**Army Girl**  
by Isabella

I wanted a degree and a good job in electronics, I went to five universities for interviews, I was looking for some kind of bursary or scholarship to help to pay for my education but because my grades from collaee weren't the best in the world and my parents didn't fall below the poverty line there would be no help available for me. Even the worst of universities were charging the most they could get away with every year, so, to get a degree I would have to find nine thousand pounds a year just for tuition and then five thousand a year for rent and another five thousand pounds a year for food and clothes. There was no way I would be able to study and earn nineteen thousand pounds a year as well. I could get a loan for the tuition costs easily but it would mean being lumbered with a sixty thousand pound debt to pay back to the government.

The final university that I had an interview at was actually the last resort as far as I was concerned. Situated as it was in Southampton, the Anglia Ruskin University would offer me a place but after the interview the head of faculty invited me to a coffee in the refectory. I, being the suspicious kind had assumed that he was going to hit on me, kind of a condition of my acceptance but as Ruskin came sixty-third out of sixty three in the league tables of universities with a faculty of Electronics, their head of faculty was very down to earth.

"Have you considered what life after university would offer a woman with a degree in Electronics from Anglia Ruskin Victoria?"

Was this a trick question, was I still being interviewed? I just blew on top of my coffee and looked confused.

"What I mean is, you'll leave university with a huge debt, between sixty and seventy thousand pounds, if you got a double first from us, you could command thirty-five to forty thousand a year after two or three years in post, a two-one and that would drop to twenty-five to thirty a year after the first few years. If you only get a two-two, you'll be lucky to get twenty thousand and a third; you'll be working in a call centre for thirteen grand a year."

I slumped in my seat, I knew what he was getting at, in the interview my SATs and pre interview tests had been brought up, I was predicted to get no higher than a two-two and only then if I buckled down to three years of hard study.

"I'm not trying to depress you Vicky, I'm a realist, would you say that you're physically fit?"

I nodded my head; I was very sporty at school, one of the reasons that I didn't get such good results in my college qualifications.

"It's just that I do pass on candidates from time to time to the Army, they need electronics experts and they are happy to pay the university fees as well as a wage. You'll do twenty-six weeks in university classrooms, get a four week long paid vacation and you work for the Amy for twelve weeks a year for the first three years. The twelve weeks practical experience in Army electronics often lifts an under graduate's score by ten to twenty percent. Could make the difference between a two-two and a two-one."

I was given directions to the recruitment office in the middle of Southampton and an envelope to hand over when I got there. As I was leaving the refectory I could hear the phone conversation as my interviewer was calling in my details to the Army recruitment office.

The desk at the recruitment office was manned by an RAF airman, he told me that I'd have to sit a quick assessment test to point me in the direction of the right service and trade but before I had the chance to write my name on top of the test sheet an Army officer walked in.

"Are you Victoria?"

"Yes!"

"You were given a letter for me?"

"Oh, gosh yes, here it is!"

Lieutenant Baker took the envelope from me and opened it, "According to your initial assessment test you've scored perfectly for a radio technician in the Army!"

The RAF guy rolled his eyes and snatched the paper from in front of me, "Ten more seconds and you'd have been mine!" He said as he left the small room that I was about to sit the test in.

Lieutenant Baker sat opposite me and smiled, "Good thing you hadn't put your name on top of the test sheet, you'd have disappeared into the system and probably ended up in the Navy as a radar tech or communications officer."

I was very confused but then it had been a very confusing day so far. Anglia Ruskin was the worst of the worst university in the country and even they didn't want me and the last place in the world that I thought I'd be sitting was in the armed services recruitment office interview room.

"Are you over eighteen?"

"Yes!"

"Do you have a criminal record of any kind?"

"No!"

"Are you physically fit?"

"Yes!"

"Do you play any sports?"

"Yes!"

"You're supposed to elaborate, do you play football?"

"Yes, I played for the college team."

"Do you play cricket?"

"Yes, I played for the school team but not since college."

"Do you play rugby?"

"Only touch rugby at school."

"Do you swim competitively?"

"Yes, I did two hundred meter butterfly for my county."

"Do you do gymnastics?"

"Really, do I look like a size zero waif, I'm far too heavy and tall for gymnastics."

Lieutenant Baker laughed at that answer, "Sorry, that was a test, some people just say yes to everything even though the closest they get to sports is watching football on a Saturday afternoon."

"I did as many sports as I could while I was at school, one of the reasons that I didn't get straight 'A's in my exams."

"Do you think you could finish an Army assault course in three minutes?"

"I have no idea; I don't know what's involved."

"Well, at least it's an honest answer. I'm pushing you through for a medical and fitness test on Monday, have to be fast because as you know, Universities are filling up fast at this time of the year and we'd want to get you into the best university possible, if you're still interested in a career in the army that is."

I explained that I didn't know anything at all about the Army, certainly not enough to sign up for the Army right away.

"We pay the UEA well for each candidate they send through to us, they gave you the test and should have outlined everything about the Army to you."

Lieutenant Baker went through the basics of Army life and training as well as service conditions, as he detailed everything I realised that I had been given all of the salient facts while I was drinking coffee at the university, it's just that it wasn't laid out quite as fully as Lieutenant Baker explained it all to me.

I would have to sign up for nine years of service, if I left the Army at the end of three years at university, I would have to pay back all of my tuition fees, and there wouldn't be an education loan to cushion the blow. There was a sliding scale if I left the Army between the fourth and eighth year of service that was roughly one sixth of the cost for each year left of my term. For three years my training would all be in the UK and only after I finished my degree would I be liable for overseas deployment.

I did my first year, because I was so late starting the process I didn't get the usual six weeks at boot camp but I knew that I'd get that pleasure as soon as my first year of study was over. University was as expected; I got mediocre results even though I was working harder than any other student at the university. And I wasn't at Southampton University either; I was at Cambridge, not the sixty-third university for electronics but the top university.

Apart from my study I had been concentrating on my fitness, while my class mates were partying, drinking and fucking around the campus I was running the tracks and working on my upper body strength, I knew that I'd have to face the assault course after my end of year exam.

I wore my uniform for the first time after reporting to the ATR training establishment in Winchester. I was just over twenty years old and I was in with a bunch of eighteen year old lesbians in four person dormitories. I learned all about the history of the Army and how to march, stand to attention and salute correctly and that took up a whole week, on the Monday morning of the second week, after breakfast and a kit inspection we were told to dress in fatigues and report to the assault course, twenty women lined up at the start line for our first introduction to the assault course and eighty men standing around watching us.

It would appear that the highlight of the men's basic training was to watch twenty unfit eighteen to twenty year old girls fall at the first hurdle. A quarter of the women who present for basic training would fail because of the assault course, you could try almost as often as you wanted in the first eight weeks of training but if you couldn't get round in three minutes by the end of the basic training you'd be flushed from the Army.

For the first time in a year I was head and shoulders ahead of my fellow students, I had a good idea what I'd be up against and had put in a lot of work on climbing ropes, leaping ditches, cross country running as well as track running and as the men started jeering at us I started in the third group of four. By the nets I was ahead of the first three groups and went over the top like a monkey. I passed the finish line in two-fifty and wasn't even breathing heavily.

I was congratulated on passing the course on my first go but then the training instructor made me clamber into a twenty-five kilo Bergen and sent me off at the rear of a platoon of men doing their first five kilometres march under load. They were dressed in full combat kit including Kevlar helmets and forty kilo packs. I was wet, covered in mud and tired from the assault course but at least all I was wearing was a t-shirt and combat trousers with ten ton Army boots on my feet.

At the five-k mark there were trucks to carry us all back to the camp in time for lunch. I ended up going through the showers with the rest of my platoon, they had been going over and over the sections of the assault course that they had failed on their first time through. My biggest problem was avoiding nineteen lesbians offering to wash my back for me in the showers. I had definitely attracted a lot of attention from the rest of my troupe because I had shown just how fit I was.

On the Tuesday morning I was told to report to the commander's office, I sat outside Major Whitman's office waiting for her ADC to call me through, Major Whitman was the commanding officer of the woman's training camp but it wasn't her that I had to see. Lieutenant Colonel Cromford, the commanding officer of the whole camp wanted me. I'd caused a little bit of a stir on my first bite of the assault course, I had passed that easily, well, ten seconds to spare and without breaking a sweat as well and although I hadn't worn full kit for the route march, I had carried the Bergen with the load necessary and over the correct distance for the women and passed that as well especially straight after doing the assault course.

There wasn't much more they could do with me for the next seven weeks of training other than to bore me to death going over and over the same thing for seven weeks. "Your start in the Army was unconventional because we had to send you straight off to university instead of bringing you through basic training first so I'm suggesting continuing the unconventional nature of your training by putting you in with D platoon, they started phase two of their basic training last week and we know that it will be tough for you to make up that week but, you have done a year of study into electronics and their first week was basically introduction to electronics as used in the Army so I'm hoping you'll cope well enough."

Well, D platoon wasn't training in my exact field, I should have been doing radio electronics and they were doing guidance systems but it was all electronics at the end of the day. I had to move my kit out of the women's block and into one of the men's blocks. I did have a dorm to myself but basically I had to eat, train and live with nineteen men. The platoon Sergeant, the Corporal and the Lance Jacks all worked tirelessly to prevent any impropriety of any kind taking part between me and any of the men in the platoon but for the most part they were all far too young for me so there wasn't any danger of me dropping my khaki pants for any of them.

The guy at Southampton University had been spot on the money when he said that the Army training would help my university work, when I started the second year at Cambridge I was actually ahead of my cohort of fellow students and because I wasn't playing catch-up things really gelled and by the end of the second year I had the second highest mark in the final assignment. A two week holiday and straight back to ATR Winchester and slip back into uniform for twelve weeks and then another two week holiday before university again.

I reported to the camp office expecting to be slotted in with nineteen lesbians again. It would have been a different platoon of nineteen women to my first week in Winchester but we should have all been at the same point in our Army training.

"You're late; you were supposed to be here yesterday."

"No, my orders say today at zero nine hundred today."

"We were given seventy-two hour's notice to deploy yesterday and everyone was supposed to be contacted at zero six hundred yesterday, you only have two days to get kitted out and have all your shots."

"What do you mean? I've been on holiday; I don't officially come onto strength here until today"

The officer of the day came in at that point, "You officially came on our strength two weeks ago at the start of your vacation. You'll be fined a small amount for failing to turn up yesterday."

"That's not fair, I wasn't told anything about it!"

"We used your contact number, left a message on your answer phone."

"I was out of the country until eleven o'clock last night and haven't been home yet."

"The rules say that you have to give us accurate contact details, even if you're out of the country."

I was rushed, still complaining through to the MO, still complaining as he stuck a hundred needles in my arm and my arse, still complaining as I went through the stores. Now it's funny that no one ever knows where a seventy-two hour deployment is heading so it's really strange that the stores officer seems to know what camouflage to hand out. I had a good idea where we were going to end up when I was handed desert camouflage kit and a fully armoured vest and sand coloured Kevlar helmet.

The rest of that day was spent on a refresher course for the various guided armaments that the British Army used in the field and collecting all of the technical drawings we would need to maintain the portfolio of advanced weaponry. I drew my SA-eighty mark two from the armoury and reported to the firing range to proof the weapon and get a mark for ten shots on the range. The morning of our final day in Winchester was spent refreshing ourselves on first aid.

I was still complaining about being dragged off on deployment overseas just because of the quirk of fate that I had been assigned to Winchester barracks for twelve weeks while the university was closed for summer vacation, I asked to see the officer in charge of the deployment, I tried to play the role card, I was being deployed as a weapons tech when my pay book stated that I was a radio tech.

"Have you completed your part three qualifications in radio engineering?"

"No sir."

"Part two?"

"No sir."

"Part one even?"

"No sir."

"What training have you completed so far?"

"Basic infantry and advanced weapons guidance systems sir."

"Then you're going to exactly the right place to do the job that you're trained to do."

"But I was supposed to do my radio training over the next twelve weeks, radio electronics is all I've been working on at university for the past twenty-six weeks sir."

"You're deploying this evening, here's your orders, bus five to RAF Brize Norton and then air transport out to your deployment. I'll register your complaints up the line, if they think they were wrong in sending you on deployment you'll be back in six to eight weeks, but don't hold your breath."

"But what about my place at Cambridge? What will happen to that if I'm not back by the start of the year?"

"You're not the first squaddie to get deployed in the middle of a degree course, as soon as you come back you'll be slotted right back in to the course."

Bus five was forty-nine men and me, a little strange but then twenty men to one woman was usual for a front line deployment. As soon as we sat in our seats on the transport we were told of our destination, we were heading for Afghanistan, Camp Bastion and we'd be arriving at around two o'clock in the morning. We were advised to try and get as much sleep during the flight as possible, some of us were stopping in Bastion but some of us were being onwardly deployed to front line units by helicopters, troop transfers out to the front lines were done under cover of darkness so some would be heading straight out as soon as the transport touched down.

We formed up on the apron at the side of our transport in the freezing cold; one thirty in the morning can be mighty cold in Afghanistan. Five names were called off, I was one of those called out, the dispersal officer pointed out a sand coloured Chinook helicopter that was just winding up its turbines readying for takeoff. The five of us were on the chopper within ten minutes of landing on the strip in Camp Bastion and sixty seconds later we were banking out over the desert and heading roughly east towards Pakistan.

We deplaned just before dawn somewhere in the Afghan mountains and when I say deplaned I don't mean that the chopper landed and we strolled out down the rear ramp, no, that would be all too easy, at fifteen feet above ground, just as the dawn light was rushing at us from Pakistan, five ropes were dropped from the Chinook with our packs fixed to the ends and the five of us had to rappel to the ground.

Two things dawned, the day and the fact that we weren't inside the safety of a forward military encampment. We were on a track over a small hill with high mountains on all sides. The five of us stood looking like lemons as our ride disappeared still heading eastwards and because of helicopter limitations in ceiling height it was flying through the gaps between the mountains. To anyone tracking the chopper it would have looked like a simple blip on their radar when we were dropped off.

"What the fuck do we do now?"

One of my companions, a corporal, had expressed what we were all feeling; we stood in silence for five minutes when someone came up with a good idea.

"You could all get out of sight in case your arrival was witnessed, that would be a good start!"

As one, we all grabbed our Bergens and headed for what little cover there was, then it dawned on us all, the comment hadn't been 'WE' but 'YOU' and as we took up defensive positions behind a large rock we started to ask who had said to get under cover. There was a sudden movement on the ground a few feet away from where we'd formed up. A cape, covered in small rocks and sand moved to reveal a shallow trench filled with a soldier.

"I'm Sergeant Patterson, I'm your guide to the outpost, we have to lay up here until dusk and then head off, ten 'clicks' to the east to your home away from home for the next month. Sergeant Patterson stood up to inspect us; he actually tugged our patches to get a better look at them before starting to laugh out loud.

"I can't believe it, what have we got here, two Royal Artillery gunners, a cook, a medical orderly and, God help us, a female electronics technician. I think what we have here lady and gentlemen is an unholy fuck up, you've been delivered to the wrong party, I just wonder where my five man covert insertion squad has been delivered to."

We had to sit it out all day in the baking sun, very little water to drink and no food, the five men that were supposed to be airdropped onto the little hillock would have been better prepared, they would have known that they had to spend a day and a night before they got to their base camp.

We followed Patterson up the side of one mountain and down the other, ten kilometres on flat ground would have been a two hour march tops. But one kilometre up a mountain and the same kilometre down the other side only actually took us a half a kilometre closer to our camp in the east so it was a full ten hours of hard slog in freezing conditions to reach our camp.

We arrived at the camp just before dawn and it was a good thing that he did because if we had been short as the sun came up, we'd have to lay up for another day, no one was allowed to approach the camp in the daylight. The camp had been set up by the Americans; it had been a rock pinnacle that had been eroded into a horseshoe canyon. Well, nature and a little help from Alfred Nobel's invention, dynamite. The Americans had called up a bombing raid on the next mountain when they first set up their hidden camp, the sound of bombs falling close by helping to disguise the blasting of the rock to make a usable surface inside the curtain of rock provided by the pinnacle on three hundred and fifty degrees around the camp.

