

Naughty Girl!

The confessions of a tart with a heart.

By

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1. This Is Me!

I make my living on my back and sometimes on my knees, standing up, bent over and, on one memorable occasion, hanging upside down. Men put their fingers, their tongues, their penises and other objects into me and not always in the expected orifice. I piss on them, I spank them, I cane them and I do a whole lot of other things to them.

And I do it all with a big smile on my face and a song in my heart. Well, maybe not the song in my heart but I do it with a smile on my face. As you will find out, the smile is very important.

I am a professional. I give value for money and I give pleasure. Sometimes I also give polite conversation and light refreshments. Very often I give very impolite conversation, because I know it turns men on. Sometimes I even provide therapy, but that isn't what I'm paid for. It's the way I make my living and a good living it has been. I can assure you that my bungalow in the Cotswolds, with its half an acre of garden, didn't come cheap – and neither did the men who paid for it.

This is the story of my life as a naughty girl, from the loss (hardly a loss) of my virginity at the age of thirteen right through to my senior years. I'm still working and still enjoying my job, even though I'm now drawing my old age pension.

I'm not going to tell you how to live your life, only how I lived mine. It wasn't all roses and it wasn't all thorns. It has been a life well lived.

Trigger alert (I understand these things are essential these days). This book contains depictions of sexual activities, fetish behaviour, same-sex encounters and lots and lots of naughty words. Well, words your granny might think were naughty unless she was a very unusual granny.

There, if that hasn't got your attention then nothing will.

No doubt I'll be nominated for a "Bad Sex" award for this book. That's an award made each year since 1979 by the Literary Review, for the worst description of a sex scene in a novel. Notable winners have been Ben Okri, for *'The Age of Magic'* who also has an OBE and several honorary doctorates, so I'd be in good company there. Also a winner was Norman Mailer for *'The Castle in the Forest'*; again, good company to be in. There are no Oscars for naughty girls – perhaps there should be with the amount of acting we do – so I'll turn up personally to collect the award if they give it.

You'll have found this book listed under fiction, which is necessary for legal reasons. But Hilary Mantel wrote books about Henry VIII, Anne Boleyn and Thomas Cromwell and they were all real people, so it is possible to take true stories and turn them into fictional accounts, which is exactly what I have done. Which bits are true and which bits are made up you'll have to decide for yourselves but I can tell you that the more outlandish the story, the more likely it is to be true.

If you think you have identified yourself in this book and you feel the need to sue me for libel, just remember that (a) I have a printed disclaimer at the front of the book and (b) I can recall the dates, the times, the names and what we did together. I can remember your tattoos, your birth marks, the size and shape of your cock and I would recognise that mole on your

back at a thousand paces. If you want me revealing all that in the witness stand, then take your best shot. It's your reputation you'll be trashing, because mine no longer matters much.

Not everyone is cut out to be a "Naughty Girl". That's the term I use to describe myself. The alternatives have almost all been pinned on us by men, which is reason enough not to use them, but some of them are ugly and others are downright offensive. So, if you want to describe my profession, just say "Naughty Girl" and I'll be happy with that.

But as I said, not everyone is cut out for the work.

It isn't enough just to like sex. That may keep you going for a while, but one day you'll have to drag your sorry arse out of bed to go to work when all you'd rather do is wrap yourself in the duvet and go back to sleep. When that day comes, just liking sex isn't going to be enough.

The same applies to the money. Sometimes the money just isn't enough to make it worth putting another cock in your mouth. You have to actually like men, you have to be willing to put on an act for them and you have to be willing to smile while he takes another ten minutes to come and you're running late for your next appointment. In other words, you have to be a professional.

The day you can no longer face (literally) another penis is the day you have to quit the business. I haven't yet reached that day.

