**Jolly Hockey Sticks**
by Isabella

Right from the outset let me tell you that I really hate hockey, I'm one of those unfortunate girls that are slightly overweight, either that or I was under tall and not in the slightest bit athletic, but Mrs. Harris, our games mistress, was certain that I'd do well as a goal keeper in field hockey. I really hated doing sports of any kind but just standing in front of a hockey goal had its upside for a girl like me. Of course, being goalie had its downside too, I was well used to being the butt of other girls hatred and venom, just because I wasn't as pretty as them or as tall as them or because my family wasn't as rich as theirs but in the past they didn't have a three inch diameter cannonball to shoot at me for seventy minutes at a time. The ball may weigh less than a pound but when a vicious Amazonian standing fifteen hands high takes a shot at goal, the ball can be travelling in excess of sixty miles per hour.

The first time I faced our team captain, Veronica Green for her first shot at goal with me protecting it I was very glad of the armour plating I had to wear, helmet, faceguard, leg pad, full body armour thick padded gloves and especially protective Kevlar shoes. Even though it was a terrifying experience, just standing there while one of my 'so called' school friends was trying to kill me I did get a huge kick when she couldn't get the ball past me and even though the sound of the ball ricocheting off of my chest guard chilled me to the core it felt little more than a nudge from an elbow in the dining room.

It took me a year from just playing goalie during lessons to becoming the goal keeper for our school's third team and overnight I went from being just one of the geeks that were at school on sufferance to being one of the jocks. It had been worth a year of running back and forth and a static target for frustrated girls to fire balls at when Veronica Green handed me my school's team jumper. If I had been a boy and had been going to a school in America I would have been called a letterman or would it have been a letterwoman?

We didn't have any lighting on our sports field so in the winter we would practice after school until it got too dark to see the ball safely and then hit the showers, one night, just as Mrs. Harris blew her whistle and called an end to training for the evening, Veronica took one last mighty blast in my direction from about twenty yards out, hoping to put the ball past me and score a goal for the first time that year, even if it wouldn't count because the whistle had been blown. The ball went well wide of the post and disappeared into the gloom towards the boundary fence of the school field.

I stripped off my protective armour and piled it up by the side of my goal before I set off with my hockey stick in hand to find the ball. If the ball had left the field during play the defenders would have run after it because dressed in all my gear I would have taken forever to waddle after a wide ball but as it was, by the time I was ready to go looking for the ball the rest of the field was empty.

It took an age to find the damned ball and as I turned to face the school I spotted something between me and the illuminated building, about six feet tall, all in black and suddenly running towards the school building in a kind of crouching run. I returned to my pile of kit, plonked my hockey stick and the ball on top of the pile and then hoisted the lot up onto my shoulder and headed back towards the school building.

The door from the sports field into the school was on the south east corner of the building, there was four steps down into the passageway that ran between the changing rooms and the gymnasium and usually I would have, like everyone else, headed in the most direct line from the hockey pitch to the door but the black running shape had caught my attention so I headed for the southern wall where I had seen the ghostly figure running towards.

The south wall of the school was mainly windows, the ground floor windows into the changing rooms were made of obscure glass to a height of around five feet high so no one could look in from the outside and in front of the windows was a small garden area that had been planted with Pyracantha and Berberis bushes when the school was built to keep people, especially kids away from the windows but over time the bushes had been trodden down by kids going in to fetch balls that had gotten away from them while playing sports.

I was just one bush away from the shadowy figure and in the light from the windows I could see quite clearly that it was a man, around six feet tall and he was able to stand there and look over the obscured glass in the lower windows and look into the changing room beyond. He was dressed from head to toe in black, a thin black nylon hooded jumper with the hood pulled up, black jogging trousers and black shoes. I carefully placed my body armour in a pile on the ground and stood on top of the pile I'd made, firstly to get a better view of the man but also so I could look into the changing room and see exactly what he was looking at.

I watched six members of my team headed to the showers with their bodies covered by their towels until they got to the open end of the shower room. It dawned on me as I looked in through the window that the school must have been designed by a pervert, the shower room could easily have been turned by ninety degrees so that no one could see in through the windows. I was just to the left of centre so I didn't see every inch of the shower room but I guessed that where the man was standing was chosen so that he could see every inch of the inside of the showers.

As my friends reached the open end of the twelve foot long, six foot wide open shower room with six shower heads on each side, they pulled their towels off and hung them over hooks on the wall by the entrance of the shower room before stepping under the cascades of water. I heard a long drawn out gasp of a "Yes!" from the man standing just six feet away to my right. I looked over at him, I had to put my hand over my mouth to prevent him hearing my gasp as he pulled the front of his black jogging trousers down and his cock sprang out, almost tapping on the glass in the window in front of him.

I had seen a few boys' cocks before, all of them younger than me but never a man's cock and from the few boys that I'd seen in the past I couldn't believe just how long and fat a man's cock could grow. He suddenly took a hold of his cock close to his balls and then he pulled his fist along his long cock shaft until it reached the large mushroom end. He whispered another "Yes!" just as long and drawn-out as the first one, my eyes flicked back into the changing room and saw something that I had never seen for myself before, the girls had paired up and were taking turns at washing each other's backs and as they did the man standing next to me began to rub his hand up and down his cock faster and faster.

I was totally fixated on what he was doing, after four or five minutes he began to bend his knees and straighten them over and over again, then he gasped out loud and bent forward, and finally he stood upright again and thrust his hips forward towards the window and I spotted a snake of white fluid shooting from the little eye in the end of his dick, the liquid, thick and viscous, hit the obscured glass window pain and began to slide very slowly down towards the window sill. He bent forward and repeated the quick thrusting of his hips again and another jet flew out of his cock but this time it didn't reach the glass, it splashed down on the windowsill. A third repeat and this time the jet just fell to the ground in front of the wall.

