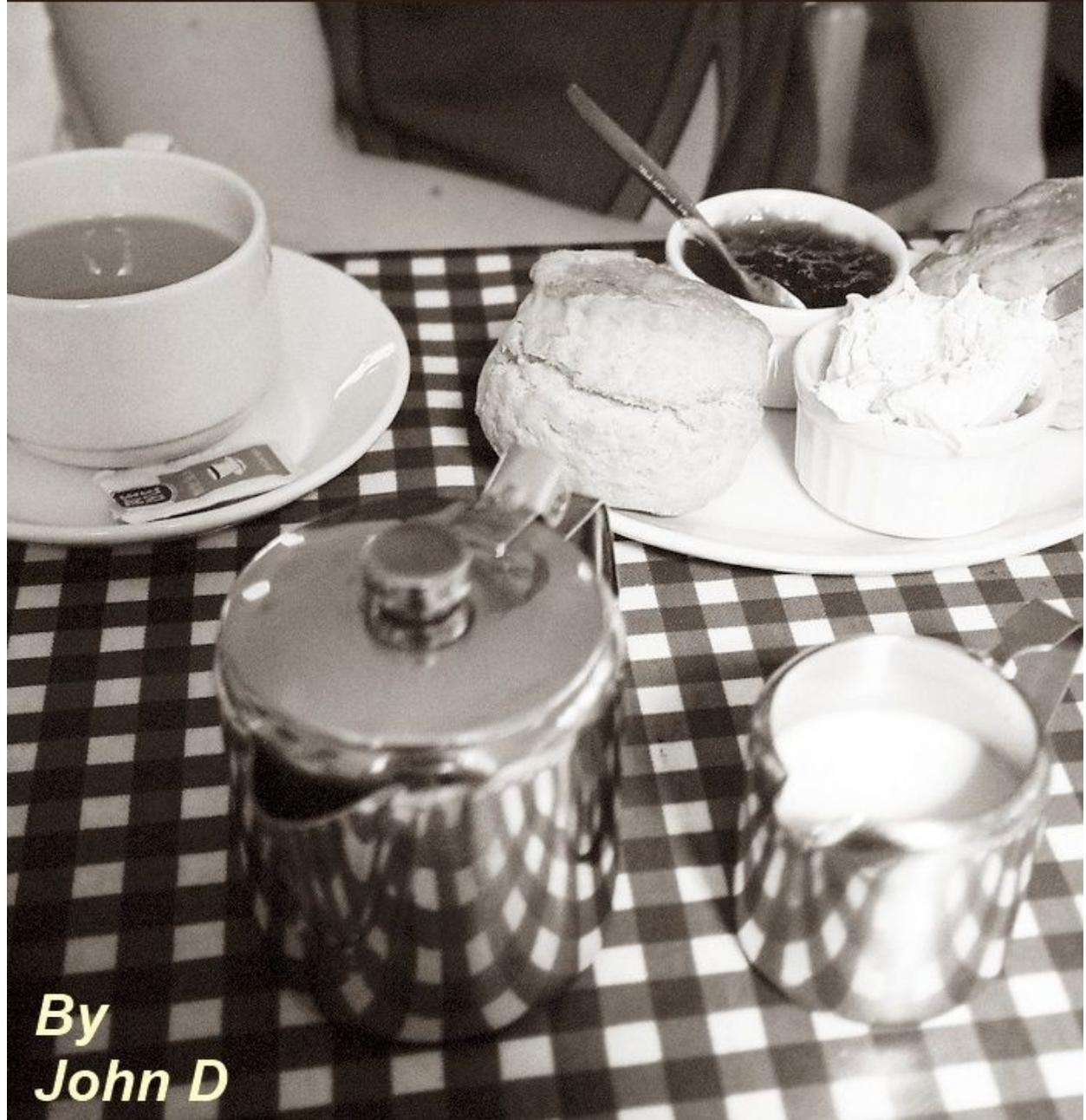


Abigail & Moira



*By
John D*

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Codes: MF tease oral hand prost teen humil oral

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Preface

This story is part of the “Growing Pains” world. In this story, Abi pursues her acting dream but is taunted by her sister and takes revenge in the nastiest way possible, while her ex-boyfriend pleads for another chance and poor Alistair has a most embarrassing problem.

The setting for this story is Kirkcudbright in Scotland and shows Abi – or Abigail – as she was in 1994. She has always been one of my favourite characters and I hope this book shows why I adore her.

I had always seen Abi in this role, sexually adventurous and alluring, and knew that she could easily have rapid effects on her young boyfriends. The first scene of the story pretty much wrote itself while listening to Lily Allen's “Not Fair” on the radio; a strange inspiration I know, but once the back story was in my mind, I could not not put it on paper!

Please be aware of the Scottish slang used throughout the story; it does impact on the readability of the story for non-British readers!

I would like to thank my wife for her understanding while writing all of my stories. Alas, as I choose to remain semi-anonymous I cannot name her!

Please let me know what you think of the story; I cannot hope to improve as an author if the readers don't tell me where I succeeded and where I failed!

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November 2012

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Chapter I

The teenage Abigail smiled at her boyfriend and licked her lips, wiggling her underwear-clad body from side to side. She put on the radio, it was playing pop music, but it was sufficient for her purposes, and she twirled in his bedroom in the riverside house where he lived.

He gulped and sniffed, sat on his bed in his school uniform and Abigail bit her lip as she moved her body forwards and pushed her well developed chest into his face. He gasped in surprise, and she gave him a seductive look.

“Come on,” she encouraged him and spun around to allow him to remove her bra. He fumbled with the clip and Abigail looked over her shoulder as she ground her slender body into his lap and he freed her teenage orbs from their housing.

Abigail leapt up and licked her lips again, dancing to the music as her breasts swayed with her jerking motion. Alistair watched intently as she moved, and his breathing changed – becoming ragged and irregular. “Yer sexy,” he offered and Abigail grinned at him.

“This time,” she told him, looking into his hazel eyes framed by wiry glasses. “We dae it. You'll like it. It'll be special,” she told him. “Promise.”

He nodded transfixed by the teenage girl as she spun around again, still dancing to the melodious tunes of East 17 and she pulled his head onto her bare chest. She faked sounds of arousal as she smothered him and then let him go. She pulled her white knickers down to her feet, stepping out of them and bending back to present her pubis to her boyfriend.

His expression changed, and he bit his lip. “What's matter?” Abigail asked and rolled her eyes. “Ahh not again.”

He gulped and looked at her with apologetic eyes. “Sorry,” he muttered. “It's ... umm ... it's done it again.”

Abigail groaned silently. “You ain't gonna lose ya cherry if ya keep doin' that, are ya?” He sniffed and nodded, looking down forlornly at the sticky, wet patch forming on the front of his school trousers and she got up, taking a deep breath. “S'ok,” she told him and sat down next to him thinking. “S'ok.”

“But I ain't ever been wiv a lass,” he confessed. “N' ye dae t'ings like that. It's too much.”

Abigail sniffed. “I'm wantin' it to be special for ya,” she replied. “Be a wee bit 'mazing. Was me first time,” the teenager schoolgirl told him and picked up her underwear. “Last day of school, an' all that.” She passed him some tissue, and he nervously looked at her. “Go on,” she told him. “Clean up. Was going to see it anyway.”

Abigail watched as he anxiously peeled down his trousers and soaking wet underwear, smelling the scent of semen as he revealed himself to her. She had to stop herself from laughing; Alistair possessed the tiniest cock she had ever seen, just poking out above his pubic hair and he gave a whimper. “Ah know,” he muttered. “It's paukit.”

She sniffed and held his hand. “Ahh ... it's how you use it,” she found herself saying. “Maybe tomorrow,” she muttered and took a deep breath. “But I need to teach you how to

get me off. Is'ne fair you spunking every time and me getting cold feet." She looked into his face and got up.

"No wait," Alistair muttered and reached over, pulling Abigail's arm and kissing his partner. Abigail broke their embrace and looked at him.

"What's with yer tongue? You ain't churning butter." He scowled at her, and Abigail just shook her head and threw him back onto the bed, pulling his clothes onto the floor. "Ya want it?" Alistair nodded, and Abigail wiped her chin and swung her hips over the laid out figure of her beau and rested on his thighs. She took his glistening member in her hands and stroked it gently, pushing it down to his pubic hair, and he groaned as it stiffened instantly to it's full length.

He closed his eyes, and his buttocks clenched as he gripped the thin mattress and moved his hips in time to Abigail's motions. She smiled at him and moved forward up the bed, so that his cock touched her clit before coming to rest just outside her hole. She watched his face as she gently sank down on it and smiled, watching his face as he groaned, gasped and then pursed his lips together, as his body shook.

She felt a small jet inside of her and looked at his face tense and then scowl. "Ahh Abigail."

"Forget it," Abigail cried and grabbed hold of her clothes en route to the bathroom. "Ya ain't doing anything more with me."

Ahh Abigail ... sorry!" Alistair cried as he frantically found his clothes. "Ahh Abigail ... ahhh fuck!"

* * * * *

"You do surprise me!" The brown-haired girl told her friend in her London accent. "Alistair ain't no stud."

Abigail snorted and kicked her legs against the wall underneath her and looked at her friend eating a pastry from the local bakers. "Ah ain't surprised," Abigail replied. "E's a virgin 'til today but I barely touch'd 'im, and 'e's spunking it."

Lisa laughed. "How long were you going out?"

"Week," Abigail told her.

"Long term for you." She hesitated and bit into her lunch. "Since Simon, of course." Abigail hummed for a moment and agreed. "Ya needs to find a proper bloke not some desperate guy."

"Like yer brotha?" Abigail asked, and Lisa shrugged. "I mean, he wasn't bad in the bedroom. Needed some practice but I could give 'im that. But so immature out of it."

"He's fourteen," Lisa replied in a slightly annoyed tone. "And he ain't been dumped before. You near-on broke 'is heart." She looked at the guilty face of her friend and smiled. "But 'e got over you after an hour or two. Going out with the gal from newsagent's now." She sniffed and offered the final third of her pastry to her friend who eagerly took it. "How 'bout that Eoin, on the big farm up river. Big muscles and all that."

Abigail laughed and pondered this for a moment. "Ah-bet 'e's never been with a woman. Just cows and sheep." Lisa burst out laughing as Abigail ate the last of the pastry. "Saw

your ex last week, Willie. 'E asked me out, but I said no."

Lisa shook her head. "Go out with him if ya want."

"After what ya said. To put ya off sex for two years, ahh that's bad."

Lisa groaned. "I am not off sex. I am just off Scottish boys. Well, one particular one. I just want a fella who isn't a bastard."

Abigail snorted and then coughed. "Got me audition next week," she told her friend. "Came through the post few days ago." Lisa touched her friend on the arm and smiled at her. "Might get away from Scottish boys for life."

"Ahh ... best of luck to ya. Glasgow right?"

"It's Glasgae," her friend teased, mimicking Lisa's London accent, and nodded. "Yeah, Glasgae. Bricking it."

"You'll be fine. You were always good in all the plays we did at school." Abigail smiled and looked over the river.

"Hope so. 'Cause I dain't wanna stay in this town all me life."

"Moirs?" Lisa asked, and Abigail nodded. "What's she done now?"

"Ahh, we both went for the same job," Abigail explained. "Tea shop on industrial park, ya know?"

"I know."

"I got it. But she's been a bitch. She's still working at bakery part-time, but tea shop's longer hours." Lisa hummed, and Abigail swept her long hair back. "And I've got to live in the same house as her. She's just been ..."

"She's always not liked ya, 'as she?" Lisa asked, and Abigail gulped.

"Nah. Just 'ope I pass me audition for September."

Lisa looked at her watch and jumped down from the low wall. "I gotta get home, Mum's doing tea. Ya coming?" Abigail nodded and joined her friend as they walked through the isolated Scottish town towards the estate they both lived on. "Ahh, meant to tell you. We 'eard from Dad last week. He's coming out soon." Abigail gulped, and Lisa smiled.

"That's good, right?"

"Ma's still wanting a divorce but he's leaving London 'n' coming up 'ere. Leave it for a week and they'll be happy again." Lisa giggled and rubbed her hands. "And no messin' with me Dad. I know you want to try every guy in the town, but I ain't havin' you moanin' 'bout my Dad in the bedroom." Lisa chortled as Abigail swore. "But it'd only last a few days with you anyway."

"Ahh 'e's been inside for five years. He'll be like Alistair," Abigail teased causing her friend to screw up her face, as they turned onto the little housing estate they called home. "Ya know that. One touch squirtin'."

"I don't wanna think 'bout it," Lisa moaned and then smiled at her friend. "But ya prob'bly

right.”

Chapter II

“Yer late!” The plump girl asked her sister as she straightened her clothes in the floor-length mirror. Abigail looked around and sniffed at her podgy sister before turning round to face her. She swept her long brown hair back and picked up some toast from the kitchen table.

