**Year Nine**  
by Isabella

Year eight was over, the long summer holiday was stretching ahead of me like a prison sentence, I'd said goodbye to Elle, she was a lucky cow...her parents were quite poor, they both worked on a local farm and had no money to spare for foreign holidays or the like but because they were around the village all the time, Elle was allowed to stay at home for the seven weeks that school would be closed. My parents on the other hand both had good jobs, they both worked in London for an American company that frowned on their staff wasting time on things like holidays.

Because my parents worked fifty miles away from our village and were expected to work long hours, stopping at home on my own for seven weeks wasn't an option for a thirteen year old girl like me.

Summer holidays had a standard pattern for me, on the first Saturday after school broke up for the summer holiday, my mother would drive us to East Midlands Airport at Donnington eighty miles away...there were closer airports to home, Luton Airport was only fifteen to twenty miles away, even London City Airport was only fifty-two miles away.

Mum and I would fly out to Southern Spain, leaving my dad at home to keep working. Mum and I would spend a week at a five star beach hotel...the same hotel that we'd used every year.

After our week of sun, sea and sand we flew back to Castle Donnington, picked up our car and instead of driving the eighty miles south to our own village, we drove thirty miles further north to Denby Village in Derbyshire where I was dropped off, bags and baggage at my maternal grandparent's house. Denby was one hundred miles away from my village and around a hundred years in the past. My grandparents didn't have a computer or broadband and the village didn't have a wi-fi hot-spot anywhere close either!

I'd lived all of my life in a small village in Northamptonshire but whenever I stopped with my Grandparents in Denby, it made me feel like my small village was a large town or small city, there were only one hundred houses in Denby and all the residents were retired like my grandparents.

There was quite literally nothing at all to do in Denby apart from watch TV, read or help my grandfather in his garden. I couldn't even sunbathe in the better weather because the back garden was north facing so I'd have to sunbathe in the front garden if I wanted to do it at all.

The high spot of my five weeks in Derbyshire always happened on the fourth of July...this year, that date was my fourteenth birthday and both of my parents came to Derbyshire to shower me in their 'Guilt' presents, neither of them had to work on my birthday for some reason so they always drove up to Derbyshire to see me. We went to a posh restaurant, the five of us...high on the hog. Unusually for my parents and their ordered life, we always went to a different restaurant every year and it could be in any town or city in a thirty mile radius. My parents never spent the night though, my grandparents only had two bedrooms, so it was all over by ten o'clock in the evening and my folks ran down the motorway back to Northamptonshire.

It was the same pattern every year, one week of sunbathing in Southern Spain...five weeks of total boredom in Derbyshire and then my dad would turn up in our car but not to take me home but to take me back to the airport at Castle Donnington where we would fly out to Greece to his parent's home for the final week of my holiday.

For seven weeks I'd been cosseted by my parents or grandparents, the only time I was alone was when I was in my bedroom at my grandparent's houses, even when I was in Spain with my mother, we actually shared a twin room so even then I was never out of my mother's sight. The hotel was really posh and they didn't expect people to take their children so there was no kid's club, no disco and no amusements, not even a pool table or table tennis table.

I was actually looking forward to going back to school, just to get away from my prison guards for the first time in seven weeks.

I got home at eleven o'clock in the evening, straight from the airport and straight to bed. I was really tired but I didn't fall asleep before my parents got down to playing mummies and daddies...I couldn't blame them being over eager to get in the sack together, after all, my dad had been away from home for seven whole days.

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Monday morning and I was straight back to school. I called for my best friend, Elle Green, on my walk to school. Her parents were in the kitchen and the door was wide open, I knocked on the door and called out for Elle. Her father came to the back door, "I'm sorry Darling but Elle's already gone to school!"

I was about to ask if he was sure that she wasn't there, the bedlam around the house from all the kids around the place, Elle had three brothers and two sisters, all younger than her and all eight of them in one two bedroom house.

So for the first time in three years, I was walking the two and a half miles to school on my own.

I didn't spot Elle in the playground and I really looked everywhere...well, not quite everywhere, there was an area of the school that was hidden, the teachers on playground duties would walk past that area once or twice every break time but never before school in the mornings or after school in the evenings so it was where the 'Alphas' hung out. The 'Alphas' were the older boys, year ten and year eleven students and they used the hidden corner to get up to mischief, smoking, gambling and drinking alcohol.

The first bell sent us all scuttling into our classrooms, we all had to be in our seats before the second bell sounded ten minutes later.

I was at my desk alone and slightly confused, Elle's father had told me that Elle had been gone from home at least fifteen minutes before I called to collect her.

The classroom door burst open and Elle ran in, just as the second bell sounded. Elle was breathless as she slid into her seat at my side, she was puffing and panting so much that she could easily have run all the way from her house to school.

I wanted to ask her where the hell she'd been for the last half an hour but was stopped before I got a word out. Our form had English for the first two periods on a Monday morning, the incredibly handsome Mr Griffin teaching us for eighty minutes until midmorning break...that wasn't what stopped me asking Elle where she'd been though, it was the arrival of Mrs Hennessy walking through the door instead of Mr Griffin.

