**Teenage Trouble**

by[Fliccy\_sub](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3610888&page=submissions)©

The first time I met Sarah was at an office party, six days before Christmas and from the moment she said hello I knew I was in trouble.  
  
She had these massive green eyes and a cheeky little smile that screamed naughty girl. All in a face that looked totally innocent at first glance. Cute upturned nose and small dimples in her cheeks would have fooled anyone until she turned on that smile.  
  
Her eyes sparkled with mischief and her smile was just that tad too knowing. The kind of smile that sent naughty thoughts running through my mind like electricity. Sparking and fizzing away in my brain and shorting out my common sense.  
  
I had a girlfriend, been with her for three years and loved her as much as she loved me. Like many couples, we had an open relationship and were free to have sex with other people as long as we were honest about it.  
  
But Sarah wasn't the kind of girl I usually go for. In fact, I tend to prefer my sexual partners to be older than me and since I was twenty six when I met Sarah she wasn't what I would have normally found appealing.  
  
Yet there she was, smiling that smile and drinking from a straw like butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. I think most people just saw her as Michael's too young girlfriend. A bit young to be at our office party but welcome. Me, I saw her eyes staring into mine and fairly shouting she wanted to lick my pussy.  
  
Michael, her boyfriend was over by the punch table and talking with Alex. He didn't notice the way Sarah was looking at me with the kind of hunger that sent illicit chills running along my spine and giving me goose bumps.  
  
She had said hello, I had replied. She gave her name, I gave mine. She licked her lips and grinned.  
  
"You're really pretty." She said right away and I knew I was gone.  
  
"Thank you." I replied. My eyes darting around the room. Sure that the sexual tension that was already bouncing between us was obvious.  
  
I didn't compliment her back. That would have led down a slippery slope that was already opening up a bit too quickly.  
  
"I like your hair." she told me, her head to one side in a coquettish way as she ran a finger over my hair. My hair was long, brushed to one side so that it hung over my right shoulder, cascading down over my right breast to just above my nipple.  
  
Her touch was electric, she applied just enough pressure for me to feel her trailing finger as it went from my clavicle to just above my nipple. A nipple that pinged erect to poke out quite obviously under the thin material of my white cocktail dress.  
  
I felt my cheeks flush and didn't miss her eyes light up even more as she noted my reaction. How an eighteen year old girl was so confident was beyond me. But there it was, she knew exactly what she was doing.  
  
"Thank you.. erm. Soooo... are you still at school?" I asked a bit stupidly as I tired to unfry my brain.  
  
"Just finished... how old are you?" she shot back quickly.  
  
"I'm twenty six.. got ID? I'm not sure you should be drinking that." I replied as she sucked on her straw. That twinkle still in her eyes.  
  
"Have a taste.. it's not very alcoholic." She responded and held out the cocktail glass, placing the straw she had just been sucking on close to my lips.  
  
I know I should have refused. The act was intimate and telling as I bent my head and placed my lips around the straw that had just been in her pretty mouth.  
  
It was chock full of vodka, enough to make me cough as the hard mix of a small sip hit my taste buds.  
  
She giggled as my eyes widened and I shot her a look of surprise.  
  
"I think I need ID to drink THAT." I said with a shake of my head.  
  
She giggled a bit more and then winked at me.  
  
"Oh, I can think of something we can both have that would... erm... take the taste away." She said as she took a step closer. Her eyes level with mine and filling my vision. So knowing and so confident.  
  
I was never as confident as her when I was that age, I still wasn't. Her face and slim body was now close to mine, an inch too close. Anyone looking at us would see it. A blind person could now tell we were flirting.  
  
Only, I wasn't trying to flirt. It was all Sarah and she had me under her spell. The little minx arched her eyebrow as she tilted her head and slightly pursed her lips. It was a kiss waiting to happen and my heart was thumping in my chest.  
  
I took a step back and shook my head to clear it.  
  
"I think I need a drink." I muttered as I turned away.  
  
Her tinkling laugh was soft. She knew she had me completely unnerved.  
  
I tried to ignore her laugh. It was mocking and teasing all at the same time.  
  
