

RANDOM HOUSE *e*BOOKS



Liberty Hall

Kate Stewart

Contents

Cover
About the Book
Title Page

Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
Chapter 4
Chapter 5
Chapter 6
Chapter 7
Chapter 8
Chapter 9
Chapter 10
Chapter 11
Chapter 12
Chapter 13

Copyright

About the Book

Vicar's daughter and aspiring journalist Tess Morgan is willing to do anything to pay off her student overdraft. Luckily for Tess, her flatmate Imogen is the daughter of infamous madam, Liberty Hall, who owns a pleasure palace of the same name that operates under a guise of respectability as a hotel.

When Tess lands herself a summer job catering for 'special clients' at Liberty Hall, she sees an opportunity to clear that overdraft with a bit of undercover journalism. But when she tries to tell all to a Sunday newspaper, Tess is in for a shocking surprise.

Liberty Hall

Kate Stewart

BLACK
LACE

1

MY FATHER HAD always claimed that I'd come to a bad end, but I'd never considered that he might be right until the night I found myself lying with my wrists cuffed to the framework of an ornate iron bed. I'd always been sure that I was really a good girl underneath my bolshie persona, no matter what I had to do to get along in this less than ideal world. Only a no good girl would have had her feet cuffed to a spreader bar that held her legs so wide apart that her thigh muscles hurt, so I'd probably been wrong about that too.

But that was the least of my problems just then. I winced as they lifted the bar and hooked it onto chains that dangled from the ceiling. Now my buttocks were displayed to the world, giving the watching men a great view of my oiled and temporarily virgin arse. The man who reached for my breasts had the best view of all, and his expression made it clear he was looking forward to humiliating me. The cameras they were adjusting to record every moment of my shame made it blatantly clear that I was in one hell of a mess, and knowing exactly how I'd got there didn't help one little bit.

None of it would have happened if Imo hadn't wanted to borrow a couple of aspirins that Saturday morning at the end of the third term of my second year at university. She'd had that radiant look a girl gets when she's had a vigorous shagging. All I'd had was a thick handful of overdue bills, a student loan that had run out weeks ago and a letter from a

very annoyed bank manager who wanted my credit card back.

‘What’s up?’ she asked as she sauntered in and sprawled herself across my bed as if she owned the place.

I’ve never understood Imogen Hall, and I don’t think I ever shall. To start with, she’s one of those tiny, delicate blondes who looks more like a porcelain doll than a real girl. But she’s anything but delicate, as I found out when she made a pass at me two days after we became roommates in our first year. Don’t get me wrong, I’ve got nothing against lesbians, or sexual fun and games. I just happen to like my sex simple, and with a bloke. I’m not a prude, and I’ve done my fair share of experimenting, but I’m not into the kinky stuff. Not like Imo. You name it, she’s done it and she doesn’t care who knows about it. Mind you, what else could you expect with a mother like hers, as my mother would say with a disapproving sniff.

Even a country vicar’s wife knew about Imo’s mother. Anyone who’d picked up a newspaper in the 80s or 90s would have heard of Liberty Hall. GIRL FROM THE BACK STREETS EARNs FORTUNE was one way of putting it, and the one that the tabloids preferred to use rather than find themselves in court on libel charges. The simple truth was that Liberty Hall had been a porn star back in the late 70s, the owner of a face and body that launched a thousand wanks. Some people I knew even viewed her as a cult figure, maybe even a feminist heroine, but people talk all sorts of rubbish at university so I took that with a pinch of salt. They might claim to admire her, but I’d bet you anything you like that they wouldn’t tell their posh mummies and daddies that they were friends with Imogen – even assuming that Imo wanted friends like that, which she didn’t. She didn’t seem to need anyone, including me, which suited me fine.

Still, whatever Liberty Hall had or hadn’t done in her youth was all firmly in the past and none of my business, although I’d read just as avidly as anyone else the rumours

in the Sunday tabloids about what went on at the luxury hotel she now owned and had named after herself. Maybe I'd even been curious about it too, but not because the idea of a country house hotel that pandered to the wildest fantasies of the rich and famous tied in with any of my own.

