My Story Ch. 01

by thehotness ©

A Beginning

Singapore is an island state in South East Asia, populated by Singaporean

Chinese, Malays, Indians and a smattering of Westerners, or ang mohs, as

we like to say in dialect. It’s a strict country, full of rules and

regulations, and people live a rat race here. We’re not allowed to chew

chewing gum or smoke in most places – no guns and drugs carry the death

penalty. Besides those, Singapore’s an island paradise really, all city

and trees and beaches. Sunshine and rain the whole year round. 80% of us

Singaporeans live in high rise flats, some 20 to 30 stories high – after

all, with 4 million packed onto 650 sq km of land makes it kinda crowded

sometimes.

Hope that’s enough for an intro to my home city, where I’ve lived nearly

all my life except for the 4 years that I spent in Columbia up in NYC

studying law. I’m the sort of worldly gal one might find in Singapore, not

too tall, bustier than the dowdy lab rats in the biotech industry,

speaking with a slight American accent. Chinese descent, just found

freedom from my parents in the form of a flat by my own, a 5th floor

4-roomer where I live all by myself, and the occasional boyfriend. Just

broke up recently though, due to his wandering eye and his intellectual

handicap.

I was in no rush for a new boy friend. At 24 and recently called to the

bar, I was having the time of my life. And my life was about to get pretty

interesting.

It was a Thursday. I stumbled through the door into my flat at 9pm. I had

been slaving away in the office since 7am in the morning and it was just

so the air-conditioner HAD to break down during the midday. So I was all

hot and flustered when I reached my humble home. I stank. I was sweaty. I

wanted to bathe, to have a cold shower. But I was sooo tired. God, I just

flopped onto the couch and let the TV come on. And then I sat up in shock.

The news anchor had a look of disgust on her face – some old woman had

romped through Orchard Road naked and ended up getting arrested. Orchard

Road - the busiest shopping district in Singapore, right in the middle of

town. Shit! She was fucking crazy!

Then I felt it.

It began as a slight tingle in my crotch, a slight current running down my

spine and into my pussy. I shifted uncomfortably on the couch, my business

skirt creeping up my thighs. Shit. I tried to suppress it, but the tingle

grew stronger, even as the news changed to the stocks and shares index.

Why not? Why not? I mean, I usually keep my masturbation within the

bedroom with the windows closed, but isn’t this my house? My flat? So what

if my living room had windows that overlooked the corridor? I can draw the

curtains.

So I did. I found myself naked on the couch then on the floor, stroking

myself to an orgasmic high. I never had a better orgasm then that. I

writhed on the floor in pleasure, sure that my moans had reached the ears

of the neighbors on the other sides of the thin walls that separated the

units. Oh my God. I laid on the floor for at least half an hour, feeling

the cool night breeze blow my nipples to erection and my clitoris to a

permanent semi-hardness. I got up reluctantly, eventually, to bathe. I had

a hot shower this time, and played with myself again. Then after toweling

dry, I was about to change to my pajamas to sleep, when a thought crossed

my mind. Why change? Why bother? That would mean more laundry and more

hassle. Why not just sleep nude?

And for another first time, I did.

I left the curtains closed. The bed never felt so comfortable, the sheets

so soft and cooling on my skin. I slept like a baby. And I dreamt.

I dreamt I was in Orchard Road. In one of the underground malls there. I

was alone in a sea of people, who jostled me about like the sea would a

fish. I was standing still, just looking at people, when my whole world

was turned upside down. The crowds began to part around me until people

formed a circle around me, staring at me curiously. I felt light headed,

as if I was falling. The people began to circle around me, the huge surge

of people. I felt the breeze on my nipple. I looked down, saw my dress. I

was wearing dress that was slowly changing from normal cotton to fishnet.

My fishnet dress continued to shrink and dissolve away into thin air even

as I made desperate attempts to clutch at it. I watched in horror as the

stuff just disappeared, leaving me totally nude in the crowd. I heard

chants of “Slut! Slut! Slut!” in the air. I tumbled face down on the

ground, my knees weak. “Slut! Slut! Slut!” I grabbed my pussy and began to

stroke off, and the crowd gathered closer and closer and closer to me.

