

CREAM TEASE

AISHLING MORGAN

nexus



PUBLISHER'S
WARNING
ADULTS
ONLY

Cream Tease

Aishling Morgan

**Rover Books
New york**

www.RoverBooks.com

The logo for RoverBooks, featuring the word "RoverBooks" in a stylized, italicized font, flanked by decorative swirls.

This book is a work of fiction.
In real life, make sure you practice safe sex.

This book is made available in electronic form by permission of VirginBooks by
RoverBooks.
www.RoverBooks.com

First published in 2003 by
Nexus
Thames Wharf Studios
Rainville Road
London W6 9HA

Copyright © Aishling Morgan 2003

All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions.
No part of this text may be reproduced, transmitted, down-loaded, decompiled,
reverse engineered, or stored in or introduced into any information storage and
retrieval system, in any form or by any means, whether electronic or
mechanical, now known or hereinafter invented, without the express written
permission of the publisher.

ISBN-10: 0-7952-9983-4
ISBN-13: 978-0-7952-9983-4

*All characters in this publication are fictitious and any resemblance to real
persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.*

The author and publisher specifically disclaim any responsibility for any liability,
loss, or risk, personal or otherwise, which is incurred as a consequence, directly
or indirectly, of the use and application of any of the contents of this book.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

[Cover Page](#)

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright Page](#)

[1 Steeple Ashwood, Somerset - September 1938](#)

[2 London - October 1938](#)

[3 Steeple Ashwood, Somerset - March 1939](#)

[4 Kerslake Manor, Devon - September 1939](#)

[5 Kerslake Manor, Devon - November 1939](#)

[6 Whitehall, London - January 1940](#)

[7 Kerslake Manor, Devon - January 1940](#)

[8 Kerslake Manor, Devon - March 1940](#)

[9 Ermecombe Village, Devon - April 1940](#)

[10 Kerslake Manor, Devon - April 1940](#)

[11 Ermecombe Village, Devon - May 1940](#)

[12 Kerslake Manor, Devon - May 1940](#)

[13 London - June 1940](#)

[14 Kerslake Manor, Devon - July 1940](#)

[15 Kerslake Manor, Devon - August 1940](#)

[16 Meadway Hall, Yorkshire - August 1940](#)

17 Kerslake Manor, Devon - August 1940

18 Meadway Hall, Yorkshire - September 1940

19 Kerslake Manor, Devon - October 1940

20 Meadway Hall, Yorkshire - October 1940

21 Kerslake Manor, Devon - November 1940

22 Babcary Manor, Somerset - November 1940

23 Kerslake Manor, Devon - December 1940

24 Kerslake Village, Devon - December 1940

1

Steeple Ashwood, Somerset - September 1938

‘Are you sure he’s like that?’ Holly asked.

‘Absolutely certain,’ Sapphie answered her.

‘Certain sure,’ Hazel agreed. ‘The way he stares at us, how could he not be? I still don’t see why it should be me who does it.’

‘Because,’ Sapphie stated, ‘you are the housekeeper’s daughter, and we are ladies. Besides, you have done it before. We wouldn’t even begin to know how to go about it.’

‘But it’s your dress,’ Hazel answered, her pretty face setting briefly into a sulky pout, only to brighten again as she noticed a cluster of particularly fine blackberries in the hedge. Reaching up, she selected the largest of the fruit and popped it into her mouth. Sapphie turned to her.

‘What do you think you are doing?’

‘Eating blackberries. Want one?’

‘You’ll get juice all over your face and hands, stupid! You look a fine little baggage as it is, without having a dirty face.’

Hazel stopped, her expression growing more sulky than ever as she stepped down from the hedge to the hard earth of the lane. Sapphie ignored her, walking forwards faster than before. Holly spoke.

‘You can have as many as you like on the way back.’

Hazel didn’t answer, but began to walk more slowly, meandering back and forth across the lane. Finally Sapphie lost patience.

‘Do come on, Hazel! You know what will happen if you don’t hurry, don’t you?’

Immediately Hazel’s expression changed to alarm. She hurried forward. Holly spoke again.

‘But what shall we say?’

‘I shall speak to him,’ Sapphie said confidently. ‘It’s called the Solitary Vice, I’ve seen it in a book.’

‘What book?’

‘The Solitary Vice, stupid. It’s on the top shelf, right in one corner.’