No, I'm going to be a journalist, so I knew better than to believe that sort of rubbish, but mud always sticks, so poor Imo had a bad reputation before she'd set foot in the college. And she'd spent the last two years gleefully living up to it. Or do I mean down to it? Not that Imo ever seemed to care what anyone thought of her. She never took anything seriously, gliding over the surface of life like a swan on a river, but then she could afford to. She had a rich mummy to bail her out and a nice fat allowance. I'd only got myself to rely on, and I was clean out of options. If I wanted to finish my course, I had to earn some money fast.

'You've got your vicar's daughter's face on again,' she giggled, and I scowled.

It wasn't my fault that I'd been born into a family with no spare cash, and the sort of morals that the most repressed Victorian would have called out-of-date. Dad and I don't get on at the best of times, and after the last time . . . well, he didn't quite tell me never to darken his door again, but it was pretty damn close. That meant asking him for cash was out, and going home when term ended was about as far out as it's possible to be. Not that I'd wanted to spend the summer in the back of beyond, but it did leave me effectively jobless, penniless and homeless. Not good.

'I'll get those aspirins,' was all I said, but Imo's a bright girl. We both are, or we wouldn't be at this posh university.

'What's up?' she asked again, and followed me into the bathroom, her high heels clicking on the vinyl floor.

Typical Imo. It might only be eight o'clock on a Saturday morning, but she was beautifully dressed in Earl jeans that rode low on her skinny hips and a white T-shirt that was so

simple and elegant that there was no way it could ever have come from a chain store, and as perfectly made up as if she was off to some posh do. I was wearing a pair of black leggings from the market and a gypsy style top that I'd bought in Top Shop's sale, and neither of them were fresh on that day. It's not that I don't care how I look, but I'd pulled on the first things I could grab when she'd knocked at the door. Now I wished I hadn't, because the more I looked at her the scruffier and tackier I felt.

My long dark hair was uncombed, and curling everywhere that it shouldn't, and my face was as innocent of make-up as the day God made it, which isn't very innocent. I've got a good body, and I look pretty good too. Most men think I'm sexy, and I plan to make the most of that because I might have started poor, but I don't intend to stay that way. Dad says that's yet another sign of my lack of morals. I reckon morals are a luxury that I can't afford yet. Someday, I will, once I've got all the stuff other women take for granted. Till then, it's a hard world and I'll do whatever it takes to get by.

I know that makes me sound like a materialistic bitch, but can it be so wrong to want to live a life where a Marks and Spencer ready meal isn't a massive extravagance? To be able to buy clothes without waiting for sales, to drink the best champagne rather than a half of lager in the student union bar? To live somewhere that wasn't a grotty bedsit in a student hall of residence where the walls were so thin that everyone knew exactly what everyone else was doing – and with whom? All I wanted was what people like Imo took for granted. I deserved it too, so I didn't much care what I had to do to get it.

'Is it money again?' Imo asked.

'Show me a student who isn't skint.' I tried to make a joke out of it, because the last thing I wanted was pity. 'Except you, of course.'

We all knew that Imo's allowance must run into six figures. She never flaunted it, but we all knew, the same way that we all knew about her mum.

'Believe me,' she said, unusually seriously, 'I earn every penny of it.' She looked me over in the same appraising way that she had before she'd made that pass, then stunned me by saying, 'And so could you.'

'You what?' I almost dropped the packet of aspirin I was getting out of the cupboard above the sink, but she wasn't thrown. She never is. Alfred Hitchcock would have loved her cool bloneness.

'You could earn plenty of money if you wanted to.'

'Like how?' I handed her the aspirin, trying to sound as if I didn't already have a fair idea what she meant. I was more of a vicar's daughter than I'd realised, because I was shocked, but that didn't stop me seriously considering it.

'Look.' Imo used that tolerant tone that some people use to talk to kids or idiots, which didn't improve my mood. 'You sleep with enough blokes, don't you?'

