

PRIVATE TUITION

By

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1 CANDICE

PRIVATE TUITION:

Mature post-graduate research student offers one-to-one tuition in maths and science for GCSE, A Level, or first-degree students. West Lancashire. Only £30 per hour.

I put the ad in the Lancashire Evening Post classified section. It wasn't the first time: I have tutored before, and although the advert doesn't say so, I do have a distinct preference for female students. After all, how many blokes do you know who wouldn't enjoy being in close one-to-one proximity to a nubile young woman for an hour or two each week? What's not to like? Whilst you are explaining the principles of differential calculus you can easily envision young breasts within easy reach and the delights to be found between those pale thighs under the short school skirt! Even if you don't actually get to sample them, it's nice to think that you might.

Almost a year ago a similar ad produced Emma, a pretty A level student who was hoping for a place at one of the Russell Group of universities. She was fun to teach, and fun to be with, and although she worked hard she was happy to engage in some mild flirting during our sessions. She had a steady boyfriend in the same year at college but whilst she was obviously fond of him, he wasn't the centre of her life. Later she told me that she had lost her virginity to one of the teachers in her final year at her previous school (a deliberate decision on her part since there was no way he was going to boast about having shagged her, whilst a boy in her school undoubtedly would have done). She subsequently needed a respectable lad to partner her to social occasions at her sixth-form college, and after a suitable period of courtship, I guess he got his leg over maybe once a week.

Although at the time I would very happily have got my leg over her too, it would have been a distraction that could have made the lessons less effective, and I rather admired her ability to concentrate on what was most important to her. She is probably the most focussed young person I have ever met, but lovely with it. When I was with her I had her full attention, but she was there to learn. A smile, the occasional double-entendre, and her hand on my arm did wonders for my self-esteem and oiled the wheels of study without detracting from the job in hand.

I lived in hope of course, and my patience was duly rewarded. On the day her A level results came through, she called at my flat to give me the good news. We toasted her success (four A* grades) with champagne in my kitchen, followed by more champagne in my bedroom, followed by a couple of hours of sex in my bed. She'd evidently decided that it was time she had the benefit of an older and more experienced lover, and she had a couple of months or so before leaving for university to put a few miles on the clock, so to speak. And she did.

Since I didn't have to work normal hours and she wasn't at school, over the next month or so we spent quite a lot of the working week fucking our brains out.

Emma was very adventurous, wanting to try everything you've ever heard of and a few things you probably haven't. She had already worked out what would rev her up, and bring her off, but the list wasn't exclusive and she found someone else's fingers and tongue brought new dimensions that she was very keen to explore. She also fancied experimenting with bondage (which she loved) and sado-masochism, which didn't really float her boat or mine, although some role play and mild over-the-knee spanking proved to be a good prelude to a good old-fashioned shagging (lifting her school skirt and pulling down her school knickers put us both in the mood). From time to time we smoked an occasional joint, but it doesn't do much for me and I think she felt the same.

On the excuse of visiting her university (which I know quite well), we spent a night at a very well equipped dungeon just off the M40 near Warwick. We pretended that I'd kidnapped her, and I took her blindfolded, bound and gagged into this converted stable to be stripped naked whilst her hands were hoisted high above her head until she was on tiptoe, then subsequently restrained in various positions on various racks and crosses and frames whilst I tested her response to electro-stimulation ('yes, oh yes!'), nipple clamps ('ouch!'), and the fucking machine ('the real thing is better, but if you licked my clit at the same time...'). At one point she said she needed to wee, and I took her, blindfolded and shackled, watched her sit on the loo, and wiped her after she eventually managed to do it! We both voted that as 'different but good'.

Anal intercourse, whilst she was strapped face-down on the back of a whipping horse, was 'interesting' (I came inside her), and we subsequently did it again several times back at my place, but I don't think she regarded it as being high on her wish list for the future. Like me, she liked the idea (it felt 'naughty') but the reality never quite matched the anticipation. From my point of view her vagina was satisfyingly tight anyway, and visualising my sperm being shot against her cervix and finding its way into her womb (she was on the pill) added a dimension that was missing during anal.

All too soon it was time for Emma to pack her bags and head down the M6 in her dad's car for the challenge and excitement of university. We did get together several times after that but predictably there were loads of interesting guys nearer to hand, many of whom would be nearer to her own age. The gaps between our meetings grew ever longer, and I missed her. It was sad, but there you go. Time to place another ad.

Candice's mum is a very determined woman. She was divorced a few years ago, works for an aggressive law-firm in Manchester, and would probably be described as a ball-breaker or tiger-mum. I associate names like 'Candice' with Chelsea rather than Chorley, but hey, what do I know? She (Candice's mum) is good looking in a rather hard way. Candice is a much softer version, in her final year of her GCSE course. Pretty, with soft wavy brown hair, soft brown eyes, slim with a nice shape, medium height for a 16 year old going on 17. My preference would have been for an 18 to 19 year old A level student like Emma, but you can't win them all.

My approach to taking on a new client is to use the initial tutorial as a sort of extended interview. I explore their understanding of the subject, how much they have covered, what gaps they may have, and also weigh up whether I want to spend maybe a couple of hours a week in their company (and vice versa). If I decide not to take them on, or they decide against, then the fee for that session is refunded and we part friends, hopefully. If I think that we, the student, the parent(s) and I, will get on reasonably well and that there is a fair chance the desired exam grades will be achieved, then we go on from there.

In Candice's case, I decided that she's bright and willing to work hard but lacks confidence (mum answered many of the questions intended for her daughter). I also thought I detected a spark of sensuality in her eyes but that could have been wishful thinking on my part. Anyway, there wasn't anyone else on the radar at that moment so I agreed, mum seemed content, and Candice looked pleased in a sort of closed in way that I couldn't decipher. Maybe it was because she was an only child of a single parent and lived a large part of her life in her mind rather than articulating her thoughts and feelings.

For our early evening tutorials Candice and I sat side by side on a bench seat at what served as the dining table in the combined kitchen, dining, living room. Mum took herself off to the separate lounge to watch tv or to work. More often than not Candice wore her dark blue school skirt and white blouse rather than bother getting changed. In common with so many of her contemporaries, Candice's school uniform skirt bordered on the indecent. It was clearly not something she wore purely for my benefit because her mum would have done something about it, and whilst passing a school at going home time would leave me wondering what the world was coming to, sitting next to a pretty girl with all of about five millimetres between hem and crotch was positively mind-blowing. I felt glad I didn't have to face it at close quarters in a classroom with 15 or 16 similarly dressed girls. No wonder Emma was able to pull one of her teachers (she dressed much more demurely for me until we started shagging).

After a couple of tutorials I noticed that Candice moved closer to me as the session progressed. At the start, I deliberately left maybe six inches between her (virtually naked) thigh and my trouser-covered thigh next to her on the bench seat. By the end of the lesson, her thigh would be touching mine, and I swear that it wasn't me that moved. The next time we were together the same thing happened, but this time I 'accidentally' put my hand on my thigh and brushed against hers, expecting her to shuffle away. She didn't. Later the same evening I sat back and put both hands on my knees and rubbed my thighs as if to massage them, letting the fingers of my right hand (she was sitting on my right) trail along the bare skin of her left thigh. I felt her thigh muscles tense, and I might have imagined that her breathing changed, but she didn't move her leg away. That gave me something to think about before our next tutorial.

I'd just poured myself a scotch when the phone rang.

‘It’s Jane Sutton, Candice’s mum.’ Her voice sounded uncharacteristically mild.

Oh shit! I thought. ‘Oh hi.’ I said.

‘Erm, do you think you might be able to give Candice another hour of tuition each week? We are both so pleased with her progress since you started with her.’

‘Well, erm, yes I think that would be possible. But I don’t think two hours in one go would be a good idea, if that was what you were thinking.’

‘We haven’t really thought about that. We had a chat about it after you left this evening, and Candice said that you are really nice with her and patient and explain things so well. And her recent homework and test marks are totally transformed. She thought maybe you could help her with other subjects besides maths.’

I could think of one subject I could help her with but decided it wouldn’t be a good idea to mention it. Instead I said that an hour at a time was enough after a full day at school, and it would be sensible to have one hour at a time over two evenings. As the present sessions were on Tuesday, maybe Thursday or Friday would make sense for the additional one.

‘Perhaps in the holidays we could have some longer sessions if you and Candice felt that would be helpful?’

‘How do you think she is doing?’ Jane asked.

‘I think Candice is very bright but lacks confidence. She is perhaps not assertive enough in class, and maybe doesn’t want to come across as a swot with her mates. She worries whether the answer she comes up with could be wrong and is reluctant to put it forward, or spends so long double-checking that sometimes she doesn’t finish the paper.’

‘You are so right! Let me talk to Candice about which evening would be best. You think you could manage either Thursday or Friday?’

‘Thursday would work best for me, but I could do either.’

‘OK, I will talk to her and call you back.’

This conversation was a complete surprise, and I took a large sip of the scotch to calm my nerves. I did actually enjoy teaching Candice, despite (or perhaps partly because of) her ultra short skirt and distracting thighs. She was quiet, literally and figuratively. It took a little while to get her to come out with the answers, but her confidence was improving and she lit up when praised. I almost had the impression that she hitched her skirt a millimetre higher each time I told her ‘Well done!’

The phone rang again.

‘Hello, it’s Jane Sutton. Could we make it Thursdays at 7 o’clock?’

‘Yes that’s fine. Starting this Thursday?’

‘That will be lovely. I have to go out every other Thursday at 7.30 for an hour or so though. Would that be a problem?’

‘No not really, but we could make it 6.30 on those evenings if you or Candice would prefer that.’ I was somewhat uneasy at this stage about being alone with Candice. The shock of having her mum phone me less than an hour after stroking Candice’s thigh, albeit ‘accidentally’, was still with me. I had needed that slug of scotch!

Mrs Candice wasn’t going to be out this Thursday so I was ringing their doorbell at 6.55pm. Candice herself let me in, and I was surprised to see that she was wearing jeans and a loose tee shirt. She gave me a broad smile, and I thought a sly wink. We sat down at the table as usual where Candice had already assembled her textbooks and workbook, and the session kicked off. We’d been going for perhaps twenty minutes before we stopped for a brief rest. Candice leant back and stretched, and it suddenly struck me that she wasn’t wearing a bra. I could see her nipples outlined as her tee shirt tightened across her chest. She knew that I’d noticed.

As the session progressed, Candice once again managed to work her way closer to where I was sitting. I was wearing a short-sleeved shirt as usual, and it was totally accidental of course that whilst reaching across to point out something in her workbook my arm brushed against her left breast, and no doubt it was equally accidental when she turned her upper body slightly to the left so that her nipple pressed against my arm. But the eye contact wasn’t accidental, or the ghost of a smile that passed between us. And it wasn’t an accident when I moved my arm so that it rubbed against her hardening nipple, but at a pinch, if challenged, maybe I could argue that it was.

Her mum came in and asked if she could sort out payment for the sessions we had had so far, so I left Candice with some questions to complete whilst we worked it out leaning over the kitchen worktop. That was pretty much the end of that session and Candice gave me a folded sheet of paper with her answers. I tucked it into my briefcase and told her I’d go through it with her next time if there were any issues. She saw me out with a smile, an upward glance through her lashes, and a brief touch on my arm.

A scotch seemed a good idea whilst I relaxed and thought about the evening. I couldn’t decide whether Candice was just a tease who would run a mile if I put my hand down her pants, or whether she was up for some serious fun. I didn’t know either if she was sexually active in any way, still a virgin, or shagging everything in trousers. I did decide though that whilst it was somewhat frustrating (I’d struggled to hide my budding hard-on whilst my arm stroked her tit), it was fun in a nerve-wracking way to participate in whatever game she seemed intent on playing. It would be interesting, I thought, to play along. And anyway, I liked her.

Then I remembered the questions I’d set her and went and found the answer sheet. She’d got them all right. On the bottom she’d written in neat tiny script:

I’m really glad you are my tutor. Candi xx.

The following Tuesday Candice was again dressed in jeans and tee shirt. I told her that she had got *everything* right on the answer paper she'd given me, and we settled into the tutorial. It was easier for me to concentrate on the lesson when I wasn't distracted by her bare thighs in my field of vision, and she seemed totally absorbed with the work. I had to admit that whatever else, she was a pleasure to teach and she gained in confidence with each session. She was still shy compared to Emma for example, and I couldn't imagine her taking control the way Emma had the first time we had sex, but I was happy to be sitting next to her.

After about half an hour or so we paused for a break. Candice sat back and stretched as before, showing me the shape of her bra-less boobs under her top. I waited to see what she'd do if I didn't react. I was sitting with my elbows on the table, and after a few seconds, Candice turned towards me until her left nipple rested against my right upper-arm. I couldn't resist moving my arm slightly backwards and forwards, brushing across the nipple, enjoying feeling it stiffen. She moved too, pressing harder against my arm, and simultaneously moving her thigh lightly against mine. Without losing contact with her bust, I dropped my right hand firstly onto my thigh and then moved it across to hers, pulling her leg slightly harder against mine. She responded by moving her right leg, trapping my fingers. I lightly squeezed her thigh, and then took my hand away and picked up a pencil. Break over.

On Thursday evening Candice was back in short-skirt mode with her white school shirt not tucked in, and I wondered what might be in store for break-time. She had let me in, and I could hear her mum upstairs. It struck me that maybe this was a night when her mum went out and in answer to my unspoken question Candice wrote something on her pad and showed it to me before tearing off the sheet and rolling it into a tight ball.

Mum is going out at 7.30 Cx

We started the lesson as normal, although Candice was less relaxed than usual, shuffling about on the seat and her hand shook slightly when she was writing. I was less relaxed too, with her bare thighs a few inches from mine, and a microsecond glimpse of her knickers when she first sat down. I was also pretty sure that she wasn't wearing a bra under her shirt. Sure enough, just before her mum was due to go out, Candice sat up and stretched and I saw that her breasts were naked under her top. I wrote something on the bottom of my pad, showed it to her, and then tore it off just as she had.

I like it when you don't wear a bra. Pity you are wearing knickers Jx

Candice blushed furiously. I thought I'd blown it, and immediately regretted being so unsubtle. Her mum was coming down stairs and Candice got up from the table and went into the hall. I was seriously worried that she'd say something, but all I could hear was:

'I'm just nipping upstairs, mum. Have a nice evening', and the sound of her feet on the staircase. Jane put her head round the door:

‘Keep her busy! I’ll see you on Tuesday’.

I told her to have a nice evening.

As the front door closed, I heard Candice coming back downstairs. She didn’t say anything, and sat back down next to me and rested her arms on the table as if to start work again. After about a minute, she leant back, put her arms by her sides and stretched her shoulders. Bra-less.

‘You can lean against me if you like’, I told her, ‘I’m softer than the wall’.

She swivelled round on the bench, stretched her legs along the seat, and leant back against my shoulder. Her hands were flat on her thighs, her knees a few inches apart, the hem of her skirt that she’d tugged down a little bit, gave nothing away. I put my hand on her back to support her whilst I swung my right leg over the bench so I was straddling it, and then let her fall back until she was leaning on my chest.

I put my arms around her waist and my face against her hair. It felt beautifully soft and silky and smelled lovely and clean. I held her closer, and for a long minute wondered if I should simply settle for this closeness with a girl I was by now genuinely fond of. Perhaps sensing my doubts about taking this any further, she put her hands on mine and sort of pushed them up towards her boobs. I kept my hands moving up until they cupped her breasts, warm and firm under her shirt. My thumbs stroked her nipples through the cloth. I could feel her breaths becoming slower and deeper. I thought that maybe I should settle for this too, but the desire to have her silky skin under my fingers instead of cloth proved too much, and I unbuttoned her shirt, and then opened it completely.

Candice’s hair, eyes, and skin colour all hinted at a Mediterranean ancestor buried somewhere in her family tree, and this was reflected in her breasts: in the colour and texture of each part - the main body, the areolae, and the nipples. I felt I could have written a doctoral thesis on them. Meanwhile, it was just magic to play with them gently, feel them respond to my touch, and enjoy the sight of the slightly olive background, her three-shades darker areolae, and her brown nipples standing firmly to attention as the balls of my thumbs stroked lightly across their tips.

I could have remained like that for hours, with my hard-on pressing safely against her back through a few layers of clothing. But her desire must have been more urgent than mine because she began pressing and rubbing her thighs together as if to remind me that there was more to her than her boobs. Almost reluctantly, I slipped my right hand down to the hem of her skirt, felt my fingertips on her thigh, and then moved it up until it cupped her mound (she had taken her knickers off!). She opened her legs in response.

I whispered: ‘Keep your feet on the bench, pull your knees up, and then let them fall apart’. She did as I asked. I eased three fingers between her outer lips and gently moved my middle finger up and down her very slippery slit. Whilst I stroked from clit to entrance, occasionally slipping my finger inside, I took my left hand off

her breast, unzipped my trousers, and with some difficulty, eased my rigid cock out from my underpants.

‘Put your right hand behind your back’, I instructed.

I intercepted her fumble, guided her hand, until her fingers were wrapped around my shaft. I whispered:

‘Do you know what that is?’ She took a deep breath, nodded, whispered. ‘Yes’.

‘Does it feel hard?’

‘God, yes!’

‘Do you know why it’s so hard?’

She nodded again.

‘It’s hard for you. It wants to go where my finger is. It wants to slip into your vagina. It wants to fuck you. *I* want to fuck you. One day soon. Will you let me?’

She whispered, ‘Yes’.

I concentrated on masturbating her with my right hand whilst my left hand went back to her breast. Her hand moved in small jerks up and down the shaft of my penis. It was as though she knew the theory but hadn’t actually done the practical. But it still felt lovely, and I was able to move my hips enough to provide all the stimulation I needed. In fact I could probably have climaxed without any stimulation at all beyond the feel of her breasts and vagina under my hands, the scent of her hair in my nostrils, and the feel of it against my face.

Despite my limited manoeuvrability I could kiss her hair, neck and ears, and she obligingly moved her head around to give better access, even turning it so far that with a struggle our lips touched. That seemed to act as a trigger: I felt her nipple go rigid, the feel of her clit changed, and her thighs began to twitch. I dropped my hand to hold hers in place around my cock whilst I flicked her clit with my right middle finger until she jerked, tried to press her legs together, and gave a massive gasp. Her left hand pushed my hand out from between her legs whilst her right hand tightened quite painfully around my shaft, triggering my orgasm.

I held her in the same position for a minute or two until we recovered and could sensibly find out what had gone where. I gently eased her up into a sitting position until I could see my shrinking cock and the semen pooled around her fist, some of which had dripped onto my trousers. I couldn’t see any on the back of her skirt or the seat cushion. She was looking between her legs and I guessed that she had probably dribbled on the inside of her skirt. I fumbled my (fortunately clean) handkerchief out of my trouser pocket and passed it her left hand. Without a word, she wiped between her thighs and passed it back for me to clean up around her right hand and my pants.

Once we had re-arranged ourselves, she went off upstairs to check her clothes and presumably put her knickers back on before her mum got home. When she came

back down I was standing up, dressed normally but with a suspicious dark stain on my flies. I opened my arms and she shyly accepted a hug and then a cuddle. I kissed and stroked her hair. Eventually, she put her arms around my waist, rested her head against my chest. There didn't seem any need for conversation. I gathered my books and put my jacket on. Before opening the door, I put my arms around her again, and then gently tilted her head up and kissed her softly on the lips.

'Night, night Candi. See you next week'. She smiled and nodded, and I walked out into the night, holding my bag of books carefully in front of me.

The schools broke up for Christmas. At the end of my last tutorial with Candice, her mother asked whether over the holidays we should continue with a one-hour tutorial on two evenings a week, or whether fewer longer sessions would make more sense. I suggested that perhaps a couple of longer sessions – maybe two hours or so – would probably be better, and they could be either at my flat, where Candice could access some previous GCSE exam papers on my computer, or at her house. Her mum, Jane, pointed out that she would be working during the day pretty well up to Christmas, so it made no difference. Candice though seemed to like the idea of working at my place, and we eventually agreed that she could spend two days during which I would give her lunch and two hours of tuition, and she could spend maybe another couple of hours doing question papers on my computer whilst I got on with some of my own work.

On the first of our extended tutorials, and in view of what happened the last time we were alone, I did some preparation. My bed had clean sheets, there were fresh towels discretely to hand, tissues, condoms, lubricant, and morning-after pills in or on the bedside cabinet. Sod's Law would say that it will be her period or she simply isn't up for it, but I felt there was nothing to lose by being prepared! I was really quite nervous. It was a cold blustery day and Candice when she arrived was huddled in a Berghaus Hiking Jacket over jeans and boots. Her nose looked pink when I opened the door to her. I gave her a welcome hug, took the backpack in which she carries her books, and then her jacket after she shrugged it off. Whilst I hung her jacket on one of the hooks in the narrow hall of my flat, she kicked off her boots, and followed me through into the kitchen.

She wore a loose check shirt over her jeans and I was pretty sure she wasn't wearing a bra, but her shirt was fairly heavy and I could have been mistaken. Unusually, she had her hair in a ponytail, with an elastic band thingy round the base. She declined a drink. I give her a quick tour of the flat, finishing in my study where we would be working. I've got quite a large table but I don't have a bench where we could sit with our legs touching. Instead there are two swivel chairs with arms, which I'd arranged side by side. Candice took out her books and we started work. Once we settled into the routine, the lesson went well and the first hour soon passed. I suggested a short break, and Candice leaned back in her chair, stretches, sees me looking at her

chest (I'm right, she isn't wearing a bra), and smiled. I interpret this as meaning that we will work the full two hours – and then maybe play.

'Would you like a coffee or anything?'

'Could I just have some water?'