Some naughty girls rely on drugs or drink to get them through the working day. All I can say is that if you are doing that, you're in the wrong job. While every working day may not be fun filled, having to use something to dull the senses means your brain is trying to tell you something. Besides, drink and drugs dull the performance and men notice. If you get a reputation for just "going through the motions", clients won't come back and they will probably also leave bad reviews for you on the adult industry's equivalent of Tripadvisor. Both are bad for business.

Note my use of the word "client". It was deliberate. If you think of your clients as 'Johns', or punters or any other name for that matter, you are already on the slippery slope. There has to be respect between customer and supplier in any profession. I want to be treated with respect by my clients, so I treat them with respect even if they aren't there to hear me. I also refer to them as "my gentlemen" (and sometimes "my ladies"), but clients will do for the purposes of this book.

Like any other business, mine is all about supply and demand. If no one was willing to pay for sex I'd have starved to death decades ago. Or I'd have to find another form of employment that paid me as well which, with my limited education, might have posed some problems. But society blames the women for supplying sex, not men for demanding it, so it is my reputation that would suffer if the world at large knew what I did for a living.

Well, the world at large is going to find out if they read this book, because some people are bound to recognise me from my descriptions of events, even if they don't recognise my name(s).

My key to both success and happiness in this business is to treat it as a profession, not as a job. That means being professional in everything I do. My clients have a level of expectation; it is my job to meet that expectation. If I fall short of that, they go away feeling dissatisfied and don't come back. Worse, they may bad mouth me on those websites I mentioned earlier.

One of the keys to long term success isn't getting new customers through the door. Most men will try a new girl from time to time. No, it's keeping the same men coming back through the door time and time again. Repeat business, as the marketing gurus call it. It is as essential in my business as it is in any other. I have clients who first came to visit me over twenty years ago and they are still coming back to see me today and I now qualify for my old age pension. I very much hope they'll continue to come and see me for many more years.

To keep the men coming back, it is important that (a) I look good all the time and (b) the client gets the best experience possible. That means that almost nothing is off limits. There are a couple of things I won't do, but those are for my own comfort and protection. If the client wants his bum thrashing with stinging nettles, then that's his privilege and he's the one who is paying. It's also important that the man thinks I'm enjoying the experience.

Men like to think they're great lovers and there's nothing better than a big smile, a lot of passionate moaning topped off by a faked orgasm to convince them of that. So much of being a naughty girl is actually about acting. There is an exception, which is when the man wants you to pretend you aren't enjoying it, but that's just more acting. So, girls, develop your acting skills if you want to keep your man, even if you aren't a naughty girl.

Another part of my professional approach is not to have to rely on any man. I have to do business with men from time to time (I mean nonsexual business), that is unavoidable. But I don't let any man be a part of my business. There is no room in my life for any man to exploit me. If I lie on my back and open my legs, it's because I want to, not because some man is making me. And I'm certainly not sharing any of the money I get for opening my legs with any man. If he wants to earn money from sex, he can open his own legs and see what it feels like.

There are varying levels of naughty girls and where you decide to pitch yourself is important. Yes, it's a class system and I feel sorry for the girls who are on the lower rungs of the ladder. But at the end of the day they are probably there because they put their trust in a man. Which is why I'm so against men being involved in my business.

I'm not advocating being a naughty girl as a first-choice career, but for any readers who might be considering it as a way of making ends meet during troubled times, there are worst ways I can think of. But it really isn't for everyone.

I'm not just saying that to try to discourage competition, either. I have had friends who have tried it out and they didn't make it past the first appointment. I know a few more who kept going for a bit longer, but they were assisted by alcohol or drugs and that is never a good thing.

Look at it this way; if you had to be half drunk or stoned to have sex with your partner, would you start to worry about your relationship?

I suspect the answer would be yes. So, if you have to be half drunk or stoned to do your job, you have to be just as worried about your career choice. Of course, that doesn't just apply to my profession, but if you choose to do it in other professions, then the same thinking applies. Re-evaluate your life choices and maybe think about getting a new job.

