**Derbyshire School Girl**  
by Isabella

My first year at school was pretty uneventful, my family lived in Matlock and the school, Anthony Gell School at Wirksworth, was just five miles from home, we didn't have a school bus from Matlock so I had to catch the normal service bus to Belper and walk the quarter of a mile from the nearest bus stop to school. I loved my first year at school, even though it meant a two and a half mile walk every week in all weathers.

My dad worked in Mansfield in the Home Ales Brewery as a senior manager and my mother worked in the medical centre in Heanor so I was officially a latch-key child, my parents seldom came home from work much before it was time for me to go to bed.

Things changed though just before my twelfth birthday, Home Ales closed their brewery in Mansfield, my father was offered a new job in Nottingham but he knew that wouldn't last as the brewery was under the management of Scottish and Newcastle Brewery and the writing was on the wall for an eventual closure, they had been altering the brew slightly each year to bring the taste closer to their standard bitter, as soon as they achieved that they would close the Nottingham operation and brew everything in Newcastle, so my father took the opportunity and jumped ship to the Burton Brewery in Burton on Trent. The job move also meant a house move, still in Derbyshire but closer to Burton, so that all three of us had an equally long commute.

Our new house was in Mugginton, a very small village just off of the A52. One of the deciding factors of that particular village was that it was already on one of the recognised school bus routes to my current school so I would qualify for free transport to school every day. Taking the school bus was, to put it mildly, a very different experience to the service bus I was used to, and it took at least eighty minutes to get me to school instead of my usual fifteen minutes door to door.

I was the youngest girl on the bus, most of the kids who travelled so far were from smaller schools that changed at fourteen and then had to move on to larger comprehensive schools like the one I had started out at when I was eleven. There was only a few weeks of the old school year left when we moved house, I tried to sit at the front of the bus, close to the driver, there were only a few other kids on the bus when I got on in the morning as there was only one village further than mine on the route.

When the new school year started and I had moved up to the second year, I was still the youngest girl on the bus, the kids from the 'upper sixth', who used to sit at the back of the bus smoking and snogging all the way home, had moved on, and a few new kids had started using the bus, still older than me, fourteen or fifteen year olds. The bus company had also changed as had the driver, the crusty old bugger with his grubby old flat cap had gone and the new driver was a good looking Asian man. The bus was owned by an Asian company too, very old and run-down. I noticed that the driver often looked at me in the mirror as he drove along, I often felt like moving behind him so that he couldn't see me in the mirror but there was very definitely a pecking order to the seating on the bus and as the youngest and one of the few girls, I sat wherever I could, often bullied into moving if someone else wanted my seat.

After a few weeks the bus started to get very rowdy, there was definitely a lot of in-fighting between the various old school factions, several times the driver, Abid Mohammed Saddique, had to stop the bus and threaten to put people off the bus if things didn't quieten down. One night on the way home, a small fight broke out between two of the fifteen year old girls, Abid pulled off the road and into a lay-by, I watched as he used his mobile phone to call someone, then he stepped out from behind the wheel and walked along the bus, "Right you lot, I've just got permission to put the trouble makers off the bus, who started all this?" Even though I was sitting three rows away from the trouble, all hands pointed to me, I got the blame, Abid actually apologised to me as he took me to the fron't of the bus, "I didn't think you were like that, I thought you were one of the quiet ones, sorry I have to put you off the bus!"

I was asked to show my pass so that Abid could note my name and address down, then he called on his mobile phone again and read out my details over the phone and told them where he was putting me off the bus, he covered the mouthpiece with his hand, "They say there is a public phone by the toilet on the other side of the road, in the lay-by opposite, just be careful crossing the road, call your parents and ask them to pick you up!"

It was raining and just starting to get dark as I got off the bus, I had a light mackintosh on so a little rain wouldn't be a problem, my problem would be that no one would be home for quite a while, well, they usually didn't get home until well after I did, so I would have to walk home, and home was about six or seven miles away.

As the bus pulled away, I noticed a dark blue BMW behind it, the driver was a very young looking Asian man, the way he was dressed didn't look right for the car, it was one of those huge cars that business men often owned and paid chauffeurs to drive them while they sat in the back reading important papers.

As I stood there getting slowly wetter and wetter, the driver of the BMW smiled at me, he opened his door and called out above the noise of the passing traffic, "Hey, don't you live in Mugginton? The new people who moved into Taghole Lane?" I relaxed slightly, I didn't know there were any Asian's in the village but he seemed to know me and hope suddenly sprang up that if he lived close to us that he might give me a lift home.

"You look like you need a lift home; you can sit in the back if you're worried about accepting a lift from a stranger!" I knew that modern cars with child locks on the back doors could be more dangerous as they could be virtual prisons, "I'd love a lift, it's okay, I can sit in the front if that's okay!"

As I got in the front of the car, the driver held out his hand to me, I put out my right hand and he shook it, introducing himself as Mohammed Romaan Liaqat, a twenty-eight year old business man, one of his businesses was our local general store, they delivered our news papers. He was still holding my hand as he told me his name, then he turned my hand over and kissed the back of it. "Your father popped in our shop last month and brought a very pretty birthday card, was that for you?" I nodded my head and managed to pull my hand free. "How old were you?" "Twelve!" "Oh my god, that's such a perfect age!" I blushed slightly, I had never had my hand kissed by a man before or had one looking at me quite so closely and telling me I was the perfect age.

We passed the bus as it was heading into one of the small villages to drop off some of it's students, we pulled into Mugginton, as we drove past the end of Taghole Lane my mother had just pulled onto the drive, Mohammed waited in the middle of the road to turn into my road, he looked over at me and saw a bit of a frightened look on my face, "Too early to get home?" I nodded my head, Mohammed cancelled the turn indicator and drove on to the pub car park, the bus would have dropped me off outside the pub in about thirty minutes time usually.

We sat in the car listening to music and making idle chit-chat, Mohammed was looking at my knees quite a lot, he had even turned the interior light on so he could see me better, it was a good thing that the pub wasn't busy at that time of night and the rain was stopping people from needlessly walking around the village. I pulled the hem of my school skirt down as far as it could go, my knees were still on display, well, the heavy winter tights that I wore were on display, heavy, navy blue, almost woollen but not quite that thick.