While Mrs Hennessy sorted her stuff out at her desk at the front of the classroom, I looked over at Elle, I spotted a smudge of purple lipstick on her neck, it looked like a top lip, peeping just above the collar of her school shirt. I reached over and pulled the edge of her collar down and as the lipstick splodge was slowly revealed, I realised that it wasn't lip shaped lipstick, it was an almost perfect circle and not lipstick at all, it was a purple bruise or as my parent's generation would call it, a love bite...and it wasn't alone on her neck, there were ten other bite marks at various stages of healing all over her neck. I wondered why Elle had worn a tie during summer term when we were allowed, if we wished, to wear our shirts open, so long as the collar was lifted above the collar of our blazer if we were wearing one.

"Elle...what the..."

"No talking in class please...erm...Miss Clarke is it?"

I looked to the front of the class, "Clarke Mrs Hennessy...Victoria Clarke!"

Mrs Hennessy stood up and pinned a map to the notice board. It was a desk plan, the names were seemingly random, my name was at desk one, the desk directly in front of the teachers desk, desk two, the desk that was next to mine wasn't, as it usually was, Elle Green but Paul Scott, one of the Scott twins, Peter Scott was diagonally opposite in Desk forty.

Elle was in desk fifteen, this would be the first time that Elle and I hadn't been sitting next to each other in a classroom in eight years. The thing that confused me the most was, I was the best student in the class while Paul Scott was the worst, I was Clarke, Paul was Scott...Mrs Hennessy wasn't using academic standing or alphabetical criteria so there must be some kind of randomising factor involved in her seating plan, the only thing that seemed to be a pattern was that all the double desks were boy on the right and girl on the left in each pair of seats..

I didn't get the chance to ask Elle who had played 'Vampire' to her 'Virgin villager!' in class so it would have to wait until midmorning break to play catch-up.

The English lesson was far more boring and tedious than any I'd ever taken before, Mrs Hennessy was a boring teacher and having Paul Scott sitting next to me asking stupid questions didn't help at all.

We only had a fifteen minute break, what younger kids called playtime and what teachers called coffee break so I didn't have long to get the last seven weeks of Elle's life story from her.

"I got bored by Wednesday of the first week and you weren't around so I had to go looking for someone to hang out with. All the girls around our own age in the village were either away on holiday or their parents were holding them under close watch for the whole holiday so I had to turn to the company of boys for the first time in my life!"

Elle loosened her tie, flipped the top two buttons out of their holes and pulled the neck of her shirt wide open.

I counted twenty love boies around her neck and collarbone, she looked to the right and the left, all the boys were playing kick-shins around a football on the other side of the playground, there were only girls around us and they weren't paying any attention to Elle or me. As soon as Elle was happy that no one was looking, she flipped a third button open and exposed the tops of her breasts, the area above her bra cups and the bites went still further down inside her bra cups.

"And as you can see, I've been very popular with the boys over the last six and a half weeks."

I was shocked, I'd known Elle all my life...well, more or less all of it and I'd never seen her act like that in a public place before, she wouldn't usually even wear bikinis to the swimming pool, she always wore full coverage, one piece, swimming costumes, hers even covered all the way up to her throat and had short sleeves and boy-pants leg lines, at least an inch long down her thighs and here she was, in a crowded playground, almost getting her fun bags out.

"So much has changed in the last few weeks Vicky...I'm not a little girl anymore, I'm a woman now!"

"Oh my God Elle, who...when...where?"

Elle was just about to tell me who had deflowered her when the sound of a distant bell ringing in school stopped her. She closed her blouse and re did the knot on her school tie and we walked towards the Maths rooms, "Hey Vicky, will you act as look out for me after lunch please?"

"I was going to try and get a little time in running around the track over lunch. I haven't done any exercise for seven weeks and I need to get back into shape before trials for the school's hockey team."

"Vicky, come and keep a lookout for me please, you may even find a much better way of exercising than track running!"

We were at the classroom door and I sighed and "Okay!" as we walked through the door.

Horror struck and in total disbelief, Paul Scott was sitting at desk number two again, and the seating plan that Mrs Hennessy had used that morning was on the notice board in the maths classroom, I would be spending the next eighty minutes sitting next to Paul Scott again.

Fortunately Paul was slightly more numerate than he was literate, he needed help with the questions, they were written out in longhand rather than as just the sum that needed to be answered. We had to read the question, comprehend it, extract the wheat from the chaff and actually write out the sum in the way that you expected a math question to be written out.

The seating plan wasn't the only change to year eight, in year eight, we were supposed to be totally silent, we often broke that rule but were quickly called to book if the teacher heard us...today though, Miss Duggan announced that we could discuss the problems with our companion in the next seat but had to keep the volume down to an absolute minimum and if we abused the privilege, it would be removed!

I had to put in a lot of work with Paul Scott to help him understand the question that he was being asked and to check that he had deciphered the question into the sum, as soon as he had that squared away, he was usually able to work through the problem to the correct answer.

When the lesson ended, Elle grabbed my hand and pulled me through the school, forcing our way past dozens of other kids on their way to the refectory. Not every student wanted an early lunch, some went to clubs for half an hour and then went to lunch but Elle was determined to get ahead of the pack for an early lunch.

I'd shared my lunch break with Elle every school day since primary school but I'd never seen her eat so quickly before.

"What's the hurry Elle? You'll give yourself indigestion or something!"

I would have said that Elle answered with her mouth full of food but she probably had a mouth and a half full of food..."Lunch break is far too short to waste a second of it on eating!"

I was just over half way through my lunch by the time Elle had totally finished hers, it was fortunate that I'd chosen a flapjack without custard for pudding because Elle was dragging my tray out from under me before I'd even finished my main meal...I managed to snatch the flapjack off of my plate before Elle snatched it away from me and Elle ran across the refectory to the dirty dishes drop off point. I had remained sitting at our table, my flapjack in my hand eating it while Elle was gone.

