**Football Girl**
by Isabella

Our local amateur football league had altered their rules for one season as a trial, a team could field up to two female players on the pitch with the men. The teams were only allowed to field under twenty-one year old players but they didn't actually have any lower limit, the previous season their youngest player had been sixteen years old and he had acquitted himself very well. I only knew about all of this from reading my local evening newspaper. That and my football mad daughter who was always pointing out the reports about John Smith, the sixteen year old boy that played for our local team, If I had to make a comment at all I would have said that my fourteen year old daughter had a crush on the young player. Sarah was actually an unusual girl for our area, she didn't like riding horses, she didn't like ballet, she was a straight 'A' student who loved reading almost as much as she loved kicking a ball about in our back garden. Sarah didn't exactly play football, she would have needed others around for that, she just set up difficult targets in the garden, a hoop, a bucket, a box that was little bigger than the ball and she would spend hours on her own, just kicking the ball into the various targets.

Out of the blue one Thursday morning on her way to school Sarah casually said, "I'll be late home from school mum, I'm going to football practice."

I didn't get the chance to ask her where she was going to be for her football training or what time to expect her home. After it turned dark and Sarah still wasn't home I have to admit that I did start to worry, she finally turned up at nine o'clock. She didn't come into the house but she did open the back door and shout that she was home. I went into the kitchen, it was raining and Sarah was in the back garden in her football kit and using an old butter knife to scrape mud off of her football boots, after the bulk of the mud was scrapped off she sponged what was left of the mud off.

I took her dinner out of the oven, it was stone cold so I had to microwave it to make it warm enough for her to eat it. She brought her soaking wet self as well as her soaking wet boots into the kitchen. She forced old newspaper inside her boots and stood them on extra newspaper on the linoleum covered floor. She was about to eat her dinner still dressed in her wet and muddy clothes but I stopped her. "I've run you a bath, because of how late it is you can eat your dinner in the bath."

I followed Sarah to the bathroom, I held her dinner and watched her undress. As she stepped into the bathtub and I handed her the plate with her food on it I noticed a small round bruise on her collarbone, what we would have called when I was at school, a 'Love bite'. I managed to control myself, Sarah had never really shown any interest in boys ... well, apart from her crush on John Smith, the sixteen year old football star who she had watched play but had never spoken to. It did cross my mind that Sarah could have been training with an all-girl team, we did have two of those in our local area, so the bite could have come from a girl rather than a boy.

"I do wish you'd told me where you were going to be training, I could have collected you so you'd have been safer."

"Mum, I'm trying to persuade our local under twenty-one's team to give me a start, or at least a chance to warm the bench during a match ... the last thing I need is my mum turning up to keep me safe ... what impression would that make on the guys when most of them were going to the pub after training?"

I felt Sarah's hair, it was really long, reaching down to her bottom and the ends were clogged together with clods of mud, "You need to wash your hair, it's going to take hours to dry and it's already well past your bed time.

"Mum, don't go mad but I really need to cut my hair short now!"

I actually thought, if you cut your hair short now your father will see that love bite on your neck and he won't be at all impressed, "Just how short?"

"Well...you know, pageboy short or shorter."

"Why exactly?"

"Because it hurts whenever I try and brush it, it gets trapped in doors and things, when I plat or braid it to keep it out of the way I get headaches, it's going to get dirty when I train and I'll never have time for it to dry before bed on training nights."

"I'm going to have to work on your father, he won't understand."

After her bath Sarah did her hair into a lose French braid and then wrapped her head in a long towel like a massive turban before she went to bed at least an hour later than I would have liked. I sat in the living room, Sarah's father wasn't home yet, he was at the pub as usual so I was watching the TV on my own, at ten thirty my telephone rang, I picked it up, "Hello."

"Hello, are you the parent or guardian of Sarah Clark?"

"Yes."

"I apologise for calling so late but Sarah came to training with us earlier this evening, she's trying for a place on our under twenty-one team and she's very good, exceptional even. I'm calling because I'd like her to be part of the team on Saturday, she'll be on the substitute bench at the start of Saturday's home game but only if I have a parental consent form all signed and in my hand because she's under eighteen years old."

"Does Sarah have a form for me to sign?"

"No, if you have an email account and a printer I can email a form for you to print out and give it to Sarah to bring with her on Saturday after you've filled it all in and signed it."

I gave him my email address and as he was writing it down I said, "Erm you only train on Thursday evenings?"

"During the season we train on Thursday evenings, we start at six thirty and train until nine o'clock, well, all apart from the few under eighteen year olds, they start at five o'clock and finish at eight o'clock. In the summer we train on Sunday afternoons"

"Where to you play and where do you train?"

"Our pitch for training as well as playing our home games is at the old gas turbine factory."

"Is that the pitch at the side of East Street?"

"Yes."

"That will be convenient for Sarah, it's only a ten minute walk from home."

I wished the coach a good night and then started to wonder where Sarah had been for almost an hour on such a filthy evening, the coach had said that under eighteens had been sent home at eight o'clock and she should have been home by ten past eight if she had walked all the way and in the rain she would probably have run.

In fourteen years that was the first time I'd questioned what my daughter had done, especially having seen her neck as she got in the bath and saw a love bite on her collarbone. I printed out the form that I'd been sent. I considered not filling it in, I should really have talked to Sarah's father first, I looked at the clock, the local pub had been closed for ten minutes, like Sarah, he should have been home because the pub was closer than the football ground. I didn't want to get into an argument with John about it, he would have said no out of hand, he didn't think that girls were any good at playing football, my opinion was, good or not, if it was what she wanted to do it was my job to try and help her to do it so I filled the form in and signed it.

I was long ready for bed by the time that John got home, an hour after the pub closed. As usual my husband had drunk far more than he needed to. I went to bed with him, he was noisy because he was drunk, I got in bed first and he threw the bedding off of me, he wanted sex but that wasn't unusual, he was an amorous drunk but being drunk he was often unable to follow his amorous advances through.

My nighty was pulled up under my chin and John surfed up my body, his flaccid cock rubbing over my cunt but there was little chance of him getting in. Over the stench of stale alcohol I could smell the perfume of another woman on his body. I wasn't sure if his flaccidity was due to the alcohol or if he'd already used his strength on another woman.

I was happy enough that he didn't make it on this occasion but also a little frustrated at being taken to that point, getting ready for sex and then having my husband falling asleep on top of me. I have no idea how my husband does it but from being drunk and incapable at midnight to being up and on his way to work at seven o'clock in the morning.

I was doing Sarah's breakfast when she got up, the first thing she asked was, "Have you spoken to dad about my hair, I need to get it cut today, I might get a game if I go to the football club tomorrow and someone doesn't turn up...but not if my hair is this long."

"Your father was late home and left early this morning so I didn't get the chance to talk to him."

Sarah looked angry, "Yes, I heard him come in late and he was drunk as usual! Look mum, I'll do it myself if I have to but you would make a better job of it for me."

As soon as Sarah finished her breakfast I did a rough cut to take her hair down to collar length and suggested taking her to a hairdresser after school if I could get her an appointment.

"Mum, the hairdresser will charge twenty quid. If I go to the barber he'll charge five quid and we won't need an appointment."

Sarah was dressed for school, she was shaking her head, marvelling at the lack of her hair pulling at her scalp with every movement, "Sarah, will you see that football coach today?"

"I go past his house on the way to school."

"You may as well drop this off on your way to school then, you're starting on as a sub tomorrow."

Sarah dropped her satchel and ran at me flinging her arms around my neck and hugging me before snatching the consent form out of my hand.

"Meet me out of school tonight, I need to get my hair sorted out tonight."

