**Guinea Pig**

by Isabella

I started working at the local rugby club as a barmaid on match days, my mother tells people that I'm a mixologist but she's wrong, all I get to do is pull pints of bitter for testosterone infused rugby players. On my first day I was hit on by eleven out of the first team's players, the first to try his luck was Ron Clarke, I knew that Ron had recently married to one of my old school friends, Sarah, so I packed him off with a flea in his ear, the second was his younger brother Paul Clarke but again, I knew that Paul was married to Mary so he got short shrift as well.

At the end of my first evening I spotted John Clarke, he was the only player from the first team that hadn't made a pass at me or an off colour remark or tried to catch me in a corner for a grope...it was refreshing to find one of the muscular giants who just sat quietly getting drunk and not playing me up...I actually wondered if he was gay or something.

My mother had a theory about the town, a theory that had prevented me ever being allowed out on my own from about the age of Eight until eighteen! The town had a pharmaceutical plant that produced hormone replacement patches for pre menopausal women as well as other drugs, including testosterone tablets and patches for men with low testosterone and all those hormones in the atmosphere around the plant turned the local men into sex maniacs. Our town had the highest rate of teenage pregnancies in the country...possibly even in the whole of Europe, including those countries where sex is allowed two or three years younger than the UK.

I fought off offers from men for three weeks, on the fourth week things started out even worse than the previous three weeks and in the end I turned to John Clarke. I don't think that he'd even looked in my direction in the previous three weeks but when I asked him if I could walk part of the way home with him after closing time to save myself fighting off men on the way, he jumped at the chance. John even went out of his way to walk me to my door and because of that, I kissed him on his cheek to thank him.

On the fifth week there was no issue from the male players or fans, no flirting, no off colour remarks, no grabbing for my arse when I collected glasses. I was so relaxed that I didn't even bother asking John if I could walk with him to the corner of Church Street where his route diverged from mine.

We called last orders at ten thirty and threw the last customer out at ten forty-five, it took just fifteen minutes to tidy up enough to leave the club and so at eleven o'clock I walked out of the front door and stopped in my tracks when I found John Clarke standing in the car park waiting for me.

We walked along very slowly, just making small talk, John was interested in my school days because I had been a friend of one of his sisters-in-law while we were at school together. When we reached Church Street I thanked John for walking with me again, he looked disappointed, "I was hoping to walk you all the way home...I enjoyed that kiss you gave me last week!"

I felt my cheeks blush and he laughed at me. We continued walking slowly together towards my house. It was almost midnight by the time we reached the front path to my house, I was so late home that my mother was on the front doorstep looking out for me. The worried expression on her face changed the moment that she saw John Clarke walking me home, John was part of a dynasty that employed more than half the people living in our town, Ronald Clarke, John's father, was a major player, not just in the town or county but in the country. He was often seen in the background at nationally important events.

John was thanked for walking me home by my mother and she offered him a cup of coffee which he accepted. I sat at the kitchen table with John as my mother made us coffee. She handed us our hot drinks, told me not to stop up too late and said goodnight to John, leaving us to drink coffee in the kitchen.

We talked until John finished his coffee, he mentioned the kiss again, actually asking me it it would be alright for him to kiss me. I nodded my head, after all, I had kissed him on the cheek the week before without asking, I'd just jumped in quickly, pecked his cheek and ran for my front door.

He pulled me to my feet and hugged me, our lips met and I started counting Mississippis...giving up at thirty, just before he let me go. I walked with him to the front door and there was another kiss, much shorter this time and John was gone. I watched him walking until he was out of sight, heading back to Church Road and the house he lived in on his own, even though it was reputed to have seven bedrooms.

I got up early on Monday morning, Monday was my day to visit the town's job centre, I'd wander down the rows of postcards advertising jobs in the town. I spotted John Clarke in the corner of the room and walked over to him, "Looking for a change of career John?"

I don't know why I'd said that, I didn't even know if he had a job or if he did, what that job could be...he could even be an employee of the Job centre.

He smiled at me and asked if I'd like a coffee, he had an ID card that he swiped to open a door beyond the public area of the job centre, it was more likely that he worked here than ever.

He took me to a coffee machine in the staff rest area and we sat on comfortable chairs.

"What kind of work are you looking for Victoria?"

I shrugged my shoulders, "I have no idea really...I just look down the jobs and hope that something will jump out at me."

"What special skills do you have?"

I shrugged my shoulders again, "I don't think I actually have any."

"Not a very good answer at a job interview is it?"

"Is this a job interview?"

"Could be...what were you good at when you were at school...what did you like most?"

I thought about it for a moment, "I think ITC...that' was my favourite subject or it was taught by my favourite teacher, sometimes the edges blur!"

"Oh, so you're good at computers and stuff!"

"And stuff!"

John excused himself for a moment and came back with a form.

"Here, fill this in and take it over to Data Solutions on Mill Lane, you know where it is?"

I nodded my head, it's at the side of the pharmaceutical plant."

"That's the one, ask for Colin Freer, he's the head of IT there."

"When? When should I go over, should I ring for an appointment first?"

"No, just fill that form in and go straight over now."

John left me to fill in the form in the staff rest area while he got back to work.

I walked to Mill Lane, found the reception office and asked to see Mr Freer.

"Which one, we have four working here."

"Colin I think."

"Senior or junior?"

"Head of IT!"

"That's senior, take a seat and I'll tell him you're here!"

I paused, I expected her to get to the point of telling her boss that I was there and then realise that she hadn't asked me for my name.

"Hi Mr Freer, I have Miss Porter in reception for you!"

Wow...that was a shock, how the hell did she know my name?

Colin came out into reception and offered me his hand, "Hi, I'm Colin Freer, may I call you Victoria?"

"Please do."

"Follow me then please Victoria."

He took me through to a large office with ten people working at PCs, he sat me at an empty desk, "Switch the PC on please Victoria."

I turned the power on as well as the screen and was presented with a dialogue box to chose a business area.

"Select 'Agricultural Services' please and your password will be VPPassword but you will be asked to reset your password to something that you'll remember later!"

I did as I was told and while I reset the password to my old ITC password from school, Colin Freer wandered off to a small office at the end of the room.

Colin returned with a folder of handwritten sheets, "Do you know how to use Microsoft Excel?"

I nodded my head.

"Right, can you make up a spreadsheet to hold all of the data on the files on this folder please."

