

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS

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# Being a Girl

Chloë Thurlow

'Look, now, mon, we have a dark one and a light one.' He leaned back and shook his head. 'Same height, too.'

'That's useful,' said Byron, nodding with approval as he glanced up at the beams on the ceiling.

Later I would know what they were talking about. The damp on my back formed a bead of sweat that ran down my spine. The fire roared. My breasts were full and heavy, my breath threading the silence like a needle passing through silk. I glanced down: my pink nipples had turned dark like ripe plums and hummed as if with a charge of electricity. I was wet and tremulous, the Laird's soft voice like a prayer when he spoke.

'Slip those trousers off like a good girl, now. Just like your wee friend.'

I swallowed hard. I didn't want to, but Binky was standing there in nothing but her knickers and I rationalised that it was only fair. I looked up into the Laird's eyes and got the odd sensation that I was about to sit on a mat at the top of the helter-skelter, and once I pushed off I would slide into oblivion.

'No,' I said, softly, without conviction.

'I don't want to fight you, lassie. Be a good girl and do as you're told.'

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## About the Book

**I had known the moment I had seen the maid's uniform in the cupboard that the time would come when I took it off for Dr Goetz and, now that I had done so, I felt a sense of liberation, a sense that I had obeyed my own instincts. I had not taken the uniform off for him. I had taken it off for me. With the right words, the right conditions, girls want to obey. And those men who understand that can take girls with the right attitude to the extremes of their true potential.**

**I looked back at Dr Goetz and our eyes met.**

Late for a vital interview on a sweltering day, casting agent Jean-Luc Cartier pours Milly some water and holds the glass to her lips. When the water soaks her blouse he instructs her to take it off. Milly is embarrassed but curious. As Milly strips off her clothes, more than her shapely body is uncovered - her deepest nature is revealed.

Jean-Luc puts her over his knee and Milly's virgin orgasm awakens her to the mysteries of discipline, beginning an erotic journey from convent school to a black magic coven in the heart of Cambridge academia, to the secret world of fetishism and bondage on the dark side of the movie camera.

# Being a Girl

Chloë Thurlow



EBURY  
PRESS

*For Dave*

Master and so much more

## The Casting

I HATE MY step-sister. I really do. I could have killed her when I put my name down for a summer job at a casting agent's and then found her name written in her big rounded letters on the list. The interview happened to fall on the same day as I was sitting my History A level, and that was just typical. I was confident that I'd done well in Italian and Theatre Studies, but I needed a good mark in History to be assured of my place at Cambridge.

Things *always* work out for Binky and it's just not fair. She's a year younger than me and had suddenly shot up with long perfect legs that she was showing off like an absolute tart in a little pink suit, a white, high-necked top with a gold cross on a fine chain, everything demure and charming, and so much bare flesh streaming out from below her skirt. Her interview was at 2.00 and I watched her leave school, a Burberry bag swinging from her shoulder and her long silky legs like scissors striding down the drive towards the West Gate. She turned with a little skip and a feeling of doom touched me as she vanished from view.

With her delicate features and deep-green eyes, Binky had only recently become aware of the effect she had - on men, on the nuns, on the world - and was making up for lost time. Her name when we were small had been shortened from Roberta to Berta and familiarised to Binky. Everyone, just

everyone, adored my little sister. But then, they didn't know her.

The placement was supposed to be for someone in the *upper* sixth and Binky, in the *lower* sixth, wasn't weighed down with ghastly A levels. Our only rival was Virginia Ward, a really nice girl who thought her red-framed glasses were cool and still didn't have *anything* to put in her white cotton bra. Virginia was the sort of girl you did prep with and avoided on Saturdays when we were allowed to go into town.

Once Binky had disappeared through the school gate, I went back to my last-minute revision, memorising dates, names, battles. It seemed as if all of life was one big battle and Binky was ahead in the charge. I read one last time through my notes on the English victory over the French at Agincourt and raced upstairs to the exam room where four other girls were already at their desks, crisscrossing their legs and sweeping the hair from their eyes. We exchanged nods and good lucks and I realised I was going to miss Saint Sebastian's. The convent had been my home for the last five years and I didn't think I was ready for the real world, we had in truth been so coddled and protected.

