

Night Out

Bradley Stoke



“You’re not fucking going out like that, you slut!” screamed Bunny’s mum as she made her way to the door of their small flat. “You look like a fucking whore!”

“Oh fuck off, Mum!” Bunny screamed back at her mum. “I’ll wear what I fucking like!”

“Or not wear! Don’t you have any fucking knickers? Or are you gonna show your cunt to every fucker?”

“Fuck off!” sneered Bunny. “You can’t tell *me* what to fucking do or wear!”

She glanced at her image in the hall mirror, half of which was obscured by piles of old magazines her mum hadn’t bothered to chuck out. Her face was heavily mascara’d and her lips were painted a very deep purple, but no amount of make-up could disguise the dark freckles around her nose and forehead. Her light brown hair was pulled off her face and held back by a large clip. Although they couldn’t be seen in the mirror, she sported brown, rubber-sole boots laced half-way up her calf. She also wore a black sleeveless tee-shirt with the word ‘**CUNT**’ artistically arranged in the middle of it, but it wasn’t that which annoyed her mum. It wasn’t her fault if the old cow couldn’t keep up with fashion, but Bunny knew that if you didn’t flash the gash in this neighbourhood you were fucking nobody, girlfriend! And it wasn’t as if she shaved it like some tarts. She kept the hair long enough so you had to get real close to be sure you could see the lips and clit and all. And her inner lips didn’t drop out like some fucking inner tube like some sad bitches.

“Don’t be back late!” yelled her mum, as Bunny slammed the door behind her and made her way out of the estate, past the graffiti on the walls and discarded needles and rubbers in the gutter, towards the spot by the park where she and her gang would

meet for their night out. And there they were, or at least some of them, hanging out by the park bench near the lamp post where they'd carved their gang's initials.

There was Puss, with her shaved gash, fat-thighed Rosanne and skinny, hairy twatted Dilly. The three girls sat around bored and sullen, knickerless, booted and with similar sleeveless tee-shirts. Puss looked up from her desultory stroking of the smooth shaven skin of her crotch and smiled at Bunny as she approached.

“Yo, Bun! Give it up, Girl!”

“Hey, girlfriend. Wassup?” responded Bunny kissing Puss on the cheek.

“Tongues, slut. Giss the tongues. Then I know you love me!”

“Just the tongue?” wondered Bunny, but giving Puss the full-on tongue to tongue that marked the gang's closeness. The warm, liquid, toothy taste of burger. She pulled Puss to her as the two battled their tongues together.

“Hey, tart! Don't you love me, too?” asked Dilly, pushing her face into the melee. “Giss tongue!”

And there the three were, watched by Rosanne who liked a bit of tongue but not so much as the others, as they took tongue to cheek to tooth, and rubbed each others' backs as they did so, hands under each others' tee-shirts, until, a few minutes later, their tongues sore from the probing, they pushed each other off and sank back onto the park bench.

“So, how's it, Bun?” asked Rosanne, puffing on her joint. “Good day at school? Fucked any good boys?”

“Wouldn't you fucking like to know, Ro?” Bunny replied. “My cunt's so fucking sore and so fucking dripping you couldn't tell it apart from fucking brillo.”

“Yeh. Right!” Rosanne agreed, not pursuing the subject further.

The four girls squeezed together on the bench staring out across the park as the shadows grew longer over the grass, the odd glint reflecting from the discarded condoms and broken glass. It was gonna be a normal night out tonight, Bunny could see. Her and her gang, and maybe the other girls, Snoot and Lizzie, out in the park with a few beers, a few boys and a few laughs. But just now there was nothing much to do. No drugs, ‘cept the blow that Dilly passed round, and no sex, ‘cept the tongues that didn’t really count. Fuck it! If it weren’t in the twat, it weren’t nothing.

“Hey, Bun! Girlfriend! It’s lager time,” Dilly asserted. “We want some amber in the long tubes. And sweetheart. Hey. Don’t you know it? It’s your turn!”

“Oh fuck it! I’m sure it was last time.”

“Don’t fucking lie, you cunt!” disagreed Puss, pushing her pale face into Bunny’s. “It’s your turn, and you fucking know it. It was me last time. And I still can taste Mo’s fucking sperm in my mouth!”