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The long banquet table was filled with delicacies that our employer had laid on. Our boss was very generous every year but she had outdone herself this year and I knew how much all this had cost. As her Personal Assistant, I was the one that had organised most of it.  
  
I passed by Caviar, Oysters and whole dressed Lobsters. Tails filled with the white flesh and topped with slivers of Scottish smoked salmon. The food brought in from one of London's best and most exclusive caterers. Tiny canape's were being offered around on silver platers too.  
  
None of it interested me though as I made for the free bar, intent on a cold glass of wine.  
  
Drink in hand I turned to look at the room, hoping to find someone to talk to was a friend or someone that wouldn't bore me to death.  
  
Naturally, fate or perhaps Sarah herself put a stop to that plan. My glance hit her eyes and she was staring right back at me from across the room. As if she had been waiting for me to turn around.  
  
"Shit." I muttered under my breath while at the same time feeling a thrill.  
  
Sarah was standing next to her boyfriend as he talked to one of the Executives in an animated way. Michael was ambitious and it was no surprise to see him schmoozing it up with an exec. Sarah's eyes however were firmly on me and I'll admit I wasn't looking away.  
  
She wore a tiny cocktail dress that clung to her slim body like a second skin, stretching over small pert breasts, a flat tummy, small waist and nicely flared hips. It ended just below her crotch, only just covering her bum and I doubted she was wearing panties. There were no tell-tale lines.  
  
Her slightly curly blonde hair was piled up on her head in a fashionable way that looked messy but took ages to do right. Twin tendrils of golden locks framed her cute face next to her ears. Ears that were decorated by long dangly earrings of gold.  
  
Once again I noted her ruby red lipstick. It contrasted sharply with her pale pink complexion and highlighted natural full lips that most women would pay a lot to have.  
  
Sarah kept me frozen with her alluring eyes as she deliberately brushed a finger over her left breast, her already hard nipples were visible through the cream coloured material, her finger trailed down her body to the top of her thigh and then curled under the hem of her dress. She smiled that naughty smile at me from across the room.  
  
I shook my head and mouthed 'NO' to her. More than sure what she intended.  
  
Brazenly, she licked her upper lip in a one hundred percent indecent and highly sexual way. I couldn't tear my eyes away even though I knew it was the only way to stop her.  
  
Her finger moved, just a tiny fraction and I saw the bottom of her mound, a trick of the light made it glisten as if wet. Maybe it was.  
  
She could be caught at any moment, the room was full of people.  
  
I walked quickly towards her. My face flushed and slightly angry.  
  
"Sorry Michael, you don't mind if I steal away Sarah do you." I said with a forced smile as I grabbed her elbow and walked off before he could reply. Sarah went with me. Giggling as she matched my pace to the double doored balcony.  
  
"That was FUN." She laughed out as we stepped outside and away from the crowd.  
  
"Look.. I'm very flattered but you HAVE stop this right NOW." I said as I turned to face her.  
  
Sarah pouted like the teenager she was.  
  
"Don't be a prude... I can tell you liked it." She replied a bit sulkily. While her fingers walked up my arm.  
  
"That's not the point.. this is NOT the place for it and ... and.." I tried to find a way to explain, but now that my initial outburst was over with I lost track of what I was going to say.  
  
"You DO like me though... right?" she said. Looking at me as if I was hurting her, twisting the situation so I suddenly felt mean.  
  
I rolled my eyes helplessly. I was in trouble again and she had me exactly where she wanted me all over again. Totally off balance.  
  
She stepped close, closer than before so that our lips were nearly touching.  
  
We got closer. Like a moth drawn to flame, I found my lips so close to hers that we were literally breathing into each other's mouths.  
  
"I shouldn't." I managed to whisper. As I said it my upper lip brushed her lower, god we were close.  
  
"I know." She whispered back and then her lips were on mine. Her hands on the sides of my head, fingers spread wide, tangling in my hair. Mine cupping her sweet looking face.  
  
It was the kind of kiss that makes a difference. Life altering. So hot that I lost myself in it completely and utterly.  
  
"Jesus H fucking CHRIST." Were the shocked words of my secretary as she stumbled onto the scene of me kissing Sarah.  
  
We leapt apart and for once Sarah looked as frightened as me.  
  
