



# FIONA

By John D

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Codes: MF, oral, MMF, exhib, hand, tease, FF

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## Preface

This story is part of the “My Horrible Life” world and I have thought long and hard about posting this. This was written pre-Eroticon and after coming back I was simply not happy with it. I have got it to a state where I think it is reasonable, but know it is far from my best work. I need to post this story before continuing with Andy, Sarah, Rhea, etc and so it needs to go up! So apologies. It's not a bad story; it's just not my best.

The setting for this story is Fiona's second year at Ashbourne Abbey in Derbyshire. Fiona will morph into the business partner for Andy and is very important in later books. This is her defining 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!

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## Recap: A Demanding Girl

*The story of Fiona Holmes and Greg Hollands getting together was told in the short story – A Demanding Girl – that is reprinted here.*

“Eat me,” she cried. “Them the rules.” The blonde girl chuckled and pushed her partner to the ground, removing his glasses from his startled face as he stumbled against the woodland clearing and placed them on the overhanging branch. He yelped as a twig broke against his back and Fiona swung her toned legs over the apprehensive teenager and positioned herself over his mouth. Greg thrashed his legs; it was all very well picking up a wild girl from the exclusive public school but even amongst his classmates, this girl had a reputation for being very demanding in “the sack,” which was something that Greg was now discovering.

It all started an hour earlier in the pub, with an innocent smile ...

The radiant girl with champagne hair, dressed in a tight top and tartan skirt looked back at him as he drowned his sorrows. His girlfriend of eight months had finished with him earlier in the day, and Greg needed to forget about her; he was on his third pint of strong ale in less than an hour, and well on the way to forgetting that she even existed. He glanced up at the girl sat on the bar, he didn't smile back at her. He knew her, everybody knew her, she was Fiona. She was easily found as she always used her Saturday freedom from her exclusive boarding school to peruse the local village and as she joined him on his table. Her smile broadened. “You've said nothing all afternoon,” she said and put her near-empty glass and erotic novel on the chipped table in front of him as she sat down. “You don't look a happy bunny,” she suggested and needlessly introduced herself. “Fiona.” He stumbled nervously over his words, but the young lady gently teased the reason for his unhappiness from him with her soft, gentle voice. Her reputation did her a disservice: she was unexpectedly warm and friendly, and very far from being the aggressive slut everyone had warned him about.

Fiona was a regular in the Hare and Hounds: it was the only pub which the teachers from her wretched private school wouldn't attend – it was simply too rough for them. “There are several types of girl at that school,” she barked when he asked about the educational establishment she attended, and went through a list generalising her classmates. She had put herself firmly in the rational, down-to-earth category which included very few other people, but she was not totally wrong. Her father owned a small company inherited from her grandfather, who himself was the bastard son of a “Lord.” Fiona wasn't attracted to money, she liked people and hedonism, and as such she didn't really fit in to the overambitious atmosphere that saturated their school.

At that point in the afternoon, she was also undemanding, happy to buy herself a drink and then challenged him to a game of pool; not caring that her short tartan skirt rode up as she leaned over the table in the smoky pub to reveal her racy red knickers underneath. Greg smiled at the bright lace, winking seductively at him as she sprawled herself over the green baize to take her shots.

Greg gave the seventeen year-old a weak smile as she potted the last ball before he had even managed to pot a single one. “That means you owe me a drink, and ya gotta order it nekkid,” she crowed and he chortled at her. Fiona stared at him with her arms crossed and a gleeful smirk. “I mean it.” She picked up his wallet from the table and kissed the black leather. “You're not having this back until you do.”

The bespectacled teenager pleaded with the blonde-haired girl cackling unkindly. She hummed and watched him squirm, only promising to return his possession if he would strip for her in the woods outside the village. He spluttered and shook his head, but the girl was unmoved and waited until Greg reluctantly agreed to her demands: Fiona wasn't what he expected her to be. She was a very calm, measured girl not the rampant crazy her reputation said she was, but he was regretting that game of pool. He was warned never to mess with her; he was warned she always got her own way in the end, and to stay away from her, but now he had no choice but to play her games. He had fallen into her trap. She finished her drink, grabbed him by the wrist and pushed him out of the smoky pub and into the road.

Greg's heart raced as they climbed the road leading out of the village in the bright afternoon sun. Fiona smiled at him as she straightened her clothes, and slid his wallet seductively between her bosom. His hands trembled with anticipation as they reached the wood; this was her reward for beating him, she reminded him. Her reward for being the better player. He nodded but said nothing. Was stripping naked safe to do in public? Could he be arrested? Fiona walked into a small clearing and backed away, her eyes staring at his body. "Off you go," she smirkingly ordered. "Strip for me."

Greg rubbed his face with his nervous hands, beads of sweat from anxiety and afternoon heat gathering on his forehead. He gripped hold of his belt but Fiona barked at him. He was to do it properly, she warned him. Sexily, and as if he meant it. Anyone could just remove their clothes, he owed Fiona a show. She demanded it.

He nodded and stood nervously, kicking his dirty trainers against the tree, small twigs cracking underneath his sock-clad feet. Fiona's eyes traced his body as she leant against the tree trunk. Waiting. Watching. Staring at him to begin. His trembling hands reached underneath his T-Shirt and he pulled it over his head, exposing his hairless torso to her.

The cool breeze swept through the trees and brushed across his body; he shivered instinctively as it teased his bare skin. "Dance for me," Fiona barked and rubbed her nose, watching as her prey tentatively moved his hips. "Spin," she ordered. "Stroke your body, be sexy." Greg turned away from her, and undid his belt, pushing his faded jeans to the dusty forest floor.

Fiona cackled as he stepped out of the denim garment and turned to face her, shaking nervously. She nodded towards him to keep going. Greg blushed. Could he do this? He looked behind him, searching for anyone to help save him from the expectant woman in front of him. She pushed away from the tree, and started slowly walking towards him, advancing with every step. She was getting closer and he gulped. It was showtime. She looked at him with raised eyebrows. He needed to show her everything.

Nervously, he put his hands in the waistband of his cotton underpants; she was staring into his eyes. "Do it," she ordered. Fiona licked her lips and smiled as Greg pulled down his boxer shorts in the clearing. She felt the cotton land on the floor and she kissed him, first on the lips and then on his nipples.

He shivered at her touch, his body tensing as her cool hands touched him. Her fingers danced over his milky white body, tracing his skin down his torso. She steered around his pubic hair and he groaned at her teasing.

Fiona was sexy; she gave him a lustful look and pouted, sucking on his nipple that caused his body to tingle, from his neck to his balls. "Nice?" She asked with a giggle, and watched as his cock nestled between their bodies. Her eyes twinkled like a night-time sky, as she

nodded appreciatively at his excitement. Her experienced touch weaved through his mass of curls and ran along his erect cock; it stiffened instantly as she peered into his gaze. She was testing him; would he flinch as her fingers darted over his sensitive glans, massaging drops of pre-cum into his tip. Would he shy away from her touch? Did he want her?

He grabbed hold of her flanks, pulling her towards him. She smiled; he was ready, and with a fleeting kiss, she sank to her knees, looking up at him as she slipped his erect cock in her mouth and swirled her tongue around the head. He felt the soft velvety touch of her tongue, sliding up and down his shaft, her hands stroking and sliding over his thighs and his hands stroking her soft hair. He mewed into the afternoon silence.

Greg snorted nasally as Fiona sucked the tip of his sensitive manhood, savouring the pressure she was putting on his glistening cock. Fiona reached down under her skirt and slid her fingers into her moistening panties, applying gentle circles to her lubricious clit. She purred softly, but her underwear was too restrictive on her hands, so she slid her panties and skirt down to her ankles.

Greg, oblivious to what Fiona had just done, grunted as her tongue swirled around his cock and she closed her eyes, bobbing up and down on his cock. He cried out; an intense warmth was building in his loins.

Fiona looked up and pulled Greg towards her. He stumbled, but she tugged him onto the ground, and felt a thistle nestle in the small of her back, it didn't matter. The wild girl kicked her red knickers and skirt into the undergrowth, and guided Greg into her glistening sex. She groaned the moment his cock touched her walls and he gently thrust forward. She sighed loudly – it had been over a week since she had last had sex and how she longed for someone to pound her slick cunt.

Greg pushed his cock in rhythmically and Fiona bucked her hips in time with Greg's powerful thrusts. She mewed, staring into the woodland canopy above, and she began pushing down on his cock with every passionate thrust of her teenage lover.

Greg was grunting with every thrust, their passionate screwing was giving him unreal sensations in his loins. He could feel it, the climax getting nearer and nearer. He needed to hold on, he needed to pull out, but this girl had wrapped her legs around his waist to stop him.

He cried, desperate to hold onto his climax for as long as he could but Fiona detected his twitching cock and watched as his face froze, twisted by pleasure. She sighed, looking at him frustrated, as he gasped. He jettisoned several streams of his semen inside her and he giggled, panting from his lustful endeavours. He kissed her gently on the lips and thanked her for “the sex.” She scowled as he slipped his dripping cock out of her pussy, before making an inappropriate comment as he reached for his glasses from the tree.

Fiona pushed him back towards the ground as he got up, and he stumbled back on the dirty woodland carpet, before his teenage lover mounted his face. “Eat me,” she cried at his thrashing legs and Greg tried to close his mouth but his creamy deposit was already trickling down her labia onto his unwilling face. “Them the rules.”

Fiona felt nothing and pushed down on his skull. He yelled out, the screams muffled by her hairless cunt and she adjusted herself, pushing her anus into his nose. “Come on,” she cried and Greg made a tentative slide up her crack with his tongue. “You came.” He felt the warm goo drip into his mouth and onto his tongue and spluttered, trying to force out the slimy secretion, but couldn't. Fiona was locked onto his face and her weight was bearing

down on him. He groaned and tried to push her off him but Fiona leant forward and twisted his nipples. "My turn."

He screeched in pain as her sharp nails bit into the sensitive flesh and his hands dropped to his side; he began to lavish attention on her slippery hole, running his tongue along the length of her musky slit. Fiona bucked back and forth, gently swaying as his tongue probed her hole and swirled around her button. Her groaning and gentle mewling became louder and more vocal, drowning out the sounds of the birds in the trees.

Fiona sensed his reticence holding him back. Greg had clearly never tasted his semen before, but the saltiness of his jism, with the sweet musky scent of Fiona was a new, mind-blowing experience for him. However, he could not escape the burning realisation that he was eating semen and tried to put it out of his mind, but he thought it was a "gay" thing to do. If his mates found out about this, he would be teased and humiliated but he had little choice; Fiona demanded it. What Fiona wanted, she always got. He had been warned but had not heeded the warnings.

Fiona gently bounced up and down on Greg, his tongue now probing around her clit and flicking it mercilessly, hoping to get the wild girl to orgasm so he could get free of her vice-like grip. Fiona cried out and bit her lip, riding her partner's face.

She felt her breasts rub through her thin material, the soft orbs and bullet nipples shooting sparks of energy through her body to her loins as she massaged them. She could feel it, a pleasant glow warming to a wild electricity building in her dripping vulva.

She could feel the intense tension; it was about to erupt and cascade through her body. Her nasal grunts gave way to squealing between snatched breaths and her legs began to shake and spasm.

Fiona could not control herself. Her muscles tensed forcefully as her body shook. She yelled out loudly; her breathing ragged and her face contorted. It had been some time since her cunt had been eaten out with so much lust and she ground her clitoris against his busy tongue, swirling lustfully against her.

She bucked against his face, filling his nostrils with her sexual scent, and as he instinctively tried to move his abused mouth from her, she squeezed his head with her thighs.

He didn't want to stop, the helplessness of his situation was a powerfully erotic thought and Fiona had no intention of stopping him. She was insatiable, her mewling becoming louder with every exhalation as she savoured every movement Greg made.

Greg was making her body twitch with every flick of her button and she leant forward to take his slippery cock in her mouth, sucking off the last of the cum and swirling her tongue around his head.

He sighed, Fiona was wonderfully sucking his cock again and he closed his eyes, no longer staring into her anus and spread his legs to make it easier for him to push his hips towards her mouth.

Fiona grunted and bobbed her warm mouth up and down on Greg's shaft, taking his manhood deep and onto her tongue. He was nearing another climax, he felt a desperation at the base of his cock and dug his fingertips into her thighs.

Fiona breathed out sharply, panting furiously; the boy wanted to play rough and she liked rough. She squealed into the trees, her mouth no longer sucking on the tip of Greg's dick and she panted. He slapped her thighs, bringing Fiona to a spasming climax.

She squeezed his head with her legs, her pussy quivering uncontrollably and propelling the last of his semen into Greg's mouth while her fingers danced lightly over his cock. She grabbed the stiff dick firmly and gently jerked the skin upwards, rubbing his tip with her thumb. She groaned, and enjoyed the sparkling aftershocks as they rippled through her satisfied body. Greg squealed and grunted into her bare cunt, and she smiled as she pumped his cock furiously until a small jet of teenage semen landed on his bare chest.

"You OK?" Fiona asked, sliding her wet loins off the soaking boy's face and he scrambled to his feet. "You weren't bad."

"You made me eat my own spunk," Greg moaned and spat onto the ground.

Fiona put her hand on his waist and pulled him towards her, kissing him on the lips. Greg resisted but she spanked him on the rump and he complied with her show of affection. "Shut up," she said as they parted. "If you want to fuck me, then you have to make me come." Greg spluttered and she grinned, looking at her watch. "I got an hour 'til I have to be back, I need to show you how to get in to my school through the woods."

"What?" Greg asked confused and Fiona stood with her arms folded.

"It's a girls' boarding school, don't act so surprised. We need to get blokes in somehow, and there is a door in the wall on the far side. C'mon I'll show you, I want you in my bedroom tomorrow night," she replied and Greg stood there wide-eyed. "I'll give you your wallet back," she promised and slid it between her bosom. "I'll let you go fishing for it."

Did he really want anything more to do with this girl? His heart and brain said no. His little head said yes, and Greg's little man always won.

"Well come on!" Fiona cried as she picked up her clothes. "I've not got all day."

## Chapter I

*Three weeks later ...*

Fiona snapped. "What is wrong with you? You've barely touched me."

"I've got a gardening tool up my ... well it's not very comfortable!"

"Well you should have got your parents out for the day. Send them to the cinema or something. We could have been at your house instead!"

Greg snorted derisively. "It's so easy for you." His naked lover turned to face him, pushing the long blonde hair from her face and scowling angrily. There was little room in the gardeners' shed, situated in the grounds of her exclusive public school where she had a scholarship, but the frustration etched on her face was evident.

"What's that supposed to mean?" The slender soubrette cried.

Greg gestured with his hands towards her. "You want to be on top, but there's nowhere for me to be without having something up my arse. Why don't we just go somewhere else?"

"Cause there is nowhere else!" Fiona shouted. "And you've been away all week. I've been celibate since last Sunday. That's six fucking days. Or six no fucking days, more to the point!"

Greg sighed. "You could have, taken matters into your own hands," he teased with a smile as he disentangled his body from the gardening tools, and Fiona shrugged. "And I had to go away. It was a field trip."

"And now you need to make amends," Fiona demanded. "I did not choose to go out with you to be celibate. Now stop fucking around, and start, well, fucking."

"Can't we sneak into your room like last weekend? Surely Jenny's gone by now." Fiona sighed, and tried to look out of the shed window, but, unable to see much, opened the flimsy wooden door and stepped out into the cold, swirling wind to focus on the building in the distance. "Shut it, it's freezing!" Greg moaned.

"You girl," the naked Fiona taunted with a giggle. "The light in our room's off."

"Can we go there, then?" Greg pleaded. "Please. We can have a bed."

"A single bed."

"Yeah, and it's better than double rake," he snapped and scratched his hair. "Please ..."

"If I don't get laid today, you're in serious trouble," she shouted aggressively. "Serious trouble."

Greg reached for his clothes. "Has anyone ever told you that you are a nympho?"

"Yes," Fiona snapped as she reached for her underwear. "All my boyfriends, but who cares about them?" She cocked her head as she watched Greg get frantically reacquainted with his clothes. "Oh come on! Every guy wants to have a nympho as a girlfriend. And I was eighteen last week and I didn't even get an orgasm!" Greg grumbled in response as Fiona

slid her long dress over her body. He laughed and she told him to “hurry up!”

“I’m comin’!”

“Bloody wish I was,” Fiona mumbled and Greg sighed in mild annoyance; Fiona was the perfect girlfriend in many ways – she was low maintenance, in a financial sense, and got on very well with his friends – but she was incredibly demanding in the bedroom department!

“Will you stop moaning?” Greg pleaded as they pushed open to the door to the shed. It creaked closed behind them and Fiona straightened her clothes as they walked across the manicured grass lawn to the perimeter wall.

Fiona had escorted her boyfriend into her room many times before, and they followed the walled boundary into the deserted vegetable garden, before Fiona pulled out her keys and opened the door of the fire escape. “Best two pounds fifty I have ever spent,” she said with a smile, as she softly closed the door behind them, and pointed up the stairs. “Cost to get a key cut. Bargain!”

Greg nervously tiptoed up the empty staircase in the imposing building. “Are you sure no-one’s about?” He whispered. Fiona shrugged and bounded up the stairs energetically, her footsteps echoing throughout the concrete spiral. She stopped at the top of the stairs, putting her ear to the door.

“It’s safe, I think,” Fiona murmured to Greg as he reached her, and she slowly opened the fire door to look along the small corridor; her room was the closest to the fire escape, and there was silence.

Fiona tiptoed to her room, and unlocked her bedroom door, before eagerly beckoning her partner to join her. Greg darted into the girl’s bedroom trying to be as inconspicuous as he could. The room consisted of two single beds under the window adjacent to each wall, with two wardrobes on the right of the room, and two desks on the left. He shut the door firmly and Fiona locked it behind him. “So we don’t get disturbed,” she promised with a smile. She pulled Greg towards her, and unbuckled his jeans.

“You don’t waste any time,” he joked and Fiona cocked her head.

“Yeah, well. You have a job to do and I don’t know when Jenny is coming back.” She pushed his trousers to his ankles and threw her dress onto the floor beside her bed. Greg hesitated and she gestured at the bespectacled teenager who folded his clothes neatly on the back of a chair.

Fiona pulled him towards her and giggled, pushing her hair behind her ears and her eyes tracing the body of her boyfriend. She licked her lips and rubbed her hands over his torso, her painted nails lightly scratching his skin as she stared into his eyes.

He whimpered expectantly and she smiled at his inflating cock, still damp from their aborted efforts in the groundsman’s shed. Her hands glided over his skin and swept across his tummy and his thighs. He closed his eyes and Fiona took a step to his left, brushing her hands against his cock. She nibbled at his earlobes and stepped back as she slowly walked around him, pushing against his sides with her hands and gripping his erect penis.

“Tell me,” she whispered. “I bet you’ve been thinking how you want my lips on this, haven’t

you?" Greg gulped and nodded as she blew gently on his neck and kissed it before murmuring again. "You've been playing with yourself all week, dreaming of me making you come, again and again, haven't you?" Greg simpered as her hands stroked his shaft and her bare bosom pressed against his skin. "You've been wanting this dirty little whore to come and make you come in her dirty, slutty, little mouth. Haven't you?" Greg sniffed and nodded, mesmerised by her intoxicating words. Fiona smiled to herself and groaned, pressing her body against the bare back of her boyfriend. "Ahh ... Greg," she gently cried. "You want it?"

"Yeah," he muttered breathlessly.

Her left hand rose up his body and gently rubbed Greg's nipple; he gasped in sensual anticipation. Fiona pulled at his body, jutting his waist forward, and her right hand circled her thumb over the tip of his glans, smearing the pre-cum over the sensitive head. Greg's legs trembled.

Fiona guided him towards the edge of the soft bed, and grinned at him. She strode over to the window, stopping just long enough to watch a handful of her peers run across the grass lawns. She smiled as she lowered herself to her knees and watched the desperate expression of her boyfriend, as her face moved forward and took the engorged cock in her teenage mouth for the fourth time in as many weeks. Greg groaned instantly as her lips slid firmly down the erect member and her tongue swished across the head.

Greg sighed; he gripped the side of the bed as the talented girl sucked and licked his cock with her tongue, and her hands explored his sensitive balls squeezing them gently. She felt his cock twitch; he simpered and squealed, panting and mewling into the dimly-lit bedroom.

Fiona ran her tongue around the tip of his cock, savouring his musky pre-cum, and his toes curled before gasping and crying out. Fiona pumped his cock with her hands, looking into his eyes as she withdrew her mouth from the glans. She watched him sigh, and squeal; she loved watching him writhe in pleasure and felt several spurts of cum land on her bosom. He pushed his lips together and screwed his face up, as Fiona smiled at him, giggling as bare breasts glistened with his deposit. She reached for a tissue and wiped it over her chest as her boyfriend took a few deep breaths.

Greg leant back on the bed, his hands behind him and supporting his weight as his glistening cock jutted impressively into the room. "Your turn?" He said with a smile.

"Of course my turn," Fiona snapped and raised her eyebrows. She threw herself backwards onto the bed and spun her legs over Greg, with her ankles missing her boyfriend's face by a couple of inches. Greg put his hands on the side of her thighs and pressed his face into her crotch but Fiona pushed on the top of his head and snarled at him. "Be gentle."

Greg snorted; he looked up and slowly nibbled her thighs. She simpered and pressed her body into the mattress, encouraging him to continue with barely audible mewling. She held her breath as her eyes watched him sucking at the inside of her milky thighs and she pushed her legs further apart.

Greg glided his hands over her firm, teenage body and squeezed her nipples with his fingers. She groaned and squealed as Greg roughly rubbed the firm points between his thumbs and forefingers, and the bespectacled lad pushed his tongue over the top of Fiona's slit and rolled it across her sensitive lips. Fiona sighed in expectation and she

gripped the side of the bed, as Greg's tongue poked at her moist crevice.

Fiona ran her hands over Greg's hair and licked her lips. She pushed her hips further into her boyfriend's face and groaned as his tongue found her clitoris and flicked it forcefully.

Loud whimpers and passionate grunts filled the room as Greg lapped at her moist cunt and flicked her clit forcefully before circling her button with firm motions. Fiona squealed and panted, her body shaking as her boyfriend took her to the brink of an orgasm.

She gripped hold of the bed, and roared as she threw her head back and exhaled loudly, screeching as Greg's tongue passionately devoured her moist clit. She shuddered and her legs shook as she panted.

Fiona looked down at her boyfriend gratefully and smiled. She pushed his face away from her crotch and beckoned for him to join her on the bed. "Is that a good enough birthday present?" Greg teased. He wiped his wet face on the back of his hand and Fiona kissed him on the cheek.

He pushed her hips back onto the bed, and ran his hand down her naked body to her wet slit, sliding up against her clitoris and pressing gently. She writhed and closed her eyes as his finger made slow motions around her sensitive button and she sighed. She tried to kiss him again but Greg resisted and watched as the teenager's eyes twinkled with passion and lust while his fingers pressed against her crotch. Her breathing became more laboured and she kept holding her breath for a few seconds, suspiring loudly with every exhalation.

Her hands reached towards Greg but he pushed them back and slid further down the bed, so his fingers could probe Fiona's hole. She gulped and watched as his middle finger was eagerly welcomed by the lustful girl and he pressed against the slippery flesh of her soaking crotch.

The unmistakable scent of female arousal filled the air and Fiona began to pant and squeal. Greg's thumb massaged her pearl and his fingers rolled around her cunt, and he watched joyfully as his girlfriend screwed up her face and cried out loudly; she was always easy to get to a second orgasm.

Fiona's body shook as waves of intense pleasure swept through her and the young lady reached out and pulled Greg on top of her. He had to adjust himself but Fiona reached down to align her boyfriend's erect cock with her entrance and they both sighed.

She pushed her legs up and wrapped them around her partner's waist, as Greg thrust his gleaming cock into her slick entrance. Fiona gasped and grunted, shouting encouragement into her lover's ear and staring into his eyes lustfully.

"You're a slut, aren't you?" Greg grunted and Fiona nodded. "Aren't you? A dirty, little fucking slut."

"Yes," Fiona cried and wrapped her arms around Greg, digging her nails into his back. Greg rammed his cock deeper into the teenage girl as he cried out in pain. His rhythm became faster and Fiona closed her eyes, savouring the sensations from her loins. She gulped and watched as Greg screwed up his face, withdrew his cock and squirted cum into her belly button with a satisfied groan. She gently ran her hands over his back. He gulped and reached down to kiss the young lady that he had covered in his semen twice.

Fiona passed him a tissue from her bedside table with a smile, and he cleaned up her

waist. "Always the man that makes a mess," she teased and Greg lay down beside her after tossing the tissues into the waste paper basket.

"You're much less hostile when you've been laid," Greg teased and wrapped his arm around the blonde girl. "Perhaps you should get yourself some vibrating knickers and then you'll always be in a good mood."

"Or perhaps I should get myself a boyfriend who doesn't abandon me," Fiona replied. "And then I'd never be in a bad mood." He giggled and they heard a noise from the corridor.

Both eyes turned towards the door as a scraping sound of a key entering a lock punctuated the silence. "Fuck!" Greg cried as he looked towards the handle on the door opening. He reached for the duvet but the person entering the room was too quick and he froze as the dark-brown haired, slim figure of Jennifer Lever came into the room.

She shrieked and looked towards Fiona, frantically covering Greg with the thick duvet in the single bed. "Fiona!" She cried. "You promised me."

"I thought you were out!" Fiona snapped, and crossed her arms across her bosom. "Close the door!"

Jenny threw her bag onto the floor and shook her head. "Get him out of my room," she demanded. "You got five minutes!" Fiona screwed up her face and waited for the slam of the door and then swore under her breath.

"Fuck! I told you we were better in the shed," she moaned as Greg frantically tried to get dressed. "But you knew better."

He sighed. "You were the one desperate to get laid. I suggested going to the pub."

Fiona snorted and ran her hands through her hair. "Don't start this again," she warned and crossed her arms. "If I hadn't have just had some fun, you'd be in serious shit!"

## Chapter II

"Has he gone now?" Jenny spat, as she burst into her room.

The half-naked Fiona opened her arms and gestured around her. "Can you see him?" Jenny's eyes narrowed for a moment, as Fiona opened the wardrobe door. "He's not in there, and he's not ..." She trailed off as Jenny stormed passed her.

"An hour, I was out for. An hour. And in that time you have to sneak another guy back into our room. You've got issues Fiona."

Fiona snorted and reached for her jeans. "Fuck off! I haven't got issues. Just because I've taken my genitals out of their plastic wrapping and use them once and awhile." She paused for a moment and cocked her head. "Perhaps if you got a boyfriend you might understand."

"I do not need a boyfriend," the scowling face of the dark-haired girl cried. She straightened her body and crossed her arms. "I've told you this. And it's not fair you keep bringing all your boys back. Four times I've caught you. And always with different boys."

"Men," Fiona corrected her. "All of them are eighteen. They are men. Well Lee did like dressing in girls' clothings but he was nineteen. And yes, Greg bitches like a little girl but I am working on that." She tried to force a smile out of Jenny but one was not forthcoming. "Jenny, I am sorry," she muttered eventually and sat opposite her room-mate. "I didn't think you'd be back to see us and his family spend all day at home. When we want to ... do things, we've got nowhere to go."

"Yeah well, perhaps if you asked me, I'd go out. But I really don't want to see it. He had ... stuff ... dripping from his ... thingy!" Fiona suppressed a laugh and she took a deep breath.

"OK," Fiona muttered and smiled at her friend. "I promise that if I want to bring someone back for sex I will arrange it with you first." Jenny's eyes flickered and she simpered. "I mean we could have a calendar on the wall and I could book nookie time and ..." Her voice petered out as the bedroom door opened loudly, and Jenny's best friend brashly entered the room. Fiona looked up at the tall shapely girl, and scowled. "Don't fucking knock or anything," she snapped.

Angelina focused on Jenny and coughed. "Heard the slut's been at it again," she said, casting a sideways glance at Fiona. "Me and the girls are going to get a drink if you want to get away from this ... harlot."

Fiona rose to her feet and advanced on her room-mate's friend. "What did you call me?"

Angelina laughed derisively. "So many things."

Jenny put her hand on Fiona's shoulder but the freshly-fucked girl pushed it off. "You should hear what I call you."

"Like I care what the underclass think," she barked. "Going to grow into a whore anyway and ..."

"I ain't no whore," Fiona shouted. "I don't charge." Angelina snorted and Fiona's eyes barely moved as her hand jutted out from her side and smacked her nemesis in the

stomach. "The underclass ... they're rebelling," Fiona snapped and pushed Angelina out of her bedroom as Jenny watched on in horror.

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"So that was it," Fiona cried as she watched her boyfriend pocket the black ball. "Little cunt said I'd be a whore."

"You'd never be a prossie," Greg said with a smile. "Whores aren't allowed to enjoy themselves."

"You never heard of job satisfaction?" Fiona asked as she grabbed the side of the pool table and slid the ball return out with a smile, before picking out the balls. "Course they can enjoy themselves." She shook her hair back and gently put the side of the pool table back in place. "Make this the last game," she told the two men standing above her. "I want another drink."

Fiona, Greg and Greg's friend, Hayden, had crept into the unused function room above the Hare and Hounds in the village for a free game of pool, but they could not keep going up and down the stairs to get drinks from the bar or else the landlord would realise that they had broken into the room and remove them from the premises.

"Sure," Hayden agreed and scratched his head, before talking about his ex. "My Sophia always said Angelina had problems with her going out with me. I'm sure that's why we split up."

"She's just a spiteful cow," Fiona snapped as she put the coloured balls into the triangle and then moved the balls to the correct location. "You're well rid of the vicious shit. Sophia's in the same circle as Angelina. I'm sure she's been going through my stuff. If I catch her, she's in deep shit. I'd love to pummel the face of that twisted pampered princess."

"Don't sit on the fence, love. Say what you think," her boyfriend teased and grinned as Fiona scowled. "So as I beat Hayden and you, I guess it's you two playing for the wooden spoon."

Fiona's scowl deepened and she picked up the pool cue. "Yeah, well I don't lose two games on the trot. And I normally annihilate you."

"Mind wandering," Greg taunted. "It's the sex. Well lack of it. You can't cope without it." Fiona threatened her playful partner with the wooden cue in her hand and he grinned. "Of course, you could make this Strip Pool."

Hayden glanced over at Greg downing his pint. "You what?"

"Strip Pool. Every time your opponent pots a ball you remove some clothes. Until one of you is naked. Fiona made me do it once, in this function room."

"Ahh yes!" Fiona cried as she remembered her victory. "But I want to know, why do you want to see Hayden naked? Is there something you aren't telling me?" Greg shrugged and his eyes turned to the pool table.

"If you don't think you can win," he muttered and licked his lips as a smile crept over his face. "That's OK."

“Yeah OK,” Fiona cried. “You're on. Sanctimonious bastard!” Fiona looked up at Hayden and waited for him to nod in agreement. She leant over the pool table and running the cue through her knuckles, struck the white ball with a thud that sent the spotted and striped pool balls scattering across the baize. She watched as a couple of the balls rolled towards the pockets but did not drop and cursed as Hayden lined up two easy pots.

Greg gleefully taunted his girlfriend and Fiona kicked off her shoes. “That doesn't count!”

“There are eight balls needed to be potted to win,” Fiona spat back. “Two shoes, two socks, two pieces of underwear, jeans and T-Shirt. Eight.”

“But ...

“Butt out! Not your game!” She surveyed the table and lined up the blue number two ball that hit the side of the pocket and rolled away from the pocket. Greg taunted her further, especially as Hayden followed up with another easy pot.

Fiona played gracefully; Hayden was lucky with a couple of his shots, and she recovered to make it a black-ball game as both Hayden and Fiona shivered in the cool function room in their underwear. Greg took Hayden's cue from him as Fiona leant over the table, and slid the long wooden implement up the inside of Fiona's thighs and pressed it against her sex.

“Fuck off!” Fiona yelled and held her cue out in front of her. “Do that again and I shall stick it somewhere dangling and sensitive. And attached to you.”

“Chill,” Greg teased and watched as Fiona leant over the table, and gently rolled the cue ball up the table so that it connected with the black ball, sending both balls into the pocket.

“Fuck!” Fiona cried and threw the pool cue onto the table. Greg laughed at the angry girl who swore again at the table. “I don't how I should take this?” Fiona asked. “My boyfriend wants me to get naked in front of his friend.”

Hayden fidgeted and Fiona glanced down at her plain white underwear before hooking her thumbs into the waistband and pushing it down to her ankles. Hayden cooed at her and stared at her shaved mons, with a smirk and Fiona cocked her head. “Used to seeing Gabbey's naked?”

“Not used to seeing it without any hair,” he said as he blushed. “I mean ... I ...”

Fiona swung her hips and walked up to him, pulling his hands from the side of the table. She pressed it against her bare mons and smiled at him. “Feel it. Nice, right? And you don't get that from any other girls at the Abbey.”