He was gone again, I looked at the clock, it was eleven o'clock, I read the first page from the folder, worked out the various column headings I would need, it took me just ten minutes to set out the spreadsheet and then I started to type in the data off the first page. I got really into it and by twelve o'clock I'd transferred twenty pages of data from paper records into the spreadsheet.

Colin came up to me at twelve o'clock and looked at what I'd done so far, "Very industrious Victoria, you can take your lunch break now, I'll see you back here after you've eaten."

"How long do I get for lunch?"

Colin looked confused, "Take as long as you like...or as little, we're very flexible here."

I walked out of the office very confused, was I working there, had I just taken a test and would I get an interview after lunch? If I went home for lunch it would take about ninety minutes to walk home, eat and then return so that was out of the question, as I walked through the reception towards the outside world I checked my purse, I had three pounds so I could buy a portion of chips at the chip shop.

John Clarke was standing in front of the office, "Can I buy you lunch Vicky?"

I was shocked but delighted at the offer.

John drove me to a gastro pub just outside of town, the pub was busy so I said that we shouldn't stop there to eat or we'd be late back to work.

"I'm in no hurry, I only have a meeting at three o'clock this afternoon."

"Okay then, I might be late back from lunch!"

"You're allowed to take as long for lunch as you need, Data Solutions has very flexible working conditions."

Lunch took two hours to eat, John made the best of the time by getting to know me better before taking me back to work. We kissed in the car park outside Data Solutions front door and I walked back into reception, I pointed at the door through to the main office, I was just about to ask the receptionist how I got through the locked door when she buzzed the door open for me.

"Thanks!"

I walked up to Colin Freer's office and knocked on his door, he called out for me to go in, I opened his door and said, "I'm back from lunch, sorry it took so long."

"No problem Victoria, can you carry on with inputting those control sheets from Agricultural Services please."

"Will do Mr Freer."

"Call me Colin please Victoria...what name did you give the spreadsheet?"

"I used the name on the folder and saved it in the Excel folder."

"Good, that will make it easy to find."

I shook my head as I walked down through the office back to my assigned desk. I started typing the data into the columns and at three thirty Colin walked out of his office and led John Clarke to my desk, "Victoria has been working on your project Mr Clark and she seems to be making excellent progress so far!"

John smiled at me and said, "When do you think you'll be finished entering all the data Victoria?"

I checked the time, "I think I should be able to finish off by five or six o'clock this evening Mr Clarke!"

"You don't have to call me Mr Clarke Vicky, it's okay to call me John."

Colin looked uncomfortable at John giving me permission to use his first name.

John was about o walk back to Colin's office but he stopped, "If you do finish tonight, can I pick you up and take you to Agricultural Services in the morning to load the spreadsheet onto their computer and teach the foreman over there how to use it."

I nodded my head.

Colin joined me at my desk at five o'clock to see how I was getting on, I'd just finished entering the data and Colin took over the keyboard to assign an icon he'd created for the spreadsheet that was in the shape of a combined harvester. He went through how to upload the file onto the computer at Agricultural Services and he told me that I could go home if I was happy that I'd finished.

"Erm...Colin, what about tomorrow?"

"Mr Clarke will pick you up from home, if you get finished before three o'clock you can come back here for another assignment, if not, I'll see you here on Wednesday."

Mum was in a bad mood when I got home because I hadn't told her I'd be out all day but her mood changed when I told her that I'd been working...I couldn't tell her much about the job though as I didn't really understand it, didn't really know if I had a full time job or a part time one or if I'd just spent a free day as a test.

John picked me up at eight o'clock in the morning and drove me out to a local farm that seemed to have more farm machinery than I'd ever seen before in one place. John guided me through a massive barn structure where workers were getting ready to take machines out into the local fields, they all called John 'Boss' so I assumed that he had something to do with their management structure. I was taken to a small back office where a fossilised old man sat at an old desk, he looked two hundred years old if he was a day. He was sitting at the desk handwriting the same form that I had input into my spreadsheet the day before. There was a brand new PC at the side of the desk, still in its box.

I unpacked the computer, John showed me where the electricians had installed a new double power point and a data port for the computer. I installed the computer and connected all the wires, including the '10/100' utl cable and asked Ben, the foreman for the Agricultural Services crew, to switch on and sign in. Ben had his instructions written down on a sheet of paper, he started the computer and logged in, I took over the keys and placed the large combined harvester icon that Colin Freer had created onto Ben's desktop. I taught him how to load the soft ware and then guided him through converting the first entry from his hand written form into the computer, he complained, "I don't know the first thing about computers or typing!"

I thought, 'You hardly know how to write by hand and spelling is a mystery to you!' but I said, "Come on Ben, just give it a try!"

Ben typed in the first column, the date, without much difficulty. But then, without much interest too, it took him longer than it would have taken to handwrite the data. I told Ben to press enter and the curser would jump to the next field that needed filling in. The second column was the worker's name, Ben typed 'F' and Fred Walker appeared in the cell, "If you wanted Fred Walker then press enter to lock that name in the box and move on to the next column, if it wasn't just carry on typing and Fred Walker will disappear."

The third column was the customer's name, again Ben typed the first letter of the name and he was offered three choices of customer that started with that letter.

"You can select from the three on offer with the mouse or type the second letter and there will only be one left and then press enter to lock it in and move on."

The fourth column was the location, the fields name or location number, again the computer filled in most of the cell for Ben, the only cell he had to fill in by himself was the number of hours worked and the last column was the vehicle used or other equipment, again that field almost filled itself in for Ben, the last press of the enter button took Ben down one row and back to cell number one.

I just stood watching for the next twenty minutes as Ben input a whole month's worth of data into the spreadsheet, he didn't need any other prompting from me at all, I was all finished by ten o'clock.

"Right, I should get back to Data Solutions, see what Colin Freer wants me to do next."

"I think we should have lunch first...actually I think that it might be helpful for you to get a feel for all of the businesses that Data Solutions works for so I'll take you on the guided tour before you go back to work."

As we moved around the various businesses that used Data Solutions services we bumped into Ronald Clarke, John's father and he invited me to lunch on Sunday, a big family affaire at the family's first business, a large dairy farm. As soon as we were back in John's car I asked, "Why did your father invite me to Sunday lunch with your family?"

"My dad thinks you're my girlfriend, people saw us walking home together last week and...well, you know how small towns are for gossip!"

"Didn't you tell your father the truth?"

