

NEXUS

PENNY BIRCH

PONY GIRLS

THE COLLECTION



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About the Book

Pony Girls are three classic erotic novels, all on the same theme and from the pen of Penny Birch, who is not only one of the most imaginative writers in her genre but has first-hand experience as a pony-girl. *A Taste of Amber*, *Penny in Harness* and *Tie & Tease* are all drawn from that experience and combine a true feast of fetish erotica, with not only the most vivid and realistic descriptions of pony-girl play ever written.

About the Author

Penny Birch is one of the best known names in modern erotica, with thirty-eight books to her credit. Her lively, uninhibited writing has been bringing pleasure to fans of erotic literature for the best part of two decades, with a carnival of beautifully drawn characters and vividly described scenes. Whether it's her favourite themes of pony-girls, spanking and female submission, no other author manages to plumb the depths of human sexuality the way she does, and yet with a light touch that reveal the underlying pleasure of the most extreme acts.

A NEXUS CLASSIC

Pony Girls: The Collection

Penny Birch

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**A TASTE OF
AMBER**

Penny Birch

NEXUS

One

I should have let the games mistress seduce me in the first place. At least, that's what I should have done to avoid getting expelled from school. Instead I had told her to get lost and so found myself on the train home, wondering what I was going to say to my parents.

Not that it was as simple as that, but my refusal was the moment that counted. It really started a few weeks before. School was Bridestowe Ladies' College, a small, girls-only public school in the depths of rural Devon. It was the summer term and I was eighteen, a prefect and a model of responsibility and maturity to the juniors. To most of the teachers I was a successful product of the school: well-mannered, well-spoken and good at games, if a trifle wild and less scholarly than they might have wanted. To Miss Campbell I was a cheeky, sulky tomboy with a body I didn't know what to do with. She did, or at least she thought she did.

Unfortunately I was too innocent to realise this, even when she began to give me the occasional encouraging smack on my bottom whenever I was slow changing for games. She also used to talk to me when I was in the showers, but I thought my popularity with her was because I was good at sport.

It was in the shower that she finally made a move. Looking back on it, I realise that she must have planned the whole thing. She kept me talking all the way back from the games fields, then asked for help putting various bits and

pieces away. The result was that by the time I got into the shower the other girls were already dressing.

Miss Campbell came into the shower with me, which was perfectly normal. Asking me to soap her back was less ordinary, but I thought nothing of it and complied, taking the bar from her and starting on her shoulders.

‘Thank you, Amber, that’s nice,’ she said. ‘Could you go a little lower?’

I did as she asked, rubbing the soap into the small of her back. I was feeling a little embarrassed, not because of our nudity or what I was doing, but because she was a mistress. Unlike many girls, I’d never felt comfortable about friendships with staff members. Such relationships are always unequal, with the girl very much the junior. Even at eighteen I liked to be the senior one in a friendship; bossy I know, but that’s just the way I am. So was Miss Campbell, but she’d picked on the wrong girl to boss.

‘Lower still,’ she said gently as my hands began to go up her back.

If I went lower than I had done already, I’d have been soaping her bottom, and I was sure she couldn’t want me to do anything so intimate.

I did the small of her back again and then, once more, started upwards. I still didn’t realise that she was making a pass at me. I had no idea that she would get turned on by having me soap her, but I did see it as a gesture of status, like having me polish her shoes or do her ironing. Not that I was completely innocent. I already masturbated, and almost always over fantasies about girls, which I accepted as part of my personality. I’d also snogged both my closest friends and even played with one’s breasts. The idea that Miss Campbell - thirty-odd years old and an authority

figure – might want sex with me was something entirely different.

‘Lower,’ she repeated, only now it was an order.

‘Miss ...’ I objected, looking apprehensively at the bare roundness of her bottom.

It seems incredibly naïve, but only then did I realise that she wanted me sexually. Actually, if she’d been a bit more passionate, she’d probably have got what she wanted. She was attractive enough: slim, elegant and strong-willed. Another girl might have been excited by the situation; I could only see it as her wanting me under control. Her bottom did look enticing, though: firm and round and womanly. My instincts told me to go ahead, only my annoyance at being told what to do stopping me.

‘Don’t be silly, Amber,’ she said, and it was the tone of her voice that finally spoilt her plan.

