

Rhea's protégé



By
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Codes: MF drug nc

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Preface

This story is part of the “Growing Pains” world. In this story, Paula tries to move on from Andy but her new boyfriend has nefarious intentions towards her and it is left to Emily to get even.

The setting for this story is just outside Bournemouth in 1998 and features Paula Dotson, the long time friend and girlfriend of Andy Williams when she moved away from Aylesbury, moving on with her life and adjusting to life on the South Coast.

Paula has a key role in the core story and makes several appearances later in the Universe.

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

“It's bigger than Aylesbury,” Paula said. “Much bigger than Aylesbury. And it doesn't feel like home.”

“Well we've only been here a week or two. You'll get used to it.” Paula hummed and ran her hands through the top of her long blonde hair to move it out of her face. She squinted and glanced at the sunset over the tops of the adjacent houses. “And the New Forest is just a bus ride away. You could go hiking.”

Paula grunted. “Yeah, who with?”

“So this is what is making you upset? No Andy,” her sister asked, and Paula shrugged.

“Maybe. I just know he would really like it here.”

“So why doesn't he come down then? In the holidays?”

Paula let out a deep breath. “Cause I told him not to. But I wish I hadn't now.”

Her companion sighed. “Why d'ya do that?”

“Because, Emily. I know that if we started seeing each other it would be harder when we had to part again. You forget I used to almost live in his bedroom.”

Emily scoffed. “Yeah, I know. Rhea used to tease you no end.”

Paula laughed. “Don't remind me. But anyway, I got a letter from him today. He's met another girl. He says they aren't going out, but I dunno. There is something there, I can read him like a book.”

Emily giggled. “You can read everyone like a book.” Paula suspired loudly. “So it is jealousy then? Your ex has moved on and ...”

“I'm not jealous. I'm sure he was more of a friend than a boyfriend.”

“Easy to say that now when he's porking some floosie ...”

“He won't be,” Paula asserted. “I know him too well. He had ample opportunity to do 'porking' as you put it, but he never wanted to.” Paula looked at Emily's raised eyebrows and shrugged. “It's just so sudden that's all. It almost feels like he isn't missing me.”

“Well maybe you need to meet someone yourself instead of moping.”

Paula groaned. “I am not moping. What with the new restaurant and granddad and all that, it's ... well I've got other things on my mind.”

“Yeah ... like how your ex leaps into bed with some harlot when he wouldn't touch you ...”

“Shut up Emily,” Paula snapped. “I don't know he's leapt into bed or if she's some harlot. He's moved on, and so have I. And I doubt if he has done anything with another woman, he's too uptight.” Emily sneered as she got up from the little bench at the end of their garden, but Paula called her back. “I see that you didn't go to school today,” she said airily, and Emily scowled at her.

“Of course I went to school, why wouldn't I?”

“You tell me,” Paula replied quickly and Emily sighed.

“Well you were out all day enrolling at your new college and helping Mum get the restaurant ready so you don't know.”

Paula rubbed her chin. “Our driveway, massive dip at the end. It's full of water, if you went to school then you would have to walk through it twice, and the canvas shoes you were wearing would still have been damp when we got home at four.”

Emily stared at her sister open-mouthed. “How the hell?” Emily looked begrudgingly impressed. “OK. Don't tell Mum.”

“I won't. But she could easily work it out herself.”

Emily stared at her sister and frowned. “I doubt it. School is just dull and boring here. There's just no-one who isn't a freak or a nerd. I hate it.”

Paula raised her eyebrows and stared at her frustrated sibling. “Yeah, ditto. But you have to go eventually.”

“After Summer maybe. But they are still muppets. As much as I hated them at times, Rhea and Becky made school interesting. Ya know there's not one piece of obscene graffiti in that school. Even in the girl's toilets.”

Paula laughed. “Just don't go adding some!”

* * * * *

“Over there,” her mother shouted and Paula carried the table by herself a few yards before depositing it down with a thud. “And can you get the tablecloth? It's drying outside.”

Paula looked up and stroked her clothes smooth; she was only wearing old rags while they prepared the restaurant for the following week and the dreaded “Council inspection.”

It was tough for her parents as they had a tight deadline to meet with the restaurant, but her grandparents needed some attention as their health was deteriorating rapidly. Paula's mother had been almost overwhelmed when she arrived at their little restaurant, to see that her eldest daughter had arrived much earlier than agreed and proceeded to paint two-thirds of the walls in the cream paint they had bought the day before.

Paula liked being on her own; as much as it pained her to admit it, she was missing Andy and didn't want to spend any time being teased by her sister or having to explain her wistfulness and quietness. She didn't think she would miss her friend quite as much as she did, but his absence had left a hole in her life. She missed his companionship and going to visit him once the restaurant was operational; perhaps, she was a little too hasty in breaking up with him the moment her parents announced they were moving to Bournemouth.

Her mother hugged her as she entered the room. “Emily at the house?” She asked, and Paula nodded.

“Yeah, lazy bones fast asleep when I left.” Paula wandered outside and took down the giant white sheet hanging on the clothes line. She had only been outside the restaurant and into the yard a couple of times, and mostly in the twilight, but the little courtyard which also contained a little service road to the main street between a pub and a chemist served a number of properties.

She waved at a tall boy, probably no more than a year older than herself walk into the back of the pub and blush, before Paula darted back inside the restaurant. What was wrong with her?

“You OK?” Her mother looked almost concerned at her daughter and Paula nodded, giggling.

“Yeah,” Paula replied and retied her long, golden hair. “Yeah I'm fine.” Her mother gave her a meek smile and nodded towards the floor.

“Shall we ... get cracking on these then?”

Paula hummed and took the bucket, filling it up in the sink with warm water and adding a generous amount of soap. While her mother tightened all the screws on the seats, Paula mopped the floor and then refilled the bucket, putting on a chair while she wiped the skirting-board and windowsills.

Paula and her mother chatted amicably about a range of subjects, but Paula was keen to avoid any mention of Andy. Paula's mother turned around to face her, caught the chair and sent the bucket of water flying over Paula who was crouched down by the floor. “Oh shit,” her mother cried and immediately reached for a towel to dab at her daughter's top and jeans. “Sorry.”

“I'm soaked,” Paula moaned, and her mother apologised again.

“I didn't see it,” she told her. “I just turned around.”

“I'm going to put these under the hand dryer,” Paula murmured with an annoyed lilt to her voice.

“No. There's some spare clothes behind the bar,” her mother told her and walked across the room. “I brought a change of clothes.”

“But ...”

“It's only for a few hours. And we are about the same size.” Paula shook her head and retired to the toilets to put the white T-Shirt and denim dungarees on. They were too big for her, but she came out and her mother was standing back admiring the restaurant layout. “What do you think of the plants, love?”