Once the exam started, I pushed Binky from my mind, and just concentrated. I can do that, really focus on one thing and put everything into it. The afternoon was warm. My underarms were damp and you could smell the tension in the air with five girls sweating over their papers.

The moment the exam was over, I blew kisses to the others and ran. We had started twenty minutes late and I bolted down the drive, along the busy high street and down into the tube without even combing my hair. The convent is at the furthest point on the Piccadilly Line and it was already rush hour by the time I squeezed into the packed carriage. The Underground smelled like a charity shop and I always had the feeling that someone was pressing against me rather harder than they should have been.



At least I didn't have to change, although by the time I reached Leicester Square, I was totally stressed and had decided if Binky got the job with the casting agent I would never speak to her again. Never. This was going to be my job and I would do *everything* I could to get it.

At least the lavatories at Leicester Square were clean. I pulled the band from my ponytail and brushed my hair as best I could with my fingers. That's another bone of contention, actually: Binky's yellow locks fall from a neat centre parting to her shoulders, glossy and perfect, and it's true what they say, men do prefer blondes. We have by coincidence the same green eyes, but like my father, an Italian, I am dark and provocative; at least, that's what matron says, while my step-sister is fair like her English mother. Binky didn't have my figure, but she had those long legs revealed halfway up her thighs, while my plaid kilt fell to the prescribed two inches below the knee. Like so uncool. It wasn't fair and I hiked the skirt up at the waistband and hid the folds of material by pulling out my blouse. Now, I just looked scruffy. I sighed despondently as I took off my socks and hid them in my backpack.

The agency was in one of those little passageways running into Chinatown. I had printed out a map on the web. It was easy to find, although I was so late when I finally got there, the thought crossed my mind that it was more than likely that everyone had left for the day. Binky had got the job and I was going to have to kill her when I got home. I gloomily pressed the buzzer and let out a sigh of relief when a deep voice came on the entry-phone. I was in luck.

'Yes?'

'Camilla Petacci,' I said and the door clicked open.

Inside the building it was dark and, as I climbed the stairs, I don't know what came over me, but I did something utterly mad. It was just silly really, immature, on the spur of the moment, but had consequences that I would ponder long into the future. I was hot in my blazer. The bag of books

weighed a ton. Perspiration was trickling between my shoulder blades and, without thinking, I opened the top button on my blouse. Finally, I could breathe.

As I made my way up the second flight of stairs, as if there were some mathematical prerogative in this, some hidden equation, I undid the next button. My heart was pounding and the soft creamy mounds of my breasts were rising and falling as I caught my breath and tapped on the door.

‘Come in.’ The voice was muffled and seemed far away.

I entered and found Jean-Luc Cartier facing away from me glancing through a pile of photographs. I waited and he slowly turned in his swivel chair, looking me up and down, as I suppose an employer would, and I felt foolish in my school uniform, my blouse stupidly half undone, the backpack like some terrible punishment on my shoulders. I felt like the wanderer in *Pilgrim’s Progress*.

‘I’m so sorry to be late . . .’

‘I was just leaving . . .’

‘I had an exam . . .’

I’d blown it.

He glanced at his watch, then at a sheet on his desk. ‘It was your sister I saw, the same name, of course.’

‘Roberta.’

‘Yes, that’s right. Binky,’ he said, and smiled as if from a pleasant memory. I was livid.

I smiled back through gritted teeth. It was even hotter in the office than it had been on the stairway. I felt another bead of sweat run down my back. Jean-Luc Cartier was fresh in a white shirt and jeans, a heavy watch that he moved around his wrist as he stood and sort of circled me. He wore a look I took for disappointment as he gazed at my school uniform, the bunched-up material around my middle, the backpack with a heart drawn in red felt tip. How pathetic.