Army camps never had a reputation as being well appointed or palatial but this camp was worse than most. It had a single latrine tent, four stalls for making toilet and four rows of sinks to one side and a row of open shower heads at the end opposite to the entrance. Water was very strictly rationed. An ingenious method of collecting rain water had been set up for drinking and cooking and the grey water from the latrine block was filtered and pumped back into the system, the only waste that wasn't recycled was that flushed down the toilet, well, flushed was something of a misnomer, the four toilets were earth closets, once a week one of the soldiers had the job of raking out the crap and burying it at the outer edge of the camp.

Once a week or so a C-one thirty would parachute supplies into the canyon below the camp, at night and under cover of a fighter bomber raid on the caves a few miles away that were used by insurgents, the very caves that our outpost was spying on. We would have men out at dusk with a laser designator pointed at a convenient rock to give the Hercules a point to drop the palettes of supplies onto. The supplies were hauled up the mountain to our camp before dawn, supplies, parachutes and palettes as well; no sign of our night time activities were left behind.

The bad news for me and the four men that came with me was, to conserve the secrecy of our camp, they only risked personnel exchanges once a month, so we were stuck there for the next four weeks at the very least. Add to our discomfort the fact that no one wanted us there; they needed a specialist team of SAS infiltrators out on the mountain passes to record insurgent movements. The Army was still working from the pack of cards list, always on the lookout for outstanding members.

They needed SAS Special Forces and they got five useless buggers on vacation for a month. Well, they did have use for our cook and medical orderly, the observation post was too small to have a permanent cook on staff so they usually took turns at cooking like they took turns at digging the crap into the ground. So just three useless members, they had no electronic weaponry, just a bunch of eavesdropping equipment and very specialised communications equipment to pass on insurgent movements without anyone else picking it up.

Being a girl, while my companions hit the sack, still dirty from close to seventy-two hours of travelling, I needed a shower far more than I needed sleep, I didn't even bother dropping my helmet or body armour off at my tent, well I say my tent, the tent I would be sharing with the other four men that came with me. I headed straight for the latrine tent,

I got another huge shock; because of the water shortage in the camp there was no possibility to use the American showers in the latrines unless it was during a period of rain and after close to three days of arduous travelling to get to the camp, I was in desperate need of a shower and all I was offered was a single half litre of water to wash myself and clean my teeth with. I was desperate for a shower but would just have to make do with what was available. I dropped my Bergen at the side of the sinks, propped my SA-eighty at the side of it and collected fresh underwear, my towel and wash kit from my pack and started my wash in a solitary pint and a bit of water.

I wouldn't normally have stripped down to bra and knickers for a wash but I really needed to wash every inch of my body as the sand had got into every nook and cranny of my body. I was half way through washing my legs when one of the observer corps guys coming off duty walked in to use the crapper; he stopped dead in his tracks and just like his corps badge on his sleeve said, he observed what I was doing closely.

I looked over at him and said, "Never seen a woman washing before?"

"Not never but I've been on this hill top for six months with a bunch of men with too little water to go round. I need to load my memory banks for the long cold nights ahead."

It was unusual to have an army camp without a single woman around; even the SAS Regiment had female communications officers and a few women who went in the field for urban observations, the squaddie disappeared into the toilet cubicle and instead of the grunting I had expected to hear through the door I could hear him masturbating behind the thin metal door. I knew that the year before when I was billeted in the same block as 'D' platoon and spent all of my time working with them, training with them and eating with them, that one or two of them wished that I was sleeping with them as well. I guessed that I was the trigger image to all nineteen of them as they whacked off at night in the dark. Now, for the first time, I could hear one of them jerking off after seeing me in my bra and knickers.

I went over to the door and pressed my ear against the door, I could even hear his heavy breathing through the door, suddenly the red flag in the little window of the lock rotated to green and my head pushed the door open. He looked ridiculous, standing there in a t-shirt with his shorts and underpants around his ankles. His face was bright red and his hand was flashing up and down his cock shaft at around one-twenty beats a minute.

I'd never done anything like it before, never been tempted to touch a man's cock, I wasn't a lesbian, or should I say I didn't think I was a lesbian, I preferred to be around women but had never really been tempted to touch one of them either, I had just never found anything that had awakened my sexuality one way or the other. I reached out and touched the tip of his cock, he grabbed on to my hand and wrapped my fingers around his cock and he moved my hand back and forth until I got the idea and took over.

As soon as I got the rhythm that he wanted he let go of my hand and reached up to my breasts with both hands, he pulled my bra down, hooking my bra cups under my breasts, turning a full bra into something more like a shelf bra. My hand was moving at around sixty strokes a minute rather than his one-twenty but because of the visual stimulation of my breasts and the fact that he was fondling my fun-bags, all thirty-six 'DD' of them, I guess he came about twice as fast under my hand as he would have done by himself. And when he did cum, he erupted like a volcano, covering my hand, wrist, lower arm and belly.

He whispered an apology and took a step backwards, his softening cock slipped from my fingers as I stared down at the amount of baby juice splashed all over me, the door swung closed silently and the green flag in the lock rotated to red. I went into the next stall and used toilet tissue to wipe my body clean of spunk, I only had just a fraction over a pint of water to wash my body with and now I had to start all over again.

I dropped my bra and washed my tits, it didn't seem to matter much to me anymore, one man had already seen my breasts, one man, many men, what was the difference. I had washed between my legs before the next man came in to use the toilet, he had a broad grin on his face as he walked in and he didn't even do a double take when he saw my breasts still on display as I was drying myself. It was more than obvious that the happy squaddie who had left the bad smell in the toilet a few moments earlier was wasting no time in telling his mates about his good fortune.

There wasn't a word spoken, I was grabbed and pulled into one of the stalls where the soldier pulled his shorts down and kissed me as he pulled my knickers down, he was trying to fuck me but I twisted my body away from him.

"What, what's wrong, Jim said you were well up for it."

"I'm a virgin; all I did was gave him a hand job."

"The lying little bastard, he said he fucked you, okay, a hand hob from you is better than doing it for myself like I've done three times every day since I landed up here five months ago."

It was a bit of a struggle but he managed to get me so that I was facing the door and he had his back to it, then he pushed me down onto the toilet seat and thrust his cock in my direction. I started to do the same to him as I had done to Jim, it was a little different the second time though because the new guy wasn't fondling my breasts.

"You said I couldn't fuck you because you're still a virgin, what about a BJ instead?"

I was focusing on my task on his cock, the words soaked into my head slowly and suddenly it dawned on what he was asking me to do, I looked up into his eyes as the full extent of his request dawned on me and my jaw dropped open in surprise and disgust. He took that action on my part totally wrong and before I could say that I wouldn't suck his cock, I found that I already was.

He started to give me instructions, telling me exactly what he wanted me to do with my mouth on his cock and he wasn't whispering either, suddenly there was a knock at the door.

"Jacko, Jacko, is she in there with you? Open the door mate, let's all have a look see."

I guessed that the guy polishing my tonsils with his dick's head was called Jacko, I was pushed backwards on the toilet as Jacko moved out of the way so that the door could be opened and three men were fighting to get a look at what I was doing to Jacko.

I was still sucking Jacko's cock as he was being buffeted by the other three men as they were trying to get into the cubicle with us, a hand reached past Jacko's arse and made a grab for one of my tits when there was a distant 'Whoosh......Bang' sound from somewhere in the valley below our camp. There wasn't a sound but my four visitors disappeared from the toilet tent.

I pulled my t-shirt and body armour on, donned my helmet grabbed my rifle and ran; I left my Bergen in the toilet block to look after itself. I formed up on the camp CO, most of the troupe were in slit trenches, they had heard the explosion and seen the fireball and had just run from where ever they had been and dived into a trench. They hadn't thought it through, they had just made the dash, most were already in bed so were still just dressed in under pants and vests.

The CO, his ADC and I were the only ones still standing and we were the only ones wearing armour and helmets, I was the only one armed with a rifle, the officers had their side arms and that was all. The ADC and I were detained to the camp entrance to see what we could see, I was on my belly ten feet from the edge of the cliff face and I belly walked to the edge.

There was a faint vapour trail from the side of the mountains opposite, the caves that we were interested in and in the valley below the burning wreckage of a scout helicopter. The ADC wriggled up to my side, "Sit rep private?"

I told him what my assessment was, I pointed out movement coming down into the valley from the caves opposite and I also pointed out one injured American soldier that had been in the back of the scout helicopter.

"What's your assessment private? Will they reach him before dark?"

"No doubt about it sir, they think they're golden, the scout has obviously strayed off route, they have no idea that we're here watching so they are walking openly, running almost, they'll hear any support aircraft coming from mules away."

"We need to try and get the American to slip back towards the dried stream bed if he can."

The sight on the SA-eighty wasn't exactly telescopic, mine had four times magnification and I could see the injured man quite clearly. "I can try and flash him a message with a laser designator Sir, Morse code on the rock at the side of his face, if I had a laser designator that is."

"Keep an eye on them!"

The ADC wriggled away from the edge and once he was safely out of sight he stood up and ran back to the main body of the hidden camp. Private Wilkinson, one of the Royal Artillery gunners that had arrived with me slid up alongside of me in full combat rig. He whispered, "Looks like you totally wasted that shower!"

I shushed him, "Focus Wilky, how the fuck do we get the fly-boy out of this alive and not give away our position?" Lieutenant Gamble gave me this for you, are we calling up bombers?"

"No, but I think you've just given me an idea, let me do this, you pop back and get me a walkie-talkie."

I pointed the laser at the rock just in front of the airman. I pulled the end cap off of the laser and altered the focusing lens so that instead of a pinpoint of laser light there was an inch round red disk on the rock nine hundred yards away.

I sent a message in Morse code telling the airman to roll back to the stream bed. I knew that he had seen the message but he was waving his hand from side to side to indicate that he couldn't move or couldn't understand my rusty Morse. I fired up the laser again, splashed the rock and then started to move the dot of light backwards towards the stream bed. He did follow the light with his head but he tapped his leg and then waved his hand from side to side again.

Wilkinson was back at my side with the radio and he began to track as many of the insurgents as he could. He spotted that a few of the insurgents were carrying American shoulder launched anti-aircraft missiles, "Looks like they used an AIM-nine to bring down the chopper and they have more down there."

I called the CO and told him about the missiles; it meant that the Americans couldn't send in choppers to rescue their man and, our supply drops would be in jeopardy while the enemy had sophisticated missiles. The SAS sergeant butted in, "We had some heavier weapons dropped in on the last transport, silenced Barratt fifty cal snipers rifles with sound and flash suppressors, if we had a good enough shot, we could perhaps hold them back until dark."

We were each asked for our range average, I'd only spent four hours on the range but I did have a ninety-five average, a little short of marksman or sniper material but a good ten percent better than the next best shooter in the camp. The gun was brought over to me and unpacked I was just ranging on one of the men carrying a missile when the radio crackled telling me to switch to tack two.

I was talking to an American AWAX commander he was bringing in Apache gunships from the East but he wanted the men with the missiles dealing with a few seconds before the choppers unmasked from behind the caves. Private Wilkinson had set up a second Barratt and he was telling me who he was going to target and who I should try for, the radio crackled that the helicopters were in position.

I heard 'Sput' and saw a man fall in my peripheral vision; I closed my eyes and pulled the trigger and the man that had filled my scope fell to the floor. I selected my second target, heard Wilkinson's Barratt 'sput' again and I pulled the trigger again, this time I didn't close my eyes and I watched my second target fall, he was more hole than man.

Suddenly all hell broke loose as six helicopter gunships came in with their nose guns blazing. We were asked to paint the areas where the AIM-nine's had fallen, I pointed the designator at one of the missile packs just as one of the opposition was trying to pull it out from under the fallen man's body and the whole area erupted in a ball of flame and falling rocks as a high explosive rocket came arching from a Black hawk being screened by the other six helicopters. I picked out each missile where they lay on the ground and each one was destroyed by a massive explosion.

I didn't see the second black hawk drop into the valley at the side of the still burning helicopter that was downed just after dawn, I didn't see it pick up the injured American Airman being rescued because strong hands were pulling my legs away from the edge if the cliff, I was sobbing, I had never expected to kill anyone, I was in the Army, I had signed up to be a radio technician, serendipity of fate had made me into a missile technician but I was never expected to launch a missile, just prepare, test and repair missiles in a rearward camp. I had never expected to actually see the man that my actions killed.

The SAS sergeant dragged me sobbing to my assigned tent and held me in his arms until I stopped shaking. He removed my helmet, my boots and my body armour and laid me on my bed. He sat over me while I fell asleep.

I woke up at five o'clock in the afternoon, the events of the early morning an unpleasant memory. I was asked if I was up to a walk, the huge sniper's rifle I had used earlier had been stripped down, cleaned and oiled and was ready to go out on patrol, from the looks on the faces around me I was expected to be the one carrying the weapon when it went out on patrol.

"We know that they took delivery of six missiles, one was used to bring down the scout helicopter and you helped to deal with four others so there is still one out there, probably in the caves. Somebody has to go and find it before they reinforce the insurgent garrison."

We climbed down from our hiding place and crossed the valley in three hours Private Wilkinson and I were both climbing up to a cave that was opposite the caves that we were about to attack. When the caves were fully garrisoned they would have a lookout in the cave we were heading to but as they couldn't see anything at night, the lookout, if he was there, would be sleeping, granted, sleeping with one ear open for trouble.

As we crested on to the narrow shelf Private Wilkinson passed me his rifle and I staggered under the weight of two such huge weapons. My partner looked weird, we had both been kitted out in Gilly suits, the traditional uniform of the professional sniper. That wasn't what made him look ridiculous; it was creeping up to the cave mouth with night vision goggles on his head and a huge Ka-Bar knife in his right hand and he was crouching down low to be ready to pounce if he were to be discovered, he finally jumped into the cave and thirty seconds later he came out with a silly grin on his face.

He whispered, "Empty thank God!"

"Would you have been able to do it if there had been a sentry in there?"

He thought for a moment, "Yes, I had you in my mind, if I couldn't beat him; you'd never be able to do him at close range with that monster over your shoulder!"

We settled down on the floor of the cave, set our rifles up on their bipods and then started to scan the cave mouths and the track in front of the caves in both directions with our night scopes. Once I was happy that there was no threat from above I started to scan the lower ledge, another part of the same track but using the track it would take over a mile to get up to the caves, the assault team was going to have to climb by hand about a hundred feet up a virtually sheer cliff face.

I pressed my mike key; the pickup was strapped to my throat, "Sierra Tango two to Alpha Tango Leader over."

"Leader over."

"Alpha Tango Leader, you are clear to approach all targets."

"Leader to Sierra Tangos, keep them peeled guys. Alert if threat before eighty feet, deal with all threats after eighty feet, over and out."

Wilkinson and I had just been given our orders, if the assault team were less than eighty feet up the cliff face we were just to warn them if we saw movement outside the caves. Once they had passed eighty feet high, then it would be up to Private Wilkinson and I to save them with our powerful silenced weapons.

We just had to sit tight and watch the caves and the approaches from the East. The assault team would jump anyone they found inside the caves, no prisoners naturally, then they would destroy any weapons they found with explosives. They were going to use remote controlled triggers and head down to the valley floor, as soon as they were all off of the cliff face, Wilkinson and I would exfiltrate down and rendezvous with the assault team on the valley floor.

The plan was to trigger the blast as soon as we were safely back in our camp. Any X-rays that were killed in the raid would be piled on top of the explosives so that there would be no evidence of how they were actually killed.

I was scanning the track towards Pakistan, away off in the distance there was a heavily laden mule train heading our way. Thirty men and eight donkeys struggling under the weight of weapons and ammunition.

"Sierra Tango Two to Alpha Tango Leader, table please, party of thirty from the east and they are packing!"

"How far?"

"They're running heavy, two hours or so, could be closer to three."

I pulled my gun back to the assault team, they were ten feet from the track, ten feet from the cave mouths. 'Sput!' Wilkinson's gun whispered and I started scanning the cave moths, I saw a man on the floor just inside the mouth of a cave. My earpiece crackled, "Sierra Tango one to Alpha Tango Leader, one X-ray down in the mouth of target three."

I knew that killing the man in cold blood would have bothered my partner so I reached over in the dark and touched his arm, just to let him know that I was there and that I felt for him, I was just glad that it wasn't me that had seen the man leaving the cave.