“You turned off my alarm,” Abigail moaned.

“Dae talk mince,” Moira spat back instantly and took a bite of another slice of toast. Abigail licked her lips as she ate her breakfast and poured some tea into a cup. “Yer just lazy.”

The bustling figure of her mother interrupted Moira as Abigail sipped at her drink and she was passed a small bag of “butties” to her daughter. She straightened Abigail's shirt while Moira stared at her. “Wee bonny lassie going to work,” her mother cooed. “For first time.”

“I've worked before,” Abigail snorted, only for Moira to add that it was only a paper round. Abigail gave her a smile and got up from the table, saying goodbye to her mother and passing a gentle wave to her scowling sister.

Moira had never been fond of her and her caustic remarks, and angry disposition towards the younger girl used to lead to plenty of arguments and fights, but Abigail barely cared any more.

She knew Moira would do anything to get at her, and the more she worried about it, the easier it was for her sister to rile her. The walk to the café, across the small Scottish town took little more than ten minutes, and Abigail pushed open the door to the café on a small industrial park tentatively.

She had been interviewed by the owner of the dingy establishment but knew she had to report to the “supervisor” - a former classmate of Moira. Pauline was a big, buxom woman who glanced at the clock as Abigail entered. “Yer late,” she was told for the second time in twenty minutes, and Abigail turned around to watch the second hand push past the number one – she was late by five seconds!

“Sorry,” the young woman replied and Pauline pointed her towards the back of the shop where she was to hang her coat.

Abigail had strict instructions – she was to be a waitress at lunchtime, clean the “pots” during the afternoon and serve customers in the morning. Pauline looked at the beautiful girl and cackled, “and you clean the toilets,” she was told. “It's howlin' in there.”

Abigail nodded and listened; it was not the best job in the world, but it was a job, and it paid decent money.

* * * * *

Abigail returned to the small lounge after washing herself – she felt dirty after cleaning the toilets at the end of her shift. Pauline was right – it was “howlin'” - and she just laughed as Abigail complained about all the “jobbies” left in the latrine.

Abigail got changed and came into the room in her nightie to catch sight of Quentin – Moira's slightly chubby, and nerdy boyfriend – watching television and smartly dressed. She flashed her smile at him and sat down on the chair opposite as his eyes flicked from

the television towards her. "Where's Moira?"

Quentin gulped. "Said she would be 'ome soon," he told her and the teenager sniffed, stretching her legs out in front and allowing her nightie to ride up her thigh. "Gave me'er key. Just had a bit more work to do."

Abigail allowed his eyes to wander to her knee and then further upwards causing her to smile. She scratched the inside of her thigh and pushed her pelvis further into the chair, pushing her arms up and making a yawning sound. She rubbed her breast through the thin nightie. "Whatya been doin'?"

The 21 year old stammered as his eyes were fixed on the sight of Abigail's pubic hair, barely visible as she shifted on the chair. "Err ... just workin', y'know." He gulped, and Abigail gave a wry smile to herself.

"Takin' Moira out?" He nodded and licked his lips as Abigail gave a snort and scratched the top of her leg, causing her nightie to ride even further up. "Where ya goin'?"

He adjusted his trousers and squinted. "Golf Club," he muttered. "Doog-lass way. Awards jobbie."

Abigail cackled. "You two in a car, through the woods. You'll be stoppin' off, right?"

He stared at her as she ran her tongue over her lips and shook his head. "We dain't dae t'at."

Abigail laughed. "Ahh course ya do. Moira, she dain't love you if she dain't let ya fuck 'er." He shook his head, and Abigail's eyes widened. "Every guy I've loved's had it. 'Ad it loads." She waited for his eyes to widen further, and she pushed her hair back. "I know Moira dain't approve, but five years? If she loved ya, she'd be ridin' ya cock like a wild-woman."

Quentin touched his shirt-cuffs and coughed. "She wants a ring on her finger first."

Abigail laughed. "She wants her bum fingered, the dirty ..." Her excitable humour faded as Quentin didn't respond and coughed. "Well ya better tell her she ain't getting a proposal 'til ya know she loves ya. And to get that she needs to fuck ya." Abigail smiled sweetly as Quentin adjusted his shirt collar and the door opened.

The teenage girl immediately straightened her legs and her nightdress as Moira entered the room, nodding towards her boyfriend and scowling at Abigail sitting on the chair. "Ya-ne a dressed," she snapped.

"Ya-ne gonna be 'ere," Abigail replied taunting her sister in her pronounced Scottish voice. "Ya gonna be work-in"

Moira rubbed her nose and told Quentin she wouldn't be long and went upstairs to get changed into a prudish dress that started at her neck and ended an inch from the floor. Abigail shook her head – she wouldn't be seen dead in a dress like that, but she didn't think like Moira.

Which was something both of them appeared to be quite grateful about!

Chapter III

Abigail sat nervously in the reception area of the international acting school, biting her nails. She flicked her hair back and studied the handful of other candidates, all frantically reciting words under their breath or reading intently from books.

Shona squeezed her daughter's arm as she put down and then picked up her book, taking deep breaths and opening it to the page, before closing it again. "Yer just a wee bit nervous," she told her and Abigail didn't respond.

It was the culmination of her efforts, and while her peers were either going into employment or University she longed to be going to "drama school" - an International academy of arts to study acting. Abigail loved acting, and was very good at it, but the audition she gave today could either be the beginning or the end of her dreams.

An officious woman strode through the door and bellowed into the room, "Abigail Kennedy please."

Abigail got up from the chair, her legs shaking, and her mother wished her luck as a dozen pairs of anxious eyes watched her leave the room. She followed the woman down the grey corridor, out into a small auditorium and onto a small stage. Three men watched her as she nervously walked across the stage to the centre; her heart was beating furiously.

They smiled warmly at her and checked her off a sheet, telling her that she had a minute to read her Shakespeare reading and to try and put as much feeling and emotion into the piece before wishing her "luck."

Abigail closed her eyes and counted to two. She recounted a scene involving Katherine – the "Shrew" - from her favourite play and tried to add passion and anger into her character. It was a part she had played in a recent school production and projected her voice into the small hall, but she there was a nervous lilt to her voice and she heard it quiver.

Before she had barely got into the scene she was stopped; her minute was up, and the panel looked at each other. "Thank you very much," she was told in an authoritative voice. "We'll let you know."

Abigail didn't say a word, just nodded and followed the woman silently back to the room. Her mother pursed her lips and looked at her. "OK?" Abigail shook her head and a few tears welled up in her eyes. "Oh baby."

Abigail left the room as quickly as she could and sat with her mother on the steps as the elder woman frantically tried to console her. She didn't need to see the recall list for a second auditions after lunch to know she wasn't on it – she was just too nervous when she recounted Katherine's scene.

Shona returned from the board a few moments later with a slightly glum face, but Abi already knew her name was absent. "Ah'll get yer dinner," Shona promised and put her arm around Abigail. "Yaw'll be fine when ya butties or owt inside of ya."

* * * * *

"Ma," Abigail called as they entered their small town. "Can you stop here?"

"But Ah'm gonnae do supper," she replied as the car slowed. "Yer not to be out all night."

"Yeah," Abigail replied and looked behind her as her ex-boyfriend crossed the road; he had not seen their car drive past. "I just want to tell 'im how I did." Shona sighed and watched as her daughter left the vehicle, promising to be home within the hour. "Simon," she shouted down the street, and the teenage boy turned to see his ex-girlfriend standing in the light rain, buttoning up her coat. "Simon!"

He jogged back down the road to see her, and she cocked her head at him. "Yer all right?" She nodded and took a deep breath. "Lisa told me about yer show."

Abigail sniffed. "Yeah. Not good. I ain't goin' to drama school."

"Ahh'm sorry," he muttered and looked over towards her house. "Ahh've just been to see ye." A smile flickered on Abigail's face as he spoke. "Me birthday."

She licked her lips. "I did know," she told him. "Party?"

"Aye, two weeks," he told her with a grin. "Dad said I could 'old it in't' garden. Said he'd get a marquee."

"A marquee?"

"Yeah. Ahh tis a bit like a tent."

"In a tent? Like ..."

"A big tent," he explained as Abigail waved her arms about. "An' I'd want ya there."

Abigail licked her lips and chuckled. "Me? I dumped you. What about that fat ... I mean ... well the" Abigail waved her arms around to gesture plumpness and then continued. "That girl I saw yer with last week?"

"June?" He sighed. "She ain't ... she's nuttin'." He looked at her and implored at her with his eyes. "Ahh come on Abigail." He went coy and looked at her out of the corner of his eye. "Ya my first love."

Simon grabbed hold of her coat. "Ya first love was ya-self." He raised his eyebrows and unbuttoned the first button and then the second. Abigail cocked her head. "It's pissin' it down." He unbuttoned her coat and pushed it off her shoulders, catching it behind her, just like he used to. The rain fell on her white top, and she sighed. "Simon, it's bloody cold."

"Ya can 'ave it back when you tell me y'ar coming." He put the red garment over his shoulder and watched as the cotton on her body went translucent. "Ya wearing a bra this time?" Abigail burst out laughing. "Tis me eighteenth. Oh come on Abigail."

"OK. I'll come. If you gimme me coat back." He shook the jacket and slid it over her shoulders, giving her a kiss on the cheek as he moved behind her.

"Ah'll send ya an invite," he promised and took her hand. "After I've walked ya home."

"Ya was goin' in that direction," she reminded him, pointing back up the road, and he shook his head.

"Ah ain't lettin' ya wander 'round town on ya own in this we'ter."

She groaned. "Stop tryin' to be a gentleman," she told him firmly.

Simon laughed. "But I like it," he told her and squeezed her hand as he moved the road-side of her. "And you promised we could be friends."

Abigail looked over at him and smirked. "I did?"

"Ahh. And I still like ya even though you ain't gonna be an International film star," he teased, but Abigail didn't find it funny; she didn't want to be reminded of her failure and Simon's face said it all when he realised. "Sorry," he muttered and quickly changed the subject.

Chapter IV

“No good?” The burly figure of her father sat next to her and looked into his daughter's misty eyes. She shook her head.

“Not past the first,” she muttered.

“Stoopid dreamin’,” Moira told her. “Ya not gonna be in those silly films ya watch. Ah've told you hunners ae times.”

“That's enough,” Shona told her eldest daughter who shovelled her dinner into her mouth. “What's got-in-tae ya?”

“She,” Moira spat as bits of potato hit her disappointed sister. “She tried to chat up Quentin.”

Shona and Iain both looked at Abigail who shook her head. “I did not,” she cried, angrily. “I teased him. Nuttin' more.”

“Yer liar,” Moira shouted. “E told me what ya said. Yer a clatty, nasty ...”

Iain stopped his daughter by banging on the table. “Ah'll not-be 'aving it,” he shouted and pointed at Abigail. “And ya leave Quentin aloon.”

Abigail snorted. “I wouldn't want to touch 'im,” she replied.

“Liar!” Moira cried. “Just 'cause ...”

“Ah said,” Iain shouted. “Ah'll not 'ave it at 'ome.” He turned to Abigail and then rubbed his nose. “Ahh what 'appened in Glasgae?”

Abigail rubbed the brow of her forehead and began to recount the short audition while Moira sneered at her failure making snide comments. She choose not to rise to it and was left to ponder just how she would escape from the village without an acting career.

* * * * *

“Ey Abigail!”

The voice of her friend interrupted Abigail's daydreaming, and she glanced over to see the brown-haired full figure of her friend calling her from the top of the side road she was ambling past. She walked up the small incline to see her, sitting on the small wall outside her house. “Whatcha up to?”

“Nuttin’,” Lisa moaned. “Bored.”

Abigail suggested a walk into town and the park – where she was planning to go, but Lisa sniggered. “No-one about,” she moaned. “Ma's gone to London.”

“Home 'lone?” Abigail asked in a playful voice and Lisa nodded. The two girls chatted amicably on the porch as gray clouds gathered overhead and then as the first drops of rain appeared but apart from watching television inside there was little for them to do.

Abigail spotted the figure of Alistair running in the slight drizzle and whispered to Lisa. “Bet I can make him spunk without touching him,” she promised, and Lisa nodded.

"I ain't seen that before," she admitted and then told Abigail she had a bet, to the value of a solitary Scottish pound. Abigail called Alistair as he drew level with the house and beckoned him into the porch that sheltered her.

Lisa unlocked the door as the wet boy came to see her friend. "Come in," Abigail offered. He hesitated, and she smiled sweetly at him. "It's Lisa's 'ouse. I got something to show you. You like, OK?"

He nervously entered the property, taking off his coat and shoes as he did, and Lisa opened the door to the small lounge, decorated in beige and big flowery patterns. He was pushed down onto the sofa, and Abigail blew a kiss at him. "You wanted to show me ..." He started to speak and Abigail removed her top and then her bra, licking her lips and chuckling to herself.