'I've had my share.' I wasn't the college bike, but neither was I into sleeping all night alone in my own bed and spending my evenings with a book. If I had been maybe I wouldn't have been so skint, but I reckon life's for living, not watching from the sidelines.

Watching Imo breaking the habits of a lifetime and trying to be tactful made me feel better. 'And sometimes you don't know them that well,' she pointed out.

'And sometimes I'm so plastered that I don't know them at all, and sometimes . . .' I shut up as I remembered how I'd rescued my grades last Christmas. I didn't think that anyone else knew about that, and that's how I wanted it to stay. I'd done it because I had to, but I'd hated every second of it. It wasn't that the lecturer in question wasn't fanciable; he was actually quite good-looking, but he was shockingly depraved in his tastes. Now I was doing my best to forget that it had happened, and making sure that no one

could manipulate me ever again, so I wanted the subject changed – fast.

‘What are you suggesting?’ I asked before Imo could suss that I’d got anything to hide. ‘That I turn whore for the holidays? The college would love that!’

Our dear alma mater is one of the ones with a long pedigree and tons of history and traditions. They’re also real hypocrites who haven’t made it into the twentieth century yet, let alone the twenty-first. Blokes who slept around were called real lads and jokily admired. If a girl tried it, she was a slut. Still, the college name would open doors, and I could ignore the old fools easily enough, so I just put up with it. I’ve had plenty of practice. I’ve ignored my father all my life.

‘I wouldn’t have put it quite so bluntly,’ Imo murmured, still watching me in that weird assessing way, ‘but if there were a way for you to earn say –’ Imo was doing business studies and had a calculator for a heart, so I knew she was doing sums when her blue eyes narrowed ‘– No guarantees, but would you be interested in earning ten grand in the long vac, doing something confidential but legal?’

‘Does shit hit the fan? You know damn well I would be, but doing what? I’ll do most things, but I’ve got limits, and that’s a word that the Hall family didn’t seem to understand. As long as I kept to my rules, I was still the ‘good girl’ I secretly wanted to be seen as, no matter how much I pretended not to care what anyone else thought of me.

‘I can’t make any promises.’ Imo seemed to be having doubts. ‘But I could talk to my mother, if you like. I know she’s looking for temporary staff.’

‘And she’d pay me ten grand for being a waitress for eight weeks? Come on, Imo, I wasn’t born yesterday.’ I wasn’t sure if I wanted to do it either, but I was definitely intrigued.

‘She’d pay you ten grand for doing what you already do for free,’ Imo said bluntly.

That was when I should have laughed it off, given her the aspirin and got rid of her. But I needed the cash, and she’d got a point. Besides, I’d just worked out how I could earn a damn sight more than ten grand, and start my career with a real scoop. A few months ago a journalist from one of the red-topped papers had come down to give us a talk about life in the big wide world of journalism. You know the sort of paper; the type where who’s sleeping with whom, or preferably what, is far more important than world news. He’d been an oily little toerag, and afterwards he’d oozed that oil over me, buying me a very expensive dinner while he pumped me for information about Imo.

I hadn’t given him any, partly because I’m not into selling out my friends, mainly because I didn’t know anything worth selling, but he’d left me his card just in case I changed my mind. Now, if I played my cards right, I could get an exclusive that’d get me started on the career ladder and pay off my debts twice over. I wouldn’t mention Imo in whatever I wrote, because there are limits to what I’ll do. But if I lost a friend because of what I’d written, tough. I was a big girl on her own in a big hard world, and friends are luxuries that the sort of rich, powerful woman that I intend to be sometimes can’t afford.

‘What would I have to do?’ I asked.

Imo smiled as she gulped down the aspirin. ‘Like I said, no promises. You’d have to get my mother interested first.’

‘I don’t do lesbian,’ I reminded her, and she smiled more tolerantly still.

‘So you keep saying, especially when you’re drunk.’ I watched her carefully, wondering if I’d admitted anything else incriminating while I’d been drunk, but she just went on reciting my personal sex mantra. ‘You don’t do lesbian, you don’t do anal, and you’re not into pain or humiliation.’