"You like wearing such heavy tights?" I shrugged my shoulders, I just wasn't use to chatting to strangers about the way I dressed, "I don't like them, they make a girl too hot and sweaty if she wears them for too long!" I felt myself blush again, "I think you would look much better with a shorter skirt too!" I started to feel a little uncomfortable but just at that moment the school bus passed without stopping and I almost jumped out of the seat, "I'd better go now, thank you very much for the lift!" "You're very welcome, I've loved our little chat!" Mohammed held out his right hand again and I shook it again, and he kissed the back of it again.

I ran home, quite out of breath, out of breath before I started to run in reality, out of breath from the kiss on the back of my hand and the nice comments from Mohammed. Dinner was uneventful, my parents asked how my day went, I, naturally, didn't mention the incident on the bus or the drive home in the local businessman's powerful car or the thirty minutes I spent talking to him in the pub car park.

The next morning I checked through my wardrobe, the only school skirt that I owned that was shorter than my usual, regulation length, skirts was from my last year at junior school, a little tight around the waist but I hadn't grown very much in the previous year and a bit, not around the waist anyway, I had shot up in height a few inches though, I also put on white knee socks, my mother noticed though and made me change into tights, especially as the hemline was higher than school regulation.

I waited outside the pub for the school bus, as usual I was the only one waiting, the bus pulled up at the usual time, Abid wasn't driving the bus, the driver opened the front doors and asked for my pass, he checked the details on the pass and then put it into his pocket and handed me an envelope to take to my parents, "Sorry love, you've been banned from the school bus for a month for your bad behaviour!" I was once again put off the bus.

I stood there looking at the letter that had been handed to me, I didn't have the time or the money to get a service bus all the way into Derby, then a bus from Derby to Belper and a third bus to Wirksworth and a short walk to school, at a guess, it would take until after ten o'clock and cost over five pounds to get to school. My father had left home well before I had left the house and my mother had passed me in her car as I was walking to the pub to wait for the bus, so no one was home to give me a lift to school.

I was about to walk home, I planned to give my mother thirty minutes to get to work and then ring my mother in her office to tell her what had happened, I wouldn't be able to go to school but something would be arranged for the next day and the rest of my month of suspension from the school bus.

There was a toot on a hooter, Mohammed was driving from the direction of the bus, Mohammed wound his window down, "Hey, you miss the bus this morning?" I held up the letter up, "No, I've been banned from the school bus for the month!" "Did you tell your parents about being kicked off of the bus?" I shook my head. "I can give you a lift into school today and back tonight, I do the trip most days but I might not be able to do it every day for the month!"

I realised that I may have to tell my parents at some point but if I could put it off for a while, two weeks or so, a fortnight's ban wouldn't sound as bad as a month's ban. I thanked Mohammed for his offer, "Anything will be a help!"

I got in the car, Mohammed looked down at my legs, "The skirt length is better but I really hate those thick tights!"

"I tried to come out with just socks on but my mother made me change!"

Mohammed smiled at me, he patted my knee and winked at me, "I just need to check in on my shop before we go!"

I sat outside the shop in the flash car while Mohammed talked to the guy working in the shop, the name over the door said 'Liaqat General stores', Mohammed went behind the counter to serve a customer while the guy working in the shop went into the living quarters, I spotted the man in an upstairs window. Moments later, I saw an envelope being passed to Mohammed and a small white ball being handed over.

When Mohammed returned to the car, he slipped the envelope into the glove box in front of me and then handed me the small white ball, it turned out to be a pair of white ankle socks, not new but freshly washed, "You can change into those in the car if you like!" I took my shoes off while Mohammed got into the driving seat, I lifted my bottom off of the seat and carefully pulled down my tights, I had to do it carefully so that I didn't show off too much or catch my panties in the process and pull them down too, Mohammed laughed, "Being so careful not to pull your knickers down with your tights eh? Would it matter so much to sit in my car with no knickers on, especially as I can't see anything anyway!" He laughed again.

I slipped the socks on, I didn't like the thought of putting my feet into someone else's socks but they were at least clean socks. Mohammed looked really pleased and then drove off towards my school, we stopped off in another village on the way at another shop, again, the shop had the same name over the door as our village shop, 'Liaqat General stores', again I saw an envelope being passed to Mohammed, and again that envelope was placed in the glove box in front of me.

We got to the school gates about fifteen minutes before the bus and sat chatting again; once again our chat was about nothing in particular, but this time I was offered a cigarette, I didn't really smoke but like most twelve year old girls, I was willing to try anything that I wasn't supposed to do. I nodded my head to accept a cigarette, Mohammed passed me a tobacco tin, there was a small pile of tobacco, some hand rolled cigarettes and some 'proper' cigarettes. I took one of the machine made cigarettes and put it to my lips, "I see you're not taking any chances on the roll-ups!" Mohammed laughed at my selection.

Mohammed smoked a roll-up while I smoked the machine made cigarette, there was a lot of coughing and a lot of laughter as we smoked and chatted, when the bus pulled up Mohammed put his hand on my knee again, this time there was no thick covering of material from my tights, I felt the heat of his hand on the bare flesh of my knee, I went to pick up my tights, "No, leave them here, you will feel a lot cooler and a lot fresher if you don't wear tights all day, you can get them back tonight when I pick you up to take you home!"

The day seemed to be eighteen hours long, it just seemed to drag, all I could think about was Mohammed and that he would be taking me home in his car, he had so far only kissed my hand and touched my knee twice, there was the cigarette though, and the fact that he may have been offering me more than just straight tobacco, I suspected that the roll-up that he was smoking may have been cannabis, through the long boring classes I wished that I had taken a roll-up, I had no experience of smoking cannabis but I was sure that it would have made the day go quicker than being sober had.

It was raining when we got out of school, I ran to the waiting BMW and jumped in, the kids that were going home by bus were all queuing in the rain, waiting for the bus to turn up, Mohammed took a different route to my village, stopping off at an off-licence in the outskirts of Derby on the way, the shop said that it was a 'Bargain Booze' but over the door it said that the licensee was Tariq liaqat. When Mohammed returned to the car, he leaned in through my door, he rested his hand on my knee as he opened the glove box, the box was empty, Mohammed slipped the thick brown envelope into the glove box, as he took his time doing that he was gently squeezing my knee and lower thigh. He turned his face towards mine, so close that I thought he was going to kiss me on the lips, I froze slightly but the kiss, disappointingly, didn't come, just a warm smile.

"You want a drink?"

I jumped slightly, "What of?"