I woke up.

The bed sheets and blankets had been kicked aside, I was naked on my bed,

sweating lightly. The curtains billowed gently in the breeze. My pussy was

soaked again, my fingers wet with my own cum juice. Oh shit. Why the hell

was I feeling so horny? Sunlight begins to filter through the window, half

blocked by the block of flats opposite mine. How many of them can see into

my room? I don’t think they can, and I didn’t really care. I took a cold

shower.

Work.

I stumbled through the door, tired and dirty and hating my job. Drew the

curtains. Stripped naked in my living room. Began enjoying myself once

more. This could get routine. Better check myself, huh. I don’t wear

anything to sleep again.

I’m at work, in a board meeting. I’m to give a presentation, when I

realize I’m not wearing a skirt or pants or underwear. I stand up,

blushing fiercely, and speak gibberish when my top shrinks then splits

apart. My blushing intensifies when I lie on the table surrounded by my

colleagues and begin to yell “Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me now!”

I wake up. It’s late morning. My sheets are soaked around my pussy and I’m

sweating. The curtains are pulled wide open now. I pad into the living

room, feeling warm and soft and happy, because today is Saturday, and I

get alternate Saturdays off and today is an off day and it’s a whole day

of no work and usually I’m out with my boyfriend but because I don’t have

one right now I have the whole day to myself with no plans until dinner

when I have to go to my parents’ place and can you tell I’m so fucking

excited?

The doorbell buzzed, spoiling my good mood. Who the hell buzzes other

people’s doorbells on a bloody Saturday morning? The curtains are drawn,

but I see a brief flash of a face in between a tiny gap in the curtains,

and I freeze. Two seconds pass and I fly into the toilet as the doorbell

resumes it’s furious buzzing. Oh Shit oh shit. Somebody saw me naked.

Someone saw me naked. Some dumb shit saw me. Oh shit.

I hope the person liked the view.

I balance my options. Change? Don’t change? I feel incredibly…stupid. Of

course I change. I mean, what’s the harm of seeing me naked? A warmth in

my lower torso confirms it. I wrap a towel round my body – it barely

covers my tits and ass, reaching only slightly past my pussy. I walk to

the door and open it. It’s a Malay man. He stare’s at me with his mouth

only slightly agape, blinking dumbly.

“What do you want?” I ask flatly, as if I were fully clothed. I feel the

towel slipping slightly.

“Wha…wah. What I want is you. I mean your. Your time. Yah, sorry eh. Your

time. Ah. Yah. I’ve got this thing I want to sell. Yah. This equipment ah.

Ah.” He could throw himself off the balcony at any time. Please do.

Please, I’m begging you.

My towel is slipping, my body still slightly wet with sweat. The dark

skinned malay man wearing the saleman outfit and poor Singaporean grammar

to match is beginning to have a bulge in his pants. I wonder how big… I

mean, how small his dick is. He catches me staring at his dick and trails

off mid sentence, staring at me stupidly from outside. I’m close enough

for him to touch.

My towel slips. I let it. He doesn’t avert his eyes. “You. Your t-tow-towel dropped.”

“I know. Continue, please.” Go away! Close the door! Every second I’m

naked in front of him is a second I grow ho. Hornier. Oh god. He’s

tripping over his words. Not really trying now. Just enjoying the view. My

hand is creeping to my pussy. Oh shit, not now. Not in front of him. My

clit doesn’t listen to me. It’s a pearl peeking out of it’s hood. Oh shit.

Not now.

I slam the door shut. Lean against it, breathing heavily. Sweating.

Touching myself. Oh god. Oh god. One touch. One touch and I cum like never

before, shuddering, moaning and groaning to wake the dead. My pussy juices

flow down my legs. Drip on the floor. Oh god. I hear a groan outside the

door, then footsteps moving away. I open it cautiously. The guy is gone,

but semen drips down my front door.

