

An Erotic Novel
by
Surreal



Dulcie Waters:
THE WILD SIDE

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Dulcie Waters
The Wild Side

By

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Chapter One

I never really knew my parents, hence fond memories are scant. Father, for what I recall, was a lumbering ox of an Irishman who shirked as a navvy by day, metamorphosing into a drunken brawling eejit by night. Oh and he was ‘an over sexed fuck who could never satisfy his end’, or so my mother screamed at him regularly. She, I remember, failed to give a shit about anyone other than herself. Even now the sound of an Italian jabbering on ninety to the dozen does my head in. She took in washing, and cooked at a local cafe. The only bloody English she liked to recite was ‘lovely Napoli. Why did I ever come to this sheet hole? And a marry the theek plank that is forever hard.’ For years I thought she spoke of his character.

If I had brothers or sisters then I am unaware of it. It comforts to think that no other offspring may have been hurled at the outer defences of literacy, numeracy and becoming a useful citizen. Unlike some, I have never wished to reinvent my relationship with parents that are now hopefully long gone. Though my patriarch did have one redeeming feature; he taught me from an early age that pain isn’t always the devil it’s made out to be. His belt on my arse, and in front of anybody the drunken bastard brought home, instilled in me a deep understanding of maso-aftermath. That rather ingenious creation by the Almighty, that once we have *not* been spared the rod, we might immerse ourselves in a glorious afterglow, one that insidiously melts the libido.

At a quite tender age I deposited myself on the authorities telling a thin rakish woman with a large nose, that I no longer wished to live with a man that desecrated the basic ideals of childhood. She failed to understand the level I pitched at, and I had to indulge in a earthier tale of woe. To wit I could no longer suffer the man’s woeful vocabulary, misplaced notions of privacy, and moral slide into debauched turpitude.

“Ah,” she said at length. “Your father probably hasn’t had the fortune you have enjoyed, in his education. And privacy in a tenement is always difficult, if not impossible. Er.” She re-read her notes. “What exactly do we mean by slide into debauched turpitude?”

The lady failed to comprehend even the simplest linguistics, so I had to tell her how it was at street level. “I’m a young lady,” I told her. “Not a fucking little cunt who should be shoved head first down the shit pan, and have the cheek flushed from her worthless body arse first.” I smiled sweetly at that point, her face redder than my backside had ever been.

“Oh.” She broke her pencil lead on the notepaper.

“And when he turns me ma upside down and pierces her fanny with his rock hard shaft, her knickers tossed to the armchair and her bra hanging from the light bulb, I wanna throw up.”

“Yes.” She had melted. Maybe even her heart had stopped. Oh, and she had gone from crimson to a sickly grey.

“When he tucks me up in bed with eighteen feet of rope for my insomnia, and a piece of rag for my sleep talk, it makes both a great deal worse.”

It was as I described the quantities of ale and spirit, and the kind of people that moved through Dada’s life and my home, she decided that perhaps it wasn’t the place for a child.

Rook’s Perch was a marked improvement. After that is, several attempts at lodging me with charming, if ineffectual foster carers failed. Council run, most there at least tried to do a job. I had no need of love, nor a great penchant for comfort as I had not known otherwise. An education, a full stomach at least once a day, and an element of freedom is all that I required. And Dulcie Waters worked hard and got by as they say.

So what went wrong? Why did I end up on the wild side? Two people, both men, influenced the young Dulcie; Eddy when the girl was not a far cry from the recent throes of puberty, the girl with a wild streak just waiting to be let loose. And after she *was* let loose, there was Ray.

Magically, early in the fifties I transformed overnight. I went to bed a girl and woke up a woman. It was time to emerge from my chrysalis, air my wings and get ready for a maiden flight. And yes, miraculously I was still a maiden, and fairly proud of that, though there had been a few investigated within the periphery of my bra, and one who had delved deep inside my pants, and indeed me.

They opened the front door of Rook's Perch and said *arrivederci* because of my mother's nationality. Suitcase in hand and five pounds in my purse, I marched out onto the pavement. Steady Eddy waited, a ghoulish figure in the morning mist with dark glasses, American flying jacket and black shirt. He even wore dog tags with 'The Boss' engraved on them. "Got somewhere to go?" he hailed from a black Ford Pilot - the only boy in the area to be able to afford anything like.

He was twenty three. Ready Eddy Abbot, the slickest 'American' boy in Enfield, North London. And when he wasn't Eddy he was steady. Or so the shit went. I knew him well, Eddy Abbot, loud, sharp, and cheap. I stuck a finger up and told him to go fuck himself.

