**Kim's story**

by Isabella

I've lived in children's homes all of my life, I'd been put up for adoption by my mother because she was a blond haired party girl and she didn't want a black baby dragging her down. And surprise - surprise, no potential adoptees wanted a black baby either. The white parents saw me as black and the potential black parents looking for children saw me as white so no one wanted to adopt me.

When I was seventeen years and six months old, matron called me into her office and she handed me an envelope and an information pack called, 'So now you're almost eighteen', the pack was given to every resident of the home just before they kick them out. I'd seen it countless times, girls leaving the matron's office with a shocked look on their faces...I had that shocked look on my face now as I was being escorted out of her office.

I walked into my bedroom and saw my reflection and remembered back to when I was about four years old, I used to see that on the faces of younger girls, the girls between twelve years and fifteen, they weren't getting the message that they were about to be kicked out of the home but they had just been told by matron that they were pregnant.

That sent me back in time to the golden age of children's homes in England. When I was four years old, I was moved out of the council run 'Adoption' home and into the children's home run by the Methodist church, kids didn't often find new parents much past the age of three. I would often see the older girls getting dressed up, nice cloths, sexy underwear, expensive perfume and naff Asian jewellery. My best friend when I was four was Dawn Rouse, she was seventeen years old and even though she would soon be leaving the home, she had taken me under her wing to protect me from bullying by the other girls. One day, Dawn was getting ready to go out on a date, she had long blond hair and loved jewellery. I sat and watched her getting ready for the date. I asked her why she chose the particular necklace that she was wearing out of the pile of necklaces she owned, the bright yellow of Asian gold looked like plastic against her alabaster skin and platinum blond hair. Dawn wiggled her fingers and put her fingers against her necklace, "Abdul gave me each one of these pieces as dowry gifts, one little piece every time we got married!"

Okay, I was only four years old and didn't really understand back then but I thought that a man married a woman and they lived together happily ever after. Over the years I came to understand that for many Asian men, it was a sin to even look at a woman that you weren't married to, so when my friend Dawn went on a date with one of her boyfriends, he would mumble a few words in Bengali, Punjabi or Hindi, hand her a little bit of gold jewellery, she would nod her head in acceptance and the man would consider them husband and wife. As soon as the date was over, he would hand her a few pounds, mumble his few words and they would be divorced, the jewellery at the start of the date was her dowry and the money at the end of the date was a divorce settlement. A taxi would always be called to bring the girl back to the home at the end of the date.

Breakfast was always a comparison between the girls about the previous evenings date. Where their boyfriend took them for dinner, what entertainment they had, theatre, night club, casino or party and what hotel they ended their date in and there was always that dowry gift to show off as well as the divorce settlement to brag about.

Earlier I mentioned that fourteen years ago was the golden age of children's homes, I was four years old and couldn't wait for the first time a taxi was sent to collect me to take me to meet the man who would be my husband for an evening...all I had to do was have my first ever period and one of the older girls would arrange my first date for me...another quirk of the Asian men, they wouldn't marry a girl, not even for one evening, unless she was a month past her first period, no matter how old she was...or rather, how young.

I shook myself out of those memories, I never got to that first date, something happened in Oxford and Rochdale that made children's homes clamp down on the kids in their care, before Rochdale, taxi drivers would drive onto the property, right up to the front door, they would knock on the front door of the home and tell the staff which girl they'd come to pick up...no matter how young the girl was, the staff member would fetch her and hand her over without a question, sometimes the girl would be gone for a few hours and return by curfew, if the girl missed curfew, she would just return in time for breakfast and nothing was ever said, some girls even spent the whole weekend with their date and still nothing was ever said. Then the golden age ended, Girls had to tell staff wherever they were going and who with, if a taxi was seen collecting a girl, the staff had to notify the police, the registration number of the taxi would be passed on and the police would pick the taxi up and investigate where the girls were going. Another change was, any girl under sixteen years of age had to have a member of staff with her if she went out of the children's home other than to go to school.