Hayden nervously looked at Greg who shrugged. “It's OK. I'm used to her. We've been going out for weeks.”

“Yeah. Now can we get another drink, 'cause I'm parched.”

“Well get dressed then,” Greg demanded and the bespectacled man crossed his hands and waited for his girlfriend to get re-attired.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Peace offering,” Fiona said as she came in, holding a bottle of Buck's Fizz.

“Shit Fiona,” Jenny cried. “Where the fuck did you get that?”

“The Off License. Where do you think?” She scowled and Jenny looked into Fiona's eyes. “What?”

“You've been to the pub, haven't you? You've got that look in your eyes!” Fiona bit her lip and sniffed.

“Yeah, so what?”

“You know they banned us from the pubs at the weekend. As well as bringing alcohol back. You'll get expelled.” Fiona shrugged and sat down on the bed, passing her the cocktail.

“They won't. There are drugs all over this place. You think they care about the odd glass of wine. Or pint of beer. They'll ban me from going out at the weekends, but I never go out of the main gate anyway.” Jenny snorted and Fiona pulled two tumblers from her desk. “I got a couple of spliffs too if you need one.”

Jenny's eyes widened. “You really will get expelled for that.” Fiona snorted and leant back on her bed.

“I'm really sorry that you saw me with Greg. I didn't expect us to need to come back.” Jenny looked up from the back of the bottle to see her room-mate shrug. “Of course, I could just set you up with one of Greg's friends.”

“I don't want a boyfriend.”

“Could set you up with a girl,” Fiona teased and giggled. “OK, it's your choice. But there is a great guy called Hayden and he is Sophia's ex.” Jenny pursed her lips and fidgeted. “Yes, I know. That posh cow screwing some guy who doesn't own most of Dorset. I couldn't believe it either. But Hayden's cool.”

“I don't want a boyfriend,” Jenny snapped. “I don't want to do ... that sort of thing.” She glanced down at her crucifix necklace and passed the bottle of Buck's Fizz to Fiona. “And I can't drink this.” Fiona watched as Jenny put the bottle of alcohol on the desk and turn to face Fiona. “And I think your Greg has been stealing.”

“You what?” Fiona snapped.

Jenny blinked and clenched her fists. “Stealing. I left a necklace on my bedside table and it isn't there when I got back.”

“Greg isn't like that!” Fiona cried. “He really isn't!”

“Well somebody has taken it. And the room was locked.”

“We didn't touch your side of the bedroom.”

“Well I want it back. And if I don't get it back soon, I'm reporting it as stolen.” Fiona snorted and jumped down from her bed.

“We ain't touched anything of yours,” she snapped, and grabbed her bottle of Buck's Fizz. “Fuck you,” she cried and stepped out into the corridor. “Be good to see the back of you,” she screamed as she slammed the door.

## Chapter III

"Holidays," Fiona replied gleefully as she finished her glass of wine. "We can stay at the school for the half-term but I'm going up on the train late tomorrow afternoon." Her eyes sparkled mischievously. "But I checked out today so they think I've gone 'ome." Her eyes lingered on her boyfriend in the centre of the group of his friends and she passed him the empty glass with a pleading look. "And I'll have another please!" Greg groaned, but picked up the tray on the coffee table and left the assembly of eighteen-year olds to get his friends, and his girlfriend, another drink.

Ewan, one of Greg's closest friends, had an empty house and had invited three of his mates for an evening of a few drinks, and console gaming. Before that night, Fiona had never met Ewan, a tall and skinny young man with brown hair that covered his ears and a loud, deep voice, but had enjoyed his company all evening as they had consumed six bottles of wine, and dozens of pints of beer, between seven of them.

Fiona, as she was staying with Greg for the night (unbeknownst to his family) had invited herself on the condition that there was additional female company, which consisted of Ewan's long-term girlfriend Chloë, and her best friend, Laura. Ewan had also invited the sporty Hayden and a shy, slightly podgy guy by the name of Sam who had hardly said a word all evening.

Even the overweight, but bubbly ginger-haired Laura had failed to find much conversation with him, and his withdrawn nature had descended into mutterings, especially when they played "I have never," which resulted in Fiona consuming a considerable amount of alcohol.

Fiona had got on well with Chloë, and the long-haired girl had been warm and welcoming all night. They both thanked Greg when he returned with seven drinks and he passed his girlfriend a large glass of wine. "We could load up FIFA," Ewan suggested as Greg sat down and the girls scowled at him. "Or we could ..."

"You turn that console on and we'll go home," Fiona spat and looked at her female allies for agreement. "And it will end all chance you had of getting a blowjob this evening," she said staring angrily at her partner.

"Well what do you want to do?" Ewan demanded. "We could watch a film but we've seen most of what we have. I got some good horror films."

"No," Fiona replied instantly. "I'm not having Greg needing to cuddle up to me 'cause he's scared," she said grinning. "Did you say you had a pool table, 'cause I got unfinished business with Hayden."

Hayden laughed. "Yeah OK. Same rules as before? I'll have you naked again. If Greg doesn't mind."

"Of course he won't mind," Fiona snapped. "And I don't need to ask his permission anyway to beat you at pool."

"The pool table is in my Dad's game room. In the basement," Ewan explained. "It's locked. He always does when he goes away." The tall teenager looked sheepish for a moment and shrugged. "I was fifteen and we drank all his booze so he keeps it locked now."

“And I was going to beat you as well,” Hayden muttered. “I’ll see you naked another time.”

“Been a long time has it? Seeing a naked girl and all that. What you need is a girlfriend as it’s making you desperate,” Fiona teased and took a sip of the pink wine in the glass. “You’ll be begging to see some thigh next!”

“I’ve got some cards,” Ewan promised. “If you two want to play strip something then I’m happy to watch.” He shot a sly glance at Chloë and Greg but Hayden nodded.

“Sure. You up for that Fi? Or are you too chicken?”

“Don’t call me Fi,” Fiona thundered. “Five card draw?” Hayden mumbled and she looked at Ewan, holding out her hand. “Cards please.” Ewan hesitated and Fiona looked at the apprehensive faces of the guests. “Is it just me and Hayden or what?”

“I’ll play,” Greg said with slightly raised eyebrows and he looked at Chloë and Ewan cuddling. “You gonna join in?”

Chloë laughed. “Sure,” she said instantly and shrugged.

“Your family are naturists!” Ewan cried as he passed a set of playing cards to Fiona. “Of course you don’t care.” Fiona blinked as Greg stared into his drink and thought for a moment, but any comment he was about to pass went unspoken as Ewan told Fiona to “deal the cards!”

“I don’t wanna be naked,” the busty Laura said and Sam nodded.

“Just watch then,” Fiona replied as she performed a ripple shuffle on the deck. “But I will beat Hayden. I will have him naked.”

“Yeah, right!” Hayden snorted and Fiona pushed the deck of cards to Hayden and invited him to “cut the deck.” After Hayden objected, the group agreed on a three-clothing rule: each participant had a top, a bottom, and some underwear, and socks, bras and knickers did not count as multiple items.

It was clear that the alcoholic intake had seriously damaged inhibitions as the game started; Greg laughed as he removed his shirt and Chloë’s trousers joined the pile with a drunken giggle. More alcohol was retrieved from the stash in the fridge as Hayden lost his trousers, and then his shirt with feeble sets of cards.

“I said I’d beat you,” Fiona taunted as she dealt the cards again.

“You ain’t won nothing yet.” The confident player shrugged and hummed as the three aces in her hand almost guaranteed success. “You’re right. Maybe I’d lose this round.”

She didn’t, and Ewan swore as he removed his trousers to reveal skinny legs and then Greg lost his trousers. Fiona spied the bulges in the underpants of the three men playing cards with her and teased Hayden who gleefully recounted the game of “Strip Pool” with Fiona’s “shaven haven” in an attempt to distract the driven girl.

There was little Fiona could do with her next hand and was unlucky not to beat Chloë, who managed a pair of threes with a King High instead of a Queen High, but Fiona smiled at Hayden as she removed her top and unclipped her bra.

“Err ... bra is underwear,” the nearly naked Greg slurred and watched as his girlfriend’s

clothing was flung across the room.

“Yeah but Hayden is single and he is a tit man,” she replied with a smirk. “And he is opposite me. When was the last time you got your rock-hard cock and slid it between a pair of wet tits?” She pushed her bosom together and looked at him in the eye as his gaze wandered to the blonde girl’s breasts.

“Cheating!” Greg objected.

“OK. I shall poll the umpires!” Fiona scrambled to the two friends sat on the sofa behind them and the drunk girl put her hands on Sam’s knee and gazed into his eyes. “May I remove my bra?” Sam whimpered and the timid teenager mumbled wide-eyed to himself. Fiona giggled and, after a few mutterings of discontent, reshackled her bosom.

Greg was the first player to lose all his clothes and his two inch flaccid cock bobbed free from the Y-Fronts that was preserving his modesty. Fiona didn’t tease as she was still waiting for Hayden. Ewan and Chloë lost clothing with barely a comment, Fiona was focused on her nemesis! Ewan had a skinny body, and the excitable man was the next player to strip naked after a pair of fours was beaten by everyone. Chloë giggled as he stripped and Fiona cooed as his genitals bobbed free; Ewan’s erect penis was jutting impressively into the room.

Fiona was the next player to strip to her underwear and Hayden gleefully taunted her; he had had very strong hands over the last few rounds and the blonde girl had been struggling slightly. The good-natured baiting had continued since the game started and Fiona turned to see both the shy, reserved guests eagerly watching the five exhibitionists as they battled to strip their friends.

Fiona got extremely lucky as her abysmal hand only beat Chloë, who had nothing more than a ten of clubs, and all eyes watched as the tall, slender girl, removed her bra. “Never been naked in front of so many guys?” Hayden teased.

Chloë shook her head. “I’ve been to nude parties and events and stuff,” the elegant lady replied disdainfully. “I just don’t normally need this amount of alcohol to get there.” She reached for her drink and sat back, eyeing the man shuffling the cards.

There was a tense silence in the room as Fiona cut the deck and Hayden dealt five cards to the fiery woman. Fiona’s eyes narrowed and she pursed her lips deliberately to avoid giving too much away; she could tell Hayden was watching her for any “tells.”

A pair of Kings was welcome, but the other three cards – a six, a four and a two – were poor and she hummed. If this was a betting game then she would certainly only swap two cards to try and make her opponent think her hand was stronger, but the variant of Strip Poker the group had settled on was a straight win/lose game. It made sense to swap three cards to maximise her chances of victory.

Hayden watched her as Fiona picked the three cards and put them face down on the carpet. “Three,” she called and took three cards from the top of the deck. Hayden smiled as he put two cards down.

“Just a pair,” he guessed with a grin. “I’m gonna see that bare cunt again, aren’t I?” Fiona sniffed and licked her lips as she adjusted the three cards in her grip – another king was excellent, but what did Hayden have?

He smiled and hummed as he put the two cards in his hand. "On three?"

"Yeah," Fiona muttered, her heart pounding; all the chatter in the room had ceased as the other five teenagers focused on the two remaining players. She stared into his slim chest and looked at his nervous eyes. She sighed and waited as Hayden counted loudly.

On the count of three, she put her cards onto the carpet in front of her, face up, and she glanced over to the five cards in front of Hayden. He had a pair of sevens and she reached across to the separate the cards. "Two pair?" Fiona asked with a smirk. "You've got two pair. I beat you. I ..."

"Fucking Kings," Hayden sniped as Fiona, dressed in just her underwear, gestured wildly towards the sport-obsessed Hayden.

"Get 'em off," she cried and smiled at the bulge in Hayden's boxer shorts; he had an erection and his appendage looked impressive when framed against its cotton housing. Hayden shrugged and pushed his boxer shorts to his ankles and then threw them across the room to the pile of clothes.

"And what about you?" Hayden asked.

"You need to win them off," Fiona spat and she glanced at Greg pouring more alcohol for her. "Spin the Bottle? Truth or Dare? Fuck Poker? I've played them all and I love 'em. What's it to be. What will you play?" She directed her question at Sam who picked up his drink and coughed.

"I'm not playing them."

"Why?" Fiona asked. "Why not? People will have seen you naked before. Girlfriends, changing rooms, streaking naked through the town centre after getting pissed on cheap wine."

"No, that was just you," Greg interrupted and Fiona smiled thoughtfully at the nostalgic memory.

"OK, well what will you play?" Fiona continued, persistently. She gestured towards the two shy teenagers and Sam shook his head.

"Nothing with any nudity," Sam panickedly told the nearly-naked girl.

"Why?" Fiona persevered tactlessly. "Surely all your girlfriends have seen you naked?"

"No," Sam said, blushing and he glanced at Hayden and Greg longingly.

"Perhaps we should just watch a film or something," Hayden muttered but Fiona shook her head.

"Just when it's getting interesting you want to be dull," she teased and poked her tongue out at Sam. "Come on," she begged. "Come join us for some fun. And you too Laura."

"Errr ... I think what Sam is trying to say is that he does not feel comfortable with you seeing him naked," Greg said slowly. "I don't think he wants girls to see him without anything on."

Fiona went to speak but Sam interrupted. "'Cause I've never had a girlfriend," he snapped.

"But ... are you gay?" The blonde girl drunkenly asked.

"No," he cried, and turned redder. "No, I'm not. I just haven't ..." His eyes dropped to the floor and he sighed. "I'm interested and want to but no girl's been interested in me."

Fiona gulped and Laura put her hand on his knee. "You'll meet the right girl one day." Sam sniffed and Greg passed a handful of empty bottles to Fiona.

"Help me carry this," he barked and Fiona scrambled to her feet to assist her naked boyfriend in emptying the lounge of rubbish. "Why did you have to push it?" He thundered, the moment they reached the kitchen. "Sam's not got much confidence and you have to push it!"

"I wasn't to know," Fiona snapped. "And ..."

"You were told to drop it. He's going to be all awkward now. He hates talking about relationships." Fiona gulped and Greg kissed her on the lips. "You drive me crazy sometimes."

Fiona's eyes narrowed. "I said I'm sorry, although ..."

Greg shook his head and walked back into the lounge, alone. "Sorry, she's a bit pissed and she gets a bit crazy when she's had a few."

"We're all a bit pissed," Sam muttered. "I'm fine. I was thinking of heading home soon anyway."

"Ohhh," Laura cried. "Don't go." She pushed her hair back and smiled sweetly at the nervous teenager but he stared at the floor resolutely.

"Erect cock measuring!" Fiona yelled as she returned from the kitchen holding a measuring tape. "I did this once before and ..."

"I don't think that's a good idea," Greg said quickly and Fiona drunkenly giggled. She looked at Ewan and he shook his head. "I thought size doesn't matter."

Fiona giggled again. "It sort of does and it sort of doesn't," she replied as she sat down with a bump. "I mean, I've been with some small guys and some big guys. And the best orgasms in my life I've had with some un-massive cocks but it's always a bit of fun." Her eyes scanned the room and she crossed her arms when Greg glared at her. "Last week, or the week before, you moaned 'cause you said there were loads of things you ain't done. I did this at Tom's seventeenth party last year and it's a bit of fun, and now you are looking at me with that tone of voice."

"Looking at me with that tone of voice?" Hayden muttered and Fiona nodded.

"Woman's logic, you are out of your league on this one," she quipped and crossed her arms. "OK we won't because my boyfriend's being wet!"

"OK, what do you want from us?" Hayden said with a grin. "I want to see you naked again. That's my price!"

"Chloë can do Ewan, I'll do you and Greg, and Laura can have the pleasure of Sam."

"Pardon," Sam cried and Fiona just giggled mischievously at the meek pair.

“Oh come on, live a little.” She licked her lips. “Be a man, Sam. Whip it out ...”

“Fiona,” Greg warned but the bouncy girl ignored him.

“Yeah come on. The rules are simple. The boys are in a circle facing outwards and the girls just have to get the cock hard and measure from the base across the top to the tip.” Fiona downed her glass of wine and rubbed her hands. “Then call out the size.”

“I don't think so,” Laura muttered and Fiona glared at the buxom girl.

“OK, I'll do Sam as well then. Not my first foursome ...” Her eyes narrowed as Sam blushed and Fiona gestured towards him. “One day you will meet a nice girl and after a first date or a hundred-and-first date, she will want sex and you will be naked in front of her. Now ask yourself do you want to be nervous in front of the girl of your dreams, shaking like a leaf, or do you want to be used to being naked in front of other girls? Like me.”

Sam grunted. “That ain't gonna happen!”

“It ain't gonna happen if you're a wet bastard.” She chortled and looked at Greg. “Tell him. I had you wandering around naked in your garden.”

“Yeah, naturism is good,” Chloë added. “Although erect cock measuring isn't really naturism.”

“OK. I just want to do something that people wouldn't approve of. We are eighteen and we are acting like we are twelve. We have a free house, but there is nothing going on.”

“We aren't all like you.”

“Yeah, more's the pity.” She shook her head and Greg crossed his arms.

“And what do the gentlemen get out of this?” His eyes followed Fiona's half-naked body and she cleared her throat.

“I did say erect cock measuring, didn't I?” She giggled and stretched the measuring tape looking longingly at Greg. “I will make it worth your while ... later.”

“Like that's not gonna happen,” Ewan teased and then coughed. “OK, I'm in.”

“So that's Hayden, Greg, Ewan ... come on Sam.” Fiona stared at him with a smile and licked her lips as he went several shades darker. “You've got a beast in there and I want to see it!” Sam spluttered as Laura tried to dissuade the driven tease.

Fiona rubbed her hand and unclipped her brassiere before sidling up to the embarrassed man and putting his hands on her waist. “Take 'em down,” Hayden shouted amid a few cheers and Fiona nodded to the apprehensive and podgy guy, sniffing. She smiled and watched as his hands trembled and her knickers were lowered, uncovering her bare genitals. Sam gulped and whimpered as she took his hands and ran them over her exposed skin, before reaching down and touching his erect manhood through his trousers.

“You'll do fine,” she said crudely with a giggle. “Come on big boy,” she teased. “Come play with the adults.” He gulped, but Fiona led him into the centre of the room and knelt down in front of Hayden and Greg.

She smiled at them, glanced at the figures of Ewan and Sam, before reaching out and stroking her boyfriend and friend with her two hands. Greg gulped and she felt his semi-erect member swell. "You like your girlfriend touching other guys?" She asked with a whisper. "Does it make you hot and horny?" He shook his head but Fiona cackled. "Liar! I'm going to fuck Hayden later; do you want to watch? Want to watch him putting his cock into me and pumping me like the slut I am!" She felt his cock twitch to its full extent and picked up the measuring tape from beside her knee, pressing it into his mound of pubic hair and looking as it reached the tip. "Just over five inches," she called out loudly into the room.

She passed the tape to Chloë to her right and turned to Hayden. "I bet you're much bigger," she said as she took his semi-erect cock in her hands – already bigger than her boyfriend's member, but not quite as thick, and began pumping it gently. She looked into his gaze and reached forward to kiss the tip of his cock.

"That's nice," he muttered and glanced at Greg watching spellbound as his unfaithful girlfriend pumped and stroked the genitals of another man. She glanced at her boyfriend, touching himself, and smiled inwardly before impaling her mouth on Hayden's penis. He panted and gulped as she withdrew and she licked her lips.

"I will fuck you later," she promised with a twinkle in her eye.

"Six inches," Chloë shouted to the room and passed the tape back to Fiona, who begrudgingly took it and pressed it against Hayden's pubic hair and traced the tape to the glistening head of his cock.

"Six and a half inches," Fiona shouted and threw the tape between her two men and onto Sam's feet. "I think Hayden here is a winner," she called. "Unless Sam and Laura can beat it."

"But Ewan's just the right size for me," Chloë added.

"Eight inches, I think," Laura cried from next to Greg and Fiona laughed.

"Have you not confused centimetres and inches?"

"No," Laura snorted in annoyance, and the busty ginger haired girl crossed her arms. "Look!" Both Chloë and Fiona stepped around their men to look at the erect member of the very embarrassed Sam, poking out from underneath his T-Shirt.

He whimpered. "Fucking 'ell," Fiona cried and snatched the tape measure from Laura and pressed it against Sam's body. He sighed as she took his cock in her hands and pressed the measuring tape to the top of his firm dick, smiling into his face as she did. "Wow! That's not eight inches, it's nine," she cried as she pushed the tape into the pubic hair of the slightly podgy man.

"Is that big?" Sam asked and Fiona laughed out loud. She wrapped her two hands around his cock and giggled.

"It's a two-hand job." She pushed away from him and looked into his cock with a smirk. "Massive," she said, still staring at the large appendage. "Really big." She rubbed her hands and gestured towards the nervous man. "How, seriously, do you think a girl would not want to go out with you?" She demanded. "There are some size queens around and they would fight bears to get a big cock like this ramming inside of them." She cocked her

head and stared at it. "I've not seen one that big before."

"Cause, ummm," Sam stuttered. "I think I better ..."

"Answer me!" Fiona cried and puffed. "You're a nice guy, very friendly, smart ..."

"Fat," he added.

"A few extra pounds, granted, but a fucking nine-inch cock!" Fiona hummed and rubbed the bridge of her nose. "I've had a ... few ... partners and none have been over eight or eight-and-a-half, I think. I mean, I carry condoms in my handbag not a ruler, but that cock, wow! That thing, is one in hundreds or thousands," she promised him. "Hell a donkey would be pleased with it."

"Yeah," Chloë said. "She's right. But it's not all about size," she added as she looked at Ewan.

"True. Greg might be a bit small but he does do great oral," Fiona cried. "And he'll even go down on me when we've been at it bareback and swallow his mess. That's not easy to find in a guy." Greg blushed as there was a moment's silence and Hayden sniffed.

"Dude, do you really eat your own ... stuff?"

"She made me the first time we met," Greg cried and crossed his arms. "You try going out with her. She's fucking insatiable. She always wants more and more and more. I'm just a walking cock to her!"

"A walking five incher," Hayden teased and Greg scowled.

"That's not fair," Fiona spat and licked her lips. "And love, I really don't have a problem with your size," she said firmly and the driven girl smiled. "I like your size." Greg snorted derisively. "Listen to me. I am not with you because I am head over heels in love with you. I am not with you because you are loaded or because you are brain of Britain or anything like that."

"Yeah cheers," Greg snapped.

"I am with you because of the friendship and the sex. If I was really that worried about a couple of inches, do you think we would still be together?" Greg looked into Fiona's eyes as she implored him.

"Yeah, but that's different," he grumbled.

"Different? Yeah, how? In case you hadn't realised Gregory Hollands, I have had a fair few fuck buddies over my life and none have still been with me two months after we met. I know a good lay when I find one. So what that you've been short-changed in the cock department, God gave you a great tongue. I always come when you go down on me! And to be honest it's men and shallow women who have a greater worry about cock size, it's my clit that makes me come and you fucking me with that thing, gets nowhere near my clit." She grinned and bit her lip. "Honestly, you're a great lover, when you go wild down below!"

Chloë nodded. "There's more than one way to make a woman happy."

"Exactly," Fiona cried and nodded towards Chloë. "But, Sam here has most of 'em." Fiona

watched Sam blush further and held out her hand. "One, nice guy," she told her female companion with a chortle. "I mean that's hard to find with a gentle heart. Two, humble. I mean, who wants to go out with someone who thinks he has the answer to everything. Three, big cock. No, not big cock, massive cock, donkey cock, cock so big it can be seen from space and should come with its own time zone sized cock." Chloë giggled as Fiona drunkenly tapped her third finger and Fiona glanced at Sam. "Fourthly, virgin I guess, right?"

"Fiona," Greg exclaimed. "Shut up!"

"Why?" The girl asked with a smirk. "It's true, right?"

"She is so pissed," Greg moaned. "I'm so sorry."

Fiona ignored him; her eyes met Greg and she raised her eyebrows. "I love taking cherries of naïve boys." She crossed her arms underneath her breasts and looked at Sam with a smirk. "Then I can tell them what to do, and they are always so grateful to being able to do something, they try so much harder."

"I think I better go," Sam muttered but Fiona put her hand on his shoulder to force him into the sofa.

"Sit down," she ordered and scratched the bridge of her nose. "Sit down and tell me, why have you never asked any girl out? You must fancy them."

"Loads," he cried and pulled his trousers up over his waist. "But they'll just laugh at me. I'm ..." He gestured at himself and sniffed. "I'm fat!"

"You're no fatter than Laura," Hayden blurted out. Several eyes glared at him and he shrugged. "And she's had boyfriends."

"Tactful Comment of the Year Award," Greg teased jokingly. "And you wonder why you are single."

"He's right though," Laura said with a sniff.

"Get naked then and we can show him," Fiona demanded and Laura shook her head. "It's to help him," the girl begged but Laura refused adamantly. "Please Laura."

"I'm fine," Sam said, trying to stop Fiona, but it took Greg's intervention for his girlfriend to cease her demands. "I really better go home now."

"I thought you were staying the night," Ewan asked him with a smile. "Has Fiona scared you?" Sam muttered something under his breath and Ewan coughed. "We can stop her if she is scaring you."

"I'm fine, honestly," Sam replied. "I'm a bit tired and ..."

"Well you know where the spare room is," Ewan offered him and glanced at the clock. "It's one in the morning, you don't want to be walking home at this time of night." Sam looked at the naked figures in front of him and nodded, tentatively leaving the room. Laura remained in the room for another few minutes before being goaded into going upstairs and "showing" Sam that he was not fat.

"What now?" Hayden asked and looked at Fiona pouring shots into five glasses. "Didn't

you say something about some ... ahem ... naughtiness.”

“Naughtiness?”

“What he means is, is that it's been awhile,” Greg told her. “And he thinks you are easy to get into bed.”

“That is true. For a price.” She licked her lips and glanced at Chloë and Ewan. “Are you staying?”

“I want to go to bed,” Chloë told her boyfriend who hesitated. She whispered something in his ear, and he was clearly persuaded to join her as he showed Greg where the two airbeds and duvets were and left the room to join Chloë.

“And then there were three,” Fiona teased and rubbed her hands, pouting at her boyfriend and his friend.

Greg coughed and straightened out the airbeds while Fiona removed the empty bottles from the room. She felt Hayden come up behind her and whisper in her ear. “I think Greg is a very lucky man.” Fiona turned to face him and smiled at him.

“Why?”

“You're so sexy,” he muttered and smiled. “Do you want me to leave you two alone?”

“No,” Fiona cried and smiled. “I've not had a threesome for ages. Weeks even!” She laughed as Hayden's eyes widened and the naked girl kissed him on the neck.

“But ... what about Greg?” Hayden hesitated as Fiona strode back into the lounge and Greg looked up.

“What about me?”

“Hayden doesn't want a threesome,” Fiona teased and crossed her arms. “All that porn that you two buy and hide from your parents and ... well me too, although I don't know why. It's so often threesomes and now you two aren't interested.”

“Fantasy and reality,” Hayden replied. “And Greg and I still want to be friends tomorrow. There are lines that shouldn't be crossed.” Fiona stretched her legs and groaned. “We can joke about me screwing you but it's a line. We know that.”

“It's fine. We have an understanding, isn't that right, Gregory?” Her boyfriend hummed and Fiona glared at him.

“Yeah, sort of,” he tentatively replied. “Well a bit. Fiona will play with other people and as long as she is honest and tells me then it's fine.” He bit his lip and looked at the floor for a moment. “But she isn't going to fuck anyone when I'm not there.”

“I like him loads, but we're not that serious,” Fiona explained. She put her hand on Hayden's bare buttocks and squeezed gently. “So, you doing what I want you to do, isn't going to upset anyone,” she told him and blew him a kiss. “I am not going to dump Greg or split up with him over some little fun and games, and I don't want you to think that it will cause trouble. Greg knew what I was like when he got involved with me.”

Hayden looked for Greg's approval but he glanced away and bit his lip, running his hand

through his hair. Fiona put her hands on Hayden's back and pressed her bosom up against him, sliding her smooth touch around his flanks and onto his muscular chest. She whispered in his ear and ran her hands through his mass of curls. He sighed as she pulled his body towards her and looked over his shoulder at her boyfriend watching them. "Love," she cried. "What do you want to do?"

"I know what you want to do," he snapped and then shook his head. She glanced at his erect cock and licked her lips.

"What do you want? Do you want to see me screw Hayden?" He hesitated and she ran her hands over his stiff member. "Or wank him off, or what?" Hayden touched Fiona on her bare mons and she gave an instinctive whimper in appreciation. "What are you two lovely men going to do to me?" She asked as Hayden found her clitoris. She parted her legs to allow him to have easier access and she began to pump his shaft.

She sighed and groaned, staring into the gaze of Greg, mewling into the shoulder of his friend and kissing him on the neck. She watched Greg slowly move his hand to his cock and begin to spread pre-cum over the tip of his erect manhood. Fiona pushed Hayden's hand away from her and flicked her tongue seductively towards her boyfriend, openly masturbating in front of them.

She sidled up to him and was encouraged to kneel down, before getting on all-fours, and kissing the tip of his cock. He groaned as she sucked the glans and ran her tongue over his pee-hole. She looked at him with wide eyes as she disengaged from his cock. "You're wonderful," she said seductively and glanced behind her at Hayden watching Fiona lavish oral sex upon her boyfriend.

She wiggled her rear towards Greg's friend as she returned to her boyfriend's erect cock, and sucked hard on the shaft, running her mouth up and down the smooth skin of Greg's phallus. She felt Hayden's fingers touch her between her legs and she sighed appreciatively, as she gently parted her knees to give the teenager better access to her genitals.

Fingers gently probed her slit and Hayden traced her glistening crack from her hole, across her labia and poked at her engorged clitoris. She groaned onto the cock she was energetically kissing, and sighed as Hayden circled her clit with his thumb.

"Fuck her," Greg told him. "She wants you too." Fiona glanced up at him and she smiled at her. Fiona felt hands grip her waist and she reached underneath herself to guide Hayden's bare cock into her unguarded pussy. Hayden pulled back on her as he slid his cock into her soft opening and she groaned lustfully.

Hayden pulled on Fiona's body with every thrust of his rhythm, forcing her away from Greg before pushing her back towards him. Fiona's mouth bobbed up and down on his cock, and she used her tongue to massage her boyfriend's frenulum.

He whimpered and tensed his muscles; Fiona knew he was about to climax and she sucked on the tip of his cock. He groaned and clenched his fists, tensing his body before crying out in pleasure and squirting semen into the mouth of his girlfriend.

Fiona sucked his cock until he had finished and made a swallowing motion; her own climax was building and she swore appreciatively with every thrust Hayden made into her teenage pussy. She groaned and put her head on the floor by Greg's feet on her hands, and cried out as Hayden squealed and grunted.

He sped up his rhythm and Fiona gave a long groan, encouraging him to “go faster.” She squeezed his invading cock with her slippery cunt. He swore, called Fiona a “slut” and pushed his cock deep inside her. She felt his cock twitch and squirts of cum enter her. She looked behind her at his screwed up face and smiled to herself. “Get on your back,” she told him as he savoured his post-orgasmic glow. “I got a treat for you.”

Hayden smiled and gently pushed away from the soaking wet Fiona, leaning back on the floor, and watching as Fiona swung her legs over him and pressed her crotch against his mouth. He struggled and swore but Fiona gripped his cock and squeezed. “Them the rules; you come, so do I,” she said with a smirk and looked at Greg.

“Fucking. Get off me. That's disgusting, Fiona, fucking hell.”

“Just go down on her,” Greg said with a smirk. “She won't be happy until you do. Get it over with.”

“You fucking do it,” he said into Fiona's crotch and she giggled.

“You made the mess, you clean it up!” She wriggled her crotch, feeling the smooth semen of Hayden slide down her and onto Hayden below. She felt him adjust and moan, but as she kissed Greg on the lips, the groaning lad underneath her gave up and slid his tongue up and down her slit.

Fiona groaned appreciatively as he found her clitoris, and encircled it with his tongue. He sucked gently on her button as Greg openly touched her, still kissing the aroused girl.

She groaned, and squealed as Hayden tentatively went down on her. She looked up at the ceiling and bucked her hips, whimpering loudly. Her loins sparkled lustfully and she gripped Greg's hand. She looked at him and he blew her a kiss, watching as his best friend flicked her clit towards a spine-tingling climax.

She squealed and shuddered, crying out vociferously, holding her breath before panting fiercely. She swore and gave a satisfied groan, as Hayden's tongue flicked her sensitive region and she erupted into an orgasm.

“I can't believe you did that,” Hayden thundered as Fiona moved her hips off the annoyed teenager.

“You knew the rules,” she replied with a smirk and blew him a kiss. “Greg told you earlier.” His scowl didn't disappear and she crossed her arms. “What? So you are supposed to come and me not. You know I'm a slut. And thank you.”

“You're not a slut,” Greg said immediately and wrapped his arms around his partner. “You're lovely,” he told her and she giggled.