"Sooner fuck you," he sang, combing his Brylcreem slicked black hair. "Legal today ain't it?" he persisted. "Could be a marvellous coming of age present."

"Yeah," I said. "If you ever come close to becoming a human being, my fanny will be all yours."

He frowned, obviously struggling with rejection. "Can't wait," he finally crooned, licking his lips in that deliberate, I'll lick yours if you lick mine fashion.

"Put it away Eddy," I told him adding. "And the tongue."

"So where're you kipping tonight, Dulcie doll?" he crowed.

God, he was so transparent, he was embarrassing.

“Not in your bed,” I told him, looking skyward.

“They find you a place did they?”

I walked. He curbed and crawled.

“Yeah. A room on Eton Street.”

“Number twenty eight,” he asked, poorly concealing a smirk. “They always bed leavers with Lil. That’ll be a bundle of laughs.”

“Better than the streets, or you, Ted Abbot.” A girl could hope.

“You know where to find me when you’ve had enough.”

He pulled away, and then as an afterthought stopped, and tossed me a pack of Players Weights. “Don’t let her catch you, Dulcie. You think you’ve left all that strictness behind eh? Light one of them up in front of the battle-axe and you’ll see the sparks fly.”

As he drove away he laughed and shouted back. “Off that nicely rounded backside, that is.”

I won’t say I wasn’t tempted. Ted was a laugh even if he was a dip. He’d been nicked half a dozen times, but the police never pinned anything on him. Only one went to court, and that was dismissed through lack of evidence.

If Lily Jones was what Ted reckoned, then the sparks would be flying, because there was no way I was taking the slaps anymore, especially from her. When I say slaps I mean spanked with a plimsoll. We all got it at Rook’s from time to time, boy or girl. But there again the comprehensive and grammar still dished it out, so why shouldn’t the council home. Thing was, I was then of age, and no way was that ever going to happen to me again, unless I wanted it to.

Lil was a barrel chested, squat lump with builder’s biceps. She opened the door, and stared at me, waiting for me to speak, her face a tumble of ugliness stacked on fat jowls. Beady eyes held me in their gun sights.

“Dulcie Waters,” I told her.

She leaned forward, reached out and took the cigarette from my fingers. Tossing it out onto the road she nodded for me to go in.

"I hadn't finished that," I objected, sliding through the narrow gap between her and the wall.

"You have," she assured me. "You don't smoke in this house, and if you do, you see what you get."

We were off to a good start.

"You got a job?" she asked.

"Have I?" I deliberately misconstrued.

"I'm asking, not tellin'," she said pushing me along the corridor into the back room come kitchen. "Your room is five bob a week, and your keep three bob. Course, if you want to sort out your own food and washing then I can knock two bob off your keep. The shilling is for your heat and light."

She waited. I nodded.

"Week in advance luvvy."

She smelt. She stank of stale pee and sweat. The thought of her cooking my food made me gag. I gave her a ten bob note, those black piss holes in the snow ogling the rest of my meagre stash.

"I got your change in the front room. Which, by the way you never go in. My private domain that is."

She continued. "If you can't manage any week, I might be able to help. I knows some people who would pay for certain services."

"I ain't whoring," I told her straight.

"Never suggested you do." She seemed affronted.

"There's one of them college places down Gresham Way. They pay for posing. Drawing and painting like. Not much. But when you ain't got no choice."

"Thanks," I half apologised.

"Sometimes they pay a bit extra for a girl that'll take her togs off. And you looks a pretty thing that they might be interested in."

“Course, all the time you burn your money with them cigarettes, you’ll get no help from me.”

“A lad gave me them.”

She cocked her head back and to one side, those massive hams of arms folding. “You be careful with them lads. What they think ten fags is worth is something I would never pay.”

I nearly died there and then. I could not imagine anyone paying Lil for sex. “My room?” I asked turning to the door, stuffing knuckles between my teeth, stifling the onset of nerve laded hysterics.

She led me upstairs. “There’s three bedrooms up here. Two single and one double. I’ve got a married couple in the double, and Monique is in a single. She’s a French girl sent here during the war. Her family were killed in forty-four. She’s stayed and don’t reckon on going back no time soon.”

“Where do you sleep?” I asked, doing the maths.

“Front room. My domain,” she reinforced. “Needs must. I have to let the rooms to pay my way. That’s why you have to be on time with your keep.”