Mohammed put his hand in his jacket pocket, tiny bottles of Vodka, Gin and Whiskey, "No mixers unfortunately, if you need a glass we'll have to sit in the back!"

I held all the bottles on my lap as Mohammed drove towards my village, just before we got into the village Mohammed pulled off into what the locals called 'Lovers Lane', really, it was just the track leading to a derelict farm house, usually busy after pub closing time with courting couples who had nowhere else to go for a kiss and cuddle.

"Want to sit in the back? It's more comfortable back there and we can get at the glasses in the cocktail cabinet!"

Even at only twelve years old I instinctively realised that sitting in the back seat of a car with a boy was more dangerous than sitting in the front with him, there was a lot of inner turmoil, there was the danger of the back seat but also the disappointment when Mohamed didn't actually kiss me outside the 'Bargain Booze' shop.

I shrugged my shoulders, "Okay!" We both moved as quickly as we could from the front to the back of the car, I had slipped my coat off as we drove along because it was so hot in the car, as I ran in the rain from the front to the back of the car in the rain my blouse turned slightly transparent in places because of the wet. Mohammed turned on the interior lights in the back of the car, not just a dim glow like in my father's car but very bright lights, the car was, after all, designed for business men to do work in as they were being driven along by their chauffeur.

Mohammed pulled a walnut table from the back of the front seat that I had been sitting in, behind the table there was a row of small glasses, there were also a few small bottles of Orange and Coke, "Bonus! We do have mixers, what would you like to drink?" I just shrugged my shoulders, I had no idea what I would like to try and drink, my total experience had been Snowballs at my Grandparents house at Christmas or sips of wine at special meals. Mohammed emptied one of the miniature bottles into a glass and topped it up with Orange, "There, Vodka and Orange, I think you'll like that!" Mohammed emptied a whiskey into his glass and drank it neat.

Mohammed was staring at my blouse, looking at the small areas that were transparent, "Powder Blue' bra I see, do you have on matching knickers?"

I blushed slightly; I really wasn't use to any adults asking me questions about my underwear. I really couldn't remember what colour panties I had put on that day, I did have matching knickers to the bra but didn't deliberately put them on together, I got the feeling that Mohamed would have liked me to pull my skirt hem up slightly so that he could see for himself what knickers I had on, an idea flashed through my head, I put my hand down under the waistband of my skirt, I felt around for the top of my knickers and pulled them up, over the top of my skirt slightly, Mohammed laughed, "Very good, but Pink knickers don't really go with a blue bra do they?" I shook my head and smiled.

Before I knew it I had finished my drink, there was still at least twenty minutes before the school bus was due into the village, Mohammed poured me another drink and I took it from him eagerly, he asked if I would like a smoke, I nodded my head, he offered me the tobacco tin, this time there were only roll-ups in the tin, "Don't worry, I don't make them too strong, I have to be able to drive after smoking one!" he smiled at me with a very disarming smile, 'What the hell!' I said to myself and took a roll-up.

The next twenty minutes went past in a flash, Mohammed's mobile phone wet off, on the dashboard the name 'Abid' flashed on the radio screen, Mohammed reached over the front seat and pressed a button on the steering wheel, he spoke in his own language and the crackly voice in the speaker replied in the same language, I got two English words in the conversation, 'Bus' and 'Village', Mohammed said, "Okay! Thanks for that!"

"The school bus will be here any minute, time to take you home!" I was very giggly from the alcohol and the cannabis and also very disappointed that Mohammed had been the perfect gentleman, apart from a few touches on my bare knee and asking about my underwear he had done nothing at all out of place, he went to open his door, then he looked back at me, "Pity your blouse dried up, I really enjoyed seeing glimpses of your bra, pity you wouldn't show me your knickers properly though!"

Mohammed sat, looking at me expectantly, I got the feeling that he was expecting me to take a hint from what he had said to me, I was sitting slightly sideways on in the seat, my knees pointing towards Mohammed, the giggles stopped as I did a few calculations in my head, I really needed to keep Mohammed sweet, I needed him to go out of his way to take me to school and pick me up for at least twenty days over the next month. I took a deep breath, looked down at my bare knees, I knew what was expected, I opened my knees slightly, as my knees widened, so did Mohammed's smile.

I looked at Mohammed's face as I opened my knees a little further, he was transfixed trying to see as far up my skirt as he could, as soon as he saw my panty gusset he patted my knee, "Good girl! Now let's get you home before you get into trouble, you better give me your letter from the bus company to look after!"

I stopped in the back seat as Mohammed drove round to the pub car park, he took his car right to the rear of the pub, out of sight, not that too many people were around in the rain, I tried to open the door but it wouldn't open, "Hold on, I'll get it!" Mohammed ran around and opened the door, he tried to lift the child lock control button once the door was open but as soon as he let it go it slipped back down again. "It's finally gone, they recon it will take over six hundred quid to fix it properly, I think I'll leave it until I get rid of the car!"

Mohammed helped me on with my coat and as I giggled because he was pulling my lapels hard towards him he leaned down and kissed me, just a quick peck but it was on my lips, that stopped me giggling in a flash. I just stood there frozen to the spot, two Vodkas and a spiff inside me and a man kissing me on the lips, I didn't know what I expected but I was ready for whatever was on offer, Mohammed just stood there looking at me, I had closed my eyes as soon as his lips touched mine, and it seemed like an age later when he finally let go of my coat, "You better get off before someone asks questions.

As it turned out, there was no need to rush home, neither my father or mother were home when I got there, I did my own dinner, it was actually a good thing that my parents weren't home as I sat for two hours solid giggling away to myself. In the end I left a note on the fridge saying that I had gone to bed. I hadn't fallen asleep before I heard one car on the drive, at least one of my parents had turned up.

I woke early in the morning, I got one of my school skirts and ironed it, while I was doing that I turned the hem up by two inches using wonder web, I had chosen a matching bra and panties set, nothing fancy or sexy, just matching colours. I also found a pair of my own ankle socks; I would usually have chosen knee length socks for school but as Mohamed had asked me to wear ankle socks the day before I guessed that was what he preferred.

I had eaten breakfast and was ready for school and I hadn't heard a sound from my parent's room, fifteen minutes before I would usually have left home I heard slight movement from, I assumed, my mother. I decided to leave early instead of waiting and having a problem over the way I had dressed so I left home carefully closing the door so as not to make a sound.