I had been holding my breath as he had masturbated himself and I had become quite breathless myself as if I had been doing the same as what he had been doing. I watched as he grasped the base of his cock tightly, drew his fist slowly up the length of his dick and gathered what was left in his pipe on the web of skin between his thumb and index finger before flicking his hand towards the ground, sending a swish of thick cream in all directions, including mine, a small globule of it hitting my arm. As he pulled the front of his trousers back up I stepped down from my little mound of hockey gear.

I crouched low down as he turned and stepped over the low wall that denoted the edge of the garden area so that there was no chance of him seeing me just a few feet to his left. I stayed hidden, watching him as he loped off towards the fence, following the line that I had seen him taking to get to the school. When I was happy that he would have reached the fence I made my move, hoisted my gear up onto my shoulder again and headed towards the doors leading down into the changing areas.

I turned the handle and shouldered the door and bounced onto my arse, spilling all of my hockey kit on the ground all around me. 'Damned, the caretaker has locked up' went through my mind; he had probably assumed that everyone had left the sports field by that time of night. I gathered all of my kit up and formed it into a neat bundle once again. I would have to walk all the way around the school to the main entrance that would be frowned upon because it would mean traipsing mud and grass through the school.

As I walked around the building I wondered how often the man had watched girls showering in the dark evenings after hockey practice. I tended to avoid going anywhere near the showers after sports, I didn't really get very dirty or sweaty because I just stood in the goal mouth all the time, in the day, after sports lessons the teachers tried to force everyone through the showers because the teachers taking the lessons after sports didn't want smelly kids filling their rooms. I had a way out of it though, I always took a peg at the very back of the changing rooms and after removing my sports kit I would dampen the ends of my hair with water from my drinking bottle and as the teacher came round to check on me I'd make a show of drying my hair with my towel.

At night, there was only one teacher about and she didn't care if girls showered at school or did it at home, there were after all thirty-two girls on the hockey field that evening but only six had taken to the showers but still, I'd never seen or heard that girls washed each other before and that was the kind of thing that would usually make the underground news at a school like mine.

I did get told off as I walked in through the front door for treading mud through the school and, even though my boots were totally clean I still had to apologise for making an imaginary mess. I passed most of the other girls from my team heading out of the school as I was making my way towards the gym area. The changing rooms were empty when I got there, the showers were still running and a single towel was hanging on the row of hooks at its entrance. I looked around the room; my peg was the only one with a school uniform hanging from it so the towel hanging from the hook by the shower had to belong to Mrs. Harris. I had to walk past the open end of the shower room to deposit my body armour in the kit store and as I walked past I looked into the showers.

I had never done it before, I had never been tempted to look at naked girls or women, after all, they didn't have anything that I didn't have. Well, they may have been taller, slimmer, better looking and more desirable than me but still, before I had seen the stranger peeking through the window I had never equated the naked body with a sexual inclination. I stopped a pace as I saw Mrs. Harris soaping her body; fortunately she had her back to me so she didn't see me perving in at her.

I could tell that she was almost finished with her shower so I dumped my kit as quickly as I could and ran for my clothes, dumping my uniform into my sports bag and heading for the hills wearing my hockey strip, minus the heavy Kevlar armoured studded boots of course, I must have looked a right ducky wearing high gloss, patent leather, school sandals with a delicate ankle strap over bright red knee length socks, red, pleated mini skirt and red t-shirt with a huge black 'M' with white boarder over my chest.

On the bus going home I looked at every man that got on or off the bus, I wondered just how many of them masturbated in secret or how many of them would peak in on a girl or girls in a school shower. I don't think I had ever really looked at men before; I was fat, short and not exactly pretty and I deliberately grew my hair long and even though my mother pestered me all the time to have a fringe cut to try and keep my hair out of my eyes I resisted, preferring to keep my hair so that I could use it to hide my face as much as possible, just to keep myself as hidden as possible. Suddenly I found myself looking at men's faces; I was actually pulling my hair to one side so I could get a better look at them and allow them to see my face more.

By the time I reached my stop I wished that I lived ten times further away from school than I actually did and that was a first for me, I usually hated the distance I had to travel cramped into the small busses that serviced my route to and from school. I had smiled at two men and they hadn't turned away in disgust but had returned my smile and that had made all the difference to the boring journey.

My mum and dad hardly registered that I had arrived home, they were both in the living room watching TV, I walked into the kitchen and picked up my dinner, two sandwiches, that meant four slices of white bread with thick wedges if full fat cheese and pickle with two bags of crisps. I picked up the tray in one hand and my sports bag in the other and headed for the stairs to my bedroom.

I placed the food on my bed, normally I would have fallen on my dinner like a starving wolf but I held myself back slightly, I checked my school uniform, the skirt and blazer were okay but the blouse needed washing so I threw it into the laundry hamper before smoothing the skirt and blazer down a little to try and banish some of the creases from stuffing them in my bag.

I kept looking at the food sitting on my bed; it seemed to be calling to me to eat it. I picked up one half of one sandwich and took a small nibble from one corner, I found out what homework would need to be completed before the next day and settled down to working on it, taking an occasional little nibble from the sandwich that I had started. By the time I was ready for bed I had finished all of my homework, not just what needed to be done for the next day and I looked at my food, both bags of crisps were still sealed and only one half of one sandwich had been eaten.