“Come on, get cleaned up both of you and snuggle down on the airbed,” she said with a smirk. “I am not sure I've finished with you yet!”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Good morning,” Ewan cried as he entered the room, strewn with bodies. “I hope nobody has a hangover.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Fiona squealed and sat up in the airbed. Ewan passed her a cup of tea that she took gratefully and pulled the duvet closer to her. Her eyes focused on Chloë

sitting opposite and gestured towards her. It took a further five minutes for all five teenagers to wake and Ewan provided them with a bowl of cereal and a cup of tea each, although the naked Fiona swapped her drink for a glass of water to “soak up the alcohol.”

Their chatter was stopped when a fully dressed Sam and Laura appeared in the lounge and they nodded towards them. “We're going out to the café,” Laura announced as they entered the room. “Do you want to join us?”

Fiona glanced towards Greg who stretched on the airbed. “I want to recover first,” he moaned and Fiona sighed.

“Nother time,” Ewan promised and they nodded, looking tentatively at each other.

“So,” Fiona called with an ominous grin. “Was she any good, donkey dick man?” She smiled as Greg tutted and Sam blushed.

“We didn't,” Laura answered for him. “But we are going on a date.” She waited for Fiona to start to talk and then interrupted her. “And none of it is your business.”

“Yeah,” Sam cried. “It's private.”

“Quite right,” Fiona nodded. “And I'll read it on the bog wall at the pub anyway!” She teased.

Fiona got dressed after a brief shower, and walked with Greg and Hayden back to their housing estate. “When are you back?” Hayden asked after Fiona had spoken of her trip back home over the school holidays.

“Just a week,” Fiona replied, and he hummed.

“Sophia's asked me to take her back,” he admitted. “And I know what you are going to say ...”

“... then it will save me the trouble of calling you a stupid twat if you consider it.”

“It's his choice,” Greg replied.

“I can think of dozens of better women for him.”

“Yeah,” Hayden admitted. “But she's different.” He sighed and coughed. “And her parents want to set her up with a Prince from Bavaria.” Greg spluttered.

“Yes, her family was something in line to the Bulgarian throne when the revolution came, so what? She's nasty Hayden. Promise me you will have nothing to do with her.”

“But ...”

“Hayden! She messed you around before. Do you really want that again?” He hesitated and Fiona snorted in annoyance. “You need your head seeing to.”

“She's really not that bad,” Hayden blurted out and crossed his arms. “She's ... special. Just in her own way.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Delays at Preston” followed by “engineering work at Lancaster” led to a far longer journey

for Fiona than she had hoped for, but the beautiful girl found a young man travelling to see his family in the Lake District and she got to play cards instead of reading her book.

Her younger siblings barely acknowledged her presence when she arrived home, and had to navigate around the frantic hugging from her parents. "Before you start," she said, as she disentangled herself. "I know the school will be telling you anyway, but I have not applied to Oxbridge."

"Why?" Her father asked, frowning slightly. "You said you wanted to go to Oxford."

"Changed my mind," she murmured and cocked her head. "That's the end of it. Upset a few people but ..."

"You are clever enough."

"No," she muttered. "I'm too clever. Too clever to want to go there." She sighed. "But I knew you'd say that."

"Well it's your choice."

"And that. And yes, I know it's my choice and that's why I have decided not to apply to Oxford."

"I think you'd get in," her mother added.

"Oh, I knew I will. But there's a chance I might see some of those bitches from my school and that makes my skin crawl." She let the words hang in the air and sat down next to her brother, reading on the couch. "Have you got a girlfriend yet?"

"Fiona!" He moaned. "Leave me alone."

"Some boys are so hopeless," she snorted and saw her parents staring at her. "And don't look at me like that. I've missed the deadline now so there is nothing I can do about it. A proper university awaits. If I decide I want to go to University. Was thinking of applying to be a stripper in the ..." Fiona's teasing tailed off and she squeezed the leg of her brother. "I could set you up with one of my co-stars."

"Fiona, you promised us that you would apply to Oxbridge and ..." Her father barked, gesturing towards the young lady.

"Yeah, well they wanted me to but I don't want to."

"But you are so bright," he moaned and asked his son to leave the room. "And your school report does not make for good reading. 'Habitually froward and unredeemingly recalcitrant,'" he said as Fiona was left alone with her parents. "When are you going to start listening to other people, young lady?"

"When I stop being surrounded by utter cunts," Fiona snapped at her parents and closed her eyes in expectation of the lecture that was about to follow.

## Chapter IV

"See you found your necklace," Fiona said as Jenny entered their shared bedroom. Her room-mate sheepishly averted her eyes and rubbed her brow.

"Yeah. I left it in my trouser pocket. I forgot I took it off in Angelina's room. Mum found it when she did the washing."

"Yeah ... well. I told you it wasn't me or Greg."

"I never said it was you," the dark brown-haired girl snapped. There was silence for a few moments and she licked her lips. "Sorry."

"So you bloody should be!"

Jenny hummed and she put her suitcase on the floor before looking at the naked girl in the bed. "I am sorry. I didn't know and ..." Jenny didn't finish the sentence and crossed her arms. "I don't s'pose you know where can I get a bottle of champagne in this village?"

Fiona's expression softened and she laughed. "The off-license or the pub. But I thought you didn't drink!"

"It's Angelina's eighteenth today," Jenny replied defensively. "I just would love to manage to get her a bottle or two."

"How about a bottle of cyanide?" Fiona asked with a gleam in her eye and put the white T-Shirt over her head, before reaching for her hairbrush. "I'd go halves with you on a bottle of cyanide."

"I know you don't like her, but ..."

"I despise her," Fiona corrected her in an acid tone. "I know she is your friend but she thinks I am not worthy of being here. She treats me like shit."

"You wind her up!" Fiona snorted and sat down in front of the mirror on the wall as she brushed her hair. "So what do I do at the off-license?"

The blonde girl burst into laughter. "Just go and buy it." She looked at her watch and then at her half-naked room-mate getting dressed. "I got to be at Greg's house at one. His mother wants to meet the girl, screwing her son, so if we leave now I can take you and show you."

"But ... how do I get it back in without being seen?"

Fiona passed a rucksack to her from the side of the bed. "Use that. It has a false bottom. Put a jumper and stuff in it, and hide it underneath. If they search you, which they won't, but if they did, they won't find it." Fiona cocked her head with a giggle. "One of my exes bought it for me so I could get stuff in here." Jenny glanced at the rucksack and sighed. "Oh, and if you are nervous, you will draw attention to yourself."

Fiona waited as Jenny quickly dressed herself and the two room-mates walked into the small village centre, a mile from their exclusive school. Fiona was stopped on several occasions as they meandered through the small settlement, and she happily exchanged small talk with a number of people, while Jenny fidgeted anxiously.

"Oh, hi Hayden," Fiona cried across the road outside the little off-license. She beckoned for Greg's friend to cross the street and looked at Jenny. "This is Jenny, friend of Sophia and my room-mate," she said, introducing her companion. "She's very shy and doesn't speak much." Jenny blushed and tried to object but Fiona interrupted her. "And this is Hayden, Sophia's ex, Greg's friend and a good laugh!"

"Hi," Hayden muttered with a thinly-disguised smile.

Jenny looked at Fiona, who brushed Hayden's open coat to one side and pulled his T-shirt up to his chest. "Feel his muscles," she teased. "He trains every day."

"Fiona!" Jenny moaned with a giggle. "You can't do that."

"Sure I can." She turned to the mildly embarrassed boy and pulled his white cotton garment down to his trousers. "What ya up to?"

"Sammy's off to Derby, gonna get a new pair of trainers."

"You like Tennis, don't you?" Fiona asked her room mate with a grin. "Perfect match for you. Dates on the Tennis Court and ..."

"I told you, I don't want a boyfriend," the snarling girl moaned. "Really I don't want one."

"You so need one though," she sniped as embarrassed man made his excuses and ran up the hill. "He's got a body to die for," Fiona muttered and was chastised by Jenny for having "sinful desires." The blonde girl scoffed and opened the red door to the off-license and pointed to the champagnes on a shelf behind the cashier.

"But they only have Lanson and Moet and Chandon," Jenny cried as she looked. "That's really cheap champagne."

Fiona smiled at the man behind the counter. "Sorry. I had to extract the silver spoon before she could put her knickers on this morning," she joked and the middle-aged man chortled.

"What?" Jenny asked aggressively.

"Nothing," Fiona replied. "Just a little joke."

"OK. What about a Tattinger or a ..."

"It's a village off-license not Champagne 'R' Us. Just pick one." Jenny grumbled and selected three bottles of the Moet and Chandon before being asked for identification. She looked at Fiona who shook her head and opened her purse to show her provisional driving license. "She's not used to leaving the Abbey!"

Jenny had to pass the four banknotes to Fiona to hand them to the cashier, before the bottles of champagne were placed into the rucksack Jenny was carrying.

"See you later," the blonde girl cried as her room-mate left her company.

"Yeah," Jenny muttered. "But I will probably be at Angelina's little party when you get back."

"Give her birthday punches from me. Hard. Very hard. And in the face."

\* \* \* \* \*

"I hope you know what you are doing!" Greg whispered into Fiona's ear as she smiled at Greg's geeky neighbour.

"Sure I do," she murmured and rubbed her hands. "Her name is Jenny and she sleeps with me." She hesitated when Greg sniggered and glared at him. "Sleeps in the same room as me. And she needs help."

"She does not need help," Greg sighed and gently shook his head. "She's a bit shy and Fiona thinks she needs a boyfriend."

"And I think you need a girlfriend," she added and crossed her arms. "Well I know you do." She turned to talk to Greg and smirked. "Is that why he was looking at me in the garden?" The seventeen year-old blushed, to Fiona's delight and the blonde girl addressed the boy shifting his weight from one foot to the other. "I'll set you up with a date," she offered. "Sure, she's a little bit of a bitch at times, but you are both without partners so I'm sure you can work it out." Liam shifted uneasily and looked at Greg for guidance, but Fiona continued before her boyfriend could intervene. "If you meet me down at the Hare and Hounds on Sunday," she asked. "At, say 6pm. OK?"

"Well I'm not sure."

"That's a yes. And if you are late, I'll swing for you. And I'll tell your mother you were watching me sunbathing naked in Greg's garden."

"But I haven't," he cried and Fiona cackled.

"I know that, but what will she believe!" She stuck her tongue out at Greg's nervous neighbour and rubbed her hands in delight.

"Come on, I told Mum we'd only be ten minutes," Greg moaned as he tugged at his girlfriend's coat. "We'll be late." Greg knew better than to show Fiona his displeasure of her match-making actions, however ill advised he considered it and just guided the firebrand towards his parent's house.

Greg was dispatched to "tidy" his bedroom when he arrived home and his mother gestured for Fiona to come with her into the lounge. "You must be the Fiona we hear so much about but never get to meet! Greg barely stops talking about you."

"Really?" Fiona asked surprised, as she entered the small lounge.

"Oh you should hear him when his mates are round. I think you've made quite an impression on him." She glanced up at the stairs and gestured at Fiona to sit on the sofa. "I need to ask something," she said and hesitated. "His last girlfriend strung him along something awful and when they split up, he didn't take it too well." She bit her lip and waited for Fiona to respond.

"I'm not stringing him along," Fiona promised and scowled at the well-meaning mother. "We are good friends, we have a laugh. I like him. But we aren't in love. And we won't ever be."

"I'm not saying you are ... but ... well he doesn't take rejection all that well."

Fiona studied the concerned face of Emma Hollands and bit her lip. "I mean, he knows that and he doesn't love me. But we have a laugh and I am not telling him I want to spend the rest of my life with him because at the moment I don't. And I think he will get tired of

me. And I will get tired of him.”

“Look after him,” she begged and Fiona crossed her arms. “He's not great with girls.” Fiona's face flickered, and Emma hesitated for a moment. “I don't want to be mean, but I know what girls at your school can be like and ...”

“I am not like the rest of the girls from that school,” Fiona spat. “I hate them too.”

“Hate?” She asked inquisitively and Fiona nodded.

“Yeah ... hate. They are nasty, twisted, evil little ... well I hate them and I know what they can be like. And I promise I will be fair with him. We aren't going to be setting a date ... probably ever ... but he knows that.”

His mother hummed. “Just don't break his heart.” Fiona pursed her lips and just giggled.

“Yeah, I won't,” she said uneasily and cleared her throat; there was something strangely weird about chatting with her boyfriend's mother about their relationship. “We aren't a long-term thing. I know he'll make some girl very happy and have a family with her but I know that person isn't me,” she replied slowly as she focused on the pattern in the carpet. “But we'll stay friends. I'm sure of that. We're just friends who have sex!”

His mother gave an uneasy smile. On reflection, perhaps it was an admission too far.

## Chapter V

"I fancy going out," Fiona announced to her room-mate as she got up from her desk. Jenny hesitated as Fiona held out the designer coat and looked at her with wide eyes. "What?"

"With me?"

"Yeah," Fiona snorted and rolled her eyes. "It's not even term-time, that starts tomorrow. Come on, let's get out."

"We aren't allowed out."

"Well we sort of are," Fiona responded sanctimoniously. "Of sorts. Come on, please! Just a breath of fresh air." She watched Jenny who hesitated before relenting and snatched the woollen coat aggressively from the outstretched hand.

"If I get in trouble, I'll be so angry," Jenny snapped and followed her room-mate out of the room. Fiona was adamant that there was no rule to stop them leaving the grounds, and sauntered out of the front door of school, and down the driveway nonchalantly. "Where are we going?"

"Out," Fiona cried and smiled at her. "It's my new resolution, to get to know you better. We share a room but I barely know anything about you." Jenny gave a weak smile as they arrived in the village and hesitated as Fiona pushed open the door to the Hare and Hounds.

"Fiona," Jenny hissed. "I can't go in there."

"Sure we can," Fiona replied with her trademark giggle, and grabbed Jenny's hand, pulling the reticent young lady into the busy pub. Jenny objected loudly and a few heads turned to watch as the grappling girls spilled into the warm inn.

"Fiona," she hissed but the blonde girl pushed Jenny to sit down at a spare table and then ordered a glass of white wine and a pint of local ale with a packet of dry roasted peanuts. "What are we doing here?"

"Relax," Fiona cried and scratched her nose, before passing the wine to her room-mate. She opened the peanuts down the centre of the bag so Jenny could help herself, who tried one then coughed.

"They're awful," Jenny snapped but Fiona was looking around the pub for Liam and nodded towards him when he caught her eye. She smiled at the single boy and gestured for the date to come over, which he nervously did.

"This is Jenny," she told him, patting the chair next to her. "And she is single too."

"Fiona!" Jenny cried angrily, watching Fiona take a gulp of her pint of ale and shaking her head. "I am not single."

"You are single," Fiona snapped. "She is single but she is worried about looking. It's the problem with virg ... inexperienced people. They are scared of the unknown. But Liam is scared of the unknown too. You can be scared of the unknown together. Now I'm going to take my nuts and wander off to ..."

Jenny took a deep breath and her chest swelled. "I am not going on a date."

"Sure," Fiona said with a smirk. "You walk back to the Abbey on your own, but it's getting dark." Jenny glanced out of the window and looked back at Fiona. "Have a drink, and a chat, and then we'll go."

"I want to ..." Jenny scowled, but Fiona ignored her, nodded towards Liam and idled across the pub to a table where Hayden was sat.

"Greg said I might see you here," Hayden admitted as Fiona sat down at the table. "Said you might've played matchmaker." Fiona smirked and slapped Hayden's hand as he tried to grab a handful of her peanuts with a scowl.

"Ask," she demanded, before smiling and leaning back on the seat. She glanced over at Jenny, frostily engaged in minimalistic conversation with her "date" before chatting warmly to Hayden.

Fiona lied; she bought two more pints of beer for herself before rejoining a more relaxed Jenny, who almost leapt at the chance at leaving the smoky pub. Jenny moaned vociferously as they meandered down the narrow lanes towards their school: Fiona had been deceptive and manipulative in getting her to the nasty place and her efforts were not appreciated. "He's such a loser," Jenny moaned. "He's got no ambition. No future."

"He's very clever," Fiona replied, a little tersely. "He's ..."

"He's not going to Oxbridge," Jenny interrupted.

"I'm not going to Oxbridge," Fiona replied. "I can't think of anything worse." Jenny didn't respond and the pair strode up their school drive in silence and noisily entered the school foyer.

"Jenny! Fiona!" A voice exclaimed and they looked to see the crossed arms and scowl of the Principal beckoning them into her study. "Here now!"

"Shit," Fiona muttered.

"This is your fault," Jenny cried loudly.

"Here!" The two girls walked around the desk of the receptionist and into the office of the "disappointed" Principal. Fiona knew that they should not have been out of the school post-5pm on the Sunday night, despite them being over the age of eighteen, and both the girls were lectured by the middle-aged woman.

Jenny tried in vain to blame their evening excursion on Fiona, but the blonde girl just apologised, shook her head and accepted her punishment: they were both grounded for one week.

"I hate you," Jenny spat as they left the office.

"Yeah, I'm sorry for trying to help," Fiona responded with a snarl, and walked away from the angry girl.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It's been five days," Fiona barked at her room-mate. "I've said I'm sorry!" Jenny snorted

and ignored her room-mate, striding out of the small bedroom she shared. "Screw you then."

Fiona threw herself onto her bed and glanced at her bedside table; she had her sex toy and a pornographic magazine in the drawer and she thought about using them for a moment. She hummed and closed her eyes; she wanted to, but she knew that if Jenny came back, there would be trouble.

Why did they have to billet her with a prude? At best, Jenny was an acquaintance, and although there were far worse girls to share a room with, Jenny was proving to be fairly unsympathetic to her needs and beliefs. She wanted someone else.

It was hardly unusual for a boarding school schoolgirl to be in trouble once and awhile, and being grounded for a week was hardly the worst punishment. Fiona had sent a brief letter by post on the Monday to Greg explaining her predicament and had planned to see if she could smuggle his name on the visitors' list that was normally reserved for families. If she was lucky, they could take a trip to the gardener's shed on the outskirts of her school grounds.

Jenny barely did anything anyway, and her being grounded meant that she couldn't go and play at the local tennis club she often did in the evening; she had a date out of it with someone who appeared to be thoughtful and kind. What more did the bloody girl want?

Fiona hummed. She tiptoed across the room to lock the wooden door and removed her clothes into a heap on her untidy desk. She jumped onto her bed, and slid underneath the covers, pulling the duvet up to her shoulders and sinking into the mattress.

She sighed contentedly and allowed her hands to roam over her body. She reached into her drawer by the side of her bed and pulled out her toiletries bag, removing a vibrator from the side pocket and switched it on. It softly purred as she twisted the base, and she slid it over her body, sighing as it swept over her milky white teenage skin.

She reached for her breasts and stroked her hands over the erect nipples, tweaking the points gently as her vibrating wand glided between her thighs. She sighed and groaned as it touched her clit. She pressed it into her slit, and cried out as it send a series of waves through her body.

She groaned and sighed, gyrating her hips and running her vibrator up and down her aroused crack. Fiona whimpered and bit her lip, groaning nasally as her sex toy caused her nipples to tingle and her toes to curl. She squealed as she panted before screwing up her face and mewling.

"Oh God," she squealed loudly into the room and pushed her hips into the mattress as she held her breath. Fiona shuddered as she climaxed; she squealed and gripped the base of her vibrator tightly as she pushed it against the engorged button. She let out a passionate groan and sighed, breathing deeply. Her body tingled.

Fiona used her vibrator to bring her to two more orgasms, before wiping it down and stashing the sex toy away in her drawer. Fiona finished some Maths problems that she had been set, before cleaning her teeth and climbing into bed.

Jenny had been absent all evening, but it was not unusual for Fiona to go sleep before Jenny had returned, and Fiona turned off the lights and settled down to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fiona was awoken sharply as the pillow came over her face and she struggled, but her hands were being pinned down. Muffled cries came from the cotton pillow and she raised her legs to kick, but as she moved them up, strong hands pushed them back down.

The grip on her struggling hands got stronger, her biceps were beginning to hurt, and she could hear voices, hushed voices, smothered and dulled. She screeched, her sound repressed and then cried as someone punched her stomach.

What was happening to her?

Her heart was beating furiously and her right hand was forced up to the headboard before something fastened it to the bed. She struggled, causing the hard metal to tighten around her bony wrist. Fiona yelled into the pillow, the firm ridge of the handcuff digging into her skin, before her left hand was yanked unceremoniously to the edge of the bed as well, a restraint snapping shut over it.

The pillow was ripped from her face, and she squinted into the eyes of her tormentors. Michelle, Angelina, Sophia and her room mate Jenny gazed back, each of them in their dressing gowns with determined looks.

Jenny pulled out a pair of her old panties and stuffed them into Fiona's mouth, the victim's eyes filled with fear and desperation. "We don't like you keep playing with yourself, or bringing strange guys back," Jenny said as an explanation. "Or getting me into trouble. We are going to teach you a lesson you won't forget."

The girls cackled and Fiona screamed into the gag. The tall, black statuesque figure of Michelle slapped her on the cheek. "If you scream we will get Bruno," she threatened and the thought of the Caretaker's Alsatian made Fiona wide-eyed. "Bet he would love to fuck a bitch permanently on heat like you. And we would love to see him tear you apart."

The covers to her bed were ripped back and the girls giggled at her milky white skin, flawless and smooth, writhing on the bed. She clamped her legs shut and the girls grinned, looking at each other.

"She's a fuckin' whore," Michelle replied. "Completely shaved."

Fiona squealed and shook her head. These girls couldn't be doing this, could they? Sure, Michelle, Angelina and Sophia didn't like her – they were too staid and conservative to like her free-love and tolerant mindset but what about Jenny? Jenny was her friend, of sorts, and room mate and along with Kathryn was her only real friends at the school.

Jenny was a friend of everyone in the school, popular girl from a wealthy family who had made their money from Gentleman's clubs. Fiona stared at her room-mate who glanced over at the door. "I'll check no ones around," she said conspiratorially.

"Teachers aren't around," Michelle replied curtly and spat in the restrained girl's face. "We don't like sluts in this school," she replied with a firm, threatening voice. "We are going to fuck you up."

Fiona cried into the makeshift gag but it made no difference and Michelle swung her pillow case, containing a few bars of soap, around her wrist. She looked into the eyes of Fiona and brought it down hard on her thighs with a dull thud.

Fiona screamed into the gag and clenched her fists, but Michelle wielded the weapon angrily and brought it down several more times on the restrained girl's thighs, breasts and cunt.

Tears streamed down Fiona's face as she fought the bindings holding her to the bed. Agony coursed through her veins as Michelle passed the pillow case to Jenny. "Hit her." Jenny hesitated and looked at the wide-eyed Fiona. She gulped. "Hit her," Michelle ordered with a menacing tone. "Smack her, she's yours. She's your bitch."

Jenny gripped the pillow case and took a couple of deep breaths, standing statuesque at the end of the bed. Sophia sighed. "What're you doing, Jen. Take the bitch out."

Jenny stood motionless for a few seconds, staring at Fiona's panic-struck eyes. Fiona pleaded into the gag, begging her room-mate to ignore the malicious intentions in the room. Jenny gulped and with a grunt, lurched her hands forward and smashed the soap-filled pillow into Fiona's stomach.

Fiona screeched in excruciating pain, curling up as Jenny hurled more and more hits of the pillow into her room-mate's midriff. "That. Is. For. Getting. Me. Grounded. You. Fucking. Slut!"

Fiona coughed and choked as several blows rains down on her, before Jenny dropped the pillow on the floor. The four girls looked at each other; Fiona's cries and sobs filling the room.

"Done now," Jenny muttered but Michelle snorted.

"No fucking chance." The dark-skinned teenager slipped off her dressing gown to reveal a strap-on dildo between her legs. "You want it, don't you?"

Fiona shook her head and Michelle slapped her. The black protrusion between her thighs was two inches wide and seven inches long and Michelle knelt on the bed. The frightened girl instinctively closed her legs, protecting her sex from the invader and Michelle prised them apart before slapping Fiona again. Angelina and Sophia moved to either side of the bed and held her legs apart, bringing her knees closer to her hips to present both of her holes to the rapist.

Michelle eased the dildo along Fiona's slit. She scrambled up the bed as best she could, pulling at the bounds and restraints holding her in place but Michelle leaned forward and lined it up at her entrance, pushing so it made contact.

The tear-stained squealed into the gag, she was desperate for the girl to leave her alone. The dildo was too big and she was not ready. She would be in agony if the girl raped her with that thing, but Michelle knew the pain she would cause the dry student and simply pushed forward a bit more.

Fiona cried out as her hole stretched painfully to accommodate the first inch of the fake phallus and Sophia took to slapping her again. This didn't stop Fiona and she yelled "no, please no," into the knickers but it was no good and Sophia pinched her nose.

With her mouth blocked and her nose pinched, Fiona could not breathe and she thrashed at her arms. She desperately tried to suck in some air through the knickers and tasted the foul, ripe taste of her friend. Sophia released her grip and warned her that next time she wouldn't show her the same mercy.

Michelle cackled and drove the dildo into the crying girl, restrained on her own bed and pushed back. Fiona screamed into the gag, she was in agony, the friction of the unlubricated dildo thrusting into her was excruciating. Fiona's loins were moistening slightly, only out of protectionism and not because of the utter humiliation of the power exchange.

She liked dominating men, enforcing her wants and wills onto them but had never been on the receiving end, until now. Michelle looked down at the strap-on cock between her legs and looked over at the student. The turgid member slid out and Jenny whooped. "She taken all of it."

"Of course, fucking whore like her would."

Jenny bit her lip, she felt a strand of guilt as she watched Michelle ram the thick cock back into her room mate.

Michelle enjoyed the nodules on the end of the strap-on grinding against her clitoris and sighed as she established a rhythm, hammering the rigid toy into the unprotected pussy of the vivacious girl.

Fiona squealed, the fake, black member was hurting and tears streamed down her face as the rigid cock tore into her sensitive pussy. The girls laughed at this, Fiona was "even enjoying her rape" and was a "dirty, fucking slut," Sophia called out as Michelle's pounding drove Fiona into painful howls.

Michelle enjoyed the shrieking and agonising sounds and sight of Fiona and could feel herself nearing her own climax, snatching breaths and gasping as the strap-on touched her in her own sensitive places. She squealed and grunted, as a powerful eruption tore through her and she slowed her movements, watching the sobbing victim sniffing back her tears.

Michelle withdrew the cock and unhooked it from her waist, passing it to Jenny. Jenny hesitated and Angelina barked at her. She looked pleadingly into the eyes of Fiona who implored her to stop the attack. "She's had enough," Jenny muttered.

"Fuck off!" Sophia cried. "She fucked Hayden and I ..."

"She's had enough," Jenny interrupted and stared at the dishevelled girl on the bed. "We'll kill her if we don't stop."

"I want to kill that fucked up little ..."

"I said STOP!" Jenny yelled. Sophia looked at Michelle who just shrugged; they had only been able to attack Fiona because of Jenny's help and glanced down at the distraught girl, bawling into their makeshift gag.

Michelle nodded towards Jenny and put her hand on the door knob – they had done what they had set out to achieve and she checked to make sure the coast was clear.

Angelina and Michelle filed out with Sophia turning to see Fiona. "Next time it's the dog," she warned her. "Just fuck off out of this school. No-one wants you here."

Fiona stared at her room-mate standing over her. "It's your fault," Jenny told her matter-of-factly. "You need to stop it." Jenny unfastened Fiona's hands, who scrambled away from her abuser, spitting out the used panties and coughing.

"It's your fault," Fiona yelled. "You did it! It's not my fault at all." She backed away from Jenny walking towards her.

"You leave, we'll say we had nothing to do with it," she promised.

Fiona took a deep breath and launched herself towards the smug girl, pushing her backwards and smashing her head against the brick wall. There was a crack and Jenny cried out, her hand going immediately to the back of her head. "You fucking bitch," Fiona called out ignoring the red mark on the wall. "I fucking hate you."

Jenny struggled to her feet and Fiona smashed a fist into Jenny's face breaking her nose before throwing her against the wall again.

Jenny was slumped on her bed, her head and face bleeding and Fiona smashed her hand deep into the stomach of the unconscious girl. The victim picked up her personal affects, and walked out of the room, in the opposite direction to the injured room-mate.

There was no shouting or calling out of her name as she walked boldly out of the school, and instead the sobbing girl painfully walked to the village in a drizzle. She knew where she was going and knocked on the door of a terraced house, which was answered by a tall middle-aged man, in just his dressing gown. Fiona recognised a lot of the facial features immediately and bit her lip. "Hello?"

He could tell the girl had been crying; her blonde hair was still wet from the rain, but there was a desperate vulnerability to her, and his annoyance at being woken up at midnight disappeared. "Is Greg here?"

"Greg? Are you OK?"

Fiona nodded and then burst into tears. "No," she cried and started sobbing.

He beckoned her into the house and she looked up the stairs to see the familiar face of her casual boyfriend peering down at her. "Fiona?"

"Ah, so this is Fiona," Greg's father asked and his son bounded down the stairs, wrapping his arm around his wet girlfriend.

"What happened?" Greg asked and Fiona just cuddled him. She desperately needed someone who understood her, and Greg was the closest person she knew.

"I've been raped," she told him and buried her face into his chest.

## Chapter VI

Fiona swirled the whisky in the glass and looked up at her boyfriend in the doorway of the lounge. "Go to the Police," Greg repeated and Fiona crossed her arms.

"If you say that again I shall go h—," the awkward girl started and scowled. "I shall go somewhere else."

"Dad thinks I should just call them and get them to take a statement."

"I can't prove any of it," Fiona replied. "I know them. They will all get together and say that I put on a little show for them. I bet they have put ten pounds in my desk drawer or something like that and they will have got their stories straight. Plus, they will say that I attacked that nasty little conniving two-faced, vicious ... cunt, and it will just be hell."

Greg gulped and Fiona crossed her arms. "I'm sorry but I think you are wrong."

"I am not wrong," the tearful young lady snapped. "And if you ..."

"Greg," the voice of his father boomed and he entered the kitchen. "Greg. Your mother and I have been talking. We think we need to tell the school and the Police and ..."

"Please," Fiona cried and wiped her eyes. "Just please don't. I don't want to involve them. I just want to get away from that place and just have a day or two without ... those despicable bastards." Greg gulped and glanced over at his Dad.

"I'll sort," Greg replied and ushered his father from the small room. He returned with a laptop and microphone and Fiona looked up from her glass of Scottish whisky mistrustfully.

"What are you doing?"

"You are going to make a statement," he told her and she shook her head. "You are Fiona Holmes," he said manfully and looked over her as he pressed the power button. "And I am going to record it."

"I don't want to think about it," the young lady snapped and Fiona took another sip of a big tumbler full of Greg's father's best spirit. "I don't want to and ..."

"You need to think about it while it is still fresh." Fiona shook her head and Greg looked at her. "For me Fiona. Everything we do is what you want to do. Do this for me, and then I will take you to bed and we can cuddle up together 'cause I know that's what you want." Fiona snorted, but Greg loaded the software he needed and plugged the microphone into the audio jack. He pressed a button and sat down. "Interview of Gregory Hollands with victim, Miss Fiona Holmes. Friday November the ..."

"What are you doing?" Fiona snapped.

"Interview. In case we need it. I've seen it on A Touch of Frost. And The Bill," Greg responded and licked his lips.

"Well don't. I am not in the mood."

"We need to do this properly. Interview with Gregory Hollands and the victim ..." He trailed

off as Fiona sighed and cleared his throat. "Yeah, and after this I will get the main computer up and use the webcam to take a picture of those wrists and bruises," he replied and cleared his throat. "So, in your own words, tell me what happened?"

"I was in my room asleep and they put a pillow over my head," Fiona started as her shaking hands held onto the whisky. "And then it all went black."

\* \* \* \* \*

"It's only four pages," Greg chastised his girlfriend and she looked at her boyfriend's father with a pleading glint in her eyes. "All day you've been up!"

"I've been helping your dad," Fiona cried. "And it's fine. I've got all the main points and you have the recording saved. I can't believe you made me do all that."

"Yes, but I said you needed to get it down. And I have saved it onto the ZIP drive just in case as your notes are really short and ..."

"I have no idea what any of this means, and I have a lot to get through. So I would love a cup of coffee." She held out her empty cup to her partner and he sighed as he left the small office where his girlfriend was working through the ledger of the family firm.

"You should have called the Police, you know," Toby added as Greg left. "He was right you know."

Fiona bit her lip. "I couldn't have coped with it," she admitted. "And Greg took loads of pictures on that webcam of everything. All the marks, and bruises. But I just know it doesn't prove anything and ...". She shrugged and wiped her eyes. "I'm sort of glad he made me do the recording but I can't tell him that."

"Why?"

"Because then he will get sanctimonious." Toby chortled and Fiona rubbed her nose. "I can't have him getting complacent, can I?" The middle-aged man smiled at her as she looked down at the papers in front of her. "Talking of getting complacent, what the hell's been going on here?"

"You don't have time to do little things when you are running a business," he said guardedly and Fiona sighed.