"We don't have time for you to sit there eating that, come on, eat it while we're on the move!"

Elle was dragging me at high speed again, through the school and out of the back doors. I was reluctant to follow her as we approached 'Alpha' corner, there were bound to be the older boys there, boys that spent their two pounds and fifty pence a day lunch money on booze or fags rather than on their school dinners.

I think the oldest 'Alpha', the oldest and the biggest bully, was called Brent, he was almost eighteen years old already. Brent said, "Hi Elle, I didn't think that you were going to come...and I see you've brought Vicky with you to play as well!"

"I haven't brought Vicky to play, I've brought her to keep a look out for me, your mates can't be trusted to keep a good look out, the minute we start, they'll all be watching me and no one will care who is coming down the path!"

Elle let go of my hand at the corner leading into the blind alleyway used by the older boys for their nefarious pastimes and told me to keep watch for teachers coming from the playground.

The blind alley had been an old fire escape from the school before they built the new music block...the plans apparently showed a three foot gap between the music block and the rest of the school but the builders or the architects made mistakes in their measurements. The mistake was often used in maths and design class, we had the plans and were able to measure for ourselves, the error was only one tenth of a percent but it closed a three foot walkway down to a five or six inch gap so they had to change the fire exit into a utility door for carrying stores into the school and rubbish out to the bin store.

I glanced towards Elle, she was lifting the front of her skirt and tucking the bottom hem into the waistband. That was an eye opener for me, firstly, I had expected that when a girl and a boy did 'Things' together, the boy would do the work and the girl would...or rather...should have resisted his advances, here was Elle still several feet away from Brent and she was already making his pathway clearer. Secondly, Elle wasn't wearing any knickers and she hadn't been out of my sight since class started so she must have been knickerless all morning in class.

Elle stopped two feet away from Brent and she took her tie off, rolled it around her hand and stuffed it in her pocket, she took a half step forward and stopped again. She unfastened her shirt and pulled it out of the waistband of her skirt and then she reached up to the bottom strap of her bra, she was wearing a front loading bra which she snapped open and then swept her shirt behind her back, letting her blazer trap it wide open.

Up to that point I'd been about as useless at keeping watch as the boys would have been, spending more time watching Elle performing for Brent.

I took a quick look down the pathway leading to the playground, it was totally clear, at least sixty feet of empty.

I looked back at Elle, from behind, she looked like she was properly dressed...well apart from the little tail of folded white cotton hanging down below the back of her blazer. I watched as Elle opened Brent's trousers, she unfastened his belt, the top popper and the zip, she peeled the sides apart into a wide 'V' and then she pulled his underpants down, exposing his cock to me, the first boys cock I'd seen like that, standing to attention, it's halo of dark hair surround its root and his plumbs dangling down below.

Elle was rubbing his cock as she took in the final step, pressing her almost naked body against Brent's cock. They were kissing as I looked back down the path to the playground, mental note, still totally clear!

I looked back at Elle and Brent, the three other bots were shuffling in closer to the couple, almost blocking my view but from what I could see, I couldn't work out how Elle was going to make it work...I assumed that she wanted to be screwed, she'd gone to too much trouble to just kiss and rub Brent's cock for him but frpm where I was standing, Brent's cock was closer to Elle's tits than to her pussy.

I'd just seen my first boy's erection and it was quickly followed by my second, third and fourth cocks.

I looked back down the path, Brent had the bigger of the four cocks and Max had the second biggest...hey, I was becoming a cock expert in just a few minutes...I'd always thought that the pecking order between boys was probably sorted out by strength, aggression or cunning but I was changing my mind, I already knew the boy's pecking order was Brent, followed by Max, then Dan and finally Robert and that was actually the exact order of their cock size...so, perhaps their pecking order was actually their pecker order!

I looked back as Brent turned Elle away from him, his left hand on Elle's belly and his right hand on the back of her neck and he pushed her upper body away from him. Elle made a grab for Max and pulled him in front of her, she was holding onto his hips as Brent bent his knees, Brent pushed forwards and I saw my first real life fuck. Elle gasped as Brent entered her and then she buried her head in Max's abdomen and took his cock in her mouth, she was sucking one boy off while a second fucked her from behind.

Eight weeks ago, the only boy that I'd even seen even so much as kissing my best friend was her eleven year old brother, Martin, and Elle had been practicing her kissing technique on her younger brother, eleven year old William, for a few months.

I looked back down the path, "Erm, two year six boys walking this way!"

Max gasped through his orgasm, filling Elle's mouth as Brent fucked her hard. Max turned away from Elle and walked toward me, his cock shrinking as he walked, he leaned past me, looked own the path and growled, "You two, fuck off back to the playground!"

The boys turned on their heels and headed back to the playground.

I looked back at Elle as Max growled at the two, year six, boys, Elle had pulled Dan in front of her now and was holding onto his hip as she sucked him off.

Max stood upright and moved in on me, he went to kiss me just as I turned my face to look back down the path so his kiss hit my cheek. I couldn't believe the thrill I got just from having a seventeen year old boy kissing my cheek...mind you, that thrill was increased because I knew that his cock was still sticking out of his trousers as he kissed me!

That thought made me look down. Max's cock was sleeping, it looked less than two inches long and little thicker than a cigarette but just me looking down at it made it stir...

