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Strip Girl

Aishling Morgan

STRIP GIRL

Aishling Morgan



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Version 1.0

Epub ISBN 9780753537282

www.randomhouse.co.uk

This book is a work of fiction.

In real life, make sure you practise safe, sane and consensual sex.

First published in 2006 by

Nexus

Thames Wharf Studios

Rainville Rd

London W6 9HA

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www.nexus-books.co.uk

A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Typeset by TW Typesetting, Plymouth, Devon Printed and bound by Clays Ltd, St Ives PLC

ISBN 0 352 34077 0

ISBN 978 0 352 34077 1

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STRIP GIRL

'Yes!' he grunted. 'That's you, Sarah, my dirty little tart ... my filthy dirty fat little tart.'

She was in orgasm, his words burning in her head, her resistance gone, and she was babbling, the awful words breaking through a final pang of despair.

'Spank me, Giles ... spank my bottom ... spank me, punish me ... oh shit!'

Her orgasm exploded in her head, the awful admission only making it stronger, and she was still rubbing at herself and sobbing in ecstasy as he pulled his cock from her vagina and finished himself off all over her upturned bottom cheeks and in the crease between. As she sank slowly down onto the bed she could feel his spunk trickling down into the tight dimple of her bottom hole, for the second time. He spoke.

'You are such a trollop, Sarah. I think I'm falling in love with you.'

By the same author:

THE RAKE
PURITY
VELVET SKIN
DEMONIC CONGRESS
CONCEIT AND CONSEQUENCE
MAIDEN
CAPTIVE
INNOCENT
PRINCESS
TIGER TIGER
PLEASURE TOY
DEVON CREAM
PEACHES AND CREAM
CREAM TEASE
DEEP BLUE
SATAN'S SLUT
NATURAL DESIRE STRANGE DESIGN
CRUEL SHADOW
TEMPTING THE GODDESS
SIN'S APPRENTICE
WHIPPING GIRL
SCARLET VICE
WENCHES, WITCHES AND STRUMPETS
THE OLD PERVERSITY SHOP

One

Sarah Shelley made a final set of marks with her brush, setting the number 302 on the heavy paper. Céleste du Musigny was nearing perfection: her face was a poem in confidence and poise, her hair a cascade of utter black, her body lean and taut and strong, her breasts high and firm, her hips in exact proportion, her legs pure grace. No, Céleste was perfect, projecting so strong a character from the page that Sarah found herself blushing for having drawn her heroine naked, and was immediately amused by her own reaction.

‘I apologise, Mademoiselle du Musigny,’ she said, once more dipping her brush into the Indian ink. ‘I shall correct my error at once.’

She was smiling to herself as she began to paint on an elegant black cocktail dress. Naturally it was unthinkable that Céleste should be nude, even in the presence of her creator. Céleste was dignified. Céleste was refined. Céleste would have absolute confidence in her body, but would go naked only in the presence of some favoured lover, strictly off the page. Sarah, on the other hand, might very well go naked in the presence of Céleste. In fact it would be appropriate, save that to paint naked would have felt foolish.

A few practised strokes and Céleste was decent; more than decent in fact, she was exquisite. Sarah paused, wondering if it was possible to make Céleste anything other than exquisite. Perhaps drawing 303 should show Céleste in sloppy jeans and an inkstained top, more like her

creator? No; while Sarah felt a complete ragamuffin in her day-to-day work clothes, Céleste would come out as the darling of Montmartre and the *Rive Gauche*. Besides, it would be an unthinkable liberty to attempt to spoil Céleste's poise.

Smiling for her own fanciful imagination, Sarah sat back, sucking her brush and immediately regretting it as she realised it was still full of ink. A moment with tissues and water, and she returned to her thoughts. Yes, Céleste was perfect, at last. All Céleste needed was a buyer.

As always, the thought of her efforts to make her art work commercially broke Sarah's mood. Rising, she went to the kitchen and began to make coffee. Mak had left everything out before going to work, including the milk, which she returned to the fridge after just a moment's hesitation. Refusing to play mother to her flatmate was all very well, but sour milk was vile. It looked like being another hot day too, with the sky pure blue save for a pair of vapour trails and the air hazy above the rooftops of Stepney.