Sarah pulled a beanie hat on to cover most of my amateur hacking at her hair before leaving for school.

I only worked a few hours a day so at three thirty I was waiting at the school gate for Sarah. I saw her leaving the school building with a boy of similar age, I'd seen the boy before but never really taken any notice of him, but with her hair cut short by me and the beanie hat covering her head, they could have been twins. It looked like Sarah was about to lean in to the boy for a kiss but at the last moment she saw me looking at her and punched his upper arm before walking away from him. It was the closest I'd seen her to a boy in her fourteen years ... mind you, I'd seen the evidence of her having been close to someone the evening before because of the love bite I'd seen on her collarbone.

"Who was that?"

"John Smith."

"He looks a lot like you."

"I look a lot like him really, he's two years older than me! He could almost be my brother from another mother."

Naturally I'd heard the term before, often used by Afro-Caribbean's to refer to a friend who was as good as if not better than family. Sarah's comment had sparked a worrying memory in my brain, the fact that her father had been engaged to Gail Smith before he met me. "So ... what part of town does your friend ... What's his name, John Smith live in?"

"Yes, John Smith, he lives close to that pub with the cricket team opposite the Green I think."

The barber's shop was empty, just the elderly man who had been cutting boy's and men's hair for the past fifty years. Sarah looked at all the pictures of boy's hairstyles for a few long minutes before she came back to me, "Mum, I know I said pageboy style but can I have a short back and sides please?"

"Well, I'd prefer you to have a style that at least makes you look like a girl, I'm going to get enough shit from your father as it is for cutting it that short..." I looked at Sarah's face, she wasn't exactly pleading with me, she actually looked resigned to the fact that as I was going to pay, the barber would do as I asked him. "...darling, it's your head, your hair and if you hate it after, it'll only take a year or so to grow back out."

I closed my eyes as the barber took the last three inches off of my daughter's crowning glory away, with my eyes closed I saw John Smith again. Sarah's comment had popped the nagging thought in my head but as Sarah got her looks from her father, the blue eyes and the blond hair ran in his family, so there was a boy, he had the same face and hair as my daughter, the same first name as my husband and the same last name of the woman that my husband had been engaged to before he met me. I didn't need to be a nuclear physicist to work out that particular combination and make two!

Sarah touched my arm and jolted me back to the barber's shop, "Mum, I need three pounds fifty for the haircut!"

I took out four pounds and told the barber to keep the change, he had after all saved me a minimum of sixteen pounds and at least an hour waiting while my usual hairdresser washed and primped and pampered my daughter. Sarah walked home with the beanie hat in her bag, proudly displaying her short back and side's haircut. Considering I'd never seen Sarah with a boy in my life before I was surprised at the number of boys that smiled and nodded their heads in her direction, an unspoken acknowledgement between Sarah and the boy ... unspoken because I was with Sarah and the boys didn't want to come near her while I was there.

I did dinner for myself and Sarah but not for her father, I couldn't remember the last time John had come home for dinner on a Friday. He always left home very early on Friday mornings and never got home before midnight. I didn't even bother to wait up for him to get home, I actually went to bed earlier than usual because I was expecting him home in the early hours of the morning and because he hadn't managed to have sex with me on Thursday night he would have wanted it on Saturday morning when he finally turned up.

I had the best night's sleep I'd had in many a long year, I opened my eyes and looked at John's pillow, it was empty, the bedding on his side of the bed was exactly as I'd left then when I went to bed. It had happened a few times in the past, John had usually phoned me with a drunken slur to tell me that he was too drunk to drive home and he was going to sleep it off on a friend's sofa. But there had been no telephone calls last night and nothing so far this morning.

Sarah woke up, had breakfast and took her school bag to her room to get a head start on her home work for the following week. I told her that I was going out and not to answer the door to anyone while I was out.

It was ten o'clock on Saturday morning, I went to our local pub, the pub that I would have expected John to spend most of his time in. I hadn't been to the pub with John since I was pregnant with Sarah so I didn't know anyone there and they wouldn't know me. The pub was open but there were no customers in yet, the barman was wiping down surfaces to keep himself busy, he stopped and came to the bar to serve me, "What can I do for you madam?"

"Erm, I was wondering if you knew John Clarke?"

"Yes, I know him well, he hasn't been in here since he moved about a year ago."

"Moved?"

"Yes, he moved to the other side of town, I think he drinks in 'The Inn on The Green' now!"

The Inn on The Green was the pub that Sarah had mentioned her friend lived near so now I had another destination to try, I thanked the barman for his help and headed out to walk over to the Inn on The Green.

When I reached the Inn I didn't have to ask if the barman knew my husband, he was posting a picture of John and a woman on their notice board for winning Friday night's Quiz Night the night before. "That looks like a fun event!"

"Well, it would be if John and his wife Gail didn't win every week, it puts the others off even entering the quiz. I ordered a dark rum and cola and sat at the bar chatting the barman up, "Do the quizzers come from far and wide to take part?"

"No, most are local, like John and Gail, they only have to walk over the green..." The barman looked out of the window, across the green, "...Looks like John's at home today, his car's still on the drive!"

I looked over my shoulder, I recognised my husband's car instantly sitting on the drive of the second house on the lane on the opposite side of the green. Well, fortified by my rum...was I going to march over there and ask for my husband back or was I going to go over and punch the first one to the front door on the nose? I marched across the green, I didn't knock on the front door, I went down the side of the house, I saw John Smith walking across the kitchen in his under pants. Then I spotted his mother, she was sitting with her back to the kitchen window wearing just a nighty. I moved over to the back door and was about to knock the door when I realised that Gail Smith wasn't sitting on a stool, she was sitting on my husband's knees and he was naked apart from his underpants.

Young John sat at the table while his mother snogged with my husband right in front of him. my hand was raised, my hand formed into a fist and I was an inch away from knocking the door when I heard, "Dad, can you pass me the butter please, I've got to get off to the football pitch early, it's my turn to help set up the goals and corner flags this week..."

Dad, young John called my husband dad, that did stop me in my tracks.

"...Will you still be home when I get back from the match dad?"

"No I'm sorry but I've got work this afternoon but I'll be back later on."

I backed away from Gail's back door and walked past the side of the house. As I passed my husband's car I took my nail file out of my handbag and poked it into the valves of his wheels, all four of them and left them as flat as pancakes.

I got home just as Sarah was about to leave to play football, her hairstyle may have made her look like a boy but her football top left you in no such doubt. I'd never seen a football shirt so tight and it wasn't made of cotton as I'd have expected, it was a stretchy material a little like Lycra and it pulled against her stomach so tightly that it made her breasts look twice as big as they usually looked. I could almost see the stitching in her sport bra under the football top.

"Where did you get that shirt from?"

"I got it from Martin yesterday when I took him the consent form that you signed for me."

"Right, give me a minute to go to the toilet and I'll come with you, I'd like to watch your first game."

"Mum, you can't come, it's not a kid's match, most of the players are between eighteen and twenty one, they don't take their mothers to the match, I'll lose a lot of respect if I turn up to my first match holding my mother's hand ... and anyway, I'm on the substitutes bench, I might not even play."

I went to the toilet and Sarah went to the sports club to play football. When I got out of the toilet I had another dark rum, I was the right side of merry, I looked at the clock, it was eleven thirty, I guessed that if I hadn't let my husband's tyres down he would have been home by now, expecting lunch and probably a fuck as well. I didn't feel kindly disposed to giving him either option so I collected my handbag and walked out of the house.

I didn't really intend to go to the sports ground but that's where I ended up. John Smith was on the left wing, he was doing a lot of running backwards and forwards but his team was making little headway. The team they were playing were the previous year's champions and so far they were the best team of the current season too.