Max reached up and lifted my chin so that he could kiss me properly, 'Boy I wished I'd taken Elle's offer of using her younger brother to practice my kissing on when she first started kissing him.' Max pressed his lips against mine and as he kissed me, his fingers dropped from my lips and fell down onto my right breast. It was my first ever proper kiss from a boy that I wasn't related to and my first boy's hand on my breast, albeit through my school shirt and bra but it was still a first.

Max shuffled in closer to me, pressing his exposed cock against my hip bone through my skirt...that caused me to gasp and as I gasped, Max tried to slip his tongue into my mouth, I panicked and pulled my mouth away from his and then I realised how childish that must have seemed and disguised my panic by looking down the path, trying to make it look like I wasn't pulling away from Max's French kiss but just looking after my friend's security.

Max stopped squeezing my right breast through my shirt and bra and moved his hand to the left, I assumed that he wanted to feel my left breast as well, then Max pressed his body into me harder, his cock definitely wasn't sleeping any more. Max grabbed my left hand and pulled it onto his cock and then his hand returned to my right breast without getting as far as my left breast. Then I realised that his hand wasn't rubbing my tit through my shirt, while his hand was off of my breast for those few seconds that it took him to place my hand on his cock, he had unfastened two buttons of my shirt and his hand was now inside my shirt, lifting my bra cup up and off of my right breast.

I let him pull my mouth back to his and this time, as his hand was palpating my bare breast, I allowed him to slip his tongue into my mouth.

Dan gasped and I pulled my mouth away from Max again, I looked at Elle, she was pulling Robert into place in front of her and was taking his cock into her mouth. I'd often heard older boys in the playground telling their friends that getting a blow-job from a girl was actually better than screwing her and the fact that Elle had already got Max and Dan off with her mouth and Brent still didn't seem to be close to his own orgasm seemed to make that statement a truism. Brent was now bending over her back, he looked like a dog covering his bitch as he humped into her. The position didn't look at all comfortable for either Elle or Brent but he could at least fondle her bare tits as they swung freely from her chest.

Max was now humping into my left hand, fucking my hand like it was a pussy. I looked down the path again and checked my watch to see just how long we had left. Max was shuffling to his left, my right, the tip of his cock no longer pressing into my hip bone, his cock was now pressing much closer to my belly button. I felt another hand on my breast, my left breast this time. I looked down and followed the hand, wrist and arm, they belonged to Dan, Dan was now rubbing my left tit through my clothes. I wanted to push him away but my hand was full of Max, fucking my hand.

Brent chose that moment to gasp and swear, I looked beyond Dan as Brent pulled away from Elle, and as Brent's cock came back into view, it spat out a globule of spunk, falling in a long string, down to the tarmac path.

Max was starting to breath heavily and his humping into my left hand was becoming more urgeant. Elle stood upright and she stretched her back to ease the strain of being bent over for so long. She stood upright, her legs were wide apart, Robert hadn't climaxed into her mouth but she was still pumping her fist up and down his cock as she stood there, two long strings of Brent's spunk hung down from her pussy, slowly trying to join the other splatter of spunk on the path.

Max groaned and my hand and wrist suddenly felt warm and wet. I looked quickly down the path to the playground and gasped, "Mr Jenkins!"

Mr Jenkins was already ten feet along the path, I looked at Elle, Robert had moved in closer to Elle and was pressing the tip of his cock against her abdomen, he just let fly as I warned Elle that a teacher was coming. I was in a massive panic, all I had was one or two buttons of my blouse open and my right bra cup lifted above my tit but Elle was almost totally naked but she didn't seem the slightest bit concerned!

As Elle fastened the front clasp on her bra, four almost adult boys were squeezing themselves through the gap between the back of the bin store and the corner of the music block, a seemingly impossible task but all four of them managed it. Elle pulled the bottom hem of her skirt out of its waistband and let it fall innocently down over her pussy. She fastened the second from top and third buttons of her shirt and one button of her blazer as she walked to my side.

What are you girls doing here? You know this area is out of bounds to students!"

I was blushing like mad as I looked into Mr Jenkins' eyes, I was trying to get my mouth to work enough to say that I was sorry but Elle just chirruped up confidently, "We needed to have a little girl talk Sir...you know, periods and that kind of thing...we tried to have our talk in the playground but we kept getting jostled by the boys playing football!"

I couldn't believe just how easily Elle had just lied to a teacher, she was clear and confident. I looked at her in disbelief, there was a tight smile on her face but she wasn't making eye contact with Mr Jenkins, she was actually looking at his crotch and suddenly her eyebrows raised and her smile widened. I followed her eye-line and saw a small tent in the front of Mr Jenkins' trousers. If he was fully erect in his pants it would put him way down in the pecking order amongst the boys that I'd just seen out in the open.

He was flustered, both of us had now seen that he had a hard on but he couldn't say much...girls periods was definitely a very taboo subject amongst our male teachers.

"Miss Green, you know that school uniform code states that you must wear a tie to school unless it is the summer term and then you must have your shirt collar outside the collar of your blazer!"

Elle flicked her collar outside her blazer and said, "Sorry Sir!" she looked up into his eyes for the first time as she apologised.

I was expecting to be sent back to the playground for the rest of our lunch break but he didn't say anything, he just turned and walked back down the path.

I leaned out of the blind alley and watched as he walked away from us. I spotted his hand at his waist and when he was ten feet away from us, he pushed his hand down the front of his trousers, down towards his cock.