She opened the door. A single bed pressed against the wall of a box room, nine by seven, a dull paper parting company with the wall due to a layer of damp, and the ceiling with a hole in it. A small square of knackered carpet by the bed partly hid otherwise bare boards.

“There’s a set of drawers for your bits and pieces, but there ain’t no room for no wardrobe. Still, you can hang your coat on the peg in the hallway.”

She waddled toward the stairs. “We eat at six.”

“Washing?” I asked.

“Uh. Bog’s out back. You can scrub up in the kitchen sink once we’re done eating. There’s a zinc bath and copper, what we heat up weekends. Either Saturday evening, or Sunday morning. Whichever you prefers. Give me your dirty clothes and I’ll put them in with the weekly laundering.”

“Is it private? Where I’ll wash.”

I think she very nearly laughed in my face. "Private?" she shrieked. "Eight bob a week don't buy you no luxuries like privacy. But the bog has got a bolt on the inside. If you're using the copper you have to let people know, so they don't walk in on you. But don't bank on it."

Rook's Perch at that moment seemed a far better place, and Eddy's offer just peachy.

People jabber on about the 50's, like what a wonderful place England was then. All bloody thatched cottages and pretty villages. In 1952 London was still a bombed out shit hole, with rationing, a massive deficit of men, and most households without two half pennies to rub together. There was no telly. No proper sanitation. No fridges or freezers. No washing machines and few electric goodies such as vacuum cleaners. A night out was either the pub, the Palais, or the flicks. Clothes cost a bomb, but you could drink and smoke yourself to death for next to nothing.

I had my grant from the council and worked out if I was very, very careful I might survive five weeks. I had no job, and no idea how to go about getting one. That night I lay in my room staring at the damp patches, wondering when and if something unsavoury might look or drop through the hole.

Out of sheer boredom I at last threw open the window and lit one of the Weights, careful to blow the smoke out into the night air. The exhausted butt I flicked into the darkness and pulled the sash window back down.

She must have had a nose like a fucking bloodhound. Or else I dropped my fag end down the back of her neck. She came into my room, face a mask of anger. The offending tip she held up. "Yours?"

Not thinking for one minute she would back her threats with any action, I smiled and nodded. Teenagers can be such arrogant fucks, and I was no different.

"I told you I wouldn't have it."

"I didn't offer you it."

"Yours?" she persisted.

“Summon Sexton Blake of the yard.” I said in a dramatic Saturday morning matinee voice.

Lil exploded. “You saucy cow,” she balled, reaching for my throat. Her huge mitt closed about my shirt collar, podgy fingers screwing the cloth, her muscled arm lifting me effortlessly. I rose rapidly, hung on the end of her fist, as she landed her wide bum on my bed. I followed seconds later and a little too quickly, landing on thick thighs squeezed by a grey flannel skirt. She knocked the wind from me, all my fight gone, as if there was any in the first place. Gobby Waters they used to call me in the home. A ham settled over the small of my back whilst the other human paddle lifted and came back with devastating effect.

It was like being hit with a cricket bat. Nicely rounded was an apt description, and my hips were none too wide then. So her mauler sprawled across half a cheek each time she struck. Course I fought back. I kicked and wriggled and pushed my torso away from her lap, but none of it had any effect, and I suffered until she let me go.

Thirty seconds, that’s all it was. And this is what I can do, now do you want more next time sort of deal. I sprang up and backed to the window my hands belatedly protecting my burning bum. “You can’t do that to me!” I protested after she obviously had and could.

I will explain here that life back then was more liberal believe it or not. Lil could do that, and if I complained the coppers would just laugh, or offer to hold me down for another salvo. Blokes could have a punch up outside a pub and the plods would just keep them apart. It rarely came down to arrests. And more so, I would have never even considered complaining. I pushed it. I suffered the consequences. And I would try and get even. That was the way things were then.

“Just seventeen,” she mocked. “And you know so much?”
“Seventeen today. You bitch! And I know enough.”

“Today eh? Let’s just say I lit your candles then. Bum hot is it?”

As if it wasn’t enough to assault and mock me, she expected despatches on the injuries to boot. “You ever...” I warned jabbing a finger at her face.

God, I wished I hadn’t. For a lumbering walrus out of water, she could move. Finger twisted and feeling like it had been broken I wound up face down over her knees for round two.

“You’ll learn,” she said calmly as she provided me with an example of rudeness and deterrent, her hand reigniting that which had just begun to calm.

