



# Poppy

By  
John D

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Codes: MF exhib oral

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## Preface

This story is part of the “Growing Pains” world. It shows the life of Jack Fox, who is friends with Andy when he goes to University and is set in April/May 2000.

This story also introduces the two girls of Popppy and Dannielle who will return in the main story.

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!

John D

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Web link: <http://www.johndstories.co.uk>

Twitter: @johndstories

Email: johndstories@gmail.com

## Chapter I

“Have another one,” the voice cried and the farmers' son felt a cool beer pushed into his hand. He squinted, trying to make out the outline of the person who had given it to him but it could be any of the dozen people celebrating his eighteenth birthday with him.

He fell slightly to the side as he leant on the bar and groaned, putting the glass to his lips. The person had a booming voice and was wearing a blue jumper; one of his four elder brothers was wearing a blue jumper, but he couldn't remember which one. “Down it!”

“Huuhhnnnn,” Jack cried and turned to look in the direction of the noise but at least one hand touched the bottom of the glass to lift it upwards, and the pale ale flooded into his mouth. He gasped and soaked half his T-shirt in beer before another hand gave him another drink.

“Down that!”

“I'm fine,” he slurred, but the wall of people around him clapped and stamped their feet to encourage him to down the drink being offered. He grunted and took a sip but once again mysterious hands forced the glass into a more horizontal and then vertical position to pour the liquid into his mouth.

After downing a third beer, Jack managed to escape the attentions of his friends and family, and stumbled away from the bar to collapse into a chair by the window. He saw a few people watch him, but he pushed his head back and closed his eyes; it felt relaxing.

He woke with a start when a voice shook him. “Jack ... ya lightweight, came on!” He rubbed his eyes and grunted, feeling his head and groaning. He saw his brother peer over him and shake him again. “Pub's closing.” He stretched and stumbled into the table, swearing as the wood bashed his thigh.

“What time is it?”

“Time to ... get out there,” the voice of Charles shouted and he gave a half-hearted wave to the bar staff watching them leave. Jack shivered as he walked into the cool Cheshire air and pulled his jacket close around him. He wiped his eyes and yawned. “Tired? Bloody lightweight,” his elder brother teased and Jack waved at his friends disappearing down a Knutsford side street.

Jack stumbled and gripped used a shop window to steady himself. “Now,” a voice from behind him shouted, and Jack was bundled into the lamp-post.

“Owww,” Jack cried and tried to push his attackers away, but his four brothers were too strong for the eighteen year-old, and they forced him around the lamppost and pinned his arms back. “What ya doing?” Jack shouted at the laughing faces.

“What? Ya thought we wouldn't mark your eighteenth birthday properly,” his eldest brother – and ringleader – told him and unbuttoned the birthday boy's jacket and shirt. He looked at him in the eye as he undid his jeans.

“Charlie ... wait!” Jack cried. “This is ... this is Knutsford. You can't strip me in the town centre.” Jack wriggled but as one of his brothers held onto his hands behind the lamp-post, Charlie pulled his jeans and underpants to the floor, before undoing his trainers.

Jack kicked Charles away, but a fist in the thigh – and a threat that it would “go further north” if he

didn't stop being so uncooperative gained compliance and the grip of James was replaced by a set of handcuffs once his shirt had been removed.

Jack struggled as his brothers backed away. "We'll send someone," they promised as they laughed. "Happy birthday," they teased, and walked back towards the bar. "They'll be here, once we get home."

Jack swore at them; he was used to his elder brothers ganging up on him and as the youngest of five he had become pretty adept at looking after himself over the years, but four against one was simply unfair.

He hummed and called out to a couple walking past on the opposite side of the road, but they giggled and ran off. He shivered in the April wind; it was too cold to be naked and outside and pulled on his wrists; he had to get free, somehow.

He spun around to see if he could see anyone in the opposite direction could help him, but the street was deserted. "HELP!"

Jack shouted again and again but to no avail when he heard a cough behind him. "Errr ... could you get some help please," Jack asked, not completely turning around to face the female voice.

"Sure," she promised and then laughed. "Or I could just use the key I have in my hand." Jack spun around a bit further and saw a smiling, fresh-faced lady holding a key. "Your best man gave it to me."

"Brother. Eighteenth birthday," Jack replied, and she walked around him to play with the padlock. "They told me to wait half-an-hour, but I want to go home." She swore a couple of times as there was little light to help her guide the key into the lock, but it snapped open, and Jack instantly put his hands over his crotch. She raised her eyebrows. "Cheers. I don't s'pose they left any money for me? Or clothes?"

The girl shook her head. "Where are you going? I can give you a lift if it's on my way."

"Near Plumley," Jack said as she passed the handcuffs to the young farmers' son, which he took gingerly.

"Yeah, I can do Plumley," she told him. "I'm Lostock." She smiled at him. "I'm Poppy, by the way," she introduced herself and giggled. "And get your hands away. Most people seeing you will remember your face not your crotch."

He smiled at her slight frame and long brown hair, and then looked nervously at the ground before speaking. "Ummm, Jack," he told her and she gestured down the road and to a car park a few metres away. "I know you had lots to drink," she told him and cocked her head. "I was serving you. If you need to go for a piss or throw up, do so now before we get in my car."

Jack cleared his throat. "Nah, I'm OK." She stared at him as she opened the door to the rusting Ford Fiesta and he nodded. "No, honestly, I'm fine. I'm good." She threw a blanket over the passenger seat and walked around the car. Jack shivered as he sat down and Poppy took a few moments to get adjusted in her seat, before turning the key in the ignition. The car spluttered pathetically, and she shouted at it. "Bloody choke," she whined.

"Here," Jack told her and leant across to pull the choke further out. "Pump the pedal."

"What?"

“Push the accelerator in and out a few times, and squeeze it gently as you turn the key.” Poppy looked at him, and he leant across a bit more, so that his cock was resting near the gear stick. She couldn't resist giving it a little pull and Jack yelped, but his indignations were drowned out by the engine starting.

She flashed her warm smile and drove out of the small town. “So ...” Poppy started. “What am I to say if I get stopped by the Police? Naked man in the passenger seat.”

Jack sighed and shook his head. “I dunno. The truth I guess. And thanks for this.”

“No problem,” Poppy said with a dismissive air. “If I ever get stripped on my birthday, left naked and found my you, I expect to get taken home.”

“Of course,” Jack promised with a grin.

“And stop trying to imagine it,” Poppy snapped. “Actually on the right night out, you probably won't have to.” She raised her eyebrows, but Jack didn't react to her flirting and just directed Poppy to the entrance of a large stables. They arrived just as a taxi pulled up containing his four brothers.

“Bastards,” Jack muttered, and Poppy looked at him.

“Well off you go then,” she ordered, and he opened the car door, swearing as he put his barefoot in some mud.

“I so need boots. They are going to be so fucking happy with tonight.”

Poppy shrugged and listened as her passenger's brothers taunted him. “Ahhh ... it's the baby of the family,” Charlie cried. “Got the nice little girl to give you a lift!” Poppy got out of her car and called out to her passenger making his way towards the gate.

“Jack,” Poppy cried, and she bounded up to him in the darkness. “Thank you for a lovely time,” she told him and wrapped her arms around him. Her head only just came up to his chin, but she squeezed him and winked. “And you better phone,” she ordered with a wink. “Or I will be most upset. No way am I not having that thing again!” Jack waved at her open-mouthed as she got into her car. Poppy blew him a kiss and shouted. “Love you babes.”

“You scored with her ... naked?” Charles asked and snorted, not waiting for an answer. He passed Jack a bag of his clothes. “Better get dressed 'case Mum sees ya,” he told him with a begrudging air to his voice. “Was going to leave it on the porch.” Jack snatched the bag and Charles shook his head.

“What didn't you manage it when you were left nude in the High Street?” Jack teased with a smirk as he waved goodbye to the young barmaid. “Or can't you manage it?”

He snorted. “I had to walk home,” he moaned. “Fuckin' 'ell. Naked, and still scored. Fuck me! That's a ...” Jack watched as his brother snorted and gave a wry smile.

He owed Poppy in more ways than one.

\* \* \* \* \*

“There are some rumours,” the tall, blonde-haired Dannielle told her ex-boyfriend. “That you got pissed, naked and got off with a barmaid.”

“Ahh ... well ...” Jack flustered and Dannielle passed him the shovel. “That's not completely true.”

“You can tell me,” Dannielle said softly and watched as he shovelled horse excrement from beside her trademark pink wellies into a wheelbarrow. “We aren't ... together any more. I don't care.”

Jack sighed. “I didn't. I didn't touch her. Well, she touched me.” Dannielle's eyes flicked downwards, and Jack blushed. “I didn't ask her too.”

“Didn't you?”

“No!” Jack moaned and held his hands out. “We were in her car, and she's holding the gear stick and ...”

“I've never heard it called that before!”

“On the car!” Jack snapped. “And I lean across ...”

“... to give her a kiss?”

“... to start her engine.”

“You romantic!”

Jack laughed and threw the shovel down. “On the car! She was having trouble with the motor.”

“Pistons not oiled and lubricated?”

“Not enough petrol getting to the engine,” Jack replied, licking his lips and watching Dannielle's eyebrows rise.

“And did you fix that?”

“I pulled on her little button. Got her to do some pump-ping, and I got her started, purring nicely actually.”

Dannielle laughed. “If only you really did do that!” Jack smiled and shrugged.

“She's out of my league,” he told the farm girl who raised her eyebrows again.

“So I wasn't?”

“No ... you are too. That's why we aren't ... together ... any more.” Dannielle's eyes dropped to her ex-boyfriend, and she smiled.

“But you are still my friend, my best friend,” she replied instantly. “Although why didn't I get invited onto the birthday drinks with stripping?”

“Charlie organised it,” Jack replied. “Not my doing.” He waited for Dannielle to glance over. “And it would have been so much more embarrassing if you found me.”

“Why? I've seen it all before,” she countered and looked at her friend. “Many, many times before. Haven't I? Can almost remember what it looks like,” the girl taunted and put her spade down.

“Yes,” Jack admitted and groaned as his stomach rumbled. “Yes I guess you have.”

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“Jack,” screeched his mother and a rotund woman bustled her way past Charles and Darren. “Jack!”

“What?”

“Are these yours?” The woman threw four copies of UK Babes onto the table. A couple of his brothers sniggered, and Jack blushed.

“Ummm ...”

“I found them at the back of your sock drawer,” his mother thundered. “It's pure filth. Do you think this is what girls want to see? Boys ogling over naked pictures of harlots?”