Elle giggled, "He'll be heading off to the toilet to have a wank now!"

In my mind I was about to say, 'Don't be ridiculous!' but what came out was, "Will the boys come back now that Mr Jenkins had gone?"

I gasped at the full meaning of my question...

Elle shook her head and laughed out loud, "No, they would have been seen from the music rooms, the teachers doing choir practice and the school band's rehearsals would have clocked them and if they had tried to come back, it would have drawn attention to their private world."

I was actually really disappointed that Max wouldn't have been coming back to play a little more.

Elle touched my abdomen, I looked at where she was looking, there was a very large, very wet splodge of boy juice on the front of my skirt. Elle said, "If you're going to wank a boy off, lift your skirt out of the way first! You're always better off having his cock pressing against your bare belly, much easier to wipe your belly than clean your skirt...That will dry as a white stain now."

"I wasn't...he was...I mean, it was my hand but I wasn't doing it, he was screwing my hand!"

Elle laughed again, my discomfort was causing her great amusement.

"Did watching me turn you on or was it Max fucking your hand?"

"What makes you think I'm turned on?"

"I can smell it on you and I saw the look of desperation on your face when I told you that Max wouldn't be coming back!"

I shook my head, "You've become sex mad! And what's all that about, you know, walking around school without your knickers on?"

"I stopped wearing knickers when I discovered just how much fun boys could really be."

I looked confused, Elle smiled at me again, "Just wait until we start walking!"

Elle linked her arm in mine and pulled me down the path towards the playground. Within five steps I realised just how turned on I must have been, no matter how much I was denying it to Elle or myself.

Elle dragged me into the toilet block, she grabbed a paper towel in her left hand and tried to push it up under my skirt. I tried to push her had away.

"Vicky, you have to let me try to clean the spunk off of your skirt, navy and crusty white spunk stains don't go well together!"

I let Elle push the paper towel under my skirt, she took another paper towel and wet it then she splashed a little hand wash on the wet towel and started rubbing it into the spunk stain, using the towel behind the stain to soak up a little of the water.

As soon as Elle had cleaned the front of my skirt, she dropped the towel from her left hand and instead of pulling her hand out from under my skirt, she touched me between my legs and laughed as I jumped away from her.

"Vicky, I'm telling you, if you don't take your knickers off, by three o'clock, you'll be as sore as hell!"

Deep down inside I knew that Elle was probably right...I'd never felt so wet between my legs in my life before!

I went into the first stall, pulled my knickers down, the gusset was so wet that I could have wrung it out but it wasn't just wet down in the gusset, there was a tide mark at least an inch up the front and back of my knickers. I took them all the way off and dropped them in my satchel, then I wiped between my legs with toilet paper...instantly regretting doing it! The course paper sent a trillion volt shock through my body.

We left the toilet block just as the bell sounded, calling us all into class.

"Vicky...you know when you sit down...you gather the back of your dress or skirt behind your legs!"

"Yes!"

"Well, if you do that today, that juice inside your fanny will soak the back of your dress, so you'd better do what I'm going to do, push your skirt out behind you when you sit down and put up with the cold wood against your bum!"

"You're just being ridiculous!"

Elle shook her head at me as we walked to our class. Geography for forty minutes!

Elle sat in her seat before I reached mine, I saw her flick her skirt out of the way before sitting down, I even caught a flash of her totally naked arse as she sat down.

I got to my seat and felt just how much of my inner liquid was already starting to trickle down between my inner thighs, so, forewarned...I copied Elle and flicked the back of my skirt out of the way before sitting down.

Paul Scott ran into the classroom just ahead of the geography teacher, he slammed down in his seat just as the teacher called for the room to be quiet.

I found myself looking down at Paul's lap...I'd never have dreamed of doing something like that before today.

"Working with your next door neighbour and the street map provided, your task is to map out the shortest route around the village, whilst taking in every street and passing every front door as safely as possible."

The map was dropped on our desk and Mr Bennett walked on to the next desk. Paul spotted me looking at his lap, he looked down as well, just in case he had dropped something on the front of his trousers.

He didn't spot anything down there so he leaned in and whispered, "What are you looking at?"

I jumped a little at being caught staring at his lap. "Erm, I was just wondering if you have ever..." I thought for a second, "...kissed a girl?"

Paul nodded his head.

"I mean a girl that you're not related too!"

Paul nodded his head again.

"Have you ever touched a girl that you aren't related to?"

"Touched her where?"

I looked over my shoulder, Mr Fielding was about half way down the room, dropping maps on the desks on either side of the row.

I looked back at Paul, then I touched the side of my breast with my index finger, "Here!"

Paul grinned again and nodded his head.

I looked back to Mr Fielding, he was crossing the back of the classroom to the aisle between rows three and four.

I looked back at Paul and moved my index finger from the side of my breast to point down between my legs, "How about here?"

Paul nodded his head again.

I looked from Paul's eyes to his lap again, there was a tent in this lap now...a tent that was the equal to the one I'd seen earlier in Mr Jenkins trousers.

Mr Fielding was now back at his desk, just a few feet away from my desk.

I turned the map to orient it correctly, north pointing away from me. I picked up my pencil and I started at the village car park, starting at the pathway in front of the car park and drew a line to the left, on the left hand side of the road. at the first corner I came too, I turned to the left, I'd heard Mr Fielding say that the route had to pass the front door of every property in the village. That first road was, like most of the roads on the map, a cul-de-sac, so I followed pavement around the end of the road but then I noticed a footpath marked on the map that went into another road. I rubbed the little mark I'd made and I sent the line down the footpath.