I’m alone. Naked in the living room of the house. I just flashed for the

first time. Oh shit. I’ve just flashed a guy and had the best orgasm of my

life. And it’s not even lunch. I log on to the net. Naked in front of my

computer, enjoying the sensation of naked flesh on the cool leather seat.

For the first time, I look at pornography. And I discover, I like what I

see. I surf for 4 hours, see all there is to see. Naked women, naked women

having sex. Having sex with guys, more guys, girls, more girls, animals

and toys and midgets and fruits and old men and so many more. But it was

the pictures of naked girls in public that got me. Oh shit. Oh fuck. Naked

girls walking on the road, shopping and doing groceries. Oh shit. I had to

become one of them. I wanted to walk on the road naked too. Feel the cool

air on my skin. Oh shit what’s wrong with me? What’s wrong with me?

I log off, stand up and stretch. The leather chair’s wet and slimy from my

juices. It had been squelching for the last hour. My stomach growls. It’s

time for lunch. Oh god. I wanted to just walk down naked to the coffee

shop where I usually eat. But I can’t. Not yet. I’m not ready. I don’t

want to screw anything up.

I have to wait.

My Story Ch. 02

by thehotness ©

What's wrong with me? I've never really felt this way before. A permanent

sense of horniness, a permanent tingle in my pussy. I've felt something

like this before, but always only after a few tequilas or vodkas, when the

music's loud and his hands are all over my body. But it's barely past

lunch, I'm as sober as our senior minister Lee Kuan Yew and there's

neither guy nor music. And yet I've never felt hornier. Is it the window,

with its curtains drawn open, the afternoon sunlight streaming through, my

naked body on the couch in full view for anybody passing by on the

corridor? I stroke my clit lazily, planning the rest of the afternoon. I

want to go downstairs to the food center for lunch. I want to be bold and

daring and wear something skimpy and flashy. I want to go downstairs naked

in public, but I'm not ready. I dare not.

I decide on a loose blouse and skirt with no knickers or bra. My skirt is

plaited and short, reaching only to mid-thigh. My blouse is tucked out,

with only 2 buttons done up, my cleavage on display and if you're looking

from the right angle, you might catch a glimpse of my nipples.

I go downstairs, walking the four floors. My skirt bounces as I move – I

wonder if my pussy can be seen? It's only two hundred meters through a car

park and another couple blocks of flats and I'm at the food center – a

hawker center we call it here in Singapore. It's open air and damp and a

bit dirty but the food is fantastic – over thirty stalls and really

crowded. I feel stares from the menagerie of people in the hawker center.

What is this siao zha bo (crazy woman in hokkien, a dialect) doing here

dressed like that? So shameful! Like a prostitute like that. My flip-flops

flip and flop as I look for a stall that I like. I walk a full round of

the hawker center, making my presence known. Oh God. I'm so damn horny.

I'm such a slut. What am I doing? What am I doing? Oh shit.

I find the noodle stall – I haven't eaten here for some time, so why not?

I order a bowl of noodles, and sit at a table nearby. A table away, six

teenage gangster wannabes "Ah-bengs" we call them – sit and eat and swear

loudly in dialect and English. I shift around on the stool I'm sitting on

so that my butt flesh is on the seat, feeling the dirty plastic. Oh shit –

I'll have to bathe later. My pussy drips in anticipation. I cross and

uncross my legs under the table a couple of times then finally leave them

wide open. Knees far apart. I make eye contact with one of the boys, and

then immediately gaze away. But a moment is all I need. I suddenly feel

six stares on me and the loud swearing softens. They've made me. From the

corner of my eye, I see them stare at my naked pussy underneath the table.

I'm red now, but I don't cross my legs. I'm blushing like mad but my

pussy's really going now, dripping wet. My clit is yearning to be rubbed

and I do it, surreptitiously, but the boys see everything. Oh shit. I'm

such a slut. I'm such a slut. I wonder if any of them has had sex before.

Are they virgins? How big are their dicks? I'm crazy.

My noodles arrive. I pay the man, who takes his time counting the change

because he can see down my blouse. I shift a bit and I think he can see my

right nipple because suddenly he drops some coins on the floor, which roll

underneath the table, and then his face is only feet away from my pussy.

