A Wooden Heart

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An Adult take on a classic fairy story

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This tale is re-working of an old fairy story and no doubt you will soon recognise it as you read on.

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Prequel

Granny Fay knew when she was going to die. As a witch it was natural for her to know. Her family were aware that she knew, but she had never told them when it would happen. At least, not until her dying day, (which coincidentally fell upon All Hallows Eve).

To all concerned she seemed her usual self that day; still walking around the garden in the morning tending her herbs, still observing everything with her startlingly blue-eyed gaze.

The family were gathered together and informed. By the evening they had arranged the foodstuffs and drink for a ‘farewell’ party.

Close to midnight the old woman retired to her room. Once in bed, the relatives all trooped in and sat or stood around her; the eldest at the back and the youngest – her great grandchildren – at the front. She talked with them all, until finally she tired and closed her eyes to sleep. By the time that the birds began singing their dawn chorus her soft breathing had ceased.

Some of the men trooped out into the garden and made their way towards the far end, where a stile had been crafted out of wood. They stepped over it and began to clear an area of bracken not far from the wall they had just crossed. There they dug a grave for the beloved old woman.

Meanwhile, another group had made their way deeper into the woods in search of a small sapling. Granny had stressed that it must be an Elm tree. At least a dozen were rejected before they finally agreed on one. Then, using their shovels with care, they began to dig up the small tree. By the time they returned with the plant on the back of a handcart, the first group had finished their digging.

In the men’s absence the women had dressed and prepared the old woman and then laid her out in her coffin (one that she had purchased a few years earlier in readiness). Remarkably, nobody seemed distressed by her passing. Saddened, yes, but they were all happy that she had had a good life and in it had achieved a lot for the community. Her potions cured many a malady and her midwifery skills were a legend.

Although she hadn’t asked for it, someone asked for the pastor to attend. While he had never seen Sapphire Fay in his church, he was sure that she was a good and moral woman – even if, as rumour

had it, she was a witch. He said a few words over the polished wooden box and it was then lowered into the ground. Every person there threw a handful of soil onto the lid, saying their own silent prayer as they did so.

Most of the earth was shovelled back into the hole before the Elm sapling was planted in it. The remaining soil was cast in before everyone took it in turns to tread the plant in. Six buckets of water were used to give the tree its first drink in its new home.

The tree grew big and strong – even surviving the outbreak of Dutch Elm disease that ravaged the country. In the early days, young men and women of the family would take their newlywed partners to introduce them to Granny (and maybe gain her approval). In later years the Elm became simply a place of quiet reflection for anyone who required it.

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Chapter 1

George had just celebrated his sixtieth birthday. Well, celebrated is possibly a strong word. He poured himself a drop of whisky in the evening, but otherwise it was a relatively normal day.

It occurred to the mildly successful sculptor that he should attempt one last major piece. He took his time deciding upon his subject, waiting to see what materials turned up. His preference was to work in wood. He made a reasonable amount of money, certainly enough to get by on. After all, he didn't go out and he wasn't interested in television. He didn't even have a telephone as there was nobody for him to call.

George loved wood. He loved its natural beauty before he began to work on it and he loved its feel as it started to change its shape. He had continued working in the meantime, creating saleable pieces for many months before he found the material that he was really looking for.

The studio was situated alongside a forest. George often took walks in the dense woodland, sometimes finding small pieces of wood that he would take back and use at some stage. On this particular afternoon at the end of October, as he walked along the path dappled by the autumn sunshine filtering through the trees, he heard the unmistakeable sound of an axe. His curiosity aroused, he began to stroll in the general direction of the noise mindful of the possibility of danger.

The tree was at the edge of the forest, next to an old cottage. The property had recently been renovated and the new owners had moved in. When he approached, he saw Fred an ageing, local woodsman taking a rest.

"Hello Fred. How come you're chopping down that Elm tree?"

"Branch fell off it last week," he answered. "The missus in there said she didn't think it was safe and wants it taken down."

George looked at the tree, at the axe marks that were already scored deep into the wood. "I can't see much wrong with that. It looks perfectly OK to me."

"Yeah, well I've been told to take it down." He picked up his axe and began to swing with powerful yet measured strokes. George watched, enjoying the easy manner in which Fred wielding the axe. As he watched, something began to stir within his mind. This could be the one. This could be the piece of wood he had been looking for.

When Fred took another break, George approached him and asked, “What are you going to do with the trunk?”
“I was going to get it down to the lumber mill. They’ll saw it up and kiln-dry it. I thought that they might like it. Maybe they could get a good price for it.”
“How about I take it off of you instead?” said George. “I think that I could do something interesting with it.”
Fred was well aware of George’s talents with wood and had even accepted one of his small carvings in lieu of payment for a favour in the past – a piece that he had been able to sell for a considerable amount. “Alright then, I’ll get it round to your place.”
Just then an old woman walked up the pathway towards them. It was Biddy Johnson, the local ‘historian’. She had no qualifications, nor much of an education, but knew (almost) everything about the past of the local area. As she neared them, they could see that her face was white. “What are you doing?” she whispered.
The two men looked at each other, looked at the tree and then looked back at Biddy. “I’m chopping down a tree,” Fred said simply.
“But you can’t,” she said, shocked. “Not that tree! It’s… its special! Didn’t you know that?”
“Special?” interrupted George. “How?”
Biddy’s voice was very low as she explained, “The tree is about three hundred years old. It was planted there especially. You see, this cottage used to belong to a witch. When she died, her family buried her just outside of the garden over there and then planted a tree above her grave. That’s a Witch’s Elm, that is. It’s supposed to be magical.”
Fred swallowed loudly. “Well Biddy, I’ve got my instructions from the new missus and it has to come down. So that’s that.”
Biddy merely sighed and shook her head. As she turned and walked away she muttered something about consequences, but neither of them could quite make it out.
A few days later Fred delivered the tree to George’s cottage. He had brought his two sons with him to help. The trunk was very heavy and required a lot of manoeuvring using blocks, tackle and wooden poles. Eventually they managed to get it into the studio, where it was laid on a collection of four stout saw horses. It stayed liked this, air drying for nearly twelve months until George considered it was ready. Fred’s sons came round to help him manoeuvre the log into the middle of his working area, in an upright position (having first levelled the base using a two-handed saw).
George spent days looking at it. He walked around and around, running his hand over the coarse bark. A shape was beginning to form in his mind’s eye. After a couple of weeks he started to strip the bark away, revealing the pale wood beneath. It was in perfect condition, with hardly a blemish. As he worked he talked constantly to the piece.
The artist took his time, spending almost as many hours sitting and looking at the piece, as he did working on it. Gradually it began to take shape. Excluding the base, it stood close to six feet three inches tall. The form was undoubtedly that of a man, but the features were still fairly vague. He scraped here and smoothed there. He ran his hand over the surface of his creation, sanding until the

wood felt as though it could be almost soft and yielding.
It had taken almost over days to complete the area around the genitals. George had used the tiniest of tools. He stepped back once finished and took in the whole figure.
“Humph,” he exclaimed. “Out of proportion.” The penis was longer and thicker than looked natural. He hadn’t intended it to be that size in relation to the body. He sighed and put down his tools for the night. Next day he returned to the sculpture and began to carefully correct his error. When he finally stood away from it late into the evening he was satisfied.
George didn’t return to the studio until the following afternoon. When he looked at it he dropped his cup of coffee, which shattered on the tiled floor. He began to question his own memory, wondering if he had merely thought about changing the size of the cock, rather than actually altering it. But the minute shavings and sawdust were there on the floor where they had lain since he finished last night. He considered many things, but in the end decided that he must have reduced the size, thought he had done enough and, fooled by tiredness finished and the went to bed. He started the process over again and slowly but carefully reworked the wood. When he stepped back, he made sure that he walked all round the piece, checking that he was finally happy with his masterpiece. He was. He went to bed.
George awoke with the dawn. For some reason he felt unsettled. He dressed quickly and walked downstairs and went straight into the studio. Sure enough, the handsome man stood where he had left him, but the penis was back to the size that it had been the day before – and the day before that. Unnerved, George walked away, shutting the door behind. “OK, if that’s how big it’s going to be, who am I to argue?”
The next few days were spent checking and applying the very final touches. When he was satisfied, George began to mix his preferred finish – a concoction of beeswax, mineral oil and few other unusual ingredients. He painted the still warm liquid very thinly onto the surface and then, when it was dry, he gently buffed it to a satin-like sheen. He completed this task over the entire body three times until it took on the colour of lightly tanned skin.
It was a work of love which had taken just over nine months to complete. George walked away from his work without looking back at it. When he reached the other side of the studio he turned and gazed at the most beautiful object that he had ever seen. A lump rose to his throat as he reminded himself that it was of his own creation.
“You are truly magnificent,” he said.
“Thank you,” replied the wooden man.
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Chapter 2

George stood rooted to the spot. He came very close to losing control of his bladder and felt dizzy. He stared at the sculpture which appeared (naturally) to be unmoving. Did it speak? Did its mouth really move?
“You are a piece of wood,” he whispered. “You cannot speak and I cannot have heard you speak. Can I?” His question was rhetorical.

“No, father,” came the instant reply.
With a dry mouth and constricted throat, George felt that breathing was difficult. His heart felt as though it was hammering against his ribcage. He stepped closer and looked up into the face. The grain of the wood seemed to be fading and a translucent, skin-like quality was replacing it. The pupils of the eyes appeared to be taking on a darker hue, as did the lips. As he watched the inanimate object took on life.
The sculptor was more frightened than he had ever been in his life, yet he was fascinated at the same time. Various thoughts were running through his brain; he was mad, he was asleep and dreaming, he was awake and it was all real. How to decide?
Shock finally took over and his vision began to swim and the darkness narrowed his vision until his brain switched off and he passed into a faint.
Falling on a tiled floor will always hurt, possibly fatally. As George began to return from unconsciousness he felt confused, he knew that he was lying on the floor, but he felt comfortable. As he opened his eyes almost the first thing that entered his vision was the figure, standing on its base. He gradually thought about his surroundings and realised that his head was resting on a cushion from one of the chairs in the studio. A canvass picture cover was spread over him, keeping him warm. George remained confused, wondering who had caught him, laid him down and propped his head on a cushion and then covered him. He decided that he must, indeed, be mad. Surprisingly, having reached this conclusion, he very quickly acknowledged this as a fact and simply accepted it.
“Are you alright now father?” asked the wooden man. “Would you like me to help you up?”
“Yes, please.”
The figure stepped from the plinth with a fluency of movement that belied the nature of its composition. He bent down beside George and pulled the cover aside. Placing his hands under the artist’s armpits he smoothly lifted him to his feet.
By now the figure had acquired human colouring and texture. The hair on its head, having been carefully carved until it gave the impression of individual strands, now moved in a natural way revealing a deep brown colour. George’s eyes moved down, taking in the powerful shoulders and chest. When the piece remained still it was a statue, but when movement was necessary the muscles moved beneath the surface.
George’s eyes wandered down past the stomach and came to rest on the area he had had so much trouble carving. The brown pubic hair framed what could only be described as the most perfect, most beautiful set of male genitalia that could possibly exist. He looked back up at the face.
“Why do you call me father?” he questioned.
The sculpture looked pensive for a moment. “Because you created me with your love and you gave a part of yourself to make me,” it said.
“How can you move?”
“Because the tree you made me from was magical. The witch Sapphire Fay in death gave part of herself to me also. She is my mother.”
“And how can you talk?”

“I don’t know, father. Perhaps I learned when you spoke to me as you made me.”
George was already accepting him as his son, but he needed a name. “I shall call you Peter, after my grandfather,” he said. “Peter Nocchia.”
He looked again at Peter’s lower abdomen. “But I think we will have to get you some clothes young man – although I don’t think that I have anything that will fit you.”
A thought occurred to George. “Will you need to sleep? Will you need a bed?”
“I would like a bed father, but I do not think that I need to sleep. Perhaps I can sit on the bed and learn to read. I would like to do that. It would be interesting.”
For the rest of that day and late into the evening George sat with Peter trying to teach him to read. He was clearly intelligent and learned quite quickly. When the artist went to bed, he showed his son to his own room and gave him four books to read. Each of these publications was about painters and sculptors, with many pictures of their works.
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Chapter 3

In the morning, George awoke. He lay very still, thinking. He knew that he had not been dreaming and that everything that had happened was real. He now had a son, who was in the bedroom next door. He arose and put on his bathrobe and walked out of the room. He paused in the act of placing his fingers on the handle of the second bedroom door and then withdrew it. Instead, he knocked on the wooden panel.
“Come in father,” said Peter.
George opened the door and walked in. The young man was lying on the bed with a book opened in front of him. He looked up at his father and said, “The pictures in these books are wonderful. There is so much beauty in the world.”
“Yes Peter, there is a lot of beauty in the world, but alas there is also ugliness,” he replied. “But we can discuss that later. Do you need to eat?”
“No father. I don’t think that I do.”
“I want you to stay in the house today. I’m going to go into town and find some clothes for you. Will you be alright?”
“May I read some more books?”
“Of course, Peter. You can read any of the books that I have.”
Later, George set off down the road. He had to catch the bus from the main road and needed to be sure that he caught the return two hours later, as this was the last one of the day.
The town itself was not exactly small, but neither was it large. There were a number of shops selling both men and women’s clothing, but he was appalled at the prices. He wasn’t exactly poor, but he would never permit himself to spend so much money. He walked along, feeling despondent until he reached one of the charity shops that had taken over many of the premises. He realised that this was where he could find what he needed. He hadn’t thought about Peter’s size at all, but he figured that he would need extra large in t-shirts and trousers.
He delved through the racks and found half a dozen shirts, then three pairs of trousers. He wasn’t

worried about the waist size, just so long as it was big. After all, Peter could always wear a belt. What mattered was to ensure that the length was adequate. It was difficult to find what he wanted but he managed eventually.

Shoes were another matter. He guessed that Peter was probably a size 12, but there was only one pair large enough (and these were walking boots). He found a nice, warm-looking jacket and added it to his pile. Finally, before he left, he bought some second hand books, considering that his son would appreciate some more varied reading matter.

It was only as he sat on the bus on the way home that he realised that he hadn't bought any underwear for Peter, but then wondered if there was any need. Come to that, he hadn't thought about pyjamas either. Did he need them?

Peter was delighted with the clothes, but his father had to show him how to wear and fasten them. The boots were a little snug, but were otherwise perfect.

One of the books that George had purchased was a thick tome written upon the art of gardening. Peter was fascinated and sat reading it that evening. As the two made their way upstairs to bed he asked, "Father, can I try some gardening? I think it would be interesting."

"Of course Peter. All of the tools are in the old shed at the bottom of the garden. Help yourself. But best leave it until tomorrow."

As George prepared his breakfast next day, he watched Peter walk out of the back door and make his way down the path to the little wooden building. He bent into the shed and began to rummage around, eventually pulling out a fork. He then walked back to the overgrown vegetable patch and began to dig. The artist continued with his breakfast and then went out to his studio to look at his raw materials and perhaps start a new project.