If she’d sounded excited, hopeful or pleading my hands would have gone to her bottom. I liked women’s bottoms, and had often fantasised about caressing and smacking my friends’. As it was, she made it sound as if I was being disobedient. There was no way I was having sex with her in charge. I stopped soaping and stood back.

‘I really don’t think I should ...’ I started, determined to be firm but not feeling very sure of myself.

‘Why ever not?’ she demanded in the same tone.

‘Because I don’t want to,’ I replied.

‘Amber Oakley, you will do as you’re told,’ she snapped.

‘No,’ I answered.

‘Perhaps a spanking would improve your manners?’ she continued, now sounding threatening.

‘No,’ I repeated, outraged at her suggestion.

She turned on me, wearing the same look of righteous indignation she might have used if I’d refused some

reasonable request. I stood my ground, making the situation a stalemate. I'm sure she would have dearly loved to take me around the waist, bend me over and spank me until I was begging her to stop, but she knew she couldn't physically do it. I was taller and heavier than her and if she tried she might well have ended up getting her own backside smacked instead.

She realised that it was hopeless, turning back to the shower and continuing to wash as if nothing had happened. I finished showering and dressed hastily, not exchanging another word with her.

I thought I'd handled the situation rather well, but I still felt bad about it, partly because the way she obviously saw me as an inferior had hurt my pride. Worse than that was the way it churned up all the adolescent uncertainties which I thought I'd resolved. Coming to terms with preferring girls to boys had provoked a fair bit of angst. A great deal more had been provoked by my urge to punish and humiliate my friends sexually. By eighteen I'd accepted both needs as part of me, but not the dimension Miss Campbell's behaviour had added.

My fantasies had always involved a mixture of sex and control, and most of them involved spanking other girls' bottoms. Given that I'd never spanked anybody, I had no idea where it came from. There was just something irresistibly fascinating about a girl's bottom being smacked as a punishment. It didn't mean I actually disliked other girls, just the opposite. I also knew that if I ever did spank a girl I'd want to hug and kiss her after I'd dealt with her, then go to bed. As it was, the strongest bit of the fantasy was not doing the actual spanking, but thinking of how the girl would feel as I took her pants down to get her bottom bare. She'd feel helpless, humiliated, about to be punished and unable to do anything about it.

And that was what Miss Campbell had threatened to do - to me!

There hadn't been official physical punishments at school for years, although one or two girls had been known to accept unofficial spankings in place of more tedious punishments. Not me though. The idea of lying over a mistress's lap with my skirt up and my pants pulled down was utterly unbearable. My bottom would be bare and my fanny would show from the back, and then she'd spank me. I knew I'd cry, which I do rather easily. I also knew it would turn me on. Whether I liked it or not, the idea of being spanked was at once terrifying and immensely attractive.

It had nearly happened, and I couldn't get it out of my mind.

This had the effect of increasing my sexual need and I started to play with myself more often. I'd do it late at night when it was safe, with the bedclothes down, my nightie pulled up to my neck and my knickers off. Instead of thinking about sex with one of my friends, my fantasies would drift to what might have happened if I'd given in to Miss Campbell. In my imagination it would happen in the shower as it almost had, only I'd give in to the spanking and then she'd make me lick her between her legs while my bottom was all hot and red. Sometimes it would be different, perhaps with her spanking me in front of a class, with my gym knickers pulled down and my bottom bare for everyone to see. Worse still was the idea of being done on the games field in front of a visiting team. They'd all be laughing as I was pulled down over her bent knee. My skirt would come up and my pants would be taken down, despite my kicks and protests. Then I'd be spanked until I was blubbering. By then I wouldn't care what I was showing any more - fanny, bottom-hole, the lot. It was incredibly humiliating, and used to give me the most exquisite orgasms.

There was another detail - one that often came into my head just before orgasm, when I had least reserve. I'd be nearing my climax, imagining myself on my knees in the shower, Miss Campbell standing over me, her hand pushing my head into her fanny, and my tongue busy with her clitoris. Then, as I started to come, my mind would run off on its own, imagining her turning, putting her bottom in my face, and letting go of my head to pull her cheeks apart. She'd order me to kiss it and I'd know she didn't mean her cheeks or the rear of her fanny lips, but her anus.