I'd made that list after that lecturer had put me through enough humiliation to last me a lifetime, but playing his sick games had got me the grade I'd needed to be allowed to stay at the university. He'd got just as much to lose as I had if the truth came out, so I was pretty sure that he wouldn't talk about it either. Therefore, nobody knew about it, so it didn't count. Sometimes I could convince myself that it hadn't even happened, but I was still on the defensive when I answered her.

'Got a problem with that?'

'None whatsoever, although it's such a waste,' Imo pouted.

I know I should have told her where to get off, but I just laughed. You couldn't help it with Imo. She might have been a shameless tart, but she was also such a nice person that I almost felt guilty about what I was planning to do to her mum. Only almost though.

'If you wrote a job application right now, I could give it to her when I meet her for lunch today,' she went on. 'Then she could see you this afternoon if she's interested, and there you are.'

'Job application?' I knew I sounded as if I was turning into a parrot, but it's not the sort of offer you get every day. 'Like what?'

'You're the one who wants to be the big journalist. Get her interested. Convince her that you could do it.'

'Do what?'

'Guess!' With that cryptic and unhelpful comment Imo left, leaving me with a lot to think about.

I considered my options for a good ten minutes, then found that business card and gave Dickie Lawrence a ring. Dad's God must have been on my side for once, because Dickie was in the office and picked up his phone. He didn't remember me, but he was interested in what I had to say.

'You get me the dirt, and I'll see you right,' he promised, but I'm not that naïve. I wasn't telling him anything until I'd got a proper contract. If I was about to get fucked for the sake of a story, I intended to be well paid for it.

'How much, and what sort of dirt?'

'What sort of dirt? Come on, Tess, half the top politicians and showbiz stars go down there for 'rest and recuperation'. If you can't work out what I want, then I'm not interested. As for how much, that depends on what you get, doesn't it? Since you're just starting out . . .'

'I don't come cheap,' I warned, but I knew I'd been right. If I got this story, I'd have the less reputable half of what used to be Fleet Street panting round me like dogs on heat. 'I'll let you know,' I said when he'd finished explaining how good he could be for my career. I put the phone down, then turned on my word processor.

I had to write a job application that'd get Liberty Hall interested. Well, words were supposed to be my trade, so it couldn't be that hard. 'My name,' I typed with growing confidence, 'is Tess Morgan.' Actually it's Teresa, but most of my worst memories are associated with my father using my full name in a disapproving tone that meant I'd broken yet another of his precious rules. I went on to say that I was twenty years old, and a vicar's daughter, hoping that unusual detail would add to my appeal. I made my limits clear, but I also stressed that I was willing to try anything else.

I was about to add that I'd worked as a waitress before and list the hotels when I realised that this wasn't that sort of CV. I had to catch Liberty's eye, and convince her that I'd be an asset. I was pretty sure that I would be, because I was young and good-looking and, with a good career ahead of me, unlikely to want scandal any more than she did. Those would all be points in my favour, because what she was really selling was sex. Not the vanilla sort that you can get anywhere, but the extreme stuff. The type that's not

actually illegal, but definitely isn't the sort of thing you'd want your friends and family to know about, let alone the Great British Public, and suddenly I knew just what to write. It felt funny typing up one of my deepest darkest secrets, but it was also a real turn-on. I've read erotica, of course, but this was different. More real, more immediate, and much, much more of a turn-on.

'I can't go home because I disgraced the family name last summer,' I typed, then added words with growing confidence.

I went home for the recess, and noticed right away that Dad had a new curate. He was tall, slim and blond, with innocent blue eyes that gave a part-time bad girl like me all sorts of wonderful ideas about corrupting him. It wasn't hard to let him know that I was interested, and the more he watched me whenever he thought I wouldn't notice, the harder he got!