"AMY... oh fuck... erm... not what you think." I gasped out guiltily.  
  
"Right.. right.. sooo... you weren't just lip locking Michael's girlfriend then?" Amy said with arched eyebrows.  
  
Amy had been my secretary for three years and was more a friend than anything else. She and I had gotten drunk together quite a few times and even slept together on a strictly casual sex basis.  
  
Sarah shrugged.  
  
"Actually.. yes we were... I totally had my tongue down her throat." She admitted. The rebellious and naughty gleam back in her eyes.  
  
Amy glared at Sarah.  
  
"You can shut the fuck up... grown ups talking... in fact.. fuck off NOW." Amy responded with a fierce glint. The same one that had cowed more than a few men in the office and had the same effect on Sarah.  
  
I blinked in surprise as Sarah bolted. Her seeming confidence gone in the face of Amy's ire.  
  
"What the hell?.. she didn't listen to ME." I complained under my breath as Amy watched Sarah leave and then turned to fix me with her eyes. Her gaze was full of judgement and annoyance.  
  
"Really? A fucking teenager?... what WERE you thinking?.. you know what Tiffany would say." Amy scolded me as if she was the senior.  
  
I looked away. It was impossible to explain. I was the elder and should have been in control of the situation.  
  
"I wasn't thinking." Was all I could say.  
  
Amy sighed. She knew pretty much everything about me. Even knew how and when I lost my virginity, who I had last had sex with and that I had once fucked a man for a dare.  
  
"You are so silly... what if it had been someone else that caught you?" she admonished gently as she put her arm around my shoulder.  
  
"It wasn't me... it was her.. I swear it." I mumbled guiltily.  
  
"I know.. that little tart stinks of trouble." Amy sighed out as she hugged me.  
  
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Two days later...  
  
I had just finished checking the figures that Tiffany had given me when I saw Sarah again. She was walking into Michael's office in what I can only describe as the shortest mini skirt I had ever seen.  
  
Amy walked up to me and noticed me noticing Sarah.  
  
"Trouble... I'm telling you, that girl will be the end of him if he's not careful." Amy sniffed out in a disapproving tone.  
  
I had to agree with Amy's assessment. Not only could we all see that Sarah was far too young for a thirty year old Michael. I personally could vouch that she had a massive potential for trouble.  
  
"Not our problem though Amy." I replied as I handed her the flash drive. "get that cc'd to management please." I added on a work note.  
  
"Will do... you should steer clear too, I saw the way you two looked at each other." Amy replied as she took the drive and walked away. Her patent leather heels clicking.  
  
I knew Amy was right and had every intention of doing as she recommended. Turning back to my own office and closing the door behind me.  
  
Literally two minutes later my door opened and in walked Sarah without knocking.  
  
"Hello again." She said cheerfully as she walked in, crossed to my desk and sitting on its edge.  
  
"Shouldn't you be with Michael?" I replied a bit rudely. Wanting her out of my private office and trying not to notice her slim legs as they dangled next to me.  
  
"he's busy." She said with a shrug as she crossed her legs, making her already short skirt ride high enough to tell she wasn't wearing panties. Maybe she didn't own any.  
  
"So am I." I answered quickly. Trying to forget the glimpse of golden hair I saw between her legs when she insisted on uncrossing them and then crossing them again.  
  
Sarah shook her head.  
  
"Not THAT busy." She giggled as she scooted sideways on my desk and pushed my laptop aside. Now seated directly in front of me with one high heeled foot on each of my chairs armrests.  
  
She was so utterly blasé, sitting with her shaved slit and trimmed triangle fully displayed to me.  
  
"Oh Gosh." I gulped out as I felt my pussy moistening.  
  
She lent forward and grabbed the lapels of my blouse. Pulling me to her. Her eyes sparkling like before as she tilted her head to kiss me.  
  
Our lips met and I was lost all over again. I kissed her back just as passionately as she was kissing me.  
  
"mmm." She purred when we finally parted. A glistening bit of saliva momentarily remaining between our lips.  
  
I was dazed but managed to pull away, pushing my chair back as I caught my breath.  
  
"Out.. get out." I gasped out fearfully. Any longer in her presence and I would be tearing off my clothes and delving between her legs as lustily as a starving animal.  
  