"I was a bit quick to split us up," Abigail told him with a smile and pushed him back onto the sofa. She brought a finger to her lips as Lisa laughed quietly: Alistair was transfixed and he was sitting straight up in the chair, watching Abigail intently. He sniffed and gulped as the teenage girl spun around and sat on the floor.

She leant back and ground her hips into the floor. She watched the nervous boy fidgeted intently. "Abigail?" He asked and looked at Lisa who just shrugged.

"It's her idea," Lisa said truthfully and bit her lip as his eyes never left the display. Abigail was sliding her jeans down her legs, and she moved onto "all fours" and wiggled her rear into the direction of Alistair.

"You like, Big Boy?" Abigail asked in low, seductive voice. "Cause I've been thinking about you sliding your big ..." She coughed and slid a finger into her mouth, sucking it before pulling the gusset aside on her knickers and pushing it up against her, but making it look like her finger went inside. She gave a theatrical groan and Alistair panted.

He fidgeted again and looked at Lisa. "Abigail," he called out in a panic. She threw herself over and parted her legs, crying out a fake orgasmic cry.

"Oh Alistair, you make me hot, you make me think about you all the time." She grunted and groaned, pulled her knickers off and threw them at him. "I think about you fucking me all night long." Lisa spluttered, but Alistair didn't notice and Abigail looked into his eyes. "Look at this cunt Alistair. Ready for a fuckin'. If you are ready." She saw the teenager clench his fists and close his eyes, gasp and then shake his head.

A tear rolled down his cheek, and he sniffed, biting his lip as a wet patch emerged on his shorts. "I'm sorry. I just ..." He looked at Lisa and grabbed his coat running out of the room, and shutting the door on his way out.

Lisa and Abigail looked at each other and Abigail laughed. "What was that?"

"A desperate kid," Abigail responded and held her hand out. "And I want my money." Lisa groaned and pushed a one pound note into the hand of the naked girl. She laughed, and the front door closed. "Double or quits on your brother?"

"No fuckin' chance," Lisa replied, and Abigail fished for her clothes as two sets of footsteps thundered their way up the stairs.

Chapter V

Moira opened the door and walked over to a table clicking her fingers and calling for her sister. Abigail scowled as she came over. "What d'ya want?"

"Ah ya cannae talk tae customers like t'at?" Moira shouted, and Abigail glanced over towards Pauline. "Ah'll have a pot of tea and a slice of cake."

Abigail picked up her pad and walked over to the till, ringing through the cost and printing out the receipt. Pauline snapped at her for talking to Moira like she did and Abigail poured hot water into a teapot containing teabags, added a piece of the heavy cake to the tray along with a small pot of milk and an empty cup.

"Where's me sugar?" Moira asked loudly.

"Yer don't 'ave sugar," Abigail replied, just as loudly.

"Ah wan' sugar," Moira snapped and Abigail scowled and walked to the front of the café to get a small bowl of sugar and put it down with a bang on the table. Moira, holding a cup of tea, bashed it into Abigail's hand as she leant over, then cried out as the hot tea went over her, her cake and Abigail. "Yer clumsy fool! Look what you've done," she spat and Pauline strode down the café with a tea towel.

"So sorry Moira," Pauline apologised and clicked her fingers towards Moira's sister. "Abigail do it again."

"Aye, she's so clumsy," Moira told her. "She always doin' at 'ome."

"It's you," Abigail shouted from the counter. "You threw it into me." Abigail wiped her apron down, and Pauline strode back towards her.

"Yer donnae talk to customers like that," she barked and Abigail glared at her.

"She's causing trouble."

"Go home," Pauline barked. "Yer no good like this."

Abigail took a deep breath and puffed up her chest, throwing her apron onto the work counter and grabbing her coat, before striding out into the sunshine.

* * * * *

"Abigail," the flustered face of Alistair cried as he ran up to her in the park. She looked at her friend walking alongside her, who just shrugged. "Abigail."

The teenage girl spun around to face him. "What?"

"Ah'm needin' to speak to you" he told her, panting furiously. "Ah'm ..."

"What?" Abigail cried and he looked at Lisa, standing next to his ex-partner. "What d'ya want Alistair? I'm having a shit day, what is it?"

"Ah'm sorry," he told her and looked down at her. "Ah want'd to say 'bout us."

"There is no 'us'," Abigail shouted. "We ain't together."

A tear formed in his eye. "But Abigail, please. You're a bonnie lass, and ye make me go all funny. Ah cannae control me-self and ..."

Abigail cocked her head and sighed, shaking it as she spoke. "Yer just ..."

"Ah know," Alistair muttered with despondency in his voice. "But ah need practice," he cried. "Abigail ..."

She sniffed. "I ain't being a sex teacher for ya," she spat. "I want someone who can do it. I got needs too."

Alistair sniffed and bit his lip. A couple more tears formed in his eyes, and he looked at the two girls. "But ... but ... Abigail. Ah love ye. Yer lovely gal and ah wanna marry you."

Abigail spluttered and looked at her friend. "What?"

"Ahh love ye. Please Abigail. Donnae dump me."

She took a deep breath, and he stared at her. "Yer can'nae love me," she muttered.

"But ..."

"We ain't," she said a little more forcefully. "It's over, Alistair. Quickly. Like yer."

"But yer stripped for me. I love ..."

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, staring at him. "Ah only stripped for you at Lisa's 'cause I 'ad a bet to make you spunk in your keks." She bit her lip and he glared at her, wiping his eyes. "I don't love you," she told him. "Yer nuttin'."

"But ..."

"It's over," she said firmly and turned to leave.

Alistair grabbed hold of her hand and sank to knees. "Abigail. Please gimme one more chance. Yer amazin' and ..."

"Alistair, no," Abigail cried and shook her hand free. "Yer makin' a fool of yourself."

He didn't reply and she shook her head, striding away from him. Abigail deliberately didn't cast a glance back towards him as the two girls walked up the hill. "Ah cannae believe him," Abigail cried. "Four dates, a few wee dances and a shit fuck and 'e thinks Ah'm going tae love him."

Lisa hummed. "Was mean though," she muttered and Abigail turned around at the top of the park to see Alistair trooping slowly back towards the road, his head stooped.

"Yeah," Abigail agreed. "Was bored. And he ain't no stud, should be 'appy for all the attention he gets."

Chapter VI

Abigail cried as she fell backwards off of the wall but landed in the soft arms of her ex-boyfriend. He stared up at her and cackled gently. "Caught ya."

"What d'ya want?" He put his hands underneath her legs and pulled them over the low wall and then righted her. "Ya bloody frightened me."

"To share this," he told her and pulled out a small baker's bag from his pocket. She rolled her eyes, and he put his hand in hers. "And a walk." She sighed, and he sniffed. "Ya promised Abigail. Ya said we could be friends."

Abigail gave a chuckle. "And what will June say if she sees me with ya?"

Simon groaned and closed his eyes. "She ain't me girl," he said forcefully.

"Ahh ... ya went out," Abigail told him. "I saw ya."

Simon took a deep breath. "Yeah. We did. Once. We went to pub," he said wistfully. "And she was a right mouthy cow. And she wants to be married 'fore sex."

Abigail took a bite of the cold pastry, and she looked over at him. "Spoilt with me, were you?"

Simon grunted. "And what 'boot Alistair."

Abigail blushed and grunted; Simon pressed her and she groaned. "He isn't super-stud," she told him and then recounted the tale of her barely touching him and him ejaculating.

"Second time better," Simon suggested and Abigail raised her eyebrows. "Ah OK. That bad?"

"Nice guy. Crap at ... well, we never got onto the good stuff. Was spoilt with you." She raised her eyebrows at him and rubbed her hands. "Since we split up, I've 'ad six guys, and they've all been shit 'cept one. And he was fourteen. I mean, what is it with this bloody town." She took a mouthful of her lunch. "And Alistair's just the worst."

"Well I've not had a blowjob since we split up." She looked at him, and he shrugged. "OK I've not 'ad sex either." She raised her eyebrows, and he snorted. "Or a kiss. OK it's harder for guys. All the girls don't get desperate until three weeks 'fore leavin' for Uni."

Abigail spluttered. "Are you saying only desperate girls go fer yer."

"Well you did," Simon replied and then gave a smirk. "But ... Ah'm not totally like ya. Ah wanna get to know my lovers 'fore opening up the bed to 'em."

"I do too," Abigail replied. "With Alistair we played on his computer thing for an hour before I even kissed him. And that Sean who played on the football team. We went for a walk, but he was obsessed with me peeing. And then Toby from the farm ..." He grimaced as she spoke. "Not want to hear it?"

His face contorted slightly. "No," he admitted. "Ah ... Ah still wan' ya. I miss what we had."

Abigail squeezed his hand. "So do I. But we weren't right any more," she told him. "We

became all sex and nothing else.”

“Ya wanted the sex!” Simon cried. “Ya always wanted it.”

“I know,” Abigail mused. “But I guess I needed you to not always let me 'ave it.” She cocked her head and giggled at him. “And you'll be at Uni soon, and you'll forget about me?”

“No,” he told her, rubbing his eyes. “Ah'll never forget 'bout you.”

Abigail shook her head. “Ah ain't anything special,” she told him. “But I promise I won't let your birthday go uncelebrated. Well unless, you get pissed 'cause I ain't coaxing it to life.”

He snorted. “As long as y'ar there, Ah'll be happy,” he promised her, but Abigail gave him a grin.

“Yer dain't say that last year.”

* * * * *

“Abigail!” Lisa cried. “You've done what?”

“Ahh ... calm down,” her friend snapped. “It ain't a big deal. It's just a few pennies for a ... oh donnae look so surprised. I'm missing it. And ah might not 'ave me café job t'anks to Moira so need income.”

“Missing it?”

“It's addictive,” Abigail mused. “And it's been a week, and he is offering twenty quid for ...”

“It's being a slapper,” Lisa spat back and looked at her friend as she pulled her coat off and straightened the skimpy clothes she had just got changed into. It was a cold day, and she shivered the moment she did.

“Just stay 'til half past. I want someone there. I'll cut you in.” Lisa rubbed her hands.

“Half'n hour,” she told her as Abigail strode up the house. A nervous boy opened the door and winced when he saw both the seductive Abigail and the scowling Lisa on his doorstep. Abigail looked at her watch. “Me two o'clock,” she told him and grabbed him by the hand. “Dunnae dawdle. I gotta be back in time from lunch,” she barked and pushed him inside. “Pay my friend, please,” she told him and he snorted.

“After.”

“Before,” Abigail cried. “Before or it's off.” He hesitated, and Abigail crossed her arms. “D'ya want to waste any more time?” He reached into his pocket and gave a small bundle of notes to Lisa who counted them, and he told her to sit down on the sofa.

“Now Brian,” Abigail asked as she sat down with him in his bedroom and closed the door. “What dya want?”

He gulped and sniffed. “Ah dain't wanna go to Uni as a virgin,” he told her, and a small smile crept over Abigail's face. “Ah wanna do stuff.”

Abigail reached over and kissed him on the cheek and put her hands on the base of her T-shirt to lift it over her head. He stared as she stood in front of him, freeing her breasts and

guiding his face into the middle of them. He gave a satisfied whimper, and she glanced down at his shorts burgeoning on the crotch.

Abigail didn't have the time or the desire to do a dance, she was too scared of Brian doing an Alistair and just unhooked her miniskirt that she had changed into two minutes previous. She slid it down to her thighs before allowing it to fall on the floor.

Brian gave a dramatic gasp as he saw Abigail's pubic hair and she gave a wry smile. She looked at him out of the corner of her eye and turned a little. "You can touch me," she told him. "Yer paid for me."

"Ahh gawd," he muttered in a deep Scottish accent as his hands shaking as he closed his eyes and put them in front of him. Abigail tried hard not to laugh at his resemblance to a zombie, and positioned the teenager's hands to her body. He jumped as he touched her skin and she knelt down in front of him and slowly removed his shorts.

She looked at her customer as she freed his manhood and he looked at her, desperately seeking approval. "Ahh wow!" Abigail cried at the six inch cock. "Ah yah'll have no trouble gettin' gals," she told him, and he puffed up his chest as she spoke.

He gasped as she gently put her warm mouth over the tip of his cock and slid gently down the shaft. He closed his eyes and clenched his buttocks as Abigail ran her hands over his stomach, and looked up at him. She kissed the side of his shaft, and then his sweaty testicles and then pressed hard against his perineum as she returned to sucking on his tip.

He writhed and flailed; Abigail grinned and got up from the floor, taking a condom in her hand and sliding it over the horny boy's cock. "Come on then," she told him. "Fore we run out of time." She bounced onto the mattress and pulled the half-naked teenager on top of her. He sighed as she helped guide him into her moist hole and she kissed him on his neck.