“They look out of place,” Paula told her, and the middle-aged lady grunted.

“You sure?”

“Yeah,” Paula replied instantly. “They shouldn't go there.”

“Take 'em out then.” Paula sighed and picked up the largest of the plants – an indoor olive tree – and manoeuvred the tall tree outside through the back door.

Paula walked outside with the plant and set it down. “Hiya,” a voice from almost behind her said and made her jump. “Sorry. Didn't mean to scare you.”

Paula stroked her hair back behind her ear and grinned at the man from earlier. “S'ok. I scare easily. You work in the pub?”

He nodded. “Yeah. Neil.”

“Paula.”

“You only just moved in, right. Ya on top?” He nodded towards the first floor flat, and Paula looked up and shook her head.

“Oh no,” she cried and licked her lips. “That's empty. We live down the road. Just moved from Aylesbury.” He gave her a warm smile and Paula wiped her hands on the denim dungarees. She pushed down on the outfit, and the garment plunged to the left causing her to shriek and grip the denim clothing.

Neil laughed. “Here, let me.” He moved towards her and took the buckle from underneath her hands and refastened it.

“They are my Mum's,” Paula babbled. “My clothes got wet, and it must have come loose while I was carrying that.” She looked towards the plant and looked up at Neil as he smiled at her. “Thanks,” she cried as he moved his hands away.

“No problem.”

“I so need to get my clothes dry,” she moaned, but Neil just smiled.

“They look good on you,” he said with an effortless wave and adjusted his chef's apron. “You look real good in 'em. Suits you.”

Paula blushed. “You think?”

Chapter II

Emily carried the flowers into the small room and put them down on the table. The wizened face of her grandmother looked at her and squinted. "Paula?"

"Emily," the young girl replied and glanced behind her to see the look on her sister's face. "Paula's by the door."

The elderly woman struggled to focus into the shadows and Paula moved across the lounge in the residential home. Her parents were showing some prospective buyers around the old house of her grandparents, who had both deteriorated rapidly in the previous two months. "Hi Nan," Paula muttered and sat down in an adjacent chair before accepting the offer of a cup of tea.

Her grandmother took a few moments to focus on Paula and Emily, sitting next to her, but Paula steered the conversation towards subjects her grandmother could understand and then played a game of chess with her while Emily looked on.

Emily spotted her grandfather in the garden outside and walked outside, before they were joined for lunch by their parents. The residential care home happily provided lunch for all six of the family members in the expansive garden, but it was clear that the two elder members of the family were struggling to comprehend everything that was going on.

Before long, the Dotsons drove back and dropped Emily off at their house, before travelling to the restaurant to continue with the preparations for their "Grand Opening."

Emily had barely entered the house when the phone rang, and she picked up the ringing handset and inwardly groaned when she heard the voice of her sister's ex-boyfriend. "Yeah, hiya Andy. She's not in."

"Again," he moaned and she rubbed her nose.

"Yeah. She's out on a date," Emily blurted out and pursed her lips together. "Umm sort of."

She expected to hear his voice break, but he just grunted. "Sure, OK. Tell her I called. Just got some news and wanted a chat. Can you ask her to call me when she is free?"

"Sure," Emily promised and wiped her face; she knew her sister talking to Andy would only make her more withdrawn and isolated. She was missing Andy and hearing his voice would confuse her.

Signing off, she put the phone down and ambled into the kitchen, rummaging around the biscuit tin before selecting three. She muttered to herself and put one of the Hobnobs back; her sister would probably tease her about taking too many biscuits and although Paula was out, she would discover the missing biscuits had been taken by her. She always did!

* * * * *

"Fraternising with the enemy?" Paula teased as Neil wandered over to them.

"You what?"

"Well, we will be doing meals as well. Rivals." Neil snorted.

"Yeah, well, we have loyal drinkers. You won't be touching proper ale on tap, will you?"

Paula shrugged. "Maybe not."

"So, you aren't a threat. If anything, might entice a few more people down this end of town." He waited for Paula to shrug, and he wiped his hands on his trousers. "I'm off 'ome now. What time d'ya finish? Wan' a walk?"

Paula looked into the empty restaurant and called out to her parents busily hanging plants or polishing glasses. Her mother looked out of the window, and Paula asked if she could go leave. "Sure love. You remember where we live?"

"Yes," Paula barked, scowling with a degree of annoyance. "I am not five." Neil chuckled as Paula picked up her coat and he held out his hand for the young lady to take. "They treat me like I am a toddler at times," she moaned.

Neil escorted Paula onto the small promenade in the town; Paula was excited and spoke quickly, rarely stopping to give her escort time to reply. "And Bournemouth is much bigger than Aylesbury," Paula blurted out. "But Bournemouth is sunnier, and it seems more tranquil. But not as much walking."

"Walking?" Neil asked.

"Yeah, my boyfriend, sorry, my ex-boyfriend and me used to go for hikes for fifteen miles at a time. Aylesbury had loads of nice places, but Bournemouth doesn't have as many." Neil gave a snort and reached the beach. "Or not least as I found. Must be walks somewhere but we've spent ages doing up the restaurant or with my grandparents I've not had the time to go looking."

"We have a beach," he reminded her, and he leant over the railings. "Had some good times on the beach." He gave Paula a wry smile, and she squeezed his hand.

"Yeah ... and I had some good times in the woods."

Neil snorted. "Yeah, bet you did."

"No!" Paula cried. "Not like that. We didn't do anything like that, Andy – well Andy wasn't ready for doing anything in that way. We had bluebells, my first kiss was surrounded by bluebells. And we had lots of good times."

Neil ran his hands through his hair and took a deep breath. "This Andy bloke, must have wanted to try something."

Paula shrugged. "I dunno. He never tried anything on and never said he wanted to. We just spent all our time together. He never wanted to do stuff in the woods, just walk and have picnics."

Neil grunted. "He's not gay is he?" Paula's eyes narrowed. "Sorry, it's just you are the most beautiful girl I've ever met," he said, lavishing praise onto Paula. "I wouldn't be able to help myself."

Paula giggled girlishly at his sycophantic compliments. "Stop it!"

"No, I'm being serious," Neil told her. "I would adore every fibre of your being. Elegant, charming, modest," he told her. "How could you not go further than a kiss?"

Paula gave a shrug. "We did, but not too much further. I reckon Andy is asexual, he just has no interest in sex at all. But that was him and ... well, he's in the past. I've written a couple of letters and not had a reply and when I spoke to him on the 'phone he mentioned some girl he had gone

bowling with so I guess he has moved his affections on from me.”

“Ahh well ... you out looking to date then?” Paula spun around to look at Neil who licked his lips.

“I guess I might be.” Neil gave her a smile and went to speak but Paula cut across him. “But I need to know my dates very well before I think about going out with them,” she finished, and Neil's expression changed.