As I glanced down at my throbbing chest I realised another button had popped open by itself. I did consider doing the buttons up again, but that would only have drawn

attention to my breasts and Mr Cartier seemed to have been reading my mind anyway, and was now focusing the full weight of his gaze down my front.

'You know all about computers, that sort of thing?' he asked, addressing my breasts.

'Yes,' I said. 'I got an A in IT . . .'

'*Très bien.*' He smiled and I pressed my fingernails into the palm of my hand. *An A in IT.* What an idiot.

He looked up from my breasts into my eyes and I blushed under his gaze. I felt hot. Baking hot. My throat was dry. I was so nervous when he reached forward and brushed a lock of hair away from my eye I just didn't know what to do. It was just a gesture, but I had never met this man before and it seemed too weird, too intimate.

'You finish school soon?' he then asked.

'Yes, in a couple of weeks. I've applied to Cambridge,' I said, immediately regretting it.

'Cambridge?' he repeated.

'To read the history of art and theatre.'

He glanced around at the portraits decorating his office. 'You are an actress?' he asked.

'Oh, well, you know, yes, sort of. I would like to act, but I want to get a good education.'

'Just in case?'

I nodded and felt foolish. He was looking me up and down as if I were there for a casting.

'It needs a strong sense of discipline to be an actress,' he then said.

'Yes, I know.'

'Do you have that discipline, Camilla?'

'Yes.'

'*Très bien,*' he said again. 'Come, we should see the nerve centre,' he added and pointed to the corner. 'You can leave your bag.'

I shrugged it off my shoulders. I was going to do up my blouse but, before I could, he stretched his hand out to me. I

wavered for a second and when I took it he squeezed really quite hard and led me down a narrow flight of stairs with wooden rails on each side, the space between them so narrow we were pressed together like two people descending on the escalator to the Underground.

We entered a room with four big flat screens pulsing a pale-blue light along one wall and a row of tall filing cabinets opposite. He clicked a loose mouse and brought up the face of a famous actor I'd seen on TV many times but whose name at that instant escaped me. Was he doing this to impress? I wasn't sure. I was just hot and tense. I was in a world that fascinated and frightened me at the same time.

Below a row of tensor lights at the centre of the room was a square glass table that for some reason made me think of Alice when she found the golden key that would take her to Wonderland.

'This is where we lay out the goods for the directors,' he said, and turned to the banks of filing cabinets. 'Most people are on file, but more are going straight to computer now.'

The room was stifling. The computers hummed and Jean-Luc Cartier's voice with its faintly accented English made me feel drowsy. I had worked so hard on the exams I was exhausted. My stomach was squeezed against the waistband of my skirt, my blouse was sticking to my back, and my breasts were rising and falling immodestly with each breath I took. Everything was tight, constricted. I was bursting from my clothes, as matron had said, but it was so close to the end of term it would have been a waste to buy a new uniform.

Mr Cartier didn't say anything but he must have known I was hot and filled a big glass of water from one of those plastic fountains, the bubbles making vulgar noises as they exploded on the surface. I guzzled the water down so quickly, it splashed on my blouse, and I felt like a complete idiot as I handed back the glass. He wedged it under the tap.

‘Take off your jacket,’ he said.

It was like an order and I obeyed without thinking, hanging it on the back of the chair where the actor was still staring from the computer screen with a faintly mocking expression.

Mr Cartier approached with the glass refilled, but instead of giving it to me, he held it to my mouth and I was so thirsty I opened my lips. He stared at me and I watched his eyes as he tilted the glass, the water gushing out, drenching my school blouse and running down my front. He kept tipping the glass until all the water had gone and it seemed like a game but he wasn’t smiling. This was a new sort of game and I didn’t know the rules. I was panting for breath, hot still, and he was standing so close, a wave of panic coloured my neck and cheeks.

Now he spoke in the same soft hypnotic way, kindly, with force, pointing with a sort of impatience at the wet blouse.

‘You should take it off,’ he said.

We were silent. I swallowed. I couldn’t understand what he meant. Had I misheard?

‘What . . .’