Céleste, Sarah reflected, would never have lived in an attic flat in Stepney, except possibly while working undercover as the moll of some dangerous East End gangster. If Céleste condescended to live in London at all, she would choose Chelsea, or somewhere equally expensive and fashionable, not Stepney. Céleste would have money, and accept it as her natural due, while Sarah had nothing, less than nothing when her student loan was considered.

The faint clack of the letterbox broke into what was threatening to become a depressing train of thought. Sarah continued to make her coffee, telling herself she was not going to rush downstairs and see if it was the post, a resolve that lasted only as long as it took to scatter a spoonful of granules onto the milk. Knowing full well that she was almost certain to find nothing more interesting

than a pizza menu, and that if it was post it would more than likely be a bill, she hurried down.

It was the post, mostly for the other flats, but two for her, one announcing that she might be the winner of an improbably large sum of money, the other a large brown envelope in her own handwriting. Unable to wait, she tore the flap open, as hopeful as ever despite knowing full well it was likely to be yet another rejection. The heading immediately caught her eye: Ehrmann and Black, the parent company for the *Daily Watch* and a host of other publications. Below was a brief note, from a Mr Bowle, the arts editor, asking her to come in for an interview.

Settling herself against her pillows, Sarah waited until the bang of the flat door signalled the departure of Mak. There was no hurry at all, with the interview at twelve o'clock and the Ehrmann and Black building just a ten-minute train journey away, yet she was already full of nervous tension. Everything was ready, her portfolio laid out the night before, along with the blue summer dress she had decided to wear. Looks shouldn't count, but they did, and Mr Bowle would undoubtedly spend his days surrounded by smart fashionable young women, women who didn't have awkwardly large breasts and the sort of bottom that had earned her the nickname 'medicine ball' at school. The blue dress made her look rustic, but that was an improvement on bulbous.

Not that she was actually fat, but if anything her slim waist only served to make her bust and bottom look bigger still, a source of constant embarrassment since puberty. Where most women could maintain as much or as little sexual display as they pleased by adjusting clothes and make-up, for her there was little option but to show off, and with a figure about as unfashionable as it was possible to imagine.

She gave a low sigh as she pushed the bedclothes down. The top she'd worn to bed had ridden up around her waist, leaving her hips and belly bare, with just plain white panties to cover the bulge of her sex. She was certainly feminine, that much was undeniable, as was her response to her own body, a blend of embarrassment and arousal. On impulse she pulled her top higher still, up over her breasts as she turned to see how they looked in the mirror. Big.

Actually, 'big' didn't really do her justice. Her breasts were absurdly large, two great heavy balls of female flesh, like something from the most primitive forms of male-oriented pornographic art, or some of the Japanese Manga she had seen at college, in which every woman had huge pneumatic breasts. Yes, she could very well be a Manga girl, holding her top up for the inspection of some eager Japanese boy with floppy black hair and a huge straining erection.

It was rather a nice thought, although not one she'd have admitted to, even to Mak, for all that he was forever trying to persuade her to be more adventurous. That was all very well for him. He was gay, and highly attractive, which allowed him to go through multiple partners the way she went through cups of coffee. Even had she wanted to, that sort of behaviour was impossible for a woman, and yet ...

... and yet it would be nice, even if only as a fantasy. It seemed to be a standard of Hentai Manga that the girls needed to be coerced in some way, or to display themselves by accident and have the boys take advantage. That would be good, because it would take the choice out of her hands. Perhaps she would tear her dress on the way to the station, right off, so that she'd be left standing in the street in her panties and bra? It would be unbearably embarrassing, unthinkable in real life, but as a fantasy, rather nice.

Sarah closed her eyes, wondering if she should masturbate, and telling herself that it was a good way to make herself feel less tense. Not that there was any real choice, as she was already stroking her breasts as she imagined going bare in public. Her bra would have to come off, obviously, and her panties, because naked was best, naked in the street as she made a pathetic and futile effort to cover herself, with just two hands and her pussy, boobs and bottom to conceal, leaving her no choice but to have something showing.