Chapter III

“What do you mean, he might ask you out?” Emily enquired. “Either he has, or he hasn't.”

“Yeah well ... just something he said last night on the beach and as we walked back.”

“He was slimy.”

Paula scowled. “He wasn't slimy. He was nice. Just like ...”

“He is nothing like Andy. He was staring at your bottom as you came inside. Andy never did that.” Emily paused for a few moments and then grinned. “Although you spent so much time in his room I bet you just showed it to him.”

Paula scoffed. “We didn't. I keep telling you, I hardly did anything with Andy. Although, I have started to wonder why.” Emily watched as Paula straightened her hair and smiled at herself in the mirror. She was wearing a long, blue dress and had been liberal in her make-up.

Emily cocked her head to one side. “Need any condoms?”

“No I do not need any condoms,” Paula snapped. “I am not going to go and lose my ... well we aren't doing that. He's not even asked me out. We are just meeting for a coffee in town.” Emily's eyebrows raised a few notches, and she crossed her arms, swinging on the bathroom door as Paula assessed her appearance. “And I've been in old clothes in the restaurant yesterday and wanted to wear something nice today.”

“Oh ... right. That will explain the make-up and the trowel,” Emily joked, and Paula took a deep breath.

“Ahh ... and why weren't you at school on Friday?”

“Ahh, I did go to school,” Emily snapped, and Paula smiled at her.

“That's not what I asked, I know you went, but you didn't stay.” Emily's eyes narrowed as Paula glared at her. “I put a smear of boot polish on the spring at the back of your door when I went out. You opened your bedroom door between me leaving the house and me getting home at three.” Emily threw her arms out in annoyance at her big sister and wiped her face.

“Just ... why?”

“You need to go to school,” Paula demanded. “Mum and Dad will find out, and they won't be happy.”

“Yeah, whatever!” Emily snorted, and Paula picked up her handbag on the side of the bath.

“I'll see you later,” Paula told her, and Emily swung the door out of her sister's way.

“Yeah, don't do anyone I wouldn't do,” her little sister teased and Paula gave her a wave.

The short walk down the small hill to the beach and the promenade took her a little longer, given her footwear consisted of heels rather than flat soles, but she pushed open the door to the café, only a few minutes late.

Neil was sat at a table on his own and gestured towards her. Paula strode over, and Neil unexpectedly embraced her, putting his hands down her back to sit on the small of her back. “I

thought I was going to be stood up,” he teased and held the chair out for her to sit down. “Cappuccino? Coffee? Tea? Lemonade?”

“Lemonade would be great,” Paula replied and fished in her purse for some change, but Neil bought the drink for her and sat down opposite.

“You look wonderful,” Paula was told and the blonde girl blushed. She muttered a thank you, but Neil smiled at her, wrapping his hands around his cold drink. “I mean, you always look beautiful, but your hair is so ... fantastic.”

Neil licked his lips and stretched in the chair. “What've you been up to?”

“Boats. Been cleaning them at my Uncle's place. He needs a hand, but I'm doing bar work later.” He gestured towards the dirty jeans he was wearing and stained T-Shirt. “I wouldn't normally be so filthy, but I'm on my way back to the pub.”

Paula listened and started asking Neil questions; he was a little evasive on some of them, especially on the subject of ex-girlfriends, but Paula learnt a lot about the young man who was charming her.

He was a similar age to her, worked in the pub as a barman and occasionally at his uncle's boat yard cleaning the vessels when his uncle needed an extra pair of hands. She smiled sweetly as he spoke and pursed her lips. “So, about your girlfriends, or ex-girlfriends,” she teased and Neil's expression changed.

“I've had a few,” he muttered. “But they are not important.”

Paula took a deep breath and slurped the last of her drink. “Yeah, I know. I am just interested.”

“There's been the odd one, but I've never found anyone as nice as you to be interested in me, and some girls are so materialistic. I don't like it. I like to go out and do things, be outside. Like on the beach or in a boat or whatever.”

“I'd love to go for a walk,” Paula cried and smiled. “I mean, with a picnic and ... if you want to.”

Neil ran his hands through his hair. “Next Tuesday? I am free from midday.”

Paula smiled. “Yeah. I'll make up the picnic,” she promised. “Where to though?”

“It's a surprise,” Neil replied with a smile. “I know just the place.”

* * * * *

Emily grabbed the post from the postman as she walked back down the drive; she had been dispatched to get a local newspaper from the newsagents by her parents and flicked through the half-a-dozen letters in her hand.

She gave a silent groan as she reached the last envelope - it was Andy's handwriting, and looking up to make sure she wasn't being watched, put the letter in her waistband.

Keen to ensure that it wasn't found, Emily had to excuse herself to walk back towards the newsagents to deposit the letter into the bin outside the shop. Why didn't Andy just get the message that Paula was too far away for his attentions? Every time Paula received a letter from him, she was miserable for the next few days, and Emily just didn't want to see it.

She had entered into negotiations with Andy's sister, Rhea, and they had both agreed that it would

be advantageous to keep the two ex-partners apart; Andy and Paula would get over each other quicker if they rationalised that the other one had “moved on” and neither of the two younger sisters had particularly liked their sibling's partner.

Emily had always said Andy made her feel uncomfortable by being constantly cheerful and helpful, and her parents had an incredibly high opinion of both Paula and him; she disliked him for it.

For Rhea, the problem was much more superficial: she could never deceive anyone if Paula was in the room. Paula would always be able to spot body language – or “leakage” - as Rhea lied or manipulated people and as Paula seemed to have spent most of the day in the flat, Rhea began to hate her presence.

Although both of the younger girls denied it to each other, there was also a “doing the right thing” motivation. Neither of them wanted to see their sibling upset and moping, and as they had decided to split up, Rhea and Emily were determined to help them move on.

“Come on,” her mother panicked as Emily reappeared. “I got loads of things to do before we open and you are dawdling.” The blonde girl smiled as her mother shooed her out of the house and then moaned when she was not able to retrieve her coat.

“But it'll be colder later,” her daughter moaned. “And why've I got to do waitressing when Paula gets to make the drinks.”

“Because she's seventeen and you're not,” came the response. Her mother put her head to one side. “Look, it's our first night, and we might need help. If we don't you can go home,” she simpered and Emily just groaned. “And it's only for a few weeks, when we get on our feet we'll get permanent staff.”

Chapter IV

“Emily,” barked the voice of her mother and the teenage girl swept into the lounge. “Where have you been?”

“School,” Emily replied instantly, and her parents glanced at each other.

“I want the truth.”

“School. I have been to school today.”

“Yesterday. What about yesterday?”

“Ahhh ... well I went to school. Sort of.”