I found a place that I could stand at the side of the club house behind a screen of bushes so that I couldn't be seen from the pitch. Sarah's team mates made a break up the pitch, the player on the right wing was running well and dribbling like a professional when the opposition defender ran in at high speed and slid in with a two footed tackle, he totally missed the ball but took out the winger, he flipped into the air and landed on his back and neck.

The ref sent the defender off and Sarah's coach phoned for an ambulance to take the winger to hospital. The game was held up for fifteen minutes and as soon as the coach handed the care of his injured player over to the paramedic he turned his attention to Sarah, he told her to warm up. It was a good thing that I'd had two good measures of rum or I'd have given into my protective instincts and rushed onto the pitch and dragged my daughter off.

The game was restarted with a free kick on the right wing, the wing that Sarah was now working. The opposition put up a wall of six players between Sarah and their goal. I saw Sarah smile at John before she addressed the ball, she took five paces back from the ball and waited for the ref to blow his whistle. Sarah sprinted at the ball, she kicked short, caught the ball from below and lifted it high into the air, over the heads of the defensive wall, across the front of the penalty box, John Smith was already in position and before the ball touched the grass John caught it on the volley. The ball rocketed into the top left corner of the goal while their keeper was still trying to see where Sarah had kicked it.

The rest of the game was more like a punch up than a game of football and when the final whistle blew, Sarah's team were one - nil up, their first win of the season and the winning goal was scored by their two youngest players.

I watched as thirteen opposition players ran from the pitch into the visitors changing room while Sarah was hugged and kissed by her twelve remaining players, they were in no hurry to leave their field of battle. The coach took them to the point that the injured player had been hacked down and they stood for a minute's silence while the coach telephoned the boy's parents for any news they might have on their son.

I was backing away from the front of the club house, deeper into the wooded area that had been keeping me out of sight and I bumped into someone who was watching me watching Sarah's team play.

I was flustered as he pushed me towards the side wall of the building. I could hear the arguments from the visitors changing room through the air vents close to the roof of the building.

"You're Sarah Clarke's mother aren't you?"

I nodded my head, he reached out with his right hand and brushed a strand of my fringe off of my forehead, his left hand came up to my cheek and he traced out the contours of my face, jaw and neck. My body shivered as if it were freezing but it wasn't cold. His fingers slid into the neck hole of my T-shirt. I felt the material pulling into the left hand side of my neck as he stretched the neck hole out of shape.

I felt his fingertips hooking the material of my T-shirt over my right shoulder, he'd stretched the neck of my T-shirt to more than double what it had started out as. "So, do I have to call you Mrs. Clarke?"

My voice was thick with emotion as I said, "Victoria, my first name is Victoria!"

"It's really nice to meet you Victoria, my name's Peter."

He leaned in and kissed the top of my shoulder, I whispered, "Please don't do that, I'm a married woman!"

"I know that you're a married woman, pity your husband doesn't have the same opinion .. do you know where your husband spent last night?"

I was looking down now, I was ashamed at myself for just standing there allowing a total stranger to touch me the way he was and as he pressed his body against mine I knew that I should have pushed him away. I didn't respond to his question, I was just standing there, looking down and shivering.

"He was with his second wife, Gail and their children."

That made my head snap up as I looked him in the eyes and I said "Children!"

"Yes, your husband has two children with Gail Smith ... although she calls herself Gail Clarke, you saw one of them playing on the pitch just now and he has a little girl called Tracey, she'll be six years old next week."

Because I was looking into his eyes he chose that moment to lean in and kiss me. I was definitely on tilt, I'd had twenty hours to get used to the fact that my husband had a son from before we met what I didn't know about was the fact that he'd had a second child with Gail just six years earlier, half way through our marriage together had really knocked my legs out from under me and as he kissed me I not only allowed him to but I actually found myself responding to him.

"I want to show you something special."

Peter took my hand and pulled me around the back of the club house, he took me to the fire escape, pinned to the wall next to the fire escape door was a planning order giving permission to convert sections of the visitors and home team changing rooms into two areas for toilet, shows and changing areas for female players.

There was a loop of wire sticking out between the fire door and the frame, Peter pulled the wire and the fire door opened. I was pulled through into the passageway leading through the building. There was a sheet of plastic covering the passage just before the doors into the two changing rooms, two new doorways had been cut through the walls and inside was a half completes dividing wall. I was pushed into the darkened void that would eventually be the home team girls changing room.

Peter positioned me so that I could see through a hole in the newly created wall. I was looking straight into the home team's changing room, I saw thirteen naked men walking away from me and then I spotted Sarah, she was naked and as she ran across the room to catch the rest of the team her rather ample breasts were bouncing.

I felt Peter's lips against my neck as he whispered, "Your Sarah has a fantastic body for a fourteen year old girl!"

Peter's hand were pulling at my T-shirt, pulling the bottom out of my skirt's waistband, his hands lipped under my T-shirt and rubbed up, covering the gap between my skirt and my bra in a moment, he cupped under my bra covered breasts and lifted their weight.

I watched the showers start to run, all thirteen players were under the water. I watched one of the older players approach Sarah, he started to rub soap into her shoulder blades and down over the back of her ribs to her bottom. Sarah just stood there allowing the twenty one year old to wash her back, his hands rubbed soap between her bum cheeks and she turned rapidly to face him, his hand was still in the same place so now that Sarah was facing him his hand was rubbing the soap into her pussy mound, Sarah stood on the tips of her toes and lifted her head so she could kiss him. Sarah and the boy were now the centre of attention for the rest of the team. All twelve boys were hard as iron and I felt the waist band of my skirt relax and my skirt slid down my legs ... I felt it but ignored it.

I spotted Sarah take the older boy's cock in her hand and she began to rub his cock as he washed up her ribs and over her breasts. He leaned in again and pressed his lips against hers and I saw his body jerk, my body jerked as well, Peter's fingers were inside my cunt rubbing me up into a froth. I couldn't remember the last time I'd felt fingers other than my own in my cunt. My husband never bothered, sex for him for the past ten years or so was just a mechanical act, he would plug his cock into my cunt and work as fast as he could to empty his balls into me ... he didn't care if I got any pleasure or not, sex was just for his own pleasure.

I realised that just like me, the boy in Sarah's hand was climaxing into my daughter's fist. He stepped away and Sarah lifted her hand closer to the shower head so she could rinse his spunk from her fingers. Two of the other older boys stepped into Sarah's little cone of water and they both began to rub soap into her body as she took care of both cocks, one in each hand.

Peter let me cool down slightly from his finger action and then I felt warmth and wetness between my buttocks and Peter's right hand pressed into my abdomen and he pulled my bottom away from the wall, I went to look back, he pushed my face back towards the hole in the wall, "You don't want to miss anything!"

Peter took several minutes to get his cock into position and he entered me from behind as Sarah moved on to the next two players and repeated the washing and rubbing. From the position that Peter was taking me the feeling in my cunt was totally different from anything I could ever remember feeling in my life before. I'd only ever had sex in bed in the missionary position and this was nothing like that. I reached my climax again in seconds. Sarah was moving on to the next two boys in her team masturbation orgy.

I noticed that John Smith was holding back, it seemed that the boys were taking turns with Sarah in age order so naturally John Smith was going to take last turn. As Sarah was emptying each boy's cock they were leaving the shower area and drying off. I was having my one millionth orgasm as Sarah and John were the last two in the shower. This time, instead of John washing Sarah's body as an excuse to touch her all over John pushed her legs apart and started to finger fuck her under the water cascade. He gave Sarah a massive orgasm at the moment that Peter exploded in my cunt. Sarah's knees went week and she slithered down onto her knees in front of John, her mouth opened and she swallowed his cock into her mouth. I had collapsed as well, my forehead was pressing against the edge of the hole I was looking through, taking most of my weight as Peter gasped for oxygen.