I know, it pays the bills, so you can grit your teeth, take another glug of wine or another snort of coke and get on with it, but if your heart isn't in it, the client will be able to tell and he won't come back for a second visit. Well, he might, but not for a good reason. He'll come back because he knows you don't want to do it and that's making him feel better about

himself. That gives him power over you and that should never be the case. At all times, you should be the one with the power. He came to you, remember!

But maybe you have no plans to become a naughty girl. Maybe you just want to hear about what I did for all those years and what I would be doing right now, today, if it wasn't for Covid-19.

That's fine, If you think about it, I'm still selling myself and still selling sex. It's just that you're buying it in a different package.

If you're judging me right now, just remember, it is you that decided to read this book.

But you aren't judging me. I know that. You just want a bit of a thrill and this book might give that to you. That's just fine. It's one of the reasons why I wrote it. Even writing it gave me a bit of a thrill sometimes.

Because it may come as a surprise to some of you, but I get turned on just like everyone else. I also have some things I like doing that you might not classify as "normal". Well, I learned a long time ago that "normal" is a very subjective state of mind. What some people classify as abnormal, or kinky, or whatever name you want to attach, other people just call "Saturday Night".

Even some of the things I won't do, no matter how much you offer to pay me, I don't regard as being anything other than normal. I have my reasons for not doing them, but that doesn't make them bad. It isn't my place to judge, Darling. If it gets your motor running and it isn't hurting anyone else, then it's nothing to do with me. Get on with it, enjoy it and live your life the way you want to.

Is there anything that someone does, sexually speaking, that I would find perverted? I don't know. I suspect that if there is, it's not the sort of thing that they need me for. In which case we're back to not judging people.

Do I condone things that are illegal? That is a difficult one to answer. For me it is all about exploitation. If someone is being exploited for sex, then I don't condone it. I'd go further and say that I would report it to the police if I knew about it. Even us naughty girls have some moral values. They just aren't quite the same moral values of the people who look at me and judge me.

Am I worried about being judged? Only if it affects the other people around me. They aren't responsible for the path I have chosen, so it is wrong that they should be judged alongside me.

Now, things are getting far too serious around here and this is supposed to be sexy and amusing. So, let's get the party started.

2. How It Started

I was born in a small village in southern Warwickshire. The M40 runs close by now and HS2 is on its way to make matters worse, but in those days it was a peaceful backwater. The only real disturbances were when the bombers at the airfield up the road took off. They looked so big to me back then, but I'd never seen a Boeing 747 at that time. No one else had, for that matter.

The rolling green hills were dotted with sheep and cattle, there were orchards and fields of wheat. It was a picture book setting for an English village. Not that I appreciated that at the time, of course. To me the place was a dump and I couldn't wait to leave.

As a country girl I knew about sex from a young age. It's all around you in the fields and hedgerows and if your Mum or Dad won't answer the questions about what that ram is doing to that ewe, there are plenty of older girls who will. I learnt most of what I knew about sex from older girls, usually by listening in to their conversations on the school bus. Of course, a lot of it was wrong and it wasn't until much later that I discovered how little they actually knew, but for a teenager in the backwoods, what I heard was enough to gain my interest.

We were a typical village family. Dad was a shepherd, which was a real job back then. Mum didn't work, but she did bits of sewing and dressmaking to earn the family a few extra pounds. I suppose we were poor, but we didn't feel like we were. No one told us we were poor, so we just thought we were normal. Besides, with the exception of the people in the Manor House, the doctor and maybe the landlord of the pub, no one in the village had that much money, so we didn't feel we were any different.

As well as me, I had two older brothers. There was Ned (short for Edward) who was the oldest. He'd been born in 1945. Then there was a gap to Jem (James) who came along in '48 and then me, born in '52.

Now, I've had to re-write some of this book because Amazon didn't like some of the stuff I wrote about and wouldn't publish it. That means that some of what I'm about to tell you is a lie. So, if you read something in this chapter and you think it sounds wrong for the year in which I am describing it, then you are probably right. That's the problem with censorship. It prevents the truth from being told. So, bear that in mind.