It was lunchtime when he finally walked out to see what Peter had been up to. Standing, with his mouth open, he looked out onto a transfigured scene. The vegetable patch, which had for years remained unkempt and overgrown, had been totally cleared and was now freshly dug and turned over. The flower beds (Which George sometimes tended), were neatly hoed. The two apple trees had been trimmed back, as had the hedges. It was as if an army of gardeners had descended and renovated the entire plot. The only thing that hadn't changed was the small lawn, which remained uncut – but not for long.

George found Peter tinkering with the old lawn mower. He had taken it to pieces, cleaned and sharpened it and was now putting it back together again.

"You've done a marvellous job Peter. How did you manage it?"

"I looked at the book and followed its advice. Is the garden satisfactory?"

"It's probably never looked better. You have a real talent for gardening and plants." George walked back indoors and wondered if Peter's background had something to do with his ability.

Shortly after he had eaten his lunch, there was a knock at the front door.

"Hello George. I haven't seen you for a while, so I thought that I'd pop by for a chat." It was Mrs Overbury, a neighbour from further down the lane. She was a good looking woman in her mid-forties. Divorced three years ago, rumour had it she was looking for the second Mr Overbury (or whatever his

name would be). The sculptor couldn't believe that she would ever have been interested in him and consequently – unlike most men around – didn't feel threatened.
They sat talking for a little while, general chit chat; the weather, the new people who had moved in on the other side of the wood. The entire time she seemed animated and distracted until, finally, she couldn't hold back any longer. "Now tell me George, who is that handsome hunk you have working in your garden?"
George was somewhat taken aback. Until now he was convinced that he had become mentally unstable and that it was only him that could see and hear Peter moving and talking. Clearly he was wrong if Milly could see him too.
He thought for a moment before answering, "His name is Peter. Peter Nocchia. He's… my son."
Millicent's smile froze on her face, but her eyebrows betrayed her surprise. Her mind raced. She had never heard George mention a son, or even a liaison close enough to produce one. "Really? Where has he been hiding all this time?"
"He's been… with his mother," he replied carefully.
"And where is she?"
George shrugged, "Buried." He hadn't told a lie, had he?
There was a twinkle in her eye as Milly asked, "He's such a good gardener. Would he be interested in working on mine? I'll pay him well."
"I'm not sure. We'll have to ask him."
They walked out into the garden, where Peter was just finishing the lawn. The garden looked immaculate.
"Peter, Mrs Overbury here would like to know if you would be able to do some work on her garden. How would you feel about that? She would pay you."
"Pay me?" he asked. "For gardening?" He seemed confused.
"That's right. You're good at it and it could earn you some money for clothes and things."
"I think I'd like to do more gardening father. It will be interesting."
George escorted Milly back inside. "I'll bring him along tomorrow morning at about ten o'clock, how's that?"
"That will be great George. Thank you."
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Chapter 4

"Good morning George. Hello Peter. Thanks for coming round."
George left Peter with Milly. On the way there he had explained that when he finished working for Mrs Overbury he was to walk straight back home again.
Peter was shown the old outhouse where Milly's garden tools were kept. The young man looked around the garden, apparently deciding what needed to be done and what to start with. He had brought a small bag of tools with him and opened it up to remove a sharpening stone. He then proceeded to sharpen each of the edged tools he found. When he had finished, he began work proper, starting with a seemingly vicious pruning of the rose bushes that had started to grow a little

wild.
While Peter worked Milly watched from her upstairs window. He didn't seem to work very fast, but he didn't take a rest at all and so the work seemed to show an effect very quickly. Unfortunately, the garden wasn't really what she was observing at the moment. Her eyes were on Peter. He was tall, strong and handsome and his body looked like that of an Adonis. She couldn't help but admire how the muscles moved under his shirt – and his trousers! Oh, and she couldn't help but notice that something substantial seemed to be down the front of them.
At midday, she walked out into the garden with a sandwich and a cold drink. She didn't know if he drank alcohol – in fact she didn't even know if he was old enough to drink, so she poured him a glass of lemonade. When she handed the tray to him he thanked her and put it to one side while he worked on.
The divorcee went back to watching, gradually becoming more and more turned on by thoughts about Peter's body. What would it look like naked? Just how well endowed was he? Milly hadn't had a man for many years. Prior to her divorce, she and her husband had slept separately for some time.
Without realising it, a hand had crept up to her breast and was squeezing it and teasing the nipple. She tried to tell herself to stop, but watched helplessly as her other hand slid up under her skirt. Her hand reached the top of her thigh and she fought to stop what was inevitable; her hand slid down under the waistband of her panties and pushed through her damp pubic hair. The touch of her finger on the hardened clitoris was like an electric shock. She gasped and slipped her middle finger further round. Her labia parted and she began slip the digit in and out.
Milly forced her eyes to remain open so that she could keep Peter in sight while she masturbated. She imagined all sorts of things, but in particular him taking her on the bed. Thrusting and plunging rapidly, not stopping, never pausing, keeping going until she finally reached her crescendo.
The woman's knees buckled beneath her and she sank to the floor, where she sat panting.
A long time later, Milly managed to pull herself back to her feet. When she looked out of the window again Peter appeared to be putting the tools away, having finished his work for the day. She took a deep breath in order to compose herself and then began to walk downstairs.
"How has it been going?" she smiled.
"Pretty well. I need to do some more, but I promised my father that I wouldn't be back too late. Can I come again and finish tomorrow?"
"Of course!" Milly tried to calm the excitement in her voice in order to continue, "I'll expect you at ten o'clock."
Peter smiled and walked away. When he arrived home his father asked how the work had gone. He explained that he was going to return the next day to complete his work. When he finished speaking, the young man looked puzzled.
"What's wrong Peter?" he asked.
"She gave me food and drink."
"Oh… What did you do?"
"When she wasn't watching I threw the sandwich and drink away."

“So why does that worry you?”
“She may offer me more tomorrow, but I may not have the opportunity to dispose of it. Do you think that I can eat and drink?”
George saw the problem. He also saw that this opened up a multitude of questions. Assuming that Peter could consume food and liquids, could he digest it? And if so, what happened then?
“Perhaps you could try drinking some water and then see what happens,” he suggested. “Then maybe we can progress from there.”
Peter looked at the glass of water that his father had fetched from the kitchen. He raised it to his lips and tipped some of the contents into his mouth. He did not have a swallow reflex, so the liquid followed gravity downwards. Nothing more seemed to happen, so he drank some more and continued doing so until the glass was empty.
“Well?” asked his father. Peter looked thoughtful for a moment, but then shrugged.
“I drink, but nothing more seems to happen. The liquid is no longer in my mouth, but it doesn’t seem to be inside me either.”
George gave Peter a slice of bread. “Try this. You’ll need to bite pieces off, chew them and then swallow them.”
Unlike walking and talking, eating did not come quite so naturally to Peter. Using his teeth was something that took a number of attempts to get right. It was the side-to-side grinding motion that was the trickiest to master. When it came time to swallow, he simply had no mechanism to help the food go down. George fetched him another glass of water, which he used to help push the food down his (for want of another word) throat.
There did not appear to be any ill-effects to the experiment, so George decided that Peter need not worry what would happen if Milly offered him food and drink again.
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Chapter 5

The next day, Peter set off down the lane to Milly’s house. He began working as soon as he arrived and didn’t pause until he had completed all of the tasks that had been left.
Mrs. Overbury had been watching from an upstairs window again. She realised that Peter had nearly finished, but didn’t want him to leave just yet. She struggled desperately to come up with a way to detain him.
Milly opened the door as Peter approached. “You’ve done a marvellous job Peter. Thank you. I’d better pay you for your work now, won’t you come in?”
The young man followed the woman down the passage into the kitchen. She motioned to him to sit down at the wooden table. “I expect you could do with a drink after all of your hard work?”
“That would be nice. Thank you.”
She poured him a glass of lemonade and placed it in front of him, then turned to pick up her handbag. She realised what she was doing, but couldn’t prevent herself from keeping her legs straight and bending from her waist as she grabbed the handles. She knew that her skirt would rise and that the material would pull tightly across the cheeks of her bum. She had no time to analyse what she was

doing, but if she had, she would have had to admit to trying to tease him. When she rose and turned round she was disappointed to see that her actions appeared to have no effect.
Peter sat quietly sipping at his drink as Milly delved into her purse and retrieved some money. She passed it across to him and he took it. He seemed a little puzzled as to what to do with it at first, but then pushed the notes into his trousers pocket.
“Tell me Peter, are you any good at decorating?” she asked.
“I don’t know. I’ve never tried.”
“Well, my window frames need a fresh coat of paint and Fred has broken his arm, so he can’t do it for me. He usually uses sandpaper to rub them down first and then puts on some gloss. I’ve got plenty of both. Would you be an angel and do them for me?”
“Yes, OK Milly. I think it would be interesting to learn how to paint.”
“Good. But I don’t want you to spoil your clothes. Why don’t you come upstairs with me and I’ll see if I can find some old things for you to wear.”
They walked into the master bedroom and Milly asked Peter to take down an old suitcase that was sitting on top of a tall wardrobe. “They’re the things my ex-husband left behind. I figure that as he hasn’t asked for them he doesn’t want them. He wasn’t as tall as you, but I think that they should do for decorating.”
Milly pulled out a checked, long-sleeved shirt and an old pair of corduroy trousers. She handed them to Peter, who placed them on a chair before removing his boots and socks. He then began to pull his t-shirt off. The woman watched carefully, drinking in the magnificent torso, feeling let down when he donned the loaned shirt. She stopped breathing when the young man unconcernedly began to unfasten his trousers. She was trying not to smirk and give away her pleasure, but when he pushed the garment down around his ankles she discovered that he wasn’t wearing any underwear.

If Millicent thought that Peter’s upper body was gorgeous, what she saw hanging between his legs, framed by the smoothly powerful thighs, made her mouth go dry, her legs go weak and her panties go suddenly very, very damp. Her face flushed and she turned away to hide her obvious reaction. However, immediately behind her stood the mirrored wardrobe and, having spun round she was now looking at the reflection of an almost naked man. Her libido suddenly exploded beyond her control. The lust-driven woman turned back round and moved closer to Peter. “My, you are a big boy aren’t you?” she said. “Oh God how clichéd was that?” she thought.
“Tell me, do you always go commando?”
Peter stopped in the process of putting one leg into his trousers. He cocked his head to one side and said, “Go commando? I don’t understand.”
“It’s when you walk around without any underwear on. I must admit that from time to time I like to do it, especially when it’s a warm day. Do you think it’s warm today Peter?”
“Yes, I suppose it might be Milly.”
“If that’s the case, I suppose that I should really take these off.” She reached up under her skirt and

tugged her panties down her legs. They were brief and lacy and she held them up to show him, before tossing them onto the bed.
“Would you like me to take anything else off Peter?”
Again, the young man cocked his head on one side and said, “I have wondered what a woman looks like underneath all of those clothes”.
“You want me to undress?”
“Yes, if you would like to do so.” Peter had let go of his trousers and stood up to watch Milly.
She slowly unbuttoned her blouse, deliberately taking her time in order to arouse Peter. She threw the garment onto the bed, where it lay covering her panties. Her hands then moved round to unfasten her heavily laden bra. One arm held the cups in place as the other removed the straps from her arms. With one hand now on each cup, she swivelled round revealing her bare back and then dangled the bra out to one side with her left hand. It too flew onto the bed.
When Milly turned back, her hands were caressing her breasts, playing with the nipples. They dropped down to her waist and began to unfasten her skirt, which then fell to the floor. She stepped out with one foot and, with a flick of the other sent it flying. She stood with her hands on her hips in a challenging pose. “Well, what do you think Peter?” she asked. To her chagrin, she noticed that there had been no physical reaction to her striptease. The head of his penis still pointed towards the floor.
“Yes,” he said. “That was very interesting. Thank you.”
Milly was crestfallen. Did he really find her that unattractive? She walked closer to him. Near enough that she could reach out and touch his dick. “Most men react when they see me naked,” she told him. “Not that many men have, of course!” she corrected.
“React? How?”
“Well… I would expect this to be standing to attention by now.” Peter looked down as Milly held his cock and pointed it upwards. She rubbed up and down its length a few times and then gasped at the rapidity with which it suddenly hardened and became erect – it was almost supernatural.
“Oh, Peter. I have never, ever seen anything like this before in my life.” She dropped down to her knees and used both hands to stroke and caress the shaft and testicles. She had never really liked giving head to her husband (or even her boyfriends before), but suddenly felt the urge to taste the young man. She extended her tongue and flicked it at the base, then ran it all the way up to the tip. The head looked shiny, almost polished and she opened her mouth to take it in. It wouldn’t go very far – it was much too thick and long. It took some time and quite a few attempts before she was able to get as much as the helmet past her lips.
The woman sucked and rubbed for some time while Peter watched. A sheen of sweat had begun to bathe her body. One of her hands dropped down between her legs. Finally, she lifted her head and looked up into his face. “I want you Peter. I want you now,” she breathed.
He didn’t know or understand what she meant and waited patiently as she rose to her feet and took him by the hand. She led him to the bed, where she encouraged him to climb on it and lay down on his back.
“I’m sure this isn’t going to be possible, but I’m damned well going to give it a try.” She swung a leg

across and straddled Peter's body. Taking hold of the penis, she positioned it at the entrance to her vagina. She knew she was wet and well lubricated, but she was concerned that his girth may make entry impossible. She pressed herself down, moving her body around to try and ease the enlarged head inside.

She was almost at the point of giving in, feeling exhausted by the effort, when her vagina suddenly relaxed and the shaft began its long penetration. Gradually, by gently moving up and down, the phallus moved deeper and deeper inside of her. Part of it was still visible when Milly felt she couldn't take any more. Now she started to slide up and down the length. "Oh Peter, you're so big. You're filling me up."

As she fucked Peter, Milly took hold of his hands and brought them up to her breasts. She demonstrated what she wanted him to do and then let him stroke and pinch the nipples. Perspiration was running down the contours of her body and her face was flushed. Her breathing was becoming rapid and shallow until a sudden gasp signalled the cessation of breathing for as much as twenty seconds, after which the woman, began grunting and moaning as she reached her orgasm.

Milly collapsed down upon Peter's chest and almost passed out. She lay gasping for some time, before she found the energy to be able to lift herself off of him.

Peter, seeing that she was struggling, helped Milly to free herself. His penis relaxed and reduced, almost immediately and made withdrawal very much easier. The woman fell asleep in his arms.

"How interesting," Peter said quietly.

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Chapter 6

No decorating was achieved that day. Peter returned home and told his father that he would be returning to Milly's house tomorrow.

"Are you sure you can paint?"

"I don't know. But Milly is happy for me to try."

As Peter once again walked along the road, he noticed a sign pinned to some of the telegraph poles. It was advertising a Circus which was coming to the area. He wasn't sure where it was due to be held, but he decided that it couldn't be far away.

Further along, he saw a man stapling another poster. As he approached, the man turned and greeted him, "Hello young man. It's a fine day isn't it? Will you be going to the Circus? Its very good you know."