Brian shuddered as he pushed forward and buried his cock as far as it would go. "Slowly," Abigail cried as he stabbed at her. "Just move forward slowly, in and out." He removed his cock and pushed in, and Abigail had to tell him to be quicker and not to remove it completely as he withdrew.

Brian exhaled with every thrust into Abigail, and she gave him theatrical groans appreciatively. He was not on a hair trigger like Alistair, and she dug her nails into his back. She screeched and panted, groaned and cried out – all to make Brian feel better. She could feel an enjoyable, lustful warmth, but she knew her lover would fill the condom before she got close to coming.

She bucked her hips to keep in time with his rhythm and raised her legs to change the angle he was entering her; it would make it tighter for him (Simon had told her that) and feel better for her.

Brian gasped and screwed up his face. He began to thrust powerfully and quickly into Abigail who gave a muffled cry and then a passionate scream. "Oh Brian," she yelled and dug her fingers into him, faking an orgasm as she did. She smiled at his contorted face, felt his twitching cock and tense buttocks. She panted as he slowed, his face dripping with sweat and opened his eyes slowly. "Wow!" Abigail cried and kissed him on the cheek.

He flinched as he slowly removed his cock from the teenager and she giggled at his flaccid member and the full condom hanging loosely from it. She picked up some tissue from her

bag, and he shook his head. "Don't," he cried, and she giggled.

"Yer a horny one," she told him. "Next time it'll be extra." She slid the rubber condom off of him as he looked on aghast and she slid down the bed and kissed his cum-covered manhood. He gasped as she slid down his shaft and then squeezed his cock at the base and slid her hand up. "Simon loved me doin' it, and it's yer first time." She wiped her chin and gave him a wry smile. "How was it?"

He smiled. "Great." He shifted awkwardly, and Abigail got up from the bed. "I'll not be a minute," she told him and walked off to the bathroom to get clean and then returned to get dressed.

Brian was nervous again and almost seemed embarrassed as he let Abigail and Lisa out of his house. They burst out laughing as he closed the door. "And that," Abigail said with a grin as they left the house. "Is for me pimp." She passed the girl a five pound note and Lisa giggled. "I love horny boys."

"What ya spendin' it on?"

"Clothes," Abigail told her. "Something nice. But I gotta get changed for work ... and get back."

Chapter VII

“Come on,” Lisa pleaded and Alistair shook his head. “OK we'll be good to ya, won't we Abigail? Abigail wanna say sorry.”

The flamboyant teenage girl nodded, and Lisa begged the teenage boy to join them, but he shook his head. “I cannae leave the shop. Not 'til my Dad gets back.”

“We're wasting our time,” Abigail moaned. “And I wanted to help.”

He winced as Abigail spoke and he wiped his eyes. “I wanna but ah can't.”

Abigail pursed her lips and rolled her eyes. “Abigail'll be on 'er best behaviour,” Lisa offered, and he thought for a moment, looking at her and then shook his head. “She 'as to say sorry for being a bitch to ya and we have an idea to help yer out.”

“I can't.”

“OK I'll be a dirty fuckin' cow,” Abigail promised and looked at him in the eyes. “I'll strip for ya. Take me clothes off and grind my naked body 'gainst ya. I'll run me hands over your body. Come with us.” He shook his head, and Abigail saw a tortured expression on his face. “I'll spread my legs,” she offered. “And I'll let you play with these wee beauties.” She cupped her breasts and gave him a wicked smile.

“Stop it!” Alistair cried, and Abigail looked at Lisa.

“Coming?” He shook his head, and Abigail snorted. “I'll suck your cock, big boy. In the woods, all day long. I'll let you touch me, taste me. Fuck me hard.” She gave a couple of theatrical groans.

“Please! Stop it!” He put his hands to his crotch and Abigail shook her head.

“Not 'til you come out with us.” He screwed up his face, and she closed her eyes and grunted as she exhaled. “Aghhh. The thought of your cock inside me, agghhhh Alistair. Ali-stair. Ali-stairrrrr! Can you imagine it?” He crossed his legs and Abigail rubbed her bosom, peeking at him as he shook for a moment and then ran out of the shop into the back crying. “Can you go now?” Abigail asked him, and she shook her head in annoyance, telling her friend to wait in the shop.

“Leave me aloon,” Alistair cried from the little toilet as Abigail pushed against it; it was locked.

“Open it,” she asked and he refused. She looked at the little lock, took out a pen from her pocket, and slowly slid it across, before charging in.

“Get oot.”

Abigail looked at him, frantically trying to cover himself as he used toilet tissue to clean himself and she shook her head. “Ahh come on. Ah came to say sorry. Ah do wanna to take you out to the woods and show ya somet'ing. Ya'll like it.”

“Go away,” he moaned and she shrugged.

“Ah was a bitch,” she told him. “Lisa told me that. But I think ya great. Not fer boyfriend but

ya ain't shitty. I wanna help you with ya problem. Now come wit' us.”

He snorted as he put his manhood back into his wet Y-fronts. “Ya dain't.”

She gulped and watched as he washed his hands. “Nah affence and all that. But ya ain't gonna win stud of the year.”

“Yeah, I know!” Alistair cried and pushed past her, but the teenage girl grabbed hold of his arm and pushed him up against the wall.

“Yah know. Then lemme teach ya,” she cried out. “How tae eat me 'cause ev'ry girl loves being eaten out. Ya might be crap down there.” She grabbed hold of his crotch and gave a gentle squeeze that made his eyes water. “So make up for it.” She looked at him in the eye and took a deep breath. “D'ya want the girls to talk 'bout you and say ya crap in bed or good in bed?” Tears welled up in his eyes, and he stared at her. “Just ask me if ya want me to show ya.”

Alistair glared at the unrestrained teenager as she walked around the front of the shop and called out after her. “Leave me aloon,” he told her. “Yer just being nasty again.”

Abigail snorted and opened the door. “Ah'm being nice. But Ah-be nasty if ya wan't.”

“Yar a bitch,” he cried.

She snorted and slammed the shop door as she left. “Can'ya believe 'im?”

Lisa shrugged. “He 'ates us,” she mused. “But we did mess with him.”

Abigail hummed. “Well until he can be nice I'll make him spunk as often as I can. In public.”

“Oh Abigail ...” Lisa moaned. “Do ya 'ave to always t'ink about sex.”

Abigail smirked. “Oh, I saw your Dad yesterday,” Abigail told Lisa as they left the shop. “He has aged a bit ...”

“Five years in the nick does that.”

“Ahh well ... he shouldn't go scamming rich bankers should he?” Abigail teased and then smiled at her. “But he has such a wicked touch. And if your brother keeps going, and will grow to have a cock that size, well, wow!”

“Abigail,” Lisa moaned, and her friend laughed.

“S'ok. I ain't been messin' with ya Dad.”

“I bet he'd jump on ya if he could,” Lisa mused. “And I bet you'd jump on 'im!”

Abigail laughed. “So 'ow's things at home?”

“OK. Ma not wanting a divorce, no more. S'even worse. Never get any peace. Wish our walls weren't made of cardboard, hear 'em all night long.”

Abigail couldn't help but laugh; what her friend needed was a boyfriend.

* * * * *

Abigail wiped the tables and strode to the back of the café, her eyes focusing on her sister coming in through the door. "What dya want?" Abigail asked, and Moira snorted.

"Ah just 'ad Quentin at bakers. Wants me to do things to 'im 'cause of what ya said." She barked, and Abigail fidgeted. "Said I dain't love 'em 'cause I won't do things." She gulped, and Pauline watched as Moira sneered at her sister. "I ain't no slut." A few heads turned to look at the plump girl look up to her teenage sister and jab a finger in her chest.

"Ow," Abigail cried and pushed her hand away. Instinctively, Moira cried out in pain and put her hand over her chest.

"Yae hit me!"

Pauline strode down the shop and pulled Abigail away. "Yer sacked."

"Sacked?" Abigail cried, and Pauline sneered.

"Yeah. 'ittin' a customer."

"Ah dannae hit her," Abigail shouted but Pauline smiled at Moira and nodded.

"Slapped yer hard, dain't she?"

"Aye, she did," Moira lied and Abigail took her apron off and threw it at her supervisor.

"I'll 'ave you for this," Abigail shouted at her sister and slammed the café door as she left. She scowled and angrily walked down the little industrial estate and turned onto the main road.

How could Moira do that to her? She was supposed to be her sister and love her, but Moira had tormented her since she was a toddler. It wasn't the first time her elder sibling had upset her but until recently Abigail had assistance of one of her brothers. Jamie and Graeme had moved away, and since then, Moira's attitude towards her had been dreadful.

She missed Jamie; he used to look after her a bit, but Graeme left to join the army when Abigail was ten and had not returned home for any length of time since.

Abigail hated her sister more than ever. They lived in a remote town, and her being sacked would soon travel. She would struggle to find another job, but maybe that was Moira's aim all along – to get her to move out of their town.

She looked down the road, intending to cross when she saw Quentin in his Dad's car about to drive past. She waved him down and then nerdy boy pulled in a few yards from where she was standing. "Hi," she called and stepped into the passenger's seat.

"What you doing?"

"Drive," she barked and he put the car into gear. "Ah got somet'ing to show ya. But it's in Moira's bedroom."

"Pardon?" Quentin asked. "What's in her bedroom?"

"Stuff," Abigail told him. "Just drive. Moira still not getting her trollies off for yer?"

He snorted and shook his head as he pulled up outside Abigail's house. She unlocked the front door and coaxed Quentin to the bedroom she shared with Moira. He stared around it,

he had never seen it before, and Abigail sat him on the bed, telling him that she wouldn't be a minute.

Abigail closed the door and counted to three. What she was planning was truly spiteful, but Moira had just done the same to her. She took a deep breath and removed all of her clothes and picked them up, opening the door and putting them on the floor.

Quentin's eyes widened as he saw her and she smiled. "Me," she told him. "Ya got me."

His legs shook, and his hands went clammy, and she smiled sweetly. "Wer ... wer ... ah?"

Abigail laughed at his expression. "Moira said she dain't want to put out, but yer can 'ave me 'stead." He gulped and she sidled over to him, unbuttoning his shirt. "Dunnae worry. I've done it many times." He tried to stop her, but his resolve was weak and Abigail's had no fear as she unbuttoned the trousers.

She slid the trousers down to his ankles but left his socks on and moved in to kiss him. He resisted so Abigail gave a gentle squeeze of his manhood and he yelped loudly. He opened his mouth and she kissed him, pushing her naked body onto him and then rolling off.

She manoeuvred him on top of her and told him to take his own weight as she guided his erect cock into her. "Push in and out," she told him and stared into his sweaty, rotund face as he adopted a basic rhythm. Abigail knew that it wouldn't take much and once he had orgasmed once, he would want it all the more from Moira.

Quentin gave dramatic mewls with every breath he exhaled and Abigail started to buck her hips with the same rhythm. She swore and gave him lewd compliments.

Quentin sighed and grunted, pumping his girlfriend's sister full of air as he withdrew completely causing Abigail a degree of discomfort, but she gave theatrical sighs and falsified groans before congratulating him on his prowess.

Quentin grunted and cried out, his piggy face screwed up, and he squirted deep into Abigail who gave a small cry as he did.

The girl smiled; he was a crap lover, but he meant so much to Moira. She looked into his eyes, and they heard movement from behind the door. Abigail panicked and tried to throw him off her, but she was too late, and Moira opened the door, staring at the two lovers on her bed.

Chapter VIII

“You clatty cow,” Moira cried out as she burst into the room. Quentin stared at her and she pushed him off her sister, laying out in her bed. “Yer a clatty bitch. 'E's mine.”

“Then fuck him,” Abigail replied. “Yer just a frigid witch. Yer fuck things up for everyone.” Moira grabbed Abigail's throat, and the younger girl kicked her sister away from her. “He just liked me better.”

“No,” Quentin muttered but neither sister was listening.

“Cause I ain't fat like you.” Abigail laughed at her, and wiped her hand on her loins before reaching up and smearing it over her sister's tearful face. “Taste him!” Moira pulled back, clenched her hand into a fist and smacked her sister in the eye as hard as she could.

Abigail cried out and she tripped over Quentin on the floor before looking at her sister. “I'll kill ya,” Moira warned and turned her attentions to Quentin. Abigail pulled her clothes from the floor and frantically put her underwear, jeans and T-Shirt on as Moira screamed at her beau.

“Stop it!” Abigail cried, but Moira continued to rain blows down on her partner, telling him that they were finished. She turned to Abigail and grabbed hold of her hair, throwing her against the wall. Abigail managed to get her hands out, but still hit the wallpaper with a sickening crunch.

She turned around and faced her sister. “This was for getting me sacked,” she yelled at her. “Hurts, doesn't it?”

