**The Gang**

by BenBad

**PART I - THE INITIATION**

“I wanna be in the gang.” Pause.

“You can’t be in the gang.” Pause.

“How come?” Pause.

“Cuz you’re a girl.”

Now, even at the tender age of eleven, nothing brought Gabrielle Bright’s temper to the surface quicker than being told she couldn’t do something because of her gender.

She was a typical tomboy; skinny and boney, athletic and quick, but there was an underlying something about her that suggested to many of the adults who knew her she would someday be a ravishing young lady. Her hair, pulled back in a somewhat disheveled ponytail, was sandy brown, already bleached by the early summer sun which had also tanned her arms and lower legs. She had dark blue eyes with naturally long lashes and eyebrows much darker than her hair. Her lips seemed always pursed, and her neck was long and slender.

“What do you mean, ‘cuz I’m a girl!’ I can do anything you guys can do,” she shot back. “I can throw a ball as hard as you, Tommy. I can climb a tree as good as Lance, swim as far as Pete, jump as far as Mikey, and… run as fast as Pots,” she boasted, and not without some degree of truth, including everyone in the group of boys in her comparisons. However, the last inclusion might not have been the best choice.

“My grandpa with a walker can run as fast as Pots!” Tommy countered, laughing. The whole gang laughed. Well, all but Pots.

“No, he can’t!” Pots responded quickly. Pots was the quintessential chubby kid every gang required. He was the comic relief needed to make the others feel a little better about themselves, and someone to order about. He was the male equivalent of the homely girl the pretty ones let tag around with them to make them look prettier. Normally he was fine with the role, but somehow this remark hit him where it hurt. He realized he was not as adept at the athletic, physical, and, well, “boyish” achievements of the others, but to be told that a mere girl could beat him at something wounded his pride.

His nickname had nothing to do with his real name, which was Marvin. A group of older boys, who frequently picked on all of them, particularly favoring Marvin, began calling him Hippopotamus, because of his physique. His friends simply shortened it to Pots, and it stuck.

Gabrielle (Gabby) continued her harangue. “I can do anything you guys can do and you know it.”

Still grumbling almost to himself, Pots muttered, “I could beat him”.

Despite the reduced volume, everyone seemed to have overheard. All discussion ceased and all heads turned to look at him. “Shut up, Pots,” Tommy said, disgustedly. It was a response Pots heard often, yet he never seemed to consider what he was going to say before he said it, and, being that his statements were frequently “dumb” as far as the rest of the group was concerned, they usually merited a “shut up, Pots”.

Pots turned away, and at an even lower level, asserted, “Well, I could.”

Tommy resumed his case. “Look. Girls can’t do everything boys can,” he said. He felt it was a definitive statement, and one that brought the matter succinctly to a close.

But Gabby wasn’t one to give up when her merits were in question. “Name one thing you can do that I can’t, and if I can’t do it I’ll go away. But if I can do it, you have to let me be in the gang,” she bargained.

Now it was Lance’s turn to speak. He was unofficially considered second in command of this little army and was usually the quiet one, but when he did speak they generally listened. “Seems fair,” he said.

“Yeah, let her try,” Pots chimed in. He was already considering the possibility that if there was a girl in the gang she might actually usurp his position as prime stooge.

“Okay,” replied Tommy, a little put out at being overruled. He thought for a few seconds before replying. “You’ll go away and leave us alone If I can name one thing boys can do that girls can’t?” he asked.

Gabby nodded, “Yeah” she replied, beginning to think this might be a really hard test, but never letting her apprehension show. “Name one thing you can do that I can’t.”

The immediate answer was, “Pee standing up.” All the guys laughed, even Pots this time.

“That’s not fair,” Gabby roared.

“You said one thing. That’s one thing,” Tommy said smugly.

“He’s right,” Pete declared.

“Yeah,” affirmed Mikey, “he got you there.”

She glared at them for a few moments, then, screwing up her face she growled, “Well, I CAN do that. So there.”’

“Prove it,” was the response.

“Yeah, prove it,” snickered Potts, who had already begun to imagine what that might entail.

“Shut up, Potts,” Tommy snapped.

Gabby stood there, glowering. Her gaze moved from one to the other of them before making up her mind. She realized this was a make or break decision. If she really wanted to be a part of the gang she would need to comply with their demand, but if it wasn’t that important to be a member, she could just move on and look for other amusements. “Okay,” she muttered, making her choice.

“What’s that?” Tommy asked, even though he had heard her fine, the urge to prod and goad was just too powerful. “What did you say?”

“I said,” emphasizing those two words, “Okay. But if I show you I can do it, you have to let me be in the gang.”

“You have to show us.”

Gabby looked around her. The guys had all been standing on a small hill while she was a little lower on the slope. She moved a few paces down to a level area, a small clearing in the trees, surrounded by brush on three sides. Turning with her side to the group she undid the button of her denim shorts and dragged the zipper down.

Pots tried to nonchalantly move to one side to get a better view, but it didn’t work. The brush was too thick.

She was framed like the shell of an amphitheater. Center stage, act one, scene one of this "one little woman” show, all eyes in the cheap seats were watching closely for the performance of a lifetime.

She took a deep breath and let it out, then slid shorts and panties down to her ankles and squatted, presenting a pasty white profile, her knees practically up to her shoulders, sallow colored bum hovering a couple of inches above the ground.

“Nope! Disqualified,” Tommy declared. “That’s not standing up.”

Gabby crouched there in shock and disbelief. Pulling her clothing up quickly as she stood she said, “I’d have to take off my pants to do that!”

“Look, if you can’t…” Tommy began, but before he had a chance to finish Gabby faced the group, pulled her shorts down and stepped out of them. Her Hello Kitty panties immediately followed in the same manner.

Potts giggled into his clenched hand. “Hello Kitty,” he said pointedly.

“Shut up, Potts,” Gabby snapped.