Private Wilkinson whispered, "Is it true that you let one if the observer corps lads fuck you and that you gave another a blow job?"

Normally, if one of the other squaddies, male or female, had asked me a personal question I'd have told them to piss off and mind their own business but me and Wilkinson were linked now, we had both killed men, we had lay next to each other and used powerful weapons to take lives and we'd done it together and now, we were both in the hot seat again.

The assault team was about to clamber over the edge and mount their assault, there was two clicks on the coms net, Alpha Tango Leader was asking if it was safe to carry on with the assault.

"Sierra Tango One, all targets clear and quiet over," came in my ear from my partner.

"Sierra Tango Two to all Alpha Tangos you are screened from the visitors for twenty minutes and they are still over an hour away along the trail.

"Well?"

"I'm still a virgin, Jim's a lying bastard, I'll admit that I did start to give Jacko a blow job but somebody fucked a four million dollar spy copter and kind of put an end to it."

"If you were horny why didn't you come to me or one of the others in our team?"

"I wasn't horny; I've never been horny in my life!"

'Sput!'

I froze and said, "What was that?"

"X-ray heading to see where his mate had got too."

My earpiece crackled, "Sierra Tango One to Alpha Tango Leader, second X-ray slotted, same target over."

Wilkinson's message was answered by just two clicks on the cons net.

The assault team formed up, they were organised into five three man teams, if the SAS had been doing the Assault they would have had just five men and they would have rolled through all five caves killing everyone silently.

Wilkinson and I just listened on as the coms traffic was all from Alpha Tango's members, whispering when they had finally cleared their assigned targets. There was a flurry of activity, bodies were dragged from target's one, four and five and all dumped into targets two and three. We were watching every step from our side of the Mountain. The assault team were brushing down the tracks outside the caves.

I was expecting the call to watch the assault team's backs as they rappelled down the front of the cliff. The X-rays had set cleats in the mountain above the caves to help them to move ordinance quickly down onto the lower track when they were delivering arms and explosives to their fighters all over Afghanistan but they were always careful to remove the ropes so that their enemies couldn't use their own equipment against them in a surprise attack. Our men had just looped long ropes through the cleats and used them to rappel down, pulling them free as soon as they were at the bottom and leaving no trace that they had ever been there.

My earpiece crackles, "Here it comes, get ready to pull out!"

The message wasn't good, they had found the last AIM-nine missile and they were taking it back to our camp, it would be taken out when my platoon were extracted at the end of the month. The American's would be able to trace which country they had sold the missile too and hopefully plug that route for weapons up.

"Alpha Tango Leader to Sierra Tango's, I'm sorry guys..."

Now when a man with an arm full of guns and his running shoes on tells his guardian angels that he's sorry, it usually means that he's about to dump some kind of shit onto you.

"...the brass have changed your part of the mission, you're to stay put, we've set our charges but your dinner party is too close now, if they see our remote detonation they'll know that we were here and they'll start getting curious. Our overseas cousins will be running high and fast from the west, they want you two to paint the inside of the west wall of targets two and three so the jocks can stand off and float a visible present deep inside. We'll trigger as soon as the package enters the letter box. We need our visitors to report back that it was just a lucky airstrike."

I looked at Wilkinson and said, "Shit, they're sacrificing us!"

"Don't think that this plan has been arrived at lightly, we've found over a hundred premade suicide vests, we're taking one of them back too to see if we can get a clue as to their origin. If they have any thoughts that we had boots on, they'll restructure and disappear. Paint the target and then lie low until an hour after nightfall. Do not engage unless you are compromised. Understood?"

"Two, got that!"

"One, not happy but got that!"

We were told that the fast movers would be on tack six calls Foxtrot Bravo One and Two. I was to light up cave three and my partner was responsible for the bombs going into cave number two. We slipped back from the edge and placed our rifles at the back of the cave, all we needed were our night scopes to watch what the mule train was up too.

We were calling in the progress of the mule train to a controller sitting someplace high over our world in an AWAX and he was holding two fighter bombers out just beyond our little valley. When the mule train was just one hundred feet from the easternmost cave, we called that in too.

"Foxtrot One to Sierra Tango One, we're thirty seconds out, time to paint target two. Wilkinson and I both fired up our laser designators, it was almost dawn and we could see without the aid of night vision, we braced ourselves, trying to keep out of sight of the X-rays on the other side of the valley. The jets were very high and anyone looking on would swear that they were just transitioning to a different theatre to deliver their packages. The bombers were actually so far away and so high that they had already released their payloads and the bombs were riding down following the reflection of the laser spot deep inside the cave's belly.

"On my mark we have to close down and roll back into the cave."

I could see the bomb's streaking towards their respective targets they were about fifty feet away, the guys leading the donkeys didn't even look up at the bombers, as far as they were concerned they were way out of the bombers sphere of interest.

"Mark!"

We powered down our adult laser pointers and Wilkinson pulled me back into the cave. The bombs were still travelling and without the laser spot to home in on they were just following their last instruction. If we had turned off too soon the bombs could have been knocked off course by strong winds and they wouldn't have tried to get back on target but we really had left it to the very last moment.

At our base camp, Alpha Tango Leader was pointing his remote controller in the direction of the caves and as the bombs went through the cave mouth he pressed his trigger. There was just one explosion and twin tongues of fire licked out and actually entered the mouth of our cave. I was at the back of the cave, Wilkinson was on top of me protecting me from the flash and as soon as it was safe to move I started beating the smouldering strands of his Gilly suit.

We slithered as close to the edge as we dared go. The men were still on the path but their donkeys had bolted and all had fallen to their deaths at the foot of the cliff face. There must have been something with a time delay in one of the packs because as we looked down to the line of dead donkeys, somewhere in the middle of the carnage there was a small explosion that started a fire and then some of the AK-forty-seven ammunition started popping off and then a few of the RPG's in another pack blew up too and very soon the whole mule train was ablaze.

My arm was tapped and a hand signal to go further into the back of the cave, I followed right as far to the back of the cave as possible, Private Wilkinson he spun the channel selector on his radio to tack one. "Sierra Tango One to base, over."

"Base receiving, over."

"Sierra Tango One to base. Mission complete, one hundred percent, over!"

"Base to Sierra Tango One, message understood, our observers confirm, X-ray ordinance total loss. You'd better keep your heads down, observe radio silence, listen only, try and get some sleep and we'll call you after dusk to confirm exit, over and out."

We were well out of sight deep in the cave, there were so few X-rays in the party that they would probably just poke about a bit and then bed down in one of the three caves that weren't burning furiously. "Hopefully they won't send a sentry out but I'll keep my Ka-bar handy to keep things as quietly as possible."

Private Wilkinson started to pull his Gilly suit off and stack it between us and the cave mouth. It was just after dawn and was still quite cold inside the cave so I gave him a bit of a funny luck.

"It's going to get very hot in here very soon, we've got to last in here all day, anyway, you don't want to stay a virgin for the rest of your life do you?"

"I'll get round to it before I die!"

"If our neighbours get too nosey, that could be sooner than you think, if they come we'll have a hard time fighting them off, one RPG in the cave mouth and it's 'Good night Vienna'. We may just as well make the most of our last few hours on earth.

Private Wilkinson helped me out of my Gilly suit, "What's your first name? I can't be deflowered by Private Wilkinson!"

"Gunner!"

"Do you really want to be that pedantic at a time like this?"

He laughed his head off as silently as he could so as not to give us away.

"Gunner, my mother was a fan of Friends; she named me Gunther Wilkinson but my brothers and sisters couldn't get their tongues round that and so I ended up Gunner. And I became a gunner too. So I guess I'm Gunner Gunner."

"Okay, okay, stop now if you want to do me just do it and stop with the Gunner."

We stripped each other totally, we made a visual screen with our camouflage suits and behind them we laid out our body armour and propped them up with our Barrett rifles so that they were there, loaded and pointing in roughly the right direction. And then we just lay in the fine dust and straw that covered the floor of the cave. We experimented all day long, fingers, mouths, Gunner sucked on my nipples and licked between my legs. I sucked his nipples and sucked his cock.

He put his hand over my mouth as he invaded my cunt with his cock to stifle any possible screaming I may do. We didn't get a wink of sleep all day, we just fucked in every different position and way that Gunner could remember or invent. And all the time, as we fucked, we could hear the chatter of the X-rays just a few hundred feet away.

As dusk fell Gunner and I started to get dressed, leaving our Gilly suits blocking the view into our lair until an hour after dusk. We put our Gilly suits on and then used our night scopes to have a really good look around and we accounted for all of the X-rays, they were all sitting openly around the entrance to target four.

We spent an hour carefully picking our way down to the valley below, the X-rays seemed to be totally convinced that they were all alone in the valley, they hadn't bothered to put up sentries and they had set a fire going inside the cave that cast a red glow out over the valley and we didn't see a single one of them even bother to look out past the cave for over an hour.

We had been very careful about cleaning our hideout so that if they ever used it again, they still wouldn't know that we had been there and that we had used it to cap a few of their fellow countrymen before the last bombing raid.

We were met at the foot of the cliff leading up to our base and helped to scale up to the camp above. The edge of the cliff was ringed by observers and radio operators doing the intelligence work that they did every night in total darkness.

We were debriefed by the CO, his ADC and the SAS Sergeant before we were allowed to go to bed. After the excitement of the first few days of our accidental posting the rest of the month that we languished at the secret forward base was very boring, we couldn't really do any serious training because we had to be careful how much noise we made. Jacko and the boys made play after play to get into my knickers. I did give Jacko a hand job but I was careful that we were all alone when I did it so that there was no audience.

I did take a few turns on lookout and I went out on two patrols at night down the valley. I found a few electronic items that had been abandoned by the Americans because they were broken and I managed to fix them, I even got a TV and a DVD player working, not that there were any DVD's to watch or TV channels that could be tuned too but when it was time for me and my four troupe members to be swapped for the squad that should have been dropped off four weeks earlier, I did promise the observers that I'd send them some DVD's in the post as soon as I got back to civilisation.

Jacko hugged me and kissed me on my cheek and whispered in my ear, "Don't bother with any Disney films or bloody Mamma Mia crap, send us sex DVD's and preferably, star in one yourself."

It was an arduous nine hour yomp out to the covert collection point carrying all of our kit, for some reason Gunner and I had to drag the heavy Barratt fifty cal and wear our Gilly suits as well as our Bergen packs but at least we didn't have to carry the AIM-nine missile or the bombers suicide vest like the other Royal Artillery squaddie and the cook had to. The only squad member who didn't have to carry any extra weapons was the medico because of the Geneva Convention.

We had to sleep all the next day while waiting for a chopper to collect us at nightfall. At Camp Bastian Gunner and I were passed straight onto a transport on its way to Brize Norton. It was a cargo plane so not the most comfortable flight in the world. We now had the Barratt as well as the missile and the bombers vest to stow but at least we could take the Gilly suits off. Once the air crew settled into their in-flight jobs, Gunner and I were left all alone in the cargo bay for several hours so we both joined the mile high club, several times over.

We were both transferred to yet another helicopter at Brize and flown westward to a training camp that appeared on no maps in the wilds of Herefordshire. We spent the night under canvas where we fucked again for old time's sake. In the morning we had to wear our dress uniforms and we were paraded in front of the whole of Twenty-one Regiment where we were presented with medals that we could wear with pride on our uniforms but that would never appear in any register of honours other than the Twenty-first Regiment's own ledgers.

We were both invited to join the training to become members of the SAS, Gunner jumped at the chance but I turned them down.

When I finally found myself at the gates of ATR Winchester I only had a week of training left before my holiday and then, two weeks later back to Cambridge. I was marched in front of the officer that I had been complaining bitterly about my posting to just six weeks earlier.

"Where do you get off Private Clark, you gave me a hard time before your posting because you were being posted as a missile technician and you wanted to remain here as a radio tech yet, as soon as you get into theatre, you switch to sniper and make a bloody good fist of it too from what I hear through the grapevine."

He shook my hand and congratulated me on the way I handled a very difficult situation. I spent a week training on digital communications equipment and I was then out of uniform. I didn't go looking for a hot holiday destination; I went home to my parent's house for a rest. They knew that I had changed; they didn't know that I had lost my virginity and killed at least two men in just twenty-four hours.

**Army Girl Part 2**

My head was spinning a little, I was sitting on a train heading for home on Saturday morning. Seventy two hours earlier I'd been sleeping in a depression in the ground on the valley floor between two foothills in the badlands between Pakistan and Afghanistan, my only shelter was my rain cape stretched out over my body with a handful of sand and stoned to break up the line it left in the earth. I'd spent twelve hours in total discomfort, the sun was beating down on top of my cape, the ground was rock hard and to add to my discomfort I was sharing my hole in the ground with my rifle, at fifty-seven inches long, almost as long as my own body and a suicide vest full of high explosives, sweating along at the side of my body.

The helicopter swooped in just after dusk; there was a line of three choppers flying in formation, low over the valley floor, the lead helicopter dropped in to pick us all up and had to be off the ground and back into formation at the rear of the column of three birds so that anyone in the area wouldn't notice that any of the helicopters had deviated from their slow flight path. After twenty minutes flying along the valley marked as 'V327' on our map, we popped over the top of the foothill to our south and all hell broke out as the helicopters formed in line abreast and fired their payload of two inch missiles into an insurgent encampment about six miles away from the point that we'd rested up for the day. Gunner was in one doorway and I was in the other, we were using our Barratt M82's and night vision scopes to pick off targets of opportunity. As soon as the assault team had breached the cover of the ridgeline separating our valley from the next and started firing into 'V328', insurgents had started running away from their camp. This kind of attack was a regular occurrence, the camp was often destroyed, their equipment lost to them but the people often escaped unharmed into the hills but today they weren't so lucky, two snipers, one shot kills and plenty of time to seek out targets, reduced insurgent numbers for the first time in months.

We'd landed in Basra just before dawn and just after dawn Gunner and I were on a Hercules 'C130' heading for England and a fifteen hour flight to Brize Norton. We were only in Brize Norton long enough for a shower, breakfast and to get changed into our dress uniforms before an onward flight in a Gazelle to an army camp in Hereford, an army camp with no roads leading to it.

Gunner and I were paraded in front of the entire camp, we were the only two in dress uniform until an American Army helicopter landed and an officer plastered in gold braid with a plate full of scrambled egg over the peak of his cap stepped out. We'd thought that all we were there for was to deliver one American made anti-aircraft missile and a suicide vest for examination. When I spotted a Three Star General stepping out of their helicopter I put two and two together and assumed that his presence explained why Gunner and I'd been spruced up at Brize Norton, I also thought that it was a little bit of an overkill to send an American General to pick up a captured American missile when the British Army had trusted it to a couple of privates for the past four thousand miles of its journey.

There was more pomp and ceremony than I'd expected and suddenly Gunner was having two medals pinned to his chest by the camp's commander as we both stood to attention in front of the whole camp, I had the same two medals pinned to my chest by the camp commander while the American General was talking to Gunner and shaking his hand. When the American General reached me, he pinned a Silver Star next to the two medals already on my chest. We shook hands and he handed me a velum letter from the President of the United States and he suddenly stiffened and he saluted me, it was unheard of for a General to salute a private soldier rather than to return the private's salute. "Private Clark, You have the gratitude of my nation for putting your life on the line to help destroy the equipment in the cave complex on the Pakistan border and you have my personal gratitude for protecting my son and helping our rescue aircraft to recover him and the two bodies of his team after the enemy brought his helicopter down after it lost its way on a routine recognisance flight!"

I was gobsmacked but I returned his salute. We all ate lunch together, Gunner and I were eating with the General as well as the camp commander. The General had flown out from Washington as soon as he'd heard that Gunner and I had been lifted from Basra on our way back to the UK. His team would be taking the AIM-nine missile back with them to America along with the suicide vest that Gunner and I had spent four days nursemaiding a quarter of the way around the planet, their experts would analyse the explosives packed into the pockets of the vest to try and establish the explosives country of origin.

All of that had caused my head to spin enough but to compound my confusion, Gunner and I had been asked if we'd like to start training to join our special forces Brigade, I'd turned the offer down but Gunner had accepted so I found myself kissing Gunner goodbye and stepping back into the Gazelle helicopter that had brought me to the secret camp and being transported directly back to my training camp at Winchester. I arrived back at camp late on Friday evening, slept in my dorm for the night and at six o'clock on Saturday morning I was reporting to the ADC's office. My medals were all safely pinned into a leather covered medal box and my uniform jacket had the addition of three little ribbons just above the breast pocket on the left hand side.