I went into the kitchen, poured some cold bottled water into two glasses and brought them back. Candice took several sips, and then sat forward to continue the session. During the final ten minutes of the two-hour tutorial we went back over what we've covered and I'm impressed by what she has understood.

'Well done! That's really good.'

She looked pleased, leaned back and stretched again, then tidied her books.

'Now can I have a drink please?'

'Of course! What would you like?'

'Erm... Do you have any vodka?' I raise an eyebrow.

'I do. What would you like in it?'

'What do you suggest?'

'Well, fresh orange is good, or tonic. Red Bull is quite popular. I've got all those.'

'Red Bull please.'

We went into the kitchen where I poured the drinks: vodka and Red Bull for her, vodka and fresh orange for me.

'Cheers.' We touched glasses, took a sip.

'This tastes nice,' she told me, looking at her glass. She looked around. 'I love your flat. Do you have a girlfriend?'

I gave her a grin: 'Why, do you think it needs a woman's touch?'

She grinned in return: 'No, I'm just being nosy.'

'I split up with my last girlfriend a couple of months ago.'

She looked thoughtful, turning her glass in her fingers. Eventually she said:

'That evening mum went out,' she's not sure what to say, doesn't look at me.

'I keep thinking about it.'

'Well, I think about it too,' I tell her quietly.

'The stuff you whispered to me. Did you really mean it?'

'Yes, I did. But I didn't mean to upset you.'

'It didn't really *upset* me. I just think about it all the time. Do you still want to

do it?’

‘Yes I do.’

She twirled her glass, staring down at it.

‘I think I do too,’ her voice was little more than a whisper. She resolutely emptied her glass and put it down on the worktop.

I emptied my glass and stood it next to hers before putting an arm around her shoulders. She trembled slightly. I gave her a hug, dropped my arm and took her hand. I lead the way slowly out of the kitchen and across the corridor to my bedroom. I closed the door behind us and lead her over to the bed. I let go of her hand and stood behind her, put my hands on her shoulders, gave them a squeeze. I lifted her ponytail, carefully slid off the band and then re-arranged the loose hair about her shoulders, lifting some of it to my face, enjoying the smell and feel of it. She rolled her head around a bit in response. I put my hands down onto her hips, slid them round in front of her, and gently pulled her back against me for a few seconds before sliding them up to cup her breasts through her shirt. I could feel her nipples hardening against my palms. It felt wonderful, my face against her silky hair, her firm young breasts under my hands.

I slowly unbuttoned her shirt starting from the top, slipping it off her shoulders and down her arms when it finally fell open, letting it drop to the floor. I cupped her naked breasts, stroked the nipples with my thumbs. My left hand little finger was over her heart and felt the pulse-rate increase. It was magic and almost reluctantly I slipped my hands down to her hips. They paused there for a second, before sliding around the waistband of her jeans. I carefully undid the metal button just below her navel and slowly tugged down the zip, then eased her jeans over her hips and let them slip down her legs. With my hands back on her hips and helping her balance, she lifted her left leg clear of her jeans, then the right, and then I turned her around so she was facing me, with the backs of her legs almost touching the edge of the bed.

I put both hands on her face, tilting her head up towards mine, and touching her lips softly with my own. After several seconds she parted her lips, I felt her tongue between mine, we are kissing harder, my hands around her waist pulling her into me, then on her buttocks cupping their roundness through the silky material of her panties. I push them down and feel the smoothness of the skin beneath them, the creases where her bum joins her thighs, slipping a finger between them from the back, feeling the start of her slit and the moisture that’s leaking from it, hearing her gasp into my mouth.

I broke off our kiss, bent my knees until my mouth reaches her breasts and my hands can push her panties down almost to her ankles. Her hands behind my head, she pulled my mouth against her breast, encouraging me to suck harder on the erect nipple until she whimpered before pulling my head away and turning her upper body to bring her other nipple into my mouth. I put my hand between her thighs. Her outer lips were hot and swollen, and she impatiently kicked a foot free from her panties so she can move her legs further apart until I feel her wetness soaking my fingers. I try to push

her back onto the bed.

‘Towel,’ she gasped. I stood up, pulled the duvet back, grabbed a bath-towel from the chair near the bed. She spread it out on the sheet behind her as I pulled my shirt over my head, fumbled my belt loose, tugged down my zip, pushed my trousers and underpants down and kicked them away. She sat on the towel on the edge of the bed and fell back as I put my hands under her knees and lifted them towards her chest. Her hand was feeling for my rigid penis and as I leaned forward I felt her guiding the end into her vagina. She cried out as her hymen gave way and the tip of my penis pressed against her cervix.

As I started to thrust, I leant over her, put my hands each side of her chest and lowered myself until my lips could meet hers. It’s a messy kiss as her head is moving with my thrusts and she put her arms around my neck and pulled my mouth hard against hers. I felt her legs wrap around my waist. In my fantasies I had imagined making tender love to Candice, towards whom I had always felt protective. But this isn’t tender, it’s animalistic. I’m fucking her as if my life depended on it. She gives a muffled cry into my mouth with each thrust, as the fronts of my thighs bang hard against the backs of hers. Her feet must now be locked across my back because I feel her legs clench around me, the convulsions in her thigh muscles. She’s curled into a ball like a terrified hedgehog.

I raised my head, breaking our kiss, and saw the bright flush across the pale olive skin of her chest, her nipples standing like sentries. Her eyes were almost rolled back into her head. The first spasm of my ejaculation was agonising: my balls feel as if they are being crushed in a vice. The scientific term is ‘peristaltic’: like these pumps you see in medical programmes in which a wheel with nobs on squeezes a rubber tube to force blood into a vein or something. I’m reliably told that’s the same mechanism that conveys sperm and semen from testicles, seminal vesicle and prostate and squirts the combined result into the womb of the female of the species. My peristaltic pump was in overdrive, and each pulse exquisite.

We gradually returned to Earth and slowly untangled our limbs. I dropped to my knees on the floor between Candice’s open legs that dangled over the edge of the bed. The insides of her thighs were shining and slimy with blood-tinged mucous, and a large glob of semen oozed slowly from her vagina as her contractions finally subsided. I felt guilt and tenderness in equal measure and for a second contemplated licking her clean. Instead I kissed the bottom of her belly and she put a hand on my head. I put my hand over hers and gave it a squeeze.

After several long minutes, I got up off the floor and sat next to her on the bed. I took hold of her hand, put it against my cheek, kissing the palm, before bending over to kiss her face and lips. The flush on her chest had faded but had painted a soft after-glow on her cheeks. At that moment I think she’s the loveliest girl I’ve ever seen.

She eventually managed to sit up, reach for a tissue. She wiped between her thighs and beyond. Pulling her legs up so far allowed our left-overs to run down the

crack in her bum. She seemed concerned about the state of the towel and whether my bed had escaped. I put my arm around her and reminded her gently that there is a thing called a washing machine and not to worry. I also ask her if she wanted anything.

‘Yes. I want to do it again as soon you can manage it!’ She gave me a shy smile.

‘Come on,’ I told her, ‘let’s get under the duvet and talk about it. Tell me when you feel hungry or thirsty. This could be a long afternoon.’

2 NATALIE

Have I mentioned Gemma, my best mate at school? Well, her mum and dad are divorced and Gem lives with her mum but sees her dad quite often. Gem is three months older than me but has always been well developed. The lads at school called her ‘melons’ and now ‘super melons’, which is one of the reasons why I haven’t had sex yet. The boys I know are so bloody juvenile, whilst the older ones don’t seem to be interested in girls my age.

Gemma has done it with a lad in our class, and wasn’t impressed. All she got out of it was a pregnancy scare and to have had a selfie of her tits seen by just about everyone in our school (hence the latest nickname). It could have been worse: another of my mates is now universally referred to as ‘hairy Mary’ after rather unwisely sexting a pic to a lad she was thinking of shagging. She didn’t get to shag him anyway because her pubic hair put him off, and now everyone else knows that she doesn’t shave (I think it’s a religious thing).

I’m referred to as ‘Nats’, and although I like to think it’s simply a diminutive of Natalie, I know that it also refers to the fact that I wear an A cup bra and that Nats is short for ‘Nats’ Tits’. I’ve always been skinny. I could qualify as a fashion model for body-shape, but I lack the high cheekbones of, say, Kate Moss. In other words, I’m not pretty enough, and probably not tall enough!

Since my boobs are more or less on display anyway under my blouse or gym top, there didn’t seem much point in denying a grope to the very few boys that I actually like. That’s as far as I’ve gone with lads. I play with myself of course, usually when I’m in bed at night, but the problem with DIY is that you know exactly what you are going to do, and what it will feel like. Sometimes I lie on my arm to make it go to numb and for a few seconds it can feel like someone else has their hand down my pants, but that soon wears off. I suppose I could let a lad stick his finger in me, but Gemma’s experience wasn’t encouraging. Her partner didn’t seem to know what to do for her, and was totally focussed on getting his dick stuck in. By the time he’d found where it was supposed to go, the condom had slipped off and within a couple of seconds he shot off just inside the goal-mouth. Not good.

My fantasies now invariably include being ‘reluctantly’ seduced by a much older man. That happened to my friend Candice, who had a hot affair with the tutor her mum had hired to help her with GCSE maths. I really envied her, and sort of hinted that some private tuition would be good for me too, but my dad is good at maths (he’s good at most things) and instead of getting my brains fucked out by some dishy thirty year old (Candice said it was magic), all I got was my brain fucked by an hour of algebra.

I was telling you about Gemma. The latest news is that her mum has a boyfriend, Dave. She’s been seeing him for a while, but he’s more or less living with them now. I met him for the first time and it seemed to me that he was more interested in Gem than in her mum. I can’t say that I actually like him: he has a tattoo on his arm

and is a bit full of himself, but he's well built and I got the distinct feeling that he has a thing for young girls. With my skinny frame and small tits I look quite a bit younger than my age (I'm actually just 16 but I probably look about 13 or 14).

On the Tuesday of the February half-term week, I knew Gem and her mum had planned to get the train into Manchester to meet her mum's sister, have lunch, and do some shopping. My mum was at her charity, dad was at work as usual, and I was bored. I thought about Dave, probably on his own at Gemma's because he doesn't seem to work at a normal job, probably equally bored and probably looking at porn on his i-Phone. I took my bra off, put on a crop top above my skinny jeans, and some slip-on booties with short white socks. Underneath I wore small, white cotton knickers with blue edging at the waist and legs. I put my North Face winter jacket over the top. It was February after all.

Sure enough, when I rang the bell at Gemma's, Dave came to the door. He was wearing a tee shirt and tracksuit bottoms. His feet were bare. I could swear his willy was semi-hard (he tried to hide it), and mentally notched up a point for 'watching porn'. Yeah!

'Oh, hi Nats. You looking for Gems?' He sounded sort of guilty and might just as well have referred to her as 'melons' the way he said it.

'Oh hi Dave', I muttered, doing my best to look about 12, 'Yeah. Is she in?'

'Sorry sweetheart', I hated that, 'She's gone with her mum to Manchester'.

'Oh. Right. Sorry. She did say but I forgot,' I turned away.

'Hey, don't go! Come in for a minute.'

I hesitated. 'You must be busy.' Tossing yourself off, I thought. 'I'll call her later'.

'No, no. Come in please. I'm just about to make myself a drink. Stop for a few minutes.'

I pretended to hesitate on the doorstep before reluctantly stepping inside, and he closed the door. He escorted me into the kitchen, shielding the lounge from view as we passed the door.

'What would you like to drink?'

'Ermmmm'.

'Hey, how about a vodka and Red Bull! That will warm you up on a cold day!'

'Is that what you're having?'

He nodded. 'Yeah.'

'Well, ok then, but only a tiny one.'

I unzipped my jacket whilst he went off into the lounge, no doubt to turn the TV off as well as pour the drinks. He came back with two glasses, went to the fridge and took out a bottle of Red Bull. I noticed that the glass he gave me looked to have a lot more vodka.

‘Cheers.’ We touched glasses and took a sip, ‘Why don’t we go into the lounge? Can I take your jacket?’

I reluctantly shrugged it off and handed it to him. He draped it over a chair, and I could see his eyes on my tits as I pulled my top down leaving a narrow band of pale tummy above my jeans. So far everything seemed to be running to a script, and I couldn’t help congratulating myself on the planning whilst feeling excited about what might be to come. My knicks felt quite damp. He led the way and I took the opportunity to pour some of my drink into the flower arrangement in the hall.

He waved me into the sofa, and sat down alongside me.

‘Cheers again.’

He rested his right arm along the back of the sofa behind me, holding the drink in his left hand. I sat, primly I thought, with my knees together, looking as though I was trying to take up as little space as possible. He struggled to make conversation.

‘So how long have you and Gem been mates then?’

‘Ages. We were in infants together.’

‘So you don’t have any secrets from each other?’

‘Well’, I giggled slightly and took a sip of my drink, ‘We don’t tell each other everything.’ I stumbled over the words.

‘Has she got a boyfriend?’

‘She was going out with a lad from school for a bit, but she dumped him.’

‘A bit of a dickhead was he?’

‘Yeah I think so.’

‘What about you? Have you got a boyfriend?’

‘Nah. They think I’m too skinny. Like...’ I looked down at my chest, ‘They call me Nats cos they say... You know.’

‘Lads are stupid. Don’t take any notice.’ He looked at my chest in sympathy, ‘I think small boobs are dead sexy!’

I didn’t say anything. He switched his glass to his right hand, and slowly moved a finger over my left nipple, which he could see outlined under my top. It obligingly stiffened for him. To be honest, it did feel sexy and I didn’t need to fake a reaction.

I looked sort of uncomfortable for his benefit.

‘I think you are lovely, and one of the sexiest girls I know.’ He put his glass down on a nearby table, and then took mine and put it down next to his. He put his right arm back across my shoulders and played with my hair, whilst he repeated the manoeuvre of toying with my left breast with his left hand. He leaned in closer, his face close to mine.

‘I really, really like you,’ he told me, his mouth against my ear. His thumb was rubbing my nipple and my nipple seemed to like it. I shuffled on the sofa, pressing my thighs together. I knew by then that I was going to get fucked.

He leaned into me, quite gently turned my head towards him with his right hand, and kissed me softly on the lips. He looked like a slob but he knew what he was doing. His left hand moved across to my right breast and toyed with the nipple whilst his right hand was twisting in my hair, and I loved it! Then his hand was under my top, pulling it up, exposing my boobs, stroking them, teasing the nipples until they were rigid, whilst his tongue explored my mouth. Then his left hand went down to my waist, feeling for the fastening on my jeans.

‘No!’ I sat up, pulled my top down.

‘Hey’ he said, ‘What’s up?’

I looked at the lounge window. ‘You mustn’t. Somebody might call and see us, or something. I’d better go.’

‘No, don’t go now! Look, why don’t we go upstairs. Gem and her mum won’t be back until late.’

I sat back, panting slightly. I could see his cock standing up in his tracksuit bottoms. It looked massive. I wanted it inside me but on his terms.

Muttering ‘No, no. I really ought to go.’ I very reluctantly allowed him pull me up off the sofa and steer me towards the stairs. With his arm around me, we slowly made our way up to Gemma’s bedroom, which was the first one we came to. He shoved the door closed and manoeuvred me towards her double bed, in which I’d spent many a fun night gossiping about boys and sex with Gem. We sort of shuffled to the edge of the bed, kissed for quite a while, and he eased me back so that I was half sitting, half lying, with my feet still on the floor. His hand was under my top, teasing my nipples. It felt dead good and they were so hard they almost hurt.

We sort of fell back and he pushed my top right up, putting his mouth over my right breast. His tongue rolled around my nipple, teasing and sucking, whilst his right hand undid the button on my jeans and then tugged the zip down. His hand slipped inside my jeans and then into my knickers, his fingers felt between my legs. I couldn’t help but part my knees and gasp as he slid a finger into my slit, and then inside me.

‘No! No!’

‘Christ, you’re soaking!’

I thought that a serious token struggle might be appropriate, and tried to get up

off the bed. He took his hand out of my jeans, and kissed me for a while, playing with my tits whilst I let myself relax. Then he moved his head down to take each breast in turn into his mouth, sucking my nipples and rolling them around with his tongue again. After several minutes, he put a hand on my waist and very slowly eased my jeans from under my bum until they slipped down my thighs. He then did the same with my knickers. When they were both more or less around my ankles, he put a hand under my left knee and lifted my leg, used his knee to shove my bootee off followed by my jeans and knickers. He put my left foot on top of the bed whilst my right foot was on the floor.

Dave's left arm was still behind my neck, trapping both my arms between his arm and the bed. I could feel him fumbling with his right hand between my thighs, and then the end of his penis (I assumed that was what I could feel) was sliding up and down my slit and then it was going inside me. I tensed up, partly on purpose, partly instinctive, and tilted my pelvis away from him, tightening my muscles to try and push him out whilst I kept protesting, probably unconvincingly.

'Christ, you're tight,' he muttered, pushing harder. I took a deep breath, tilted further away, until he was really pushing hard and it was hurting, and then suddenly let my breath go and tilted my pelvis towards him. He shot all the way in and I gasped. OK, I exaggerated a bit, but he was big and it did hurt quite a lot. He worked it slowly in and out for a few minutes. I could feel it slipping much more easily and I guessed that my lubrication system was in overdrive. He put both his arms up to take my hands and lift them and hold them above my head. He kissed me for a long time without moving his cock. I could feel it twitching inside me but I didn't think he was coming.

After a while, he brought his arms down and put his hands under my knees, adjusting my position on the bed and I guess his balance on the floor. He bent over and kissed my breasts, sucking quite hard on my nipples to the point of them hurting, but in a nice sort of way. Then he began fucking me properly. Slowly at first, and then harder and faster. His mouth went from my mouth to each breast in turn. Kissing, licking, sucking really hard. The end of his knob was thumping against my cervix, sending increasingly powerful shockwaves through my body and making my thigh and abdominal muscles jump like crazy.

Sometimes I get the feeling of being out of my body, looking down at this me-like creature a few metres below. Now, I could see me with my bum on the edge of Gemma's bed, arms stretched out above my head, hair spread out, tits rocking up and down below my pulled up crop-top, one bare leg lying, knee bent, along the edge of the bed with the other, jeans and knickers around my ankle, almost on the floor. Between my pale skinny thighs, Dave, now having moved his hands under both my knees and pushing them higher towards my chest, trackie-bottoms around his legs, buttocks going to and fro like a jack-hammer, was fucking me senseless for what seemed like ages...

He slowed, two or three more deep thrusts, and I felt a pumping sensation and wetness flooding inside as I drifted gently back to earth.

‘Wow sweetheart.’ I still hated that word. ‘That was amazing! Are you ok?’

I nodded dumbly, looking (and feeling) worried.

‘What’s up?’ He didn’t sound altogether concerned.

‘Ummmm. I think I wet myself’.

‘Christ!’ Now he sounded alarmed. Looked down at his limp dick, his pants wrinkled around his calves.

‘Jesus, yes you have.’

His tracksuit bottoms had a large wet patch more or less between his legs. He moved back gingerly and I could see that some of it had landed on the carpet. I also noticed, with a feeling of satisfaction, that his cock was smeared with what looked like snot mixed with blood, and on the base of the shaft, a large dollop of rather watery plain yoghurt. He looked at Gem’s bed, but that seemed largely to have escaped whatever had escaped from me.

‘Stay there! Don’t move! I’ll get some tissues.’ He shuffled off towards the bathroom, clearly undecided whether to risk taking his pants off, pulling them up, or leaving them where they were. I pulled my top down, and sort of let my jeans and knickers ‘fall off’ my right foot. When he got back, he was naked. I was crying.

‘Hey what’s the matter?’

‘I wet myself and I’m scared I’m pregnant!’

‘Look don’t worry about being pregs, we can soon sort that out.’ He didn’t seem too unhappy that I’d wee’d on him: I suppose the fact that he’d made me lose control was a sort of testimonial to his manhood, and despite my basic dislike of him, I had to admit he knew what he was doing and I was beginning to want him to do it again. But I enjoyed playing hard to get!

He had a handful of tissues, and a towel and face cloth. He gave me some tissues. I wiped myself carefully between my legs. It didn’t look too bad, and Gemma’s bed looked to have escaped. Dave sat next to me on the edge of the bed and put his arm around my shoulders.

‘Look, I know it’s like a big thing for you, and I’m really glad you’re with me. You are a lovely girl. I’ve never met anyone like you before.’

After a little while I let myself relax and lean against him. I kept my knees together though, partly to make him work for his next fuck and partly to reduce the risk of any of his cum (or anything else) running out onto Gem’s bed. He put his left hand up to stroke my hair, and then to turn my head towards him so he could kiss me. He was really gentle, and I waited a while before I turned away.

‘I’d better get dressed,’ I told him.

‘Please don’t go just yet’.

‘I can’t sit here like this. I’m scared of messing Gem’s bed.’ I started to get up.

‘We can put this towel over her bed. Don’t go now. Just stay here a little while.’

I stood up and Dave spread the big bath towel he’d brought from the bathroom across the bed where I’d been sitting. He didn’t exactly pull me down on to it, but he encouraged me, and I sat down again. He put his arm back round my shoulders and kissed me again. He was gentle and it felt nice. His right hand gently caressed my breast through my top. I shuffled a bit to indicate some resistance but I really didn’t want him to stop!

Sure enough, his hand found its way under my top and took it in turns with each boob until my nipples were straining and my top was once again almost round my neck. He managed to ease me backwards until I was lying flat on my back with both legs dangling over the edge. He pushed my top up above my head but kept it round my arms.