Peter looked at the poster, which effectively gave him a good idea as to what a Circus was; animals, acrobats and clowns. "I don't really know. I'll have to ask my father."

Something about the youth had sparked a light deep in the recesses of Joseph Cockcroft's mind. There was something special about this… this being in front of him. Oh yes, he certainly knew that Peter wasn't a normal person. He just wasn't sure exactly what he was yet.

Joe reached into his pocket and pulled something out. "Here," he said. "Have a pair of complimentary tickets. Bring your father along."

"Thank you," said Peter. "That's very kind of you."

The young man walked on along the lane and Joe watched him as he walked. He still wasn't sure what he was seeing, but his instincts were telling him that wood had something to do with it. The showman kept his secret from others; but he was descended from wizards. He used his powers sparingly and usually to make a profit. He left the fortune telling to the old woman who was his mother, but he portrayed himself as a medium and organised séances to contact 'the lost ones' as he put it. His real talent was in being able to take advantage of people. Oh, he could read something in a face and understand so much more than anybody else from a look, or a timid smile. But he could no more talk to the deceased than you or I.

Milly was sitting watching for Peter when she saw him walk around the bend in the road. Yesterday was the experience of a lifetime and, although she was a little sore, she was desperately trying to stop herself from thinking about the possibilities of another such romp on the bed. Yet, so much pleasure did she gain, that she hadn't even noticed that her partner had taken none.

She opened the door as Peter walked up the path. "Hello. Are you ready to do some decorating?"

"Yes, I've been looking forward to it."

The divorcee had donned an old boiler suit prior to Peter's arrival. Clearly she was expecting to work with him. The suit may have been aged, but to the trained eye it looked flattering on Milly. It was probably highly fashionable back in the 1980s, when she had bought it, but by now she filled it much more effectively. That trained eye would also have deduced that she was not wearing any underwear beneath.

Milly showed Peter upstairs and gave him the same clothes she had offered yesterday. This time, however, she turned and walked out of the room to allow him to change in private.

Most of the morning was spent in carefully rubbing down the window frames with sandpaper. Peter, once he got the hang of it, worked very quickly. He simply didn't seem to tire. When the downstairs windows were finished and had been cleaned of any residue, Milly showed him where she kept a ladder in order to reach the upper windows.

The bedroom windows weren't very high, but Milly though it only right that she held the ladder for Peter. She particularly enjoyed the closeness as he made his way up and down the rungs.

They finished the sanding and stopped for lunch at about 1pm. The work had been warm and Milly had gradually pulled the zip on her boiler suit lower in order to aid cooling. By the time they reached the kitchen, she was showing a large amount of cleavage.

"So, what do you fancy? A cheese-salad sandwich? How about a beer?"

"Yes, thank you." Peter sat on a stool and Milly fetched a beer from the fridge. She opened it and handed the bottle to him. He began to sip the liquid while he watched her prepare the food. He had noticed that her garment had been unzipped as she got warmer and now wondered if he should undo a few buttons himself. He didn't feel the heat in the same way – indeed the warmth of the sun on his body energised him. He unfastened the shirt to about half way. Milly noticed and, although she was trying not to be obvious, was drinking in the sight of his firm muscles. She began to feel warm, in a very special way.

Lunch continued in pleasant conversation, mostly from Milly's side. Peter mostly asked questions and

listened carefully to the answers. Although 45, she felt like a schoolgirl again and realised that she was gabbling. It seemed a sensible idea to get back to work.
Milly showed Peter how to use the brush, how not to put too much paint on at a time and how to stroke gently. He quickly understood and worked quickly. Whereas Jim would normally take at least two days, he was going to be finished in single one.
When he had finished, Milly took him into the kitchen and explained how the brushes should be cleaned and stored. She told him that she had been shown how to do this by her father and had never forgotten it. “In fact,” she told him. “I would do all of the painting myself if it wasn’t for the ladders.”
The boiler suit had been zipped back up to a more modest level while they were outside, but once they came inside it started to descend. By the time she had closed the cupboard on the paints and brushes the gap was revealing her navel.
“I don’t know about you, but I could do with a shower.” She thought for a moment, seeing but not understanding that Peter appeared not to perspire at all. Indeed, from what she recalled of last night, he had only a faint aroma of… what? She wasn’t sure. A slight hint of oil mixed with something else? But no real body smell. She shook herself out her reverie. “Come on,” she said.
In the bathroom, Milly opened the door to the large shower compartment and turned it on. It was already set to the temperature she liked, so she shut the door and allowed it to reach the correct heat. Turning to face Peter, she smiled a naughty sort of smile and unzipped her boiler suit the rest of the way. She shrugged the garment off of her shoulders and pulled her arms out. The garment dropped towards her ankles, where she shuffled her feet and kicked it off. “Are you going to join me?”
She stepped into the shower and manoeuvred under the oversized shower head. Peter watched for a moment and then undressed. He didn’t know what effect a shower would have on his body, but he thought it would be interesting to find out.
The shower door opened and Peter stepped in. There was plenty of room for both of them.
“Here,” she said, handing him a bottle of shower gel. You can do my back for me.” Peter had been watching Milly soaping and massaging the suds into her breasts. He squeezed some of the liquid onto his hand and she turned away from him so that he could begin. He started at her shoulders and gradually worked down. Milly shivered slightly at his touch and her breathing came in short gasps. He reached the top of her cheeks and because she hadn’t told him otherwise continued.
Her feet shuffled apart and she bent slightly forward as Peter stroked her bottom. As his hand slipped into the crack, Milly bent even further forward, allowing his fingers travel further round between her legs. He understood that she was enjoying this, but he had not finished washing her, so he continued down her legs until he reached her feet.
Milly turned back to face him. “Stand up,” she ordered. “Now wash my front. And take your time.” This was almost in a whisper.
Peter did as he was told. He found it difficult as Milly was beginning to writhe a lot. As he neared her pussy, she opened her eyes and looked straight into his. That bit needs a lot of washing. Make sure you do it properly. Don’t stop until I tell you otherwise.”

His hand stroked down and round between her legs. One of her hands flew up onto his shoulder to stabilise herself. The other rested on top of Peter's and guided it to where she wanted. As he rubbed, her legs parted more and she began to moan. "Push a finger into me," she groaned. "That's it, finger fuck me." She guided his digit it in and out of her vagina, while the palm of his hand rubbed across her clitoris. Eventually, her second hand flew up onto his other shoulder and she held on tightly to prevent herself falling to the floor as she came. Peter slowed his pace and finally removed his finger.
It took a couple of minutes for the woman to recover. While she did, Peter took the opportunity to study her body closely. He was fascinated by the way the water formed in droplets on the skin and then ran downwards. The hair looked thick, but was made up of thousands of thin strands. The way the flesh moved about under his touch. All this was imply amazing.
They stepped out of the shower and towelled each other down. When they were dry, she asked him, "Is there anything you would like?" She was somewhat taken aback by his reply.
"No thank you very much. It's been a very pleasant day, but I think that I should be getting back to my father now. It's getting late."
Milly couldn't understand. "Why doesn't he want to fuck me?" she thought. "Or at least let me give him a blow job?"
She watched him dress in his own clothes and then, because he thought it was the right thing to do, he walked over and kissed her on the cheek. "Thank you for having me, Milly. Goodbye". He turned and walked out of the door and the house.
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Chapter 7

"Can we go please, father? I think I would like that. It would be interesting."
"Well, I haven't been to the Circus for forty years or more. I suppose it would make a nice change. Why not?" said George.
Later that evening the two men set off for the field on the other side of the village, where the circus tents had been set up. It took them about an hour to get there and it was already dark, so the bright lights could be seen from some distance away. Fortunately, they had brought a torch with them, although Peter didn't appear to need artificial light. His eyes seemed to work as well at night as they did during the day.
As they neared the Big Top, they found themselves walking along with crowds of local people. A car park had been made out of a neighbouring field and even more people were heading from that direction.
Joe had been watching the arriving customers carefully and smiled when he saw the tall figure of Peter. He had been thinking about the young 'man' and had plans for him. But that was for later; now he had to put on a show that would make him want to run away with the circus.
George and his son sat in one of the front rows, right by the ring. Peter was impressed by the way that the enormous tent was held up and kept looking at the mechanics of it. Just inside the ring was a circular cage, reaching up to a height of four metres. Leading from a curtained entrance at the side of the canvass, was a metal tunnel which was connected to the cage. There were a number of round

boxes positioned inside of the construction.
Suddenly, the lights dimmed and there was an elongated drum roll which came from a band area somewhere above the curtained entrance. A spotlight switched on and there in the centre of the ring, illuminated by the beam, stood Joe the Ring Master. Dressed in a black top hat, long frock coat with tails, a red waistcoat and white trousers, he looked a commanding figure. His moustache was the finishing touch (which he hadn't been wearing when Peter saw him last).
"Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls," he began. "Welcome to the Circus! Tonight we have an amazing range of entertainment for you. Please feel free to clap and cheer as much as you like!"
The audience dutifully applauded his opening speech. "And now; on with the show! Direct from the jungles of Africa , comes Alfredo and his assistant Jenny!"
The spotlight was extinguished and some movement could be perceived, but not seen. Then the lights came up and where Joe had stood was now a man in riding boots, jodhpurs and an ornate jacket covered in delicate braid and polished brass buttons. In one hand he held a riding whip; in the other was a wooden chair. The man strutted around inside the cage cracking the long leather implement.
So impressive was his presence; that at first nobody noticed his assistant standing in the corner. When he introduced her she stepped out from the shadows into the bright lights. She appeared to be wearing very little in the way of clothing. In essence, she wore a thong bikini over a nylon body stocking. Her hair was piled up, with a sparkling tiara wrapped around it. The costume itself was covered in sequins and coruscated as she walked. When Jenny turned, she revealed a shapely and firm bottom. Intriguingly, a seam ran up the back of both legs and disappeared beneath the brief waistband.
With a slight scraping sound, the cage doors at the ends of the tunnel were lifted and the lions came loping into the ring. The lion tamer gave indecipherable commands accompanied by cracks of the whip and the animals obediently arranged themselves on the round boxes. He walked to each of them and caused them to sit up on their haunches, with their forepaws held up as if they were a begging dog. The male was teased a little, making him roar his disapproval, but still he remained where he had been sent.
The show continued, with various lions leaving their box and performing. Then came the finale; Jenny stood between the two tallest boxes holding a large ring. As if by magic, it suddenly became a circle of fire. One by one each of the lions leapt through the flames. As they finished they immediately made their way back out through the tunnel.
Alfredo and Jenny took their bows. As circus hands began dismantling the cage they walked away from the ring the clowns came out to entertain. Peter was intrigued to see how their antics made everyone laugh. Even his father beside him was chuckling. There appeared to be lots of water, foam and trickery involved. At one point a clown had been drenched by a bucket. He then picked up another container and chased his assailant. When he threw the contents the other clown ducked and seemed as though the audience were going to be soaked. But the bucket was empty save for confetti. The audience roared.

The evening went quickly. Tumblers, jugglers, acrobats, more clowns, dogs and horses all took their turns. The women were invariably scantily clad, but the men remained pretty much fully clothed. Peter found this discrepancy interesting and wondered why it was.

As the show was beginning to wind up and all of the performers were coming on for a last bow, somebody tapped Peter on the shoulder and passed him an envelope. It was Jenny. She was still wearing her costume, but had put a robe over the top. “The Ring Master asked me to give you this,” she said, then walked away quickly.

“What’s that?” asked George.

“I don’t know. Jenny just gave it to me. It’s from the Ring Master.”

“Well, you’d better open it and find out what it’s about.”

The short note inside was hand-written by Joe and invited Peter to come back to the Circus the next day, where he would be shown ‘behind the scenes’.

As the two walked back home along the darkened lane, George said to Peter, “I can’t imagine why you would want to go there again tomorrow. What you saw in the ring is the best part. The sideshows are just a way of grabbing people’s money. In reality most of it is a messy hard job. I wouldn’t bother going if I were you.”

Peter didn’t want to upset his father by disobeying him, but he hadn’t actually forbade him from going, had he? So, the following afternoon, when George was busy working on a new sculpture, he set off. He figured that he would get there and back quicker if he ran, so he loped along at a seemingly impossible pace. He slowed to a walk as he neared the big tent. He hadn’t seen the sideshows last night in the dark, but now he could see that there were various stalls where people could test their skills and luck. There was a small queue at one enclosed booth, where the sign read, ‘Madame Dumont – Fortune Teller’.

Walking past the various caravans that the members of the Circus lived in, he eventually came to the one that he had been directed to in the note. He knocked on the door and waited. He heard a muffled profanity and then sensed some movement inside. The door opened outwards and the bulk of Joe filled it, a scowl upon his face.

As soon as he recognised Peter, his manner changed. “Ah, welcome! He bellowed. Come along inside Young man!”

Peter followed him inside. To his surprise, he came face to face with Jenny. She looked flushed and appeared to be finishing putting her clothes on. As she walked out of the door Joe called after her, “Keep it warm for me, I’ll see you later!” As she walked away, a pair of panties dropped out of her pocket and fell into the mud.

Joe offered his guest a cup of coffee. He accepted and sat sipping it while they talked. The questions that Joe asked were more about what Peter would like to do with his life, rather than what had gone before. Somehow the showman seemed to known that there wasn’t much to his past.

“I want to learn,” he said. “I’m interested in knowing… everything. I want to see the world.”

“Ah, well you’ve come to the right place young man. Travel and opportunity are yours when you join the Circus.”