It was a hot summer, so I'd got every excuse for wearing short shorts and skimpy T-shirts, and the more I saw Nigel watching me, the shorter and skimpier they got. Dad hated it, but he couldn't say anything without admitting that he'd noticed that I'd grown up. He doesn't like doing that, so watching him fume just added to the fun. As far as he's concerned, I'm pure and innocent. I'm pretty sure he knows that I'm not, but admitting it would mean admitting that his careful illusion of happy families was a lie. So he pretends that he doesn't know what I'm really like, I pretend that I love him and, if we don't get on brilliantly, we at least manage to tolerate each other.

After a few days, Nigel had begun to watch every move I made until I began to realise what being stalked must be like, but he didn't make any moves of

his own. That didn't surprise me. He was a real boy scout, which just added to the challenge. When he decided to clear the brambles from the overgrown churchyard, I saw my opportunity.

'I'll help,' I said, and Dad snorted.

'Wearing that? You'll be ripped apart. Besides, it's not exactly your thing is it?'

'You're the one who keeps complaining that I never do anything useful,' I said sweetly. He bristled and, just as I'd expected, Nigel, being a good Christian lad, intervened before we could really get started.

'I could use the help,' he admitted, and smiled at me.

I smiled back, thinking about all the wonderful things I could do with him. Chances were that he was a real innocent, maybe even a virgin. I knew he wasn't gay. I'd seen the look on his face when he didn't know that I was watching him watching me too often to doubt that he wanted me, but he wasn't the sort that you could imagine with a different girl every night. I reckoned his girlfriends had always been the sort of daughter that Dad had always wanted: a good girl who went to Christian Union every week and saved herself for marriage. Definitely not the sort whose idea of a good night out involved getting thoroughly wasted and who was into one-night stands in a big way. But I'd bet that Nigel would secretly prefer a bad girl like me, and I had a feeling I'd find out that afternoon.

'Right.' I stood up and stretched, making sure he got a good long look at my breasts and, ignoring Dad's purple-faced glare, I said, 'I'm ready when you are.'

At first, Nigel acted as if he'd never had a sexy thought in his life. I'd begun to think that I was

wasting my time and all I'd get out of it was blisters, when I spotted him watching me and put down my shears. 'God, I'm hot!' I said, wondering how blatant I was going to have to be.

'It is a hot day,' he agreed, smiling shyly.

'So you could take your T-shirt off?' I suggested, touching it playfully. 'It's all right. I promise I won't ravish you.'

He stared at me, then swallowed and moved closer, and I knew he was tempted.

'Unless you wanted me to,' I murmured, leaning closer still. He smelt of sweat and beneath it, there was the tang of that musky smell that men get when they're turned on, but he still had a conscience. That didn't matter, because working out how I'd overcome his scruples made me feel even hornier.

'You haven't done it before, have you?' I whispered, so excited that my nipples felt as hard as pebbles as they pushed against my tight T-shirt.

'Haven't what?' he muttered, but I knew that he knew what I meant.

'Fucked a girl.'

For a second I wondered if I'd been too blunt and put him off. Then he pulled his T-shirt over his head, and I could only think what a waste it was if he hadn't. He'd got a broad chest, with a nice-looking six pack that was just hidden by a light coating of fair curly hair, and narrow thighs that were currently encased in old jeans that bulged at the crotch.

'Do you want to?' I asked, keeping a careful distance from him rather than risk scaring him off.

'You don't mean . . .?' He looked so stunned that I couldn't help smiling.

'That's right. Here. Now. It's quiet enough.'

And I couldn't think of a better place. The jungle we were meant to be clearing would provide both a

screen and a comfortable bed and the sheer wickedness of seducing Dad's curate in Dad's own churchyard, with his church tower looming overhead and his study overlooking the long grass made it perfect.

'But . . .' Nigel didn't seem able to believe his luck. 'You're sure?'

'Very.'

One of us would have to make the first move, and I knew it wasn't going to be him, so I moved closer and ran my hand over that tempting bulge in his jeans. He gasped, and I thought he'd come there and then, but he didn't. Instead, he grabbed me. No finesse or skill, just a hungry kiss as his tongue thrust down my throat and his hands shoved the thin straps of my T-shirt down.