So, here I was, just six months away from my eighteenth birthday. I wasn't exactly a virgin, I had managed to slip out during school and have sex with one of the lonely Asian men who missed the golden age and his free access to young girls. I didn't get as much in the way of dowry or divorce settlement because the date was so short and I wasn't white with long blond hair.

I looked at the pack of information I'd been given for the first time, it was all printed material in a sealed cellophane package but the envelope was outside of the pack and my adoption number was hand written on the front of the envelope in Biro but my name had been added more recently in pencil and written in a different hand, just looking at the way the ink had faded it was ancient. I opened the letter and I found that it was from my mother, she had written to me eighteen years ago and that letter had been handed in with me when my mother put me up for adoption and the children's home had kept that letter on my file to hand over to me when I was eighteen...or in my case, seventeen and a half.

The start of the letter was in the form of an apology, things like, 'Please don't hate me, I was only fourteen years old when I gave birth to you and I was living in Saint Marks Children's home, so they took you from me the second you were born...they will tell you that I gave you up for adoption but I didn't, I didn't even see your face...didn't even know if you were a boy or a girl. You were taken from me by the Matron and you were put in the hands of the council's adoption agency. The only thing that I could be certain of about you is that you would be mixed race, your father was either an Asian business man or an African. Please don't think that I was a feckless girl playing Russian Roulette with your life...I was taking the pill from the date of my very first period...I must have been one of the five percent that the pill lets down, or perhaps I took a pill at the wrong time of the day or missed one pill out, I have no idea!'

I read through that first paragraph several times, all my life I'd been told that my mother gave me away because I was mixed race but this letter told me that my mother didn't have a choice, I was taken from her before she'd even had a chance to hold me, not even knowing if she'd had a girl or a boy.

I looked at the final paragraph, 'If you feel, at some time in the future, that you can forgive me for not fighting harder to keep hold of you and bring you up myself...my name is Dawn Rouse, if you go to Saint Marks children's home, they should give you my address because you're my child...don't give up though, keep looking for me, if you're as smart as me, you'll track me down!'

Well, that was a shock, I'd actually been friends with my own mother without either of us knowing it, I'd only known her for ten months before she moved out but I already knew where she was moving to, a flat above a corner shop, in the middle of town. I looked at my face in the mirror...well, I wasn't the product of an Asian father, my dad was definitely an African man...that or Afro-Caribbean!

I went straight to the office and told them that I was going out, I was asked where I was going by the duty manager, "I've just been given the pack telling me that I only have six months to find new accommodation so I'm going down the High Street to talk to a few estate agents to see how much I'm likely to need to earn to pay my rent!"

"You should start with the housing charities or the council, you'll be pushed to the top of the housing list and their accommodation is cheaper that private landlords charge."

I smiled sweetly at her, "Yes, I'll fill in that form on Monday but I know that the estate agents are all open this morning, I need to do research to see what the costs will be on the private market as well as on the social market."

I walked to the junction that Dawn had told me she was moving to, she had told me that she was moving into the flat above the corner shop but there were four corners at the junction that all had flats above them, two were general grocery type shops, one was a hot food takeaway and the other was a travel agents shop. As I was wondering how I could find out which of the shops my mother had lived in or even if she still lived in, I spotted the alcohol licence above the door of the 'Eight-till-late' shop, it gave the name of the person that was in charge of selling alcohol in the shop and it proclaimed that his name was 'Abdul Alimohamed' and I remembered when I was younger that Dawn often went out with a man called Abdul.

I was torn, the shop was quite busy at that time of night so I wandered around the back, there was no back gate, just a small yard with a brick tiled floor. I looked around, it looked like there were a thousand used condoms scattered all around the yard with a million tissues that were amalgamated into a mass by the rain. I spotted a fire escape that the tenant would use to get up to the flat.