Sarah and John left the shower together holding hands. Peter backed away from me and he pulled my knickers up followed by my skirt. I was dressed again by the time I got my senses back and like the frightened bird I was, as soon as I was back on an even keel I flew for the door.

I ran from the back of the club house, through the woods and out onto the road again. I saw Sarah and John walking from the driveway of the football club, they were walking hand in hand until Sarah saw me and her hand slipped out of his. There was an awkward 'Goodbye' between Sarah and John, he even shouted goodbye to me as well as he walked in the opposite direction, Sarah's eyes were on him until he was out of sight.

Sarah crashed her hip into mine and her arm draped over my hip, "Thanks mum!"

"What are you thanking me for?"

"For everything ... for letting me have my hair cut ... for not showing me up in front of the rest of the team ... for letting me get changed without going mad at me!"

Sarah lifted her chin and kissed me on my lips. "You need to brush your teeth ... your breath smells bad!"

"No, I need to use mouth wash or a mint or something, not good to brush my teeth so soon after ... erm ...Football!"

We carried on to home wrapped in each other's arms. I was surprised not to see my husband's car on the drive when we turned the corner and there was no sign of him in the house ... no, I didn't mean no sign of him being in the house ... I wasn't expecting him to be there if his car wasn't ... what I mean was, his overcoat wasn't hanging in the hall, his shoes were missing from the shoe rack. His favourite CDs were missing from the living room and all of his office work was missing from our home office. I went up to my bedroom, his wardrobe doors were open and all of his clothes were missing.

Sarah appeared at my bedroom door, "He's left a note, I found it in the kitchen, he's gone to live with his other family."

"You know that John Smith is your half-brother don't you?"

"We worked that out years ago ... I'm in love with him but I'm not stupid ... I know that we can't have children or anything ... we could marry, there is no traceable link between us but we probably wouldn't want to marry anyway. Mum, can I ask you something and please don't lie, just tell me to mind my own business if you don't want to say but ... What was Peter like?"

"What do you mean?"

I felt my face heating up more than I could ever remember in my life before.

"The thing is, when I saw you in the bushes watching me play ... well ... I sent Peter round to look after you ... Was he as good as dad or was he better or worse?"

I thought about it, my daughter was only fourteen but she was obviously wise beyond her years. I had never been the sort of woman to talk about sex with her friends and certainly not my daughter ... I looked at her face, there was a mountain of different elements to her look, trust, expectation, hope and a hint of disappointment at my slow response. Every fibre of my body wanted to tell her to mind her own business but instead I slumped down onto my bed.

I looked at Sarah's face, "Well, he was certainly different to your father, that's for sure!"

"Well, I guess if all I'm going to get is different ... I guess I'll have to put up with that."

"Better, he was much better than your father!"

Sarah grinned at me, "As dad has pissed off to live with Gail, can I invite Peter over to spend the night with you?"

"Are you 'Pimping me out' to your friends?"

"Only to Peter Perfect, he's a great guy and he's looking for new digs at the moment, he'll never be faithful to one woman but he won't lie and go behind your back like dad did either!"

I mulled it over, I hadn't really cared that my husband had fucked other women, what had bothered me was that he had done it behind my back.

"Mum, while we're on the subject of sex ... can I invite John over to spend the night with me if I promise not to have full sex with him in your house?"

"Darling, it's your house as much as it is mine, I don't mind what you do with your boyfriend so long as you're careful ... take proper precautions so that John doesn't make you pregnant."

Sarah used the telephone in my bedroom to call her boyfriend on his mobile phone. I heard her invite him over for dinner and the night, "...What will you tell your mum?"

Sarah grinned and looked into my eyes, "He's not going to tell her anything, she's in bed with dad right now going at it like rabbits, Tracey's spending the night with Gail's mum, John said that he probably wouldn't get any sleep at home tonight with the noise they're making so he may as well come here and get no sleep either!"

Sarah giggled and her face light up.

**Football Girl Part 2**

John Smith took thirty minutes to get an overnight bag together and walk to my house. He wrapped Sarah in his arms and kissed her before he spotted me sitting in the living room and almost jumped away from her. "Don't be silly, she knows what you're here for darling!"

Sarah pulled John back against her and kissed him again. After a five minute snog Sarah took John up to her room to stash his overnight bag. I'd expected them to be back down again in a minute or two because Dinner was almost ready but they weren't. I heard squeaking, Sarah's bed was made for a child, it wasn't designed for sex and that's exactly what Sarah and John were doing, just two minutes after he'd arrived. My timer buzzed to tell me that dinner was ready, I shouted up to Sarah to tell her that dinner was ready. I went into the kitchen to dish the food up, as I was putting food onto the plates all I could hear was the sound of bedsprings sawing together and the rhythmic 'Huh ... huh ... huh ... huh' of Sarah having the wind knocked out of her.

I did a quick calculation, just from my buzzer going off to finishing dishing up, John had been fucking Sarah for twice as long as my husband would have spent fucking me, and John and Sarah had been at it way before my buzzer sounded. Peter Perfect had given me the best fuck I'd had in over ten years just a few hours earlier but even that hadn't lasted as long as John had been going and even though I should have been totally satisfied ... sexually speaking ... I found myself experiencing a twinge of jealousy that at just fourteen years of age, my daughter was having better sex than I'd ever had. Well, they were still going at it hammer and tong and their food was getting cold so I decided I'd have to run up and knock on Sarah's door to tell them that their food was ready.

Well, my plan only went a little awry, I'd planned a shock attack, run up, knock the door, shout out that dinner was on the table and then run down stairs again, all done and dusted in fifteen seconds maximum ... when I ran onto the landing I found that Sarah's bedroom door was open, there was nothing to knock on, I came face to John's spotty arse as he pounded down into Sarah's body. I found it difficult to get a volume above a whisper that their dinner was on the table so I had to actually go in and pat John on his bottom to stop him ramming his meat into my daughter's cunt, "Dinner is getting cold!"

John came down to the kitchen wearing football shorts and T-shirt, Sarah was wearing a thin cotton dressing gown. We all ate in silence, John washed the pots and Sarah dried them while I sat in the living room reading my book, a racy tale set in Georgian England, all bodice ripping in the upper classes and openly public sex acts by the military and lower classes. I have to say that with everything I'd seen, heard and done during the day, the last thing I really needed was to read a sex story while my daughter and her boyfriend were kissing in my kitchen.

Sarah brought me a cup of coffee in to the living room and then she and John headed back to her bedroom and the bonking started all over again. I fought hard to put the sound of sex out of my head but it was impossible and in my book, the lady of the manor had taken a hansom cab to an ale house and the story was detailing how she watched ladies selling their bodies in the ale house for a few pennies and how she joined in with the women of the night taking money off of men for sex. I drank my coffee quickly and decided to go out for a walk to try and calm myself down a little.

I wrote Sarah a letter telling her that I would be out for an hour and not to play her music too loud ... not that she was interested in music at that moment. I'd intended on just going out for a walk I hadn't changed my T-shirt after my meeting with Peter Perfect at the football pitch, I looked at my reflection in the hall mirror, the neck hole was stretched beyond all recognition and as I stood there one side of my neck was hanging down my arm an inch. I liked the peasant look of the neck hanging off my shoulder but I didn't like the shoulder strap of my utilitarian bra, a stark white band over my shoulder. I'd either have to change my T-shirt or dump my bra.