I'd be looking at her bottom-hole from a distance of inches; a little ring of puckered pink flesh, slightly open in anticipation of my tongue. She wouldn't pull my head in and make me lick it - she'd expect me to do it voluntarily. I'd know that for me to accept would mark me as so far beneath her that, from then on, I'd be just a plaything for her, like a doll she could use when she liked. I'd do it, though; I wouldn't be able to help it - leaning forward, puckering my lips out as if I was going to kiss a friend. It wouldn't be a friend's lips I was going to kiss, but another woman's anus; the dirtiest, most servile act imaginable. Finally I'd kiss it, putting my face between her buttocks and planting a willing, unrestrained kiss right on the little hole.

Then I'd come, at first in utter bliss - my back arching and her name on my lips - then with a great rush of humiliation at the thought of what I'd come over. I'd lie there in the dark for a while, my nightie still up, hoping neither of my neighbours had heard me masturbating and wondering where such a dirty fantasy had come from.

I wanted to talk to my friends about all of this, but there were only two I was close enough to to admit such dirty thoughts. These were Ginny Linslade and Susan Wren, who were also the two girls I used to fantasise over when I wasn't thinking about Miss Campbell.

Ginny was the girl whose breasts I'd played with. Tall, blonde and curvy, she was extremely sexy and would have made a statue sit up and pay attention. We'd been friends a long time and she had accepted the increasingly sexual nature of our relationship with the same playful enthusiasm she brought to life as a whole. There was nothing false about Ginny; she was always open, straightforward and let her feelings lead her.

Susan was, in many ways, the opposite: petite, dark-haired and olive-skinned. She had only started her periods at seventeen and completely lacked Ginny's boisterous attitude to sex. On the other hand, it was she who had first asked me to kiss her properly. Very intelligent, shy and vulnerable, she saw Ginny and particularly me as protectors - a role I was more than happy to fill.

Somehow the moment was never right until one Sunday nearly a month after the incident with Miss Campbell. The three of us had been walking on Dartmoor and had bought a fair amount of beer to wash our lunch down. We ended up fairly drunk - too drunk to risk returning to the school - and so we chose a quiet spot among the rocks and sat down to chat with our shoes and socks off and our feet in the cool water of a brook.

Inevitably the conversation turned to sex and, as usual, it mainly consisted of Susan and I listening to Ginny. She was the only one of us who wasn't a virgin, having had intercourse with no less than three men. She'd also had plenty of less heavy encounters and had actually lost count of the number of men's cocks she'd sucked, or claimed to have sucked. Just one would have made her by far the most experienced of us. Susan had only ever allowed herself to be coaxed into taking a boyfriend's penis in her hand and I hadn't even seen one.

I had already come to terms with the fact that I preferred girls, but Ginny's vivid descriptions of sucking

men's cocks still had quite an effect on me. Her father was a farmer in Wiltshire and she had two older brothers - a set up that seemed to give her endless opportunity for misbehaving. In this case she was telling us how she managed to entice one of the men who worked on the farm. The little flirt had waited until he was working in the yard beneath her bedroom window, then deliberately thrown the curtains open while she had no top on. Ginny's breasts were big and round and I could just imagine how the man must have felt with her flaunting them in front of him.

That was what she enjoyed most - to feel she was exciting, and the centre of attention. I suppose there's a bit of that in all of us, me included. Whereas I find it rather awkward if my body turns men on unintentionally, Ginny simply revelled in the effect she had on them. She was no tease, but felt almost a sense of obligation to anyone who had the guts to admit she turned them on.

That was what had happened in this case. He'd cornered her in the barn a couple of days later and made it quite clear that he wanted sex. Ginny had spent the next few minutes down on her knees in the straw with her blouse pulled open to show her tits and his prick in her mouth.

There was no way Susan or I would have done it, either of us would have probably kicked him and run for it. Not Ginny; she'd savoured every moment of having his erection to suck and played with herself while she did it.

'Did he come?' Susan asked, her voice a mixture of excitement and disgust.

'Right in my mouth,' Ginny answered with obvious relish.

I felt a little shiver go through me at the thought and exchanged glances with Susan. Ginny laughed, clearly delighted at our reaction. The idea of letting a man put his cock in my mouth really alarmed me. It seemed such a

servile thing to do, yet, like the thought of kissing Miss Campbell's anus, the idea at once thrilled and repelled me.

'What does it taste like?' Susan asked.

'Cocks taste all masculine and really sexy,' Ginny answered. 'Spunk's salty and a bit slimy, but there's something about it that really turns me on.'

'Yuck!' Susan replied. 'It sounds awful.'