I started climbing the fire escape and about half way up I heard the sounds of very energetic sex coming from an open window that was just above my head as I climbed up towards the door. When I was almost at the top of the stairs, I could look back and actually see into the bedroom as there were no curtains at that window. The room was almost sterile, white emulsioned walls, a grey vinyl floor covering, the bed was just a bare mattress directly on the floor. I recognised Dawn even though she was thirteen years older than the last time that I saw her, she was naked, flat on her back and there was a rather large black man between her thighs, fucking her like a steam train.

I saw several boxes of condoms as well as boxes of tissues, I also saw a small wad of ten pound notes on the floor by her head.

The man finished fucking her before I could drag myself away from the window, I was in no hurry anyway, if I knocked the door, she wouldn't have stopped fucking to answer the door anyway.

I watched the man slap her arse hard as he pulled away from her, "Same time next week darling!"

I had to climb two steps higher up the fire escape because the man was closing in on the window, he threw the used condom through the open window and it landed in the shop's back yard. I could still see him as he wiped his cock with several tissues as he continued talking to Dawn, the tissues all followed the condom out of the window.

I continued to the top of the stairs and knocked on the foor that was set into the same wall as the window that I'd just looked through. I heard Dawn say, "Fucking hell! Can't he wait until I put the red light back on?", as she headed for the door pulling her dressing gown on over her naked body.

She yanked the door open and started to say, "I'm not ready..." and then she stopped and looked at me, "...God, is that you Kim?"

I gave her an awkward grin and I nodded my head. Dawn's body was moved to one side by the rather large black man, he kissed her on her cheek and said, "See you next week baby." He looked me up and down and gave me a wide grin, flashing off two gold crowns in the early evening sun.

Dawn almost dragged me into the flat, she stepped out onto the fire escape to look into the street outside the shop, she mumbled, "Not many about this early tonight!"

I was standing looking into the bedroom on the left of the main door, it stank of stale sweat and I could see from the doorway that the mattress was heavily stained.

"Excuse the state of my office Kim, it's a bit of a mess!"

She opened the door on the right, that room was her living room and it was furnished and decorated to a very high standard, as different as chalk and cheese to the room she had been using to fuck the black man in.

I was offered a drink of alcohol from a very well stocked bar.

Dawn sat on her sofa while I sat opposite her. She sipped her drink and then gave me a warm smile, "I thought that I'd never see you again after they cracked down on girls slipping out of the home for fun...what are you up to these days?"

"I got my leaving pack today and my head is in a bit of a spin!"

"Oh my god, are you seventeen and a half already...time really flies when you spend most of it drunk or high!" She giggled at that comment.

"I got this letter too!"

I handed her letter to me over to her and her smile dropped to the floor when she saw the envelope, her face turned white and she went quiet, she whispered, "God baby...I'm so sorry, I never dreamed that you were my daughter when you were moved out of the adoption agency's home.

Dawn suddenly launched herself at me and wrapped me in her arms and lavished me with kisses and cuddles. A door suddenly opened in the wall opposite the window, that door would lead to the original stairway from the shop as well as the rooms at the front of the flat. An elderly Asian man walked in, "Dawn darling...is there a problem...I didn't see the light go on after your last customer!"

Dawn jumped to her feet and poured a drink that she handed to him, "Darling, this is Kim...Kim, this is my husband Abdul..." then Dawn whispered, "...Kim is my daughter that Saint Mark's stole from me before I had the chance to even look at her!"

Abdul extended his hand, I went to shake his hand but instead, he kissed it, "It is a real pity that you're not my daughter Kim!"

"Why's that Abdul?"

"Because...if you were my daughter...I'd be able to have sex with you without paying a dowry and marrying you before we fucked and paying you a divorce settlement after having sex!"

I was very shocked by his comment and the language he'd used, Dawn sidled up to him and wrapped her arm around his neck, "You've shocked her putï darling, she hasn't been exposed to men in the way that I was at Saint Mark's home, when she was just six years old, they stopped all girls having any free time outside the home."