To my surprise she smiled.  
  
"okay... see you around." She said with a wink as she slid off my desk and walked to my office door. Her hips swaying confidently and sexily.  
  
When she closed the door I collapsed back into my chair.  
  
"Oh GOD... " I moaned in despair. I wanted her and knew I would do just about anything to taste her mouth on mine again. Feel her soft lips against my own, run my tongue over hers just one more time.  
  
I also knew how stupid I was for it.  
  
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Six hours later...  
  
The car park was mostly empty. Nearly everyone but the night staff had gone home over an hour ago. The click of my heels on the concrete was loud as I walked towards my car and flicked through a reem of messages on my phone.  
  
For me. Work never really ended, I would be replying to messages or sending less important ones to my cloud account until midnight.  
  
It wasn't until I was nearly to my car that I looked up from my phone and noticed Sarah leaning against my car. Still wearing that ridiculously short skirt. It rode up a bit and once again her lower pussy was on display. She showed no indication that she cared or even realised.  
  
I glanced around. Fearful the impetuous teen was seen by a late finishing co-worker.  
  
"You're flashing." I told her as I opened my back door and threw in my briefcase.  
  
"I know.. I LOVE showing off my tits and pussy. Men, women, girls and boys... they all look and stare. Turns me on.. makes me hot and WET." She replied as she opened her legs and ran two fingers over her glistening outer lips.  
  
I took a grip of myself and shook my head.  
  
"Well don't do it in my work place and don't do it around me... OKAY?" I said firmly and was pleased I sounded so strong. But inside I was feeling turned on and was aware my nipples had hardened, that my pussy was wet too.  
  
She stepped up to me and placed her pungent fingers to my lips.  
  
"Okay.. IF you taste me." She replied throatily.  
  
I didn't even hesitate. Grabbing her hand as I sucked her fingers clean, rolling my tongue over them to catch every last bit of her.  
  
She smiled then. A large happy smile unlike the naughty ones before.  
  
"I KNEW you liked me." She exclaimed. Her face lit up and I suddenly realised she was genuinely happy. A simple happy. Nothing sexual in it.  
  
I touched her cheek gently.  
  
"I do.. but we can't be together... do you understand?... I'm with someone and so are you." I told her as gently as I could.  
  
Sarah shrugged.  
  
"Okay... can I get a lift home though?" she replied. Her answer and request simple and honest sounding.  
  
"Fine... where do you live?" I sighed out. I couldn't just leave her stuck in the middle of London. Not in that skirt.  
  
"Kensington." She told me as she ran around to the passenger door.  
  
"Kensington? You live in Kensington?" I asked incredulously as she got in and belted up.  
  
It was a rich area, well beyond my means and most people that lived there had more money than I would see in several lifetimes. It was hard to see this oversexed teenager as one of those people.  
  
"Yes.. Daddy lets me stay there when I'm in London, it's much nicer than the house in Chelsea." She informed me cheerily.  
  
I got in my car and belted up. Silent as I tried to work out why a rich and pretty girl like her was running around with Michael. I was also wondering what the hell she saw in me for that matter. It wasn't as if I was any better than Michael. Maybe a few years younger and female. But if Sarah was Bi then she still had plenty of better choices than either of us.  
  
We drove in silence. The city was well lit but fairly quiet now that rush hour was over with.  
  
"Just on the left.. you can park there." Sarah said as she pointed to a spot next to a jaguar.  
  
My brand new Ford Mondeo didn't look too out of place, luckily I had a company car. If it had been my 1998 Fiesta, I would have been ashamed to park. The old and faithful car still ran but looked as old and battered as you would imagine.  
  
"coming in?" she asked as she got out.  
  
"No.. no I don't think so." I answered.  
  
Sarah rolled her eyes at me.  
  
"I won't jump on you... promise." She laughed out... "Come on... please." she added with a wheedling tone.  
  
I was curious. I had never been inside a Kensington home and finally nodded.  
  
"Okay.. but you behave.. right?" I said.  
  
"Cross my heart." She promised and even made the motion.  
  
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The house was beautiful. The décor tasteful and understated yet obviously very expensive. I'll admit to a bit of gawping.  
  
