

The wooing of a London soubrette



By
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Credits and License

Codes: FF, shave, oral, MF, prost, viol, nc, rom

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Preface

This story is part of the “Growing Pains” world and shows how Grace Hardy and Terry Williams, the parents of Julie, Andy and Rhea, met and got together as well, as the disturbing death of Sandy Poulsen.

The setting for this story is in the summer months of 1978 in London.

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!

This book is part of a bigger story containing a series of erotic novels – all freely downloadable for all formats – but many contain depictions of graphic sex with characters between the ages of sixteen, the legal age of consent in the UK, and eighteen, the minimum age for Smashwords and Amazon. If you want to see more of Grace, then please check out the Growing Pains section on my website below.

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Chapter I

“Well at least it's better than that place in Innsbruck,” Grace said matter-of-factly as she peered into one of the bare cupboards. “That place was absolutely awful.”

Sandy sniffed the stuffy room as the cupboard swung open and was grateful when Grace closed it again; it was musty and stunk. “Yeah, OK, we had to share a bed, but that wasn't too bad. My feet don't smell that badly!”

“It wasn't sharing with you that I didn't like,” Grace muttered. “I actually quite liked that. It was sharing with the cockroaches that I hated.”

“Yeah, but they left after a few days.”

“I know, they couldn't stand the smell of your feet.” Grace teased and smiled at Sandy who put her giant rucksack on the table and pulled out some teabags from a side pocket.

“Drink, my dear Gracie?”

“Lovely,” replied the nineteen-year-old who had opened the fridge and quickly closed it again when she smelt the inside. “What did Ronnie and Reggie have to say?”

Sandy grinned, and giggled. “Neville and Jack, you mean,” she told her, in her soft Danish accent. “Twenty-five pounds a week, I paid for five weeks up front while you were messing about in town.”

“I was getting some essentials,” Grace corrected her abruptly and then asked, “I meant about the parlour.” She took the black tea from her friend who raised an eyebrow.

Sandy grinned. “They said they'd give us a go in a couple of days' time. Boris had already spoken to him a few weeks ago and said we were pretty good.”

Grace smiled. “Ahh, Boris. The hairiest man I have ever met!”

“And weirdest,” Sandy moaned.

“He has some unusual tastes,” Grace admitted. “But then I don't mind if he wants us to do that to him. I gotta pee somewhere!” Sandy winced as Grace reminded her of the kinkier side to one of their previous hosts. “And he knows everyone.”

“True, he has good contacts all over Europe,” Sandy mused.

Grace nodded. “I think we've met most of them. Thank God for him knowing Ronnie and Reggie!”. Grace was acutely aware that their cash reserves were getting lower than she would have liked and they did need to start earning soon, but Sandy detected another reason for the smirk.

“You're getting desperate, how long without sex?”

Grace shook her shoulder-length hair back and put a bobble in it while contemplating the question. “Six days, not since Daniel in Madrid. If you don't count the blowjob the lorry driver got for the lift.”

Sandy gave her friend a wry smile, they had both enjoyed the attentions of Daniel who was

particularly attracted to Sandy, but Madrid was not the city of sordid opportunities they had hoped for and after spending two weeks doing restaurant work and getting paid very little, they decided to cut their losses and crossed Spain to a small port on the Northern coast to catch a ferry to Plymouth. "A week," Sandy teased. "That's almost celibate for you!"

Grace spluttered and sat down in one the rickety chairs around a scratched dining table. "Hang on, you're calling me and you're the one who's had hundreds of partners! And I'm sure it was your turn to pay for the ride."

Sandy spluttered. "No. I paid to get us into Spain. And he wanted it up the backside. You try doing that while he is driving, there just isn't 'nough room in the cab for that!"

Grace hummed as Sandy took a seat opposite and looked around the kitchen. The flat was dated, it was the ground floor of a three-storey house. The landlord had told them that the upper floor was vacant but the middle floor was occupied with some Eastern Europeans, although he rarely saw them and they just dropped off their rent money at his office once a week.

The area itself wasn't bad, located a brisk twenty minute walk from the wilds of Soho, the houses in the immediate vicinity looked, by and large, well maintained and lived in. At the end of the street, the big detached house had fallen down and there was now a pile of rubble on some waste ground that was once a large expansive garden, and the pub a few doors down from their flat was boarded up, but it on the whole, the neighbourhood wasn't too shabby. They had certainly lived in far worse in the previous eighteen months.

"It's not too bad, I suppose. It'll be home soon enough," Grace admitted and took a long slurp of her hot drink. "Also I really need you shave me tonight."

Sandy gave Grace her familiar smile. "Of course, love."

"It rubbed a bit on the boat coming over. And I could hardly ask you to do it in the hostel."

"What with that gal?"

"Yeah, she was freaky, but it is very uncomfortable."

"You could be more natural. As nature intended."

Grace stared at her friend and shook her head. "I know you like the more natural look but I am fed up cleaning men's spunk from my pubes when they want to come over my cunt. It's just messy."

Sandy gave her friend a wide grin. She knew exactly what Grace meant, although it had been months since she had permitted a partner to have sex with her without a condom.

Grace liked being bare "down there," because she thought it looked nicer and said it felt better; she was lying if she said it was for practical reasons!

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Grace lay with a towel underneath her as the well-dressed Sandy liberally applied some shaving foam to her nether regions. "I could do this to you, you know," Grace offered.

"No I like my trimmed pussy," Sandy replied and picked up Grace's razor, dragging over the stubble. "I am very attached to playing with it when I am bored." Grace took a breath

every time Sandy went near her labia but she needn't have worried. Sandy had been doing this three or four times a week for months, and had not cut her yet, but she was still nervous.

She finished and dowsed Grace's nether regions with some warm water to wash away any foam residue.

"Still look likes too much effort," Sandy moaned, ignoring the small fact that it was her that kept Grace's pussy shaved, and put the bowl on the side. Grace motioned the Danish teenager, to join her on the bed and threw the towel on the floor.

Grace was naked but Sandy had been trying on a dress she had bought that day when Grace had knocked on her door with the shaving foam, razor and a pleading look. It was a white figure-hugging, very short dress that displayed Sandy's large breasts wonderfully and had sent Grace's pulse racing the moment she saw it.

Grace was used to seeing Sandy naked and even though she considered herself "straight" she was still very fond of the odd fumble with her best friend from time to time. Six days was a long time for her to go without some sort of sexual attention!

"Thank you," Grace whispered as Sandy lay down on the bed. Sandy knew immediately what Grace would want and as Grace leaned in to kiss the staunchly independent girl, she ruffled her hands through Grace's long hair. Sandy closed her eyes as their tongues met, and they began kissing and fondling each other.

"Hang on," Sandy said and sat up, slipping the dress over her head and returned her attention to Grace, who had been enjoying stroking the smooth, tort fabric over her, but was more than satisfied with the bare skin that replaced it.

Sandy pushed her tongue deeper into Grace's willing mouth and stroked her face. Their bodies, pushed up against each other on the single bed, glided as Grace ground her torso against Sandy's, their nipples rubbing against each other.

Grace rubbed the flanks and the torso of her bisexual lover. The firm body of Sandy felt like heaven to her, it always did, and she squirmed as Sandy moved her hands from Grace's hair to the freshly shaven mons; Grace instantly parted her legs with a smile.

Sandy broke from the kissing and peered into Grace's eyes. She slipped her finger alongside Grace's slit and her thumb touched her clit, which sent a shiver of arousal through the young lady.

Sandy noted the sigh and slid two fingers along her labia and into her soaking wet pussy that eagerly accepted the older girl's finger. Grace moaned and started kissing Sandy again. Deep waves of pleasure shot through the English girl as Sandy pushed her fingers in and out of the drenched cunt.

Sandy smiled at the writhing girl; she had met many girls during her travels but had never met anyone as sexual as herself, until she met Grace. Grace loved sex, and made no secret of it, but she was also a good, loyal friend that shared many interests with her. She was perfect.

Grace had her eyes closed, was mewling, sighing and groaning as Sandy lovingly probed her moist hole. "Spread your legs wide," Sandy told her and Grace did so immediately, holding onto the backs of her thighs as Sandy withdrew her fingers. Sandy scooted down

the bed, lifted her thighs and peered between her legs. Grace was hairless and whatever Sandy had said about having a bald cunt, she liked the feeling of going down on Grace when she was completely shaved.

Sandy gently prised open Grace's lips and her tongue reached out and flicked her clitoris. Grace flinched and cried. Sandy knew what Grace liked and pushed her tongue as far into the hole as she could.

Grace began to rock against the bed, humping her friend's mouth as Sandy lapped at the walls of her opening. Grace cried out as Sandy got more frenzied in her oral assault of her genitals and her Danish friend knew that she was approaching a climax.

Grace's breathing quickened and she moaned and groaned louder and louder. Grace arched her back and gave an instinctive, passionate cry.

Sandy maintained her pace, sucking and licking the bucking girl as she rode the crest of her orgasm, and then Sandy moved up her slit to her clitoris. They had done this many times, and Sandy ran a finger down and into Grace's hole. She then withdrew it and positioned it over Grace's bud.

Grace shrieked with joy as Sandy slid the lubricated finger into her ass and began sucking on her pearl. She bucked and writhed as Sandy expertly brought her to a second orgasm in minutes, and then a third.

"Your turn," Grace muttered with closed eyes and Sandy jumped up and presented her own moist slit to her friend.

Sandy was used to having Grace underneath her, it was one of their favourite positions and Sandy groaned loudly as Grace touched her engorged clitoris.

It didn't take long for Sandy to come, and then she started encircling Grace's clit with her thumb as Grace ate her out again. Her body convulsed and twitched as Grace confidently lapped her friend's cunt to orgasm and when they were too tired to continue, got into bed cuddling.

Grace and Sandy were kindred spirits and experienced lovers, but they were also the only friends or family each other acknowledged that they had.

Chapter II

“You OK?” Grace asked the frail woman struggling down the road. She had two bags of shopping and this was clearly too heavy for her as she buckled under the weight.

“Oh I'm fine, darling. Nearly home.”

Grace looked at her watch, she was early for her shift, and turned around. “Here, let me help.”

“That's very kind of you,” the lady replied and passed the bags to Grace who followed her up the road. “If my Jeffrey was here, he'd have no problems with them. It's my legs, you see.”

Grace humoured the woman by listening to her and nodding, as they progressed at a slow pace to the house adjacent to hers.

“You're my neighbour,” she murmured as the lady unlocked the door.

“Oh, did you hear that couple on the ground floor last night. Oh, it kept me awake, it did. Shameful.” Grace stayed silent and suppressed a smile, allowing the old woman to continue. “I mean you must be right on top of them, you must have heard it also.”

Grace nodded, clearly the woman thought she was Eastern European, her mother was from Czechoslovakia and she had inherited a lot of features from her mother, and she didn't want to correct the assumption. “Everyone is only young once, aren't they?”

The woman sighed. “Oh you must have heard them. Wake up the souls of the dead they will. The souls of the dead.”

Grace put the shopping in her front room and went to leave, explaining that she would be late for work. The woman thanked her, and tried to put a coin in her hand but Grace refused. Money might be tighter than she would have liked, but she wasn't reduced to taking money for favours. Well, not those sorts of favours anyway!

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Grace ran her hands down the back of the tall gentleman. He was only a couple of years older than herself, which was a definite improvement on the first week of working at the massage parlour. He would be her last client of the night before she could go home and she was looking forward to getting out of the stuffy rooms.

Grace put the thoughts of her warm bed out of her mind. She had been warned many months ago when she first started working in the sex industry that it was a bad idea to let your mind wander, and although the massage was tedious, if she “lost interest” in the client and he noticed then he won't come back or worse, he would make a complaint to the manager.

The gentleman purred as her hands darted up her back and massaged his collarbone. He had been usually chatty for a punter and had wanted to engage in conversation with her as she massaged his back and legs with the oils.