"It depends on what you see as the truth really. You're not my girlfriend...yet, but it is just a matter of time hopefully!"

I did a double take at that comment, a double take and a little smile, "What...you want me to be...like...your proper girlfriend?

John nodded his head.

Between eating lunch and going around all of the businesses that Data Solutions worked for, it was three o'clock before I was back at the Data Solutions office. The final company John took me into was the pharmaceutical plant where I was introduced to Dr Alan Cunnington, the research scientist in charge of new product design. John's brother Ron was the plant's manager and welcomed me into the family business.

Colin Freer was surprised to see that I had turned up for work at three o'clock. I was asked to work on the spreadsheet a little more, he wanted a page that would look into the main spreadsheet and sort the data by employee's name and add up all the hours worked in a selected time period, then he wanted another sheet that sorted the same data but by customer name and location, again using a selected date range to limit the data.

I worked on that change to the spreadsheet until six o'clock and then left for the night. I got into the swing of working full time for Data Solutions for the rest of the week, I got into the habit of taking sandwiches for lunch and eating them in the rest area next to Colin Freer's office.

I worked in the rugby club's bar on Saturday and John spent the evening talking to me as I worked. After work he walked towards my house and as we chatted he dropped the bombshell on me, "Would you consider spending the night with me at my place?"

"I don't think my mother would approve."

John phoned my mother and had a quick chat with her as he paced up and down and then he came back to me, "Your mother took a bit of convincing but she's happy now, she said that she'd see you in the morning."

"I haven't got a nighty or clean underwear or anything, I'll have to go home first."

So we went to my house and I packed a quick overnight bag, including my clothes to wear to lunch at John's parent's house for Sunday lunch.

Once we were in John's bedroom and getting down to the kissing thing again, John confused me totally by telling me that he wanted to sleep with me but that he didn't want to go all the way until our wedding night.

"Marred...John, you're being silly, we're not getting married."

"Well, not today but hopefully by the end of the year you'll marry me!"

"Are there any other lunatics in your family John?"

"Are you saying I'm crazy?"

"Well, a little, talking me into spending the night with you and then telling me that you didn't want to have sex with me!"

"I didn't say that...I said that I didn't want to go all the way until our wedding night...there's a lot we can do that's short of my taking your virginity!"

"You think I'm a virgin?"

"I spoke to Sarah about you, she's sure that you're still a virgin, one of the few virgins to reach eighteen in this mixed up town!"

As John kissed me again I thought, 'I must thank Sarah the next time I see her!'

We both ended up totally naked and in the same bed kissing and cuddling, John got me off with his fingers and then I did the same for him with my fist. We didn't play for long and he was as good as his word, we both just had a little fun and then we went to sleep wrapped in each other's arms all night.

I'd never been to such a large family gathering in my life before, there were more people sitting down to Sunday lunch in the Clarke farmhouse than I'd seen at family weddings before. Mary had been married to Paul for six months but I didn't really know her, Sarah had married the oldest son, Ron, just three months earlier and now John was talking to his parents about marrying me.

As the meal went on, John's father was talking to Mary about a gala dinner in London, it had been organised by the Masons for November. I didn't really know much about the Masons but during Sunday lunch I realised that whatever the Masons were, their organisation was at odds with the Roman Catholic Church, and because John's mum was a very strict Roman Catholic, she refused to accompany her husband to the function. Eventually Mary agreed to go with her father-in-law to the gala dinner in London. The following Saturday morning I was in town with John, doing a little shopping with him and spotted Paul and Mary in one of the posh frock shops, the kind of place that I'd never dream of going into because the clothes they sold were all way out of my price range.

John took me in and while he was talking to his brother I was in the changing room with Mary. Paul had picked out a dress for Mary to try on, the dress was for her to wear at the Mason's gala dinner, it seemed very strange to me that a husband would take his wife out to dress her up for a night out with his own father. It seemed even more strange when Paul suddenly arrived at the changing room with a lingerie set and patterned stockings.

"Won't it feel a bit strange going out with Paul's dad?"

"Strange and dangerous!"

"Why dangerous?"

"Ronald is a very 'Hand's on' man, he liked to have his hands on younger women, I'm going to be fighting him off all night long."

"Why did you agree to go with him then?"

"It's expected, I've got to earn my pay somehow...you're lucky that you have a skill that the company needs, you can earn your money doing a proper and worthwhile job."

I forgot all about the gala meal until the first Sunday in November, the day after the gala meal happened. We were just heading for the farm for Sunday lunch when John's father drove over to Paul's house and Mary ran out of Ronald's car like a rocket, there was a passionate embrace between Paul and his wife before she dragged him into their house and slammed the door. At the farm Ronald told June, John's mother, that Paul and Mary might not make it to lunch and that news wasn't well received by June.

What was well received by June though was John telling her that he wanted to marry me sooner, rather than later...he had been talking about us getting married in June or July the following year but after a few 'Play-times' in his bedroom where he had to deny himself the coup-de-grace and settle for manual manipulation instead of full sex, he wanted full access as soon as possible.

"Christmas Eve! I don't want to wait beyond Christmas Eve!"

I almost dropped my fork full of food when John told his parents that he wanted to get married the day before Christmas. We had just six weeks to plan and make announcements and arrangements, June was such a big contributor to the local Catholic Church that she smoothed our path, including buying me a 'Get out of Sunday School Free card' as I wasn't a Catholic and hadn't been confirmed or even baptised, I should have gone through training to become a Catholic but I didn't have to because of June's connections.

I was dressed by Sarah, my long time school friend and soon to be sister-in-law, I thought that she'd made me a dress that was far too revealing and sexually provocative, I actually said, without really thinking, "This dress is far too adult for me!"

"Vicky...you're getting married, how much more adult would you like to get!"

"Oh yes!"

We had the wedding, the full ninety minute version which I found boring but John's mum loved. There was a sit down meal after the wedding and that's the first time that I noticed my new father-in-law working the women at the dinner, flirting like crazy with everything in a skirt and he didn't seem to care about the age, he flirted with women from nine to ninety. At the evening disco Ronald danced with me, the traditional second dance with his new daughter-in-law.

"June's being bothered by her arthritis because of the cold weather so she's going to spend January in Greece!"

"Aren't you going with her?"

"I'd love too but I have several important business meetings in January...as well as a two day conference in Cardiff on the twelfth and thirteenth of January. The thing is, I was wondering if you'd accompany me to the conference for the two days."