"You need to make time," she demanded and coughed. "If you can't then get my boyfriend to do it," she snapped and picked up her red pen.

"Then you'll never see him," the balding man said with a grin and Fiona shrugged. "Between his job at the café and homework and ..."

"Doesn't his responsibilities to the family come before the café?" Fiona asked with smile. She began crossing off entries on the copy of the ledger. She had already identified dozens of duplicate entries and had even helped him draft letters to some of his suppliers requesting credit or refunds for duplicate payment of their invoices. Toby watched as she pored over a document. "Last year, did you really use two deliveries of gravel in Winchester Close?"

He shrugged. "I dunno."

"Well check," she snapped and watched as he pulled up a lever arch folder bursting at the seams. "And is that sorted by date or surname?" It was a rhetorical question and she knew it, and started leafing through the paperwork. She passed the dog-eared piece of paper to Toby and looked at the door as Greg entered the small office with two hot drinks. "You need to help your Dad get on top of this," she spat as he put the coffee on the desk.

Greg recoiled from her harsh words and the teenager mumbled. "He's OK," Toby answered for his son. "He's got a lot on and ..."

"Rubbish!" Fiona snapped. "Absolute rubbish. You are always talking about that bloody games console you've got. A bit less time on that and you could spare the time." He snorted and Fiona glared at him. "Laziness is a very unattractive trait."

"So is nagging," Greg replied. "And ..."

He trailed off as Fiona crossed her arms. "OK when do I have the time, between your demands, working two evenings a week, homework and ..."

"I am low maintenance!"

Greg grunted. "You are very high maintenance," he replied instantly. "OK not with money, but with time and sex." His father coughed and Greg blushed. "Yeah, and ..."

"We'll finish this later," the ferocious girl snapped and smirked as her boyfriend left the room. "I'll sort him out," she promised.

"Well, just go easy on him," Toby begged. "He's been a bit lost this weekend." His eyes narrowed and he looked at Fiona. "I don't think he knows what to think or do!"

"He can help me plot my revenge," she muttered under her breath. "One day," she promised. "One day."

\* \* \* \* \*

Greg looked up the driveway of the exclusive school. "I'm sorry," Fiona said. "I know I've imposed on you this weekend, and I've not even given you a blow-job." Greg smiled.

"It's fine, I'm just glad you are safe to be honest."

"It's not," Fiona replied instantly. "I like you as a friend, but us being together is just about the sex. You do know that, don't you?"

"Sure I do," Greg said instantly. "And I love you as a friend. And I love being with you." Greg took her hand and kissed her. "But I know we only work because of the sex." Fiona hesitated and he kissed her before she could reply. "And don't forget it," Fiona added and hugged him. "Even with your new responsibilities to your Dad, you still owe me some Gregory time!"

"Yes, I know," he replied quickly and glanced up the road. "I think we should have rang," he told her. "Your parents sounded proper upset on the radio this morning."

Fiona bit her lip. "I know. I didn't know they would come haring down the M6 did I?" He gave a nasal grunt and Fiona touched him on the arm. "But I'm here now," she told him and looked down the drive of the exclusive school she attended. "I mean, I'll see them in ten minutes." Greg nodded and kissed her again.

"You sure you don't want me there?"

"I'll be fine," Fiona promised. "I mean, I know they won't believe me and I'll probably be expelled." Greg looked at her forlornly and she just shrugged. "I mean, so-fucking-what? It's a crap school."

"It means I won't get to see you again." A car shot passed them and Fiona watched as it raced up towards the Victorian building.

"So what?" She replied with a harshness in her voice. "It's only about the sex, right?" Her voice quivered slightly and she glanced at her feet. "I'll ring you," she promised, and kissed her boyfriend goodbye, waving at him as she walked down the tree-lined road towards the imposing property in leafy Derbyshire.

She saw her mother at the foot of the steps to the building talking to an older guy in a suit and the teenager called out to her. Phoebe Holmes shouted and then raced across the small green containing an array of colourful flowerbeds, embracing her eighteen-year old daughter in both arms. "What happened?"

Fiona waited for her mother to finish hugging and the blonde girl looked up at her mother. "I was attacked and raped by my room-mate," she said with little emotion; she had the last 36 hours to come to terms with it at Greg's house, but her mother gasped.

"Inspector Ian Sutton," a tall gentleman said from behind her and made the schoolgirl jump. "Can we go inside please?"

Fiona bit her lip and nodded, her mother holding her hand. Fiona looked up and saw a hundred faces looking out of the windows at her and grinned inside, wondering if this was the sort of gossip that would make the school teachers happy!

The door to the Principal's office was open and Fiona was led into the room, containing a dozen adults who gasped as the blonde student strode nonchalantly into the room. Jenny Lever sat in the chair, her face disfigured and swollen and her parents either side of the attacked girl. The tall, gruff man jumped to his feet. "You," he yelled. "You. You see what you've done to my Jenny."

Fiona snorted. "They attacked me." The Principal called for quiet but Fiona stood glaring at the parents of her room-mate. "My only regret is that I didn't kill her on Saturday night."

"Fiona," her mother called and Jenny's mother stood up, a wiry lady with a concerned face.

"Oh my God!" She cried and her eyes widened. "Jenny wouldn't do anything like that."

Fiona's parents tried to steer Fiona towards the other set of chairs but Fiona wriggled away from their grip and jabbed a finger into the chest of the angry parent. "Yeah, well she did. And ..."

"My daughter was in hospital all night," Jenny's father interrupted and spoke to the Principal. "And she has a broken nose. Is that girl going to be expelled and if not, why the hell not?"

The Principal called for quiet and Fiona threw her arms up in the air, a tear streaming down her cheek. "They beat me up, raped me with a dildo and they threatened to sodomise me," she said, her mother putting an arm around her. "Her, Angelina, Sophia, Michelle. She deserved everything she got."

The Principal took a deep breath and the Inspector raised his hand. "Miss Holmes is making some serious allegations. Are you sure you want to make them?"

"She's a Walter Mitty character," Jenny's father interrupted. "A fantasy world."

Inspector Sutton groaned and reminded him that rape was a serious offence with a promise of a night in the cells if he wasn't quiet. "These are serious allegations," Inspector Ian Sutton told Fiona. "Are you sure you want to make them?"

"Of course I am sure," Fiona snapped and pulled out four pieces of paper from her pocket, passing them to the Police officer. "My boyfriend made me write them on Saturday night while everything was still fresh in my memory. And he has pictures of my wounds on his computer and some recordings. He made me do it."

The Inspector flashed a smile. "You should have called us on the night."

"Yeah, he said that as well."

"He's a wise lad."

"What boyfriend?" Phoebe asked. "We didn't know you had a boyfriend." Jenny snorted.

"She's had every guy in the village," Jenny said coldly. "Any one of them could be her boyfriend."

Fiona stared across the room at the bruised girl and snorted. "OK. I have a sex life, everyone knows that. Do your parents know that you do Coke with Angelina?"

The swollen face of Jenny shook her head and Fiona lurched across the chairs towards her, knocking Jenny's mother out of the way. "Now tell them. Fucking admit it, you raped me." Fiona was stopped from striking Jenny and Phoebe pulled Fiona back by her hand. "Tell them," she yelled menacingly

"It wasn't my fault," Jenny muttered. "It's ..."

Jenny's father spluttered and shushed his daughter as the Inspector skim-read the notes and turned back to the Principal. "I would need to interview Miss Holmes down the station as well as the four girls the allegations are against. As well as any witnesses, any CCTV footage you have." He rubbed his nose.

The Principal groaned and then nodded with an "of course."

"I want this girl expelled," Jenny's father said, pointing towards Fiona. "She brutally attacked my daughter. I want her expelled and arrested. And she admitted it earlier. I want to make a complaint and want her arrested and in prison."

Fiona snorted. "Go on, expel me then."

The Principal sighed. "I will be conducting an investigation Mr Lever, that is sufficient. Now, Fiona, we obviously have to move you." She hummed and sighed. "To the South Wing with a Kathryn Brown, maybe?" Fiona nodded, biting her lip and looked at her mother.

"Kathryn's all right," she muttered and nodded. "She's not going to attack me in the night."

There was silence for a moment before the Principal spoke. Fiona was taken to the Police Station to be interviewed by a specialist womans' team, and her bedding and clothing was taken away for forensic analysis, along with those of the girls who attacked her.

Fiona's parents were visibly shaken, muttering amongst themselves. There was a degree of surprise how composed Fiona was, especially when talking about it: her clinical and unemotional responses to the questions she was presented with unnerved her mother, but as Fiona had said, she was tearful on Saturday night, when the shock of the attack was still raw.

Most of all though, Fiona just wanted to see her attackers suffer, whether that be at her hands or the hands of the Police. "I think you should leave that school," her father told her as they drove out of the Police Station car park. "We can look to see a local school for you to finish your A Levels at."

Fiona shook her head. "No. I won't be beaten," she said resolutely. "I won't be forced out. If they expel me, I don't care, but I am not leaving of my own free will."

"But ..." her mother started and Fiona grunted an interruption.

"We break for Christmas soon, we can chat then," Fiona offered.

"Well your mother and I aren't happy," her father replied. "We don't think that you should stay here." Fiona grunted, and told her father to stop as he drove into the village. "It's Greg."

Fiona leapt out of the car as it stopped, and threw himself into the arms of her boyfriend. "You leaving?" He asked and Fiona shook her head.

"No, not yet," she said after they kissed. "Just been to the Police Station, they are investigating." Greg pushed her away and looked into her eyes.

"I told you to call the Police on Saturday night," he told her firmly. "But you knew best."

"Oi," Fiona said with a frown. "Play nice," she warned.

She turned to see the face of her mother looking on and then introduced her parents to her boyfriend. "Thank your parents for us," Phoebe asked as she got out of the car. "For keeping her safe."

Greg giggled. "Oh that's OK. They quite like her."

Fiona grinned and then turned to her parents. "I helped his Dad do his books yesterday for the family business."

"He reckons that she has saved him several thousands."

"Yeah, and that's your job now," Fiona thundered. "I can't believe you would let your folks struggle like that!"

"Play fair," Greg murmured.

Phoebe nodded and cocked her head towards the school. "Come on trouble," she said with a firm nod. "It's time you were back where you should have been."

Greg sniffed. "You staying? Completely?"

Fiona looked at her mother behind her. "For the time being, yes."

## Chapter VII

Fiona knocked stoutly on the door and waited; there was silence and she took out her key and slid it into the lock. "Boo!" A voice called from behind her and Fiona turned to see a tall brunette girl, soaking wet and dressed in a towel. "I've been expecting you. Been expecting you all day."

"Yeah I've been at the Police Station," Fiona muttered and Kathryn just shrugged as Fiona opened the door.

"Wasn't saying anything," she murmured and licked her lips. "I went down with the Principal and we moved all your stuff in here." Her eyes sparkled and she pointed towards the left hand side of her new room, bigger than her old bedroom. "I've hung up your clothes in the wardrobe and I've put everything in your drawers in your drawers." She gave a wry smile and looked at her. "I mean everything."

"Oh that."

"Yes," Kathryn giggled. "Including that." Fiona blushed as the girl walked past her and sat on the bed. "I heard what happened," she said slowly. "I'll ... I'll ..."

"I'm fine," Fiona snapped as she closed the door gently. "I've been told to go for counselling which I don't want to do. As if talking about it to a stranger is going to help me." Kathryn shifted on the bed and rubbed the bridge of her nose. "If you want someone to talk to ..."

"I don't," Fiona snapped. "I've had Greg trying to get me to do that." Kathryn glanced at the door and knelt down underneath her bed, pulling up a big box of chocolates and a bottle of wine.

"It's not anything fancy but I thought we could have a drink and a chat, put some music on. Get to know each other." Fiona pursed her lips together and Kathryn hesitated. "Maybe."

"That's really good of you," Fiona muttered. "Can I just have a shower, get out of these clothes first."

"Sure." Kathryn blushed and bit her lip. "Ummm ... I might get ready myself and ... ummm ... well I sleep nude. Is that a problem?"

"No," Fiona replied with a smile. "That's no problem at all."

\* \* \* \* \*

Fiona was certainly shaken and from her ordeal and the first two nights awoke several times from her sleep, sweating profusely and shaking from her nightmare. While Kathryn was not previously a good friend (Fiona swore that she didn't have any "real friends" at the school), she was certainly more than a passing acquaintance, and although Fiona opened up a little to her when talking about her ordeal, still exceedingly quiet and withdrawn in her demeanour.

Fiona had been left with strict instructions to telephone her parents on a daily basis, and her mother added to calls from the Principal, Kathryn and Greg (who visited after his school had finished lessons) to seek some counselling, but Fiona was adamant that it was not needed.

"It's admitting they got to me," she snapped at Kathryn when the subject was broached on the Thursday evening. "And I won't do that."

"But it has," Kathryn said as she put down her Mathematics textbook. "Everyone's been saying how ... quiet you've been." Fiona hummed and Kathryn picked up a magazine throwing it across the bed at her.

Fiona glanced at the pictures of tattooed people on the front cover and shrugged. "And?"

"I love people like that. They are what they are, totally honest. No bullshit. They know they look a bit freaky but they have chosen their path in life and everyone else has to accept it. And that was you. We knew that you liked a roll in the hay and was just Fiona. Never shy, or afraid to say something. Called a spade a spade. And now, you are all meek and scared to say what you think."

"I am not," thundered the blonde teenager, scrambling to her feet. She waved her finger in Kathryn's face and screwed up her face angrily. "I was attacked and ..."

"I know," Kathryn interrupted calmly. "I know Fiona. And ..."

She sighed as she trailed off and held out her arms to her room-mate. Fiona pushed her away, but Kathryn was insistent, and sniffed as the brown-haired young lady stood unmoved and embraced her room-mate. Kathryn squeezed the schoolgirl who burst into tears and sobbed into her shoulder, apologising as she did.

"It's fine," soothed Kathryn and watched as Fiona pulled away from her and wiped her eyes. "Honestly, talk to me. Don't bottle it."

"I'm fine," Fiona muttered. "Just got to me a bit."

"A lot of people in this school like you," Kathryn told her. "Loads. They like you for who you are."

Fiona shook her head and sat back on her bed. "Rubbish."

"In the spirit of Angel with the tats, I'll be honest. You are more popular than you think because people like how honest you are. Sure, a few don't like what you stand for but who cares 'bout them? If you love yourself enough then you won't care what they think and you will be happy."

Fiona scowled. "I didn't understand a word of that. What the hell are you on about?"

Kathryn groaned. "OK who are you? Describe yourself." Fiona floundered and snorted, dismissing the girl with her hands. "OK. Female. Teenager. English. Cumbrian. Blonde hair. Like those things 'bout you?"

"I guess."

"Yes or no?"

"Yes," Fiona admitted.

"Determined. Like that?" Fiona nodded. "Middle class. Like that?"

"Yeah," she eventually snorted.

“Greg's girlfriend. Like that?”

“Course.”

“Sexually active?”

“Certainly.”

“So what is there, that you don't like about yourself?”

Fiona shrugged. “Not much, I guess.”

“Then why act like you do?”

“Because ... I'm just not wanting to stand out at the moment.”

“So you will let people who dislike you, tell you what to think. And you will let them change your opinion of you. Loads of people admire your tenacity. Don't let them change that.”

Fiona sighed. “They hate me, and you and the dozen or so, on scholarships here because our parents don't pay for us to come. Sure, my Granddad pays for the accommodation bit, but we don't pay the fees.”

“You mean, we are here because we are intelligent. Sophia's here because her Daddy owns a bank. Which is better?” Fiona smiled and Kathryn leaned back on her bed. “Y'know, I'm surprised you wanted to stay.”

“Won't let them win.” Kathryn raised her eyebrows at her new friend and stretched her legs on the duvet. “But Mum and Dad are coming down at the weekend to try and take me home. I don't want to go. Not yet.”

Kathryn sighed. “Everyone keeps asking me, what really did happen with you that night. No-one wants to ask you as you are being quiet. I've heard some rumours going 'round. Some say that you were arrested for drug dealing, others reckon you had your boyfriend over and there are some really wild suggestions.

“Tell them,” Fiona shrugged. “Tell them that I was attacked by Jenny, Michelle, Sophia and Annabelle, and that I was raped. All because I am on a scholarship and have sex with my boyfriends,” she snapped. “I don't care.”

Kathryn looked at her and gave a groan, before giving her a sultry look. “Would be better to just talk about it,” she replied. “Much better. Therapeutic maybe?”

\* \* \* \* \*

Fiona flicked the magazine onto the next page. “That's nice,” she muttered to her roommate as the young lady frantically dried her hair. Kathryn turned her head to look at the picture of the tattooed lady and nodded.

“Like that one,” she replied and pointed to a stout woman covered in garish body art. Fiona studied the photo for a moment, making out all the different pictures and then forced a smile.

“Bit much for me.”

Kathryn shrugged. “I want to get loads of tats, but you have to be eighteen. Bare skin is

just so boring.” She held her forearms in front of her as Fiona looked up. “I could see roses with barbed wire or some Chinese or even just a couple of cats chasing dogs ...”

“Cats chasing dogs?” Fiona asked with a giggle. “Really?”

“Yeah why not? It's all about subverting the normal.” Fiona listened as her brunette friend leafed through her magazine and showed her all the tattoos and designs she admired, but it was a little advert for a camera that got Fiona excited.

Suddenly a plan started to form in her mind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fiona waited for a few seconds and closed her eyes; Kathryn had been great to spend time with, but she also enjoyed the serenity of solitude and there had been precious little Fiona-time since she had moved into the room.

Her one grace was Kathryn's Tuesday night musical practice and Fiona had almost counted down the minutes until her room-mate left the room and double checked the door was closed before bounding into her bed, shedding her clothes en route to the soft single bed.

She purred as her body sunk into the cotton sheets on the springy mattress and sighed; her hands glided over her firm teenage body. She closed her eyes, savouring every electrifying touch of her hands on her smooth skin.

She fantasised, her room was surrounded by naked people screwing on the floor, and on Kathryn's bed. The air was filled with the passionate sounds of sex, and the unmistakable scent of lust. Fiona filled her nostrils with the sapid decadence and felt a hand touch her breast.

She purred as the fingers danced over her exposed nipple and caressed her smooth orbs, delighting in the gentle warmth exciting her body. She sank further into the mattress and smiled at a young man leaning against the wardrobe, eagerly fingering an imaginary woman to an explosive orgasm. He smiled at her; her body melted: it was Greg.

She beckoned him to her side and groaned as fingers parted her cleft, exposing the soft folds to the roomful of fanciful debauchery. Fiona's body fizzed as she fantasised: Greg's fingers probing her body and her friends looking on.

She looked into Greg's eyes and parted her legs further; he pushed against her engorged button, swirling her slippery pearl around his index finger. She groaned loudly into the room, oblivious to the chatterings and mutterings of her peers admiring her licentious behaviour. She needed a release and implored her partner, pushing a finger into her moistened hole.

Fiona squealed and grunted; fingers were taking her to the brink of her orgasm. Her loins purred and twitched, pressure building in her clit, and aching for a release.

Fiona's legs trembled and her cunt streamed with musky fluid. Her fingers – Greg's fingers – increased their pace as they pushed against her sensitive spots. Her shoulders shivered, her nipples tingled, her toes curled and her eyes sparkled; she was at the point of her climax.

She yelled gratitude to her boyfriend with an appreciative profanity before enjoying a tidal

wave of ecstasy, sweeping from her clit and engulfing her entire body.

Fiona breathlessly mewled as she climaxed; several ripples of lust followed as the teenager rode every crest of the powerful waves overwhelming her aroused soul.

She took a few deep breaths and opened her eyes, sated and satisfied; she smiled into the empty room and took a deep breath. What she wouldn't give for a room for her friends being real and not a fantasy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kathryn bounced the netball in front of a pensive Fiona. "What ya thinking?"

The young lady tapped her fingers on the book on her knees and looked up at her friend standing in her light. "Nuttin"

"Bollocks," Kathryn cried and sat down on the small outside bench alongside her friend. "You've been up and down and ...."

"Do you blame me?" Fiona spat.

"No, of course not." She looked at the blonde girl and bit her lip. "But you don't talk to me much and ..."

"I'm fine."

"Sure," Kathryn muttered and whistled as she idly looked around the historic courtyard of their imposing school. "Heard Annabelle's been packed off to a religious school." Her eyes focused on a figure carved into their stone building. "Mind you, they probably do the birch there, and she'll love that." Kathryn gulped and looked at Fiona's hands clenched into fists. "She might find God and ..."

"Is there a point to this?"

"Yes, is that figure up there a dragon or a griffin, I've never noticed that before."

Fiona sighed and snapped her book shut with an audible clap that echoed around the two girls. "You're taking the ..."

"I heard your parents are coming down," Kathryn interrupted as Fiona got up from the bench. "And that they want to take you out of the school. You leaving?"

Fiona turned away from her friend and shrugged towards the ground. "I don't know," she muttered. "Too many people think I'm not coping too well."

"You're not exactly letting out your emotions, are you?"

"That's my choice," came the fierce response. Fiona spun on her trainers and glared at her room-mate. "There's no-one to speak to. No-one I can trust."

Kathryn rolled the ball down her thigh and shrugged. "Well if you decide you can trust me, I'll listen to you."

Fiona watched as the sporty girl got up from the bench, throwing the ball into the air and catching it. "I didn't mean it like that," Fiona called but Kathryn just chuckled and waved with her back to her friend.

"Then prove it," Kathryn demanded as she left the courtyard.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fiona tapped the desk with Kathryn's magazine open in front of her; it was a lot of money to pay but she knew it could be worth it. Her bank statement lay next to her and she calculated some numbers on the statement and returned to her blank piece of paper.

It was a lot of money.

Fiona looked behind her as Kathryn entered the room. "Oh, hiya," she called and threw her books on the adjacent desk. "Principal said there's been a phone call for you."

"Right," Fiona muttered, absent-mindedly; her focus remaining on the pages in front of her eyes.

"Yeah, oh, and that fit young gardener's apparently been having one of the chef's daughters down to the shed for a bit of after-hours fun. Everyone's talking about it but according to Tamsin there was a fight with knives and everything."

"Great," Fiona murmured. She crossed out a couple of figures on the page and rubbed her nose thoughtfully.

"And then the gardener pulled out a giant beanstalk he'd been growing and smacked the chef over the head, who threw some magic bean stew over the dirty plant molester. The gardener disappeared into a puff of smoke and is now hiding with Elvis, Lord Lucan and the Loch Ness Monster."

"Really?" Fiona mumbled and screwed up her face. "What?"

"You OK?" Kathryn asked. "I know what you said last night and ..."

"Yeah fine, just wondering."

"Ahh that. The revenge. You buying it?"

Fiona took a deep breath and tapped her desk. "Yeah," she replied and started making out a cheque for over a hundred pounds to a company she had never heard of before.

## Chapter VIII

“So how is it?”

“It's fine,” Fiona snapped. “Stop fussing. And you've asked me this a dozen times. Kathryn's fine, I've been interviewed by the police again and have another chat booked next week.”

“Chat?”

“Well whatever. Kathryn's made me go.” She put her hands on his hips and pulled him towards her but Greg resisted. “What's wrong now?”

“It's ... too soon.”

“What's too soon?”

“This,” he muttered. “You were attacked last week and ... well, you know ...”

“No, I don't know,” Fiona spat and shifted her weight onto the other foot as Greg deliberated. “What?”

“You were ... it's too soon. I don't want to ... you know.” His eyes fell to the floor and she crossed her arms. “I'd be taking advantage.”

“Don't be stupid.”

“I mean it.”

“Gregory Hollands. If you don't stop being a silly old woman I shall ... I shall ... I shall do something very nasty.”

“Fiona, don't you ever stop to think what happened to you?”

“All the bloody time,” Fiona hissed and pushed Greg against his bedroom wall. “All the time, Greg. That's why one night, I want to not think about it.”

Greg gulped. “But you can't pretend it never happened.”

“I don't want to pretend it never happened, I just want to get on with my life. And that means not letting it get the better of me.” Her eyes dropped to the floor and she clenched her fists. “Every night I've had a nightmare,” she admitted. “And every day there's been something to remind me. Mum and Dad want me to go home and I just don't want to.” She ran her hands over her boyfriend's chest and sighed. “I feel safe here with you and I am here because I want to be here with you.”

“But love ...” Greg started in a demulcent tone.

“I'm not your love,” Fiona snapped. “Stop calling me that.”

“OK, but ...”

“No Greg. If I let them change me, they win.” She crossed her arms and scowled at him. “Now I want a sex life, I've always had a sex life, why should I let some nasty little cunts tell me what I can and can't do with my body?” Greg sniffed, staring into the defiant eyes of

his girlfriend. A tear formed and slowly rolled down her cheek and he wiped it away. "Please, can we just go back to normal?"

Greg swallowed noisily. "What's normal? Where you get annoyed with me for showing concern?" Fiona clenched her fists and closed her eyes, growling in frustration.

"No. I don't mind you showing concern. It's the ... you're not my parent."

"No, I'm your boyfriend ..." He stared into her expression for a few moments, half-expecting his lover to interrupt him but no words were forthcoming. "... so I'm allowed to worry about you. And I'm allowed to have feelings for you. And ..."

"You're not allowed to love me, we agreed," Fiona demanded. "Absolutely not."

"No," Greg admitted, his eyes falling to the floor. He took a deep breath and held out his hand to Fiona. "I'm not sure I really fancy sex now," he admitted in a murmuring voice. "I think we could watch a video or ..."

"Greg, shut up!" Fiona said, talking over the top of him. "Stop winding me up."

"I'm ..."

"You're going to get your arse over to the bed and give me the sort of seeing to I need." Her eyes sparkled and she smiled warmly at her beau, blowing him a kiss with a smirk. "Because as my boyfriend, it's against the law for me not to be satisfied." Greg gave a titter and she pulled his body close to her. "Because I think you are the nicest person I know and you have the most wonderful tongue between those lips, and I need it ..."

The blonde-haired minx undid the bottom button of his shirt, slowly unclipping each disc before kissing him and sucking on his nipple. He purred as her hands caressed his teenage torso, gliding over his smooth skin. She stared at him in the eyes and slowly, bent her knees, slithering down his body and pulling at his jeans.

"Fiona ..." He called but the young lady ignored him. He watched as she undid the top button of his denim trousers and pushed the rough garment to his ankles. "You can't just ..."

"Ssssh," she cried and kissed the blue cotton stretching to hold his erect cock. Her hands touched the waistband of his boxer shorts, holding and containing her target. She stared lustfully into his eyes as her fingers lowered his underpants; she ran her tongue over her lips as he watched and guided his cock into her waiting, warm mouth.

He groaned lustfully as her soft tongue slipped over his glans and she sucked, treating his cock as if it was a lollipop. Her hands danced over his thighs and still looking up at her boyfriend, she impaled her mouth on his manhood, twisting her tongue as her mouth glided effortlessly down his shaft.

He whimpered as his girlfriend elegantly moved her mouth up and down his wet cock, like she was a ballet dancer glissading facilely across a stage. Greg clenched his buttocks and fists, sighing as his beau ran her tongue over the top of his cock and sucked forcefully.

He swore loudly, professing undying love to his partner and clenched his fists as his perineum twitched and he held his breath before panting loudly.

The dam burst; Greg squealed and cried out as several waves of semen squirted into the

young lady's mouth, and Fiona sucked and slid her mouth along his cum-covered cock as he savoured the last of the fiery delights his girl had gifted to him.

He tugged at her shoulder and Fiona rose to kiss him; Greg pushed his insatiable girl against his patterned wallpaper, and kissed her, his hands exploring her clothed body as their tongues interlocked with lustful intent.

She purred as his hands unbuttoned the button on her trousers and slid onto her crack. "Nice and wet," he whispered into her ear and using his shoulder, pushed her against the wall. His finger slipped along her clammy slit and pressed against her button. Fiona groaned and tilted her head allowing Greg to kiss her exposed neck.

Fiona mewed in anticipation, grinding her hips into Greg's fingers as he encircled her clit, pressing down on her pearl. Greg pressed his body against hers, forcing her against the cool wall of his bedroom while his fingers rubbed against clit and not stopping until the young lady had squealed and shuddered herself to an explosive orgasm.

She panted and smiled appreciatively; Fiona pulled him towards the bed, and Greg had to grab hold of the cabinet to stop himself falling: both Fiona and him had forgotten he still had his trousers around his ankles. Fiona laughed loudly but bounced onto Greg's bed and pulled her trousers onto the floor. "Just as I thought, no knickers," Greg teased cheekily as he kicked off his jeans. "You know what they say about girls with no knickers."

"Yes, they forgot to have them sent to the laundry. Nothing more than that!" Fiona replied with a smirk. "But you know what they say about boyfriends who keep their girlfriends waiting for orgasms."

"Teases," Greg responded and advanced on the bed.

"Don't even think about it!" Fiona yelled and pointed to the floor. "Get those bloody socks off!" Greg laughed, ignoring her protestations and slid onto the end of the bed. "I mean it, I am not having sex with a man wearing ... stop it!"

Greg kissed her thighs as she moaned and moved his lips to her pink mound. She sucked in air, and sighed, enjoying Greg's gentle parting of her moist lips and running his tongue along her luscious slit. She ran her hands through his hair. "That's great," she squealed in delight as his tongue lapped at her clit.

Fiona was too horny to resist Greg's oral for long; her boyfriend blessed her clit with his lustful kisses on her excited pearl and she erupted into a breathless squeal, clenching the sheets as her body erupted into a powerful climax.

She lay on the bed panting, savouring the tingling from her cunt to her fingers. "Don't fucking stop," she cried and pushed Greg's head back towards her soaking wet loins. Fiona bucked her hips, mashing his face into her musky flesh. His mouth sucked on her clit, while his fingers slid underneath his chin and probed her pussy, seeking for her G-Spot.

Fiona yelled as her arousal careered towards another crest, whimpering and mewling like the helpless beast she was. "Oh! Agggghhh! Fuck .... Yeessss!" Fiona spasmed loudly on the bed, closing her eyes and gripping the edge of the mattress as her body shuddered.

She panted for a few moments and opened her eyes; Greg had slid his hands to her erect nipples, and gently rolled them in his fingertips. Fiona gasped. "Stop messin'," she

breathlessly cried and pulled his body towards her, guiding his cock into her sopping pussy.

They sighed together as Greg pounded his cock into his lover; fucking her with strong, powerful thrusts. Fiona squealed; her body tingled with lust as her need was being satisfied. She gulped and looked up at her boyfriend's face. "You like this, don't you?" He cried out, asking the bucking teenager.

She nodded and he raised one of her legs to his shoulder, causing the intensity of his merciless thrusts to double. Fiona swore loudly, her grunts and cries merging into a chorus of shameless pleasure.

She was coming; approaching another climax and bucked her hips. "Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Oh yeah!" She cried, her voice getting louder.

"Yeah?" Greg asked, driving his cock into his lover with increasingly powerful strokes. She panted and nodded, her eyes squinting as her fourth orgasm of the day ripped through her young, teenage body.

It was fortunate Greg's family were out, as the horny Fiona yelled so loudly that it was heard in the street. Intense, incredible waves cascaded through the two lovers, as Greg pumped his seed into the minx with a grunt.

They panted loudly and audibly, smiling at each other. "Men with socks on, do make good lovers!" Greg teased and leant over to kiss his partner. "It's ..."

"God, you are so ... British!" Fiona replied, still panting, resisting the kiss and then giggled as he pouted at her. "Look at me, my hands are shaking." He laughed and kissed her, before sliding down her body to push his face into her wet cunt. "Oh shit ..." Fiona squealed with an impassioned cry; Greg was nowhere near finished with her, and she was going to love every minute of it!

\* \* \* \* \*

"What time do you call this?" Fiona asked, a little aggressively as her parents arrived at the foyer of her school.

"Got lost," her father admitted. "Your mother can't navigate."

"What he means is, he can't follow directions. Men, they never listen." Fiona shook her head and smiled, and signed out of her school with a flash of the pen on a leather bound book open on the desk. The wiry mother hugged her daughter and squeezed her tight. "You OK?"

"Fine," Fiona cried and wriggled free of the parental hug. "As I tell you on the phone. I am fine." Her father looked on anxiously and she smiled at him. "Tell her Dad."

Fiona had been persuaded by her parents to allow them to pick up Greg on their way to the restaurant, despite her telling them and then repeating herself several times that Greg was not a long-term partner for her. "It doesn't matter," her mother repeated. "He's your boyfriend now and he looked after you when you needed him. Although why you didn't just call us, I still don't know."

Fiona didn't respond and glared at Greg when he joined her in the back seat. "Cheer up," he teased and she shook her head at him. He passed her a small parcel with a smile. "You

spend so long at my house, even your post is coming here!"

"Don't be embarrassing," she hissed as they arrived at the restaurant. "Don't say anything 'bout us."

"Fiona, love, leave him alone," her mother ordered. "You make it sound like ..."