Abdul was still holding my hand, "I well remember the day the government closed the market down!"

I gave Dawn a confused look, "Market?"

"All the men around her called Saint Marks the meat market because it was the go to place to pick up fresh meat or to meet new girls...she kissed Abdul and then placed her lips next to his ear, "...but she is my daughter and I am your patanï putï darling, doesn't that mean anything?"

Abdul smiled at me, "It's a technicality my beautiful patanï, you would have to give me your permission of course to train our daughter in Jinasï pi'ära dï kalä!"

There was a woman's voice calling Abdul from a distance, "Abdul looked disappointed, I'm sorry Kim but my Pahilï patanï needs me in the shop, this is a very busy time in the shop...I'll have to talk to Dawn about our first lesson!"

Abdul left the way he entered, the connecting stairs to the shop must have been left in place as well as the doorway linking the two parts of the building.

I looked at Dawn and said, "What was all that Asian talk about?"

Dawn laughed, "putï means husband, patanï means wife, Pahilï patanï means first wife and Jinasï pi'ära dï kalä means the art of sexual love!"

I'm confused, are you Abdul' wife or is the woman downstairs?"

"We're both his wives, he has several other wives as well, I think I'm number five or even six, some of Abdul's wives are still in Pakistan, looking after his family over there."

I was encouraged to take another drink and Dawn pulled me onto the sofa for a motherly cuddle, "Did you manage to lose your virginity at least?"

I almost choked on my drink and then I laughed, when I was four years old, I remembered Dawn waxing lyrical about all the sex she'd had while out on her dates.

Dawn gave me a serious look, "Please...at least tell me that you managed to lose your virginity by now!"

I nodded my head, "Just once...I was fourteen...we were at school in drama group, I was a stage hand and he was props manager, while the drama teacher was running lines with the leads, we did a knee trembler against the wall in the wings, it was all over in a minute, he left me bleeding and frustrated but at least I wasn't a virgin anymore!"

Dawn now looked a little sad and then she got a sly grin, "So, you've only managed one bite of the cherry and that was disappointing for you, I can promise you that Abdul will give you a fucking that you'd remember for the rest of your life...all you have to do is give yourself permission to let go and enjoy yourself. What time do you have to be back at Saint Marks these days?"

"They still lock the doors at ten thirty but as they've just given me the leaving pack today, if I miss curfew, they won't report me to the police...I'm supposed to be out looking for somewhere to live."

"There's another advantage to letting Abdul have sex with you, he can help you get a cheap flat if you make him happy!"

At that moment the phone rang and Dawn ran over to answer it. There was a lot of lovey-dovey talk and then Dawn said, "Okay, come over now, I'll give you half an hour!"

Dawn hung up the phone and came over to me, she swallowed her drink down in one go, "Please stay here while I just turn this one trick and I'll be back, we have tons to talk about!"

There was a knock on the door and Dawn ran to meet the man, I stood up and looked out of the living room window, I saw an Asian man, he was quite short and Dawn threw the door open and savaged his lips with hers, he had her dressing gown off before she closed the door and then the light went on in her 'Office', I suddenly realised that I could actually see right into the back bedroom, I saw the man hand over a bundle of cash, then Dawn undressed him and she rolled a condom down his cock and then she took up her position at her workstation and he climbed on board and fucked her for fifteen minutes,

I watched after he finished, he pulled the condom off of his cock and tossed it out of the bedroom window the way the African man had done earlier. Dawn remained naked until her customer was fully dressed and there was one more kiss before she saw him to the door and let him out.

Dawn came back into the living room, she poured herself another drink and then sat at my side, "Did you see all of that Kim?"

I nodded my head and smiled, "You don't have a TV...I had to watch something in here all on my own while you were busy!"

Dawn gave me a fake serious look, "I'll bet you don't think that this is the way your mother should act...do you?"