‘It’s wet, Camilla,’ he added. ‘Slip it off.’

‘But Mr Cartier . . .’

But what? I didn’t know. I didn’t have the right words. I could smell sweat under my arms, a feeling of fear, even excitement, like I was in a horror film.

‘I can’t do that,’ I finally managed.

‘You can’t?’

I shook my head.

‘If things are going to run properly it’s important to follow instructions. Do you understand that?’

‘Yes, of course I do.’

‘I thought you had a sense of discipline . . .’ he said, pausing, and I wondered if he was trying to remember my name.

‘Milly,’ I said.

‘Then don’t let me have to tell you again, Milly.’

Now he waited, staring at me, at my breasts rising and falling, and I don't know if it had been the tone of his voice or some furtive yearning inside me but I wanted to prove that I would do as I was told if I got the job, that even if Binky had long gymnast legs my breasts in their white cotton bra were as pretty as two little flowers. Actually, quite big flowers.

He sighed as he glanced at his watch and, while I was daydreaming about Binky's legs skipping along the drive at Saint Sebastian's, my fingers were nervously doing my thinking for me, releasing the last few buttons on my blouse until it was completely open down the front. The blouse was soaking wet, so it did make sense. Sort of. That's what I was telling myself, anyway.

'Come along,' he said.

I shuffled the sleeves down my arms and clutched the material to my chest. He turned his watch around his wrist and then held out his hand, motioning with his fingers. The actor with no name was staring across the room, daring me, and I gave Mr Cartier the ball of damp material.

He shook out the creases, straightened the sleeves and placed it neatly over another chair. He hadn't looked at me at all, but glanced back with an irritated expression.

'Come along, Milly, and that please.'

He was pointing at my bra. I sort of shrugged and tried a smile. It was ridiculous.

'Oh, but I can't.'

'There is no such thing as can't. Not in my language.'

He held out his hand but I remained defiant. 'Mr Cartier, I'm not going to.'

'But why?'

'Well, I'm just not.'

'Milly, what did I tell you about obeying? Are you going to obey?'

'Yes . . .'

He pointed at my blouse. 'You have done very well. Now, off please.'

I felt a tremor run through me. Nothing like this had happened before. It was embarrassing, humiliating, but sort of exciting. He was testing me and I suppose I was testing myself. I was Alice falling, falling, falling down the rabbit hole.

He glanced at his watch and shook his head. I'd blown it. My little sister was going to get the job. She'd be strutting around with the soap stars showing off her long legs. I sniffed back a tear. I didn't mind taking off my blouse. It was hot, and I was rather proud of my breasts if the truth be told. It seemed sort of logical, natural. My blouse was wet and, anyway, breasts are *everywhere*, in every magazine, in the daily newspapers, on every ad in the tube; starlets and weather girls. Breasts were in - or, out rather. They were public property, but no one except the girls at school had ever seen my breasts completely uncovered. Another bead of perspiration slipped down my back, the horror and the shame and the thrill of standing there hot and breathless was just too much to bear.

'Mr Cartier . . .'

'Yes.'

'I just can't.'

But my voice had weakened with my resolve.

'Milly, I think you can. And I think you want to.'

What did he mean by that?

'I don't. Honestly.'

And it was true. Almost true. I didn't want to, yet while I felt nervous and self-conscious, my body was tingling with new sensations. After the months of study and stress I wanted to cast off everything, be naked, run naked through the streets, exhibit myself to the world. I liked being on stage. On show.

Mr Cartier had moved back to the chair. He picked up my blouse and held it towards me.

We were silent. The computers were blinking. The lights were bright and I thought about Binky in her pink suit. My breath was beating so fast it was as if I was running a relay race. Mr Cartier held the blouse pegged in his fingers, waiting for me to move towards him and put it back on.

I tried to move but I was rooted to the spot. My knees trembled and the slope of my tummy was knotted against the roll of material at my waist. I opened my throat to suck air into my constricted lungs and his eyes remained on mine as I angled my arms awkwardly up my back to unfasten the metal clasp. I heard the snap. It was loud in the silence.