'You should try it,' Ginny suggested. 'You've got such a pretty face, any man would love to see you sucking on his cock, especially in your school uniform. You should ask someone. You won't get turned down.'

'I couldn't!' Susan protested.

'I'll ask, and then you can do it,' Ginny suggested. 'Come on, let's find a hiker or someone.'

'You really would, wouldn't you?' I asked in disbelief.

Ginny never answered because Susan said something that stopped the conversation dead.

'To be honest, I prefer girls,' she remarked in a small, embarrassed voice that sent a shiver right through me.

She was looking straight at me, her face the colour of a tomato. I was across the stream from her, Ginny sitting on a rock in the middle.

'Oh, I don't know,' she continued, turning away.

I thought she was going to cry, and felt really bad because she had had the guts to admit it and I hadn't responded. If I didn't take my chance immediately I knew it would be gone.

'So do I, Susan,' I said quickly as she started to rise to leave. 'You especially.'

She turned back, and there were tears streaming down her face. Ginny was looking on with an amazed expression. Susan obviously wanted a cuddle so I opened my arms for

her, anticipating how her body would feel even as she stepped down into the stream.

What would have happened then I will never know. I wanted to take her in my arms and snog her, then cuddle Ginny so that she wouldn't feel left out but, before she reached me, the sharp yap of a dog broke the trance. I turned to see a black and white mongrel trotting towards us, then heard its owner's voice from further away.

Susan stopped and Ginny hastily rearranged her skirt to cover the front of her panties. I stood up, looking in the direction the man's voice had come from. Standing on the rock I could see him, some way off and not actually heading in our direction. The moment had gone, yet the all-important admission had been made. When we'd kissed before, it had been in play, both of us pretending it was done out of curiosity. The next one would be unashamed passion; it was just a question of when.

Not very long was the obvious answer as we walked back in the general direction of school. There was a really intimate atmosphere between the three of us and we took each other's hands once we were on less rocky ground. I was in the middle, and itching to cuddle them both and let my hands explore their bodies. There would have been no resistance; just the opposite, in fact, but there just wasn't quite enough privacy.

We'd come round in a big loop. It was about four miles back to school, which would have meant that we'd have arrived respectably sober and in time for dinner. As it was, we were passing The Bear just as it was opening.

The pub was a great favourite with the girls, although it was unpopular with the school staff as it was happy to serve anybody old enough to be legally entitled to drink, regardless of petty things like school rules. Also, the course of an old railway ran some two hundred yards behind it and

provided a route back to the school grounds that avoided the roads. We were hot, footsore and badly in need of a drink, so went inside without hesitation.

We were just at that stage of drunkenness when you haven't started to feel bad but have gone too far to realise that you ought to stop. Ginny ordered strong cider, flirting outrageously with the barman as he drew three pints of a dark gold fluid from a wooden barrel behind the bar. It was delicious; sweet, heady and intoxicating.

Not surprisingly we got drunk. However, it was the good sense of the barman in refusing to serve us a third round that was our real undoing. If he had, we'd have been too far gone to really do anything other than stagger back to school and go to sleep. The worst that would have happened was that we would have been punished for drunkenness. As it was, we came out of the pub in a thoroughly merry and rebellious mood; we were also very turned on.

As we started up the track I put my arms around the others' waists, then gave Ginny's bottom a squeeze as I helped her over the fence that led up to the old railway line. To get there we had to climb a steep slope to a section of viaduct, wet grass and loose shale making the going difficult at the best of times. In our condition it was next to impossible and extremely funny. It also meant that I could see up both of their skirts, the view of round bottoms in tight white panties completing the work the cider had begun.

I had to push Susan up to help her over the wall at the top, then followed, landing laughing on the grass between the two walls. Suddenly there was just the two grey walls, the thick stands of gorse that blocked off either end of the viaduct, and the sky; we were alone. Susan was on her back with her knees up and together, her sex pouting from

between her thighs with the white cotton pulled tight against it.

'Would you two like to kiss me?' she asked, her voice shy and yet almost pleading.

That was it. I was fumbling at the buttons on her blouse with trembling fingers even as Ginny was pulling her legs apart. She gave a little squeak and a giggle, but made no attempt to stop us. In moments her blouse was open and her bra pulled up over her little breasts as she lay on her back with her legs up, Ginny fumbling under her skirt for her panties.

'Pull them off,' Susan gasped, lifting her bottom obligingly so that Ginny could peel her pants down.