Mr Fielding took his long range glasses off and switched to his reading glasses, as soon as I realised that he wouldn't be able to see as far as my desk, I reached below the desk and flicked the side of my skirt over a little, exposing almost all of my thigh. Paul spotted the movement and he slipped his left hand over onto my thigh and started to rub my leg while he leaned in to watch what I was doing on the map.

I'd quickly marked out a line that went up and down both side of every road in the make believe village. All the time that I was making my pencil line on the paper, Paul was playing between my legs, I had my knees apart as wide as I could get them within the confines of my desk. Paul gave me a lovely little orgasm but I managed to control my gasps of pleasure to a minimal level so that Mr Fielding didn't hear me.

I handed Paul the little measuring wheel, "I've drawn the line, now, you measure it!"

Paul took his soaking wet fingers out of my pussy and started to follow my line all around the map. As soon as Paul was busy, I reached over and opened his fly, pushing my hand inside his trousers to play with his cock. I got Paul off, just before the end of the lesson. He wet my hand without making a sound or a single movement. I pulled my hand out just as Mr Fielding swapped back to his long range glasses, the teacher stood up and asked each pair for their measured distances. Paul and I were the last two to be asked for our distance.

Paul read his figure off the map wheel and everyone laughed at us, our distance was almost twice as long as everyone elses.

Could you give me your reasoning behind your distance calculation please Mr Scott?"

Paul looked nervously at me, I stood up and then remembered what I'd been up to with Paul all lesson long and looked down at my skirt, fortunately it swished down into place, covering my naked fanny and arse before Mr Fielding saw anything.

"You said that we had to pass every front door as safely as possible so I went up and down every street, on the left hand side of the pavement and turning left at every junction so that I passed every single front door as safely as possible without crossing roads as much as possible...Sir!"

"Right everyone, leave your maps on your desks and leave as quietly and as quickly as possible...I look forward to seeing your unusual approach Miss Clarke and Mr Scott. Could you collect the maps up for me please Miss Clarke!"

I was a few minutes late getting to the changing room for my sports lesson but I didn't mind that at all, at least there would be fewer girls to see that I wasn't wearing knickers under my skirt when I got changed.

I changed into my sports kit as quickly as I could, I'd opt for running if I got the choice but it was field sports, so it could be javelin or long jump, even high jump...it just depended on who the school had brought in to do specialist training.

I reached the sports field just as Elle was running down to the track to the long jump pit. Elle was wearing baggy shorts and as she jumped, she lifted her legs and at least two of the previous jumpers got a perfect view up inside her shorts. Elle was flashing her goodies to as many boys as could see her...well, as many boys as wanted to look.

7,051 Words.

Year nine Part 2

Eighty minutes of sport at the end of the school day was never something to relish but today there was a highlight...Elle was trying to flash her bare pussy for everyone out on the field...well, every boy or man that is.

The other big problem with having sports lessons at the end of the day was that the teachers didn't have to finish the lessons early to force every one through the shower early enough to get dried, dressed and out to their next class. Our lesson ran to the bell announcing the end of the school day before we were told that we could go and get showered and changed. Naturally, as we were so late already, no one actually went through the showers, some kids didn't even want to get changed and were willing to risk a demerit ny getting caught out of uniform in school as they ran home in their sports kit while carrying their uniform in their sports bags.

It was like an explosion, the teacher had thrown the grenade of freedom into the forty kids and they all exploded in the direction of the changing rooms. I didn't run though, I walked to the long jump pit and carefully raked it over before taking the rake back to the equipment shed. Elle was fussing around, trying to make me hurry up.

"Elle, I'm in no hurry to get changed, I want the changing room totally empty when I go in, I don't want anyone seeing my bare arse when I take my shorts off."

"You're a spoilsport Vicky...I let every one see my bare arse when I got changed into my sports kit and I flashed every boy while I was doing my long jumps."

I just smiled at her amd took the rake to the equipment shed and put it away. We were only three minutes behind the rest of our class going into the changing room but most of the other girls from our class had already left and the shower floor was bone dry, no one had taken a shower after the lesson and Elle and I had no interest in wetting that floor either.

I changed quickly and, once again, I was walking through the school with no knickers on. We stepped out onto the driveway leading from the school building to the road and as soon as we turned out onto the street beyond the school fence, I said..."So Elle, who exactly did you lose your virginity too?"

Elle gave me a sly sideways glance, "Michael Duncan!"

That took me by surprise, I knew the Duncan family that lived in our village, Patrick was sixteen and a student at the Grammar school in town, his older brother was either nineteen or twenty and was engaged to the pub landlord's daughter, so to clarify, I asked, "Michael Duncan, you mean Patrick Duncan's older brother?"

I saw her mouth turn into a smile as she shook her head.

"No...if not Patrick's brother...then which Michael Duncan?"

"Patrick's dad!"

"Bloody hell, how did that happen?"

I was really bored and was hunting boys around the village, I'd been unsuccessful for three weeks and then I went for Patrick, he isn't really my type, he's too much of a swat for my liking but you know...a cock is a cock, or rather, any cock in a storm!"

"So you ran after Patrick and...what...fell against his dad instead and his cock accidentally?"