I did still feel a little hungry but that wasn't unusual, I usually went to sleep feeling hungry but because I had been taking little nibbles from my sandwich all evening my brain felt that I had eaten a full meal, not less than a quarter of what I would usually eat. I dumped the rest of my food, still on its tray on top of my desk and changed for bed. I usually wore my knickers and bra under my nighty but because they were the ones I had been wearing all day long I stripped them off too and decided not to replace them, just wearing the thin nylon nighty with nothing under it.

I ran down the stairs before I chickened out and ran into the living room, kissed my mum and dad goodnight, they didn't even look up from the TV so I went to bed. I wasn't sure what I expected to happen, either my mum would have told me off, saying that it was inappropriate for a girl of my age to wander around the house wearing only a very thin nighty or that my dad might have seen something, he wouldn't have said anything but if he had done a double take at what he saw, that would have given me a huge kick to my self-esteemed.

I woke before my parents and, still dressed in just my thinnest nighty with nothing under it I raced down the stairs and dumped what was left of my now stale dinner from the evening before into the bin and popped both bags of crisps, still unopened, into the huge bag in the larder. I found a box of muesli at the back of a cupboard, it was a year out of date but that didn't put me off, what was in it anyway, mouse droppings and sawdust so what could possibly spoil over time. I also used skimmed milk instead of full fat milk on my breakfast.

I had just finished my breakfast when I heard movements from above, my mum and dad had woken up. I dumped my empty bowl in the sink and headed for the stairs. My heart gave a little jump when I saw my father turn the corner at the top of the stairs as I started to climb up them. He looked me in the eyes, I had pulled my hair back away from my face so he was seeing something that was unusual for him, my full face, not just the narrow gap that I usually peered through all of the time. He smiled at me, then his eyes flipped down, they stopped around my breasts momentarily and then flicked lower, I watched as a sudden bulge appeared in his trousers.

Well, this was it, he would either give me a good telling off or he would just enjoy what he had seen, his eyes flicked up to mine again and he gave me an even broader grin and a wink of his right eye for good measure. When I reached the top step I turned and looked back, my father was still on the bottom step looking up at me, a shiver ran through my body and something deep inside of me made me flip my hip as I stepped off of the top step causing my nighty to fly upwards slightly.

I walked into the bathroom just as my mother left their bedroom, "What do you fancy for breakfast darling?"

As I closed the bathroom door I called out, "I've already had breakfast thank you!"

"Well, I'm going to do some toast, do you want a few slices?"

"No thanks mum, I've eaten already."

I heard my mother muttering, "Well, I'll be blowed, that's the first time she's ever refused extra toast for breakfast."

I showered and picked out my clean underwear from the airing cupboard in the bathroom but I didn't put it on, I just wrapped myself in a bath towel and headed back to my bedroom. As I was about to go through the door I heard my dad ask my mum, "Have you had the birds and bees chat with her yet?"

"No, if course not, she isn't old enough yet!"

"Well, just remember what we were doing when you were her age..." My father cleared his throat, "...you were lucky, you had an older sister who taught you all the facts of life."

"Well, yes I did but I'm sure I started experimenting so young because of all the things that Barbara had been telling me!"

"Well, I think our little girl isn't so little any longer and she could really benefit from learning the truth about life rather than what she picks up from novels and magazines."

I smiled to myself, so, my mum and dad were 'At it' when my mum was my age, so I wasn't a freak for starting to get interested in men at my age, my dad was ten years older than my mother, she by the time they met he was an adult, probably around the age of the man I had watched masturbating the evening before.

When I dressed I sought out the thinnest of my white blouses and when I pulled my skirt on I looked at myself in my wardrobe door mirror and pulled the waistband of my skirt as high as it would go and swished my hips, there was a satisfying amount of my thighs flashing into view. I looked at my usual tights, very thick and very woollen, I did have nylon tights as well but in the past I had preferred to wear the woollen ones. 'What are you thinking about, if you put on thick navy coloured tights, no one will see you flashing your thighs' Ran through my head.

I found knee length socks in my drawer, white and a poli-cotton mix so they were very comfortable and made my school sandals really pop and I was sure that because of the contrast between the black patent leather and the gleaming whiteness of my socks they would draw attention to me.

Before I left my bedroom I pulled my skirt back down to its normal position and headed down the stairs with my satchel full of books over my shoulder. I was leaving home at least an hour earlier than usual; I lied to my parents and told them that I needed a book from my locker to finish a piece of homework for a lesson later in the morning.

I reached the bus stop and folded the waistband of my skirt over twice while I was waiting for the bus to arrive. The busses at that time of the morning were usually full of factory workers, I didn't expect to see many school kids on a bus that early in the morning and people like my father and mother, office workers would usually travel on busses an hour or so later. I paid my fare and headed up to the top deck and as I walked to the back of the bus I felt the eyes of at least three men were following my down the bus.

I sat in the middle seat of the back row so was often being looked at by men who got on the bus and as the bus travelled towards my school I caught several of the men turning round and staring back at me, their eyes fixed on my knees, or rather the small gap between my knees. By the time the bus reached the terminus it was totally empty, my school was about a quarter of a mile further on past the final stop and turn around point for the bus service. I felt slightly drunk, I had been on some kind of high for most of the journey, on the very edge of how I had felt the few times that I had rubbed myself between my legs in the privacy of my bedroom but I had gotten very close to that feeling without even touching myself.

I stood up shakily and looked down at my seat; the vinyl covering was actually wet and I patted the back of my skirt and that was wet too, I'd have to remember to flick the back of my skirt up if I did that ever again. Fortunately for me, my blazer actually covered the damp patch at the back of my skirt.