His mouth was once again kissing and sucking my breasts with occasional diversions to my mouth, and his hand was between my thighs and I could feel my vagina getting hotter and wetter. He moved his head down to kiss my tummy, and then the creases just below my hips. Then he knelt on the floor, pulled my legs apart and kissed the tops of my thighs. I felt his fingers part my outer lips and by the time his tongue went into my slit I was melting. A few minutes later I was consciously cumming. He must have recognised the signs because he stood up, lifted my legs, pushing my knees up towards my chest, and slid his penis into me just as the contractions kicked in. He didn’t start thrusting immediately, and I guessed he was enjoying my vagina contracting around his erection. For me it was a mixture of pain and pleasure, and maybe for him too.

Once my contractions subsided he started to move in and out. Quite slowly for a while: fuck..... fuck..... fuck..... fuck..... And then quicker: fuck.. fuck.. fuck.. fuck.. And quicker and harder: FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! I opened my eyes at one point, and the lampshade above Gem’s bed looked as though it was wildly swinging back and forth.

I lost count of the orgasms. They began to blend into one and I was scared of losing control and having another out-of-body experience with another out-of-bladder incident. I really wanted to let go totally and be able to watch myself getting fucked out of my mind, but at the same time I think I actually felt more by staying with it.

He seemed to last much longer than the first time, and by the time I felt his stuff pumping into me, all my leg and abdominal muscles were aching and I began to worry if I’d ever walk normally again. I was also worried about whether mum would see the stains in my knickers and whether I really could be pregnant.

Dave was obviously worried about whether I might be up the spout because he said he'd got some morning-after pills and would give me one to take. Whilst he was finding it, and putting some clothes on, I 'borrowed' one of Gemma's sanitary towels from her dressing table drawer where I knew she kept a few spares. By the time Dave came back I was dressed. Twenty minutes later I was home, and looking at myself in the mirror to see whether I looked any different.

3 GEMMA

I was the first girl in my school year to wear a bra, and as far as I know the first to start my periods. I was certainly the first amongst my mates. It wasn't long after this that mum and dad split up and eventually got divorced. I don't think me having my first period had anything to do with my parents falling out. I think it was more to do with dad shagging his secretary, judging from the rows that I overheard before he bugged off. It was very difficult at home around that time, and for quite a while afterwards. After the divorce, dad 'had access' as the judge called it. What that meant was that I was supposed to see him every other weekend, and to have up to two weeks holiday with him twice a year. To be honest, although I loved my dad, and still do, the hassle this arrangement caused, especially at the beginning, made it more trouble than it was worth. Mum got twitchy before I went to see him, and bitchy afterwards, and dad over-compensated by 'bonding' and 'quality time', which meant buying me stuff that I didn't really want and doing stuff that I mostly found boring or silly.

Now I'm in my last year at middle school before going to sixth-form college, I have a lot more freedom. Dad lives with his girlfriend not too far away, so I can go and see him under my own steam - although I don't much like his girlfriend. She is a lot younger than him (she isn't the one he was shagging before) and he is dead sloppy with her and I think 'yuk' when they are being lovey-dovey. I feel like telling him to just take her upstairs and give her one so we can be normal for a few hours. It's also more flexible now that mum has gone back to work. She's a nurse at our local private hospital and has been working four days a week since I turned fifteen and she thought I was mature enough to take care of myself during holidays (although she cuts her hours down when I'm not at school). She is also happy that my best mates, Natalie and Candice, live quite near and I hang out with them for a lot of the holidays. Coincidentally, Candice's parents are divorced too and her mum works, and it's great that we all get on so well.

The three of us are in the same class at school, the same age now Natalie has turned sixteen, and of course we are all sex-mad. We've talked about nothing else for years. Like I said, I was the first one of us to grow boobs, the first to have a period, and appropriately enough, I was the first to have sex. Not that I'm boasting: it was a bit of a non-event really. Being well-developed (the lads called me 'melons' from my first year at middle-school), I suppose I've had more than my fair share of attention from the opposite sex. It's a mixed blessing. Lads my age tend to be dick-heads. They watch a lot of porn online and think they know it all. The girls that do stuff with them get called 'slags' or 'sluts' or 'hoes' (which I guess is ghetto-speak for whores). The boys leave messages about them in the toilets.

There is one lad who I thought was different. He's called Adam and is in my class, but he doesn't hang out with the noisiest crowd. Anyone a bit different tends to get bullied at school, but Adam is well-built, does judo and martial-arts stuff, and is quite popular in a quiet way, as well as being clever. I always fancied him like mad, and he seemed to like me too. I often noticed him staring at my tits. He walks more

or less the same route as me to and from school, and quite often he'd catch me up or let me catch up with him and we'd walk together until I turned into my street. Nats and Candice used to tease me about him and dared me to ask him out, but I've always thought it was up to the boy to take the initiative. In the end, I asked him if he could help me with some maths revision.

Candice's mum is something called a 'corporate lawyer'. Candice explained that she just does what ordinary lawyers do but gets paid three times as much. It also makes her a 'tiger-mum', which according to Candice is another phrase for a pain in the arse in that her mum has ambitions for her daughter that probably exceed said daughter's abilities. Anyway, as a result Candice now has a private tutor for maths, and her test results have improved no end. Nats and I decided that we can't have Candice beating us (and to make things worse, she says that her tutor is a dead sexy bloke of about 30). Nats has been getting some coaching from her Dad (which pisses her off) and I turned my attention to Adam. He might do something for my maths (he's in the top group) and who knows what else.

Adam seemed to like the idea, and we had an hour or so after school two or three days a week when he helped me get my brain around some of the stuff I didn't properly take in first time around. We mostly studied in my house and sometimes at his. I think my mum was a bit sus to begin with and gave me 'the talk' (again) about pregnancy and STDs, but Adam didn't come across as being keen to get into my knickers although I think he really was. After a while we did sit very close together and sometimes held hands. Adam was obviously very shy with girls, and desperate not to be rejected. He started to talk about his fantasies. How he dreamed about seeing my naked tits. After quite a long period of discussions on this theme, I sort of suggested that maybe he should have a look.

We were in my house, after school, and I didn't think mum would be back until around five-ish at the earliest. We'd been doing maths stuff on the kitchen table, and I suggested we should go to my room. I don't recall why. But we did, and after a while we started kissing. It got quite heated, with tongues and stuff, and after a little while he put his hands on my boobs. I made appropriate moaning noises to tell him I liked it, but in reality it didn't float my boat. I sort of hinted that maybe he could undo my blouse, which he eventually did, and my bra, which he found more of a challenge but managed with some help. He seemed mesmerised with my breasts. I don't recall who suggested taking a picture, but at some stage he pulled out his phone, and my chest was forever destined to circle the World Wide Web. Big mistake.

He seemed more than happy to play in 'happy valley' and I was beginning to think that was the extent of his ambition, but one day he plucked up the courage to put his hand under my skirt. I let him feel between my legs (not that there was a lot to find on the outside apart from a dampish spot on my knickers where my thighs joined). Things moved on. He eventually put his hand inside my knicks, and I swear he shot off as soon as he felt my squishy fanny because he lost interest so quickly.

After what seemed an age, we were on my bed under my duvet (but more or less fully dressed). Adam had undone my top and bra, my school skirt was rucked up above my waist, and my knicks were round my thighs. He found my right hand and guided it to the front of his trousers, where I discovered that he'd undone his belt and flies. His cock wasn't difficult to locate: it was like a Triffid searching for a victim, the knob waving in all directions. I wrapped my hand around it, and put it more or less in the right position, but suddenly he remembered 'the talk' he must have had and fumbled for a condom.

I'd pushed my knickers down as far as I could, to the point when I could open my legs a fair bit, by which time he'd managed to open the foil packet... and then events became a bit confused. I think he had rolled the condom on part way and was trying to put it in, but with my legs not fully open he was struggling to find the entrance. His frantic searching must have distracted him so his erection subsided enough for the condom to slip off, and when he did eventually get there (with a bit of help) he shot off in the goal-mouth (as Nats described it later).

I didn't really know if I was technically still a virgin (it only went in about a couple of centimetres), or not (it did go in and I was shitting myself for days until my period started as normal). I think Adam was convinced that I'd told everyone and his dog what had happened. In fact, I did tell Nats and Candice because they are my best mates and had been egging me on for ages to be the first one of us to lose our cherries, but they wouldn't have tweeted it from the rooftops, and I didn't. Sadly, Adam seemed to need to boost his self-esteem by hinting that he'd done me and could prove it by showing the pics of my naked tits to anyone who showed an interest, rather like the Ancient Mariner who 'Stoppeth one of three'. So 'melons' became 'super melons', but oddly enough I didn't get any of the 'slut' stuff, so maybe he hadn't gone overboard about his achievements under my duvet. We did carry on with the maths revision, but Adam didn't seem inclined to have another go, and frankly the pregnancy scare really rattled me.

It wasn't long after this that we broke up for Christmas. I was celebrating the fact that I wasn't pregnant, and then Candice coyly informed us that she 'had been fucked out of her mind' by her private tutor. Nats and I thought there was something odd about her. She'd been kind of blooming for a week or so and it seemed that he'd given her private tuition in some human biology alongside the maths whilst her mum was out for the evening. After we broke up, she'd gone to his flat for an extended tutorial and spent a whole afternoon having mind-blowing sex. Not only had she lost her virginity, she could virtually write a sex manual and her mum was paying for it! And the lucky cow was having another day long tutorial over the holidays. Some Christmas present!

My mum was in the Christmas mood too as she had found a boyfriend. She was a bit vague about where they'd met, and my guess was online. She went out for dinner with him a few days before Christmas, but wasn't out really late and didn't look disheveled so I guess he hadn't shagged her, at least not that night. She had a

couple more dates with him, and one evening she did come back looking different, so I assumed he'd got his leg across at least once during the evening. It was a few days after Christmas when she announced that he was coming to the house before taking her out, and she hoped that I'd like him.

I can't say I did really like Dave all that much, not at first anyway. He looks younger than mum, who is 45, and I put him down as maybe 10 years younger. He is well built, a bit pumped up like he might use steroids or do weights or something, has a tattoo on his arm, and really short hair. He never actually told me what he did, and mum didn't seem sure either. His hands are big but not rough like a brickie or gardener, his nails are short and clean so I didn't think mechanic. He looks like he could be a bouncer in a club, or a minder for some Mr Big. He seemed impressed with my tits. I could tell that he was mentally undressing me, so much so that my knickers suddenly felt sticky and I found myself squeezing my thighs together.

When mum came home that night I knew for sure that he'd fucked her. I was already in bed and she just gave me a quick kiss before going to bed herself. Her hair was messed, and she smelled of him and sex. She walked sort of stiffly, like her legs ached, and her face was flushed. I kept thinking about the way he'd looked at me earlier, and I had this intuition that he'd been thinking of me whilst he was doing mum and given her an extra hard ride as a result. It didn't make me like him but I really wanted to be fucked like I imagined mum had been. I made myself orgasm several times, twisting my nipples hard with my left hand whilst I rubbed my clit raw with my hairbrush, then sticking the handle deep inside whilst my pelvic muscles contracted around it each time I came.

They seemed to have had a row or something because mum didn't see him for a while. They got back together though, and for most of January they went out two or three evenings a week. Just before February half-term, mum asked me if I'd mind if Dave stayed with us for a few days each week. She explained that she had been offered a senior nursing job but she would have to work some nights. She didn't feel it was fair to leave me alone all night. I thought that if anyone was going to rape me it was far more likely to be Dave than some random stranger, but I didn't tell mum that. The idea of being raped by Dave wasn't totally unappealing, although I wasn't over the moon about him being in my face every day. To be fair though, since that first time when his eyes were undressing me, he hadn't been so obvious so maybe they'd had words and he'd cooled off.

It seemed that he didn't plan on giving up his own place, which was somewhere around Manchester, so if it didn't work out having him staying with us he would go back to living there full time. Mum told the hospital that she'd give it a try working nights. He was at our house the weekend half-term started, and Nats and I decided to go to see a James Bond film at the cinema. I introduced her to Dave and explained the arrangement. I could see him give Nats exactly the same look he gave me that first time. Natalie is totally the opposite to me in looks. She is skinny, with dirty blond hair, big grey eyes, and small firm boobs on which her nipples look huge.

They stick straight out as well, in contrast to my melons which make my nipples appear relatively smaller and point down at your knees. Nats looks a lot younger, and reminds me of an illustration in a Dickensian novel, maybe Little Dorrit or something. She doesn't miss much and clocked Dave's reaction. I could tell that she had the same feeling about him as I had: she didn't actually like him but he has a sexual aura that is hard to ignore. You feel like a rabbit being hypnotised by a dangerous snake.

It was quite surprising that Nats was still a virgin because she is probably the most adventurous of the three of us. She and I often had sleepovers, usually at my house, and quite early on we cuddled in my bed, which led to kissing, and then to fondling each other's budding breasts (mine were budding to a different tune of course and I think we both enjoyed the differences to our own). We never thought of ourselves as lesbians or even bi sexual. It was just something we did, and it was lovely. We didn't stop at breasts though, and we compared what we each did when we masturbated and improved our techniques experimentally. Nats has a Labrador called Sam, and she once told me that she had tried putting Marmite on her fanny and getting him to lick it off. Eventually he gave her an 'earth-shattering orgasm', but at the cost of a whole jar of Marmite and a yeast infection that took several weeks to clear.

The reason I'm telling you this about Nats is because two days after we went to see James Bond, mum and I went into Manchester to meet my aunt Helen for lunch and do some shopping. Nats knew we were going, and it turned out that she called at our house, Dave was there, and she ended up getting fucked 'out of her skull' on my bed. She didn't tell me immediately, but she was acting strange and eventually admitted what had happened, which included wetting herself (and Dave) but fortunately not my bed! She also confessed to having nicked an ST from my dressing table because she was bleeding and dribbling semen (he actually did her twice in less than an hour). To begin with I was jealous, but then common sense told me that Dave was a chancer who'd fuck anything that breathed, and he'd fuck me in an instant if he believed I wouldn't tell mum. I knew what effect he had on me and didn't blame Nats for being tempted.

Whilst we were talking about what had happened, we both came up with the idea of having a sleepover at my house whilst mum was on her night shift and Dave would be there. I asked mum if it was ok for Nats to stay on the Friday night, and made sure Dave could hear. It was fine with mum and I could see Dave's eyes light up at the possibility of having us both. I just hoped mum didn't notice. Earlier on the Friday, Nats and I discussed tactics for the evening. I thought it best if we didn't let on that she'd told me what had happened with Dave because that would give us some control. If Dave knew that I knew what he'd done with Nats, he would assume that I was implying he could do it with me too if I let him get anywhere near me, and I wanted him to have to work for whatever he was going to get.

Nats came round after tea, before mum went into work. Dave was watching

television in the lounge, so Nats and I sat in the kitchen and chatted to mum for a while. After she'd gone to work, Dave came in to say 'hi' to Nats, who tried her best to act natural. He acted pretty normal too with us before going back to the lounge. Nats began to wonder if he'd had a personality transplant and that we'd have to amuse ourselves, but she needn't have worried. A little while later, Dave came in to announce that he was going out to get something to drink and to ask what we'd fancy. We decided on cider. When he came back, we all sat round the kitchen table with our drinks and some snacks that he'd brought back with him.

To begin with, Dave made what for him was polite conversation, but inevitably drink and lust gradually overcame the thin veneer of normality that he'd adopted earlier on. He made some reference to God having made a mistake by giving at least half of Nats' boobs to me (he could have mentioned her bum and thighs as having been short-changed as well), and then started to question our sleeping arrangements. Like did we share my bed (yes), did we sleep naked (mind your own business), would we be warm enough because he'd be happy to keep us company (yeah, right). Then he went on to ask what we did in bed (gossip and giggle, usually about other girls, lads and teachers, mate's dads, elder brothers). Would we be gossiping about him (enigmatic smiles).

Nats asked him what he did for a living and got an evasive answer. Then she asked him outright if he was a crook or a minder for some underworld boss, and he admitted that he was a minder, but not for crooks. He told us, seriously, that his contract forbade him from saying whom he worked for except that he was one of several 'security operatives' that were contracted to people who needed protection. 'Like footballers?' Nats asked. 'Yeah, people like that.' So how had he met my mum? Dave was driving and minding someone who had gone to the hospital to see a consultant, he had been hanging around waiting and got chatting to mum. It actually sounded convincing, although that may have been the cider.

Dave kept filling our glasses, and we *were* getting a bit squiffy. Nats and I were sitting next to each other and when one of us said something mildly outrageous or funny the other used it as an excuse for putting a hand on the other's arm, or hugging or something. This wasn't what we'd planned but it seemed fun after a few glasses of strong cider. Dave commented that we were obviously *very* close and that it must feel nice being in bed together, and stuff like that. And by this time we were happy to play along with his fantasies. He asked if we ever kissed each other properly, so of course we showed him. Nats wasn't wearing a bra (she can easily get away with it) and her nips were sticking out, so I rubbed one of them whilst we kissed.

Dave said something like: 'Why don't you two go upstairs and do that?' So we did. We staggered upstairs to my room, more or less holding each other up, and ignored the fact that Dave followed us. Nats and I collapsed onto my bed and started kissing again. I had my hand under her top, she was lying on her back with her legs dangling over the edge of the bed, and I climbed on to the bed and then lay on my tummy. Dave was watching from the doorway (I think he had his hand down his

pants) and after a while he came over and lifted Nat's legs and bum further onto the bed and sat on the edge next to her. Nats put her arms round my neck whilst we were kissing, I kept my hand under her top (or maybe her top had ridden up by now), and I'm almost sure that Dave unzipped Nats jeans and his hand was doing something inside them.

Nat took her arms from around my neck and got hold of my bed-head. I pushed her top up over her head until the sleeves were gathered more or less around her wrists. Her naked tits and rigid nipples pointed straight up at the ceiling, wobbling a little as Dave pulled her jeans and knickers off. Standing on the floor at the foot of my bed, he opened her legs, lifting her knees. With my mouth still over Nats', out of the corner of my eye I saw Dave's head between her thighs and imagined the feel of his tongue in her slit. I also saw that he was pushing his jeans and pants down. Nats was gasping into my mouth. I had both my hands on her tits, rubbing the nipples with my thumbs, when they were abruptly dragged away from me as Dave pulled her down the bed by her legs.

I looked towards him and saw what to me was a massive cock sticking up from his hairy thighs. He had his hands under Nats' knees, folding them up towards her chest, pushing them wider apart. His cock wobbled and dipped as he guided it out of sight just below Nats' belly. I couldn't resist lifting my head enough to see it slowly disappearing inside her. She gave a loud gasp, which ended on a higher note as the front of Dave's thighs pressed hard against the backs of hers. After two or three seconds, he slowly pulled back, and I was fascinated to see his now slimy shaft come into view. Just before the end slipped out, he leaned forward and it slid slowly back in again.

Although I felt mean leaving Nats' mouth and tits, I simply couldn't resist watching her being slowly fucked. I tried counting the seconds to complete each stroke. One, two, three – almost completely out. One, two, three – then all the way in. Nats made a sort of whimpering noise as each stroke bottomed. After what seemed like an age the pace increased, until it pretty much coincided with Nat's breathing. Her tits rose and fell with each stroke, and as the pace increased, so did her breaths until she was panting. She wrapped her legs around Dave's back and her tits wobbled in time with her breathing and his thrusts. Her thigh muscles were quivering and a flush spread from her belly towards her chest. Her nipples stood up even more and then she squealed and shook, arched her back, stretched her arms out above her head, rocking her body from side to side.

I suddenly remembered what she had told me about wetting herself, and looked to see if anything had happened. There wasn't any sign of wee in any quantity, but I did see Dave's buttocks clench as he stopped thrusting. He gave some quite small thrusts a second or so apart as his bum clenched and unclenched, and then after about another ten seconds he very slowly pulled his slackening, shining, slimy penis all the way out, and Nats unwrapped her legs. I leaned over for a closer look and saw the entrance to Nats' vagina: pink inner lips surrounding pale white droopy stuff

that reminded me of the glue we used in junior school to make paper models and the calendars that we took home to give our mums for Christmas. It occurred to me that in a little while, my vagina would look pretty much the same, and that I would be feeling what Nats was feeling. As I watched, I saw some of the glue-like stuff ooze out and slowly slide down her slit to form a sort of stalactite between her and the duvet below.

An instinct for self-preservation made me get up and go find some tissues and towels. When I got back, Nats was half sitting, propped up on her arms, looking dazed. Dave had taken his top off and was totally naked, his limp cock hanging in a gentle curve towards his left leg. He was using his top to wipe the last few drops of the same glue-like stuff slowly emerging from the end of his knob. I handed Nats some tissues, and sat on the bed alongside her. I put my arm around her and gave her a hug. She put her head on my shoulder and nuzzled her hair against my face.

We must have sat like that for several minutes, and then Dave came and sat down next to me. He put his arm around me, so I was sandwiched between him and Nats, my arm around her, his around me. Eventually, Nats seemed to come back to Earth, unwrapped my arm from round her shoulders and kissed my hand, before pulling my face against hers and kissing me on the lips. Almost in slow motion I let her push me back on the bed, and I felt Dave lifting my legs up until I was pretty much in the same position Nats had been whilst Dave fucked her. Although I had set my mind against cooperating because I liked the idea of being semi-forced, I was conscious of shifting my bum a bit until I was in no danger of falling off the edge. Dave might have thought he was doing the work but in reality I was doing my bit too!

Now it was Nats' turn to play with my boobs whilst she was kissing me. I was wearing a bra, and I was conscious of her hand behind my back and feeling the tension relax as she unhooked it. At the same time I was aware of my jeans being undone and the sensation of having them dragged from under my bum. I could feel cooler air on my thighs, the feel of the stiff cloth of my jeans travelling down my legs, my socks being taken off, and then hands under the elastic of my knickers and the silkier feel of them slipping down my legs and over my bare feet. Nats had my top and loose bra up above my head, her mouth covering mine, and then her hands fondling my breasts.