When I got to the main road, I was about to turn towards the pub to wait for Mohammed but I noticed that there was a large blue BMW outside the general store, if I had been more into cars I might have remembered Mohammed's registration but I didn't so, as I had plenty of time, I walked up to the shop.

I noticed Mohammed in the window and decided to wait outside for him to come out, he noticed me almost immediately, he opened the door and called me into the shop. I was introduced to Mohammed's cousin. Ifticar, Mohammed gave me a very warm smile when he saw the way I was dressed, very short skirt, even if the hem wasn't as level as it should have been and the little white socks, "You look gorgeous today!"

I blushed; I seemed to spend a lot of my time with Mohammed, blushing! Ifticar went to get the takings from the previous day and Mohammed stepped behind the counter, ready to serve any customers who may have come in.

"Are you wearing the same bra as yesterday? If it were raining I wouldn't have to ask, I'd be able to see for myself!"

I shook my head; I seldom wore the same underwear two days running anyway. Mohammed just stood there behind the counter about fifteen feet away from me, there was just a fixed smile on his face and he was looking at the front of my blouse, I stood there awkwardly, I realised that Mohammed was asking to see my bra but how could I show him there in the shop.

I could hear footsteps above my head, Mohammed's cousin was almost telling me that he wouldn't be down for a while, "Can I ask what colour it is if I can't see it?"

I looked to the window and the street beyond, the village was deserted, I looked back at Mohammed, he had been so kind to me so far, what with the lifts, the smokes and the drink, all that he had done for me and all I had done for him was a quick flash of my knickers and a quick kiss.

I listened to Ifticar moving above me again, then checked the street once more, I stood square on to Mohammed, flicked my school tie over my shoulder and undid three buttons down the front of my blouse, I pulled the front of my blouse open showing Mohammed what little cleavage I had and a little of both of my bra cups. It was no real biggy to be honest, if I had been on holiday at the beach men would have seen far more if I had been wearing a bikini.

Mohammed's eyes were locked on my chest area and his face had the biggest smile I had ever seen, a huge row of gleaming white teeth shining out from his light brown face. "Do your panties match the bra?" I nodded my head, "Are you sure?" I knew exactly what Mohammed was saying, he was just too much of a gentleman to say it out loud. I could have done what I had the day before, I could have pulled the top of my knickers over the top of my skirt but I knew that wasn't what Mohammed wanted, he was still fifteen feet away, Ifticar was still clomping around above us, I checked the street, it was still empty.

I could feel the heat in my face intensify as I decided what to do, my face was getting redder and redder, I turned slightly and lifted the side of my skirt, showing all of my leg and upper thigh right up to my knickers. I stood there; face bright red and blouse still open slightly with my knickers on display. Mohammed nodded his head, "You are a very good girl, we need to work on your blushing though, you are doing nothing wrong, just showing a little skin and some very un-revealing underwear. I know girls your age and younger who are happy to show a man far more!"

As soon as Mohammed nodded his head I heard Ifticar move across the room above me and start down the stairs. My eyes went up to the ceiling and I followed the sounds as Ifticar walked across the room, as my eyes followed the footsteps I noticed the CCTV cameras, there were four of them, one pointed at the till and Mohammed and the other three covering every inch of the shop. I dropped my skirt and quickly buttoned my blouse. Ifticar walked up behind me and flicked my tie back over my shoulder so that it was in its right place; he had a smile as broad as his cousins as he handed over the envelope of money to Mohammed.

I was led out of the shop, once outside I asked Mohammed if his cousin could see what I was doing in the shop, Mohamed opened the passenger door for me before he answered, "It's possible, there is a monitor behind the counter and another up in the front room, Ifticar's wife can see if the shop is busy so she can go down to help him!"

"Oh my god, you mean his wife could have seen me as well?"

Mohammed leaned into the car and put the money into the glove box, he stood up, laughing, "No, she's delivering the news papers around the village at this time of day!"

There was still five minutes before the school bus was due when Mohammed drove out of the village, we went directly to Wirksworth, we were there outside the school with at least an ahour to spare before the bus was due to arrive. As usual for the time of year the rain had started again, not heavy, just a constant drizzle. "You want to get out now or would you like us to go and park somewhere for a 'chat' until the whistle goes?"

I looked out of the window at the cold and wet playground; I would have to stand around in the wet for over an hour if I got out then, "We can have a chat if you like!"

As Mohammed drove a few yards down the road I breathed a sigh of relief, one reason was that I could sit in the warm car instead of standing out in the rain, the other reason was that Mohammed had chosen to move down the road instead of sitting in full view of the school.

Mohammed turned the car down the drive at the side of the park, the drive went down to a car park behind the Bowls Club, it was quite a way from the road and at that time of the year no one went close to the club, because of the rain and cold wind, no one was on the main park either, even though we were well off the road Mohammed reversed the car so that the back of the car was well hidden in an old bush that was starting to lose its leaves.

"You okay with going into the back seat with me?"

I nodded my head, Mohammed lowered the back of the driving seat and slid his body into the back of the car and behind my seat, then he pressed the lever and the seat popped back upright, I was so slim that I could slip between the two seats so I ended up behind the driver's seat.

Mohammed handed me his tobacco tin, he didn't ask if I'd like a cigarette, he just handed me the tin. I took the lid off of the tin, there were just two handmade cigarettes in the tin, both were much longer and fatter than the ones that had been in the tin the day before. "Well share one, I didn't make them this time, they will be a lot stronger than mine!"

I lit one cigarette and took a deep drag on it, then Mohammed took my hand so that I was still holding the cigarette and he took a lungful, we both coughed a little, there was a lot less tobacco and a whole lot more cannabis in that spliff than the ones the day before. My headache disappeared instantly. At a guess I had three puffs to each one that Mohammed took and my head was well buzzing in just five minutes.

"When I said you could take your panties off in my car yesterday you looked very shocked, would it be so bad to sit in my car with no knickers on?" I blushed a little, not as much as I thought I would have at that suggestion, I just shrugged my shoulders. "Do you get much pocket money?" In truth, I got five pounds a week, in actuality, I never saw it, my parents put it in my post office savings account, if I wanted anything I had to ask my mother, make a good case for whatever it was and then my mother would buy it for me with my own money.