Bunny concurred reluctantly and just as reluctantly made her way to Mo Patel’s Liquor Store, a run-down establishment not too far from the park. She hung around outside, puffing a ciggie while Mo served a customer, examining her skinny reflection in the window. Finally, and not before fucking time, the old man Mo had been serving shuffled out, and before the door slammed shut, Bunny burst in, discreetly turning round the card reading ‘Open’, so that it now read ‘Closed’.

“It’s tittie time!” Bunny announced, pulling up her tee-shirt to show off her long nipples, but otherwise rather small breasts. Mo, a stout Asian who clearly needed a sharper razor blade with which to shave his chin, smirked at the sight of a girl more

than young enough to be his daughter.

“You’ll be wanting more of the usual, you rascal?” he asked. “It’s not gonna be no cheaper.”

“Yeah! Yeah!” agreed Bunny, stepping around to the back of the shop where Mo was leading her, and grimacing as he pulled down his pants and jockeys to reveal a fat, heavy prick already swelling with anticipation. “Let’s fucking get down to it!”

And so, behind the bamboo netting that divided the beer cans and packets of Marlboro from those in the store room, Bunny got down on her knees on the rough nylon rug, wiped her lips with the back of her hand and got down to business. A blow job was all it cost for an armful of ciggies and lager, and a blow job was what Mo was getting. He leaned back, supporting his bulk on a chipped, wooden table as Bunny ran her tongue up and down the length of his prick, stroking his balls with her fingers, and watched it grow and swell, the veins pumping up and pressing contours into her lips. And then, mouth fully open, she pulled his prick into her mouth while his heavy, hairy hands groped around her tee-shirt for the tiny titties he so enjoyed massaging. Bunny’s mind was as much on this prick as it was on thoughts of her school day and the boys she’d fucked with and how different their younger, smoother pricks were to this old fuck’s. And then she felt the spasms of his penis, and knew that she had to move fast to both release Mo’s come and to stop him staining her black tee-shirt. She didn’t want Mo’s sperm on the ‘CUNT’ on her chest anymore than she’d want it on the cunt between her legs.

And soon she was back with the gang, laden down with Marlboros, Bensons, Kronenbergs and Buds. Snoot and Lizzie had turned up now and were sitting on a

patch of grass, passing joints around. Snoot was totally bald, more the result of chemotherapy for her leukaemia than as a fashion statement, and Lizzie was wearing one of her floppy hats that obscured most of her face, and above all the scar over her eye she'd got at that night club once.

“Yo, girlfriend!” Snoot cried. “Liquid refreshment. Gimme! Gimme!”

“Yeah. Wow! Give it up girl!” chorused Lizzie, scratching the ragged strands of her crotch.

And so the evening proceeded, six girls in the park, necking it down, choking on nicotine, phlegming on the tarmac and pissing by the bushes. The blow made them giggle, the beer made them piss and the dusk turned them into shadows.

“Fuck! My cunt itches!” declared Lizzie. “What it needs is a good seeing to! Ain't there no dicks round here when you need one?”

“What you need is the good old lip suction, baby,” diagnosed Puss. “I'd do it, but I'm too busy rolling a fat one. How's about you, Bun? D'you need some fish supper after Mo's hot dog and juice?”

Bunny was more than obliging. The taste of cunt wasn't an offer she'd often turn down. “You just hold me off, Puss. There ain't nothing in the world that I couldn't do more with than rock salmon pie!”

Lizzie's wasn't the tastiest vagina she'd ever tongued. That honour was still held by Dilly, but Dilly was never as keen as Bunny was. But Lizzie's was a good one. Still quite smooth lipped, nothing hanging out, and the hair was relatively short so it didn't get up her nose like Rosanne's did. Bunny was on her knees a second time this evening, while Lizzie spread her knees allowing Bunny's tongue full access to the

folds and smells of fresh young vulva. As she busied herself, ass out in the air, knees resting on grass, passers-by could easily see what she was up to and discreetly averted their eyes so as not to attract the taunts and insults of the Westmoreland Park Posse.

“So, girlfriend. What’s it tonight?” speculated Puss, lighting up her joint.
“Cod? Haddock? Roe?”

Bunny raised her head: saliva and warm cunt juice trickling down her tongue.
“Nah! It’s the finest caviar! You can see the little black eggs in there.”

“I fucking hope not, Bun!” exclaimed Lizzie. “I ain’t had nothing wrong with me down there for weeks. And I ain’t never had warts neither. Not like fucking Snoot.”

“They weren’t warts!” Snoot disagreed. “I don’t know what it was, but it weren’t warts!”