She had tried to steer the chat away from herself; it was a classic ploy for punters to try and find out as much about the “girl” that they were about to screw and she was a little

uncomfortable about it. She used her mothers' name, Katerina, while working and had never used her real name, Grace, until it slipped out a few moments ago when her guard was down.

For his part, the gentleman was very forthcoming but in a friendly way, she was used to her clients being a little aggressive or demanding, but he was laid-back, pleasant and just there to enjoy himself. He treated Grace as his willing partner and talked to her like it was a date, introducing himself and talking about his life, as well as showing a similar interest in Grace.

To this end, Grace found out that his name was Terry Williams and he was 24. He lived in Cheshire and worked for the family building firm but was about to take it over with a partner. He had a sister, no children but a fiancée. The small matter that he was here on a stag night and about to engage in sexual intercourse with another woman did not seem to deter him from telling Grace that he loved Anne and had bought her a diamond ring to seal their engagement.

Grace certainly warmed to Terry, he was a little smarmy and hypocritical but there was a harmless innocence to him that she liked. She parted his legs to start on his thighs and he looked back and smiled.

“Rugby legs,” he told her and she nodded.

“They're like tree trunks,” she said and squeezed the top of his toned thigh. He clenched his buttocks and she got a glimpse of his testicles – they were big!

Terry gave a satisfied moan as she deftly ran her hands down his thighs and calves. She knew he wanted sex, they had agreed on a price and taken his fifteen pounds before they had started with the massage. She glanced at the clock. She had been massaging him for half-an-hour and it was about time they started unless they wanted to not finish on time, and the manager start asking awkward questions and docking wages.

She gestured for the gentleman to roll over, which he smiled and did. She normally charged extra for a blow-job but if she liked the guy she would use her mouth as prelude to intercourse and to get him hard. In all her years of experience, she hadn't met a guy who didn't appreciate her lips around their member.

Grace very much did like him, and he was the last customer of the night, but most of all, he was the closest guy to her age, and the cleanest partner she had had for weeks and she wanted him to come back to her if he was to come back to the parlour at all.

“Just to get you in the mood,” she whispered, looked up at him and wrapped her lips around the tip of his erect shaft. He groaned and she slid her tongue over his sensitive glans. Terry sucked in breath sharply. He had only ever received a blow job once and it was a very special sensation then. He put his hands on the top of Grace's head and stroked her hair.

Grace bobbed up and down on his shaft, it rapidly filled with blood to become fully erect. Terry grabbed hold of the edge of the table and gave a nasal groan.

Grace continued and put her fist at the base of his cock to gently pump it as her tongue whirled away over the top of his penis. Her left hand darted over his oiled thighs and he groaned loudly.

"That's good. I'm in the mood," Terry panted and Grace looked up at him.

"Do you want to me to fuck you or suck you?" She asked and grinned. "Or can you manage both?" Grace found herself saying; giving away free sex, she'd destroy her own market!

Terry gave a weird grunt as Grace sucked on the tip of his member. "Oh both please," he murmured and her hands touched his testicles and then his perineum.

"Oh fuck," Terry shouted and his muscles tightened. He began rocking back and forth, pivoting on his hips, and panting sharply. He felt a deep tightness across the backs of his testicles that Grace was happily stroking.

She felt the twitch, she knew he was about to unload his seed into her mouth. She was used to it, but Terry tried to withdraw, pushing his body into the worn towel on the barely padded bench, when he felt the passionate desperation in his loins; his only other oral experience ended in a row when he didn't pull out.

Grace didn't let him and clamped her mouth over his rod. "I'm coming," Terry whimpered and Grace ran her tongue underneath his head. Terry spewed his semen into her warm mouth with a shuddering grunt and a volley of mewed cries.

Grace took all of his semen, looked up the table at him and made an exaggerated swallowing motion with a sultry look at him. He looked at her open-mouthed, panting as his cock slowly stopped twitching.

"You swallowed it. Girls don't normally swallow, do they?"

Grace chuckled and kissed him on the cheek. "Depends on the girl, doesn't it?"

Terry sat up and looked at his deflated cock. "Not sure I'll manage to get it up again and finished in fifteen minutes," he replied forlornly and Grace kissed the shaft and then the tip.

"If you tell the manager I was brilliant and you'll be looking to come back with everyone next time, I can squeeze in an extra fifteen or twenty minutes without getting screwed by him," Grace told Terry as she gently caressed his testicles and then his shaft.

"Oh I'll be doing that all right," Terry muttered and Grace smiled, took his shaft in her mouth and began to get him hard again.

"And a big, strong stud like you, twice in half-an-hour shouldn't be a problem, right?"

It took five minutes for Terry to be "ready" and a further sixty seconds for Grace to be "ready"; she was already feeling unusually horny, even for her, and her body had gushed in response. She put a condom on the guy and he mounted her.

He had wanted to do her doggy style so she was bent over the massage table as Terry positioned his cock into her hole, which she gently guided in.

She gasped and Terry asked if she was OK. "You're so thick," she replied and clamped her pussy muscles onto his rock hard member. "That's very nice," she murmured and Terry chuckled.

He gradually started building up a gentle rhythm, pushing his rod all the way into her canal and then sliding back out. She felt his pubic hair tickle her buttocks. She felt his rod slide

along the front of her vaginal wall and moaned loudly.

She always told herself she mustn't orgasm at work, and often faked it when required, but there was a feeling of warmth, an excitement she rarely felt with a client. Her loins were on fire and she sighed, moaning again.

Terry grabbed hold of her waist and was swinging her back onto his member. She groaned, and grabbed hold of the edge of the table. Terry was ramming his cock into her with some strength. She squealed and was rocking back in tune with his rhythm.

She released a grunt and a breath with every stroke he made. She was feeling her own climax building. Who was this guy? How was a punter making her so horny? She tried to put these thoughts out of her mind and to think of asexual images, to stop herself from reaching a peak. She mustn't orgasm. She just couldn't, not with a client.

Terry was getting ready to come again; the joys of being a 24-year-old were clearly apparent! Grace was manipulating and stroking his cock with her internal muscles and Terry was seeing stars; no girl had ever done that to him before and he thought that this woman, this Grace, was incredible in bed.

With one last thrust, his testicles emptied themselves into the rubber condom and they stayed motionless for a moment, soaking up the warmth between them before separating. Grace was a little relieved but far from sated; she would need the attentions of Sandy when she got home.

"Wow!" Terry said looking at the bedraggled Grace. "You're so amazing," he told her and she beamed at him. Like any girl, she still liked compliments!

She kissed him on the cheek and guided him to the little shower room.

"You weren't so bad yourself," she replied and ran her fingers over his back.

He was cute, very cute, but unfortunately he was also a punter.

* * * * *

"What the hell is that?" Grace asked as she entered the kitchen naked. A small furry mound was busy eating a bowl of meat and Grace screwed up her face.

"It's a cat," Sandy said with all seriousness.

"I know it's a cat, but we don't have a cat,"

"We've been adopted," Sandy told her and Grace shook her head.

"Well we can be unadopted? It's a mangy thing." Sandy and Grace stared at the black and white creature. It was thin and its fur all matted.

"It just needs some love," Sandy replied. "Like we all do."

Grace grunted and threw herself onto the chair, taking a sip of Sandy's drink.

"Hey Neville said there is some work at an all-night party at the weekend if we want it. Some guy wants a dozen whores for all-night fun. There is lots of money in it as only two have signed up so far and he's getting desperate."

Grace enquired how much and after agreeing with Sandy that it was a generous sum offered to attend with her. The massage parlour was paying well but she wanted some extra work to build up some cash and their landlords were more than happy to supply them with all the immoral work they could handle.

“And anyway, this cat needs fresh meat every day,” Sandy muttered and Grace just giggled as the naked Dane stroked the black and white cat.

* * * * *

“Hey, Grace!” A voice from behind her shouted. She turned and Sandy gave her a wry smile. They had spent the last seven hours at the massage parlour doing a “day shift” that finished at nine and were walking along the pavement towards their house.

“Another bloke,” she teased and Grace screwed up her eyes. The gentleman ran over to them and when he became visible under the street light, she recognised him immediately, he was the guy from two nights previous: but what was his name?

“A punter,” she murmured and Sandy looked at her strangely.

“You gave a punter your real name, honestly Grace I thought you knew better than that.”

“Yes I know,” Grace replied sharply. “He caught me off-guard.”

“Yeah but ...” Sandy stopped as Grace glared at her.

She waited for the man to catch up with them and then replied in a guarded tone. “Hey.” He looked at Sandy and then her companion.

“What's happening?” Terry asked.

Grace looked at him. He was wearing a dark red shirt, with tight white trousers and she smiled; he looked vaguely fashionable if nothing else. “We are off home. Been working all night.”

“Can I not interest you in a drink?” He asked. “There is some live music on at a club just down the road. I'd love to take a couple of lovely ladies.”

Sandy laughed coyly while Grace hesitated. Sandy was certainly interested in the punter who had managed to squeeze Grace's real name out of her, she had never met anyone who had managed to do that, and he seemed nice enough.

“You're just hoping for a freebie,” Grace muttered and Terry shook his head.

“No way. I've got separated from Charlie and the crew on the stag night. I don't want to go back to the hotel so early on mi'own.” Grace hummed. “And I want to thank you for the freebie I did get.”

Sandy turned to her blushing friend, whose redness was hidden by the dusk and stared at her. “You gave out free sex.”

Terry smiled. “I got a blowjob. None of the other guys got one. A couple of drinks. I'll keep my hands to myself, promise. Just le'mme say thank you!”

Sandy looked at Grace again who was concerned. There was something charming about

this guy and that worried her. She had had hundreds of punters and never really liked any of them, they were just soulless business transactions, but he was better than all of them. He had certainly eclipsed the usual ambivalence she felt, but that didn't mean she wanted to go dancing with him.

While Grace wrestled with her conscience, Sandy answered for her. "We'd love to," Sandy replied, and Grace screwed up her face at the Danish girl. "And you can tell me all about yourself. We'd love to know."

"You sure?" He asked Grace and she nodded. There was no way she was about to let Sandy go out with a strange guy on her own.

"Yeah, and thanks for talking to the manager, he was all smiles when I went home."

"No worries, you were, sorry you are, incredible." Terry held out his arms to both of them and set off down the road, with both of the gorgeous girls on tow. He felt like George Best!

Chapter III

“Hey babe,” a drunken reveller shouted at her at a break in the live music. She had been entertaining the gentlemen at the party all night and was feeling decidedly tired; she had certainly earned her money but smiled at the guy staggering over to her. “Were you the girl who fucked ol’ Georgie?”

He pointed at a drunken guy collapsed in the corner and she nodded.

“He said you had the loveliest cunt he had ever seen.” He shouted, and there was near silence in the room. “Who wants to see her cunt?”

There was cheer amongst the music and Sandy appeared behind her. “They want you naked babe.”

“Let’s have all the chicks naked,” cried a voice from the other side of the room and Grace looked around. She knew five of them were there as “entertainment” but there was at least four times that number who were guests but as the chanting and hollering started all of them stripped to satisfy the testosterone-filled urges in the room.

Grace peeled her silk lingerie off that the host had provided: she was paid to do this and couldn’t complain, but got groped as she did, and the provided underwear disappeared into the crowd as soon as it had been removed from her. Certainly the party had got more hedonistic and debauched as the night had wore on, and the alcohol consumption had risen.

“Hey, a shaved fanny,” yelled a girl in front of her and eyes descended on Grace. She was stroked, fondled and manhandled as every guy in the room wanted to feel her smooth, glabrous womanhood. She looked around, she was the only woman in the room she could see without pubic hair and a couple of gentleman took an unusual interest in her all of a sudden. Perhaps she looked a bit too young, and they were creepy.

Grace was used to undesirable gentleman, half of the men at the parlour were what Sandy called “inky” and she was used to be treated as a sexual object, but she was not going to complain: she was getting paid an enormous sum of money just to drink free beer, give blow jobs and fuck anyone who asked. She was earning in one night what she would earn in over a week at the massage parlour although she was beginning to be a little sore and was quite glad she wasn’t working there for a couple of days.