"I make it sound like I didn't want him here," she finished for her. "Which I think you'll find ..."

"If I am intruding on family time," Greg started but was interrupted by both Fiona's parents, who scoffed at his suggestion.

"We wanted to meet you again," the middle-aged woman replied. "It's just Fiona. You know what she can be like."

"Yes, I do," Greg said, smiling at his girlfriend. "But if she wasn't so stroppy at times, she wouldn't be the Fiona we all love and adore." Fiona's scowl deepened and her mood wasn't improved by an impromptu hug.

"Seriously," Fiona snapped as they walked towards the pub. "Will everyone stop hugging me. My personal space is getting seriously invaded at the moment."

Fiona had to put up with her parents spending most of the meal talking to Greg, eager to find out as much about his life, and his life with Fiona as Greg was prepared to tell them. Unfortunately for Fiona, Greg was open and honest, and almost anything that her parents asked was answered honestly and openly.

"We need to have words," Fiona hissed. "You can't tell them that I spend half the weekend at your place."

"Why?" Greg asked, glancing over to the bar as Fiona's parents ordered the desserts. "What's wrong?"

"Because they have come to check up on me. They never come during the term, but now they have. They don't trust me and ..."

"They are concerned about you. Your Dad seems really worried about you."

"That's not the point," Fiona spat. "Now button it, or I'll send you home."

"I've not talked about your sex drive," he threatened. "Now that would cause problems."

"Don't you dare," Fiona warned him and she whispered in his ear. "I'm at your house next week for your Dad's party. I might be indiscreet if you don't shut up."

"You be indiscreet and I might just fall in love with you."

"You wouldn't dare!" Her voice carried as her mother returned with a tray of drinks, and glared at her child.

"What's up, love?"

"Well you know you said you wanted to take me to Derby tomorrow, do a bit of shopping before you go home," Fiona said with a smirk. "Well Greg's just remembered that he can't come." Her mother looked at the fidgeting boy.

“Well it's nothing I couldn't cancel,” he said, looking at Fiona, and rubbed her leg under the table.

She was annoyed with him, but her knew two minutes with his tongue wrapped around her clitoris and she would forgive him instantly.

\* \* \* \* \*

“And if you could sign there, and there,” the Police officer requested and smiled warmly at Fiona, passing her a pen. “How are you coping?”

Fiona scribbled on the paper, and looked at the Principal, sat next to the blonde girl. “Shit,” Fiona snorted tersely. “After this!”

“Fiona,” her Principal warned. “That's not appropriate.” She looked at the Police officer and gave a false smile. “We've expelled Annabelle for drug possession,” the Principal told the officer. “We will not tolerate that behaviour in the school.”

“But rape is fine,” Fiona thundered. “Nothing more than a slap on the wrist for that.”

“Fiona Holmes,” the lady cried, gripping her pen. “That is not fair. You know we can't expel on the basis of one person's word and they all deny it. We've been through this.”

“Yes, we have,” the teenager snapped. “And it's not fair on me. I have to work with those ... evil ...” Her voice trailed off as she spoke and rubbed her nose, before throwing her hands out in front of her dramatically. “Oh what's the fuckin' point?”

“Young lady, I will not be spoken to like that. I know what happened was traumatic for everyone, but ...”

“Traumatic for everyone?” Fiona yelled, her eyes fizzing dangerously. “It was a lot more traumatic for me. I got raped. And no-one seems to care. Not you. Not them. No-one. And then you ask how I am. Where's my fucking justice, eh?” She clenched her fists and inhaled sharply. “I need to get out of here,” she mumbled and strode out of the study, leaving a stunned Police officer and headmistress, calling out to her.

“Fiona! Fiona! Miss Holmes!” A voice called and the detective that had investigated her attack came running over the college green, trying to catch up with the angry blonde. “I'm sorry we are not pressing charges,” the Police officer told the girl, who wiped her eyes.

“Why don't you believe me?”

“I do,” he stressed and sighed. “Really I do. But we can't get enough evidence and they will tear you apart in that courtroom. I am sorry, but it's not my decision ... it's not my decision at all.” He coughed and scratched his head and looked into the weeping eyes of the pretty teenager. “I'm sorry I can't do any more for you. Have you been offered counselling?”

“Yes,” Fiona snapped. “And I don't want it.”

“Well maybe you should,” he offered.

“Well maybe you should put Michelle and Jenny and all that in jail.” He hesitated and Fiona backed away from him. “Yeah, thanks for nothing!” She spat. “I knew reporting it wouldn't help me.”

"Fiona," he called out and watched as the girl strode away from him into the library and sat down with her book, opening it at the first page and barely reading it.

Why wouldn't the Police believe her? Why did they want her attackers to go free? It really didn't make any sense; weren't the Police supposed to make the streets safer?

She glared at the print on the page and wiped her eyes, before clenching her fists; she couldn't concentrate. "There's the slut," Michelle spat as Fiona's three tormentors surrounded the quiet girl. She looked up from her book in the library and a handful of younger girls scattered from around her, once the menacingly trio glared at them. "Just so you know, we ain't finished with you yet."

Fiona closed her hardback book with a thump and slammed it against Michelle's hand leaning on the table. "Oh, was your hand there?"

Jenny grabbed Fiona by the throat as she stood up and pushed her away, causing the blonde girl to fall over the arm of her chair, and she landed on the floor with a bump. She squealed and scrambled to her feet as Sophia advanced on her. "Your lies got Annabelle expelled," she spat in her Bulgarian accent. "And your lies broke me up with Hayden."

"Your bitchiness broke you up with Hayden," Fiona barked and glared at the girl. "And he didn't like always fucking you up the arse." She waited for Sophia to snarl and then licked her lips. "And all those shows of vegetables going up there, he'd rather he went with a girl a little less stretched." Sophia squeaked and brought her hand up to strike Fiona, when the attacker fell against the bookshelves.

Kathryn smiled at her room-mate. "Not causing you any problems, are they?" Fiona smiled weakly as Kathryn raised her eyebrows at the three girls anxiously looking at each other. "Ahh, not so big and strong now that Annabelle's not here to lead you," she taunted. The voluptuous Michelle took a step towards Kathryn, but the Fiona's room-mate's arm arrowed out of her body and stopped an inch from Michelle's face. "I am a black belt in Karate. I can give you a broken nose to look like Snouty here, or you can do one." Her eyes watched the three girls melt away and Kathryn picked up the book that Michelle had knocked onto the floor.

"Are you really a black belt in Karate?"

"Sure," Kathryn muttered and smirked. "Does it matter? All that matters is that they believe it." Fiona thanked her and took her books from her room-mate. "I did do Karate," Kathryn explained. "And still do it when I am back home but I am a long way from being a black belt."

"Well now they are after you," Fiona told her, solemnly.

"What? So room-mates aren't supposed to stick up for each other?" Kathryn asked with raised eyebrows. "Sure they are."

"Just as long as you know what you are taking on."

"Nothing I can't handle," she promised and looked at her friend. "And I do have a small favour to ask. Ummm ... are you free a little later?"

\* \* \* \* \*

"He looks about fifty," Fiona muttered from the other side of the small village pub to

Kathryn and looked towards the door as it closed. Kathryn giggled and got up from her seat, passing her coat to Fiona and walked the ten metres towards her date.

"I thought I was going to be stood up," she complained and gestured towards an empty table in the window. "Shall we?"

"I'd rather be in the corner," he replied with a smirk and glanced towards the other side of the pub. Fiona listened and watched as he held out his hand towards the secluded section of the establishment and smiled sweetly. "It'll be romantic."

Fiona sat on an adjoining table, and listened in to their conversation; "Billy" was certainly pushy, and had been divorced once before although he didn't disclose why. He plied Kathryn with alcohol and was lewd when he spoke; Fiona didn't like him much.

She heard her room-mate warn the middle-aged date about his wandering hands on several occasions, but her firm demands changed into giggles when he smiled at the drunken girl. Fiona had not ever dated anyone as pushy as Billy, and struggled to see Kathryn's attraction towards him. She tried to make eye contact with her, but her friend was too tipsy to notice.

Fiona had a brief drink with Sam and Laura, who had been out for the afternoon and were having an evening drink, but had to make excuses for her rudeness, as her attention was constantly diverted on her friend, in an exceedingly short skirt, having to repel the forceful advances of Billy.

She waved goodbye to the couple and glanced back towards Kathryn, pushing Billy's hands off her wrist. "Stop playing games," he barked. "Yer comin' back to my place, love. I know yer kind. Yer always wan' it."

"I don't want to," she said quietly and caught Fiona's eye, staring towards the toilet. "And I need a wee." Fiona gave Kathryn ten seconds inside the toilets before she joined her and looked at her friend leaning against the sink.

"What the hell is going on?" Fiona asked and Kathryn shook her head.

"He's a friend of a friend," she admitted. "Well some guy I used to know and his mate wanted a date. But ..."

"You need to get out of here."

"I can't. He will follow us. I don't want him chasing me down the road!"

Fiona passed Kathryn her coat and pointed towards the bathroom window. "Old school way?"

"Climbing out of toilet windows?" Kathryn said with a giggle. "But we've not paid our meal."

"Billy can settle," Fiona snapped and she put her foot on the radiator to haul her weight up to the window before pushing it open. "Excellent," she cried. "There's grass almost at window height. This must be built into the hill," she mused and looked down to see Kathryn rubbing her eyes. Fiona jumped down and gestured towards the open window.

"Me?" she asked with a snort. "You first."

"You first," Fiona barked and held her hands together to provide a "step" for her friend.

"Hurry up, he'll be getting suspicious." Kathryn groaned and took off her high heels, placing them on the sink while her mind whirred. She put her left leg on Fiona's hands and pushed up against it, before using Fiona's shoulder to stabilise herself.

"Too pissed to do this," she moaned, as her hands reached for the window ledge and she kicked her legs to get her balance. She forced her body through the small opening, catching her clothing on the hook and swore as she fell onto the soft mud below.

"Kathryn," Fiona cried. "You OK?"

"Yes," a voice called back. "Covered in mud."

"I'll meet you 'round the front," Fiona said over the window.

"What!" Fiona picked up the shoes on the sink and opened the door to the toilet, before striding into the pub. She glanced at Billy, staring at the toilets and he looked at her.

"There's a brown-haired girl in there. Is she OK?"

"Fine," Fiona muttered and saw his eyes glance towards the distinctive red shoes in her hand. "She's fine."

"That's ..."

"Go pay the bill," she taunted. "And goodbye."

Fiona reached the door of the pub when she felt a hand on her shoulder pulling her back. "Where is she?"

"The toilet," Fiona lied. "And get off me." She pushed Billy away from her loudly and her eyes lingered on the barmaid. "And you got a meal to pay for. Trying to run away without paying." The landlord looked towards the commotion, but Fiona guessed she had less than a handful of seconds before Billy came out and found them.

Kathryn was a state: her skirt was ripped to her flimsy underwear and the white top and coat was both covered in mud. She cocked her head and raised her eyebrows at Fiona. "He's coming," Fiona yelled and grabbed her friend's dirty hand. Kathryn squealed as Fiona ran across the cobbled pavement, but there was little point in her friend changing into her heels.

"Where are we going?" Kathryn cried as she led her friend into a cul-de-sac. "School's that way."

"Change of plan," Fiona cried and walked up to a semi-detached house with only one light on. "Someone I know!"

"Greg?" Kathryn asked breathlessly.

"Hayden, a friend of Greg's. Greg's out tonight. And even better, Hayden can drive his Dad's car and his parents are in the pub. I saw them."

"Assuming he's in."

"He is in," Fiona replied, as she knocked on the door. "The car's on the drive." There was some noise behind the front door and Hayden slowly opened it. He muttered something

when he saw the bedraggled Kathryn but Fiona interrupted him. "Small favour to ask," she said as she walked into his house.

"What happened."

"Slight issue that will take too long to explain," Fiona patronised. "So just do what I ask for."

"A bath?"

"A shower and a change of clothes."

"I don't think my underwear will fit her."

"Hayden!" Fiona barked, sizing up the teenager dressed in a tracksuit. "You have dozens of pairs of tracksuits. Just one that is clean but doesn't fit too good, or even one that does and I can give it back to you tomorrow. Or at the School Dance."

Hayden shook his head, but beckoned Kathryn into the house and pointed her towards the "downstairs bathroom." Fiona crossed her arms and glared at him as Kathryn thanked him and closed the door.

"All my tracksuits'll be too big," he told her. I'm far taller and bigger than her. And ..."

"It doesn't matter," Fiona replied. "Really, it doesn't matter. Come on Hayden." She raised her eyebrows at him and blew him a kiss. "Come on, you love me, really."

"No. That's Greg." Fiona snorted and Hayden crossed his arms. "Seriously Fiona, he thinks the world of you."

"Well he shouldn't," the teenage girl snapped. "I'm not worthy of his love. Now, this tracksuit!"

Hayden ignored her. "Fiona, I'm serious – he loves you. He won't admit it to you or me, but as his friend I am telling you, he loves you. Something you should know, he wants to get closer to you."

"He doesn't," Fiona snapped. "And we had this agreement, if he falls in love with me, then he either sees sense or we split up." Hayden gulped as Fiona adjusted her top and the blonde soubrette didn't need to do too much begging to elicit an old tracksuit, destined for the charity shop to take into the tiny bathroom for her friend.

Kathryn giggled when she adjusted the trousers around her waist. "Feels so naughty, I'm naked under this!"

"Now, what the hell was going on with Billy?"

"Nothin'." Kathryn said shyly and she shrugged. "OK, I fancied going out with someone a bit older," she confessed and sighed. "He is the brother of the gardener. He came to visit him and we got chatting. He's come from Derby to see me. OK?"

"You're mad."

"A little," she confessed. "But that's why you are here." Fiona sighed and zipped up the tracksuit top, before opening the bathroom door. Hayden picked up a beer from the table and smiled at the two girls as they entered the lounge.

“How many have you had?” Fiona asked, anxiously.

“This is my second.”

“No it isn't. You've got to drop us off at the Abbey,” the smirking blonde replied and picked up the bottle of beer from Hayden's hands. He groaned as she sat down.

“What's in it for me?” He said with a smirk.

“I'll let you beat me a pool next time,” she said with a giggle.

“I do that anyway,” he said and put his hands on her waist as she turned away from him. He began to tickle her and she squealed a warning that she was about to drop the beer on his parents' sofa that caused Hayden to stop.

Fiona put her head back and looked into Hayden. “OK the next time Greg fancies a threesome, I'll give you a call,” she promised and Hayden grumbled.

“Yeah OK,” he muttered and smirked as she took a gulp of his drink. “Can I get you anything?” He asked.

“Yes, she wants a dose of common sense and a glass of something very powerfully alcoholic,” Fiona replied and he bit his lip.

“I'll show you what I've got,” he said, getting up from the couch and pointing towards his father's little drinks cabinet. “What do you want?” Kathryn smiled shyly and looked coyly at Fiona.

“What has he got?”

“Bigger than Ewan and Greg. Not quite at Sam's size,” Fiona giggled, and blew a kiss towards the teenager, shaking his head at the two girls. “Don't worry, she's as bad as me.”

“Wow!” Hayden cried. “Can she play pool like you as well? If so, fancy a game of strip pool?”

“Hayden!” Fiona warned. “She's just nearly been kidnapped by a sixty year-old.”

“Fifty-two,” Kathryn replied with a frown. “And not kidnapped. Just ... molested.”

“Shit!” Hayden cried. “Well maybe you should, y'know. Talk to the Police.”

“Don't be silly,” Fiona spat as she wiped her eyes. “They are useless. But she should find herself a proper boyfriend. With the emphasis on 'boy' not 'decrepit.””

“When I find someone who knows their way around the female anatomy and is under twenty-five I shall go out with someone who is under twenty-five,” Kathryn replied with an aggrieved tone.

“But that's the beauty of finding guys who don't,” Fiona explained. “You get to teach them what you like.” Her eyes glanced over to Hayden and she raised her eyebrows. “You are not to repeat this,” she warned him before turning back to the tracksuit-clad teenage girl. “But I just adore virgins and non-experienced guys. They are such a challenge, and, they are more grateful for any female attention.” Kathryn sniggered at Fiona's seriousness.

“Yeah but Greg isn't non-experienced now.”

“Sense of achievement. I took a young man who needed help, helped him and now he is a master. His sexual skills are my handiwork. Every orgasm he gives someone else, they owe me a debt of thanks.”

“Yes, and it doesn't always work out like that, does it?” He raised a bottle of vodka towards Kathryn who nodded appreciatively as Fiona frowned in thought. “Peter. Now he wasn't exactly grateful, was he?”

“That's not true,” Fiona argued. “I taught him well, and after we split up, I know he told everyone at your school I was a crazy nymphomaniac slut, but he did bag that cute girl.”

“Actually they split,” Hayden corrected her, as he poured a very generous measure of vodka in a tumbler, and then added a smattering of Coca-Cola from a bottle. “She said he was too 'sex-mad.' They had a row in Maths.”

“Well he always was a bit clingy.”

“I hate clingy guys,” Kathryn said as she thanked Hayden for the drink. “They always want something and are always there.”

Fiona agreed and stretched her legs, leaning back against the sofa cushions and taking a swig of the beer. “Greg can be a bit intense at times but he's not too bad. He knows.” She looked at Hayden and nodded. “Right?”

“Sure,” he muttered and pursed his lips. “He does think you are the best girlfriend anyone could ever want.”

“I am when it comes to some things,” Fiona boasted and chortled. “And I s'pose he's a decent boyfriend.” Kathryn spluttered when she took a sip of her potent drink and Fiona giggled. “Well he does what I want in the bedroom, easy-going, kind and ... errr ... well, he has said he doesn't mind me playing away.” Kathryn's eyebrows rose and Fiona bit her lip. “We had a chat before the party and he promised me that as long as I was honest and it wasn't a regular thing, he was OK with it. Now Eddie wasn't happy when I arranged a threesome and he asked for it.”

Hayden laughed. “Umm ... didn't you arrange a threesome with his older brother?”

“Yeah? And?” Fiona asked aggressively. “Oh, I'm sorry, I thought a threesome was three people, he didn't say who he wanted.”

“And, well, he told everyone about it at school when you went out with Peter, but after he said 'no' didn't you go and screw his brother anyway?” Fiona shrugged.

“I'm not proud of it,” she admitted and swirled the beer in the bottle. “But I got a bit pissed, and I was up for something and he just acted like a child so I wanted to show him what he was missing.”

Hayden tapped his fingertips. “You broke him,” he said quietly. “He hated his brother after that, and ...”

“I was younger,” Fiona admitted. “More naïve. I didn't know.”

“Well ... Greg knows what to expect. Everyone knows about you at our school,” he told Kathryn. “You've been christened on every bog wall in our school.”

"Does it matter?" Kathryn asked and then sniffed. "But that's why I hate boys from our year. They just boast and stuff."

"Greg doesn't," Hayden said immediately. "Actually, he got in a fight with Peter a few weeks ago when your ex called you a slut." Fiona's eyes widened and Hayden gestured with his hands. "But don't tell him I told you or say anything to you."

"That's quite sweet," Kathryn purred as she finished her drink and Hayden replaced it with another. Fiona held the beer bottle aloft and called for another. "So are you the Hayden that Sophia dated?"

"Yes," Fiona cried as Hayden looked away. "He is hopeless with choosing women."

The host crossed his arms and sighed. "I don't have to take this abuse," he warned with a smirk. "I can just throw you out and spend the evening with Kathryn."

"Now she is a much better choice than your previous bitches, cows and harlots." Fiona smiled at Kathryn and then Hayden. "You just seem to pick dire partners."

"OK Miss Matchmaker," Hayden teased. "What sort of woman should I be searching for?" Fiona took a deep breath as she looked at him and considered her options.

"Smart, can argue and keep you in check. Some girl with a decent libido but not too scarily kinky."

"Sophia was into everything weird," Hayden mused. "I don't mind the odd bit of anal, but she was just fucking ... weird."

"I know," Fiona muttered and then continued her ponderings. "And discreet, sporty and fun. I don't think you take yourself as seriously as Greg takes himself, so a cheeky, fun girl would be great."

He looked at her with pursed lips. "Any names then?"

Kathryn stared at Fiona as she hummed. "Chloë would be good, if she ever breaks up with Ewan. Oh, Lee had a younger sister, Christina, she'd be great." Hayden giggled at the smirking girl and she looked around at Kathryn staring at her. "What?"

"Well aren't I smart, argumentative, discreet, sporty, fun and sexed up?"

"Yes, but you only want old guys."

Kathryn groaned. "I don't want old guys," she said wearily and rubbed her eyes. "I want guys who ... know their way 'round the female body and who are just fun and relaxed. Not too serious."

"So do you want a date with Hayden?"

"Does he meet my requirements?"

Fiona hummed and nodded. "I guess so. He's not too bad. And he's fun and relaxed. OK, when are you free then?"

"Oh," Hayden cried. "Don't I get a say in all this?"

"No," scoffed Fiona and adjusted herself in her seat. "How about the weekend? Bowling,

cinema in Derby?"

"Yeah, Saturday'll be fine." Her eyes glistened and she giggled.

"Is this Fiona's dating agency?"

"Why not? I think I would be good at it." She looked at Hayden who smiled back at her. "Sorted." Fiona looked at Hayden, with a smirk. "When are your parents back?"

"Eleven. They always stay 'til eleven."

"I just thought I could give you a game of Strip Poker. Just so Kat knows what she is getting."

Hayden laughed and shook his bowed head. "That's not going to happen: you wouldn't win."

"Pah!" Fiona spat and finished her beer. "You know I would beat you any day of the week." He argued and Fiona held out her empty bottle. "Prove it. Play me. Katty's got a big drink to finish so play me."

Hayden sighed. "Right. I must be mad, I know I must be, but fine." He opened a drawer to take out a pack of blue backed playing cards and passed them to Fiona. "Shuffle them," he told her while he made himself a drink.

"You are driving us home," Fiona moaned as he opened the vodka.

"I will walk you home," he promised. "But I can't play Strip Poker sober."

Fiona sighed but shuffled the deck and gestured for her opponent to cut the cards. "Count me in," Kathryn said as she sat on the floor next to Fiona, who objected immediately. "I've not played Strip Poker for ages."

"I have something to settle with Hayden," Fiona admitted and then rubbed her nose. "It's fine. I will beat him and you can see what he's got."

Hayden scoffed, and while he suggested that his new date sit the game out, she was insistent and Fiona reluctantly dealt five cards to her. "Change three cards, once?" Hayden suggested and Fiona changed three cards to try and find anything to complement her two fours. Kathryn also changed three cards while Hayden changed just one. Fiona grumbled as she tried to remove her sock when both her playing partners beat her, and Hayden objected. "Kathryn's not got socks. Take off something else."

"I've only got your tracksuit on," she told him.

"OK. So it's tops off then bottoms. This will be a short game!"

"Tops, bottoms, underwear," Fiona suggested. "And we can give Kathryn a free ride for the first loss to make up for her lack of underwear." Hayden reluctantly objected and Fiona took off her white top. Hayden's eyes lingered on her bra-covered breasts and gestured at her. She sighed and tutted, sliding her arms out of the garment, and unclipping it with a scowl.

The second hand was scarcely better as Hayden's two aces beat Fiona's pair of fives and Kathryn's pair of Jacks. She swore loudly and Hayden jokingly asked her if she wanted to

concede as her socks and jeans were added to the pile of clothes, to reveal a blue pair of knickers.

Hayden topped up the drinks, and she was dealt a straight that beat her rivals, and Hayden unzipped his black tracksuit to show off his firm muscles underneath, which caused Kathryn to coo lewdly. Kathryn lost the next two rounds and allowed her new date to unzip his old tracksuit to show off her 34B chest.

Fiona gulped and nervously dealt the cards, muttering a swear word when she got five cards with nothing greater than a "Jack high." She swapped three cards to make a pair of sevens, but as they declared both her room-mate and Hayden beat her and she ungraciously swore. "I can take them down if you want," he teased, but Fiona just leant back and pulled her knickers to her ankles, throwing them at the smiling Hayden. "Just you now then," he told Kathryn

"Hayden, don't," Fiona barked and she looked at him. "Don't. You've won."

"Why not?" Kathryn asked.

"You've only joined in because you have been drinking," she replied and clenched her fists. "Hayden's won, he's seen me naked. Nothing more to do."

"Sure there is," Kathryn cried. "Don't you know how to play Strip Poker? Keep playing until there is one winner."

Fiona shook her head but dealt out ten cards. She watched as Hayden swapped one card and her room-mate swapped three and she rubbed her hair. "If you don't make Kathryn strip," she said quietly. "Then I will play with myself for you. Put on a show." She gulped and stared at him, and he rubbed his nose. He put his cards down on the carpet and glanced at the bare-breasted Kathryn.

"Why don't you want her to play with me?"

"Because it's ... I'm looking out for her. She had a lot to drink in the pub and you've plied her with lots to drink. I would be happier."

"I'm fine," Kathryn moaned with a scowl and turned over her cards to reveal three sixes.

"Unlucky," he muttered with a smirk to show three tens. "Now ..."

"I'll screw you," Fiona cried. "Let her off and you can fuck me. I know it's been awhile Hayden and I know Greg won't be too happy at us, but ..."

"I don't need you to take my forfeits," Kathryn interrupted. "It's fine."

"No. Hayden that's an offer. Before you find a girlfriend. We can go upstairs now."

"I might not want you to have sex with the guy who's taking me on a date at the weekend," Kathryn snapped and crossed her arms. "I'm fine." She swayed and Fiona groaned.

"Do double or quits," Hayden muttered. "You win and I'll take off my bottoms and my underwear."

"And if you win?" Kathryn asked.

"What would you offer me?" His eyes twinkled and the brown-haired girl, looked at Fiona with a grin. "A lesbian show!" Hayden blurted out.

"Err ... no!" Fiona squealed. "You get to see her naked."

"But I've already won that," he said with a snort. "Well if you don't want to play, Fiona, there are other forfeits for the Kitty Kat here." Kathryn giggled at Hayden's silliness and Fiona groaned loudly.

"Right, OK. You better not lose Kathryn."

"Deal the cards then," he told her and watched as Fiona shuffled the deck before dealing five cards to both her friend and her room mate. Hayden smiled as the last card was dealt and casually picked up his cards, throwing two cards onto the floor, and receiving two cards from Fiona. Kathryn showed her cards to a worried Fiona, who pointed to three cards, which were then changed.

"This is a good hand," Fiona boasted.

"Mine's better," he said confidently and placed the five cards down on the carpet one at a time; a six of clubs followed by a six of hearts and then a three of diamonds, a three of spades and another six. "Full house," he said with a smirk. "Beat that."

"Fuck," Fiona exclaimed as Kathryn put down a "two pair." Hayden sniggered and got up to get another drink from the drinks cabinet before sitting on the sofa while Fiona stared at him. "My offer still stands," she promised.

"The one where I take you upstairs and Greg gets pissed off with me and you for weeks," he replied as he took a gulp of his beer. "Sorry if I don't leap at that one."

Fiona bit her lip as Kathryn rubbed her on her arm. "You made the bet," she reminded her room-mate.

"I'm ... I'm ... he is really enjoying this."

"Yeah, but if we'd won you'd have 'is clothes off now," Kathryn added. Fiona snapped ungraciously in return and watched as the slim girl drunkenly removed her tracksuit bottoms and Hayden cooed appreciatively at her trimmed and tidy crotch.

"So kiss," he directed the two girls and Fiona raised her finger up at him. He smiled in return, and Kathryn moved across the carpet to her room-mate. Kathryn's lips touched Fiona's, and the blonde girl flinched instinctively. The brunette's hands rubbed against Fiona's body, and she found herself being pushed down onto the floor, by the actions of her friend.

Their tongues rubbed together and Fiona grunted nasally as she felt her erect nipples rub against those of Kathryn's. She put her hands onto the slender back of the young lady and spread her legs instinctively. Her hands rubbed over the back, and squeezed the buttocks as the two girls kissed passionately on the floor.

Kathryn broke the kiss and looked into Fiona's eyes with a smile. She pouted, and slid down Fiona's body, stopping to kiss the erect nipples of her room-mate. Fiona purred as her clit tingled and Kathryn's hands flowed over her body. She glanced over to see Hayden gently rubbing his crotch through his trousers and saw Kathryn's eyes gleam.

Kathryn adjusted her body and swung her legs over Fiona's bosom before pushing on the carpet to slide her body up the young lady's torso. Hayden sighed, and watched intently as both Fiona and Kathryn's tongues extended to touch the crotches in front of their faces.

Fiona whimpered as her friend gently parted her labia, and her tongue slid up and down her moist runway. Her legs quivered and she groaned loudly, pushing her lips further into Kathryn's crotch to muffle her sounds of feminine arousal. She squealed and closed her eyes, her own tongue pressed against her friend's clit.

Her hands rolled her Kathryn's erect nipples between her fingers, and her lips formed an "O" around the teenager's clit, and sucked gently. Her sweet scent filled her mouth, and she felt her friend's legs shake and flinch.

Her own crotch was aroused and tingling with intense sexual excitement, and she felt herself approaching her teenage orgasm. A finger was pressed against her opening and made slow circular motions; Fiona grunted and put more pressure on the young lady's engorged nipples, rolling the skin between her fingers.

She could feel her body building up to her climax, and lapped at Kathryn's cunt with renewed vigour. She bucked her hips, and squealed; her friend was bringing her closer and closer to her peak. She closed her eyes and her legs shook.

Fiona gasped and groaned into the tidy pubic hair of her room-mate, letting out a long, continuous squeal of unmistakable pleasure as her loins erupted into waves and waves of sexual release that cascaded through her body to her extremities. She panted, and gulped as she savoured the satisfaction afforded to her, and felt Kathryn wriggle in front of her.

She smiled, and with as much energy as she could muster, attacked the exposed, glistening loins with passion and lustful excitement. She lapped at her clit, and circled it, pressing on the little button while her hands massaged the breasts of her friend.

Kathryn touched Fiona's sensitive slit, but she pressed against her friend's body, and she stopped. She could feel the legs of Kathryn twitching and shaking, she was panting, groaning, crying out and bucking her hips; Kathryn was about to climax, and Fiona's lips were taking her there.

Kathryn pressed her crotch against Fiona's face and gave a loud groan, pushing her anus onto Fiona's nose, and squeezing her leg painfully. She squealed, mewed, panted and gasped, before slumping against her room-mate. Spent.

She gulped and looked over at Hayden playing with his cock in the room. Kathryn smiled and disentangled her body from Fiona. "Is that caused by me?" She asked with a smirk and took his hand off his erect cock. He groaned as she began to gently pump his shaft and then sat next to him on the couch, her head resting against his shoulder.

"That's wonderful," he muttered as she increased her pace and kissed his bare chest. He panted and sighed, and looked up to see Fiona watching them. He groaned.

Kathryn looked up at him with a smile. "Come for me," she whispered and licked her lips. "Let me see you come." He simpered and she felt his cock twitch. She kept pumping his cock, and watched as a jet of semen hit her in the face.

Several waves of semen pooled on his chest and as she let go of his erect cock, watched it bob over his crotch. She blew her new date a kiss. "Thank you," he muttered and then

giggled when he looked at her. "Did I hit you in the ..."

"Yes," she replied with a barely disguised smirk. "Going to get dressed and cleaned up," she told him and looked at Fiona with a nod of the head. Fiona picked up the clothes and two teenagers hurried into the bathroom to get decent.

"Can't believe you did that," Fiona hissed as she slid her knickers to her waist. "He will be expecting it now."

Kathryn shrugged. "He's cute and he's a nice guy. And he's fun and ... why not?"

Fiona sighed and she glanced at her watch. "We needed to be back at the Abbey five minutes ago," she moaned, and frantically put the rest of her clothes on.

Hayden had just finished getting himself cleaned up and reclothed when his parents walked through the door, chatting loudly with some friends. He got a mild chastisement for helping himself to the alcohol and then raised eyebrows when two beautiful young ladies emerged from the toilet. "This is Fiona and Kathryn," Hayden said, introducing the two teenage girls to the six adults. "Fiona is Greg's girlfriend." There was some muffled greetings muttered to Fiona, and Kathryn smiled.

"And I'm going out with Hayden," she announced with a grin and looked at him in the eye. He bit his lip and nodded, glancing at his parents and then making excuses for their speedy departure.

"What?" Kathryn asked as she tottered the end of the road in her red heels, looking ridiculous against the faded tracksuit "We sort of are, aren't we? On Saturday."

"Yes, but now my parents will want to know everything about you. And they hated Sophia."

"What does that show, other than that they have good taste?" Fiona muttered.

"So what?" Kathryn asked. "If we are going out on a date then surely it doesn't matter, does it? You're not ashamed of me, are you?"

"No," he muttered and then licked his lips. "So I guess you liked what you saw."

Kathryn held out her hand for Hayden to take it. "I didn't dislike what I saw, but there is more than just what's between your legs. We'll see on Saturday." She sniggered and even Fiona shook her head.