Ginny took Susan's knickers right off, raising her legs and then spreading them open when the little scrap of white cotton was no longer a hindrance. I leant down to kiss her, her tongue meeting mine as I put a hand to one breast. Susan's arms folded around my neck as Ginny went down between her thighs. I could see the brown puff of hair on her belly out of the corner of my eye, mingled with golden hair as Ginny put her face to Susan's fanny. She tensed and made a little choking sound in her throat and I knew she was being licked between her legs. Licked there for the first time and licked there by another girl.

Even in my drunken state I could hardly believe how rude that was - to actually kiss another girl's fanny - even though I'd fantasised about it often enough. Rude or not, I needed it myself, badly. I pulled back and knelt up rather unsteadily, watching Susan in her ecstasy as I struggled my panties off under my skirt. She lay there, clothing disarranged to show her fanny and titties, panties discarded to one side, an expression of utter bliss on her face. Ginny was kneeling between her legs, face buried between her friend's thighs, gorgeous bottom stuck up

invitingly. It was like a ball under her school skirt: round, girly and far too tempting to resist.

I didn't know whether to straddle Susan and present Ginny with my fanny to lick, or to strip Ginny's bottom and bury my face between her thighs. For that matter, I could sit on Susan's pretty face and wriggle myself against her mouth until she started to lick. It was all too much; like having a huge box of chocolates and only being able to eat one.

Being a bossy little minx, what I did was take a firm hold on Ginny's waist and haul her round so that she was straddling Susan's face. She gave a half-protesting squeak as her lips were pulled away from Susan's fanny, but responded to my pressure and settled back to licking as soon as she had turned around. I moved to Susan's head end, breathing hard. Ginny's legs were splayed above Susan's head, her skirt hanging so that all I could see of Susan was her hair. I took hold of Ginny's skirt and pulled it up, revealing her panties stretched taut across her bottom, the material over her sex already sodden with juice. Susan's eyes were locked on Ginny's rear view, her arms curled up around her waist. My fingers moved to Ginny's panties, pulling the gusset aside to reveal the dark gold of her fur - her sex lips moist and pink in the middle.

Susan moaned at the sight, only to be shut up as Ginny let her thighs slip apart and gave her friend a mouthful of fanny. I watched Susan start to lick. Ginny's panties were still held aside, and her bottom was spilling out around the taut edges of the material. Susan was licking Ginny's clitoris, and the pink flesh of her vagina was moist and open in front of my face. It was more than I could resist and, before I'd even thought of what I was doing, my face was against the softness of Ginny's bum and my tongue was working into the tight, fleshy hole of her sex. She tasted of

girl - like my own fingers when I play with myself - her musky, feminine scent strong in my nostrils.

Ginny must have stopped licking Susan because she had started to moan and gasp, and I realised that she was about to come in our faces. It was much quicker than I'd have been, but then she was being licked by both of us. When she came she grunted and then screamed, totally abandoned in her ecstasy. I could feel the muscle of her thighs and bottom move as she pushed herself hard into us, giving a final choking gasp and then subsiding to lie limp on top of Susan.

I pulled back, my mouth full of the taste of my friend's sex. I wanted more and I wanted my own orgasm, my opportunity for it becoming clear as Ginny rolled off Susan to lie panting on the ground. Susan tilted her head back and looked up at me, her eyes big and moist, her mouth slightly open. Her tongue flicked out in a clear invitation and I moved forward, straddling her face just as Ginny had done. Her tongue found my clitoris - a truly wonderful sensation.

I sat up straight, squatting on my friend's face as she licked me, my head swimming with drink and sex, the sky and the grey stone walls of the viaduct spinning around me. I was in a haze of pleasure, unbuttoning my blouse and shrugging it off, then my bra. The air was cool on my bare breasts as I felt their weight and stroked my nipples. I wanted to be naked when I came and quickly unzipped my skirt and pulled it up over my head. Susan kept licking, her tongue circling my clitty with a maddening rhythm that was taking me slowly towards my orgasm.

After pulling off my socks and shoes I was stark naked; gloriously, utterly naked in the fresh air, caressing my breasts as the familiar spasms began in the muscles around my vagina. Ginny had sat up and was watching us, smiling at my uninhibited pleasure. I held my tits out to her, a

wanton gesture that I hoped she wouldn't resist. She didn't, and crawled round behind me, taking a breast in each hand, stroking my nipples as I had been doing. That left my hands free, and so I edged forward, directing Susan's tongue to my hole and spreading my sex-lips with my fingers to get at my clitoris and start the little flicking motions that I always use to bring myself off.