Jack gulped and shook his head as his mother stood akimbo at the end of the table. “No, I just ...”

“It's not acceptable,” she thundered and crossed her arms. “You know these sorts of magazines are banned in the house. Do you think those poor girls in there want to have dirty little boys staring at them? It's degrading, exploitative and disgusting. And you will apologise at lunchtime to all the girls on the farm.”

“But ... Mum, it's ...”

The imposing Lucy Fox shook her head and tutted. “You will do as you're told,” she barked and sighed. “Never had this with your brothers, I don't know where we went wrong. No wonder that lovely Dannielle got tired of you if you spent time looking at those ... things ... instead of being with her. And you have exams in two months, and if you want to go to University as you say you do, then you don't need silly distractions like this kind of filth, do you?”

“No,” Jack muttered and disappeared into the stable block before his mother could continue her chastisement.

True to her word, his mother did make him apologise to all the farm girls over the Saturday lunch, and he went bright red as Dannielle flicked through the magazines. “Which girl is your favourite?” She asked.

“None,” he cried, but the cheeky farm girl blew him a kiss, and she opened up a page of Readers' Wives. “What about this one?” Jack shook his head. “Or this one?”

“Please,” Jack begged. “I said I'm sorry for looking at them and ...” He looked towards his mother glaring at him. “... aiding the exploitation of women in society.”

Dannielle cackled and ignored his pleas. “Or this one, Abi,” she read out and looked at him before returning her gaze to the magazine. “She looks a bit like me, right? She's from Scotland, and, my God, look at this one. She has some disgusting hobbies. Now I know what sort of perversions you like.

Jack slid further into his seat, and the teasing farm girl passed the magazines to his mother for “destruction.”

“And don't let me find you with this sort of filth again,” his mother shouted, and thoroughly humiliated, Jack tucked into his lunch.

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“See you tomorrow Jack,” Dannielle shouted as he walked away from the stables. He waved back, and she blew him a kiss. “No looking at any more naked girls.”

“Yes and thank you for that,” he moaned. “You didn't have to humiliate me.”



Dannielle giggled. "It's only a bit of fun," she told him and pursed her lips. "I could have stripped you naked in the village instead."

He snorted and ran out sight; he had been asked by his father to take a walk along the top fields and check the fences that bordered the motorway where the older horses grazed. It was a short climb before he reached the part of the farm his father was interested in and counted the seven horses he was expecting in the field.

It gave him time to think about what his mother had found; why hadn't he been more careful with his magazines, and why was Dannielle so keen to humiliate him? It was her decision to end their relationship (he was too "serious" and not "playful enough"), and she had no reason to object to him having pornography if he wanted it.

He knew his parents' views on sexuality and pornography, and if they knew what him and his brothers had been up to as teenagers then there would be serious trouble, but how were his siblings more adept at keeping their shenanigans secretive?

He walked along the fence, pushing against the wooden struts to test their strength as he went past them. His eyes caught movement on the grass verge of the motorway. It was on the other side of the fence, and down the small slope of the embankment, and he wasn't able to see exactly who or what it was until he climbed up on the wooden structure and glanced down to see a naked girl waving to the cars.

"Hey," he cried and the girl jumped, turning to face him; it was Poppy.

## Chapter II

“Poppy!”

“Jack,” she cried, and a few more drivers blew their horns.

“What are you doing?”

“Having some fun,” she giggled and looked at him. “What, you think you are the only person who likes showing off in public?”

“You'll get arrested.”

“I haven't yet,” she responded, and Jack looked at her vivacious body. She was well proportioned with gentle curves and a generous bust.

“Why?”

She turned to him again and gave a shrug. “Why not? It's fun. It's a rush. Try it.”

“No thanks,” he replied and looked down at the road. Several cars were braking as the naked girl came into view and a number used their horn to show their appreciation. “I had enough of it the other night.”

“Suit yourself.”

“You do know that this is our stables and our farm land,” Jack informed her, but the fun-loving exhibitionist just snorted and continued to wave at her adoring fans travelling at 70mph. Jack climbed back over the three foot fence and looked up to the road; he could just make out the blue Fiesta that Poppy owned parked in a layby on a road adjacent to the field.

He watched her for a moment as she did have a wonderful body and could easily have gotten herself into one of the magazines that he used to possess and had such a beaming, welcoming smile. “Weird girl,” he muttered and was about to leave her when she cried out.

“Jack,” she called. “Stay there.” Jack watched as she scrambled to the fence and threw herself over it. “I heard a siren.”

He laughed as she scrambled behind a couple of bushes that their fence cut through and sat behind the prickly plants. “What are you doing?”

“I don't want to be arrested,” Poppy moaned and Jack walked next to her and peered over the fence.

“I thought you just said you wouldn't be.”

Poppy snorted. “Ssshhh,” she moaned as she looked through the bush. The Police car stopped on the hard shoulder and the farmer relayed this news gleefully to the naked girl sat at his feet.

“Hey,” the officer shouted and walked up the grass verge. Jack looked down at him, a few feet away and waited for him to speak. “We've had several reports of a naked girl here distracting the traffic,” he asked Jack, who looked down at the sniggering girl at his feet. “Have you seen anything?”

He hesitated as Poppy reached up and unzipped his jeans. He tensed. “Errr ...” He started and

gulped. Poppy took his inflated cock from his trousers and gently sucked the tip. “No!”

“No?”

“Well, not on this side,” Jack started and almost let out a sigh as Poppy sucked strongly on the tip of his member.

“This side?”

“No,” Jack shouted and panted for a moment. “Over there, that carriageway. She went five minutes ago.” He clenched his buttocks and tried to move out of Poppy's way, but if he moved too far from the bush, his exposed cock would be seen by the Police officer on the other side of the fence. Poppy sensed his reticence and squeezed his testicles, causing the young farmer to cough and splutter.

“You OK, mate?”

“Hayfever,” Jack lied instantly and the officer of the law looked over to the opposing carriageway.

“Got a description?”

“Yeah ... umm ... black girl, black hair, tall, that was it really.” The officer looked at him and scribbled on a pad. He thanked Jack and walked back to his parked vehicle while talking on his radio. “What are you doing?”

“I would have thought it was obvious,” Poppy teased. “Or are you so isolated up here ...” She looked into his eyes and resumed kissing his cock and running her tongue over his manhood. “Gotta be better than the sheep, eh?” He sighed and grunted, panting as he squeezed his buttocks and muttered something to the young lady between his legs. He put his hands on the fence and watched as the Police car drove off. He closed his eyes, cried out and squirted his semen over the face of the exhibitionist.

She ran her hand up and down his shaft and then kissed his cock with a smile and sat back on her legs. “I do that in public too,” she cooed and got to her feet.

“Who are you?” Jack asked with a smile, and she just kissed him on the cheek.

“I'm the girl your mother always told you to avoid,” she replied and gulped. “I'm the girl who every boy dreams about,” she teased and wiped her face. “Try it,” she told him. “Just try it for once.”

“Try what?”

“Being naked, in public. Such a thrill. Come with me to the railway line or ...”

“No,” Jack cried and she blew him a kiss as she wiggled her rear at him. She turned to face him as she walked backwards. “Don't tell me, you didn't feel a rush,” she suggested.

“I didn't,” he lied and she snorted.

“You know the wood near Moss Lane,” she yelled. “I'll be there at eight tomorrow night. By the railway line. If you're there, I'll treat you,” she promised and gave him a wink before skipping off across the field.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack returned to the table with two drinks, and Dannielle smiled at him. “Thanks.”

“Where's your friend?” Jack asked, and Dannielle snorted.

“Marie? She is dumping her boyfriend.” Jack gave a snort of disapproval as he took a sip of his drink. “What?”

“Well, why do you know before he does?”

“Because that's how it works. She's been talking 'bout him to me since they started dating and has been saying how much she doesn't love him, and he's just so clingy, and ... well that's ... oh that's just what women do, OK?”

“Seems mean that even I know before he does.”

“Yeah well, that's women for you. Men like to hoard pictures of naked women and we don't moan.”

“Bloody do complain,” he snapped and looked at her. “Did you talk to Marie before you told me that I was dumped?”

Dannielle pursed her lips and cocked her head. “Does it matter?”

“Yeah,” Jack replied. “Very much so.” He stared at her as he sipped his beer. “It's a trust thing, I never discussed our relationship with anyone else,” he moaned. “It's private.”

“What you like to keep private things private?” He nodded, and she sipped at her lemonade. “So where does being naked in Knutsford fit in then?”

“Don't remind me.”

She cackled. “Why not? I'd loved to have seen it. Of course, I saw all of you before anyway.” She smiled warmly and rested her hand on his on the table. Her eyes met his, and she giggled. “Oh, and tell your Dad before I forget, I found out that the stables over Northwich way, has Swamp Fever.”

“Oh ... that's not good.”

“No,” she smiled at him and pursed her lips. “So ...” She waited for the awkward silence to pass and rubbed her eyes. “How's the revision?”

“Crap,” he muttered. “I'll not get in to Manchester if I don't pull my finger out.” He tapped the table. “It's the time, by the time I've done my bit in the stables I just don't want to read up on Physics or whatever. And I need three A's and really need to ace the Physics exam.”

“So I might have you around for a bit longer?”

Jack coughed and gave a little grin. “Not quite ... if I don't get into Manchester I'll be in Lancaster.”

“That's miles away,” Dannielle moaned and propped her head in her hands, leaning across at him, shaking her blonde hair back. “I'll have to find a new friend.”

“Or you could ring?” Jack suggested. “Or even come up and see me.”

Dannielle snorted. “Ringing is so impersonal. Writing's better!”

Jack tapped her on the nose. “Like you would write.” Dannielle hummed and picked up her drink; she chatted warmly to her friend for almost two hours before he walked her home to the terraced house she shared with her younger sister and mother.

Dannielle waved at him as she got to her front door and watched as he walked further down the road. "Jack," she cooed. "You live that way!"

"I know, I just want to go for a walk," he lied and started ambling towards Moss Lane.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack walked up the road alongside the railway track and looked through the trees. He had no real idea, other than curiosity as to why he was there, but Poppy was fun and adventurous.

It was twilight, and he saw the unmistakable shape of a fifteen year old Fiesta parked by the side of the road and walked towards it. Jack had not seen anyone else on his walk for twenty minutes but still felt his pulse quicken as he approached the small car.