When I reached the school they hadn't even unlocked the main gates into the playground so I had to walk up to the gates opposite the main entrance, there were no cars in the teachers car park and no sign of life in any of the offices that surrounded the main entrance into the school, well, I say main entrance, the one that teachers and visitors used to get in, we students were discouraged from using it.

I could have doubled back on myself and walked past the front of the school to the other side of the student's gate but I didn't, I turned left and headed to the southern side of the school building. When I got to the place where I had watched the man masturbating himself I looked firstly at the lowest pane of glass, there were several trails of dried slime down the glass, if I hadn't seen the man doing what I had seen him doing I could easily have mistaken it for some kind of snail slime of bird droppings that had hit the window. The window sill also had several well defined trails that had dried onto it but I had to look really carefully to spot the dried white on white.

I stood with my back towards the window and looked out in the direction the man had run the night before, it was difficult to see but at the point where a large bush had grown through the school fence there appeared to be a small hole in the wire linked fence. I hoisted my satchel higher up on my shoulder and strode out towards the hole in the fence. After slipping through the hole I found a well-trodden path leading away from the school but within a few yards there was a crossways and another path that went in both directions parallel to the fence.

I decided to follow the path I had started out on and see where it led me to. After eight hundred yards the spinney opened out into a meadow and fifty yards beyond that there was a road. I stopped and was about to turn back towards the school but then I noticed that the tracks across the meadow lead to a small supermarket and general store built on the edge of a social housing estate. I walked over to the shop; there was a sign in the window that stated no more than two unaccompanied minors in the shop at a time.

There was a young man of about the age I had expected to find at the end of the path, hell, who was I kidding, I didn't plan on finding the man, just where he may have come from, I had hoped to find a farm or just a few houses, not a thousand flats and apartments the size of rabbit hutches built on top of each other.

I walked into the shop and the young man was out 'dressing the shelves', that's where they go and turn all of the labels on the packages to face the front and bring stock from the back of the shelves to the front to give the appearance of the shop being fuller than it actually was. As I walked around the shop looking at things I realised that he wasn't doing a very good job of dressing the shelves, as I moved on so did he to a place where he could see me clearly. Now it could have been just to prevent me from shoplifting that he was keeping his eyes on me but I was hoping that it was because he liked what he saw of me.

The penny sweets, sorry, they were penny sweets in my parents day and the name just stuck, we were supposed to call them pocket money sweets these days as there was nothing under five pence on the rack. Sorry, I digressed, the penny sweets were on the bottom shelf to the left of the till area where the elderly man waiting to operate the till could see them clearly. In the past I would have started at one end and hovered up something from every box all the way to the till but today I turned my back on the sweet treats. Then, I noticed something unusual in the middle of the second shelf up on the rack opposite the penny sweets shelf.

I moved slowly to that shelf and picked up a box from next to the suspicious object. The store did have signs all over the place warning that there were CCTV cameras in operation around the store, I had spotted the ones mounted on the ceiling in blackened pods so you couldn't see where the camera was pointing but the last place I would have expected to see a camera was two feet off the floor and hidden at the back of a shelf, the camera was pointing right at the shelf of penny sweets.

I examined the box I had picked up and then replaced it right in front of the camera's lens, a door opened at the back of the store and another young man walked out into the main store area, he could have been the first man's twin brother but he was dressed differently, black jogging trousers, black trainers and a black hooded top. It was difficult to know for sure if he was the same man that I had stood beside the day before in the dark but he was certainly dressed the same, exactly the same.

He came over to me and looked me up and down, I tried to look him in the eye and smile but his eyes were firmly fixed on my legs, then I looked down his front and spotted that his trousers were well and truly tenting out towards me and he wasn't making any attempt to hide the fact from me. I moved slightly away from him to see if he would follow me but before he did he moved the packet I had used to block the view from the camera.

There were a few kids starting to gather outside the door into the shop. I felt a little guilty that I was stopping one of them coming in when I wasn't intending to buy anything so I heaved a deep sigh and left the store. I looked over my shoulder and saw the man in black standing at the window watching me as I walked across the meadow towards the footpath leading to the hole in the school fence.

I was very disturbed all of the rest of the day thinking about the guy in the shop, wondering if he was the man I'd seen peeping at my team mates as they showered and he masturbated outside in the darkness. I didn't have any hockey training after school that afternoon so I was at home at the same time as my mum and dad for a change. I helped mum to make dinner, I actually had hot food for a change instead of a sandwich but I didn't eat very much of it, I had a chicken breast but was very careful to remove the skin before I ate it as most of the fat in a chicken was to be found under the skin.

After dinner, while my mum and dad settled down in front of the TV with a bag of sweets I changed into shorts and t-shirt and went for a short run, I had intended not to run too far but in the end I ran about two miles, well, two miles in eight spurts with a rest between each spurt. I got home around eight o'clock and neither of my parents even realised that I had been out. I flopped down opposite my dad and his eyes flicked from the TV to my legs and backside encased as it was in my skimpy running shorts. After a few minutes my father had to adjust himself for comfort as I had caused a growth in his trouser area.

I kissed my parents good night as I usually did, mother first as usual and when I kissed my dad he actually patted my bottom through my thin nylon shorts. I was going to shower, change into my nighty and go back down for another kiss after but I didn't get the chance because while I was still in the shower I heard my parents climbing the stairs. They went straight into their bedroom and as I left the shower there was a rhythmic humping sound coming from their bedroom, slow and deliberate and as I stood outside their bedroom door I heard the hump of the bed moving and then a little gasp from my mum and then another hump and gasp. I smiled to myself, they had to be fucking and that was the first time in my whole life that I had known them to fuck.