I realised from a young age what power a woman wielded with her body. I could see the looks of hunger boys had on their faces when they lusted after the village girls and I couldn't wait for them to look at me like that.

I was a precocious teenager and dressed too old for my age. I modelled myself on the likes of Jane Mansfield and Marilyn Monroe. I always wore jeans that were one size too small for me so they would be tight across my bum and if my mother spotted that and made me buy the correct size, I washed them in very hot water to shrink them. You could do that back in 1965. I favoured tight sweaters or blouses. I never had much "up top" but I knew how to make the best of what I did have.

The miniskirt wouldn't become a thing for another year and it was a while longer before it reached us out in the sticks, but when it did I was a firm fan. If I had to wear a skirt, which I did for school, I always tried to get it as short as possible, especially when I sat down. From

the age of twelve I knew how to cross my legs in a way that exposed the maximum amount of thigh, while making it look like an accident.

My Mum said I was a tart and would come to a bad end, which was a bit rich coming from her. I had heard the gossip between her sisters when they thought Mum couldn't hear and I wouldn't understand. She lost her virginity to a soldier behind the canteen at the nearby bomb dump in 1945, which accounted for my brother. She had to lure my Dad into her bed pretty sharpish to make sure Ned had a father. Whether Dad ever knew I have no idea. He made sniping remarks to my Mum from time to time, which made me think he suspected. Ned didn't look anything like Jem, so he must have wondered.

I heard Dad accuse Mum of having an affair with the newsagent one day. He was always making accusations like that. Mum never took that sort of thing lying down. "You're wrong!" She snapped back. "It's the butcher. We owe him more money."

That was the first time I ever associated sex with money. But I was a good learner (except at school) and nothing much passed me by. Certainly nothing important. Whether Mum was having an affair I have no idea, but sometimes she would come home with a smile on her face that I knew had nothing to do with my Dad.

There was no question of them ever splitting up. The cottage we lived in was "tied" (look it up) which meant we would be homeless if Mum left and took us with her, which she was bound to do. And there was no chance of Dad kicking her out because there would be no one to cook and clean for him. So, they lived in a state of armed neutrality which broke out into a war of words from time to time. Seeing as the Cold War was going on at the time it seemed appropriate that our home life should be similar. Again, it seemed quite normal for the village in those days.

But you're not interested in family politics. You want to know how I started on the road to becoming a naughty girl and it started right there in the village, when I lost my virginity. Well, not so much "lost" as traded it.

Cecil was the same age as my brother Ned; they'd gone to school together. Cecil fancied himself as a bad lad. He'd seen the Wild One a dozen times and someone once told him he looked like James Dean, so he fancied himself a bit. He rode a motorcycle which he called his "chopper" but was only a 125 cc machine he'd bought off a mate. It was old when the mate had bought it. It was hardly ever working, but when it was, he used to take us village girls for a spin on it.

Cecil liked to call himself Johnny, after Marlon Brando's character in his favourite film, but I always called him by his real name. I'd like to make it clear at this point that Cecil knew exactly how old I was. He'd known me all my life so there could be no mistake. Besides, I know he asked my brother Ned how old I was.

Most of the time he picked his favourites to go riding with him and the most popular girl was a sixteen year old by the name of Beryl. That was no surprise. We all knew that she'd had more pricks than the pub dartboard. But Beryl met up with a bloke from the next village who had a car and that was the end of that.

And I found I was the new favourite.

I knew that I was expected to make a trade for being allowed on the back of the bike. Like I said, I'd heard the girls talking on the school bus. So, when Cecil started stopping off in a field with a large haystack in the corner, I knew what to expect. I went along with it. He'd ply

me with sweets or chocolate and kiss me while his hands would wander. I'd let him feel me up outside my clothes and that kept him happy for a while. When he tried to get his hands under my jumper or down the front of my jeans, I told him to stop and he did. He may have fancied himself as a bad boy, but he was a pussycat really.