Moira wiped her eyes. “Ahh 'ate you.” She looked down at Quentin and stared at him. “Ah 'ate you too.”

Abigail shrugged and picked up her shoes, slamming the door to the shared bedroom as she went. She didn't want to be around Moira, and her Quentin any longer and she had certainly not intended to be caught by her sister during the act. She had hoped to cause confusion with Quentin – so that he came to demand sex from Moira, not cause conflict between Moira and herself.

Abigail had always found it hard to deal with her sister; Moira disliked her – as did her elder brother Graeme – and whenever she saw either of them there was a tension and angry dislike. It was a little irrational, but it Moira clearly felt the same, and although Abigail regretted the way she had used spiteful language against her, it clearly wasn't the worst thing that she had done that day.

She left her terraced house and ran down the road towards the little town she lived in. She wanted to escape, but she was a long way from being able to. She wondered about running off to Glasgow or Edinburgh to find some fortune among the bright lights. She looked behind her and saw the family car of Quentin shoot past her – he was alone – and she felt a little bit guilty.

She stopped and sat down by the side of the road, looking out over the river to think: she had certainly never wanted to break her sister's relationship and she knew her parents would be furious with her.

They would probably throw her out of the house, she was sure of that, and she became worried about where she would go. There was no room at Lisa's house, and she no longer had a boyfriend. She needed help and what she got was another blow to the side of the face, knocking her onto the ground.

Moira stood over her, glaring into her eyes and brought her foot up. "Stop," Abigail cried but only managed to get out of the way of the stomping foot by inches. "Stop it!"

"Ahh ... yer a dirty cow," Moira cried. "Ah dunnae want tae live wi' ya no more." Tears streaked down Abigail's face as she righted herself, slipping on the embankment.

"I'm sorry," Abigail shouted. "Ah was angry."

"Ah 'ate you. Ah ain't livin' wi' you no more," she shouted and Abigail scrambled away. Moira tried to give chase, but Abigail was thinner, quicker and fitter and she had soon put a couple of streets between herself and her incandescent sister.

Abigail panting, looked behind her and ran out into the road, wanting to get to the big house of her ex-boyfriend as soon as she could. She closed her eyes to wipe her left eye, full of tears, when she heard the screeching of a car coming towards her.

Chapter IX

“What were ye doing?” A stern voice cried, and the woman helped Abigail to her feet. “What were ye up to? Silly lass. Nearly got yourself killed.” Abigail swayed slightly as she stood on her feet and the woman parked Abigail on a garden wall.

“I’m fine,” Abigail muttered, but the woman told her to stay there while she parked the car out of the middle of the road, and then escorted the teenage girl some stairs for a “cup of tea.”

Abigail’s foot hurt, and her ankle was sore. She walked up the flight of steps and was seated in a chair of the large office while the woman – who had introduced herself as “Margaret” - made her a drink. “We better have a look at that ankle, Abigail,” she told her as she passed her a cup of tea.

The girl didn’t flinch as the woman knelt down beside her and Abigail took off her shoes and then her socks. “How do you my name is Abigail?”

Margaret chortled. “Everyone knows you, young lady.” Her voice dropped slightly as she turned over the ankle in her hand. “Your brother used to work for me. And I know your father very well. As well as your mother,” Abigail blinked as the woman studied her ankle. “It’s bruised,” she told her.

“How do you know my father?”

“He is the Sergeant for the town. I am a solicitor, work it out,” Margaret told her a little dismissively and licked her lips, getting up and washing her hands in the tiny kitchen adjacent to the office. “Bit of ice and that’ll be fine. So, what were you doing haring down the road, trying to get yourself killed?”

Abigail shook her head. “Been fighting with Moira ... my sister.”

“I know Moira.”

Abigail sniffed and licked her lips. “She got me sacked from my café job 'cause she wants to work there, so I ummm ... well I messed around with her boyfriend.” Margaret gulped and tutted, shaking her head, and Abigail’s face fell slightly. “I know ... but she 'ates me.” Abigail took a deep breath and Margaret looked at her.

“You have a lot of your mother,” she muttered. “She was ...” There was a sigh and the solicitor turned around a picked up a bundle of papers, opening a drawer to her right. “It’s not good to use sex as a weapon.”

Abigail nodded. “I know.” Margaret snorted.

“Then why did you?” Abigail buried herself behind her drink and just hummed. Margaret smiled as she filed the first file away, and then the second on a different drawer. “Moira’s no angel, we know that,” she told her but licked her lips as she took another sip of her drink. She passed a file over to the desk and looked at Abigail. “Put that it the top drawer under “Parkinson, please love.”

Abigail filed the folder and got passed another one, and another. Margaret returned to her seat, behind her desk and picked up some papers. “Give me twenty minutes and’ll give you a lift home,” she promised. “Just got a file to prepare for tomorrow.” Abigail nodded

and picked up the empty cup, taking it to the sink to rinse. Margaret appeared busy, and she would happily have walked home as her ankle wasn't that sore, but the sound of rain against the glass made her change her mind.

She returned to room to see Margaret in front of a photocopier, copying a big pile of papers. "Ah'll do that," Abigail offered and held out her hand. Margaret looked at it and thanked her after a moment's thought.

"All of them," she told her and returned to her seat to cross through text in red pen. Abigail was a little nervous with the photocopier; she had only used a handful of times at school, but it whirred into action and the light shone across the room as it scanned the pages. Abigail sorted the copied papers out, straightening them and putting them on Margaret's desk as she looked up. "All done?"

"Ummm ... yeah, think so." She looked back at the photocopier and removed the last source page from the machine. "Yeah," she muttered and Margaret smiled.

"Let's take you home." Margaret passed Abigail her coat, and needlessly helped her to her feet.

"I dain't have a home no more," she muttered, and Margaret snorted.

"Yer parents. Ah know them well, and they'll be angry ... disappointed mebbe ... but you'd still 'ave an 'ome. Let's get ya home."

"Thanks," Abigail murmured and she waited as Margaret locked her office and then the stairwell at the bottom of the steps. She unlocked her car – a sporty little hatchback and Abigail climbed in; it was a lot newer than any other car she had been in.

"What are you doing for a job?" Margaret asked and Abigail shrugged. "I own that practice, there's another solicitor who works there. We need a new office assistant," she offered. "I'd be happy to give you a try for the week."

"Office assistant?"

Margaret looked at her as she started the car. "Filing, cleaning, making cups of tea, running errands." Margaret pulled out into the empty road and let her comment hang in the air. "I'd pay four hundred and forty a month, plus lunches. If it works out."

Abigail took a deep breath. "Wow! Yeah, I'd love to."

"You can start Monday," Margaret offered. "Just to see." Abigail nodded, and Margaret smiled at her. "Your brother was very good as an office junior, mind. Let's hope you're just as sharp, eh?"

Abigail didn't know what to say!

* * * * *

Moira absented herself from the room the moment Abigail entered. "I've said I'm sorry," she wailed as her big sister pushed past her, knocking her into the wall. "Ah said ..."

Shona groaned. "Why did you do it Abigail?"

The teenager shrugged at her mother. "She got me sacked and ah just ..."

Her father turned around in his chair. "Yoo need a damn good hiding, young lady." Abigail nodded and stared at the floor. "She's yer sister, yer don't mess 'round like that."

"She maybe my sister, but she's always 'ated me. She's ..."

Iain got up from his chair and pushed his daughter against the wall. "Yer seventeen noo, yer respec' yer sister and t'is family." He sniffed and held up his hand causing Abigail to close her eyes and expecting to be hit, but Shona got up and put her arm on Iain's. "Moira's yer sister," he cried.

Abigail gulped and looked straight at her father as he released his grip on her shoulder and she backed away. "Abigail," her mother called. "Ahh sit da-rn dear." The teenager blinked and wiped her eyes as her mother coaxed her to the sofa, before getting her to tearfully recount the day.

Shona listened, but Iain kept interrupting her to chastise his teenage daughter in an aggressive tone. The mother glared at her husband. "Let 'er speak," she barked. "Ya made a fair few mistakes in yer past as well." Iain's expression changed, and Abigail winced.

"It's not nice," he replied, and she glared at him.

"She's me wee lass," Shona spat back. "Ah she's a silly gal but yer no angel, love." He gulped and withered under the stare of his wife. She rubbed her hand on the back of Abigail's. "Ah'll sort out Moira," she promised.

"She 'ates me," Abigail told her with tears in her eyes. "She 'ates me."

"She doesn't," Shona soothed.

"Ah doo," Moira said from the doorway. "Ah want 'er to dae." Abigail turned in time to see Moira in her coat and shoes, shut the door to the lounge and walk calmly out to the street.

Shona looked at her husband. "Go after 'er," Shona cried. "Deal with 'er." Iain was already getting up and strode out of the room.

"I didnae want tae cause t'is trouble," Abigail cried and was pulled towards the open arms of a motherly embrace. "Ah just wanted a job an' she spoilt it."

* * * * *

Abigail put on her best dress and did a twirl in the mirror in the hallway. "Dirty bitch," Moira muttered as she stormed past her.

"Moira, I'm sorry."

"oo is it? Some twelve year old payin' you or some desperate old man." Abigail ignored her. "Ya had a weird taste in boyfriends. That Simon, 'es a nasty ..."

"It's Quentin," Abigail told her coldly. "E's taking me out. Said I wasn't fat like you." Abigail spat coldly at Moira raised her hand to strike her sister, but Abigail pushed her out of the way.

"Ah 'ate you," Moira cried, and Abigail shrugged.

"I 'ate you too," she replied. "So does Quentin." She watched as a tear rolled down Moira's

cheek and the elder sister backed away. "He was telling me after we screw'd in the woods."

Moira sniffed back a few tears and shook her head. Abigail felt guilty again but why did Moira have to make her so angry?

The walk to Simon's house on the warm Summer's day was not an unpleasant one. She carried with her an overnight bag, just in case, and Simon lived on a large detached house on the edge of the little riverside town, nearest to the seaside estuary. He was waiting for her on the small wall that lined their front garden and the accountant's son opened the side gate.

Abigail looked at the giant white canopy in the garden and then at her ex-boyfriend. "So that's a marquee?"

"Yeah. Well Mum's out. Dad's workin' in his study. Said we could 'ave music and stuff on." She passed him a small present from her bag.

"Happy birthday," she told him and kissed him on the cheek. "For later." He raised his eyebrows. "Who's coming?"

He strode over to the marquee and pulled Abigail over to him. "Me ... I 'ope."

"Is June here then?"

"Oh, and I've invited Alistair. But he said you ain't to go near him."

Abigail laughed. "Ah dain't need to." He glanced down at her bag, and she shrugged. "I kinda want to give ya a treat though."

"Ya stayin' the night?"

"I might do. If I'm invited t'at is."

"I'll check with June," he teased. "See what she thinks." They were interrupted by the sounds of a bunch of Simon's friends coming up the garden and then Lisa screeching towards her best friend.

Simon put some pop music on, followed by some dance music while Simon provided several cans of alcohol and an assortment of unhealthy snacks. His Dad appeared to grab some drinks and offered Lisa a dance, which caused howls of amusement as the shy girl blushed when she became the centre of attention.

The banter was good natured, and Abigail played football with some of the boys briefly as well as danced with a number of her classmates. She got teased on her reputation, but Abigail didn't mind.

One of her class, a pretty girl called Mary, bounced over to Simon, kissing him on the cheek and telling him that she had to go home early. "It's from us all. Happy birthday," she screeched as she gave him the gift. "Ya so manly now." She rubbed her hands over his chest and giggled.

Abigail groaned; she didn't like to see "other girls" be so flirtatious with her ex-boyfriend, it was always her job. She scowled and whispered to a few of the girls who disappeared at the back of the marquee and walked over to her other ex-boyfriend present at the party.

Abigail pulled Alistair by the hand and he shook it free. "Leave me aloon," he begged but Abigail kissed him on the lips, grabbed his hand again and pulled him towards her and then pushed him up the garden to a dozen trees near the boundary. "What dya want?"

Abigail laughed and pushed him up against the far tree. "Say sorry," she said in a babyish voice and ran her hands down his flanks. "I just want to say sorry. Properly." She felt him tense and close his eyes and heard him count to ten. She rubbed her hands down his flanks.

"Stop that, please. Just ... oh Abigail, please. Don't do this to me."

Abigail chortled and pushed herself in her figure-hugging dress up against him. She felt around his body and gave low grunting noises. He mewed at her, and began to pant. "You know what I can do. Don't fight it." He gulped and she ran her hands down his trousers and saw him tense up and cry out. His crotch twitched and she giggled, pulling down his trousers and his Y-Fronts at the same time.

He gasped in panic as his cock bobbed free, his Y-fronts clearly covered in semen and hanging from his my manhood. Abigail turned around amongst the trees. "Girls. Ya see that?"