I looped my arm around her neck and kissed her on her cheek, "Dawn, I've never known a mother, I've never seen how a mother acts...like you, I have spent all of my life so far in children's homes, you're the first mother I've ever really known so you're acting exactly how I think a mother should act!"

"So, would you like Abdul to teach you about real life sex? Depending on how much he invests in you emotionally will govern how much he'll want from you in rent!"

I shrugged my shoulders, "I don't mind...I remember back to when I was four years old and you used to tell me stories about all the men you loved and what you did with them and I was desperate to be old enough to be loved and all of a sudden, the doors of the home slammed shut and we were all kept virtual prisoners in there!"

Dawn smiled at me and fiddled with her mobile phone for a few seconds, the door at the back of the room opened again and Abdul walked in, Dawn jumped to her feet and made him a drink and handed it to him, there was a long and loving kiss and then she said, "Putï Pi'ärë, Kï tusïm mërï dhï nū kisa tar'häm cudä'ï karanä sikhögë!"

I saw him grin at me, he walked past me and out into the area by the front door, while he was gone, Dawn whispered, "I've just said, in Punjabi, 'Husband darling, would you please teach my daughter how to fuck!', I think he's gone to my office to fetch a condom to use on you!"

Before Abdul returned to Dawn's living room, he turned the red light on over the stairs up to her front door and he walked into the living room with a hand full of condoms...not just one condom, he looked at Dawn and said, "It's time for you to get back to work Dawn darling!"

He took a hold of my hand and guided me through the door at the back of the room, there was a passageway at the top of the stairs, I looked down and saw an elderly Asian woman looking up at me as Abdul pulled me behind him, he pointed at the door opposite the living room door, "Bathroom..." the passageway went down the side of the stairs and at the end of that passageway he pointed at that door, "Kitchen." We did a 'U' turn and there was a second set of stairs up to the attic.

There were two rooms at the top of the stairs, both doors were open and I could see that the rooms were both very well furnished bedrooms. I was pulled into the bedroom that was over the living room, "This is your mother's bedroom! I could take you in the other room but it is much kinkier to do a daughter in her mother's bed!"

There was a faint red glow from the light below the bedroom window and the light suddenly went out, he raised his eyebrows at me, "At least Dawn will have a little fun while I'm giving you your first lesson in love and sex Kim darling!"

Abdul was just wearing the long shirt down to his ankles and nothing else, he sat on the side of the bed and pulled me in front of him, he kissed my belly through my dress and then he lifted its front, he kissed my belly again, this time with nothing between his lips and my belly.

He pulled my tights down and then sniffed at the crotch of my knickers, "You should stop wearing tights from today...I'll bet your coochie gets terrible itchiness all the time and it is all down to wearing tights and nylon knickers...from today onwards, you shouldn't wear anything against your coochie!"

My knickers followed my tights to the floor and he guided me onto the bed on my back.

"Lesson one is oral sex..." he dipped his head between my legs, his mouth clamped onto my pussy and he licked me just once before he lifted his head. I gasped at the intensity of the pleasure that one lick had given to me. "...did you like that?"

I gave him a stupid grin and nodded my head enthusiastically.

"I will give you a fifteen minute lesson on the pleasure that a man can give a woman with his mouth and after fifteen minutes, I will teach you how a woman can do the same for a man!"

I nodded in agreement.

He returned his mouth to my pussy and started licking, I was climaxing after ten seconds and the orgasm got stronger and more powerful for the next fourteen minutes and fifty seconds. As he pulled his mouth off of me the room turned red again, my mother had turned her trick and spat him out again in just fifteen minutes.

Abdul got on his back and pulled my head down to his cock and gave me detailed instructions about what he wanted me to do with my mouth on his cock.

After five minutes the red light went off again, Dawn was turning another trick...servicing another customer.