“But there isn’t anything I can do. I can’t tame lions, or juggle, or anything like that. Wouldn’t I need to earn some money for my keep?”
“Oh, I’m sure that there are plenty of things that you could do. I get the feeling that you could probably do most of the jobs in the show – including mine!”
The tour showed Peter where the animals were kept and how they moved them into the ring for each of the shows. He was introduced to many of the shows participants. The queue outside the fortune tellers booth had, for now, petered out and the old woman had put up her ‘Gone for Tea’ sign.
When she took Peter’s hand to shake it she froze and looked down. A dark frown crossed her face and she quickly let go. She stumbled a few steps backwards and put her fist to her mouth. She looked terrified and crossed herself, then turned and hurried away.
Joe smiled, pleased that his mother had seen in the boy what he had. “Don’t worry about her lad. It’s the nature of her work. It makes her very nervous.”
They talked as they walked back towards the road. “It really will be an exciting opportunity for you Peter. You can travel with us; learn all about the Circus, meet people, see wonderful things. You can save all of your money and take it home to your father when you’ve had enough.”
By the time Peter arrived home (having run all the way again) it was getting late, but his father had been so tied up in his work that he hadn’t even noticed his son’s absence.
*****

Chapter 8

Throughout the next day Peter considered the offer that Joe had made. He hadn’t told George about it and by the things he had already said, he knew his father would not approve. But he wanted to find out about the world out there. The limited number of books that he had read had opened his eyes and made him aware that there was so much more to know.
He made a decision; he would leave the house early, before George arose and would leave a note explaining where he was going. Joe had told him that the Circus would be packing up overnight and leaving early the next morning and that if he wanted to go with them he would need to be ready by 7am.
Peter propped the letter on the table near the front door. Unfortunately, as he opened it to leave, a freak gust of wind blew in and flipped the envelope against the wall, where it fell down behind the table and lay out of sight.
When he arrived at the field, almost all of the equipment was dismantled and stowed on the trucks. There was a little bit of heavy lifting remaining, so Joe asked Peter to help. The other crewmen, strong and experienced, were impressed by the ease with which he picked up and carried heavy objects.
Joe invited the young man to travel with him in his Range Rover (which he used to tow his caravan). This was the first vehicle off of the site and the rest of the vehicles followed in convoy. “Where are we going?” asked Peter as they set off.
“Well, this was the last venue in this region. We normally arrive in an area and set up about six sites over two months, then move towards the opposite end of the country to start all over again. Generally

speaking, we do South East, North West , Central, South West and then North East. That's where we're headed now. We don't move very fast, so the journey is probably going to take about seven hours. We won't open until the end of the week, which will give us a chance to get posters out."
Peter had never actually seen a map, so he had no idea of where the North East was. But he could understand the concept of time and, having now experience the speed of the vehicle, he could comprehend the distance.
After a few hours of travelling the convoy stopped at a service area. All of the vehicles pulled into the truck stop area. Some of the crew checked on the animals, one opened the front of a vehicle to check the water level in the radiator. The remainder made their way into the 'greasy spoon' style café, where Joe introduced Peter to a full English breakfast. The meal was large and Peter needed three giant cups of tea to push it down. By now he was used to the idea that the food and drink went down and then simply ceased to exist, but others were surprised when he didn't seem to need a toilet break – especially after the amount he had consumed.
When they returned to the vehicles, Joe stopped and called to Jenny, "Hey girlie, come and ride with us and keep us company." She looked reluctant, but altered course and made her way to the Range Rover. "This is Peter Nocchia, he's joining us. Peter, this is Jenny Cricket."
They all climbed into the car, Joe indicating that Peter should sit in the back, so that Jenny could sit next to the driver. Once more the convoy hit the road.
Not long after they were back on the motorway, Joe turned and looked at Jenny with a wicked grin. "So how are you feeling today Jenny? Horny? You certainly were yesterday afternoon."
The young woman flushed, but didn't answer. Joe laughed, "Hah! I but you are as well. Let's find out shall we?" He reached across and grabbed at the button at the top of her jeans. He tugged it undone and then pulled the zip down. Jenny grimaced, but didn't object as his hand pushed down inside her panties. She opened her legs without having to be told.
"Just as I thought, you're sopping wet again. Has Alfredo been playing with you in the truck, eh? Has he been slipping a finger up you? Like this?" Jenny gasped as Joe's digit forced its way up inside her. He moved it in and out of her for a while until, sensing that she was getting close, he pulled it back out and concentrated on her hardened clitoris. She began to writhe as an orgasm racked her body and moaning sounds escaped her lips.
When Joe removed his hand Jenny quickly re-fastened her jeans.
Joe looked at Peter in the driving mirror and said, "How about that eh? She is such a horny little bitch."
The convoy drove on for another two hours before stopping again. This was a relatively short stop, mainly to allow people to visit the toilets. Peter decided that perhaps he should go along with everyone else. Fortunately, he naturally assumed that he should follow the men. Inside, he observed most of them walking up to the porcelain urinals, whilst some of them made their way into the cubicles. He stood and unzipped his trousers as the others had done. When they pulled their penises out, he observed a stream of golden liquid pouring into the bowl from them. Of course, nothing emitted from his own, but everybody was studiously staring straight ahead at the wall and didn't

notice.
Back at the car, Joe and Jenny were already waiting for him. He climbed into the back seat, but once he had sat down Jenny joined him. She smiled shyly at him.
Back on the road, Joe looked in the mirror at Peter again. “So, tell me Peter, how much experience do you have with women?”
“Experience? What do you mean?”
“I mean, have you had a woman? You know, sex.” Peter still looked uncertain. “Have you fucked?”
Peter recognised that word. Milly had used it. “Oh, yes,” he replied honestly.
“Good. Did you enjoy it?”
Peter thought about the question for a moment. He still had no concept of emotions and therefore the word ‘enjoy’ had little meaning for him. However, on this occasion he interpreted it this way; he learned something new, he always wanted to learn, he was therefore satisfied. “Yes,” he said.
“I’m pleased to hear that Peter. You see I’ve had a great idea how you can earn a living with us. When we travel around the country we come across a lot of lonely women. I think that you will be able to provide a service as an escort.”
“What’s an escort?” Peter asked.
“Well, you might have to dress smartly and accompany the lady. You might go to the theatre or a cinema, or a dance, or just out for a meal. And afterwards she might want you to take her home and keep her amused for a while.”
It sounded and interesting job, but it raised one question, “How do I keep her amused?”
“Ah, I’m glad you asked that. Jenny here is going to help to educate you in that department.”
Peter looked across at her, but she didn’t look back. He got the impression that Joe had already talked to her about his ‘education’ – whatever that meant.
“No time like the present, as they say Jenny. Why don’t you two get to work in the back there?”
Jenny had been looking out of the heavily tinted window until now. Still she didn’t speak, but she unfastened her seatbelt and turned towards Peter. She moved closer and put her hands up to gently hold his face in her hands. She looked deep into his eyes and moved to touch her lips to his. He returned the pressure and closed his eyes, as she had done. Her mouth opened and he heard and felt a tiny groan of pleasure as his mouth followed suit. Their tongues collided and then stroked and caressed each other.
They broke away and, for the first time, Jenny spoke in a soft gentle voice. “That’s good. You’re really doing that very, very well.” She smiled at him, “Now, I want you to try that again, but this time I want you to take hold of me.”
Peter realised that he had to take his seat belt off in order to fulfil this action. He turned towards her and placed his hand on either side of her hips. “Move them up a bit higher to begin with,” she instructed him. The firmness of his hands through the thin material of her shirt made her shiver. He moved in for the kiss and repeated what she had shown him previously. It was as if her body melted into his.
When they broke apart again she said, “Oh Peter, you’re a natural. Now, when we do it this time I

want you to move your hands round behind me. Gently rub them up and down my back. After a while I want you to bring one hand round to cup my breast, OK?”

The kiss lasted even longer this time as Peter followed the instructions he had been given. Except that when he brought his hand up to her breast, she broke away and gasped with pleasure. Jenny looked down at his hand and took hold of his thumb. She demonstrated how he should rub across her enlarged nipple. When she dropped her hand to his other one and encouraged it to move upwards, he didn’t need further instruction to replicate what the other hand was doing. Her neck arched back as she moaned.

“Take my shirt off now Peter.” He unfastened each of the buttons and untucked the garment from her jeans. He slipped it off of her shoulders and then pulled the sleeves down and off of her arms. Jenny looked down to her breasts, encased in a white bra made of material thin enough that the dark rings of her areolae were visible. In their centre the nipples stood proud. She looked back up into his face a merely nodded.

Peter understood the signal and moved his hands back up to tease her tits. After a while she asked, “Can you undo a bra?”

“I don’t know,” he replied.

“OK, well slide your hand up my back until you come to the strap. Now, can you feel where the catch is? Right, well for most men this is rocket science, but really it’s very simple. Put your thumb on one side of the clasp and your middle finger on the other side. Now, apply a little pressure onto my back and then squeeze your fingers towards each other and… Bingo!”

Peter slipped the straps from her shoulders and watched as the cups fell away. Jenny’s breasts were much smaller than Milly’s, but were firmer. “Let’s start with the kissing again and go from there shall we?”

By the time that Peter had repeated what he had been taught and was fondling her tits and rubbing her nipples, Jenny was in ecstasy. She pulled his head down and encouraged him to suck on the hard pink nubs of flesh. He alternated between one and the other, pausing every now and then to return his mouth to hers. He had learned that the object of the exercise was to do things that she liked and enjoyed – as indicated and encouraged by her moaning and gasping.

Jenny broke away from Peter and bent to untie the laces on her trainers. She kicked them off into the foot well. Her breathing was rapid and her cheeks and neck were flushed. “Now undress me. Do it slowly and gently this time, but remember that sometimes women want it to be quick.” She leaned back, allowing him to unfasten her jeans. They were very tight and pulling them down took some effort.

Eventually the trousers came away, leaving Jenny in her thin white panties. The sides had pulled down to her hips when the jeans were removed. The crotch had become almost transparent with the moisture from her pussy. Peter took hold of them and tugged them down. She raised her hips to make it easier for him. As the cotton material fell to the floor she raised her foot up onto the seat and put her hand behind his head. She pulled him downwards towards her pubic mound.

Peter guessed that he was supposed to begin kissing. He did so, and from the reaction it brought he

knew his supposition was correct. Jenny seemed to respond the most when he kissed towards the top of her vagina. “Use your tongue,” she hissed.
The French-kissing practice gave him a head start in understanding what she wanted. He even began to penetrate into the warmth between her pussy lips. When he returned his attention to her clitoris she started to shudder violently, pulling his head hard against her.
When she had recovered, Jenny pulled Peter’s head back up, kissed him on the lips again and told him, “Now fuck me.”
The display that the couple had been putting on had been watched carefully in the rear view mirror by Joe. Amazingly, he appeared able to concentrate both on driving and them at the same time.
Unknown to the young pair, the convoy had now arrived at their destination. The Ring Master switched off the engine, unbuckled his belt and turned his full attention to them.
Joe was impressed with the size of Peter’s cock. He was certainly going to ‘entertain’ the ladies. With his jeans around his knees, he positioned himself between Jenny’s legs. She looked down and saw his erect dick for the first time. “Oh, wow!” she mouthed.
Peter pushed the head gently between Jenny’s pussy lips. There was a little resistance, but she was so wet the shaft began to slide into her seemingly with ease. He managed to fully embed himself on that first stroke, before starting to slip in and out of her rhythmically.
To Joe, the scent of Jenny’s arousal was overpowering. He had already pulled his own cock free of his trousers and was stroking in time with Peter’s thrusts. The woman began to come again and was yelling her encouragement to him. Finally, he slowed, sensing that she had finished. He withdrew and sat back, looking at her lying on the seat with her legs stretched wide apart. Her pussy lips remained open and her juices and come had mingled causing a creamy froth to form within them.
Joe pushed Peter to one side in his single-minded determination to mount Jenny himself. He plunged straight in, causing her to cry out in shock. Thankfully, his lust didn’t last long and within ten strokes he began pumping his semen inside her vagina.
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Chapter 9

Peter was impressed at the speed with which the Big Top and surrounding side shows went up. By the time it got dark virtually everything had been finished. His strength had proved useful during the construction process and he had learned a lot.
Joe cooked a meal and invited Peter to join him in his caravan. The meal was accompanied by a steady flow of beers, which had no effect on him; something that amused his host. The caravan had one bedroom, but a bench seat in the living area folded out into a double bed. This was where he ‘slept’ that night.
In the morning, other members of the Circus made use of Peter. He was shown how to feed and muck out some of the animals. He watched the acrobats practising in the afternoon and then went out with Joe to pin up some posters around the local area.
Two days later, the Circus had its first performance. Peter was employed in showing people to their seats and then selling popcorn and other confectionery during the interval. After the last performance

of the evening, Joe told him that he had a very special job for him the next day. He stressed that this task would be vital to the well-being of the business.
While driving Peter and Jenny the next morning, the Ring Master explained where they were going, “Our venue next week is proving to be a bit awkward. Apparently, last time we were here the Council were upset by the amount of litter that was left behind after we packed up. To be honest, the locals are a bunch slovenly arseholes. We had plenty of rubbish bins dotted around, but they couldn’t be bothered to use them. We’re going to meet two of the Councillors, to try and butter them up and persuade them to allow us to pitch.
The meeting took place at a hotel. The small conference room seemed quite formal, but allowed the five people present to sit and discuss their problems. Pretty soon, Joe had determined that these two officials were ‘on the make’. It was made pretty clear that they wanted to know what was in it for them. The Circus man knew how to handle this and said that he would be prepared to make a generous donation to a charity of their choice. The Councillors began to make the right kind of sounds, but then he explained that he would need to pop back to fetch his cheque book. In the meantime, Peter and Jenny would entertain them.
Jenny spoke directly to Councillor Adams, “Perhaps you could show me around the town. I’ve never been here before and it looks really interesting. You seem to have so much woodland around.”
The overweight, balding man licked his lips and smiled like a cat, “Of course, my dear. I’d be delighted to show you the better sights around here.” They got up and left together.
Councillor Petty was in her early fifties and clearly a woman who cared about her appearance. She was wearing a cream pleated skirt and matching jacket over a white blouse. She had outlived two husbands – something that the less charitable remarked upon behind her back. She liked the idea of being accompanied by a handsome young man, who was young enough to be her… younger brother. “It must be lunchtime. Would you like to take me out for a meal?” she asked.
Peter had been told by Joe that this was what would be needed – to start with. He had given him enough cash to pay for a slap-up meal at the most expensive restaurant in the town (although by metropolitan standards it was remarkably cheap). He told him to play it by ear from there.
The casual trousers and sports jacket over a light blue shirt and matching tie turned many a head as the couple were shown to their table. Clearly, Susan was used to dining in this fashion and ordered for both of them, including a bottle of wine with both the starter and main course. Naturally, Peter used the wine to wash the food down. Councillor Petty was impressed and had to stop trying to keep up when she began to feel tipsy.
When they finally rose to leave the restaurant, Susan didn’t care who saw her leaning on the arm of this beautiful man. “Perhaps we should have some coffee to sober up a bit? Let’s get a taxi back to my place.” She pulled her mobile phone out of her handbag and called up a preset number. “Hello, Councillor Petty here; I’d like a car at Callum’s Restaurant, please. Now.” She cut off the call without waiting for a reply.
Susan excused herself to go and ‘powder her nose’ before they left the building. By the time they got outside the taxi was waiting for them. “My place,” she said simply. Peter held the door for her, then