Her mother slammed her fist on the table. “I want the truth.”

“OK. Yesterday I left at lunchtime and went to the beach.”

Her mother groaned and wiped her face. “Why?”

“Because I hate the school. They are so nasty to me, and I just hate them. They hate us down here.”

“That's not true. The Council have been a great help,” she was told. “Now, I had a call from the school about you, and they've got a dozen times when you've not been in. I want some answers, young lady, and I want them now!”

“I skipped school a couple of times, that is all.”

“We trust you a lot,” Emily was told. “We will be leaving you home alone in the evenings while we run the restaurant. And we trust you to go to school. You want me to walk you into school?”

“Errr ... no.”

“Do you want Paula to have to walk you into school?”

“No,” Emily cried indignantly.

“Then I want a promise that you won't be skipping any more lessons,” her mother shouted. “And we will be checking up on you.”

“Oh ... Mum! You didn't care in ...” Her voice trailed off as her mother glared at her.

“Didn't care what?”

“Ahh doesn't matter,” Emily quickly muttered. “OK I'm sorry. It's just not home. It doesn't feel like home. Even Paula says so. It's not home.”

Her mother smiled. “It is home,” she simpered and rubbed her eyes. “It is our new home. But, love, it'll come. But you aren't going to make new friends if you don't go to school, now will you?”

Emily grunted; she knew her mother was right but wasn't going to give her the satisfaction of admitting that.

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Emily groaned the moment she heard the voice of Andy. “Hiya,” she replied in a sugary sweet voice.

“Don't s'pose Paula's around, is she?”

“Ahh yes ... ummm ... she's popped out to the restaurant,” Emily lied and looked over her shoulder and up the stairs. She heard the toilet flush and took a couple of deep breaths. “Be back late, I reckon.”

“Could you just tell her I phoned?”

“Yeah sure,” Emily spurted as she tapped the little table, the telephone sat on. “I gotta shoot. Good hearing from you. Bye.” Emily put the handset on the receiver moments before Paula opened the door from the garden.

“You OK?” The half-naked Paula asked at her smiling sister.

“Yeah, fine,” Emily barked and then took the steps two-at-a-time. “Well actually, I was talking to Tony, our neighbour.” When Paula didn't respond, Emily waved her arms around. “The short arse. Ginger hair.”

“Oh, him.”

“Well he says he saw you with Neil King, mean much to you?”

Paula gulped. “Yeah, well, just hangin' out. You've met him.”

Emily scowled for a moment. “The slimy, smarmy one. Fuck! Right, well, this makes sense. Tony said to warn you that he has a bit of a reputation for being charming but a bastard.”

Paula dried her hair. “He's not.”

“Well I'm just saying ...”

“I can read people,” Paula told her. “I am a great judge of character and he's not like that.”

“Well Tony says he is.”

Paula crossed her arms. “I am a far better judge of character than anyone and there is no way he can charm me. He is fun, but that is it.”

“Yeah ...”

“I know you don't like him, but he is fine. And I won't be swayed by gossip. If I like him, I might choose to go out with him, and if I don't, I won't.”

Emily snorted. “Well, just remember not everyone is like Andy.”

“Yeah ... I know!” Paula snapped. “But no-one can deceive me,” she thundered.

“You don't think you are being a bit over confident?” Emily asked with a smirk.

Chapter V

Paula laughed as Neil took her hand and dragged her down a bridleway. They had walked for twenty minutes since alighting from a train station a couple of stops from Bournemouth. Neil had promised her a lovely site for a picnic and her stomach was rumbling, but she smiled at him and followed him.

“This is the New Forest,” he told her as they went through a few trees and Paula scoffed.

“We're not far enough away from Bournemouth to be New Forest. We need to be Broke-en-hurd.”

Neil chortled. “Brockenhurst,” he corrected her. “But this is the edge of the New Forest.”

“There aren't enough trees for it to be a forest,” Paula replied, and Neil sighed.

“Right, we might as well go back to Bournemouth then,” he teased, and she giggled as he tried to pull her back towards the tiny train station.

“No, it'll be fine,” she told him, and he bit his lip. She leant in and gave him a kiss on the cheek. “Don't play the stropo martyr.”

“You see that building over there,” he said pointing towards a mock-Georgian property. “That's the setting for Children of the New Forest.”

Paula burst out laughing. “That's set in the English Civil War,” she replied and smiled at him. “Oh you are funny!”

Neil forced a smile, and they carried on, through a common and back into a small wood. He fought his way off the beaten track to a small clearing, covered in the undergrowth, and Paula looked around, smiling. “Picnic?” He asked.

“Bluebells,” she muttered.

“Pardon?” Neil asked as he sat on a horizontal log.

“Bluebells. All we need is bluebells.” Neil shrugged, and she look around. “It's too late in the year really, but it would be lovely with Bluebells. They really are my favourite flower.”

Neil waited until Paula's attention returned to him, and he pulled out an old blanket from his rucksack and his blonde date provided them sandwiches, crisps, apples and a drink each.

Neil thanked her as he took a bite of his sandwich and then lay back over the blanket, encouraging Paula to do the same. “It's a lovely spot,” Paula told him, looking around the trees as he finished his drink.

“It is,” he told her and stretched. “I've had some good times 'round here.” He smiled and looked at Paula. “Biking and the like.”

“I'll just be a moment,” Paula said, getting up.

“Why?”

“Just a moment.”

“You need a wee, don't you?” Neil said with a grin.

“Yes,” Paula murmured blushing. “I’ll just go over here,” she said pointing to the other side of the big tree.

“I need a wee too,” Neil replied and got up. “I’ll join you.”

“Why?”

“Why not?” Neil shrugged and smiled at her. “What? You mean we can’t go for a leak in the forest together?”

“It’s weird,” Paula replied. “I mean Andy, and I never did that in front of each other.”

“Yeah well, I’m a bit less prudish,” he muttered. “Why not? It’s only pee.”

Paula considered this for a moment and then sighed. “If you really want to.”

Neil groaned as he got up. “Oh and take your bottoms off, they’ll get splashed.”

“No they won’t,” Paula said instantly and Neil cocked his head. “I’ve been hiking for years and never had that problem.”

“Ahh well ... these are Dorset woods.” He took his trainers off and looked at his date. “I come here all the time, and it’s just easier for the girls to take their bottoms off; otherwise it’s just balancing one leg with ... ahh you know.”

Paula laughed. “Yeah.”

“Well just try it. You’re a big girl.” He swiped his jeans off and stood in front of her in red boxer shorts. “I’ll even join you. Be daring. Half-naked in the woods. I can’t see anything you’ve got knickers on.”

“I don’t need you to join me,” Paula muttered and sighed as unfurled his laces. “If you insist!”