Another image came to her, a common one from the coy US girlie art of the 'fifties; a pretty girl, exposed in public, trying in vain to cover the V between her legs and a pair of large breasts. It was just the sort of image that had always fascinated her, as did any erotic art that focused on female embarrassment. Usually the girls' sexual characteristics were exaggerated, but with her body it really would be impossible to cover herself, her hands hopelessly inadequate to the task.

Feeling a little silly but strongly aroused, Sarah got up, peeled off her top, pushed her panties down to the level of her thighs and struck the same pose in front of the mirror. It was hopeless. She could cover her sex, but the bare spread of her hips and her lowered panties made her look both lewd and vulnerable. Her breasts were barely hidden at all, even the outer curves of her big areolae showing a little.

It felt right though, for her, stripped of her dignity in public, maybe even as a punishment, so that men could enjoy the view, maybe women too, maybe Céleste du Musigny. After a while - but only when everybody had enjoyed a good stare - somebody would give her a coat, not out of gallantry, but so he could get the introduction he needed to seduce her. He'd take her back to his flat, give her a large glass of whisky, and ... and talk her into

showing her breasts again, into taking his cock out, into sucking it, into letting him rub it in her cleavage.

Sarah lay back on the bed, her eyes closed, her fingers busy on her nipples and between her thighs. Her panties were in the way and she pushed them further down, to her ankles, but not off. They felt better down, keeping her exposure constantly in her head as she masturbated. Maybe he would be Japanese, some firm confident young businessman from the city. Oh yes, he'd soon have her panties down and his cock between her breasts, just like in the cartoons, fucking her cleavage and coming all over her face.

She cried out, wriggling her body into the bed as her pleasure rose towards orgasm. Her legs came up and her ankles came wide, deliberately rolling herself up with her panties stretched as taut as they would go, imagining them pulled down to show her off the way she was, her huge breasts flaunted, her thighs spread to display her sex as her fingers worked in the slippery folds, even her bottom open to expose the rude pink anal star between her cheeks.

All it needed was a man, a man obsessed with her body, so urgent for her he couldn't control himself as he worked her over with his cock. He'd put it in her mouth, between her breasts, between her bottom cheeks, rubbing on the slippery little hole between, definitely in her pussy. She'd beg him not to do it inside her, and in return he'd whip it out at the last moment, to pull himself off all over her face and in her mouth.

At the thought of having a man come in her face Sarah's body arched in orgasm. Her mouth came wide in a wordless cry of ecstasy as she imagined gout after gout of sperm erupting into it and over her chin and neck and cheeks, and she was rubbing hard at her sex and clutching her breasts as shock after shock ran through her, until at last it was over. She subsided, to lie shivering on the bed,

her eyes still shut, her mouth curved up in a contented smile. It had been good, one of her best, and if there was a trace of disappointment that it had been alone, again, then she knew full well she would have done it anyway, partner or no partner. Masturbation was nice, harmless and free and deliciously naughty.

Sarah took her time in the shower, then drank a leisurely coffee as she dried herself and brushed her hair. After twice changing her mind, she settled on the simple blue dress she'd chosen before, pulled on over a brand new lacy set of bra and knickers, chosen simply because they made her feel good, and to be dressed as well as possible went some tiny way to calming her nerves.

She found it hard not to fidget on the train, and it was worse still as she waited in the marble reception hall of the Ehrmann and Black building. Everybody looked exactly as she had feared, brisk yet relaxed, casual and confident. Even the receptionist looked as if she had stepped straight out of an expensive public school, svelte and impossibly neat, with her blonde hair up and her chic black skirt suit a perfect fit.

Every time the lift doors opened Sarah found herself looking around with a nervous smile, but none of the people who emerged took the slightest notice of her, until two men stepped out and stopped, glancing around. One was perhaps fifty, bald, with a thick brown moustache, his shirt front pushed out by a substantial paunch, his suit expensive but crumpled. The other was much younger, and taller, with untidy straw-coloured hair and an amused expression on his rather bony face. He was in shirt sleeves.

Sarah stood up, promptly dropped her portfolio but managed to catch it before the contents could spill out, and turned her smile to the two men. The older one noticed, his eyes flicking from her face to her chest and back in a manner with which she had become all too familiar. And it

seemed to her that his smile held more than a little of the lecherous as he stepped towards her.