I gasped at that request, but then realised that I had a get out of conference free card and I played it, "We don't actually get back from our honeymoon until later on the twelfth of January."

"Oh, I thought that your holiday was only until the eleventh!"

"We're in the hotel room until the eleventh but the flight back from Jamaica is an overnight flight via Boston in America!"

"Oh! Well, okay, I'll have to ask Sarah or Mary if they would come with me!"

Ronald went straight from me to Sarah and took her out onto the dance floor.

I was dancing with my own father while Ronald dropped his request into Sarah's lap.

I tried to get away from the dance floor after the dance with my father so that I could have a word with Sarah but Sarah's husband Ron was waiting for me, he claimed eldest brother-in-law's rights to have the fourth dance with his new sister. I tried to track Sarah as she left the dance floor while her husband danced and flirted with me. I managed to keep track of Sarah until she disappeared into the toilets and then I stopped looking, I had to duck away from a clumsy attempt to kiss me on my lips from my brother-in-law before I twisted away from him and left the dance floor to join John at our table.

I spotted Sarah at the bar and headed over to her, "Got any news for me Sarah?"

"Oh...about Mary...how did you know? I've only just found out because I heard her being sick in the bathroom! They aren't going to make it public until they've had the three month scan!"

"Sarah...I was asking about Ronald and his...wait, what's that about Mary?"

"She's pregnant, they can't be sure but her and Ron only did it once in November when she got back from London, the day they missed Sunday lunch!"

"So I guess that means that you'll have to go with Ronald to the conference in Cardiff!"

"Well, I said no but now...I'll have to go with him won't I as you're swanning off to Jamaica until the twelfth."

John and I went home at midnight, John had been drinking all night long with the rugby team players. My exciting wedding night turned out to be a disappointment, we undressed, I climbed on the bed and John stabbed my cunt with his cock, just one impaling and he passed out. His attack was so fast and hard that all I felt was pain and I bled a lot after he passed out.

The honeymoon was also a little bit of a disaster, I was in so much pain following John's clumsy deflowering that I couldn't enjoy sex as much as I'd have liked to during our three week holiday.

The day after we got home from Jamaica, after sleeping for almost twenty-four hours, I walked around to Mary's house to see how her pregnancy dating scan went. Before I reached Mary's house I saw Ronald pull up with Sarah, bringing her home from the conference. Sarah jumped out of the car, dropping her handbag as she ran to her husband who had come out to welcome Sarah home, she leaped into the air and he caught her mid jump, her arms around his neck and her legs wrapped around his waist, feet crossed behind his back.

The scene rang bells in my head, I'd seen almost exactly the same thing happen on the first Sunday in November when Mary, a usually ultra conservative woman, ran into her husband's arms and pushed him to the floor, just inside the hallway and our father-in-law had casually walked up to the open door and placed her overnight bag just inside the doorway and closed the door as Mary started humping into Paul's body as they squirmed together on the floor and now, I was watching Sarah and Ron getting started as Ron's father carried Sarah's case from the car, collecting her handbag off of the garden path and placing both just inside the hall before closing the door and returning to his car, exactly the same way that he had done three months earlier, even down to the same smile on his face from seeing his son screwing his wife on the floor.

Ronald spotted me on the opposite side of the road and walked over to me, he swept me into his arms and kissed me, not a little peck on my cheek as he usually would when in public but a longer kiss, full on the lips.

"You missed a great night last night, Sarah had a great time, she was a lot of fun, you might have difficulty getting in on the March dinner, I think Sarah will want to do it all over again!"

I just smiled at him and thought, 'She's welcome to it mate!'

I managed to extricate myself out of his arms, "I'm just off to see Mary, see how she got on at her first scan the other day."

"Oh, give her my love...I'd come with you but I've got to get the wheels in motion from the orders I picked up last night at the meal."

I knocked on Mary's front door, I knew that Paul would be at rugby training along with my husband...Ron would usually have been at training as well but I guess he must have dodged training so that he could be at home to meet Sarah when she got home.

I was taken aback when Mary opened the door...Mary had a reputation as being very conservative in the way she acted and the way she dressed so seeing her open the front door wearing just a 'Honeymoon' nighty, the kind of garment that was designed to be worn for just ten minutes in a woman's life while walking from the bathroom to the bed on her honeymoon where she would expect her groom to rip it off of her, and nothing else, was a shock.

"Are you okay Mary?"

She smiled at me, "I'm fine thanks...I think the baby is messing with my hormones a little though."

"And when is the blessed event due?"

"The scan puts my due date at the first week in August so I guess I really missed my Paul while I was down in London at the Masonic dinner...we had planned to wait for two years before starting a family so Paul was using condoms whenever we had sex but I didn't give him the chance to get to his pack, I screwed his arse off right here on the hall carpet."

'Too much information sister dear'...ran through my head. "So, how is baby Clarke messing with your hormones?"

"Well...don't stand here in full view of the street, come into the kitchen and I'll make you a 'Healthy Mary' cocktail!"

"Isn't it a little early for a cocktail, even one called a healthy Mary?"

Mary checked her watch, "God, see what I mean, I didn't realise how early it was."

"So, how else are your hormones messed up?"

"Well, I'm not sure if it is the hormones or...well, you know how when you have sex with a condom for protection, you have to be careful, you know...you can't go mad or the damned thing will rip and as soon as the guy shoots he has to pull out straight away because those things aren't one hundred percent at the best of times. So on the day we did it without a condom, Paul went really crazy, screwed me harder and for longer than ever before and after he cum in me, we just lay there, connected together until he went totally soft and my body spat him out."

"Well, actually no, I've never had sex with a condom, I was still a virgin when I married John."

"Wow, I thought that I was a goody two shoes but I had sex before I married Paul...sex with a condom. But anyway, it was either the magic fuck I had with Paul or the baby screwing with my hormones but suddenly I'm having very sexy daydreams and fantasies and me and Paul are screwing every day...several times most days."

"What kind of daydreams and fantasies?"

"Well, one that keeps running through my head is me, naked on a bed and six men, all naked and all lined up in front of me for me to chose which one I want to fuck me next..." Mary giggled, "...I even named the cocks!"

"What do you mean named the cocks?"

"Well, they were all lined up in order of their size, the smallest one I called Peter Patterson and the one to his right was Ben Green, then Mark Rouse and Alan Cunnington..." Mary blushed, "...the one to the right of Alan I called Ronald...you know, after Paul's father and the biggest one of the six I called Leroy Grant, he was the biggest and he had the blackest cock I could ever imagine."