Neil smiled and stretched. “Ahh, while I remember.” He muttered and searched his bag as Paula reluctantly removed her shoes and trousers. Neil swore. “Was hoping to take some pictures,” he muttered. “But I’ve not brought any film for my camera.”

“Oh,” Paula muttered. “Well there is always next time.”

Neil grunted. “Yeah.”

Paula giggled. “Well you weren’t wanting to take any of me going for a wee, were you?”

Neil sucked in air through his teeth. “Of course not. Just thought some photos of us would be a good memento of a lovely afternoon.”

Paula held out her hand and took him behind the tree to where there were two giant logs next to each other, eight or nine inches apart. “Perfect,” she cried and sat down, lowering her pink knickers to her ankles. “Sit down then.” Neil hesitated. “What?”

“Well guys don’t sit down.”

“You can do,” Paula told him and patted the wood. “You wanted to go together!” A stream of urine hit the ground underneath as Paula released her bladder and she heard Neil do the same once he got seated. He leant over to her and smiled, before kissing her on the lips.

Paula struggled at first, but Neil guided his hands to her waist as she continued her stream and Neil pulled away, smiling at her. "What was that?"

"I just ... I just needed to," Neil told her. "You are so beautiful and so lovely," he charmingly muttered. "You are wonderful."

Paula blushed but shook her hips and Neil moved over to kiss her again. Paula refused at first, but he gave her a look of sultry pleading, and she swept her hair back. "What do you want?" She teased.

"Just a kiss," he asked. "It's lovely to be in the woods with such a wonderful girl, and I just want a kiss from her."

Paula giggled and smiled. "You don't waste much time, do you?"

Neil shrugged. "You're only young once," he muttered as he looked into her eyes. "I might not get another chance to get a woodland kiss from a girl so lovely and pretty."

Paula closed her eyes and rubbed them. "I'm not, compared to ..."

Neil stopped her by kissing her on the lips again and rolled his tongue forward. Paula froze for a split-second and closed her eyes, allowing the young man to probe her lips with his tongue. She felt her heart-rate quicken and Neil touched her on her flanks and then her bare legs, pulling her legs together to let her knickers slide down to her ankles.

Paula smiled as Neil pulled away and looked down. "I'm bottomless now," she moaned, and Neil shrugged, reaching down to push her knickers onto the bracken covering the floor. "Oi," Paula cried indignantly, but Neil allowed his underwear to hit the floor, and took Paula's hand.

"Be brave, run around the woods," he teased and pulled her to her feet and ran through the undergrowth. Paula objected to leaving her underwear behind, but Neil picked her up and carried the half-naked girl through the trees and spun her around until she started to feel dizzy.

"Put me down," she cried. Neil pushed her onto the mat, and she gave a playful laugh. Neil wrapped his arms around her and dragged her on top of him and tickled her. She squirmed under his touch, and the bottomless girl writhed against his cock.

Neil rolled over so that he was on top of her, and pushed his mouth over hers. "You're such good fun," he told her with a grin and kissed her. She massaged his tongue with hers, and she felt his cock rapidly fill with blood, poking her at the tops of her thigh.

"You're still bottomless," she moaned. "And I can feel ..."

Neil smiled. "I know, I can feel your body heat." He gulped, and Paula stared into his eyes. "Al fresco cuddling and stuff ... it's so brilliant," he told her, and Paula grunted.

"I'm not sure," she started, but Neil blew her a kiss and then kissed her neck. His hands were exploring her teenage body and he openly touched the tops of her thighs and her pubic mound. Paula gulped. "Neil," she muttered a little breathlessly.

"Feels good, right?"

Paula gulped. "I'm not sure I want to ..." Her voice trailed off as Neil worked his way down her slit and pressed against her clitoris. "Oh, that's my ... private place!"

Neil smiled and rubbed his palm against her pubic hair and rotated his fingers against her button

through her folds of skin. "A lot of people have got intimate in these woods," he told her. "It's an ancient site for ... for ... love."

"Love?" Paula asked with a smile. "You do talk rubbish!"

"But feels nice, right. Gentle massage?"

Neil laughed and pushed against her slit, rubbing it slightly, and Paula gasped, and her breathing started to become more laboured. She gulped. "Andy did that once," she told him breathlessly. "Only once, but he didn't want to go any further. And we were in the woods. In the Lake District."

Neil sucked in air and danced his fingers along her crack before sliding inside her slit, and pressing directly on her clit. Paula writhed and then grunted. "Ahh, that's ... that's not nice."

"Too much," Neil guessed and slid his fingers downwards to probe at her hole. His fingers touched her hymen and smiled at her; Paula wasn't lying, she was a real virgin.

He slid his fingers up and down her crack, gently touching her pearl more and more. Paula reached over and kissed him, and he encouraged her to touch his erect cock.

Paula ran her hands over it, it felt warm and stiff, much like Andy's when she had touched that. It wasn't particularly long or wide, but it had a bulbous head that she ran her fingers over.

Neil waited until her breathing became shallower, and occasional groans were being uttered by the blonde virgin, when he rolled on top of her and kissed her.

"Neil," Paula asked with a panicky look in her eyes. "Please ... what are you doing?"

"Kiss and cuddle," Neil told her and licked his lips. "I'll stop if you don't want me to." Paula gulped, and Neil's cock applied gentle pressure on her hymen at the mouth of her hole. She screwed up her face, and Neil watched as the young lady gripped the edge of the blanket. "You're so beautiful," Neil told her.

He softly pushed against her hymen, and Paula gasped, taking a few short, sharp breaths before he withdrew and pushed again and again. Paula wanted him to stop, but she knew she had wanted to lose her virginity for some time and it felt right. The environment was right, the time was right, and Neil was as close to Andy as she was going to get.

She had no doubt Neil was experienced, but that didn't make him an inappropriate person to take her virginity and she had been told by all of her friends that the first time was always the most painful. She didn't expect it to be without some discomfort.

Paula closed her eyes and rubbed her hands across Neil's back before squeezing his buttocks. Neil was gently pushing past her hymen, and she closed her eyes as the intruder slowly filled her maidenhood.

"OK?" Neil asked, and Paula nodded as he gently withdrew and impaled her again and again. Paula grunted and cried lustfully as Neil built up a slow but strong rhythm into her unprotected womanhood. He gave a groan, and she squealed as a few waves of his semen spewed from his cock and into the blonde girl.

He kissed her, panting. "Thank you," she muttered. "For being so gentle."

Neil smiled back. "You are fantastic," he told her. He got up and wiped himself on a tissue. "Just as well I'm on the pill," Paula told him and licked her lips. "It was to sort out my periods."

He shrugged. "Yeah, sorry, should have asked." She scowled slightly, and he sighed. "I didn't bring you here to have sex," he told her with an assertiveness in his voice. "I didn't even plan for us to have sex when we went to pee. It just felt so natural, and I feel a real connection with you."