Poppy beamed as she got out of the rusting vehicle and waved at Jack walking up the lane. "I'd knew you'd come," she teased and flashed a cheeky smile at him. The brown-haired girl was dressed in a long coat that came down to her knees and she looked at Jack up and down. "Not dressed for getting yer kit off!"

"Pardon?" Jack asked.

"Not dressed for ... how do you whip that off quickly?" Jack looked down at his big boots, trousers and shirt.

"Well what about you?" Poppy unbuttoned her coat and pulled the flaps of the garment back to reveal a naked torso complimented by black stockings. "Ahhh ... very nice!"\_He felt his pulse quicken and blood rush to his groin.

Poppy glanced at her watch. "Train will be along in a minute."

"What here?"

"Yeah," she cried and slid her shoulders back to allow the coat to fall off of her and she threw it into her car. "Go on," she said and raised her eyebrows at the nervous man. He looked at her, and his hands shook.

"But what if ..."

"What? You think there are going to be Police around her at this time of night?" He sniffed, and she crossed her arms. "Well join in or go away," she said fiercely. "I'm not being here for you to ogle me."

"I thought that's what you wanted," Jack replied to a smirk. "You know for people to ogle you."

Poppy's angry expression disappeared, and she burst into giggles. "Come on, please. I rescued you last week, I never get anyone to flash with. Never, it's fun. Pur-lease!"

"If I get arrested, I'll have a riding crop on your ..."

He started but didn't know how to finish the sentence.

"I might like that," she teased. He unbuttoned his summer jacket and then pushed his T-shirt over his head as Poppy hopped on the spot. "Come on, the train will be here any moment."

Jack leant against the Ford Fiesta to remove his farm boots and Poppy groaned. "Oh come here, it'll be here in a minute," she moaned and unbuckled his belt and lowered his trousers to expose his

semi-erect cock. He took a gasp as the cool air struck his nether regions and Poppy giggled at him.

“Feels great,” she whispered and Jack's stomach fluttered inside him. She walked a few feet away, and Jack had to jump with his trousers around his ankles to catch up with her.

“Stop,” he cried and she turned to face him, shaking her head as she looked at her watch.

“Two minutes late. The train services in this country are a bloody disgrace,” she whined and listened on the evening breeze for the sound of the train, but it was not forthcoming. “Bloody trains.”

“Yeah,” Jack muttered and shivered in the cool April air.

“Wuss,” Poppy told him as she noticed his chattering teeth.

“No, not used to be naked in the cold,” he whined. “I'm out in all weathers with m' jacket on and ...”

“Ahhh ... have some body heat then,” Poppy suggested and wrapped her near naked body around that of her newly-acquired friend. Jack sighed as he felt her hard nipples press against his skin. She rubbed his sides and gave him a kiss on the cheek as his erect cock pushed against her mons. “Better?”

Jack whimpered, and she squeezed his buttocks; she could hear something in the distance and pushed his body into hers. “Is it coming?”

“Yeah,” Poppy cried and pushed herself away. Jack could feel butterflies in his stomach and went to turn to hide his genitals from the train track, but Poppy pulled him back as she held onto his hand. “Wave,” she cried and as she held Jack's hand tightly with her right hand, waved energetically with her left. “Wave!”

The train thundered past them, and Jack felt a rush of air leave the side of the carriages and chilled him, but the butterflies in his stomach disappeared to leave excitement and adrenaline coursing his veins. “Yeeee-hah!” Poppy cried and jumped up and down as the train whistled past them. She glanced at her watch and gave him a smile. “I guess I promised you something,” she said with a coy grin and pushed Jack back against her car.

He squealed as the cold metal touched his bare buttocks, but the stocking-clad woman smiled and him and knelt down, taking his cock in her mouth. “But here,” he muttered.

She ran her tongue against the tip and looked up at him. “Where else?”

“The woods?” He asked hopefully. “Hey, I got a barn on the farm that's empty this time of year. A bed, I dunno.”

She shook her head and grunted as she engulfed his cock, sucking hard as her hands worked the base. He pushed his head back and panted. “Yeah,” he muttered. “Ahhh ... that's great.” He gulped and sighed, leaning back against the cold car. “That's ...”

Poppy looked at him and sucked hard; he could hear another train in the distance and closed his eyes. He wanted to move, but Poppy had hold of his testicles and gently squeezed them. He cried out. “There's a train, there's a train.”

Poppy smiled at him and his panicked expression and ran her tongue underneath his tip. He groaned, and his legs shook as a train travelling in the opposite direction, rattled past them.

Jack cried and shouted, squeezing his buttocks to delay orgasm until the most powerful of exhilarating rushes engulfed him, and he released his cum into the mouth of the wild girl sucking on his member. He panted and mewled as the last few carriages thundered past them and she looked up at him. "Amazing rush, right?"

He closed his eyes and relished the last few sparks of lustful enjoyment and nodded. "Yeah, but not again."

Poppy stood up and glared at him. "Not again? How's that supposed to make a girl like me feel?"

"Errr ..."

"Two blowjobs you've had and I've barely had a kiss," she thundered and then laughed at Jack's confused face. "It's OK; I'm only joking. But you will be around on Wednesday evening." He hesitated, and she sighed. "It's my day off. Years I've tried to find someone to do this with me, and I've been dogging once with someone and once had another girl flash some cars on a footpath bridge. Come on, it's so much more fun as a couple, and it's my next day off."

He sighed. "Well ... it's daring, I see that, and you make me smile, but I'm not sure ..."

"I'll make it worth your while," she promised. "Really worth your while." He hesitated. "And girls love guys who take risks."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah," she promised. "Come on, I'll give you a lift home before it rains."

\* \* \* \* \*

Dannielle shrieked and then apologised. "Sorry, didn't know it was you."

Jack held out his book. "Sorry, not got anywhere to revise," he moaned as he made himself visible. "Mum's taken over the house with her spring cleaning regime."

Dannielle laughed and cocked her head. "I guess I should be quite happy that you want to watch me get changed," she teased and put her feet in her Wellington boots. Dannielle scooped up her day clothes and put them in her rucksack and looked at her ex-partner.

"Dannielle, what's up?" A voice from the other side of the barn shouted. The frame of the farmer knocked on the door to the barn and put his head around the barn door. "We heard screaming."

"Oh it's just Jack," she told him and threw her bag onto a hay bale next to two others.

"Jack," his father thundered and towered over his son. "What have you been doing to her?"

"Nothing," he cried in annoyance at the implication. "I just ..."

"I was getting changed," the stable-hand told them and walked back towards the barn door. "I didn't expect him to be there, he just gave me a fright, that's all."

"Watching girls getting changed," the imposing frame of Richard Fox asked. "That's ..."

"I wasn't," Jack snapped, denying the allegations. "I just came in here to do some revision."

The farmer looked at Dannielle who shrugged. "He just scared me that's all," she told the stout man, who pushed on Jack's shoulder. "Not a problem."

“Ahh, ya know the girls change in here,” he thundered. “We're getting worried 'bout you.”

Jack sighed. “I just want some peace and quiet to read,” he moaned and was prodded towards the small coffee room, next to the stables, which was colder, noisier and busier than the barn he had wanted to use.



## Chapter III

Jack's parents waited for his brothers to leave and beckoned him into their lounge to sit down on a chair for "the talk."

"What?" Jack moaned. "I have ..."

"What we have to say is important," his mother said assertively. "What we have to say, you will listen to."

"That's right," his father added, and Jack's gaze glanced between them.

"We are worried about you," the dumpy woman started. "First you break up with that lovely Dannielle, then you buy all those disgusting magazines and then creeping to the barn to watch the girls get changed. It's not on, Jack."

Jack groaned. "Dannielle split with me," he moaned. "And I didn't creep in to watch them get changed, I thought it would be empty. And those disgusting magazines, everyone at College has."

"Your brothers didn't. Some of the pictures in them were disgusting," she replied and took a few deep breaths. "You got something to tell us?"

Jack gulped and crossed his arms to hide his shaking hands. "No, like what?"

"Like ... you know. Do you need ... help?"

"Help?" Jack looked bemused as his mother hesitated

"You one of them perverts?" His father asked. "Like sneaking around the girls and ..."

"No!" Jack moaned. "I just need somewhere quiet to do my revision." He gestured wildly and took a deep breath. "And between helping out on the farm and in stables, and having a life of my own, I don't get much time. And when I do, it's never quiet."

"You can do your work on the kitchen table."

"It's like Piccadilly Gardens down here," he moaned. "OK I take your point on the magazines, it's just ..." His voice trailed off as his strict parents watched him. "Well I'd rather have Dannielle, but she doesn't want me, so it's just a bit of fun."

"Those girls suffered for you to have a bit of fun," his mother barked and shook her head. "What you need is a nice, young lady," she suggested and Jack hummed, not agreeing or disagreeing with her. He wouldn't mind Dannielle back, but she had moved on, and so he had to move on, and thought he was definitely moving on: Poppy was proof of that. "And nice young ladies are not interested in peeping toms or dirty perverts."

His thoughts were interrupted by the doorbell and his father got up to answer the door. He returned a few moments later as the spirited Mrs. Fox continued to berate her son, with the smiling Poppy at his side. "Hi."

She swayed slightly from side-to-side and had a flowery summer dress on, with her hair tied back and a warm smile as Jack bolted upright. "Hi," he muttered tensely.

"This is ... err ... Poppy. She's come for Jack," the tall farmer said, looking at his wife with raised

eyebrows as he sat down.

“Ohh.” Lucy Fox looked at her son and then at the apprehensive girl, and stumbled on her words. “We've just been saying that a nice, young lady would do him good,” she eventually said.

Poppy looked at Jack squirming in his seat and smiled at him. “I hope not,” she blurted out. “I would get very jealous. Another girl coming between me and Jack.”

Fortunately, for Jack, his parents were too busy looking at the young lady in the room, still standing up by the door, instead of their son who was looking at Poppy horrified. “Ahh ... well ... that's umm!”

“You didn't tell them,” Poppy thundered and glowered at her friend. “Why not, oh we've had some lovely dates recently. I really feel that we are connecting, seeing the best bits ... well seeing all of each other.” Jack squeaked and put his hand over his mouth. “And I do like what I see of him.”

“Well that's good,” his mother added, slightly non-plussed at the candidness and Jack got up from the seat.

“Shall we ...” He started and glared at his “girlfriend” in shock. “We are going out,” she whispered as he bundled her out of the room.

“Where?”

“You'll see. Put some trainers on.”