With two mouths and four hands to contend with, it is quite hard to determine who is doing what. The intense sensation of Nats kissing me hard on the mouth and twisting my nipples masked the feeling of my legs being lifted, separated, my knees being pushed up towards the breasts that were getting so much attention. I was only dimly aware of relatively rough cheeks against the insides of my thighs, but the feel of Dave's tongue in my vagina suddenly displaced everything else that I was experiencing. Nats told me later that I squealed as he pushed his tongue firmly into the slit that his fingers had opened wide between my outer lips. It felt as though his tongue had gone right inside, but then it was on my clit, rolling it, teasing it, his lips sucking it.

I didn't at first realise that he had his finger, or maybe two fingers, right inside until another sensation started competing with and then reinforcing what his tongue

was generating. It felt like a series of electric shocks as he tapped his finger-tip against the front wall of my vagina. I wasn't aware of my nipples suddenly going rigid, but Nats told me that they stuck up like a hedgehog's bristles when a dog approaches. I could feel warmth spreading upwards from my lower belly, and was vaguely aware that my thigh muscles were twitching like crazy. By then I was so spaced out that I didn't realise that Dave had stopped licking me and was rubbing my clit with his left thumb whilst he manoeuvred the tip of his penis into the entrance to my vagina with his right hand.

It hurt when it went in though. I gave more than just a squeal. Nats later said that I'd bucked and shouted, and then it was all the way in. Just like me, she couldn't resist watching closely. She agreed that it was totally fascinating seeing his penis pushing aside my inner lips, tiny bubbles of mucous lubricating the shaft as it slid home deep inside me until nothing remained outside and his pubic hair surrounded my outer lips. It was her turn to see in slow motion the in and out strokes, the increasing amount of slime tinged with blood, and hear the noise I made as I felt the end of his cock press against my cervix and the electrifying shock that accompanied it.

He gradually increased the speed and the energy. Nats told me that my tits were shaking like a pair of jellies on a bumpy road, the bed was rocking like mad, the headboard banging against the wall. She'd noticed my nipples go rigid again and the flush across my chest, but that was long before it was over and I'd had way more orgasms than I'd probably ever had in my entire life. The funny thing was that although the orgasms merged into one and I was on cloud nine, when he stopped thrusting time stood still, and I could feel his ejaculation start. I mentally counted the spurts of semen that I could feel squirting from the end of his penis against my cervix. Every few seconds he moved enough to keep the spurts going until they finally died, and he slowly eased back. The last few inches of his softening erection were squeezed out by the spasmodic contractions in my pelvic floor muscles, together I imagined, with some of the glue-like stuff that I'd seen vacating Nats' vagina. As my contractions gradually subsided, I felt that I finally understood the real meaning of the expression 'totally fucked'.

I wasn't sure where Dave was but Nats lay next to me with her arm round me, holding me for what seemed like ages. I hadn't moved since Dave had finished fucking me – I wasn't sure that I *could* move! Nats was lying on her side with her head on my breast, her hair tickling my chin. Periodically she kissed my right nipple, and caressed my left gently with her thumb. My eyes were closed. Eventually I felt the bed move as Dave lay down next to Nats. I couldn't tell at the time, but Nats said later that he cuddled up against her back, kissing her neck and then putting an arm round her to fondle her breasts. She felt his penis stiffening against her bum. I could feel him changing position, and then Nats moving her right leg over mine. She moved her hips, I felt her breathing change, and her lips round my nipple became more urgent. Her body moved as Dave eased his knob between her outer lips, and then moved more as he pushed it deeper into her.

Nats draw her right leg up higher until her thigh lay across my groin and her

mound was against the top of my right thigh. In slow motion, Dave slid his penis all the way into Nats' vagina from behind until I felt his balls touch my thigh just below where Nats' mound was pressing. Her hand dug into my left breast and her lips sucked my right nipple as Dave moved very slowly in and out, pressing Nats hard against me with each forward thrust, and releasing the pressure as he partly withdrew. He seemed content to keep up this slow, almost gentle, intercourse indefinitely. It was quite soporific. I felt I should bring something to the party, and after a while I moved my right hand down and felt between Nats' thighs until I found her clit and then Dave's slimy shaft moving in and out of her inner lips an inch or so beyond. There was plenty of lubrication sloshing about down there and I rubbed my now slippery fingers against her clit whilst Dave slowly fucked her.

My contribution was rewarded before long when Nats sucked harder on one nipple and squeezed harder on the other and her clit shrank into its hood. Her thigh muscles twitched and then clenched, and she let go of my tit and grabbed my arm, pulling it out from between her legs as she came. Dave stopped moving, and I guessed he hadn't climaxed. Suddenly I wanted it again. I sensed rather than felt Dave ease out, before he rolled off the bed and came round to the bottom end. Without any preliminaries, he pulled my legs wide apart, lifted my knees, climbed onto the bed and slid his rock-hard, slippery penis all the way in. I draw my knees up as far as I could and wrapped my legs around his waist.

The soporific, slow-motion Dave was a thing of the past. He fucked me with quick hard strokes that set the headboard clanging again and my tits shaking. He had his feet on the floor at the foot of the bed with his knees against the edge, and as he got into his stride, he pulled me further down until he was pretty much upright and my bum was a few inches in the air. Nats came back to Earth and after kissing my boobs for a while, knelt straddling my chest with her bum in my face so she could watch Dave going at it like a fucking rabbit (literally). I put my hands on her hips and pulled her up until she was sitting on my face, but by then I was starting to climax and lost interest in licking her out. To be fair, I doubt if Nats was bothered, intent as she was in getting a really close-up view of Dave in machine-mode, penis going like a piston.

The last rational thought I had was that I was going to be fucking sore tomorrow. It made me smile as my brain silently articulated the thought, and it struck me that I was fucking sore now! It wasn't downhill after that, it was more like away with the fairies. Nats described having had sort of out-of-body experiences in the throes of a massive orgasm, like when she wet herself on my bed. Now I knew what she meant. Although I obviously couldn't see it through her eyes, I started to feel detached and everything took on a kind of dream-like version of reality. I've never tried drugs but I imagine a similar sense of detachment from the real world.

I wasn't conscious of Dave finishing. One minute he was fucking me like mad, and the next minute he wasn't there and Nats was licking out my vagina whilst giving me a view of her backside and plumbing. A little while after that, Nats was kissing me and I could taste the salty-sour flavour of semen in her mouth. Then we were cuddled

together alone under my duvet. Then it was Saturday morning.

4 CANDICE AND HER MUM

I hated maths. I don't hate it now, but I can't say that I love it either. I loved my maths tutor though. He's the man I lost my virginity to just before Christmas and since then I couldn't get enough of him. My mum hired him to give me private tuition because maths was my worst subject. She has 'ambitions' for me, and she can afford the fees. Mum is a 'corporate lawyer' (don't ask) and though I love her to bits, she can be a pain in the bum sometimes. I wasn't exactly enthusiastic when she suggested private tuition during my GCSE year, but I can see the sense in doing as well as you can, and in most subjects I'm fairly bright. So I grudgingly accepted the idea of some one-to-one tuition for an hour or so each week, and when I met the tutor mum had found I actually looked forward to the lessons.

My tutor is called John. He's around 30, slim, quite good looking, just under 6ft tall. He is a 'mature' research student, doing a doctorate in finance or something at a local university. He isn't married and I didn't think he was gay. He didn't treat me like a kid, and he seemed very patient. So I looked forward to my first session with him, during which for the first time I began to get a grasp on the subject. I also noticed that he appreciated my short school skirt. All the girls roll their skirts up at the waist when they go home after school. It's sort of a competition to see who can get away with having the shortest, and as I've got quite long legs with a bit of shape to them, my skirt tends to look even shorter than it really is.

I usually change out of my uniform when I get home, but I enjoyed the effect my bare thighs had on John and kept my skirt on for his benefit. He tried hard not to make it obvious, but he couldn't resist sneaking glances, probably in the hope of seeing a glimpse of my knickers. So besides the effect the tutorials were having on my understanding of the subject, they were doing a good job with my self-confidence and my masturbatory fantasies. I lay in bed at night after a tutorial, pretending it was John's hand creeping into my pyjama pants or under my top, and I began to think about how I could make it happen for real.

We did the lessons in our dining-kitchen, sitting side by side on a bench with the table in front. After a few sessions, I worked my way closer to John until my bare thigh was against his leg. He tried to ignore it for a while, but then he would sort of accidentally touch my thigh with his fingers, and even 'accidentally' stroke my skin. Although I normally wear a bra as I've got B cup breasts, I sometimes changed into jeans and a loose top with no bra so that I could give John something else to think about. That worked too, and one evening he rubbed his bare arm against my left nipple. I had a very satisfying self-propelled orgasm that night in bed!

Around that time, mum received my half-term progress report from school, and my maths had improved no end. She suggested that maybe I could manage another hour each week, and indeed I could. We agreed that John would do another evening rather than extend the single session, and as it happened it was a night mum went to a meeting every second week. The first time that she went out whilst John was there,

and I wasn't wearing a bra. He showed me a note approving of the lack of a bra, but hinting that I should take my knickers off too! I was really nervous but I went upstairs and came down without them, and we ended up with him fondling my tits and then fingering me to orgasm, whilst he put my hand round his cock and got me to wank him off! Whilst we were doing this, he was whispering in my ear about how much he wanted to fuck me and would I let him!

When the Christmas holidays started, mum arranged for me to have a couple of all-day tutorials at John's flat (mum was working of course). We did two hours of maths, had a quick bite to eat, and then spent two hours in John's bed where we fucked our brains out. It was brilliant! My best mates Natalie and Gemma were dead jealous. Nats tried to persuade her dad to get her a private tutor but ended up having a tutorial with her dad! During the February half-term though, both of them lost their cherries to Gemma's mum's boyfriend! Well, technically Gems had done it before with a boy from school but he'd shot off as soon as he'd gone beyond the starting gate and we told her it didn't count!

During term-time it was difficult for me and John to have full sex apart from the nights when mum was out, and that was a bit rushed. But at half-term, even though I only had one tutorial day booked, we did it pretty well every day. After that February half-term the three of us went to see the school nurse and got contraceptive injections, along with a lecture on 'sexual health'. Whilst Nats and Gem had been jealous up until then, from half-term on Gem was being fucked senseless whenever her mum was at work. I was getting it, but not as often, and poor Nats wasn't getting it at all! Then it was Easter.

On the day of the first all-day tutorial of the Easter break, we'd spent two hours doing maths revision since we'd completed the GCSE syllabus. Then we had some cooked chicken with French bread, and a glass of wine. Later, I lay naked in John's arms in 'post-coital bliss', replaying the events of the past few months dreamily in my head. John was good with words as well as numbers, and PCB was his favourite expression for being shagged-out and sleepy. We'd done it twice within an hour. We'd settled into a kind of ritual. I absolutely loved being slowly undressed, and John loved escorting me into his bedroom where he'd stand behind me, take off the band holding my pigtail and then re-arrange my hair, shaking it out and leaving it loose on my shoulders, lifting it whilst he kissed the back of my neck. He'd unhook my bra before running his hands up under my top to fondle my breasts whilst he continued kissing my ears and neck.

He'd slowly unbutton my top, slip it and my loose bra off, before equally slowly undoing my skirt or jeans, and then finally inching my sopping knickers down my thighs. By the time I was lying on the bed, I was so steamed up that I would often climax as soon as he opened my legs. We always did it in the missionary position the first time. It was loving, and gentle, and he'd fuck me with long slow strokes, stopping whilst I came (which was pretty often). He'd usually come quite quickly the first time, and afterwards we'd lie cuddled up, playing with each other as the tension built up

again. We'd usually be either in a 69 position, with me on top, or one of us licking or sucking the other, when the mood took us again. If I were on top, I'd straddle him and ride his cock. If he were on top he'd lift my knees and slide in. That was just the start. It would be a reasonable steady fuck again at first, but then raw passion kicked in and we'd fuck like demented rabbits in one of the rear-entry positions until he came, by which time I'd have had more orgasms than even my new skill at maths could cope with counting. Then it would be time for true 'post-coital bliss'.

That first day-long tutorial of the Easter break was especially blissful. I was on cloud nine when I got home, and still on it when mum got back from work. She helped herself to a glass of wine, and unusually offered me one. We touched glasses: 'Cheers'.

'So how was the tutorial today?'

'Brilliant!'

'Good. So you did a couple of hours work, had some lunch, and then had sex. Was that brilliant too?'

I spluttered into my wine. The bliss was gone in an instant, and I felt the colour rush to my face.

'Did you think I didn't know?'

She went on: 'My guess is that you did it the first time when you had the all-day tutorial before Christmas. I could tell something had happened. You'd changed. And since then you've bloomed. Just as well your maths has changed too, beyond all recognition according to the report that came today. You're now predicted to get an A*.' She took an envelope out of her bag and tossed it across to me.

I took it, but my hands were shaking so much I couldn't open it.

I suppose I was naïve to have assumed that mum wouldn't notice. We'd been back at school at week or two after the Christmas break when our form teacher, Miss Hallewell, handed our homework back and kept mine till last. Nats and Gem were hanging about waiting for me, when Miss gave me my book and said how much my work had improved and how much more confident I was.

'And happy too from the look of it! Santa must have brought you something nice.'

Nats, who doesn't mince her words, had muttered: 'Yeah, like a big fuckin' dick.'

'Natalie, would you care to share that with us?'

'Sorry Miss, I was just speculating about what Candice might have had in her Christmas stockings.'

Miss Hallewell had looked at her in exaggerated exasperation, sighed and shook her head.

‘OK, off you go. Well done Candice.’

Typically, mum wasn’t going to leave it at that.

‘So what are you doing about contraception? Are his sperm being flushed down the toilet in used condoms, heading for the sewerage farm as we speak, or were you planning to sneak your knickers into the washing machine when I’m not looking?’

She must have noticed me press my thighs together. ‘Ha, still got them on! You probably like to think of it inside you for as long as you can! Well, I can’t say I blame you for that.’

She sipped her wine.

‘Look, you might find it hard to believe but I was your age once. I lost my virginity at about the same age too. I loved him, just as I’m sure you love John. And quite frankly I’m jealous. I work hard because, apart from you, my work is my life. I’m very pleased with your school report and I’m pleased to see you blossoming into a mature young woman. I’d be even more pleased if I knew you weren’t going to be pregnant any time soon!’

‘I saw the nurse at school, mum,’ I mumbled, ‘She gave us injections.’

‘Us?’

‘Me and Nats and Gem.’

‘What! Is John fucking all three of you?’

‘No of course not,’ I told her, ‘But they have got sort of boyfriends too. About the same time.’

‘It must be catching!’ mum said, and I thought the wine was getting to her. I think it was getting to me too, but mum still went and filled our glasses. At least it gave me a few minutes to calm down, and I managed to open my school report.

‘Talking of Natalie and Gemma, you don’t seem to have sleepovers any more. You are still really good mates though?’

‘Yeah we are.’

Actually, Nats and Gem did have occasional sleepovers. They had one not long ago at Gem’s house whilst her mum was working nights, and her mum’s ‘boyfriend’ (he’s a sort of minder, well into his thirties) had fucked them both in Gem’s bed. I didn’t think this was anything mum needed to know. I did have sleepovers with both Nats and Gem when we were in junior school together, sometimes all three of us shared a bed, sometimes it was just me and Nats, and me and Gemma less often. We had a few when we were in middle school, but I was starting to be shy about my body. Gem was far more developed (the lads called her ‘melons’), Nats was really skinny, and I was sort of in the middle. Gem was a bit shy (she had more to be shy about), but Nats didn’t give a toss. When we were sleeping together, Nats usually slept with little or nothing on, and would wonder around naked quite happily. I tried to hide my bits

without looking too obvious but I know that I just came across as shy and awkward.

In bed, Nats would chat about boys and sex and what she did to herself. I was much more reticent. Sometimes we cuddled before going to sleep and Nats would play with my boobs, and I played with hers, but she always started anything we did, and I played along. I have to admit that I loved the touch of her hand between my legs, and I marvelled at how wet her vagina felt compared to mine, but whilst I think she would have gone a lot further with me, I never felt totally comfortable with it. So I guess Nats is pretty well bi-sexual, but I'm basically hetero. Maybe it is just that Nats really doesn't see herself as anything except Nats, whilst I'm more conventional! In bed with Gem it was more within my comfort zone. She would respond to anything I did, including letting me finger her to orgasm occasionally, but I can't remember an occasion when she instigated anything. Even now, Gems is pretty reticent about being fucked by Dave, her mum's boyfriend. We all know that sooner or later the shit will hit the fan, but whilst Nats and I discuss it on the quiet, we can only hint to Gem that maybe she should give it some thought.

I don't know why I'm telling you this because I'm in almost the same position as Gem. The difference is, my mum (as far as I know) has never entertained any thoughts about fucking John. I will admit though that I imagined my mum going ballistic if she had found out. I still think she would have gone ballistic if my school results hadn't been as good as they are. Mum, for all her tiger-mum aspirations, is above all a pragmatist. She is a good lawyer (she tells me this when she occasionally has a glass or three too many), and the mark of a good lawyer is to get the best deal for her client, but above all, get a deal. So she will have weighed the sense of outrage she must have felt when she realized the hired hand was fucking her daughter against the realization that he was achieving the results she'd hired him for. That's why we were having this nerve shredding (for me) conversation.

Maybe it was the fact that we were well into our third glass of wine, but mum knowing about me and John didn't bother me as much as I thought, now that the initial shock had worn off. What we had was lovely, and still was, but I now realized that I was an attractive sexy girl and had gained so much self-confidence that if mum stopped me seeing John I'd be sad because I loved him but I could handle it and move on. I was going to move on anyway sooner or later. I planned to go to sixth-form college and then to university, and no doubt he would find another girl to tutor and find his way into *her* knickers. From what he'd said, and the rumours I'd heard, he had tutored (and shagged) a girl before me and it was when she went to uni that he'd placed the ad that mum had spotted.

Mum had then casually asked if I had any plans for the rest of the week. Well, I did sort of hope for another well-earned period of post-coital bliss, but I thought it unwise to share the thought just at that minute. It seems that one of her best clients had invited her for lunch, and knowing that she had a daughter who would be bored at home (as if) would she care to bring her daughter along? The way she told it was almost too casual, and I suspected a hidden agenda. She told me the venue, a very

posh country house hotel in Cheshire where footballer's wives go to be pampered, so I thought 'why not?'

At one time, mum would have told me what to wear, but it seemed that being the lover of a man almost twice my age had 'changed the dynamics' (as John would have put it) of our relationship. I suppose because of that, I did actually choose my outfit with some thought. I have a pair of close fitting black pants which suit my long legs, and I just had a simple plain white shirt, not too revealing but with enough cling to suggest nice boobs underneath. Because both mum and I have a slightly sallow complexion, I use very little makeup, just a pale lip-gloss and a touch of mascara to accentuate my dark brown eyes. The hotel lived up to its reputation, with a log fire in the entrance hall, some expensive cars parked outside, and a few guests who I was sure I'd seen on TV.

The biggest surprise of all was mum's client. Mum introduced him as Michael but if she'd said 'George Clooney' I would have believed her. He must have been 50 plus, rugged good looks, soft Irish accent, firm handshake, ready smile, nice even teeth, blue eyes, salt and pepper hair. He spoke to everyone in exactly the same way, including me. He looked directly at you when he spoke as though you were the only person in the room. I had thought, when mum asked me to go, that I was just an accessory to this hot-shot lawyer who happened to be my mother, but he was interested in my thoughts and from the questions he asked me, he had listened to what I'd told him and thought about it! I was also sure I'd seen him on TV, but he was a businessman not an actor or politician.

I asked him if the hotel was his local, but he said no, not really. His main home was near Dublin but he spent a lot of time in Manchester and other places. He asked if I liked horses, because that was one of his passions. Then it suddenly struck me that I'd seen him on TV at a big race like the Grand National. He smiled and said that it was actually the Cheltenham Gold Cup and his horse had won. His TV fame, he pointed out, relied on four legs and a champion jockey.

I don't remember what we had to eat, but I was totally charmed and when he invited us to stay with him in Ireland I was dying for mum to agree. He said he had a pleasant house with plenty of rooms and a bit of land about 30 miles from Dublin, not far from the coast. He had 'one or two' tame horses we could ride and the nearest beach was nice. Mum did agree that we could maybe stay a night or so during the Easter break, and asked whether we should get the car ferry from Hollyhead or fly to Dublin. Michael said that if we were flexible he could arrange to have us get a lift on his helicopter, which was always going backward and forwards to Ireland! That did it for me!

I thought that maybe he was kidding, but he emailed mum with some dates and we agreed that we could stay for three nights, arriving late afternoon and leaving after breakfast, which would give us two full days. Michael needed to talk to mum about a possible deal which would take a couple of hours or so, and he had some meetings

in Ireland during our stay, but we could explore on our own for some of the time and he'd be delighted to show us around whenever he could. We could borrow a couple of horses and a guide. He also said that it was totally informal, no other guests, slob around in anything we fancied.

The helicopter trip was amazing. We were picked up from Blackpool airport where mum could leave her car. It was waiting when we arrived and we just confirmed who we were and were escorted on board. Mum let me sit next to the pilot whilst she sat behind. When we took off we could see Blackpool Tower, and the fairground, and then as we went higher we could see the Lakeland hills, and then the Isles of Man. In about an hour we were approaching Dublin. We landed in the grounds of a lovely old house. Michael came out to meet us, dressed in jeans and a checked shirt. He seemed really pleased to see us and quite excited to be showing us his place. He showed us to our rooms, which were adjoining bedrooms with a shared dressing room and bathroom. The interior was spotless but homely, like an exclusive hotel.