She stood before the group of boys, naked from the waist down, except for her sneakers. From skinny ankles her legs rose upwards. Shins, covered with a light coat of fine peach fuzz, scabbed in places with the trials of sliding into second, boney knees dirty from kneeling on the ground, and thighs resembling more the legs of a leap frog rather than those of a young girl terminated on each side in a set of narrow hips, and in the middle by a delicate cleft set in the midst of two pouting lips, rosy pink in color, and magnificent enough in its sheer novelty to them of the opposite sexual assignment to render them speechless.

Clenching her jaws tight to try to keep the mortification she felt at this moment from boiling over into a rage against her disparagers, she moved her feet to the side spreading her legs, and… and… and…

And nothing. Sudden panic raced down her spine and weakened her knees. She had never considered this. She couldn’t pee. She gulped and tried to force it. Nothing.

The sunlight filtered through the overhanging limbs of the trees warming her shoulders, but a chill breeze picked up, blowing between her legs. This should have been enough to make her tinkle, but, still, nothing.

They stood this way for minutes that seemed like hours to Gabby. Finally Tommy asked, with an aggravating smile, “Well?”

Gabby answered angrily, “Well, I can’t do it with you all watching me!”

“But we have to see you do it in order to KNOW you can,” Tommy countered.

“You know I…”

“We have to see,” he stopped her before she could complete her statement.

She knew they were ogling her and that made it worse, but she steeled her mind and closed her eyes, thinking of waterfalls and gurgling streams and huge carved fountains until eventually she felt it coming. It began almost as a trickle, a few semi-connected drops drizzling straight down between her legs, growing into a swirling spray, the likes of which none of the boys had ever dreamed possible. The spray became two independent streams just below her knees and proceeded to stay that way for a number of seconds before unifying into one staunch torrent dredging a hole in the dirt like an oil rig drilling for crude. Indeed, it was a lengthy piss for one having started so shyly, but all good things must come to an end, and, even though there is nothing quite so satisfying as a good piss, this one followed the old rule and began to abate, reversing the steps followed in its development. As the last few independent squirts issued from the hidden hydrant between her legs, all male mouths had dropped open in amazement. A big smile crossed her face in a wordless statement. 'I told you I could do it!' it said.

She shook herself and wriggled to free the final stragglers. The pool of urine was so large she had to carefully maneuver, stepping off with one leg and twisting with the other. This put her back to the boys for the first time revealing her scrawny white butt with tight, indented little cheeks. Grabbing her panties, she quickly slipped them on.

“Hello Kitty,” Potts whispered in a dry, choked voice with a tone approaching reverence.

Pete laughed and pointed, “Hey, look! Pots ‘s got a boner!” he cried in a sing-song manner.

“What’s a boner?” asked Gabby.

“Never mind,” hollered Pots. “No, I don’t,” but it was difficult to hide the bulge in the front of his shorts.

As a matter of fact they all were standing a bit uncomfortably. As sexless as this skinny little preteen was, the sight of her naked lower half incited reactions in their bodies that couldn’t be stopped.

“What’s a boner?” she persisted.

“Mikey’s got one too,” shouted Pots.

“I do NOT,” he countered.

“What’s a boner?”

They all shifted somewhat to try to make the fact that they were all aroused less noticeable.

“What’s a BONE-ER?!”

“Never mind,” said Tommy. “We’ll tell you later.”

And she did have other things on her mind. With her shorts on, buttoned and zipped, she skipped up the hill, pleased with herself, and already putting the humiliation of the scene behind her. “So now I’m in the gang, right?” she beamed.

“Well, we have to talk about it,” Tommy hedged.

Gabby couldn’t have concealed the anger on her face if she had tried, and she didn’t try. Grabbing Tommy by the shoulders she pinned him to a tree and growled between clenched teeth, “You said if I could pee standing up I could be in the gang, and I did pee standing up, and I had to take off my shorts and panties to do it, and you saw my hoohaw AND you saw my bum, and you saw me pee standing up, so I should be in the gang.”

Before Tommy had an opportunity to respond, Lance commented, “She’s right, Tommy. They was the rules.”

The others nodded and Pots, who envisioned the possibility of further chances to see Gabby’s hoohaw chimed in, “Yeah. She should be in the gang.”

In a vote, Tommy lost, and so, Gabby became a member of the gang, and scored a major victory for femininity across the… well… school yard.

It was getting near supper time and they adjourned for the day. As they were breaking up Tommy whispered to each boy individually, “Tomorrow. Ten o’clock at the fort.”

“What’re you whispering about?” asked Gabby, her suspicions aroused that she was to be excluded from something big.

Tommy looked around at the other boys questioningly.

“She’s in the gang,” said Lance. “She has a right.”

So Tommy acquiesced and filled her in on the meeting and how to get there and they parted ways until the morrow.

**PART II - THE FORT**

The next morning Gabby headed out in search of the fort. She only had a general idea where to look from the scanty information Tommy gave her, so she was quite happy to meet Mikey on his way there.

Mikey seemed a bit nervous and Gabby wondered if the initiation she endured the day before was in some way making him feel uncomfortable. She knew guys got some sort of… well, something, out seeing girls naked, but she had no idea exactly what that was. She hoped the rest of them wouldn’t feel that way around her. She just wanted to hang out and have fun.

They tramped through the woods, negotiated a brook with a weathered old board stretched across it, and crawled under a dense growth of thick green bushes into a small clearing. The bushes fairly surrounded the clearing on three sides, with a stand of tall maple and thick beech trees encompassing it, and one massive oak growing in stately grandeur directly opposite their entrance.

“There it is,” said Mikey whose attitude seemed to have changed the second they reached the clearing. He was calmer and more relaxed.

“Where?” asked Gabby unsuccessfully trying to scope out anything that even remotely resembled a fort, but all she could find was a circle of rocks in the middle of this glade, the center of which contained the remnants of small chunks of charred wood and ashes. She had expected something grander and more impressive.

The disappointment must have shown on her face, because Mikey smiled and took her wrist in his hand leading her past the rocks, near to the oak. Gabby’s face was an obvious indicator of whatever emotion she was feeling at the time, and at this time it was confusion.