"I'll give you a fiver if you dare go without your knickers all day at school!" Mohammed was looking at my face intently, I did blush a little more that time, but again, not as much as I thought I would. "Okay, I'll make it a tenner, all you have to do is take your knickers off now, leave them with me all day and when I pick you up tonight you can get them back!" I did think seriously about it, not just for the money, there was the excitement and the danger as well, and also the effect of the cannabis and the fact that I felt obliged to do something to please Mohammed.

I was on the edge of agreeing to do it when Mohammed spoke again, almost a whisper, "You know you can trust me, haven't I proved over the last few days that I am a gentleman, if you like I'll promise not to touch you in any way once you have taken your panties off if you don't lift your skirt for me and invite me to touch you!" I was sold!

I pulled a little of the material of my skirt up, pinched the sides of my knickers through my skirt and pulled down an inch or so, I repeated that until I could take my weight on my shoulders against the back of the seat, lift my bottom and removed my panties all the way to the floor. Mohammed held out his hand for my panties, he put them to his nose and sniffed, "Mmmm, much better than the smell when a girl is wearing tights!"

I watched as my panties were turned into a ball and were stuffed into Mohammed's jacket pocket before he slipped out of his coat and hung it over the back of the seat in front of him. Mohammed put his arm around my back and he turned and lifted me so that I was sitting across his lap, he sat me down, then lifted me slightly and flicked my bottom slightly so that the bottom of my skirt flicked over the outside of his thigh before he sat me down quickly so that my bare bottom was directly against his trousers.

I knew full well that I should have been panicking, I knew it but the effect of the cannabis meant that although I realised the danger I was in it didn't register properly on my internal 'moral compass'. "I've set my watch to warn us when you have five minutes left to get to school!" And with that Mohammed's lips pressed against mine.

We kissed for what seemed like an hour, deep passionate kisses, lots of tongue in both directions, I was suddenly very comfortable with the concept of Mohammed pushing his tongue into my mouth and sucking my tongue into his. The kisses broke off for a while as Mohammed retrieved his tobacco tin from his jacket pocket and he lit up the second joint.

Again I took the lion's share of the joint; I was really out of my head by the time the joint was finished. "You know in the shop you opened a few buttons of your blouse?" I kissed him and nodded my head as my lips pressed into his, he pulled back slightly, "Well, can I open them again here in my car?" I leaned in and kissed him again, this time I pushed my tongue into his mouth as I nodded my head again.

Mohammed continued the kiss as he fumbled with my school tie; he undid the knot but left the tie hanging from my blouse's collar. Then he undid the top button, I didn't open that button in the shop but I didn't think it mattered which three buttons he opened. Mohammed was able to be far more gentle and careful as he opened the other buttons, I didn't actually feel that he had passed three buttons and had actually opened all the buttons before I realised what was happening he was pulling the front of my blouse from the waistband of my skirt, followed by the back.

I tried clumsily to stop him pushing my blouse off of my shoulders, "I promise that I won't do anything that you don't want me too, as soon as you say stop I will, I'll stop now if you really want me too!" I relaxed back into the kiss and allowed him to push my blouse off of my shoulders; it soon joined his jacket over the back of the seat in front of us.

It was the first time I had been alone with a boy or man wearing just my bra and skirt, it was both exciting and very frightening, the other worry was the feeling of Mohammed's erection pressing against my bare thigh, fortunately it was still covered by his trousers but I wondered how long for.

Mohammed rubbed his hands over, and kissed every bit of my upper body that wasn't covered by cloth, he was carefully avoiding the area covered by my bra to prove what a gentleman he was but by the end of our time together I was very much turned on, I knew full well that when I got off of Mohammed's lap his trousers would be very wet from my lower juices that seemed to be running out of my body. Mohammed's watch was beeping to warn us that I only had five minutes left before I had to get into school.

I started to pull my blouse on as fast as I could, "I know that I promised not to touch you unless you lifted your skirt up and asked me to touch you but, before you button your blouse could I take a quick look at your body down below?"

There was a pause as I was about to fasten the first button of my blouse, "Please, I promise that I will not touch you this time!"

I opened my blouse again and quickly lifted the front of my skirt. I dropped it down again as Mohammed was fumbling with his jacket, he pulled his mobile phone out of his inside pocket, "Please let me just take a quick memento so that I can look at you while I'm driving around today!" I lifted my skirt again and let Mohammed snap a photograph of me with a bare lower body and my bra on show.

Mohammed squeezed out of the back door of the car and into the front, he drove as I clumsily fastened the buttons of my blouse, I made a right 'horlicks' of buttoning my blouse, managed to get the buttons out of alignment, I also failed miserably to tie my school tie properly but I didn't care. My head felt like it was filled with cotton wool, as Mohammed pulled up outside the school gates, I remembered that the rear door on the near-side of the car didn't work properly so I reached over the front seat, grabbed my coat and satchel and hopped out of the rear off-side.

The whistle went as I hit the pavement and I managed to run through the gates before the late prefects got into place to take names of students who arrived late. Every time I sat down or moved I was reminded that I had no knickers on, every time the teacher looked towards me I thought that he or she could see up my very short skirt and see the few very ginger hairs that had recently started growing on my fleshy mound that would very soon become a red-wood forest. The hair on my head changed colour throughout the year, autumn and winter I looked auburn, summer I looked like a firry redhead but the few hairs that grew below were definitely red, like a London bus.

The reminder all day that I was knickerless was all that stopped me giggling my way through the day, I may as well have not been at school though the cotton wool in my head stopped me learning anything and I managed to get through the whole day without any of my teachers asking me any questions at all. At the end of the last lesson our form teacher reminded us that we would need our cross country kit for games the next day, the fields that we ran through on cross country had been rained on for three weeks solid and would be a quagmire, I wasn't looking forward to running through all that mud, and if it was as cold and wet as it had been today I would look forward to running even less.

All day long I had an itch between my legs caused by the constant liquid running out of me, every time the thought of what happened in Mohammed's car that morning there was a little squirt and I had to secretly mop myself up under the desk and every time anyone looked at me and I imagined they knew that I had no panties on I squired again and had to do a secret mopping job again.

When I finally left school I had to carry my coat hanging down behind me, with its arms tied around my waist as there was a large wet patch on the back of my skirt caused by my own juices, anyone seeing it though would have thought that I had just peed myself.

I got into Mohammed's car, he handed me a ten pound note, "You have been very brave all day, good girl. Can I keep your knickers?"

"If you want too!"