Paula took a tissue from her handbag and wiped herself seeing a few drops of blood. "Is sex always this messy?"

Neil smiled. "Yeah, but it's fun." Paula cocked her head. "I think you are the most beautiful girl I have ever gone out with," he told her as she got up. He held out his hands to embrace her, and they cuddled.

"Can I find my knickers now?"

* * * * *

"Come 'round," Neil offered as he walked his date to her house. "Saturday night, there's a couple of us, watch the game and have a few drinks." Paula went to say something and Neil interrupted her. "They'll be a few of us there, meet my friends and their girlfriends."

"Sure," Paula replied before think about it and she kissed him outside her house. "Thank you," she muttered. "It's been a lovely afternoon."

"Yeah," Neil replied. "Saturday, don't forget. I'll come and get you at 7pm from the restaurant."

"Sure," she muttered and took a deep breath, waving at her date as she walked up the drive to her house.

"Are you going out with him?" Emily asked the moment Paula came into the front room. "I saw you kissing from here."

"Yeah," Paula muttered. "And I know you don't like him."

"Well as long as you know what you are doing," Emily responded and returned to her magazine. "And before you ask, I was at school today."

"Good," Paula snapped. "Bout time you went to school."

Chapter VI

Paula sat back in the chair, and Neil pushed another glass of vodka into her hand with a grinning smile. "Get that drunk." He filled the glasses held by both of his friends and then flicked the switch on the television to put the live football match onto the screen.

They had a direct feed from the pub downstairs and Neil put the empty bottle of the cheapest vodka available behind the chair. Paula tried to focus on him, but he was blurry and she found her head spinning. "I'm ..." She started but could not finish the sentence.

Neil reached over and brought the drink to her lips, and she groaned as the fiery liquid scorched her throat. The tall and muscular partner kissed her on the lips and openly touched her breasts through the fabric.

Paula jerked, but Neil slowly slid his hands inside her blouse and pushed her back on the chair. He leant over and whispered into her ear. "I wanna fuck you right here." Paula giggled and shook him off, but Neil was insistent and pushed his lips onto hers, kissing her lustfully. "I'm not joking," he told her. "We are all friends."

Paula gasped and gagged as her stomach tried to expel the vodka and Neil rubbed her shoulders before pulling up her blouse. Paula was groggy and woozy, unable to resist, and Neil unclipped her bra, ruffling her long, blonde hair as his hands careered down her body and took her skirt and knickers away from the topless woman.

Paula tried half-heartedly to push him away, but Neil smiled at her and kissed on her lips as the shapes around her towered over her. She blinked and watched as Neil's hands darted up and down her thighs and he beamed at her confused expression. "These are my buddies," he explained. "We share everything."

Paula wriggled her hips and grunted. "But ..."

"But just let it happen. You're not a little girl any more," he soothed. "It'll be fun." She gulped as his fingers found her folds and she felt a cock being put into her hand. She turned around to see the larger of Neil's friends stripped, and he glanced at her. "Just kiss it," Neil told her. "For me."

Paula blinked a few times and found her head being roughly pulled towards the erect cock and thrust into her mouth. She gasped, and he began to thrust her head over his cock, treating Paula as if she was a common whore.

Neil was working his hand up and down her slit, probing her folds and pushing against her less than moist hole. Paula tried to get out of the chair, but she was being held back by her shoulders. She closed her eyes and muttered onto the cock being hammered into her mouth but no-one paid any attention to her.

She felt the fingers leave her sex, and there was a bright flash, that she noticed through her closed eyes. Her eyes flew open, and she focused on Neil pulling her off the chair onto the sofa-bed, with the thrusting cock disappearing from her mouth. "Neil, please," Paula begged, but he wasn't listening.

Paula struggled slightly, but she was no match for the fierce grip of the three men and Neil mounted her in a missionary-style position. "That's what my bitches do," Neil told her. "They get fucked, and that's all I care about," he barked and slammed his cock into her unprepared pussy.

Paula cried out, but her open mouth was soon filled with a cock that was being rammed into her. She gasped for air and choked, but her hands were being kept by her side as the three teenagers abused her body.

Paula spluttered as he came over her face and the cock was replaced instantly. She tried to free herself but couldn't do it, and Neil withdrew to squirt his cum over the teenage girl before reaching for his Polaroid camera again.

Neil and his two friends tormented the young Paula for half the evening, pouring more alcohol into her mouth, before allowing her to dress and throwing her out into Bournemouth on a Saturday night alone.

Paula had no idea where to go or even where she was. She stumbled on the pavement and fell against the wall. Where the hell was she?

* * * * *

“What the hell happened to you last night?” Her mother asked as Paula sat at the dining room table, her head in her hands and groaning about her hangover. “I know you are seventeen now, but we expect better from you.”

“I know,” Paula muttered and groaned. “I got a bit drunk.”

“You got very drunk,” Emily added. “But it's cool. At least I am not the only child getting into trouble from Mum and Dad,” she teased. “I am not the only disappointment in this family.”

“Emily, shut up,” her mother thundered and crossed her arms. “I just want you to be safe.”

“I know,” Paula replied. “I trusted someone and shouldn't have done.” Her mother's eyes bored into the pale girl and sent Emily upstairs to get dressed.

“You can help us with the lunchtime rush,” Emily was told, to much protestation and was dutifully ordered to be “ready” in twenty minutes. “And I expect some help from you too, today,” Paula was told. “It was your own fault you feel like you do.”

“Yeah,” Paula muttered. “I'll be along shortly,” she promised and put her head on the table, resting on her forearms. “Promise,” she muttered.

Chapter VII

“You bastard!” Paula cried when she saw the smirking face of her “boyfriend” holding a stack of paper. “You got me pissed, and you touched me and ...”

Neil stopped her with a wave of the hand. “We all had a bit to drink,” he told her. “But you got more pissed.”

“If it wasn't for me running into my Dad I'd have been lost,” she cried and sniffed. “Anything could've happened to me.” Neil grinned at his angry ex and peeled a piece of paper off the top of the pile, passing it over to her.

“Yeah, like you could be a slut for three guys and demand to be fucked?”

“I didn't,” Paula thundered.

Neil gave a snort. “Your report,” he replied with an evil chuckle and wandered off to another part of their common room.

Fuck Slut Number 55: Paula Dotson

Age: 17

Address: 38 Bartholomew Drive

*Rating: * * **

The Crew are back with a stunning slut who's just come into town and we have a treasure for you. A virgin until 2 days ago, she was ruined when she took all 3 of our mahoosive cocks and was covered in spunk during a red hot orgy that she fucking loved!!!!