But I wasn't giving him much for sherbet lemons and Dairy Milk, so he started to bring alcohol along. At first it was just a bottle or two of beer. He'd let me have a sip and I'd pretend I was getting drunk and it was all very innocent. Then I started to behave like Anne Boleyn.

For those of you that don't know the story, Ann Boleyn kept Henry VIII at arm's length almost until they were married. She wasn't going to give up the goodies then he dumped the way Henry had dumped other women, including Anne's own sister. So, she persuaded Henry to grant favours for herself or her family and in return Henry got a little bit closer to the big prize. She kept that up right through all the plotting as Henry tried to get his divorce granted by the Pope.

I didn't know it at the time, but I was using the same strategy.

So, in turn for more sips of the beer, I let Cecil get his hand under my jumper one evening. I still wouldn't let him inside my bra, but he must have understood how the rules were changing because next time he brought along an old medicine bottle filled with gin.

There was nothing to mix it with and the neat spirit burned my throat, but it had an almost immediate effect on me. As we were kissing, which was how we always started, I pushed him backwards and lay on top of him. I could feel his erection and it excited me. I'd never actually seen a rampant cock before, only my brothers' limp ones when they got changed without closing their bedroom door. Even then it was only a quick glance. But that wasn't for that evening.

He slid his hands under my jumper again, which I allowed and he moved up until he was cupping my breast. "I bet they look good." He whispered between kisses.

"What?" I knew perfectly well what he meant, but I wasn't going to let on.

"Your tits. I bet they look great."

"They're not that big."

"Anything you can't get in your mouth is wasted." He chuckled. It made me laugh out loud. Or maybe it was the gin. I took another sip from the bottle to test the theory.

"Can I see them?" There was a pleading look on his face.

I rolled off him, sat up and dragged my jumper over my head. I posed for him in my bra, twisting my body slightly from side to side. "What do you think?"

The bra wasn't a pretty one. My mother bought all my underwear and it was chosen with practicality and modesty in mind. Although Cecil wasn't going to see my knickers that night, I knew they wouldn't do much for him. My Mum bought them half a dozen pairs at a time from Marks and Spencer and the waists were so high they covered my belly button. The only difference between my pants and my mother's was the size.

"Nice!" His tongue was practically hanging out. "But I meant without a bra."

"Gimme a cigarette, and I'll think about it." I didn't actually like smoking, but I knew the cost of cigarettes and for Cecil to give one up would be a big sacrifice. He pulled out a crumpled packet of Cadets and shook a cigarette out. It was a bit bent, but that didn't matter. I

was only going to puff on it. Inhaling, I had discovered, made me feel dizzy and given the amount of gin that I had already drunk, I couldn't risk that.

Cecil lit the fag for me and passed it across. I took a theatrical pull on it, the way I'd seen women do it in the films and let the smoke trickle out of my mouth and nostrils.

"Well?" he asked, his voice husky with expectancy.

I gave a grin. "OK." I passed the fag back to him to free up my hands.

I unhooked my bra and slid the straps down my arm, holding the cups over my breasts with one hand. Sliding my arms out of it, I pressed the garment hard against my chest to stop it falling. I knew how to tease. I must have seen it in a film, but how I had come to see a film like that at my age I have no idea.

I turned my back on him, took hold of the bra and held it out to one side, letting it go and allowing it to drop onto the bed of hay we had created.

"Turn around!" he instructed.

"More gin." I replied, holding out my hand but keeping my back towards him. I felt the medicine bottle placed into my fingers and raised it to my mouth to take a sip. It still burned, but I liked the buzz it gave me in my head. I also liked the fact that it made me do things I wouldn't normally consider. Yes, I knew what I was doing and Cecil wasn't making me do anything I hadn't considered doing before that night. I was just playing him along, seeing what I could get from him. It had started with sweets and chocolates and now I had got him up to gin. I wondered what would come next.