‘Oh.’

For a moment none of them spoke, Sapphie walking purposefully on, Holly following, Hazel taking a moment to pop a surreptitious blackberry into her mouth. The lane came to an abrupt halt, the hedges giving way to a view across the flat, open fields of the Somerset Levels. Some two hundred yards away a man stood beside a sluice, clipboard in hand as he made a careful note of something. He was middle-aged, stocky, dressed in a cheaply cut suit of

charcoal grey cloth starkly at odds with the rural surroundings. Sapphie gave a satisfied nod.

‘There we are. I said he’d be here.’

‘Yes, he is, but...’ Holly began, only to stop, and then continue in a nervous babble. ‘You’re not really going to ask him, are you, Sapphie? I mean, how will you address him? You can’t call him Mr Peeper, he’ll be dreadfully insulted, and besides, solitary vice sounds silly, because Hazel will be doing it, won’t she, so it won’t be solitary...’

She broke off at a hard look from Sapphie. Behind them, Hazel had paused to eat more blackberries, her fingers and lips already stained purple.

‘What shall I call it then?’ Sapphie demanded.

Hazel paused to swallow her mouthful before answering.

‘The boys in the village call it “making the little bald man sick”.’

‘I don’t think that’s very polite,’ Holly protested.

‘It’s not a polite thing to do, Holly,’ Sapphie pointed out, ‘and do stop that, Hazel, you look a complete frouste.’

‘I do not! And if I do, why don’t you do it then?’

‘Hazel Mullins!’

Hazel opened her mouth to reply, but shut it abruptly. As she glanced across the field to the man from the Water Authority her sulky pout returned, stronger than ever.

‘I think “Pearl Fishing” is a nice way to say it,’ Holly said thoughtfully.

‘That’s for girls, stupid,’ Sapphie answered her.

‘Well, it ought to be something nice,’ Holly insisted.
‘Something romantic. I don’t like to use nasty words.’

‘Romantic?’ Sapphie echoed in disbelief. ‘She’s going to offer to pull on Mr Peeper’s John Willy, Holly. I hardly think that is romantic.’

‘Well it should be. Perhaps if she says she’ll play with him?’

‘He’ll think I mean blind man’s buff or something,’ Hazel objected.

‘No, he won’t, not Mr Peeper,’ Sapphie said with conviction. ‘Now do come on!’

Sapphie set off across the field, walking fast, a picture of grace and confidence with her pale blue summer dress floating around her legs and her long, pale hair hanging loose down her back. The others followed, Holly looking nervous and twisting a strand of rich brown hair around one finger as she went, Hazel dragging her feet at the back. The man looked up as they approached, his ruddy features working into a guilty leer as he saw who it was.

‘Good afternoon,’ Sapphie addressed him confidently.

‘Good afternoon, girls,’ he rasped, his tiny eyes flicking between them at the level of their chests. ‘You’re Miss Yates, aren’t you, from the hall?’

‘I am,’ Sapphie answered and gestured to the others.
‘May I introduce my friend, Miss Holly BomefieldMullins, and Hazel Mullins, who is a maid.’

He nodded to each, now grinning openly. Sapphie went on.

‘I am afraid we do not have the pleasure of your acquaintance.’

‘Mr Sumner,’ he answered. ‘Surveyor. Been blackberrying? Nice day for it.’

‘How d’you do, Mr Sumner,’ Sapphie went on. ‘Now, my friend Hazel has something to say to you. Go on, Hazel.’

As she spoke she had pushed Hazel forwards. Immediately Mr Sumner’s eyes fixed on Hazel’s chest, where her brown curls lay over the full swell of her breasts, the cheap material of her dress doing little to hide their shape, or the twin points of her nipples. She looked back, her expression growing more sulky than ever as she took in the reddened lump of his nose, his bristling moustache and the roll of sunburned fat where his collar met his neck. He looked at her in expectation. She said nothing.

‘Go on,’ Sapphie urged.

Hazel threw Holly a pleading look, then one of reproach to Sapphie. Both were ignored. At last she spoke.

‘I’ve got to offer to...to do you in my hand...to beat your tom tom for you. For six shillings.’

‘Six shillings?’ he answered in apparent disbelief.

‘Well...maybe a crown then...four?’

‘Six,’ Sapphie insisted.