Jack groaned but complied with the order and almost threw the indignant Poppy out of the house.

“What the fuck was all that about?” Jack asked as they got to her car.

“Get in,” Poppy muttered and Jack stopped. “Get in, they are watching.” Jack looked behind him and waved to his parents, watching from their lounge window as he got into the car. “Get in, unless you want to explain to them that we just split up.” He threw open the car door and sat in the passenger seat. Poppy leant across to kiss, and she whispered in his ear. “For appearances.” They kissed briefly, and she started the engine.

“Where are we going? And what the fuck was all that about?”

“I have it with my mum too, where's your boyfriend, why did you split with him, what's that, etc. Far easier to have a girlfriend for your parents than to have them mither you.” She looked at him as she pulled away down his drive in her vehicle.

“So where are we going?”

“Yeah, don't thank me or anything. Tell me, would your parents want to know that you drive me to edge of ecstasy in the stables every morning, or are they the straight-laced 'no sex before marriage' type? Just so I know for next time.”

“More the latter, but they know that Danni and me got it on in the barn,” Jack told her. “And they didn't mind. Dad reckons having fun with stable girls is part of growing up on a farm.”

Poppy laughed. “Sensible guy. And for the record, my Mum will thoroughly expect me to be having a dozen ravishings and two dozen orgasms each week. She expects rampantness.”

Jack laughed at her. “So where the fuck are we going?”

“You'll see.” Poppy joined the motorway for a junction and then turned off down a main road that ended in a small town.

“We're here,” she announced and looked out of the window. “Found this place on a bulletin board,” she told him and then had to explain what a bulletin board was. “There are loads of us, all going for a mass streak at nine,” she told him. “In the town centre.”

“You must be joking,” he cried, and she crossed her arms. “Seriously. We will be arrested and ...”

“No we won't.”

“You can't say that.”

“Sure I can, I just did.” Poppy flashed her smile at him, and she licked her lips. “There will be loads of us, running in a group. We will appear and disappear quickly, and all that will be left is the odd CCTV image.” Jack's eyes widened, but Poppy ran her hands over his legs. “But we will be wearing balaclavas.”

“Balaclavas? Oh that's much better,” Jack mocked. “Cause if they don't arrest us for being ... flashers, they'll shoot us for being terrorists. I don't want to look like I am part of the I-R-bloody-A.”

“It's Holmes Chapel,” she told him. “Do you really think there are going to be trained marksmen in Holmes Chapel? It's the sleepest town around.” Jack snorted, and she adjusted herself in her seat. “Be adventurous.”

“I'm quite happy to be adventurous,” he muttered. “Just not arrested.”

She sighed and sat back in her chair. “I'll make it worth your while,” she promised.

“You always say that.”

“And I always deliver.” Poppy cocked her head and giggled, before looking at her watch. There were a few other cars around the car park, and more than one had people waiting in them, and she prodded Jack. “Go on,” she begged. “It'll be fun.” Jack took a few deep breaths and undid his trainers that he had thrown on in a hurry.

It was difficult for him to manoeuvre himself in Poppy's small car but pushed his bum up and undid his belt to slide his trousers down to his ankles from his waist. Poppy watched as he swore at his feet, the thick garments getting stuck and Jack not having the space to move his legs far enough apart to assist with their removal. “You'll have to take off your boxers too,” she told him with a smirk, and he snapped at her, before apologising.

Poppy took the summer dress over her head and waited for Jack to get ready before she passed him a bin-bag. “What's that for?”

“Put it on,” she told him. “We've got to walk to the roundabout by the building society and then take them off and put them in the bin; and then run back past all the pubs.”

“But ...” Jack stammered as he saw half-a-dozen people assemble in the car park wearing just plastic bin-bags. “Everyone will notice us in bin bags.”

“They won't. Well they might, but that's part of the idea.” Poppy flashed him a sweet smile. “When have I ever let you down?” Jack hummed, and Poppy got out of the car. She punched three holes in her bin bag so that her hands and head would go through it and so that came down her to mid-

thigh.

She put her balaclava on and watched as Jack stumbled out of her car and then she threw a red balaclava over to him. His bin bag only came as far as his waist, and he complained that he was exposing himself already.

He shivered as the wind rose up from underneath the thin plastic and whistled through his never regions. "It's cold," he moaned through chattering teeth and brought his hands to his shoulders, only for the bin bag to rise a bit further up.

Poppy giggled, and she cocked her head. "Put the 'clava on," she muttered and Jack reluctantly donned the red, nylon garment.

"It itches," he moaned and scratched the side of his head. He looked around the car park and saw a dozen, shifty-looking people – mostly men and women of an older, larger variety – and looked at Poppy. She could clearly read his mind when she just tutted, and walked over to meet them.

Jack was nervous and squeezed his buttocks. He heard a vehicle travelling along the main road and ducked behind a stationary car in the car park, much to Poppy's amusement. "Let's go!" A gruff voice cried as Poppy reached the assembled group. There had been no introductions, and he held out his hand to his exhibitionist partner as they walked down the narrow alleyways to their agreed assembly point.

The closer he got to the blue and white decorated building society on the corner of the row of shops, the more nervous and anxious Jack became; what they were doing was illegal, and he had no intention of explaining to his parents why he was caught with no clothes on in the middle of a town centre!

The fear of being caught greatly outweighed the feeling of being cold and uncomfortable and as they approached the roundabout the butterflies in his stomach were on speed. He farted loudly and pursed his lips. "Sorry," he muttered, but no-one noticed.

As the small group, that had seen no-one else, reached the roundabout, heads turned back down the main road. They had walked in a U-shape, so they just needed to run through the town centre to get to their vehicles and the guy at the head of the dozen exhibitionists ripped off his bin bag to reveal a rotund body with a small endowment.

Jack watched Poppy in horror as she did the same and then tore off Jack's covering. His heart stopped for a moment and took a few deep breaths, but didn't get time to think as the head of the group charged down Holmes Chapel high street yelling "Gerrrr-annnii-mmoooooo!"

Jack froze in fear until he realised that he was standing next to a busy double-roundabout naked and alone, and sprinted to catch up. There was little doubt that Poppy and Jack were the youngest, but they were also the fittest and were soon leading the group. They passed a couple of night-time revellers walking in the opposite direction, and the male member of the couple instinctively held out his hand to high-five the naked balaclava-clad group, before letting his eyes linger upon Poppy. He got a slap for his trouble from the young lady he was escorting, who took exception at his openly lecherous behaviour.

Cries emerged from the pub with dozens of drinkers enjoying the mild night and drinking outside. "Hey," a voice cried. "Show us your tits!" A cheer emerged from inside the establishment as dozens more drinkers flocked to the windows or the tiny beer garden on the main road to watch Poppy – and the other two naked women – wave and jiggle their breasts.

Much to the disappointment of the attendees, the group didn't stay too long outside and ran further up the road to arrive at the car park. A few of the group were panting, but the small run was not a problem for Poppy and Jack.

Jack listened on the breeze; he could hear a siren. "Fuck," he cried. "The Police." He grabbed hold of Poppy, and it took a few more seconds for the rest of the group to hear it also. Three couples and six singles ran to their cars.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Poppy cried as she scrambled with her keys to unlock the car. "Take your head gear off," she said the moment she got in the car and unlocked the passenger door from the inside. Two cars had already left before Poppy had her key in the ignition, and the siren was much louder. She turned the key, and it didn't start.

Jack, sweating profusely, leant over and pulled the choke out a little further, and she started the car, wheel-spinning her vehicle as it left the space it was parked in.

Poppy didn't even stop at the mouth of the car park, taking her small Ford Fiesta away from the source of the noise and towards the pub. "Quick," Jack cried and Poppy accelerated aggressively for twenty metres, until she reached the pub where the naked girl had a few fans to wave at.

"Did you feel that?" Poppy asked and smiled at her partner. "Amazing, right?"

"Scary," Jack moaned. "We nearly got arrested."

Poppy's eyes sparkled as she swung her gaze around to meet him. "But we didn't. That's the point, we didn't get caught, and we didn't get arrested. The thrill of ..." Her voice trailed off, and she stared at him, watching him give a gentle laugh at her enthusiasm.

"It was fun," he admitted. "It was different, my heart rate and blood pressure is still too high."

"Fancy some more?" Poppy asked with a smirk as she joined the motorway.

"No!"

"Ahhh ... go on!" Her eyes met his and then returned to the road. "I know you want to," she teased and tapped him on the knee. She let her fingers dance up his leg and come to rest on his crotch. He squirmed, and she began to gently pump his inflating cock.

"Not while you are driving," he told her. "And I need to stop to get dressed before we get home."

"We are not going home," Poppy told him. "Well not yet, anyway. I got one more thing to do." She giggled and pressed her hand into his crotch and then rubbed it up and down. He grunted and pushed himself into the seat. "You like?"

"Yeah!"

"Good, 'cause I would like some as well." He sighed and reached over to the naked driver, but she pushed his hand away. "Not here," she told him and indicated to turn off the motorway."

"Where?"

"Here," she cried and turned into a service station. Jack groaned.

"But there is CCTV and Police and everything here. Are you out of your mind?"

"No," Poppy snapped and reached behind her for her summer dress to put over her head. She smiled

as she watched Jack put on his shirt, that was too big for him, before she passed him some shorts.

“What?”

“Present for you,” she told him and then shrugged. “It’ll make it easier for us.”

“Will it?”

“Oh yes.”

“Oh and do I need my balaclava?”

“Hell, no! Do you want to raise suspicion?”

Jack didn't answer, and Poppy locked her car as they walked towards the desolate service station. Several trucks lined the car park and Poppy smiled at her partner as she entered the building; Poppy was always smiling, and the innocent-looking girl clearly used her girl-next-door image to her advantage many times before; she just never looked guilty of anything.

She was dressed in a flowery summer dress, was smiling sweetly, and had her immaculate hair tied back. She looked like she should be at a vicar's tea party not about to perform sex acts in public.

Poppy reached the toilets and looked at Jack. “Oh no!”

“Oh yes,” she told him and cocked her head. “It’ll make me happy. Pur-lease.” She flashed her eyelids and glanced over. “OK, go in the guys and make sure that it's empty and then come and get me.”

“But I thought you wanted it to be full?”

“Hell, no. I want someone to see us, but I don't want kids to see us.”

“It's nine thirty at night.”

“Yeah, and the toilets aren't cleaned through the night so it'll just be truckers and salesmen and they are great.” Poppy's eyes flashed, and she kissed the apprehensive Jack on the lips. He groaned and swore; how could Poppy make him do things he didn't want to do?