Placing one hand over each breast I turned to face him. Then I threw my arms wide. His jaw dropped open. He must have seen a pair of tits before. He'd been taking Beryl for bike rides for ages and every boy in the village had seen her tits.

"They're beautiful." He gasped.

"They're small," I replied. The cool evening air had made my nipples stand up and I liked the feeling.

"No, no!" He protested. "They're just the right size. Can I touch them?"

"Gin." I said, extending my hand again.

"Oh, you need to be drunk, do you?" He laughed.

No, I need to be in control and this is how I exercised it. You give me something and I'll give you something. I didn't say that. I just took the bottle and had another swig. "OK, you can touch."

He cupped his hand over my left breast, him being right-handed. It felt nice. Then he used his fingers to tweak my nipples. A thrill ran through me, like it was connected to my groin. It was something I'd never felt before. I liked it and wanted more of it.

It's a trap. My mind told me. You're supposed to get excited when a boy does that. You're supposed to want him to do more to you. And that's how you end with a baby in your arms.

My brain was right, of course. I made a mental note to be careful. I knew where this was going to end up, not that night but in the fullness of time, and when it got there it had to be under strict control.

He sat up, his face at tit level, looking at them with wonder in his eyes. Maybe he really hadn't seen a pair before, I thought. Maybe Beryl's reputation was underserved. He lowered his face to my breast and took my nipple in his mouth. He hadn't asked permission, but it was a bit late now. He rolled his tongue around it and that thrill ran through me again. He had

both hands on my waist now and he was pushing me backwards. I let him do it and leant back into the hay. It pricked the bare skin of my back and strands were tickling my sides as they moved in the gentle breeze.

His hand went down to my thigh and he started to work his way up the leg of my jeans to my crotch. This was familiar territory. He'd got that far for a bar of fruit and nut. He slid his hand between my legs and I felt the familiar pressure. My jeans prevented any real stimulus there. I had yet to learn about the pleasure that could come from that region.

Then his hand slid further up until he was at my waistband and he tried to slide it inside. Two things stopped him. One was the fact that my waistband was very tight, because my jeans were a size too small as usual, and the other was the firm smack on the back of his hand that I gave him.

"No!" I said, my voice brooking no argument.

He moved his hand back down to my crotch and I parted my legs so he was feeling me up, but I knew neither of us were getting much out of that through a thick layer of navy denim and a stout pair of M&S knickers.

The sensations being created by his tongue teasing my nipple were getting the better of me. I knew nothing about hormones at that time, but they were what was mixing with the gin in my brain, tempting me to throw caution to the wind.

I sat up abruptly, pushing Cecil away from me. "My Mum's expecting me home." I said, grabbing for my bra and putting it back on. His face looked like a small boy finding out there was no Father Christmas. When writing that I know it is usual to add 'yes children there really is', but if there are any children reading this, they deserve to know the truth!

I hauled my jumper over my head.

"What's the matter? Have I hurt you?"

"No. But I gotta go home or my Mum will worry. If she worries, she may not let me out in the evening again." It was a lie. My mother would be dozing in front of the TV by now and wouldn't stir until they played the National Anthem (yes, they used to do that). Only then might she think to look to see if I was in the house. Times were different back then.

"Will I see you again?"

"Course you will. I enjoy riding on your bike."

"What about the other?" He nodded towards my tits.

"That was OK." I wasn't going to flatter him by telling him how much I had enjoyed it.

"OK, Maybe tomorrow night then."

"Yeah. Bring something to mix with the gin. I don't like the way it burns."

He gave me a smile and a nod, then strode across and sat astride the bike, standing it upright and kicking down hard on the starter. It spluttered into life, which was a relief. It wouldn't have been the first time I'd had to walk home while Cecil trailed behind me pushing his chopper.