"No, his dad caught is in their barn, I was sucking Patrick's cock and hoping that if I did a good enough job of it,,,he might just fuck me after...I'd have been happy even if Patrick had used a condom!"

Condom reverberated in my head, "Condom...but you let Brent fuck you at lunch time without him having a condom on and this must be about the same week in your cycle as when you were after Patrick!"

Elle grinned at me again, "Yes, I'm about at my peak of fertility today and for the next three days!"

"Are you mad woman....you could get pregnant!"

Elle smiled again and she nodded her head, "I might already be pregnant, I let Patrick's dad screw me for the whole week of my last fertile period."

"Elle, you're only thirteen, you can't be pregnant, what will your mother and father say?"

"They shouldn't say much actually, my mother had me when she was fourteen and her mother had her when she was fourteen."

I did the maths and then gave Elle my best shocked look, "That would make your mother only twenty-seven or twenty-eight now and...and...your grandmother is actually younger than my mother!"

Elle nodded her head.

"But your mother looks older than my mum, much older!"

"Being pregnant nine times in fourteen years will do that to a woman!"

"But you only have five siblings!"

"Not every bun in the oven rises properly, my mum had three still births out of her nine pregnancies!"

"Wow, poor her...but why do you suddenly want to get pregnant?"

"My mum got a letter from Social Services when I reached thirteen years old, I can't sleep in the same bedroom as our William once he turns twelve."

"I can't believe that they can have a law like that."

"Well, my mum looked into it, in theory, we could get over the problem if my mother sleeps in one room with all the girls and my dad sleeps in the other with all the boys but the solicitor thought that could infringe the European right to a family life if the husband and wife were forced to sleep in separate rooms...anyway, the council have been told that they have to get us a three bedroom house before William's twelfth birthday and they don't have any three bedroom houses in the village, they told my mum and dad that we'd have to move to Wellingborough or Kettering...even maybe as far away as Peterborough...it all depends on where they have an available house."

"That wouldn't be so bad would it?"

Elle shook her head and said, "My mum and dad can't afford to pay council rent on their wages, their pay is so crap because they get the cottage and farm produce as part of their pay...that way my dad don't pay so much in tax and stuff, if they move, the farmer will have to pay them minimum wage or maybe more and he won't want to do that, he'll just pick up some polish family and move them into our house and carry on paying them crappy wages."

"So, how will getting pregnant help...it'll just put one more child in the over crowded house!"

"No, if I'm pregnant, my mum can throw me out and then the council will have to give me a one bedroom flat, they have those in the village so my mum won't have to worry until Kelly's twelve years old and by then, William will be seventeen and could be at university or working in a larger town or city and be living away from home."

We didn't take our usual route into our village, Elle wanted to walk the long way round, she wanted to approach the village from what we called the 'Top Road' but the government affectionately called the 'B645' or something similar. We hadn't taken ten paces past the turning to 'Bottom Lane' when I realised that our present trajectory took us past 'Swallow's Roost', the house where Patrick Duncan lived with his family.

From Top Road we had several routes that we could take to pass either Elle's house first or mine but I wasn't the slightest bit surprised when we took Swallows Lane. There was a Nissan Animal parked on the drive of Swallow's Roost so Patrick's father was at home.

Elle giggled like a 'School girl'...oh wait, she is a school girl, she giggled and said, "Fancy a drink Vicky?"

I was just noncommittal, I shrugged my shoulders but I knew full well why we were standing at the end of Swallow's Roost's driveway instead of already being at home. Elle grabbed my hand and pulled me down the drive past the massive Nissan Animal. I couldn't even use the excuse that I had to be home or my parents would worry about where I was but everyone knew that they would still be in their office in London for another hour at least and then it would take at least another hour for them to get home.

I was pulled down the side of the house and into the back garden. The back door was wide open when we got there and Elle called out, "Anybody home?"

Michael Duncan Senior walked into the kitchen, totally naked with a towel in his hands, drying his hair, his body soaking wet from a visit to the shower. I gasped and jumped, a kind of 'Jumping-jack' turn so that my back was to the house but it was too late, I'd already seen his sleeping tiger hanging down between his legs. Michael's cock was sleeping but it seemed longer and fatter than Brent's cock had looked when it was standing to attention.

Elle punched my arm, "Vicky stop being a fucking baby!"

I half turned so that I was facing Elle, I wanted to remonstrate with her for calling me a baby and then I realised that Michael was actually in the back garden with us now, still stark-bullock-naked.

"Nice to see you darling, who's your friend?"

I looked over at Michael, Elle already had his cock in her right hand and she was waking it up for him, she lifted onto the tips of her toes to reach high enough to kiss him on his lips, just a quick kiss before she looked over at me, "This is Victoria, I'm babysitting her until her parents get home!"

I looked around momentarily, Swallow's Roost must have been one of the few houses in our village with a back garden that was totally un-overlooked...so no one would see the very naked Michael or Elle stroking his cock to a full erection. My eyes were now fixed on Michael's cock and Elle's hand rubbing up and down his now fully hard cock. Michael's cock was so massive that Elle couldn't totally encompass it between her thumb and middle finger as she was stroking it lovingly...rather than wanking him, trying to get him off with her hand.

I already knew that my hand and Elle's were exactly the same size from things like piano class, we could both span an octave and a quarter on a piano keyboard so seeing that there was more than a half of an inch gap between the tip of Elle's thumb and the tip of her middle finger gave me cause for thought...I wrapped my left hand around my right wrist, the tip of my thumb actually met my middle finger quite easily...that meant that Michael's cock was close to nine inches in circumference.