The little cunt guzzled down our dick juice like it was fucking champagne and begged to come back the next night. Even we were shocked at her skankiness. A decent fuck, not too experienced but nice and tight. Well worth a punt, but shit at cocksucking.

She's desperate for attention, she'll fuck anyone who smiles at her and won't take no for an answer. Her last boyfriend was a fag so she's plenty of catching up to do. Boys: enjoy her. She's easy and she's a fucking whore.

When you fuck her, remember – the Crew broke the little slut in.

Tears rolled down Paula's face as she saw the photocopied “report” on her activities complete with three photographs taken on an instant camera. Her shaved mons and cum-covered body were clearly visible, and she looked over to see Neil smirking at her in the common room.

The papers were attracting the attention of her peers, desperate to read her antics, and she sniffed. “Fucking slut,” a female voice cried from the corner of the room. “All three of them. Don't you have any pride?”

“It's as bad as that Katie Marsh two years ago. She got knocked up didn't she?”

“No ... I didn't ... it wasn't ...” Paula stammered, and she looked around the room, tears cascading off her face. “It's not like that,” she wept. “He forced me.”

“Yeah, looks like,” someone called out.

Paula grabbed her bag and ran out of the room, sprinting down the cloisters and out into the green. “Wanna fuck?” A couple of boys cried out at her. “She’ll fuck anything,” another one added. Paula shook her head and walked towards the exit of the college. How could Neil do that to her?

* * * * *

“What the hell were you thinking of?” Emily said assertively and threw the paper onto the bench next to her sister. “Everyone in my year has seen this and someone has a bet on that they can fuck you by the end of the week. It’s ... it’s just crazy.”

“I got pissed, OK.” Paula yelled. “You think I wanted to be raped?”

“Raped?” Emily’s expression changed, and Paula shrugged.

“Well ... I didn’t consent. I don’t think I did. I don’t remember. I think I didn’t want them to but that says I did. I just can’t remember. I don’t even remember them taking photographs, but they must have. I went there to meet friends and girlfriends and they just poured vodka down my throat.”

Emily gulped and took a huge breath. “So, he’s a cunt. You can surely have him on this.”

“On what? He will say it was all consensual, and he will say that I posed for the photos which it looks like I did.” Emily gulped, and Paula sniffed. “I hate this fucking town.” She wiped her brow and looked up at the sky. “I so miss ... Aylesbury.”

Emily gulped and rubbed her hands before coughing. “Still missing Andy?”

“Andy would never have done this to me,” Paula cried. “He just wouldn’t’ve. Even Rhea wouldn’t have done this.” Tears streaked down her face and her fourteen year-old sister put her arm around her. “Why did I deserve this?”

“You didn’t,” she soothed. “There must be something we can do.”

“Yeah,” Paula cried. “I am certainly not going on a date again,” she snapped. “Not that anyone normal would want to date me now.”

“Don’t be silly,” Emily muttered and took a deep breath. “I’ll make us a drink,” she promised and walked inside the house. She answered the ‘phone as she walked past and grunted. “Sorry Andy. It’s not a good time. She’s real busy at the mo.”

“Sure, just ... um ... can you tell her that I have been thinking of her. Just want to know what’s she’s up to.”

Emily sighed. “Ahh ... well I’ll let her know you rang,” Emily promised even though she had no intention of doing so. “Actually is Rhea there, I want a word.”

Chapter VIII

“Rhea, it's Emily.” The teenager looked out into the back garden where her sister was sat on the bench and waited for Rhea to acknowledge her. “You know, Dotson.”

“Ahhh, Andy's ex-bitch's sister. What the fuck d'ya want? Didn't I tell you that if I spoke to you again I would rip your heart out and ...”

“Rhea, I'm sorry about that. You know I am, I really didn't mean it to happen, but I need your help.”

“So?”

“I have a problem. Two problems.”

“Excellent. But not of my making. Or even if it was of my making, I wouldn't care. I can't help you. Well, I won't help you.”

“You don't know what it is.”

“Putting the 'phone down.”

“It concerns Andy. Well one of them does.”

“Oh shit! What's the lecherous cunt done now?”

“He keeps phoning and writing to Paula.” There was an intake of breath as Rhea digested what Emily was telling her and she hummed. “I mean, I have kept telling him she's not here, or hiding the letters since the first one made her upset. But we agreed, you know.”

“What do you want me to do about it? I've disposed of the only two letters Paula sent.”

“Tell him it's over. Paula said he's found someone else.”

“No. He's found three other bitches. Some stripper, a nympho class-mate and some girl who is so uptight, she could crack walnuts between her thighs.”

“Christ!” Emily cried. “That's some serious rebound going on. You need to stop him pining for Paula.”

“He isn't but he thinks Paula is his friend,” Rhea cried.

“Yeah, and if Andy and Paula manage to work something out, they'll both be angry and moody. Sort him out.”

Rhea snorted. “Can't you just hook Paula up with some guy down in Bournemouth. Or tell her that Andy has a girlfriend now.”

Emily hummed. “Yeah, well, that's the other problem. She got taken out by the local lothario who has now spread their encounters all over the town with photos and a report. So she's a little pissed off and doesn't want to date any more.”

“Fuck. I hope that suitable revenge is being taken.”

“Yeah ... I am working on that.”

“You?” Rhea scoffed and giggled. “Well you were always shit at that sort of thing,” Rhea mused. “This goes against what I think of you, but I can help on that. What I would do is a firework, his rectum and ...”

“Rhea, I got that bit sorted, and I always had my moments. And I think he will not be ruining any more young ladies after tonight,” Emily promised and waited for Rhea to ask her what she was planning. She saw the movement out of the corner of her eye and quickly signed off her phone conversation before Rhea could enquire and smiled as her sister trudged through the back door. “OK?”

Paula hummed. “No,” she snapped and took a deep breath. “OK, that was uncalled for, not really. Why didn't I see through him?”

“You mean you were charmed.”

“I was disarmed,” Paula remarked and wiped her eyes. “I thought he was another Andy, but he wasn't.”

“Yeah, more like an evil, male version of Rhea,” Emily joked but Paula sniffed and sat down in the front room. “Ahh, it'll all blow over.”

Paula shook her head. “I am not going back,” she told her sister. “I am not going back to that college. Not while he is there.”

Emily stared at the floor for a moment and took a few deep breaths. “Maybe he won't be going back.”

Paula scoffed. “Everyone there has seen me naked,” she cried. “And they've read all about it.” She fought back the tears and shook her head. “I am going to see if I can stay with Andy and finish my course in Aylesbury.”

Emily gulped. “That's quite drastic.”

“Yeah, it's either that or I just work in the restaurant.”

“But your dreams,” Emily asked. “What about your ambition to be a doctor or a ...”

“I don't care,” Paula snapped and rubbed her ear. “I just don't care. I don't want to go back to that place again.”