He showed us the main parts of the house and then the 'leisure' bit. I was mortified when I saw the stunning indoor pool because I hadn't thought to take a costume.

'Look,' he said, 'if you want a costume there are plenty of spares in the changing room, but personally I hate them. There's nobody else here. If you like to be private just press this button. It stops the automatic door from opening from outside without the code, and it slants the blinds.' He demonstrated. 'If I'm here first, just tell me to bugger off. But you really must try a skinny dip. It's magic!'

The pool wasn't huge but it was beautiful. The water came right to the edge and sparkled. There was no smell of chlorine. On one side, it was bordered by what looked (and felt) just like soft grass. On it were three white wooden sun-loungers with towels and cushions. The rest was tiled. The whole floor was heated. There was a digital temperature gauge that showed 24C, and I bent down and put my hand in the water. It felt perfect. He showed us the wet-room style showers, and the Jacuzzi, sauna, and steam room. It was absolutely fabulous.

Michael said he had some work to do for an hour or so, and suggested that we look around outside whilst it was light. We'd meet in the library for a drink about 7.00 and eat about 7.30. Nothing formal. Just come as you are. I was tempted to try a swim but in the end we settled for an explore of the stables and the immediate grounds. We did have showers and a change of clothes before trying to remember where the library was. There was log fire in the large hearth, a lot of old-looking books (and some newer ones) and a large table against one wall with just about every drink I've ever heard of. I had a small glass of champagne (mum had a bigger one) whilst we bored him with how amazing we thought his house was. Then we had dinner, which was served (and I guessed cooked) by a very homely Irish lady Michael introduced as Bridget, his housekeeper. It was a really nice evening, but I felt quite tired and happy to head for bed about ten o'clock. Mum said she'd follow later.

I must have been asleep for a couple of hours or more before I heard mum in

the shared dressing room. I heard the toilet flush and her electric toothbrush and then I drifted off again. I woke when it got light, about 6.30. The house was quiet and I thought that this would be a good time for a dip, with breakfast about 9.00. I slipped off my PJ shorts and top and slipped on a bathrobe that was hanging behind the door, and made my way to the pool. The low level lighting was on and I could see the water was rippled. When I reached the glass door, I saw Michael ploughing his way up and down the pool in a lazy crawl. I paused for a second then pressed the button and the door hissed open, and then closed automatically behind me.

Michael called a cheery ‘Good morning’. If I wanted the pool to myself he’d leave me in peace. I did feel a little bit shy, especially as he was obviously naked, but it also felt stupid and childish to ask him to leave, prudish to find a spare costume after the conversation last night. In the end, I waited until he had his back to me and then slipped off my robe and jumped in. You need to swim naked to appreciate just how good it feels. I’m a good swimmer (mum paying for a good coach of course, but she is a superb swimmer herself) and soon I was easily keeping pace with Michael. After maybe ten minutes or so, Michael hoisted himself up to sit on the side, feet dangling, and simply watched me. A little while later I stopped near him, and rested my arms on the side, partly to hide my boobs, which were reacting to the slightly cooler environment by making my nipples stick out.

‘Well what’s the verdict?’ asked Michael.

‘I love it!’ I told him.

‘You’re a lovely swimmer. Very classy style. You look really at home in the water.’

‘Well, mum was a semi-professional synchronized swimmer when she was young and she insisted I had a good coach. She is super.’

I almost told him that I thought he was very good too. He had no spare fat but wasn’t pumped up. I also noticed that he had quite a large cock lolling lazily between his moderately hairy thighs, and tried hard not to stare. His body looked lean, mildly tanned, not smooth but not excessively hairy anywhere.

‘What’s the verdict on skinny versus costume?’ he smiled.

‘Definitely skinny!’

‘Well,’ he said, ‘there are two really nice things you can do without clothes, and swimming is one of them. Would you like to try the other?’

I had wondered whether he might make some sort of pass since he obviously liked me, and hadn’t really decided what I’d do if he did. My silence said it all I think. I didn’t say no, and didn’t move away, and after a few seconds he slipped into the water and slipped a hand round my hip and turned me towards him. His hand dropped onto my bum, and his other hand tilted my chin up so he could kiss me. He was a nice kisser. Not sloppy, or too hard, or too pushy with his tongue. His hands weren’t pushy

either but I loved the feel of them on my bum and breasts, his thumb stroking my nipple. His penis wasn't lolling lazily now: I could feel it hard against my belly. I put both my arms around his neck.

He suddenly bent down and put one hand under my legs and the other round my back and lifted me off my feet. He carried me, effortlessly it felt, to the shallow steps and then up onto the imitation grass before laying me on my back on one of the sun-loungers with my legs dangling over the end. He knelt beside me, tilted my face towards him, and kissed me. His other hand was having another exploration of my breasts, before parting my legs and exploring further south. His mouth followed more or less the same route. My tight breasts and stiff nipples had their share of attention before he shuffled his knees around to the bottom of the lounge from where he could lift my knees up and apart. I don't think he'd shaved that morning. I could feel the light stubble against my smooth inner thighs before his tongue found my slit and I forgot about pretty well everything else.

I was only faintly aware of the sound of the door opening and closing, followed by some splashes in the pool. I had closed my eyes and stretched my arms above my head when he'd lowered me on the lounge, and I wrapped my fingers around the wooden frame to resist any temptation to push his head away when the stimulation became almost unbearable – as I guessed it would. His tongue was flicking my clit and I could feel a finger slipping inside and searching along the front wall of my vagina. He must have known from the twitching in my thigh muscles that he'd found the right spot, his tongue and finger worked in tandem, and his free hand played with my breasts. I think I was panting or something, and it seemed to get louder as the tension built. My thighs were twitching non-stop, and my breasts felt so tight I could visualize my rigid nipples popping off like champagne corks, and then with a loud cry I was over the edge and struggling against the urge to push his hands and head away. In fact I didn't need to. He stopped licking me and his finger wasn't there any more. Instead I felt my legs being lifted higher and his penis slipping into my now dilated vagina, provoking another cry from me, and a louder one when I felt the end press against my cervix.

Michael fucked like he swam. Purposeful, firm strokes, steady pace, probably about a third of my heart rate at that point. By the time the echo from my little cry had died, it was time for another one. It seemed to me as though the splashes from the pool settled into the same beat: thrust, cry, splash - all synchronized. The thump of Michael's knob against my cervix sent an electric shock through me, making my muscles convulse and the tension build again. As before, my breasts felt so tight they were hurting and I pictured my nipples breaking the glass in the roof when they burst free. Michael must have seen the flush across my chest just as I was about to climax, and he suddenly put his mouth over my left breast and sucked really hard, thrusting at the same time.

My shout echoed round the pool. It felt as if every muscle in my body had convulsed together. Then deep inside my vagina, I felt a heart pumping to the same tune

as if in obedience to the baton of a ghostly conductor. The heartbeat died away, and all that remained were the splashes, keeping the same time as before.

I felt legs being lowered, and eventually I opened my eyes to see Michael smiling down at me. He put out both hands, took mine, and pulled me gently to my feet. My legs were shaking so much I could barely stand, and he put an arm around me to guide me towards the shower area. In the pool, doing a leisurely but graceful front crawl, was my mother. I could see that the small splash her arm made on each stroke was the sound I'd heard that coincided exactly with Michael's thrusts, my cries, and the pulse that I could feel beating deep inside me after I came.

Michael took me into one of the wet rooms and turned on the jets. Once he was sure that I wasn't about to fall over, he took a generous dollop of shower cream from one of the dispensers and smeared it over my breasts, belly, bum, thighs and mound. I still felt a tingle despite being totally satiated. I closed my eyes and just let the water rinse it all off. Michael was obviously enjoying feeling my body all over again, and I wasn't inclined to stop him. I even consider reciprocating, and reached for the dispenser.

'If this goes on any longer we'll be lucky to make lunch never mind breakfast,' and he turned the thermostat down a few degrees. I squealed, and he laughed and set it back to warm again before stepping out of the shower.

'You'd better sort your hair out. I'd only choose the wrong shampoo, so I will dress and see that breakfast is under control.'

A few minutes later, mum came into the dressing area and joined me in the shower. I'd seen mum naked often enough, but never really studied her close up, maybe because I am, or rather, was quite a private person. It hadn't really registered what a handsome woman she is. She has shoulder length brown hair, similar to mine, and the same slightly olive complexion. I guess she is really an older version of me, with high firm breasts, large brown nipples, 34C going on D whilst I'm 30B. We are the same proportions except she's curvier. My flat tummy has more of a bulge on her. Her bum is a lot curvier than mine but still firm, her legs long and shapely, her thighs muscled. Between them there is a small triangle of trimmed pubic hair, whilst I shave mine (almost all the girls at school do). She inspected the shampoos on offer, selected one and proceeded to shampoo my hair. I took a handful of shower cream and spread it across her breasts and tummy, and as she turned around, over her back, bum and thighs. It felt a totally normal thing to do

It felt surreal. Ten minutes ago, mum was swimming up and down the pool almost within touching distance, seeing and hearing her 16 year old daughter being fucked by a man three times her age, and, unbelievably, timing her swimming strokes to his thrusts! I didn't feel cheated or damaged: I'd willingly allowed Michael to take me, and would do it again in a heartbeat. Mum knew I wasn't a virgin, that I'd willingly fucked an older man before and loved every minute, but mums are not expected to swim idly around whilst daughter is getting a bloody good shagging within a few feet!

But I guess that's what separates mums from tiger-mums: I said she was a pragmatist, and now she had proved it in spades! I also strongly suspected that when she came to bed very late, he'd been fucking her, and was no doubt turned on by the thought of having both mother and daughter. I wondered what the next couple of nights would bring!

5 CANDICE'S MUM

I'd been pleasantly surprised by Candice's new tutor. I was unsure when I hired him because his references were all from parents of teenaged girls. OK, I know that girls are supposed to be less numerate than boys the same age, but I think that's bollocks so therefore there should be roughly the same number of each unless he especially chooses girls. The only reason why a bloke of around 30 chooses just to tutor girls is because he wants to shag them, which suggests that he is more interested in his dick than in his vocation (or maybe his dick *is* his vocation). Either way, it doesn't bode well for exam results. However, the references were very good, and I knew the parents of one of his past students, and that she'd gone to Warwick University to study maths and physics. I think they suspected that she'd fitted in some tuition on human reproduction on the side, but it hadn't seem to do her any harm and might well have done some good.

Our private tutor, John, did interview well. He very quickly picked up on Candice's lack of confidence (for which I must accept some blame) and that whilst she was generally pretty bright, she had failed to absorb the vital basics of numeracy. OK on two plus two stuff, but algebra left her struggling. We started pretty early in the new school year, the final one before taking her GCSE and moving on to sixth-form college (if she got decent results). Candice was 16 in the August, a very pretty but somewhat shy girl. After the first few tutorials, she seemed to be picking up the subject well, and enjoying the fact that John was obviously attracted to her. Normally after school she slobbed around in old jeans or sweat-pants and any old top, but when John came she wore either her school skirt barely skimming her arse with acres of bare thigh, or she moved the goalposts by leaving her bra off. Since she also seemed to be working on her maths and getting good results, it looked promising enough.

I lost my virginity at a young age to my swimming coach. I loved swimming, and with my fairly tall, slim figure I looked good in the water. He trained the best girls in synchronized swimming and our team won several prizes. He trained the best girls in sex as well. My lessons in sex probably did me a lot more good than swimming, because when I went to university to study law I could attract and manipulate the postgraduate students and members of staff, and eventually the senior partner in my first law firm, who happens to be Candice's dad. He was an inveterate philanderer. I wasn't his first young conquest, or his last, but he did marry me before shagging himself to death after we divorced. The lack of a father figure for Candice is one of the things that I regretted, and I have to admit that John is doing his best to compensate. The benefit of having a father figure that isn't actually related is that society doesn't get quite so sniffy if he ends up fucking his 'daughter'. In fact, some father figures are evidently fucking their 'daughters' on an industrial scale, and Candice's dad was probably in line for a major prize when he fucked one too many, and instead of coming he went.

These days I'm pretty selective in the men that I sleep with (I've never understood why we refer to 'sleeping' with someone when sleep is the last thing on your

mind). Candice probably thinks I live a celibate life because I rarely go out at night. But there are plenty of hotels in the centre of Manchester near my office, and several of my wealthy clients have city-centre apartments. I don't shag any of the partners in the firm, and I'm very fussy about which clients get their wicked way, but I love sex, and a meeting with one of my favourite clients quite often ends in bed, or bent over a desk if we're pushed for time.

One of my very favourite clients is a charming Irishman called Michael. He is technically married but his wife is American and lives most of the time in LA. He's 55, very successful, very wealthy, very modest. He hasn't any children, or at least none that I've heard him admit to. He likes me because I'm good at what I do, I'm very discreet, and I'm good in bed. I saw him recently, had a useful meeting in the morning, and nice but fairly quick lunch, followed by a couple of hours of very satisfying sex. He always asks about what I'm doing and about Candice. Unusually for me, I was more forthcoming than normal, telling him about John, her progress in maths, and her surprising leap in self-confidence.

'He's shagging her then,' was his assessment. I agreed that he probably was.

'Well, you'll have to bring her over to Dublin for a couple of days. It has always been my ambition to have a mother and daughter each side of me in bed, especially if the mother is as stunning as you!'

I gave a playful squeeze of his dick and told him he was a dirty old bugger.

'Not so much of the old,' he told me. 'Feel it again!'

I must admit to having had mixed feelings about introducing Michael to Candice. He is exceptionally charming, shrewd, and fair, and could be a useful contact for her in the future. I also know that whilst he would never exploit his power or influence to get a young girl into bed, he could charm the knickers off a nun and he has an eye for younger girls. I had equally mixed feelings about the prospect of a mum and daughter threesome. I have always had a bi side: when I was at school and uni I had sexual relationships with several girls, and I strongly suspect that Candice has dabbled – especially with Natalie who always struck me as being up for anything. The last thing I'd want though would be for Candice to feel embarrassed at seeing me, or having me see her, with Michael or to be turned off by the thought of any sexual contact between us. She is a very attractive girl, almost a copy of what I used to be like, and it wouldn't be hard for me to fancy her, but I'd be totally mortified if she didn't feel the same and it isn't something we can easily chat about over breakfast!

When I got home after seeing Michael, Candice had only just got back after her day long tutorial with John. Being the start of the Easter holidays, it was revision time with the exams coming early in the summer term. I was ready for a drink, and poured a glass of wine for Candice as well. When I handed it to her I could smell sex. Her eyes looked slightly heavy, her neck was mildly flushed, she was sweaty, and I picked up on the scent of semen and her vaginal fluids. I asked her how the tutorial had gone, and whether the sex that followed had been equally as good. She was gob-smacked.

It had obviously never occurred to her that I would notice anything, and she probably thought I was about to go ballistic. I probably would have done a few months ago if I'd thought he was shagging her instead of working on her maths, after all, I was paying him to teach her, not shag her. But her results were so good, and she had gained so much self-confidence, that to fire him now wouldn't be fair and could affect her exams if she reacted badly. But I needed to know that she wasn't going to drop out of sixth-form to give birth or elope, so we needed to get it out in the open.

In the end, I think she was relieved that I knew and she didn't have to pretend, or sneak her soiled knickers into the wash. I was relieved that she'd had enough sense to see the school nurse and get some contraception. I was also relieved that she wasn't sleeping around with boys who were sleeping around. In fact, having an older lover did a lot for her self-confidence, as indeed it had for me when I was her age. She was happy to talk about going on to sixth-form college and then university and I never had the feeling that John featured in her long-term planning.

So I took the risk, and mentioned that my best client was keen to meet her and had invited us to lunch at a really upmarket hotel in Cheshire. Candice had heard of it, and of the footballers' WAGs who frequented it, so I was pushing on an open door in that respect. In the event, she was just as charmed by Michael as I had been the first time I met him, and when he invited us to his house in Ireland AND offered to have us picked up by helicopter, that did it! We'd agreed to stay three nights: arriving late one afternoon and leaving after breakfast with two full days in between. Time for me to have a briefing meeting on a business deal, time for us to explore his large estate and the nearby beaches on horseback, and time for whatever else Michael might have planned.

What neither of us bargained for was the superb leisure complex built into Michael's home. The pool, sauna, and Jacuzzi were fabulous. Candice's first reaction was serious disappointment because she hadn't packed a costume. Michael told us that he *never* wore a costume, but if we preferred to there were plenty of spares we could borrow, or we could tell him to bugger off so we could swim on our own.

Candice told me that she intended to try the pool before breakfast next day, and after we'd explored the immediate grounds and said 'hello' to the horses, we showered and changed for dinner. Candice and I had a bedroom each with a shared bathroom and dressing room in between. It was like a luxury hotel. There was just the three of us plus Michael's housekeeper who had her own apartment, and we had a lovely informal dinner. Afterwards, Candice decided on an early night. Michael and I sat and chatted over a brandy, and then he tempted me into a gentle swim (naked of course). It was magic, lazily drifting in the pool, with just enough light to see whilst still giving us a sight of the night sky through the glass roof. I had another view of the sky when Michael took my hand and guided me to a sun-lounger on the AstroTurf area next to the pool. At his suggestion I simply lay back, relaxed, and thought dreamy thoughts whilst he kissed and caressed my body until I was aching to be fucked. Then he fucked me. It was a real after-dinner fuck. Long slow build up, like breathing in the scent of a fine

brandy, then the delicious feeling of an erect penis slowly making its way deep inside, and steadily bringing me to a most satisfying orgasm. I could almost have sipped a cognac at the same time! We didn't bother putting our clothes back on, but walked naked, arms around each other, back into the house and upstairs to our respective bedrooms.

I told Michael that Candice planned an early morning swim and he said that he'd probably be there before her. He asked me if I thought she would find it awkward having him there, and quite honestly I had no idea. My best guess was that she'd probably 'go with the flow', and I was curious to see what she'd do. I heard her get up, and then her door opening and closing as she went downstairs. After about ten minutes, I got up, put on a robe, and went down to the pool. As I approached it, I could see they were both there and both naked. Michael looked to be sitting on the side and Candice was standing in the water, leaning on the side close by him. I saw him slide into the water, put his arm around her back, turn her towards him, and then kiss her on the lips. She seemed quite relaxed about it. I saw his hand on her bum, and the other fondling her breasts, and that she put both arms around his neck.

After a few minutes like this, Michael lifted her into his arms and carried her out of the pool and laid her on the same sun-lounger that we'd used a few hours before. It was like watching an action replay. I opened the electric door and went into the pool, slipping into the water as Michael was slipping a finger into her vagina whilst he licked her. I swam slowly up and down the pool, watching but not staring as Michael brought my daughter towards a climax. The only sounds were the quiet splashes from my arm movements and Candice's increasingly deep breaths. I could see her thighs twitching and I fancied I could see her nipples standing even more proud on her tightening breasts. And then she gave a really loud gasp, her hands gripped the frame of the sun-lounger until her knuckles turned white, and her body convulsed.

Michael slowly straightened so he was kneeling upright between her legs, then he put his hands under her knees and pushed them up until they were almost touching her chest. He held them there with his left arm behind both knees, whilst his right hand stroked his erect penis for a few seconds before guiding the end between the inner lips of Candice's vagina. I watched, fascinated, as it slowly disappeared inside her. I'd stopped swimming to watch, but then as Michael started to move his hips back and forth, I got into a slow front crawl, timing my strokes to his. With each thrust, Candice gave a little cry. She's smaller than me, and I could imagine that the end of Michael's penis must have collided with her cervix each time. I know from experience that it can be both painful and pleasurable!

It's odd how soon our minds learn to anticipate regular events like the sound of a foghorn at sea. I knew that as each hand went into the water, there would be a small cry from Candice. When her voice started to break a little with each cry, I guessed that she was getting there. I sneaked a look as I turned, and noticed her thigh muscles jumping, her rigid nipples, and a mounting flush on her chest. Michael's hand was on one breast and suddenly he put his head down and sucked hard on the other. Candice

shrieked, her hips bucked and her back arched. Michael knelt upright again, and I could see his buttocks clench, then relax, then clench again. His bum dimpled with each clench of the muscles beneath the skin, and I could picture the jets of semen driven by these contractions being squeezed out into the narrow space between the end of his knob and Candice's cervix.

Eventually Michael's ejaculations faded away, Candice's breathing slowed, the rise and fall of her breasts gradually subsided, and Michael gently lowered her legs and stood up. His drooping shaft glistened with mucous, and there was a large drop of semen at the end. Candice lay there with her eyes closed for several long seconds, whilst Michael waited patiently. Her eyes flickered open, Michael smiled down at her, and then put his hands out to help her up. I could see she was unsteady, and he carefully guided her towards the showers. He smiled at me. After a few minutes I got out of the pool and followed them. They were sharing one of the large wet rooms. As I arrived, they were sharing a joke with Michael turning the temperature down and Candice squealing. He laughed and stepped out, and ushered me in.

Candice was checking the shampoo dispensers, and I selected the one I thought would best suit her, squirted some onto my palm and rubbed it into her hair. She let me rub it in for a few seconds then took a squirt of shower cream and rubbed it over my breasts, bum, and between my thighs. I was utterly amazed, and instantly aroused. It was all I could do to stay calm and just enjoy the jets of water rinsing us back into normality. Then it was almost time for breakfast.

Michael and I had a meeting after breakfast, and Candice set off to walk to the beach. We met up again for a snack-lunch after which Michael had a meeting in Dublin so Candice and I decided to make full use of the leisure facilities. We had a swim, and then lounged in the Jacuzzi, used the sauna, and the steam room. It felt very liberating to be doing all this totally naked, and for the first time I could really see the appeal of naturism. I also felt closer to my daughter, both mentally and physically. Clothes seem to create barriers that discourage proximity, and we stood closer and touched each other (not sexually or anything) more than we would have done normally.