"Drinks are in that cabinet... I'll be back in a tick." She said as she pointed out a large drinks cabinet that had a selection of high end whiskeys as its main display.  
  
I wandered around the living room. A bit too scared to touch anything as I approached the cabinet and opened it. Cut crystal glasses awaited and so did an open bottle of Vodka. It's label in unreadable Russian, telling me this was real Vodka.  
  
"I'll have one too." Sarah said as she re-entered the living room.  
  
I turned at her voice and had to take a quick breath. She was totally naked except for jewels and a pair of high heels.  
  
"You... YOU PROMISED." I stammered out as she sashayed towards me.  
  
"I'm not touching you am I?... I'm just more comfortable like this." She replied with wide eyed innocence that I suspected was fake.  
  
Sarah walked to the Vodka and poured a very large amount into a glass.  
  
Her big green eyes looked over the rim of her glass at me as she took a sip.  
  
"I better go." I said as I put down my glass and made for the door.  
  
"Felicity... please don't.. I just want to be friends." She said in a rush. Something plaintive in her tone made me stop and look over my shoulder at her.  
  
"Why Sarah.. why me? And why all the games?" I asked.  
  
Sarah shrugged, making her small breasts jiggle a bit as she answered me with an open and honest face that I felt was real.  
  
"My so called friends are a bunch of bitches who have no clue how lucky they are.. you are real. I think you wouldn't care what I have, I think if we were friends you would just treat me the same as you do Amy, Jessica, Matt, David and Abigale." She said softly.

I swallowed a lump in my throat. She sounded very honest and just a little sad. Desperate even.  
  
"How do you know my friends names Sarah?" I quizzed. I felt something for her but she shouldn't have been able to name ALL my closest friends.  
  
"Daddies very rich.. I had you followed.. about a year now." She admitted with the first blush I had seen on her.  
  
It didn't make sense. Michael had told us he was dating an eighteen year old only two months ago. He had met her in a bar and been blown away by her. And it had taken a month for him to admit it. At most they had only been involved for three or four months.  
  
"But.. but we only just met, even if you saw me at the office before the party... how... why?" I stammered out in confusion.  
  
"I saw you at one of Daddies parties.. the erm... kinky kind.. you were tied up and wearing a tail." She told me with a nervous laugh that held no amusement.  
  
It was my turn to blush. I kept that part of my sex life very private as it was something I had only really tried a few times despite enjoying it.  
  
"Your own father let you into one of those?"  
  
"No.. no way. I wore a mask and went with a guy I seduced." She answered as she sat down in a plush chair. Crossing her legs.  
  
"Oh." Was all I could think of to say as I sat in a chair opposite her.  
  
"You looked so beautiful, naked and tied... you cried when daddy whipped your behind and then you let him fuck you.. I got really wet watching that. I knew then I wanted you too. Wanted to kiss you, lick your pussy, mould my body to yours." She said in an almost whispering confession.  
  
"so you had me followed? Found out more about me?"  
  
Sarah nodded.  
  
"I HAD to know you, HAD to... like it was a fire inside me... Michael was just a way to get to you. Fucking him made me feel sick, but it was worth it if I could get to you." She said more firmly.  
  
"So you don't like men? You prefer girls?" I asked gently. She seemed fragile in her desperation and confession.  
  
"It's just you... before I saw you.. I was just lost and alone in a crowd of friends that weren't really friends.. then I saw you and I knew... instantly." She said with an intensity that was almost frightening.  
  
I reached out and claimed her glass of vodka, taking a slow sip before replying.  
  
"You do realise you went about this in totally the wrong way? Right?" I asked as I stood up.  
  
She looked at the carpeted floor and sighed softly.  
  
"All I really wanted was a friend... sex would have been nice, but I fell in love with something I couldn't have and now all I really want is to be a friend." She whispered.  
  
"Then why are you sitting there naked Sarah? Why are you STILL trying for sex when you say all you want is friendship?.. you keep playing games." I replied as I set down the glass next to her.  
  
She looked up at me in surprise.  
  
"I like being naked.. I wasn't lying before when I told you I liked people seeing me like this.. for me it's natural.. I'm in my home.. don't think I wouldn't be like this if you were not here.. I would." She said with an openness that was hard to argue with.  
  