"Bloody hell Abigail, you weren't shittin' us," the first girl – a plump teenager cried and appeared from behind a bush. She gazed at the panicked boy who frantically tried to move, but Abigail watched him fall over his trousers and into her.

Six girls from his class appeared, and a tear rolled down his cheek. "Yer ..." He pulled his trousers up to his thigh.

"T'at's for callin' me a bitch," Abigail told him. "Ah tried to 'elp you."

"Yer 'elping 'im? How?" Abigail laughed at her friend and watched the hapless Alistair run down the garden, his cock still showing and semen leaking from it, past the rest of his class and out down the side of the house. "You bitch!" Lisa cried at Abigail as she emerged in front of half the class. Abigail shrugged, and Lisa scowled. "Leave 'im aloon now," she asked of her friend. "You'll make him upset."

Abigail gulped, still smiling. "Yeah OK. I know."

The party continued, and Abigail arranged for Simon to have a slow dance with Lisa but the party began to wind down, and a handful of the invitees helped Simon move his stereo and the presents into the house while Lisa and Abigail tidied up, putting the rubbish in the bin. They watched as Simon teased Lisa into doing a cartwheel and then suggested to Abigail. "You can do a handstand?" She laughed, complaining that she would show her knickers if she did. "That ain't bothered you before!" Abigail rolled her eyes but retreated to a quieter part of the Marquee, removed her underwear and then walked back over to him, doing a handstand on the soft grass.

Her dress fell to her waist, and Simon gasped. "Can ya see me knickers?" The slightly drunken girl felt a stray hand touch her bush, and she righted herself. She stuck her tongue out at him and told him to open his present. Simon looked at Lisa and his best friend who had blank expressions on their faces as he picked up the gift

"We better go," Lisa told him as he unwrapped the box. He burst out laughing when he saw a book on dating and a pack of condoms.

"Who's that for?" He asked, and she cocked her head.

"Tonight. If you want?" He looked at her, and she licked her lips. "Ahh come on ... ya got laid on your birthday every year since ya was fourteen. Ya think I want to break that."

He gulped and smiled. "Why did you dump me?"

Abigail gave a nervous laugh and then saw that he was asking a serious question. "Ya know why. We got stale. Sex apart, we just ... there wasn't enough there."

"What love?"

"I don't want to talk about it," Abigail moaned and adjusted her dress. "I still like you." She cocked her head and kissed him. "I cannae a'not love ya. An' ah think yer wonderful. But, ah ain't wanting to go out with ya. It's just ... not now. Just accept it, and take me while I'm offering."

Simon laughed and took her by the hand. "I'd rather have you every night," he told her, and she bit her lip as he escorted his ex-girlfriend up to his room.

The large bedroom he shared with no-one and although his bed was technically a "single" it easily fit both of them when she stayed the night. At first, they would have to sneak her into the room but as both families got used to their relationship they were more open about it.

Abigail put her bag down on the floor and looked around the blue room; it was exactly as she remembered when they had their "heart-to-heart" a few weeks previous. The picture of her on the chest of drawers was still there, and she looked at him.

She snorted and sidled over to him; kissing him on the cheek as he nervously stood in his bedroom. He excused himself to go to the toilet and she undressed, folding her clothes neatly on the chair in the room. He returned to find her in his bed with her head just poking out from the duvet.

He undressed as she looked on, her hand rubbing his globes and grabbing hold of his cock and she squealed as she knocked him off balance. "Wait," he cried and jumped into the bed. Abigail looked into his eyes and slid down the bed, dropping light kisses on his body and then his thigh. Simon groaned, and he ran his hands through Abigail's long, brown hair.

Abigail sighed as she kissed the shaft of her lover and he gave an audible sigh. "Been awhile?" Abigail teased, but he didn't hear and she rubbed her hands over his cock as she caressed the corona with her tongue. He spread his legs, and pushed his body into the springy mattress, grunting and she slipped a finger into her mouth and rolled it along his testicles and then his perineum.

She pressed against his skin behind his testicles while her other hand pumped the base of his shaft in a twisting motion, and her mouth bobbed up and down on the top of his member. Simon grunted and gasped; Abigail was good at what she did, and she rubbed his perineum in a circular motion. She looked up the bed at him in the darkness and made out the faint outline of her ex-boyfriend, leaning up slightly to watch his ex.

His breathing became ragged and irregular as she worked her magic on him; she knew what he liked and his cock twitched. She felt his hips push against the bed and begin to move in a gentle rhythm into her mouth. She steadied herself, ready for his release.

Simon closed his eyes and gasped, holding his breath as his pelvic muscles tensed and quivered, squirting a few waves of semen into her mouth. She sucked the tip and swallowed, smiling up at him. He had a slightly glazed look in his eyes, the moonlight shining into the room, lighting up his face.

He beckoned her up the bed and kissed her. "Thank you," he whispered and he put his arm underneath her, pulling him to her. She felt the small hairs on his chest tickle her body, and the warmth from him radiate to her.

"Your welcome," she whispered back. "Happy birthday."

He gave her a smile as she ran her hands through his body hair, occasionally running her palm over his moist cock. Simon said nothing, enjoying the feeling of his ex-girlfriend caressing him and just rubbed his hands over her. She stopped him from going too close to her loins, telling him that the evening was for him only.

She leant over to his ear and nibbled it. He laughed as it tickled and she moved down his body, kissing his neck and then sucking his nipple. He grunted, and she felt his cock stiffen. "Can I?"

"Of course," Abigail whispered, and he rolled on top of her. She instinctively parted her legs; the act of going down on him made her excited, but he was an experienced enough lover not to stab wildly at her before she was ready.

He eased himself forward, and she looked into his eyes as he pushed gently into her. She held her breath as his cock entered her and sighed as he made gentle rocking motions. He looked into her face and she smiled at him, her beautiful face framed in the half-light. He grunted, he wasn't as sensitive as usual due to Abigail's oral trick a few moments earlier and slowly thrust forward to bury his cock into her.

She moved her hips back and moved her legs up, changing the angle of his cock and putting her legs around his waist. He groaned as she did, she got "tighter" and he began to pump gently into her, pausing as his cock went all the way into her before continuing his rhythm.

Abigail began to gasp and massaged his cock with her muscles, making passionate mews as he drove his familiar manhood into her. She rubbed her hands down his back and her bowed his head to kiss her.

They passionately embraced, their tongues touching and their lips caressing each other. She almost willed him to go "faster" but Simon kept to his steady rhythm causing Abigail to cry out.

She squeezed his waist inside her legs and clenched her fists as Simon sped up slightly; her groaning and crying got louder and louder. She swore at him, and her legs quivered; she gasped as she exhaled and held her breath. She was nearing her climax and cried out.

He kissed her, and she gave a muffled cry into his mouth. Grabbing hold of his skin she squeezed and her internal muscles clamping down on his cock. He grunted and she gasped, her loins flooded with a lustful tension that caused her muscles to spasm and a wave of intensity sweep through her.

Simon felt his ex-lover orgasm underneath him, and he began to powerfully pump into her.

She gasped as he did this through her climax and swore loudly as he rammed his cock into her freshly satisfied pussy.

He grunted, his cock twitched and she felt her insides splatter with his semen. He slowed for a brief moment and then swept his cock in and out of her before sitting back on his haunches. Abigail sighed. "Missed that," she muttered and reached for "their" roll of toilet tissue.

"What were the condoms for?" Simon asked with a smile, and she giggled. "But I'm here if you want it. You know I'll always have time for you."

They talked briefly as she wiped his cock and then her leaking pussy and cuddled up next to him to enjoy her post-orgasmic glow. Simon yawned as she snuggled up to him and he turned to cuddle her. "Love you," he muttered as settled down. "And good night."

"Yeah," Abigail muttered. "Good night." Abigail waited for Simon to drift off and then slid out of the bed; she had started to feel content with his arms wrapped around her, and it was wrong. Simon wasn't her boyfriend, and she had made a decision that he wasn't to be. She didn't want to fall for him again. She silently got dressed and crept downstairs as the clock struck midnight, quietly opening the back door and slipping out into the garden.

It might have been cold, but she would be home in fifteen minutes and started walking through the small town at the dead of night with the uneasy feeling that she was being followed.

Chapter X

Abigail was nervous as she rang the bell on the door to the solicitors. "Come in," she heard shouted and she nervously pushed open the door and walked up the stairs to the second floor; it was above a large newsagents, and she was smiled at by the middle aged woman. "This is Jake, my legal partner."

"Partner?"

"Work partners," she told her. Jake was at least ten years younger than Margaret and had short black hair on top of a grinning face and a stocky body.

"Hey, no more filing," he said with a gleeful look at Abigail. "It's 'orrible." Margaret smiled, and she shook her head and showed Abigail around their small office. The main office consisted of three desks, with a computer on a spare desk and next to Margaret. A separate consultation room was private and accessible from the front of the solicitor's office.

Abigail was told to sit at the front of the office, greet people as they came in, make drinks in the small kitchen, do filing, photocopying and type up letters.

It was basic secretarial work, and the sort she felt she could do easily, and the best bit was that it paid more money than the café; she almost felt like thanking Moira for getting her sacked, but that was one bridge too far!

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Abigail put the cup of tea on the desk in front of the middle-aged woman who passed her a handwritten letter in return. "Type that up for me, love," she asked. Abigail nodded and walked over to the terminal in the corner of the room and loaded up "WinWord." She had used it a few times at school, but the last fortnight had seen her improve her typing skills considerably as she typed several letters for her bosses.

Margaret glanced over as the girl loaded the computer and took a sip of her drink, reaching into a drawer and passing a small envelope to her. "Wages," she told her with a smile. "Pay you every fortnight, love. You've earned it."

Abigail thanked her. "What ya doin' at weekend?" Jake asked her as she returned to him a letter about outstanding rent on a tenancy.

Abigail shrugged. "I dunno. Get away from Moira," she muttered. "Simon might take me up the coast." Jake gave a grin.

"Ya keep talking 'bout him."

Margaret laughed at her colleague. "Ya ne'er talk 'bout your ex." Abigail gave him a look, and he sipped at his glass of water.

"No," he mused. "She's a bi ..." Margaret coughed and glared at her legal partner.

"Moira's been a b .. ahem," Abigail told him with a smile.

"You did a nasty thing," Margaret told her.

“Ah know,” she replied with a resigned tone to her voice. “I did something without thinking. Ah didnae want to hurt her like this. Ah mightn't like her, but she's still me sister. But she just hates me now and I hate being at 'ome.”

“Move out,” Jake said with a flourish. “Hey, Margaret. What about that flat upstairs, you ain't got a tenant and ...”

“No,” Margaret blurted out with a panicked look on her face. “No she's ... well ...”

“I am seventeen,” Abigail told her with a scowl.

“Ah well. It's just. It's a one bedroom flat, no telly and ...”

“Sounds perfect,” Jake told her.

Margaret took a deep breath. “I don't think your ma and pa will be happy with the idea. Certainly not that flat.

“They'll be fine,” Abigail muttered. “Can I see it? Would I be able to afford it?” The phone went before Margaret could answer it, and Jake took the key from behind Margaret's desk as she frantically gestured for him not to.

“I'll show you,” he told her and opened the door to the office into a small hallway and then up a flight of stairs in front of them that lead back on top of the solicitor's office. “It's been up for a few weeks, but it's quite reasonably priced.” He unlocked the wooden front door and walked into the room; the lounge was dated, as were all the rooms and there was a slight musty smell.

Jake opened the windows and showed her the flowery bedroom, the greyish-green bathroom, the small kitchen and where the battered vacuum cleaner was kept. “She can take it out ya wages,” he offered. “Forty five pounds a week and t'at includes the leccy bill 'cause our office is on the same meter. Just rates and food.”

Abigail sniffed as she ran her hands over the sofa and looked around the room. “My own bedroom,” she mused. “And away from ... Can I think about it?”

“Sure. It's a big step moving out for the first time.” He smiled at Abigail's face – a mixture of excitement and apprehension. “But it might be what you need. I moved to University when I was seventeen, and it was great.

“Ah'll think 'bout it,” Abigail told him.

Chapter XI

There was a knock on the front door of the terraced house and Abigail looked up. "Not fer me," she muttered and stared at Moira and her parents sat around the table.

Moira groaned and threw her fork down on the plate, striding down the small hall and flinging open the door. Her eyes narrowed when she saw the face of her ex-boyfriend and went to close it when her put his foot in the door. "Moira, please. Ah wanna spa'k to you."

She snorted. "Yer screwed that dirty bitch," she cried. "Five years Quentin. Ah told you yesterday and day 'fore at bakery. Ah keep tellin' ya, ah not goin' out with ya."

He bit his lip and opened pulled out a ring from his pocket. "But I love you, Moira." He got down on one knee and held it out. "Marry me."