made his way round and got in the other side.
The woman sat and talked politely and quietly to Peter, but her hand surreptitiously moved towards his and her little finger rested on his corresponding digit.
The car pulled into a gravel driveway in front of a large detached house. Peter got out. The Councillor remained seated and he was momentarily confused, before realising that she was probably waiting for him to help her out. He walked quickly round the car and opened the door. The taxi drove away as they walked up to the entrance.
Opening her handbag, Susan withdrew a key and used it to open the large wooden door. She stepped over the threshold and Peter followed. Basically a hard-headed business woman, she had suddenly stepped into a completely unfamiliar world. She was no longer sure of her herself and felt very nervous indeed. She walked through to the lounge without looking back. When she turned, she suddenly felt very sober, but would have preferred not to be.
“To hell with coffee,” she blurted. “Brandy is a much better way to finish a meal, wouldn’t you agree?”
“I’m afraid I’ve never tried brandy before, but I would like to.”
Susan busied herself at the drinks cabinet and returned with two cut glass brandy snifters. She handed one to Peter and he watched as she cupped the bowl shape in her hand and began swirling the contents around. He copied her actions, even bringing his nose to the rim and inhaling the fumes. She sipped some of the golden liquid, held it on her tongue and sucked in air across it. When she swallowed it brought a faint colour to her cheeks. She stood looking at the statuesque young man standing before her, lost for words and totally unable to decide what to do next.
When Joe had talked to Peter about his training session with Jenny, he had tried to impart a lot of information that would help him to understand women. He didn’t name it as such, but he told him all about body language and the positive signs to look for. He also explained the warning signs, where a man would advance only at his peril. He understood that there were times that instead of waiting to be told what somebody wanted him to do, he had to take the lead and act in a way that he thought somebody wanted him to.
They were standing in front of a large, ornate fireplace. Peter placed his glass on the mantelpiece and took two steps towards Susan. Taking the glass from her hand he placed that on the ledge also. He took another half pace and slipped his arms inside her jacket, wrapping them around her back and bent his head to kiss her.
“No, you mus…mm,” her voiced trailed off into acquiescence. Her eyes closed and she drifted into a different world. Peter continued the kiss, manoeuvring his mouth around to be able to pull on her bottom lip with his lips. As her mouth opened with the pleasure his tongue tentatively ventured past her lips. She found herself enjoying the taste of him.
The kiss lasted a long time, but Susan had lost all sense of seconds, minutes and hours. They were merely numbers and no longer held relevance to her.
One of Peter’s hands slid down Susan’s back and came to rest on her buttock. It stayed there for a while before gently squeezing and kneading. The other hand moved to join the first and he now pulled her body into his. She could feel a movement between them. His hands slid around to her hips and

then up past her waist to the sides of her breasts. Now he broke the kiss and leaned backwards and looked deep into her eyes. He cupped the soft flesh and her eyes closed once more.
Peter bent down and planted a kiss in the small amount of cleavage that was visible at the ‘v’ of her blouse. He then unfastened another button and began kissing again. The next button was undone and her brassiere came into sight. He continued using his lips while removing the remaining buttons. His hand moved back up to the strap, only to discover that there was no catch. When he looked more closely, he realised that this garment was fastened at the front. Susan brought her hands up and unhooked the clasp herself, pulled the cups to one side and released her slightly sagging yet full breasts. Peter’s mouth moved on to them at once.
Susan looked down at Peter, who was now kneeling in front of her and took a deep breath. How she had fantasised about such a thing happening, but never, ever in her waking hours had she believed it possible. She shrugged the jacket off of her shoulders. The blouse and bra quickly followed. Her hands stroked through his hair, watching as he worked on her nipples. She was feeling an aching yearning deep within her being. She knew that she wanted this, but hoped that the young man in front of her would take the lead.
He stood and took Susan in his arms again. He began kissing once more, one hand holding her, the other moving to the zip at the back of her skirt. He stepped back again and gently eased the skirt down over her hips and thighs to the floor. She stepped out of the garment and he dropped it to one side. The white slip gave a hint of what lay beneath, but as he drew the material downwards, Peter was interested to see the unusual and expensive underwear; stockings and suspender belt which matched her lacy bra and deep panties.
When Susan stepped out of her slip Peter remained kneeling in front of her. His thumbs hooked themselves inside the waistband of her panties and slowly forced them down. Maybe it was the drink, maybe it was the excitement, but as her thick pubic bush - she hadn’t trimmed it recently because she hadn’t expected anybody else to see it - began to reveal itself she started to feel dizzy. She placed her hands on Peter’s shoulders to retain her balance as she took first one stillettoed foot then the other out of the fine lace.
Peter’s face buried itself between her legs and when his tongue began to explore the delicate folds she gasped aloud. Nobody had ever done this to her before. His cunnilingual skills made her realise very quickly what she had been missing all these years. She didn’t have long to rue this omission however, as she suddenly found herself lifted up off of the floor in a pair of strong masculine arms.
“Where’s the bedroom?”
“Upstairs first right,” she nodded in the general direction of the stairs.
The bed was single, but a large one. He lay her down gently on top of the duvet and then removed her shoes. Sitting on the bed next to her he leant in close as he slid his hand up the inside of her thigh. When his fingertips made contact with her clitoris she screamed and had her first orgasm by a man – ever. Prior to this she had only managed it by herself. By the time she had stopped panting, her legs were spread and Peter was using his tongue on her again. She knew her mascara would run, but she couldn’t prevent a few teardrops escaping from her eyes.

Almost at the point of coming again, Peter finally relented and stood up. He slowly undressed in front of her. She remained in the position he had left her, with her pink pussy lips forming a gash amongst the curls of her pubic hair, drops of saliva mixed with her juices outlining it.
When Peter pulled his trousers down revealing his erection, her eyes went comically wide. “Oh my…” Her hand went to her mouth muffling any further words. She shook her head in disbelief, surely it wasn’t real?
As Peter moved up between her legs, she started to become a little afraid. She had used objects on herself before, in fact quite large ones, but this was bigger still.
Peter’s face moved level with hers. She realised that his face was soaked with her own come and the thought of kissing him revolted her. But he held her head still and kissed her anyway, Susan struggled momentarily, but then surrendered herself to the passion. She hardly even noticed as the head of his cock began to push at the entrance to her pussy. He kept nudging gently, gradually moving in a little each time. Most of his length was inside before he started the forceful plunging movement.
Susan came twice more while Peter fucked her. Then later, when she had showered, he brought her to yet another orgasm with his mouth.
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Chapter 10

By the time that Peter and Susan got back to the hotel meeting room, Councillor Adams had already left.
“I trust that you have been properly entertained while I was away?” asked Joe.
Councillor Petty was back into her business-like stride by now. “Yes thank you. He’s been a marvellous escort and kept me thoroughly amused.”
“Good. Well, here’s the cheque that I promised. I trust that the figure is adequate? Oh, and I’ve left the payee blank so that you can fill in the charity of your choice.”
“That’s very generous of you Mr. Cockcroft. The orphanage will be very grateful I’m sure.”
The trio of entertainers made their farewells and departed, explaining that they needed to get back for the evening performance. Peter kissed Susan tenderly on the cheek and smiled at her before he walked away.
“Nice touch that, Peter,” said Joe when they emerged from the hotel entrance. “I was right about you. It seems that you have the knack with women. It’s a very useful talent that we can put to good effect.”
If Peter could read Joe’s mind, he would realise that he intended to make use of him to draw in vulnerable and susceptible recently-bereaved women who were anxious to make contact with their loved ones ‘on the other side’. His use of the young man as a Gigolo would be an added bonus.
Joe’s plans didn’t start to come into play until the following week, at their next venue. It sounded so stupidly simple that it couldn’t possibly work, but then that was its beauty. The fortune teller would watch out for the victim – people who are likely to believe in mediums will almost certainly believe in horoscopes. Madame Dumont knew how to gently worm information out of them at the same time as planting ideas in their heads. Peter was the archetypal tall, handsome stranger that they were soon to

meet. An accidental collision a little later seemed to prove the veracity of her predictions.
The really clever part was that Madame Dumont had suggested to the punter that she would visit a psychic who would give her some welcome news. This is where Joe came in, as a poster was prominently displayed around the site advertising his talents and giving the date and time of the next sitting.
It didn't always work. But on many occasions the hook was taken and the poor soul was suckered into having a private audience. This was where the money could be made. A little information given on the first occasion encouraged the unwitting divulgence of further information that could be used during a second appointment. The short time that Joe would be available in the area usually panicked people into paying over the odds to hear the news they had been waiting for. It was easy money.
The game of renting out Peter's sexual favours was a little more complicated. Joe never revealed how he made contact with the women who were interested in making use of his 'escort' services, but each evening there seemed to be somebody for the young man to take care of.
Peter was learning all of the time, but not necessarily the things he really wanted to learn about. He understood that humans experienced emotions, but this was still a closed book to him. One afternoon, just after he had been told of his evening's assignation, Jenny casually sidled up to him.
"Hello Peter. I wanted to talk to you, but this is the first chance that I've had for a while."
"What did you want to talk to me about?"
"You," she said simply. "I want to ask you if you're happy, because I don't think you are. Are you aware that Joe is taking advantage of you? Don't you mind?"
It hadn't really occurred to Peter. As far as he was concerned he was helping Joe, pleasing him as he did any other person. But that was the trouble. He had no understanding of the concept of good and bad people. Neither did he comprehend the art of lying. Sure, Joe had been paying him, but it was a drop in the ocean compared to the amount he made from him. Jenny began to explain these facts.
Peter said, "So people tell lies in order to make profit from it?"
"People sometimes tell lies just for the hell of it, or to get themselves out of trouble. Any reason really, it's in our make-up. But you're different. I don't think you've ever lied. You trust everybody to be as honest as you, but they aren't. You need to get away and go back to your father."
"But I wanted to go back having earned enough money for my keep."
"Trust me; it's the best place for you to be. I'm sure that your father will be pleased to see you. You can escape before it's too late, not like me."
"Why not you?"
"It's far too late for me, I'm past saving. Nobody would care about me."
Peter didn't reply. If he had been human maybe he would have made some sympathetic sounds. Perhaps he would even have told her that he cared. But he couldn't. He walked away from Jenny aware that his lack of human emotions had left him unable to understand. He just kept walking. Out of the field in which the Circus and its sideshows were erected, onto the road that led to the town. He kept walking, trying to head in a southerly direction, trusting that he would find his way home eventually.

Naturally, Peter didn't need to rest, but he had to stay off of the motorways, and with roads that wound in every direction, he decided it was easier to sit and wait for the morning. It was while he was sitting in an isolated bus shelter that he was discovered by an inebriated man in is early twenties. He sat down at the other end of the bench and spoke some words. His thick accent combined with the slurring made him almost impossible to understand. The drunk got up, walked around the side of the shelter and threw up, before returning to his seat. "Sorry," he mumbled.

The figure slumped against the wall, unconscious. It was a cold night and Peter realised that it wasn't a good idea for the man to stay here. He could become seriously ill, or even die. The book chronicling Captain Scott's adventures in the Antarctic had been useful knowledge.

He picked the man up and began walking along the road. He had gone some distance before he arrived in a built-up area. From a side road two figures weaved their way towards him. "Roddy! What's up with the bugger mate?" said one.

"He passed out in a bus shelter. I thought that he might lay there undiscovered all night and I was concerned that he might get hypothermia."

They stopped, perhaps understanding that they were witnessing a selfless act in the making. "Bring him this way. We'll get him inside." Peter followed them as the walked along a few streets before trailing them up the pathway of a terraced house. Having passed through the front door, he entered a room with a settee, two chairs, a television and not much else. He carefully deposited the inert form on the sofa.

An opened beer bottle appeared in his hand. "Cheers mate. You've done Roddy a real favour there. Have a seat."

It was interesting listening to the two drunks waffling on. Occasionally they would ask Peter a question, but he managed to give non-committal and entirely forgettable answers. Eventually, they too fell into unconsciousness.

Peter could have left at that point, but something made him stay put. He closed his eyes and listened to the varied snoring sounds as he relaxed.

In the morning, the first one to wake was the original drunk that Peter had carried from the shelter. He stood up and swayed, looked at Peter and opened his mouth to speak. A frown crossed his face and then he shut his mouth again and walked out of the room. A tap could be heard running somewhere. The man came back into the room with a glass of water, stared at him and said, "Who are you?"

"You fell asleep in the bus shelter and I carried you home."

"Oh." The man sat back down, drank is water and then nodded off again.

The three friends all came awake within a couple of minutes – somewhere around 11 o'clock in the morning. The other two recalled the events of the previous night and explained what had happened to Roddy. The taller of the two introduced himself as Stan and indicated that the other was his brother Danny.

"My name's Peter," he told them.

"So, what were you doing in the bus shelter? There're few enough of them during the day let alone in the middle of the night.

“I’ve been walking, making my way south, but I needed to stop for the night,” Peter explained.
“Well, I guess I should thank you for bringing me back. If I’d stayed there I might not have woken up. There’s still a bit of frost out there even now,” Roddy said, looking out of the window.
“Do you work?”
Peter replied, “I was working with the Circus, but I decided to leave.”
“So, you’re looking to earn some money?”
Peter still wanted to return home to his father with some money in his pocket, so he said, “Yes.”
Roddy looked at the two brothers, “What do you think?”
“He’s a bit taller than Johnny,” said Stan. “But he looks a lot like him. Get the passport and let’s have a look.”
Having never seen a passport before, Peter was quite interested to note that this one bore a picture that looked vaguely like him. The biggest anomaly was the height; the holder was clearly six inches shorter than he.
Roddy cocked his head on one side. “Danny, stand next to him for a moment. Can you… sort of… slump down a bit Pete?”
He relaxed and allowed his shoulders to droop and his knees to remain in a slightly bent attitude.
“It might work, you know. If Pete does that and you wear shoes with heels, you’ll look roughly the same height – which is what the passports say you are.”
Peter had noticed that the passport he had looked at bore the name of Harry Merchant and not Johhny something, as he had expected. He waited for the explanation, which Roddy eventually gave him later that day after the trio had discussed the possibility for a long time.
“Look Pete, we’ve got a way of making some good money really quickly, but our mate Johnny came off of his motorbike two days ago and broke his leg. We need four of us for this job and everything was revolving round him. He was supposed to be the Groom.”
“The Groom?”
“Yeah, we’re going on a Stag Trip to celebrate his getting married.”
“But now he can’t go?”
“Right, but you look a bit like him and can use the passport.”
“But the passport is in a different name.”
“Ah, you noticed that,” said Roddy. “All of our passports are in different names. You see, we aren’t really going on a Stag Trip. We’re going to pick up a little bit of… merchandise and bring it home. We’ll make a stack of money and have a fun time into the bargain.”
Peter still wasn’t quite sure what they were planning, but decided not to ask any more questions about ‘the job’ itself.
“Are you in?”
“How much money?”
Roddy smiled, “I knew you wouldn’t be able to resist. It’s hard to say just how much we’re gonna make, but you can bet that it would be above ten grand a piece.”
That was, indeed, a considerable amount of money; fifty times what Peter currently had in his pocket.