The ADC shook my hand, he was impressed with my medal collection, "You have to remember that you can never tell anyone why you received your medals."

"Do you know why I received them sir?"

"Not officially, no! But I was let in on a little of the secret because I was told to give you these the next time I saw you!"

He pressed two strips of cotton into my hand and a travel warrant, "Congratulation Corporal Clark, there's a jeep waiting to take you to the railway station, you have an extra few days of leave before starting your third year at Cambridge and we'll see you back here just after Christmas."

The ADC also had a green leather covered box with my battalion's crest embossed in gold on its lid, "I suggest that you transfer your medals from the twenty-two Battalion case they came in into this one before you leave here today, it'll cause les questions when your family see your medals."

I was about to demount my medals from their case when I realised that the black medal box would actually fit inside my own regiment's presentation box. As I sat on the train heading for home everything that had happened to me in the past six weeks came spinning through my head, the battle of valley 'V328' hadn't had time to register fully on me, the fact that I'd targeted at least ten men with my Barrett M82 hadn't fully dawned on me as there was so much going on in my life, I'd sighted on ten targets, pulled my trigger but I hadn't dwelled on my target, as soon as I'd sent my bullet on its two second journey, just two seconds to cover a little more than a mile but in that two seconds I was looking for the next target. With a full ounce of Tungsten travelling at twice the speed of sound, I didn't have to hit any vital organs to kill my target, even an arm shot could kill because of the shock of the hit so I didn't need the gory bit of actually watching my target fall. The way I looked at it, if I hit just one man from my ten round magazine I'd have killed more men than a raid of this type would usually kill.

I took a taxi home from the railway station with my heavy kit bag, I was at least five days earlier than my parents would have expected me home, that is if they actually expected me home at all! when I only had a week's leave I often didn't go home, I went straight off to a beach in Spain or Greece for the week.

I unlocked the front door and walked in, my mother called from the kitchen, "You're home early Jim, didn't you go to the club in the end?"

I just stood there in the living room with a silly grin on my face as my mother walked in and her jaw dropped when she saw me standing there with my kit bag at my feet instead of my father. She only faltered for a moment and then rushed to give me a hug before she realised that something was different and wrong, I was home too early, she held me at arm's length, "Is there something wrong? You're home far too early!"

"I've been given an extra few days of leave because of my promotion and these!"

I opened my medal case and showed them to my mother. She was shocked and very impressed, the last time I'd seen my mother I was heading for three months of training in Winchester, learning how to repair radio equipment, people didn't usually win medals in a training camp thirty miles north of Portsmouth and I'd won three of them.

"Your father will be over the moon when he sees these."

"Where is dad?"

"He's down the club, his usual bolt hole on a Saturday lunchtime when there's no football on!"

"I'll go down and have a pint with him unless there's something you need a hand with here!"

My mother blushed slightly, "You'd better not join him down the club, he'd be very embarrassed if you saw him there!"

"Why?"

"They have exotic dancers there on a Saturday lunchtime."

I laughed, "It's only a few tits and bums mum, if I was his son rather than his daughter he'd have taken me with him on my eighteenth birthday for a pint and an ogle."

I dropped my kitbag in my room, changed out of my T-shirt and jeans and into a skirt, white blouse and lightweight white linen jacket. The club was two miles away from home and as it was a nice day I didn't bother waiting for the bus I just took a fast walk.

They had a doorman on at the club, he wasn't checking membership cards, he was taking five pounds for admission to go in and see the strippers, he was also there to keep out the drunks and troublemakers as well as ejecting anyone causing trouble inside. I saw him looking at me from a long way away, he took money off of three men without once looking at them, his eyes were fixed on me as I walked along the footpath down to the club. I half expected him to turn me away; the only women they usually got in a strip club were the dancers. I stiffened myself for the rejection, would I cause a scene, would I demand to be let in, would I ask him to call my father out.

"You're Victoria Clark!"

I was taken aback, I didn't recognise the man from Adam, I nodded my head, "How do you know me?"

He grinned, "We danced together at the year ten ball..." It was my turn to blush, I'd only danced with one boy at the year ten ball, his name was Paul Finch. Our schools had joined forces in the ninety's, my school was an all girls school so we didn't have an end of school ball, Paul's school was the co-ed comprehensive school, they'd held end of school balls for many years but their girls had stopped wanting to go in the same numbers as the boys so our two schools got together, combined, our schools fifteen to sixteen year olds numbered around two hundred and sixty kids, one hundred and sixty from Paul's school and one hundred from mine and even with that huge cohort of students there was only around fifty of us at the end of school ball.

"Do you recognise me?"

I shook my head, "No I didn't recognise you but I guess that you're Paul Finch."

He grinned at me and I felt my face warming up even more as my blush deepened.

"So Victoria, nice to see you again after so many years! What are you here for, looking for an audition?"

I suddenly spotted a notice sellotaped to the door behind Paul:

|  |
| --- |
| Wanted **Fisher Adult Entertainment Ltd.** We are looking for  **EXOTIC DANCERS**  Good rates of pay for women willing to expresses their inner beauty for the entertainment of local men hours to suit mothers with young children  Contact Paul on 07794-332211 |

"No, I'm not looking for work, I managed to start my holiday early and my father's inside, I came down to have a pint with him, surprise him like!"

Paul's grin widened, "I really, really hate your dad!"

That took me by surprise, "Why do you hate my father?"

"Because I was on the edge of adding three points to my tally on the night of the year ten ball when your dad turned up and you ran for it!"

It was only six years ago or there about but I'd managed to put most of my experience of the ball in the drawer marked never to be opened again! I had to try and remember what had happened during the dance. My embarrassment from that day at our end of school dance made my face redden even more, the flush of red was now running down my neck and was starting to spread out over my décolletage.

I'd never been to a dance before in my life, my mother hadn't had much experience of such things either to be able to give me any guidance, she did have a photograph of herself when she was just one year older than I was then, it was her one and only dance and she'd met my father there. Mum looked great in the photograph, she was wearing a full skirt with layers of fake petticoats under it showing below the hem, it was bright scarlet and she wore it with a white nylon blouse that allowed a peek of her bra to show through because it was so thin and covering the line between skirt and blouse was a vivid blue vinyl belt about three inches wide.

I was very impressed when I saw my mother dressed like that, I thought, 'No wonder my dad fell for her, she almost had her titties on display for him!' I'd been surprised to see my normally conventional mother dressed so daringly but that surprise palled into insignificance when I found out that my mother had saved that outfit right down to the scarlet heels that she'd worn on her feet.

We went to mum's bedroom and dug a tunnel to the very back of the wardrobe, there was a dress bag hanging from the rail and it had everything that my mother had worn to her 'Sweet Sixteen' dance. I tried on the blouse and skirt, they were both a perfect fit, the bra and suspender belt had both perished because they had real rubber in their fabric that was forty years old by that time so my mother bought me a new lingerie set that included a very lacy bra that would definitely show through the blouse because it had red hearts embroidered into the cups as well as the knickers and suspender belt.

The only item of clothing that was missing from my mother's memory bag were the knickers, I'd considered that she may have continued wearing the knickers after the dance but then why didn't she wear the matching bra as well? I pieced a few things together back then, even though I was only fifteen years old and had been totally sheltered from any kind of real life but I got the picture that my mother lost her virginity to my father on that first date at her 'Sweet Sixteen' dance and we all know the product of such an action often shows up in a girl's knickers and in a panic a girl might toss her nice new knickers away rather than let them get inspected by her mother on washday!

On the day of the year ten ball I dressed in my mother's old clothes with the new lingerie set under it and my father drove me to the huge comprehensive school in time for the start of the ball. My father was actually drooling over me but then, I could have been my mother's identical twin from forty years earlier when my farther first fell in lust with her, he kissed me before I left the car, not the usual, 'Quick peck on the cheek' though, for the first time in living memory my father kissed me full on the lips, totally destroying the paint job I'd spent an age on getting just right for my first special occasion.

I had to find a private place to repair my mouth before I went into the dance and once inside I found the massive gymnasium was almost empty. Twenty girls were dancing, every one of them was wearing a modern cocktail gown, very short length with low cut necklines, they were all girls from the comprehensive school, there were eight girls from my school and we were all sitting together against one of the walls.

We looked like a right bunch of misfits, not one of us was suitably dressed for the ball and we weren't the least bit interested in dancing, well, putting ourselves out there and risking asking one of the fifty or so boys milling around the room for a dance and they didn't seem interested in breaching misfit corner, they were happy to wait for a dance with one of the girls they already knew.

About nine o'clock a new player arrived, he spoke to the boys circling the girls dancing out in the middle of the gymnasium and looked disappointed, then he looked into the line of misfits from my school all sitting chattering amongst ourselves. The boy moved in and spirited Elle Green away from the safety of the pack, he almost dragged her out onto the dance floor. They danced through the sixty-odd dancers and out of the other side of the room. They disappeared through the fire exit before the end of the third tune. The strange thing was, the boy seemed to be back in the gym within seconds of leaving but from the opposite direction.

The boy chatted to his mates again and then he made a bee-line for me, I was yanked out of my seat and dragged into the anonymity of sixty, year ten students. We danced to two tracks before a word was said, he introduced himself during the third tune and asked me about myself during the fourth song. He moved his body closer to mine during song six and he kissed me during song seven.

I didn't think the kiss was all that special but it must have rocked my world a little because I started to see double, the boy who's lips had just left mine was walking back into the room, followed closely by Elle Green, she had a massive grin on her face, her hair and makeup was dishevelled and she was fastening up the buttons down the front of her blouse. I was totally distracted and by the time I got my senses back my dance partner had his right hand covering my left breast through my blouse and bra cup.

I realised that the only reason I saw Elle Green returning to the gymnasium was because I'd been danced towards the fire escape that I'd watched Elle and the boy leave through almost an hour earlier. I was dancing with Paul Fisher and when he saw the confused look on my face he chuckled and pressed his mouth against my ear, "That's Peter, he's my twin brother and at the moment he's one girl ahead of me in the league table!"

I was steered through the fire escape door to the sound of 'I'll make love to you' by Boyz II Men. Outside, the fire escape door there was an alcove leading out to the school's main car park. I was about to walk out into the car park as Paul closed the fire escape doors. Paul caught me before I reached the end of the alcove and yanked me back up against the doors. I almost tripped over something. I looked down at the floor. In the half light I spotted a pair of white knickers, well, mostly white, they seemed to have been contaminated by something brown, rust-brown. Paul saw me looking at the discarded garment and he kicked them out into the car park.

Paul pressed me deep into the paintwork of the door, his lips pressed into my lips and after five minutes his tongue infiltrated my mouth as his right hand infiltrated my blouse. Every button on my blouse was opened without my even realising it, and then, before I realised what was happening, I was standing with my bra tucked up under my chin and my breasts out in the cool evening air. I was definitely ill equipped to handle the situation I found myself in, I'd never been kissed by a boy before, my father was the only male who had ever kissed me and before tonight he had only ever kissed me on my cheek, he'd slipped a little when he dropped me off earlier because I reminded him so much of my mother on the first time he met her and he'd kissed me on my lips with a little more passion than perhaps he should.

I was suddenly aware of just how public I was, my view of the outside world had been blocked by Paul's head in front of my face and the walls of the school on both sides of me and of course the fire doors behind me but suddenly I could see the school car park ahead of me as Paul had stopped pushing his tongue into my mouth and he had bent his knees, dropping his mouth in line with my breasts and he kissed my right nipple. I felt my body stiffen, it was working on auto pilot, there seemed to be a disconnect between my brain and my body, my right hand had lifted to the back of Paul's head and as he sucked my nipple I was stroking the back of his head.

I was extremely aware that parents were already appearing in their cars to collect their children from the dance, I could see the beams cast by their headlights as they found parking spaces just short of the area of parking that was in front of me. A wave of pleasure ran through my body as Paul was palpating my breasts with both hands as he sucked on my right nipple and I pulled Paul's head harder against my breast and I have no idea why I did that.

Paul stopped sucking on my nipple as I pulled his mouth harder against my breast and he nipped it between his teeth causing my eyes to close as I gasped in the mixture of pain and pleasure. Suddenly I felt the door behind me move. Someone was pushing against the door, trying to open it. Paul stood up straight, he grabbed my shoulders and pulled me to my right so that the door could open. I told my arms to move, told them to pull my blouse closed and cover my embarrassment but my arms refused to respond, the hand that had been on the back of Paul's head as he crouched in front of me had fallen to my side as he stood up so now both of my arms were just dangling at my side ignoring me. Peter Fisher's head popped through the open door, he grinned at his brother and then he looked down at my exposed breasts as his brother squeezed and pinched at them.

Peter was holding a hand as his body emerged through the opening, he pulled the girl through after him, Mary Gamble, another of my school friends was towed through the doorway, seemingly against her will. The door banged shut and Mary's back was forced against it, we were now standing shoulder to shoulder, ~Mary looked over at me as Peter's face buried into her neck, her eyes looked into mine, she smiled at me and then she looked down at my exposed breasts before her view was blocked by Paul's head as he covered my breast and his mouth latched onto my left nipple, alternating between sucking, nipping and biting down hard.

Mary was wearing a dress with buttons halfway down the front, I watched as Peter pulled his head away from Mary's neck, she winced in pain and I realised that Peter was biting her neck and still had her skin trapped between his teeth, as the flesh snapped back into place I realised that every button down the front of Mary's dress was open and Peter was pushing the front of her dress wide open, pushing the material beyond her shoulders.

I felt Paul's hands rubbing my legs, his hands were level with my knees just below the multi-layered hem of my skirt and he was slowly rubbing his hands upwards, gathering the hem of my skirt on his wrists as his hands explored upwards on the outside of my stockings. I looked over at Mary again as Paul's mouth moved over to my right breast and he started the alternating between sucking, nibbling and biting hard over and over again. Peter had pushed Mary's bra under her chin the way that Paul had done to me earlier and as Peter bit down on Mary's breast he was already lifting the front of her dress up, his hands were higher than Pauls, I watched as Peter stood upright, his mouth covered Mary's mouth and I saw Peter wriggle from side to side and he suddenly thrust his hips against Mary's and she gasped in pain.

Paul's hands had reached the gap between my stocking tops and my knickers, his finger rubbing over the front of my knickers. He pressed his right knee between my thighs forcing my legs apart and his right hand slipped between my legs as his left hand deserted its post momentarily. Paul was easing the crotch of my knickers out to one side with his right hand, exposing my fanny and he found my pleasure button dripping wet with anticipation, he applied pressure and slowly moved his finger from side to side allowing my magic button to slip under his fingertip driving me to an instant orgasm.

I looked over at Mary and Peter again, Mary was, like me, orgasming but not under Peter's finger, Peter's body was rocking rapidly back and forth against hers and as he fucked her hard against the door he was biting her neck again forcing her to look over at me and Paul.

Paul suddenly stood up again, his hips pressed against mine and I felt the heat of his cock as it pressed against the gap between my stocking tops and my now bare pussy, his mouth was against my ear and as he wriggled from side to side, painting a line with pre-cum between my inner thigh and my gash he whispered, "I'm going to fuck you now, I do hope that you're still a virgin, I need three points even more now that Peter has another victim.

Paul's cockhead was knocking at the door to my inner flower, my mind was spinning again now, it was rambling over and over again, 'I'm only fifteen, I'm not really ready for this! Why am I letting a stranger do this to...'

Our alcove was suddenly in the spotlight, the car park had filled to the point that the new arrivals were now needing to move further into the car park and at that moment the car that was driving directly towards us was my father's car.

'PANIC!'

I could see my father's face as he drove towards the door, he had a broad smile on his face, Peter and Paul both looked over their shoulders to see who was driving towards their private space. Paul's cockhead was just running between my outer labia, he was on the verge of pushing up into my body when my brain finally gained control over my body, I pushed his shoulders away from me, "Fuck, it's my father!"

I turned my back on Paul and my father and as I pulled my bra back into place and fastened my blouse, Paul was looking down at Mary and Peter, Paul said, "I don't believe it, I get knocked back and you get your second virgin of the evening, six points in one night!"