She snorted. "Yer must be jokin'," she shouted. "Yer messed with ... her."

"I've been waitin'," he told her. "For weeks. I'll ne'er do anythin' like that again."

Moira gasped and bit her lip, shaking her head. "Anyone but ... her." She watched Quentin get up and wipe a tear from his eye before turning to see her father approach the door. "Ga inside," he barked at his eldest daughter, and she looked at her ex-boyfriend and her father and nodded; she knew better than to disobey him. She looked at the apologetic face of Quentin and backed away.

"Moira," he cried. "Ahh Moira, I wanna talk. Don't go."

"Go," Iain shouted as his daughter hesitated and he closed the door behind her. "If I ever see you at this how-se aga'n I'll skelp you into next week, ya hear me?"

"But ..."

"But you leave mi gals alone. Yer cannae mess wi' them. Yer done enough damage."

Moira listened from behind the door, not wanting to peer from the window in case she was seen by her father. "Ah love Moira. I cannae ..." His assertions were interrupted by a thump and a cry.

"Yer leave mi gals alone," he shouted, and Moira retreated to the kitchen staring at the ground. She took a deep breath, tapped the side of the table and lurched to her right, smacking her fist into the face of her sister.

"e was going to marry me," Moira cried loudly. "Yer spoilt it, like yer spoil everythin'." Abigail cried out and pushed Moira away, but the elder girl wasn't sat down and had the leverage to hit and punch her defenceless sister.

Abigail did her best to slide off of the chair, putting her hands, arms or table between her and the blows that were raining down upon her from above but Moira was determined. Iain pulled Moira off of her as he returned to the room and shouted at his daughter, but Moira ran away and up the stairs to her room.

Shona comforted Abigail. "She doesn't deserve this," Shona claimed. "Yer need to sort her out." Abigail rubbed her face and shook her head; she wasn't badly hurt with the exception of a few bruises that were forming.

"Margaret has a flat in the town. Says I can rent it from her."

"Oh no," Shona cried. "T'is ain't splittin' up me family."

"I'm goin' Ma," Abigail told her quietly. "S'for the best."

Iain cleared his throat. "Yer too young."

Abigail bit her lip. "I'm not. And I can't stay here." Iain looked at his wife, and Abigail hummed. "Is'nae fair on Moira, or me. I'll only be down t' road," she told her parents, still staring at the table. "But I can't stay here."

"Yer ..."

"Dad was sixteen when 'e moved out. Ah want to stay there."

"But not that flat," she cried. Abigail's expression changed, and Shona implored her husband who looked at his daughter.

"Yer really want tae?" Abigail pursed her lips and nodded before reminding her parents that she was less than half-a-mile away but was getting her independence. Iain rubbed his hand on Abigail's and nodded with pursed lips. "Then yer better get packing."

"Iain," Shona cried, but Iain held up his hand.

"Aye, if it's what the girl wants," he told his wife. "Then ah'll 'elp her."

* * * * *

"Got a new place to live," Abigail cried the moment she saw her friend on the green. "Margaret said I could have the flat upstairs," Abigail told her friend in an excited voice. "Said she'd take it out of me wages."

Lisa grinned. "So no more Moira."

"Aye, no more Moira." Lisa giggled at her friend. "Lunch?"

"Starvin'," Lisa replied and they walked towards the small bakers. "No butties today?"

"Ma's out of bread," Abigail told her. "I'll get some for her with me lunch. But cannae believe gettin' me own flat. It's small. Bedroom, bathroom, living room and kitchen, real small, but it'll be me own."

"Can I move in with you?" Lisa asked. "Cause me Dad's making up for lost time." Abigail laughed out loud and jumped over some dog mess on the path.

"Yeah, and you think it'll be any different livin' with me?" Lisa didn't respond, and the vivacious girl straightened her clothes. "Was thinking of that Alistair. He needs teachin' 'cause if he ain't gonna last for more than a few seconds he needs to know stuff."

Lisa cackled. "Sex teacher?"

"Yeah, Boyfriend SOS stuff, loads of our class'll be shit. Thought I'd send some off knowing what to do with what's 'tween their legs. What dya reckon?"

"I reckon yer crazy. What about Simon? I mean, at his party ..."

"I know, I know," Abigail dismissed her friend with a snort. "I donnae think he wants me. Apart from for sex."

Lisa bit her lip. "I think he does," she told her. "I think he misses you." They looked down the road and stepped off the pavement, walking around a stationary car to join a small queue at the bakery. "I know he does."

"I donnae want him," she told her. "It's hard 'cause me heart says yes but my head knows I shouldn't."

"But ya movin'. Make sure ya tell him, right?"

Abigail snorted. "Yeah. Long as he doesn't just turn up 'specting sex all the time." Lisa watched her staring at the pastries in the glass display cabinet.

"Yeah, 'cause you've never given him sex have you?"

Abigail sniffed. "Nah. But I'll have all me young boys visitin' me, won't I?" Lisa laughed. "Be awkward if he's around. I need the likes of Alistair to come see me!"

"We've scared Alistair enough, right? We can leave 'im alone. Pick someone else."

"Yeah, mebbe," Abigail replied and gave the baker her order.

"Abigail. He was proper upset after the party. You did a mean thing to him. He's a nice lad, just with a big problem. And you ain't helpin'. If you want to help him stop being a bitch to him."

"Yeah I know," Abigail moaned. "I did another mean thing. I ran away from Simon's bed when he was asleep after the party." Lisa stared at her, and Abigail shrugged. "It felt wrong to stay there ... after he'd had his birthday present." Abigail gulped and shrugged.

Lisa tutted. "E'll be upset. Yer sex drive is hurting everyone at the moment, isn't it?"

Chapter XII

Abigail nervously fidgeted on the doorstep of the plush house of her ex as figures inside moved towards the door. She put her hands in her pockets and waited in the light drizzle. Simon answered it and stared at the wet teenager.

“Come in,” he offered and even cracked a wry smile.

She paused briefly and, feeling disarmed by his smile, walked in. “I want to say sorry,” she offered, and he gave a little grunt.

“I must be losin' my touch,” he told her. “Cause I ain't had a girl sneak off in the middle of the night before ... especially after sex. Woke up feelin' right depressed.”

Abigail's expression changed from apologetic to guilt, and she shrugged. “Yeah. It just felt ... it felt like eet did before.”

“Is that bad?”

She sucked in air through her teeth. “Yeah,” she muttered. “Cause it wasn't a 'Ah love you' fuck it was a 'happy birthday' fuck.” He gave a grunt, and she bit her lip. “It felt warm and content, and it should'nae 'ave done.”

He laughed and put his hand on her waist. “Yer wet, can I put your clothes on t'radiator?” She shook her head, and he gave a little laugh. “OK, I saw you leave. You woke me up as you closed my door,” he confessed. “I wasnae upset. I knew.”

Abigail gave a dramatic sigh, and he chortled to her. “So, yer'nae upset?”

He gave a wry smile. “No. I followed you. I didn't want you walking back through the town at night on your own.” She gulped, and he laughed at her concerned expression. “Just put a dressin' gown on. That wind got everywhere.”

“Then why did'nae you ...?”

“Oh Abigail,” Simon teased and took her hand. “If you wanted me to walk you home you would've asked.” She stood akimbo at the bottom of the stairs glaring at him.

“Exactly. So yer did somet'ing yer knew ah would'nae a-like.”

“Yeah, and if you were attacked by a predator in the night you'd have been grateful for me there.”

“Ah can look after me-self,” she cried, and he nodded.

“I agree. And the nearest thing to a sex predator in this town is you. As you prey on all the young men.” Abigail scowled, and he looked at her. “Ya want a drink? And to sit by the fire.”

Abigail shook her head. “No. I came to tell you that ah'm movin' as well.”

“Oh,” he muttered, his face falling. “Not far?”

She shook her head. “In town. Just away from ... well Moira really.”

“Lisa told me what you did. Didn't think she would hate you more than she did before.”

“Yeah well ... she does. Moving on top of solicitors.”

“Who with? Lisa?”

“On mi own,” Abigail said firmly. “But, as a friend – and nuttin' more – you can come 'round for a bit.”

Simon grunted. “I will,” he promised. “To make sure you're safe.”

* * * * *

Iain carried down the box down the stairs, tripping over Abigail's shoes at the bottom. He swore, but his daughter appeared within seconds, scooped them up, and then disappeared again.

Even though Abigail was only moving to a “small flat,” she still insisted on taking all of her clothes, books and even her own mug. Moira watched on as their shared bedroom was emptied of Abigail's belongings, smiling occasionally but not helping.

Her mother walked out to the car as Abigail hovered outside the bedroom. “Ah know you 'ate me,” Abigail told her sister. “Ah would, and ah know you dain't believe me, but ah'm sorry.”

“Yer not,” Moira spat back and sniffed. “Five years,” she muttered quietly to Abigail. “Ah loved him. And yer fucked it up for me. So yeah, ah 'ate you.” Abigail looked down at the floor and sniffed, taking a deep breath. “Yer a nasty, dirty lass. Ev'ryone 'ates yer Abigail. Just ... ah hope I ne'er see ya again.”

Abigail wiped her eyes and sighed, picking up the last of her bags and walking out to the small car her parents owned. Her Dad rubbed his hand on the front wheel as Abigail opened the back door and they drove silently to the small flat.

Abigail had a key to unlock the doors at the bottom of the stairs and then to open the door to her flat. Her mother looked exhausted as she made it up the final stairs and wandered into the kitchen to put the “kettle on.”

Abigail proudly showed her parents around her small flat – the bedroom was just big enough for a double bed and a mismatched wardrobe. The kitchen was small, and the cupboards dated while the bathroom was a greyish-green colour. She looked at her father standing on the worn carpet and desperately sought approval. He smiled at her as she bit her lip. “Compared to our first 'ouse, love, t'is a palace.”

Abigail laughed. “Can we get my stuff?” She asked, eagerly. “I wanna unpack.” Iain laughed as she ran down the stairs and unlocked the car. Iain collared a couple of blokes walking past to help and between the four of them, they carried all of Abigail's belongings to her flat. “Who were they?”

Iain laughed. “Ah nicked 'em last week,” he told her. “Fightin' outside pub.” Abigail laughed at him, but he shrugged and passed Abigail a card. “From us.”

“Ah Daw,” Abigail cried. “You did'nae need do anyt'ing.” Iain smiled, and Abigail opened the 'Good Luck' card to have a small flurry of banknotes leave the folds, and she gasped.

"It's expensive settin' up home," she was told by her mother and Abigail opened the card to read the good luck messages inside.

"No Moira?"

"Yeah well, ya cannae blame her," Iain told his daughter firmly. "Ya brow-ke 'er 'eart."

Abigail sniffed and bit her lip. "I know. And I feel bad for it." She snorted. "If only there was a 'Glad your fucking off' card for sale. She'd have sent t'at" Iain laughed, and she rolled tongue over her lips.

"We'll leave you aloon," Iain promised and got up, hugging his daughter. "Ahh, Ah'm prood of you. Yoo movin' on with ya life. Yoo grew-in up!" Abigail blushed, and she nodded. "Ah mean it."

"As much as when you got your medal for bravery?" She teased, and he snorted derisively.

"More. Much more. Ya'n a woman now."

"And if yoo need anything, you come see us," Shona told her daughter. "I dain't want you to starve or whatever."

"I'll be fine," Abigail promised and watched as her mother wiped a tear from her eye.

"'N' if you dannae like it: ya come 'ome, y'hear?"

Chapter XIII

"It's nice," Simon conceded as he returned to the lounge. "Just one thing missin'," he told her with a grin. "A naked Abigail."

"Yeah, and on me knees with me face in ya lap ..." Abigail told him with a smile. "I ain't that easy."

"Well ..." She looked at him and he pursed his lips. "Lisa said you wanted to run a sex school for desperate young men." The teenager laughed loudly.

"Not quite," she moaned. "But ... well." She walked into the kitchen, and he followed her as she filled the kettle up with water. "You remember your first time?" A smile flickered across Simon's face as he looked at his ex-girlfriend.

"Twas your first time also," he reminded her and she licked her lips.

"Well it was special 'cause it meant something, but you were a bit shit." He scowled at her, and she shrugged. "First few times you dain't know. We had to try and stuff. Well I want to pass my knowledge on." He looked at her, and she just snorted. "Oh come on I love it when you do the things you do, but someone needs to show 'em that kissing me down there, back there, and everywhere is nice. And how to do it."

Simon bit his lip. "It's a waste," he told her. "'Cause you ..." He hesitated and she giggled.

"I still like you," she told him. "But ..."

"Let me move in," he blurted out and Abigail gasped as the kettle clicked off. "There, I said it," he told her and took her hand in his, stroking her hair back behind her ear with his other hand. "I've missed you." He looked into her eyes as she blinked.