At the fourteen minute mark Abdul told me that I had to swallow the head of his cock into my throat and keep it there for a whole minute. It hurt like hell but I managed it in the end and held him in my throat for sixty seconds.

"Would you like to move on to lesson number two Kim darling?"

"What is lesson number two?"

"Where I teach you how a man fucks a woman!"

I nodded my head and he handed me a condom wrapped in silver foil, I broke the seal and rolled the condom down his cock.

He rolled me onto my back, pulled my legs wide apart and he rolled his body between my thighs.

I almost screamed in pain as his cock invaded my body but I got over the pain in seconds and that's when the real pleasure of fucking started. He wasn't so much making love to me, he was fucking me hard and even when the pleasure gor so much that I was begging him to stop, he just kept on banging at high speed.

I blacked out from the extreme pleasure that Abdul's cock was giving me and while I was out of it I had no idea if he stopped fucking me or if he just continued but as the colour returned to the room, he was still pumping his cock into me, a halo of red around his body the first thing I saw in full colour and suddenly the red glow disappeared, Abdul looked over his shoulder at the window, "Your mother has another friend to play with, she will be very happy tonight...and how about you darling, are you happy with the way your lessons are going?"

I widened my grin and nodded my head eagerly, even though it actually hurt my head because passing out had given me a pounding headache. Abdul took me to one last climax before rolling off of me, landing on the mattress on his back, he tore the still empty condom off of his cock and threw it onto the floor at the side of the bed.

Even though my head was pounding and painful, a little voice inside my head cried out, 'No...you can't stop now!' I thought that my first real fuck was all over and the fact that Abdul hadn't climaxed seemed...well, it seemed like I'd failed somehow!

"Right Kim, I need you to show me what you remember from lesson number one...but, this time, you have to take me into your throat in one go.

I bounced up onto my knees and leaned over him, he stopped me and altered my posture, "You have to try to keep as straight a line as possible between your lips and your throat, you know that it might hurt you if you get it wrong so you just have to keep telling yourself that you will get it right first time!"

I was like a cormorant diving from the sky and into a crystal clear sea, mouth wide open to catch the fish just under the surface. It hurt a little but I managed to get my lips against his balls in one swift movement, he told me that I did good as he took a hold of my head in both hands and then used my throat like a fist to masturbate himself hard for two minutes before letting go of my head. I happily continued moving my head up and down as if his hands were still on my head.

"Right, it's time for lesson number three, start out by rolling a fresh condom onto my cock!"

I was all fingers and thumbs as I tried to rip the silver foil protecting the condom. I actually enjoyed the act of rolling a condom down a cock, the first time I did it, just an hour earlier, I had just performed a mechanical act, now that I had discovered just how much pleasure such a funny little appendage could deliver I treated it with a new respect, a new reverie. Because of the way that the latex was tightly rolled up, it took several strokes of my hand down the length of his shaft to get the latex all the way down to his balls but this time I actually lavished my attention on his cock as I covered it in rubber.

I got on my back and opened my legs, "No...lesson two was me showing you how a man fucks a woman, lesson three is how a woman can fuck herself, using a man!"

Once again I took detailed instruction on what he expected a woman to do when fucking him, he just lay back and I straddled his hips, I reached under my body and grasped his cock, pulling it away from his body and guiding the head of his cock into my vagina.

I was told to sit upright and rock my hips back and forth to feel the pleasure that a cock could generate like that, then I was told to lift my body up with my knees and lower myself back down, I was told to do it harder, see how it felt, do it faster, see how that felt and then combine lifting my body with rocking back and forth.

I gave myself several little orgasms as I learned how to give myself pleasure as well as the man. We stepped up a gear, Abdul told me to lean forward, let my chest rub against his and as I did that, he could help the pleasure by simply raising and lowering his hips as I rocked, he didn't tell me to lift my body while in that position, I worked that all out by myself, as he lowered his hips, I lifted mine and as he raised his hips, I fell back down on his cock again...my climax was five times more enjoyable and then I realised that I might get a little extra pleasure if I took my bra off and let my breasts rub up and down against his hairy chest.