Oh shit. Oh shit. I'm crazy. I'm a crazy slut. Why am I doing this? Why?

I'm going crazy. The man bumps his head on the underside of the table as

he gets up. He hands me my change and grins stupidly, mouth slightly

agape. He leaves, and I see one of the teenagers at the other table wipe

drool from his chin. I finish the noodles, not too quickly, though, and

then I stand up to leave. That's a cue for one of the boys to come over to

me. He can't be more than 18, with his bleached hair and tight shirt. And

a bulge in his pants.

"Eh, ah, Miss...ah. We ah. We enjoyed the. Ah. Show. Yah. I mean, you very

pretty one. Yah. So eh. Can I have your phone number. Ah. Yah. Just to

call and chat ah." He stutters – English is not his best subject in

school. I force a smile, dying inside, knowing that he's seen all my

secrets and I'm blushing like mad. I put on my best lawyer face, and say.

"No. Lick my ass, cock sucker, and I might consider. But for now, you

gotta be 18 and above to ride." Then I wink and sashay away, burning up

inside because I'm dying of embarrassment. I hope nobody I knew saw me.

That's one thing living in blocks and blocks of impersonal flats –

sometimes, nobody knows anybody else. I feel the boys' stare on me until I

get out of sight.

I get back to my block, and walk up the five floors. There's no one around

today, and the corridor that leads to my flat is devoid of people. I'm all

tingling with excitement and shame at what I've done at the hawker center

– I hope the boys don't forget it too quickly. I'm a slut. Oh god what's

wrong with me? Along the corridor, I slip out of my blouse and skirt, and

pray no one sees me. Which is weird because I want people to see me naked

like this. What am I doing? What? At the door, I struggle with my keys. I

can't seem to get them to fit into the keyhole because I'm shaking all

over. I'm trembling with fear. I can hear footsteps coming up the stairs,

and the sound the lift makes when it arrives on the floor. I'm not sure if

it's just my imagination, but I drop the keys because I'm so bloody

scared. Oh god. I'm naked with my clothes under my arm and I can't get my

door to work. The pussy juices are flowing down my inner thighs now, my

nipples at full attention. The hot Singaporean air feels cool on my skin.

Footsteps turn the corner and my lock turns, my naked body tumbling into

my flat. Was I seen? Was I seen? I don't know. Oh crap. Why am I doing

this? Indoors, I rub myself to a fantastic, fantastic orgasm. So

fantastic. I can't stop myself from making those groans and moans loud and

long. I hope no one calls an ambulance by mistake.

The afternoon flies past in a haze – I'm expected for dinner at my

parent's place. I dress up, the first time I've put on clothes since

yesterday. It feels strange, constricting and yet familiar. I plan to go

clubbing later, dancing at the nightclubs with some friends, so I pick out

a black tube dress that my 34C- 24- 33 body can slip into easily. It's a

modest sort, reaching to my knees. I wear a pink camisole over to cover my

bare shoulders, then put on moderate heels which are comfortable enough to

dance in.

Dinner at my parent's place is a routine, greetings to them both and my

elder sister, who lives with her husband and two really cute children

there, then a meal followed by some television and chit chat about the

neighbours and school. Then the kids file off to bed, and I excuse myself

to go clubbing. My friends are waiting for me at Clarke Quay, one of the

busy strips of bars and nightclubs next to the Singapore River.

"Sue, you quite fast tonight ah. Only kept us waiting 15 minutes this

time. See lah, because of you we might miss the ladies night promotion at

Zephyr."

"Sorry...my parents kept me busy." I replied. All six of my close friends,

all girls, ready to paint the town red. Tube tops, handkerchief tops,

halters, micro skirts, mini skirts, hot pants. Not quite slutty. But we

had fun, and that was the most important bit. I folded the top of my tube

in, so that it was shortened and now the skirt reached slightly above

mid-thigh, good for showing off leg, which I know I have, and the

occasional thong flash.