"I don'nae know what to say!"

"Say ... You never know what you've missed 'til it's gone," he told her and gulped. "We could, you know, try again. 'Cause I still wan' ya."

Abigail looked at him, and he gave her a pleading look. He bit his lip and, taking a deep breath, moved behind her and kissed her on the back of the neck. "Simon," she called and sighed as he ran his hands down her back to her waist. He lifted up her skirt and then kneeling down, gently pulled her knickers down and parted her cheeks.

Abigail grunted. "No," she muttered but Simon had kissed her bud, and she gasped as his tongue explored her anus. He flicked her bud, kissed it, licked it, and poked it, while Abigail after initially trying to resist, closed her eyes and savoured the sensations.

She moved her hand between her leg and put pressure on her clit while her ex kissed her behind lovingly. She leant forward, resting her other hand on the worktop and put her head on the cupboard as Simon expertly touched her.

Her breathing became ragged, she cried out and groaned moving her hips forward as her partner buried his tongue in her hole. She closed her eyes, her fingers were circling her button and she felt herself nearing a climax.

With a shudder and a loud squeal, Abigail came, the intense warmth starting in her loins

and sweeping through her to the ends of her hands and feet.

Her legs felt weak, and as she swore loudly, she grabbed hold of the worktop, panting. She turned to face him, smiling back at her. "Do I need to do it again or will ya say aye." She gulped and took a deep breath as he flicked her buttock again. "I'll keep doin' it, 'til ya see sense."

She mewed and took a couple of deep breaths. She thought for a moment and moved her body out of the reach of his tongue. "If we go out we have same problems as before." Simon gulped and looked up at her.

"Ya don't miss me?"

"Course I bloody miss ya," Abigail snapped. "But we just got all sex and no time for anyt'ing else."

Simon sighed. "OK, I promise I'll be a better boyfriend. Please, Abigail." She shook her head, and he looked up at her. "Please. Ahh come on, I got ages 'fore I leave for Uni. That'll be plenty of time for us and ..."

"And that's another thing," Abigail told him. "University. You're off to Glasgae, that's miles and miles away. I dain't drive."

"Yeah but I do," Simon told her. "Dad said I could 'ave a car for goin' to Uni. Oh please Abigail. I've really missed ya, and it's only been few weeks. And I know we split up 'fore but we always get sorted in the end. I promise I'll want more from you than sex."

She snorted. "If ya promise, we'll try again. But ya ain't movin' in," she told him.

"But ..."

"I wanna live on me own before livin' with someone again," she said firmly. He looked up at her and bit his lip.

"No more?" She shook her head, and he sniffed. "Even if I say I love you?"

"Ah love you too," Abigail told him with a smirk. "But I ain't wantin' to live with you. Not yet." He sighed and took her by the hand leading her towards her new bedroom. "What ya doin'?"

He bit his lip and reached in to kiss her causing her to push him away. "Ya can take me to chippie after me brew," she said firmly. "Single track mind." He grunted, and she hesitated. "If we got a future ya have to learn how to do that stuff we used tae dae as well as the sex." He snorted, and she kissed him on the cheek. "And stop wearing that shirt. You know I 'ate it."

"I like it."

"You look like a kid," she chastised him. "Ya not. And I ain't havin' it."

* * * * *

"It was a shitty thing to do," Lisa conceded and looked at the expectant face of her friend's ex-lover. "We were just having fun."

Alistair gulped, and Lisa smiled at him. "Ow do I know, this is'nae another trick?"

Lisa gulped. "You don't," she told him. "But I want to go out with you."

"Where?"

Lisa snorted. "Pub? Drinky? Darts?"

Alistair gulped. "Pub?"

"Yeah, pub," she offered and leant in to kiss him. "Ya liked Abigail, right?" Alistair sniffed, and she kissed him on the cheek. "Ah'm a lot like her." He grunted and whimpered, and she whispered in his ear. "I reckon I can make you spunk even quicker 'cause I'll kiss it," she promised.

"Ah ain't a toy. Ah ain't some game. Ah don't want a girl to touch it."

Lisa smiled. "Course ya do. I know what it's like," she told him, but he shook his head.

"What d'ya know? Ah'm laughed at by ev'ryone. Yer not."

"I'll show you." Lisa nervously laughed. "Yer think I'm perfect?" He nodded she held her hands out in front of her, taking her top off and then her bra. "Ya see these?" Alistair gulped, and she pointed at her 34A breasts. "I was a double-A 'til last year. Abigail's a C Cup. I'm an A. I want bigger paps, but I ain't gonna get 'em. Ev'ry time she gets all the looks." She gulped and watched Alistair stare at her bosom. "Yer want a big dick and to last for ages, but ya have to work with what ya got." She smiled at him and reached for her bra sliding it over her bosom and clipping it. "Now, ya comin' to the pub or not?"

Alistair gulped and nodded. "But can I just ..." He stopped and she looked at him fidgeting. "I just need to ..." Lisa laughed and shook her head, pulling him towards her and sitting him on the sofa. "I ain't come. I just need to ..."

"Abigail taught me this," she confessed and slid cheap trousers down to his ankles and pushed him back against the chair. His Y-Fronts, complete with a wet spot where he had leaked pre-cum was evident and she looked into his eyes and sunk her mouth on his cock, impaling her lips down on the stiff member.

He swore, and his legs tensed as she rolled her tongue around his glans and he closed his eyes, holding his breath and gasping. She giggled and bobbed up and down on his cock as her hands explored his body. He grunted and called out Lisa's name, but she sucked the tip, and he shuddered. She withdrew her mouth just in time to watch his semen leave his cock and hit her on the nose.

She giggled and caught the remaining spurts in her hand and looked at him. "Can we get cleaned up and go to the pub now?" He nodded and she held out her other hand to him.

He gulped and she washed her face and her hands while Alistair changed his boxer shorts, before she held his hand as they left the riverside house Alistair called home. "Say something," she told him and he bit down on his lip. "Your cock is the perfect size for a blowjob," she told him. "Not too big and just perfect." He gulped at her smile.

"Your much prettier than Abigail," he told her and bit his lip.

She laughed. "Can you play darts?" He shook his head, and she squeezed his hand.

"Then'll show you," she promised. "And Abigail wants tae show us all sorts." He gave a weird whimper, and she squeezed his hand. "She's nice underneath. What happened to you and your ..." Lisa stopped and gestured to her crotch.

He snorted. "I dunno. I guess ah've always been like that. Whenever I'd ... oh it's so embarrassing."

Lisa giggled. "Get used to it," she told him.

"Yeah, but ah know ah ain't gonna keep a girlfriend," he told her. "And ev'ry lass knows mi problem 'cause of Abigail."

Lisa's smile disappeared. "Yeah can keep your girlfriend 'appy," she promised. "Yer just need to know how to do other things." She squeezed his hand as they skipped down the road. "I ain't gonna care about your speed if you can do other things." She giggled and looked at him. "Ah only been with a couple of guys, and they were both shit. At least yer know yer need to do something different. They reckon they are God's gift to mankind."

"Abigail though ..."

"She's demanding," Lisa explained. "And she doesn't know what she wants." Alistair gave her a quizzical expression as she opened the door to the pub. "She wants good sex, but she couldn't cope with Simon when 'e fell in love with her. Made up some rubbish about them having too much sex. She can't cope with love." She gave him a kiss as they entered the inn and he shivered. "She's not gonna ever be happy with her life 'less she sorts herself out. She doesnae know a good thing when she sees it."

"Please ..."

"Ah ain't gonna tease," she promised and opened the second door, striding over to the bar. "Now what ya having?"

Chapter XIV

Margaret knocked stoutly on the door to the flat and Abigail let her in. "Just checkin' you're all right," Margaret told her, putting a bag down on the floor, as Abigail looked alarmed. Margaret looked the young girl up and down, dressed in just a long T-Shirt and Abigail nodded.

"Fine," muttered the teenage girl.

"What ya up to?"

Abigail held out a book. "Readin',"

"Most of them are my old books," Margaret muttered. "This used to be my flat and ..." She stopped when she saw Abigail hold up a book and gasped. "That isn't mine. That's a filthy book!"

"Ah found it on the bottom shelf." Abigail turned to the inside front cover. "Who's Annabel Spott?"

"Sprott," Margaret muttered. "She was ... umm ... a tenant," she said quietly.

"Oh ... not want her books?"

Margaret took a deep breath. "When you were a baby. She'd um ..." Margaret gulped. "She was murdered."

"Here?" Abigail asked, and Margaret shook her head. "In the flat?"

"Nah. Outside. But um ... well it affected a lot of people. We dain't talk about it. And you won't go mentioning it."

Abigail hummed and flicked the book back to the page she was reading. "It's a good book. She had good taste. Ah haven't read too much 'fore but this is good." Margaret looked at her, and Abigail looked into the corner of the room. "Ah'd want a telly really, but ..."

Margaret smiled at her and asked if she could sit down. Abigail offered her a cup of tea, but the older woman declined. "It's a big jump movin' out," she told her. "Ah promised your ma ah'd keep an eye on ya."

"I'm not a child," Abigail cried, and Margaret smiled.

"Nah, that yer not, Abigail. But ..." The solicitor rubbed her hands and gave a feint smile, before touching her thumbs to her lips as she thought. "We're here to help."

"I'm fine," Abigail moaned. "Just fine." Margaret smiled and reached into her bag, pulling a pot plant. "Make an 'ouse an 'ome," she told her. "An I got my Eddie comin' up from Birmingham next weekend with his fiancée. Angela her name is. You want Sunday lunch?"

Abigail smiled. "That'll be good," she told her. "Thanks."

* * * * *

"Show him," Abigail told her partner who rubbed his hands through her crotch. Alistair fidgeted, and she looked at Lisa. "I thought I told you ..."

"I did!" Lisa cried. "We had two ... umm ... well, he's not going to spunk by seeing you naked. Now now anyway." Alistair blushed as everyone knew what they were talking about and Simon turned back to Alistair. "Actually we found a particular brand of condom is really good. We had sex for about a minute last night."

"Ahh wow!" Abigail said, genuinely happy that her friend may have found something that helped but Lisa scowled and Abigail guessed her glee was misinterpreted as sarcasm.

"Take a close look, Lisa's the same. See this point here, it's her 'on button'" Abigail laughed as Alistair squirmed and she groaned.

"If we are in the buff then surely the boys should be too," Lisa suggested and Abigail nodded.

"Yeah, 'cause ah've seen them both an' ah've ..."

"Sssssh," Simon cried, and he looked over at his lover. "Quiet." Abigail snorted which was ignored and Simon returned to her anatomy. "Now this bit here, is her cunt, and t'is is where you fuck her."

"We can skip this bit," Abigail told him, and he slapped her on the thigh.

"I won't warn you again about interrupting the lesson." She giggled, and he looked at Lisa. "We are in seriously need to having to swap partners. My one is getting very restless." Abigail threw him a disgusted look.

"Lastly her butt. Abigail loves being kissed here. Hell, she loves being kissed all over but 'specially here." Alistair screwed his face up, and Abigail reminded him that they were there to help him. "First things, gotta warm the girl up. Sometimes this is very easy like Abigail. Other times it's a bit more difficult." Abigail scowled at him, but Simon had Abigail roll onto her front and taught Alistair a basic massage, followed by gentle kisses on the neck, the breasts, the inner thigh and the pubic area which he repeated on Lisa, lay next to Abigail on her double bed.

Abigail was already "warmed up" but she positively purred as her eighteen year old lover then went down on her. He kept stopping to guide Alistair and this frustrated Abigail who squirmed on the bed as he slid a finger into her and curled it in on itself.

Lisa gave an audible groan as he did, and Simon patted the teenager on the back, telling him to keep doing that. Alistair went down on Lisa until she came and then beamed as Lisa told him that it was incredible and he was an "amazing lover."

"Feels weird," Abigail told Alistair. "You're a nice kid but I dain't expect you to be an amazing lover."

They laughed at her as Simon pulled himself up and held out a hand to Abigail. "Mum and Dad want us for Sunday lunch," he reminded her. "Do you want to get dressed?"

"No," Abigail told him. "Ah thought Ah'd do a Lady Godiva t'ough the streets of Kirkcudbright." He snorted at her, and she just gave a little giggle. "Yeah OK," she moaned and got up. "Not a moment's rest." Simon came in from behind and put his arms around the teenager, cupping her breasts and whispering into her ear. "Love you," he whispered.

She turned to face her two friends on the bed. "We'll be four hours. Ummm ..."

“Can we borrow the flat?” Lisa asked. “We dain't get no peace at 'ome.”

Abigail shook her head and looked at Simon. “Yeah, ga'un. But no stains on mi bed,” she warned and grabbed her clothes from the floor as well as Simon's hand. “Leave 'em be,” she told him and kissed him on the cheek as they shut the bedroom door.