And then the girls were back together huddled in the dark, jeering and laughing and cackling and puffing and swigging. Bunny was feeling a little shagged. A blow job and a tonguing and she was already a bit tired. Her mouth ached, but her cunt itched, so she knew there was more to do tonight to satisfy her urges.

“Oi!” shouted Puss. “If it ain’t that fucking prick tease Stephanie Dolores!”

Bunny looked up from the top of her bottle of Becks she’d been contemplating the past ten minutes. Indeed there she was, Steph, the girl from school with the plaits who sat in her class and came top in almost every fucking test. Although she was so obviously a different class of girl to her mates and herself, Bunny always felt somewhat in awe of her. In fact, as she watched Steph approach, grabbing her shoulder bag close to the blouse which came below her breasts, but showed off her

slim waist, she felt a strange feeling that she was sure was because she'd drunk too much strong lager. Steph's long white legs strode by, a pair of white panties hiding not much thigh but all of her crotch, and small black lace-ups from which Steph's sweet white cotton socks clung to her ankles.

"Oi! Stephanie!" shouted Dilly. "You not gonna greet your school chums, then!"

Steph looked up, perhaps because she was so rarely addressed by her full unabbreviated name, took in the faces of the girls, and then lowered her face and quickened her stride.

"You're a fucking cunt, ain't you!" swore Snoot. "No fucking manners!"

She jumped up and ran over to Steph as she strode away, and then let loose a stream of piss which stained Steph's polished black shoes, dampened her white cotton socks and splattered on her slim long calves. Steph strode off faster, not daring to look back. The girls started laughing and shouting and calling her names. All of them, that is, except Bunny who was actually blushing from a strange sense of shame which didn't often trouble her, but did on this occasion.

Still, any residual sense of reserve she had was soon gone when Grolsch and Shadow spotted them later as they were coming home from wherever they'd been. The two lads were clearly a bit high on something, but not something that had fucked them up too much. "Hey, it's the fucking fucking girls of Westie Park!" Grolsch cried, gripping a can of beer in his hand.

"If it ain't the fuckers of fuck who cares where!" replied Snoot. "Or ain't you fuckers no more?"

“We can fuck, girls,” Shadow countered. “We can fuck any slut or whore who wants the fuck of her fucking life.”

Bunny smiled. She quite liked Shadow and Grolsch. They weren't as bad as some boys, though you couldn't call them gentle. But they weren't too rough either. Both of them were quite slim, in their black vests and thong-shaped cod-pieces that both hid and emphasised what they had to offer to a girl who might be feeling hard up. Like the girls they wore rubber-soled boots, but these mothers came higher up the calves and could kick the shit out of any cunt who crossed them.

But it was a fucking that Bunny wanted, and what she got along with the others, in the dark shadows of the bushes. Shadow's prick was long and thin and black, just like the man himself: good for the ass and good up the front too. And in it was, his favourite hole, though not really Bunny's, humping back and forth while Puss licked at his balls and Lizzie ran her tongue over her face. Soon the salty taste of saliva, which slightly itched against her cheeks were splattered with the warmth and stickiness of Grolsch's own come; or that he'd not already loosed into Snoot. And the girls shrieked and yelled and cackled and swore as they took turns on the autumn grass under the dark skies. Bunny didn't give a flying fuck what people thought of her and her mates. A good fuck was a good fuck, and she loved it. And then the night out settled down with a few more tokes and a last tube of Bud as the boys and the gang collapsed in a heap under the half moon and the bright twinkle of the hovering space stations.

It was late. And her mum would give her an earful for it. But what did Bunny fucking care? You're only ever young once in your fucking life!

In the morning, however, Bunny didn't feel quite so smart, as bleary-eyed and hung over, she made her way to school on the bus, clutching her satchel and wearing the sweater and slacks that passed as a school uniform in this corner of Comanche County. She sat quiet and quite reserved when she saw Steph board the bus and pointedly sit on a seat by herself quite a way from Bunny. Oh no! thought Bunny. We dissed her last night. What should I do?

And then, quite uncharacteristically, Bunny got up out of her seat and approached the seat next to Steph's. "Hey, Steph! Y'don't mind if I join you?"

Steph looked up with barely concealed disdain, but had to go along with it. "No, of course not, Bunny. Feel free."

"Look, Steph. I just wanted to apologise. You know? For last night and all. You know? When Snoot got out of hand. I mean it was just out of order. You know't I mean?"