Again, thirty seconds and I was on my feet, fingers diving beneath the skirt. Tips found red hot bum cheeks, the sort that warned of a restless night – if only they hadn’t been fired by such an ugly, smelly – but there the lesson stood. Did that matter? She had triggered an inexplicable uncertainty. One that hung in an intangible mist just out of reach.

“You can take your rent and keep elsewhere, if you ain’t happy,” she offered as if I was thinking that, and perhaps I was. “But you won’t get a room of your own for eight bob anywhere. God only knows who you might have to mix with, even share a bed with.”

I stared with the most intense hurt feelings possible, not that it had any effect on Lil.

“In case you hadn’t noticed, Dulcie Waters, half the city is in ruins. Bed and board are at a premium. And if you think I am going to suffer you burning to the ground my home, you got another one coming. This is my house. My rules. And I say what you can and can’t do.”

“And you can keep your fucking hands to yourself!” I told her with an uncontrollable flare of temper.

“Obey my few rules and I will.”

God! She was being so bloody reasonable. I felt utterly humiliated, had been spanked like a child, and she was

being fair.

With that she left saying one last. "No more smoking. Go outside if you must cremate your lungs."

Pacing, the window glass reflected Dulcie Waters, the girl who was going to take on the world, the girl that had Ted Abbot figured, the girl who had studied and had a bundle of certificates to prove it. Dulcie Waters, seventeen, survivor of a few hours before the world showed her how insignificant she was. Spanked. Spanked! I couldn't get over it. Imagine if that went back to Rook's Perch. I could hear the titters, the laughing, the cat calls and abuse. I would never live it down.

I leant on the sill and stared out into the smog laden night, a tale of freedom gained at a terrible price. Seven years and the mad, mad world had just begun to right itself. There was work out there. Plenty of work. I just had to find it, and beyond, rent a far, far better place than Lil's.

Chapter Two

March edged into April, the money ran low and Eddy had left town for a while, some talk of a warehouse and a grand's worth of coupon meat missing. I had resisted the urge to smoke and upset Lil, to wit I kept my fleshy bottom free of acid rain. Depressingly, I found neither factory nor high street shop employed cocky, especially inexperienced cocky, no matter how many pieces of paper I waved to state I was smart. So with big cap in hand I went to Lil.

"How much do you need luvvy?" she asked outright, my face telling the whole story to perception herself.

"Weeks rent."

"What about keep?"

"I don't have to eat," I replied, thinking that even her soggy wild rabbit pie was better than starvation.

"Modelling at the college won't get yer anywhere near that," she told me straight.

"Uh," I answered slumping in a big worn armchair, the springs so weak getting out again was always a struggle. "Bugged," I said defeated.

"Mind your language," she berated, adding. "No one's done you, 'cept yourself luvvy."

"Yeah," I admitted not really agreeing with her.

"I know a geezer that knows a geezer, that would pay for a bit of something different, you being young and slim and pretty an all."

"No dick," I said without thinking.

"This would be extras for dick." Her tune had changed somewhat since our first meeting.

"How much?"

"Not for me to say. You'd have to talk to Raymondo."

"Sounds Italian." I really didn't like Italians, even if I did have their blood coursing through my veins.

"More dick head," she said laughing, a cackle or a roll of death I wasn't sure. "Raymond. Full of shit. But he does, on account of his perverted ways, have some useful

connections that could serve a girl like yourself. Or even save her. Still cold these nights deary.”

Monumentally uncertain. Utterly nervous and five hundred feet out of my depth I met Raymond that evening, something Lil had arranged. How, I never did know. Few had phones then. Semaphore from the roof for all I could guess. Ugh! He was totally obnoxious. A slug left less slime on the floor than Raymondo. He leaked it like normality leaks sweat in a heat wave. I hold no prejudice toward acne, but his peaks reached for the sun, their toxicant heads yellow with pus. His teeth, what was left of the ragged blackened stalactites and mites, seemed never clear of a halo of cigarette smoke. It did occur to me then that I needed to pack it in.

“Yeah,” Raymondo, twenty four, agreed. “You look good in clothes.” But then he dropped the same bomb on me as the yanks had on Nagasaki. “I’ll have to see you without. Like naked. Completely.”

“Is that your commission?” I asked straight faced, wanting to stick my teaspoon in his ugly face.

“Nah, that’s perks,” he replied truthfully. “I take a percentage of whatever you get.”