We pay a low rate of $15 to get into the nightclub, teasing the bouncers,

and it's not long before we're hitting the tequilas and vodka limes, and

dancing our skirts off. I'm sweaty from gyrating to the pulse poundingly

loud music. My camisole is in my handbag kept at the bag counter, and I

know the men like what they see when they look at me. I sit at the bar for

a rest, sipping my 3rd vodka lime. My chest is heaving, my pretty firm

tits unsupported by any bra or wire.

"Hola."

I turn around, in direction of the greetings. It's a good-looking guy,

with a goatee. Looks kinda dashing, confident. The suave sort. I'm bought.

"Alone tonight?"

"With friends."

"Ah. Jason." He sticks out a hand, his voiced controlled and smooth,

raised over the loud music.

"Sue. Nice to meet you."

We chat a bit – he's an engineer working with the Defense Science and

Technology Agency, DSTA, slightly older than me and is currently single.

He wants to have sex and so do I, but not just yet. So we trade handphone

numbers and business cards.

2 AM.

I stumble into my flat, tired and reeking of alcohol and smoke. I close

the door behind me and then.

The door flies open.

Rough hands grab me.

Faces masked in shadows.

Dialect. Swearing.

More hands. Over my mouth.

Trying to scream.

Cold steel on the skin of my neck.

"Try and scream ah, and I'll cut your throat, bitch." A familiar voice. He

can't be more than 18, with his bleached hair and tight shirt. And a bulge

in his pants. The boy from the hawker center. And his friends. I nod.

Beginning to tear a bit. Scared. Scared. Scared. But I want what's coming

next. I want it but I'm scared. So I plead. "No...please. No..."

"Damn slut. Wah lau, we saw you naked on the corridor ah. Fuck lah fucking

slut. Fuck. You dare tell me to lick your ass you bitch. Tonight you lick

mine. Damn slut. Fucking slut." The boy says, knowing his power over me

and his friends holding me down. Six of them in all. Four hold my arms and

legs and my tube is now bunched around my waist. My thong ripped off, so

my tits and pussy are exposed. I'm held, bent forward at my waist by two

of the boys. I can't move. I see the other four take off their pants. Take

off their underwear, showing me their dicks. Not big but I'm frightened

because I don't want to die and I'm horny because I want to get fucked.

The leader turns his ass to me and I'm forced to lick it, a couple of

times. Smells like shit, but not too bad. Tolerable. The boys are

laughing, merry with excitement.

Soon their cocks are plunging into my pussy and mouth. They don't try my

ass, and I'm thankful because I've never done it there before. They take

turns, 4 holding me onto the floor and 2 fucking me, one in my mouth, and

the other in my pussy. They aren't virgins, they know what they're doing.

They actually succeed in bringing me to climax. So scared. So scared.

Please let them not kill me when they're done with me. I don't want to

die. And yet, I cum. And cum again. They shoot their loads as many times

as they can, in my mouth and pussy and over my body when they miss. I keep

whispering "No...no more, please. No..." But I know differently. They know

it too. I'm covered with cum, my pussy leaking cum and it coats my mouth

and tits. They enjoyed straddling my waist and fucking the space between

my tits, kneading them together and trapping their guy flesh in between

them. Oh god. I've become such a slut. How? Why? What's happening to me?

I'm in a haze, dazed from the fucking. But when camera flashes go off, and

more laughing, and I get scared. My picture's been taken. Now they're

going to kill me. But they don't. They just take pictures of me naked and

cum-coated, and then warn me to never tell the police. Then they leave

like they came, with the camera and pictures. Leaving me on the floor,

dropping off to sleep. Oh god. What a slut I've become. This mustn't

happen again. It mustn't. It won't...

It probably will.

My Story Ch. 03

by thehotness ©

(The last part of this story is based on real life. In 2001, a schoolgirl

was held 17 days in a small flat and sexually tortured by her supposed

friends. Inept torturing led to more pain then pleasure and the girl ended

up with severe 2nd and 3rd degree burns that required reconstructive

surgery. It was a horrific thing, and I sincerely hope that this never

happens again…or at least, have professional BDSM masters.)

\* \* \* \* \*

I wake up.