"And in your dream...do you actually get to fuck all of those men?"

Mary swallowed hard and she nodded her head. Well, I could imagine why our father-in-law's name popped into her head, Ronald was a massive flirt and he was always trying to cop a feel from the women around him but I couldn't understand why she had used the name of the head of research at the town's pharmaceutical plant although that could have just been a coincidence.

I managed to stop Mary putting vodka in two glasses, I put the kettle on to make coffee for the both of us.

"Why don't you get dressed while I make the coffee?"

"What's wrong with this?"

"Really? I mean, it's okay to get a man in the mood but is it really suitable for wearing around the house in the day?"

"Paul really likes this nighty, it's his favourite, I wore it on our honeymoon!"

I saw Paul's car pull up outside bur he wasn't alone, he had three of the second team players in the car with him, the Porter twins, Gary and Glen as well as John Whitfield. I watched the other three following Paul down the garden path towards the front door, "Hey Mary, Paul's brought company home with him!"

I was expecting my warning to send Mary scurrying to the bedroom to get dressed or at least to put on a dressing gown as her nighty was so thin that you could see her naked body through it, she ran to the hallway but she didn't turn to go up the stairs, she opened the front door and welcomed Paul home by wrapping her arms around his neck and kissing him passionately and as she kissed him she was on the tips of her toes, out side in the front garden, and as she reached up her bare bottom popped out from under her nighty.

Paul slapped Mary's bare bottom so hard that it caused an echo around the street and then he pulled his lips off of hers and sidestepped her to come into the house. I expected Mary to turn and follow Paul into the house but she didn't, she wrapped her arms around Glen Porter's neck and gave him a very passionate kiss and as she kissed him, his hands both slid down over her back and reached down to her bare arse and gave her a squeeze.

Paul spotted me in the hall and he suddenly looked very disappointed at my being there.

Mary moved to John Whitfield and kissed him the way she had her husband and Glen, I think his hands were in a similar location to where Glen's hands had reached but John's hands were in front of Mary's body, not behind.

Paul asked me if I was planning on stopping for lunch as Mary moved on to Gary and kissed him.

"No, if training is over I'd better get home and do John's lunch!"

I walked past Sarah and Ron's front door, they were still on the floor in the hallway but now both of them were naked and Sarah was on top of her husband riding him, cow-girl style.

When I got home John was talking on the phone, I walked in mid conversation, "Yes dad, I'm sure that Vicky won't have any plans for the twentieth of March, I'll pick out a dress for her and all the accessories she'll need!"

I gave John a confused look as he put the phone down.

"Sorry darling, my mum won't go to a Masonic function and Mary and Sarah have both escorted my dad to functions already in the last few months so he convinced me that it was your turn this time."

"No John darling...you didn't agree to me going to his next dumb function did you?"

"I had to, he's touting for work for my division at the March conference!"

Damned, I knew he was right but I wasn't looking forward to spending two days around Ronald and a bunch of crusty old men in London.

On Monday I went to Sarah and Ron's house on my way to work, I knocked on the front door and saw through the glass door that Sarah and Ron's clothes were still on the hall carpet and her over night bag and handbags were still on the mat just inside the front door.

As no one came to the front door I got worried and I went around the back of the house. Sarah was actually in the kitchen, she was totally naked and eating toast while cooking more toast and making coffee, she was listening to music on headphones and jumped out of her skin when she saw me, she rushed over to me and kissed my cheek, I had to wipe buttery crumbs from my cheek after the kiss.

It wasn't the first time that I'd seen Sarah naked, we often saw each other in the nude in changing rooms at school and she had seen me naked when she sewed me into my overly tight wedding dress on my wedding day but she didn't usually flaunt her nudity, "How did your trip to Cardiff go?"

"It was great, met some really interesting people there, the main speaker at the conference was Dr Cunnington, he came and sat at our table after he finished his lecture."

"Tall man, very handsome with sandy hair?"

Sarah nodded her head.

"John introduced him to me, he works at the drugs place behind my office."

"Who else was at your table...I'm only asking because John has just agreed to my going with his dad to London in March and I was wondering what I was letting myself in for."

"Well, there was an industrialist from Manchester called, Mark Rouse, he was really funny and very smart. There was a finance director from Spanish Bank's UK subsidiary called Ben Green, he was very clever too but he was devilishly handsome as well. Peter Patterson was a buyer for a multinational group of companies, he had a really fit body and, well, a very large African gentleman called Leroy Grant, I think he's in the Nigerian embassy or something."

Well, colour me suspicious but there is no way on earth that Mary could have dreamed up five names for men's cocks out of the blue that all turned out to be business acquaintances of our father-in-law.

"What did you do after the meal?"

"Me and dad went up to our suite and had a nightcap at eleven o'clock and when the bar closed at eleven-thirty the guys from our table came up for one last drink, I'm not sure what time the party ended though, I kind of crashed out about midnight."

"Party?"

"Well, it did turn into a bit of a party, dad had a ton of booze in the room."

There was a sound from above, "Is Ron still home?"

Sarah grinned at me, "Yes, I did him so hard yesterday that he had to call in sick and now I'm going to see if I can make him unfit for work for the rest of the week!"

"I'd better go then before I inhibit him!"

Sarah shook her head, "I don't think he'd mind...but he wouldn't be able to screw you until he has finished satisfying me...and that won't be any time soon! If you need any fun Ron could call the Porter twins over, they don't work Mondays!"

I left Sarah taking toast and coffee to her husband to re-stoke his fire before fucking him all over again.

As the date of the gala dinner came closer John took me into Milton Keynes to buy me a cocktail dress and new lingerie set, a new handbag and shoes, it turned out that my father-in-law liked his sons to dress their wives when on escort duty, make them as sexy as they possibly could...if Johnny thought I was sexy, then the other Masons at the dinner would too.

The gala was more a dinner dance following a conference, I was spared the boring lectures and talks, Ronald had paid for the hotel's beautician to do my hair and make-up, I was being pampered for six hours before the meal started.