Mikey, who was clearly getting a kick out of her bewilderment, pursed his lips and whistled. It was a fair rendition of the song of a whippoorwill. He repeated it one more time, and to Gabby’s amazement a rope ladder dropped down just a couple of feet from where she stood. Her gaze followed it up about twenty feet deep into the profuse green foliage of the oak, where she spied a number of boards placed side by side, with a square hole from which the ladder dangled. In an instant it clicked in her mind.

“A TREE fort!” she cried.

Mikey nodded, grinning from ear to ear. The boys took great pride in their achievement. Building a fort high in the boughs of this magnificent tree was no easy task, and they had done it so well no one would notice unless it was pointed out to him.

“Come on. Let’s go,” Mikey urged.

Gabby grabbed a rung and started to climb. The ropes twisted and turned a little, but she had no trouble in attaining the landing and crawling through the portal. Mikey followed close behind and as soon as both were safely inside the ladder was hauled up and the trap door closed.

Truly impressed she exclaimed, This is so COOL!”

The inside of the fort was roughly eight feet by eight feet. Three of the walls had window openings, the fourth bordered the trunk and wrapped around it a little. The front wall was a couple of feet taller in the middle than the sides and a beam ran from it to a fork in the trunk over which they had thrown an old canvas tarpaulin, anchoring it to the outer edges of the sides, creating a weather proof roof. All in all it was a feat of creative building at which some architectural students would have marveled.

The place was fairly devoid of furnishings, except for five plastic milk crates. Gabby wondered if she would have to supply her own, and was already plotting where she could acquire one. However, Tommy placed them side by side, three on the bottom row, and two on top.

He turned to Mikey and asked conspiratorially, “You got it?”

Mikey nodded, acting nervous again, and even a little guilty. He reached under his tee shirt and pulled out a DVD jewel case and handed it to Tommy. “I gotta get it back before Uncle Frank misses it,” he said.

Tommy reached into a backpack that was sitting in a corner and slid out a laptop. “The battery in this only lasts an hour anyway,” he said.

He proceeded to set up the computer and was just about ready to open the jewel case when he paused, looked in Gabby’s direction and said, “I don’t think she should see this.”

Gabby was about to get up in arms over it when both Lance and Mikey said, “She’s…”

 Tommy interposed, “in the gang. I know!” Facing Gabby he continued, “Alright, but, rule number one; what happens in the gang stays in the gang.”

“I’m not a snitch, Tommy! I won’t tell nobody nothing”. Now, Gabby was a smart little girl who knew that what she had just said was grammatically incorrect, but she also knew boys sometimes talked that way and she thought if she talked like them they might be more likely to accept her.

In any event, Tommy took the disc from the case and placed it in the tray. In a few short moments the screen sprung to life showing a man just waking up in bed. From the furnishings it was obvious he was rich. In the middle of the bed spread, half way between his shoulders and his feet was a big bulge.

A buxom young woman enters wearing a French Maid’s outfit; extremely low cut bodice, very short black skirt over white frilly petticoats that didn’t entirely cover her black lacey panties (ass cheeks popping out on both sides), and black net nylons, with high heel shoes. She goes to the window, her shoes making a clip clop sort of noise with her short little steps, and draws back the curtains. “Bon jour, Master,” she says in a very poor attempt to sound the part. Noticing the bulge she says, “OOoo, Master. Eees ready for heez morning wake up exercise.” She pulls back the blankets and reveals his swollen member.

Gabby gasped, “What is that?!”

“THAT’S a boner,” Potts explained.

“OHhh,” she said clearly impressed, and tried to get a sidelong glimpse of Potts, who shifted uneasily.

The maid took matters in hand and began to masturbate the man.

“What’s she doing now?” Gabby asked. All this was new to her.

“She’s jerking him off,” Lance told her.

“What does that mean?” So many questions were being raised in her mind, and what popped into her mind as queries usually popped out of her mouth as enquiries.

“Just watch and you’ll see,” said Mikey.

Potts added, “And stop asking so many questions”.

And so they watched, quietly, as the young woman stroked the man until finally he began to moan. Shortly after, a gush of thick whitish fluid spurted from the opening in the end of his dick, high in the air, then cascaded down the shaft and over the girl’s hand.

Gabby couldn’t control her curiosity. “What was THAT?!” she squeaked.

The answers came almost simultaneously, but varied by orator:

Tommy, ”Cum.”

Lance, “Sperm.”

Mikey, “Spunk.”

Pete, “Jism.”

Potts, a little late to get in on it proclaimed, “All of that.”

“Did she hurt him?” Gabby asked.

“Does it look like she hurt him?” Tommy asked facetiously.

The action on the screen showed the maid cleaning him up. As he arose from the bed he said, ”Thanks, Yvette.” He headed for the bathroom and stopped as the doorbell rang. “That must be the business associates I am expecting,” he said. “Let them in and entertain them while I shower, please. They are very important clients, so… do an extra good job.”

“Oui, Monsieur,” she replied, curtsying.

He started to go and turned back as a thought hit him. “Yvette?”

“Oui, Monsieur?”

“Don’t forget to swallow,” he added.

“But, of course,” she replied as if that was the silliest thing in the world he had to add.

“What did he mean, ‘don’t forget to swallow’?” Gabby inquired.

“You’ll see,” said Pete.

In the following scene, Yvette shows three men into a sitting room.

“Monsieur will be with you shortly. He is getting dressed. May I give you anything? Coffee? Tea? Blow job?”

As the men look at each other, unsure they had heard what they thought they had heard, Gabby started to ask, “What’s a…”

Five nimble voices cut her short in unison, “Just watch!”

Back on the screen one of the men told Yvette, “I wouldn’t mind a blowjob.” The other two agreed that that would be nice. The first man asked, “Do you swallow?”

“But of course, Monsieur.” And so, she set about extracting the man’s penis from his pants and bringing him to an erection with her hand. Then, to Gabby’s amazement, she placed her lips over the tip and slid the length of it in her mouth.