'You're beautiful,' he muttered, staring at my breasts like a starving man at a feast, and I'd never felt sexier. He'd never done it before, so I could teach him just how I liked it, and I'd got all summer to do it in. Dad would have a fit if he found out, but I wasn't planning to tell him, any more than I reckoned Nigel was. And knowing how much he'd hate what I was planning made it even more fun. Sort of my way of getting back at him for all the times he'd made me feel six inches tall and as if I'd never amount to anything.

'You're not bad either,' I murmured and made a closer check of those muscles I'd been admiring ever since I came home. They were every bit as hard as they looked and, when I unzipped his jeans, his cock more than lived up to my expectations. It jutted upwards, hard and red and swollen, just asking to be kissed and squeezed. It was also so sticky that I knew I'd have to change my plans. Otherwise it'd be over

before it had begun and Nigel would have a chance to remember his precious principles and chicken out.

I knelt in front of him, shoving his jeans down just enough so that I could reach him, but not enough that he could run away easily if he had a sudden attack of conscience. Not that it looked as if he was suffering from that. He was staring at me, dumbstruck, but he grabbed my breasts when I reached for his cock. I yelped, but not loudly enough to put him off. I like it rough, when I'm in the right mood, and besides, he didn't know any better. Yet.

I licked him slowly, tasting his lust, enjoying the way his body quivered with each stroke, until he was shaking as if he was high on something. My tongue flicked round his balls, then he groaned as I took him into my mouth. I wanted to suck him long and slow, but his body had other ideas. I'd barely run my tongue beneath the tip when he gave a convulsive jerk and shot his load down my throat. I swallowed.

'I'm sorry,' he muttered, looking anywhere but at me. 'You're just so sexy.'

'It's all right. It doesn't matter.'

For once I wasn't lying. I'd always known that he'd come as soon as my mouth touched his cock. I also knew that he was young and fit enough to get it up again in a few minutes. Until then, I had plenty of other ideas, so I wiped the come from my lips and lay back on the soft grass, letting my thighs fall apart and wondering if he'd take the initiative.

'Aren't you going to laugh at me?' He was so unsure of himself as he lay down beside me, and so needy that I knew he'd do anything I wanted him to. The combination was intoxicating, and as much of a turn-on as his gorgeous body.

'Why should I?' I kissed him, feeling him recoil as he tasted himself on my mouth, but his revulsion

didn't last long.

'Because I've never . . .'

'You were waiting for the right girl,' I teased, knowing that I was about as much the opposite of that girl as it was possible to get. He was the sort who'd be thinking marriage and loads of babies. All I wanted was good hard sex, and plenty of it, and I wanted some right then.

'Shall I tell you what to do?' I suggested softly, and he smiled.

'Take charge? I'd like that.' His hand strayed to my breast again, this time more gently.

'I like it when you kiss my nipples.'

He bent that fair, close-cut head over my body, his tongue working with growing enthusiasm. It was good, but it wasn't enough.

'Undress me,' I ordered.

He paused for so long that I almost lost it and screamed at him to get on with it, but then he reached for the button of my cut-off jeans. He undid it, pulled the zip down, eased the jeans down my thighs, then stopped with them just below my sex.

'You're wet,' he whispered, and I smiled and sat up.

'I want you. Aren't you going to finish?'

'No!' I'd been sure he was a bit of a wimp, but I'd been wrong. 'You want it!' he panted, twisting my knickers until the thin sidestring gave up the fight and tore. 'You can damn well have it.'

He shoved me back against the ground, and I revised my estimate of how long it'd take him to get another stiffy.

'Nigel, please . . .'

I made the token protest that he'd expect me to, more turned on than ever by the sudden role reversal.

His face contorted in a grimace as he pinned me down, and I knew he wouldn't have been interested if my protest had been genuine. Right then, he only wanted one thing; which was fine by me. I wanted it too, and the guiltier he felt afterwards, the more certain I could be that he wouldn't confess what he'd done to my dad. Then we could keep up the illusion that I was his sort of good girl and make the rest of my summer vacation bearable.