For a moment Mr Sumner said nothing, his face growing gradually redder as he looked from one girl to the other. When he did speak there was anger in his voice.

‘You’re having me on, aren’t you? Why you wicked little –’

‘No,’ Sapphie interrupted, even as Holly had begun to back away. ‘Our offer is entirely genuine, rest assured, for Hazel to play with you for six shillings.’

He looked at her, his gaze shifty, doubtful, as if searching her face for signs of deceit or amusement. She remained serene, although Holly’s stomach was fluttering and Hazel looked as if she was going to be sick. Finally he spoke.

‘You really mean it, don’t you?’

‘Yes,’ Sapphie answered.

His expression changed slowly, to a dirty smirk. Again he spoke.

‘Down here then, by the sluice, where we’re out of view, but I don’t know about six shillings. Two and six is the going rate in Bristol, and that’s for the works.’

‘The works?’ Holly queried.

‘A good, hard fuck,’ Mr Sumner answered, clicking his tongue on the final syllable and then chuckling as all three girls went abruptly red.

‘Well, all right, two and six,’ Hazel said doubtfully.

‘No,’ Sapphie broke in. ‘A half crown may buy what you say in Bristol, Mr Sumner, but we are not in Bristol, while I

am quite certain that Hazel is of a beauty rarely encountered...'

She paused. Mr Sumner was nodding, his eyes fixed to Hazel's ample chest, which she had pushed out to make the best of her figure. He swallowed.

'Four shillings.'

'One crown.'

'Done, but for that I'll want those bobbies out.'

Without a word, Hazel began to unfasten her dress.

'Down here, love, down here,' Mr Sumner urged. 'You'll get us seen.'

Hazel stepped forwards, still fiddling with the fastenings of her dress. He scrambled down beside the sluice to stand on the narrow concrete ledge beside the water. As he reached a hand up, she took it, her dress falling open as she climbed down to reveal her bare shoulders and the full swell of her bosom.

'No brassière?' he queried, licking his lips.

'Hardly,' Sapphie remarked, Holly making a nervous adjustment to her own garment.

'You should,' Mr Sumner rasped, 'shows 'em off better, not that yours need much more showing off...My, you do have a big pair, don't you?'

He had finished as Hazel's breasts came bare, two plump pillows of pale girl-flesh topped by stiff, rose pink nipples. Mr Sumner stood transfixed, spittle running down his chin as he

admired them. When he finally spoke it was in a hoarse croak.

‘My but you are lovely. May I touch them?’

‘If you must,’ Hazel sighed.

He immediately wiped his hands on his trousers, then reached out, to take one fat pink globe in each hand. His tongue flicked out to lick up the spittle from his chin as he began to fondle them, squeezing and running his thumbs over her nipples, and all the while muttering endearments while his eyes seemed about to pop out. Only when he tried to put his mouth to a nipple did Hazel start back.

‘Mr Sumner!’

He growled something unintelligible and released her breasts. His hands went straight to his fly, to fumble the buttons open with shaking fingers. Holly watched, unable to take her eyes away despite her butterflies and the hard lump in her throat, wondering how a man’s cock would look in the flesh. She swallowed hard as he delved into his underwear, and took hold of Sapphie’s arm.

Mr Sumner pulled out a thick, dirty brown penis, already swollen, but with the bulbous head still well concealed within an unpleasantly meaty foreskin, the slit at the end showing a tiny bead of fluid. Holly’s mouth came wide at her first sight of a man’s cock, in wonder, at how something so ugly could at once be so compelling. The thought of touching it made her feel sick, yet there was no denying the horrible, and scarcely resistible, urge to do exactly that.

Hazel showed no such anxiety, reaching down to take hold of the hideous thing and starting to tug in a casual manner. There was something resentful in her manner, and

a little disgust, but no more than when she was made to muck out the horses or any other task she considered inappropriate to her position.

Already Mr Sumner's cock was starting to stiffen, his foreskin rolling back with each tug of Hazel's hand to reveal ever more of the wet, red knob within. He went back to pawing her breasts and she didn't try to stop him, just tugging faster at his rapidly growing cock. Soon the head was out, red and shiny in the September sunlight, bulbous with pressure, the neck caked with a pasty white substance. For the first time in her life Holly caught the scent of cock, setting her gagging even as her nipples came to attention in the confines of her bra and her quim gave an all too familiar tingle.