He nodded and I felt ashamed as I lowered the thin white straps from my shoulders, first one, then the other, being provocative without meaning to, sliding the straps over my elbows, and cupping my breasts with my palms. I continued clutching the bra, but Mr Cartier put the blouse back where it had been hanging and came towards me, his eyes never leaving mine. I dropped the white tangle of cotton in his outstretched hand and he tossed it over the chair.

As he approached me again, I moved back instinctively, my legs knocking against the glass coffee table.

‘There, that wasn’t so terrible, was it?’

I shook my head.

‘Well, come along then, let’s have a proper look, shall we,’ he said and he sounded like the biology teacher before we peered in turn down the microscope.

It wasn’t really a question or a suggestion. Now that I was exposed so fully it was as if my will had left me. I dropped my hands, arched my back, and the most incredible thing happened. As I looked down, the soft plains around my nipples darkened from pink to cherry red, the little buds had sprung out rigid and were prickling. The beat of my breath hastened. I lifted my hands to cover my shame but mechanically took those erect nipples between my thumb and fingers and rolled them hard. I had thrown back my



head and although I tried to control it, I realised I was panting.

*'Très bien.* There, you didn't need that little bra at all. They stand up so nicely on their own.'

He placed his hand flat on my ribs, below the undercurve of my breasts, and it was true, they were round and full, the little teats on fire beneath my fingers. His touch was firm, and the awful thought flickered through my mind that I wanted him to cup my breasts in his hands, take them into his mouth and bite me hard. The vision sent shivers up my spine.

The bend of my legs was level with the edge of the table. As Mr Cartier put his free hand against my shoulder, I folded as if the bones of my body were soft rubber and lay back, propping myself up on the glass surface. He drew back the hem of my skirt and we both gazed spellbound at the rising mount pushing up from my white knickers. He looked into my eyes. I think I smiled. Everything was happening so fast it was hard to catch my breath.

When he placed his hand on my knee, I locked my legs together and it was like seeing a car drive uncontrollably towards a cliff edge, his hand moving up my thigh, across the plump muscle at the top. I had stopped squeezing my nipples. My breasts were bobbing about. The heel of his hand brushed against my sex and he slipped his fingers over the band of my knickers.

He pulled at the elastic as if to peek into a closed box, lowering the front and revealing a wisp of dark hair. My mouth was open. I was observing what was happening as if it had nothing to do with me. I wriggled but his hand was firm. The white cotton material was bunched up. He pulled again, just softly, staring into my eyes and, I don't know why, but for the briefest moment I lifted my bottom from the glass table and watched him lower my knickers slowly down to my knees.

We both gazed in quiet astonishment at the dark curly patch of pubic hair. It was lush and silky, an unspoiled lawn. I knew I was to blame for allowing this to happen. I had lifted my bottom from the glass surface of the table. I was wicked and shameless and felt oddly vibrant, totally alive, as if school had been stifling me, drowning me, and I was breathing freely for the first time. I squeezed my nipples and the pressure pushed out a dewy dribble from the lips of my vagina. Nothing like that had ever happened before. It was humiliating with the scent of arousal in the room, and I couldn't understand why I was all wet between my legs.

Mr Cartier placed the palm of his hand on my stomach, warning me not to move, and ran my knickers down my legs and over my shoes. I felt so ashamed as he studied the yellow stains in the gusset, and my mouth literally dropped open when he held the cotton to his nose. I had no idea why anyone would want to do such a thing and I watched in a trance, this strange man with my damp knickers pressed to his face while he inhaled.

'Mmm,' he said.

He nodded with approval and it was a relief when he put the knickers to one side. He looked back at the wayward patch of my pubic hair. I could feel myself leaking. After drinking all that water I wanted to go to the lavatory but didn't dare say anything. I was sweating. The lights were hot. My underarms were wet and my breasts seemed to have grown huge, billowing out like sails in the wind. I cupped my breasts to still them.