I stood mulling it over, the choice was getting difficult, I was on the edge of changing my mind and staying at home when Sarah achieved an orgasm, I would have to go up to my bedroom to get a clean T-shirt, I reached behind me and unfastened the clasp at the back of my bra. I wriggled the bra out of the armhole of my T-shirt and left the house. I walked for thirty minutes and found myself outside our local pub.

When I used to go into the pub with my husband on a Saturday evening there would be large groups of people, often all men or the majority of all men groups with a spattering of wives and girlfriends, there would be a great noise, great camaraderie. I'd been in the pub earlier in the day to ask if John had been in the previous evening only to find that he hadn't been in the pub for ages. The pub was quieter than I remembered, instead of the large group of people all talking to each other the pub was full of couples, just two sharing tables for four and they were all talking quietly to each other.

The pub was barely half full and almost as quiet as a library, I ordered a dark rum and a bottle of cola and then walked around to find a seat and hopefully someone to talk to. The only large group were six young men in an alcove, a pool table in a room that hadn't even existed fifteen years earlier, the last time I drank in that pub. I watched a shot being played, as the young man stood up he saw me and came over to my side and as his friend bent over to take his shot I was asked what my name was.

After his friend took his shot, the guy talking to me gestured to a table against the wall, "You can put your bottle and glass on that table, I'll go and find you a chair to sit on after I've taken my shot."

I watched as he took his shot, he made all the right moves, looked very professional but once again he missed his pocket. He disappeared into the main bar and returned with a leather covered seat that he placed at the end of the table that I'd put my drink on. When he took his next shot he wasn't really taking much notice of where his ball was going, he was looking at my legs more than the pool table.

He handed his cue to one of his friends and told him to take over for him. I watched him go back into the bar and return with another chair which he placed at my side. "So, where are you from Darling?"

"I live over the back of the railway line on Mallard Way!"

"You married?"

"Yes, well, I guess I'm separated rather than married."

"You have any kids?"

"One, she's 14."

His eyes opened a little wider, "Really, you don't look old enough to have a fourteen year old ... where does she go to school?"

"Just the comprehensive at the end of the estate."

"What's her name? We might know her!"

"Sarah..."

He jumped in and stopped me, "Sarah Clarke, John Smith's girlfriend?"

I nodded my head, "Do you know John Smith?"

"Yes, he's in our cl ... used to go to our youth club"

So, the lads playing pool were under aged drinkers and now a boy, probably only around sixteen years old was chatting me up. He moved his seat a little closer to me, his knees were pressing into my upper thigh and I could feel his breath against my bare upper shoulder as he spoke, my left hand was on my thigh and he was brushing his fingertips over the back of my hand for a few seconds before he put his palm across the back of my hand and his fingertips were brushing against my thigh through my skirt. My body reacted to his touch, my nipples stood out and because I wasn't wearing a bra under my thin T-shirt it was very noticeable. I saw him looking at my nipples and he grinned, the fact that he was looking at my growing nipples made them grow even more. He looked over at the four standing around on the other side of the room while the fifth leaned over the pool table to line up his shot, I saw him smile at his friends and they, in return smiled back at him.

"Come for a walk with me!"

"No."

"Come on, finish your drink and come out for a walk with me."

"I'm not coming for a walk with you, I don't even know your name, I don't know anything about you!"

"Well, my name is easy to sort out, I'm Gary Finch, as to the rest, if you want to find out about me come for a walk with me."

I said no ten times as I drank my rum and cola and all the time his hand was on top of my hand and his fingers brushing over my thigh through my skirt, on the eleventh time he asked me to go for a walk with him I said, "Where do you want to walk with me!" instead of just saying no, he smiled at that subtle change in my response. He curled his fingers under my palm to lift my hand off of my lap and as he did he leaned in and kissed the exposed skin of my upper arm and my stomach flipped over. He kissed in three more places between my arm and my neck and then he whispered into my ear, "Come on, finish that drink and come for a walk with me."

I swallowed the last of my rum and Gary stood up, pulling me to my feet. Gary pulled me towards the back of the pool area, there was a doorway out to the toilets and then on to the car park beyond. I was painfully aware that five pairs of eyes were watching as Gary pulled me through the door and into the passageway beyond. As soon as I passed through the door Gary turned, he pushed me against the wall and his mouth clamped onto mine as his left hand rubbed up over my T-shirt and over my unfettered right breast.

I stood there, wondering if this was as far as our walk would take us but after a five minute lip-lock and groping Gary pulled away from me, "Just wait there a minute while I pop into the toilet."

It crossed my mind that I could just walk off and leave him in the toilet but before the door had even closed on the men's toilet there was a clunk of metal on metal, a scraping sound and a 'kerplunk' sound and Gary was stepping back out of the toilet, he was tucking a box of condoms into his shirt pocket.

Gary grabbed my hand again, he pulled me against him and kissed me again, this time just a quick peck before dragging me out into the pub car park. I'd expected him to pull me to the right, towards the road but he didn't, he pulled me towards the back fence of the car park. The fence separated the pub from a disused factory. The factory had been so huge that it had its own railway sidings to take in bulk deliveries of chemicals via the railway network. The sidings weren't empty though, even though the factory had been closed for over a year there was a buildup of old rolling stock off of the national rail network, old carriages that were waiting to be sold off or broken up for scrap.

Gary lifted a section of wire fence for me to get through and he followed me, he pulled me reluctantly along the line of plush first class carriages, well, they had been plush thirty years earlier, now, they were just rusting hulks awaiting their fate.

There was a box standing three feet away from the track, Gary left me standing at the side of one of the closed doors, he fetched the box and placed it at the side of the door, standing on the top of the box Gary could reach the door handle and he opened it. I was manhandled on top of the box and then again into the old carriage. The first compartment had no seats in it, the second had its own seats in place and the seat bases from the first compartment were on the floor. Gary slid the door open and pushed me into the compartment.

I was dragged onto the impromptu bed and pulled onto my back. Gary lay next to me and started kissing me, kissing me and fighting me to get my clothes off as well as his own. We were both naked and Gary handed me one of the condoms he'd just bought, "It's up to you, I'm happy to do it with or without the condom."

I had no doubt that Gary would prefer the feeling of his cock in my pussy, skin on skin and I did like the feeling of semen washing through my body, even if I knew that I wouldn't fall pregnant from it due to my fallopian tubes being full of fibroids and so not producing the egg to turn into a baby so I handed him back the condom and let him climb aboard and plug in.

Gary had been ramming his cock home for two minutes and it sounded like he was at his end game before I'd actually started to climb my own personal mountain but then there was a noise above my head, or should that be behind me ... my head was towards the sliding door and it was wide open, I heard a whisper, "I'm sure he usually brings girls into this carriage to fuck them." There was more than one, probably all five of Gary's friends and they were just six feet from the door. The prospect of being caught rocketed me through to my orgasm, beating Gary by a fraction of a second.

As Gary emptied his balls into me five heads popped around the open compartment doorway to get a good look at what was going on. I'd like to say that I was mortified at being caught fucking a school boy in an old train but I wasn't, in fact, far from it, I knew full well that they would all want to grunt into me and that thought made me climax again as Gary was winding down.

I lay there as five more boys took their turns, they didn't strip off like Gary had done, just opened the stable doors and galloped away into my body. The order that the boys took their turns in me was dictated by the time each boy had to go home. Gary was the only one left at eleven o'clock, he clambered on top of me again and had another fifteen minute ride. I left my knickers off because there were two rivers of spunk running down the insides of my inner thighs.

Gary walked with me all the way to my driveway and we kissed goodnight. There was a car on my drive that I didn't recognise, the front window had a badge that belonged to the football club that Sarah had played for earlier in the day.

I opened the front door, Peter Perfect was sitting on my sofa, a can of beer in his hand and a grin on his face, "Sarah said it would be okay for me to sofa surf here for a day or two."