"Well, that's very gracious of you, Bunny," Steph replied, still looking ill at ease. "I wasn't expecting an apology from you or any of your gang. But I can't say I appreciated being urinated on."

"No, o' course not! Snoot's just a bit wild like that. Must be the cancer and all, y'know. Makes her a bit wacked out." Bunny wasn't so bothered about a bit of piss herself of course, but she understood that it depended on the circumstances. It was one thing during a gang bang and another when you weren't ready for it.

"Are you sure it's not the booze or the pills that make her like that?"

"Well, that and all, I guess," smiled Bunny. "She's a real wild gal!"

Despite herself, Steph smiled back and Bunny suddenly felt a thump of

emotion catch her chest. Fuck! Steph was fucking gorgeous! Big smiling teeth in a wide red lipsticked mouth, that slightly retroussé nose and those pale freckles around the nostrils. Those girls from the better side of the park certainly knew how to look good. And as the girls chatted about school and teachers and tests and stuff, Bunny got to appreciate Steph even more. She was some sharp girl! Bunny just wanted to take Steph's manicured hand in her own rather rough one and squeeze it tight. And maybe press her lips against Steph's smiling lips. And maybe maybe maybe. After all. What delights did Steph have between her legs? And what would be the feel of her pale freckled skin against her own slightly olive flesh?

Oh fuck! What was she thinking? I mean, she liked girls. Well, girls were good. Not quite the real thing. I mean, there was no fucking dick to grab onto. But good nonetheless. A good rub together and a bit of tittie lick. Nothing better. 'Cept, she was sure, a good hard fuck. But what she was feeling for Steph was something else. A kind of third thing. Not a feeling Bunny was really sure about. And she felt a kind of silliness and stupidity engulf her as she chatted and chatted with Steph with a kind of depth and openness she so rarely indulged with the girls in the gang. Even Puss. And Puss was her favourite girlfriend!

In the classroom, Bunny sat at the back by herself. Snoot had clearly not made it in today. And neither had Puss, but that was normal for her. However, not having her classmates around meant that she had a clear uninterrupted view of Steph who, as always, was right at the front of the class, right under the teacher's nose, just next to that prissy Pru she was always sat next to. Pru wasn't that bad-looking really, Bunny had to admit, even if she did wear glasses and all. She had long straight black hair and

had a taste for pink and lavender clothes that matched well with her pale skin. But compared to Steph, Bunny could see that now, there was just no one at all in the classroom, or even in the whole fucking school, that could match her. Steph was a real babe, and she didn't even seem to know it! Perhaps that was what Bunny was getting off Steph so strong. Whatever it was, it was strong, so fucking strong it hurt. Like a tightening of the chest and a flush on the cheeks.

“So, Bunny, what *is* the capital city of Canada?”

“You what?” responded Bunny, even more distracted than usual. “Canada? I dunno! Seattle, I s'pose.”

At this the rest of the class laughed at her ignorance. Normally, Bunny would react with at least a swear word and almost certainly a gesture, but today she felt quite subdued, even ashamed. What would Steph think of her? Not even knowing the capital of Canada. Perhaps she should have been paying more attention to the teacher rather than the girl sitting in front of him.

At lunchtime, while puffing at a Marlboro with some boys, Bunny could see Steph making her way out of the school gates by herself. At first she thought nothing of it, but as she saw the girl trounce off down the road with her plaits bouncing behind her, she suddenly thought better off it.

“Fuck it! I've forgotten something!” she lied to her friends as she ran out of the school throwing the half-finished cigarette away as she ran, hoping that she'd be able to catch up with Steph. She wasn't sure why, but she knew she just had to chat with the girl. She couldn't just let all that warm feeling in her just dissipate. Although it hurt, it was also warm and pleasant and squidgy. And, girl, you don't pass up on a

good thing!

“Hey Steph, you going anywhere in particular?” Bunny asked breathlessly when she caught up with her classmate.

“Well,” hesitated Steph, “not anywhere in particular. No. I just thought I’d go for a walk. Get away a bit. It’s a nice day.”

“You don’t mind if I come with you, do you, Steph?”

“Erm. Well. I mean, you’re not trying to trap me in some of your shit are you? Your friends aren’t waiting to attack me and piss on me again, are they?”