Gently but firmly, like the nurse checking for sprains after hockey, he wedged his hand between my knees and eased my legs apart, just a little, and it was as if my will had gone as I watched. I had no idea how this had happened, how it had gone so far, and I couldn't help wondering if Mr Cartier had tested Binky in this way and, if he did, just how far he had gone. How far she had let him go. She had already gone further than me with her boyfriend. Much further.

He now took my hand and slid it from my breast, over my ribs, my tummy and down to the sticky bush of my pussy. He folded my fingers into the moist pink opening, and I couldn't have stopped myself slipping them inside even if I had wanted to. I peeled back the inner lips of my vagina and the warm pad of my fingertip caressed what the girls call the magic button, the little hot pulsing point that no one but me had ever touched.

I was moaning, swirling my hips, unsure how I had come to be masturbating like this with Mr Cartier watching, and pushed back, raising my legs from the floor and resting the soles of my feet on the surface of the table.

'Are you a virgin, Milly?' His voice was a whisper, almost breaking the spell.

'No,' I gasped.

Even this was shameful, humiliating.

'You are, aren't you? You must tell the truth.'

I sniffed back another tear.

'Yes,' I admitted.

'That's lovely. That's why you're so wet.'

He ran his hand under my pussy and showed me his fingers slicked with juice. Below me there was a puddle of drool and Mr Cartier did something so weird I would remember it always. He scooped up the creamy liquid on a fingertip and rubbed it over his teeth. I was truly mortified and flushed a shade of crimson.

I had brought myself to a state of terrible excitement but it ebbed away when Mr Cartier sat on the edge of the table and pulled at my hand. I thought it was over. I had shown I could obey. I had got the job and felt pleased that for once I'd got one over Binky. I scrambled to my feet, my skin squelching on the glass. He swung me round in front of him, his hands running under my skirt to the globes of my bottom. He smiled and I felt - I don't know - safe, confident in being me.

'We don't need this, do we?' he said, and fanned the air under my skirt.

I shrugged and shook my head. Was this the last test? I unrolled the fabric at my waist, lowered the zip and he removed his hands from my body to allow the kilt to fall to the floor. I stepped away from it. I was naked, completely exposed, my breasts warm and full, my pussy wet and smelly. A few hours ago I'd been a schoolgirl taking an exam and I couldn't even remember what it had been about. I looked around the room, at the old TV star staring from the computer, the water fountain, the skirt on the floor, my knickers on the table.

Mr Cartier held my thighs and looked up at me with a small smile.

'Now, Milly, over you go,' he said.

I didn't know what he meant. Over where? He was turning me sideways, a hand on my stomach, another on the small of my back. He applied pressure and my bones turned to sponge as my thin body folded over his knees. I spread my hands flat on the floor and realised that I was revealing myself in a way I never imagined I would reveal myself to anyone.

He stroked my bottom for a long time. It was terrifying but it was nice at the same time. He dipped the tip of his finger into my pussy, not far, just enough to make it wet, and then he did something so rude I can't believe I let it happen. I wriggled and squirmed but not so much. I didn't scream out. I felt new things, new sensations. He was making his finger wet and pushing it against my bottom, right over the hole, pushing just softly back and forth and I heard soft popping noises and fidgeted with shame.

'Don't,' I said weakly.

'Shush,' he replied.

And he kept on, dipping his finger into my pussy, then tapping it against the hole in my bottom. I would never in a million years have imagined anything like this happening,

being stark naked, stretched over a man's knees, my breasts full and swinging, my pink nipples tingling and hard. I had gone beyond remorse or embarrassment. My body was singing. I pushed myself up and out. The golden key turned and I sucked his finger inside my bottom.

He moved in a spiral, round and round, back and forth, slowly, smoothly, teasing all the nerve endings, the pressure touching my magic button and bringing me back to that oozy feeling that had ebbed away. I panted for breath, his finger greased with my own juice running up inside this dark exquisite place, in and out, in and out. I was naked, naked, my breasts pounding, my bottom in the air. I was coming. I could feel contractions. I could feel a wave inside building up, rolling through my body . . .