I nodded my head and then looked up the stairs, "Huh ... huh ... huh." My daughter and John were either still fucking or fucking again. I went up and looked in Sarah's bedroom, "Sarah, don't go mad just because it's your first day, you'll make yourself sore."

I stepped into the bathroom, Sarah and John stopped fucking almost immediately, I ran hot water into the bath, I couldn't really talk, I was already sore, my pussy had taken a beating earlier in the day from Peter Perfect and I'd fucked six boys in the past two hours, one of them twice. The thing about sixteen year olds was that they pounded away as if it were an Olympic sport, rather than the slow jog that I'd become used to.

I slipped into the bath, my muscles were all strained and aching from the pounding my body had just taken. Sarah came in and sat on the toilet, I heard the stream of her pee hitting the water at the bottom of the bowl, "You were out a long time, where did you go?"

"Just down the pub for a drink."

"The Railway Inn?"

"Yes."

"That's where John would have been tonight, his friends go there to play pool, the landlord knows that they're all under age but doesn't mind while they are feeding his pool machine."

"I think I met some of them."

Sarah got off the toilet, wiped and flushed, "Is there room for a little one?"

I moved my legs and Sarah climbed in the tub with me. "Peter was a little worried when I told him he could sleep on our sofa, he would have preferred to ask you himself."

"I don't mind."

"Does he have to sleep on the sofa though?"

"Why? What do you mean?"

"I thought that you might like his company in your bed tonight as it will be your first night alone."

"Not really darling, your father often stayed out all night."

"Yes but you had the expectation that he'd be home before you woke up, didn't you?"

John was standing at the bathroom door, "Can I use the toilet please?"

"John, we only have the one bathroom here, we don't stand on ceremony, a body has to do what a body has to do."

"Thanks Mrs. C."

"Call me Vicky ... please!"

"Thanks Vicky."

John walked in and he stood at the toilet and peed.

He sat on the toilet after he'd flushed, "Do you mind if I stay in here with you guys?"

I finished rubbing soap into my body, "I'm getting out, you can hop in with Sarah if you'd like to."

While I dried myself John and Sarah got busy washing each other in the bath. I wrapped myself in my towel and went down to the living room, "Would you like some bedding and a pillow for the sofa or would you rather sleep in my bed with me ... I'm not offering you sex, I'm a little sore at the moment."

Peter and I returned to my bedroom and slipped under the covers together. Peter wrapped me in his arms and we kissed and cuddled for an hour or so before we fell asleep. We were woken at ten thirty in the morning by the sound of John and Sarah banging away again, Peter asked if I was still too sore, "I am a little, sorry!"

"Is it okay if I masturbate myself?"

Now that sounded like a strange request to me, as far as I was concerned, masturbation was a solitary occupation but I just said, "Knock yourself out! I'll go and make a pot of tea."

"No ... no don't please, I want to masturbate with you next to me."

I'd never heard of anything like it in my life before, people masturbating while someone else watched them.

Peter pulled me against his side as he rubbed himself, he wasn't in any kind of hurry, he was just stroking his cock slowly, he kissed me on my lips and then he kissed every inch of my body as he rubbed himself off, "Would you like to give me a hand?"

I took over his cock but he stopped me, "Not with your hand!"

"I already told you that I was too sore for sex!"

"No ... that's okay, just roll over on top of me a little. I was positioned so that my body half covered Peter's, he trapped his cock between his abdomen and my hip and he started fucking against my hip as he lavished kisses on my lips. Peter had spent an hour masturbating himself with his hand and my hip and when he finally climaxed he drenched both of our bodies with his spunk.

Peter and I crossed over to the bathroom and we shared a bath together. Sarah poked her head around the door, she was dressed in one of her many imitation football strips, "We've had breakfast, we're going out for a bit to hang out with a few of John's friends, what time will lunch be ready?"

"At least three hours."

Peter asked me if I wanted to pop out for a drink with him while dinner cooked. I'd popped the joint into the oven on a bed of root vegetables including chunky cut onions; I'd need to be home after two hours to cook the potatoes and the rest of the vegetables but the meat would look after itself.

There was a young woman in the pub, Peter went over to her and kissed her with more than a little familiarity, he asked me what I'd like to drink, "I don't think I fancy a drink actually ... I remembered Sarah telling me that Peter would never be faithful but also that he wouldn't go behind my back, he'd be totally open and he was certainly being open with this young woman.

"No Vicky, you have to stay, my sister doesn't get away from her husband very often!"

I calmed down a little, I couldn't believe that I'd been so jealous of the young woman after only knowing Peter for twenty four hours, we'd fucked once, spent the night together and I'd let him use my hip to wank himself off against so I shouldn't have been so fixated on him already ... not to forget that I'd fucked six other people in between meeting Peter and spending the night with him.

"Aren't you from around here ... I'm sorry, Peter didn't tell me your name!"

"I'm Penelope, my husband whisked me to London as soon as we were married but he's working in Paris this week so I dashed up here as soon as he left for the airport."

We sat around chatting and drinking for an hour, it was clear that Penny had no Idea that her brother was homeless when she left London, she mentioned that she'd probably have to dash straight back to London as she didn't have anywhere to stay up here. I offered her Sunday lunch as we had plenty, a huge joint and a mountain of vegetables.

So, instead of the usual two for dinner we were five. There was a lot of conversation and laughter as John and Peter bounced comments off of each other. I casually dropped into the conversation with Sarah, "So, where did you 'hang out' with John's friends earlier?"

"We hung around at the back of the Railway Inn!"

"The only thing behind the Railway Inn is the factory sidings!"

"We just hung out down there, we didn't break anything, some of those carriages have been there for five years, they're just rusting away."

"How many of you were there?"

"Just eight of us!"

I could guess who the other six were that were hanging out with Sarah and John at the railway sidings.

After lunch, Sarah and John washed the pots and Peter, Penny and I drank in the living room, I suddenly had a thought and said, "How many drinks have you had Penny?"

"Oh God, I forgot, I'd been planning on sleeping over with Peter tonight, I'll have to leave as late as I can and just hope that I've used up all the alcohol out of my system."

Penny put her drink down as if it were scalding hot, I looked at the disappointed look on Peter's face. I went into the kitchen to get myself another drink and a few seconds later Peter was looking in the fridge for another of his cans of beer. Sarah and John finished putting the pots away and had run for Sarah's bedroom again.

"Wouldn't it be better if Penny slept on my sofa instead of risking driving all the way to London when she might be over the limit?"

Peter smiled at me, "If I told you that Penny would probably rather I slept on your sofa and she joined you in bed what would you say?"

I was shocked as well as stunned, I was thirty four years old and my life's view of sex and sexuality had already been rotated a dozen times in the past thirty hours and here, Peter was giving it one last spin. "What do you mean?"

"My sister is bisexual, she has a thing for women of your age ... she's actually into all kinds of way out sex ... Including a little incest as well!"

The casual way that he said incest was almost like he was saying that his sister liked cornflakes for breakfast. I guess that I'd accepted a kind of incest already, Sarah and John, although there was no actual proof that they were blood relatives and they hadn't grown up together, there was a lot of circumstantial evidence that they were half brother and sister and at that very moment, John was fucking her brains out!

"Can you go and ask her if she'd like to stay ... if I ask her she'll just think I'm being cheeky and taking advantage of you. And speaking of taking advantage, do you have any whites that need washing? I need a few shirts and things for work and I was hoping to be able to use your machine, so I may as well wash all the whites together ... if that's okay with you."

I opened the laundry basket and dragged the washing out, I threw all of the white and light clothes into the washing machine and then left Peter to throw his own clothes in. I guess it made a change for someone else to wash for me; my husband didn't even know where the washing machine lived.