"Is it okay if I take my bra off?"

No, it would be wrong of me to look upon the Chätï of a woman that I'm not married to!"

Fortunately I was swimming through an orgasm when I worked out that Chätï must have been Punjabi for breasts or I would have burst out laughing at the ridiculousness of a man with his cock buried eight inches deep on a girl's body telling her it would be wrong for him to look at her breasts.

The red light came back on behind Abdul's body, he looked again, "He didn't last very long..."

Abdul clamped his right arm across my lower back, locking me in place, he dragged his heels up the bed, lifting his knees and as he held me in place, he started fucking up into my body with greater speed, I exploded from a mild orgasm into a massive one in two seconds flat.

Dawn cleared her throat, she was standing in the bedroom doorway, the red light still glowing behind Abdul so I was totally surprised to see her in the doorway watching us.

"Gitar said it's twenty minutes to closing time...I thought that you might need a little help to empty your balls!"

My cunt was suddenly empty, Abdul kissed me and said, "I think that's enough of your schooling for today Kim darling, now I must empty my balls into my wife before I have to take my number one wife home."

Dawn climbed on the bed on her back, she was totally naked and he rolled on top of her and fucked her with great vengeance, Dawn was climaxing from the outset, it looked to me, as a casual observer, that Abdul was more trying to hurt Dawn rather than make love to her.

I just stood there for five minutes watching Abdul fucking Dawn hard and her gasping in the pain and pleasure of being ridden hard. I saw Dawn black out, her eyes rolled up, her irises almost disappearing under her upper eyelids and at that point, Abdul stopped pounding into her and he began fucking her more slowly, now he was kissing her, fucking her tenderly...a little light went on in my head, a little light and a bell sounded, Abdul had been fucking Dawn and now he was making love to her.

The little bell sounded again, Dawn was still a little out of it, Abdul looked over at me, "Go down and answer the door, Tell the man that Dawn is a little busy at the moment, ask him if he'd like to wait in her room...if he wants to wait, take him into the back room and ask him if he'd like a drink...I won't keep her much longer!"

I pulled my dress on over my head and looked at the tangled pile of knickers and tights, then I remembered Abdul saying that tights and nylon knickers made a woman's pussy itch and smell, so I kicked them away from me and I ran down the stairs, as I crossed the top of the stairway to the shop below, Gitar was standing down there listening to her husband fucking Dawn above, as I crossed over the top of the stairs, she nodded at me, from that far below me, she must have seen that I was bare arsed under my dress, I waved in response to her nod...it actually felt funny to me, waving in greeting to a woman who was the wife of the man that had just been fucking me, she was probably standing there listening to me as her husband fucked me earlier.

I ran through the living room as the doorbell sounded again, I opened the door to an African man, at least six foot three inches tall, and as wide as the doorway, I was slightly shocked by his physical size but it was he that stepped back in alarm. He stuttered, "Is Dawn there..."I nodded my head, "...tell her that Sid's here for her please!"

I pulled myself to my senses and stepped away from the door, "I'm sorry but Dawn is a little tied up at the moment...she'll only be a few minutes...would you like to wait in her room for her?"

He grinned at me, a mouth full of white teeth, "Please darling!"

I backed away from the door and then I opened the door into Dawn's 'Office' and gestured for him to go through. He scooped me up in his arm and pushed me into my mother's workspace ahead of him. I ran a little to get close to the open eindow and as far away from the bed and Sid as I could get in the small back room.

I was told to offer you a drink...would you like one?"

He lunged at me and pulled me against his chest, he had to bend his knees to steal a kiss from my lips, "I'd rather do this while I'm waiting!"

He was just getting around to lifting my dress up when my mother walked in and slapped his arse, "Leave my daughter alone Sid...she hasn't finished her training yet!"