He walked into the male toilets and relieved himself in the urinal. All the cubicles were unoccupied, and the sinks were free of anyone, so he beckoned the young lady, waiting patiently outside, into the male toilets.

She turned up her nose the moment she entered. “Why do boys' bogs always smell of piss?”

“Why do you think?” Jack asked a little aggressively and then shrugged. “This is way too close to home.”

“Relax,” Poppy told him and wrapped her arms around his neck, pushing him up against the wall. “I'm not wearing any knickers, and I want something from you.”

Jack chuckled nervously, and she kissed him on the lips, rubbing her body up and down his as she gave gentle mews and grunts. Jack returned the kiss, and they passionately snogged in the corner of the smelly toilets as her hands wandered.

Jack pushed her away, and she gulped as she looked at him. He could see lust in her eyes, and he felt a desire inside himself, but what they were doing was risky. Was it worth it? One look at the

beautiful Poppy pouting told him that it was and he gulped, pushing her against the other wall and kissing her.

He let his hands wander, and he fished underneath her summer dress to find her bare slit, freshly shaved and soaking wet. "Dirty girl," he told her, but Poppy just smirked as he swirled his finger around her crevice and pushed against her little button.

Poppy mewed and gasped, taking deeper breaths and writhed her body. She fished around for his cock, but he pushed her back and held her skirt up. "Hold that," he told her and she grinned at him. He felt in control, and he knew that he was seconds away from someone coming into the toilet.

He had heard footsteps a couple of times, but they had not entered and Poppy was sighing and crying out loudly.

Jack loved the slippery texture of Poppy's fluids that slid about her crack underneath his fingers. There was the unmistakable smell of female arousal in the air, and Poppy was blowing him kisses and calling out his name.

He slipped a finger inside of her, and wriggled it forcefully and Poppy cried out, even louder than before. "Fuck," she muttered and Jack was oblivious to anything other than her climax.

"Hey ... what is this?" A voice behind them asked, and Poppy opened her eyes to see a trucker looking at them.

"He's ... touching ... me!" The girl replied and Jack stopped, turning around in horror. "Oi," she cried and looked at Jack. "Don't stop. And you, stay and watch if you want, I don't care."

The middle-aged man yawned and squirmed as Poppy ordered Jack to continue. He gulped, and she groaned again, pulling her summer dress up over her head to flash her breasts to the dumbstruck trucker.

He watched as Poppy writhed and mewled appreciatively before putting her head on Jack's shoulder and screwing up her face. She cried out loudly before collapsing against her partner as her legs gave way.

Jack watched transfixed as Poppy climaxed into his body, her screaming masked by his muscle pressed against her mouth. Her loins tensed and squeezed against Jack's fingers, and she gasped. "Ahh fuck!" The trucker gulped, and she looked at him with his hands down his trousers. She glanced over at the condom machine. "You got two quid?"

"Yeah," he said, fishing around his pockets.

She looked back to Jack. "Wanna fuck?"

"What here?"

"Of course." The young farmer gulped and spluttered, and the trucker passed two condoms from the machine to Jack, who nervously passed the small packet to Poppy. Poppy reached into Jack's shorts and extracted his rock-hard cock, taking a condom and sliding it over the head. "You like the show?" The trucker nodded, and Poppy giggled as she slid the condom down to Jack's shaft. She put her hands on the sink, to expose her rear to Jack. "Get the right hole," she warned him but Jack was nervous and stabbed her loins as he moved forward.

"Sorry."

“You're too excited,” she warned him and reached behind herself to guide him into the right hole. Poppy sighed as it slid in and she put her head towards the taps.

She felt Jack build up some momentum and push slowly into her, before starting a forceful rhythm. She knew she was exposed, she knew she was being watched, and she knew the guy watching her was masturbating. Poppy felt hot as she squeezed her muscles against the intruding cock.

Jack squealed and groaned, using his hands on her hips to pivot began to thrust deeply and powerfully into the wild girl. She cried out and panted, calling out for Jack to “go faster.”

Jack could feel himself approaching the point of no return. He knew that the guy behind him would be focusing on his bare buttocks, ramming his cock into the defenseless girl and he groaned, before pumping his seed into the condom.

He rocked back and forth for a few moments and closed his eyes, before withdrawing and removing the used condom from his cock and throwing it in the small bin underneath the sink.

Poppy turned around to smile at Jack and to see five men watching her, all playing with themselves (although two still had their trousers up to their waist.) “Hiya boys,” Poppy said with a girly laugh and gave them a smile. “Enjoy yourselves?”

A burly man, not much taller than the reasonable short Poppy stepped forward, holding out the other condom from the packet that Poppy had discarded on a neighbouring sink. “My turn.”

“No, love,” Poppy cried but he stepped forward and grabbed her by the arm.

“Little slut like you must only come here to get fucked. Well, I'm gonna fuck you. That's what you want, right? That's why you're in the men's bogs?”

“No,” Poppy cried and edged past him but he squeezed her arm and pulled her back.

“I wanna go.”

“Leave her alone,” Jack thundered and was sworn at. “I said let her go,” Jack ordered.

“Fuckin' leave her, you've had your turn. Now let a real man fuck the little cunt.”

“Let her go,” Jack shouted and when the man refused, Jack took a deep breath. He could feel the anger welling up inside of him and as with as much force as he could manage, turned and thumped the odious man in the mouth.

He dropped his grip on Poppy but turned to face Jack. “You're going to pay for that,” he shouted and two of the men, previously enjoying the show, squared up to Jack with him.

Jack put himself between them and Poppy and the girl frantically got her dress on, as two of them approached the nervous man with blows. Jack blocked the first punch, and managed to almost dodge the second, the fist glancing off his cheek, and thumped the youngest man with a hit to the chin. He had grown up fighting with his elder brothers, and was used to being outnumbered in a fist-fight. “Jack,” Poppy screeched and Jack backed away quickly before running out of the toilets with Poppy.

They were chased, but both the teenagers were in the car park before the men could reach them, and Poppy was speeding towards the next motorway junction within seconds of reaching their car.

“Thanks,” she muttered. “You didn't have to.”



"I did," Jack murmured and felt his cheek. "Can we go home now?"

"Yeah, and I'll pull over to let you get changed before we get to your house." Jack thanked her and looked out of the window.

"Can this silliness stop now?"

"What silliness? The silliness where we take our clothes off and have a good time or the ..."

"The bit where you nearly get us arrested and then you get raped. Not to mention the bit about me getting beat up."

Poppy groaned. "You just have to focus on the negatives!" Jack's scowl disappeared. "I'm going to a dogging site in a couple of days time," she told him. "So people can watch me, and you know ..."

"Oh no!" Jack cried. "Absolutely not!"

"Well, I'll go on my own then. A defenseless woman, or her own. Not to worry."

Jack groaned loudly. "Why do you do this to me?"

"Do what?" Her eyes looked at him coldly. "We aren't going out, and I don't want to. I am not your concern," she told him. "So it doesn't matter if I go and get raped or murdered or ..."

Jack rubbed her on the knee. "I'm not going to let you go on your own," he told her. "I like you too much."

"I'll make it worth your while," she promised with a glint in her eye.

\* \* \* \* \*

"So this is a guilty lunch," Dannielle teased. "Apologise for spying on me."

"I didn't mean to," Jack reiterated at his ex-girlfriend, who cackled mercilessly.

"I know," she cooed and smiled at him. "But I want to know what your new girlfriend will say when she sees us having lunch."

"Well she works in the pub over there," Jack told the beautiful girl and raised his sandwich to his mouth. "So there are only three explanations. One, I don't love her and want her to see me with other ladies." Dannielle's eyes widened, and he rubbed his hands with mischievous glee. "Two, that we are into partner swapping, and this is why I am having lunch with you."

"Or three, she's not working there today."

"Or four, she isn't actually my girlfriend." The comment hung in the air for a few moments as Dannielle sighed.

"Well I know she is, 'cause she told your parents. Unless you split up with her yesterday."

"I did not split up with her yesterday, I promise."

"So she is your girlfriend, then."

Jack hummed and watched Dannielle's eyes narrow. "No," he sighed. "She's never been my girlfriend. She's been my ..." He hesitated, and Dannielle watched his expression.

“It's complicated.”

“Yeah,” Jack muttered. “Very.”

“So ... do you like her?”

Jack smiled as he briefly reminisced. “Yeah, I like her. I like her a lot. She makes me smile, but I'm not going to go out with her.” He gulped and took a bite of his lunch. “And I think she thinks the same. Well I know she does.”

“Ahh ... the open relationship?” Dannielle asked and bit her lip. “You're being very secretive,” she flirted and took a breadstick from the side and fellated it seductively. “You can tell me.” Jack hesitated again. “Come on, you know all my secrets, and that's what having friends is for.”

Jack sighed. “OK. But don't tell anyone, you promise.”

“Yeah.”

“No I mean it. Don't tell anyone. Because I'm getting a bit scared.” She put her lunch back on her plate and stared at the nervous man in front of her. “Poppy is an exhibitionist. She gets off on exposing herself, by the side of motorways, train lines, in town centres, in supermarkets and stuff.”

“Shit!”

Jack shrugged. “And I've sort of been roped in for the ride.”

“You've been exposing yourself at the sides of motorways?” Dannielle screeched, and Jack patted the air with his hands hissing at the farm girl to “ssshhh!”

“Yes,” he muttered quietly. “Well actually she gave me a blow job by the side of the motorway while I was talking to a copper.” Dannielle screwed up her face as she tried to comprehend what Jack was telling her and then he explained about the bush.

“You better be winding me up,” Dannielle told him, but Jack shook his head and looked straight at her.

“No,” he muttered. “I promise. Poppy told my parents that we were an item to make my life easier, but we aren't. She just drags me places to get naked with her. But my parents aren't shouting at me any more for not having a girlfriend 'cause I have one. It feels weird, but I need to continue to go out with her or my parents will say we split up due to my ... problems.”

“Screw that! You need to get out,” Dannielle said firmly. “You will get yourself arrested.”

“Yeah, I know. But it's fun. It was scary at first but so much fun now. And you said I needed to be more adventurous.”

“I did, didn't I? Well I didn't mean that.” Jack shrugged, and Dannielle's eyes sparkled. “Getting naked a lot are we?”

“A bit,” he admitted.