Sumner had begun to grunt, and Hazel tugged faster still, steadying herself against the concrete wall of the sluice as she masturbated him with a frenzied jerking motion. His cock was now fully erect, the great turgid head glossy with pressure, the shaft taut in Hazel's hand. Her bare boobs were bouncing to the motions, the plump, soft flesh quivering in his hands as he groped, her nipples rock hard, two firm, fleshy points the size of the largest of the blackberries she had been eating. His hand went to her wrist, suddenly, to halt her frantic wanking in mid-stroke.

'Suck me,' he groaned, 'go on, love, take it in that pretty mouth.'

'Why, you dirty -' Hazel began, only to be cut off by Sapphie.

'Six shillings, Mr Sumner.'

He grunted, 'Bitch!'

‘Six shillings, Mr Sumner,’ Sapphie repeated, her tone revealing no more than the slightest catch.

He hesitated. Hazel went back to masturbating him, now slowly, running her thumb over the fleshy excess of foreskin beneath his shaft. He moaned.

‘Yes...like that...only with your tongue. I’ll pay.’

Hazel gave a long sigh of resignation, but went down on one knee. Mr Sumner placed a hand on top of her abundant brown curls, to guide her towards his cock. She turned one last glance towards Sapphie, of deep reproach, then took the thick, dirty brown erection into her mouth. Her cheeks sucked in, her full lips pushed out, and she was sucking. Holly continued to watch, in mingled fascination and disgust, sick to her stomach, but wondering how it would feel, and taste, to suck on a man’s penis. She bit her lips, imagining going down on her knees, her mouth coming wide, the big, ugly, smelly cock thrust at her face, then in her mouth...

She shook herself, trying to push away the disturbing thoughts and the desire to take Hazel’s place at Mr Sumner’s feet. It was impossible, disgusting, that she should be made to do anything of the sort, yet she knew full well that, had it not been for Hazel, that was exactly what she would have been doing. Closing her eyes, she tried to imagine herself responding to the polite attentions of some well-bred young man. It didn’t work. At a particularly wet sound she opened them again, to stare in rapt attention at the thick brown shaft moving wetly in and out between Hazel’s lips.

Mr Sumner was getting urgent, his face red, beads of sweat running down over his forehead, his hand clutching in

Hazel's curls. Suddenly he had grabbed what little of his cock protruded from her mouth, making a ring of his fingers to tug frantically at the shaft, fast, faster, and stop. Hazel's eyes went wide, her cheeks blew out, something white and sticky looking erupted from around her mouth. Immediately she pulled back, her face setting in utter revulsion.

'He's done his business in my mouth!' she exclaimed. 'I never...'

She trailed off, to spit a great, thick gobbet of sperm from her mouth on to the concrete wall, where it began to run down, the creamy white colour marked here and there with the purple of blackberry juice. Mr Sumner was oblivious, still milking the last of his come from his cock. Some went on to her breasts, to draw out a fresh exclamation of disgust from Hazel. Holly put her hand to her stomach, fighting down the urge to be sick.

'I trust that was to your satisfaction, Mr Sumner?' Sapphie asked.

'Very fine, thank you, Miss,' he answered as he tucked his cock back into his trousers.

Hazel stood, a trickle of lilac coloured spunk running down her chin, her eyes downcast as she began to fasten her dress.

'Six shillings, I think we agreed,' Sapphie stated casually.

Mr Sumner didn't answer immediately, buttoning his fly before digging into his jacket pocket. He brought out a handful of change, which he began to count.

'Don't you have a crown?' Sapphie asked.

He shook his head, still counting. Hazel had covered herself, although her straining nipples still made two very obvious bumps beneath the fabric of her dress. Holly turned her face away as the two big breasts were covered. Despite a sense of relief that it was over, she found it impossible not to feel a touch of disappointment at how brief the act had been, and a thrill at having watched. Finally Mr Sumner spoke.

‘Four and threepence ha’penny.’

‘Four shillings, three pence and a half-penny?’ Sapphie responded.

‘I’m sorry, my dear,’ Mr Sumner said. ‘I thought I’d more. Seems I haven’t.’

‘Mr Sumner –’ Sapphie began angrily, only to be interrupted by Hazel.

‘That’s plenty enough, let’s just take it.’