“Perks?” I questioned lifting a few feet off the floor, metaphorically speaking. “And what percentage? And of what exactly?”

That was when Raymondo spat back. He leant forward, over the cafe table and said. “You come to me darling. It’s you that needs a bit of ‘I don’t mind where I get it from cash’, not me. So don’t give me your, I’m better than you, you ugly fuck, sauce. I can walk back to a comfortable warm house and bed. Can you?” He smirked, his breath at that distance lethal. “I take what I deem right. And you do what I arrange.”

“You look. You don’t even think about touching,” I told him forcefully.

“Fuck me!” he grinned. “You really do think yourself a cut above, don’t yer. Get me darling, and get this. I deal with people with a lot of currency. If any fancies your cunt, they will offer you more than even a stuck up cow like you can say no to.”

I didn’t believe him.

“Okay. What you got for me? And how much?”

Raymondo stuck his hand up attracting the waitress.

“Carol,” he said quietly and sort of confidentially. “Two more teas, darling.”

She turned to walk away, snatching her hand from beneath his. “Oh. Yeah. How did you get on the other week?” he asked with a certain superiority.

She came back and leant forward, Raymond enjoying the display of lunging bosom within an open necked blouse and no bra. “Let’s just say I am still convalescing. That I won’t be dashing back for more. Okay?”

“Understood darling. But the cash front? How is that now?”

She smiled. “Paid off me arrears. Still got a roof over my head ain’t I Ray? And got a bit in the building society.”

“There you go,” he said to me.

“You thinking about doing what I did?” Carol asked.

I nodded. “What did you have to do?”

“Ray not said?”

I shook my head.

“Best I don’t put you off. If you need money, then it will pay you well. And if you really please, then you might get an extra few quid your way. Two teas wasn’t it Ray?”

I was none the wiser, but I needed the money, and I really couldn’t see how else I could get it, next to robbing a bank or something.

“Can I meet this feller?” I asked Ray.

“Who says it’s a feller?” he asked cockily.

“I surmised.”

“Don’t,” he warned. “Could be man, woman or them that can’t make their mind up. Sex is anybody’s game.”

“Sex?” I questioned, my heart falling. Though I don’t know what else I could have done or expected.

“It don’t always come down to that,” he clarified. “I know a couple of geezers that just like to watch things. That’s their kicks. Watching. They call them er. Hang on a mo. It’s there on the tip of me tongue. Can you read it Dulce?” He stuck his tongue out, chuckling.

“Watchers,” I said knowing it wasn’t.

“Nah yer daft bitch. Voyager? Nah. Voyeur. That’s it. Sort of French, ain’t it?”

“Watching what exactly?” He had slunk to his slippery persona, and I began to think he either bull-shitted me, or just plain had nothing up his sleeve.

“Carol.” He called the waitress over. “Tell Dulce what you did.”

She pulled a chair out from under the table and sat.

“Maid,” she said simply, the admission a bit of an anticlimax.

“That it?” I asked adding too quick and naively. “I can do that.”

“Maid with a short skirt and no knickers,” Carol elaborated. “A clumsy maid that got her bare bum smacked for dropping things. I was there all evening cleaning her place. She watched and waited.” She smiled grimly. “I was black and blue the next day and couldn’t put my butt to anything for days after.”

“She just spanked you?” I inquired thinking of Lil, and I can do that.

But Carol shook her head. “First time in my life for being caned. I won’t be in any great rush to do it again.”

“But she paid well, didn’t she,” Ray goaded.

“Yeah,” Carol agreed, standing. “She paid well.”

“But?” I said for her.

“Not keen on the lezzie stuff with her.”

Ray added quickly. "Ah, but that's not sex."

"Isn't it?" Carol asked going back to her counter.

"The woman in question is not seeking anyone at the moment," Ray told me. "So it don't arise."

I shrugged, with an indifferent smile, Ray momentarily frowning, the man perceptive and nowhere near as dim as he looked.

"But something will."

"First my flat, and then I'll see what I can find for you. Ring around a bit."

"You have a telephone?" I asked astounded.

"Can have mostly what I want," he replied confidently, not with smarm. "Only reason I don't have a motor is cos I ain't got a licence."

"Steady Eddy has a black Pilot," I informed him unnecessarily, wanting to brag the acquaintance.

"Eddy's got sticky fingers and is headed for prison. I ain't."

He had a point.