"I can't believe there is someone wilder than Fiona at that school," he teased. "I am going to end up like Greg."

"No," Kathryn warned him. "I am not wilder than Fiona. We are different. Don't compare us." She got a solemn apology, but flirted with her date until they reached the school gates.

"10am?" Kathryn asked. "At your house."

"Sure." He hesitated as he reached out for Kathryn who hugged him and gave him a kiss on the cheek. He smiled and nodded towards the two girls. "See you Saturday," he called out to them. "Oh, and I have something to tell you," he said as they moved away from him. Kathryn and Fiona turned to face him, and he grinned, mischievously. "They were marked cards," he admitted and blew the two schoolgirls a kiss. "I was always going to win."

“Cheating bastard,” Fiona shouted and looked to see Kathryn giggling.

“Yeah, I know,” Kathryn replied with a smirk. “I let you win. How else would I get to play with you?” Her eyes twinkled and the brunette blew him a kiss back. “See you Saturday.”

Fiona scowled. “Did you really know those cards were marked?”

She waited until they were out of Hayden's range of hearing, and giggled. “Of course not. But I don't want him to know that.”

## Chapter IX

"You OK?" Fiona asked as Kathryn groaned. She took a gulp of the water on her bedside table and stretched. "Hangover."

"Not surprised with what you drank," Fiona grumbled. She sat down on Kathryn's bed and smiled at her. "What do you remember from last night?"

"Went out on a date with Billy. Got pissed but he tried to touch me up so went with you to the toilets where I escaped into the mud, but you chickened out, so we ran off and Billy chased us up to a guy I've never met before. You got him to lend me a tracksuit and then got us to play Strip Poker and I went down on you as we lost to a deck of marked cards. And then I wanked him off and we went home. Practically nothing."

Fiona sighed. "And what about the date? And his parents?"

"Oh yeah, shit, I forgot about that."

Fiona giggled. "You know, that was my first time with another girl."

"Rubbish," Kathryn cried and stretched in her bed. "The way you went down on me, you've done that before!" Fiona bit her lip and shook her head, but her friend just smiled. "It's not my first time," she admitted. "And I don't believe it's yours. You spent time in dorms here. It's everywhere." Fiona blushed as Kathryn took another gulp of her water. "Can't believe guys love seeing lesbian so much. Oh well ..." Her voice trailed off and she sat up in bed. "You OK?"

"Yeah," Fiona admitted. "I just can't believe how much like me you are and nothing like that bitch I used to share a room with."

"Hey," Kathryn called. "What did you expect?"

"Not this," Fiona muttered. "I know you won't need me, but I'm with Greg this weekend. Come to the Hare and Hounds and let me know how your date goes. I've got a fortieth birthday party to go to."

Kathryn giggled. "I might do. I might be snogging him under a tree somewhere."

"Oh, and if you ever do have sex with him and you don't come, you can get him to go down on you," she said with a sparkle in her eye. "He's done it before, so he can do it again!"

"Will do! See ya later," Kathryn called as Fiona swung her book bag over her shoulder and carefully left the room; she checked her watch before scurrying down the corridor.

Fiona jumped down the stairs two at a time, but was careful not to make a sound. The chatter of the students milling around the school before breakfast echoed around the vast building and Fiona quietly slipped into a small library on the first floor.

She smiled as she entered the room; her associate was waiting for her and Fiona quietly shut the door. "We alone?"

The brunette girl held her hands up and looked around the library. "Can you see anyone?"

“No,” Fiona muttered abruptly and put her rucksack on the table, opening it as she looked at the conspirator. “The instructions are with it,” she promised as she took out the small parcel and passed it to the smirking girl. “You can have the rest of your money when I see the goods.”

“Of course,” came the response and Fiona handed over £50. “Give me two weeks.”

“You better not fuck this up,” Fiona warned. “I need this to work.”

The younger brunette girl huffed. “Course. Just make sure I get my money.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“If she sneers and says 'how very modern' again I shall ...”

“She is my aunt,” Greg yawned and replied with a chortle. “She's just like that. And she is very straight-laced.” He looked into the fiery eyes of his spiky girlfriend and kissed her on the lips. “Of course, you could go back to your little school if you can't stand it here.”

Fiona's scowl deepened menacingly. “That's not fair. I'm here 'cause it's your Dad's 40th birthday. As are your aunt and your cousins but they shouldn't be so bloody patronising. I am here for your father ...”

“You are here, as you are here every weekend, because you hate your school.” Fiona crossed her arms over her bare bosom and tutted. “And you have a nympho itch that needs scratching.”

“Well I'm allowed to. They think I am supposed to ask permission but they never stop me. They daren't.” Her scowl disappeared and she climbed into Greg's warm single bed alongside her partner. “Mum and Dad know I come here and they don't mind.”

“Would they have a choice?”

“Hell no!” Fiona blurted out and licked her lips. “Come on, I'm in the mood.”

“It's seven thirty,” Greg moaned. “Can't this wait?”

Fiona's eyes narrowed with a frustrated glare; her lustful intentions were being thwarted and she licked her lips with a pleading expression. “I didn't get any last night. And ...”

“You can have some when I'm awake,” Greg snapped. “You can't even go for a slash without getting desperate.” Fiona rubbed her hand over her partner as she snuggled alongside him. Her soft bosom, rubbed against his wrist as she wriggled in the bed and she whispered in his ear.

“Of course, if I put you in the mood ...” Greg gulped as Fiona's hands glided over his teenage body. She sighed as her fingers danced down his body and gently stroked his wispy pubic hair. He groaned as she padded her digits across his cock and she gently cupped his balls. “I could play with these,” she said softly in his ear as she nibbled his ear lobe. “Or I could do that kissy thing on them that you love.”

Her partner sniffed and nodded, causing Fiona to smile wryly. She wriggled her hips, shuffling down the bed until her face was level with the erect cock she had promised to lavish oral love upon. She glanced up at him; his face still mostly in shadow and watched his expression as her warm mouth kissed the tip of his erect cock.

He sighed loudly, and Fiona closed her eyes as her fingers stroked his muscular thigh and caressed his sweaty, clammy testicles. "I know you like this ..." Fiona whispered seductively, and lapped eagerly at his swollen balls before bestowing kisses on his rigid shaft. "I'm in a real dirty mood this morning," Fiona promised.

She gazed into his lustful expression as she sucked on the engorged tip of his cock, savouring its muskiness while her hands freely roamed over his twitching body. Greg sighed and groaned in hedonistic delight as the young lady happily took his entire length in her mouth and paraded her full repertoire of oral craftsmanship, much to her boyfriend's obvious gratification.

"I want to give you something wonderful ..." Her eyes twinkled as she spoke and he ran his hands through her blonde hair eagerly sucking on the tip of his cock while watching his face twist with unmistakable delight.

"If you're ready," she begged in a low voice. "I want you to take me from behind." She watched his face sparkle with possibility and licked his wet cock from the base to the tip.

"Sure, I think you've put me in the mood," he conceded. 'Specially for Doggy!'

"Not Doggy," Fiona snorted. "From behind. Uncharted waters. For you, anyway."

Greg's cock stiffened as Fiona blew gently on his moist bell-end and giggled at her bewildered boyfriend.

"But you've never said about it before and ..."

"Greg. Shut up!" Fiona whispered. "Stop spoiling the moment." She reached into her bag next to the bed and pulled out a small tube of lubricant, passing it to her boyfriend nonchalantly. "I need some on my ..."

"Are you sure about this?" Greg asked as his girlfriend edged him out of the bed. "I mean, this hurts, right?"

"Not if you do it right," Fiona replied calmly. "If you do it right, then both enjoy it." Greg coughed.

"I am not sure, I really don't want to hurt you. I'm not sure I want to take the risk and ..."

"Greg, just fuck me," Fiona snapped, shocking her partner with the ferociousness of her tone. From her position on the bed, she guided the reticent man into gently applying the cold gel to her anus before liberally coating his cock with the slick jelly.

Greg was hesitant, and she felt him slowly push against her butt, holding her waist with his slippery hands. Fiona closed her eyes and relaxed, her body welcoming the erect cock of her partner into her backside.

Greg thrust very slowly, constantly checking on his partner as his slow movements buried his cock into the young lady, yearning for the filthy fuck she was trying to elicit. "Come on," she urged; her blonde hair pooled on the pillow as she bucked her hips to encourage her partner. "Fuck me!"

Greg gulped and drove his cock back into the young lady's butt; Fiona gasped and groaned, deliberately vocalising her pleasure to urge Greg into more forceful thrusting. "Yeah?" Greg muttered.

"Oh yes!" Fiona cried and bit the soft pillow as Greg began to thrust relentlessly into her peachy arse. Her fingers slid along the bed and found her gushing mound. She pressed them against her clitoris, rubbing her engorged button to satisfy her desperate cravings; she need to climax!

She could feel every inch of her lover manfully screwing her butt with wild abandon; his cock slithered into her dirty hole, his grip on her hips pulling her excited body onto his dick for his pleasure. She mewled in excitement, savouring her violation at the hands of her lover and groaned into the pillow.

Fiona was nearing that point; she groaned several times, as waves of intense energy swept across her body, tingling every part of the teenage nymphomaniac. "You gonna come?" Greg called but she was unable to answer; she couldn't process his voice.

Instead she focused on the pleasure emanating from her clit and her butt and closed her eyes in anticipation for what was to come; a tidal wave of deviant pleasure, an explosion of hedonistic fire and a earthquake of satisfying tremors. She was about to climax, as her fingers vibrated against her clitoris.

Greg felt and heard it as her body treated the desperate coquette to a series of incredible waves; her toes tingled, her nipples fizzed, her loins savoured and her muscles clenched, massaging the rigid intruder spearing her backside.

Greg gripped the tops of Fiona's legs and rammed his cock into her backside before emptying his balls into the rectum of his girlfriend, before gently rocking back and forth.

She gulped as she slowly fell forward and giggled as she looked at him. "I love a bit of ... anal. Good, huh?" He nodded and she reached for the roll of toilet tissue on his bedside table.

"Thanks," he muttered and then scowled as his eyes focused on his girlfriend. "Oh, I've marked you." He pointed to the red marks where his fingers had used her hips for leverage but she just sighed.

"That's nothing," she replied as she wiped her bum with the soft toilet tissue. "God men are so messy," she teased as the first wad of tissue was deposited in a supermarket carrier bag hung on his drawers.

Greg waited until she was "clean" and then wrapped his arm around her body as they cuddled up together. "Thanks," she muttered to him. "I think I'm satisfied now for at least an hour or two."

"Can I have the rest of my sleep?" He asked and kissed her on the back of the neck.

"As you've been a naughty boy, then yes!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Fiona pulled Greg's dressing gown over her shoulders and tied it up loosely at the front. She looked back at the sleeping frame of her boyfriend sprawled out in his bed and gave a wry smile; he looked so innocent asleep. In many ways, Fiona was right: Greg was innocent until he met her, and she had led him down a road of debauchery and fun, but she had no regrets. Greg had blossomed into a great friend and a gentle lover.

Fiona pushed open the door and closed it gently behind her, before walking down the

stairs to greet her host family. "Still in bed," she replied as Emma, Greg's mother, asked her where Greg was. "Sound asleep."

The straight-haired sister of Emma turned from her worktop to look at the barely dressed Fiona, sauntering into the kitchen and gave her a raised eyebrow. "Don't you want to get dressed, love?"

Fiona shook her head and groaned, stretching out her hands in front of her. "I'll get dressed later," she said dismissively and stepped around the two sisters baking to get to the breakfast cereal.

"Fiona's from Carlisle," Emma told her sister.

"That's further than us," Phyllus replied as she beat the cake mixture in a giant bowl. "How did you meet Greg then?" She looked at Emma and sniffed. "Probably explain why you let them share a room, coming down from Carlisle, but I'd never let my Andrew shared a bed with his girlfriend ..."

"I go to Ashbourne Abbey," Fiona interrupted. "And I met Greg in the pub." Emma smiled at Fiona, who took a spoonful of muesli in her mouth, and then grinned at the raised eyebrows of Phyllus. "And we share a bed, as it makes morning, and evening, sex so much easier." Emma stifled some laughter and shook her head, and Phyllus coughed.

"Unmarried teenage sex. How very modern! Don't you get pregnant, now!"

Fiona rolled her eyes. "That's not likely after what we did this morning," she joked, but didn't get a response and ate her breakfast in near silence as the two sisters as they prepared the buffet for sixty guests. After finishing her cereal, Fiona washed her hands, and helped the two middle-aged women cook and bake, dispatching the barely awake Greg to the corner shop with a shopping list of ingredients that they found they needed.

Phyllus made several pointed comments to Fiona, especially when the brazen girl exclaimed, "how very old-fashioned" at some of the things the conservative lady said.

"Not old-fashioned," Phyllus cried when Fiona teased her on her regular church attendance.

"Sure it is," Fiona spat back. "Religion'll be dead inside two or three generations. It's not relevant any more." Phyllus looked aghast as Fiona just shrugged and sniffed. Emma's attempts at trying to lighten the mood in the kitchen with some music from the radio didn't work and Fiona buttered four dozen scones in total silence. She put the plate in front of Emma covering them with cling-film and passed her a sizzling joint of beef.

"The carving tray is up there," Emma replied and Fiona stood on tip toe to retrieve the spiked metal tin to carve the meat, ready for making into sandwiches later.

"Mum," a voice called from the kitchen door. The tall, wiry frame of Andrew, Phyllus's son, appeared and stood nervously in the doorway, calling out to his mother. His eyes met Fiona and he stuttered, staring at her as she placed the tray on the table and picked up the small roasting tin containing the beef.

He spluttered again and his eyes traced the body of Greg's girlfriend. He licked his lips, oblivious to the stare of his mother. "Fiona dear," Emma called. "Your belt is undone a little." Fiona looked down at her dressing gown, completely open at the front and showing the sixteen year-old her bare pussy and well-developed bosom. "And I think you've made

poor Andrew speechless.”

“Ahhhh,” she called out to the blushing sixteen year old. “Nice to know that I've still got it,” she teased and retied her gown.

Andrew shifted from one foot to the other as his mother expressed disapproval at him with a furious frown, and muttered that he was going “down to the shops with Greg” before he made a hasty departure from the kitchen.

“He's only sixteen,” Phyllus told the room. “It's a difficult age.”

Fiona spluttered. “At sixteen I was used to seeing naked people,” she started. “But then, I s'pose, that's all very modern.”

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“Just a little bit,” Fiona said, guiding the nine year old girl with the lipstick. “Now purse your lips together and smile.” Holly Grainger beamed and blew Fiona a kiss. “And if your mother asks, it didn't come from me.”

The girl nodded and skipped out of Greg's bedroom as the eighteen year old returned and looked at his conspiratorial girlfriend, who just smiled sweetly at him. “Mum says you got thirty minutes before we go.”

“We could just walk there ourselves,” Fiona moaned. “It's hardly a trek across the Serengeti.”

“It's down the road,” Greg snapped, adjusting his glasses. “And it's December so it's cold.”

“It's not that cold,” Fiona coughed and threw her hands out in front of her. “OK I'll go have a shower now. God, you are so stroppy at times.” Greg shook his head and opened his wardrobe. “Oh, and Mum says please don't wind up Aunty Phyllus any more.”

“Oh why not?” Fiona asked with a giggle as the dressing gown-clad lady walked towards the bedroom door. “I only wind up people who need to be wound up.”

“Yeah well ... she said you are getting to her.”

“Excellent!” Fiona's eyes dropped and she blew her partner a raspberry. “She kept saying I'd get pregnant, so I told her that you weren't likely to get me pregnant when you are fucking me up the arse and I'm going down on you. And then she started about Sodom and Gomorrah and stuff.”

“Well just stop it, now. Please.” Fiona shook her head, walked into the unoccupied bathroom and turned the shower to its warmest setting before allowing the dressing gown to slide off her shoulders, and closing the door to the bathroom. She looked at herself in the floor length mirror and smiled; her toned muscles from evening netball, lacrosse and hockey accentuated her slim figure and flawless skin and she stroked her hand down her elegant body.

The admiring girl stepped into the warm, steamy shower and allowed the jets to wash over her luscious blonde hair. There was a knock on the door to the bathroom and she smiled; the last time she had had a shower, Greg had come in and joined her. “Come in,” she called and peered through the glass. “Come on.”

“Agghhh. Sorry. Thought it was Greg,” Andrew cried, the moment his eyes fell upon the translucent screen.

“What do you want?”

“A wee.”

“Go on then,” Fiona called back, her mischievous smile hidden by the shower screen. “Just don't flush it, 'cause my shower goes cold.” She cackled as she saw the navy clothes of Andrew scurry to the toilet and sit down on the porcelain. She squeezed her hair free of excess water and washed the last of the soapsuds from her legs.

Fiona pushed the lever on the shower to stop the water and counted to three, before stepping out into the bathroom. Andrew gasped as she leant across him and grabbed a towel. “Sorry,” she called. Andrew's wee fell against the pan as his eyes lingered and she glared at him. “Be a gentleman,” she chastised him. “And close your eyes or look away.” He sniffed and shut his eyes immediately, apologising as Fiona wrapped her hair in a towel and leant against the warm tiles. “What's it like living with your Mum?” Fiona asked. “She doesn't seem like she will let you have your girlfriend round for a roll in the hay!”

He squeezed his eyes shut and simpered. “She ... umm ... she doesn't like me having girlfriends,” he admitted. “And she doesn't like Tammy.”

“Too bad,” Fiona said as she reached for another towel. “Keep your eyes shut,” she warned him in a fierce voice and took his left hand, trembling and shaking with fear. “You're very shy,” she said, as she knelt down beside him and pushed it to her breast. “What's this?”

“Christ,” he squealed.

“No, I am not Jesus Christ,” Fiona sniggered and rolled his hand over her bosom. “You're sixteen,” she told him. “Touching a girl's tits shouldn't be momentous.” She grinned at him squeezing his eyes shut and pushed up with her legs to be fully standing. She licked her lips and glanced at the door, before taking his hand and pushing it onto the inside of her thigh. “Keep those eyes shut,” she demanded and took his hand over her bare mons and along the top of her slit. “It's about time you broke free of your Mum's apron strings,” she told him and picked up the towel. “Keep your eyes shut until I tell you to open them. I got a little surprise for you,” she told him and slowly backed away from the toilet before quietly slipping out of the bathroom and into Greg's room.

“What are you looking so pleased about?” Greg asked as she wrapped the towel around her bosom. Fiona shrugged.

“I've been teasing a sixteen year old boy. Hell, I have been teasing a virgin. It's good fun.”

“You will go to Hell.”

“I am helping him,” Fiona muttered and gulped. “It's in his interests. I like helping people like that. He has to be more assertive.”

“I dread to think,” Greg said dramatically and adjusted his trousers. “Is this OK?”

“No,” Fiona said and walked up to her boyfriend fidgeting with his formal suit and she shrugged. “Get that off and go dressed in the shirt I got you from Carlisle and some jeans.”

"It's my Dad's fortieth."

"Great. Not yours, though. You look like you are going to a bloody funeral," she snapped and ran her hands over his body. "You are eighteen. Please show it."

"I can't go dressed in jeans."

"You can," Fiona implored of him and kissed him on the lips. Her passionate tongue wrapped around his mouth and she looked at him in the eyes before sliding down his body to her knees. She unbuttoned his trousers and pushed the towel from her body.

"We haven't got the time ..."

"We have," Fiona replied and slid his trousers down to his knees before kissing his inflating cock. He groaned as he lips sucked on his tips and her hands began to stroke his shaft. He sighed and leant against his cupboard door, savouring every action Fiona made on his rock hard cock.

He whimpered and cried out, as waves of pleasure came from his loins and Fiona pulled on his shaft faster and faster. He grunted and gripped the handle on his door and squealed, before screwing up his face and squirting his semen onto her moist breasts.

"You tricked me," Andrew cried and the door, slightly ajar, opened. "That was mean."

Fiona gasped and reached for the towel, but Andrew saw the semen splatterings on Fiona and Greg's erect and dripping cock. "This is my room," Greg called but Fiona caught his glance and smiled.

"Oh shit," the teenage boy cried and bolted, leaving Greg's door wide open; he scrambled to shut it as Fiona wiped Greg's deposit using some towels.

"This is what happens when you tease," Greg snapped at his girlfriend. "Bad things happen."

"Nonsense," Fiona cried.

"Now, can you get dressed. We need to go in ten minutes."

"Nag, nag, nag, nag, nag, nag, nag," Fiona muttered under her breath as her boyfriend changed into jeans and a fashionable shirt, and she changed into an elegant blue dress that belied her wicked intentions for the evening.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Are you not going to talk to me?" A tipsy Fiona whispered as she sat down behind Greg's cousin. He didn't move or say anything to her and she leant forward. "Don't thank me or anything!"

"You tricked me."

"That's what girls do," she snapped. "We've been doing it since the dawn of time." She glanced over to Greg, talking to his Dad, and she got up, leaning across Greg's cousin to grab his arm. "Come with me. I've got something for you."

"Where?"

“Just come,” she said and led him out of the pub function room to the beer garden and sat him on a bench, holding out a bottle of alcohol with her left hand. “Seriously, girls do it all the time. Ever since we traded caves for sex in a billion BC to today when we have Valentines Day, where we are supposed to insist every guy spends a small fortune on presents and all sorts for nothing more than a good night's kiss. What I did to you was to play on your imagination. A little mean but nothing nasty.” He hummed and Fiona stroked her hair back. “Why are you such a moody fucker?”

“Because you deliberately show me your body and let me touch you and wind me up and ...”

“I thought you had a girlfriend,” Fiona interrupted. “Now Greg and I have an open relationship, sort of. I'm guessing you don't, so are you going to tell her about the shower earlier?” He grunted and Fiona stroked her hair back behind her ears and took a gulp of the sugary alcopop. “Tell her that you came up to Derbyshire and stroked a girl's cunny.”

He recoiled at her words and looked at the drink Fiona had brought him, staring into its colourful lustre and sighing. “No. I don't think she would understand. If she met you and knew what a tease you were.”

“I am not a tease,” Fiona snapped. “Men get what they want from me, as long as I get what I want.” She sat down on the bench and looked at him with glazed eyes. “So what did you expect earlier when you came into the bathroom and I told you to close your eyes?”

“I don't know,” he muttered as he took a sip of the yellow drink. “You just seemed so .... nice!” Fiona smirked.

“Didn't expect you to see what I was doing to Greg,” Fiona admitted and looked into her drink. “I love playing with shy and innocent guys. If you lived up here then I'd love to play with you. I just love corrupting young minds,” she said with a giggle. “I've had lots of practice!”

“Why? That's just ...”

“It's just me,” Fiona interrupted. “And Greg doesn't mind. Why should he?” Her eyes looked at the confused teenager and she stroked her hair back. “If you were a psychologist you'd probably deduce that my first boyfriends and my first sexual experiences were with inexperienced boys and I just love corrupting them. But nothing's malicious.” She shrugged and took a swig of her alcohol. “I do like helping people.”

“How?”

“Well, let me see,” Fiona blurted out and tapped her drink. “Since I was your age I've deflowered eight guys. And every single one has gone on to have a serious relationship with someone else. This term, I've helped a nice guy come out of his shell and get his first ever date and I've got loads of matchmaking experience under my skirt.” She slurred her speech slightly and rubbed her hands together with a mischievous glint in her eye. “So whatever is causing your moodiness I can help.”

“I'm not moody,” he moaned and took a deep breath. “It's so easy for you. Greg's mum and dad let you spend time together and you can do what you want away from school. I don't get that.”

“You think I have it easy?” Fiona asked aggressively and crossed her arms. “You know

nothing!"

"I know I can't just wander down the road and see Tammy."

"I spent three years sneaking out of the school to go to the pub. I had every trick in the book. I was climbing onto second floor roofs using just branches and ivy to get out, so I didn't have it easy." She gulped and bit her lip. "So why is Tammy bad news?"

"Because, she's ... well she goes to the crap school, her parents are divorced and her two elder sisters had kids at fifteen." Fiona pulled a face and Andrew licked his lips. "But she is really clued up and intelligent and if Mum would just listen she'd like her too."

"Yeah, parents are like that. My parents went apeshit over Wesley in the Summer. He had tattoos and piercings and I've always wanted a couple of tats. But they hated him, smoking dope in their garden and it caused some arguments. But it all blew over in the end."

"What happened?"

"I dumped him. But I spent four weeks of not kowtowing to my parents. You see, if you don't fight for your rights then parents, schools, they just take liberties. You need to just tell your mother that after school you will be meeting Tammy and going somewhere. And leave it at that."

"She'll ... flip."

"Tell her that it's very modern," Fiona replied with a grin. "She'll like that."

"Yeah, and Tammy'll be in trouble too. Since her sisters got sprogged up two years ago - they're twins - her Mum's stopped her doing much. Scared she will make the same mistake." His eyes fell to the table and he licked his lips. "She works at the local supermarket and we always meet for lunch but that's it at the moment."

A smile crept over Fiona's face. "Let me tell you a little story." Andrew rolled his eyes but the confident girl ignored his reticence and stopped for a moment to think. "Around this time last year I was going out with a guy called Peter. Now he had two elder siblings. A sister called Roberta and a brother called Ray. Now Ray had been out with a girl from my school years ago and she had been very nasty and controlling, and Roberta had got herself pregnant - and had an abortion - when she was seventeen. The first time I met Peter's Mum was when she came home early and caught Peter and me on the lounge carpet ... enjoying ourselves."

Andrew sniggered and even Fiona giggled. "Embarrassing?"

"Totally, he had his mouth in my crotch and I had my lips around his cock. They sat Peter down that night and told him that he was not to, and I quote, fraternise with bitches from that school, and he was not to be having sex at his age. After Christmas, I came back and he insisted on me going around his house every Sunday for dinner. I was still getting sex, just not around Peter's house and he got his parents to know me. It was weird at first, but it got better every time and, in the end, his parents came to quite like me."

"So ... what happened?"

"OK, it didn't end too good, I told him he was not to fall in love with me, but he did and got well cut up over me wanting just a drink, some games and a big load of sex on Valentine's Day 'cause he went all out. Way too much effort. We had a row, he stormed out, and that

was that. But the point is, I can help you. Either invite Tammy 'round or go to Tammy's regularly and be nice. If you go to her house, show the parents that you do care for their offspring and you're not going to make the same mistakes. Oh, and do talk about contraception to her and her family. So often, the problems I hear from parents when they find out their son or daughter is shagging is, 'what happens if you get knocked up?' I mean, seriously, haven't they heard of condoms?"

Andrew blushed and gulped the last of the alcoholic drink. The shrill voice of his mother carried on the evening twilight and they looked towards the pub as Phyllus tottered towards them. "There you are," she cried. "We were wondering where you got to."

"I was talking to him 'bout girlfriends," Fiona said, watching for the face of the middle-aged woman to turn into a scowl. "That Tammy girl sounds pretty crappy," she said airily. "I mean, refusing to put out on a second date, and all that studying she wants to do. When I was her age I was down the pub every other night." She smiled at Phyllus. "Weren't you having sex and getting drunk at sixteen?"

"No," she cried. "Andrew go inside. I do not want my children to be doing that."

"Ahh well. It's the modern age," Fiona said wistfully. "I'm surprised he's found a girl that doesn't want sex every night and doesn't want to get wasted. If you don't like her maybe he'll find a floosie who does like to party a bit."

She watched Andrew get up from the table, under the watchful eye of his mother, and look over his shoulder as Phyllus spoke angrily to Fiona. "You do not corrupt my son," she barked. "He is not going to be doing immoral things with girls and I would appreciate it if you didn't try to plant seeds into his head. He does not want a girl like ... well like you."

Fiona stood up and looked directly at Phyllus. "He will. He will want someone like me. And I bet you, that within six months he will be going out with a free-spirited girl who doesn't let him take orders from his Mum. Surprised you don't like her as that Tammy is stuck in the stone age. He'll break free soon enough - it's the modern thing to do," she added, and with a snort left Phyllus standing next to the table in the garden.

Fiona took great care to avoid the angry aunt and her family, and instead insisted on a dance with Greg's father. "You don't mind?" She asked the smirking look of Toby's wife.

"If you want, dear. Although I think you should lay off the drink now." Fiona promised the sceptical mother that she was not drunk and grabbed the reluctant man by his wrist, spinning him onto the dancefloor.

The assembled party of guests giggled and chortled as she pranced on the dancefloor, happily flaunting herself and enjoying being the centre of attention. She guessed Toby was almost glad when she let him go, and dragged a fifty year old friend of the family, before carrying a reluctant waiter from one end of the private room to the other.

Eventually Greg had to rescue the guests by dancing with his over-excitable girlfriend, and then removing her from the room into the cold December air. "I'm so in the mood."

"In this weather ..." Greg started but Fiona shook her head as they reached the end of the beer garden. She looked behind her at the pub, and dragged him into the handful of trees that defined the boundaries of the drinking establishment.

Fiona's eyes sparkled in the half-light as she pushed Greg up against the cold tree and

kissed him with wild abandon, running her hands over his clothed torso and shamelessly unbuckling the leather belt. Lustful groans punctuated the evening air and delicate hum of the party, as Greg kissed his partner's neck.

Fiona reached into Greg's trousers, freeing his rapidly inflating cock from his trousers and sliding her hands down his shaft. He sighed as she touched it and stared into her sex-ridden eyes. "You want it?" He teased with a grin and she just exhaled in response, panting slightly as Greg's hands darted over elegant dress.

She groaned as he touched her thigh, hiking her clothing to her waist and smiling in appreciation. Her body sparkled as his hands touched her bare pussy. "No underwear. You fucking slut!" Greg teased with a smile, causing Fiona to scowl in response.

He didn't give her a moment to complain, as his fingers rubbed her labia, and she sighed in delight, closing her eyes to savour the energy rushing over her teenage body. She clenched her fists and allowed Greg to reposition himself to her rear.

Fiona didn't need to guide Greg's cock into her, she leant forward to put her hands on the tree, and Greg's erect member slid into her dripping pussy. From their position they could both see a couple of smokers in the beer garden, and one couple supping their beer in the fresh air; Fiona's pussy tingled at the prospect of her public coital activities.

Greg's cock caused her to groan as her young lover thrust his dick into her desperate cunt. Her head rested on her forearm, as Greg hammered his cock into her. She groaned every time she exhaled, her pussy glowing with carnal excitement.

Greg cried out, muffling his excitement as his body neared orgasm; Fiona was consumed with desperation and squeezed the intruding phallus spearing her elegant folds. Greg squeezed Fiona's sides as he became consumed with lust, ramming his cock forcefully and frantically into her.

His legs quivered as he soared past the point of no return, squeezing his perineum to intensify his peak. Greg shivered and thrust his cock deep into the young woman before jettisoning his cum inside of her.

He panted, his body slumped against her as his cock quivered; he kissed his young lover on the neck. She purred as he withdrew his cock and his hand reached between her legs to roll her clitoris around in his finger. She groaned, still watching the patrons of the pub as her cunt was toyed with by her partner. She grunted and groaned, squeaking as Greg brought her towards her own peak.

His fingers smeared his cum and her juices around her teenage clit, her pearl slipping over his finger as he pushed her against the tree with his other hand.

She squirmed, gripping a branch of the tree as her body writhed with expectation. She could feel her climax building, her pussy burnt with immoral anticipation as Greg pushed against her clit firmly. Fiona gave a loud groan, causing the drinkers in the pub to stare into the darkness as she inconspicuously reached orgasm.

Waves of relief swept over her, as Fiona's cunt leaked cum down her legs and she slumped against the tree. She cried out, savouring her peak and looked behind her shoulder at a smirking Greg. "Don't suppose you thought of bringing a tissue," Greg asked as Fiona giggled.

"I'm the one with cum on my legs," she moaned and tugged her dress down to her thighs.

"Toilets?"

"Think so!" Fiona kissed her partner and Greg hugged her before pulling up his trousers to his waist with a snigger. "Come on!"

The two teenagers slipped out from the trees and walked proudly down the beer garden. "Fiona," a voice called and the young lady turned to see Greg's mother holding out a drink to her as they walked past the entrance to the pub. "It's only lemonade but I think you could do with a soft drink."

"Ahh ... but ..." The mother sent her son into the warm, noisy pub and sat down on an outdoor bench, gesturing for Fiona to join her, before pulling out a tissue and passed it to her. "I was eighteen once too. Only I was more discreet. And organised."

Fiona tentatively sat down; the mother of her boyfriend wanting a word with her was never a good sign. "Cheers," was all she could say as she took the drink from the middle-aged woman, before subtly wiping her boyfriend's cum from her thighs.

"Are you OK?" Fiona was asked and nodded, staring at the bubbles as they floated to the surface. "I want you to stop upsetting Phyllus. I know ..."

"I haven't," Fiona lied. "I was speaking to her ..."