She had held out her cupped hands as she spoke, and Mr Sumner poured the money into them. Sapphie spoke again, irritably.

‘We had agreed on six shillings, Mr Sumner.’

‘No cause to be disagreeable, my dear,’ he answered. ‘Call round for it later. My lodgings are above the White Lion.’

‘I hardly think it would be suitable for us to come to the lodgings of a single gentleman,’ Sapphie pointed out. ‘Never mind if they are above a public house.’

He shrugged.

‘You must pay us the balance of what you owe next time you see us,’ she went on, ‘and –’

‘I’m off to Bristol tomorrow,’ he cut in. ‘If you want your money, come to the White Lion.’

‘That, as you well know, is out of the question,’ Sapphie snapped. ‘You must –’

‘Not to mind,’ Hazel broke in. ‘We’ll take what we have, but if that should happen again, Mister, you are to do your business in your hand.’

‘I prefer it in the mouth,’ he answered.

Hazel was going to reply, but shut up at an angry gesture from Sapphie. Instead she climbed up from the dyke. He chuckled as they set off back across the field, Sapphie still chiding Hazel.

‘Now we shall have to use a cheaper pattern, or forego the lace. Really, I said we should make him pay first.’

‘He’d still only have had four and threepence ha’penny,’ Hazel pointed out, ‘and that only leaves us...eight pence ha’penny short of what you needed anyways.’

Holly stayed quiet, thinking of how it would have felt if it was her who had been made to suck on the big, ugly cock until it erupted its fluid into her mouth.

2

London - October 1938

Alexander Gorringe turned into the Haymarket to find the bulky form of his friend Herbert Maray coming the other way. They linked arms by old habit, turning to the north as Alexander spoke.

‘How was Devon?’

‘Wet, muddy. I’m just back.’

‘And the relict?’

‘Cousin Genevieve? Completely dotty, absolutely raving. We shipped her off to a sort of genteel bin in Exeter. Best place for her.’

‘I dare say. So that makes you Squire of Kerslake, does it?’

‘I imagine it does, not that I can sell just yet, otherwise I would. It’s too remote for me, even as a country place. How about here?’

‘Pretty grim. Chamberlain’s gone over to Germany again, but it won’t make a blind damn of difference. They’ll invade and we won’t do a ruddy thing about it.’

‘Well, so long as there’s peace.’

‘Not a chance. Hitler’s spoiling for a fight. After the Sudetenland it’ll be somewhere else, Alsace and Lorraine probably. There’ll be war, no question about it.’

‘Do you really think so? And we’ll be drawn into it?’

‘Realistically, yes.’

‘Hell. So what can we expect, bombing raids I suppose, and gas...’

‘That and more.’

‘Hmm, perhaps Devon’s not such a bad idea after all.’

‘I wouldn’t bother. They’ll call you up anyway.’

‘Do you think so?’

‘Sure to, a man of your age, although they’ll want a few stones off you.’

Alexander prodded Herbert’s bulging torso, his finger sinking well into the fat despite the thick tweed jacket in the way. Herbert ignored it and continued to speak.

‘I must say you seem pretty sanguine. You’ll be in the thick of it, of course.’

‘Damned if I will!’

‘No? How do you expect to avoid it? Damn it man, you’re a fighter pilot!’

‘Oh, I dare say I can persuade Uncle Reggie that I’d be of most use in some cushy billet. After all, he practically runs the Ministry, and Mater will give him hell if doesn’t make

sure I'm out of trouble. Papa's not above pulling a few strings either, so long as it's nothing too obvious.'

'Well, yes, I suppose you're right. Don't suppose I could get in on the act, do you, old man?'

'Well, perhaps, if you were able to make some useful contribution. Better to volunteer than to wait until you get called up in any case. That way you get a much better chance of dodging the bullets.'

'Well, there's my place in Devon. Now they've packed old Genevieve off to the bin I can do as I please.'

'That's a thought. Let me work on it. I was going to speak to Reggie this afternoon, as it goes, after a quick whore. Join me?'

'For a whore or at the Ministry?'

'For a whore, you fool...No, on second thoughts, both. I have an idea.'

'Oh, yes?'

'Yes indeed. Don't worry about a thing. I'll explain presently. Meanwhile, there really is nothing like a good whore to stimulate the mind.'