The sunlight assails my eyes, and warmth floods through my body. Tingles

run up and down my spine. What am I doing on the floor? I sit up, feeling

sticky and dirty and…used. Why am I naked on the floor? And the windows

and doors open? How many people have seen me this way?

Then I remember. The six excited boys last night, that…just. Used me. They

fucked me. Oh god…oh god…Why do I remember? Dried semen on my skin, and in

my hair. What have I done? Oh god…don't cry. You're a big girl now. Don't

cry. Don't you fucking cry! But I can't help it…Oh god. They raped me. And

I let them. Don't cry! They assaulted me and took me and raped me and they

should be hung and shot and oh god…I actually enjoyed it at that moment…I

let them have me…oh god. Don't cry. But I can't help it. And I listen to

myself sob, and watch the tears fall and run down my semen-covered

breasts.

It's already afternoon. The mess in the living room is cleared up, and

nothing's been stolen, except my pride and dignity. I never knew one could

spend two hours bathing. My fingers were wrinkled line prunes and I knew

my water bill in water scarce Singapore was going to be exorbitant, but I

didn't care. Some concessions can be made for raped women. For the boys,

rape can lead up to 10 to 25 yrs in prison and 20 strokes of the rotan, or

cane. The rotan breaks an average boy's skin in 3 strokes, so they spread

out the caning over the space of a few months. And prisons in Singapore

aren't like the kind you see on television or movies, they're veritable

fortresses in which your privacy and your dignity are stripped from you

like the peel from a rotten orange. I should know, being a lawyer.

I stare in the full-length mirror. Never again. Never again. Never will I

ever be so stupid and let myself get carried away. For now, let's limit my

nudity to the confines of my home. Until I can find a way, this stays

indoors. I sit at the computer and stare at the pictures in my screen,

from the pornographic sites. It's not unlike staring into a mirror. Then I

read some erotic stories. And I have an idea. I've found a way. But I'm

not sure. It might not work. But at least, it's an idea.

I'm too scared to go down to the hawker center for dinner, lest I meet the

boys again. Lest I get carried away. So I boil instant noodles for dinner

and watch a rented VCD naked on my couch. A Gwyneth Paltrow show, in which

she gets screwed a couple of times in order for the plot to proceed. A

good show.

I'm walking down the main road to the bus stop at night, my heels clicking

and the breeze feeling cool on my naked flesh. What happened to my

business suit? Then there's the sound of giggling and laughing, 18 year

old voices. "Eh, slut. Eh slut. Come here leh. Come here get some good

fucking from us leh. Fuck fuck fuck slut." I'm naked on the road, the air

growing colder. Where did my business suit go? A hundred boys, all fully

clothed but their dicks hanging out of their pants suddenly surround me. I

try to run, but my heels grow and grow until they're 6 inches, and all I'm

doing is jiggling my ass and tits. Oh god. They're all around me and then

they grab me, a hundred mauling hands, drowning me in a sea of flesh. All

of them, hung like horses, pushing me down into the dark. I'm suffocating,

feeling the pricks plunge into my pussy and mouth with great force. I

scream.

I scream into a pillow, and turn around, gasping for breath. Saliva stains

the pillow coating. It's Monday morning. I hate Mondays.

I go to work in the MRT, the mass rapid transit, a 110 million dollar

subway system that beats New York's hands down. It's fast, easy to use and

it's comfortable. More than 500000 people ride the MRT everyday. But

Singapore is small, so getting everywhere is pretty fast. I sit and fidget

in my business suit, itching to take it off. After all, I spent nearly the

entire weekend naked. But I have to wait. I have to wait.

My office is in the heart of town, the central business district, with its

skyscrapers that tower overhead, grey and ominous. How many people looking

down from their offices can see me?

The girl walks into my office, nervously, shy like a mouse. She's only 18,

according to the police report, from a prestigious school and quite the

musician. Withdrawn and quiet, due to the lack of siblings, parents who

work 24/7 neglect her but she has a desperate need for acceptance,

according to the psyche profile. She looks the role, dressed in her school

uniform and carrying her school bag.