"You have. I know what you got up to and you do to," Emma interrupted with a stern voice. "And I know she is stuck in the dark ages with some of her views but we don't get to see her very often and she is my sister and it doesn't help if she thinks her nephew is being corrupted by the devil incarnate." A smile flickered over Fiona's mouth. "Not to mention her son."

"No," Fiona muttered. "I guess not."

"And I know she is very difficult at times, but she is still my sister and ..." the woman sighed as she rubbed her eye with the ball of her hand. "And it makes life difficult when I hear nothing but Fiona this and Fiona that from her. Just leave her and Andrew alone."

"But ..."

"I mean it!" Fiona shrugged and accepted the fierce warning of the middle-aged woman. "I know what you are up to."

"She's so ... closed minded."

Emma rubbed her own glass with a reminiscent smirk. "Yes, I know. A lot more than you do. And I know she can be a nightmare, but at the moment, you are being the nightmare!" Fiona took a sharp intake of breath as the words hit her, and Emma grinned. "I think you are just overstepping the mark, just rein it in."

Fiona nodded and promised she would be more careful and stepped into the pub with the woman. She had alcohol added to the lemonade, and after finishing it, danced with Greg. She got dirty looks from both Emma and Phyllus when she swapped Greg for Andrew and pranced around the dancefloor, openly cuddling the awkward teenager.

After a second song, Greg saw the impatience and concern in his mother's expression and

retrieved his mischievous girlfriend. "Can't a girl dance?"

"Yeah," Greg agreed. "Just not with someone you shouldn't be."

Fiona sighed and grabbed her partner's wrist, pulling him out of the function room and closing the door softly behind her. "What is it?" Greg asked in an abrupt tone. He saw the lustful sparkle in Fiona's eyes and groaned. "Oh not again."

"What?"

"You know very well what!" He laughed as Fiona pulled him into the small function room, bathed in darkness except for a streak of light from the twilight streaming in through the window and prodded him towards the snooker table. "Oh Fiona, we will get caught."

"No we won't," she promised and smirked in the half-light. "Live a little!"

"Live a little? Since going out with you, we've done it in the woods, your bedroom, a hut, a ..."

"Sssshhhhhh!" Fiona cried and smiled into his eyes. "Just come here and ..."

"Oh Fiona. It's my Dad's birthday and ..."

"You think I should have him in here?" her eyes sparkled teasingly and she reached behind her body to push on the green baize to lift herself onto the edge of the table. "You know I want you."

"You always want me. And I am not sure I want more sex." He shook his head at the sexy shadow on the snooker table who huffed in annoyance. Fiona sat up and pulled her dress from underneath her and groaned theatrically as she disrobed, throwing her sapphire garment behind her boyfriend. "Fiona, did you hear me?"

"Yeah, did you hear me?" Fiona looked up at her boyfriend as she wrapped her shoe-covered feet around the waist of her boyfriend and pulled him towards her. "Just go down on me," she begged. She pulled her legs apart, and licked her lips seductively. "Please!"

He shook his head at her pleading and ran his hands along her legs and thighs, staring into the eyes of the blonde teenager. He visually caressed the expectant lady, his eyes floating across her body until they rested on her shaved crotch.

Fiona groaned as Greg moved between her thighs and his lips closed over her exposed clit; offering passionate kisses to her cunt with lustful abandon. Fiona watched as his hands slid down her legs and towards his trousers as he pleased his beau.

She purred at the publicness of their sex: the danger of exposure driving her arousal as Greg lavished long licks of his tongue against her puffy lips and swirled around her sensitive clit.

She leant back on the table, staring down her naked body towards the passionate eyes of her lover; he sucked on her button as his fingers pushed into her hole, and tickled her G-Spot. She squealed; her body bucked and rocked against the intruding fingers of her beau.

Her body started to ache and swell; she could pant and cried out his name into the naked room, itching for her release. He pressed firmly on her shoulder with his spare hand, pushing her onto the rough baize. It felt good; her bare skin adored the texture of the

snooker table rubbing abrasively against her teenage body.

With a yell, the orgasmic glow turned into a torrent, engulfing the young soubrette with an uncontrollable wave of unadulterated lust and passion. She panted and looked up at her boyfriend, withdrawing his fingers from her soaking cunt and smiled at him with glazed eyes.

Greg hooked his hands underneath Fiona's knees and roughly pulled the young lady towards the edge of the table. Fiona squawked in discomfort as her back nestled against the raised cushion, but Greg didn't stop and towered over her.

Fiona's arousal doubled in intensity when she gazed upon the forceful expression on her partner's face. She raised her hand to guide him into her cunt, but Greg gripped her wrists and pinned them to the table as he leant over the horny girl, pushing his cock deep into her.

Fiona whimpered immediately, the feeling of Greg's cock pounding mercilessly into her desperate body as his balls slapped against her flesh caused her body to tingle. Her instinctive cries and groans surrounded them in the empty room, as she felt every inch of his cock spearing into her helpless body.

His weight rested against her wrists, pinning her to the table; she closed her eyes and cried out loudly into the room. Her muscles twitched and her body tingled; Greg was taking command of her every fibre and she loved it.

She panted and grunted nasally; she was reaching a climax. She struggled against his grip and bucked her hips, her body writhing and rocking with every thrust of her partner. She was nearly there, her loins sparkling as Greg grunted.

With a final cry, Fiona erupted into orgasm; a purple haze engulfing her desperate body as Greg pumped waves of semen into his daring girlfriend. She smiled, breathing deeply as she slumped on the rough snooker table, savouring every last spark of lust. "You're noisy," he moaned at the still girl, moving his hands away from her.

Fiona giggled, still drained from her orgasms and watched him looking around the room. "There are some tissues in my bag," Fiona promised him and then glanced at the door. "It's hung up with the coats."

Fiona laughed as he wiped his cock on her thigh, pulled his trousers to his waist and then left the room, leaving his semen covered girlfriend alone on the snooker table before returning thirty seconds later with a grin. "I so wanted to send in Phyllus," Greg teased as he passed her the handbag.

Fiona cleaned herself up, despite leaving a wet spot on the snooker table and smiled cheekily as she reclined herself. "Shall we go dance dear?" Fiona muttered in her most respectable of voices.

Fiona managed one dance from her partner before leaving the room for a "breath of fresh air" and finding Kathryn outside the pub. "How did your date go?"

Kathryn giggled. "Ahh ... OK! What about you?"

"One or two moments of fun," Fiona said coyly and rubbed her nose. "You seein' him again?"

The brown-haired room-mate nodded and pulled the coat around her shoulders. "Yes. And aren't you cold?"

"Freezing!" Fiona moaned. She managed a little more conversation with her friend before Kathryn left for their school and Fiona went back to the function room. The party was winding down and Fiona kissed her boyfriend as they said goodbye to another couple of party revellers.

As the room emptied, Fiona called to Greg. "Just give us a hand for a moment," she begged and pushed him into the small corridor and then into the empty function room.

Greg groaned. "Not again."

"Yes," she sighed and leant against the wall. Fiona pulled her boyfriend towards her and kissed him on the lips, her drunken eyes closed and her vodka-soaked lust wrapping her arms around his torso.

Fiona panted and sighed, her eyes dilated as she passionately embraced her partner. Her hands frantically unbuttoned his shirt and his belt; Greg tried to resist but there was no point in trying. Fiona pushed aside his obstructive hand with a grunt; her passion focusing single-mindedly on obtaining the sex she was about get.

"We'll be caught," he moaned as he broke free of Fiona's snogging. She pushed him against the wall and watched him as she slid down his body, taking his trousers and underwear with her gliding hands. "Fiona," he hissed. "Wait until ..."

"Little Greg doesn't want to wait," Fiona snapped. "No-one's going to bother us."

Greg offered little resistance as Fiona lifted his cock and kissed his testicles, gently sucking the smooth spheres into her mouth and tickling them with her tongue. She watched the young man, groan and whimper in expectation, and gently stroked his stiff cock with her delicate fingers.

She kissed his rigid shaft and sucked on his bell-end. She tucked a finger underneath his balls and poked at his perineum. Fiona's left hand rubbed against her wet slit, pressing against her clitoris and flicking it gently.

She could feel the white sexual heat building in her loins, fogging her brain with narrow-minded desires and desperate longings. She needed to come, and she was going to make Greg come. He groaned as her mouth glided along his shaft, flicking the purple head of Greg's cock with wild abandon.

Her hips bucked and rocked to her fingers, as she neared her climax. Her closed eyes saw nothing, but her frantic efforts on the erect dick was causing him to grunt and twitch.

Her body was nearly there; jets of satisfaction arrowed from her cunt across her longing body with ever increasing intensity. She grunted and cried; gagged by Greg's cock as her body steadied itself for its desperately needed release.

She pressed firmer against her clit, sucked his cock as hard as she could and rubbed his perineum faster and faster; he groaned and pressed the back of her head, leaning back against the dated wallpaper.

She wailed; ripples of pleasure spiralled out of her well-massaged button and she shrieked into her mouthful of spasming cock. She didn't get too much of a mouthful but allowed it to

pool on her tongue and gently rocked herself against her fingers as she soaked up the last of the lustful warmth in her crotch.

Fiona looked up at her boyfriend, beaming at him and made an exaggerated swallowing motion with a gulp. "As I said, Little Greg didn't want to wait. And neither does Fiona." She licked her lips as she straightened her legs and pushed her partner onto the cold wall of the sparsely decorated room.

Greg embraced the demanding madam and giggled, as the door to the room flew open and Greg's mother stood in the doorway. "There you are. Greg, put the poor girl down for five minutes!" She teased with a giggle. "We are walking back now."

"Don't move," the startled girl whispered into his ear, thinking that her body hid from view that Greg wasn't wearing any trousers or underpants.

"Sure," Greg called to his mother. "We'll be down in a minute."

"Yeah," his mother called and shook her head; she gently closed the pannelled door and called into the room from the other side of the wall. "And Greg, put your trousers back on!"

"Ahhh shit!" Greg cried to an incessant giggling from his partner. "Ahh ... she's ..."

"Your mother is wonderful," Fiona cried and looked at Greg. "We've got just enough time for you to go down ..."

"We have not," he snapped indignantly.

Fiona's hands slid along his torso and gripped the young man's cock with a squeeze, causing him to yelp. "I think you'll find we have," she hissed. "I need you to go down on me! So do it!"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come in," Fiona called, as she pulled the duvet to her shoulder and watched Andrew enter the bedroom she shared with Greg. "Morning."

"Morning," Andrew whispered and closed the door behind him. "I just wanted to say thank you."

"What's she been up to now?" Greg asked his cousin and then his girlfriend. "Actually, I don't want to know."

"Mum spoke to me and said that I could go and see Tammy next weekend. Once I've done my homework, and I suggested could Tammy come 'round for our Sunday roast and she said 'yes.' I think she was scared of me finding a girl like you."

"Exactly," Fiona cried and glanced at Greg. "Oh, and if she comes 'round. Don't go into the bathroom while she's in there."

He blushed and nodded towards Greg. "Be seeing ya, we're off now."

"Oh shit," Greg cried and glanced at the clock. "Mum'll want us to say goodbye to Aunt Phyllus and ... Fiona, get up."

"I'm warm," she moaned, but Greg pulled the duvet back and forced a naked Fiona to get

out of bed.

“You can have sex later. Come on, be nice, be sociable. It's the modern thing to do,” he said with a chuckle.

“Fucking swing for you,” the naked Fiona called and stepped into the bedroom, containing her boyfriend, and his blushing cousin. “But I'll say goodbye naked. Pyjamas are so old-fashioned, don't you think?”

## Chapter X

Kathryn giggled playfully as Hayden's hands cupped her pert buttocks through the short dress adorning her teenage body. "Why can't you wear that?" Greg asked his partner as the four teenagers meandered down the dark road in the November chill. "Your ..."

"Don't even think of finishing that sentence," Fiona interrupted. "And Kat, are you cold or not?" The girl had done her best to hide her discomfort in the cold evening, while wearing completely inappropriate clothes, but her shivering was evident.

"I'm fine," the brunette room-mate lied and squeezed her date's hand. "And ..."

"... You were shivering like a virgin at an orgy," Fiona interrupted. "And if Hayden or Greg were gentlemen they'd offer you their coats."

After a scoffed annoyance from both the men – they were enjoying Kathryn's inappropriately short dress – Fiona insisted and Hayden offered his date his coat. "It's my fault, I should have brought mine," Kathryn replied as she gratefully accepted the thick garment and blew her new partner a kiss. "I'll make it up to you."

"Yeah, I did promise you an empty house." Hayden held out his hand for his date to take, causing Fiona to mutter discreetly under her breath. "Local tradesman awards bash. They love all that civic shit."

The walk to the promised empty house only took a few minutes and Hayden removed his coat from the playful brunette seconds after stepping over the thresh-hold. Kathryn sniggered with unconstrained glee as her young man ogled her shamelessly; her tight red dress finished a few inches below her waistline, and Hayden's gentle petting of her buttocks, lifted it.

"Leave the poor girl alone," Fiona giggled. "And go get us a drink!"

"No, don't leave me alone," Kathryn snapped with playful aggression. "And I'll help you with the drinks!"

Fiona shook her head but Greg pulled her closer towards him. "I didn't see you complaining about us getting together after an hour or two."

"No, but she is besotted with him," Fiona whispered. "I've never been besotted with anyone." Greg tilted his head with a cheeky look and took Fiona's coat from her shoulders. "No, I haven't. I mean, I like you and I love being naked and looking good but cold weather requires warm clothes. There's a time and a place for looking like a strumpet."

"Which you are not averse to," Greg reminded her and kissed his date on the lips before she could respond. Fiona growled at her boyfriend and muttered under her breath.

Kathryn was not as keen to leave Hayden's house as Fiona was, despite the time, and after a couple of drinks begged her date to take her on a tour of his house, causing Fiona to grumble.

Fiona shook her head as Greg advanced on his partner the moment Hayden skipped out of the room with a playful Kathryn. "Don't even think about it."

"But ..."

“Not now Greg,” Fiona hissed under her breath. “I’m not in the mood.” Greg grumbled, and ran his hand up her knee, touching her thigh with a pleading look in his eye, and Fiona yawned. “I’m tired. And you get more than enough.”

Greg and Fiona had twenty minutes to talk about Phyllus until their friends loudly re-entered the room. Fiona shook her head as she noticed her room-mate’s dress hitched and Greg raised an eyebrow at Kathryn’s glazed eyes.

“Time to get back to the school,” Fiona said firmly as she looked at Kathryn.

“Can’t we have just ...”

“No,” Fiona interrupted and grabbed the hand of her friend.

“Hayden has said we can play ...”

“It’s late,” Fiona snapped and, after a little protest, dragged her friend away from the house.

“I just wanted a little fun,” Kathryn moaned wistfully as they meandered down the street.

“You had a little fun,” she replied and smirked. “We’ll be late back! And seriously,” Fiona moaned as they stepped into the country lane. “Next time, remember to bring your own coat!”

“Why?” Kathryn said with a barely-stifled giggle. “Hayden has to come up and see me tomorrow to collect his.” She pulled the black woollen garment closer to her skin and winked at her friend. “Oh don’t be so surprised. I have a guy coming to see me. It’s not just you that needs male attention, you know.”

Fiona sighed. “Sneaky.”

“Jealous?” Kathryn giggled.

“A bit. But at the weekend I am at Greg’s Christmas Ball!”

“Nice,” Kathryn muttered and then looked at her friend, idly sauntering down the road with her. “Hayden said that it’s fun.”

“Oh, it will be,” Fiona promised with a mischievous grin. “I am so in the mood for some serious naughtiness,” she added. “I’ve had a crappy term and want to end it on a serious high.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Fiona nodded conspiratorially towards the brunette girl as she crossed the small courtyard and sat down on the wooden bench, watching as the students milled around an exit. Her eyes darted around the building, ensuring that no-one was watching her, until she was joined a few minutes later. “You have it?” Fiona asked as she looked away from the girl who rubbed her face.

“Do you have my money?”

“Yep. But I want to the camera first and want those pictures developed.”

“How long will that take? A week?”

"I can't exactly send the film off to a normal place. It needs going to my friend in Carlisle." The brunette swore and Fiona looked at her, out of the corner of her eye. "If you've done your job properly."

"I've done what was agreed," she promised. "But you aren't having it back until I get my money."

Fiona turned to face her and watched as the younger girl writhed under her angry stare. "You'll get your cash when, and only when, I know you've not fucked it up," she hissed. "Now give it here before we get seen." The brunette hesitated and Fiona glared at her.

"You better pay up," she demanded as she passed the small package back to Fiona. "Or I'll ..."

"You'll shut the fuck up and don't threaten me," Fiona finished for her as she got up from the bench to walk back to her bedroom.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fiona rubbed her hands together. "Hurry up," she cried, shouting up the stairs towards her boyfriend. She turned to the grinning face of Greg's mother who picked up the keys to the familial car. "They say it's girls that take hours to get ready, he spent an hour in that bathroom."

"I was having a shower and a shave and ..."

"You have bum-fluff. It takes seconds to shave it off." Greg blushed and she glared at him. "Come on. You still haven't got your shoes on or anything."

"We've got fifteen minutes," he replied as Fiona straightened her black evening dress that hugged her body. "And it doesn't matter if we are five minutes late."

"Sure it does," his mother added and Fiona turned to face her.

"Thanks for letting me stay for a few days," she told the middle-aged woman.

"It's not a problem," she replied. "You really are no trouble."

Greg snorted. "But it's still good of you. I've never had a boyfriend where the parents were so chilled about it. It makes it easy for us if we don't have to sneak around." She gave a wry grin and pulled her coat over her shoulders.

"Well you are both eighteen," came the response and Fiona nodded, before chastising her date for the umpteenth time: he had left his tuxedo jacket in his room. "And we think you are very good for him," his mother whispered in her ear. Fiona giggled.

The local college's Christmas Ball was held in opulent surroundings at a neighbouring manor house, and over 400 students had paid a sizeable sum to hire the estate for the evening for them, and their "plus ones."

Greg and Fiona were one of the first couples to arrive and Fiona had to tug her black dress to a semi-respectable length as she got out of the car. "Haven't you got anything longer?" Greg moaned as he took her arm.

"No," she lied and kissed him on the cheek. "This is your night but I sort of guessed you'd

want me to be as sexy as possible.”

“I don't want you wandering off with anyone else.”

“That's not going to happen,” Fiona promised him and looked at him wide-eyed. “Come on, you love it really.” She smiled at him and giggled. “I promise you, every single guy here is going to dress up, spend a small fortune on their date, be attentive and romantic and go out of their way to hope that their girl will give them something. Sure, they'll all get a kiss on the cheeks, most will get a kiss on the lips, some might get a handjob if their lucky. A few, some very lucky few, will get laid. All that effort. Now, I think both sides are doing it wrong. You will be getting laid tonight, because I want to, but I will climax or else you don't. If everyone did this, then nights like tonight would be so much more enjoyable for everyone. Less stress for all.”

Greg sniggered and held open the door to the impressive building. The lady at the front desk ticked off Greg's name from her sheet and passed the two lovers a wrist band each, before directing them to the banqueting hall. The couple were placed on a table that consisted of people who were not in Greg's friendship group and the bespectacled man moaned that two of the guys used to bully him when he was much younger.

Fiona took great delight in talking liberally about sex when they arrived and throughout the meal, happily recounting snippets of the orgy and threesome that Greg had been part of with her, and then suggesting, quite explicitly, that sex would definitely happen later in the evening for her lucky boyfriend.

She noticed a degree of jealousy from the male members of the table towards Greg and herself, and full-on hostility from the female members, but it was not Fiona's circle of friends, and she was clearly not concerned. Fiona dominated the conversation on the ten-person table as they ate their five-course meal. She recounted many of the lustful stories of her youth, and made up a few tales of lesbian debauchery when talking about her exclusive school.

“Of course,” she added. “Some girls don't like sex and that's fine.” She shrugged and smiled at her partner, with a gleeful look. “I mean, I've got to have it every day or so, so I'm quite demanding. And it has to be a big cock like Greg's but then I'm a bit of a slut. I know I'm extreme and proper girls shouldn't put it about like me.” She took a sip of her non-alcoholic wine and sighed. “There aren't many girls that I know who would even screw after a ball like this. Thing is,” she said and looked towards Phillippa, the busty brunette sitting next to her. “Thing is, boys brag. You screw your guy tonight and when they talk tomorrow, everyone will know about it. It's no good getting them to promise 'cause they will. I don't care, I get called a 'slut' or a 'prossie' and I don't care. But I should care. 'Cause when you meet that guy of your dreams, the prince will care if you've got a reputation. Me, I'm going to inherit the family millions no matter what,” she lied and coughed. “So I don't care.”

“I don't want to be called a slut,” Phillippa muttered, and Fiona wriggled in her seat.

“Good,” she replied and looked across as the room started to empty, and move towards the dancing hall. “Then I'd suggest you keep your knickers on.” The girl pursed her lips and Fiona smiled at them. She took Greg's hand as she got up and looked at him. “Have we got time for a quickie in the bogs or is there just time for a blowjob?” Greg blushed, and pulled Fiona away from the table.

“What was all that about?” He hissed, under his breath.

"You said they bullied you," Fiona replied with a smirk. "I might as well have put chastity belts on their girlfriends. They ain't getting laid tonight and they know you will. Hell they know, you've had threesomes and been at sex parties and all sorts. You've got everything they want at the moment, and they can't have it. It'll piss them off."

"Well now everyone is going to call you a slut, and they are going to say that I am going out with a slut."

"So," Fiona snapped. "Let 'em. Everyone at my school thinks I am a slut ... does it matter if a few more do?"

Greg sniffed. "Yeah, well, it's not nice to have my girlfriend talked about like that. Someone who I am very fond of and ..."

"Well when they do, just ask when the last time they went to a threesome was, or the last time they got a blowjob. Sluts are fun."

"I don't think you're a slut."

Fiona shrugged. "If having a sex life is slutty then I'm a slut. But I don't care. Now, I asked you a question. Have we got time for a quickie?"

"Not here. We'll get caught."

"Oh Gregory, you are so boring at times." She pulled Greg towards the door and into a small corridor. He grumbled and she glanced behind her, before pulling her date into the mens' toilets.

A couple of students were at the urinal talking as Fiona walked brazenly passed them before entering the large stall and shutting the door.

Greg shook his head and whispered to his date who was fumbling with his trousers. "Fiona, this is not a great idea." She shushed him and wrapped her arms around his shoulders, kissing him on the lips. He resisted for a moment, but her hands, unfastening his trousers, were not being restrained and his hands cupped her arse. She slid her knickers down to the floor and allowed Greg to push her up against the flimsy cubicle wall. She pushed her head up to allow Greg to kiss her neck and sighed loudly as he did.

Her hands reached inside his boxer shorts, and groped his member. She looked into his excited eyes and licked her lips, freeing his shaft from its cotton housing and sliding down the smooth wall of the cubicle before gently pumping Greg's veiny cock to its full length.

Greg sighed and she leaned forward to take the full length of her boyfriend's shaft between her glistening red lips. He gasped loudly as her mouth gripped his cock and her fingers pulling back the skin to expose the glans to her lustful intentions. He moaned as she slid her tongue over his erect cock, and excited pulses of lustful energy emanated from his loins.

Fiona mewed as her right hand pressed against her crotch and her fingers rotated against her pearl, while her left hand gently pumped her boyfriend's shaft as her tongue swept underneath his glans. Greg smiled down at her, and she kissed his cock as she withdrew and pressed against the partition. It creaked ominously as she straightened her legs and kissed her partner on the lips.

Greg's hands found her wetness and probed her folds gently. She sighed and groaned.

She licked her lips and whimpered as he slid his fingers against her moist clitoris and accepted his tongue as he kissed her. "Are you a slut then?" Greg whispered. She mewled and he pressed against her clit harder.

Her lover moved her other hand to her breasts and squeezed her nipple through the thin fabric. She gasped and cupped his rear, pressing him towards her and causing the partition to creak louder and more menacingly.

"You OK in there?" A voice cried out.

"Fine," Fiona squealed, in an unmistakably female voice. There was silence for a few moments and some hushed giggling, but Fiona looked at Greg and pushed him backwards. His movement was restricted as his boxer shorts and trousers were around his ankles and he fell against the other side of the toilet, crying out.

Fiona pushed him onto the toilet and gently lowered herself onto Greg's erect cock, jutting prominently from his body. He bit his lip as her tight wetness kissed his erect member and she rocked gently back and forth to slide the full length of his cock into her. "That's good," she mewled, a little too loudly and began to move up and down on her boyfriend.

With each thrust, their panting became faster and the groans louder. Greg squeezed Fiona's ass as she rode her partner, and she kissed him as her lustful body bounced on top of his tumescent cock.

Her pace quickened, and her rotating hips sent sparks of delirium from their excited loins. She sighed and groaned, panting furiously and squealing loudly. She muttered underneath her breath and closed her eyes. Greg's hands probed her erect nipples and she slid a finger down her belly to probe her engorged clit.

She smiled at her partner. "Oh yeah," she gasped and screwed up her face as she held her breath and clenched her hands into fists. She panted briefly and held her breath again before roaring into the cubicle and crying out with raw animalistic passion.

"Fuck, aahhhhhh," she cried and squealed as Greg's cock twitched. Her internal muscles clenched around his dick and quivered as her body lurched into a powerful climax.

Greg squirted deep into Fiona's crotch as she rotated her hips and he gasped. She giggled at his screwed up face and kissed him, before sitting back on his knees.

A noise caused her to look up and five faces were watching her, poking over the partition walls – including one of her dinner table companions. "Hiya boys," she cried out breathlessly. "Take a look. 'Cause it's probably the last time you'll see a snatch tonight."

"Fuck you, slut," a voice cried as Fiona stood up and reached for some toilet tissue.

"Greg's already done that," Fiona replied with a gleeful smile. "But here, have my knickers as a consolation prize." Fiona threw her cheap underwear over the partition wall and dabbed her leaking pussy with the white tissue. "Now fuck off."

The heads disappeared and she looked at the embarrassed Greg. "They'll tell everyone," he hissed at her and Fiona just smiled.

"What? That my boyfriend keeps his lady happy or this lady keeps her boyfriend happy." She gulped and beamed.

“Or my lady is a slut who spent an hour and a half explaining the perfect blowjob and how she's been fucked, and then gets fucked in the toilets,” he whispered fiercely.

“And it only matters if you care what people think,” Fiona replied, opened the lid to the toilet and tossed the tissue into the water. “I'm thinking of you,” she said with a giggle. “You're the man, now!”

She waited for Greg to get fully re-attired and straightened her dress. She opened the locked cubicle and pretended not to notice the dozen students standing around the sink and looking occupied. She wiggled her hips as they left the toilets and walked to the dance floor.

She certainly noticed that several guys kept approaching her boyfriend and talking in hushed whispers, as well as several innocuous glances towards them. She glanced towards the dance floor and looked at Greg, interrupting whispered conversations between him and Hayden. Greg shook his head. “I'll find someone else,” she threatened. “To dance with, not for this evening, obviously.” He gulped and shrugged, and Fiona got up. “Of course, I've got no knickers and a short dress, but that's your choice.”

“No, wait!” Greg called, but Fiona just giggled.

“You made your bed, you lie in it,” she warned and her eyes looked around the hall. She made a bee-line for a single boy sat on his own and looking out wistfully on the dance floor. “Care for a dance?” She asked as she approached the nerdy-looking student. His unkempt hair and ill-fitting tux was only a small part of his geeky appearance and his heart leapt as Fiona looked down on him.

“I-I-I can't dance,” he stuttered.

“So?” Fiona asked and cocked her head, pushing out her hips and running her tongue over her top lip. “I want to dance with you.”

“Is this a wind-up?” He asked, and looked around the hall. Fiona sighed and groaned.

“No,” she cried as she scowled. “My man won't dance, I'm finding someone who will.” She held out her hand and the man nervously took it. “Fiona,” she offered and he hesitated.

“I know,” he replied. “You're with Greg.”

“Yes,” the young lady muttered. She looked into his eyes as he got up from his chair and gestured openly towards him. “And your name is?”

“Richard Roland Taylor,” he gushed apologetically and Fiona smiled patiently at him.

“I'll call you Rick.” Fiona led the nervous teenager to the dancefloor and felt the burning stares of dozens of people on her back. She held out her arms to him and encouraged him to take hold of them.

“I know about you,” he said as she swayed her hips, looking into his eyes.

“Oh really,” Fiona asked as she spun around and pressed her rear into his body. She looked over her shoulder. “What d'ya know?”

“That you go to the posh school and you are going out with Greg.”

“Did you know that I am not wearing any knickers and have a short dress on?” Fiona asked as she took his hands and pulled them onto her belly as her rear end ground away at his crotch. She pushed his hands towards the hem of her dress and felt his arms shake. She giggled to herself and watched Greg's eyes bore into her from the other side of the dance floor. She stuck her tongue out at him and blew him a kiss.

Greg shook his head and watched as Fiona tilted her head to one side. “Kiss me on the neck,” she asked Rick and felt a gentle peck on her nape. She spun around and faced her nerdy dance partner with a grin.

Fiona was not the consummate dancer Rick and Greg thought she was, but she sent her boyfriend away when he came to check on her with a smile and taught Rick to try and keep up with her moves. Rick was not used to the attention he got, and after she got bored of the dance floor, took Rick by the hand towards the toilets.

She heard hushed whisperings as she left the hall, and nervous mutterings from Rick, they ran down the corridor and out into the landscaped gardens. She pointed to a bench in the night air and sat down. “What are you doing?”

“I want a breath of fresh air,” Fiona announced. “Pity I've not got any pot left.” Her eyes narrowed on Rick's uneasiness. “Tell me 'bout you?”

She stretched on the bench and looked up at the stars. “Well I'm eighteen. I've got three elder brothers and a sister and I am doing A Levels in Physics, Maths and ...”

“Boring!” Fiona interrupted and looked at him. “If this was a date, and I was your girl, do I care what subjects you're doing?” She sighed and groaned, as she pushed her arms out in front of her. “Really?”

“No,” he muttered. “But you're not.”

“Have you ever had a girlfriend?” Fiona asked with a wry smirk and he shook his head. “It's OK. I don't care. I know it's tough at times. My brother is struggling to get himself a date and he's feeling quite down 'cause of it. He's eleven, but the girl he likes, he won't ask out.”

Rick gulped. “I'm not like Greg.”

“Hmmm ...” Fiona hummed. “Greg didn't ask me out. I told him we were going out,” Fiona admitted. “He wasn't the first guy I've had where I've had to take the lead.” His eyes flicked to the floor and she shrugged. “I can help you.”

“Why would you?”

Fiona sighed. “Because I've had a shit few weeks at my school, over what I am like and what I believe in. And I can either be the person they want me to be, or I can be the person they don't want me to be. And I'd rather be the latter. I like to see people enjoying themselves,” she admitted. “I've always been a bit of a matchmaker, I just can't help myself. Seeing people get together or being more confident and stuff, well, I like it.” She ran her hands through her hair and leant back on the cold bench. “You know when I asked you what your name was, and you gave me your full name, why? Do I care? Maybe on a fifth date, but the first time we meet, I want to know about your hobbies and what you can offer me. Then shut up and let the girl speak. Just listen and be interested. Or at least pretend to be.”

“Right. Well my hobbies are Chess and Maths, really.”

Fiona sighed. “You do surprise me,” she muttered acidly.

“I can't offer you great conversation, or dancing or ...”

“But you did dance with me,” she replied. “And you are arguing with me. Half-an-hour ago you could barely talk to me.” He mumbled something incoherent and Fiona smiled. “And dancing is just sex with clothes on. It's all about the movement and rhythm.”

Rick sighed and she gripped his hand. “So I should learn to dance?”

“Yeah. There are loads of girls at dance classes, and you'll soon realise girls aren't scary creatures.”

“They are!” Rick blurted out and Fiona just giggled.

“They're not. Greg thinks I am scary but then he is an old woman at times.” Rick tittered and Fiona hummed. “So I guess the closest anyone's got to touching you was when I slid my hand down your trousers on the dance floor?” He nodded and then bit his lip.

“If you don't count the school nurse once.”

“I won't ask,” Fiona promised and giggled.

“Some bullies kicked me there a couple of years ago.”

“Not the guys on my table?” Fiona enquired and he nodded. “It's OK. They aren't getting laid tonight,” she promised and shrugged. “Don't ask.”

“How about you then, how many people have touched you on your ... ummm ... well there? Your front bottom,” he muttered and Fiona burst out laughing. “What?”

“One, you never ask a lady that. Even if she is a rampant slut like me. And two, call it what it is. A flower, a crack, a pussy, loins, genitalia, vagina, slit, cunt but not that.” He apologised and she giggled again. “But truthfully, I lost count. I'm not proud of that, but I have been around and ... well ... the counter does add up.”

“Should we be getting back?”

“Do you want to do some dancing?”

“No, I thought people would wonder where we are.” Fiona snorted and she looked up at the moon in the night sky. “Won't Greg care?”