As he finished, Alexander made a dash across the road, neatly inserting himself between a bus and a delivery van. Herbert followed more slowly, holding on to his hat as he threaded his way through the traffic to the safety of the opposite pavement. By the time they had reached the far side of Shaftesbury Avenue Herbert was red faced, prompting Alexander to use his friend's school nickname as they came together on the pavement.

‘You want to lay off the starchy foods, Puffer, or at least cut down.’

‘I am on a strict regime,’ Herbert answered in an offended tone. ‘I can take meat only –’

‘Look, there’s that oily little pimp, Bob Tweedie,’ Alexander interrupted hastily. ‘D’you suppose he’s any new girls in?’

‘Couldn’t say. Let’s ask.’

They approached Tweedie, a small, neatly dressed man with his hair slicked back, the impression of the expense and cut of his clothes given the lie only by his bearing. He recognised them immediately and turned into a side street without speaking. After a quick glance up and down the road, Alexander followed, Herbert loitering nervously behind.

‘Afternoon, Mr Alexander,’ Tweedie greeted him, ‘and what can I do for your good self, sir?’

‘Anything new, Tweedie?’ Alexander demanded.

‘New? Yes, a beauty, gorgeous, a real pin-up. Irish girl, red hair. Molly’s the name. Ten shillings an hour.’

‘Ten shillings an hour! Good God, man, what are you, a pimp or a ruddy bandit?’

‘There’s no need for bad language, Mr Alexander. Seven, then, and you can have your money back if you ain’t satisfied.’

‘Do you really expect me to believe that? No, don’t answer that. Very well, seven shillings for an hour, but she

had better be good.'

'Oh, she is, Mr Alexander, sir, she is. What about your friend, or will you be sharing?'

'No, he'll have one too. Something exotic, plenty of meat.'

Herbert nodded enthusiastically.

'Got just the thing,' Tweedie answered. 'Yankee girl, name of Cora, black as your hat, tits like footballs.'

'That will do nicely,' Herbert put in.

'I'll do her for seven and all,' Tweedie went on. 'Normal, like, I'd want ten, but seeing as you're...'

'Ten shillings the pair,' Alexander cut in, extracting a single red-brown note from his billfold.

'Ten the pair?' Tweedie answered in exaggerated shock. 'Have a heart, Mr Alexander, sir. I got to clothe 'em and feed 'em, and they don't come cheap, not good girls like...'

Alexander made to return the note to his billfold, only to have it snatched from his hand.

'Ten it is then, sir,' Tweedie said quickly, 'but you're robbing me.'

'Which hotel?' Alexander demanded.

'No hotel, sir, no, not for you, sir. I got Molly set up in a flat in Whitfield Street, halfway up, near enough, above the tobacconist's. I'll get Cora round there too. Give me half an hour?'

‘Very well, but this had better be good, Tweedie.’

‘Have I ever let you down, Mr Alexander?’

Alexander answered with a sceptical grunt. Tweedie melted into the crowd moving along Shaftesbury Avenue.

‘Can we trust him?’ Herbert asked.

‘Absolutely,’ Alexander replied. ‘He’s no fly-by-night, and he’s hardly going to risk losing my custom for ten shillings.’

‘Oh, right. Whitfield Street, then.’

They set off, walking slowly across Soho and up into Fitzrovia, to arrive at the house just as Tweedie did. On the pimp’s arm was a black girl, her cheap dress stretched taut across an ample bosom and hinting at an equally well-padded bottom. She was young, considerably younger than Alexander had expected, with a bold and impudent look to her face. As Tweedie slid a key into the lock, Alexander was already considering demanding that Herbert take the Irish girl and leave him the black.

‘Cora,’ Tweedie announced as the two men approached, jerking his thumb over his shoulder to indicate the girl. ‘Say hello, Cora.’

Cora’s response was a knowing smile, revealing white teeth between her thick, sensuous lips. Alexander smiled back and gave his moustache a tug, wondering just how long she had been a prostitute to retain so much fire.

‘Pleased to meet you, my dear,’ he greeted her, letting his eyes wander over her breasts and down, to admire the tight curve of her waist and the swell of her hips. Behind him, Herbert managed a gurgled greeting.

The door swung open and Tweedie ushered them inside, one corner of his mouth twitching as his eyes flicked up and down the street. Alexander made a polite gesture, indicating that Cora should go in first. She put her hand to her mouth, giving a muted giggle as she went in. Alexander followed, his eyes fixed to her sweetly rotating rump as they climbed up first one flight of steep, uncarpeted stairs and then another. Her bottom was, if anything, more appealing than her breasts, round and full and firm, well worth his attention.