Bunny felt this retort like a smack on the face. She stood transfixed, somehow horrified that this girl who she, who she, who she quite liked, could think that she, of all people, could, y’know, could ... Her face burned and she could feel some kind of a tear push against her eyelids. What the fuck was wrong with her?

Steph could see the genuineness of Bunny’s reaction, and she relented. “OK. I’m just going for a walk. Down to the canal. That OK with you?”

“Yeah, that’s sweet!” agreed a somewhat relieved Bunny.

Conversation became more relaxed as the two girls walked along, Bunny on the best of her behaviour, not swearing or cursing that much, and hanging on every word that Steph uttered, enjoying the soft nasal burr of her voice, the lips as they opened and shut, and those shiny white teeth, clearly the better for all those years of having been encased in a metal brace.

They walked along the dreary streets to the canal, which was wide and bright, and along which there was the usual busy traffic of joggers and cyclists. The two girls sat on a bench just by the canal-side, with the view of some swans, a sunken

supermarket trolley and a Coke factory. Steph was talking about the last holiday she'd had with her parents in the Rockies and how different it was up there, while Bunny hang on her every word, watching her mouth and eyes and that long slim neck which was so fucking kissable it was killing her. Bunny stretched her hand out and took Steph's hand in hers: a soppy gesture that surprised her and slightly alarmed Steph. But not so much that she pulled her hand away.

Fuck! Steph was so gorgeous. Those breasts under the sweater, which heaved as she spoke, the legs hidden under the slacks that Bunny remembered so well from the night before and that mouth. Fucking lush! How could a girl look so good? From inside, she could feel the melting of ice cream sinking down her throat and a thumping of her heart.

Until she bear it no longer. That mouth! Those teeth! Those lips! All of a sudden, and it surprised her and she hated it, but she couldn't help it, but wasn't it so right? And why not? She leaned her face into Steph's face, one hand around the back of Steph's long neck, the other groping for those beautiful breasts under the sweater, and full on, tongue to mouth onto her.

"Fuck off, Bunny!" Steph suddenly shrieked. "What the fuck *do* you think you're doing?"

And with that, she pushed Bunny off and strode away, not even pausing (and Bunny checked every one of the girl's receding steps) to turn around and see how Bunny was.

Nor how miserable she was! She sat on the bench for hours, tears streaming down her face, occasional gasps of woe, feeling more miserable than she could ever

remember. Only the comforting thought that her rejection was because Steph just didn't like girls made it better. A refrain that echoed again and again, through the blur of her tears. After all, some girls were real fussy like that. Bunny couldn't really understand it, but she knew from what she'd been told that some girls were real particular. A dick or nothing. That was *their* fucking problem. Not hers!

However, even that comfort was robbed her when after school, and hidden behind the bushes or whatever else she could find, she discreetly followed Steph walk home with that fucking prissy Pru. And then, when they thought no one could see them, the two girls cuddled up to each other and gave each other the tongue treatment that Bunny had yearned for so much, two young girls ravenously snogging each other, hands on each other butts or feeling their breasts. Fuck no! cried Bunny voicelessly as the full impact of her rejection hit hard and even harder, as Steph and Pru gasped and panted from the effort of their oral loving, expressing for each other a strength of emotion and passion that Bunny thought she knew, but now knew she'd never really known at all.

But she had the night out to look forward to. Back in Westie Park with the posse. And she'd no problem in getting the tongue treatment she'd so needed that day. Puss gave her best, sensing her best girlfriend was somehow upset and happy at the strong smell of unrequited passion that oozed from her cunt. And Snoot, also seeing her friend was in need, took Bunny's mouth in hers and gave her so much tongue and tooth and lip and sweet sweet saliva, that Bunny was able to forget for just a while the passion that had gripped her all day.

And then, when the Bulmer Street Boys made their appearance, that misery

could all go to fuck. After all, there was Grebo and Danny and Buddy and Griff and Nick Nasty. And all the girls joined the boys in Nick's place on the bed for a real full on fuck, getting their cunts and ass-holes real lubed up, with plenty of blow, some GBH and some spiked shit, and what with the amber and ciggies, and the fucking and the blowing... Well, what could a young girl say?

And as she gasped and swore and panted with Griff's dick up her ass and Buddy's dick spurting on her face and Lizzie lapping at her cunt and her mouth on Rosanne's mouth, well what the fuck could she give for fucking Steph and that fucking prissy Pru? After all, there was no point yearning after something you just weren't meant to have.