“No,” she replied. “He is getting laid when he gets home, but he has things he'd rather be discussing with his friends. I'm fine with that. Leave him to it.”

“Oh,” Rick muttered and Fiona looked down at her dress, a wicked grin appearing on her face.

“I'm not pissed, but I feel like I am 'cause I only ever get like this when I've been drinking,” she said loudly and looked at him. “I feel like being dirty!”

“Dirty?”

“Yeah, OK. A lesson for you. One day you will get a girl in bed,” she promised and turned to face him. She leant back so the arm was in the small of her back and put her ankle on the back of the wooden bench.

“Oh shit,” he cried and watched as she hiked her dress up to her waist. “This is my slit, you seen one before?” He shook his head and then shrugged.

“Well on the telly.”

“Ahh well,” Fiona gushed and started pointing out the intimate parts of her body. He looked and listened spell bound as she spent twenty minutes giving him the best sex education lesson he had received from anyone. He blushed at first, but Fiona's direct style and unashamed chatter, soon wiped the embarrassment from him and he thanked her as she finished.

“You're crazy.”

“A little,” Fiona promised as she brought her legs together and sat on the bench properly. “We better go back in,” she replied and glanced at the bulge in his trousers. She sniggered. “If I deal with that, can I have something?”

He squealed. “Ummm ...”

“I want your underpants to give to someone.” He gulped and sniffed, as Fiona grinned at him.

“Why?”

“I do. I'm crazy, just live with it. I want to play on my reputation. But get those trousers off.” Rick hesitated but she knelt down to untie his shoes, and Fiona pulled his trousers down to the floor. She suppressed a giggle as his faded blue Y-Fronts came into view, straining to hold his cock and a wet spot stood prominent.

He blushed. “It's ...”

“It's pre-cum I know,” Fiona replied. “I know all about male anatomy.” She put her hands either side of his underpants and slid them down to the floor, before sitting next to him on the bench. Her left hand slid over his body and touched his erect cock, and he whimpered.

“Imagine me, naked,” she whispered as her hand glided up and down his shaft and pulled his foreskin down to expose a glistening bell-end. “I would be standing there, wet and dripping and waiting for you. Wanting to see this monster cock.” Rick whimpered and moved his hands, but Fiona told him to close his eyes, and imagine.

“OK,” he murmured.

Fiona's right hand began caressing his testicles as his left hand slowly pumped his rock-hard cock, stopping to run her thumb over his sensitive head and smear pre-cum over the tip. She spoke dirty to him, getting him to fantasise, dreaming of her doing sexual and erotic things to his body. He gasped and grunted, gulping big lungfuls of air into his wiry body as Fiona's firm hand moved over his shaft and he cried out.

“Let it out,” she said softly. “Come for me, big boy,” she squealed as his six-inch cock quivered and spewed semen into the inky black night. She slowed her pace, as his body ejected the last of the semen and grinned at him. “It'll go soft now,” she promised and

picked up his Y-fronts to wipe his cock.

"Thank you, Fiona," he mumbled.

"What for?" Fiona asked with a gleam in her eye. "All I know is that you just went down on me and gave me one of the best orgasms of my life." Her eyes twinkled. "That's what I am going to tell everyone." She got up from the bench, taking her trophy with her and looked at him. "And I've got proof. Give me five minutes," she asked and smiled. "I'll be gone by the time you get back into the room, but I reckon you might have someone to dance with. And remember to have those wandering hands."

"Sure. Thank you." He called and reached for his trousers. Fiona hiked her dress to her waist to reveal her rear as she swung her hips from side to side and entered the manor house. She ruffled her hair and pulled her dress slightly skewed before she entered the main dancing hall with the underwear in her hand.

The music had stopped as the band were taking a break, and almost silence swept through the hall as Fiona strode in and towards her boyfriend. "Fuck me," she said loudly as she got to his table. "I've just had one of the best orgasms of my life. Someone showed him how to eat out pussy like no-one I know. What's a girl supposed to do when faced with that level of talent. Just come and come again. And, apart from Sam and Hayden, he's got the biggest cock I've ever seen. And boy does he know how to use it." She gulped and threw the underwear onto a neighbouring table, semen side up and looked at Greg. "We need to go home. I'm so horny I am needing several hours of you."

Greg stared open-mouthed at her and she gave him a wry smile. He sighed and got up. "Do we have to?"

"Yes," she replied and turned to look at the dozens of Greg's peers staring at her. "What? Haven't you seen a girl after she's had a few orgasms before? Come on Gregory, I've got an itch in my snatch that you need to scratch!"

He sighed and smiled as Fiona grabbed hold of his wrist and pushed him towards the to the hall. "Are you OK?" He whispered.

"Yes," she admitted.

"I wish you wouldn't be like that."

"Why?"

"Because it's just so fake and ..."

"Oh of course it's fake. It's meant to be. So Greg, shut up!"

A few moments later, a nervous Rick crept into the hall and dozens of people turned to look at him. He gave a smile and walked towards the table where he was sat before catching sight of the blue underpants. "Hi," a female voice called from behind him.

He turned to see the slender body of a young lady hovering next to him. "Hi," he murmured.

"Hannah," she said, introducing herself.

"I know," he muttered. "Captain of the netball team," he added and licked his lips. "I'm

Richard ... Rick." He gulped and she smiled sweetly in her figure-hugging black dress.

"I've come alone," she told him. "And I'd love to dance. And no-one'll dance with me. Will you dance?"

"I'm not a great dancer," he admitted and the elegant girl bit her lip. Her eyes flicked downwards and he took her hand. "But I can dance a bit."

The young sportswoman grinned and he led the sexy girl onto the dance floor for "dancing."

## Chapter XI

"Well I am guessing you didn't screw him," Greg told her as they walked down the tree-lined drive. "I saw cum on his Y-Fronts so I reckon you gave him a blow job."

"You know I am not fond of them. You getting them on a weekly basis puts you top of my league of partners," Fiona snapped. "No, I did not give him a blow job. I gave him a handjob."

"Why?" Greg asked aggressively. "He's the school nerd. Scared of girls."

"I thought that was you," she teased. "Oh no, I changed you."

"Err ... that's out of order," Greg muttered and took a deep breath. "Yeah, OK, I was a bit of a geek but he is on a whole new level."

"Yes, I know this."

"So why?"

"Cause I was bored." Her eyes dropped and she smiled at him. "OK I was bored out of my tiny mind. Nothing was happening and they are all sheep at your college. Muppets the lot of them. And I was up for a giggle and I was feelin' horny."

"That's dangerous."

"Yes, I know," Fiona replied. "But I just, I just like helping people. Helping set people up, I feel warm about it."

"So, who have you set him up with."

"Anyone. There will be half-a-dozen girls who will talk to him now. And he will have a reputation of being great at making girls come, which is great. He'll have a great night of not being lonely."

"He lives down the road to me, so you can ask him tomorrow."

Fiona hummed. "And I got thinking about a business idea. Sex School. Greg roared with laughter and Fiona scowled at him. "What?"

"OK. What would this entail?"

"Right, well guys always dive in, they never know where to look for the G-Spot or the clitoris and if they do, they treat it with as much love as a kestrel treats its prey. So I would do a proper course of several lessons, including practical demonstrations and then issue them with a certificate. And then there could be the setting them up with dates."

"A sort of sexual inadequates' dating agency," Greg teased and Fiona huffed.

"Don't get so sanctimonious. You would have been on the books before you met me."

"I had girlfriends."

"Three girlfriends. Two sexual experiences with one of them," Fiona replied. "And your technique was awful. The first time you touched me, I thought you trying to pop spots, it

was so rough. And ...”

“Don't go on,” Greg interrupted. “So you think Rick would give this mystery girl a good time.”

“I spent over twenty minutes telling him what to do. He might not get anything tonight, but he isn't going to be seen as the class geek any more.”

Greg snorted. “OK. If he has managed to get a date, I will do whatever you want me to do one evening and vice versa if he hasn't.” Fiona snorted and giggled.

“I know that'll be me going down on you and swallowing,” she laughed. Greg shrugged and she thought for a moment. “And it will be you dressing up a nurse, giving me a massage and then kissing my butt.”

“Is that a deal?”

“That's a deal,” she promised and giggled. The two lovers turned onto the narrow country lane and walked down the unlit, hedge-covered road towards the village. Fiona teased Greg when he mentioned that he was not totally happy with the idea that his girlfriend should be touching other guys, especially when he wasn't present, but Fiona scoffed at his “Victorian attitudes” and promised to treat him later.

“I seriously worry about you,” he muttered, causing Fiona to giggle. She pulled him closer and gripped his hand as a taxi sped past them on the dark, country lane. Her eyes twinkled and she glanced over at her boyfriend.

“Fancy doing it in the field?”

“It's freezing,” he snapped.

“Well I can function. Maybe it's because all my plumbing is in the warm, inside my body. I think it's a far better design.”

Greg sighed and pointed at the twinkly lights on the distance. “We will be home in ten minutes, can't you wait.”

“No,” Fiona muttered and Greg leant over to kiss her.

“Try,” he whispered. “Just think of cute little kittens.”

“I am thinking of cocks,” she teased. “Great big, swinging cocks. Huge monstrous donkey-sized cocks. Massive ...”

“OK,” Greg snapped. “If you don't behave I might just stay celibate tonight!” Greg's threat was enough to stop Fiona's teasing and she hurried her boyfriend down the road to his house. Much to her annoyance, his parents were waiting for them in the lounge and offered the two teenagers a nightcap before they retired to Greg's bedroom.

Greg and Fiona had wondered why his parents were so blasé about them sharing a bedroom, despite Greg only possessing a single bed, but Fiona had been honest with his mother that she was sexually active with her son, and that they used protection, and both Greg and Fiona were trusted.

“Make sure you shut the door,” his father added as the two lovers left the room. Greg

blushed: he had forgotten to close his door when he got up in the morning and their sexual antics when he returned to Fiona had almost certainly been heard throughout the house. "And good night."

"Good night," Fiona called and dragged her boyfriend up the stairs. He smiled at her and she pushed him into his bedroom, and closed the door firmly. "Now come on," she snapped, sliding out of her dress. "You got a job to do."

"Fiona, you need help," he teased. "Seriously, if you can't stay away from sex for a few hours."

"I've been talking about sex, thinking about getting laid, helping a guy get a date and wanking him off. I. Am. In. The. Mood."

"What if I am not?" Greg asked with a sly grin and a cocked head. "You've touched another bloke. I am not sure if I want to forgive and forget." The naked girl knelt down in front of her partner and unbuttoned his trousers. He looked down at her and she gently slid his boxer shorts to his ankles and smiled up at him.

"Because, I have been a bit naughty tonight," she said slowly. "I will treat. But I expect a return favour," she snapped and looked at his cock, slowly filling with blood.

She gulped, smiled and wiggled her tongue against his inflating cock. He groaned instantly and she slowly slid her mouth down his shaft. Her hands rubbed against his thighs and her palm gripped his erect cock, pumping him as her mouth sucked on the glans.

He sighed, and moved his legs apart as his young lover bobbed her head on his cock. Her left hand gently caressed his hanging balls and pressed against his perineum, rubbing gentle circles on the skin. She felt his cock twitch and he mewed as he panted.

She glanced up to see him with closed eyes and an open mouth, and she kept pumping his cock slowly as her tongue traced the ridges around the tip; his cock twitched again. She pressed against his anus with her finger and sucked hard on his cock, causing him to cry her name appreciatively. "I love you so much," he cried as her tongue flicked across his tip. "I'm coming," he squealed and Fiona pumped him faster and faster. "Fiona," he muttered and tried gently to push her head away, but the young lady pressed on his rear forcefully, causing him to shudder and wail in orgasmic delight.

Fiona felt twitches from his cock, before his semen squirted into her mouth and pooled on her tongue. She grunted and swallowed, before running her tongue around his cock, tasting his salty discharge.

Greg opened his eyes and looked down at the gaze of his girlfriend. "You are only the second guy I have ever swallowed a blowjob for," she whispered.

He closed his eyes for a moment and sighed. "You know how to suck a cock."

"I've had a bit of practice," she told him and pushed him backwards onto his bed. "But your turn." She watched him get adjusted on the pillows before jumping on top of him and sliding her naked crotch over his mouth.

She grunted and sighed through her nose as his tongue touched her soft undercarriage and slid along her musky wet slit. She gave a satisfied sigh and adjusted her weight on her knees, before sliding her hands down his shirt to his curls of pubic hair.

She licked her lips and stroked her hands on his glistening cock, as his tongue swept over her clitoris. Her loud mews and cries carried in his room, and she squeezed her ankles against his ears. Her hands gently pumped his cock as his tongue darted along her slit and poked her hole gently.

With every flick of her clitoris, or poke of her hole, Fiona squealed appreciatively. Her panting became louder, her body began to quiver and her hands pumped Greg mercilessly. She swore and uttered grunts and groans as Greg's well practised tongue brought her to the edge of orgasm.

She sighed and squeezed his cock, her body slumped over his crotch, as she pumped his shaft fiercely. He grunted and muttered into her wet snatch as his body shivered and squirted semen into Fiona's face. She felt his warm goo hit her cheek and then her nose, and squeezed her vaginal muscles, before holding her breath and launching into a vocal cry of ecstatic pleasure that reverberated around Greg's terraced bedroom.

She roared with pleasure as Greg's cock finished squirting towards her closed eyes, and her boyfriend sucked on her clitoris, squeezing the bedclothes.

Electric pulses roared down her body and she cried out again and again as Greg brought her to three repeated orgasms; she felt dirty, she was dirty, but she loved it.

As she finally slumped forward, rubbing her chin against Greg's dripping cock, she took a deep breath and muttered. "That was great," she murmured and gulped.

"You've taught me well," he teased and she turned to face him. He laughed at her glistening face and passed her a tissue that she used to wipe the semen from her cheek, nose and chin. "Thank you," he muttered.

"Yeah well, only two of my boyfriends have ever had that," she told him. "And you've had it more than once! I hate the taste of it. If only men could make it taste like chocolate or wine or even strawberries." Greg's face flickered and she looked at him. "And that's only because I was a bit naughty."

"You are always a bit naughty," he replied, smirking. "But I love you for it."

Fiona grunted and got off him. She walked out of his bedroom, into the bathroom and cleaned her teeth, before going to the toilet and walking out into the corridor. "Night Toby," she called as she stepped onto the landing. The middle-aged man turned to face her and spluttered.

"Fiona," he cried and she waved seductively at him. "Shouldn't you ... you know?" Fiona looked down at her body and gasped: she was naked.

"Sorry," she muttered and grinned, blowing him a kiss, before shutting the door.

"What's up with you?" Greg asked.

"I sort of just flashed your father," she said with a giggle. "But hey, everyone else has seen me naked." Greg forced a smile but adjusted himself in the bed and Fiona slid in next to him.

"You don't really love me, do you?" Fiona asked as she cuddled up to him. "You said you did ... twice ... but you better not."

“What if I did?” Greg enquired solemnly and looked at Fiona adjusting the duvet.

“We'd have to split up,” Fiona replied instantly. “I can't be dealing with it. It just messes everything up.”

“Then I only love you as a friend,” he muttered and put his arm around the stubborn girl. “And I promise not to love you as a girlfriend.”

Fiona smiled into the room as he reached over her to turn the light off. “You better not,” she warned him.

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Fiona squealed as he pulled her ankles above her waist and put them on his shoulder, before leaning over her, taking the young lady's legs with him. She gasped. “I'm getting too old for this,” she moaned.

“For this,” Greg giggled and positioned his cock at her entrance. She gasped and groaned as his five-inch erect cock speared into her inviting pussy and she squealed loudly. He moaned appreciatively as he began to slowly pump into her squelching cunt, gripped tightly around his cock.

With every thrust, Fiona gasped and panted, screeching loudly as her boyfriend rammed his erect dick into her hole forcefully and rhythmically. She mewed and squealed: his waking up routine for her had consisted of two orgasms of oral sex, followed by a good rodgering, and she dug her fingernails on his back.

He slammed his waist into her body, propelling his sensitive cock into her opening and she whimpered. He was touching her in places his cock didn't often touch her and she was enjoying his wild abandon.

She cried out into the dark room and grabbed her ankles, pushing them further towards her. “Oh yeah, harder,” she cried and groaned as Greg obliged, pushing his cock deeper and faster into his girlfriend's teenage pussy.

She panted and squeezed her crotch, yelling out as Greg unloaded his semen into the young lady. She lay on the bed panting and staring lustfully into Greg's eyes. “Love you,” he said instinctively and she sighed.

“Don't start this again,” she said and panted and looked up at him. “Go down on me and I'll love you too!”

“Sure,” he muttered and smiled at her.

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“Hello?” The teenage girl asked as Fiona smiled sweetly.

“Is Rick in?” Fiona asked and shook her hair back.

“Sure,” she muttered, slightly shocked, and called up the stairs. “Richard. There's some girl to see you.” She turned back to Fiona on the doorstep and beckoned her into the house. “You are?”

“Fiona. I'm from Ashbourne Abbey. I need a word with him.” She waited for the teenage

girl's eyebrows to rise a little further and licked her lips. Rick, dressed in just his dressing gown came running down the stairs.

"Oh, it's you."

Fiona pointed at the door and then glanced at the girl. "Can we talk, in private?"

"We'll go out the back," he replied and watching his sister, he jumped down the last remaining steps and unlocked the back door. He shivered as he stepped into the icy cold air, but walked to the little summer house and sat down. "Still cold," he moaned.

"I guess from the disappointment on your face you didn't expect to see me," Fiona asked as she sat down.

"No," he admitted.

"So how was it?"

"Why do you care?" He asked and then apologised for his rudeness. "I don't want this being spread around, she asked me not to."

"I am going back to Carlisle later and Greg is going with me," Fiona promised. "We'll be back soon, but I am just interested how you got on."

"Well she came up and asked me to dance, which I did," he told her with a smile on his face. "She told me that I was a crap dancer but that she liked that I was smiling and paid her attention."

"Right, who?" He screwed up his face and then hummed.

"Oh you didn't see me with her?"

"With who?"

"Hannah Riley. The captain of the netball team and the girl with the sexiest body." Fiona giggled and beamed, looking at his excited face with a smirk.

"Right ..."

"Yeah, she came up to me and asked me to dance, and we did. And she told me I was a crap kisser but I offered to walk her home and she said she would love me to as she was going to go home with one of her friends, but they were messing her around. So we are chatting, and I did as you said, just got her to talk and listened. She asked why I was a bad kisser if I was so good at going down on girls and I just sort of said that all my experience had been below the belly button. Why kiss on the lips when I kiss on the lips. It's a better way of appreciating women. I thought she'd laugh at it ..."

"At my joke," Fiona moaned. "I told you that joke when I was explaining ..."

"I know," Rick interrupted. "But anyway she didn't laugh, she thought I was serious and just went on moaning that her past boyfriends didn't like doing that."

Fiona gave a titter. "Right."

"Yeah well, we got to her house and she offered me a coffee. I didn't know what to do so I just said yes, and she made me a coffee from instant granules, which was horrible. I didn't

know what to do then. I mean, why use instant coffee when ground coffee is cheaper, and instant tastes awful. How can anyone drink that stuff and ...”

“Not relevant.”

“Sorry, oh she said she'd be a minute and left me with the crap coffee and ...”

“Get over it.”

“ ... and she came down in her nightie and took me to the conservatory to drink my drink. And she is fidgeting and looking quite scared but ... weird. I was getting freaked out. I had to drink the shit coffee too as she was watching me. I was worried she had put poison in it or something.”

Fiona groaned. “Don't tell me you left.”

“She wanted a good night kiss and then went all begging. And said she's never had a climax with her boyfriends and that she has to use her finger and wanted have someone go down on her and she knows that I can make a girl come as I have a great tongue and would I oblige her. And I went so red, I just didn't know what to do but I remembered all the things you taught me and felt like I should but I didn't have any experience, so I put her on one of the chairs and knelt down on the floor and kissed her inner thigh, like you said and then licked the slit and kissed it, and then pulled the bits open and kissed her pink bit, and found her hidden bit and ...”

Fiona put her hands up. “I did give them names.”

“Yes, well that was last night. I found her clitoris, and I put my finger in her and it was all wet, and pushed against the inside. I was sooooo nervous, but she seemed to like it. But I had no idea if I was doing it right.”

“Yeah, neither did she.” Fiona's eyebrows rose slightly and she smiled. “Her boyfriends never did it for her, so all she knows is how it feels like, not whether it's the best oral technique in the world or not.”

“Well I had butterflies in my stomach, but that's normal, right? She keeps mumbling and squealing. Her legs were going ballistic and she just kept grunting and crying out and putting her face in the cushion. Every so often, her body would shake. It was weird. And after about twenty minutes she tells me that it's too sensitive which is good 'cause my tongue is so tired, but she is covered in sweat and is smiling at me. Says that it is the best feeling she's ever had and that's she's never come more than once, and will I be her boyfriend as I was better than her vibrator?”

Fiona rubbed the back of his hand and smiled at him. “Ahh well done. Wow!”

“Yeah. And she needs help with her Maths problems, which are so easy, but we are meeting later and going for a walk and then to the pub to do them over a drink. I've never been to the pub, what happens?”

Fiona smiled and licked her lips. “Take some ID and then order drinks at the bar,” she explained and then went into further detail about the etiquette in the Hare and Hounds. “Do you feel happier in yourself?” Fiona asked and he nodded, blushing.

“Yeah. Hannah's really cool, and she's the sexiest girl in the town. I just can't believe she'd be interested in me when she could have the pick of any guy. I mean I've never been with

a girl before and she thinks I'm amazing. I feel like a fraud, but also like I'm as powerful as Thor. And I could never have done it without you."

"Naturally," Fiona boasted. "I agree. I see myself as a sex therapist stroke educator," she said and hummed. "Where are you going for a walk?" Rick shrugged. "Go to the nature reserve, women love animals mostly. Tell her that sex isn't important to you, but you will do it as often and whenever she wants. And don't keep on asking for anything in return just yet, or asking to do it. A begging guy is always a turn-off. Make sure you pay for her drinks in the pub, and listen to her. Make sure it's a clean T-Shirt. Going out with a girl with a stain down your front is shit, and get your hair cut. Take about half of it off, getting it cut right back. Oh and today, get her to talk loads, laugh at her jokes, she'll be a bit nervous too so put her at ease. Compliment her, but don't go overboard. Tell her she looks pretty and she's the sexiest girl you've ever been on a date with."

"She's the only girl I've ever been on a date with."

"Yes, I know that, but that's a minor detail. Always offer to walk her home and don't stare at her tits, no matter what's wearing. Hold her hand where you can, and make sure you go to chemist and get a condom for your wallet."

"Why?"

"Because what happens if and when she decides you can fuck her?" His eyes narrowed and she smirked. "What, you want to scrabble around for a condom then? Oh, and practice putting them on, it's a turn-off if the guy has no idea how to do it!"

"This is all very complicated."

"It's easy," Fiona replied. "As I keep telling people. Women are easy to read, it's just seeing it from their perspective. What we want is exactly what you want. A good time, a few drinks, and if we have sex, something that will make us see stars. Oh, and one last thing. If a girl asks for a single vodka and Coke, only get a single. If she asks for a vodka and Coke get a double or a triple." He snorted and she smiled at him. "Trust me on this one, a tipsy girl is easier to deal with. I'm anyone's bitch after a triple Passoa and Orange." She got up from the bench and held her arms out.

"Thank you," he muttered. "I think you are the nicest girl I've ever met," he gushed. "Really caring and nice. My sister's always having dates but she's always really teasing me 'cause I never have any girls over. Just my friends." Fiona's eyes sparkled. "I just felt left out, but I feel good now."

"Can I?" He hummed and looked at her. "I love teasing people. Can I tease your sister?"

He chortled. "Do you have to?"

"Yes," Fiona sighed. "Please." He tutted and she blew him a kiss. She strode down the garden and opened the back door loudly. "How could you?" She yelled back down the garden. "My sister, my best friend and the princess. In one night." Rick blushed and shook his head but Fiona put her hands on her hips. "You can get any sex from me, I even let you fuck me up the arse, but an orgy with my sister, how could you?"

"Hey," Rick called and she slapped him weakly around the face. "Owww!"

"Why them? Do they really suck cock better than me?"

"Yeah ... well it's over. I've found a better girlfriend now," he blurted out and she sniffed.

"But ... but I don't want to go without the sex!" Fiona cried, to a stifling laugh from her new friend. "I need your cock, Rick. Please, don't do this to me."

"I'm ... sorry!" He tersely acted and Fiona huffed, striding down the hall. She saw the face of Rick's sister in the lounge, watching her intently, and she sniffed back the imaginary tears.

"You give a guy all the sex he wants. You give him your cherry and your butt any time he wants it, and sucks him off in the graveyard and he does that to you. I mean, I know one girl can't keep a stud like that happy, with his massive wong, but he's a love-rat. He had my sister, and some Eastern European princess and my best friend in an all night orgy. Twelve fucking hours. And then I get dumped. What's a girl s'posed to do?" She squeaked and then gestured towards him, in the door of the kitchen. "And he teases me, dressing up in just a dressing gown. I know what's under there, and he is just flaunting it. Don't call me," she thundered and strode out of the door. He watched as she slammed the front door and felt the white heat of his sister's glare.

"Sorry," he muttered. "She's a little emotional."

"Did you really cheat on her?"

Rick shrugged. "I was with another girl last night," he admitted and sighed. "She's just ... umm ... a better girlfriend and Fiona is a little cut up about it."

"You ... you rat."

"Yeah," Rick said with a curl of his lips. "Umm ... best way to be, keep 'em guessing. I'm going to have a shower and go out."

"See a girl."

"Of course. Going to the Hare 'n' Hounds."

"But that's a pub?"

"I know," he smiled and disappeared up the stairs to get ready.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What are you looking so pleased about?"

"I'm just in that sort of mood," Fiona replied. "OK, I've been in a troublemaker mood for two weeks, but it's a good place to be. I think I took myself too seriously before. Ambitious, demanding, firm, yes. But must come with a big dose of fun."

"So not so serious, Fiona."

"Course. Are you packed yet?"

"We got three hours." She sighed and crossed her arms. "Fun yes, not disorganised. If you were packed, I'd be tempted to take you upstairs and do that thing that you love."

"Ahhh ... so I won my bet!"

“Actually I won. He's got a date with Hannah off the netball team.”

“You're kidding!” Greg cried. “She's soooo fit!”

“Yes, and your girlfriend loves to hear her boyfriend wax lyrical about other girls.”

“After what you did ...” He trailed off as Fiona glared at him and sighed.

“We have three hours for you to pack and to have lunch. If you can do that in two, I'll give you a blowjob before we leave,” she promised.

“And swallow,” Greg asked in a hopeful voice. Fiona sighed.

“Maybe,” she said. “Depends if I think you deserve it!”

“I didn't hear that,” the voice of Greg's mother cried from the kitchen. Fiona swore and clamped her hand to her mouth. “Or that!”

“Sorry Mrs H,” Fiona muttered. “I thought you were still out.” Greg giggled and she slapped him on the arse. “Go pack. While I apologise to your family!” She watched as he walked up the stairs and then shook her head as she entered the kitchen. “Sorry,” she muttered.

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“Will you stop whinging,” Fiona snapped and gave a wry grin to her boyfriend. “You always bitch about stupid things.”

“Well thanks to you, I know have no time to do anything. I work three days a week at the café on top of keeping track of my Dad's books, then have to do my homework and I have exams next month. And then I've got you to see at the weekend and ...”

“Are you complaining?”

“Yes.”

“Ahhh,” Fiona mocked and flicked her blonde hair behind her head. “All that sex I force you to have.”

“Yeah well, that's the other thing. My entire class know that you put it about and thanks to you my parents know we have sex too so I get awkward questions.”

Fiona smirked. “I got news for you,” she whispered in a teasing voice. “They already knew.” Greg went to protest and Fiona interrupted. “They would have known. Mothers know when their son is getting laid. All women can normally tell, but mothers know as she knew how your father was, and you are so like your Dad it's untrue. When you get laid there is a confidence and ... you can just tell. Your mum probably knew the day after we met.” He shook his head and Fiona smiled at him. “They did. And when your parents asked me if we were serious, I sort of intimated that it was just a casual, sexual thing.”

“As you keep telling me,” Greg snapped.

“Yes, and I expect you to be at my wedding,” Fiona said with a smirk. “I want you as my bridesmaid.”

“What?”

"You want your best friends with you on that day and ..." Her voice quivered and she held Greg's hands on the table of the train arrowing through Cumbria. "... you looked after me when I needed it and I like you loads, but I don't think you will fall in love with me and I don't see us as a really long-term thing."

"What if I did?"

Fiona bit her lip and rubbed the bridge of her nose. "I had this with Eddie and with Peter and with Lee. I got dumped by Lee 'cause he got upset when I didn't want anything to do with Valentines Day." She gulped and ran her hands through her hair. "I don't know," she confessed. "You've said you don't."

"I didn't think I would feel that way 'bout you as it's not what we agreed, but I guess when you got attacked I just couldn't stop worrying." He squeezed Fiona's hand and took a deep breath. "I think'll miss you over Christmas."

"Yeah, I'll miss the sex."

"No," Greg said firmly. "I'll miss you. I know you cause me so many problems but I'll miss you. And I know whatever I think of you, it won't change what you think of me ..."

"I think you'll find someone wonderful and be very happy and make her very happy ..."

"But that person won't be you?"

Fiona shrugged. "I doubt it," she muttered. "I am not ready to be thinking of settling down at the age of eighteen. I want to see the world and try lots of things."

"So basically you are saying you want to split up?" Greg asked, a little aggressively. "Do I mean anything to you?"

"Yes," Fiona cried and tapped the plastic table on the train. "That's the point. Every time I have fallen in love with someone I like, we end up splitting up in a really acrimonious way. Sure, when I took you out to the woods three months ago I didn't think you'll be much more than a one-night stand but I got to know you and I really like you. You put up with me and you were there for me when I needed someone. And I don't want to spoil a friendship. I don't want to fall in love with you and I don't want you to fall in love with me 'cause in the future I am going to have my heart broken and I will need someone to go and talk to." Greg sighed and Fiona rubbed the back of his hand. "It's because I like you, I just want us to be a bit casual."

Greg tried to smile but was staring out of the window. "That makes little sense."

"Yes, I know," Fiona snapped, and then apologised. "Look, if you want some time away from me ..."

"No, that's the problem," Greg started. "I don't. I don't at all. I want to be with you as, sure, you make my life difficult but you make it fun. I'd love to spend New Year with you and ... and I sometimes feel that you don't want to be around me unless we are having sex. Sometimes I just feel that the only bits of my body you want is my cock and my tongue."

Fiona sighed. "I don't want us to get too close," she admitted, and shrugged. "Just not as partners." She looked out of the window at the Lake District spinning past the carriage and then back at Greg. "Your Mum spoke to me and told me not to break your heart. And I promised her I wouldn't but I just don't know what you really think and I don't want you to

...

"Fall in love with you?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"There's probably a name for that phobia."

"I am not scared of it. I'm not scared of anything."

"Loveaphobia."

"I am not scared," Fiona thundered. "I am just wary." Greg smiled at the scowling face of his girlfriend. "What are you smiling at?"

"Nothing," he chortled. "So what am I doing meeting your family and staying with them for a few days if I am not a long-term thing?"

"You are a long-term thing," Fiona replied. "I've told you, you're the nearest thing I've got to a friend in Derbyshire. Well you and Kathryn. I love you as a friend, and I like you loads as a boyfriend." She sighed and crossed her arms. "And Mum and Dad want to take me out of that school so maybe if they see I've got a good friend who can be trusted nearby they will be happier." Her eyes narrowed as Greg's expression changed. "I am not being driven out of that school by those rapists. The Police aren't going to charge them as they've all said I consented and the Police can't prove anything non-consensual happened."

"I'm not sure it is the best school for you," Greg added. "And I know you want to prove that you aren't fazed but ..."

"But nothing!" Fiona spat. "Don't you dare tell my parents that! The school have made it that Jenny, Sophia and Michelle are banned from my wing of the school and they were suspended. And Angelina was expelled when they found drugs on her." Her eyes narrowed as she glared at him. "And justice will be done on all of them. I don't care if it takes two months or ten years, I will get every single one of them." She clenched her fists and took a couple of deep breaths.

"Well if the Police said that ..."

"The Police can fuck off. I want them to know what I went through. Feel my pain. You don't understand."

"Then tell me," Greg replied softly. "You tell me nothing."

"I tell you loads," Fiona snapped, and took a deep breath, before beginning to pour her heart out to her "best-friend."

In her mind, justice would be done; one way or another – and a copy of the footage of Sophia naked in her bedroom, as taken by Sophia's room-mate for a small fortune, with a spy camera ordered by Fiona, would be winging its way to the offices of a shady soft porn magazine the moment she got the pictures delivered. Not that Greg needed to know that, he wouldn't understand.

No-one would.

But she was one down, three to go.