“That’s a blow job,” said Pete.

“Doesn’t look like she’s blowing on it,” Gabby naively stated.

“It’s just called that,” Mikey told her.

Tommy explained, “She’s doing the same thing with her mouth that she did to her boss with her hand.”

Always wanting to know, Gabby asked, “But what happens if he shoots his… jizz… in her mouth? Does she swa…” When the answer finally dawned on her eyes got huge.

Pots looked at her and with the utmost gravity said, “But of course”.

“Oh,” Gabby said. “OH! EW! Ugh! Yucky!”

By this time the man was coming in Yvette’s mouth, and she responded with moans of delight.

“It doesn’t look like she thinks it's yucky,” said Lance.

They watched the other two men get their cocks orally administered to by the dazzling talents of the lovely Yvette before the battery started to wane on the laptop.

Packing up, they sat around for a few minutes (the boys needed time to let their boners subside enough not to be apparent, a fact Gabby did not seem to grasp), discussing the disc. The male contingent seemed to think it was worthy of an academy award, but, although Gabby had to admit to herself it was an interesting bit of entertainment, she still adhered to the opinion that it was yucky, even though Yvette definitely appeared to enjoy it.

They climbed down the rope ladder, which was hauled up by way of a separate rope extending from the center of the bottom rung, woven through the others to the top, routed over a big limb and back down to the ground. The device was ingenious for those so young. By pulling on this end the ladder rose to the bottom of the floor, then it was tied off on a cleat mounted in a fork of the trunk, hidden behind thick green oak leaves.

The gang headed back toward the playground. The plan was, Tommy would take his laptop home to get charged up, Mikey would deposit the purloined disc back in his uncle’s collection, and they would all grab lunch then meet back at one o’clock to play kick ball. Now that they had an even number to form two teams the last item would be easier to do, and more fun, too.

**PART III - THE MARTYR**

The day had gone remarkably well, and all were in a good mood as they came through the last tangle of brush into the little clearing just at the edge of the school playground where, the day before, Gabby had shown her pissing skills. But, at that moment, they all came to a dead halt.

Upon the hill above them was a group of five teenage boys. Gabby didn’t know them, but she knew of them. They were the gang that picked on all the smaller, younger kids in the schoolyard. She knew, too, that they were the ones who had inadvertently given Potts his moniker. They took what they liked, broke what they didn’t, and often resorted to physical violence on days when the fancy struck them. Somehow, she figured, this would be one of those days.

It would have been sheer madness to have tried to turn and run. The thick tangle of brush would have hampered their retreat making escape all but impossible.

The teens were all similarly attired in the latest thug fashion, complete with home carved tattoos on their arms. The fact that they were standing on a prominence made them look even bigger and more menacing. One of them immediately developed a big smile on his face on seeing the six materialize from the thicket.

“Well, well. What have we here?” he said, in a tone that sent shivers down Gabby’s spine. “If it isn’t our favorite rivals,” he laughed.

Tommy spoke, an action which raised Gabby’s opinion of him as a leader tenfold, “Leave us alone, Gary. We’re on our way home.” He sounded brave and unaffected by the larger boys’ presence; even though she was sure he was as frightened as the rest of them.

Gary’s smile slowly faded from his face to one of cold malice. “You can only pass if you pay the toll,” he said in a voice emotionless, yet filled with threat. Then, brightening a little he added, “Let’s see what you’ve got”.

Two of the boys descended the knoll, giving the kids close examination. “Hey! They got a girl here,” one exclaimed when he saw Gabby, who had been standing behind the others.

Gary looked surprised and commented, “Well, I guess we shouldn’t be shocked by that. A gang of girls WOULD have a girl.”

“What’s wrong with a girl being in a gang?” Gabby bristled.

“Oh, you’re a gang, huh?” Gary teased.

“Yeah, we are,” she said, “Now get out of the way and let us go.”

“Mouthy little cunt aren’t you?”

Gabby was steaming, but she couldn’t think of a reply.

“What else have they got? Something of value, I hope, besides a titless little twat.”

One of his cohorts, standing behind Mikey, snatched the disc he had stuck in the top of his jeans. “Oh, my, my,” he said, reading the title on the case. “Yvette Sucks at Her Job.” This got a big laugh from the teens.

Mikey tried to retrieve the disc unsuccessfully, and yelled, “Give it back!”

The other boy pointed to what Tommy had cradled in his arms. “This one has a laptop.”

Tommy immediately replied, “You can’t have it.”

“Oh, see, there you’re wrong. We will have it, even if we have to beat the crap out of you.” Gary’s friends all agreed this was an acceptable occupation to them.

Gary pointed to Gabby, “First, you get out of here.”

“How come,” she asked?

“Cuz you’re a girl,” he answered. “We don’t beat up girls.”

“I’m staying,” she declared. “If you’re going to beat them up you’re going to have to beat me up, too.”

By now, Gary was fed up with Gabby’s lip. “Get her outa here,” he told one of his band. At once the boy grabbed Gabby by the collar of the back of her shirt and the waistband of her light blue cotton shorts. Lifting her so that her feet barely touched the ground he propelled her up the hill and literally tossed her a few feet away.

His action gave her a crotch wedgie the likes of which she had never felt before. The searing pain burning her pussy with the friction of fabric rapidly grating against delicate skin, and the dull ache caused by it pressing tightly into her gash left her breathless for a few moments. Only the scraped skin of her knees on the gravel where she landed brought her back to the present.

Behind her, on the hill, the teen gang prepared to maul their preteen adversaries. Pots, never overly courageous, broke into the brush in an attempt to escape. Gary growled for one of them to catch him and bring him back. The biggest one gave chase.

That left four against four, but even then the odds were blatantly in favor of the older, larger boys.