Sandy had come to her rescue half way through the night and slipped her a small tube of K-Y Jelly which she was discreetly using to reduce friction. It was a common ploy in the massage parlour, but worked very well at the party as the guys were fairly drunk and she was having to put condoms on them anyway so a small squirt of lubrication as she positioned them into her was not noticed and they came pretty quickly from the intercourse.

“Let’s see the two girls fuck,” a voice cried and Grace was pushed towards Sandy, and they gave each other knowing smiles.

“Sure,” Grace cried. “You can go on top!”

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"I haven't got my knickers or my bra," Sandy moaned as they stepped into the road. The room where they got changed had been raided as souvenirs and a large number of clothes had disappeared from when they arrived to when they left, although their cash for the night was still in the safe, to everyone's relief.

The party was a fifteen minute walk from their house, residing in one of the more fashionable parts of London and the girls had opted for a brisk walk instead of an expensive taxi ride.

"Well I am bottomless," Grace whinged and Sandy peered down at her friends predicament.

"You do look sexy though," Sandy told her and Grace wrapped her coat around her to protect her modesty as much as possible. The wind rustled up her thighs and it did feel sensual as the coat barely reached her waist. "Hey, we really worked for our cash, eh?"

Grace smiled and darted between the street lights. "Yeah. One guy just keep coming back for blow jobs. He was hurting my jaw in the end."

Sandy chuckled. "I know. I had a guy who loved my ass. I reckon I went though twenty rubbers tonight."

Grace nodded and darted down behind a parked car as cyclist came past.

"Oh Grace, don't be silly, it's just a cyclist. And he looks like Terry."

Grace peered out, wondering if the guy was Terry, if he was stalking her but it wasn't.

"I saw you looking. Hoping that it was I bet." Sandy teased.

Grace scoffed at her friend and replied scornfully, "don't be silly."

Sandy poked her tongue out at Grace and shook her head. "I know you better than that, you were checking out his butt last night. You had that horny look in your eye."

"I didn't. He is just some punter who thinks I might want to be his girlfriend."

"Well I still think you should have given more than three dances," Sandy told her as the meandered their way through the piles of rotting rubbish on the kerb. "He did pay for your drinks and his hands didn't wander. And Gracie, he is so cute. I bet you were thinking of him at the party."

"I was not," Grace lied indignantly and then sighed. "And anyway, he was a punter," Grace added wearily. They had been having this conversation all day and she was getting very tired of it. "I just don't date people who pay me for sex. It's messy."

"It is a little messy. But he was cute," Sandy replied, repeating the sum total of her argument. "Remember the way he insisted on paying for your drinks and all he wanted was a peck on the cheek in return. Are you sure he is just a punter, he said some really nice things about you?"

Grace groaned as she recollected. Terry had certainly been very complimentary about her, how she looked and danced, and he did keep his hands to himself when they were dancing but he still paid her for sex, and that made him off-limits and unsuitable boyfriend material.

“And he walked us to the end of our street,” Sandy reminded her. This was true, Grace had insisted that he go no further citing parlour rules, and he was quite happy with this. She watched him sulk off into the night as Sandy and her walked up their poorly-lit road to bed. “He certainly likes you.”

“That's true, he does.”

Sandy bit her lip for a moment and then confessed. “When you went to the toilet, he did sort of ask when you were next working.”

Grace spun round and looked at her friend under the street light. “Please tell me you didn't tell him,” she pleaded and Sandy looked apologetically sheepish. “Oh great! Well at least I've got two days of peace,” she replied sharply. She wasn't annoyed with Sandy, she was never annoyed with her, but she had wished she hadn't divulged to him when she would be working. But then, all he had to do was ring the massage parlour anyway, and she could hardly be a prostitute who wasn't happy to have sex!

“So if you didn't like him,” Sandy asked, “why did you give him a free blowjob?”

Grace sighed, the same thought had occurred to her also.

* * * * *

Grace slid the dildo into her well lubricated pussy, and faked a groan. She kept making exaggerated and loud moans as she pumped the fake phallus into her quicker and quicker.

She made a loud, explosive orgasm and then started panting.

“And cut! Oh Kat that was wonderful. Just the photos now and we'll be done.”

Grace picked up a towel and wiped the lubricant, masquerading as juices of female arousal from her nether regions and threw the dildo off the bed. She had taken up a friend of Neville's offer of making some pornography but didn't expect it to be so pathetically boring.

While Grace's father was English, her mother came from Eastern Europe and so she had a smattering of continental facial features that the director liked; foreign girls always sold well and he was confident that if he gave her a foreign name on the credits, something like Tatana or Svetlana, then it would sell very, very well.

For that reason, Grace was not permitted to speak she had to groan, moan, fuck, suck and squeal, but not utter a single English word.

Sandy had also swung herself some extra work, she was working in an illegal casino, serving drinks almost naked and encouraging customers to spend more money than they could afford.

As much as she found most of the work at the parlour dispiriting and gloomy, making pornography was soulless and depressing. She was glad she would be returning to the more familiar surroundings the following day.

* * * * *

Grace and Sandy pushed open the door to the massage parlour. The manager was behind

the little desk, smoking and greeted them as they came in. "Look lively gals," he said in his cockney accent. "It's openin'"

Grace and Sandy darted into the little room and got changed into more revealing attire and returned a few minutes later.

"Oh Gracie," her manager called as she emerged. "There's a geezer in the end room for ya. He asked for yew only."

Sandy smiled. "I bet it's Terry."

"Oh I hope not," Grace replied and the manager shooed her along the corridor to the room at the end.

It was. Grace bit her lip and stared at the tall guy sat on the massage table. She was a little annoyed that he had returned and asked specially for her, but he was just a client, and she preferred him to most of her other punters so she returned a forced smile.

"Lie down," he told her and she stared at him, motionless. He jumped up from the table and held out his hand where he had been.

"Pardon?"

"Lie down," he grinned and she peered at him confused. "I want to massage you."

Grace chuckled. "It doesn't work like that, hun."

"But I want to,"

She cocked her head. "Why?"

"Cos I do. I've only got you for an hour so just let me."

Grace sighed and stared at him confused. "You really want to give me a massage?"

"Yes, I want to make you smile. So hurry up, get your top off and let me start." Terry cracked his knuckles so Grace peeled off her white tank top and laid across the table. There were some oils on the side, and she guided him to use a token amount and then warm it up first in his hands.

It had been several weeks since Sandy had given Grace a massage, and she forgot how much she enjoyed them. Sure, Terry wasn't that good, he wasn't experienced but he had strong hands and was soft with his movements and his flowing motions caused her to purr contently once he had told her to just relax and stop worrying.

She sighed and glanced up at the clock. They had had fifteen minutes already and she was forgetting where she was and what she was supposed to be doing. "Don't you want one from me now?"

Terry shook his head and then realised she couldn't see him and muttered that he didn't. He had tried not to talk too much, this didn't come naturally to him and he was concentrating on what he did. He had spent the last three days reading up on massage techniques and had even visited a massage parlour in Manchester to ask the young lady to teach him the art of massage. This caused her much amusement until she realised he was serious and although he had paid for it, he did not want sex with her, just an hour of

tuition.

Why was he doing this? He simply didn't know. There was something about Grace he could not put a finger on that made her so wonderful. Maybe it was the fact that she was not immediately submissive to him after that chance meeting when he took her to the club, but his eyes twinkled when he saw her, and her indifference towards him he put down to reticence and not a dislike of him.

Every girl he had ever taken out had warmed to him quickly and it had been easy; his parents were very well-off and Terry was never short of money, and he was a generous man by nature. Too often he wondered if the girls liked him because of the notes in his wallet, but here was a girl who he had warmed to immediately, and who liked him but was being evasive and hard to get. The thrill of the chase added to her allure.

Grace was also trying to rationalise Terry's behaviour but couldn't manage it so she just enjoyed his hands working their way over her skin. She was worried he would want to ask her out, or start stalking her so she had to display a coldness, but she did like him, he had a cheeky smile, a good sense of humour and a warm personality.

Terry asked Grace to turn over, which she did, displaying her firm breasts and hourglass figure. He smiled when he looked into her eyes.

"Do you mind if I take these off?" Terry asked as he pointed towards her knickers and she smiled at him. Most punters would have ripped them off but he was asking for permission politely and with genuine sincerity. She smiled.

"Of course you can," she replied and he slid them down her legs, admiring the labia poking out through the skin. "You've paid for me to take them off."

"You are very gorgeous," he told her. "As beautiful as a rose petal." Grace blushed.

Terry beamed at the girl and started massaging her thighs. She closed her eyes and he kissed her on the nipple, taking her erect point in his lips and swirling his tongue to meet it. He had dreamt of Grace every night for the last five nights, and she had been the subject of his masturbation all week; he went rock hard the moment his lips made contact with her.

She opened her eyes and smiled at him. He hadn't asked for, or paid for sex but she knew from his behaviour he would probably want it. She deliberated how to broach it, but let herself go with it for the time being. She was enjoying his soft, gentle movements. He sucked her other nipple. She felt a deft hand touch the top of her hairless sex.

She gave a gentle grunt and his fingers wandered down her wet, slippery fold. She sighed and opened her eyes. "Don't you want ..."

Terry shook his head and kissed her stomach and then her mons, and his tongue finally took the place of his fingers. "I want you to relax and smile."

Grace opened her eyes wide, and started when his lips made contact. This was getting weird. In all the massage parlours and brothels she had worked at over the last two years, she had never, never had a guy go down on her. Even her boyfriends since she had first had sex six years ago, refused or only did it under protest. What was going through this guy's mind?

Her ponderings were cut short as his lips darted up and down her labia and then poked at her pearl. She squealed and he sucked gently on the little button.

Grace's hands started massaging her breasts and Terry grinned. His hands went to the mouth of her pussy and oscillated in the hole. Grace cried out and Terry rolled his tongue around her engorged clitoris.

Grace shrieked, "oh god," before making high-pitched, nasal sounds. Her loins were melting and she was desperately holding out. She couldn't orgasm, she couldn't. She never came at work, she'd save her orgasms for her boyfriends, herself or even Sandy, but not for punters.

But she was coming. Terry's artful fingers were probing deeper, and his joyful sucking on her clit was taking her over the edge.

Warmth, lustful heat, filled her loins and she cried out loudly, the sound echoing off the cold, hard walls of the small room. Her muscles quivered rapidly and her crotch exploded.

Terry smiled at her and continued his gentle touching until she had finished squealing and crying. She was still panting and he moved his face away, drying it on a towel.

They kissed briefly before Grace was snapped back to the present. She was kissing a punter, after he had gone down on her. That was wrong on so many levels and she felt acutely embarrassed.

"Now, what do you want?" Grace asked seductively but Terry just shook his head and kissed her on the cheek. He pressed a "Florence Nightingale" banknote into her hand and leaned into whisper.

"Just lunch. Tomorrow. With you, at this lovely riverside café. It's on me," he replied somewhat cryptically. Grace looked at him, and he blew her a kiss. "Please," he added with a pleading look and left the room, leaving Grace very confused but extremely satisfied.

"He did what?" A couple of the girls, including Sandy, asked in absolute shock.

"He kissed me, massaged me and went down on me," Grace replied, still not quite believing it herself. "Incredible orgasm."

"You lyin' gal," one of the elder workers replied. "Those men don't come in here. We're cheap 'n' we cheerful, love."

"Well he does but I don't know where I am supposed to meet him," Grace answered "Even if I wanted to. Which I don't." Sandy asked to see the ten pound note and Grace passed it to her.

"He has written it on the money," Sandy told her, peering at the faded piece of paper. "Look!"

"Well I am not goin'," Grace replied instantly and Sandy leaned across smiling.

"Babe, you know you will. I've got hours to work on you yet."

"There is no way I will go to meet a John for lunch. No way."