After we'd been in the Jacuzzi for the third time, we agreed to give each other a massage. There were a couple of professional-looking massage benches and a selection of oils and creams on an adjacent shelf. I pulled age in my favour, casting Candice in the role of masseuse, because I wanted her to take the initiative if it became overtly sexual. All I had to do was more or less copy what she did when it was my turn to do the work. I assumed it was going to be a back massage, and settled face down on one of the benches, resting my head on my folded arms. Candice chose some oil that felt and smelled nice, squirted some onto my back, and started to rub it in. It felt lovely, and I wondered if John had given her some lessons in massage along with maths and sex.

Candice started with my neck and shoulders and worked down, pressing her thumbs hard into my muscles, especially under my shoulder blades. I loved the mixture of pain and pleasure, moving my shoulders to get the pressure in just the right spot. I thought she'd might have stopped at that, but I got another squirt of oil on each buttock and a spot on the back of each thigh, followed by her hands rubbing it in. When she worked on my thighs, she used both hands on each one in turn, her hands starting just above my knee and finishing with her index finger working into the crease. I don't know if she was trying to wind me up, but if so she was succeeding. She must have felt my thigh muscles tighten when her finger approached my vulva, and noticed the way I moved my hips in an effort to get her finger into the right spot. After several minutes, with my arousal building, she suddenly flicked both index fingers together up the crack in my bum and told me cheerfully that my time was up!

She mimicked my position on the bench but instead of standing alongside her, I used my height advantage and stood by her head and reached over it to massage her shoulders. It incidentally gave her a close-up view of my abdomen. I used the same massage oil and pretty much the same technique on her shoulders and upper back, but I could put on rather more pressure.

She groaned: 'Ahhhhhhh. That's magic!' squirmed to get my fingers in the right spot, and then groaned even louder. When I was working down towards her bum, the bottom of my belly was touching her hair, and she moved her head to press against me.

I moved around the table and gave her bum and thighs a squirt of oil. I rubbed her buttocks quite hard with my fingers spread out on top and my thumbs almost meeting in her crack. As they went lower, I could see her buttocks clench and anus pucker, and wondered whether any of her tutorials had included anal intercourse. Like her, I used both hands on each thigh. With her slimmer thighs and my longer fingers, I could get my hands right around her thigh above the knee, and nearly all the way around at the top. My outer hand was finishing at her hip, with my thumb stroking the crease below her buttock; my other thumb continued stroking the same crease whilst my fingers massaged the side of her mound. She wriggled her bum in an effort to get my fingers inside her outer lips but I wasn't having any of it – not yet anyway. Time up!

I started to lie on my front again but she told me we'd done that side, so I turned over. She started on my shoulders with a squirt of oil, her hands getting nice and slippery before moving down to my breasts. She got it roughly right: treating each one rather like a cow's teat at milking time. It reminded me of when I used to express surplus milk after Candice was born, and it felt quite strange to think that the baby for whom the milk was intended was doing this now to her mother. I told her so too – and that it felt really nice.

'We saw a video at school of a mother doing it, and then using a sort of suction pump. I couldn't imagine then what it would feel like.'

She tried using both hands on each breast in turn, working upwards towards the

nipple. I told her that if she did it a bit harder she might actually see a result – and she did! A small drop of almost clear liquid appeared on the end of my nipple, and Candice promptly tried it on the other one. She giggled when a similar drop appeared.

She asked if it felt nice. I told her that it was the same feeling as having your nipples sucked hard during sex. It might sometimes be painful, even too painful, but it causes your vagina to swell and lubricate, and sometimes can trigger an orgasm, which can be one of the spin-offs from breast-feeding.

‘Did I give you any orgasms?’

‘Probably. I certainly remember it as a generally good experience.’

She asked, shyly, ‘Do you want me to give you one now?’

‘Not with my boobs, thank you!’

‘That wasn’t what I was thinking of.’

I nodded, and closed my eyes. It didn’t take her long.

‘You don’t need to mum, unless you really want to.’

I smiled, ‘I’d really like to if you’ll let me.’ She climbed on the table, lay back and closed her eyes.

I started on her shoulders and quite soon moved to her breasts. I didn’t massage them hard having seen what had happened that morning, and she murmured appreciatively that they were a bit sore. Instead I moved down the table, lifted her legs, parted them gently, and brought her to orgasm with my tongue on and around her clitoris and two slim fingers massaging her g spot. It had been many years since I’d done that to a girl. It struck me that since I married, I’d only had sex with men, and I’d forgotten how nice it could be with somebody who knew what it felt like on the receiving end.

We still had an hour or so before having to think about dinner, and we put two sun-loungers side by side and went to sleep holding hands.

Later, whilst we were getting ready to meet Michael in the library before dinner, I casually asked Candice how she would feel if Michael asked us both to join him in bed.

‘Sore, probably!’ she laughed, ‘but I guess I could handle it. Why, do you think he will?’

‘I’m not sure. He’s obviously very fond of you.’

‘And you too. You were awfully late getting to *your* bed last night!’

‘Yes, well, he likes us both, and some men like to fantasise about mothers and daughters.’

‘I’ve never seen anyone close up being fucked for real. Nats and Gem have. Oooops!’

‘Oh yes! And who was fucking who?’

‘You mean “whom” don’t you?’

I went to smack her round the bottom with the hairbrush I was using. She squealed and dodged.

‘Tell me, you cheeky madam, what your friends have been up to?’

‘Mum, promise me you won’t tell a soul. I mean it. It would get Gems into terrible trouble if her mum ever found out.’ I promised I wouldn’t tell, but I guessed what might have happened.

‘Gemma’s mother’s boyfriend?’

Candice nodded. ‘Yeah, they had a sleepover whilst her mum was working nights.’

‘And he fucked them both in the same bed?’

She nodded.

‘And?’

‘They said it was dead good.’

‘Was it Gemma’s idea?’

Candice sighed: ‘Well no, it was Nats I think. He did it with her before, whilst Gem and her mum were out for the day.’

‘Christ, who does she get it from? Her parents seem really nice! So how did that happen?’

‘Nats knew they were out and that Dave was dead randy. She went round and that was it. It was her first time and he did her twice on Gem’s bed. Gem was a bit pissed with her at first, but then sort of got over it, and they arranged a sleepover for a night when her mum was working.’

I genuinely couldn’t get my head around Natalie. She is very pretty, with big grey eyes, curly blond unruly hair with darker streaks, very slim, almost boyish figure, small boobs with prominent nipples, flat tummy and a small but nicely rounded bum. She looks about twelve. She’s far brighter than you’d ever imagine, very popular with kids her age, a mixed blessing for her teachers. Although she is, and looks, the youngest, she has a huge influence on others in her school year, and the teachers tolerate her frequent indiscretions. She always looks slightly scruffy at best but Candice says that she’s top in most if not all subjects and will be Prime Minister one day. I can’t wait.

We met Michael in the library for a pre-dinner drink. It seemed as though he’d had a successful day, and asked how our afternoon had been. We told him that we’d sampled all the delights of his lovely leisure complex, and he seemed pleased we’d enjoyed it. He meets a lot of interesting and powerful people, he never seems overawed, and has a typical Irish fondness for self-deprecation. As a result he can be very

good and amusing company. He kept us laughing for quite a while over dinner and afterwards. Although he was careful to share his attention with both of us, I could see he was taken with Candice. She did look lovely, with the same outfit of white shirt and slim black pants as she had the first time he met her. The slim pants make her legs look even longer, and the top shows just enough cleavage to make you want to see more. During the meal she had put her hand on his arm from time to time to emphasise some point, and he'd done the same. If he'd been on his own with her he'd have had her in bed by now, and she'd have gone very willingly.

I didn't feel neglected or put out at all. We'd been friends and lovers for several years, and he'd taken me to the sun-bed the previous night. Michael was obviously finding it difficult to broach the subject so Candice did it for him.

'Have you got a really big bed Michael?'

'I sure have! Why do you ask?'

'Well,' she said, 'I've got two really good mates and they had a threesome with this older guy last half term. I've heard nothing else except how good it was and what a pity I wasn't there! It's been pissing me off.'

Michael looked quite taken aback for once. I could see the start of a bulge in his pants though. He looked at me for help, and I just shrugged and sighed. 'Kids!'

Michael looked from one of us to the other several times, and then said: 'Well, shall we retire for the night?'

The three of us hand in hand headed for the stairs, and Michael guided us to his bedroom. It was huge, with what must have been a super-king sized bed. He still seemed uncertain how to proceed, and Candice went to one side and started to pull the duvet down. I went to the other side and we folded it down together. Appropriately enough there were three sets of pillows across the width. Candice stood next to the bed.

'Would you undress me please Michael?' As he approached her she turned her back to him. He put his arms around her from behind, and she tipped her head back inviting him to nuzzle her hair. He cupped her clothed breasts for a minute and then started to unbutton her top. He tugged it out from the waist of her pants, slipped it off her shoulders, and then unhooked her bra and dropped both on a chair. He cupped her now naked breasts again and she sighed and leaned back against him. His penis was pushing a massive bulge into his trousers, and the bulge was pressing against the top of Candice's bum. I guessed that Michael was torn between continuing to fondle her breasts and stroke her stiff nipples, or get her pants and knickers off. He must have decided that he needed to move on if he was going to fuck her. He dropped his hands to her waist, reached around to the front, and with his right hand undid the top button of her pants. He carefully pulled the zip down and then eased them over her hips. He bent down, and she put her hand on his head to steady her whilst she lifted a foot to let him take off her shoe and lift one leg clear of the pants, and then did the same with

the other. She had small, plain, black knickers, and Michael lovingly slipped them down her thighs and legs, and bent down again to lift one foot and then the other. She was totally naked, and she turned and smiled and said ‘Thank you Michael. Now it’s mum’s turn.’

Candice sat on the bed, leaning back against the large pillows, and watched Michael undress me. I was wearing a slinky black dress, and turned to let him unzip it down the back. He unhooked my bra whilst the dress was still on, and put his hands under the dress to cup and fondle my breasts. His bulge was as hard as ever and I felt it pressing against my bum. He dropped his right hand to feel between my legs under the dress. I was soaking of course. It was amazingly erotic to watch my daughter being undressed lovingly by this amazing man, and knowing that I would be watching him fucking her and that she would be watching him fucking me before very long. As it was, it happened in the reverse order. When I was naked, we both sat on the bed, leaning against the pillows, and watched Michael get undressed. Then we patted the bed between us and moved slightly apart to make some space.

He kissed us both in turn – Candice first – and fondled our bits whilst we fondled his. It must have felt slightly awkward having us on each side and not knowing which way to turn when it started to get serious. Candice settled it. ‘Mum first please Michael.’ And then added by way of explanation, ‘I’ve never seen it close up for real. I want to know what mum will be seeing when it’s my turn.’

Michael, I thought slightly reluctantly, turned towards me and we began to make serious love. Although I was concentrating on what we were doing, I saw Candice watching quite closely, and when he eventually got ready to enter me, her face was only a few inches from the action. When we finished, her face looked as flushed as mine felt and I wondered whether she had been masturbating quietly whilst we were fucking.

Michael lay back between us to recover, and we both played with him lazily, taking it in turns to kiss him and fondle what ever seemed appropriate to each of us at that moment. I guessed that John’s was the only real penis that Candice had seen and felt up to then, and she seemed fascinated with Michael’s. Even limp it looked pretty impressive, her interest increased as it began to harden again, and he spent rather more time turned towards her. Maybe half an hour or so after he’d finished with me he was orientated towards Candice and they were kissing and touching. He was almost fully erect again, her nipples were sticking out and I could see her vagina lips were fully engorged. He went to move down the bed to lick her, but she stopped him, murmured, ‘Please. Fuck me now. As hard as you can.’

I hadn’t had many threesomes anyway, and I couldn’t remember ever having had one whilst I was sober, so it was probably just as fascinating for me to see Michael positioning himself between Candice’s raised knees as it had been for her when he was about to do me. Michael paused though, and reached for a pillow.

‘Lift your bum please Candice.’

He pushed her knees up higher and further apart. He was now fully erect, his penis like the bowsprit of a man-of-war. I moved down the bed to get a better look as he held it in his right hand, parted her outer lips with the end of it, which he then located in the opening to her vagina. It was like a conjuring trick as it slowly vanished from sight until his abdomen and pubic hair were all that I could see between her thighs. After a second or so, it gradually reappeared glistening with slimy vaginal mucus. Just before the knob emerged, he reversed and the shaft slid all the way back in. At the end of each stroke there was a little gasp from Candice.

His pace was slower than it had been that morning when he fucked her on the sun-lounger, and after watching close up for maybe twenty strokes or so, I lay back and Candice felt for my hand. I lay on my side, watching her face, her eyes closed, lips slightly parted. His thrusts gradually became more forceful. I felt Candice's hand move with her body with each thrust, and heard her gasps get louder. I could feel the bed move too. Ten minutes later her legs were wrapped around Michael's waist and he was fucking her seriously hard. Her hand was gripping mine for dear life and I was almost on the point of telling him to ease off when I sensed she was building to a climax. She grabbed my arm with both hands, shouted 'Oh mum!' and shuddered, arching her back. Michael had the presence of mind to pull out to relieve the stress her contractions would cause. The end of his penis was covered in pre-cum, and I put my hand around the shaft and wanked it for the few seconds it took him to orgasm, his semen spurting over Candice's belly and chest.

We all three slept in Michael's bed, with Candice between us, until dawn. I think it was Candice who woke first. 'Who's for a swim?' she asked. 'Last one in is a sissy.'

6 NATALIE AND THE GANG

‘Hey Nats, you know Isabel Clayton?’

I did, we called her Ding Ding. You know how kids do: ‘Ding Ding, what’s that?’

‘Is a bell!’

We were younger then of course, and I’d since moved to a different part of town, and to a different school.

‘Yeah, why?’

Jessica looked around conspiratorially, lowered her voice.

‘She was gang-raped by some lads in Queens Park.’

Queens Park was a safe fashionable public amenity when I lived nearby, but parts of the town had become what my parents called ‘Gentrified’ and other bits had gone the other way. Queens Park and the streets around it were amongst those other bits.

It turned out, according to Jessica, that Isabel had been walking through the park on her way to meet a friend when she’d come across a couple of young boys who had managed to persuade her to go with them to a secluded spot where several older lads in hoodies had surrounded her. They’d taken her to what Jess described as a shed and then stripped her, played with her tits and bits for a while, and then some of them had fucked her. They took videos on their phones and hers, and told her that they would be put on the net if she ever reported what had happened. They said they knew who she was and where she lived.

As I think I’ve mentioned before, I have a masochistic streak and the thought of being stripped and shagged by a few big lads wasn’t a totally horrific prospect. What made this more interesting was that my two best mates, Candice and Gemma, were being shagged on a regular basis. Candice lost her virginity to her private tutor just before Christmas, and was getting fingered twice a week and fucked at least every other week, as by-products of her maths tuition. Gem was sleeping with her mum’s boyfriend whenever her mum was working nights, and getting fucked out of her skull. To be fair, she did offer to invite me to a sleep-over so I could get a good shagging too, but whilst that was really good the first time round, the offer made me feel a sort of charity case. Like: ‘Never mind Nats, Dave will fuck you anytime you’re feeling randy, but please remember not to wet my bed!’

The truth was, the Easter holidays were coming up and I hadn’t had it since half-term. To make matters worse, the three of us had agreed to see the school nurse and tell her that over the Christmas holidays we’d become ‘sexually active’, and she had arranged for us to have contraceptive injections after giving us the usual spiel about sexually transmitted diseases. She’d also asked about our partners and we naturally assured her that they were of ‘appropriate age’ and all that rubbish. I had pretty

much decided to take up Gem's offer of a 'sleep-over plus' when Jessica gave me the news about Ding Ding, and I planned to at least give the park a try first.

On day one of the Easter holidays I took a bus over to the Queens Park area of town. It wasn't a bad day. A bit cool so I wore my jeans, trainers, and a tee shirt (no bra of course) and had my anorak over the top. I only carried enough money for the bus fare. Taking my iPhone was a risk, but Jess said the lads that kidnapped Ding hadn't otherwise hurt her or taken anything, and I guessed they were savvy enough to know that a smart phone could be traced and would lock itself if nicked.

I was revisiting my childhood being in Queens Park, but it hadn't grown old gracefully. There had been a boating lake, long since abandoned. Where there had once been a playground with swings, a couple of slides, and some roundabouts, all that remained were the rusting foundations amongst the weeds growing through the concrete. The few benches were covered in graffiti and carved initials, surrounded by broken bottles, discarded condoms, and a needle or two. The park was bounded on one side by a row of terraced houses, and beyond were numerous allotments straggling up a hill, each sporting a garden shed where the man of the household could escape his wife and kids for a few hours, potter amongst his plants, and enjoy pipe-dreams of whatever took his fancy. Now, the allotments looked to be abandoned too, and the houses in the terrace were boarded up whilst waiting patiently for the demolition contractors.

I strolled slowly through the park, stopped at the old playground, and had pretty much decided that Ding Ding's experience was a one-off when two young lads on mountain bikes rode past. They did a few wheelies to show off and eventually came up to the graffiti-blighted bench where I was sitting.

'Hey,' said the younger-looking one, 'Who are you?'

'Nobody you'd know,' I told him.

'What you doin' here?'

'Minding my own business.'

He didn't seem fazed by my uncooperative replies.

'Hey, do you wanna see our stray kitten?'

I suspected a smart answer, so gave him a 'maybe'.

'It's dead cute,' he pointed, 'in one of them houses over there'.

I thought it sounded like a pick-up but then thought 'What the hell'.

We walked the fairly short distance across the park to a gate near the terrace of abandoned houses. The boys propped their bikes up against the wall of one of the backyards, and the younger looking lad led the way to the back door of a house in the middle of the terrace. It looked to be solidly boarded up, but he pushed against the plywood panel, and it creaked open. He took my hand: 'Follow me and be careful.'

We went up the creaking staircase to the first floor, and then into a back room. Where there was once a fireplace there was now a hole in the wall leading into next door. I ducked my head to get through, thinking that this was looking dodgy but unthreatening, given the young age of the boys. We went into what must have been a bedroom, along a short landing, and then ducked through another fireplace.

When I looked around the room I ducked into there were three bigger lads. One of them moved to block off the route I had entered by. They had hoodies, and scarves covering the lower part of their faces. The younger lads hadn't followed me through the last makeshift entrance. The room was dark and dusty. A few shafts of light entered through gaps in the boarded-up window. My mouth felt dry.

I licked my lips: 'The boys brought me to see a stray kitten,' I croaked, since nobody else seemed inclined to say anything. Eventually one of the lads asked: 'What's a kitten?'

'A young pussy!' came the chorus from the others.

'What have we here?' asked the first guy.

'A young pussy!'

'Do we want to see it?'

'Yesssss!!'

'Well,' said the spokesman, 'are you goin' to show us or what?'

I wrapped my arms defensively around myself. 'Fuck off!' I told them. I was surprised that nobody did or said anything. They all seemed to be waiting, and soon enough I found out what for. There was a scuffle in the hole in the wall, and a big black guy ducked through. Like the others, he wore a dark hoodie and had a scarf covering the lower part of his face. All I could see were two bright dark-brown eyes with humour lines in the corners. He held out his hand.

'Hello, and welcome. We're pleased you've come to visit us. What's your name?' His voice sounded surprisingly cultured. He reminded me of a younger version of Stringer Bell in 'The Wire'.

I swallowed: 'Natalie.'

He nodded at someone and asked if he'd got my name. "Yeah boss. Spelling?"

Stringer spelt it out – correctly.

'Let me show you around, Natalie.' He was still holding my hand after having shaken it a few minutes ago. He led me through into the next room, which was better lit by a roof-light that wasn't boarded up. This was bigger, with some basic furniture that looked like it had been salvaged from a tip. There was a pine kitchen table that looked substantial but was oddly low as though the legs had been shortened. There were a few old chairs, all of them different, some of them upholstered. It reminded me of my old 'Wendy House' in our garden. Against the wall was a chest of drawers,

and alongside, propped up, was what looked like the mattress from a child's cot. There were candles on the wooden mantle-shelf, to which several squares of white cloth, about the size of tea towels, had been pinned. Each square of cloth looked to have something written on it in felt-tip.

Stringer walked me over to the fireplace.

'These are our tributes, Natalie. There is room for yours here.'

I could now see that each piece of cloth had the name of a girl written in blue felt-tip. One of them was 'Isabel.' They were all stained to some degree, some with what could have been blood, others just mucky white on the grubby cream background, and a couple had some brown patches. One was badly blood-stained. He could see me staring.

'She was having her period, Natalie. Pity really. Nobody was very keen to fuck her, but a few of us managed it. Let's make sure we've spelled your name right.'

He walked me back to the table where one of the lads was just finishing writing on a pristine if slightly grubby piece of cloth that looked like it had been torn or cut from a bed-sheet. It was labelled 'Natalie' in blue felt-tip.

'OK' he said. A couple of the lads took the cot mattress and laid it on top of the table. I could see that all around the edge of the mattress were loads of stains, most of them circled with felt-tip in groups with a girl's name against each group.

Stringer explained:

'We didn't bother with a mattress at first, but then we found it in a skip. After a bit we decided to label the stuff that the dripped out of the girls once we'd fucked them, but as you can see it was getting a bit crowded, so someone found us some old sheets and we cut them up and put the bits under their bums instead. Some of the guys wipe their dicks on them,' he added, sounding almost apologetic, and then he nodded.