Mohammed handed me his tobacco tin, there was just one of the very large joints in the tin, I lit it up and took two long draws on it, I went to hand it to Mohammed, he refused so I smoked the whole thing as he drove towards my village. By the time I had finished the joint I was well buzzing again.

We pulled up in front of the shop, Mohammed led me into the shop and spoke to Ifticar in their own language, there was a long exchange between the two men, if they had spoken in English I doubt if I would have understood my head was buzzing so much. Mohammed took my hand and led me through the back of the shop and up a flight of stairs, Ifticar was right behind me and I guess he got a good look up the back of my skirt and at my bare bottom.

Mohammed led ne through to a back room that had a double mattress on the floor, no sheets or blankets, just a mattress. I heard Ifticar talking to someone in the front room, then I saw a very small woman heading down the stairs, I assumed that the woman was Ifticar's wife and she was going down to serve in the shop.

Two minutes later Ifticar stepped into the room, he had three half pint glasses, he handed me one, it looked like it was full of coke, then he handed one to Mohammed, I took a huge swallow from my glass, the cannabis and my nervousness had made me thirsty. I almost gagged, the glass had been more than half full of Vodka. Mohammed snapped his fingers towards Ifticar, all he said was "E's!" and Ifticar once again left the room, two minutes later he returned to the room with a small plastic bag with five small white tablets in it, his return meant that Mohammed had to break his kiss with me.

"Have you ever taken an 'e' before?" I shook my head, "Want to try one now?" I shrugged my shoulders, if I had been sobre I would have just said no, instantly, but as I was already in a cannabis fog and the heat of a large swallow of Vodka was working its way up from my belly to my head. "It'll help you to relax!" Mohammed raised his eyebrows as he said 'relax', I held out my hand and he split the bag and dropped one pill into my hand.

The pill was very small, there was an impression in its surface that was a crown, but it was actually an 'E' made to look like a crown. I threw the pill into my mouth and swallowed it down with a mouthful of Vodka and coke.

We stood in the back room of the shop for fifteen minutes, me and Mohammed kissing and taking an occasional drink while Ifticar stood looking on. Mohammed kept whispering to me, asking me questions, getting me to talk to him, every time I went to look round to see what Ifticar was doing he stopped me, pulling my face back so that I was looking at him. Then without warning he undid my school tie, again he left it tucked inside the collar of my blouse before starting to unbutton my blouse.

I just stood there with my arms at my side as Mohammed took my blouse off, I wanted to look and see what Ifticar was doing but again Mohammed stopped me. I was standing there, in my mind I was holding my arms across my chest, hiding my bra from view but I wasn't, I just had my arms at my side. Mohammed kissed me, "Can I take your bra off now please darling?" I didn't answer, I didn't really care, the tiny voices in my head were telling me that what Mohammed was doing was very wrong but inside my head I was having the time of my life.

I felt the clasp at the back of my bra relax, it wasn't Mohammed, he was holding my hands in his, keeping my attention fully on him, I felt inexperienced fingers lift the thin shoulder straps of my bra and push it over my shoulders so that it fell down. The room illuminated in a sudden flash, Mohammed said, "No flash Ifty, for god's sake what are you doing?" The flash didn't register as out of place in my mind at all.

"Come on darling, why don't you help me to take off my shirt now?" Mohammed pulled my hands to the buttons on the front of his shirt and with his help I stumbled through opening all the buttons. I helped ease his shirt off over his shoulders; he pulled my face against his chest and told me to kiss his chest. There was a forest of thick black hair covering his upper body, he positioned my mouth so that it was directly over his nipple, "suck it, bite it for me!" I spotted Ifticar out of the corner of my eye, his shirt was also off and he seemed to be holding quite a large expensive camera to his eye, snapping photographs as I sucked Mohammed's nipple into my mouth and nipped down on it with bare teeth.

Mohammed had one hand on each side of my head and was pulling my face hard against his chest, I felt the waistband of my skirt slacken off and my skirt slipped down to the floor, I was now standing in a bedroom with two men and I was totally naked, Mohammed pushed me away from him so that he could get a good look at my body, then he pulled my hand to his belt, "Undo my trousers please!" I started to pull the leather loop of his belt through the clasp, Is I did I looked over towards Ifticar, he was bending forward, lifting his foot out of his trousers, he was totally naked and I noticed a very large, professional looking, digital SLR camera. There was a very muffled little voice in the back of my head telling me that I was being very stupid being there with Mohammed and Ifticar but it couldn't register properly in my mind because of all the fog and woolliness from the drugs and alcohol.

Mohammed tapped my shoulder, "You've stopped!" I looked back to Mohammed, a thought ran through the treacle of my mind, I had just seen my first ever naked man in the flesh, he, well, his equipment looked very silly, his cock was about five inches long, less than two inches in circumference, his body was totally hairless, no hair on his chest, no hair around his cock or on his belly or under his arms.

I had to pull Mohammed's trousers tight to release the clasp, then, at Mohammed's direction I pulled his zipper down, he wasn't wearing under pants, even with the zipper all the way down Mohammed's trousers were still too tight to fall down, I had to pull and wriggle the materal down, all the time I could see Ifticar in the corner of my eye as he snapped shot after shot of me and Mohammed.

When Mohammed's cock sprang into view I gasped, Mohammed was no five incher, eight or nine inches long and around six inch circumference. I had only ever seen textbook pictures of men's cocks before, now suddenly I had seen two and two very different cocks. There was a little something missing though, the cocks I had seen in textbooks in Biology had foreskins, Ifticar and Mohammed's cocks didn't, they were both circumcised.

Now all three of us were totally naked, a tiny part of me was terrified, Mohammed was encouraging me to finish my huge drink of Vodka, he offered me another 'E' tablet but I didn't think I needed it, my body was tingling all over, whatever was going to happen I was really ready for it to happen. Mohammed took my right hand and wrapped my fingers around the base of his cock, then he wrapped his own hand around mine, I couldn't make my fingers touch because his cock was so thick, he squeezed my hand against his cock and then he pulled my hand up from the base of his cock to its head, a small ball of liquid formed on the eye of his cock.

Ifticar was there photographing every movement of my hand on Mohammed's cock. "I've asked Ifty to help me my darling, I want to make you into a woman tonight but I'm afraid that as I'm so big and you are so small and inexperienced it would hurt you too much if I broke you in, if you don't want Ifty to help we can wait until you are old enough but that may take a very long time and I'm desperate for you right now. But it is really up to you. If you take another tablet and have a little more Vodka I'm sure that Ifty's bit will be over before you know it and we can get down to some real fun together!"