Had I known I probably wouldn't have gone, and then I would have lost my lodgings, and by the time Eddy came back on the scene I would have had no choice other than to prostitute for him. At least Ray wasn't leading me down that avenue. Well not directly.

He had a decent gaff, and surprisingly it was well furnished. I stood in front of a coal fire, a large mirror hung over the mantelpiece, and thought about stripping. Ray was out back pissing out all the tea he had drunk. To shed your gear in passion is one thing, but to take it off, all of it off with someone like Ray watching was a real endeavour.

He came back smiling. Yeah I would as well if I had walked in on Tony Curtis about to take his kit off. Except I was all but heterosexual, I just hadn't woken to it then.

He rubbed his hands together, the way all boys do when something nice is about to happen. Then he poured himself a brandy, and took up regal residence in a leather armchair.

I stood before him like a spare part. "Where do you get all your money from?" I asked naively.

"Mugs like you," he replied curtly. "Now if you don't mind, I don't have a lot of time."

It wasn't that I had much to negotiate. I had left Rook's Perch with little and wore most of it that cold April day. My mac, I just slipped from the shoulders, and let fall to the floor. I searched for a deep breath and let my cardi go the same way. All I had left was a thin cotton summer dress and the usual underwear.

He waited expectant, smoking a tipped cigarette and sipping a brandy.

There was no artistic display, no clever sexual flurry, no sensual twists or flicks. I just simply unbuttoned the dress and dropped it. Then I waited. Waited for the inevitable loss of patience. Which came very quickly.

"Stop fucking me about!" he spat. "Get the fucking underwear off and let me see the goods."

I lifted a hand to undo the bra, stopping when I noticed how calm it was. There was no vestige of shakes. My heart beat at a normal pace, and there was no sweat. I could feel the heat of the fire on my bottom and thighs, a decent glow, warmth I had not enjoyed since the summer of '51. And so I took my time. I faced the mirror, warmed my front and removed the bra, tossing it aside. I could see his crotch in the reflection; the bulge within, the hard he basked in. Slowly, as casual as I dared, I bent and unfastened the clips on one stocking, before rolling it down my leg, my torso sinking further, my bottom tightened; tits, good, well-shaped and firm, hung and quivered, tantalising.

He coughed. I'd like to think I interrupted his intake, and it wasn't just the smoke.

Likewise I removed the other. Then I slid the suspender belt over my hips. I took the time to examine him, Raymondo, in the mirror. Visage flushed, his eyes watered, a stupid grin on his face. Then I dropped them. Knickers hit

the floor and I stood without a stitch. I joggled my hips a bit, bottom dancing in tune, and then faced him. Odd feeling that. My skin felt alight, the knot of nerves in my gut returned to an electric thrill. Silly pictures leapt in and out of my mind, things I would never do in a million years. And yet...

His eyes fell straight to the burst of ebony curls, my pubic thatch. I pressed my thighs together, turning slightly to the side.

He nodded. "Yes. Nice. They'll like you. A decent bum. They'll like that. You'll get a good rate out of them. Don't settle for what they offer. Argue and barter a bit. You'll give me a fifth of anything you get. And don't fucking lie to me, cos I will check. If a bloke fucks you then I get ten percent of that too. Same if you get rogered with a dildo. Or take it up the arse."

"When?" I asked, still in the dark about what; his stark choice of words further charging the erotic atmosphere. For me that was. Miss never been spliced naive and sweet bloody innocent. For a mad, mad moment there I wanted to extricate his extensive hard from his button fly and part my fanny with it. But I didn't. If I could have disassociated him from his piece then it might have been a different story. Or if it had been Eddy sat there.

But Ray sensed something, because he beckoned me. Slowly I approached so aware of my nakedness, of the tremble of flesh, the jostle of breasts. I hid nothing and stopped by his crossed legs. Yes, I wanted something. I was flushed and hungry and accepted that. So when his hand rose, fingers stroking a breast, I said nothing.

"You're firm," he commented. Fingers probed, delved the supple flesh. My fanny moistened. He succeeded in strumming my sex strings. There lay a lesson. It wasn't what one was endowed with, it was what a person did that mattered. And for a few minutes there, Ray was gentle and thoughtful, and appropriately passionate.

I didn't stop him when his hand descended, leaving a tingling lava trail in its wake. And when he loitered there, fingertip so close to my sex lips, I nearly fainted with expectation.

"I'll bet yer ten bob yer as dry as the Sahara Desert, eh Dulce?"