‘Sarah Shelley?’ he asked, extending a hand. ‘Hugh Bowle. Pleased to meet you.’

She took it, a somewhat clammy grip, but a strong one. The other man had also approached and his eyes had also moved to her breasts, but with frank appreciation rather than the shifty manner of his companion. He favoured her with a wolf-like grin.

‘Giles Compton-Bassett,’ he said, his voice exactly the upper class drawl she had expected. ‘I’m your writer.’

‘My writer?’ Sarah queried. ‘But I haven’t been interviewed yet, and –’

‘No need for that,’ Bowle interrupted her, starting for the main doors. ‘Come and have some lunch.’

Sarah hesitated, wondering what she should do with her portfolio, but Hugh Bowle’s hand was already on her hip, just high enough not to be actively objectionable, and she was being steered across the foyer. Giles Compton-Bassett fell into step on the other side of her, speaking as they stepped out into the plaza, with the towers of Canary Wharf rising up on three sides.

‘I’m hoping you’ll work with me anyway, but your art’s great, so unless you turn out to be a complete flake, you’re in.’

‘Um ... thank you, I think,’ Sarah managed, ‘but I thought my story ...’

‘No good, doll,’ Bowle cut her off. ‘All this feisty woman spy stuff is out. Too ‘nineties. Anyway, who’s to spy on, except the towel heads, and they’d spot her in a minute. We need something classic, something the boys’ll get off on.’

‘Have you read the old Wicked Wanda cartoons?’ Giles asked.

'By Ron Embleton, yes, I know his work,' Sarah admitted, 'but wasn't that a bit – a bit –'

She wanted to say 'dirty', but she knew it would be the wrong word. It seemed that she had the job, or at least a job, a job as an artist. Something she had been working towards for years now seemed to have dropped in her lap. Everything was happening too fast for her to take in, but she finally managed to find the right words.

'– a bit too strong for the *Watch*?'

Bowle laughed.

'It's not for the *Watch*, darling. I'm arts editor for the adult division of our magazines group.'

'You know,' Giles put in unnecessarily, '*Hot Gun, Slap and Tickle, Lusty Legs, Black Booty, Boobie Babes . . .*'

'You'd be great for *Boobie Babes*,' Bowle cut in. 'I'll introduce you to Sid if you like? Earn a bit extra, you know?'

He nudged her and winked, but she was too confused to respond in any way at all. They were heading towards a pub on the far side of the plaza, the Wharfingers, a building of dirty yellow brick completely out of keeping with the steel and concrete all around them but presumably there long before any of it had been built. Bowle continued as they walked, either unaware of her embarrassment and confusion or indifferent to it.

'We're launching Giles' strip in *Hot Gun*, that's our lead title, with a circulation just under a hundred thou, which puts us number two in the market. Your girlie character is just perfect, smart, sassy and sex on legs. We pay twelve hundred a page, split sixty/forty, fixed rate, so I can't go higher, but it's a double-page spread.'

Sarah had been bracing herself to tell them there had been an awful mistake, but stopped. Forty percent of two thousand four hundred pounds made nearly a thousand

pounds, and if *Hot Gun* was monthly it would be enough to live on. She would be more than just a paid artist, but a full-time professional artist, her dream since childhood, and the magazine sounded masculine and crude, but not actually pornographic.

‘So that’s forty percent of two thousand four hundred, and that’s monthly?’ she asked cautiously, sure there would be a catch.

‘Sixty percent, darling,’ Bowle corrected her.

‘The artist gets the lion’s share,’ Giles added. ‘Takes so much longer, you see.’

Sarah responded with a weak nod, although she was making frantic calculations in her head. By the time they reached the door of the pub she had realised she would be on around three hundred and fifty pounds a week, more than she had dared to dream she could earn for anything, let alone to draw. She was in a daze as the men led her inside, their words barely penetrating, so that when they reached the bar Bowle had to repeat himself.

‘I said what’s yours, darling? Oi, earth to Sarah, what are you drinking?’