* * * * *

"Is that your cat?" the old woman asked as Grace was shooing it out of the flat. She had

spoken to her on an almost daily basis since helping her with the shopping and learnt that the widower was called Ethel.

“No. Well we've been adopted,” Grace admitted. “My partner wants to keep it.”

“You should let him,” Ethel replied and Grace smiled, not correcting her. “Oh, and I've baked some of my Angel Cake, I've put a couple of slices aside for you.” Ethel went indoors and returned with a small plate containing two slices of pale yellow cake. Grace smiled and thanked her.

“I need to get going, I'm meeting someone in town soon,” Grace replied and poked her head into their flat to call for Sandy who came bolting out, clothed in a beautiful summer dress.

“You know he is coming to meet me not you,” Grace teased looking at the beautiful dark-haired girl.

“Yes I know, but I like it. It shows off ...”

Grace looked at the short garment. “Everything.”

“Well, yes, everything. And to be honest Grace, you might have made a bit more an effort yourself.”

“Be grateful I am going. I still can't believe you've made me,” Grace moaned as they turned into the next road. “I am sure you cheated.”

Sandy gave a grin. “I don't need to cheat,” she lied. “Yo' useless at cards when you've had a drink. And if you really didn't want to come you wouldn't have bet that, would you?”

Grace hummed. “S'pose not.”

* * * * *

Grace puffed out her chest and walked up to the tiny café on the corner of the street. Terry was reading his newspaper and didn't see Grace come up to the little table so she reached down and rubbed his neck.

“You came. I didn't think you would,” Terry admitted and Grace smiled as she sat down.

“Sandy made me,” she told him honestly and he looked across at the big-breasted, black-haired beauty sat in the corner eyeing them. “But this isn't a date. And I would like to know what you are playing at?”

Terry chortled. “I thought you might.”

“Well?”

“I like you, you make me smile. And I split up with Anne, broke off the engagement ...”

“That better not be for me,” she replied quickly and he held up his hands.

“No. Not for you. But because of you. I saw that there was someone that I had come across that I was attracted to and liked much much more than my fiancée. I couldn't marry her knowing that.”

"But Terry. You're a nice guy but I can't go out with my ..." Grace hesitated. She didn't want to refer to him as a punter in front of him and searched her mind for a better word.

"Client?"

"Exactly."

"I know. Which is why I wish we hadn't. I mean it was incredible but I like you, there is something about you that is so very sexy and enchanting."

Grace blushed but she did not like the direction this conversation was taking. She had always avoided dating anyone who had been a punter; it caused too many problems but she was being propositioned again; the last guy in Brussels hastened her decision to leave the city when he got too obsessed.

"It's just you are a client," Grace told him and the waitress emerged to take her order, which brought a temporary halt to their private conversation.

He waited until she left, and then continued. "I know, I thought you would say that. But what can I do to make you want to go on a date with me."

Grace sighed. "Nothin'. I do like you but we crossed that line so there is no going back. But let's enjoy lunch, eh? You're a nice guy and I'll enjoy your company."

Terry groaned and put his hands on Grace's. He was not going to give up that easily. He needed to woo her, but he just didn't know how to make himself irresistible; he had never had to before.

* * * * *

Sandy had given Grace plenty of chastisement and advice since that enjoyable lunch, especially as Grace had admitted she was beginning to be quite fond of him and she had laughed repeatedly over the ninety minutes they had together. Sandy could understand but not agree why Grace refused to date this guy but over the week she had migrated onto other things to talk about (the weather, the traffic, the attitude of the Brits and the exorbitant cost of food being the main gripes.)

They pushed open the door to the massage parlour and the receptionist greeted them warmly.

"Oh Grace," the receptionist said as the teenager passed. "These were dropped off for you fifteen minutes ago by a tall bloke in a suit."

Grace groaned and looked at a big bunch of red roses. Sandy took them and opened the card on the bottom, which when Grace refused to read, she broadcast to the entire room.

"Dear Grace. I will admire and want you until the last rose has faded. I'll be at that café at the same time tomorrow. Terry."

"Oh what's that supposed to mean? Until the last rose has faded," Grace ranted and put the roses down on the desk to go into the small changing room. Sandy stared at the roses, and pulled one out. "Hey Grace, this one is a silk rose. It ain't ever going to fade."

Grace stared up at the ceiling and swore. "What do I have to do?"

"Give him a chance, babe" Sandy told her and she took the flowers into the changing room, full of stale cigarette smoke, to get changed. "Or someone else will."

Grace sighed. "Yeah? Let 'em."

* * * * *

Terry beamed when he saw Grace come up to him, but his smile disappeared when he saw Grace's facial expression.

"What's up?" Terry asked and Grace puffed.

"Isn't it obvious?" Grace flung herself down in her chair. "You have gone from cute and sweet to just scary," Grace told him and peered out from the menu. "Admire you until the last rose faded. What the hell were you thinking?"

Terry bit his lip and shrugged. "It's true though. I will."

"Stop it," Grace said sharply. "Please stop it. We can't date. I can't go out with you because you paid a prostitute for sex." A few heads turned in the restaurant to look at Terry who shrugged it off.

"I know," he replied in a less-audible tone than before. "I know I did. It was a stag night. These things happen. He did too, but he got married yesterday."

"They do happen Terry, but I won't mix business with pleasure. So this has to stop."

Terry wiped his eyes and gave a tortured smile. "If I hadn't have had sex with you would you go with me on a date? A single, solitary date?"

Grace peered back at him and pursed her lips together. "Well, it's a, it..." Grace stammered and then finished quickly, "oh I don't know," and buried herself in the menu. She wiped her eyes and looked back at Terry and shrugged.

"Well I am willing to believe that night never happened, if you are," he asked and she shook her head.

"How can it be the same? And anyway, what I do for a living, most men don't like it." Terry put his hand on Grace's but she just sighed and put on an exasperated tone. "Oh hello love, what did you do this week? Me, I put up five houses. Did you love, that's good. I fucked forty guys. More wine?"

Terry nodded and then put his hand on Grace's. "Well I do know what you do and I still want to take you on a proper date. A show, a meal. I want to get to know you."

Grace sighed and gestured to the waitress to stop at their table to order their lunch. "You are a really nice guy and you will make some girl very happy. But it can't be me, so can we have lunch because I really enjoyed last weekend or are you going to keep on trying to bully me into a relationship?"

"Not bully, just woo," Terry replied and they caught a figure striding towards their table.

"I'm sorry Gracie, but I can't ignore this anymore," Sandy said and pulled up a chair, pushing the waitress out of the way. "You are totally useless with men." Grace screwed up her face at the interruption but Sandy pretended not to notice. "You are. You give

incredible sex but you are shit with relationships. I know you can get guys to amazing climaxes and they just love you and your shaved pussy and the smile you give. And you make them happy but you are so shit at actually understanding them.” A few heads turned round in the restaurant and Grace buried herself in her seat.

“Now look at him, he has come all this way twice just on the off chance of seeing you. And taken you to lunch and even split up with his fiancée because he might be able to talk you into a date. What more do you want from him, Gracie?”

Grace stared at her flatmate. “What do you mean, what more do I want?” Her eyes fizzed dangerously and Sandy gave a weird, angry look.

“Because he likes you. Why not give him a date. You are single, so is he, so give him a go. Just do it one date at a time, but if you don't stop being so cold, you will end up lonely. Men like him don't come along very often.”

For only the second time since they had met, Grace was angry at her flatmate. “Sandy,” she said furiously. “Just piss off and stay out of it.”

“Not until you see sense,” she said resolutely and Grace stared at them both, threw her napkin on the table and walked out of the café.

“Grace!” Terry called as she stormed down the riverbank. “Grace, wait!”

Grace turned to face the man with his outstretched hands. “What?”

“I don't want to put pressure on you, but can we at least finish our lunch?”

Grace sighed and saw Sandy behind him. “I'll go back to the flat,” Sandy told her in a shocked voice.

“Yeah, sorry Sandy,” Grace muttered, but Sandy gave her a forced smile and skulked off into the distance. She swore and kicked a small bollard in anger at herself and Terry watched.

“Please, I didn't mean for her to ...” Terry mumbled and Grace nodded.

“I know,” she replied tersely. “It's me. I shouldn't have shouted at her.”

Terry looked over at the empty street, and held his hand out towards his lunch date. “Please, can we have lunch?”

Grace smiled at her companion. She sighed, took Terry's hand and wandered back inside the small café.

They were stared by all the patrons as she did; the small argument and storming out of the small eatery had its customers chattering in hushed whispers amongst themselves, especially what they had already announced to the other diners.

“Wedding was lovely,” Terry said and she smiled. “Small church just outside Watford. Bluebells in the churchyard, lovely reception. Bride was absolutely beautiful.”

“Does she know what went on, on the stag night?” Grace asked and Terry swayed his head.

“She probably has a good idea but she won't care.” Grace raised her eyebrows but he just smiled. “He is one of the richest people I know. They live in a big house, have big cars and live well. He keeps bringing home thousands of pounds a week and she doesn't care about the two mistresses he's had or the whores ...” Terry looked at Grace and then added. “But that's not what I meant.”

Grace's face warmed. “It's OK. It's just a word. And anyway, I spent most of my time around Europe being a stripper not a parlour girl.”

Terry smiled and opened his mouth to speak but then closed it. “Let me guess, you were about to say you'd like to see me do that,” Grace added and Terry went sheepish.

“Yeah OK,” he admitted with flushed cheeks and Grace took a long sip of her lemonade. “I'd love to capture you on film, you have the most wonderful body. The pictures would be amazing.”

Grace blushed. They chatted warmly and affectionately, like old friends, and then walked out onto the river bank and turned down river. Grace had wanted to pay at last half for the meal but Terry refused.

Grace put her hand on Terry's rear and he put his arm over her shoulder.

“So, have you given up on me yet?” Grace asked and Terry peered down at her.

“Do you really want me too?”

“It'll be the absolute no-no. You never date your punters. It just gets messy.”

“But I was a one-off,” Terry replied and then added. “And it doesn't answer the question.”

Grace sighed and grinned. “OK. I'll think about it. Breaking one of my golden rules. I am a little uncomfortable about it but you aren't like any of my normal punters.”

Terry smiled. “Will you let me take you out next Saturday?”

Grace took a deep breath and nodded, maybe Sandy was right. What harm can a date do? “Yeah OK. I'll think about it. Maybe next Saturday, a trial date, if you like,” she suggested and he smiled. She was being difficult to get but he was getting there, she was softening, slowly.

They parted on the river bank and as Grace went to leave, turned back and looked at Terry. “Hey lover boy. You don't want a flea-bitten, mangy cat to take back to Cheshire do you?”

Terry smiled at her. “No. Not unless it comes with you.”

Grace grinned. “I come with a completely different pussy.”

Chapter IV

Although Sandy claimed to have forgiven her, Grace still felt incredibly guilty and so dragged her Danish friend to Hyde Park for a picnic the following day. She had been to the bakers and butchers on the way home and fried up some bacon to make sandwiches out of. She added a smattering of cakes and fizzy drink to the hamper and were happily eating the small feast and they lay down on the banks of the Serpentine chatting idly.

"Hey Sandy, he's nice," Grace muttered pointing at a jogger running past.

Sandy chuckled. "And there was me thinking you'd only have eyes for Terry."

"Oh don't start that again. I've said we can go out on a trial date. A sort of this is what we would get if we actually went out."

Sandy sighed. "Only you would come up with that."

"It's try before you buy ... well try before you window shop but it's same sort of thing."

"You are resisting him so much. Just go out with him."

Grace puffed at Sandy. "Yeah well don't start that again. Although he making me think though ..."

Sandy cackled. "Ya see ..."

"About business," Grace corrected her. "He is buying his own business. And we've been all over Europe, had lots of experience. I wouldn't mind running my own business but I couldn't do it on my own."

Sandy turned on the grass and smiled. "Doing what?"

"Massage Parlour. Strip club. Night club. Restaurant maybe. Anything like that."

Sandy nodded. "And you would need a partner to run the business when you and Terry have kids."