He agreed to go along with their plan.
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Chapter 11
It was the following Friday that the group got on two motorbikes and made their way by road to Newcastle Ferry Port , in time for the 5.30pm departure.
The journey was a long one, arriving in Amsterdam at 10am the next morning. The group had booked a four berth cabin, allowing them sleep in beds when they eventually ran out of steam (and booze). Bleary eyed and more than a little hung over, they then caught the ultra-fast ferry from Ijmuiden to the heart of Amsterdam City . They weren't due to meet a contact until 4pm the next day, but until then they were determined to party hard. Of course, they had to leave their bikes back at the Ferry Terminal. They couldn't afford to be caught drinking and driving, as the local laws were very, very harsh on offenders.
The four men spent the day walking around and trying out different bars. Inevitably they found themselves wandering around the Oude Kerk area – better known as the red light district. Three of them were continuously ogling the prostitutes, whilst Peter was busy observing the interesting and historic architecture. Eventually, late that evening the group ended up walking into the (in)famous Casa Rosso on Oudezijds Achterburgwal.
It wasn't cheap to enter, but the non-stop live show was everything they had been told it was. When they walked in, two women were laying in a sixty nine position on the raised stage. Both were using their tongue and a dildo on the other, accompanied by loud moans of pleasure.
Drinks were served at their seats and seemed to come lightening fast when ordered. The stage lights dimmed as the two women left and the audience waited for the next act.
When the lights came back up a handsome couple walked out onto the stage to the sound of some soft music. Both were in their mid twenties and stunningly good-looking. The woman was wearing a silk kimono which she soon shed and then knelt down on all fours facing away from the audience. Her pubic hair had been completely removed, allowing the observers to see clearly the pink gash of her pussy. Her partner knelt beside her and began to massage her buttocks. Gradually he drew the cheeks apart, which in turn began to ease the labia apart.
"Fucking hell," breathed Roddy as the man slid a finger down the entrance to the woman's vagina. He drew it backwards and forwards a few times, revealing in the light that she was already very moist. A finger disappeared between the folds and she emitted a long moan. The digit moved in and out repeatedly for a while, then withdrew and traced its way back up between the cheeks. It started to tickle around the woman's anus, before probing deeper using coating of pussy juice to lubricate its passage. While the finger began a fucking motion the other hand returned to her pussy.
After some minutes of this manual stimulation another woman walked onto the stage and placed a large vibrator by the man's knees. He removed his fingers from his partner and picked up the dildo. He switched it on and it emitted and soft buzzing sound. When he touched the plastic to her clitoris, her head flew up and her back arched. The noises she made left nobody in any doubt that she had just achieved an orgasm.

The imitation phallus moved back to the vagina's entrance and the lips seemed to almost open up to suck the device in. He gradually slid the entire eight inch length into her. With a small movement of his hand, the male performer switched the vibrator to a higher setting. She came again.
His teasing of the pussy was over and he moved the head an inch higher to her rectum. A sharp intake of breath was shared by the woman and the audience alike as her partner slid in the entire length in one go. The third climax was reached soon after.
The vibrator was put to one side as the woman, turned her body through ninety degrees and sat back on her haunches. The man stood in front of her and untied the silk belt of his kimono. As the garment fell to the ground the men in the audience almost all thought or muttered something like, "Fuck me!" Whereas, almost all of the women thought, "Oh, fuck me! Please!"
Standing at just over six feet, the performer had a magnificently toned and tanned body. What caused the remarks was the size of his penis; not yet erect, it looked to be twice average length and the thickness wasn't far short of the same ratio. The woman reached out and began to rub the massive cock into life with her right hand. Her left hand started to massage his large testicle sac.
When fully aroused, the penis reached up past his navel. His partner drew the shaft down and bent her head towards it. Most of the audience thought she wouldn't even be able to get the head into her mouth, but they were amazed as the purple dome disappeared between the red lips. She managed to get quite a good amount into her mouth, but then stopped and withdrew it. She stood up and bent at the waist, then opened her mouth again. In this position she was able to keep her mouth and throat in a straight line. The people roared their approval with whistles and applause as she managed to take the entire length into her throat.
She wasn't able to take all of the cock into her pussy – only about two thirds – but she opened her arse to take him all. When he was close to coming he withdrew from the woman. She reacted by lying in front of him with her legs wide apart as he rubbed his dick. The spurts began to erupt from the tip, spraying her from face to pussy and back again. The volume of come seemed to match the size of his equipment.
Not long after the show had finished, the 'bachelor party' agreed that they needed to go and get some action themselves and headed off to find some prostitutes. They'd been warned not to go near the German Bridge and made their way to a more reputable area that they had been told of. Finding a brothel, they went in and made payment. They were then invited to select their partner, who would escort them to a private room.
Peter didn't have a need to do any of this, but he thought he should show willing and chose a girl who looked vaguely like Jenny. She didn't speak very good English, but she was very skilled at her trade. The young man acted in a way that he thought she would expect him to. When he entered her, he was surprised at how easy it was. He kept up a slow methodical rhythm, intent on giving pleasure. The prostitute had never had a client like this; in fact she prided herself on her ability to bring a man off very rapidly, every time. But this one seemed to go on and on for ever. Her mouth opened in an 'O' as she realised that he was bringing her to orgasm – something that no male client had ever achieved before.

The last to return to the lounge bar of the brothel was Peter. The others were impressed by what they perceived of as his stamina. They left and started a tour of the bars again.
Monday dawned and as the sun rose the group were leaving a bar in search of somewhere that they could put their heads down and get a couple of hours sleep. They found a cheap hotel and paid for twelve hours (that's just how cheap it was), and slept until the afternoon.
Roddy went out at just before 4pm. He returned half an hour later with a big smile on his face. "Got it!" he said.
From inside of a carrier bag he produced a parcel wrapped in newspaper. Inside was a kilo of heroin – already divided up into small enough amounts to each be sealed in a condom. There were forty in total.
"OK, so that's ten each, right?" he said. "I've brought some more beer to help them slip down." He opened a can a then took one of the packages. He put it into his mouth a swallowed twice, before taking a swig of the drink.
Roddy burped loudly. "Nothing to it, "he said.
The brothers followed suit. They didn't find it easy but they managed to get the condom down. Peter popped one in his mouth and washed it down with beer. It took two cans to get the ten packets down. The others took a while longer, but achieved the desired result.
The group quickly left the hotel and then rushed to make it in time for the ferry to Ijmuiden . They made their way onboard the Newcastle bound ship for the North Sea crossing and found their cabin. Collapsing on their beds they slept for the next few hours, watched by Peter. He was thinking about the brothel, wondering why he had remembered Jenny at that time. He had no answers to his question.
The ferry docked the next morning and the men waited patiently by the motorbikes, looking for the crew's signal to leave the ship. When they did, they made their way to the area that they had been directed to in order to be checked through by Customs and Excise officers.
"Good morning gentlemen, can I see your passports please?" The officer took the documents and passed them to a colleague to study. Meanwhile he asked some rudimentary questions. "You've been out of the country for three days; can you tell me what you have been during that time?"
Roddy spoke for them all, "We've been on a bit of a stag do. Er… Steve here's getting married this weekend and we thought; what better way to celebrate than a trip to Amsterdam ?"
"I see, and have you anything to declare? Alcohol perhaps or cigarettes?"
"Um… no. Nothing."
This was where the plan began to fall apart. Any normal group of young men going on a bachelor party to the continent would stack up on cheap booze and tobacco on the way back – even if they were on motorbikes. They had been so single-minded that this hadn't occurred to them. Precisely the kind of suspicious clues that experienced Customs and Excise men were looking for.
"Would you come this way? I'd like to interview you while my colleagues inspect your bikes."
Each of the men were questioned separately and then asked if they would agree to a 'rub-down' search. As they were carrying nothing in their clothing, they readily agreed. Within half an hour the

men had been told that they could go.
During that period of thirty minutes, the senior customs officer had picked up his telephone and dialled a number that was pinned to the board in front of him. “Detective Inspector Whale, please,” he said into the mouthpiece.
A voice came on the other end of the line. “Detective Inspector Whale? Marsh here from Newcastle Customs and Excise. I think we’ve just picked out the men you were looking for.”
He listened for a while as Whale talked. “Well, if that’s what you want us to do, then OK. But don’t blame me if you lose them.”
The connection was suddenly terminated.
Neither of the two drivers was aware of the single, powerful motorbike following them at a safe distance. Even if they had, their suspicions would have been allayed when after some distance it turned off of the road they were on. But by this time another motorbike had joined the dual carriageway ahead and was keeping an eye on them in his mirrors. In this way the group were followed back to their base in the small village.
Once inside the house, four beers were opened in order to celebrate. By the time they were finished Roddy had decided it was time to make a phone call. He pulled out his mobile and selected a stored number.
“Hi. It’s me Roddy. We just got back. Yeah it all went fine. Just have to wait a day or so now, until nature takes its course,” he smirked. “Yeah, I’ll call you.”
Having tailed the group to their current location, DI Whale had very quickly got a surveillance van into the area in order to monitor such phone conversations. Technically it was illegal to tap a phone without a warrant, but this was an openly broadcast call which anybody could have picked up. The most important thing was that they now had a contact pinpointed. He set a team the task of finding out just exactly who he was and then keeping tabs on him.
Meanwhile, Whale considered that he had enough evidence to take the four young men into custody. It may have only been circumstantial, but he had been told by a very reliable source that a group of four ‘mules’ were coming into Newcastle port from Amsterdam that morning. Customs and Excise spotted them easily and the telephone conversation merely reinforced their suspicions.
The police moved in and made their arrests.
While each of the four men was being interviewed, the others were being kept in separate cells. They had been read their rights, but none of them asked for a lawyer. They maintained that they were innocent and therefore didn’t need any legal advice. The police were patient, knowing that they had twenty four hours before they had to either release or charge them. Of course, the officers appeared to be very understanding; making sure that the men were fed regularly. The food was surprisingly good and the portions were big. The questioning didn’t seem too onerous and they began to enjoy themselves.
Too late they realised that eating too much was the worst thing that they could do. Sooner or later they would be forced to defecate – and the cells only contained a glorified bucket as a toilet.
Danny was the first to crack. He hadn’t relieved himself since long before he had swallowed the

heroin packets and became desperate. No sooner had he finished before the door was opened and officers took the evidence away. To their credit, Danny, Stan and Roddy wouldn't implicate any of the others and refused to answer any more questions. Peter had been told to tell only of the events relating to the stag trip. He too held his silence when asked anything more than this.
The three men had been charged already, but Peter appeared to be holding out. They couldn't understand it; even now he seemed to be unconcerned and when offered another large meal he simply wolfed it down. With sixty minutes left of the twenty four hours remaining the police were beginning to admit defeat. But then DI Whale had an idea; the local Accident and Emergency department was only five hundred yards away, and he was owed a few favours by some of the executives at the hospital. A quick phone call set things up and Peter was driven straight there.
All they had to do was prove that Peter had packages in his stomach and they would be able to get an order to detain him further. That was the plan. The reality was different however; after three attempts to capture an image time had run out. Essentially, x-rays pass straight through wood and create a slightly opaque image. As for the packages – and food – there was no sign. Whale didn't even have time to get him back to the station, but had to let him go there and then.
When the police officers arrived back at the station, one of the younger members of the team spoke up, "Boss, there's something that's been troubling me; this passport may be fake."
"What?" said Whale.
"Well it says here that he's five ten." He held up the passport, "But I'm six two and he's taller than me."
Whale closed his eyes and covered them with a hand "Bollocks!" he screamed. He opened them again and pointed at two of his detectives. "Get out there and find him. I want him back here now." He turned to one of the female officers, "Josie, get an order typed up."
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Chapter 12

Peter left the hospital and when out of site immediately began to jog. By the time the Detective Inspector had sent his men back out, twenty minutes had passed. The young man maintained a steady six minutes per mile and was already over three miles away, travelling along small roads avoiding the traffic. After an hour he slowed to a walk, now ten miles beyond where the officers were searching. He kept walking until dusk.
Sitting in an isolated and run down barn, Peter found himself thinking about his life so far. He had a hunger for learning, but the thing he couldn't learn was how to feel. He had no real sensations in his body, merely perceived ones. Humans had emotions; he knew this because he had observed laughter, anger, tears, ecstasy. But he was incapable of the expressions himself. Emotions were an alien concept.
What did he want? To learn. What did he want to learn? How it would feel to be human. This was what he wanted and, if he had had dreams, of what he would have dreamt. Surprisingly, when he asked himself what he would do if he achieved his aim he found that he wanted to tell Jenny about it. His mind wandered into a world where Jenny was with him always. This he couldn't understand. He

could say that he liked her, but how could he say more than that?
The next morning he set off again, heading south. He didn't know precisely where home was, but he had all the time in the world. He had noted the route when the Circus had been driving north, so could get himself back to the general area by locating the road numbers. Once there, he wandered back and forth across the region until he recognised something. The field where the Circus had been was almost recovered now and the grass was a uniform colour, but he remembered it clearly.
Peter walked back towards his father's cottage, but instead of walking through the gate he walked on, feeling that the time was not yet right. He took the path that led into the woods. He knew where he was headed now; back to where he had originally come from.
The stump had aged dramatically and was rotting steadily. Peter stood looking at it for some time before speaking. "What am I to do Mother?" he asked. "How can I live like this?"
The air above the truncated shaft began to shimmer and the birds and insects fell into silence. Tiny glimmers of blue light began to move and rotate around one another, moving faster and faster. As they circled they left tails of mist. These gradually formed into a shape; the shape of a woman clad in a flowing blue dress. To Peter's eyes she looked beautiful. He instinctively knew who she was. It was his Mother.
Sapphire Fay spoke, "What is that you want Peter?"
"I want to be real. I want to be human. I want to be able to feel."
His Mother smiled, "Are you sure Peter? Are you ready for what you will experience? The joy and the pain?"
"Yes. I cannot live without it."
"Very well," she said. "Go on home to your father now. He's been worrying about you."
Peter walked away, but then turned back, "Will I see you again?" But it was too late; the image of his Mother had already vanished.
George couldn't hold back the tears when he set eyes on Peter. "I thought that I had lost you forever," he said.
"No father. I was always going to return. I'm sorry I had to go away, but this will always be my home. I think that I would like to go to my room now."
Peter lay down on the bed and closed his eyes. He thought about being real. He dreamed of Jenny. When the singing of the birds awoke him in the morning, Peter was confused that he couldn't recall the last few hours. He could hear his father downstairs making breakfast, so he left the bedroom. Long before he reached the kitchen he stopped. He was experiencing an unknown sensation. It was in his head, yet it was coming via his nose. It was a warm feeling that seemed to coat the inside surface of his nostrils.
He walked through the door and the smell became stronger, he was able to sense where the sensation was coming from and his eyes came to rest on some toasted slices of bread that lay on his father's plate. By now the scent had been accompanied by the rich fatty aroma of butter. He picked up a piece and held it to his face and breathed in. He felt the warmth of the bread and the butter trickling down his chin. He placed it in his mouth and bit a piece off. He chewed and found the

swallow reflex came automatically.
A tear rolled down Peter’s cheek to mix with the melted butter. George smiled, somehow understanding that his son had changed. He handed him a roll of kitchen towels to wipe his face.
The sensations of being a real human came at him from all directions - and all at once. It was truly overwhelming. Taste, touch and smell were now a part of him. He ate and drank everything in sight, just to see what they were like. Inevitably, he discovered that drinking a lot of liquids has a side effect. His bladder full, he hurried to the bathroom to relieve himself. As he watched the golden stream pouring (seemingly) endlessly down the pan he began to laugh at himself. He remembered how Jenny had laughed and suddenly felt emptiness deep inside.
When he returned to the kitchen his father sensed his mood change, “What’s wrong Peter?”
“I’m not sure father.” He thought for a moment and then tried to explain, “I met someone who needs my help and I think I will have to go and find her.”
Peter told George about Jenny, explaining that it was she who had persuaded him that he should escape the Circus; where he was being used for profit by Joe. From the way his son spoke, the old man could tell that he had developed a deep affection for the girl.
“We need to think this through properly, Peter. For a start, we don’t know where she is now. Of course, if we wait long enough, the Circus will return here.”
The pained look on his son’s face told him that this was not an option.
“OK then, let’s work this out; by now they will have moved onto a new area. So, if you were in the North East, where are they likely to be headed next?”
Peter was blessed with a good memory and recalled what Joe had told him on that first day. “The North East was the last area of their cycle, so now it starts all over again. They’ll be moving to the South East.”
“Did any of them mention where the sites were? It’s a big area. Kent , Sussex , Essex – in fact the whole of East Anglia !”
“Well, Joe mentioned moving to the opposite end of the country. That may be significant. It may mean south of London rather than north of it.”
George said, “Well that narrows it down a bit. Can you think of anything more that might help?”
Peter frowned as he thought back over the conversations that he had heard. Then, suddenly, he recalled an amusing story that Jenny had told him; the convoy was heading along the coast towards Eastbourne , when Joe had felt a desperate need to urinate. He pulled the vehicle into a lay-by and jumped out. The steady stream of urine began to spatter on the bush he was standing against, when a group of hikers suddenly appeared on the path from behind it. It was impossible to stop in mid-flow, so the Circus man simply carried on, smirking at the appalled looks on the faces of the women in the group. She had roared with laughter as she told him about one female who couldn’t take her eyes off of his penis. She had reddened and licked her lips, before being dragged away by her partner.
“ Eastbourne ,” he said.
“ Eastbourne ?” George replied.
“Yes, or in that area at least.”