I wasn't surprised one little bit that our table had some familiar names seated around it, all the names that both Sarah and Mary had mentioned and a few more besides, the tables all had ten seats, the Grand Master of the inviting lodge sat at the top table with his lady wife and as he was an actual Lord, she was actually a Lady. Only one man on each table had a woman with him, those men were sponsoring the table, they paid for all ten seats at two hundred pounds a seat and the men they invited were all business contacts. The Grand Master's wife was at least sixty years old but all the women on the other tables were in their early twenties.

I leaned over to Ron and said, "Are all these women the daughters of the table's sponsors?"

Ron chuckled and replied, "No, these girls are all professional escorts, we're only on the second table because you're my daughter-in-law rather than a paid sex worker!"

Well I was shocked to be in a room with eighteen women who were all prostitutes. Ronald was picking out men that I had to dance with, it did make me feel like a piece of meat but the men were all very clever, very funny and very attentive while we danced and they hardly flirted with me at all. As we danced I was looking at the other young women, the men dancing with them were all taking far more liberties with them then the men dancing with me were taking. Even the grand Master's wife was dancing but she was only dancing with the men who had sponsored tables, not the other guests.

At eleven o'clock we went to our suite, Ronald asked me if I'd like a nightcap, I'd been careful not to drink all evening and I thought that one drink wouldn't hurt. He gave me a shot glass full of Plumb schnapps, I'd never seen anything like it, it was thicker than any alcohol I'd ever seen before, I took a little sip, it burnt my lips and sent an instant buzz going in my head, it was far stronger than anything I'd ever tasted before, I took the glass from my lips, "I don't think I could drink this dad, it's far too strong for me, where the hell did you get it from?"

"One of my friends likes to mess about with alcohol of various types, he was on our table tonight."

Ronald looked at his watch, checked the time.

"Which one makes fruit schnapps?"

"Alan...Alan Cunnington..." Ronald changed his voice to an almost whisper, making it deep and resonating inside my head, "...just finish the schnapps for me Victoria, there's a good girl!"

I had a sudden desire to please my father-in-law and even thought the drink burnt my throat and mouth, I swallowed the rest of the drink in one go.

Ronald was playing with his mobile phone as I finished the drink, I leaned forward and placed the shot glass on the coffee table between Ron and me. Before my fingers had cleared the glass there was a knock on the outer door to the suite.

"Go and see who's there please darling."

Again, my father-in-law's voice sounded deep and vibrant in my head as he spoke. I lurched and staggered to the door, opened it and there stood Ben Green, he was looking at a text message on his mobile phone, "Erm...hi, they've just kicked us out of the bar, we're all looking for somewhere to get drunk, can we come in?"

Behind Ben Green there was Mark Rouse, Peter Patterson, Alan Cunnington and the very black man called Leroy Grant. I looked over my shoulder at Ronald, he waved his hand to me to allow his friends to come in.

I let the five men into the sitting room of the suite. Alan sat next to my father-in-law, "She seems a little more awake than Mary or Sarah, perhaps you called us in too soon!"

"I did the same as before, as soon as she finished off the cocktail, I sent the text message."

Ben Green pulled me to my feet and we started dancing. I remembered dancing with Leroy next and then Ronald came to me with my shot glass full of plumb schnapps again, "Here darling, just knock this back in one and the party can start."

I woke up in the morning on my bed, in my bedroom in the hotel suite. The bed looked like a game of rugby had been played on it and I was totally naked lying on top of my sheets.

I grabbed the hotel bathrobe and stormed out into the sitting room area pulling the robe on. My father-in-law was sitting watching news twenty-four on the TV, sitting in just his underpants. "who the hell undressed me?"

Ronald looked shocked, "Are you kidding me?"

I was shocked at his reaction, I sputtered out, "How did I end up naked?"

Ron stood up, he grabbed my arm and took me out onto the balcony overlooking the Thames.

"You brought Leroy out here to show him the London Eye, you kissed him and then dropped your knickers here!"

I looked down, the panties I had been wearing the night before were on the floor of the patio.

"Then you dragged him to the French doors into your bedroom and dropped your dress there."

Again, my dress was lying just where my father-in-law was pointing.

"Bra over there!"

My bra was hanging from the shade on a table lamp.

"Then you dragged him onto the bed on top of you and insisted that he fuck you."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, you should, because when Ben saw you dropping your knickers for Leroy, he told us and we followed the two of you on your short trip into your bedroom and we all watched everything that happened!"

I dropped down onto my bed, I felt dejected, Ronald stepped in closer, he stroked my hair, "Don't worry Victoria, what happens in conference...stays in conference! All the men here last night...apart from me...have had vasectomies, so if you fall pregnant, I'm the only possible father...well, me or John. So at least if there is a baby, it will be a Clarke."

Ronald was pulling my head into his abdomen, rubbing my forehead against his erection. I pulled back and looked at his stiffy, he'd grown so stiff that his cock head had pushed past the waistband of his underpants. His hands slipped off my head and he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his pants, pulling them down to his knees, "And now I need a little more honey before we have to go home.

I scooted away from him up my bed, as I did, I was actually sliding out of my bathrobe, leaving it behind on the bed. I was saying "No...you can't!" over and over again but I realised that I was actually opening my legs for him as he crawled up towards me. As he lay between my thighs I lifted my calves and hooked them over his buttocks and jammed my heels into his buttocks, even though I was still saying no, I was encouraging my father-in-law to fuck me harder.

I was really confused, the last thing I wanted was an old man pumping his cock into me and I kept telling him to stop but as he was fucking me I was plastering his mouth, cheek and neck with kisses and was trying to get him to fuck me deeper, harder and faster.

We fucked again before we left the hotel suite, I couldn't understand how a man in his seventies could fuck for so long and stay hard even after his climax and I got the answer as I threw some litter in the trash can in the living area, there was an empty box of Viagra tablets in the bin, it was a box of twelve tablets and along with the box and empty blister pack was a till receipt from a local chemists shop that showed the box of pills had been purchased just before the gala dinner started.

I remembered there being six men at the party, I wondered if they all took two Viagra pills each.

It took an hour to drive home, Ronald drove like a man half his age, never dropping down as low as the legal speed limit. As we passed Bedford, Ronald phoned John, "Hi son, Vicky will be home in ten minutes!"

Short and sweet.

Ronald turned to me and said, "You'd better make sure that John has the best shag of his life as soon as you get home...just in case you're pregnant already."