I went into my bedroom and closed the door; I could still hear the faint hump..... hump..... hump..... hump of my parent's bed as it moved under them as they fucked, I could have easily fallen asleep with the sound of fucking going on but I was kind of proud of the fact that I may have contributed in some small way to my mum and dad getting their leg over. I settled down with a 'True Romance' magazine and as I half listened to my parents and half read the stories I gave myself a little pleasure with my middle finger over my magic little button between my legs. At eleven-thirty the slow humping changed to a more rapid, hump, hump, hump, hump and then my dad gasped and swore out loud and the sounds from their bedroom ended so I turned my bedside lamp off and fell asleep instantly.

I got up early again the following morning and rushed for the kitchen to get some muesli and skimmed milk. I'd finished and placed my bowl and spoon in the sink as usual, I heard the sounds of my parents waking up and moving about above my head. I slipped up to the bathroom but the door was locked, I could hear the shower running and both my mum and dad giggling inside the bathroom. Their bedroom door was open and I took a look inside. Their bed was a total mess and I spotted a small foil wrapper on my father's bedside cabinet, his drawer was open as well, I slipped into their room and peeked into the open drawer, a box of condoms was open in the drawer and the foil wrapper was from a condom that was at that very moment lying in the bottom if the trash can at the side of the bed with a handful of tissues forming a nest around it.

Well, I couldn't take a shower at that moment and it was far too early to go to school so I slipped the running clothes on that I'd worn the evening before and took a little run around the streets. I did a mile but I did it without a single stop before returning home. Mum and dad were in the kitchen eating breakfast and making 'Cow eyes' at each other. I took a quick shower and dressed for school before hunting out my clean hockey strip as I had training after school.

The bus was full of school kids and a few office workers but I was slightly mellower that I had been the morning before so I wasn't showing off to the men or the boys on the bus. When I reached the main gates into school the thought popped into my head, 'I wonder if the man would be back to peek into the shower room again after hockey training' and I started to heat up all over again.

I spent the whole day picturing the man's cock in my mind's eye, watching him rubbing himself off and shooting at the glass. I spent all day worrying that someone might see the wet patch wherever I'd been sitting because I was so turned on. After school I headed for the changing room and because my panties were so wet I took them off and risked going out with just my navy blue sports knickers under my skirt.

The game was hard fought, I took twice the hits on my armour than I would usually expect in a training session but my average of saving against letting them score increased and as usual, as a matter of principal, I stopped every shot that Veronica Green fired at me, just because she was the worst of the bullies that picked on the geeks, well, she was an equal opportunities bully, she picked on anyone and everyone that wasn't perfect in her eyes.

Every time the ball went up-field away from me I scanned the length of the school fence to see if anyone was watching us. Deep down inside I was disappointed that no one was out there spying on us as we played, especially as I was playing so well that I thought that I may move from the school's second eleven team and up into the first eleven. Mind you, that would have its drawbacks as it would mean that I'd be on the same team as Veronica Green, so I wouldn't be able to drive her insane by deliberately stopping every shot she made.

The ball was at the other end of the field when the final whistle was blown so I wouldn't have to hunt it out in the darkness. I sat down and began to unbuckle my leg pads, I wasn't in any hurry and the field was clear before I stood up and placed one pad on the floor with the other on top of it. I wrestled my bullet-proofed vest off or rather my upper body armour and stacked it on top of my leg pads, I dropped my hockey stick on the pile next and my helmet on top of that, then I pulled the strap and buckle of the bottom leg pad over the pile and through the face-guard of my helmet and fastened the whole pile together.

I didn't take the direct route back to the changing room but I walked along the fence line towards the hole in the fence, I arrived just as the man in black squeezed through the hole, he'd taken five paces before he spotted me, he froze momentarily before turning and running back to the hole in the fence. I dropped my burden from my shoulder to the floor and ran after the man; I had no idea why I'd done it, why I'd walked to the hole instead of just waiting by my goal for him to slip through and follow him silently to the window to watch him masturbate again the way he had a few days earlier, that had been the loose plan that I'd formulated through the day.

I ran along the first few yards of the path and almost ran into the man at the crossways with the path parallel to the fence. He had stopped running, it looked like he had collided with an overhanging branch in the darkness and was now bent double in pain. I skidded to a halt just a foot short of him, the sound of my cleats throwing stones from under my feet as I skidded to a stop caused him to turn and stand bolt upright. He just stood there staring at me in the dappled light of the moon falling through the canopy of the trees.

"I'm sorry, did you hurt yourself?"

"What do you want kid?"

"I saw you, you know, before!"

"Yes, I saw you too, in my father's shop, but you didn't buy anything!"

"No, I saw you before that, after training two nights ago."

"What did you see?"

I held my right hand up in front of my face, formed it into a loose fist as if I was holding something and then I lowered my hand down to my lower abdomen and made jerking movements the way I had watched him doing it as he masturbated himself. He looked down at my hand and the movements I was making and smiled. My eyes were drawn to movement in his black jogging trousers, his cock looked through the material like the hour hand on a clock pointing at the nine, then I watched as it doubled in length and girth and slowly swung from nine o'clock and up to midnight.

He took a step closer to me and carefully positioned his hips so that the bulge in his trousers was aimed at my hand and he leaned in, he reached out with his right hand and he pulled my hair off of my face and tucked it behind my left ear as he rubbed his bulging cock from side to side across my hand. He was caressing the side of my face with his right hand as his left hand reached for my right hand, he took a hold of my hand and lifted it, pushing my hand up under his hooded top, he was using my hand to stroke his hair covered abdomen. I opened my hand so that it was flat against his belly and when he stopped rubbing my hand from side to side I took over and carried on rubbing for myself.