"Hello, Miss Tan." She whispers hoarsely, tentatively as if I might bite

her if she spoke any louder.

"Hello, Rachel. Please call me Sue. And please take a seat."

She does, sitting down in the chair across my desk, crossing her legs. Her

bag goes onto the floor underneath her seat. We appraise each other for a

moment. She's an attractive girl. Athletic body and her hair pulled back

in a ponytail. The silence gets uncomfortable and I finally break it. "So.

Rachel. How's school?"

She looks away, and hesitates to answer. "It's ok, I guess."

I nod. "Mmm. That's pleasantries out of the way, so let's get down to

business…" at which, Rachel winces. "…can you relate the incident to me in

your own words, describe how you felt then, and in as much detail as

possible, please."

She pales, and swallows. "I really don't want to think about it any more.

Couldn't you just read the report? I…"

"Please. It's important for the case."

"All right…where should I start?"

"From the beginning. Don't leave anything out."

"Ok. Uh. Well. It was Friday. Yeah, and I was hanging out with my friends

right? And…"

"Wait. Who are your friends? Where from?"

"Uh, the band girls from school, uh, Janice, Tian tian, uh…Amanda and

Huilin."

"Ok, and what were you doing?"

"We had just finish shopping and watching a movie, so we were hanging at

the void deck of Janice's block talking…"

"What about?"

"What?"

"What were you all talking about?"

"I don't really remember…" Lie.

"Try, please."

"Uh…about guys."

"And…?"

"And…uh…sex."

"Mmm. Go on."

"So we went up to Janice's place, to watch some VCDs, uh, you know, some

of her brother's VCDs, those…uh. That kind lah."

"You mean, pornography?"

"Uh…yeah. So we were watching and then Janice got excited, you know, and

her parents are away in Europe for like, 2 months…and then Amanda and

Huilin are a couple, see…"

"Wait, Huilin is a girl, right?"

"Uh, yeah. They're lesbians. So they began to kiss and neck each other,

turned on by that…adult VCD, and then they teased me because I was a

virgin. And then the four of them grabbed me…my arms and my legs…"

"Did you scream?"

"Uhm, no, because I thought they were just playing, you know. So I really

didn't scream for help. And then, they tied me up with raffia string; I

didn't really know that they did until they did, because they were

tickling me. And then, they tied my hands behind my back and my legs

together. And I couldn't really move."

"Did you struggle?"

"A bit, you know? But I thought they were only fooling about so I didn't

really struggle that hard, you know? So erm, then they took off my

clothes. My t-shirt and my skirt, and then my bra and knickers. So then I

really began to struggle because that was going too far, but it was too

late. Huilin was sitting on my stomach, and I was on the floor…"

"So you were naked in front of the four of them?"

"Uh, yeah."

"And were they still fully clothed?"

"Yeah…so Huilin began to play with my breasts, uh, kneading them around,

and then Amanda began kissing me and licking my face and neck. And Janice

and Tian tian then untied my feet and tied them to two chairs, so my feet

were spread apart, and then Janice…Janice began to….She began to…"

"Lick your pussy?" Rachel nodded her head and began to sob. I gave her a

tissue.

"Uh…yeah…Oh god…and Tian tian took turns with her. Oh god…"

"Calm down. It's over. It's over…" I passed her another tissue. "So…what

were you feeling then?"

"Uh…disgust. Fear."

"Fear of being caught?"

"Yeah…"

"And disgust…at them or yourself?"

"At…at them…" Lie.

"Are you sure?" Rachel nodded her head, but her nod slowly turned to

shakes.

"…at myself."

"Because you enjoyed it?" Passed her another tissue.

"….yes. I enjoyed it. Oh god…"

"It's alright. I understand totally. You're not a bad girl to enjoy that."

"Really?...thanks for saying that."

"It's ok. Please, continue."

"Uhm, so they licked me down there…"

"Did you climax?"

"Uhm…I think so. So I climaxed and then they switched places with Huilin

and Amanda. And I climaxed again…then, uhm, Janice's brother came home.

Yeah. He, uh…then raped me…"

"More detail, please."