I just stood there, rubbing my hand up and down Mohammed's cock as he had shown me, I didn't answer, I wasn't in any state to string a coherent sentence or thought together to be honest. Mohammed lifted my head from looking down at his cock to look at his face, he lifted my eyelid and looked into my eyes. "Okay Ifty, come and do your thing!"

Mohammed took me to the mattress, he pushed me down onto my knees and then turned me onto my back, Ifticar passed Mohammed the camera and Mohammed photographed me lying on my back. Ifty spat in his hand and rubbed the spit all over the head of his cock. He knelt down between my open legs, "Have you started your periods yet?" I looked up at Ifticar, strange question to ask, I nodded my head, "When was your last period?" I couldn't get my mouth to work but held up three fingers to him, "Three days?" I shook my head, "Three weeks?" I nodded my head.

Ifticar looked at Mohammed, "Very dangerous cousin, we should wait a week, my wife would kill me if I got this girl pregnant!" Mohammed shook his head, I need her next week for a party, I have to do everything in the right order, if it's the wrong time then I'll sort it out next month!" I understood all the words they had just said to each other but it was all gobaldy-gook to me, made no sense at all.

"FUCKING HELL, WHAT WAS THAT?" Ifty had just leaned forward, in one swift movement he had aimed his cock at it's target, entered my body and broken through my hymen in one thrust. "If it worries you so much don't cum in her, leave that to me!" Ifty had pushed his cock all the way inside, all five inches in one powerful movement. "Well, I've done my bit, you want to take over now?" Mohammed smiled at his cousin, "You sure you don't want to cum in her, it's easier for me to ride in on your lubrication!" Ifty thought for a moment, "There will be another girl next week or the week after, I'll wait!" Ifty pulled his cock out of my body, his cock was smeared with my blood.

I watched as Mohammed passed the camera to his cousin and then the pain started all over again. Mohammed was as gentle as he could be but his cock was so massive that even being gentle it hurt like hell as he fucked me. There was nothing fancy, no delaying tactics; Mohammed just fucked me as gently as he could but with enough force and speed to make him cum as quickly as he could. When he finally emptied his balls into me the heat felt like boiling water being pumped up into me.

Mohammed lay still on top of me as his body jerked with each spurt of his seed as it shot into me and for a good five minutes after he finished climaxing, just to make sure that all of his seed was deposited as far into me as it could possibly go. "I'm sorry darling, I know that this first time must have been very painful for you and absolutely no fun at all, I promise that next time we do it you will get a lot of pleasure from it!"

Mohammed checked his watch, "The bus would have passed by fifteen minutes ago, do you want a shower or do you want to go right now?"

I managed to say "Go now!" Mohammed helped me to dress; there was a stream of blood and Mohammed's semen running down each side of my inner thighs. I stumbled drunkenly through the shop and when the outside air hit me I almost threw up. I managed to get home just before my parents; I saw both cars pull onto the drive within seconds of each other.

I managed to get up to the bathroom before my mother opened the front door, I ran a bath as quickly as I could, my mother knocked on the bathroom door and asked if I were all right, "I'm fine mum, just needed a bath, got wet waiting for the school bus tonight!" I lied of course.

I stopped in the bath for at least an hour; I actually fell asleep in the hot water. As I dried myself the memory of Ifty and Mohammed kept running through my head, from a virgin to a woman who had been fucked by two men in just thirty minutes. I was still sore between my legs when I eventually faced my parents, luckily for me they were in the middle of an argument so they didn't notice that I was totally wrecked.

I did my homework, well, I did my homework as well as I could, there was nothing in my head at all. I got my PE kit ready for the next day, I really wasn't looking forward to a cross country run, especially with the space between my thighs as sore as it was at that moment.

I ate breakfast with my mother, my father had already left, there were a hundred questions that my pounding head ach made impossible to answer, my mother just put it down to the 'Kevin' syndrome. I almost ran out of the house, Mohammed was waiting outside the shop for me. He was already smoking a joint, as I stepped into his car he passed me the smoke and I took a deep draw. The day before just one lung full of cannabis had straightened my headache out, today it did lessen it but it didn't clear it up. Mohammed asked me if I was Okay, "Headache!"

"Didn't the smoke clear it?"

"No!"

Mohammed searched his pockets; he found the little plastic bag that Ifticar had given him with the 'E' tablets in it, "Try one of these!" I put the pill in my mouth then looked around for something to drink; there was nothing, "Just swallow!" We were almost at school before the 'E' worked its magic and my headache went away. We drove directly to the side of the Bowls Club again, I wasn't offered the choice at the school gates as I had been the day before. I would have opted for the parking up again but it would have been nice to have been asked.

We did the same as the day before, Mohammed reversed into the bush, then we both slipped into the back of the car, this time after one kiss Mohammed stripped me totally naked without saying a word. He asked me to help him undress and I did as I was asked. Mohammed started to rub his cock in his own hand, I wondered if I should have offered to do it for him but I just sat there naked feeling very silly.

"Have you ever seen a woman sucking a man's cock?"

I shook my head.

"But you know that if a man and woman love each other, the woman will offer to suck the man's cock don't you?"

I nodded my head.

"Will you suck my cock?"

I shrugged my shoulders; Mohammed always took a shrug of the shoulders as an agreement. He put his hand on the back of my head and pulled me down onto his lap, forcing his huge cock deep into my mouth.

It took Mohammed quite a time before he managed to fill my mouth with very disgusting and very salty spunk. I managed to spit most of the semen out of my mouth and all over my blouse. I had a T-shirt in my sports bag but if I wore that to normal classes I would have gotten into a lot of trouble. We sat cuddling and kissing in the back of the car for ages, eventually Mohammed's cock started to twitch and grow, it soon inflated to its former glory and Mohammed lifted me onto his lap and sat me right on top of his rock hard cock, there was quite a lot of pain again as I slipped down Mohammed's cock.

There was a lot of pain but then again, there was also a lot of pleasure this time. I started to love the feeling of Mohammed's cock as he fucked me. I had thought it had taken Mohammed a long time to cum in my mouth; it took him even longer the second time. As I felt his spunk pumping up into my cunt I suddenly began to shiver and shake, it felt like an earth quake was going off directly under my pussy, Mohammed was driving me through my first ever orgasm, I didn't really understand what was happening to me all I knew was that I liked it, liked it a lot.