My little finger was pressing against the waistband of his trousers as I rubbed from side to side and after he let go of my hand he started using his left hand to pull the front of his trousers down. My little finger kept in contact with his trousers as he lowered them and I was suddenly aware of wetness against my little finger, wetness and heat, I realised that my little finger was brushing back and forth against his cockhead and the wetness was his lubrication brought on by his excitement.

My hand stopped following his trousers down and I even moved my hand back up a little higher up his belly. He hooked his trousers under his balls and then came after my hand again and he pulled it down and placed my hand over his cock shaft, my little finger close to his balls and my thumb and index fingers close to his cockhead.

I suddenly became very frightened about being in the dark spinney alone with an adult man, frightened but I still allowed him to wrap my fingers around his cock and start to use my hand to masturbate himself. Panic really set in when his right hand slipped off of my cheek and down my neck; he pulled the neck of my t-shirt to one side and began to rub over my shoulder. He was pulling the neck of my t-shirt so hard that I thought he was about to rip it and as he eased my bra strap off over my shoulder. The caretaker locking the doors once the sports field was empty suddenly popped into my head, he was pulling at my t-shirt even harder and I heard the stitching starting to give around the seam and I blurted out, "I'm sorry, I have to go, they lock the doors from the field early and I've already been in trouble for walking through the school in my boots."

He made one last effort, pushing his right hand down inside my t-shirt and making a grab for my left breast, forcing his arm down the front of my shirt was the final straw for the neck and it gave way at the side seam allowing him easier access to my breast, he had a good feel as I stepped back, turned and pulled away from him.

I ran like hell for the hole in the fence, he called after me, "I hope to see a lot more of you very soon!"

I went through the hole in the fence like a rocket, stopping only momentarily to grab at my bundle of kit and hoist it up onto my shoulder. The rough material of my leg pads pressing against bare skin on my shoulder reminded me just how much damage the man had done to my t-shirt, it was gaping wide open and there was definitely a lot of my upper chest on show. I ran all the way to the school, yanking the door open just as the caretaker was slipping his key in the lock to lock the door.

"I'm sorry miss; I thought the field was empty."

"I had a problem getting my armour off..." I gasped "...I was sitting by my goal posts and got snagged on a nail..." I pointed to the torn neckline of my shirt, "...took me an age to break free!"

"Which post was it misses, I'll get out there in the morning first thing and make it safe!"

"No need to bother, I used my helmet to beat the shit out of it, I don't think it'll mess with me again."

I was trying to make eye contact with the elderly man so I could smile at the joke I'd made but he wasn't really looking at my eyes, his eyes were firmly fixed on the expanse of white flesh that was exposed by the new opening in my shirt. I turned and headed for the changing room chuckling to myself as I went, the fear and panic of being alone in the woods with the man had dissipated totally at the caretaker's reaction to seeing half of my left breast.

The changing room was already empty by the time I got there; the shows were turned off too. I walked past the empty shower room to dump my armour in the equipment store. As I turned to return to my peg at the back of the room to get changed back into my school uniform I spotted the face at the upper window and the black outline of his body in the lower obscured panes of glass.

I got the feeling that he could be very disappointed and frustrated because I had chickened out of letting him play with me in the spinney, as I walked back to my clothes I started to rationalise about what had frightened me in the woods. It was the darkness and the fact that we were totally alone, he could have killed me or anything he wanted to do to me and there would have been no one to come to my assistance.

By the time I had reached my space on the back wall of the changing room I had come to a decision, I was indoors, the door was locked, it was light and there was at least one teacher around and cleaners and the caretaker, loads of people around if I called out and I had really enjoyed flashing at my dad and the men on the bus so why not flash for the man who I had already watched masturbating?

I stripped off totally, the navy knickers that would usually be worn over my day panties but this time had been right next to my skin were several shades darker between the legs from my being turned on and 'Salivating' at the crotch. I dragged my previously unused towel out of my sports bag; it smelled a little musty from the number of weeks it had been in my bag along with smelly socks, shorts, shirts and knickers in the past. On the very few occasions that I had been forced to take a shower I had swaddled myself in my towel until the very last moment, then I had run through the wall of water before grabbing my towel again and binding it around myself tightly.

I had rationalised that as the room was totally empty and I was only doing the whole shower bit so the stranger could watch me from his high lever vantage point above through the window I should just take the casual approach that I had seen Veronica Green and her friends taking the day before and stroll down to the shower room with my towel over my shoulder.

I draped my towel over the first hook by the entrance to the shower and reached in to turn the single tap on that controlled the flow of water to the twelve shower heads, six on each side of the room, I dangled my hand under the water with my back to the man, being as casual as possible while I waited for the water to heat up. When I was happy that the shower was up to temperature I stepped in. There were three jell dispensers on each wall dispensing shower jell, I pumped a large dollop into the palm of my left hand and began to rub soap over my skin.

I was rubbing my hands over my breasts working up a good lather and chose that moment to take my first look towards the window. The dark outline of his lower body in the obscure glass suddenly had a much lighter triangle showing and movement as his hand rubbed over his cock. I began to smile at the effect I was having on him when suddenly heaving into view around the corner from the direction of the teacher's office came he very tall, very skinny, very beautiful and totally naked body of the hockey teacher Mrs. Harris.

"I'm sorry; I thought you'd all gone already."