Suddenly, an awareness occurred to her; the consciousness of her position in these circumstances. They didn’t want her in the group originally because she was a girl. The teen boys would not beat her up because she was a girl. And, because she was a girl, she was the only one who could diffuse this situation. There was power in her sexuality she realized, even at the young age of eleven, but in order to utilize that power she would have to render herself powerless.

As the massacre was about to begin, Gabby, now on her feet, hollered, “Wait!”

All eyes turned toward her, standing with bloody knees and a camel toe, the after effects of which would be uncomfortable for days. She felt very alone. She knew the consequences of what she was about to say, and wanted very badly not to say it, but in her heart she felt there was no other way.

She had been received into the gang as a part of them. Only she had the ability to keep them from getting badly beaten and having their possessions stolen. She hedged for a few moments, delaying as long as possible speaking what she had made up her mind to say. Hoping, in a way, it would not be accepted. Knowing, down deep, it would be.

“I got a deal,” she finally said.

Gary, who had been as immobile as the rest, sneered, and asked, “What kind of deal?”

Gabby stood erect, her shoulders thrown proudly back, and replied, “I’ll give all of you blow jobs, but you gotta promise from now on to leave us alone. No beatings. No taking things. No nothing. You just leave us alone. Forever.”

Once the words left her mouth she wished she had not said them, but she knew she had to. Now, as she waited for a response, she felt vulnerable, alone, and very, very frightened. She hoped it didn’t show. She tried to put a look of defiance on her face, but sensed it failed.

It seemed like an eternity before Gary spoke. It was clear that this development had taken him by surprise. The evil smile returned to his face, but it was somehow tinged with nervousness, as if he didn’t know exactly how to proceed, and this was out of character for one with so much self-assurance. “Let me get this straight,” he probed. “You want to suck our cocks to get us to leave you alone?”

“I don’t want to, but I will,” she answered.

He asked mockingly, “Do you swallow.” The teens all laughed.

Gabby replied with the only answer she had ever heard given to this question, “But, of course.”

At a loss, Gary chuckled and turned to his friends. “See. I told you she was a mouthy little cunt.” They laughed, uneasily. “Well, what do you think, guys?” he asked.

At that particular moment the teen who had been chasing Potts returned dragging him in a head lock. “What do we think about what?” he enquired.

“The little bitch wants to give us all blowjobs to leave them alone forever.”

“Does she swallow?”

Eight male voices, from both groups answered together, “But, of course.”

“Shit, I’ll go for that,” he said. The others agreed as well.

They all looked toward Gabby. She was so nervous she wanted to pee (sure, now it felt like it!), but she tried very hard to keep her nervousness from showing.

**PART IV - THE SACRIFICE**

Gary extended a hand to her and said, “Come on Buttercup, let’s fill your mouth with cock.”

The idea sickened her. She still had thoughts of running away, but instead, she took short, slow, unsure steps in Gary’s direction. When she was close enough, he grabbed her arm and pulled her down the hill behind him and through the brush. When they were out of sight of the others he stopped.

He turned to her and said, “Get down on your knees, little cunt.”

Gabby considered the injury she received on being tossed in the gravel. “My knees are all scraped up. I can’t kneel in the dirt,” she said.

“Ok,” Gary replied, “take off your shorts and kneel on them. That ought to protect them.”

“No. They’ll get all bloody.”

“Then kneel in the dirt, but make up your mind cuz I’m losing patience, and when I lose patience I feel like beating up little kids.”

Even more mortified now, Gabby slid her shorts off and placed them on the ground in front of her. She was about to kneel when Gary stopped her.

“Panties, too,” he said. “I want to get a look at that little twat.”

Knowing arguing was useless she tugged the panties down, relieved, actually to be unfettered by the camel toe that had been causing her some discomfort. He eyed her closely, snickered, and shook his head. “Not even a hair. Pretty poor excuse for a bitch.”

Now she knelt. She reached up tentatively and unfastened his jeans, then unzipped them. Reaching into his boxers she touched a male penis for the very first time in her life, extricating it with finger and thumb like some wild creature she might have to drop at the first sign of attack.

It didn’t attack, but it did grow big and hard in her meager grip. She allowed herself to grasp it with the rest of her hand and worked it slowly in an up and down motion. Then, deciding the sooner she did it the sooner it would all be over. She had to fight back a feeling of queasiness. To Gabby, the whole idea of what she was about to do was still “yucky”, but despite her misgivings, she brought her lips to it, engulfed the tip with them and slid it into her mouth.

She couldn’t see from this angle, but Gary’s eyes were closed in sheer delight as he felt her working his cock.

She tried to emulate Yvette’s movements to the best of her ability and hoped her inexperience wasn’t too apparent. Mostly she tried not to gag.

For Gary, it was the first time this brash young teen had ever had any sexual contact with a female that wasn’t in his father’s girlie magazines. As a result it didn’t take very long before he started to feel an orgasm building.

The moans that began coming from him were a warning to Gabby that he was getting ready to come. She wanted to stop. She wanted anything right at that moment other than having this schoolyard bully shooting a load of sperm in her mouth. But, of course, that wasn’t to be. She kept moving her mouth on the shaft of his dick even after he started coming. She swallowed as fast and as much at a time as she could, and managed to keep ahead of the flow.

At the first ejaculation her immediate feeling was one of disgust. It was thick and warm, almost hot, and tasted like the bottom of a bag of peanuts when you tilt it up to get the last of them but end up getting mostly salt. She wanted to retch, but willed herself not.

Yvette seemed to have no trouble swallowing the loads, but Gabby found it overwhelming. She gulped the first big flood, but more followed on top of it. After what seemed like dozens of gulps trying to keep ahead of the deluge she wondered in thoughts a little less refined, 'Did boys ever stop ejaculating?” Eventually, though, it tapered off, until she felt him strain to produce the last few drops.

When Gary pulled away, she looked upward to find him looking down at her. Their gazes locked for only an instant. Hers was defiant, angry; his showed, briefly, guilt, possibly remorse. It vanished in an instant, but that mere moment was enough to confirm in her mind that he had second thoughts about what he had just done; about what he had made her do.