Grace sighed. "Who says I want kids?"

Sandy looked at her. "You've told me. And I don't, so it would be ideal."

"Well, I can see myself with a couple of girls."

"Not a little boy then?"

Grace screwed up her face. "I wouldn't know where to begin. I know everything about little girls, but nothing about boys."

"You've dated them for six years," Sandy replied and grinned. "When did you first allow guys to take you out, or stay the night, or sample your delights?"

Grace took a deep breath. "Well I was thirteen, and I wouldn't want to encourage that. I don't know. It's easier with girls as I understand the pressure I was under, but I have no idea what was driving Willie or Sam or George or any of the others."

“Hormones.”

“Well yes, there is that. But I couldn't teach him how to do anything except how to go down on his girlfriend ...”

“Or boyfriend.”

“Or boyfriend, and that isn't great parenting.”

Sandy sniggered. “Anyway, I would want to do that. Any child with one-half Grace genes is going to be pretty good in bed.”

Grace giggled. “But I mean it, what about the business. If we work hard this Summer we should have enough to get somewhere nice. It doesn't have to be London.”

Sandy nodded and smiled. “Yeah, let's work this Summer and then look. I think that's good.”

* * * * *

“Hey, there is a package here for you,” the receptionist called out as Grace walked past. Grace doubled back on herself to pick up the parcel and Sandy smiled.

“Not flowers this time, what?”

“Well it doesn't have a postmark so it must have been hand-delivered,” Sandy guessed looking over the small box. “Or a motorbike maybe.”

Grace sat the package down in the cold room and ran her front door key down the tape. She took out a small card on top in spidery handwriting that she read out.

Dear Sexy,

I hope these fit you.

With affection, Terry

“I can't look,” Grace said dramatically and Sandy peered into the box and removed the packaging.

She gasped and pulled out a small green garment, and then another one. “They are silk.”

“Silk what?” Grace asked, peeking at them and Sandy unfurled the skimpy clothing. It was a quarter-cup black bra with pea green cups and matching knickers with a high leg and black suspender belt attached.

“I hope he doesn't expect me to wear them all night,” Grace murmured poking the bra. “I don't want my nipples unsupported all evening.”

Sandy looked at Grace and then at her attire she had prepared for working in the parlour that day. “Oh. Really?”

Grace ignored the pointed comment and continued staring at the bra. “They'll rub on my dress,” she whined and Sandy peered into the box.

She made another “oooh” sound and pulled out a see-through garment.

“Let me guess, the dress he wants me to wear.”

“Oh Gracie. It's a nightie, look.” She unfurled the garment that was a long, sweeping nightdress, completely see-through and with lace trim. It was open at the front and had no arms. Sandy looked at Grace jealously.

“You are so lucky. I wish I had a guy who would be so thoughtful,” she mused and Grace sighed.

“Well you can have Terry if you want. I am beginning to have second thoughts,” Grace mused and Sandy stared at her wide-eyed.

“You won't,” she threatened. “He is the best thing that has happened to you since I've known you. You will let him take you out.” Grace deliberated. “It's an order.”

* * * * *

The following day, Grace and Sandy tentatively opened the door to the massage parlour and the receptionist smiled as they did. “More of your bloody post,” she moaned and passed Grace a letter. It was addressed to her at the massage parlour and had a Crewe postmark.

“What does it say?” Sandy asked and Grace began to read it.

To the gorgeous Grace,

I hope this reaches you fine. Making final preparations for Saturday and am excited.

I know you are wondering why I am making this effort, but I can't stop thinking about you. From the first cup of coffee in the morning, to inspecting pointing on roofs, to going to bed at night, you are always in my thoughts.

I have only been away from London for 24 hours but I am already missing your smile, your laugh and your beautiful, wonderful body. I can't wait until Saturday and I know we will have a great time.

Missing you lots,

Your adoring friend, Terry.

“Well he is sweet isn't he?” Sandy asked and Grace smiled.

“Yeah. He is in a way, but when the kids ask 'Mummy, Daddy, how did you meet?' what are we going to say?”

Sandy grinned and the bell went to call the girls into the little room for a customer to choose a liaison.

The burly gentleman sat down on the bench and Grace rubbed her hands. The receptionist had tried to catch her attention before she went in, but she was running late and didn't want to get into trouble. It would only be moaning about the amount of packages that she was having delivered.

She had been given two blow jobs and had sex twice, making a decent amount of cash and beginning to look forward to her date at the weekend. The burly gentleman nodded

towards Grace and she walked with him to one of the rooms. "So sir, what is it to be?"

The portly gentleman snorted and looked down at the teenager standing next to him. He stroked his black beard and looked at her. "What are you offering?"

"Whatever you want?" Grace replied alluringly and wiggled her hips. "O-Levels, A good fucking. You name it." It was unusual for a client to be so evasive but he pulled out his wallet and opened it, showing her a badge. She sighed and stared at him. "I'm not breaking the law," she replied instinctively and he shook his head.

"Actually love, you are. So I can arrest you now, or..."

Grace groaned. She knew what he wanted and she knew she wouldn't be getting paid for it. "Or I let you fuck me," Grace finished for him, and the officer smiled. He started getting undressed.

Grace watched him, his hairy big belly and stained briefs. "Hey love, you need to get those off," he taunted her and she sighed, kicking off her shorts and top with ease. "Shaved cunt. You fucking slut," he told her and Grace ignored him. She was used to comments like that from punters, it made them feel good about themselves as they paid for the sex they couldn't convince anyone else to give them.

Grace slid a condom onto the police officer's undersized cock and he positioned her on all fours on the little massage table. He climbed behind her, his sweaty, smelly body pressed against hers.

"You're gonna love this," he boasted and Grace feigned a smile. "Little whore like you. Tell me, how old are you?"

"Twenty," Grace lied and he grinned.

"Same age as me daughter, and she ain't fucking for money." Grace ignored the comment and guided the man into her. He probably wouldn't be so small if he lost a bit of weight, Grace reasoned but she was used to being screwed by men who were less than well endowed or with large stomachs, it went with the territory.

Grace felt the cock enter her and he began back and forth movements. She wiggled her ass as he did but he was pulling all the way out and back in again. He was pumping her full of air and it was uncomfortable. It had been awhile since a punter had done that, and she forgot how much it hurt.

She faked a groan, and another, squeezing his cock with her muscles as best she could. She needed him to come, it was getting painful.

He was huffing and grunting, his belly rubbing up against her buttocks when he grunted and gripped her thighs roughly, squirting his load into the condom.

Grace discreetly expelled all the air he had pumped into her, as she got down from the bench and he stood waiting for her to remove the rubber sheath. She threw it into the bin, and cleaned his cock with a couple of tissues.

"I'll see you around kid," he told her as he opened the door, and left it open, two punters walking up the corridor to other rooms eyeing the naked Grace. She shut the door and sank down behind it, and cried.

She felt violated.

The receptionist had tried to warn her, but a couple of the girls knew about PC Tate. They had all suffered at his hands over the previous few months and Sandy looked resolute when they talked about it in the waiting area. He had a habit of finding the “new girls” and getting a freebie, and she was warned not to cross him.

“Comes in here, asking for that from me and he won't get it,” Sandy thundered and Grace gave her a tortured smile. She wished she had done the same, but worried about Sandy. She was firm, but when she got very stressed made drastic, irrational decisions and wondered if she would have to go and collect her from a police station in the coming weeks for resisting arrest or assaulting a police officer.

* * * * *

“More effin' packages for you,” the receptionist called out as Grace sauntered into the parlour. It was her day off, but she had left her love letter behind and thought she would pick it up as she passed. She was also quite keen to see what her beau had sent but was passed a big square box, easily a foot and a half across and a few inches deep.

Sandy expressed surprise to see Grace but they eagerly ripped open the box to see “Browne and Co. chocolate.”

“They are the most expensive chocolates in London,” Sandy exclaimed. “And look how many there are!”

Grace stared at the box and sighed. “My love can't be bought,” she replied solemnly. “I think he thinks it can.”

Sandy shrugged and looked at the big box of confectionery. “He does like to spoil you, doesn't he?”

Grace smiled. “Yeah, he does. But he can buy sex from me, but he can't buy my affections. I'd wish he would stop trying.”

“Chill, Grace. He is just being nice.”

Grace sighed, took a few chocolates and then left the rest in the parlour. She couldn't eat them all and the girls would devour them eagerly. She had more pornography to make at the studio a few doors down the road and was not looking forward to it.

“He just wants to show you that he likes you,” Sandy muttered and Grace sighed. “Maybe you should do the same for him?”

Grace winced. “Perhaps I could send him a naked picture?” She joked but Sandy just smiled.

“Yeah.”

* * * * *

The receptionist greeted Grace warmly as she came in; she had been the recipient of a number of the hand-made chocolates from the day before and suddenly Grace was her new favourite, thanks to her generosity.

“Your geezer dropped this off,” she said and passed her a small envelope which she tore open to read a handwritten note telling her directions to the date on Saturday.

She was brought out of her excited glow by a stream of punters. They were all sweaty, overweight men, many reeking of stale, cigarette smoke but she was imagining Terry and gleefully gave every blow-job and every fuck they wanted with renewed relish and passion. It surprised her when she counted her tips at the end of the night and thought she should fantasise more often; it was a profitable addition to her usual activities.

Grace was almost expecting a small parcel when stopped off at the parlour on Friday. She wasn't working but she thought she better check and the receptionist smiled when Grace put her head around the desk.

“I wanna know how you got yo man,” the receptionist said and passed her a small package.

Grace ran home and tore open the box. She sighed immediately pulling out a long yellow summer dress that was sleeveless and flared out brilliantly at the base.

She grinned and put the garment on the brown sofa. Her “boyfriend” was spoiling her. She went out to get a cup of tea, returned to find the cat had made her new dress a home, and shooed it off. She needed to talk to him; he was spending way too much money on her and she felt uncomfortable. She had always been taught and was used to paying her way in the world and she felt uneasy at accepting such lavish gifts.

Having said that, she would speak to Sandy, and ask her to shave her. She felt she needed to be at her very loveliest for tomorrow; Terry would expect nothing less!

* * * * *

Terry was waiting for Grace at the entrance to the theatre on Old Compton Street with a big bouquet of flowers. “My friend recommended this show. Reckon the guy is going to be big and it is ideal place to take my young lady.”

“We can go to the show, it is a date, but am I really your young lady?” she teased and Terry smiled.

“Sorry. I know. I would like you to be my young lady.”

“And babe, I know you are trying to be nice, but please, stop the gifts. You are spending too much on me,” she told him and he looked at her with surprised puppy-dog eyes. He hesitated and Grace continued. “You don't buy people's affections with gifts.”

“I'm not trying to buy your affections, I just want you to be happy.”

She raised her eyebrows and kissed him on the cheek. “Just be yourself, I like that, not the guy trying to spoil me.”

“OK. I'll stop 'em. Sorry.”

The show wasn't to start for another two hours and they meandered their way towards a small restaurant. “You know, I hardly ever ate out before I met you,” Grace admitted and Terry chortled.

“Well. We could get an Indian if you like. Or maybe some bread and beans from a Paki

shop. Toast it over some matches by the Thames.”

Grace giggled and touched Terry on the arm. “We'll do whatever you want us to do.”

“I want to kiss you under the moonlight after the show.”

Grace looked away. “Maybe. We'll see.”

Grace ate heartily at the small restaurant before they walked back over the road, to the show. Evita, by Andrew Lloyd Webber, was not ever going to be Grace's play, but Terry enjoyed it and the theatre was packed. They had very good seats and she tried to follow it, but would have preferred him to take her to the cinema instead, musicals were simply not her thing.

“Now we have had our date, am I allowed to ask you out properly?” Terry asked and Grace smiled.

“That's a question.”

“I'll look after you, I promise!”

Grace grinned and put her arm around him. “Depends what you had in mind.”

“How about a wine tasting? Or a restaurant? What do you want to do?”