"I could do with ten bob," I admitted just wanting him to go there.

Two fingers parted me, his hard desperate to escape its confines. My breath escaped, ragged and noisy. But he toyed, heightening my agony further. They retreated, swam the length of my vaginal slit, my knees nearly giving. I shook, trembled, shivered uncontrollably, but my temperature soared, sweat gleaning on my forehead. A slick dampened the skin beneath my breasts. Had he decided to fuck me there and then, I would have let him. The dirtier it was the better.

Instead he withdrew, slipping his damp fingers between his lips instead. "Mmmm," he hummed with approval. "Guess I owe you ten bob, Dulce." He smiled. "Get dressed girl. I'll be in touch."

What impression I left I know not. What he wanted I also had no idea. Nearly at the gates and he retreated. What did that tell a girl? He was boss? Was that it?

He opened the door and said with a smile. "Get lost."

For me I was left high and wet. I could have screamed for it as I left his place. Men's trousers and crotches intoxicated me on the walk home, until that is the heavens opened and the subsequent soaking calmed the tide.

That evening I met my fellow roommates socially. We had bumped into one another, said little and generally been polite, but conversation had not happened. Monique worked at some store five and a half days a week, and shut herself away the rest of the time with books. Lil said she was studying. The couple had only eyes for each other and both worked. In fact I was the odd one out. I'd been to the labour

exchange and asked in every shop along the high street. I looked in Lil's weekly local paper, but even with certificates and no cocky, I still could not get work. Looking back I think everything is destined, and I was down for a life of chop and change, do this and that, and make a buck where I could. But on the upside I would lead a pretty free and interesting existence.

I handed Lil the ten bob before I spent any of it. She curled an eyebrow, but said nothing. At least the rent was paid and I could eat for a couple more days.

Perhaps vibes in cramped conditions like that were easy to pick up. Monique it seemed did just that, or perhaps it was Lil's expression. She nudged me and offering a Kensitas nodded at the back door. I was out of fags and readily accepted. It was still light in the yard, Monique lighting both fags and giving me one. "You like it here?" she inquired, her accent cutely Francais, quite sexy.

"It will do," I replied checking the big woman wasn't listening. I had worn her fingerprints for two days after she spanked me.

"You don't work, no?"

I shook my head. "Not for want of trying."

"You'd think with all what has to be done, there would be something, wouldn't you?"

I dragged deep and held the smoke, my head going dizzy. I felt curiously attracted to the woman, something that wasn't totally alien to me, but still greatly disturbing. Yes, she was pretty, and as I said, very French. She had Frankish blue eyes and yellow hair. Those eyes sparkled, a deep seated joy within. I felt I should chat, though I really wasn't the talkative kind.

"Sorry about your parents, "I tendered, thinking she probably wouldn't thank me for the reminder.

"Long enough now," she said quietly, her eyes on the setting sun. "The pain gets less as the years go by."

"You have parents?"

I shrugged. "Maybe still. Somewhere."

She seemed shocked. "How can you not know?"

I grinned, my cheeky cow smile. "I sacked them when I was twelve."

Her face punched the question.

"Just cos someone's a parent, it doesn't mean they're good, or nice people. I wanted to learn. And I did learn. But they would have dragged me down. I can do that on my own. I don't need help."

I stubbed the cigarette out under my heel as I blew the last smoke into a beautiful May evening. "I chose council care over being beaten, and more than likely worse as I got older. I chose childhood over premature adulthood and the gutter. I remain happy with my choice."

Monique pulled her cardigan tight. "Taken, surrendered, we are in the same boat, eh? No parents."

She lit another two cigarettes and as before handed one to me.

"I have none to give back," I protested.

"They are bad for me. You are helping me out." Wrapped in that chunky knit she leaned against the outhouse wall. "I see you give eight shillings to Lil."

"Rent," I told her.

"You had none before, and you don't work."

"And I don't have to explain myself to you either," I snapped, tempted to throw the fag in her face.

"Sorry. Not what I mean. I didn't want to upset you. That's the last thing. It is just that I need money, and I wondered where you earned yours. That is all. Honest."

"You have a job," I said bluntly, probably too curt.

"Had. I had a job."

"Ah," I grunted, half guessing by her tone.

"I am not a criminal. And I do not steal. But they found some sweets and cigarettes in my bag and say I stole them."

Poor Monique. She struck me as miss honesty. "Didn't you have the receipt?" I asked, not stupidly, more can you tell me a bit more.