"Uhm…he turned me onto my stomach, and my breasts were squashed onto the

floor. I heard him, uh, take off his pants, and the girls giggled, and

then he…uh…put his penis into my vagina."

"And you were stilled tied?"

"Only my hands…my feet were held by Tian tian and Janice. So he…uh, had

sex with me…"

"Was it painful?"

"Uh…initially…then it was just…uh…"

"Nice?"

"Well…uh…I guess so."

"Was your mouth gagged?"

"Uh, no…"

"You didn't scream?"

"No…"

"No one threatened you?"

"No…"

"Did you say 'no'?"

"Yes…"

"Like, 'No, no, please stop.'"

"Yes! I did!"

"But they didn't, did they?"

"No…they didn't."

"And then?"

"Then, uh, I climaxed. And then Janice's brother pulled out from me and

ejaculated on my back. Then, Huilin and Amanda licked it off…And I heard

Janice's brother call his friends to come over for a party…"

"At which you were then raped by 30 other boys and girls, over the span of

2 days."

"Uh…yeah."

"Or you then had sexual intercourse, willingly, with 30 other boys and

girls, over the span of 2 days."

"Yeah…I mean, NO! It wasn't willing! I was tied up!"

"And at no point of time you were gagged, and at no point of time did you

ask to be let go or screamed."

"….yes."

"Alright. So you did climax."

"…yes."

"Many times?" Rachel nodded her head. "And people had anal sex with you?"

"…yes."

"Did it hurt?"

"Initially…but they used cooking oil as a lubricant…so…it didn't hurt so

bad."

"So they looked out for your needs as well."

"Yes."

"And they inserted different objects in your pussy?"

"…yes. Like a cucumber. And a Barbie doll. And a chair leg."

"And did they hurt?…"

"…no."

"And what else did they do?"

"They, uh…made me stand naked in the car park for an hour at night, and

they also made me masturbate at the stairwell until I climaxed, only then

would they allow me to come in…and they…uh, made me buy stuff from the

convenience store naked…stuff like that."

"More detail please."

"Uh…On the 2nd night, this girl, er…I don't think I know her. Everyone was

lazing about because they were so tired…and they were becoming bored, so

this girl, she wanted to have some fun…and then they took me

outside…er…naked. We went into the lift and went downstairs to the void

deck…and I'm not sure what the time was, but it was probably pretty

late…because there was nobody around right…so it was ok…And then…they took

pictures of me. And someone had a digital camera…I was standing there,

with about seven other guys and girls…and they had clothes…and I

didn't…and oh…oh god…they took pictures."

"Hmmm…"

"And the next morning…they made me masturbate at the stairwell…and I

rushed and tried so hard…and they were laughing…and this old woman passed

me and stared and stared, then she spat at me…and my friends laughed…then

they made me go downstairs to buy snacks from the convenience store at the

void deck…and the indian shop keeper was so nice…he thought I was

insane…and he offered a coat. But I said no…oh god."

"Did you enjoy that?"

"Uh…not really."

"But was it exciting?"

"Uh…yeah. I guess it was. But…it was so humiliating and embarrassing."

"But exciting."

"Uh…yeah."

"And they let you go on the third day?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"We had school."

"And did you go to school?"

"Yes."

I sat back and sighed. Rachel looked at me, tears dried. Maybe she

understood. Maybe she accepted it. "Rachel. If you want to withdraw

charges, it's not too late. I could help you prosecute you friends, but

then, they won't be your friends any more. And the defense will eat you

alive on the stand. You cannot testify. Look, it's not statutory rape when

the girl is over 18, and you are, so I can't truthfully say they raped

you. And besides, do you really want to destroy the lives of 30 other

girls and boys who are implicated in this case?" Rachel shook her head.

"Look, let me give you some advice. I personally think that you'll soon

find that you've become very popular after this. So relax and enjoy the

stardom. So will you withdraw the charges?"

Rachel nodded the head, and I smiled, switching off the tape recorder.

Underneath my desk, my knickers were around my ankles, and I was rubbing my

clit furiously. A case, indeed.

Oh god, I wish I were Rachel.

To be continued...