"Vicky...give me a hand please!"

I looked up from Michaels cock and let go of my own right wrist, I realised that the collar of Elle's blazer and shirt were wide open and Elle was shaking her shoulders trying to shrug them off of her shoulders. I grabbed both collars together and pulled, Elle let go of Michael's cock, just long enough for me to pull the sleeves over her hand. Elle didn't even break her kiss with him until her shirt and blazer were both off and then she started stroking his cock again, broke her kiss and stepped away a few inches, "What do you think of my bra, it's the one you bought for me!"

Michael reached up, pulled the catch between the cups open, "I told you when I bought it for you that I didn't really like underwear of any kind on a girl!"

Michael pushed the shoulder straps of Elle's bra over her shoulders and suddenly it was hanging loosely from her right wrist as her hand rubbed up and down his cock and Michael started to massage her tits very roughly, Elle looked over her shoulder at me, she made sure that my eyes were fixed on hers and then she looked down at the catch and zip at the side of her skirt, she made that move a few times before I got the message and realised that Elle wanted me to unfasten her skirt for her. Elle's skirt hit the floor and then she let go of his cock again to shake her bra off to send it flying to the floor behind her. I already had her combined blazer and shirt over my arm so I bent down and picked her skirt up. I had to turn my back on the pair of them to pick her discarded bra up from behind her.

I stood up and spotted Michael carrying Elle through the kitchen, I didn't know what to do, should I just stand there in the back garden holding Elle's clothes until she was finished what she was doing with Michael...should I drop her clothes on the kitchen table and go home or...should I follow her through the house to wherever Michael was taking her.

Michael carried her through into the living room and Elle looked back to me, "Don't just stand there Vicky, come in here, grab three glasses from the wet bar, I want fifty-fifty vodka and orange juice and don't be stingy...fill the glass, Michael likes whisky, just two inches in the glass with a single ice cube and whatever you fancy, bring them up to the front bedroom please!" and then they were gone.

I walked into the house slowly and dropped Elle's clothes on the sofa, Michael had a very comprehensive bar in the corner of his living room, almost as well stocked as the village pub. I did the two drinks that Elle had told me to do and looked around the shelves, the choice was far too great for me to decide what I actually wanted to try but then I remembered that I'd be going home soon and my parents didn't drink and would probably smell whatever I did try on my breath...I totally chickened out and picked up a can of diet cola before climbing the stairs nervously.

Elle sounded like an animal, she sounded like a wolf, baying at the moon. I walked into the bedroom and Michael had Elle pinned on her back on the bed. Michael was kind of kneeling, his knees wide and Elle's legs were lifted, it looked a little like Elle was sitting on his lap but her ankles were either side of his neck. When I'd seen Brent screwing Elle earlier, I didn't see hardly anything of the actual act but now, as I walked through the bedroom door, I could see Michael's cock entering Elle's pussy.

"Where do you want me to put your drinks?"

Elle broke her kiss with Michael and looked past his arm at the tray in my hands, Elle made a chicken sound and then she told me to put the tray on the bedside cabinet, Elle wanted to say more but she had to stop to bay at the moon again, howling through yet another orgasm.

When Elle could speak again, she was doing it through gasps for air, "Vicky, you should have had a vodka and orange or something, it would have helped you to relax a little when Patrick gets home from school!"

That was as much as Elle could say before she rocketed off again on another howling session as Michael pounded his monster cock into her body.

If I'd been asked yesterday if I would have stood in a room while two naked people were fucking like...well, I would have said rabbits but what Michael was doing to Elle wasn't anything like the frenetic but gentle motions that a buck performed on the doe, I would have said that I'd have run a mile rather than stand and watch...but here I was, watching my second fuck of the day. Actually, if anything, I would have said that Michael was deliberately trying to hurt Elle with his cock but no matter how much he tried to hurt her, she was seemingly getting ever more pleasure.

If I'd have been more on the ball, rather than being mesmerised at the sight of a gallon cock thrusting into a pintsized pussy, Elle's comment about Patrick would have resonated more...should have resonated more...Patrick Duncan would be on his way home from the Grammar school, Patrick would have been on the bus, rather than walking, so although his school was ten miles away, he should have been home around the same time that Elle and I arrived.

And, as if by magic, a voice from the living room called out, "I see Elle's here, I hope I'm not getting 'Sloppy seconds' again dad!"

Elle's howl quietened slightly as her face contorted into a wicked grin in my direction.

Patrick came up behind me and he kind of looked around my body, at my face for a split second and then at my breasts. I dragged my gaze away from the meeting point between cock and cunt to look at Patrick's face. He spotted the movement of my head in his peripheral vision and looked up at my face again and he smiled at me.

"Hello Victoria...you're the last girl in the world that I expected Elle to bring home for me and my dad to play with!"

That made me look back at Michael's cock again and I swallowed hard at the prospect of Michael trying to force his monster cock into my pussy, even if Patrick had opened the door and smashed the lock provided by my hymen first.

Once again, I found myself the centre of attention for a horny teenage boy, I let him kiss me and fondle my tits through my clothes but chickened out at the last minute as Patrick was unbuttoning the second button from the top down the front of my shirt, I pushed my partly drunk can of diet cola into Patrick's hand and I ran like mad from their house, only one button to do up but my hands were shaking so much that I couldn't actually fasten it until I'd reached the pavement at the end of the drive.