Peter pulled his mouth away from Mary's neck, "Six points already and Clair Buckby said I can walk her home after the dance so I'll get another two points later on, you can have this one after I've finished off in her but she will only be worth two points now!"

Before I stepped away from the doorway I looked down at the gap between Peter and Mary's legs where Paul was looking, I could see a trickle of red liquid running down Mary's alabaster white thigh and as Peter pulled his hips away from her I got a flash of his cock as he pulled out but I only saw an inch or so of his cock before he pushed it back in her pussy again.

I walked towards my father's car, he was trying to slot his car into a parking space that was far too small for his car, I tried to open the front passenger door but it was locked, I knocked on the window and made my father jump, he leaned over and unlocked the door so that I could get in, as I slipped into the seat I knew that I was blushing horribly, probably all the way down to my navel.

Dad checked his watch, "You still have twenty minutes before the end of the dance, I'm early, you can go back to your friends..." My father pointed over towards the doorway where there was absolutely no doubt what Peter and Mary were doing while Paul stood watching them up close. "...if you want to that is!"

I shook my head and wriggled in my seat hoping that the gusset of my knickers would slide back into place, I felt very uncomfortable sitting next to my father with my pussy exposed, even if it was under my skirt. Dad reached out with his left hand and wrapped his fingers around the back of my neck, he pulled me close to him and pressed his lips against mine but with a little less passion than he'd used when he dropped me off. I realised that my father had changed his clothes and his hair was still wet, he'd taken a shower before leaving home and hadn't dried his hair properly before leaving home to collect me. His eyes were locked on mine as he smiled at me and then his eyes drifted down to my chest, I'd put my puppies away in a hurry and I hadn't settled them down into their baskets properly because I was in so much of a hurry and as my dad looked at my bra through my blouse he could clearly see my right puppy's nose peeking over the lace edge of my bras cup.

Because the car park was so tight and my father's car was rather large he had to reverse the one hundred yards back across the car park to the feeder road and as he was reversing he was looking over his shoulder rather than towards the fire escape's alcove. I was looking that way, I watched Peter's fluid movements as he fucked Mary turn a little ragged and then he stopped, he was gasping for breath as he pulled his body away from Marys. I watched Peter bend down and pull Mary's knickers away from her right ankle. He turned to face me and used my friend's knickers to clean her maidenhead blood off of his cock. As Peter cleaned himself I saw Paul step in front of Mary and his hips started pumping against Mary's body. While Peter had been fucking Mary he had hardly kissed her on her mouth but Paul was different, he seemed to be making a real meal out of kissing her as he vented his balls into her body.

Once on the open road and up to full speed my father took his left hand off of the gear stick and instead of placing it back on his steering wheel he rested it on my right knee, his hand was just below the mountain of linen that had been sewn under the hem of my mother's old skirt to give the impression that there were many petticoats worn under it. I looked down at his hand as he began to rub my knee up to the hem of my skirt, I became ever more aware that the gusset of my knickers were still twisted out to one side leaving my gash exposed to anyone's hand that may happen to slip up under my skirt.

"I really love the feeling of really sheer stockings, not as much as I love the feeling of that band of warmth between the stockings and the knickers."

As my father said that his hand slipped another inch higher up my thigh, just slightly under my skirt before his fingers slipped down between my legs and he pulled my right leg closer to his side of the car. He was rubbing is left hand from my knee and back up to a little higher than the hem of my skirt but with each pass he was lifting my skirt a little higher up my leg with each pass. He was forced to change gear by the hill lifting up to our village and when his hand was moving his gear stick I turned my knees to the left so that they were out of his reach. He looked very disappointed that my knees had escaped his grasp.

When we reached home I was surprised to find my mother was wearing just her nighty, just her nighty with nothing under it or over...I'd never seen her sitting around the house wearing so little clothing before in my life, my very conservative mother looked very different tonight from the way I expected her to look. I also noticed a very musky smell in the living room, there was a wet patch on the sofa, right in the middle of the three cushions that was replicated on the carpet in front of the sofa.

I saw my mother mouth, 'Is she...?' at my father, he shrugged his shoulders, whatever question my mother had asked my father didn't know the answer. Mum pushed herself out of her seat and she came over to me to give me a hug, she was patting my bottom through my dress, I got the feeling that she was actually checking if I was still wearing my knickers or not. It dawned on me that I'd already seen two examples of why my mother was checking for knickers or rather absence of knickers, if Mary or Elle's mother checked their daughters when they returned home they would find that their daughters were commando when they got home from the ball.

On Monday morning Elle and Mary were the centre of attention at school, they both had matching purple bruises on the right hand side of their necks, Sue Price came over to me and pulled the collar of my blouse to one side and then she checked the other side, "Where's your love bite?"

"No one's ever tried to give me a love bite!"

"What about that boy you were fucking after the ball out in the car park with Mary and Elle?"

"We only kissed, I'm still a virgin."

Sadly no one believed me, the rumour mill had started before I got to school and every girl in the place believe that I, like Elle and Mary, had lost my virginity to the boys at the comprehensive school.

The clamour of girls asking me what it was like to be fucked in the car park in front of all the boys from the comprehensive school was hurting my head, I covered my ears to cut them out and their clamour was replaced by one booming voice, "Settle down please gentlemen, the bar is now closed while Cindy Love performs for our enjoyment, there will be a fifteen minute interval between each act for you to get your glasses refilled...now please put your hands together to welcome Miss Cindy Love!"

I opened my eyes as music with a pounding beat started playing, Paul Fisher was looking at me with a smile on his face, "The act has just started, I've got to lock the front doors!"

I shook off the fog of my little trip down Memory Lane, "Is it safe to lock the doors when the place is full?"

"We only have one hundred men in today, we only actually need one emergency exit for a hundred people and we actually have four marked fire exits, this door isn't marked as a fire exit because it doesn't have a crash bar to open and it opens inwards rather than outwards!"

Paul reached out and took a grip of my left arm just above my elbow, I fought the urge to rip Paul's arm off at the shoulder and beat him to death with the soggy end, I allowed him to pull me into the vestibule. His mention of the fire exits had caused me to blush slightly with my newly remounted memory bank and the image of just how close I'd come to losing my virginity to Paul seven years earlier in the school's fire exit.

I just stood there like a lemon while Paul closed the right hand side of the entrance doors and bolted it shut, then he kicked the wedge out from under the left hand door and locked it, he left the key in the lock and then he pulled me against him and just as he'd done seven years earlier he pushed my back against the door and began kissing me. His hands eased my linen jacket open and he started rubbing his hands up and down my ribs through my T-shirt. I looked towards the concert room, men were clapping, stamping their feet and whistling as the stripper went through her dance routine behind closed doors.

Before the first track finished playing Paul had started easing my T-shirt out of the waistband of my skirt and as the second track started his hands were up under my shirt and he was working my bra up over my breasts. I was back in the school gymnasium again, I'd been trained to deal with all kinds of danger during my first two years in the army, I knew that I was stronger than Paul, I was fitter as well but I just stood there and allowed him to expose my breasts with my arms at my side. He was a little more subtle than he had been seven years earlier, his knee didn't force my thighs apart this time, his movement was almost imperceptible but the result was the same, I found myself standing with my legs wide apart, his knee between my knees, his left hand fondling my right breast, his mouth over my right nipple and his right hand pulling the front of my skirt up.

Paul's fingers began to work the gusset of my knickers out of the way again, the way he'd done the first time we met and as soon as he'd cleared the path he stopped biting my nipple and he stood upright again, I felt the heat of his exposed cock pressing against my inner thigh,

'How the hell did he open his trousers without his hands leaving my body?' ran through my mind.

Paul gave that little wriggle of his hips that I remember from school, the wriggle that lined his cock up with my pussy and once again his cockhead ploughed a furrow through my labia and once again as he pulled back slightly until he felt his cock engage in my vaginal sheath before the final push he whispered, "Will I get two points or three when I fuck you?" in my ear. Again I sidestepped just before his thrust, I knew that if I allowed his cock to enter my body I would have just stood there and allowed him to fuck me to completion and the stripper had already been performing for fifteen minutes, I couldn't imagine her dancing for much longer. In my mind a stripper flashed her tits a little, she strutted up and down a little wearing her 'G-string', she turned her back on the audience, pulled her knickers off and they turned the lights out.

I'd imagined a swarm of men suddenly flooding out into the passageway, heading for the toilet and the bar catching Paul and me in the act as it were.

As I disengaged my body from Paul's I said, "I'm sorry Paul, I didn't come here to let you fuck me, I came here to see my father."

Paul grinned that same grin that he'd shown me the first time I ran out on him as he prepared to win his prize. I was looking at his cock as he pulled it back into his trousers, "Come on then, I'll take you into the concert room!"

I wriggled my bra back into position and reached between my legs to pull the uncomfortable roll of gusset that seemed to be Paul's trademark. He seemed to be able to fold or roll a gusset in such a way that it remained out of the way no matter how you wriggled your body.

Paul opened the door and I looked into the room, the stripper was totally naked on stage, she kept squatting down in front of groups of men and parting her knees so that they could see up into her body. I saw my father in the far corner. He was sitting with Ben Walker, our next door neighbour, drinking beer. The girl picked up her clothes and left the stage. I saw Ben look around the room, men were collecting their empty glasses and were starting to stand to go to the bar, Ben stood up but he didn't collect his glass, he took his wallet from his back pocket and headed towards the door that led to the back stage area. I spotted Peter Fisher standing guard on the door, Ben handed over cash and Peter let him through the door and into the back stage area.

I looked at Paul, "That girl looked a little young!"

He grinned and nodded his head, "I've got a photocopy of her birth certificate, it says that she's sixteen years old so as far as I'm concerned, she's sixteen years old!"

"Doesn't she have to be eighteen?"

"Not in the UK, she can do anything she wants to do with her body from her sixteenth birthday."

My father was still looking towards the door that his long time friend and neighbour had just gone through; even though his glass was empty he wasn't in a hurry to get to the back of the queue of men that were heading towards the bar.

Paul and I walked over to my father's table, I draped my arm over my father's shoulder and kissed his cheek, he turned his head with a smile on his face but that turned to a look of shock when he saw that it was me that had kissed him., he looked doubly shocked when he saw that I was with the doorman.

Paul reached past my body and offered my father his hand, "I didn't realise that you were Victoria's father sir, I'd probably have banned you from the club if I'd known."

My father looked confused, a man wouldn't usually shake your hand before threatening to ban you, "Why would you have banned me?"

"Because you turned up early to pick Victoria up from the year ten ball and spoilt my fun!"

The light dawned on my father, he'd probably consigned the memory file of that night into the drawer marked disappointing events!

I'd worked out much later that my parents had hoped that they would be able to be a little more relaxed around me after that night if I'd lost my virginity and picked up a boyfriend after that first dance but because I hadn't they had gone back to being conservative parents for another two years, waiting until I left to go into the army before they relaxed around the house.

"Can I buy you both a drink Mr Clark?"

I raised my eyebrows at Paul, I'd hoped that once he escorted me into the concert room he would go back to the front door but it was obvious that he was going to dog my footsteps until he got what he wanted from me.

The three of us walked into the bar, one of the other strippers was sitting at the bar, away from the serving area, when she saw my father her face brightened and she hopped off of her seat and sauntered over to us, she wrapped her arms around my father's neck and planted a kiss on his lips, then she moved her mouth to his ear and whispered, "Are you coming to see me after I finish my set darling?"

My father looked over at me, his face was a picture and had 'Busted!' written all over it. She'd wasted her time whispering in his ear though because I heard every word, I turned to Paul, "She looks even younger than Cindy Love!"

Paul grinned at me, "I have written proof that Candy Lips is sixteen but then I have written proof that she was sixteen last year as well when she was called Sugar Kisses!" His grin widened at his comment.

Paul raised his arm, we were standing at the end of the bar where the dirty glasses were stacked to be washed, one of the barmen almost ran to Paul's side of the bar, he pointed to the stripper, to me and to my father. The girl was handed a brandy without asking for it, the barman asked my father what he wanted, but I butted in, "Does Ben want a pint as well?"

My father nodded his head, "Three pints of bitter please and can we have them all in straight glasses?"

It had crossed my mind that if Paul was going to have his fun with me later, I might as well get three pints of beer out of him rather than just two.

The four drinks were all placed on a tray and Paul picked them up, "You not having a drink Paul?"

"No, I never drink alcohol..." Paul leaned in to me and placed his lips against my ear, "...it lowers my sperm count!"

Paul took the lead, we didn't go back to the concert room, we crossed the passageway and went through to what we'd called the Lounge or the Smoke Room back when people were allowed to smoke in pubs and clubs. We all sat at a table that was lit by the large window out into the car park, I sat next to my father on his left, Candy sat on my father's right hand side and Paul sat to my left. Candy had her arm wrapped over my father's shoulder and she was whispering sweet nothings in his right ear.

I watched as my father kissed Candy on the lips, there was definitely an exchange of tongues before my father realised that something was out of place...me!

"How come your home almost a week early?"

I smiled, this was why I was here, not to be mauled by Paul Fisher, not to watch a stripper flashing her tits on stage...I was here to show off my medals! "Well, I got a bit of a promotion and a little bling to hang off of my uniform!"

Paul leaned in to look at my face, "I thought that you were at university, Oxford or Cambridge or someplace like that!"

I smiled at him, "Yes, I am a student at Cambridge."

"I didn't know that students had to wear a uniform!"

"I'm a sponsored student! My employers insist that I wear a uniform hen I'm at work!"

Paul looked very confused. My father asked what kind of bling I'd been given. I reached into my shoulder bag and brought out the green leather covered medal case with my regimental crest embossed on top in gold, I proudly handed it to my father, he looked a little confused, "How the hell do you get a medal while in a training school in Winchester?"

He opened the box and gasped when he saw that there wasn't just one medal in the case but three, "This one is a campaign medal, how could you have been on active service in..." He inspected the medal closely, "...Afghanistan! You do know that you can't wear a medal that you haven't earned don't you, it's actually illegal!"

I had a cardboard tube in my shoulder bag holding the sheet of velum rolled up to preserve it. I looked at Candy and Paul, "We'll have to go over there so I can show you this!"

We left Candy and Paul talking together at the table while I took my father into the far corner of the room and I pulled the velum out of the tube. My father read the velum and he mouthed, 'That's the president of America's signature!'

I nodded my head...what I'd actually done wasn't mentioned just that whilst serving in Afghanistan I'd rendered a service to the American Nation that went above and beyond the call of duty.

I looked over at Paul and saw a grin on Candy's mouth, Paul gestured over to me and my father, "My brother's about to start the second act, you should take your seat before they close the room."

I picked up my pint, my father took his glass and the one I'd got for Ben, Candy returned to her seat in the bar and I followed my father through to the concert room, Paul stopped me at the door just as Peter was announcing that the bar was closing and everyone should return to their seats.

"Aren't you stopping out here to...'Chat'...with me for a while?"

I had an idea that Paul would want another try at me before I went home but I didn't expect him to demand that I went to him so quickly, "I'm interested in watching one act with my father, I'll come out and have a drink with you after...by the way, what did you tell Candy that made her so happy?"

"I told her to give your father a full service for free!"

"What does that mean? You told her to flash my dad more than the others in the audience or something?"

"No, your father usually visits Candy once or twice a month after she finishes her set on stage, he usually only has a blow job for twenty quid as he can't afford much more than that, I told her to let him do what he wants to her for free and I'll pick up the tab!"

"How long has that been going on?"

"Candy, or Sugar Lips has been dancing for me for eighteen months, I think your father was about her first back-stage customer eighteen months ago."

I followed my father to his table, Ben looked shocked to see me, my father passed him his fresh pint and Ben stood up to welcome me with a hug and a kiss on my cheek. Ben gave me his seat at my father's right hand side and then Ben wandered off to find an empty seat at another table, he dragged the chair over and he placed it on my right so I was sitting between my father and Ben.

Ben whispered something inane like he was happy to see me but surprised that I was in a strip club, I leaned in to tell him that I was surprised to find him and my father in a strip club, as I whispered I got a nose full of Ben's musky scent, it was obvious that while I'd been chatting with my father Ben had been having sex.