While Peter was sorting out the washing machine I took my drink into the living room and asked Penny if she wanted to stay the night instead of driving to London and risk having an accident or being prosecuted for driving after drinking alcohol.

I saw a wicked look on Penny's face as she pulled herself out of her seat and she slinked over to me, she sat on my knee and started kissing me. It was a bit of a whirlwind kind of a thing but before Peter returned to the living room Penny and I were gone, Peter knew exactly where to find us though, we were in my bedroom. Penny had talked me into letting her give me a pleasure massage. I was oiled and rubbed from my toenails to the tips of my hair and everywhere in between. I could certainly understand what was meant by a pleasure massage, after thirty minutes my body was buzzing all over. Peter was sitting on the bed watching his sister rubbing and massaging me all over.

Penny kissed me again, "When I'm at work, this is the point where I'd ask if there was anything else I could do for you ... It's one big game really, I can't offer any sexual act for payment, that would be illegal and if you asked me for one, that would also be illegal. So in the game that is the massage business you'd have to say something like, 'I'd like a happy ending!' Or 'I need help to relax!' And I'd have to say, 'Extras are fifty quid!' And if you agreed, that's when I'd get a little more sexual but only ever hand relief or a body rub, no full sex!"

I didn't understand the concept of a body rub, I thought she'd already rubbed my body. Penny pressed Peter in to help, she started to massage him the way she'd massaged me, she even talked me into helping her, showing me how hard to press down, where to press and everything, then she said, "Okay, I'm going for a body rub now!"

Penny rubbed oil into her breasts and she used her breasts to rub over Peter's cock until he fired off all over her tits.

"There are drawbacks to working as a masseuse; handsome men don't pay for a massage. You have to put your rose tinted spectacles on, all the men are damaged property, they are fat, old, ugly or just married to the wrong woman and looking for a woman willing to look after their needs without looking at the man they're working on."

We had gone to bed at four o'clock in the afternoon, I'd planned to get up at six o'clock and do a snack meal for dinner but in the end I didn't, the three of us just played together and ended up fucking until midnight. One thing, all the sexual activity and only having one meal in a day would certainly get rid of any excess weight I may be carrying.

John went home at midnight so that he'd have his school stuff ready in the morning.

Peter was up early on Monday morning, he ironed his own shirt and he also ironed Sarah's blouse as well as her school skirt. Penny stayed in bed, I got up after Peter left for work and woke Sarah for her breakfast. As we sat at the table I asked her what she got up to when she was on the railway sidings with seven boys.

"I helped them all to get off, I used my hand and my mouth on John's friends while he kept my pussy blocked off with his cock or they would have all wanted to shag me as well."

I'd seen Sarah use her hand on twelve men on Saturday after football as well as give her boyfriend oral sex so I wasn't surprised that she would be happy to look after six sixteen year old boys at the same time.

Sarah was surprised to find her school uniform was washed and ironed without any fuss, especially as I'd spent most of the weekend having sex with Peter and his sister, usually on a Monday morning after doing nothing I'd still be ironing while she ate her breakfast.

Sarah left for school and I set about cleaning, Penny came down at ten o'clock with her arms full of our bedding, my bed as well as Sarah's and Penney dumped it all in the washing machine. "I've stood both mattresses against open windows to help them dry out, I'll flip them later before I have to go ... what are you doing for the rest of your day?"

"I'm going to have to go down the job centre and find work now that I'm a single mother"

Penny opened the local evening paper from the previous Thursday, "There are twenty jobs in here for the whole town, they all pay minimum wage, that's under three hundred pounds for a forty hour week, after stoppages and taxes, you'll be lucky to take home two-fifty a week. If you're willing to lose your dining room, you could earn that much on a slow day and no taxes to pay unless you're desperate to."

"How? Just from losing my dining room."

"Move the table into the kitchen and set up a massage table in there."

"I couldn't do anything like that."

"I have my old massage table and all my oils in storage here in town, I'm paying more in a month for the storage than the stuff is really worth, even if you only get two men a day you'd be better off than dragging yourself out to work cleaning or stacking shelves all week long."

I chuckled at the prospect of getting ten men a week interested in me massaging them, the thought of it was laughable!

I let Penny railroad me into giving it a try, we spent thirty minutes emptying my dining room into my kitchen and living room.

"The room is basic white, that's perfect, I have all the furniture you'll need for a professional look in here."

Penny drove me to a car rental company, the manager greeted Penny like an old friend, "Mike, I need a big van for two hours please!"

"Usual rate?"

"Sure."

I just stood there like a lemon while Penny walked around behind the man's desk; she knelt on the floor at his side and sucked his cock while he was looking at me. It didn't take him long to fill her mouth and after swallowing his seed, Penny told him that I was setting up as a pleasure masseuse and she was going to fetch all of her kit for me to use at my house.

"Where do you live Vicky?"

I looked nervously at Penny, she gave him my address. As she drove the massive van to the storage company she told me that she'd chosen that particular company to borrow a van from because the manager had a lot of contacts with men who were always looking for a good sex worker. "He'll pass on your address to his friends, there could even be someone waiting at your house by the time we get the stuff there.

Penny emptied her storage locker and closed out her account. She was actually right, there was a car parked outside my house, the man met us as we stepped out of the van, "I'm looking for Vicky, Mike sent me."

Penny looked over at me, "This is Vicky but she's not quite ready for business yet, all her stuff is in the van."

"I can help you unload the van, I only have two hours though."

Penny pulled me to one side, "Let him help me carry everything in, you go up to your bedroom, make your bed and cover it with one of my big towels, it won't be as easy to do the massage but I don't think he'll care, remember, fifty quid for the rub down and fifty for extras, don't mention what the extras are though, actually, if he humps the stuff in for us, give him his happy ending just for helping us out."

So Penny and the guy dragged a mobile whore house out of the van while I made my bedroom look presentable. Penny came up while the man was bolting the massage table together, she had a box of oils and a commercial box of condoms, "What are the condoms for?"

"You might fancy one of the customers enough to let him fuck you, just don't make a habit of it or word will get round about it."

He came up looking a little nervous, "Your friend said that a pleasure massage is fifty quid..." he held out his hand with five ten pound notes in it, "...is that okay?"

I took his money, "Look, I'm new to all this, what exactly is it that you want?"

He looked at my bed, "Ideally, I'd love to get naked together and just roll around on your bed for fifty minutes then have you masturbate me for ten minutes."

I looked him over, he wasn't bad looking, actually, he was more handsome than my husband, he wasn't as fat and he'd already proved himself to be more helpful than my husband. I gestured to the bed and pulled the duvet over the top of the large towel that covered the bottom sheet.

He treated me as if I were a lover rather than a sex worker, he actually gave me several massive orgasms with his fingers before he checked the time, "Do I have to pay you fifty extra for hand relief?"

"Not this time love, you did help us to carry all the stuff into the house so that part will be free this time."

I uncovered us both and then started to rub his cock with my hand, we were still kissing and I remembered what Peter did with my body when he masturbated himself so when the guy was close I rolled on top of him, trapped his cock between our bodies and took him to his happy ending with my body. He totally loved it and after he'd climaxed he wrapped me in his arms and cuddled with me for five more minutes. "Can we do this next time I come over?"

"What, play like this in my bed instead of me massaging you on the table?"

"He nodded his head, "Actually, I don't really like massages but we usually have to go through that rigmarole to prevent police entrapment, now that I know you and you know me, I'll just pay you one hundred pounds to do this for an hour, no messing about ... if that's okay with you!"