George told Peter to start packing some things to take with him. Fortunately he had two good sized rucksacks for them to use. His plan was to travel down to Eastbourne and the start making enquiries there. If they had already been, then perhaps they could find out where they were going next. If not, they would have to wait until the Circus turned up.

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Chapter 13

Folkestone wasn't the most profitable of places for the showman, but he usually had some little profit-making schemes to help him along. Jenny's hire wasn't cheap, but plenty of men (and some women) were willing to pay. Shortly after arriving, one of his previous customers approached him with a deal. Very simply, he was to be the Best Man at a friend's wedding and was charged with organising the stag party. He was so impressed with Jenny that he thought that she would make good entertainment for the evening.

"So you want to hire Jenny for a whole evening?" asked Joe, the cash registers of his brain already beginning to ring."

"The whole evening? No, mate. I want her for as long as we party. For the whole night, in fact."

Joe wasn't the slightest bit interested in what was going to happen to Jenny. He knew she would do as she was told. The one time she had tried to escape, she had been quickly tracked down and dragged back to him. The beating he gave her was both vicious and clever. He made sure that he didn't leave marks that would be visible when she wore her costume. Of course, he couldn't hire her out for a while, but he knew she wouldn't try to run away again.

"That's gonna cost you a pretty penny. And I don't want her damaged, right?"

"Forget all the conditions, how much?"

"Five thousand."

"Five thousand quid? In your dreams mate! I'll give you a thousand."

Joe's face didn't change, but his voice became quieter. "Don't waste my time son. You said no conditions. Four thousand."

"Fifteen hundred."

"Four."

"Two."

"Four."

The man took a deep breath and then paused, before saying, "Two and a half is as high as I'm prepared to go. If not, I'm walking out of here and I won't come back."

Joe stared at him for twenty seconds, trying not to reveal his amusement. "Done," he said.

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"I've got a job for you tomorrow night. I'll drop you off after the show."

"How do I get back?" asked Jenny.

"I'll pick you up in the morning," Joe replied.

"You mean I have to stay the night?" Jenny wasn't particularly worried about this. She'd done it once before for a client. The man was pretty easy to deal with and fell asleep after an hour and a half. She

actually got a good night's sleep in a comfortable bed for once.
"It's… a party," said Joe.
Jenny didn't catch on. She assumed that she would be accompanying the client to a party (which would probably be a bit of a wild one, e.g. an orgy). She didn't realise that she herself was to be the 'party'.
"A bachelor party."
It took a moment for what Joe had said to sink in. Then she realised what he was expecting her to do.
"No! I can't! I mean, I've only ever been with one man at a time!"
"Listen, you're going to do it whether you like it or not. This is a good earner. You'll even get two hundred out of it for yourself. You can buy yourself some clothes or something."
Jenny wasn't the least bit interested in the money. Whenever she had been with a single client she had felt that she was in control, but with… how many? Joe hadn't even told her that. She swallowed and asked, "How many?"
He didn't actually know the answer, having not asked, so Joe said, "Four, maybe five."
"The beating will be a lot worse this time if you let me down girl. Now, all this talk is making me horny, get over here and do the business."
With her mouth full of Joe's cock, Jenny was prevented from saying anything more. She got on with the task in hand, trying not to gag as he held her head in his hands and fucked her pretty mouth roughly.
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The show was the last one at this site and the Circus hands began to take the equipment down immediately afterwards. Meanwhile, Jenny had quickly stripped out of her costume and showered. Joe told her to hurry up, but she wanted to delay as long as possible. She had been told to dress as sexily as she could (but without being tarty). She wore a matching white lace bra and panties. The thong was worn outside of the thin suspender belt straps. Her stockings were black, sheer and seamed.
Jenny wore a thin white blouse, under the jacket of her business-like suit. The skirt was four inches above the knee, but sported a four inch split at the back – enough to show a hint of stocking top as she walked. The ensemble was finished off by a pair of black, high-heeled, patent leather shoes.
Nervously she climbed into Joe's vehicle. He looked hungrily as she stretched her leg up, revealing an expanse of creamy thigh above the contrasting dark welt of her stocking. He was very tempted to take her back into his caravan, but he knew that it was getting late. She had clearly taken heed of his instructions and the effect that she was having on him would, no doubt, be felt by the customers. He leaned across and slipped his hand under her skirt. "We'd better just make sure that you're ready," Joe said.
Jenny opened her legs compliantly and felt Joe slide his hand inside. His fingers moved straight to her clit and began to rub and tease it. Within a minute her breathing began to become more laboured and she closed her eyes. The showman moved his fingers down and rubbed her labia, gently probing her vagina with his fingertips. "Oh yes, Jenny. You're nice and ready now."

Joe sat back and started the engine. He drove off while Jenny was still trying to take control of herself, legs apart, panties pushed to one side and pussy on display. She moved her hand between her legs, but Joe caught her wrist and told her, “No! You can save that for the party.”
The house was detached and set back from the road behind some conifer trees. As they drove up they could hear raucous laughter coming from the open windows. Jenny became afraid. Joe unbuckled her seatbelt and told her to go and knock on the door. When it opened, the man who had made the arrangement stood and looked her up and down, with a big grin on his face.
“Hi Jenny, come on in and join the party,” said Terry. He took her by the arm, closed the door and walked down the hall and into the room from where all of the sounds were coming. To her dismay there were six men in the room, all of who seemed to have already sunk a fair amount of beer. A loud cheer went up from four of them as they entered. The one who remained silent was clearly the prospective groom and was sitting in an armchair looking slightly worse for wear.
“Harry, mate, we decided that we couldn’t celebrate your last night as a free man without giving you a little present – and here she is!”
Jenny was almost dumped into Harry’s lap. Momentarily, she wondered if all she had to do was look after him for the night - that would be pretty easy. Her hopes were dashed as somebody took his hand and shoved it roughly up under her skirt between her legs.
“Go on Harry. Get stuck in mate!”
Her skirt was pulled up to her hips so that everybody could see as Harry fumbled at her crotch. He suddenly seemed to sober enough to concentrate on what he was doing. He pulled the gusset of her panties to one side and began trying to insert two fingers into her pussy. They slid in easily, even in this awkward position. There was a cheer from the other men in the room.
“See? I told you she was a horny little bitch, didn’t I?” said a voice she recognised.
Her knee was pulled outwards to spread her legs. Harry took the hint and proceeded to slip a third finger into her cunt, before beginning to finger-fuck her. As his actions speeded up Jenny began to lose control and started moaning. When a fourth finger attempted to enter her she yelled loudly and came, she couldn’t stop her hips from humping her pussy against his hand.
Before she could recover, Jenny was pulled off of Harry’s lap and made to sit in front of him.
“Harry old mate, prepare to get the best blowjob you’ll ever have in your life,” Terry told him.
Jenny knew what was expected of her. She leaned forwards and began to unfasten Harry’s flies. As she dipped her hand inside, Terry stopped her and told her to get him out properly. The belt and waistband were undone and she pulled his boxers and trousers down to his knees (the other men lifted him in order to help).
Even in his drunken state Harry’s dick was rock hard. She rubbed it gently as she leant forward to kiss the tip. Jenny could feel hands caressing and stroking her bottom as she opened her mouth and licked around the head. The watching men gasped as her mouth dropped down, taking most of the shaft in one go. She withdrew until only the head was inside and then dropped down again. She did this twice more before finally forcing herself all the way down to the base of the cock and nudging his balls with her chin.

Harry was groaning in ecstasy. His hands slid down inside her blouse and he began to squeeze her breasts through thin lacy material of her bra. Before she realised what was happening, Harry lifted his hips and came, shooting his come deep into Jenny's throat.
When she sat back up, the other men were showing their appreciation for the performance so far. She tried to ignore the coarser remarks that she heard.
Terry spoke up, "OK Jenny, now that Harry's been taken care of first it's time for the party to begin."
Jenny stood up. "Would you mind if I had a drink first? My throat could do with a bit of lubrication," she asked.
"Sure. Will vodka and lemonade do? We haven't got much other than beer."
Jenny nodded. The drink when it came was in a tall glass and was full to the brim. From her first taste she could tell that there wasn't much lemonade in it.
"Incoming! Clear the decks!" somebody shouted. The men immediately downed the remainder of their drinks. They all turned and looked at Jenny, waiting for her to follow suit. As the glass began to tip up they chanted encouragement until she finished. The liquid burned its way down her throat. At least it washed away the taste of Harry's semen, but she knew it wouldn't be long before the alcohol would take effect.
The men sat down on chairs and seats and began to shout, "Strip, strip, strip!"
Before finding his own seat, Terry leaned in close to Jenny and said, "Make it good. I want every cock in this room to be rock hard by the time you finish." He slapped her backside and then sat down.
The men began to encourage her with a rendition of 'The Stripper', but as she progressed their throats became dry and they watched in silence.
Jenny began by walking backwards and forwards in front of them, running her hands over her clothed body. When her hands reached her ass, she gripped both cheeks and pouted at the men. That was what silenced them – and she hadn't even removed anything yet.
The jacket was unbuttoned slowly and she teasingly pulled it open a little way to reveal how the lacy bra showed through the sheer material. The jacket was finally discarded and none of the men could miss that Jenny's dark areolae were visible and the nipples themselves were hard, jutting out almost half an inch.
She unbuttoned her blouse slowly, beginning with the cuffs. She left the garment on while she unfastened her skirt. She teased the men, taking almost two minutes to drop it to the floor. The blouse landed on top of it and then she began to dance sexily. Jenny gyrated her hips, particularly when she was facing away from them, displaying her gorgeous ass.
Jenny was sure that all of the men were hard by now. Four of them had their cocks out and were rubbing them already. She was starting to feel a little tipsy from the drink by now, but was still able to function normally.
When the bra clasps was unfastened, Jenny held the cups to her breasts and moved the fleshy orbs around. The motion of the soft lace across her already aroused nipples was almost unbearable. Her pussy began to become even wetter with anticipation. Finally, she dropped it to the floor and the men whistled loudly (clapping with one hand was impractical). She played with them for a while longer

before turning her attention to her thong.
Turning her back to the audience, Jenny gradually lowered her panties to her hips, pulling the thin strip of material out from the crack of her ass. As she slid them down her legs, she bent almost double, revealing her smoothly shaven and puffy pussy lips. From where they sat the men could see how moist she was. The rubbing of cocks had stopped as they were all in danger of going past the point of no return.
“Come here you little slut,” said Terry throatily. He had slid down on the sofa and pushed his trousers and pants down. “Come on, fuck me! Wrap that sopping cunt of yours around my cock.”
Jenny took hold of his dick and lowered herself down. She couldn’t help herself when she came almost immediately, but she paused for only a moment before sliding back up his length. She moved rapidly hoping to finish him off quickly.
One of the others couldn’t wait any longer and made his way to stand by
Terry’s end of the sofa. He pulled Jenny’s head towards his waiting cock. She placed one hand around him and grasped his left buttock, so that she could steady herself as she fucked Terry and sucked on the dick in her mouth. Neither of them could last very long following her erotic display and she felt come pumping into her from both ends at the same time.
Jenny hoped that each of the men would only need satisfaction once, but she wasn’t counting on it yet.
Terry told her to fuck Harry next – while taking care of the remaining three men at the same time. She knelt astride him, facing away from the groom and then lowered herself down. One of the men then stood in front of her so that she could take him into her mouth. The others stood either side, so that she could wank them. Once she had managed to deep throat the shaft, her head was held and the man rammed it in and out. He was very rough and the woman became frightened that he would damage her. Fortunately, his constitution was not very robust and he soon withdrew to spray his hot, milky emissions across her face.
One of the other two men moved in to replace him. He seemed to be the least well-endowed of the group and slipped easily between her lips. She used her tongue to try and bring him off rapidly. A sudden warm spattering on her hand and right cheek told her that the other cock had just erupted. The sight of come dribbling from jenny’s chin proved to be too much for the last man and he began pumping his seed across her tongue.
With them out of the way, Jenny could concentrate once again on Harry – and her own pleasure. She found that she desperately needed release once more. She fucked him hard while he took hold of her breasts and squeezed them lustfully. She grunted when he pinched and pulled at her nipples, but she could feel her orgasm rapidly approaching. By now she was ramming her self down hard on the young man’s dick, almost bruising her clitoris on his pubic bone.
Fortunately, Harry finally came just before Jenny did, for as she screamed in ecstasy, she lost control of her limbs and collapsed down on him, sliding off of his prick and landing in a heap on the floor. Jenny was helped to sit up and another drink was placed in her hand.
“Incoming! Clear the decks!” she heard. Jenny began to down the vodka as swiftly as she could.