I left Ronald's car, John was on the front door step waiting for us to arrive, now this was starting to look surprisingly familiar. As Ronald stopped the car, my heart rate jumped to twice its normal speed and I ran for John, threw my arms around his neck and hopped my legs up and around his waist, slavering him with kisses. John fell backwards and I screwed him in the front hallway with the front door open. Ronald dropped my bag into the hall and closed the door on us, leaving me to fix the idea in my husband's head that he would be the father of any baby born after my gala fuckfest.

After John climaxed and his cock shrank away from my cunt he laughed out loud, "Wow! I didn't believe my dad when he told me to get some Viagra...that a night away would turn you into a raving nymphomaniac for a day."

I was still humping at his flaccid cock long after he'd lost his libido. We'd been married for three months; John had screwed up our first fuck and had left me unable to enjoy sex for more than three weeks while we were on our honeymoon and we hadn't really set a pattern for full sex since because John had to catch up on a lot of work after being on holiday for three weeks and he was frightened of hurting me again.

He grinned at me, "I've got some good news for you!"

"What?"

I managed to stop myself humping at him and pulled myself to my feet and then helped John up off of his back.

"Sarah is pregnant...they think that it happened during her coming home party!"

"Party?"

"Yes, like the party we've just had in the hallway!"

I giggled.

"Perhaps after our little party you'll be pregnant too!" as John said it he was pointing to the wet patch on the hallway carpet.

I slapped John's naked bottom, "If you can get it up again before you have to get back to work you could be more certain of that."

We went to bed together and this time John was on top, he pushed his cock in me, "Is that okay?"

"John...I'm fine now. Just fuck me as hard as you like, it won't hurt me this time."

I was actually totally certain about that last comment because John's father had a bigger cock that John's and he had given me a solid pounding in bed before we left the hotel so I knew that I was capable of anything John could throw at me. John had climaxed in me again and we were lying together, basking in the glorious afterglow of sex when John's phone rang. I thought, 'That'll be work!'

Hi Sarah...yes, she's home now...we'd be happy to come to your party..."

I'd started out with my head on John's chest and as he chatted to Sarah I started to zone him out and I wriggled my body down his, my head ending up resting on his abdomen, I lifted his flaccid cock and popped its head in my mouth.

"...yes I do have phone numbers for Gary and Glen Porter as well as John Whitfield but if you invite them to your party it will turn into an orgy, all three of them are only interested in...oh...okay, I'll text their numbers to you in a minute."

I'd started to breathe life back into John's cock as he spoke to our sister-in-law on the phone, I'd got him back to full strength, he was at full mast and I was working my mouth further down his cock. John switched his phone off and he put his hand on my forehead to try and stop me going too deep, "Remember last time you took it too far in it made you sick...all over me!"

I pressed on deeper, I felt his cockhead pressing against my uvula and something made me swallow, I felt his mushroom open my throat and pressed down a little harder. I felt the stretching in my throat and swallowed harder and faster. I actually felt the ridge behind his cockhead pass beyond the muscle in my throat and I could stop swallowing quite so hard as my lips were now pressing into his scrotum and there was no more cock to swallow. John erupted in my throat in just three minutes. John was shocked and I was surprised but I had remembered as I started sucking him that I'd done it with six men after the gala dinner and all six of them had bigger cocks than John, both longer as well as fatter and I remembered being encouraged to take all six of the men, one after the other.

I made John a snack lunch even though it was a Sunday, we had been invited to a full Sunday dinner in the evening at the farm with his family. The call from work came as John was eating, his staff working on an upgrade to a machine needed John there to sign off the work, issue safety permits and run the first test of the machine. Johnny dressed and kissed me goodbye, leaving me standing in the kitchen still totally naked. That was another similarity to my sisters-in-law after they had been to a function with our father-in-law...well, Mary wasn't actually naked, but the nighty she wore was so sheer that she may as well have been when I saw her and Sarah had been totally naked in her kitchen.

I was pacing up and down like a caged lion, I had an itch between my thighs that was driving me mad and I was starting to regret sucking John off before feeding him, I could have used that erection to take away a little of that itch. Apart from my wedding night, I could never remember being turned on before...not until today. There is no way that I should have still been needy after four sex sessions that were all worthy of Olympic status but here I was, considering riding a cucumber or a courgette. My conversation with Ron when I woke up came back to me, I'd had sex with Leroy Grant during the nightcap party in the sitting room of the hotel suite and if Mary's ramblings were to be believed, Leroy was even bigger that my father-in-law and after draining his pipe, I'd demanded more sex from the men watching us.

I needed to go for a walk, clear my head and try to remember exactly what happened in that hotel room after the gala dinner. I found one of John's baggy cotton shirts, it was far thicker than any shirt or blouse that I owned, it was a shirt I really liked, it was black with a fancy yolk covered in 'Wild West' inspired embroidery. I wore the shirt buttoned to just below my breasts. Because the black shirt had the traditional tails, front and back, I looked in a mirror to see if I could wear just the shirt with nothing below. I realised that I'd at least need knickers on under the shirt so I found a pair of black cotton knickers and looked again.

I was pulling at the gusset of the knickers as I looked at myself in my mirror, the knickers were irritating my itchy fanny so I took them off again. I found a black 'Rah-rah' skirt and slipped that on, it was ultra short and was only meant to be worn on stage during a dance recital or other dramatic performance...I'd never even worn it around the house before!

The heavy cotton of the shirt kept the front closed reasonably well, even though I'd left it unbuttoned to below the level of my breasts. I left home without direction, just walking aimlessly trying to focus my mind on what had happened fourteen hours earlier.

I heard a whistle and a shouted, "Get stuck in Timothy, you'll never win the ball if you don't hit him harder than that!"

I was at the rugby ground and there was a training session going on. I walked into the ground, it was the juniors training session on the field but older players were hanging around the clubhouse drinking. I'd stopped working as a barmaid at the club when John Clarke asked me to marry him but as it looked busy today...a day when it wasn't usually busy...so I went in to see the bar manager and asked him if he'd like a hand. He did a double take when he saw how I was dressed but he accepted my offer of help.

I'd always slapped down the men who had flirted with me in the past when I was working in the bar but today I was revelling in the attention and even though I wasn't getting that itch scratched, the men flirting with me and making a grab at my arse did help to take my mind off of my needs.

One of John's friends phoned him and told him that I was at the rugby club acting a little...lot strangely. John was also warned that the Porter twins were there and they were making a play for me, he even sent a cell phone picture of Glen Porter lifting the back of my skirt up while I was out in the bar collecting glasses.