* * * * *

Emily locked the bathroom door and liberally applied her father's shaving foam to her freshly trimmed pubic area. It felt slightly cold and damp, but she put one foot on the side of the bath and then scraped the disposable razor across her mons, removing most of the hair in its path.

It took Emily five minutes to turn her hirsute pussy glabrous and then took her mother's make-up and applied eyeliner, mascara, lipstick and foundation to her face, accentuating her youthful colour and highlighting her features.

Finishing the look was a bra, a tight blouse, a pair of skimpy knickers and a skirt. She took a look in the mirror and tugged her blouse downwards before picking up her keys, wallet and a flick-knife, and putting them in her handbag.

Emily had someone to see.

Chapter IX

“You must be Neil,” the teenage girl asked as she strode towards a group of three young men idling walking down the promenade. Neil's face erupted into a smile and he licked his lips, looking at Emily out of the corner of his eye.

“Yeah, the man and the legend,” he told her as he glanced down towards his trousers. “And you're Emily.”

Emily tugged her blouse down and gulped, looking at him as his smile broadened. “Yeah, you know me?”

“I know your sister,” he replied and held his hands out that were slapped by his two companions. “She was fun.”

Emily looked at his two friends and licked her lips. “Can we talk, 'cause I have a problem?” She paused and smiled at him. “I have a problem that you can help with.”

“Hey, that bitch hasn't topped herself 'as she?” Emily scowled as he chortled to himself and waved his friends away. “What's up?”

“I need you,” the teenage girl muttered, and she took a deep breath. “I know you did a shit thing to Paula, and she's cut up, but I know your reputation.”

“Which is?”

“You've been about a bit. You've had your fair share of girls and know your way around a teenage body. And well, my boyfriend doesn't. And I've only been with a guy once, and he was shit.” She waited for a pause. “My boyfriend's not been with anyone, and I need to know what he needs to do. I want you to show me.”

Neil burst out laughing at the sister's serious face and shook his head. “You're just a little girl,” he patronised.

“I am sixteen,” the teenage girl lied and drew herself up to her full height and sighed. “And I've got bigger breasts than Paula.”

“Tits,” he told her. “They're tits. And yeah ... so what? I'm not sticking my cock in between 'em.” He looked at his friends staring at him from a few feet away and sighed. “If I take ya back 'ome, I'm gonna fuck ya.”

“Yeah,” Emily cried, her heart beating fast. “That's what I want.”

“Oh come on then,” he told her and shouted down the small road. “I'll catch up with you later.”

“Hey,” one of his friends called.

“I'll be two hours,” he promised. “Got business to do.” Emily ignored the language and looked at him as he scratched his head. He lowered his voice and looked at her. “Go to my 'ouse.”

“Just one thing,” Emily replied. “I don't want to appear 'round the town. You can take a photo I don't care but promise me you ain't gonna stick me on a poster.”

“Course not,” he instantly replied and guided the young teenager through the streets of

Bournemouth until he unlocked a door at the back of the pub. Emily glanced over to see Paula in the restaurant and hid her face; she had no intention of her sister seeing her do what she was about to do.

Neil opened the front door, and Emily nervously walked into the small hallway, putting her bag down to hang her coat up. Neil came behind her and picked up the young girl, taking her up the stairs as she shrieked and cried out. "Mind ya head," he teased and Emily ducked. He opened a door to his left and threw the fourteen year-old into his blue bedroom and looked at her. "Get naked, let's see you."

Emily crossed her arms and pulled the blouse over her head and unclipped her bra before looking on the bed. "Where's my bag?"

"It's downstairs."

"I need it."

"Why?" Neil asked and screwed up his face.

"Err ... just got ... lipstick." He burst out laughing and pushed her back on the bed.

"You dain't need lipstick love." Neil threw his shirt into the corner of the room and put his hands underneath her thighs, pulling her skirt and knickers together over her ankles. Emily panicked; this wasn't part of the plan!

She tried to protest, but Neil was big, and had his trousers removed before she could say much and felt his cock against her shaved mons as he climbed on top of her.

"All you need is a proper man," he boasted and reached for the Vaseline on his bedside table.

"Shouldn't you ... you know?" Emily cried, but Neil cackled and took some of the petroleum jelly and rubbed it around his erect cock. He slid it up and down her slit and Emily grumbled.

Neil wasn't gentle as he plunged into the reluctant girl; Emily cried in shock, but Neil just pounded into the teenager. Emily made vague whimperings, trying to pretend that she was enjoying it, but she wasn't. Neil hadn't bothered to get her aroused in the slightest and just thrust into the poor girl with little thought for her.

Emily begged him to stop and scratched him as she dug her fingers into his arms, but Neil slapped her, panted and cried before burying his cock into the girl and releasing. He shuddered and withdrew, leaving a trail of semen around her abused hole.

Emily was weeping into her hands as Neil reached behind him and took a Polaroid camera, pressing a few buttons and photographing the obscene image – semen and blood leaking from the teenager, pain clearly etched on her face.

"That's what you need to know," Neil boasted. "Little slut like you exists for my pleasure. For any guy's pleasure." Emily gulped, and he rubbed his nose. "You spread your legs and fuck when you are told and then fuck off. Got that?" Emily whimpered. "Now get the fuck out of my bedroom."

"But ..."

"Get out of my fuckin' bedroom," the young man yelled and threw her clothes at her. "Yer sister was a much better fuck."

“Can't I get cleaned ...”

“No you fucking can't,” he told her and she frantically put on her knickers, skirt and top. He watched as she fell over herself to get down the stairs, grab her coat and bag, tears forming in her eyes. “And I'm gonna have you all over this fuckin' town,” he boasted. “The slutty sisters.”

Emily ran out of the pub and down the alley towards the town panting furiously. She was sore and leant against the wall. She licked her fingers, rubbing her moist eyes to smudge her make-up and her face before sniffing. She took a deep breath, holding back the tears. If her sister had gone through that then no wonder she was distraught. “Time for Plan B,” she muttered. “The legend, my fucking arse. I know a dozen guys who can fuck better than that.” She gave a smile to the pub and shook her hair up before looking behind her and walking onto the main road. Her pain would have been worth it as there was no way anyone could get away with doing that to her sister.

The blonde girl opened the front door and walked calmly up to the counter, staring at the Police constable. “I'd like to report a rape,” she said as stoically as she could and watched as he recoiled slightly. “And I have some evidence. And he took photographs. And took my bra.” He gulped. “Oh and I'm fourteen, so I can't consent, can I? It happened ten minutes ago. Can I see someone please?”

Emily burst into sobs and watched as the young man scrambled away to find a suitably trained officer.

Emily smiled inwardly. Rhea would be delightfully proud of her; she might even talk to her again.