Grace smiled and put her head on Terry's shoulder. “I'd love to go out on a date with you,” she admitted. “A proper date, with just one condition.”

“What?”

“You stop the gifts trying to win my affections. You've won them.”

“I promise,” Terry replied immediately and they kissed under the street light at the end of the road. She produced a piece of paper and asked Terry to write his address and phone number on it, which he did.

He looked at her expecting to get her details in return and she pulled out a naked photo of herself, on the back was written an address.

“Sorry I don't have a phone number, 'cause we don't have a phone,” Grace said.

“Can I come down next Friday,” he asked and Grace nodded in approval.

“Yeah, I'd like that,” she said softly and kissed him on the lips.

* * * * *

Sandy had been surprised but happy for Grace when she told her that Terry and her were now an item. A few things were still worrying her, especially her choice of profession and how Terry would deal with this, but she liked him, he made her happy and only Sandy had managed that before she had met her new boyfriend.

Sandy had been working hard at the casino for the last couple of weeks and Grace had spent little time with her. She had forced her into ensuring that she was not working on her twentieth birthday, the following week, so they could go to the cinema.

That said, Sandy had been unusually quiet of late, and this worried Grace slightly. She wasn't sure if Sandy thought Terry was such a good idea now that they were actually going out, and if she was worried Terry would take Grace from her.

"No I am not jealous," Sandy said in an annoyed tone as they ate their fish and chips in front of the black and white television. "I am happy for you. I am just a bit tired." Grace didn't believe her and shovelled a piece of battered cod in her mouth and stared at the Danish girl. "What?"

"I can tell when you are lying," Grace warned her. "I've known you for too long."

Sandy sighed and put a chip in her mouth. "It's nothing."

"Well it's something. Tell me."

Sandy wiped her face and took a deep breath. "It's just the casino."

"What about it?" Grace asked and put the remains of her tea on the tired and worn carpet.

Sandy sucked in her lips. "They've rigged the tables. All of the games, the cards, they are all fixed. No-one wins anything."

"You are joking, aren't you?"

"Nope. All that money he makes is just theft."

Grace bit her lip and sighed. "Well, it is illegal gambling. I suppose we shouldn't be too surprised."

"No. I suppose we shouldn't, but Neville threatened me when he saw that I knew. I just don't like it."

Grace put her arm around her friend and cuddled her. "Well as long as you don't tell anyone, he won't care, right?"

"Yeah. But ..."

"Do you want to move again?"

Sandy took a deep breath and shook her head. "No. I'll be fine. I am just worrying about nothing, aren't I?"

"No. If you want to move on then we will. We could even look for that business now."

Sandy shook her head. "No, I'm fine."

Chapter V

The last Friday in June saw the first “proper date”, and Terry had driven down from Cheshire in his brown Ford Cortina. It was a couple of years old but it blended in with some of the nicer cars at the end of the street and he parked outside their flat. Grace bounded out to meet him and grinned widely.

“Is that your man?” Ethel asked. She had been watering her hanging baskets when Terry had arrived although she had not noticed Grace's lack of attire.

She resisted the urge to throw her arms around Terry and as she was only wearing a thin dressing gown when she walked, her shaven crotch was on display.

“Yes,” Grace admitted.

“He is very smart,” Ethel complimented her. Grace noticed his immediate erection he seemed to have acquired as he crossed the road and she showed him to her room.

Grace only had a single bed but this would be sufficient for a couple of nights. If the date went well, then she was certain that they would probably end up having sex anyhow; it seemed churlish in the circumstances to withhold it given that sex with her was priced and he was spending far more money than what she would normally charge anyway.

Of course, he wasn't doing it for that reason, but she still didn't see much point in “holding out,” as he had already experienced her delights anyway and she enjoyed it when they had done so.

Grace went into the kitchen and made a pot of tea while Terry used the toilet. Sandy was working, the flat was empty and he came up to her and put his arms around her.

“You do look very sexy,” he mused glancing down at her open gown. “I am going to be a very lucky man if you keep going out with me,” he muttered and she smiled.

Terry took Grace to a small restaurant in the centre of London. Grace was beginning to see Terry as someone quite special and he made her laugh and enjoy herself more than she had done in months. They kissed and shared food, Grace felt as though she had a proper boyfriend but the doubts about her choice of occupation were still eating away at her.

She decided to bring it up as they walked back towards the Underground station and he smiled. “I can't deny it wouldn't be my first choice for my girlfriend to do, but it comes as part of the package, and I very much like the package,” he told her pragmatically. “If I told you I didn't want you to do it, you wouldn't want anything to do with me.”

Grace nodded and chuckled. “Well, isn't it going to be a problem at some point?”

Terry sucked in his lips. “Maybe, but I doubt it. I really don't mind. I will just enjoy the time we spend with each other.” Grace hummed, she had her doubts but Terry stopped her and kissed her. “Please stop trying to find obstacles, Grace,” he pleaded with her as they broke their kiss and she sighed.

“I'm not. I am just worried.”

“Well don't be. It's not a problem.”

Grace opened the door to their flat and they both trundled in.

“Hiya,” came a response and Sandy opened her door to greet her friend, almost naked.

She had a blue and white headband that was keeping her black hair away from her face but covered her ears completely. She had several necklaces, each with big pendants, the biggest of which was hanging in the middle of her voluptuous breasts.

Her pubic hair was trimmed but still plentiful and the dark triangle pointed invitingly towards her labia. She was wearing sheer green stockings and stopped when she saw Terry.

“Sorry. I forgot you were staying,” she admitted and then smiled. “What do you think of my new necklace.”

She picked up the pendant in the middle of her bosom and held it out for the flustered Terry to examine. Terry tried to avert his eyes but Grace cackled.

“Honestly, look. Touch if she'll let you,” she told him and walked towards the kitchen. “Everyone else has.”

Sandy replied an indignant, “Oi,” but Grace just chuckled.

“But ...”

Grace turned and raised her eyebrows. “I sell my body. It'll be double-standards if I get angry at you fondling another girl, wouldn't it?”

Terry gave a nervous smile and looked at Sandy's charms.

“It is very nice,” he muttered and she grinned.

“You mean they, surely?” Sandy replied and held out her breasts for Terry to touch. She liked teasing guys, and Grace knew exactly what Sandy was doing; she had done it with every guy they had met. He started and ran towards the kitchen.

There was a high-pitched yelp, a cry and a sound of flailing arms hitting a chair and their owner collapsing onto the floor with a painful cry.

“What happened?” Grace cried as Terry was sprawled out in the doorway.

“He tripped over Puddles,” Sandy replied and walked over to Terry.

“You OK?” Grace asked and he turned over. Sandy was standing next to him and he saw right up her thighs and towards the forbidden fruit. He blinked, and nodded and pulled himself to his feet. “Is Puddles the name of that damn cat?” Grace asked and Sandy smiled.

“Yeah. I thought Cat sounded a bit impersonal so I've called it Puddles.”

“Oh for God's sake,” Grace muttered and Sandy peered at her with playful eyes.

“It keeps me happy. You know I like stroking a good pussy.”

Grace laughed and put her arm around Terry. “So does my young gentleman.”

* * * * *

Grace led Terry into the bedroom after they finished their tea and said good night to the naked Sandy. She had enjoyed teasing Grace's boyfriend and Grace had enjoyed watching it but as Terry got into the small bedroom, Grace detected a nervousness she had not expected. He had always been so confident and in control with her but was suddenly lost and out of his depth.

Grace hesitated for a moment; maybe he didn't want to have sex with her, but she rationalised for a moment and took the initiative. She kissed him and tasted his toothpaste on his tongue. Her hands explored his body and she unbuckled his belt, and unfastened his trousers.

He sighed as she grabbed hold of his rock-hard cock and stroked it gently. "There are advantages to having a prostitute for a girlfriend," Grace whispered and Terry smiled. "You can expect more than a kiss at the end of the night."

Terry looked into Grace's eyes and grinned. "You don't have to," he told her and she stroked him again.

"I know. But women enjoy sex too you know." She pushed his trousers down to his ankles and started unbuttoning his shirt. Terry had a nice chest and Grace's hands darted over it.

Terry stroked Grace's hair and then kissed her neck. She mewed and waited for him to pull her dress over her head, which he eventually did, throwing the summer dress on the floor.

She pushed him against the bed, and slipped out of her knickers. He put his head on the pillow and his body relaxed on the bed. She glanced at his cock, remembering it from the first night they met.

It was a nice, thick juicy beast of a dick, a nice length, a good girth that Grace eyed lustfully. "Your skin is like velvet," he muttered, stroking the inside of her arm and she smiled, her eyes barely leaving the member poking out at her.

Grace got on the bed next to him and began massaging his thighs, occasionally stroking his erect cock. She felt it throbbing in her hand, its warmth inviting.

Terry stroked the thighs of Grace, managing to cup her breasts before she moved away and positioned herself between his legs. She kissed his inner thighs and then his large testicles. She had rarely seen balls that big and described it to Sandy who was curious, if not a little envious.

She kissed the base of his cock, and then nibbled at his waist, torso and then sucked his nipple. He sighed, squeezed his buttocks together and pushing his pelvis forward, his cock pushing through her fist that was gently stroking him.

Their nipples touched as she went up the bed to kiss him. They passionately embraced, not stopping to breathe and his hands exploring and squeezing her buttocks.

Grace slid back down her lover and went back to kissing his balls. His breathing became ragged and as Grace suckled his testicles, he started to clench his buttocks.

Grace ran her tongue along his shaft and he moaned.

"Oh fuck," he squealed as Grace licked the underside of his head. He stretched his leg muscles and sighed.

His breathing became frenetic when Grace slid his cock into her mouth and began to impale herself on it, she could deep throat most cocks but she wanted to lavish love on Terry and her tongue wrapped itself around his glans stroking his sensitive organ.

Terry gripped the side of the bed as Grace felt a hand on her head. "I'm gonna come," he warned and Grace tickled his perineum. He gave a passionate cry and Grace quickened her pace against his bucking hips.

Terry felt it coming. The familiar melting sensation. The tension. The surge. The sparks of pleasure exploding in the base of his loins. He let out a high-pitched cry and panted.

Grace swallowed Terry's seed and milked his cock with her lips to get everything until Terry was content and satisfied.

"My turn," The smiling man muttered and gestured for Grace to lie down.

"You want to go down on a prossie?" Grace teased and he smiled. "Again?"

"This one, certainly," he replied and nibbled her thighs while his hands touched her breasts, nipples, labia or flanks. "She tastes of heaven."

She moaned quietly until Terry found her sex, when she started moaning loudly. Terry knew where her clitoris was, and his tongue stroked and massaged her engorged, sensitive organ.

Her breathing got heavier, the more aroused she became. She grabbed hold of Terry's head and forced his face into her cunt as she bucked against his tongue. She had not been this excited with a man for months.

Terry increased the pressure against Grace's glabrous cunt and Grace squealed. She bucked her hips uncontrollably, and felt a small detonation inside of her as waves of pleasure cascaded through her body to her toes and fingers.

Terry stopped as Grace came down and she sighed. "Thank you." She pulled him up and kissed his wet face, drenched by her juices. She slid a hand between them, felt an erect cock and pulled a condom from her night stand.

"I want you," she muttered as the condom rolled down his member.

He smiled and she guided his sheathed cock between her thighs. Grace and Terry kissed as he rocked back and forth, pressing his cock deep inside her.

Grace was in ecstasy. His cock touched all of her opening and stimulated it nicely. Her hands squeezed his warm buttocks and he drove his cock deep inside her.

She moaned and felt another orgasm coming. He was a good lover. A very good lover. She squeezed her muscles against his intruding cock and felt him twitch. She wanted to touch his perineum but her hand wouldn't reach so she squeezed his buttocks instead.

Her body convulsed and her muscles clamped down and quivered against his member. She gave a loud cry and threw her head back.

Terry watched his lover have another climax, and felt her writhing underneath him. He grunted. He was at the point of no return, and he clenched his muscles.