"You parade around like that ALL the time? In front of your family? Friends?" I scoffed.  
  
Sarah blinked as if I was stupid.  
  
"No... when at home ALONE I'm always nude... but, since I was hoping we could be real friends I wanted to be natural and feel comfortable with you... I DO feel comfortable being like this with you." She said as if I was a moron.  
  
Telling an eighteen year old girl she's crazy is hard. So I nodded and then shook my head.  
  
"Okay.. I can understand SOME of that reasoning. BUT we are NOT friends Sarah, friends don't have friends followed or spied on. Friends don't put their friends jobs in danger and they don't play mind games with each other." I told her.  
  
Sarah sighed deeply and nodded. her usually bright face was now sad.  
  
"I guess you should go home then... I'm sorry." She said with a sob.  
  
For a second I was tempted to go to her. Hold her and say I was sorry.  
  
I couldn't though. She had manipulated everything and everyone around her. If she had approached me differently then maybe I could have trusted her. But she was just too good at getting what she wanted and I feared that going to her would draw me deeper into her deceitful web.  
  
For once in my life I made a sensible decision and agreed.  
  
"yes.. yes I should go home... good bye Sarah." I said to her. My tone a little sad but firm as I turned once more to leave.  
  
I half expected another plea to remain. It didn't come and I soon found myself walking towards my car with a mass of unanswered questions and a portion of worry for myself and the clearly damaged teenager.  
  
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Christmas Eve...  
  
The main office was supposed to be closed. Almost everyone was at home enjoying the time off with loved ones and family.  
  
Only the lower office was open and those people were enjoying a booze fuelled party of epic proportions.  
  
Me... I was sitting at my desk waiting for the Hong Kong deal to be finished and watching the clock. My vigil spoiled by the noise from downstairs as people sang, laughed and got ever more drunk.  
  
I wasn't dressed for work. I was in a knitted sweater from my Gran, a pair of jeans, thick socks and a pair of overpriced tan boots that I shouldn't have bought.  
  
My phone buzzed and I looked at the message.  
  
It was from Amy.  
  
"I'm drunk. Come here. Lets get fucked up together." It read. I smiled and text back that I couldn't until the deal came through.  
  
"U @ Wrk?... LOSER." She replied.  
  
I didn't bother to reply and set my phone down as my laptop pinged. I tapped in the proper codes and waited for the screen to load.  
  
"Oh Poo." I said as the deal collapsed in front of my eyes. The report I would now have to write wouldn't be well received.  
  
My phone pinged again.  
  
"Come ON... get shit faced." Amy had sent and I smiled again.  
  
"Sod it... you can wait." I muttered to the open screen where I was meant to write my report.  
  
I saved what I had before closing the laptop.  
  
"I need a very big drink." I told myself as I walked out of the main office and closed the door behind me. The rubber soled heels of my boots made little sound as I headed for the party.  
  
I walked into a scene of debauched chaos. Office parties get a bit wild but this was mental. Amy was sat on top of some guy I recognised from accounts, his hands firmly on her ass and massaging it through her skirt as she kissed him like there was no tomorrow.  
  
A few people were doing vodka shots out of Melissa's belly button as she giggled and had more vodka poured down her throat.  
  
My friend Abby was gyrating on a table with another girl, dancing to overly loud music as they flicked their hair about like a pair of idiots.  
  
I headed to where the drinks were. It was just harmless fun.  
  
Terry from HR was tending the bar. He looked like he had drunk half of it himself and eyed me on swaying feet.  
  
"What ya wansh?" he asked slurring his words.  
  
"Vodka." I shouted over the noise and winced as whoops sounded from around the corner.  
  
Terry handed me a whole bottle, too drunk to actually pour me a glass.  
  
I laughed and grabbed myself a glass, filling it with ice before wandering towards the woops and hollers. Curious to what all the excessive and enthusiastic shouts were about.  
  
I spat out a mouthful of vodka when I rounded the corner.  
  
On a table. With half the lower offices men around it was a gyrating girl. She was naked and in a pair of heels. Dancing like a stripper from some sordid porn movie from what I could see. Her back was to me and long blonde hair cascaded down her back. It was slightly wet at the ends and stuck to her shoulder blades and spine.  
  