The lads who'd placed the mattress on the table each took hold of one of my arms. Stringer unzipped my anorak and the lads pulled it off. He bent down, wrapped his arms around my knees, lifted me and set my bum down on the mattress. The lads holding my arms pulled my tee shirt up and over my head, and then stretched my arms out whilst they pulled it right off.

'Whey-hey!'; 'Nice little tits!'

Another lad took what looked like a broom handle and put it under the table whilst another got a roll of brown parcel tape from the chest of drawers. With one holding my arm out level with my shoulder, the other taped my wrist to the broomstick on each side of the table. With my hands and arms out of the equation and my tits pointing towards the grubby ceiling, Stringer bent over the table, undid the top button on my jeans, and tugged the zip down. He picked up each foot in turn to pull my trainers off, and then simply tugged my jeans out from under my bum and pulled them right off over my feet.

He lingered over my little white knickers. Obviously enjoying easing them down over my hips a bit at a time, and then quite slowly pulling them down my thighs, over my knees, and then off my feet. I was totally naked apart from my short white socks, one of which felt like it was half off my foot. Two of the lads got hold of my legs and bent them up and then apart, until my knees were level with my hips and my thighs were wide open. Stringer pulled up one of the chairs.

‘Let’s see what we have here.’

He carefully parted my outer lips with his thumbs and then held them open whilst he had a good look.

‘Mmmmm, nice. Blindfold time.’

One of the lads produced a sleep mask like you get given on long-haul flights instead of a comfortable seat you can sleep in. He held it over my eyes and placed the elastic behind my head.

I felt Stringer’s breath on my skin and then his tongue exploring my vagina. He was very gentle and obviously experienced. He slipped a finger inside. He knew where to press, and I almost jumped off the table.

‘Hmmmm. Well, Natalie, you’re nice and tight but somebody’s been here before. You’re nervous, but you are responding and I think we might get you to come for us. My advice is to lie back and enjoy it!’

That seemed to be the cue for the others to get stuck in. I felt fingers and tongues on both breasts, fondling, tweaking, sucking, and what I guessed was Stringer’s tongue on my clit and his finger moving in and out of my vagina. After a while, they seemed to move around, with new hands on my tits and a new tongue in my slit. Sometimes there was a finger or two inside, and occasionally two fingers belonging to different hands. My bum was explored, mostly by fingers I guessed and by what felt like a tongue from time to time. Although some of the lads were heavy handed, on the whole it wasn’t especially painful or unpleasant, and some of it was definitely nice!

I don’t know how long this went on for, but eventually I heard Stringer say: ‘Right, who is going to be first? Who hasn’t fucked a girl before?’ I heard a quiet voice say ‘I haven’t.’

‘OK,’ said Stringer, ‘You do her first.’

The guys holding my legs moved them a bit higher. I felt something tentatively exploring my slit. ‘Down a bit. Right, now push.’

Whatever I could feel in my slit near my entrance pushed inside. I felt it slowly going all the way in, feeling like a large finger. I felt his thighs pushing against my bum, and then his hands grabbing my thighs. The next thing he was fucking me like crazy. I could visualise his buttocks moving madly to and fro like a demented bunny, accompanied by a cheer from the watchers around the table. In seconds he’d ejacu-

lated and pulled out. I heard, or maybe sensed, the back slaps from his mates. The lad who replaced him was bigger. He took his time putting it in, and he fucked me fairly slowly for a few minutes before getting seriously into his stride. Along with all the attention my breasts were getting I was starting to twitch.

Then another one took over fucking me. Sometimes, whilst I was being fucked, someone else was rubbing my clit, and there were always two mouths and God knows how many hands on my tits. I climaxed, and then came again. I could feel the heat across my chest and my rigid nipples in various mouths, rubbing against teeth. Then I sensed a change. There was a change of shift amongst the guys holding my legs, and a sense of purpose in their grip. Then I knew that it was Stringer who was going to fuck me.

I felt his fingers opening me wide, and what felt like a rolling pin pushing into me. It seemed to be going in forever to the point when I could visualise it coming out of my mouth! It hurt like fuck too. Whatever remained of my maidenhead was gone for good. To be fair, he didn't just ram it in. He eased it in as carefully as he could have, and he fucked me nice and slowly until my lubrication and the gallons of semen that were already in there helped things along. His finger was playing with my clit and of course the mouths around my tits all contributed to the mounting tension.

I told you about my out-of-body experiences, and I could tell that I was about to have another. After a while, my orgasms blend into one and I feel myself floating and looking down on my body. I see my naked tits surrounded by lads, multiple hands and mouths feeding on them; my legs held wide apart, pale thighs twitching, and between them this huge black guy steadily pumping away, his massive cock sliding in and out, glistening from my juices and the multiple ejaculations of all the lads who are holding me or watching. My control goes completely. My bladder empties as all my abdominal muscles convulse in one massive spasm.

‘Hey! We got us a squirter! Brilliant!’

I feel him pull out, and then he is lifting the shade from my eyes. His penis is above my face. I can't take my eyes off it. It's all I can see. There are large drops of clear fluid on the end of the knob: they ease out, run down and drip onto my nose. His large brown hand is stroking up and down the shaft. It jerks. It jerks again. On the third jerk, a jet of stringy white yoghurt shoots over my face and into my hair. He puts his hand on my jaw and pulls my mouth open, pushing his knob between my lips. Several jets hit the back of my throat making me gag before he pulls out and lets the remainder of his ejaculation splash over my breasts and belly. The mask is back over my eyes. I can't help but swallow.

My legs were lowered and dangled over the edge of the mattress and table. It felt as though my loose sock had come off. I wondered for a while if that was the end.

Stringers voice: ‘OK, who wants a second coming?’

There were several who said ‘Me!’

‘OK,’ said Stringer, ‘guys with thinner dicks can bum her if you want’.

‘Can I bum her? I’ve not done it before.’ It was a youngish sounding voice.

I felt my legs being lifted again, higher than before.

‘Put your finger in her pussy, get it nice and slippery, and then put it in her bum. Let me show you.’

I felt what I guessed was Stringer’s finger pushing inside my vagina and moving around a bit, before he took it out and rubbed the tip around my anus. He did it a couple more times before easing his fingertip into my bum. It slid fairly easily past my sphincter. The exercise was repeated with a different finger.

‘OK, now stick your cock into her pussy for a minute and then try shoving it into her bum. Take it slowly. If we’re nice to her she might come back for another go!’

I felt my thumb being pressed against something. It didn’t strike me until later that it was the fingerprint reader on my phone. Then something was in my vagina. Then something was pressing hard against my bum. Then it went inside. After the initial pain of my sphincter muscle being forced open (I must have tensed up) it felt ok.

‘Hey, it’s dead tight! Really good!’

Actually I was quite enjoying it too. He fucked my bum quite slowly for a while. I could feel his knob banging inside against the wall of my vagina and could imagine having an orgasm with it. I felt a finger in my slit and then it found my clit, and I was starting to come.

Stringer’s voice: ‘Don’t come yet! Natalie’s coming and you will find it really interesting with your cock in her bum!’ I knew it was his finger doing the business, and his other hand twisting my nipple, and my thighs were twitching like mad.

It really hurt when my arse clenched around the penis that was inside. The lad who’s cock it was shouted ‘Jesus! Oh fuckin’ hell.’ And I sensed his strangled dick pumping and thought that there was no way any cum was going to escape. But between my spasms I felt something getting through and then flooding inside me. When he eventually pulled out, I could feel liquid running out with it, and visualised some brown stains amongst the dried semen and probably a certain amount of blood mingling with the blue felt-tip. I caught myself smiling at the thought that they must be using waterproof ink!

A couple of other lads opted for a second vaginal fuck, and there was always at least one hand and mouth on my tits for a time, but I doubted if I had the energy left for any more orgasms and I sensed that they had had enough fun. I could tell that they were drifting off. Finally, my aching legs were slowly lowered and my tits reluctantly abandoned. But then a larger hand fondled my left breast. Stringer.

‘Well done Natalie.’ I was astonished to feel his lips on mine. ‘I really hope we see you again. Do you need a morning-after pill?’ I shook my head.

‘You knew what was going to happen didn’t you?’ I shook my head again.

‘Liar!’ and I could tell he was smiling.

‘We will leave you for a little while, but don’t worry, we won’t leave you here all night!’ I could hear the floorboards creak under his feet as he left.

After he’d gone I imagined that I was alone, stark naked apart from one white sock, still taped down on the table, but then I heard something or someone move. For a scared moment I imagined a rat or worse, and then someone cleared their throat.

‘Are you OK?’ He sounded young. ‘Yeah,’ I croaked. My mouth was really dry and the dusty air didn’t help.

‘I’m going to cut the tape. Don’t move please.’

I felt something cold against my wrist and the tape went slack. The broom handle sagged below the table, tightening the tape around my other wrist. He must have picked up the handle before cutting the tape on the other side. I heard the pole hit the floor. I took the mask off and blinked in the light, dim as it was. One of the boys who had met me in the park was alongside the table with anxious eyes taking in the red marks around my bony wrists where they’d been held tight against the broom-handle.

I winced as I pulled away the remaining bits of tape. I sat up. It felt odd sitting there naked, and for a moment I was tempted to try and cover my tits. But he must have seen me totally starkers for God knows how long, so there didn’t seem much point in hiding now. He looked at me with serious blue eyes.

‘You’re really pretty,’ he said eventually, ‘will you be my girlfriend?’

I didn’t know what to say.

‘Well,’ I told him gently, ‘I don’t live round here. I live on the other side of town.’

He looked sad.

‘Erm. Were you here, like, the whole time?’

He nodded: ‘Yeah.’

‘Did you, you know...?’

He shook his head. ‘You’ve seen me. I’m not allowed to do you.’

I thought for a while. ‘Did you want to?’

He sighed, nodded. ‘Yeah. I think you’re lovely. Nicer than any of the other girls.’

‘Do you still want to?’

‘Yeah, but...’

‘You’re scared I might tell?’

He nodded again.

‘Look. I’m not going to tell. You can do it if you want.’

‘Really! You don’t mind?’

‘Well, it’s a bit late to mind!’ I took his hand and held it against my right breast. His hand was shaking but I could see the bulge growing in his pants.

I got off the table.

‘Give me a hand to put the mattress on the floor.’

We pushed the table aside, and placed the mattress on the floorboards.

I sat down on it, patted the spot next to me.

He sat awkwardly and I put my arm around his thin shoulders. I held his hand against my breast and kissed him. After a few seconds he seemed to get the idea and kissed me back, fondling my breast and no doubt feeling my nipple stiffen. I put my hand on his thigh then moved it up to feel his hard cock inside his tracksuit bottoms. I squeezed it gently.

I slowly lay back, pulling him with me, keeping his lips on mine. When I was flat on my back I eased my left leg under him so he was lying between my thighs, then putting both hands on his waist I pushed his tracksuit pants down, and then fumbled for his cock whilst I draw my knees up each side of him. He started thrusting before he was anywhere near inside me but I managed to get him lined up and shifted my hips around until I felt him slip in.

‘Slow down a bit!’ But it was too late. I felt him starting to come and wrapped my legs round his waist, pulling him in closer, feeling his spasms deep inside, kissing him as he pumped his sperm into a girl’s vagina for what I instinctively knew was the first time. I didn’t let him pull out until long after he’d gone soft. Maybe I was hoping he’d recover and do me again. Maybe I was just being soft hearted!

‘That was lovely,’ I told him, and truly it was. I held him for ages.

‘Have you got a cam on your phone?’

‘Yes,’ he said, taking it from his pocket and passing it over.

‘Can you see any stuff in there?’ I pointed at my vagina and held the lips open.

‘Yeah, loads!’ I took a close up selfie on his phone, and passed it back. He looked at the screen.

‘Wow! That’s ace!’

He looked serious again as he watched me search for my knickers. I had a sudden thought. ‘Do you want to add your stuff to the tribute?’ He nodded, so I went over to the fireplace, unpinned the cloth marked ‘Natalie’ and then carefully wiped my vagina before passing the cloth to him. He wiped his cock, and then lovingly pinned it

back on the mantle-shelf.

He guided me carefully back through the derelict houses until I blinked in the sunlight. I checked the pockets of my jacket, found my phone, bus ticket, and the change I'd brought with me. I hugged him. He retrieved his bicycle.

'Bye,' I smiled.

'Your pussy is much nicer than a kitten,' he told me as I turned away. After a few minutes I looked back, but he'd gone.

7 GEMMA, DAVE AND HIS MATES

That evening, when my mum's boyfriend Dave fucked me and Natalie side by side in my bed whilst mum was working nights, was a highlight, no question. Over the next few days during our February half term holiday, Dave settled into a bit of a routine, coming into my bed whenever mum was at work, and for a while it was great. As Nats said when we were back at school having lunch one day: 'Dave is an arse-hole, but a fucking good fuck,' and we both fell about laughing as the various interpretations dawned on us.

Wiping a tear from her eye, Nats suggested we call him 'Tradesman' even though at that stage he hadn't even hinted at wanting to do either of us up the bum. But he gets bored easily, and it wasn't long after that when he tried it on with me.

For a while he'd been banging on about me having Nats for another sleepover when mum was working, and to be fair I was all for that. There was nothing wrong with being fucked solo by Dave, but Nats gave it another dimension. She and I had explored our bits together over many years, and it seemed totally natural to explore sex with blokes like Dave together as well. I realised though that Dave had a thing for young girls and with me he probably felt it was like fucking my mum since I'm built like a younger version of her, with big tits, plump thighs, and fattish bum. In contrast, Nats looks like the waif from the 'Shelter' advert.

Nats is also seriously adventurous. The first time she met Dave, she twigged that he was 'interested', and as soon as he was alone at our house she went round pretending she was calling on me, he asked her in and ended up taking her virginity on my bed. He fucked her twice, and she was so carried away she wet herself, she wet Dave, and she almost wet my bed. But since that occasion and the 'shagover' with both of us that followed, Nats has been evasive about doing it again. It isn't entirely her fault. Mum hasn't been working as many nights, and Dave has his clients that he 'minds', so he hasn't been staying over anything like as often. When he has stayed over and come into my bed, it had become sort of routine.

He's tried various stuff that doesn't appeal to me. I love being licked out, and I'm ok with sucking him, but I won't let him come in my mouth. I'm fine being fucked in the missionary position, ok with doing it doggy, sort of ok with me going on top, but I can't keep it up long enough to get us both to climax. He got me to try being tied up, but I couldn't relax and enjoy it. On one occasion, he was doing me doggy style and then pulled out and tried to put it in my bum. I squealed like mad and he backed off, but I knew he wasn't happy.

His relationship with mum seemed to be going off the boil too; maybe he'd become bored with her. I don't know whether she suspects anything. It's easy to assume that nobody notices, and my mate Candice was shattered to learn that her mum knew that her private tutor was fucking her. She told me she was so shocked that she was shaking and couldn't speak for several minutes after her mum casually dropped it into the conversation. I'm half expecting my mum to drop it on me, and Candice and Nats

keep telling me that I need to have a plan B for when it happens.

What did happen though is that just as we broke up for the Easter holidays, I got home a bit earlier than normal, to find Dave on his own in the house. He told me that mum had gone to work early as one of the senior nurses had been called away with family trouble. He looked and sounded as though he'd been drinking or something, and in fact he offered me a drink. I didn't want one, and didn't feel up to being sociable either since I'd just started my period. He sort of insisted that I sit down with him, but I didn't and headed upstairs to change out of my uniform. He followed me

The long and short of it is that he tried to rape me. When I protested about being on, he had me on the floor, pulled my shirt up over my head and pushed my bra, still fastened, up above my boobs and sat on my tummy. He fumbled his cock out of his standard-wear jogger pants and pushed it into my mouth, holding it there with one hand whilst he squeezed my tender tits with the other. I stopped struggling for a while whilst he tried to fuck my mouth and wank off at the same time, but as soon as I could taste his pre-cum I tried to get him out. He held my head and kept his penis in my mouth until I felt it jerk, and then the spurts of semen hitting the back of my throat. I gagged and almost retched, and when he'd finished coming he held my mouth closed until I was forced to swallow.

I was tempted to tell mum, but I couldn't really admit that I'd been fucking her boyfriend for several weeks whenever I had the chance, so I kept quiet. A few days later, still on holiday, I was at home alone and Dave turned up around lunchtime with two mates. There was an older guy, dressed in jeans and a bomber jacket, and a young one, about mid twenties, in jeans and a tee shirt. The older one seemed to have some hold over Dave. He had short hair, designer stubble, was a bit taller than Dave, looked quite fit. I didn't like him. The younger guy I didn't especially like either. He had an earring and tattoos, looked mixed race.

'Are you going to introduce us?' the older one asked Dave when he saw me.

'This is Gemma,' Dave told him. 'This is, erm, Mark,' he told me. The younger guy didn't get a mention.

'These are mates of mine,' added Dave.

'You on holiday from school Gemma?' asked 'Mark'. I nodded.

'Must be boring,' he said, 'maybe we can entertain you.'

I looked at Dave, but he looked away. I should have got out of there then but I never thought they'd try anything.

'What do you think Dave? Upstairs?'

Dave nodded. 'Yeah. Her bedroom's at the top of the stairs.'

They stood up, and 'Mark' tugged something off his belt. He pulled my arms behind my back, there were a couple of clicks and my arms were handcuffed.

‘Mark’ walked me up the stairs with Dave and no-name following.

‘In here?’

‘Yeah’, said Dave.

Dave was supposed to be my friend and lover, and I still couldn’t believe what was happening. I kept thinking it was some kind of joke. That is until ‘Mark’ pulled my tee-shirt up over my head and down my pinioned arms.

I started to cry.

My bra was unhooked and the shoulder straps unhooked, and they were fondling my naked breasts and commenting on their size and feel. ‘Mark’ pinched my nipples quite hard, twisting them. Then he unbuttoned my jeans and pulled the zip down. I knew what was going to happen, and didn’t say anything. I just closed my eyes and felt the tears seeping out from under my eyelids. When they laid me on my bed I did open my eyes again, watched them pulling my trainers, jeans and knickers off. It was very uncomfortable lying on my handcuffed arms, and when I was naked, ‘Mark’ turned me half over to undo one wrist before pulling my arms above my head and clicking the cuff on again. He asked Dave if there was anything he could use to tie my arms to my bed head. Dave, bless him, suggested my school tie hanging on the wardrobe door, and they laughed whilst they looped it between my wrists and tied it to the headboard upright.

‘Who wants to do her first?’ asked Dave.

‘Well’, said ‘Mark’, ‘I’d love to have a taste of her pussy but I’m not going to lick your skanky cum. Why don’t we eat her to begin with, and when we’ve had enough we’ll fuck her. Me first. Age before beauty.’

Dave and the younger guy took hold of my legs and pulled them up and apart, pushing my knees away each side. ‘Mark’ knelt on the bed and I felt him pull my vagina open.

‘HmMMM. Nice!’

I felt his stubble scrape the skin on my inner thighs and then his tongue exploring. He didn’t take long over it, and it struck me that I’d only just finished my period and probably didn’t taste all that good. Serves the fucker right, I thought.

‘Who’s next?’ he asked.

No-name said he’d go next. I felt his smoother cheeks against my thighs and his smaller tongue in my slit. He must not have been so fussy because he spent quite a while licking me, but obviously didn’t have my feelings at heart because it just felt like nothing. Dave must have remembered about my period and declined a lick.

After licking me, ‘Mark’ had taken his trousers and underpants off, and was slowly tugging the foreskin up over his knob and back again. When no-name had finished and Dave had declined, ‘Mark’ stood between my thighs whilst the other two

took hold of my legs again. He knelt on the bed, leaned over me, guided his knob into my entrance, and pushed it all the way in. I wasn't aroused and it hurt.

I closed my eyes and felt the tears well up as he fucked me. He took his time, pacing himself, fucking me steadily. There was no way I was going to climax, and I just lay there trying to think of anything except what was happening. After what seemed like an age, he slowed, pushed it in as far as it would go, and I sensed the tremor inside me as he ejaculated. He made a couple of thrusts to keep it going, but soon enough it went still, and I felt him pull out. Then it was no-name.

He was younger, slimmer, and had a slimmer dick. It went in easily, perhaps because of what 'Mark' had left in there, and once he had got it firmly in place he went at it hard and fast. If it had been a normal situation I might have come several times, but as it was I was just praying for him to get it over with. He came and went. Then it was Dave's turn. I think he was showing off to the others because he fucked me really hard, making my tits shake and the bed rattle. He got the other two to pull my legs higher so he could get in further, and it hurt like mad. I thought it would never end, like being at the dentist whilst she's drilling or something. But eventually I felt him tense and the twitch inside as his first blank spurt signalled the start of his ejaculation. Then it was over. For a while.

'Wow,' said no-name, 'look at all that cum! I've never seen so much in one pussy.'

'Well,' said 'Mark', 'Dave and I have always been heavy cummers haven't we Dave?'

Dave agreed.

'Shoot to kill,' laughed 'Mark', 'Right?'

Dave muttered something that I didn't catch.

They stood around the bed. Shirt just above his drooping cock ('Mark'), jogger pants round his ankles with limp cock dripping on my bedroom carpet (Dave), and still semi-hard slim cock looking for a replay (no-name).

'Why don't we turn her over?'

'Hang on,' said Dave, 'I'd better get a towel first. I'll get some lube as well.'

It didn't strike me at first what they were planning. Dave came back with a towel and a tube of something. They put the towel under my bum and then turned me over, face down, and adjusted the towel so it was under my abdomen and the top of my legs. I could feel stuff running out of my vagina and down between my thighs. I couldn't tell who was parting the cheeks of my bum, or squirting something with a squishy sound that felt cold on my skin and anus. I didn't know whose fingers pushed inside, probably all of them had a go.