He drove into his lover with renewed energy and Grace yelled out a passionate shriek. His balls tightened, and with another grunt, he spluttered several waves of semen into the condom.

They lay for a moment, with Terry fully inside the satisfied Grace and then parted. Grace wrapped the condom in a tissue and threw it into the bin while Terry hunted for some pyjamas to go to the toilet.

Grace grinned and shook her head, telling him to go naked. She had shared single beds before, and with flesh pressed up against flesh during the night, wearing clothes just got uncomfortably hot, especially in summer. She had no intention of letting him wear any clothes until morning and knew Sandy would appreciate the sight of a naked Terry with his large testicles.

“Hey babe, is that you?” Sandy called out and opened her door to see the unclothed man standing there in horror, a little string of semen still coiled on his cock.

Grace appeared and wrapped her arms around her partner's shoulder. “Sorry, did you hear us.”

“Hell, if he can do that to you, can I borrow him?” Sandy teased and nodded at Grace.

Grace giggled and she pushed the blushing Terry into the bathroom. “No. He's all mine,” she said and then poked her tongue out.

She didn't mean it. Sandy and her had shared partners before, but she felt a connection with Terry she had not felt with anyone else, and she wanted to tell Sandy this before she touched him. She didn't want Sandy confusing him or ruining it by accident: sharing was fine, encroaching on her relationship was not!

* * * * *

Grace kissed Sandy on the back of the neck as she prepared breakfast. Terry was still fast asleep; Grace had worn him out and she heard Sandy get out of bed and discreetly slipped out of bed to join her in the kitchen.

“You're up early,” whispered Grace and she slid behind the naked girl who pushed her neck back and smiled at her friend.

“Yeah, I was going to go for a walk.”

“Are you OK?” Grace asked and Sandy nodded.

“Yeah, I'm fine.” She turned around and kissed Grace on the cheek. “Terry is lucky, you are beautiful.”

“Can I come with you?” Grace asked as Sandy sat down at the table.

“Sure, I just want a breath of fresh air. I've been thinking.” Grace stared at Sandy for a moment who smiled as she ate her toast. “I think we should settle down and start a business.”

Grace nodded and joined her at the table. “Good.”

“We are just doing nothing at the moment. Having sex for money with fat, overweight men

or being felt up in dodgy casinos. I don't want it any more Grace. I want out.”

Grace smiled. “Let's go for that walk, Terry'll be fine in bed.”

* * * * *

The second date was the first day of July, the day after their first. Grace was becoming smitten with the tall gentleman who lavished genuine compliments and attention on her. Grace had suggested that she pick a venue for their second date and with Sandy decided on the ideal place to visit.

“It's a strip joint,” Terry said, looking at the pictures that adjoined the small hall.

“Yes, I know that,” Grace told him and guided him to a front row seat. Grace had not been to this establishment before but Sandy had been taken there and said the girls were very sexy.

They did not have long to wait and as Grace looked around, there was only one other female in the audience. That made her feel a little self-conscious but as she wrapped her arms around Terry he stroked her knee.

The first dancer came on wearing a seductive outfit and Terry got an erection immediately. Grace felt it through his trousers and she resisted the urge to remove the offending garments. She had been warned that it was not unusual for men to masturbate during the show but she wanted to wait for a bit longer yet and hoped Terry could last until they got back to her bedroom.

Terry's breathing became ragged as he watched the middle-aged woman stroke her breasts and throw her clothes off stage. She was sexy but she was soon joined by other girls, many a lot younger.

Terry watched as they would strip to their stockings and then dance in the laps of the patrons who were expected to slip money into their stockings as they grinded their rears in the faces or laps of the gentleman.

Grace encouraged Terry to seek a lap-dance and when he wouldn't she beckoned a girl over and slipped two pound notes into her stocking tops to dance on Terry's lap.

Terry smiled at Grace and kissed her. She had been lacing his drinks all night, she wanted him a little tipsy and intended to give him the night of his life, she just wanted him unbelievably horny and the strip club was the best way to make him so.

* * * * *

They walked along road adjacent to the one that Grace's flat was on and a masked man tore past them, knocking Grace flying into Terry.

“Oi,” Terry yelled but he didn't stop and turned off down a side street.

Grace stumbled back to her feet and scowled towards him. “Idiot,” she mumbled and they crossed the road to turn into their small road where the flat resided.

“Kids probably,” Terry muttered and his thoughts were interrupted by a woman stumbling out of the small patch of wasteland on the corner of the road.

Grace looked at the figure in the darkness. It was Sandy.

“Sandy, what's up?” Grace asked, running towards her friend. Her hair was a mess, her face was bleeding and her clothes torn. “Have you been attacked?”

Sandy focused on her friend, who was nearly with her, and burst into tears. “He raped me.”

Grace threw her arms around her hysterical friend. “Terry, call the Police,” she barked and Terry went running up to the nearest house.

* * * * *

“You're a tom?” the burly policeman asked as he came into the room to join his junior colleague, and Sandy nodded, tears still streaming down her face. It was the same policeman who got a “freebie” from Grace and to whom Sandy refused to give in to, but he did not appear to recognise either of them.

“So what is this rape? Did a punter get his shag and then fuck off without payin'?” He laughed at his own joke but neither Sandy or Grace found it funny.

Grace screwed her hands into fists but Sandy gave her a reassuring touch on the wrist and Grace seethed silently. Sandy knew how Grace could react and she just wanted the two coppers out of her front room.

“So what happens now?” Grace asked coldly and the two policemen looked at each other.

“Nuttin' really. We ain't got his height, weight, hair colour, skin colour or anything. You can't tell us what he looks like, how can we find him?”

“Hey boss, we could say two million men are helping us with our enquiries.”

They both laughed heartily at this but Grace stared at them and was about to shout at them when Terry got in first.

“He was five ten, slightly overweight, ran with a bit of a limp. He was wearing a mask but he was wearing Onitsuka Tiger shoes. A guy at work wears them, he is into Bruce Lee, so I would recognise them anywhere. So there's something for you to go on.”

The police officer screwed his face up. “Can't go arresting every average height guy in London asking to see his shoes, can we?”

Grace sighed angrily. “This is rape. Violent rape. Why don't you catch the bastard?”

“Listen love, this ain't The Sweeney. We ain't gonna catch 'em every time. You just gotta be careful and not go out dressed as hookers.”

Grace seethed but the two officers got up to leave and she took a deep breath. Sandy looked at her as they left. “They are bloody useless,” Grace ranted and Sandy nodded and then put her head on Grace's shoulder. She needed the company and Grace guided her into the bathroom so she could get cleaned up and closed the door.

“You two need to come away from London,” Terry said and Grace nodded.

“I know. But she is just so shaken and scared. I can see it in her eyes.”

Terry took a gulp of water from his glass and rubbed his face. “I'll stay while you need me,”

he offered and Grace ran her hands through her hair.

“Thank you, but you don't need to.”

Sandy emerged from the bathroom, and Grace guided her to the small bedroom and climbed into bed with her.

Sure, she wanted to sleep with Terry but the needs of her friend came way before the wishes of her boyfriend. Terry would have to understand.

Chapter VI

Grace woke up on the Sunday, her arms wrapped around Sandy. Her friend had taken a number of hours to get to sleep, and had fidgeted and cried throughout the night.

Sandy opened her eyes the moment Grace stirred and shook herself awake.

"You OK?" Grace asked and Sandy nodded.

"It was Neville," she said without waiting for a response. "I know it was. It was a warning for me to keep my mouth shut."

Grace thought back to the balding man. He seemed to be a business man, albeit in an illegal underworld rather than a traditional industry, rather than a gangster, but Sandy worked with him at the casino and knew him better.

"Are you sure?" Grace asked tentatively and Sandy nodded.

"Yeah. I know. The guy smelt of grease and the casino is above a garage."

Grace took a deep breath and squeezed her hand that was over Sandy's pendulous bosom. "Well if you are sure, let's go and see the police."

Sandy scoffed. "No. They weren't interested. And Neville is well connected with the police. I reckon half of them get bungs from him."

Grace kissed the back of Sandy's neck. "Well what are we going to do? Run off somewhere and set up that business?"

Sandy stared at the skirting-board and shrugged. "I don't know yet. But I am not going to let him win. If he thinks he can intimidate me then he won't. I will be his casino tonight."

"Sandy!" Grace barked horrified. "That is a bad idea."

"No, it is fine. There is another thing. I know the code to the safe. He doesn't know it, but I do."

Grace sighed and closed her eyes. "Please Sandy. Please tell me you are not going to do something silly."

Sandy wriggled out of Grace's grip and sat up in bed. "I am not going to do anything silly. I just don't want to let him win."

Grace swivelled in the bed and sat up alongside her, leaning against the fabric padded headboard. There was a knock at the door and Sandy instinctively called for the person to enter.

Terry arrived with two cups of tea and averted his eyes when he saw the topless teenagers in bed together.

"How do you say, cheers?" Sandy asked and Grace smiled.

"Yeah, cheers," Grace answered and took her cup of steaming tea.

"Sorry, girls. I expected you to be decent," Terry told her as Sandy took her drink and

smiled. "There is some eggs, sausages and bacon in the fridge. I was going to cook a full English. Is that OK?"

Sandy smiled and turned her head to look at Grace. "Where did you find him?"

"I didn't," Grace replied quickly. "He found me."

"So is that a yes?" Terry asked and Grace nodded.

"Just check the sausages are OK. We got them last week."

Terry nodded and as he left, Grace called him back. "You have to wear the apron though."

Terry looked down, he was wearing shorts and T-Shirts and shrugged. "I'll be fine," he muttered and Sandy smiled.

"I think she means, she wants you to wear it," Sandy replied and Terry gave a wry smile and left the room.

"Shall we get dressed?" Grace asked and Sandy nodded.

"Yeah," she muttered and, for the first time since Grace had known her, got up and put clothes on for breakfast. Grace was used to seeing Sandy naked, or with just a dressing gown or pyjamas on when in the flat that it seemed strange to see her with trousers and a T-shirt on, at least in their own property.

Grace giggled when she saw Terry. He had worn the full length apron, a mixture of yellow, beige and brown flowers, and was up and against the oven frying the sausages and bacon.

"I found some mushrooms, as well."

Grace smiled and gave him a brief kiss. "It's fine. Do you mind if you go home tomorrow," Grace asked and Terry frowned slightly.

"Will you be OK, on your own?"

Grace bit her lip and nodded. "Yeah. I think so. I do need to walk her home from the casino tonight, she insists on going."

Terry sighed and raised his eyebrows. "You are joking, aren't you?"

Grace pushed her lips together and looked up at him, shaking her head slowly. "No. She is insistent. She won't let him win."

"Well in that case. I will walk her home. I am not having you out at that time of night. There is a rapist about."

Grace rolled her eyes but Terry looked determined and turned back to his sizzling breakfast. "Can you butter the toast?"

Grace nodded and took the grilled bread from the tall man and spread a small layer of butter over the warm toast and then cut it, as Terry was frying off the last couple of eggs.

"It looks as good as mine," Grace teased and Sandy nodded, cutting open her egg and dipping her toast into the yellow liquid oozing over her plate.

There was an uneasy tension in the kitchen as they ate their meal. Terry tried to start a conversation but Grace and Sandy were not talkative and at the end of the meal, Terry took the plates to wash up.

* * * * *

"Two ice creams please," Grace said and passed a couple of coins to the vendor. She scooped some of the ice cream into two cornets, thanked Grace for her custom, and Grace walked over to where Sandy was sat, looking out over the Serpentine.

Sandy had said very little all day, and Grace was getting worried. She was continually lost in her thoughts, and was telling her friend very little about what she was thinking. Grace tried not to nag or needle her, but when she did speak she was clearly concerned and worried.

Terry had prepared dinner when they arrived home and ate the beef stew in almost silence.

At Grace's insistence, Sandy let Terry walk her the fifteen minute walk to the garage, above which the casino sat on. Terry was a little nervous, he knew that Sandy was not talkative, but he held out his hand and she held it as they walked the short distance.

