Izabel and the Crew

by smotp Â©

Isabel was cold. It was a damp night near the river and the wind was

sharp. It was ok for the Crew, they could wear long pants and hoodies over

layered sports vests and tops. She only had on six items of clothing,

counting both her shoes.

Her tan, padded sleeveless jacket was short over an even shorter thin

white vest that stopped just below her breasts. Isabel was proud of her

tits, she knew the boys liked them. She was very aware that her narrow

back and small waist showed them off well. She never wore a bra; she liked

the effect her very visible nipples had on men. They always stared at her,

whatever their age. It gave her a thrill deep down in her belly to think

they noticed her, wanted her. She would get wet sometimes, thinking about

them, what they did, later as they thought of her. It made her feel

special, all that nasty, sweaty want focused on her.

Isabel's bare arms were pale and blotchy and she felt the cold night air

raise goose bumps under her skin. In her bedroom earlier she had hunted

through the clothing strewn floor and grabbed up her newest skirt, a low

riding denim, pelmet mini which just covered her at the front. She kept

smoothing it down at the back but the lower curves of her buttocks were

still exposed. Isabel would bend over in it to adjust a shoelace or pick

something up if she needed to cause a distraction for the Crew. The red

lace scrap of a thong she wore underneath was more to flash than to cover

her. Isabel kept herself shaved there like the porn stars; Jay liked that.

Jay had told her she was cool, as his fingers had swept over her smooth

skin and on into her.

Isabel's heavy cross trainer shoes were practical, she and the Crew tended

to have to run quite fast on occasion.

Isabel always dressed for the Crew, it was her thing, she liked to have

them looking at her body. She got a warm buzz from the sleepy hungry look

she saw in their eyes, the power to make them hard for her.

She hadn't been a virgin for over two years. Her very first time had been

a revelation. Her mother's boyfriend of the time had taken them both to

bed over a long summer weekend. Isabel remembered her mother holding her

shoulders down on their bed, saying soothing things in her ear as he

penetrated her for the first time of many. Isabel couldn't believe when

she first saw him aroused, that all that meat would fit into her. The

sensation of being completely filled with a man had been wonderfully

frightening. The first orgasm came after a little pain and some blood.

Isabel had thought she was having a heart attack, the spasming and

uncontrollable writhing around the sliding hard heat inside her. She had

still been trembling, crying out from the after shocks as he had finished,

pulling wetly out of her to empty himself into her mother's hungrily

searching mouth.

Isabel did not blame her mother, it seemed reasonable to her that the guy

would want to shag them both if it was on offer. She was actually grateful

to them for introducing her to the best thing in her life. Isabel loved

sex very much. Much of her time was spent looking for any opportunity to

find that peak and release again.

She knew she was not pretty; her dyed black hair was streaked with deep

red and cropped tight to her head, her face was too pinched and she had

dark patches under her eyes that sleep couldn't erase, but her body was

great. She worked hard to keep fit, especially working on her abs; Jay

liked to run his hand down her tight, flat stomach. Isabel loved it when

Jay touched her there, she liked it more when his hand kept on going, down

between her legs, cupping her in his palm, parting her with his fingers;

Jay could do anything he wanted it was fine by her.

Isabel had worked hard to be the current Crew girl. It gave her status

with her peers. Respect was better than pretty for her. Crew girl meant

she got to go about with them and take a part in their missions; lookout,

diversion, perve bait. Being with the Crew also meant her body being

available to any of them at any time; often several of them at once.

Isabel was ok with that, she liked it, she liked it a whole lot, except on

cold days by the river like today. This space under the rails overhead

smelt bad and was littered with construction debris and rubbish.

They were all bored, it was getting late and there was nothing happening,

no one to dis or slap, and the beercans were nearly all gone. Jay shouted

over to her 'Hey Izzie, play for us, play with your toy'. The others took

it up, 'yeah Izzie, play with your toy.' 'Come on Izzie, get your toy'.

The five boys gathered around her and demanded she comply, they hooted and

jeered when she slipped her Rabbit from her jacket pocket. Pink, plastic

and looking like a small child's brightly coloured plaything, the Rabbit

was a girl's best friend, it was her most favourite vibrator.

'Hey Jay, I don't got no lube, gimme some spit?' Ever the gentleman Jay

obliged with a generous gobbet of saliva perfectly placed on the end of

the pink dildo.

Isabel looked around and stepped over to the bridge support behind her and

leant against it. Pulling up the front of her skirt she slipped her

fingers beneath the front of her tiny thong and pulled it to one side,

exposing her shaved vulva. Sucking her own fingers briefly she used them

to moisten the pink satin flesh between her thighs. The Crew crowded

around to watch the show, jostling for position, pushing, laughing and

shoving.

This was what Isabel was about. She craved being the centre of attention,

needed to be wanted, if she had to fuck herself and then all of them, she

didn't care; this was where she wanted to be. She spread the sticky saliva

over the toy's head and twisted its base to start it buzzing. Spreading

her legs and jutting her hips, she slid the device inside herself. For the

Crew's benefit she bumped and ground her pelvis and moaned breathily as

the Rabbit buzzed at her already wet flesh. It worked both inside her and

at her clitoris and very soon she stopped acting aroused, the Rabbit

always got her hot really quickly. She saw three of the boys kneading

their groins through their pants, which made her even more exited. She was

annoyed that Jay seemed uninterested by her display, distant, thoughtful.

Isabel tried harder.

With her other hand she slid up her short vest to expose her upturned

breasts tipped with jutting brown nipples. Isabel felt them hard and sharp

with the cold, brushing them with her palm to get that electric tingling,

making her feel liquid inside. She shivered with more than the cold and

the plastic head of her Rabbit slid more easily on and in her.

Isabel preferred to come first before any of the Crew took her. It made

things easier if she was wet and loose. She worked the toy further into

herself, the top prong vibrating against her clitoris, quickly turning her

belly to heat and water. She climaxed in a sudden small gush, which

slicked her hand and the little dildo.

One of the boys, Evander, had joined her, undoing his pants and stroking

himself to come with her. She felt his thick sperm splash warm on her legs

as it arced from his jerking penis. Isabel felt another spasm thrill

through her from the sensation.

Her eyes looked up and she saw Jay, he was coming towards her, only his

eyes visible, gleaming deep in the darkness of his hoodie. This was what

she wanted. Jay was her lover, the others just fucked her.

Isabel felt Jay's cold hands grab her around her slim waist. He flipped

her over, dragging her skirt up over her back with one hand, the other

forcing her to bend over the low concrete wall. She dropped her small toy

and she heard it skitter on the concrete floor. She was thinking that she

would need to wash it now when he pierced her with something cold, very

hard and metallic. Isabel realised he had brought one of his own favourite

toys tonight, a massive chrome phallus, inhumanly thick, with a huge domed

glans and moulded veins intertwining all along it. She felt each rib and

ridge as he roughly thrust the cold length of it into her, so deep it

completely filled her, stretching her to her very end. As she screamed she

heard Jay behind her whisper in her ear.

'Yeah, that's it, squirm for me Iz, come big.'

And she did.