'Who's going first?'

‘Mark’ was obviously the boss here and he said he’d give it a go. I felt his fingers, first one, then two, making my eyes water. Then there was something softer pressing against my back door. I suddenly remembered my conversation with Nats about the ‘Tradesman’s entrance’

He pushed hard, but it didn’t go in. There were some comments about needing Viagra and being old, but I didn’t think ‘Mark’ was really amused. He kept trying, and it kept bending against my tight sphincter muscle, and eventually he gave up.

‘Go on, you’re just a lad. Give it to her.’

I felt ‘Mark’ move away and guessed it was no-name’s turn to try. I heard the squelch of the jelly, felt his knob pressing hard against my bum-hole, and then it slid inside. It hurt at first, but not badly. When I managed to relax a bit I could almost enjoy the feel of it pressing against the front wall of my vagina. It was like being fucked doggy style but with more complex sensations. It was weird. It took him a while to come but he wasn’t doing it fast. My sphincter felt the expansion of his shaft with the first pulse, and then the series of pulses that followed. I didn’t feel anything coming out, but could picture his creamy ejaculation mixing with whatever was in there, and hoped the towel was ready to catch any by-products. I didn’t fancy trying to explain to my mum what was on my duvet cover.

I didn’t fancy the idea of Dave doing me that way either. For one thing he has quite a fat penis and I knew it would really hurt and maybe do some damage, and the other thing is that I really thought he loved me. He knew I hated the idea, and it felt like a betrayal for him to let his mates do anything to me, especially this which felt really humiliating. I could picture them watching whoever had his dick stuck up my bum whilst I was tied up, face down, on my own bed. I must have been sobbing quite loudly because Dave said he give it a miss because he could have me any time

‘Suit yourself,’ ‘Mark’ said, ‘I’m going to have another go.’

Nothing happened for a few minutes and I guessed he was wanking himself to get hard. I felt the bed move under his weight, heard the squelch of the jelly, and then the feel of his knob against my bum. It went in a bit: the end was inside my sphincter, and hurting. He tried to push it further in but it wasn’t hard enough, and after a few tentative thrusts it came out.

‘Fuck it. Turn her over and I’ll wank over her tits.’

I watched through my tears as he rubbed his cock furiously, hoping it would fall off or worse. Sadly it didn’t, and after a long time he leaned over me, red faced and panting, whilst his semen half-heartedly squirted over my chest. Dave followed. In less than half the time he squirted dollops of warm white stuff over both my breasts, looking pleased with himself to have out-squirted his shitty pal. For good measure, no-name came for the third time, outdistancing Dave by half as far again. Even in my distressed state I could imagine Nats being impressed with him

They cleaned themselves up with some tissues from my dressing table, totally

ignoring me, lying there with their cum running off my chest and tummy. Eventually 'Mark' realised I still had his handcuffs, and he undid my tie from the bedpost, took a key from his pocket, and released the cuffs. I rubbed my wrists where they'd made red marks whilst he tucked them back into a pouch on his belt. I suddenly realised that he must be a detective or something. They all went downstairs leaving me naked and still lying where they'd left me.

I went into the bathroom, carefully locked the door, and ran a nice deep bath with lots of Radox and smelly stuff. I soaked in it for half an hour or more, before drying myself and dressing in some fresh clothes. All the time, I was trying to think of some way of getting Dave out of my house and my life.

8 NATALIE RECEIVES A PROPOSITION

The SMS arrived three days after I'd been raped by a gang of lads in a derelict house near Queens Park. 'Rape' is a bit of an exaggeration since I'd gone there, more in hope than expectation, after hearing that something like that had happened to an old mate of mine. I'd have been very disappointed if nothing had happened, disappointed had they simply settled for a grope or something. As it was, I wasn't disappointed at all, but I really hadn't expected to hear from them again. Their leader was canny and knew that I'd been looking for trouble, but their security was pretty good and they didn't appear to take any risks, which is why I was surprised to get the message so soon.

It didn't say a lot. There was a picture: a close up of a vagina, pink folds of flesh filled with pale creamy stuff, framed by an open pair of pale thighs, below which was what looked like a stained tea towel with 'Natalie' written on it in blue felt-tip. And a text message: 'same place, same time, what day?'

I still felt sore from the first meeting, but hey it was good and I was willing to trade stiff legs, tender nipples, and internal bruising for the pleasure of having my arse shagged off by a bunch of cunt-struck teenagers.

I texted back: 'tomorrow?'

Next morning about 11 o'clock I was sitting on the same graffiti blighted bench, counting the used condoms in case I was missing anything, when my 'boy-friend' from my previous excursion turned up on his bike. His pal wasn't with him, but the routine of the wheelies hadn't changed. He skidded to a halt in front of the bench, scattering a few condoms and needles.

'Hey Natalie.'

I didn't know his name. 'Hey.'

'You moving here for good?' he asked hopefully.

'Nope. I got a message.'

'Yeah, I gotta take you there. Can I see you after?' he asked, still hopeful.

'Well, I don't know what it's about,' I told him.

'It's not, like, you know, last time with all the lads.'

I didn't know whether to feel relieved or disappointed. Probably the latter since I'd psyched myself up for a good fucking.

I stood up. 'OK, you'd better lead the way.'

My friend parked his bike in the yard behind the empty houses, but instead of going into one of them, he led me over the garbage-strewn street and into the allotments. We trudged up a dirt path between once lovingly tended plots each with its miniature palace made up of old doors nailed together, long disused railway wag-

ons, and an occasional decrepit caravan. They reminded me of photos in my history textbook of Soweto during the worst years of apartheid. All it needed was a few piles of burnt tyres. We turned along a dirtier path and came to one of the more palatial hovels. This one had a working door and a grubby but intact window. He pushed the door open and led me in to a surprisingly spacious den, with a rug on the floor, and a few broken down but functioning chairs. He directed me to a sort of couch. It had four legs, a grubby upholstered seat, but the back and arms were broken off. I perched on the edge, speculating about the stains on the seat, and wondering whether this was where the 'initiations' took place before the houses were abandoned. I recalled that Ding Ding had referred to a shed where she'd been gang-banged, and imagined that I was sitting on the dried residue of the semen that had dripped from her fanny. If ever the police raided this dump the forensics would have a beano. Their DNA machine would blow apart.

I'd been sitting for maybe five minutes when my friend suddenly sat up. 'He's here,' he announced, and the door opened to reveal 'Stringer' the head honcho of the gang that did me. He was still being bashful, with a hoody and a scarf around the lower part of his face, but the deep brown eyes were unmistakable.

'Good morning Natalie, how are we today?'

'I think I'm still in one piece thanks,' He looked around, nodded at my friend who promptly buggered off.

'Here again. Are you not getting enough on the other side of town?'

I scowled at him, but he just smiled.

'Well, I didn't ask you here for another fuck-fest, although I'm sure we'd all be very pleased if you'd fancy one. I actually have a business proposition for you?'

'Like what?'

'There are some guys I know. They are into young girls, and you look young.'

'So?'

'They are willing to pay serious money to have a girl like you for a few hours.'

'You mean pay you?'

'Yeah, but it's not my thing. I don't take money for pimping out twelve year old kids.'

'Oh right, but you'd take it for pimping me out! You can fuck off!'

He held a hand up. 'Hang on. You like being fucked, you are cool about being tied up, aren't you?'

'So?'

'You look really young but you don't scare easy. You could handle it. And you'd get most of the money.'

‘I don’t do it for money!’

‘Well, give it to charity.’

‘Do I look like Mother Theresa or what?’

‘It would be an experience.’

‘I fucking bet it would!’

But inside my head the wheels were going round.

‘How many guys are there and how old?’

‘Probably at least four, maybe six, and they’d be 25 to 50 ish I guess. They like to video it and swap the stuff with their mates.’

At least he was being frank about what was going on.

‘How much?’

‘At least a grand – a thousand quid. That’s your share.’

‘And what do you get?’

‘They buy other stuff from me.’

‘Like drugs you mean?’

He shrugged.

‘There is a big demand from rich guys for coke and young girls. They are not going to risk any serious shit by harming the girls.’

‘Have you seen any of the vids?’

‘Yeah.’

‘And?’

‘It’s pretty much what you’d expect: tied up, fiddled with, fucked in both holes. It would be good if you cried a bit.’

‘Sounds great’ I told him, ‘you can still fuck off!’

He shook his head.

‘Pity. You are a natural for that kind of stuff.’

‘Oh great! Little miss porn-star for paedoes. You can fuck off big time.’

‘Hey hey hey!’ he held up his hands, ‘Think about it. You like older guys, you enjoy being fucked, what’s the problem?’

‘Hang on, who said I liked older guys?’

‘Ah well. I have it on very good authority that you lost your cherry to an older guy.’

‘Fucking Dave! How do you know about him?’

‘Let’s just say we have friends in common.’

‘And do these friends in common include the guys you want to hand me over to?’

Stringer looked a bit uncomfortable. ‘Yeah, well, sort of.’

‘So where does Dave come in?’

‘Well, he gets around. Knows a few people. Minds some of them, fixes stuff.’

‘How d’you know he knows me?’

‘His girlfriend’s number was on your phone.’

I remembered they’d taken my phone and pressed my thumb on the fingerprint reader at one point. They must have seen Gemma’s home phone number and all my other numbers. Shit.

‘Suppose I just tell you to fuck off, again. Then what?’

‘Then nothing. You can walk out of here. I’m not going to dump on you.’

‘Seriously? You mean that?’

‘Yeah.’

‘Does Dave know about the other day?’

‘No.’

‘And you won’t tell him?’

‘No. And none of the other lads know about him.’

After a while Stringer said: ‘Let me make a suggestion. Suppose I introduce you to the guy who organises the stuff with the girls, for a one on one meeting. Strictly one on one. If you are OK with him then you can fix what you like after that. If you aren’t into it, then it’s just a one off. He’s the oldest. He won’t be able to do too much damage. Actually, I think he’s OK. Respectable. Grandad.’

‘Oh great. Does Dave know him?’

‘Yeah, he’s one of Dave’s clients.’

‘What’s he like?’

‘Not sure how old, maybe 60’s. Rich. I think he’s either divorced or his wife died. Just seems to fancy younger girls. Dave drives him and minds him sometimes.’

‘I dunno. Let me think about it. If I want to meet him what do I do?’

‘The message you replied to. Text that number. Just say what day and time you are free for an hour or two.’

‘Don’t tell Dave anything about this. OK?’

‘OK.’

Stringer stood up, and rather formally shook hands. ‘I’ll leave you with your friend to guide you back to the park.’

I nodded, ‘OK.’

‘It has been a pleasure seeing you again Natalie. Don’t forget, if you’d fancy a re-run of last time, or anything else, just text that number. Oh, and by the way, you won’t be disturbed here for a while.’

I watched him leave, and after about half a minute, my friend came back in.

‘Hey’, he said, ‘You OK?’

‘Yes thanks. You?’

‘Yeah. What are you gonna do now?’

I shrugged. ‘Go back to the bus stop I guess.’

‘Do you have to go now?’ He seemed uncomfortable.

‘No, not right now. Why don’t you sit down for a minute?’

He sat, awkwardly, next to me on the wrecked sofa. After a few minutes, I put my arm around him. That seemed to fire him up a little, and he put one arm behind my back and the other on my thigh. I put my other hand up to his head, turned it towards me and kissed him.

That definitely fired him up and he leaned against me quite hard, obviously with the intention of having me lie back, or rather sideways.

I obliged, adjusting my position so that I was lying back along the sofa and he was half lying across me. I hoisted him so that he was lying pretty much on top, and we could kiss properly. I could feel his erection under his tracksuit bottoms (standard uniform for the teenagers in that area), and his hand felt under my top for my otherwise naked boobs. He fiddled with them for a while and then tried to undo my jeans. I was worried that by the time he’d got them down he’d have shot off, bearing in mind what had happened last time, so I helped him with the button and zip, and pulled my knees up to free at least one foot. I pulled his penis out, placed it where it mattered, and was gratified to feel it go in.

‘Now take it slowly,’ I told him, and to be fair he did – for a while. Then he set to with a vengeance, fucking like a rabbit on speed until after a few short minutes I felt him pulsing and the wet feeling that followed.

I hugged him until normal service resumed and his screen stopped flickering (how’s that for a metaphor?).

‘I really love you,’ he told me.

I believed him and told him that I was really fond of him too. I stroked his hair

with his head against my naked boobs (I'd pulled my top up a bit) and it felt really nice! It was very peaceful lying there even though I hadn't had an orgasm and wasn't likely to any time soon. I did briefly entertain the thought of teaching him how to bring me off, but decided it would take too long and I'd wait until I got to bed that night. We must have been like that for about twenty minutes when I noticed his penis twitch. I felt between us, and sure enough it was hardening again. I wriggled around a bit to get it in the right place, and stroked it gently. After a few minutes it was hard enough to put it inside. He started to fuck me slowly, and still fairly softly, and then warmed up. He then went at it like a rabbit out of a hat, but this time it lasted a hell of a lot longer and I was coming like a train, kicking my jeans free of both feet so I could wrap my legs around him, my mouth glued to his, telling him I loved him too into the back of his throat. It's funny how having satisfying sex with someone creates a bond, even with arseholes like Dave. I now had a bond with this unlikely mountain-bike enthusiast from across town and although I still didn't know his name, I knew I'd never forget him.

In bed that night I replayed the day's events. The sex with my still anonymous 'boyfriend' wasn't what I'd been counting on, but was nice anyway. He was sweet. I hadn't been counting on the proposition that Stringer had come up with either. He was right though about liking the idea of doing it with older men. I suppose it was my masochistic streak manifesting itself. I tend to be something of a leader amongst my mates at school and maybe I enjoy certain situations where I'm not completely in control. Lads do stupid things, take risks, and perhaps my answer is to take risks with sex. That first time with Dave was like that: OK, I *could* have stopped it, probably, but not knowing what it would be like was a huge kick. The threesome with Dave and Gem was good too, but whilst I could do it again any time, a replay doesn't seem so appealing. I sent Stringer a text.

The result was that I was waiting at a bus stop at 11 am next morning, in my school uniform. I hadn't counted on that, and it was a huge relief when mum said she was going to her charity job for most of the day. Stringer had also specified no make-up, no fancy undies, don't be your usual feisty self. He'd also said I'd be picked up in a black BMW, and gave me the registration number 'as an insurance policy'. The car arrived exactly on time. The driver didn't look that old and I guessed he wasn't the guy I was going to get fucked by. He stopped with the back door opposite to where I was standing, so I got in the back. There was no conversation. We drove for about 45 minutes including a spell on the motorway, and eventually turned onto a narrow track that took us to the side of a large walled estate and then into a yard facing a row of garages. One of the garage doors was open and we just drove straight in and the door closed behind us.

I naturally tried to open the car door, but the child-locks were on and I had to wait for the driver to come round and open it.

‘Please come this way Miss.’

The driver guided me through a door, along a passage with a stone-flagged floor, and through another door into a massive hall. It had very high ceilings and a wide staircase that wound around the walls. In the centre was a large crystal chandelier. It was like the set of Downton Abbey. He escorted me to another door, knocked, opened it, ushered me in, and closed the door behind me. I could see what Stringer meant about ‘Grandad’. He was quite tall, short steel-grey hair, brown eyes, tanned face, big but not fat. He looked like Santa without the beard and the padding. He wore an open neck blue shirt, jeans, loafers, expensive looking watch. The room was like a library. There was a log fire, which I realised was gas, burning in a large fireplace with a marble hearth and ornate surround.

‘Good morning Natalie, thank you for coming to see me.’ His voice was deep, posh-sounding, like a politician but not as plummy. It was the sort of voice you felt you had to listen to. He was smiling, his eyes crinkled up a bit and I could picture sitting on his knee reading a children’s book when I was about six. He shook hands, and then gestured towards a table with bottles and stuff.

‘Can I offer you a glass of champagne, or anything else that you’d fancy?’

I was on the point of refusing, but he could do what he wanted anyway, so what the fuck.

‘Yes please,’

My dad always brings the champagne out at Christmas, and we all have a glass before lunch, but this tasted much nicer than the stuff we have.

‘Cheers,’

‘Can I offer you anything to eat?’

Actually, I’d decided that he was quite a nice bloke, and although I thought he was a lot older than my dad, the idea of him fucking me wasn’t as awful as I’d expected. It did cross my mind that maybe he was too old to do it, but he didn’t look as wrinkly as, say, Mick Jagger or someone like that, and I was starting to feel that I wanted it.

I shook my head. ‘I’m fine thank you.’

We emptied our glasses and I declined a refill. He held out a hand and said, ‘Shall we go upstairs?’

The staircase must have been at least twice as high as the one at home, and three of us could have walked up side by side. At the top was a wide landing, and he opened the first door we came to. It was a huge bedroom, with a massive great bed and a massive bay window. The curtains were open and I could see out over lawns and a lake. He pressed a switch and the curtains closed leaving the room lit by another crystal chandelier above the bed. He was still holding my hand, and we were standing alongside the bed. He turned to face me.

‘You’re a very pretty girl Natalie. Do you mind if I undress you?’

I swallowed, shook my head.

He took his time, carefully undoing the buttons on my school shirt (I’d decided that nothing would induce me to put on a tie during the holidays). I had put on a plain white bra that was slightly padded, and after he’d unbuttoned my shirt, tugged it out from my skirt and slipped it off my shoulders, he reached around and unhooked it. He studied my breasts for a few seconds, felt them to make sure they were real, and then put his hands on my hips. I tilted my head to the left to indicate where my skirt fastened. He found the button, then the zip, and then my skirt was sliding over my hips, down my legs and puddled around my feet. He placed his hands back on my hips and slipped both sets of fingers under the elastic of my knickers, feeling round my bum for a few seconds before easing my knicks over my skinny hips. His hands guided them down, giving my bum and thighs a good feel on the way. I was close to the bed and he told me to sit down on the edge whilst he took my shoes, skirt, and knickers right off leaving just my pair of little white socks to keep my feet warm.

I sat on the bed and watched him strip off. He looked in quite good nick for an oldie, probably in better nick than my dad. I guessed he probably worked out a bit. I was quite impressed when he slipped his boxer shorts off. I didn’t know what a grandad’s penis would be like, but it didn’t look any more wizened than my dad’s (not that I’ve studied it, but from the occasional glimpse). It was sort of half-hard. I’d have probably felt disappointed if it hadn’t shown some reaction to a naked 16 year old girl sitting on a bed within touching distance, and half-hard held some promise of more to come. My initial estimate was that it was at least as big as Dave’s in that condition.

‘Let’s warm the bed up shall we? I apologise for the cold sheets.’

I stood up and we pulled the duvet back. The sheets felt lovely. I could imagine royalty sleeping in bedding like this, and for a moment I thought of the desecration we were about to unleash on his Egyptian cotton. I was nearest to the bed so I climbed in first and he followed. I turned to face him, and he moved close, put his arms around me and pulled me against him. He cuddled me and stroked my hair for a while, then our faces were together, then our lips. It honestly didn’t feel any different to kissing Dave. I could feel his erection too now, and there didn’t seem to be anything wrong with that either. Or with the hands on my breasts, cupping my bum, exploring between my thighs. When I put my hand around his shaft, it felt rock hard.

‘You’ve got a very slim bum,’ he told me, ‘I think a pillow underneath it would be a good idea.’

I obligingly raised my hips whilst he tucked more Egyptian cotton underneath me before opening my legs for me.

‘Do you want me to lick you out before or after?’

‘After.’

He moved across and I pulled my right leg up to let him in between them. Without thinking, I felt for his penis and guided the end into my slit and then into my vagina. It was big, or else I wasn't quite as wet as I'd thought.

'Hang on,' he told me. He withdrew and then reached for a bedside drawer, fumbled around, and produced a small plastic bottle, squirted something onto his hand and smeared it round his knob.

'Now try,'

His penis felt slippery, the end went in quite easily now and the rest followed until I could feel it pressing inside. I pulled my knees up as high as I could.

Most of the guys who've fucked me up to now have been quite young, even Dave isn't exactly old, and they've always gone at it like there was no tomorrow and come quite quickly – especially the first time. Grandad fucked me slowly and steadily – he probably sipped his brandy like that too. To begin with I thought I'd get bored, and I started watching the chandelier as it appeared to swing in response to his thrusts. Of course it was me moving, up and back each time. I soon began to anticipate the thump inside and the jerk of the chandelier, and after a little while I was twitching in anticipation too. Suddenly I knew I was going to climax, felt my control going, and I was quite scared that I'd have an out-of-body experience and wet the bed. I must have tensed up or something because he speeded up a bit and it tipped me over the edge. The effort of trying not to let my bladder go made it more intense, and I really squealed. He didn't stop and after a few seconds I squealed again with a second wave. Thankfully he got there before I lost it completely: I felt the jerk of his initial dry ejaculation, and then a series of what I guessed were wet ones because they felt sort of muffled. I decided then and there that if we ever did it again I'd make him put a load of towels under me so I could give in to it and he could steadily fuck my brains out and spare the bed linen.

He pushed himself up, arms straight, and smiled down at me. He looked genuinely happy and I couldn't help smiling back. He kissed me.

'Would you like me to go down on you?'

Usually I would have agreed like a shot, but I felt perfectly satisfied. In fact, I was reluctant to have any more stimulation in case I lost the plot.

'Not unless you really want to. I didn't think it would be so good.'

He laughed. 'That's youth for you! Maybe later if you want me to. Maybe next time if you would like to come again – so to speak!'

He rolled over, lay next to me, got hold of my hand. After a little while, I turned towards him, and he slipped his arm under me so I could rest against his chest. It felt amazingly reassuring as he stroked my hair.

