but caution got the better of me and I sank back into the bushes as he got to his feet and stretched in the warm air.

I made for the gate, keen to get clear before they dressed and left the wood. My last glimpse was of them walking into the stable yard, hand in hand, and it was only then that I realised that the girl's whole bottom was flushed red. Obviously, at some stage during the afternoon, she had been soundly spanked.

So great was my state of nervous excitement that I ran most of the way to my car. I got in and sat back, puffing to recover my breath. I desperately wanted to get my jeans and pants down and give myself another orgasm, but it was impossible, with people already arriving at the King Billy for



an evening drink. I went and had a drink myself instead, a pint of cold orange, by the end of which I felt ready for the drive back to my flat.

## Two

That should have been that, but it wasn't. On the few other occasions that I'd unexpectedly come across something really erotic, I'd fantasised about it a few times, had some lovely orgasms and then moved on to something else.

One had been watching a couple make love among a patch of rocks in the Welsh hills during a field trip. From their point of view, it must have just been a hurried knee-trembler. She'd had her trousers and pants down and been taking him behind her. We'd been a long way off and hadn't even had a clear view, but it had really got to me.

Another had been coming into a friend's room unexpectedly at college. She had been kneeling between a man's legs with his cock in her mouth and her top pulled up over her breasts. That had provided me with a week's happy masturbation and greatly increased the frequency with which my own boyfriend of the time had his cock sucked.

This was different. The image of that woman in harness and the cool, amused way he had taken his pleasure just wouldn't go away. My fantasy developed over the week, starting with me being in her position, then exploring various related ideas and lastly turning the tables on the man. By the end of the week, I realised that I wasn't going to be satisfied until I had found out more. The question was, how?

Despite never having heard of the particular kink they had been indulging in, it occurred to me that it might not be as rare as all that. Following this reasoning, I bought a contact magazine for the first time in my life. The things

people did want from each other opened my eyes considerably, but there was no mention of what I wanted. Of course, I had no idea what the technical term for it might be; with the amount of euphemism and jargon used, I quickly realised that I needed more knowledge to get anywhere.

That really left me with the option of going back to where I had seen them and asking a straight question. Unfortunately, this was easier said than done. First of all, when it came to the crunch I didn't know if I'd have the guts to walk up to them and ask if I could join in their fun. That was assuming I could find them again. Actually, given the condition of the stables and the sheer complexity of their sex play, it seemed fair to assume that they did it on a fairly regular basis.

I spent most of the week thinking about it and then drove down to Wiltshire again on the Saturday. As I pulled into the car park of the King Billy, I was already feeling nervous. Rationally, I kept telling myself, all I had to do was wait outside the gate of the old park and speak to them when they arrived or left. The worst thing that could happen would be that they told me to get lost. Emotionally, it was a very different matter. The idea of accosting a couple of complete strangers and attempting to butt into their sex life filled me with a feeling of social impropriety so strong that it gave me butterflies in my stomach. Also, there was the chance that I would waste my day sitting around by the park gates and that they wouldn't turn up.

I decided that a spot of Dutch courage would help and ordered brandy in the pub, instead of my customary glass of cider. The day was even hotter than it had been the previous weekend, but with enough breeze to make the trees shiver. As I sat in a window seat and tried to get up

enough courage, a gust caught the skirt of a girl in the car park. I caught a brief glimpse of pale-blue panties and found myself smiling as she hastily smoothed the material down and glanced around her.

For some reason, the incident made me feel braver, and also more inventive. As I ordered my second brandy, a new line of enquiry occurred to me. The barman was a big, bearded man of about sixty with the look of someone who knew everything that had happened locally for the last half-century. He was also garrulous and clearly disposed to chat to me.

‘Have you lived in this area long, then?’ I asked with all the insouciance I could muster.

‘All my life,’ he replied with evident pride.

‘It’s very beautiful,’ I continued. ‘I come out here to walk quite often. It would be great to live here, but I expect all the best houses have belonged to local families for generations.’

‘Some,’ he agreed, ‘but there’ve been more newcomers recently.’

‘I passed a wonderful-looking estate near here, the other day,’ I said. ‘By the footpath that runs up to the plain. Dense woods, no neighbours at all and it shows a lake on the map. I’d love to live somewhere like that. Do you know it?’

‘That would be the old Linslade place,’ he answered, his voice carrying a hint of confidentiality. ‘Nobody lives there now. The house burnt down. In around sixty-eight, if memory serves me right. Old man Linslade was too mean to insure it properly and couldn’t afford to rebuild it.’

‘Who owns it now, then?’

‘His son, Arthur, but he lives at the farm out along Broadheath way.’

‘Oh right, that’s sad. I suppose it goes to show that things aren’t always as idyllic as they seem. It’s a nice walk that way, anyway.’

‘That it is,’ he replied and turned to serve another customer.

I walked back to my seat feeling thoroughly pleased with myself. The man I had seen had been thirty or so, which might fit the age of Arthur Linslade. A quick browse through the local phone book and I had the address of the farm, which was no more than four miles away.

With the brandy nestling warmly in my tummy and adding greatly to my confidence, I set off towards Broadheath, turning onto a convenient footpath after a mile of country lane. As I walked, the delicious feeling of naughtiness that I had had the previous week began to return. The route I was on was pretty lonely and I kept remembering how nice it had felt to stretch naked in the warm air and bathe in the stream without a stitch on. It also occurred to me that if I was going to succeed in my venture it would help to look as attractive as possible.

Attractive, yes, but also harmless, as it wouldn’t do to antagonise the girl by appearing to be a threat. Fortunately, being five foot three, lightly built and with my hair cut in a practical bob, looking unthreatening is something I am naturally good at. Besides, I’m always being told I have an innocent face, even if it generally is by men who are hoping to see it wrapped around their cocks.

I stopped and considered how I could best rearrange my clothing to best advantage. The obvious step was to take my bra off and stuff it into my rucksack, leaving my nipples just discernible through the cotton of my blouse. I then undid all the buttons and knotted the loose ends between my breasts, hopefully showing them off nicely and also leaving my midriff bare. Nothing else seemed practical, given that my jeans were already tight over my bottom and slightly caught between the lips of my pussy.

I carried on walking, presently passing a group of young male hikers and noting with satisfaction that every one of them turned his eyes surreptitiously towards me. I resisted the temptation to look back when they had passed, but as I turned a corner I caught a comment that I suppose was complimentary if unexpectedly rude.

The path passed through a long stretch of scrubby woodland, punctuated with small fields. The heat of the day was still building and that and the alcohol were beginning to make me feel drowsy when I came out onto a ridge that looked down on a farm. Beyond it, the more open chalk downland rose in a steep scarp, and I realised that this had to be the Linslade farm. The footpath joined the farm track and I turned towards the buildings, determined not to back out now that I had come this far.

There was nobody visible, just an ancient dog lazing in the sun. It didn't even bother to bark as I approached, merely opening one eye and watching me with a minimum of interest. I crossed the yard and knocked boldly at the front door, standing back with a lump in my throat. There were noises from inside and then the door opened, revealing a heavy-set man with a brush of dirty blonde hair and a ruddy complexion, about as different from the man I had expected as it was possible to be.