Beside the village green was a bus shelter and that's where the teenagers hung around until they reached an age when they could get into the pub without Barry, the landlord, throwing them out. That was the trouble with a small village. Everyone knew everyone. Barry was a good bloke though and wasn't too strict on the over-eighteen rule, just so long as you didn't look too young and you didn't get pissed. But even back then there were no buses in the

evening, so the bus shelter was a place where adults didn't go, which made it the natural choice for us teenagers.

So, the lads and the girls hung around flirting as best they knew how. Most of it was throwing mild insults at each other, the boys at one end, the girls at the other. I'd usually hang around until someone called me "tiny tits", then I'd flounce off, secretly pleased that they'd noticed I had tits. But once I became Cecil's favourite, that changed.

I knew his routine off by heart. He was some sort of apprentice car mechanic in the nearest town and he'd get home, clean himself up, have his dinner and then ride his bike to the pub for a couple of pints, before meandering over to the bus shelter to chat up the girls. Being so much older than everyone else, he was always the centre of attention. Then he would invite Beryl to go for a ride with him and everyone knew what that meant; at least they thought they did. So did I, but my later experiences suggested we may have been wrong.

But I wasn't going to be picked up like someone waiting for a bus. You could see the pub from our house so I waited until I saw Cecil leave and then headed across to the churchyard gate and pretended to read the parish notices until Cecil spotted me from the bus stop further along the road and came to talk to me.

The following night there was no talk. I hopped straight onto the back of the bike and he opened up the throttle and shot off along the road. If you're wondering about my putting on a crash helmet, there was no such law back then, so we didn't. Cecil had one, but he hardly ever wore it as far as I knew.

I noticed the canvass haversack hanging around Cecil's neck and wondered what was inside. It wasn't long before I found out. We were no sooner sat in the hay than he opened it up and brought out the medicine bottle. "Nicked more gin off my Dad" he explained. The second item was a bottle of Corona fizzy limeade. Finally, out came the plastic cup from a thermos flask. He poured a generous amount of gin into the cup and topped it off with the limeade.

He took a sip himself then handed me the cup. I took a big mouthful. The taste of the gin was still evident but made much softer by the lime. The bubbles tickled my nose. I took a big gulp, stupidly thinking that the strength of the gin had been diluted and wasn't going to get me drunk so quickly. It was many years later that I found out that the bubbles in fizzy drinks help the alcohol get into the bloodstream faster, so you actually get drunk quicker. That's why champagne gets you more drunk than ordinary wine. Oh well, you live and learn I suppose. But I did some learning that night, I can tell you.

Cecil pushed me back into the hay and started kissing me. It was a warm evening and I was wearing a tee-shirt which was tucked into the waistband of my jeans. Cecil tugged it free and slid his hand under. I did nothing to stop him, though it was too soon for the alcohol to have hit home and start to reduce my inhibitions. I let him do it because I wanted him to do it; simple as that. He pushed my bra up off of one breast and started to tease my nipple. I experienced the same thrill as I had the previous evening. So, I hadn't imagined it, I told myself. This was real.

But the pushed-up bra felt uncomfortable. Sitting up, I stripped off the tee shirt and bra, so he could get at me better. In doing so I glanced down at his jeans and could see the big bulge in the front.

I had felt it the previous evening and had lain in bed later wondering what it would look like outside of his jeans. Well, I may as well find out.

“Is that your cock?” I asked him, pointing to his groin. Even I knew it was a stupid question.

“Yes. You’ve got me a bit excited.

“I’ve never seen a real one before. Can I see it?”

He lifted the gin cup and took a sip, giving himself time to think I suppose. “I’ll show you mine, if you show me yours.” It was a bit juvenile, I know, and I heard the line often enough from boys my own age. We’d never got any further than showing each other our underwear, if that.

“Gin.” I stretched out my hand. He topped up the cup and passed it over. I took another big gulp, almost gagging as it flooded my throat. “OK. But you first.” I wasn’t going to get caught that way.

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