"SHIT" I swore. We had had a good year but hiring strippers was NOT something we did. This could see a lot of heads roll if head office found out.  
  
I had to push through a crowd of yelling and horny men. Making my way towards what looked like a slim girl who was currently opening and closing her legs in a squat before the faces of a few of my own team.  
  
"YOU... Hey... hey you." I shouted as I got closer. Urgent to stop this.  
  
The girl twirled around with dancer grace at the sound of my voice.  
  
I stopped shouting and my jaw dropped.  
  
"Sarah?" I more mouthed more than said.  
  
Sarah looked into my eyes drunkenly. She was wasted and high on something. A massive dildo waved around in her right hand.  
  
"Fifty and I'll shove it in my pussy." She shouted while holding my eyes with hers.  
  
A man slapped fifty quid on the table.  
  
"Do it." He screamed joyfully and others shouted the same.  
  
Michael grabbed my shoulder and I was turned to face his anguished face.  
  
"I can't get close... you HAVE to stop this." He shouted over the noise.  
  
"Hit the fire alarm.. I'll grab her." I yelled back and then whirled around as a yell of appreciation went up.  
  
Sarah was impaling herself on the large and clearly too big dildo. Something that had probably been made for display and not actual use.  
  
"NOW... " I yelled at Michael as I elbowed my way closer to Sarah.  
  
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Christmas Day...  
  
It was about three in the morning.  
  
"you little fool." I said softly as I caressed Sarah's face.  
  
I had gotten her home to the Kensington house and with Michael's help put her to bed. I had shooed him out so that I could check the damage she might have done to herself.  
  
Luckily she hadn't managed to get more than the head inside her. As it was she was bleeding a little and I had had to use a maxi pad to soak up the pink tinged mucus and darker red blood.  
  
Sarah looked up at me with her big green eyes. Tired eyes that were slightly bloodshot around the edges.  
  
"They LOVED me." She whispered.  
  
I shook my head and sighed.  
  
"That wasn't love you idiot." I replied gently.  
  
"It felt like love to me." She argued. Her voice cracking and her eyes welling up.  
  
I cupped her petite face with it's dimples.  
  
"Love doesn't hurt unless it's lost." I told her as I lent down and brushed my lips to hers.  
  
Her eyes widened a little and a tentative smile flickered across her lips.  
  
"It's not lost then?" she asked in a soft whisper.  
  
I shook my head and brushed a lock of hair from her face.  
  
"Make a wish... it's Christmas day." I replied.  
  
Sarah looked away and gulped.  
  
"I wish I had done it different.. I wish I wasn't such a spoiled brat and I wish ... I wish you would see me... the real me... I'm nice... I swear it." She sobbed softly, tears running down her cheeks.  
  
I knew I shouldn't, I knew she was still going to be a handful of trouble.  
  
"Santa says you get a kiss... good girls always get a kiss." I said with a smile as I turned her head so that she could see me.  
  
Sarah blinked her beautiful green eyes.  
  
"Really?" she asked.  
  
I lent closer and our lips touched. Our kiss deepened and we lost ourselves in it until a polite cough.  
  
"Well... this explains a few things." Michael said as he shifted from foot to foot like a schoolboy.  
  
Sarah sat up in her bed with a groan. Letting the blankets fall from her bare breasts until she was half sitting.  
  
"I'm sorry... I didn't mean to hurt you." She apologised sincerely.  
  
"She means it... for what that's worth." I added as I hitched up the covers to hide Sarah's naked tits.  
  
Michael nodded once and left.  
  
"What?" Sarah asked as I gave her a 'look' and folded her hands around the covers. Making her hold them in place.  
  
"Time and place Sarah... time and place." I said with a smile. Knowing she wouldn't fully understand and it would take a LONG time to make her.  
  
Sarah shrugged.  
  
"Can I get another kiss?"  
  
"WELL... since you asked..." I said as I undid my blouse.  
  
"Merry Christmas Felicity." She giggled.  
  
"Merry Christmas Sarah." I murmured as I slipped under the covers and knew I was deeper into the shit but didn't care.