Then, just as I was on the point of making it, he slid his finger out, clean out of my bum, and I just wished he'd have kept going for another few seconds. The wave retreated and Mr Cartier now did something that shocked me more than anything else.

He spanked me.

He removed his finger from my bottom, lifted his hand, and brought it down on my soft skin. I screamed and wriggled. But he was strong and the more I wriggled the tighter he held me. He lifted his big hand back in the air and brought it down with a thunderous clap that made me gasp.

'No, no, no,' I cried.

'Yes, yes, yes,' he replied, and smacked me again, three hard smacks one after the other.

I was panting. Tears were streaming from my eyes, snot fell from my nose. His left hand was pressed down on my back. I writhed and yelped as his right hand came down again and again, spanking my soft cheeks and sending tremors of unknown pain and unexpected pleasure coursing through me. I could feel the heat in my bottom spreading down my thighs and up my spine.

He stopped to massage the globes of my bottom, pounding the cheeks like dough and, when the smarting began to ease, he smacked me again, and it didn't feel so hard now. The pain had gone. I was numb. I was all sensation. I was alive. I gasped for breath and waited for the next one, a loud hefty wallop, and as he lifted his hand from my burning flesh the wave inside me started to rise again. The heat on my poor bottom was warming all the liquids inside me. It was like all the taps in a house had been turned on and the juices rolled and tumbled through all the channels and passages of my body, building in volume, and I started to gasp for breath. The gasp became a scream. I screamed and kept screaming, and as another great spank came scolding across my bottom I screamed through the tide of an incredible orgasm.

My first.

And it was glorious. It was better than anything the girls at school had described because it is really indescribable. It is as if you have lost your physical form and become pure essence, pure feeling. You are one with the universe. For just a moment it is like you are flying through space on your way to heaven.

That big wonderful orgasm, my very first, pulsed down through my loins and reverberated through my body like an echo. I rocked and quaked. I shifted and squirmed across Mr Cartier's knees. I pushed out my bottom and I swivelled my hips and felt ashamed, so ashamed, and so pleased with what I had done. I was naked on a strange man's lap and I loved it. I had let him spank me. I had wriggled and writhed and, although my first impulse had been to try and get away from having my backside spanked, a deeper instinct yearned to feel the weight of his hand on my bare flesh. That first spank had been painful and shocking, but with each roaring thunderclap across my bottom the pain just became pleasure and the pleasure just grew and grew until it all erupted in that bounteous climax.

I was still wriggling like an eel and slithered slowly to a stop. I hung over Mr Cartier's knees, spent and exhausted. My breasts were hanging heavily with their own weight, and I raised my two hands from the floor to give them a good hard pinch. I groaned. I was wet and warm and my bottom was like the mouth of a volcano pulsing with hot lava. Mr Cartier stroked my back from the nape of my neck, down over my waist, over the rising hill of my tender bottom and I kept thinking: I've done it, I've had an orgasm, I've had an orgasm, and I was dying to tell Binky I'd got the job.

Now it was over I did feel ashamed. I dragged myself shakily to my feet and Mr Cartier held my bottom, pulled me towards him, and I felt so embarrassed as he rubbed his face over my drenched pussy. He then stood and really smiled for the first time.

*'C'est colossal. Magnifique,'* he said, and I wanted him to kiss me, but he didn't.

He retrieved my knickers. I rested my hands on his shoulders as he pulled them up. He pulled at the front to take a last peek at my drenched pussy and let the elastic snap back. He did up the bra at the back and then watched with what I thought was a look of encouragement while I buttoned my blouse right up to my throat. I zipped myself into my skirt and grabbed my blazer. I was waiting for him to tell me that I'd got the job but even when we walked upstairs he didn't mention it. He lifted my backpack for me and I slid my arms under the straps.

'Did I, you know . . .'

'No,' he said. 'I'd already promised the job to, what's her name . . .'

'Binky?' I gasped.

'No. No. No. The other one.'

'Virginia Ward?'

He nodded. 'She'll be perfect around the office.'

'But what about me?'