“Then if it's such a normality, you can do me a favour. Show me that the old, scaredy-cat Jack is a thing of a past. My friend turned eighteen on Friday and next week she is throwing a party at my house. Although we don't have a stripper.” She watched Jack's face as she asked with a grin.

“Ahh well,” Jack muttered and verbally backtracked.

“Ahh see,” Dannielle crowed. “Will do it with Poppy but not on your own. You aren’t an exhibitionist any more than me. You are doing it to keep her sweet, and that’s very selfless, but it’s no route to happiness.”

“No. Ok, I'll do it for you. What time? What place?”

“You don't have to,” Dannielle muttered. “I was only joking. You ...”

“No, I'll do it, if you are there. And only if you are there.”

She laughed and then spluttered. “Fuck, you're serious.”

“Yeah.”

“It's for Marie, and it's next Tuesday at ... say 8pm. At my house.”

“Marie?”

“Yeah, well, her split with her boyfriend didn't go all that well.”

“No?”

“No, he did it before she did. She was most upset and angry.”

Jack sighed. “But that’s ...” His voice petered out as Dannielle glared at him. “I will never understand women.”

## Chapter IV

"I hope you are going to smile," Poppy teased as they pulled onto the road going out of Northwich. "I need you to be horny not grumpy."

"Do you have any idea where we are going?"

"Yeah," Poppy said confidently and then shrugged. "OK, I read about it. But it sounds awesome."

"It sounds criminal," Jack added, and Poppy scowled as she looked across at him in the passenger seat before turning down a very narrow country lane. "Where are we going? This is off the unbeaten track."

"It's a road," Poppy snapped and accelerated down the hedge-lined lane.

"It's in the middle of nowhere."

"Yeah, let's put a dogging area in the middle of the town centre," Poppy mocked. "You tit!" She laughed as Jack stared into the distance. They approached a bridge before Poppy stopped in the layby that contained a dozen other cars.

"We're here."

"But this is ... just in ..."

"What did you expect?" Poppy asked. "Gold plated beds in the middle of a bedouin tent?"

"Street lights," Jack suggested. "I mean it's nearly dark." Poppy shook her head and looked at him. "Well get naked then. Or at least get your trousers off."

Jack stared at her. "I'm not sure about this."

"Well I am," she said firmly and then apologised. "I've wanted to do this with someone for ages. And please, I know you enjoy the sex as well and I think this will be great and so much fun."

Poppy looked up when a car in front of them flashed it's headlights and the exhibitionist gave a sigh. She looked across, smiled and flashed her lights. "What's that for?"

"It means I want them to come and join us." She pushed skirt down to her ankles and ensured she caught her underwear with her thumbs and then pushed it down to her join her skirt, before throwing her T-shirt into the back of the car. "I want them to see everything."

She gasped as she pushed her seat back, and Jack saw some shadowy figures emerge from the trees. Poppy put the cabin light on and slowly pushed her head back. She began to circle her clit with her finger and mewed. She started holding onto her breath and then gasping when she exhaled.

Jack leant over and slowly kissed her. She spluttered before returning the kiss and then allowing her companion to slide his finger into her hole and press firmly on the sides. She whimpered as Jack rotated his finger in her dripping orifice and she squeezed onto the door handle. Jack could make out half-a-dozen masturbating men around the car.

Adrenaline coursed through his veins, and he felt the thrill and naughtiness of their outlawed actions. He pushed harder on the loins of Poppy causing her to open her mouth and cry out. "Oh fuck, yes!"

Jack rubbed her clit with his thumb as her pushed a second finger alongside his first. Poppy held her breath, shook and cried out several expletives as her body tensed and convulsed.

Jack saw a white streak emerge on his window; Poppy wasn't the only person climaxing and Poppy looked at him with wide eyes. "I gotta," she squealed and leant over to take his cock in her mouth.

Jack took a few deep breaths as the lustful girl's warm mouth embraced his sensitive cock and slid down it. Jack put his head back and closed his eyes, enjoying and savouring Poppy's expert oral caressing of his manhood.

She glanced up at him as her hand slid around the base and she sucked the top half of his member. Her tongue ran around the glans, and he sighed loudly. She twisted her hand around the base, and he gripped the back of her head.

He pushed down on her shoulders, tensed his legs and clenched his buttocks before grunting and filling the girl's mouth. He took a few long, deep breaths before she disengaged. "Told you, I'd make it worth your while," she teased and then looked around her car. "Time to do that to my fans," she said and opened the window.

The first cock she was presented with, was only just at the height of the window, so the naked girl had to lean through, but Jack watched as she gleefully and energetically took the stranger's cock in her mouth and knelt up on the seat.

This gave Jack access to her slit and the young farmer pressed against her clit and then scissored his fingers into her dripping hole.

Poppy orgasmed as she gave out blowjobs to three men, each of whom came in seconds as they had spent most of the previous fifteen minutes playing with themselves during her "show."

Poppy wound up the window as the last man left her car and looked at Jack with a glint in her eye. "I want a bit more fun," she begged and pulled out a bag from the boot, before taking out some leather trousers.

The black, skin-tight garment hugged her body wonderfully, and Jack shook his head. "Why?"

"Leather is awesome," he was told. "And my ... bits ... are getting sore. You weren't gentle." Jack apologised, but Poppy dismissed him. "S'Fine. I like it rough. But I want more fun."

Jack watched as she got out of the car and walked a dozen metres where a handful of people were standing around a couple of cars.

Poppy sidled up to an elderly gentleman watching a young couple screw in the back seat of their people carrier and Poppy smiled as she took his hands from his cock and slowly masturbated him to a stuttering orgasm.

Jack watched in wonder; he was cold in the cool night air with just his T-shirt and boxer shorts on, but it was enchanting and very lustfully dirty.

Poppy sighed as the man shot his load and she caught the eye of a middle-aged tracksuit-clad skinhead. She blew him a kiss and ran her hands down his half-naked body.

Jack saw him openly touch her crotch through the leather trousers, and she writhed under the pleasure, before sinking to her knees in the muddy grass verge to fellate the lecherous man.

Jack watched as three men were wanked onto her shiny trousers and another four were fellated to

completion, but despite many requests, Poppy was not prepared to have full intercourse. "Next time," she promised and wiggled her hips as she walked back to her car. Jack had been spellbound throughout and had taken Poppy up on the offer of another blowjob just as a number of the visitors left the site; it was getting late

"Don't you want to get changed?" Jack asked as she just wiped her trousers with damp tissues. Poppy shot him a look and picked her T-shirt from the back seat, as she started the car.

"No," she muttered. "I'll be fine."

"OK," Jack cried and Poppy turned the car around in the small space. He yawned.

"We are so coming back."

"Are you sure?" Jack asked. "A couple of the guys looked a bit scary to me. And they were very pushy."

"Sure," Poppy said as she accelerated towards the main road. "But that happens everywhere. Even at service stations."

Jack gulped, and Poppy put her hand on his. She said she thought it was sweet that he was thinking about her but that she was fine and very much enjoyed herself, despite one of the cocks being "disgusting." She dropped Jack off at his house, and he waved at her as she drove off towards the village.

"You're late," his mother moaned as Jack came into the lounge. He glanced up at the clock and apologised.

"Sorry. With Poppy." His mother looked over the yawning boy, and she rubbed her hands. "Lovely time."

"Is she the one?" Jack hesitated and stuttered. "That Poppy is good for you," she told him. "You see happier ... more radiant, even."

"I think she might be," he just replied, before wishing that he hadn't. It was one thing to tell his parents he was going out with Poppy; it was quite something else to tell his parents that she might be "the one." This would lead to a lot of very leading questions. "Anyway, good night," he said before his big mouth could cause him any more problems.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack met Danielle who embraced him. "Thanks," she muttered, and her eyes met his. "I know she wants a stripper and ... what are you wearing?"

"Just jeans and T-shirt," he told her in the half-light. "What you told me to. And I had a shower as you told me to."

She sighed. "I said smart-casual."

"Well it's the casual side of smart-casual but you know what my wardrobe's like and ..."

"So glad I got you a fireman's outfit," Danielle told him and he spluttered.

"A what?" Danielle shook her head and led her friend to her terraced house. She tentatively opened her front door and could hear jeers and shouts coming from the front room.

“Sssshhhh!” Dannielle hissed and pointed up the stairs.

“Danni,” a voice inside the room called and Jack's escort disappeared for a few moments before returning to the nervous stripper.

“I'm not sure 'bout this,” Jack muttered, but Dannielle gave him a smile and kissed him on the cheek.

“Don't, if you don't want to,” she told him. “But I would be very grateful. Very grateful. You know I will be.”

“Yeah,” Jack said and took a few deep breaths. “OK, I'll be fine.”

“Right, the outfit is here,” she said gleefully and held up a bag. “Not to mention the baby oil and the ... oh what's that look for. Strippers do more than just get their clothes off. They provide full entertainment.”

Jack groaned but took out the bright yellow and black jacket and trousers. He noted that the garments had poppers along the side so they could be “whipped off” easily and his eyes widened when he saw the vulgar T-shirt to wear underneath the jacket, a posing pouch and then a skimpy pair of briefs. “Do I get any privacy?” Jack asked. “Or are you just going to be in the same place as me getting changed 'cause us Fox's look down on that sort of thing!”

She giggled at him. “Now you know what it feels like.” She crossed her arms and sighed when he stood motionless and turned her back. “Honestly, men!” Jack took off his clothes watching Dannielle's body for any movement before putting the posing pouch, briefs, T-Shirt and fireman's outfit on his nervous body. “I'm going to see it in a minute anyway.”

Jack just grunted as he pushed his hands down the garment. “Will I do?”

“You'll do,” she muttered as she turned around and looked him up and down. “Now there'll be whipped cream as well and ...”

“What are you wanting me to do with that?”

Dannielle shrugged. “I don't know. Just that male strippers always have whipped cream.” Jack's eyebrows rose. “Do what you want with it, I don't care, just be imaginative.”

“Imaginative,” Jack muttered. “Yeah, I can do imaginative. Easy.” He looked at his friend, his heart beating furiously and blew through pursed lips. “Yeah, shall we do this before I get cold feet.”

Dannielle laughed. “I've had the heating on,” she told him. “So you don't get cold anything!”

Jack and Dannielle crept down the stairs, and Dannielle leant in to whisper to Jack. “Stay here. I'm gonna put some music on in a minute. Come in to that. I'll be holding the whipped cream and baby oil when you want it.” He shook his head, and Dannielle blew him a kiss. “And don't forget your shiny helmet,” she said, passing him the headwear with a giggle as she quietly slipped into the room.