I was really surprised that Mohammed and I had managed to do all we had done and in less than an hour but I was really happy that we had, Mohammed kissed me and smiled down into my face, he glanced casually at his wrist watch, "Shit, sorry darling, I forgot to set the alarm this morning, I must have been so eager to see you!"

I looked at his watch, I was already fifteen minutes late and I was still sitting there naked, panic set in, I grabbed at my blouse and struggled to get my arms in, Mohammed stopped me, "Don't panic!"

Mohammed reached into the front and pressed a button on the steering wheel, "School!" he said clearly, a list of five schools appeared on the in car computer, "Down!" Another five schools were listed, "Down!" My school came on the screen, it had number twelve at the side of it, "Twelve!" I heard the dial tones and ringing tone, then sat, naked as a Jay-bird while Mohammed pretended to be my father, I was too ill to come into school, we were trying to get an appointment with our doctor, and I'd be back at school as soon as I could be.

We relaxed into each other and had another kiss and cuddle, then Mohammed taught me how to roll a joint and then we smoked it together, a very strong joint. We sat in the car for another hour, still both totally naked, then Mohammed asked me if I could suck him until he got hard.

It took just a few seconds under Mohammed's directions to get him hard, this time he had me on my back on the back seat, he pounded his cock into me as hard and as fast as he could, he seemed to be in a hurry to climax, in a hurry to get it over and done with. I felt no pain this time, just the pleasure; I had reached two orgasms before Mohammed filled my pussy again. We dressed casually; Mohammed took me to a cafe and gave me a light breakfast and coke.

"I'm sorry that we can't spend the day together, my father would kill me if I took a girlfriend home and I can't get out of the meeting, do you want me to take you home?" I shook my head, my mother sometimes popped in home if she was out and about, home was definitely not safe.

"I could take you to Ifty's shop; his wife would bitch a bit though!" I shook my head again.

"I suppose you could drop me in Derby, I could spend that money you gave me yesterday!"

"No, the truant police would have you in an instant; I don't want anyone asking awkward questions!"

"I'm going to take you to a friend's house, he's called Tariq, he sometimes has exciting parties there, he might want something from you for letting you stay there though but at least no one will ask any questions, like who it was who called your school pretending to be your father!"

The house was just in the outskirts of Derby, I was led into the house, the guy was again an Asian, another Muslim, I heard a few words of a whispered conversation, like, "She's not ready yet, you only broke her in yesterday!" from Tariq and, "She's very willing, oral, and she's had an 'E' and two solid roaches already, just another 'E' and a little Vodka and she'll do it!" from Mohammed.

"Right my darling, I have to go now, just do as Tariq asks everything he asks and I'll pick you up as soon as I can!" There was a kiss and a hug and Mohammed left the house. I was almost forced to take two 'E's' with a beaker of neat Vodka. I tried to sip at the Vodka but Tariq lifted the bottom of the beaker and forced all the alcohol down my throat.

Tariq got on his mobile phone and called four numbers, I didn't hear exactly what he said to each man but one name stood out in my mind, Abid Saddique, a partial conversation also, "I know Abid, usually a minimum of three weeks but she is already over a week through because Mohammed needed her for a party next week, we just need to 'encourage' her a little more today!"

Tariq started to undress me, I didn't stop him, I was getting use to being naked in front of strangers. Tariq didn't undress, he left me naked in the living room, then went to the front door, when he returned to the room there were two other men with him. I was picked up, naked and kicking at the two men who were carrying me up the stairs, I wasn't fighting them off very well, there was no fight in me, just the woolliness of the drugs and alcohol.

I was held down on the bed by one man as the other undressed, then as he fucked me the second man undressed, there was no talking, no introductions, no pleasantries, and the men didn't care if I enjoyed the sex or not, they just fucked me and then changed over and I was fucked all over again.

I recognised Abid, the school bus driver who had put me off the bus just a few days earlier. "There, I knew you were the right girl as soon as I saw you!" He said as he covered my body with his own and fucked me. Four or five more men turned up and each took a turn on top of me, then, when the last one fired off into me, they all did me over again.

It was well dark by the time Mohammed returned to Tariq's house, almost ten o'clock at night, men had fucked me solidly since I had been dropped off almost thirteen hours earlier. I was taken to the bathroom and allowed to clean myself up. By the time I got out of the bath it was eleven o'clock. I was taken to another bedroom, Mohammed was in bed naked with another girl, they were kissing and cuddling, the girl seemed to be in love with Mohammed, very much in love with him, although she had the same look of being drugged as I did. I was pulled into bed with the two of them and Mohammed climbed on top of me, as his cock slipped easily into my cunt he smiled. "You have done very well my darling, you feel very 'open' and soft inside now!" Mohammed fucked me while the other girl just lay there watching.

All the other men who had fucked me that day had deliberately prevented me from climaxing as they fucked me, I was their pleasure, not the other way around, Mohammed on the other hand gave me a string of absolutely mind blowing orgasms, Tariq came into the room, he was totally naked, as soon as the other girl saw him she opened her legs and he climbed on top of her. The girl seemed to get no enjoyment out of sex with Tariq but she willingly let him fuck her.

I felt Mohammed's balls tighten and his seed spilled out into me, my mind was once again blown away by a fantastic orgasm that slotted in exactly with Mohammed's orgasm. Then it was my turn to watch as Mohammed got the other girl to suck his cock, I watched as she got his cock hard again. Tariq pulled me onto my back and started to fuck me, I just lay there taking it, then I watched as Mohammed fucked the other girl, I actually got off watching Mohammed have his fun with the other girl, she reached out and held my hand as we both climaxed at the same time.

As we dressed I asked Mohammed what I was going to do about my parents, "Well, you can go home if you like but most girls seem to prefer stopping at one of the party houses, you can stay as long as you want, all you have to do is let a few of Tariq's or my friends play with you when they want too!"

That was the beginning of the end for me, in the party house I got all the drugs and alcohol I wanted or needed, I say needed because some of the men were so grotesque that you had to be out of your head to let them fuck you. Once a week Mohammed would call, we would spend the whole night together, one night with My lover Mohammed made up for six days and nights of having sex with men, sometimes eight men or more a day!