‘Sorry,’ she said quickly, ‘I was miles away. May I have a glass of white wine, please, if that’s okay?’

‘Have a bottle if you want, doll,’ he offered, patting his pocket. ‘It’s all on expenses.’

‘Thank you,’ she answered, and found herself face to face with Giles Compton-Bassett as Bowle pushed in to get to the bar.

Somebody pushed against her back, making her stumble forward so that her breasts squashed against him, bringing the blood to her cheeks and a flood of stammered apologies to her lips.

‘Any time,’ he answered her, ‘any time at all. Shall we go outside?’

‘Yes, why not?’ Sarah answered, and allowed herself to be shepherded through the throng.

A single table remained empty and they took it, Sarah speaking as soon as she had sat down.

‘Could you tell me how this works, and exactly what you want me to draw? I’m new to this, and I thought I’d be doing my own strip, you see.’

‘I write the story and you illustrate it,’ he answered her, ‘but I promise not to be a pain about it. Your character will make a great heroine and I don’t want you to change her at all.’

‘Thanks. How about her name? I’d like to keep her as Céleste du Musigny if that’s okay?’

‘Fine. I see her as a New York ...’

‘Paris.’

‘Paris then. Yes, Paris is good, too many things are set in New York. She’s a Parisienne socialite, from one of the old aristocratic families, single, independent, maybe a trifle bored by fashionable life.’

‘Exactly,’ Sarah agreed, now warming to Giles despite what seemed to be entirely unconscious arrogance and his habit of talking either to her breasts or over the top of her head, ‘which is why I wanted her to be a spy.’

‘A detective is just as good,’ he went on, ‘but she only takes on the really top-flight cases.’

‘Fair enough,’ Sarah answered, ‘I can cope with that. Um ... how sexual does it have to be?’

‘Enough to keep Hugh happy,’ he told her. ‘I’m more in it for the story, but she needs to end up at least half naked in every issue, preferably tits out, because that’s what Hugh likes. Do you know what they used to call him when he was

deputy photographic editor? Boobman Bowle. We need a bit of bum too, and the odd flash of pussy.'

'Oh,' Sarah responded, colouring slightly, but more at the thought of drawing Céleste bare for public consumption than at Giles' language.

Bowle had come out, carrying a tray with a pint of dark ale, a bottle of white wine frosted with condensation, two glasses and a large cigar. He put the tray down and began to set things out on the table. Sarah poured herself a glass of wine, immediately taking a badly needed swallow. She had expected a formal interview, with one or more intimidating men or women examining her work and asking difficult questions. Instead, both Hugh Bowle and Giles Compton-Bassett could hardly have been more casual, and simply assumed she was competent from the samples she'd originally sent in. It was hard to take in, and yet as she began to study the menu, the men had already begun to talk cricket, Giles with his glass lifted halfway to his mouth and Bowle waving his cigar to illustrate his remarks, as if the vast change they'd brought to her life was completely ordinary.

Three hours and two bottles of wine later, they were still talking, although Sarah had contributed only the occasional word to the conversation. For the rest of the time she had concentrated on the food and let herself dream, imagining all the situations she would create for Céleste and how it would feel to be able to call herself an artist and not immediately feel it was a mere pretence. She was drunk, having taken more than her fair share of the wine, and already feeling sleepy when Bowle finally pulled himself to his feet.

'Better get back, I suppose,' he yawned. 'Do you two want me to put another bottle on the tab?'

‘Why not?’ Giles answered before Sarah could decline the offer. ‘A nice meaty Aussie Grenache this time, I think.’

Bowle made a vague gesture of acceptance and moved off towards the pub door.

‘I really should be getting back,’ Sarah said, knowing that another couple of glasses of wine would put her to sleep.

‘Oh,’ Giles answered. ‘Where are you headed?’

‘Stepney,’ Sarah told him.

‘I’ll walk with you if you like,’ he offered. ‘Maybe we can go over the story?’