Jack listened; he heard some shouting and laughing, but there was no music. He could feel butterflies in his stomach and took a few deep breaths; this feel so much more personal than what he did with Poppy.

There was a knock on the door that made him jump and he heard the famous introduction to the infamous “The Stripper” instrumental number. His hands shook as he put the helmet on, and

entered the room to a wall of cheering and drunken cries.

He looked around the room; he recognised half of the young ladies scattered on two settees and the floor from his time with Dannielle, and saw a small pile of bottles in the corner; the girls were drunk.

“It's ... Jack,” a voice called, and Jack turned to see Sammy – another girl from the stables – but before he could think about any implications of his impromptu striptease getting back to his parents, Dannielle caught his eye and nodded towards the birthday girl.

Jack had to double-take: to call Marie “fat” would be unfair, unkind and untrue, but she had certainly put on a little bit of weight since he had last seen her. Her face was slightly more rotund, and her black dress was tighter across her body, but she ululated in excitement as Jack looked at her and licked his lips.

Her friends giggled as Jack danced in the room, swinging his hips in an uncoordinated fashion. “Get 'em off, get 'em off,” a heckler screeched but Jack looked at Marie and took off his helmet, passing it to the girl before blowing her a kiss.

Jack was starting to enjoy being the centre of attention and made pelvic thrusts towards Marie as he tugged at his jacket. Marie cooed as he ripped the jacket and the garment came unattached at the poppers.

The girls cried in unison, and he skipped around the room, blowing kisses towards a couple of the girls before ripping his trousers off to expose his briefs. The T-shirt came down below his waist, and Marie shouted at him to get it off.

The girls certainly appreciated his toned body and well-defined muscles and cooed lustfully as he danced in his tight briefs. Dannielle held out the baby oil, and he took it from her and poured some over his shoulder so that it ran down his torso and slid across the carpet to kneel at Marie's feet. “Rub it in,” he said with a glint in his eye.

She brunette girl laughed and acted coy but half-a-dozen hands caressed his body, and the drunken Marie soon joined in. Jack got up from the floor and did a twirl, shaking his rear in Marie's lap before grinding his crotch into her giggling face.

The laughing and cheering replaced the song that had finished, and he looked at her as he pulled down his briefs to expose the leather posing pouch. Marie laughed, and her friends told her to “touch it.”

“Ahhh,” Jack told her and picked up the whipped cream. He applied a small amount to the smooth posing pouch as the room erupted into stifled laughter.

He passed the cream to Marie's friend, and Marie was pushed forward to “clean” the black leather patch, pushing on Jack's erect cock underneath.

“Get 'em off,” a couple of voices told the young stripper. “Get 'em off.” Jack looked at Dannielle who just smiled back, but two hands left the sofa and tugged at the flimsy leather garment.

Jack gasped in shock, but the girls exploded into gleeful shrieks and sprayed whipped cream to cover his erect manhood. Jack didn't complain as Marie licked it off, or that he was covered again in baby oil and had to dance naked with the birthday girl.

He was starting to enjoy the attention from the horny young ladies as hands rubbed him up and down and girlish giggling turned into adult enjoyment. He held his hand out for Dannielle to dance



with him, and the room went quiet as they watch the farm girl get up from her chair and spin the naked man around the room. "Oooo, Dannielle," a voice called from the kitchen, and Jack turned to face it. "Why did you dump him?"

"Oh," Jack cried and put his hands over his crotch, blushing and spluttering to howls of laughter from the assembled ladies. "Hi Mrs Nulford. Didn't see you there."

The smirking woman giggled. "I can see that. If I was ten years younger ..." She teased, and Dannielle shook her head and escorted her ex-boyfriend back towards the stairs. Jack got a cheer as he left the room, and Dannielle chased him to her bedroom. She held out a small bundle of banknotes.

"For Uni," she told him but Jack hesitated, and she glared at him. "I mean it. Thank you. We were prepared to pay for a stripper, just didn't know one."

"I can't," Jack told her and looked into her eyes.

"We gotta pay you."

"I'll take a kiss," the naked man asked, and Dannielle bit her lip, before smiling as she looked down at the floor.

"That would make me a prostitute. Trading services of that kind for other services."

"You made me a stripper," Jack told her, and she blushed.

She leant forward and kissed him lightly on the lips. Jack put his hands on her waist and she tilted her head before puckering at him. "That's to say thank you ... as a friend," she told him and allowed her eyes to linger on his muscle-clad torso. "A very grateful friend."

"Sure," Jack muttered and picked up his clothes. "For you, anything!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Poppy passed the bread to Jack who thanked her and dipped it in the gravy that lined the plate. Poppy looked at her watch and then the face of her mother watching her. "We better head off soon," she muttered and gave a gentle titter. "Film starts soon."

"Oh ... what are you watching again?"

"Errr ..." Poppy stuttered and grunted.

"Erin Brock-o-vick," Jack blurted out, thinking of the only film he had heard anyone mention in the last few months.

Poppy smiled and nodded. "Yeah, and it's on soon, so we better go. Before it gets too d- ... late."

"Yeah," Jack replied and slipped out of his seat. "Thanks Mrs ... umm ... Miss Hamilton, that was lovely."

"Suzanne, I told you, please." The thin woman smiled and looked at Poppy. "If you are going to be going out with Poppy then I can't be Miss Hamilton, can I?"

"Err ... no," Jack conceded, and Poppy led him out to her car with a rucksack. Her mother waved them off, and Jack let out a dramatic sigh as they got to the end of the road.

“Sorry,” Poppy said and burst into laughter. “She's never asked so many questions when she's met any of my other boyfriends.” Poppy looked at him squirming. “It's OK, I don't want you to be my boyfriend, but she wants me to have one. I do not know why.”

“Yeah, I'm fine. It's just with all the ... umm ... questions.” Poppy giggled. “Your face was a picture!” She looked over at him as she turned onto the main road and headed towards Northwich. “Where are we going?”

“You know where we are going!” Poppy said ominously and gave him a grin. “I just gotta go back.” Jack groaned. “Come on, you know I'll make it worth your while!”

\* \* \* \* \*

Poppy pulled up at the layby and looked at her watch. There were a couple of other cars present, and the excited girl looked at her nervous partner. “Am wanting to see much more action,” she told him and took a few deep breaths. “Not just sex with you, but sex ...”

“Poppy,” Jack cried, and she rubbed her hands.

“I know. I know. But I've been thinking of nothing else. I need to do it. I have an itch.”

“You're crazy.”

“Oh come on, if there is a great-looking woman over there you telling me, you'd pass up the chance to dip your wick in her, sprawled across a bonnet or up against a bridge or ...” Her voice trailed off as she pulled off her T-shirt and slid her linen trousers to her ankles to reveal a bodice with stockings and suspenders. She looked at Jack's eyes flicking down her body and giggled. “Come on. There are enough people.”

Poppy opened her car door and waited for Jack to tentatively join her. He was nervous, she could tell, but he blended in with his ripped jeans and faded T-shirt.

She smiled at him, held out her hand and kissed him on the cheek. A couple of car lights flashed and she waved at them before leaning back on her bonnet. Jack shook his head, and Poppy flinched. “Cold,” she muttered and retrieved a blanket from the car to put over the cold metal.

Jack laughed, but Poppy fished around his trousers for his cock and gently pumped it to its full length. She panted a little as she did, and saw figures move towards her in the half-light. She closed her eyes and put her arms on the blanket and beckoned Jack towards her.

She passed a condom to Jack from the several in her stocking tops and watched as he tore the blue foil wrapper and nervously rolled the latex sheath down his cock. “Gently,” she cooed as she helped guide the stiff penis into her. She gave a satisfied sigh as the cock slid into her well-lubricated cunt and he began to make gentle thrustings.

“She nice?” A voice asked as Jack slid his knees up to the cold car grill.

“Yeah,” he muttered and saw a couple of skinheads take out their cocks next to him. He felt self-conscious, but there were more shadows approaching, and he heard the sounds of other people having sex further up the lane.

“Fuck me, she's a hottie,” another voice told him and Jack panted; he was approaching his climax and Poppy was squirming underneath his touch. He clenched his buttocks and held onto the feeling before grunting.

Jack panted and unloaded his cum into the condom as Poppy squealed. There were a handful of men around her, and she beckoned a masturbating man – no more than five years her senior – to cover his cock with a condom, that she passed to him. “Fuck me,” she begged.

The skinhead high-fived his mate, and with his tattooed hands, ripped open the packet and unfurled the latex sheath down his member before Poppy guided him into her. She groaned as he pushed all the way in and looked at Jack storing his used condom into a tissue.

Jack watched as the skinhead thrust his cock deep into the wild exhibitionist, and a few more people joined the layby.

He barely paid attention to more bright lights around them and just watched spellbound as Poppy writhed and grunted on the skinhead's cock.

He reached orgasm just after Poppy, and the wild girl squirmed and screamed. Jack was engrossed in the action and felt his exposed cock get hard again; he would love another turn with his hedonistic friend.

“Stop!” A voice shouted. “Stay where you are! Don't move. This is the Police.”

“Ahh fuck,” a voice cried, and Poppy slid off the bonnet and tried to get into the car, but was stopped by a uniformed police officer, while Jack backed away into the bushes trying to hide in the prickly shrub, before he was found. He watched as a handful of doggers sprinted down the lane, and several more were arrested, his heart beating furiously and his hands shaking.

“You!” A voice cried and a uniformed woman approached the bush. “Get out of there!”

“Please,” he cried. “I'm fully dressed.”

“I'm arresting you,” the young WPC told him and hauled him from the plant, and put his hand through some handcuffs. “You are arrested under the ...”

“Please,” Jack begged. “My parents will kill me.”

## Chapter V

Jack held his head in his hands as the door slammed in the Police van. “Fuckin' 'ell mate,” a voice in front of him cried. “This is against 'our 'uman rights.”

Jack had lost sight of Poppy and guessed she was in another vehicle, but the indignant man in front of him yelled constantly – despite being ignored by Police officers – for them to release him.

The Police station in Northwich seemed barely able to cope with the influx of the two-dozen doggers and Jack was led in to the small desk area in handcuffs.

The officers moaned, but Jack was near the back of the “queue” and there were a number of Policemen and women keeping an eye on the detainees. He looked around for Poppy, but there was no sight of her and instead bowed his head and thought.

He was in serious trouble; his parents would hit the roof and his brothers would not stop teasing him. Even Dannielle, would probably disown him and University would certainly think twice about letting someone with a criminal record, no – a criminal record for sex offences – enter their establishment.