The dancer was announced and the lights were turned down and the music started. Again the girl didn't look sixteen but it was hard to tell really as she was an Asian girl and she was dressed in a Wedding Sari! It took the girl ten minutes to get from being dressed for a wedding to being totally naked, not even so much as a Brazilian patch to cover her pussy mound. Once naked the girl danced for fifteen minutes, showing every man...and me her inner body, she was even massaging her own pussy as she danced and simulated an orgasm on stage.

I looked around the room, I spotted my father's erection tenting the front of his trousers, he slipped his hand over his tent to hide it from me but instead it looked like he was rubbing his cock, Ben was doing almost the same thing, he leaned behind my back to whisper to my father, "I wish I'd waited now, I think she would have given me more fun!"

My father's reply was simple, "You'd have to run bloody fast, there'll be a queue wanting her, this is her first time here!"

"She looks like the youngest girl they've had here in ages."

Ben's comment about the girl looking so young surprised me, when his head returned to my right I leaned in again to whisper in his ear, "I had no idea that you were into young girls Ben!"

He placed his mouth against my ear to respond to my comment, "Not the kind of thing that a man shouts about!"

His lips brushed against my ear as he whispered, he kept his mouth close to my ear expecting me to pull away from him but I didn't, he probably counted to five before he leaned in a little closer and he kissed my neck below my earlobe, "I used to watch you in your bedroom from my box room but you dad knows what I'm like so I couldn't approach you and tell you how I felt."

My surprise was cut short by the noise level increasing as the girl on stage picked her sari up off of the floor and headed through the flats to the backstage area, as the lights came up I spotted Peter Fisher standing at the stage door with three men waiting to hand over cash to him. My father leaned forward to look at Ben, "See, I told you that you'd have to run!"

I pushed my seat out from under the table, there was a flurry of activity, it wasn't just men grabbing for their empty glasses and running for the bar, I could see at least ten men out of the one hundred in the audience were fastening their fly holes, a full ten percent of the audience had been openly wanking themselves off under their tables.

"You two want another pint?" I asked as I stood up, I still had half a pint in my glass but my father's glass and Ben's were both empty. I watched both men smile and nod their heads, I collected all of the empty glasses from our table and headed for the bar, I went to the glass return section of the bar and looked at the forty man crush in front of the barmen, Candy's seat was empty, she was the next act in twenty minutes time or so. I was going to wait a while before risking going into the mêlée to wait for service when one of the barmen appeared in front of me, "What can I get you madam?"

"Two pints of Tiger Bitter please...straight glasses, the best is a little gassy for my taste."

The beer was delivered in ten seconds flat, I offered the barman a ten pound note but he walked away and served one of the combatants at the head of the queue.

I returned to my father and Ben and we sat passing the time of day, I saw Paul and Peter chatting by the stage door, Paul pointed out our table, Peter pointed to Ben and Paul shook his head, Peter nodded his head. Ben asked my dad if he was going for his exercise class after the next act, my father looked at me and shook his head, "Candy will think you've gone off her!"

I grinned at my father and drained my glass, "I'm going to pop off, I think I've seen enough tits and bums for one day, I'll see you later, when you get home, have fun!"

I kissed Ben on the lips, kissed my father on his cheek and picked up my empty glass, I just managed to hear a little of Ben's next comment to my father before I was out of earshot, "I wish I'd plucked up the courage to tell your Vicky when she was..."

I wish I'd slowed down enough to hear how old I would have been when Ben had wished that he'd told me that he was sexually interested in under aged girls. Peter took to the stage to make the announcement that the show was about to restart as I went through the door out into the passageway. I took my empty glass back to the bar and dropped it off. Paul was behind me before the glass left my hand.

We kissed for a few minutes in front of the barmen washing the glasses and Paul was starting to rub his hands over my ribs again, I pushed him away from me, "Far too public for that here Paul!"

Paul took my arm and pulled me back to the front door, I found myself in a very familiar position, my back pressed up against a door and my feet shoulder width apart with Paul pressing his body against mine as he pulled the front of my T-shirt up followed by the cups of my bra. The only difference this time was that my feet hadn't been pushed apart by Paul's knee, I'd got into position all by myself.

I was like a demented gambler only I wasn't counting cards, I was counting dance tracks, it seemed to me that each stripper had spent around thirty minutes entertaining the customers with her body and at an average of just under three minutes a track it would be around eleven tracks before the swarm of men would be heading for alcohol or a toilet break.

Paul was in no hurry to reach completion, he was running through his game play as if he had all the time in the world, I'd counted the eighth track before Paul's hand was starting to pull the front of my skirt up, track nine came as Paul was rubbing his right hand over my knickers and track ten was playing as he folded and rolled the gusset of my knickers over to trap it as a tube along the right hand side of my labia. Paul was bringing me to an orgasm as track eleven played through and I felt his uncovered cockhead pressing against my inner thigh. As the men in the concert room went wild whistling and clapping, stomping their feet on the ground and banging the bottoms of their glasses on their tabletops, Paul was doing the line-up wriggle and once again his cock was searching for the ramp up to my vagina.

The doors behind Paul burst open and around thirty-five men rushed out to get to the bar. I pulled my T-shirt down to cover my breasts and Ben walked out with a huge grin on his face. Ben slapped Paul on his shoulder just as Paul was once again about to plug my hole up with his cock, "Can I buy you guys a drink?"

Paul pulled his cock away from my cunt once again, there was no smile on his lips this time, as he stepped away from me my skirt fell down to cover my exposed pussy once again but Ben could see that my bra cups had been pushed up above my breasts, he could see their outline under the cotton of my shirt. Paul turned to face Ben and said, "No, I'm okay, I don't actually drink but I'm sure that Victoria would love one!"

I shook my head, "I'm full of gas from the first pint thanks Ben!"

"Would you like a short then?"

I shook my head again, "I really have to go, I have to help my mother get dinner ready and she wasn't expecting me home yet so my bed needs airing."

I looked down at the bulge in front of Paul's trousers, I actually did feel a little sorry for him, I'd been willing to let him fuck me but it had just taken him too long to get round to it. I smiled at Ben, "You'd better get in the queue at the bar or you might miss the next act!"

Ben nodded his head and walked through to the fight zone, I reached out and rubbed the front of Paul's trousers, I let my hand run over the outline of his erection, "I could help you out with this before I go but only with my hand for now, I'm here for ten days at least, we could perhaps get together for a...erm...drink...before I go back to university!"

Paul smiled at me again "Here?"

"Too public, there'll be men coming and going for the next thirty minutes."

Paul looked to the Lounge door, "In there?"

I looked at the door, "Okay." I took his hand and for the first time I pulled a man behind me towards a sexual encounter but my control wasn't total, Paul said that he needed to stay close to the door so that he could see anyone heading for the front door. Deep down inside I thought that Paul had a door fixation, he either needed to be close to a door to have sex or perhaps it was the possibility of someone catching him in the act that was his driver.

I started out taking the lead, I took his cock out of his trousers and underpants and I began to rub his cock, my intention was just to get him off as quickly as possible. The lounge was a little more private than the passageway to the front doors but the door into the lounge had a glass panel set into it, any man turning left towards the front door would have seen us, as it was, I could occasionally see the right arm and shoulders of men who were leaving the bar with their fresh drinks.

Paul pulled the front of my T-shirt right up, not just up to my chin, he pulled the front away from my body and flipped it right over the top of my head, then he kissed me and fondled my breasts through my bra. I didn't have the music to gauge time but Paul only spent a few seconds massaging my breasts through my bra before he pulled the cups away from my body. I heard the sound of stitches complaining under the strain, I had visions of my school days when girls would yank the back strap of a fellow student's bra and just prior to the point of destruction they would allow the strap to spring back against tender flesh...I couldn't imagine what the pain might have been like if Paul was playing that kind of childish trick on me. Just at the point that I thought that my bra's clasp was about to fail Paul lifted the cups of my bra over my head and it joined my T-shirt behind my neck.

My hand was still pumping away on Paul's cock but my eyes were firmly fixed on the small window set into the door. Paul crouched low in front of me so that he could reacquaint his lips with my nipples. Paul spent around three minutes sucking, nipping and biting my nipples while I watched the comings and goings in my little view from the bar and while Paul worked on my breasts he slid his hands up under my skirt and he pulled my knickers all the way down to my ankles, he tapped my left ankle and looked up into my eyes. I knew what he wanted, he was telling me to lift my foot so that he could divest me of my knickers totally but I kept my foot planted firmly on the floor.

Paul bit down hard on my left nipple and leaned back stretching my nipple more than an inch from my breast before it slipped from his grip, "Lift your foot!"

"No, I told you that I didn't want you to fuck me today!"

"Lift your foot, I promise that I won't actually fuck you."

"Well then, why do you need me to take my knickers all the way off?"

"Because I want to use a different part of your body to help me to get off!"

He tapped my foot again, I looked towards the door, I could still see men leaving the bar and heading back to the concert room but I saw something else as well, I saw my own reflection, I had one pink breast and one black in my reflection and the picture was perfectly framed on both sides by the razor sharp lines of my linen jacket with what looked like a scruffy hoody hanging from its neck. I wanted to laugh but stopped myself. Instead of laughing I lifted my left foot and allowed Paul to pull my knickers off over my foot. As soon as my left foot was clear Paul tapped my right ankle and he sucked my right nipple into his mouth as he pulled my knickers clear and tossed them to one side.

As Paul used his fingers to get me off in just a few seconds I was reminded of my youth, watching myself climaxing in the reflection of the door's window I remembered my bedroom, I had no mirror in my bedroom, there were only two in the house, a full length mirror set into my parent's wardrobe in their bedroom and a shaving mirror in the bathroom so I often found myself drying off after my bath, dancing naked in front of the large window of my bedroom, brushing through my hair as I danced, imagining myself on stage in front of an audience and occasionally using my hair brush as a make-believe microphone.

I felt Paul's fingers slip out of my cunt and then the gentle brushing of soft cotton on my thighs, I looked down, Paul was still working my nipples with his mouth but as he did he was 'Fan-folding' the front of my skirt up in three inch wide folds and when he reached the top of my skirt he pulled the waistband away from my stomach and tucked the band of material he'd created down inside so that the front of my skirt was being held right out of the way. I looked back to my reflection and I noticed that I now had two pink breasts and my triangle of hair was slowly being revealed in the reflection as Paul shuffled around the side of my body and behind me.

Paul didn't spend as long pulling the back of my skirt out of the way but again, the back was tucked down into the waistband. Paul stood behind me and reached under my arms to grasp my breasts from behind. I felt his cock slip between my legs, I resigned myself not to complaine if he actually did fuck me from behind but I knew that afterwards I'd be angry, mad at him and disappointed at myself. He bit the back of my neck and then he whispered, "Close your legs tight, grip my cock with your thighs."

Paul started fucking between my highs, using the soft flesh at the top of my legs to give him the friction and pleasure that he was looking for as he massaged, pinched, pilled and twisted my breasts. I looked beyond my reflection in the window and suddenly Ben resolved into view, he had just left the bar and was the first to turn left, he looked at where Paul and I had been standing, he's stopped one pace from the door to the bar, his pint in one hand and his other hand was fiddling in his pocket, he took out a pack of cigarettes and put the pack to his mouth, extracting a single cigarette with his lips. He set of towards the front door, I guessed that he was hoping to step out into the car park to smoke his fag but he would find the door was locked and that he had no way out. Ben walked past the lounge door but his eyes were fixed on the front door so he didn't see me but that didn't stop my body from stiffening and as Paul fucked his cock between my thighs I had a small orgasm.

A few seconds later, after giving the front door lock a good examination and realising that his passage was barred. This time Ben did spot me and as my body once again stiffened he stopped and turned to face me. My orgasm redoubled in strength and Paul doubled up the speed of his fucking and he doubled up the power as well, he obviously did get turned on from being watched as he performed.

Paul slipped his left hand off of my left breast and he slipped it down to cover my pubic hair, he pulled my bum hard into his hips and his body hitting mine sounded like a slap. Ben smiled at me and although it was illegal he leaned back against the bar's wall and lit his cigarette. Paul's right hand left my right breast, he slipped it over my ribs and onto my back, he pushed against the back of my neck and I started to fall forward, my arms had to fly out to brace against the frame around the door to stop me nose diving into the door. Paul's hands were now on my hips and he was pulling me back into him so that my breasts were swinging wildly as they hung down in front of me.

I was climaxing now as if Paul was actually fucking my cunt rather than just the soft flesh of my inner thighs, from Ben's perspective he would have no idea that I wasn't actually being fucked. As Ben smoked his fag the red tip made a pattern through the glass and I was sent back once again to my childhood, as I stood n my bedroom dancing naked in front of my bedroom window I had seen that pattern of movement many times inside Ben's box bedroom window and it dawned on me that Ben could have been watching me prancing naked in my bedroom all those years ago.

Paul was close to his own climax and I felt the dribble of his pre-cum trickling down between my inner thighs. He suddenly pulled back, he took his cock in his own hand and he brought himself to completion, as the hot seed spurted from his cock he carefully painted his issue all over my bare buttocks. Ben grinned at me and nodded his head before taking one last draw from his fag before dropping it onto the tiled floor of the entrance hall and scrubbed it out with his foot.

Peter announced that the bar was closing and that the next artist was ready to perform. Ben nodded his head in my direction again, took a sip from his glass and he headed towards the concert room. I tried to push myself upright but Paul had his left hand in the middle of my back, holding me in place as he used my knickers to clean his spunk off of my bum.

There was a mass exodus from the bar as the last few men rushed to get back to their entertainment, I stepped away from the door and began to struggle to get my bra back from behind my head, I'd moved into a position where I could see the empty car park, the road beyond and a side street directly opposite the front doors of the club. I seated my tits into my bra, it was a little difficult to get them in right as Paul had managed to stretch the back strap of my bra and now it wasn't offering the correct support, my tits kept wanting to pop out from under the cups.

My pussy was still totally bare and I was reaching behind my head again to try and sort out how to get my T-shirt back into its proper place when my attention was drawn to a movement, just a small movement but that's what I'd been trained to catch during my months of basic training, "Paul, have you ever seen a transit van with a sliding window in its back door before?"

Paul was using a dry corner of my knickers to clean his cockhead so he wasn't totally tuned into what I was saying. He zipped his stable doors closed and came to my side, "What was that?"

Paul stood at my side, the van parked on the corner opposite us proclaimed that it was the local water company but the rear windows were black glass and one of them had a small sliding window set in it that was obviously open, "That van, I thought I saw something move in the window, looked like a telephoto lens of some kind!"

Paul looked worried and he looked in both directions, "Want to do me a favour?"

"Depends on what it is."

"I'll let you out of the rear fire escape, I'd like you to pop down that side street and cross close to the rear of that van, see if there is anything suspicious inside..." Paul wrote his mobile telephone number in the palm of my hand, "...use the phone box in front of the shops and call this number if there is anything suspicious about that van. If everything looks okay just dial the number and hang up as soon as I answer, if there is anything suspicious ask me for an interview for the position of dancer...you got that?"

I nodded my head, as we walked to the rear fire escape I felt self-conscious walking out in public with my knickers lying on the lounge floor of the club, soaked in Paul's spunk. Paul kissed me as I left and his parting words were, "I'll be in the Feathers Pub tomorrow night from about eight o'clock, it'd be nice to see you if you want to come!"

I smiled at Paul's offer of a drink at the local pub, I had hinted earlier that I may be willing to meet him again before I left for Cambridge in ten days time and he'd just moved the date forward to just over twenty-four hours time, Paul was a typical player, he wanted to control the situation. As I crossed the grass towards the main road running behind the club I noticed for the first time that there was a 'For Sale' board at the rear of the club, unusually the club had been built with its back to the main road, it had been built as an amenity for the estate and behind it had just been a feeder road with fields opposite, those fields now held a shopping centre and had shifted the commercial centre of the area from the club to the mall.

I worked my way around to the point where the van was parked, I stopped fifteen feet short of the rear of the van and I'd deliberately placed myself at an acute angle so that I could see a slice of the van's interior. I saw an electronics rack with a TV mounted on it, I moved slightly away from the wall and I clearly saw myself pulling my bra back into place, the picture jumped back to me walking towards the window, I heard, "Gavin mate, I'm telling you, she's got a great pair of tits, when you guys go in make sure that you're the one who gets her name and address, and pass me a copy of it, if you do I'll cut you a DVD of her being fucked...Yes okay, but don't let on to anybody else, I don't want pestering for a hundred copies of it or I'm likely to get in the shit!"