I'll never forget that moment. The rich scent of sex mingled with the earthy smells of the moor and woods; Susan's tongue in my vagina and Ginny's fingers on my nipples; the air moving against my body, sensations of tension and burning in my muscles; the dizziness of drink mixed with the dizziness of approaching orgasm. I called out when I came, my vision going red as my climax exploded in my head, my balance slipping and only Ginny's arms stopping me from collapsing.

Then it was over, and my desperate need had been replaced with a sense of absolute fulfilment. I had no regrets, no guilt, no sadness - none of the things we are taught to believe should come with sex, particularly sex that involves tasting forbidden fruit. Well, I had tasted and eaten, and savoured every morsel.

Ginny and I hugged and then turned our attention to making Susan come. She was lying on her back masturbating, eyes shut, clearly intent on reaching orgasm. I cradled her head; her mouth opened eagerly under mine as our tongues met. Ginny was caressing Susan's breasts, leaving her to rub herself so that she could get it just right. From the pressure of her mouth against mine and the desperate passion of her kiss I could tell it wouldn't be long until she came.

I was wrong; she didn't come. Instead, she pulled away after a good few minutes of trying to get it right. I sat back, expecting her to say she couldn't make it. She was looking right at me with a curious pleading expression.

'Punish me, please,' was what she said, her voice shy and quiet.

'Punish you?' Ginny echoed. 'How do you mean?'

I knew exactly what she meant, and the idea excited me even though I'd just come.

'Tie me up and spank my bottom,' Susan said, blushing at what she was asking for despite the state she was in.

'OK,' Ginny answered, still sounding a bit puzzled, but with her normal enthusiasm.

'Do you want us to pretend you've been naughty?' I asked, hoping that I'd understood her fantasy.

'I have been. I've just let my knickers off for you,' Susan answered.

'That's true,' I replied. 'And licked us both between our legs. You certainly deserve a spanking.'

'Yes, please,' she sighed, making Ginny giggle.

Even in my drunken state I realised that Susan probably had some detailed fantasy in mind.

'How would you like it?' I asked.

'Over your knees,' she answered, starting to play with herself again as her fantasy built up. 'And call me names, and make me cry, please, Amber. Be prefects and punish me. I wish we got spanked at school, with our pants down and our bums all bare so everyone could see, oh I wish we did.'

She was rambling a bit and must have been even more drunk than Ginny and I, but she was also really turning me on. Ginny was sniggering and had the bright-eyed, mischievous look I knew so well. If she didn't really understand Susan's fantasy, then she was obviously prepared to join in for the fun of it.

'Shall we spank the little brat then?' I asked Ginny.

‘Yes let’s,’ she answered eagerly. ‘Roll her over on to her tummy.’

‘Hang on,’ I interrupted. ‘Let’s do it her way. Put your pants back on, Susan.’

She obeyed, hastily retrieving her knickers and putting them back on, then sitting down looking up at us. As Ginny was fully dressed, she looked every inch the commanding school prefect which, of course, she was. Tall, with her big breasts pushing her blouse out and her golden hair arranged around her shoulders, she almost had me wanting to go down on my knees with Susan and have my own bottom smacked. I was still in the nude and so didn’t look so tough, but I was enjoying being naked and didn’t want to dress. I also wanted to watch Ginny beat Susan before having my own go, and I wanted to be in control.

‘Right,’ I began, addressing Susan who was kneeling on the ground with her hands folded in her lap, her blouse still open and her titties bare. ‘Wren, you dirty little tramp, we’re going to punish you. Get on all fours.’

She bent forward into a crawling position, looking up at me and trembling.

‘Face to the ground, bottom up,’ I snapped, my voice rising as I warmed to the task. ‘You’re a filthy tramp aren’t you, Wren? Masturbating out here where you thought you wouldn’t get caught; lying there with your tits showing and your fingers in your fanny. You’re disgusting! Well, I hope you enjoy having your fanny bare because you’re going to be showing it while you’re beaten. Take your pants down, now!’

Susan reached back and pulled up her skirt, exposing the seat of her knickers and the outline of her bottom inside them. She was trembling hard and her eyes looked moist as she hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties. Ginny reached down and planted a hard smack

across Susan's thighs, making her yelp and producing a red handprint.