Tweedie had gone, although Alexander knew he would not be far away. On the second floor, Cora knocked at a door with peeling brown paint and a broken B hanging sideways from a single screw. The door swung open. Cora pushed inside and Alexander followed, into a room overlooking the street. The floor was bare, paint-smeared boards, a single battered table stood to one side, a chair pushed in beneath it. The smells of boiled cabbage, dust and general staleness assaulted his nose, only to be pushed from his mind as he focussed on the girl who had opened the door.

She was tiny, the top of her brilliant ginger hair barely reaching his chin, despite being piled up in a fashionable style. She was also young, perhaps even younger than Cora, with a face that radiated innocence and vulnerability, with ash-pale skin, freckles and great, pale green eyes. Her body was no less appealing, neat, compact, slim, but with enough flesh in the right places to set his cock stiffening in his trousers. Most of it was on show too, her sole garment a set of old-fashioned combinations cut short at the legs.

‘Splendid,’ he remarked, reaching out to take a pinch of her cheek, ‘old Tweedie wasn’t exaggerating for once. Well, Molly, my pretty, is there somewhere a little more comfortable in this fine residence?’

Her answer was a nervous smile and a bob curtsey, taking the hem of her combinations between thumbs and forefingers as if they were a dress. Alexander chuckled at the sight, marvelling at her pert innocence, and marvelling anew as she turned to walk across the flat, revealing her rear view, with two of the most sweetly formed bottom cheeks he had ever seen peeping out from beneath the hem of her combinations.

He followed, Herbert and Cora coming behind, already arm in arm, into a very different room, as overdone as the other had been sparse. Cheap, colourful hangings obscured the walls, save for where a huge and ancient bed stood. A thick but worn carpet hid the floor. There were several armchairs, a dresser strewn with Molly's things, a wardrobe with the door open to reveal tawdry finery within. The smell of cabbage had been replaced by that of cheap perfume.

'Well, I must say, Tweedie does you proud,' Alexander remarked, selecting the most comfortable looking of the armchairs.

'He says I'm his best girl, sir,' Molly answered, her voice barely more than a whisper, but showing a pride that astonished Alexander. 'He says I'm just for the bettermost folk, sir, the gentlemen.'

'I should think so too, my dear,' he answered, hiding his astonishment at her naivety. 'Now, why don't you come and sit yourself down on my lap?'

He reached out, to pat her delectable bottom on the bare cheek where it stuck out beneath the tattered fringe of her garment. Her flesh felt cool, firm and ivory smooth, sending a new pulse of blood to his rapidly swelling cock. She gave the smallest of giggles and obeyed, allowing him to steer

her down on to his lap. He let out a sigh of appreciation as the softness of her bottom settled on his thigh. More flesh had bulged out around the hem of her combinations, and he took hold of it, kneading gently as he let himself relax.

Across the room, Herbert and Cora had wasted no time. She had taken charge, opening the front of her dress to spill out two huge breasts the colour of dark chocolate within a chemise hopelessly inadequate to the task of holding them in. Herbert just stared, entranced, as she opened the garment to pull them out, fat and round and firm, each crowned with a wide nipple, the flesh so dark as to be close to true black. The teats were erect, twin bulges the size of small corks, with which she began to play. Herbert put a hand to his cock.

Alexander sat back, casually fondling Molly's bottom as Cora leaned forwards to help Herbert. Molly gave an encouraging wiggle and a shy glance from the corner of one beautiful eye. Alexander turned his full attention to her, drawing her in to see if she would allow herself to be kissed. To his surprise, she gave no resistance, opening her mouth to his as if she had been a lover and not a paid tart. He made the best of it, enjoying a long kiss as his fingers slipped beneath the hem of her combinations and into the soft crease between her buttocks, and down.

Briefly, he allowed his fingers to loiter on her anus, stroking the little fleshy bumps around the tiny central hole and pushing briefly in, to send a shiver of reaction through her body. Lower, her quim was moist and puffy, the outer lips plump and soft around the wet, fleshy folds of the inner, her mound well grown with silky hair. He cupped her sex, masturbating her with his fingers as his thumb probed the hole of her vagina. It went in easily, her passage creamy

and open, making him wonder if she was genuinely aroused by him, or had simply been recently fucked.