John left his crew to finish off and he drove to the club. John arrived just as Glen Porter was holding my hand and pulling me towards the changing rooms where his brother was already waiting in the nude for us to get in. As soon as Glen saw John he dropped my hand, "Hi baby, you look very pretty this afternoon...my shirt looks very sexy on you, I might have to give it to you permanently!"

Glen started jabbering away, he was sorry for trying to get into my knickers.

"I don't blame you Glen, if I saw Vicky dressed like this and I wasn't her husband, I'd be trying it on with her."

John took me home and we fucked again, had dinner and fucked again. My body was still on fire on Monday morning when it was time for work, I could easily have taken the day off, Mary and Sarah both drew a wage from the company without actually working for a living but I worked in IT, my division was an umbrella organisation spanning all of the Clarke Empire!

I logged into my computer and opened the link to Clarke Pharmaceuticals. I found the secure storage area for Alan Cunnington and began reading through his research. Clarke Pharmaceuticals had started out as an agricultural chemist, developing treatments for animals. Alan's special interest had been a study of Sheep.

Some sheep had only one lamb per season, some sheep always had two lambs but there was a third group that sometimes had one lamb and other times had two. In a flock of a thousand ewes the farm would get an average of fifteen hundred lambs. Alan's study had shown that the group of ewes that often had one or two lambs only had two lambs if they had been serviced twice during the tupping season.

It is in the nature of a ewe to stand for the ram to service her when she was in oestrus but as soon as she had been tupped, she would reject any further attempt to mount her until the next season. If she was pregnant, then she wouldn't be put to the ram again and if she was pregnant, she would reject any attempt to tup her again.

There had to be something in the chemical makeup of that group of ewes that meant that they would stand for the ram more than once in a single night. The second or third sex act must have fertilised the second egg. Alan's research discovered that the group of ewes that stood for a second or third time had a reduced level of oestrogen in their blood and an elevated level of Lutenising hormone. Alan's conclusion was that it was the gap between the low oestrogen and high Lutenising hormone that meant a sheep was 'Turned on' and willing to have sex multiple times.

Alan tested out his hypothesis by taking an already pregnant ewe and injecting her with the Lutenising hormone. Being pregnant, she would already have a depressed oestrogen level. The ewe was put into the field with the ewes that hadn't fallen pregnant the first time around and the pregnant ewe became the prime target for a number of rams. The ewe should never have stood for servicing as she was pregnant but she did, and not just once, she stood all night long, she had a dozen pen marks on her shoulders from the riddle pen the rams wore to show he'd mounted her.

The treatment for sheep had been marketed and was improving lamb yields by twenty-five percent and research switched to humans. While a farmer might be willing to spend a pound a ewe, twice a year to increase his number of lambs, a human would be willing to spend twenty pounds to have his wife become turned on, maybe even more.

I flicked through the rest of Alan's files, I looked for the most recent folders, there were three case studies in the last four months, the first was MC and was from the first week in November last year.

'MC, twenty-five year old married woman. MC is ultra conservative with a very low sex drive and would prefer not to fall pregnant but her husband would like a child. Her husband would also prefer his wife to be less conservative...

Compound 275, phencyclidine was replaced by Ketamine in this trial, one hundred milligrams, the sodium pentothal level remained the same. The pituitary gland was stimulated by 'PT-15' to produce a high dose of Lutenising hormone and 'OE-2' was used to mask oestrogen in MC's body...'

I assumed that MC was Mary Clarke and read with interest a full report on how Mary had passed out after taking the compound and it had taken an hour before she took any active part in sex. The six men in the party weren't named, not even by initials but there were graphic details about the number of times Mary had sex and the fact that she initiated every sex act. I found a more recent entry in the MC folder, an additional note had been added.

'MC is now pregnant, blood tests show that her pituitary gland is still hyper active in the production of Lutenising Hormone at slightly lower levels than when the compound was administered. MC is still showing signs of elevated sexual activity, verging on nymphomania...'

I opened the folder created in January, case study SC.

'SC, twenty year old married woman. SC has a normal sex drive, engaging in coitus with her husband one to two times a week. SC and husband would be happy to conceive but not desperate.

Compound 276, Ketamine reduced to 80 milligrams standard sodium pentothal dose. The pituitary gland was stimulated by 'PT-16' to produce a slightly lower dose of Lutenising hormone in the hope that the production lifespan is reduced and 'OE-2' was used to mask oestrogen in SC's body...'

I read the 'After action' report, Sarah hadn't fallen unconscious, the lower dose of Ketamine had made her drowsy but she had taken full part in the sex act five minutes after the compound had been administered. Again the report on the sex act was detailed and explicit. Sarah had sex more often than Mary had but mainly because she had an extra hour to play.

The additional file from just two days ago read: 'SC is now pregnant, blood tests show that her pituitary gland is still hyper active in the production of Lutenising Hormone but at much lower levels than when the compound was administered...and much lower than MC's level was at pregnancy. SC is still showing signs of elevated sexual activity, but short of nymphomania...'

A new folder had been added in the last twenty-four hours, this time the case study was VC.

'VC, twenty year old married woman. VC has no sex drive, coitus with her husband has been limited by injury during deflowering. VC has never completed a full sex act. VC's husband is desperate for his wife to conceive as soon as possible, preferring a boy as the result.

Compound 277, Ketamine reduced to 70 milligrams standard sodium pentothal dose. The pituitary gland was stimulated by 'PT-17' to produce a much lower dose of Lutenising hormone in the hope that the production lifespan is greatly reduced and 'OE-2' was used to mask oestrogen in VC's body...'

I was totally engrossed in the after action report.

'VC was given the compound as planned but was still wide awake when the male participants turned up. A further dose of the compound was administed after five minutes against the advice of the supervising doctor and as such, this case report should be removed from the programme so as not to muddy the water.

I read with interest about everything I did with the men, it appeared that I had sex with each man three times before I decided to change the roles and go for oral sex..it surprised me that I'd been the one to chose oral sex, I'd done it to John a few times before I married him but had stopped after he pushed too hard and had caused me to vomit all over his body. In the report, I had chosen to suck the man with the smallest cock first and work my way up to the man described simply as the African.

I couldn't take all of the African's cock, even following all the advice on how to take a cock in deeper but I had been repositioned on the bed so that the African could drill down into my throat and that time I took it all. I wondered if I'd be visiting the Worker's Clinic in two months time to see if I was pregnant.