She nodded as she got to her feet, wishing she didn’t feel quite so unsteady, but enjoying the warmth of the alcohol. Halfway through the meal Hugh Bowle had produced a contract from his pocket, a scruffy thing she had merely glanced at before signing, not really caring what it said as long as she had the job. That had been the final stamp on her happiness, which had been growing ever since, along with alcohol-fuelled confidence. She could do the job, she was sure of that, and Céleste would just have to put up with going naked now and then. After all, she had created Céleste, so the bossy cow could jolly well do as she was told.

‘I’ve got plenty of plots,’ Giles was saying as they started across the plaza, he swinging the open bottle of red wine in one hand, ‘but we need to kick off with something special. We need cars, we need guns, we need sex, lots and lots of sex.’

‘It’s the first issue that’s really going to matter,’ Sarah responded.

‘Exactly,’ he agreed. ‘We get one chance to grab their attention. Lose that, and we’re fucked. Now this is how I see it. The last two frames we have Céleste taking off her bra, then a rear view with her thumbs in her knickers, like

she's about to take them down. That's the sort of thing *Hot Gun* readers will love.'

'I've never read it, I'm afraid,' Sarah admitted, with the image of Céleste doing what was effectively a striptease hot in her mind.

'Take it from me,' Giles assured her. 'They love that stuff. Tease 'em, that's the knack, but you've got to give it all up in the end, or they feel cheated. So what do you reckon?'

'I'm sure you're right about what they like,' Sarah answered him, 'but shouldn't we start at the beginning? What's the story about? Why is Céleste undressing?'

'Who cares? No, really, I've got a great plot.'

'Hang on a second,' she broke in. 'I've got an even better idea. Céleste is rich and bored, so we know she's only really playing at being a detective, and she only works for her own sort of people, and they like to employ her because she's one of them.'

'Yes.'

'So what if she does the crimes herself, then sets somebody else up to take the blame? That way we can make her wicked instead of good, which is much more fun!'

Sarah knew it was the wine talking. Sober, she would never have dared make such a suggestion, but where Céleste represented everything she looked up to normally, a few glasses of wine and she always found herself resenting her creation. Now was no different, and Céleste had grown as much in her mind during the last few hours as since she'd first put a 4B to paper with nothing more than a vague idea of how the ideal woman should look.

For a moment she thought Giles didn't like the idea, as he had walked on in absolute silence, but when he did speak there was a trace of awe in his voice.

‘Brilliant! You are brilliant, Sarah! Yes, we can make her a villainess. She should be a villainess, shouldn’t she, with that sultry look. Hang on, are you after my job?’

‘No,’ Sarah promised, flushing with pride at his words.

‘Just joking,’ he assured her, and as they left the plaza he put an arm around her shoulders.

Sarah felt herself start to melt. She was drunk, she had the job she’d wanted since childhood, and a tall handsome man was walking her up the street, just the sort of man she always assumed could not possibly be interested in her. Giles was obviously interested, and not just in her bust either. He appreciated her talent as an artist, her imagination too. When he bent to kiss her there was no resistance, her mouth opening to his just as eagerly as his to hers. Only when his fingers began to inch up the back of her dress did she gently push him away, thrilled by the prospect of being exposed in the street but completely unable to go through with it, drink or no drink.

Giles merely laughed and put his arm around her again as they walked on. Sarah snuggled into his side, blissfully happy, and in no doubt at all about what was going to happen once they reached her flat. He was no different, if anything more urgent still, hailing the first cab they saw. Ten minutes later they were in her room, kissing as his fingers found the zip to her dress, and this time she didn’t stop him.

A shiver ran through her as the zip was eased down, and again as the dress was pushed gently off her shoulders. She wriggled her arms free and it fell loose at the front, exposing the cups of her bra. A trace of embarrassment hit her for her sheer size, sure he would think her clumsy, inelegant, overweight, but the expression of rapture on his face told a very different story.

‘Christ, you’re big!’ he breathed, and he buried his face in her cleavage, his hands already fumbling at her bra catch.

It came loose, her cups fell free as he pulled at them and her chest was bare in his face. She closed her eyes as he took hold of her breasts, squashing them around his face, his tongue flicking out to lap at her cleavage, groping and kissing at her in a reverent ecstasy. Her hands met in his hair, holding his head to her chest, even as she was eased gently back onto the bed with him on top of her. She let her thighs come open, accepting him between them, only for him to stand back, take hold of her dress and pull it up off her hips and legs with one smooth motion.