"I'll see you here at what time?" Terry asked and Sandy looked up at him.

"You don't have to," she muttered but Terry stared at her waiting for an answer. "One in the morning, maybe a bit later."

"I'll see you later then."

Sandy's face flickered into a smile. "Thanks."

* * * * *

"It's cold out here," Sandy moaned as she came down the stairs at quarter-past, holding her handbag and smiled at Terry. Terry took off his thick coat and wrapped it over the girl.

"You don't need to," she said but Terry responded with a dismissive "it's fine," and did up the jacket.

They turned around the corner and Sandy held Terry's hand instinctively. "Tell me, what are your plans for Gracie?" Terry stammered and Sandy looked up at him in the darkness. "You are not leading her on, are you?"

Terry shook his head. "No. No. I think she is wonderful."

Sandy thought for a moment. "Yes, she is. But you will look after her, won't you?"

"Yeah. As much as she'd let me. She was talking about taking off earlier with you and said you might want to go back to Denmark."

Sandy snorted. "No. We are definitely not going to Denmark. She likes you, she told me. But she is scared of letting go, she is very afraid all the time with everything we do. You need to make her jump. She never takes risks."

"Make her jump?" Terry asked, a little confused and Sandy nodded.

“Yes, she has parachute and won't jump from plane. You need to make her.”

Terry grinned and squeezed Sandy's hand. “I'll try. But I have to go back to work for a couple of days. But I'll be back on Wednesday.”

“You drive tonight?”

“Yeah. There'll be nothing on the roads, it'll take me no time to get back,” Terry guessed but wasn't completely confident in his assurance. He would probably arrive home around sunrise.

* * * * *

Terry had managed to negotiate a couple of days off work mid-week and was sat in Grace's lounge idly playing with her tits. It was Sandy's twentieth birthday the day after but she was not celebrating it, the rape at knife point and beating she took still scaring her.

Grace had repeatedly suggested that they leave London and go elsewhere but Sandy had become insular and was not conversing fully. She wanted to be left alone and it scared Grace; she had never seen Sandy like that.

Since Grace had known Sandy she had been very strong, and stood up to everyone and everything that had been thrown at her. She had coped with so many horrors in her life, but this was almost one step too far, and this terrified Grace. They needed a change of scenery.

Terry had testified to the fact that there was a thriving sex scene in Manchester and Birmingham and she left the suggestion in the air but Sandy was not able to make a decision and Grace made sure that she ate three meals a day and did not over-consume on alcohol.

The Wednesday they were alone in the lounge when Sandy walked in. “What you doing tonight?” Sandy asked clinically and Terry shrugged, a little surprised. Sandy had barely spoken to him since he had arrived earlier in the day and didn't immediately appreciate why she was doing so now.

“Dunno. Might stay here, keep you company.”

“There is some good music on in the pub down the road. That Irish band we saw a couple of weeks ago,” Sandy told them and they nodded.

“Yeah OK. If you want to see them.”

Sandy shook her head. “No. I need to sort some stuff out.” Grace looked at her and she shrugged her shoulders. “Police paperwork. I've been putting it off, I just need it done.”

“I'll help. I don't want to ...” Grace started and was unsure how to finish it. She didn't want to tell Sandy she didn't want to leave her alone, or alone at night as that sounded weird. Certainly she had cancelled some of her shifts so she could spend more time in the flat with her, although Sandy had surprisingly refused to cancel her shifts at the casino, especially as she was convinced her rape was now connected with the illicit gambling. She said she wouldn't let him win, but Grace could earn enough money to keep them solvent for weeks if they needed to.

“I'll go tomorrow. We can celebrate my birthday. Promise,” Sandy said. “And we can talk

about our new business venture.” Grace and Terry looked at each other, but with Sandy's insistence they left the flat ten minutes later.

Grace whispered in Terry's ear. If he could be quiet later, he could fuck her ass. She just didn't want Sandy to hear.

* * * * *

Grace laughed as she unlocked the door to their small flat. Terry had his arms around her shoulders and was telling her about the problems a certain builder had caused. He was certainly knowledgeable about business and would provide guidance to Sandy and herself when they did set up on their own. She called out to Sandy when she came in but there was no answer; she's obviously gone to bed early.

Terry walked through to the kitchen and filled the small brown kettle. “You having one?”

“Please,” Grace replied and put her small handbag on the table and turned around to go into the bathroom. The cheap lager had made its way down to her bladder and she needed to release.

“You have milk, right?” Terry called and Grace replied that she did. He picked up the milk from the fridge.

Grace let out a piercing scream that chilled Terry to his bones; he dropped the milk onto the floor and ran into the bathroom, skidding abruptly. He immediately turned Grace to bury her face in his chest when he saw the sight that had caused her to yell.

Spinning from the ceiling joist was a naked and ashen-faced Sandy, suspended by a rope on her neck. “Call the police,” was all he could say and he pushed Grace out of the room. It wouldn't do any good, it was suicide, the chair kicked away from underneath her, but they had to do it.

He blinked and put his hand to his mouth. “You stupid girl,” he muttered and wiped a tear from his eyes. He had liked Sandy, she had been good to him and he knew how much Sandy meant to Grace. He had no idea that the rape had affected her so badly but there was no other reason why she would want to take her own life. Surely?

There was an envelope on the sink and he picked it up before respectfully closing the door.

Chapter VII

Dear Gracie,

I am sorry you had to find me like this but I just could not go on any more. I'm sure the bastard was stalking me to the shops yesterday and I know he is going to get me. Next time he will kill me and if you are there, he'll kill you too. Neville knows I know all his secrets and wants me dead.

I know you are thinking that I am weak and cowardly for taking the easy way out, or that I was insane, but there is no-one who can help me and this is the simplest way.

I am at peace now. No-one can make me unhappy or scared any more. No more perverted uncles trying to force me into under-age dog porn or abusing me. No more sweaty clients humping me. I have moved on to a better place.

I have put all of my money that I had saved up in your drawer. I have also taken all the money from Neville's casino safe and hidden it in Terry's car under the spare tyre. Please take it and have a good life with it. You deserve it.

I have also sent Neville's secret book where he keeps all the information about his dodgy dealings to the Police. Get out of London, the parlour may get raided.

I have fed Puddles and there is some chicken in the fridge for him tomorrow morning. I was going to have it for my dinner but didn't feel like it. Please don't let the little thing starve.

Please, please forgive me for being a coward. You are the only person I ever loved, you made me happy and my life worth living but I know you are in good hands with Terry.

He is a good man, I wish I could have found someone like him. Don't push him away, you need him now and he needs you.

I love you forever, see you in fifty years or so!

Sandy.

Chapter VIII

Grace's fingers were trembling as she read the letter, her eyes streaming with tears bouncing off the paper.

Terry got up when he heard a knock on the door and the burly PC Tate escorted by a younger officer, came in with a grin on his face. "Someone said the old tart had topped herself," he said crassly. "Where's the body?"

Terry bit his lip. "She is in the bathroom, second on the right," he replied tersely and he walked down the corridor and opened the door.

He chuckled. "Hey I bet she isn't gonna give good oral now. Boastful cow said she could suck a golf ball through a hosepipe."

Grace took a deep breath, filed the letter away in the envelope and put it in her handbag. She walked to the corridor, and with as much force as she could muster, drove her fist into the side of PC Tate's head.

"Don't you dare talk about my friend like that," she screamed, and arrowed a kick into his stomach, tears streaming down her face. "She was a good person. And because you won't find her attacker she has killed herself." Grace steadied herself on the doorway and was over the surprised police officer.

"Stop her, Dawkins," PC Tate cried out between painful yells and Terry dragged Grace away before the police could do it.

"He killed her," Grace yelled, straining at Terry's arms. "It's his fault," she shouted hysterically and he pushed her into the chair she had just come from.

Terry looked into Grace's eyes and knelt down beside her, holding her hand. "It won't bring her back, Grace. It won't bring her back."

* * * * *

Grace and Terry walked into Grace's bedroom. Her body had been taken to the morgue and she didn't want to leave London that night, the shock of what she had seen made her scared. She had looked in Sandy's bedroom and she had helpfully sorted out all of her belongings before she had killed herself. This made Grace cry again; the very thought that she had spent the last days of her life organising her own death.

It hit her that suddenly she would have the rest of her life without her only friend and this scared her. But her loss was more than that, she felt she should have been there for her, Sandy was her friend and she let her down when she needed her the most. Why was she out with Terry instead of consoling her?

Grace was racked with guilt and nothing Terry could say changed anything. She opened her desk drawer and burst into tears. Sitting on top of all the underwear and papers was a big pile of money: Sandy's money.

"It'll pay for a nice funeral," Terry muttered when he saw it and immediately wished he hadn't. It was a little insensitive but Grace was looking further into her drawer and not listening to what he said. A small wrapped present and card lay at the back; she removed them.

"She was twenty tomorrow," Grace said tearfully. "We were going to go the flicks before all this happened."

"What did you get her?"

"A bracelet," Grace replied staring into the space. "A silver bracelet. She loved her jewellery." Grace buried her hands in her face and howled inconsolably.

* * * * *

"Listen Fingers," PC Tate said menacingly pushing the guy up against the alley wall. "You do what I tell you to. That girl you raped topped herself. You just do the beating that I tell you to and get out of there. Nothing fucked up, you hear me."

"But you told me to teach her a lesson," he whined. His clothes were torn and dirty from his work in the factory and the officer sneered.

"I told you to give her a seeing to. Little bitch wouldn't give me a freebie, I didn't tell you to rape her."

"Yeah, but she was asking for it. See what the slut was wearing."

PC Tate drove a fist into his stomach and stared at him. "I've had a fucking hard time covering this one up," he spat. "You're lucky half of the Met aren't looking for you. We got a fucking good description, now lose the trainers and stop fucking about and just do what I tell you to, unless you don't want to run the crack market in this town?"

* * * * *

"I know we are supposed to be going slowly and all that, but please Grace. Come and live with me for awhile. At least until you got yourself sorted."

Grace huffed at him. "Please Terry, I don't need this," she murmured and he nodded. It had been two days since the body had been found by her, but he was getting worried. She seemed unable to think about anything other than Sandy and he certainly didn't want her living here on her own.

"I know. Which is why I am concerned about you. It's a small village. Well away from the hustle of London. Come back and I'll sleep on the sofa while you are there. Please. I'll only worry about you. Come after the funeral."

Grace wiped a tear from her eyes and glanced over at the envelope on her desk with Sandy's scrawling writing. She thought about what she told her, "don't push him away," and then looked up at him.

"OK. But I don't know what I will do for work."

"There is a strip club in Stoke. I'm sure you'll find something to keep you occupied. Or don't work. It's not as though I will need the money," he told her. "Just come. Please, Grace. Just come back to Cheshire with me."

* * * * *

"I'm leaving," Grace admitted and passed Ethel the cat. "He needs a home and we can't take him."

Ethel smiled and looked at the purring animal in her hands. "You sure, love. Won't your partner want to keep it?"

Terry was busy loading the last of the bags in his car and was waiting for his girlfriend to join him. It had taken many weeks, but she was finally his. She was worth fighting for, he thought, as she was unique.

"No. There is no space. And he is a London cat."

The woman smiled and stroked the animal. She had a nervous look on her face as if she wanted to say something but didn't quite know how to broach it.

"I'm sorry to hear of your friend," she said eventually and Grace nodded. She hadn't stop thinking of Sandy and wished that she was coming with her, and wiped her eyes.

"Yes. It was ... awful. Police don't care," Grace muttered. "Bastards."

Ethel nodded. "They are that."

"You ready?" Terry asked, interrupting the subdued conversation, and Grace left Ethel and Terry to give the flat one last look, and to lay a small bouquet of flowers in the bathroom. She knew they would be gone as soon as the cleaners came in, but she couldn't leave the flat without signifying Sandy's presence somehow.

"Yes," she murmured as she returned to the daylight. "Let's just get out of here."