I nodded my head and pulled my T-shirt and skirt back on without my bra and knickers under it while he got dressed and I walked down to the front door with him, we kissed goodbye on the doorstep and he left.

Penny was grinning at me as I walked into the massage parlour that she'd set up in my dining room. "You were lucky, your first customer was a winner in the game. Did you enjoy your first payday?"

I gave her an awkward smile and nodded my head, "And look at it like this, you got fifty quid for your first hour, that's the same as working for eight hours at a dead-end job and forking out for transport and taxes."

I nodded my head again. Penny handed me a nylon lab coat with press stud fastenings, "If you wear this while you're at work it helps to separate work time from leisure time and it is easy to get into and out of. For now you can use your kitchen to wash your hands between customers but look into having a sink put in here, perhaps even a shower cubicle in time. I can put you in touch with plumbers who are willing to work for a few happy endings."

"What do you want for lunch and what time are you going back to London?"

"Just something light and if it's okay with you, I'd love to spend one more night with you and Peter and leave early on Tuesday morning ... Looks like I'll have to get lunch!"

"Why?"

"I think you might have another customer!"

I looked out of the living room window and saw a man walking nervously down my drive. I went to the front door and he visibly relaxed when he saw the way I was dressed, "Hi, are you Vicky?"

"Yes, how can I help you?"

"My friend Glen gave me your address, he said he has a special arrangement for relaxation massage rather than straight pleasure massage ..." I knew that I looked confused, I didn't know anyone called Glen, "... you know, no oil ..." He looked up towards my bedroom window and at that moment my telephone rang

"Excuse me a moment please."

I picked up the phone, I recognised the voice instantly, it was the man I'd just spent an hour in bed with, "I'm sorry about this Victoria, I was just boasting to a friend of mine about our ... massage ... earlier, he asked me for your address, I think he might be on his way round to see you."

"I take it your name is Glen?"

"Yes, your friend gave me your number while I was helping her to set up your massage room."

"Yes, okay, well, it looks like your friend has just arrived. Thanks for the recommendation."

Glen hung up the phone and I invited the man in, "Glen said that you were happy to do without all that coded stuff so here it is, one hundred pounds for a Glen special upstairs!"

I took his money and let him follow me up to my bedroom. Once again we both stripped off and slipped into the bed. Again, he wasn't too bad looking if a little over weight so I let him kiss me and play with my body as much as I was playing with his and when he was ready for his happy ending he pulled me on top of him and used my body weight to climax over my body.

I needed a shower, Glen had covered my stomach and I'd easily wiped it off with a towel but the second man had taken the trouble to paint almost every inch of my body in his sticky cream before he slipped out of my bed.

I took him to the front door and kissed him goodbye. I took a quick shower and then got dressed in my hooker uniform before sitting down to lunch with Penny. Penny had made me a salad using some of the leftover meat from Sunday lunch. "You're better off having a cold lunch because you never know when the door will be knocked again and you either have to turn business away or leave your lunch until later!"

Penny's comment turned out to be very prophetic. I was less than half way through my lunch when there was a knock at the front door. I left my lunch and went to the front door, "Hi, Mike gave me your address, he said you did massages, 'Pleasure, rather than therapeutic!' and I was wondering if you were free to give me one!"

I stopped myself laughing at the little double entendre, "I'm available, it's fifty pounds for the basic pleasure massage."

He went for his wallet but I stopped him, I looked up and down the street to see if anyone was paying me and my customer any attention. I took him into the hall where he handed over five ten pound notes. He was about to put his wallet away and stopped, his face blushed a little and I could see that he was having a little conversation with himself, I saw an internal agreement had been reached, "Erm, do I have to pay more for topless massage?"

I shook my head, "Hard to call it a pleasure massage if I keep all of my clothes on!"

He popped his wallet into his jacket pocket, "Erm, are there**'Any Extras'**available?"

"Like what?"

"Is it possible to get a happy ending?"

"A happy ending will cost fifty pounds more."

"Full sex?"

"No, sorry, that isn't on the menu!"

He smiled and took another fifty pounds out of his wallet and handed it over so that he would be guaranteed a happy ending during his massage.

In my dining room I watched as he stripped off, for therapeutic massage he would have covered his middle, hiding his cock and arse from view but as it was a pleasure massage he just lay on the towel covered massage table totally naked. As soon as he was comfortable I pulled the front of my lab coat open and revealed my body.

I oiled my hands and started to rub the oil into his body, usually a professional masseuse would have been very careful to avoid touching a customer's genitals during a massage but as I was going to finish him off with my hands in fifty minutes time I didn't even try to avoid his cock or balls, I was just careful to be gentle as I rubbed over them. I oiled every inch of his body, front and back in his fifty minute pleasure massage.

I got him to roll onto his back, I added a lot more oil to his cock and balls and then I started to rub his cock hard and fast with my right hand as my left hand fondled his balls. As I was working on him I was aware that he was lifting his bum off the table every time my finger got close to his arse hole. I got the message that perhaps he was trying to encourage my finger to play around his dark hole as I was wanking him off. I had noticed that his anal muscle was a little looser than it should have been while I was massaging his bum and again, every time I'd gone close to his arse he had lifted up to try and get my finger close to his ring.

I scooped up extra oil on the third finger of my left hand, it seemed quite poetic to me that I was about to push the third finger of my left hand up his arse, wedding ring and all.

I hadn't stopped rubbing his cock with my right hand while I was getting ready to finger fuck his bottom and he'd seemed nowhere close to an orgasm, as my wedding band opened his arse wider he exploded, sending a shower of semen four feet into the air.

I used a hand towel to wipe semen and shit off of my hands and he was dressing a very happy man. "I'm here again in a fortnight; will you be available again at about the same time, two weeks on Monday?"

"Sure, I'll put you down in my diary, what name shall I use?"

"Trevor Clarke, I'm from Shepshead in Leicestershire."

I pulled my lab coat on again and took Trevor to the front door. When I went back to my lunch Penny said, "What happened, you're blushing like mad!"

"I'm not sure but I think I've just given a 'happy ending' to one of my husband's cousins, fortunately not one that I've ever met before, his side of the family never came to the wedding."

Penny laughed at me as I ate my lunch one handed while I found the page in my diary to write my next appointment with Trevor down.

Penny pointed out that I'd already earned the same amount as I would have earned after forty hours in the jobs advertised in the local paper and there would be no limit on my earning the same the next day ... or in fact the next four days come to that.

Sarah chose that moment to come running in with a cheery, "Hi mum, hi Penny."

Sarah ran past the dining room and then stopped in her tracks and back peddled a few steps.

"What's going on mum?"

"Well, I'm a single parent now and I doubt your father will be willing to support two households so I've had to get a job!"

"You're going to be a masseuse?"

"Not going to be, I've been working today already."

"How much do you charge?"

"Fifty pounds for a pleasure massage!"

"And how much for a happy ending?"

I shouldn't have been surprised, she may only be fourteen years old but my daughter seemed to be well schooled in matters sexual. I could have pretended that I didn't know what she was on about but instead I said, "A happy ending costs another fifty!"

"Do you give discount for friends and family?"

"Who did you have in mind?"

"Well, John, he'd love a massage from you with a happy ending but he'd never afford one hundred pounds for it."

I looked at Penny, "I'd do it for John for free but I think the fact that it would be you doing it is what would be the thing that made it special for John..." Penny went into the dining room and came back with a condom, "...in fact, you should give him a happy beginning, then a massage and let him use this to get his own happy ending."

I blushed as I looked at Sarah, her face split in a massive grin as she nodded her head in agreement with Penny.

"I'll ring John now if that's okay mum!"

I hadn't actually said yes but that didn't seem to matter, Sarah was already on the phone to John.