He stood looking down at her, his face flushed with arousal, the tip of his tongue flicking out briefly to moisten his lips as he shook. Sarah found herself giggling, flattered and surprised by the sheer intensity of his lust for her. Taking her breasts in her hands, she gave them a meaningful squeeze, deliberately showing off as she spoke.

‘I thought you said Hugh was the one who liked big breasts.’

‘He is,’ Giles answered, and reached down to take a grip on her hips.

Sarah gave a squeak of surprise as she was turned over, face down on the bed and bottom up to Giles. For a second time she felt a flush of embarrassment for the sheer expanse of lace-covered bottom she was showing to him, and for the second time his reaction was not at all what she would have expected. He gave a low moan and his hands were in the waistband of her panties, pulling them slowly down, to expose her bottom inch by inch, until the whole plump globe was naked to him and Sarah was shivering hard for her exposure.

‘Beautiful,’ he sighed, ‘so beautiful. God, I love a juicy fat-bottomed girl.’

Sarah opened her mouth to say something, despite feeling more flattered than offended, but all that came out was a squeak of shock as Giles abruptly buried his face between her bottom cheeks, and a second as his tongue found the hole between them, not her sex, but her anus. She began to protest, but all that came out was a sigh. It felt too good, far too good, and before she could stop herself she was pushing her bottom out to let him get his tongue deeper still.

He obliged, lapping between her cheeks and burrowing his tongue in up the tiny hole, until Sarah was gasping and clutching at the bed. Part of her wanted to tell him to stop, that it was too dirty, and she was scared he might try and bugger her. Still no words would come as she was licked and fondled, his hands now on her bottom cheeks, squeezing and pulling them wide to make them spread in his face.

When he did finally stop, Sarah wriggled around to find him standing over her, a long pale cock protruding from his fly into one grasping hand. He looked ready to come, and she reached out, her mouth open to take him in, wanting to suck and not wanting it to be over too quickly.

‘Let me,’ she offered as she took his cock, moving to sit on the edge of the bed.

His erection felt hot and hard, and it was good to be sitting in front of him in nothing but shoes and half-pulled-down panties, tugging his cock towards her naked breasts. He watched, letting her pleasure him, but only for a moment. Then he had taken her breasts in hand, moving forward to straddle her and squeezing both fat globes around his straining erection.

‘Christ, you’re big,’ he muttered as he began to fuck her breasts, ‘so big, so fucking big. I want to spunk all over your fat tits, Sarah, I ... no, I have to do your bum. Roll over, Sarah, you fat little tart, show me that gorgeous big bum ... let me spunk over your cheeks ... I’m going to spunk, Sarah, do it ... roll over!’

‘Look, I ...’ Sarah managed, but he’d already pushed her down on the bed and was tugging at her body.

With more than a touch of chagrin she let him do it, rolling her over onto her belly and humping her bottom up as he straddled her legs. She felt used, and yet it was good, to be manipulated so rudely, lying face down on the bed, her panties around her thighs, her bare bottom stuck up for a man to come over, his cock jerking in his hand as he masturbated over her.

‘You – you can have me, Giles,’ she managed. ‘Go on.’

His answer was a grunt as he pressed the head of his cock down between her bottom cheeks. Sarah pushed her hips up, her mouth wide in ecstasy as she savoured the exquisite moment before she was penetrated, something she hadn’t had for so long, and wanted so badly. His cock pressed down, the head firm and rubbery between her cheeks, too high, pressing not to her sex, but to her spit-wet anus.

‘No!’ she squealed, her ecstasy breaking as she realised she was going to be sodomised. ‘No, Giles, not up my bum, you dirty pig!’

‘Oh go on,’ he answered her, still pressing down, with her bumhole spread out to his helmet. ‘Go on, Sarah, please ... I want to fuck your big bottom ... please?’

‘No,’ Sarah protested, trying to wriggle away, ‘I’m too tight, I’ve never ...’

‘Oh you’re virgin,’ he sighed, ‘a virgin bumhole, and such a big fat bottom, a fat girlie bottom ...’