So the van was a mobile police observation post and I'd been the centre of attention of the occupants for the few minutes that I was being fucked. I had a massive body quake, a lot like an orgasm but without the breathlessness, it had turned me on knowing that Ben had watched me playing around with Paul but that was nothing to the way I felt knowing that others...strangers, had been watching me too from across the other side of the road and when it dawned on me that the guy who had been watching had filmed me and was planning on handing the film of my naked body simulating sex with Paul.

I did a quick about turn and with the police officer's comments ringing in my ear I walked quickly to the shopping centre and the phone box. I spotted three white van roofs with blue light blisters on top of them hidden behind the service yard's wall, that was the area that lorries unloaded their cargos for the shops in the mall, the gates were closed over which was very unusual so I walked a few yards past the phone box and moved in close to the closed gates, through the cracks I could see three police minibuses and around forty coppers in full riot gear with small round shields and helmets in hand, half of the men were smoking but they all looked like coiled springs waiting to explode.

I dropped a few coins into the cash box in the phone box and picked up the handset, I punched Paul's mobile number into the keypad...Paul picked up on the second ring, "Fisher Adult Entertainment Ltd. Paul speaking, how can I help you?"

"Hi, I'm calling about an advert I've seen, about fifty of my friends have seen your advert and they all want to come and see you for a job but I'm the only one who has plucked up the courage to ring you!"

"Fifty of your friends you say! Well, they sound serious, the job is only part time, do you work at the moment love?"

"I'm a student at the minute..."

Paul jumped in and stopped me talking, "I thought that you sounded young...I'm sorry, we can't take anyone on who's under eighteen!"

That reply threw me a little but I recovered, "I am over sixteen, I thought that would be old enough!"

"For some of our competitors you would be old enough but we only take on over eighteen year old girls..."

Paul and I did a small talk dance on the phone as he was thanking me for my call and telling me to keep his number and try him again after my eighteenth birthday and as we were talking I saw five girls leaving the rear door that I'd passed through a few minutes earlier. The girls walked straight across the main road and into the entrance of the shopping mall, using the club's buildings to shelter them from the mobile police observation van.

I was about to hang up but then I remembered something that my electronics lab at Cambridge University had been involved in a few years back, before I started there but still big enough news that they included it in their introduction to electronics students. The UK had been plagued with 'Denial of service scams.' A crook could ring someone up, tell them that their credit card might have been compromised, they would tell the person on the other end of the scam to hang up and call the number on the back of their credit card to talk to their fraud team. The criminal wouldn't hang up though, they would simply play an MP3 loop of the dial tone. A simple app on a tablet would tell them what number you'd called and the tablet would even pop up the name of the credit card company so that they could even respond to the call in the right way. The only way to combat the fraud as to actually turn the line off after twenty seconds of the recipient hanging up.

I'd heard Paul hang up and I stood with the speaker against my ear, I held my breath for twenty seconds while I listened to the line carefully, I heard a faint click but there was no dial tone, that didn't come for forty seconds. Paul's phone was being tapped, that was something that I'd have to let him know as soon as possible.

I didn't hang up the phone, I'd popped enough money in the coin box to last for fifteen more minutes so I thought that it was only right that I left the phone off of the hook so that someone else would have fifteen minutes worth of calls for free...so long as they didn't hang up but pressed the continuation button. I stepped out of the phone box to the sound of a whistle from the service yard and someone telling the police to kit up and mount their vans.

I looked towards the rear of the club, the building was ejaculating one hundred men and just like any good ejaculation the stream of men shot straight away from the club and splashed down on the opposite side of the road, splashing in every direction. The final dribble was the barmen and then Paul and Peter closing the fire exit doors behind them. Paul and Peter were crossing to the shopping centre car park just as the service yard's gates flew open and all hell broke lose as the three police busses flew out of the service yard.

I was focused on Paul and cut across his path, he was looking over his shoulder at the three vans rushing avross the road with their blue lights flashing but no sirens blasting. He spotted me and was just about to say thanks when I put my finger to my lips to stop him. I joined them at their car, I turned their car radio on and detuned it, I made a sign with my hand for Paul to talk to Peter, he was talking about a phone call he'd received from a girl under eighteen, "I told her to ring again in a couple of years time!"

Suddenly Paul's voice crackled through in the car, I'd hit on one of the many intermediate frequencies that emanated from any transmitter, I could actually make out what ~Paul was saying inside a cloud of white noise, I could understand what was being said because the encryption that would have hidden the conversation from me happened at one of the higher frequencies.

I popped the battery out of the phone and snapped my fingers at Peter for him to pass me his phone, Paul said something else and I heard that inside the car as well. I popped Peter's battery as well, "You guys are being bugged up the wazoo, you need to make sure that you don't talk in any room that has a telephone of any kind in it!"

"How could they hear us when we weren't making a phone call?"

"Big brother can turn any microphone on even if you aren't using it at the time...I'll bet you have a state of the art TV as well!"

Paul nodded his head, "Well, don't talk in front of that either, the police can turn your own TV into a spy, even laptops and PCs with built in microphones, if there is power available then they can open your microphones whenever they want to.

I kissed Paul and turned for home, I spotted my dad and Ben, they were standing talking to a group of men in front of the betting shop, I joined them and we all walked along, I was walking between my father and Ben down the footpath that linked the shopping centre with the footpath up into our estate but using the footpath around the club building. We walked past a large group of very upset looking police officers. They'd used the heavy red key to open the front door of the club, only to find it totally empty. I pulled my arms out from Ben and my father's elbows, "I'll meet you on the footpath, won't be long!"

I walked around to the copper with the most gold on his uniform and took him to one side, well away from the rest of his men, "You see that van over there, the man in it was filming a woman having sex earlier and he was talking to a man called Gavin, he promised Gavin a copy of the film...you guys should be putting a stop to things like that instead of practicing a break in at a closed pub!"

The officer looked surprised, "Can I have your name and address pleased miss?"

I shook my head, "I don't think so mate, treat this as an anonymous call to crime stoppers."

He grabbed my shoulder, he intended to find out who I was by preventing my leaving. I'd landed three blows on him in just a single second and the fourth blow was a rabbit punch to his throat which stopped him breathing properly and also prevented him calling for help.

My father and Ben had both watched me incapacitate the police officer but none of the coppers milling around in front of the club had a view on what had happened.

We didn't take the straight route home, we zigged and zagged through the blind alleyways linking streets, one with another but without popping out into roads where me might be seen. When we reached home Ben stopped me following my father into our house to kiss me. "Did you enjoy watching me and Paul?"

Ben nodded his head, "I wasted fifty quid though!"

"It didn't cost fifty pounds to get in the club!"

"No it didn't but it cost me thirty five to go back stage and another fifteen to get that young stripper to give me a blow-job...I should have been set up for a fortnight but watching you and that Paul guy fucking has put me right back again, I've got a bad case of blue balls all over again!"

I kissed Ben once again and was about to walk away but stopped after two paces, "Ben, be honest, did you spy on me in my bedroom when I was younger?"

Ben thought for a moment and then he grinned and nodded his head at me, "I did, you danced just for me and you looked lovely!"

I got another kick of that body quake, so I had been right, I had seen Ben all those years ago when I was dancing after my bath in front of my bedroom window. "When did you start?"

When you were about six, you asked your father if you could have a mirror in your bedroom, your dad told you that as soon as it got dark your massive bedroom window would make a perfect mirror and that evening, when you went for your bedtime bath your dad came over to me and we both watched you from my box bedroom!"

"He did...not!"

Ben nodded his head, "He did and he came to watch you every few weeks, I would watch you in the dark and I would hear your dad wanking as you danced and pranced around your bedroom for us."

"If you still have blue balls after I've sorted my room out just pop over, I'll see what I can do to help you out...bring a condom in case I'm feeling generous!"

"Will you ring me when you've finished sorting your room out?"

"I'm sure that you'll be in your box room keeping an eye on me!"

Ben grinned at me again as we parted company.

I walked in on my mum and dad having a snog, mum's hand was down the front of my father's trousers when I walked in but she quickly pulled her hand back out when she realised that I was behind her. I was surprised to see my father's vest and underpants were on the kitchen table, as my mother pulled her hand out of his trousers she had pulled the front of his shirt out of his trousers as well and I could see that there was no vest under his shirt.

Mum was blushing as she turned to face me, "What are you going to do now?"

"I was going to go to my bedroom, air my bed and sort my clothes out."

My mother looked over at my father as if she was apologising to him for something, my dad looked disappointed, "Erm Vicky, mum and I were going to have a little 'Rest' up in our bedroom, that won't bother you will it?"

I shook my head, "No way, you guys go and knock yourselves out!"

I followed my parents up the stairs, I went into my bedroom and they both went into their bedroom, I heard my mother say, "No...no you cant...no...oh!" There was a deep sigh from my mother and a gasp. There was no further objections and for the first time in my life I heard my parent's fucking and this was no quickie fuck either. I'd Finished unpacking my clothes, I'd sorted out my dirty washing, popped my bed in front of the open window to air it and set the washing machine running with a mixture of my clothes as well as some of my parent's clothes.

I checked the time, my parents always had afternoon tea at four o'clock on a Saturday afternoon and it was a quarter past four already, before I'd arrived home my mother had been setting up the tray for afternoon tea. I shrugged my shoulders,

'We're all adults now, what my parents were doing was perfectly natural, I'd been away for over two years now so they've become used to having the house to themselves so...'

I made the pot of tea, placed the selection of cakes that my mother had bought for our afternoon tea on the plate and took the tray up to their bedroom, I was trying to work out how I was going to knock on their door with both of my hands filled with a heavy tray, as I approached their door I realised that it wasn't fully closed, just closed over enough so that I wouldn't see into their room unless I was almost ready to enter it. I saw mum on her back, she was rubbing my dad's cock in her hand as he held his body up above hers, his cock was just an inch or so away from her pussy as she rubbed him.

I saw a very different side to my parents, for a start off, my mother was totally denuded of hair from every part of her body except her head and there wasn't a single white mark anywhere on her body, she had a total, all over golden suntan. My father was. Likewise, denuded of his body hair as well and it was clear from his very brown buttocks that my father also had an all over tan as well. Another side of my parents that I didn't think I'd ever see...or rather hear as my mother whispered, "I'm glad to see that Candy did her trick as usual, did she give you hand or oral?"

My dad chuckled and whispered back, "Believe it or not, I got full service for free, I didn't get to fill the condom though, someone sent them a tip off that there was about to be a police raid so I had to dress quickly and scarper, I didn't even have time to put my vest and pants on we all had to move so quickly."

"How come you got a freebie? Was frequent flyer kind of thing?"

"No, our Vicky's a friend of hers, remember way back when I told you that I thought I Saw Vicky having sex with a boy after the school dance?"

I saw my mother nod her head.

"Turns out that the boy was one of the two guys who run the strip club and he gave me the freeby for old time's sake!"

I cleared my throat, "It's gone four o'clock, I've made the tea, do you want it in your bedroom or should I take it down to the dining room?"

I watched my mother's body stiffen and she let go of my dad's cock, I remembered how I'd stiffened when I saw Ben walk past the lounge door when I was naked with Paul. Dad patted my mother's shoulder, "Calm down dear, I'm sure that Victoria isn't going to be upset by seeing us, she knew that we were coming in here for sex..." My mother gave an awkward smile up at my father, he turned the volume up a little before saying, "We're both naked, if you don't mind us being naked it'd be lovely to have afternoon tea in our bedroom!"

I pushed the door open and walked in with the tray, my parents cleared a space on the bed for me to put the tray down but more than that, my father cleared a space for me to sit down with them as well.

I sat with them as we had our afternoon tea, they were totally naked and I was almost fully dressed, Paul had de-bagged me in the lounge of the club and when I got home I didn't bother putting any back on as I wasn't planning on going out again but I was planning on helping Ben get rid of his blue balls, either by hand, mouth or vagina, I wasn't sure...but then there was another option now, after my little session with Paul, another option or rather a range of options, there was soft flesh between my thighs but then, there was equally soft skin under my armpits, between my breasts and under my jaw.

My mother seemed a little uptight about being naked on the bed with me sitting there fully dressed, my dad though was totally comfortable with being naked while I was there, he even caught a flash up under my skirt as I tried to get a little more comfortable and when he realise that he'd seen a flash of beaver his cock sprang to attention and he shuffled around slightly so that he was closer to my mother and had a better view up my skirt. We didn't rush things, I'd even took the teapot away and refilled it so that we all had two cups of tea and when I returned I'd stripped off as well, as I walked into their bedroom for a second time My father was actually rubbing his cock against her hip, as the door opened she stiffened up again but visibly relaxed when she saw that I was as naked as they were, "I just thought that my being dressed while you two were naked was a bit odd really, so I decided to join you..." I looked down at my parent's genitals, "...well, perhaps I'm not quite so naked as you two are but if I shaved off like you two it could get very uncomfortable out in the field with rudimentary washing facilities, my last base only gave us a litre of water a day to wash in and it was bloody hot in the daytime there!"

Once again we just chatted normally about things that had been going on and slowly my dad slithered himself around a little until his cock was under my mother's bottom, he was on the edge of slipping into her when a voice came from the top of the stairs, "It's only me, I did knock at the kitchen door...Victoria offered to give me a hand later but I've got to go out in a few minutes, is she still around?"

Ben

Both my mother and father looked nervously at me, I was looking between their legs, looking at my father's cockhead at the very entrance to my mother's cunt, I smiled at them both, "I'd better go and look after Ben's needs!"

As soon as my bum left their bed I heard my mother gasp as my father invaded her body from behind, I didn't look back, there was a deep sigh as I reached the door and then the sound of bare abdomen hitting bare buttocks hard as I closed the door to.

Ben looked surprised when he saw me stepping from my parent's bedroom naked, "I do hope that you've brought a condom with you Uncle Ben!"

Ben grinned at me and he dipped his hand in his pocket and retrieved the foil wrapped condom. I gestured with my head towards my bedroom, Ben followed me in and as I sat on my bed Ben just stood there looking foolish, "Well, you'd better get undressed but give me the condom first!"

While Ben stripped naked I checked the foil wrapper of the condom, it was in pristine condition, the best before date printed on the wrapper was five years away, "Did you have to run out and buy this?"

Ben grinned and nodded his head. "I don't have them at home ususlly, the girls I have sex with always provide their own!"

"So you've had to buy three condoms on the off chance that I'd let you use one of them on me?"

Ben's grin turned slightly awkward, "Weeeeeeeel, I bought a box of ten, you did say that you were going to be here for ten days didn't you?"

"I am going to be here for ten days but I'm not planning on giving you ten freebies just because you have ten condoms."

When the grand reveal was made I have to say that I felt a little disappointed, Paul's cock was three times longer and at least twice as fat as Ben's and I'd turned him down four times so far in my life. Ben's cock was so small that I felt like asking him 'Who the hell he was planning on satisfying with that small pecker but I knew exactly what the answer would have been!' "Me!"

Probably a good thing that Ben was paying the women and girls that he had sex with, at least they got cash out of the transaction. I ripped the foil wrap of the condom open and I rolled it onto his cock, Ben was so small that there was still a huge thick ring of latex when I reached his balls. I lay on my back and opened my legs. Ben was in like a flash, he moved fast for a man of his age, probably in case I changed my mind!

Ben pounded away so fast that I was sure that he'd explode within seconds but he managed to hold back the flood tide for close to thirty minutes, that was a good thing because at least with longevity came an orgasm for me...it wasn't a deep orgasm, just a very shallow one, it was similar to what I got from just massaging my labia and clitoris when I was alone in my bed but the kissing and cuddling were a bit of a bonus, especially the taboo nature of fucking with a man that I'd known all of my life and a man that I'd called Uncle Ben for all of those years too!

It was still only six o'clock after Ben ran out of the house, his balls empty and he was finally happy that he'd fucked the girl that he'd watched from afar for so many years. I hit my books and found a few things that might help Paul and Peter to defeat those that were eavesdropping on them. I had plenty of parts at home, one Christmas I'd asked for an electronics constructors kit and had more than enough components from that eight year old kit and a few things I'd picked up over the years to build a sophisticated sniffing device to search for wireless bugs but I also knew that Paul would need something else because of the way that a standard landline telephone could also have its microphone turned on remotely so that people could listen in on other people's private conversations and my wireless sniffer wouldn't detect that.