I froze on the spot, two hands full of my tits and soap suds running down over my hairy fanny. I watched, open mouthed as she draped her towel over the hook next to my towel. She stepped into the shower in front of me, pumped two large squirts of shower jell into her hand and began to soap the front of her body. She turned her back towards me and I couldn't be sure but from the angle her head was at it looked like she was looking into the eyes of the man in black masturbating at the window.

It took me an age to start my hands moving again though there was little point really, he could no longer see me as I was standing behind Mrs Harris. She soaped her breasts, down over her belly and was just soaping between her legs, bending forward slightly but with her head still focussing roughly where the man's face was at the window. Then out of the blue she said, "Could I ask a favour of you please, I'm going on a date in an hour, is there any chance that you could wash my back for me? I'll be happy to reciprocate and wash your back for you after."

I was shocked, up to two days earlier I had never even heard of girls washing each other's backs in the shower and I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. She looked over her shoulder and smiled sweetly at me, then she nodded towards the shower jell dispenser, "Use plenty of soap, I need to create a good impression."

I soaped my hands and went to rub her back but she stopped me, she positioned both of us so that we were away from the cascade of water and both in full view from the window. I started at her shoulders and rubbed soap all down her back. As my hands reached her bottom she spread her legs wider but that just made me chicken out, quickly washing her bottom before starting on the backs of her legs.

The whole wash was over in five minutes, then she turned and thanked me for the help with washing her back. She manhandled me into position, front and centre of the shower, almost out of the shower room and a good few feet closer to the window. She pumped a ton of soap into her hands and then began to massage my neck and shoulders with the thick slippery soap, she spent five minutes just washing my shoulders and neck before slipping her hands further down over my spine and working her hands out over my ribcage.

I was looking at the window, my eyes firmly fixed on the blur of his hand on his cock as he rubbed himself frantically. She whispered "Lift your arms,' in my ear and as I did she began to soap under both armpits before rubbing her hands further, beyond my sides and over the sides of my breasts. There was a vibration running through my body, from her hands on the sides of my breasts all the way to my fanny. As she began to rub soap all over my breasts I saw a splash hitting the window, I'd seen it from the outside two days earlier and now I was watching it from the inside. A second jet also hit the window where the day before it had splashed down on the windowsill. She giggled as a third jet hit the window again; there were three definitely different trails of man jelly running down the window. She was laughing as she patted my bottom, "I think you're clean enough now, remember to rinse off properly, this shower jell isn't the kindest in the world, make sure you get rid of it all, especially between your legs."

I looked from her face and back to the window but we were alone, our voyeur had already slipped away. I rinsed and dried in record time. My white panties were still soaking wet from earlier and the dark, wet patch in my sports knickers had spread half way to the waistband, I put on my bra, blouse and skirt, knee length socks and shoes. I checked myself out, if I didn't bend too far forward and didn't run for the bus or anything no one would really know if I went home commando. What the hell, I'd loved all the flashing I'd done so far, what if some lucky lad or man got to see more than he bargained for.

I had my satchel full of books and my sports bag full of dirty clothing to contend with so if a strong wind blew up there was no way I'd be able to control my skirt. I didn't run for the bus that was standing at the terminus as I approached so I missed it, I was fortunate that the rush-hour had just finished, it meant that there were lots of busses running virtually empty, they had been full carrying workers out of town and would all be running back into town picking up very few people.

As the bus cane towards the turn at the end of its outward journey I spotted the caretaker in his little Skoda, he had another man in the front of his car with him, I saw him say something to the other man and his head suddenly spun in my direction. The bus made its turn and I climbed aboard. As I started to climb the stairs to the upper deck I was sure that I saw the caretaker's Skoda coming back and parking behind the bus. I took my seat in the centre of the back row of seats so any man coming up to the top deck would see me very clearly. I had also remembered to flick the back of my skirt out of the way as I was still dribbling from between my legs

As the bus pulled away from the stop I was alone but before a few yards the man that I had seen in the front passenger seat of the caretaker's car was emerging from the stairs. He looked down the bus towards me and smiled, then he ricocheted down the length of the bus bouncing off of the backs of the seats all the way down the bus because of the way the empty bus was swaying from side to side on our imitation third world road surface.

He stopped at the row of seats in front of me, he dropped into the seat to my left but didn't sit facing fully forward as you'd expect, his knees were still in the aisle and he was looking down at my knees over the side of his seat.

"You're late going home from school."

"Yes, I've been training for the hockey match on Saturday."

"Hockey, very impressive, I'll bet you have very muscular legs."

He was now being very obvious about looking down at my knees; he had bent forwards in his seat to see a little further under my short skirt. Part of me wanted to clamp my thighs together to stop him seeing anything and another part of me wanted to open my legs wider to give him a good view. He reached down and began to brush his fingertips over my bare knees before resting his hot palm on my left knee, his fingers down between my knees. The bus pulled into a stop, his attention suddenly focussed onto the convex mirror that stood above the stairs so people getting on the bus could see how full the upper deck was, it also meant that we could see if people were climbing the stairs.

He looked very disappointed when a man started to climb the stairs, then, before the man's head showed above the seats in front of the stairs the man in front of me galvanised into action, he moved his hand and pushed my bottom to the right, "Shift over darling!"