He flipped his dick back into his pants and zipped up. “Not bad, little cunt,” he said, his self-image returning. Looking down on her now with contempt he growled, “Let’s see if you can handle the other four.”

‘The other four’. That simple statement hit her like a slap in the face. 'I have to do this four more times,' she thought dejectedly. But, before she had time to agonize over her fate, the second teenage boy came crashing through the brush.

He stopped dead in his tracks when he saw her, bare ass naked, kneeling on her shorts. His mouth split into a wide grin. He unzipped his pants on his way to where she knelt. His dick was out in an instant and it was erect. She took it in her hand and brought the tip to her mouth. She drew in a deep breath, let it out, and parted her lips to admit the head. He moaned as she slid it in deeper.

This boy was about the same size as Gary, but he lasted much longer. Gabby was beginning to fear he might not ever come. She didn’t know much about boys and their penises, so this was a very large concern to her. However, after what seemed an eternity, his legs stiffened and he began to shudder. His ejaculation was as voluminous as Gary’s and she had to fight to keep ahead of the surge, swallowing as quickly and as much as she could without choking.

When she had drained the last of his sperm from a rapidly flagging penis, he stepped away from her, gave a look of disgust as he adjusted himself, and left.

As she awaited the next arrival it occurred to her that for the second time in three days, a group of boys was seeing her naked bottom. Being in a gang was nothing like she had expected it to be.

The third boy came through the brush and advanced to the spot in front of her. Unlike the others, he completely unfastened his pants and pulled them down to his knees. He was bigger than the first two. The length and breadth of his erect member standing upright and proud directly in front of her face, plus the added effect of seeing his full growth of pubic hair and two free hanging testicles dangling beneath were an impressive and daunting site to a little preteen girl.

He grabbed her left hand and positioned it around his dick. Her right hand he slid under his balls. Gabby didn’t have to ask why. She remembered Yvette massaging them with tender care and mimicked the action. Then into her mouth went yet another rock hard cock.

Another never-ending period of sliding back and forth on the shaft finally succeeded in his massive explosion of cum to be swallowed as fast as she could, but he came more than she was expecting. Some of his sperm squeezed out of one side of her mouth, ran down her jawline and dropped on her shirt. She sensed what had happened and was angered by it.

Her anger wasn’t against the boy whose spunk had soiled her new tee shirt, but at herself for not being able to contain it all in her mouth until it could be swallowed with the rest.

The sudden recognition of this confused her. Why would she be mad at herself? She didn’t ask to be debased in this manner. She wasn’t a teenage boy, four or five years older, forcing a little girl only about to enter puberty (because, even though she did volunteer, it was to save her friends, and she did feel like a martyr), to perform a sexual act against her will on not one, but five of them. Yet, there it was, she was pissed at herself for getting some on her shirt.

The boy withdrew his dick, and used it to wipe the cum trail from her face, then forced it back between her lips. Unconsciously she allowed her tongue to clean it of the residual sperm.

When he was gone she sighed. She was tired by now. Her jaws were beginning to ache and her stomach was rapidly developing a sick feeling. She wanted it to be over. Her trial into womanhood was horrific.

“Here I am on my knees,” she thought, “like I was praying at church.” She wondered if this was a woman’s lot in life, to kneel before the altar of man, worshipping the Phallic God (although, again, the words she used would have been different).

In her reverie she had not noticed the approach of her fourth assignment. This one was about the same size as Gary. When he saw her bare ass he laughed aloud. “Fucking little whore. You're getting into it so much you just want to tempt us with your other holes, huh?”

“Gary made me take them off,” she responded quietly, looking straight ahead and showing no emotion.

“Yeah, and I bet you loved it, didn’t you?” he taunted.

She shook her head vaguely.

He continued his assault, “Yeah, you did. You want us all to see your twat, but you ought to be naked.” He grabbed the sides of her tee shirt and yanked it up over her head and tossed it on the ground beside her. By now she was numb to all that was happening.

Examining the front of her he said, “No titties yet. I’ll bet your still a virgin too, aren’t you?”

She didn’t move. Her whole character had become automated, mechanical. She tried to tune out all this unpleasantness by ignoring it and to let happen what was going to happen, and getting it done with. 'Please, let it be done,' she thought. She was aware she was being spoken to, but her mind was not on providing answers or even processing the questions.

“You a virgin, cunt?” he asked. “Any boy ever stick his cock in your pussy?” Her lack of response seemed to goad him into to further vile and suggestive questions, even heightening his rage. “I doubt it. You look more like a boy than a girl. That’s probably why they let you in their group. You can suck all the little faggots off and they can imagine it’s another faggot doing it.”

He hauled his pants down to his ankles and shoved his erection, made stiff from the verbal abuse he had been giving her, into her mouth. “Show me how you suck off them queers,” he commanded and grabbed the back of her head, slamming her face against his abdomen. “Let’s see what you can do with a MAN’S cock,” he blustered.

He wasn’t as big as any of the other boys and was shorter in length. She passively allowed him to fuck her face. His stamina was less than the others as well. In a short period of time he started to cum, ramming into her throat with each forceful thrust. This was a new tactic. One she wasn’t prepared for. The spurts of cum were more difficult to swallow this way, because the end of his dick was pressed against the back of her throat with each ejaculation, taking away control of the swallowing mechanism, and she gagged a couple of times.

When he was finished he said, with vehemence, “My little four year old sister does it better than you.”

Gabby remained silent, looking directly ahead.

“I hope you suck your gang better than that. Or maybe they just butt fuck you like real homos. Is that it? They butt fuck you? That’s what I shoulda did.” He moved behind her and pushed her forward on to all fours. Bending down he straddled her hips and tried to push his still somewhat erect penis into her ass hole. He was rapidly flagging, but managed to get a couple of near invasive thrusts against her anus. This was the stimulus Gabby needed to bring back from her trance-like state.

Spinning around to face him she shouted, “That isn’t part of the deal.”