In either case her reaction seemed genuine, her kisses growing more passionate as he manipulated her sex, her arms tight around his neck and shoulders. He took hold of a breast, feeling the small but rounded globe of flesh through the cotton of her combinations before delving into them to pull it out. She grew more passionate still, wriggling against him and rubbing her quim on his hand.

His cock needed attention, urgently, but he had no intention of wasting the hour for which he had paid. Gently pulling Molly back, he released her sex and took hold of her waist, easing her down. She understood, her huge green eyes darting a nervous glance into his as she went to kneel between his open legs.

Across the room, Cora had pulled her dress off, to leave her in the open chemise and a pair of voluminous knickers which, despite their size and loose cut, were absolutely bulging with plump, female flesh. She was sat on the bed, playing with her huge breasts even as she tugged at the stout pink erection protruding from Herbert's trousers.

Alexander extracted a cigar from his pocket humidor as Molly worked on his fly, pausing to watch her tiny delicate fingers as one button after another popped open. As he went through the familiar operation of lighting up, she burrowed into his long-johns, her hand closing quickly on his cock. As she struggled to get it out she gave a giggle of what he was sure was genuine pleasure and perhaps surprise. He was close to erect, and he had to help her, reaching down to stretch his fly apart and pull out the full mass of his genitals.

Molly gave a delighted squeak as his cock sprang free into her hand, and his last doubts that her pleasure was a pretence dissolved. Her eyes were bright as she admired his cock, stroking at the smooth white flesh with every evidence of pleasure, to bring him up to full, straining erection within moments. He drew on his cigar as she took him into her mouth, and blew out a cloud of fragrant smoke as she began to suck.

Cora seemed no less keen than Molly. She had taken Herbert's short, thick cock between her breasts and was jiggling them up and down, to make her flesh bounce and slap on his. He was wide-eyed in rapture as he watched, his face red, his cock looking fit to explode.

Reaching down, Alexander took a firm hold of Molly's hair. Her red curls pulled free, tumbling around her pretty face as he pulled her head back. For one moment she looked surprised, and she was going to speak, until he pressed her lips to his scrotum. Immediately she gaped, her mouth stretching as wide as it would go to take him in, like an over-eager puppy trying to cope with an impossibly large ball. She took his cock in hand, tugging at the thick, wet shaft as she sucked on his balls.

Herbert was going to fuck Cora, and Alexander settled down to watch, smoking as Molly attended to his cock and balls. The black girl had turned on the bed, kneeling to present Herbert with an ample bottom made to seem all the larger by comparison with her trim waist, her tummy no more than a little, soft bulge hanging beneath her. Herbert climbed on the bed, his trousers now down, his cock sticking up from his long-johns, the flesh wet with Cora's saliva. Resting his ample stomach on the girl's upturned bottom, he slid his cock into her. She took it with a sigh, apparently of contentment, and was starting to moan as her fucking

began. Herbert took hold of her hips, his fingers sinking into the soft brown flesh, to jam himself deeper in to her body and set her huge breasts quivering beneath her. Each push also sent a shiver through the flesh of her bottom, as if she was being spanked.

Alexander gave a low chuckle at the thought, and wondered if taking Molly across his knee and smacking her fleshy little behind up to a glowing red would make her more or less eager. She had done nothing to deserve it, but that made no difference, only the balance between the urgency of his cock and his desire to get the most for his money. With her rolling his balls across her tongue and stroking his cock, it was impossible to think of stopping her. He decided to forego or at least postpone the pleasure, and to come in the hope of managing a second before Tweedie grew importunate.

With a conscious effort of will, he detached Molly's head from his balls. She came up, smiling, her face smeared with lipstick, saliva running out from over her lower lip. Her beautiful green eyes were brighter than ever, her face flushed with excitement. Alexander felt the urge to turn her across his knee and spank her grow sharply stronger.

'Well, my darling,' he said, 'time you were put on my cock, but first, I think I'll warm that pert little arse for you. Over my lap.'

Molly's expression immediately gave way to fear. She began to babble.

'No, please, sir, don't spank me, not that...I hate that!'

Alexander chuckled, the desire to see her squirm and hear her squeals of pain as her bottom danced growing