'I told you to pull your pants down!' I yelled as Susan hesitated.

She obeyed, easing them down over her bottom, revealing the crease of her bum and the little nest of fur around her sex, and settling them around her thighs. It looked gorgeous, with the lips of her vulva pouting out from between her thighs and the darker spot of her anus showing, wrinkled and exquisitely rude.

'Do you feel like masturbating now, you slut?' I continued. 'Your bottom's bare; that's what you like, isn't it? Only it's not so funny when you're about to be beaten, is it? Do you realise you're showing your bottom-hole off to us, you little tart?'

'Yes, Miss Oakley,' she answered in a beautifully chastened voice.

'Oakley?' another voice cut in, and it wasn't Ginny's.

It couldn't have been a bigger shock if the viaduct had collapsed underneath us. We had been completely lost to the outside world; invisible but unfortunately not inaudible. The voice that had interrupted us was loud, authoritative and had a mild Scots accent. It was Miss Campbell.

We couldn't have been caught more red-handed if we'd tried. Susan had her bum towards the gym mistress: skirt up, pants down and cheeks so open that the view she was giving was just as rude as it could possibly be. I made a clumsy attempt to cover my boobs and pussy, but goodness knows why. Ginny just stood there, looking pathetic with one finger in her mouth.

I am not sure for how long we just looked at each other, but it seemed like forever. Finally Susan broke the spell by scrambling to her feet and trying to pull her panties up at the same time. Inevitably she ended up sitting on her

bottom. She was blushing furiously, as was Ginny, and I could feel the hot flush in my own cheeks.

'I think you had better put your clothes on, Oakley,' Miss Campbell said.

She was trying to be icy and authoritative, but it didn't quite work. Since she had tried to seduce me she had treated me with cautious respect, aware that if I was pushed I might just complain. It would have been my word against hers, true, but mud sticks - especially that sort of mud. She had obviously assumed that I simply wasn't interested in sex. Now she knew I was.

All this went through my mind as the initial shock of being caught subsided. Lesbianism was the sort of thing that normally got girls expelled. True, crushes and minor encounters got ignored, but this was heavy - far too heavy for Miss Campbell to turn a blind eye to. On the other hand I was in a position to at least make her life difficult, and if she'd made a pass at me, there were sure to be other girls as well. Not Ginny or Susan, though, and so if anyone had a chance of talking us out of the fix we were in it was me.

Susan must have realised this immediately because she was looking up at me with pleading eyes and a shamefaced expression while she toyed nervously with a piece of twig. Ginny was a bit less quick and began to stammer an apology.

'Shh Ginny,' I said, reaching out to place a soothing hand on her shoulder. 'Could we talk please, Miss Campbell?'

Miss Campbell nodded and the three of them waited while I dressed. I took as long as I dared, thinking what to do. There were three options: give in to fate, blackmail or seduction. I have never been fatalistic; there's just too much obstinacy in me. I didn't like the idea of blackmail, either; not only was it wrong, but the complications would

be endless. That left seduction and, if at the end of the day I ended up as Miss Campbell's little plaything for the rest of term, then it was better than expulsion. Besides, it wasn't as if I hadn't been fantasising over exactly that for the last few weeks.

When I had finished, Miss Campbell and I walked out on to the main span of the viaduct, leaving Ginny and Susan behind. When we were right in the middle I turned and leant back against the granite parapet. I didn't feel drunk any more, although I suppose I must have been, but I was very aware of the fresh wind blowing my curls across my face and the line of bare, craggy hills that made up the horizon. Miss Campbell spent a long moment with her back to me at the opposite parapet, also looking out across Dartmoor. I wasn't sure what to say, but it was obviously up to me to start off.

'I ... I'm sorry about the other day,' I said.

She didn't reply and so I continued, reasoning that this was probably my one chance to get it right.

'I just wasn't ready,' I went on. 'And in the shower like that. Someone might have come in. I do like you, and I mean if ...'

It was pretty clumsy and provoked no immediate response. She just leant her arms on the parapet and put her head back, as if trying to get herself fully in control. When she finally turned to face me I knew at once that it wasn't necessary to say anything more. She had been running and her straight, dark-brown hair was up in a pony-tail to keep it out of the way. Wisps of it were blowing across her face, which no longer looked stern, or even shocked. As a schoolgirl I had come to learn every grade of disapproving look, from the sort that says: 'Oh dear, well I suppose she'll grow out of it', to the full blown: 'What you

need is your pants pulled down for a smacked backside, here, and now’.