The wireless bug detector was easy to make, a simple antenna, exciting a diode, I didn't need to resolve the frequency or hear what the bug was putting out, I just needed to prove that there was a signal, either a visual alert or an audible one. I had an LED block that I could show a kind of signal strength output, the more lights, the more power the bug was pumping out, the more LEDs would light up. The telephone was a fish of a different colour though, I'd need to take my parent's landline telephone to bits to see if I could work out some way of indicating that the microphone was open when the telephone had been hung up. The problem being that the telephone was connected through to the main exchange via a wire so I'd need to find a way of showing if it was still working after the phone was hung-up.

I worked out which wires ran from the mouthpiece to the telephone's circuit board and experimented by placing a volt meter across the microphone's terminals, when I plugged the telephone back into the wall socket, with the handset on its cradle there was no voltage and when I picked up the phone the voltmeter jumped to a standing voltage and when I spoke the voltmeter flickered as the microphone did its job. The numbers weren't as important as the fact that there was a voltage present if the microphone was open. Another LED indicator, a resister and a capacitor soldered together and there would be no need for a bulky voltmeter. I would have a very simple fix for Paul and Peter to show if their telephone was working for the other side.

Sunday was quiet, my parents fucked before they got up, my father and I went out to the pub for a drink while mum cooked Sunday lunch. After lunch, while I washed the pots they went back to bed and fucked again, I wasn't sure if it was the fact that I was home that was turning my father on, the fact that public sex or sex in a dangerous place was very exciting and added an extra dimension to sex could be the answer or it could just be that they had deliberately stifled their sex lives for nineteen years while I was living at home and now that I'd left to join the army and go to college they were making the most of their time to catch up on nineteen years of frustration.

I ate a light dinner with my parents before leaving to meet Paul at the Feather's pub. Unusually for me when I was on holiday I decided to wear a summer dress instead of my usual T-shirt and skirt or jeans. The dress I chose was almost a party frock, micro-thin white cotton with broad shoulder straps with a box neckline and because it was so warm all I wore under it was a gossamer bra and bikini style cotton knickers. I'd never worn that dress outside before and I'd never dreamed of wearing it without a full slip under it either but I was going to see Paul and I knew he had a thing for exposing his girls in public places so I guessed he'd prefer me to wear it without. I picked up my largest shoulder bag and loaded my bag with a small toolkit, the bug sniffer and the conversion kit for Paul's landline telephone. I'd soldered the components together and had formed loops to slip over the microphone's terminals in the base unit or even in the handset. I had sharp bores in my little toolkit that I could make a neat hole for the led in either part of the phone.

I spotted Paul talking to two women by the bar in the Feathers pub, I stopped in my tracks, I was considering turning on my heels and returning home but I knew that if I did that I'd be listening to my parents fucking again for the rest of the evening and after my disappointing fuck with Uncle Ben I was hoping that Paul would be taking me home and give me a good seeing to.

I was hesitating by the door, I considered going to the cinema to watch a film, that would soak up most of my parent's fucking time but before I could talk my feet into turning me around I was scooped up in Peter's arm as he walked into the pub from behind me, he dragged me towards his brother, "Hey Paul, look who I found by the door!"

Paul smiled at me, "I'm glad you decided to come tonight."

Peter dropped his arm from my shoulder and 'Inspected' the two girls that were standing with Paul, Peter said, "So...who do we have here then?"

Paul was just about to speak but I placed my finger against his lips to stop him, I took out my home made bug sniffer from my shoulder bag, I'd added a refinement to the design, a varactor diode to limit the efficiency of the bug detector. I turned it on and set the detector to its most sensitive setting. I got a full five lights on the display. I turned the sensitivity down until the lights started to drop. Paul and Peter followed me around the bar as I found ten individual bugs in the bar area, the police had covered almost every inch of the bar, most of the bugs had been hidden in socket outlets and light switches, they even used the pub's electricity to keep the bugs working.

We walked out into the pub yard, I used the sniffer on its most sensitive setting and wafted it around the yard, there were no bugs in the yard but outside someone could in theory have a parabolic microphone pointing at us so we had to go into the men's toilet together, that at least was one area that no one had thought to bug, probably because of the foul smell.

I told them about my thoughts on their telephone at home and I also told them how to test a telephone to prove to themselves that it wasn't being bugged in the way you see in the movies but my conversion to their landline handset would be the only way that they could be sure that the police weren't just using the open microphone technique.

"I could get you a plug tomorrow, fit it up with the indicator lamp and you could just take it around with you in your pocket, plug it in before you talk in a room with a telephone in it, that way you'll be he happier that you're only talking to the people in the room with you."

There was a discussion about where we should go for our drink and 'Chat!' Peter mentioned a pub out in the countryside, "Shall I check your car before you decide where you want to go?"

Paul and Peter looked confused, "Give me your car keys."

They followed me out to their cars, I opened Paul's front door and sat inside, my sniffer lit up like a Christmas tree. I moved over to Peter's car, I sat inside and there were no lights on my sniffer, even when set on its most sensitive setting, that was a little confusing, I looked around, I pressed the cigar lighter down into its hole, it didn't pop back up and when I pulled it out it was still cold. I turned the ignition on and once again my sniffer lit up like a Christmas tree.

We went back to the toilet in the back yard of the feathers, "They will have to follow close behind you to keep in contact as the bugs aren't overly powerful, probably only around a half a mile range."

We left the cars and walked out of the pub by the back passage. Paul decided to go to the old Crane pub, it was a bit of a dump inside but the brewery wouldn't do anything to renovate it because they were trying to get planning permission to pull the pub down to build a block of apartments on the site. Paul thought that it might be dangerous for him and his brother to go to the Crane as the road the crane was on was inside the Jamaican's territory but Peter said that we wouldn't have to actually step foot on the street, we could slip in through the back door, the way we would leave the Feathers, leaving the police observers sitting outside the wrong pub.

Because I was new to Paul and Peter's world I didn't understand why they wouldn't want to step on a street where the Jamaicans were, "Why don't you like Jamaicans?"

Paul fielded my question, "The Jamaicans run all of the girls on this side of town, we have to be careful that we don't tread on their toes, maintain the status quo kind of thing, if they find out that we're in the Crane, they'll assume that we're here to organise a striptease show here and they'll probably burn the place down with us in it! The Jamaicans are all as mad as hatters, they kill first and ask questions later."

I'd never been in the Crane before, it was definitely on the wrong side of the tracks for any of my friends and family because it was a high crime area of town. It was a surprise to see all the old wooden dividers between tables creating fifteen individual booths. All of the tables had four seats at them, a few had bench seats on one side but in the main each table just had four wooden seats without armrests. Each table was pushed up against the dividers on the left hand side so that there was a gap on the right for people to get to the seats behind the table.

Before we settled down I used the sniffer to make sure that there were no bugs in the Crain. Paul and I went to find a table as far away from the bar and the front door as possible and Peter went to the bar to buy the drinks. Paul went through the gap between the table and the right hand divider and he pulled me in behind him, Paul sat on the left hand seat and I sat on the right. I opened my bag, took out the sniffer and stood it on the table with the sensitivity turned up to maximum, there was still an outside chance that we'd been followed to the Crane by the police and one of them might try and get close enough to listen in on our conversation...not that I believed for one minute that Paul and Peter would discuss any kind of criminal activity, it was just unpleasant to think that the police were eavesdropping on us while we were trying to get to know each other.

When Peter returned with our three drinks, a cola for each of them and a pint of bitter for me, I expected him to sit opposite us but he didn't, he slid through the gap on my side of the table, as he did Paul reached over and grabbed me under my armpits and pulled me out of my seat, turned me to face the right and then dragged me over his lap. I'd expected him to just perch me on his lap but he went about it in a more complex way, he pulled me right past his body until my back pressed into the wooden divider on the left of the booth, he shook me slightly and then I realised what he was doing. As Paul shook me the back of my dress fell down between his left thigh and the left divider. As soon as my legs were uncovered I was returned to a more usual position and lowered onto Paul's lap.

Peter was facing me and there was just a hum of small talk buzzing above our table as we sipped our drinks. I made a comment about the fact that the beer in the Crane wasn't as gassy as the beer that they were selling at the club, it turned out that the fizz was more because they moved the beer in early in the morning of an event because they didn't actually have any right to be in the club at all, so the beer didn't have time to settle down before they served it.

It was all very casual, all outwardly innocent, as we chatted Paul was fondling my breasts through my dress and top. Peter was just enjoying watching his brother playing with my breasts. When I was half way down my drink Paul's left hand slipped from my breast and under the back of my dress. I felt him tugging at the clasp on the back of my bra and while he did that Peter's hands were on my knees, he pulled them apart and looked under the front of my dress at my knickers.

My body was once again shivering at the sexual tension of having someone watching as Paul was fondling my breasts. It was a struggle for him to reach my right breast with his right hand because he had to reach all the way around my back so he lost interest in using his right hand to play around my front and I felt him rubbing around my lower back as his left hand alternated between my breasts. I was surprised to feel his hand against my bare back, obviously the reason he'd flicked my dress out from under my bum when he dragged me onto his knee.

I took a sip from my pint and then felt Paul's right hand pulling against the clasp holding my bra closed. Before I put my glass back down on the table my bra was unfastened, Paul pulled the right half over to my right shoulder, he pushed the strap out from behind my arm and waved it like a little flag. Peter was sipping at his cola and had to grin at his brother's childish action but as he put his glass back on the table he leaned towards me and pulled the white flag out of his brother's fingers. Peter pulled the back strap and it in turn slipped my shoulder strap out from under my dress, he pulled it down my arm and over my hand.

Paul was already waiting with the left side of my bra strap waving out from the left arm hole of my dress and Peter took that too and pulled my bra all the way across my body and out of my left arm hole. I smiled inwardly as my bra was dropped into my shoulder bag. Paul slid his left hand down over my ribs on top of my dress and he slipped it under my dress, returning his hand to play with my breasts on the inside of my dress. Because Paul's hand was up inside my dress he'd lifted the left hand side of my dress up, exposing my knickers. Peter put his right hand on my thigh and stroked his hand up to my knickers, his eyes were fixed on mine as his fingertips reached the waistband of my knickers., he was looking for any sign from me that I didn't want him to touch me but I didn't, I just smiled at him. It's a funny thing about identical twins, until you really get to know them, either one was as good as the other for playing with!

Peter pulled at the waistband of my knickers on my left side but had to use his left hand as well to pull my knickers down, he got them as far as Paul's legs before they got trapped between his leg and my bum, Paul lifted my body up slightly and once again I was knickerless. Peter dropped my knickers into my shoulder bag on top of my bra.

Peter started to rub his fingers through the hairs covering my pussy and was just easing my legs apart so that he could finger fuck me but before he got the chance our table was plunged into darkness as a huge black man towered over it. One huge black man with two others, one either side of him but slightly behind him and another four large Jamaicans backing them up. Paul looked up at the towering figure, "Evening Elton, nice to see you again, we're not here looking for trouble..."

I covered Paul's mouth with my hand and nodded my head towards my sniffer, the lights were flashing like crazy.

"You know the rule Fisherman, this is my turf."

"Can I stop you for a moment Elton...Would you allow my friend here to have a little look around before we say something we might regret?"

Elton looked confused, I pulled the front of my dress down, Elton and his two lieutenants had both seen my bush over the table, my bush and Peter's fingers rubbing in and out of my cunt. I had to climb over Peter's lap to get out, I turned the sensitivity on my sniffer down but because we were all silent the lights were off. I looked at Paul and made a hand gesture for him to start talking, he engaged Elton in innocent conversation as I wafted the sniffer all over Elton and then moved onto the man on his left. My sniffer burst into life when I got close to the chest of the second of Elton's lieutenants. I reached for his jacket and he slapped my hand away, well, he tried to slap my hand away, as his hand got close I stepped back, reached for his wrist and caught it and threw him face down on the table that I had been sitting at. I had his jacket open and his mobile phone in my hand before anyone realised wha was going on.

I held the phone in front of Elton and said "One...two...three!"

The lights burst into life with each number. I pulled the back off of the phone and dumped its battery onto the tabletop before I went on to the other four men and Paul and Elton started talking together again so I could test each of his men. I found a second telephone that had been bugged just like Paul and Peter's phones. I dumped the battery out of the second phone and then reduced the sensitivity on the sniffer again.

"You'll have to forgive us for trespassing on your turf Elton but our local pub is infested with bugs and the police did the same with our telephones as they did to your two men."

The man I'd smashed into the tabletop had got his senses back and looked like he was out to kill me, "Elton, Victoria has done you a favour finding two of you lads have bugged telephones sending everything you say back to the police and if John goes for her...she will fuck him up and you'll have to teach another of your men how to count to ten!"

Elton looked pissed but not as pissed as his number two when Elton stopped him lunging for me, Elton looked at me and said, "So, why wasn't my phone bugged if their phones were?"

I held out my hand and Elton handed me his phone, I pressed the on button, "Battery is flatter than a pancake..." I managed to make temporary contact between one of the other batteries and Elton's phone, the back wouldn't close but as soon as the phone switched on the sniffer was on constantly at full power, I raised my eyebrows at Elton and pulled the battery out again. "...having the microphone open and constantly transmitting will kill the battery really quickly, the other two phones are older models, they only switch on when they hear a sound, yours is permanently on transmit."

"I usually charge it up once a week and I charged it over night last night."

"Well, that's a good thing then, probably means that the police only have incriminating information on you from whatever you've done so far today!"

Paul nudged Peter in the ribs, Peter stood up and headed for the bar, he ought a bottle of dark rum and got a tray of shorts glasses on a tray. Paul gestured for me to sit on his lap again, this time I flicked the back of my own dress out from under my bottom as I sat down across Paul's knee. Elton sat on the opposite side of the table from Paul, Peter and me. Peter gave everyone a glass of rum, including me and as we drank Paul and Elton chatted. The consensus was that all the bugging of the phones was probably a new event none of the men had noticed their phones their batteries needing charging more frequently before but not having access to a mobile phone would seriously limit the men's businesses.

Paul asked me to explain the landline issue. I showed the men the little rig I'd built to put in Paul's handset and that I was going to knock up another device that Paul could plug in wherever he went so that he'd know if the phone was being used as a bug. It was agreed that I'd make a unit for Elton's own phone and go to his house in the next few days to install it in his handset. As we were talking Paul and Peter were playing with my body under my dress and Elton kept getting a flash of my cunt and tits whenever Paul or Peter were being overly active.

When Elton and his companions finally left the pub Paul and Peter both heaved a sigh of relief that we'd managed to deflate the situation and turn a conflict into a kind of easy friendship. I'd have to help out a little to help cement the situation by visiting Elton's house and teach him how to sweep for bugs...but first I'd have to build him a bug sniffer of his own as well as an indicator for his telephone.

At ten o'clock we finished our drinks and headed for the back door of the pub so that we could take the back passageways to the Feathers...well, that was the plan but Paul was overcome by his door fetish again and as soon as we stepped out of the back door of the Crane. Because all I was wearing was a very lose fitting dress that was very easy to get off Paul wasted no time in having me naked in the alleyway leading from one street to another, a shortcut for shoppers and shop owners. Paul took me from behind as I faced his brother, Peter and I kissed as Paul fucked me, a proper fuck this time, his cock filled my cunt totally and he was in no hurry to climax. After kissing Peter for ten minutes he stepped away from me and pulled my head down so that he could fuck my mouth as his brother filled my cunt.

At some point in the fuck a total stranger walked past us carrying a bag full of Chinese food, probably a good thing that he had hot food in his hands or he may have waited, watched the whole act and then asked to take a turn with me. I didn't see who he was, I just heard him congratulating Paul and Peter for their luck.

Peter had wanted to deep throat me as I sucked him but I wouldn't let him push in that deeply so when he climaxed he pulled out and spray painted my face a buttermilk-cream colour. Paul had already painted my arse the same colour earlier in the day so this time, he was very happy to jet-wash my cervix. As I stood up, totally naked and looked above us I spotted the little red light on the pub's CCTV camera that was pointing directly at the back door of the pub, the back door of the pub and the tree of us!