Dawn was naked when she walked into the room, she stopped Sid scooping her into his arms, pushed him away and held out her hand, then she snapped her fingers and Sid took his wallet out of his back pocket, "Eighty quid isn't it?"

"It isn't a quiet night Sid, the full one hundred or on your way!"

Sid handed the money over and Dawn counted it, she tossed the money on to the floor by the pillow end of the bed, I'd seen money there earlier when I had watched her fucking the customer from the living room window but the only money there now was what Sid had just given her.

Dawn started undressing him, I looked towards the still open door, "Shall I wait in the other room mum?"

She smiled at me, "No point, I still don't have a TV...you may as well watch from here as from the living room window."

Dawn was now pulling his trousers and underpants down, he was looking from me to Dawn, he said, "I didn't know that you had even been pregnant...never mind having had a kid!"

Dawn looked over at me before she swallowed his monster cock into her throat...just the way that Abdul had told me to do on my second bite at the oral cherry. She gave him a thirty second suck before rolling a condom down the length of his cock. As she was doing that, he said, "Any idea who your father is darling?"

He'd directed his question to me but Dawn answered, "She didn't even know that I was her mother until the staff at Saint Mark's home gave her their leaving pack and a letter from me earlier today."

Dawn was now on her back on the spunk stained mattress, her legs wide open, knees bent upwards and she was beckoning him to get down on the bed and fuck her.

As Sid eased his cock into her, he looked at me again, "She's not a mixed race Asian...she's half African or Carribean...who do you think her father was?"

Dawn said "I have no idea...now are you here to talk or to fuck?"

He started fucking her and Dawn once again went off like a rocket, he looked over at me again, "She looks a little bit like me...has my eyes...hey baby, what's your birth date?"

I looked at Dawn, "Erm, twentieth of November, two thousand and three...why?"

Sid laughed, "Saint Valentine's Day, two thousand and three...I was at that party...in those days, I was the only African in our little group...all the other men were Asians and all the girls were white girls from Saint Mark's home...I could be Kim's father...I want a DNA test done!"

Dawn couldn't speak because she was rocking and rolling through orgasm after orgasm. Sid filled his condom at twenty minutes and Dawn wriggled out from under him, "I've told you before Sid...as soon as you climax...you have to get off...you put too much stress and strain on a condom with your massive cock for safety!"

Sid ripped the condom off of his cock and he threw it in my direction, it 'Splotted' on the bottom of the window frame and slowly tumbled out of the window and fell into the yard at the back of the shop.

"I'm serious...I want a DNA test done on me and Kim...I'm sure now that I'm her father!"

"Why do you want to know if you're her father or not Sid?"

"Because if I'm her father...I want a fifty percent discount from her when she's finished her training and sets up her own whore house!"

My head was in a spin, as Sid left I gave Dawn a pleading look, "Could Sid be my father?"

Dawn nodded her head, Sid was right, he was the only African in our group at that time but I had sex with other people, not in our group...Mrs Gupta, the matron at Saint Mark's house back then, was pimping us girls out to any men that had the money to pay her for our bodies for the weekend or over night...as soon as the government cracked down on kids having sex in children's homes, Mrs Gupta resigned. She went back to India and took all the money she made from us girls with her and now she lives like a millionaire."

We had one last drink, Dawn said that it was time for bed, I looked at my wrist watch, "Well, I've missed curfew, I can't go back to Saint Marks tonight!"

Dawn gestured with her head towards the stairs, "Sleep here tonight!"

Dawn and I went up the stairs, I stood at the top of the stairs looking from one room to the other, Dawn said, "You can sleep in the spare room or we could bunk down together...just like the good old days, when I was keeping you out of the clutches of Mrs Gupta and the bull dykes of Saint Mark's."

It had been quite a whirlwind of a day for me, I'd gone from having no one in my life to having a mother as well as a possible father and even...just maybe...a step father too...a hell of a lot to think about…