Ellen Campbell’s look was very different: warm, protective and with all the intimacy of one woman to another when both know that sex between them is a very real possibility. For a moment I thought she was going to come forward and take me in her arms. I would have responded but, instead, she gave me a brief, wicked smile.

‘My cottage, after prayers,’ she said simply and started back towards the others.

I followed, unable to resist watching the movement of her bottom in her tight running shorts. There was a fair bit of cheek showing, pink and soft around the edge of the green material. My fantasy came straight back to me: her bottom in my face, the cheeks open, my lips against her anus ...

The rest of the day passed in a dream. Miss Campbell continued her run; Ginny, Susan and I walked back along the railway and reached school in time to shower and go straight into supper. There was an hour to pass after that, which I spent having an intense and rather surreal talk with Ginny and Susan. They knew everything, and talking to them gave me the support I badly needed – at least until the moment I had to go and take prayers and turn the lights out in the junior dormitories. Finally the moment came. I gave Ginny and Susan a kiss each and left them in the corridor, turning them a last smile as I went through the fire door.

Outside the last light was fading in the west; a streak of rich purple over Cornwall. It was warm. Too warm to need tights under my school skirt. My uniform acted as a disguise, although I would have much preferred to change. Miss Campbell lived in one of the little cottages at the edge of the school grounds and, if anybody saw me on the way,

they would simply think I was on an errand. As it was there was nobody about and I was soon walking under the scattered trees that sheltered the valley bottom. The cottage was half-hidden by a thick beech hedge, with only the roof visible in the twilight. The porch light came on automatically as I pushed the gate open, and she had opened the door before I got there. I went inside, the latch clicking behind me with a definite finality.

‘Shall we have some wine?’ she said.

It wasn’t really a question; it was a statement. Her tone indicated to me that she still felt very much in charge, although not in the sense of being in genuine authority over me. Instead it was a very personal thing; a determination that in our relationship it was she that would be the senior one.

I accepted the glass although, after the afternoon’s excesses, I was more in need of orange juice. She looked very different from her normal outfit of sports kit or sensible tweeds. A long sheaf of crimson velvet covered her from neck to ankle, clinging to her figure and restricting her walk to neat, precise steps. It was incredibly elegant and made me feel awkward and dull in my plain white blouse and knee-length skirt of dark-green tartan.

She was obviously well aware of this and, from the start, set things up to enhance her superiority. Firstly she motioned me, not to a chair, but to the sheepskin rug in front of the fire. I sat down cross-legged, acutely aware of the feel of wool against my thighs. Next, she placed the bottle where it would be me who poured when the time came to refill our glasses. Then she stretched herself out on the sofa, as languid as a Siamese cat and every bit as self-satisfied.

We talked for a while and my nervousness faded with the wine and her ease of manner. There was a faint scent in

the air; a bit like burning leaves. It was quiet, too; very different from the chatter and clamour of school. Everything seemed rather unreal, in fact, only my uniform serving to remind me of who I was and what I was doing. That reminder served to start a delicious naughty feeling inside me: the knowledge that, however refined and adult my surroundings, my presence there made me a very bad girl indeed.

The conversation had reached a pause, both of us sipping our wine from the glasses which I had just refilled. She put down her glass with a deliberation that made me realise that this was it.

‘Show me your legs, Amber,’ she said, gently but in a tone that brooked no refusal.

My heart immediately went to my mouth. Taking the hem of my skirt, I lifted it, baring my thighs and the front of my panties. With my skirt rucked up I knew the bulge of my fanny would be very obvious. I also knew that there would be a tell-tale damp spot between my legs. She was looking at me from under half-lowered eyelids; a lady admiring a pretty pet.

‘Undo your blouse,’ she continued, and my fingers immediately went to tug the white cotton out of my waistband.

I lowered my eyes as I undid my buttons, my fingers trembling as each one popped open to reveal a little more of the pale flesh of my tummy. I reached the top and opened my blouse, then reached behind my back, acquiescing to the removal of my bra without having to be told. I fumbled at the catch, as clumsy as if it had been my first trainer bra and not the full-cupped type I’d been wearing for nearly five years. She gave me a small half-smile, cool and amused, making me hang my head to avoid her eyes. Finally the catch snapped open and I felt the increased