"I didn't put them there. Two of the women that work there did it."

"So why didn't you tell the manager that?" I felt for her, but I was a hard cow back then, and wasn't really the agony aunt type.

Tears in her eyes she told me. "The manager is new. He is related to one of the women and she wanted my job for her daughter. So I get blamed and sacked, and the girl gets my job."

Yeah, I did feel for her.

"Also, the manager gave me the choice, either he call the police, or he deals with me himself."

"Deals or dealt?"

"Tomorrow. When the shop is shutting."

"And?"

"I'm terrified."

It was like getting blood from a stone. "Of what? What's he going to do?"

"Beat me. Have me." She held her hands apart. "He didn't say exactly. He just suggested, sort of."

"Seems this geezer wants his cake and a good bit more, don't it?"

"What shall I do?"

"Let him call the police. They have to prove it."

She shrugged. "Ce la guerre. It will soon be over. How to pay Lil is my problem now."

"You wouldn't want to earn it the way I did."

"You? You wouldn't do anything bad."

"I stripped for a geezer for those few shillings. Completely. Naked."

"For the Academy you mean?"

"Nope. For some bat ugly bastard with a volcanic skin and black stumps. Oh yeah. He had a feel too. Ten bob,

Monique. Tough life ain't it, darling." I didn't tell her I enjoyed it.

"Tougher not paying Lil, and being on the streets."

"You'd do it?"

She smiled. "I like you am a survivor."

I hadn't told her the whole truth and I felt guilty about that. But there again I didn't actually know the whole truth. Raymondo wouldn't pay her ten bob for that, but he would if she gave him twenty percent of what she got for something else. Trouble was I didn't know what something else was. Fact was, I couldn't help her. Except with a bit of advice that is.

"Get something back from this git tomorrow, Monique."

"How?"

"He wants to, what was it?"

"He had a whippy thin stick. That is what he showed me. And when he hit his padded chair with it, the force was ferocious." She winced at the memory.

"Tell him you want what you've earned. Any money to date. Holiday pay. Anything he kept in arrears. You tell him he pays up, and you will let him. He can't tell the police, and to call them will be to lose his edge. You see, Monique, he's a degenerate, and he's trying to make this all look like justice. It ain't his money, but he'll pocket it if you don't get it. So tell him. You'll bend over if he coughs."

"You think so?"

"I know so, darling." The darling I took from Raymondo, and it sort of stuck, like a bit of class I thought in my naïveté. "Just don't back down," I told her.

Raymond found me the next morning. He sidled up close like we had something going and slipping me a pack of fags whispered conspiratorially. "I got some'at for you Dulce," he opened with. "A bird that likes a bit of hanky spanky. She likes the sound of you. But she's got some business on, so won't be able to entertain you 'til early next week."

“S’okay,” I said perching my bum on a low wall. “Do you undertake any business?” I asked thoughtful, a bit of a notion forming.

“If there’s a few quid in it and I don’t have to work up a sweat, then yeah, it’s probably got my name on it.”

“How do you fancy a bit of blackmail?”

He nearly choked on his smoke. “Fuck you, Dulce. Where you coming from? What happened to Miss innocent?”

“It’s a geezer that needs a seeing to, Ray. A nasty little fuck who’s got it coming. You interested?”

“What’s the? Fuck this. Let’s get a cuppa.”

“Now what you got cooking, darling?” he finally asked, ciggie in one hand, tea in the other.

I told him about Monique.

“Yeah. So the geezer’s got his own itinerary. He’s working a flanker. He’s no worse than me.”

“He’s a sleaze ball. And he’s ripe for the taking,” I told Ray refusing to back down. “What he is doing is fucking illegal and a fucking liberty. You only have to show up at the right moment and tell him Monique’s your bird, and he’ll sink without a trace. He’s got a job he wants to keep and probably a wife cosseted in a cosy home. He’ll pay, and you and Monique win. Well she comes out a bit better off than she would otherwise.”

“What’s to stop this geezer beating the shit out of me?”

“Me. A witness. Your sister.”

“Okay.” He stared at the smoke spiralling from the fag end. “How thankful is this French bird going to be?”

“She needs work, or more, money. She’s pretty, got a nice figure and no doubt will earn you a fair bit of commission in the future.”

“So, you’re saying she’ll work for me. Sort of?”

“Yes.”

He nodded. “Make sure she understands that, and I’ll sort this geezer for her.”

“Cheers, Ray,” I offered with a cheery smile.