Before the second man emerged fully onto the top deck I had been pushed over by the window and the man who had been in the car with my school caretaker had slotted himself into the seat to my left. His right hand slipped down to my left hip and he began to rub his hand over the outside of my skirt. As soon as the new passenger had settled himself in his seat half way down the bus and turned his back on us the man next to me began pushing my bottom away from the back of the seat, he was looking down and when he spotted that my skirt was not as he expected, tucked neatly under my bottom and trapped against the seat. He slowly looked up into my eyes and smiled, then he stopped pushing me forward and lifted the side of my skirt, again he was expecting to see the standard passion-killer knickers that the girls at my school were supposed to wear and again I watched his smile grow wider when he realist that I was divested of my knickers.

"How far do you go?"

"I live in Belton; I get off at the stop outside the Sun Inn."

He chuckled, "That isn't exactly what I meant, I was hoping that you'd say 'All the way' or something like that."

I suddenly worked out the double meaning of what he'd said and I blushed a deep red. He flipped the front of my skirt up and tucked the bottom hem into my waistband so it was held out of the way.

I quickly slid my left hand over my pussy mound to try and hide my hairy bush from his gaze.

"You shouldn't hide your beautiful pussy, it looks lovely."

I sat with my hand hiding my pussy but I didn't do anything to pull my skirt down to cover me up again. I saw him looking over his shoulder; he smiled again and then looked back down at my hand covering my pussy again.

I thought that it was strange that he had looked out of the back window; traditionally the back windows of double decker busses are so dirty that nothing could ever be seen through them. I looked over my shoulder and spotted that the car following closely behind the bus along the country lane was actually my caretaker from school. I couldn't really tell in the dark that my caretaker was actually driving but the windscreen did have the 'Vale of Catmose Collage' sticker on display so if it wasn't the caretaker it had to be one of the other members of staff.

I heard the sound of a zipper being pulled down and my head was suddenly drawn back into the bus. I looked into the man's lap, he had already unfastened his belt and the top button of his trousers and now that he had pulled his zipper down his trousers were wide open.

"See, we already have something in common, we're both going commando."

He pulled my left hand away from my fanny and pulled it over to his cock and slapped my hand down on his meat.

"And now we can have something else in common, you masturbate me a little and I'll do the same to you."

He leaned in to me and began to explore my pussy area with the fingers of his left hand while his right hand started pushing me forward in my seat again and then his lips crashed into mine and he started to do deep soul kissing with me. He quickly found my pleasure button and began rubbing it until I lost control and stopped attempting to fight him, hell, who was I kidding, I hadn't been really fighting him, just not doing anything proactively, just doing what he made me do for him.

As his fingertip searched for the opening to my cunt the tip of his tongue began to wrestle its way into my mouth.

"My mate said he was sure that you were ready to go all the way, he said that he thought that you'd been in the woods at the back of school doing the nasty with one of the local men who scam the girls from your school into having sex with them. He saw a bit of one of your breasts earlier, he'd really like to see both of them, out in the open, probably in the back of his car if you fancy it."

I was driven into a climax by his fingers, I had given myself a few climaxes in the past but I never took myself as far as he had done. I must have brought him close to his orgasm too because he held my hand still for a moment while he recomposed himself. The bus had just turned off of the A47 at that point and was heading rapidly for Belton. We'd passed the stop just off of the main road so I could press the bell to tell the driver that I needed the next stop.

It took me a while to adjust my dress and make myself look descent so I could walk down the length of the bus and hit the stairs before the bus turned into my village and stopped outside the Sun Inn. The guy was right behind me as I stepped from the bus, considering the bus stopped right outside the pub at its busiest time of the evening there was no one around outside the pub, well, no one apart from my school caretaker in his crappy old Skoda.

"How far away do you live?"

"Just round the next corner over there, half way down Nether Street."

"Do your parent's know that you were on this bus?"

"No!"

"So they aren't really expecting you home right now then?"

"No, not really."

"Well, come and get in Stuart's car with me, we'll get in the back, Stu doesn't want to touch, just look at your beautiful tits. I want to see them too. I'm Brian by the way, what's your name?"

Now I was really torn, I had really freaked out earlier when I was in the dark woods with the guy from the shop, that was mainly because we were all alone on the woods though I was certain of that but what if I freaked out again in Stuart's car, they would think I was just one big baby. I really wanted to play a little longer, I'd already been taken to sexual heights that were higher than my wildest dreams and that was on the bus with another man there making me attenuate myself so I couldn't really let myself go.

I didn't say anything; I just walked towards Stuart's car and stood by the rear nearside door. Brian reached past me and opened the door for me to get in.

"Slide all the way across darling."

I got in the car and slid through to the seat behind Stuart. Brian had opened his trousers and followed me into the car and before he settled down into the seat at the side of me he was naked from his waist down. He was unbuttoning his shirt, "Take your blouse off for us!"

I was a little shocked, I hadn't planned on doing anything proactively to aid in my seduction but there I was, unbuttoning my own blouse in the back of my school's caretaker's car with his mate sitting at the side of me totally naked.

I was encouraged to unfasten my bra myself as well and I did that too. Brian could see that I was beginning to wavier slightly so he searched out the fastener at the side of my skirt's waistband and undid it before pulling my skirt off over my head. I was now sitting in the back seat of a car in the middle of my village, totally naked with a totally naked man at my side with another man kneeling in the driver's seat and looking over at me. I could have been spotted at any moment by one of my neighbours but rather than being worried about it I was fizzing with excitement.

Brian had lied, of course he had, he'd said that all Stuart wanted to do was look at my tits and he didn't want to touch me but as Brian eased me out of my seat and slipped beneath me so that my back was against his chest, Stuart was reaching over from the front seat and playing with both of my tits.

As Brian pulled me down onto his cock he whispered, "Please don't tell me that you're still a virgin and that I can't fuck you!"

"I'm still a virgin but I'm not desperate to stay that way!"