His future was being held in the balance, and he took a few deep breaths and wiped his eyes.

The rest of the people from the dogging site were just as pensive and quiet; everyone knew that it could affect their careers, their families and their lives. There were a few complaints, but the room was quietly efficient as the four people were “booked in” and then the scared man was brought to the stout desk sergeant.

“Name,” he barked and Jack answered nervously and demurely, before being ordered to “speak up.” Jack shook as he answered his address, date of birth, was read his rights and then taken next door to make “his phone call.”

“I don't want to,” he muttered and the Sergeant smiled.

“Either you ring, or I will send a Police car to this address to tell them,” he said with a smirk and Jack's heart leapt again.

“But ...”

“Ring them,” a WPC added. “Make it easier if you tell them.”

Jack took the telephone handset from her, and had a horrible phone call to make.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack yawned; it was 2am and a flustered Police officer entered the room. “Jack. Jack Fox?” He asked, and Jack nodded. “Right, oh, I've just been speaking to your parents,” he told him and Jack sighed. “Nice people, now ...”

He sat down as he shuffled some papers, and Jack took a deep breath. “I'm really sorry,” he muttered. “I just ... we just ... it was a stupid thing to do.”

“Good,” the officer told him and looked at his notes. “Now I see this is a first offence and ... we know it's easy to get sucked into these things. But we've had half the coppers in this nick out there tonight. It's late, they'd rather be at home with their families. I'd rather be at home with mine, and

I'm sure you'd rather be at home with yours.” He stared straight at Jack who nodded.

“Well actually, it might be a bit embarrassing to be home with them right now.” The officer laughed. “It's the girl I was with. She is so demanding and ...”

The officer put up his hand. “Now, your arrest will stay on file. If you are arrested again for a similar offence in the next two years, we will look into this one again. But if you promise me that you aren't going to go back there or anywhere else to do that, you can go.”

“Go?”

“Yeah, go.”

“And no criminal record?”

The officer chuckled. “No,” he said with a smile. “No, no criminal record.” Jack nodded.

“Sure, yeah, well it was Poppy who loved doing it and ...”

“Keep it in the bedroom,” he was advised. “Trust me, it's safer and warmer. And with softer sheets!” Jack nodded and made him a promise to stay out trouble, before asking after his companion. He wasn't told anything about Poppy and was escorted to the front desk to be signed out. His parents appeared behind him, both scowling, and he gave a muted “Hi.”

“Jack,” a female voice screeched from the other side of the reception area. “Jack, sorry!”

“Poppy?” Jack asked as he spun around, but his father put his hand on his son's shoulder.

“You stay away from her,” he barked. “She's ...”

“Oi,” Poppy shouted, but her own mother intervened and told her daughter to stay away from Jack. “See you soon, Jack,” Poppy shouted as he left the Police station and walked to their jeep in silence.

“Sorry,” he said, nervously breaking the silence, as they reached the vehicle and his mother looked up and her son. “It was a stupid thing to do.”

“Yeah,” his father said gruffly. “First the magazines, then the peeping at girls and then flashing yourself to every Tom, Dick and Harry.” He grabbed his son by his collar and pushed him against the dark green car. “What's wrong with you, man? Aren't girls like Dannielle enough for you? It's that studying, it's just not natural for us Fox's. You need to be out on the farm.”

Jack panted and waited for the smack that never came. “Dannielle finished with me,” he said firmly. “Not the other way around.”

“Yeah, and now we know why. From now on, you stay away from the girls on the farm. I'm not having you being up to things and frightening them. You hear me?” Jack nodded, and his father opened the door. “Now get in and don't say a bloody word. Always said that Poppy was trouble.”

“Yeah,” Jack muttered as he got in the car.

“And to think you think she's the one. I'll skin you alive if you so much as talk to her again,” he threatened his son.

Jack had hours of lecturing ahead of him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack looked at Dannielle as they sat down on the picnic rug by the motorway, as far away from the stables and farmhouse as they could get. "You can talk about it," the girl, resplendent in new pink wellies, told him and pushed her hair back. Dannielle took out a tupperware box from her bag and put it down on the rug, and tried to read her ex-boyfriend's mind.

"Don't want to," he snapped. "And you already know it anyway."

"I don't." She cocked her head to one side and ran her hand over her chin. She sighed and groaned. "Did you love her?"

"No," Jack told her and then stared at the ground in thought. "But I loved being with her, does that count?"

"I guess so. A bit." She pursed her lips together. "The way you are behaving I would say that you did love her and don't want to admit it."

"I didn't. Well not like I loved you." A smile flickered gently over Dannielle's face, and she rubbed the back of his hand with her soft touch. "And you can ..."

"She was a bit crazy," Dannielle suggested and passed her friend the baby wipes to clean his hands before offering him a sandwich. "Very crazy, did you like exposing yourself?" Jack flinched, and Dannielle gave a giggle.

"I s'pose. I suppose there was a massive thrill with it, but I ..." His voice trailed off. "I s'pose I've not stopped to think about it. About why I did it. I just got caught up with Poppy's enthusiasm I guess."

Dannielle chuckled. "You not so enthusiastic then."

"Oh, I think I was. Just in my own way. You said I needed to be more adventurous and take risks, so I did. And now everyone's angry with me."

"Well you're too wild for me," Dannielle teased and took a bite of an apple.

"You wanted me to be wild," Jack cried and crossed his arms. "You wanted me to be ..."

"Not that wild," she replied. "I didn't ask you to go streaking in the town centre or getting arrested. I just meant ... well to stop being so ..."

She stopped and giggled. "You can be so ... safe."

"Safe?"

"Yeah, safe! You were too ... predictable."

"Did you predict me doing what I did?"

"No," Dannielle laughed and coyly looked away as Jack raised his eyebrows at her. "That doesn't make you not predictable. I knew you would do something to try and prove me wrong, and I was right." Jack shook his head. "What are your parents doing with you?"

"Oh, I'm being closely watched. They think that Poppy is just another symptom of my overactive hormones and that I need professional help."

"Or a girlfriend," Dannielle suggested.

"Well ... they still don't know that Poppy wasn't my girlfriend. Just my ..."

“...exposer-in-chief?”

“Yes,” Jack laughed. He waited for Danielle to break the silence, but she didn't and he sighed. “I guess things will be OK when I get to University.”

“That's months away, until then?” Jack shrugged, and Dannielle hummed. “I could be that girlfriend, you know.” She saw Jack look up and smile, and she licked her lips. “Not a real one, obviously, we agreed on that.”

“You agreed,” Jack told her and then apologised.

“We agreed. But I'm happy for your parents to think we are going out, and to take you away from the house a couple of times a week ... to do revision if nothing else. I mean if Poppy can do it for you, surely I can too.”

“Oh,” Jack muttered.

“I know you don't want to be pretend couple, but surely it's better for your parents for you to have someone?”

“Yeah, I guess.”

Dannielle giggled and her eyes narrowed. “And my Mum's on at me for finding a boyfriend. Says that I've gone all moody since we split. So I'd say this could work for both of us.”

Jack pushed his head to one side to stretch his neck and groaned. “Yeah, I think it could. But only if it's sealed with a kiss,” he said with a glint in his eye. “On the lips.”

“Pretend couple,” Dannielle told him as he laughed.

“Well it's got to be convincing. Kissing. Holding hands. Dates. We need the practice!”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Oh, it's you,” his mother snapped as Jack came into the kitchen. “You know that you are in the local paper.”

“I better not be,” Jack cried and looked over her shoulder.

“And this is just a disgrace,” she thundered. “Bringing shame on the family and all for some cheap floosie.” Jack ignored her as he read the article. “I dread to think what manner of filthy perversions you two have been getting up to,” she continued. “It's a ...”

“It doesn't mention me at all. It just talks about the site being raided,” Jack added.

“It doesn't have to mention you,” she said, shouting over him. “Everyone knows that you and that Poppy girl were there. I got asked about you in the village today from Dannielle's mother. Want to know what's going on with you and Dannielle with a very funny look on her face. What can I say to that?”

“Oh ... and Dannielle and me. Are back on.”

Her eyes narrowed. “This better not be a joke.”

“No,” Jack told her and rubbed his hands. “Poppy was just a wild time after Dannielle finished with me. She was a rebound thing, but I've always wanted Dannielle and we are going back out again. I

told her everything, and she listened.” He waited for his mother to react and gave her a smile. “Seems that she doesn't care too much 'bout Poppy.”

His mother glared at him. “Well she is a very forgiving young lady,” he was told. “I would not have been so easy to forgive or forget,” she told him and scooped up the newspaper. “If you were my young man, you'd be in a lot of trouble.”

Jack listened to the inevitable lecture before sitting down in the lounge with his book. He got little time to read any of his Physics as his brothers, father and then two of the farm girls interrupted him. He got up with a grunt just as Dannielle entered the room.

“There you are,” she simpered and smiled at him. “Fancy a walk?”

“A walk?” Jack asked, and she pursed her lips and nodded gently.

“Yeah, just a nice walk. Just the two of us. Like old times.”

“Sure,” Jack said instantly as his mother, desperately trying not to appear as if she was listening in, hovered by the door dusting an ornament. “I'll get my coat.” Jack heard his mother talking to Dannielle while he put his shoes and coat on, and returned to have her waiting for him by the back door. “Where are we going?”

Dannielle smiled. “We need to go via my house. Plenty of snogging on the drive,” she whispered. “Need Mum to see us together and then ...” Her eyes dropped to Jack's face and she hummed. “Well it's a bit embarrassing really.”

“Why?”

“I want to go to Moss Lane,” she told him and then sighed when his eyes widened. “You made it sound so thrilling, I just got to try it. Pur-lease. I'll make it worth your while.”

“The only way you could make it worth my while is to ...” His voice trailed off, and he looked at her. “I let my friend make it worth my while before, and it got me into trouble.”

“I know, I talked to her.” Dannielle gave him a pained look when he glared at her. “I'm sorry, I just had to.” Jack took a deep breath and Dannielle squeezed his hand. “Cause if you did this with me, it would be doing something new, and then maybe you wouldn't be so unadventurous and maybe we could think about ... you know ... being more than a pretend couple.” Jack looked into his friend's twinkling eyes, and she sighed. “OK, well do it for me making it worth your while, and we'll take it from there, right?”

“Yeah,” he muttered and shook his head. Jack was powerless to resist Dannielle. And she knew it.