He stood, pulled his pants up, and said, in a very sincere voice, “Wait till Manny gets back here. He loves butt fucking whores. Deals don’t mean a thing to him. He’ll cram his big pecker so far up your ass it’ll come out your mouth. You’ll still be able to suck him off, but it’ll be from the wrong direction. They’ll hear your screams all the way to the next county,” he said, contemptuously. Grabbing her clothing, he laughed as he disappeared through the brush.

She felt more alone and more naked now than at any other time. She was worn out, tired, sick, and, she could feel where the leftover drops of the last boy’s sperm had collected between the cheeks of her ass. And, now, she was very, very frightened. She began to appreciate that the danger factor to her had escalated and things might get terribly out of hand.

She grabbed a leaf and tried to wipe the sperm from her ass.

As she waited for Manny to appear, she sat on her left hip, supporting herself with her left arm, her legs curled back against her buttocks, unconsciously protecting her bottom. She heard the brush move and began to tremble.

When Manny materialized before her eyes began to water. He flipped his dick out of his already unzipped pants. He was huge; physically taller and more muscular than the other teens, with a longer penis of much thicker girth.

Gabby started to sob. “Please don’t butt fuck me,” she sobbed.

“Wh…what?” he asked, confused.

“Please don’t shove your big pecker so far up my ass it’ll come out my mouth,” she bawled.

“All I want is a blow job. That’s what you gived the others. Right?”

“Right, but the last guy…”

“Sid?” he interrupted. “Sid is a psycho. Dude’s crazy! For sure. Loco.”

“Then you’re not going to butt fuck me?” she sniffed.

“Little chica, just suck my dick and you’ll be all done.” Manny was like the Lance of the teen gang; quiet, a little more empathetic.

Gabby got to her knees as he positioned himself before her, but found he was too tall to be able to get his penis in her mouth, and the ground hurt her knees, so she stood, bending a little, just to one side of him.

She had to open wider than for any of the others and for some reason she thought of the dentist’s office.

As she worked his shaft with lips and tongue, he caressed the hair on the top of her head. At one point, when she knew he was getting close, from the soft moans he made, he asked permission to touch her bottom. How could she deny him? He had been the nicest one of all.

His hand roamed over her buttocks, fingers gently probed between the cheeks of her ass and toyed with her anus. Apparently she had successfully wiped up Sid’s cum, or it had dried and was unnoticeable, because Manny never asked about, or mentioned it. Gabby found this action actually stimulated her to perform even better at her task. But, when he rubbed between the lips of her hairless pussy the moans came from another source; her.

He came seemingly in buckets of sperm and she swallowed desperately, hoping to make it as pleasurable for him as she could. Why? After all the abuse she had received in the previous hour and a half, a little bit of tenderness from one, who never-the-less was still taking advantage of her, made all the difference in the world.

When he was done and dressed, he offered her his hand and said, “Come on. Let’s go get your clothes.”

Gabby held back a moment and said, “Wait.” She ran her arm across her eyes, hoping to remove all traces of her tears; she didn’t want to appear weak. Then she repeated the action across her lips. She didn’t want to show any vestige of what she had been through. Taking his hand they made their way through the brush.

It seemed only natural; a six foot male with a four foot naked female in tow; a child; a girl child who had basically been orally raped by five teenage boys. Natural.

But once they reached the crowd it became awkward.

**PART V - DECEIT AND BLACKMAIL**

Gabby was a mess. Her hair was more disheveled than normal. Despite wiping her eyes, they appeared red and swollen. She looked as if she might be sick at any time, and felt that way.

Manny led Gabrielle into the midst of ten sets of male eyes which surveyed her head to toe. Some of the eyes regarded her with loathing and contempt, some with pity, some with guilt, and some regret. And, perhaps, some saw her with a mixture of all of it, but every set of eyes regarded her with at least a small amount of lust. No matter whether he was her own age or as much as five years older, as Manny was; no matter if he had just stuffed his cock down her throat, or simply wished he could, all of the boys reviewed every inch of her and saw something erotic; felt something carnal.

Gabby was wholly aware of this in some unconscious perception. Maybe it is an innate sense women possess. She dropped one arm in front of her, her hand covering her pubic area, the other arm reached across her chest. Though there was nothing significant to shield from view.

Her absolute embarrassment placed her off guard. She was at a loss as to how to proceed; what to do to make this situation resolve itself and put her back on an even par, at least clothing wise with others.

No one spoke. No one knew what to say.

Finally, Gabby spotted Sid still clutching her clothing.

“Gimme my clothes!” she demanded.

He grinned, “Oh, the little slut wants her clothes?” He extracted her panties from the bundle and held them to his face. “I think I’ll keep these,” he said, stuffing them in his pants pocket, “but you can have the rest.” He shoved her tee shirt into the shorts and wadded them up tightly, then tossed them high into the branches of the big oak he stood under. By some misguided miracle they lodged about fifteen feet up in a fork of two limbs. “All you have to do is climb up there and get them,” he taunted.

It was, for Gabby, the straw that broke the camel’s back.

“You asshole!” she screamed and launched herself on him. Caught by surprise and off balance he tumbled to the ground under her. As she straddled him she beat his face with her fists Sid was still laughing, until he realized her punches hurt.

“Get her off me,” he bellowed.

Manny surrounded her body with a massive arm and lifted her into the air. In her anger she continued to flail arms and legs, unaware of what a stunning show of her crotch she was affording the crowd. He set her down a few feet away from Sid, who, by this time, had regained his feet and was brushing himself off. “You little cunt!” he spit, “I ought to beat the crap out of you.”

“Now, now,” Gary interjected, “we said we wouldn’t beat up a twat.”

“The little bitch split my lip,” Sid yelled, touching a finger to the damaged area and looking at the blood.

“We have other things to attend to, right now,” Gary said with a smirk. “Like the porno disc and the lap top.”

Tommy spoke up, frowning at the inference, “What’re you talking about?”