'If you fight me,' Nigel muttered, and I began to wonder what I'd unleashed. Not that he'd have to force me, because I fancied him more than ever, but my innocent curate had turned into a tiger.

'What?' I challenged, and he tugged at my knickers again. The other string broke, and he jerked the cotton through my legs. It brushed tantalisingly over my clitoris as he pulled the sticky, moist fabric free. He stared at it for a second, then threw it into the long grass, and smiled cruelly.

'Only you won't fight me, will you? You want it as much as I do.'

I wanted it a damn sight more than he did, but this was no time for technicalities. Instead, I settled for another moan when his thick, grass-stained fingers parted my lower lips. I keep my bush trimmed because it makes it easier for swimming and bedroom sports. It was wet then, and it got wetter still when he shoved two thick fingers inside me. His mouth fastened on my breast, his teeth savaged my nipple and I grunted with pleasure as he began to thrust.

'You want me.' His free hand replaced his mouth, and he raised his head to study me, his face so darkened with lust that I hardly recognised him.

'I want you,' I admitted, wishing I dared risk yelling at him to go on. My hips were bucking as I rode his hand, but it wasn't enough, and the bastard

knew it. He might be a virgin, but he'd obviously done some research, and a hell of a lot of fantasising. Now I was getting the benefit of all that pent-up lust, which beat clearing graveyards as a form of exercise any day.

'Touch me.' I'd meant to stay cool and in control while I initiated him, but I wanted him too much for the words to be anything but a plea.

'Where?'

I blinked, wondering how anyone could go through all that sex education we'd had drummed into us at school and still know so little, but it was incredibly erotic to know I was the first girl he'd done this to.

'My clit.' I guided his hand from my breast to where I wanted it most, parting my lower lips for him, then had a better idea. 'Kiss it, the way I kissed you.'

'I'm in control here,' he reminded me, and I gasped as he jerked his fingers free.

'Please, I'll do anything you want if you just suck me.' Part of that plea was pandering to his unexpected control-freak streak, the rest was genuine lust.

'Anything?' His eyes widened, and I started wondering what sort of dreams my allegedly innocent little friend had been indulging in. Not that I really cared. He shoved my jeans down another inch, and I spread my thighs as wide as I could to help him. There was still barely enough room for him to get his head between my legs, but he managed it somehow.

His tongue brushed across my bush, and I shoved my hand into my mouth, knowing I daren't make too much noise in case someone came to find out what we were up to. Then that virgin mouth fastened on my clit, tugging it the way he'd savaged my breast. His fingers were back inside me, and there were three of them now. No gentleness, no finesse, but I

didn't care. I'd got what I wanted; a good hard fucking. I could hear him slurping at me, feel my clit hardening and my stomach tightening, but seconds before I'd have come he sat up, leaving me whimpering as the incredible feelings faded.

'Not like this,' he muttered and yanked at me again, rolling me onto my belly.

'Wait!' I gasped because, although I might have been acting like a slut, there was no way he was having me without a condom. It was a safe bet he wouldn't have one, but I'd been a Girl Guide until they'd thrown me out when they caught me smoking, so I was prepared. I reached into the rear pocket of my cut-offs and pulled out a condom.

'You knew this was going to happen, didn't you?' he snarled as he grabbed it. I just smiled. Of course I'd damn well known, but nice girls of the sort he was deluded enough to think I was wouldn't have even thought of such a wicked idea.

'I hoped it would.' I tried to sound coy rather than smug as I listened to him ripping the foil covering away. Imagination let me fill in the rest. That massive erection I'd felt in my mouth would be inside me in a minute and I couldn't wait.

He put his hand under my stomach, urging me onto my hands and knees, and I began to get a bit scared. Had I been wrong about him? Had he not had a girl because he went the other way? I was opening my mouth to make it clear that that entrance was out of bounds when he shoved his cock into my fanny. That was one problem solved, and I soon wondered why I'd ever thought I'd have to teach him anything. He was thick, he was hard, and he was ramming himself right where I wanted him, but that wasn't enough for him. He leaned his weight on me until my elbows collapsed, leaving me with my arse shoved in