“We want them. Do we have to beat the crap out of you, or will you just give them to us?” The smirk had vanished and a look of foreboding had replaced it.

All the boys began speaking at once saying it wasn’t fair, they had made a deal, and the like. Gary raised his hand to silence them, saying, “Hey. What can I say? I lied.”

Now, Gabby vented her rage on Gary, pummeling him with her fists. He easily parried all of her assault, but, once again, Manny stepped in. As he lifted her up she began kicking wildly trying to lay some hurt on Gary. Manny had to gather her up behind the knees, pinning her with her back against his chest and her knees against her chest. With her legs spread as he held her and her butt higher than the rest of her body. The boys had an even better look than before.

Her bright pink gash, bordered on either side by naturally swollen, fleshy lobes, and pouty sphincter surrounding her tiny anus became the center of focus for all, but drew Gary’s minute scrutiny specifically.

“You know,” he said, getting very close, with his head between her legs, “I kinda got a new respect for you boys, having this around so you can poke it any time you feel like it. I can tell from the way she sucks cock it’s nothing she hasn’t done many times before.”

Sid added his take on the situation. “Yeah, but I think she only sucks their cocks and let them butt fuck her, so the little faggots can think they’re fucking a boy.”

“You may have something there, Sid,” Gary replied, looking from her pussy to the younger boys. “That the truth?”

Potts spoke up in their defense. “We ain’t faggots,” he said, “And we don’t…”

At this point Tommy turned toward Potts and mouthed, “Shut up, Potts.”

Tommy knew there might be some benefit to having the older boys believe they kept Gabby around for sexual purposes. Gabby, herself, helped add to the illusion. After finally wriggling free from Manny’s grip she flew to her gang.

With all the venom she could muster, snarled, “Yeah, well they’re ALL better than you are, Gary. And Sid, you’re a joke!”

Sid growled back, “I don’t care if you ARE a cunt, I say let’s beat them all up, take the stuff, and get the hell out of here.”

Gary shrugged his shoulders. “Ok. Let’s do it”.

“You ain’t gonna do nothing,” a calm, but powerful voice spoke; one that hadn’t spoken before; one which, in its freshness and, despite the obvious errors in grammar, the sonorous inflection of its tone, commanded to be heard without being commanding.

No one was sure who had spoken, but it was enough to make them all stop in mid stride.

Lance stepped from the group. He was the biggest one of the gang, but he was no match for any of the teens. Gabby certainly hoped he had more going for him right now than courage.

“Why not,” asked Gary. His voice carried in it the hint that all his plans were about to be dashed; though how was a mystery.

“Beat us up and she goes to the police and tells them how you guys jumped us, pounded us, then took off all her clothes and forced her to suck your cocks, and she has five witnesses,” Lance started.

Gabby quickly threw in, pointing at Sid, “And HE tried to stick it in my butt!”

Lance continued, “You guys are four and five years older than us. You might even be tried as adults considering the crimes; battery, theft, sexual contact with a minor, and sodomy. That’s big time. Not Juvie type stuff either.”

Tommy summed it up, “Leave us alone. Don’t talk to us. Don’t ever even look at us again. Got it?”

The teens stood still, letting it all soak in. Then Manny started to walk away. One by one the rest followed.

None of the gang knew what to do next. They were all elated, but unsure of how to go on from here.

Tommy looked at Gabby who seemed a little green. “You okay?” he asked. “You gonna be sick?”

She wanted to be. It had just occurred to her she had five loads of cum in her belly and it was all she could do to keep from hurling; definitely feeling yucky. But she wouldn’t give anyone, friend or foe, the satisfaction of knowing she couldn’t handle a little adversity.

“No,” she murmured.

He put his arm around her shoulder and said, “Thanks. You saved us all.”

She shrugged like it was no big deal.

Tommy asked, “Did Sid really try to put his cock in your ass?”

“Yeah,” she said, then thinking about it started to chuckle, “but it was too soft and wouldn’t go in.”

They all laughed heartily, the tension having been broken.

Suddenly, Gabby remembered she was still naked. She had been without clothing for so long it seemed somewhat normal. But that feeling died in a hurry. “Can someone get my clothes down, please,” she requested.

It took a little doing, but Lance managed to climb into the branches and retrieve her clothing, which amounted to a pair of shorts and a tee shirt. The panties were still in the possession of Sid, which made her angrier than anything.

As she dressed she noticed some blood stains from her knees when she knelt on the shorts. She was worried that she wouldn’t know how to explain them, but Tommy saved the day by grinding a little dirt over them. It was a whole lot easier to explain being dirty than it was to explain being bloody, he told her.

When she was dressed she turned to the group and said, meekly, eyes lowered in obvious embarrassment, “Remember rule number one. What happens in the gang stays in the gang.” They all nodded their agreement, solemnly.

They broke for the day and went their ways, which was somewhat indicative of the gang in general. There were a few more escapades, and adventures, and a couple of misadventures, but somehow things weren’t quite the same. There was a stigma lurking underneath the exterior of camaraderie.

By the end of summer, with sports, and clubs, and music classes, the gang had disbanded; nothing official, just faded away and gone like the mist in the morning. They maintained their friendships throughout the following school years, but they were not as close as during that summer.

Seven years later though, Gabby would attend her senior prom on the arm of Lance (who would go on to become a successful attorney), and he would become the only one of the original gang to discover just how well Gabby had learned Yvette’s craft. But that would be then. Right now, Gabby headed home, where she was scolded for being filthy (if they only knew). As she sat at the table her mother pointed to the spot on her shirt.

“Gabby, what have you got on your new shirt?” She poked at it with a finger. “It’s stained and crusty.”

Gabby didn’t even try to think of an excuse. One just came out on its own. “I had a creamsicle and some of it ran down my chin onto my shirt.”

With a tone of irritation and a sigh, her father, sitting across from her asked, “Don’t you know it’s supposed to go in your mouth, and you’re supposed to swallow it? All of it?”

Gabby heaved a sigh and to herself mumbled, “But, of course.”

THE END