Terry picked Jenny up and walked her to the doorway. “You’d better go up to the bathroom and get yourself cleaned up. Go up the stairs and it’s the first door on the right.”
As Jenny walked along the hallway, she felt the sticky white fluid of the men’s come dribbling down her legs to soak into her stocking tops.
Once in the bathroom, Jenny kicked off her shoes and unfastened the clasps of her suspenders. Amazingly, the stockings were still whole and had not laddered. She took them off carefully, fully intending to wash them later and use them again.
Naked, she stepped into the shower and turned it on. It took a few seconds for the warmth to come through the pipe, but the initial cool water helped to clear her head a little. When she stepped out and wrapped a towel around herself, she noticed the clock on the wall. It wasn’t even midnight yet.
Jenny picked up her shoes, stockings and suspender belt and made her way downstairs. When she walked into the room all of the men were naked, having stripped while she was upstairs.
Six nude males sat looking hungrily at her – all of them sporting another erection. Clearly the night was still young.
“We’ve decided to play a game,” said Terry. “Me, Bob and Harry are the blue team. Jimbo, Albie and Tom are the red team.”
Another drink was pushed into Jenny’s hand, just before the ‘Incoming’ cry went up yet again. She forced the liquid down her throat, not sure if there was actually any lemonade in it at all. By now she was starting to feel woozy. “Wha… What’s the game?” she mumbled.
“It’s a kind of relay. You fuck the blue team until you come, then the red team take over. If any member of the team comes, then he has to drop out. We keep going until all of one team are out.”
The horror of what had just been suggested took time to register through the inebriated haze of Jenny’s mind. Before she could prevent herself from asking, she said, “What happens then?”
Terry grinned wickedly, “Who knows,” he said. “Maybe we’ll start all over again. Or then again we might come up with another game.”
The two least drunken members of the blue team dragged Harry from his chair and laid him down on the floor. Remarkably, even though he was barely conscious, his penis was still throbbing with life – unknown to her, it was chemically induced.
“Harry’s first again then?” she slurred.
“No. Like I said, you fuck all of us – at the same time!”
Now Jenny understood exactly what he was saying; she had three holes and they intended using all of them at once!
“No, please! I can’t take it up there! Not this many of you!” Jenny wasn’t unfamiliar with anal sex, but she had only ever done so on single occasions, with a single man – and that had happened seldom.
“Fair enough.” Terry seemed to have been expecting this. Seemingly from nowhere he produced a six inch vibrator and held it out to Jenny. “Use this on your pussy and get it nice and slick, then you can ease your ass open with it while we watch.” Again, the evil grin.
Jenny sunk to her knees in despair. She unwrapped herself and threw the towel to one side along with the remainder of her clothes. She switched the vibrator on and started to rub it across her clitoris.

As the movement began to have an effect she angled the tip into her vagina. All too soon her juices were flowing once more and the dildo was sliding in and out easily.
“Come on, get on with it!” said Terry impatiently.
The woman dropped her head to the floor and moved the dancing plastic further round between her legs. A pleasant tickling sensation around the puckered little hole caused a flutter deep in her stomach. The shaft eased in through the tight sphincter muscles, which were trying to force it back out again. Gradually, gently, she pushed it deeper and deeper with each stroke until the initial pain had eased. She almost began to enjoy herself, forgetting where she was, until Terry grabbed the device away from her and threw it to one side.
She crawled across to where Harry lay prone on the floor and straddled him. Reaching down, she lifted the head of his dick and positioned it between her pussy lips. Before she had even finished sliding down its length she felt Terry’s cock head nudging at her anus. It hurt! Oh it hurt! Jenny grimaced with the pain, but it continued to push into her. There was no time for further reflection as the third member of the blue team positioned himself above Harry’s head and offered his dick for her mouth.
Jenny felt like she was being rolled down a hill in a barrel. The men were pushing and pulling in every direction. She had never yet orgasmed from anal intercourse, but she now found herself approaching that very first time. The men were reluctant to stop fucking her when she came, but the red team were insistent and pulled them away from her. Within seconds she found herself in an identical situation, but with three different cocks.
Her pussy, mouth and ass were plundered once more. She came again and the teams swapped. The blues rotated their positions, this time with Terry beneath her and Harry propped against a chair in front of her. Bob’s excitement at entering her ass was too great for him to stand and within half a dozen strokes burst the contents of his balls within her. He withdrew and clawed his way back to a chair, exhausted.
Terry grabbed Jenny’s hips and rammed her down on his tool. Her bruised clitoris was slapping down punishingly upon him. Almost without realising it she came again.
The red team took over and they too rotated. She realised with disgust that the man in front of her was the one who had been fucking her ass some time before. Fortunately (?) the taste was soon washed away as he lost self-control and spurted his semen into her mouth.
Both of the two remaining red team members were having difficulty staying the pace. In the end it was the one beneath her who came first, bringing on her own climax.
Jenny thought the game might now be over, because she couldn’t see how Harry could possibly fuck her anus. He couldn’t even stay upright without being propped against something. She was wrong. Terry told her to sit astride him and insert his dick into her ass. As she slid back on it, Terry’s dick forced its way past her lips. She could taste her own pussy, his come and worse.
Terry was forcing himself into Jenny’s mouth so hard that she was gagging, but he didn’t stop. He didn’t hold her head this time, meaning that as he thrust forwards she was pushed back onto Harry’s shaft. A sudden warmth flooded her bowels as Harry came, but she was unable to remove herself

from him while her mouth was being fucked.
Finally, she felt Terry's hands grab the sides of her head and forced his cock deep into her throat, before letting go another torrent.
Jenny collapsed onto the floor, close to passing out. Around her most of the men had already fallen into a drunken stupor – with the exception of Terry and Albie.
"Up you get slut. The game hasn't finished yet." Terry reached down and pulled her to her feet. "Albie has won the prize."
She could hardly keep her eyes open. "What prize?" she whispered.
"You, of course! He gets to do whatever he wants with you now."
Jenny wanted to cry. Still they hadn't finished with her.
Albie was unsteady on his feet, but managed to get up off of the sofa and stumble over to her. He grabbed her hair and pulled her face down to his still hard penis. Jenny desperately sucked him, bobbing her head up and down rapidly hoping to bring him off quickly.
Suddenly, she was pushed away and spun round. He speared her pussy in one swift movement and proceeded to slam into her, his thighs slapping hard against her bottom. She could almost feel him getting close, but he withdrew and then re-targeted her anus. She waited, desperately hoping he would finish now. But her final humiliation came when he pulled out, turned her round to face him again and pushed it back into her mouth. She heaved; he withdrew and sprayed his semen across her eyes and nose.
Albie slumped down on the sofa again and fell asleep. Jenny collapsed on the floor where she was and passed out. Terry threw the towel over her inert form and smiled. Nobody was going to forget this stag night in a hurry.
*****
Terry woke Jenny roughly and told her, "You'd better get yourself upstairs and get cleaned up. Joe will be here to pick you up soon."
Jenny was hung over, tired and very, very sore. The streams of water in the shower were almost painful. When she dressed, she found that her panties and bra were too harsh against her abused flesh and left them off. She didn't replace the stockings. They were designed to look sexy and she didn't think that she would ever look or feel sexy again.
Terry met her at the bottom of the stairs. "You look rough," he said. "Are you all nice and clean now?"
Jenny nodded.
"Good," he said. "There's something I've been aching to do."
He pressed her against the wall and kissed her on the mouth, forcing his tongue between her lips. The taste of stale beer was revolting, but she let him get on with it, she was nearly out of the front door. Freedom waited. Or did it? A dark depression descended upon her as she realised that she would never be free, not while Joe controlled her.
Terry pulled her skirt up and, to her surprise, dropped to his knees and began to lap at her pussy. Even now her libido betrayed her and she found that she was unable to control the fluttering waves that took over.

When he finally released her, Terry said, “I’ll have to let you go now, because I don’t think that I’m going to be able to get another hard-on for at least a week!”
Jenny pulled the door closed behind her, stumbled down the steps and climbed into the back of Joe’s car, where she curled up and fell unconscious.
*****

Chapter 14

Not having a car – or being able to drive – was a major drawback to George and Peter’s plan to locate Jenny. They knew that they were taking a bit of a shot in the dark, but heading to Eastbourne seemed the right thing to do.
Fortunately, it wasn’t necessary to travel all the way to London , as a route was available via Fareham and Brighton .
They arrived in Eastbourne shortly after 1pm. Peter told George that he was feeling hungry – another new sensation, so they crossed from the station to the pizza restaurant on the other side of the road. Once their appetites were sated, the two men walked the short distance to the Information Centre. The young woman behind the desk was very helpful, seemingly quite taken by the handsome good looks of Peter and keen to please. She checked on her computer and began making some searches. Within minutes she had found what she was looking.
“Yes, here it is,” she said. “They’re going to be sited just along the coast at Pevensey Bay . The first show is due at the weekend, on Saturday afternoon.”
Peter and George couldn’t believe their luck. The Circus must be re-locating at that very moment! They thanked Julie (from her name tag), walked down to the seafront and then made their way along to the hotel that they had booked for the night. It was cheap, but it was clean.
George reasoned that it was important to calm their selves down and work out a proper plan of action. First, they had to make their way along to Pevensey Bay . Luckily, en route to the hotel, they had passed a shop that hired out bicycles. They would then ride out and see how the land lay.
The journey was only five miles and relatively flat, so they arrived at Pevensey after only forty minutes of cycling at a leisurely pace. They spotted the Big Top going up from some distance away and slowed to a stop to survey the scene. Sure enough, on the far side they could just make out Joe’s four by four parked next to his caravan. They agreed that nothing could be done now, so they would return under cover of darkness.
*****

When Joe and Jenny arrived at the site, she transferred to the caravan and stayed there for the rest of the day, weeping. She enjoyed sex and accepted that doing little favours for Joe was the price of the security he provided. She hadn’t been happy when he started asking her to sleep with other men, but she felt she had no choice. Where else could she go?
Now, the future for Jenny seemed bleak – she could almost hear Joe’s mind working out how much money he could make from her, particularly from gang-bangs such as she had experienced last night. Every muscle in her body hurt. Her pussy, ass and lips were sore and her throat was so raw that she couldn’t talk or even swallow without considerable discomfort. She had another shower as soon as

she got into the caravan, but she still felt dirty. She could swear that she could still smell the men, their beer and tobacco on her naked flesh.
Joe had told Jenny that she needed to be recovered by Saturday night as he had another job lined up for her. She didn't even bother to ask what he had in mind. When she recalled how happy she had been with Peter such a short time ago, the depression she was feeling increased further. There was no way out – as she cried, she wondered how easy it would be to commit suicide.
*****
Peter and George caught the train for the journey of two stops and then walked the remainder of the way to the Circus site. The main tent and all of the sideshows had been erected. There was little activity now, as most of the crew were tired after a long day's work. Either they had retired to their own accommodation, or taken a stroll to the nearest pub. There were lights on in some of the caravans – including Joe's. Inside, he was talking to Jenny.
"Come off it girl, I know you're not that badly off. You can still walk can't you? Besides, I don't want to fuck you, I just want a blowjob. You can't expect me to go without now, can you?"
Jenny got off of the bed and walked towards him, her eyes on the floor the whole time. When she reached Joe, she knelt down.
"That's better," he said. "You know it makes sense."
She reached up to unzip his fly, but was interrupted by a knock at the door.
"What the fuck?" Joe said angrily, "Who the hell is it?"
The only reply was another tap-tap-tap on the door. Joe walked across and opened it furiously. In front of him stood a smiling man, his silver hair highlighted by the glow from the caravan.
"Mr. Cockcroft? Joe Cockcroft?" the man asked politely.
"Who's asking?"
"I'm trying to trace the whereabouts of Jenny Cricket and I believe that you may be able to help me."
Joe was angry. First because he had been interrupted when Jenny was about to go down on him and, secondly, because she had no relatives and there was nobody to care about or search for her. Whatever this pathetic little man wanted he most certainly wasn't going to get his 'golden goose'.
"Never heard of her," he said.
In the background Jenny sobbed.
"Jenny?" George called. "Is that you?"
Joe's limited patience snapped and he stepped down out of the caravan and grabbed the old man by the throat. He was about to start threatening him when he felt a firm tap on his shoulder.
"I don't think you should do that, Joe."
"Peter?"
Joe's response was rapid. He let go of George, spun round and planted a powerful punch into Peter's stomach. A loud exhalation of air was accompanied by his doubling up. He had never felt the pain of a punch before – and this was an immensely powerful one. The showman followed up with a knee to the young man's face. It was only his quick reactions that saved him from a broken nose and perhaps worse. He rode with the blow and fell over backwards.

George advanced, but Joe disdainfully knocked him to the floor. He laughed at the stupidity of the man. He turned his attention back to Peter who was trying to stand up. He was about to see how good his head would be as a football.
Joe’s mistake was concentrating on the two men. The baseball bat that he kept for protection in the caravan swung in a slow arc, but when it connected, it was at its very end and so imparted its maximum effect. Peter saw Joe’s eyes glaze over before he slumped to his knees and then toppled sideways. Jenny stood in the light from the doorway, frozen in horror at what she had just done.
Peter picked himself up and closed the distance between them in two strides. “Jenny!” he said, taking her into his arms and then kissing her on the lips. The spell was broken and she melted into his embrace. When they stopped kissing she smiled and said, “I hoped that you would come, but I never let myself believe that you would.”
The couple helped George to his feet. “Stop fussing,” he told them. “I’m OK, but we need to see if he is.” He nodded towards the prone figure of Joe. Jenny bent down and checked.
“He’s got a pulse and he’s breathing. I don’t think I hit him all that hard, so he’ll probably come round soon.”
“We’d better get going then,” declared Peter.
The trio walked away from the site, ignoring anybody else that they saw as they went. They moved as swiftly as they dared, leaving the main road as soon as possible and taking side roads in order to effect their escape.
It was gone midnight when the group finally approached the seafront hotel from a side road. Peter and Jenny stopped dead and dragged George into the shadows when they saw Joe’s vehicle cruising slowly along Royal Parade. Fortunately, he was travelling away from them. Certain that he would be back before very long, they hurried the short distance to the hotel entrance and let themselves in with the room card. Within sixty seconds they were inside their room and feeling very much safer.
George sat in a chair, while Peter suggested that Jenny should get into bed and get some sleep. After she began dozing, the lights were turned off, allowing him to open the curtains a little and keep watch. He saw Joe’s vehicle drive past three more times, but the man was searching and not finding.
*****
Early the next morning the trio made their way to the station, still keeping a wary eye out for Joe. They walked along using side roads once again until they were close to the entrance. Fortunately the route they had taken enabled them to spot the nose of the showman’s vehicle before they crossed the road and became visible. They ducked back into a doorway and started to discuss what they should do next.
“Surely we just have to wait until he drives off? Then we can shoot over and hop on a train,” said Peter.
George knew better, “He’s not going to, at least not without somebody else taking over. Look.” He pointed further down the road where another car was cruising slowly towards Joe’s vehicle. From where they stood, they watched it pull up in front of the 4x4. A minute later they stood as far back into the doorway as they could and held their breath as Joe drove off.

They waited until the stake-out man picked up a newspaper from the passenger seat and began reading before sneaking off in the opposite direction. They soon realised that Joe hadn't returned to the Circus, but was continuing his search for them. They saw both his vehicle and yet another as they ducked and dived through the smallest streets, continually heading west and away from the centre of Eastbourne .

A journey that should take twenty five minutes ended up taking four times as long owing to their need for caution. Eventually, they reached the edge of the town. There was a risk that they could be seen from the road as they made their way onto the footpaths that climbed up onto the South Downs , but within minutes their progress was hidden by the terrain.

"We'll walk along to Brighton . I think we should be safe to get a train there."

They travelled in silence for a while, until Peter spoke up, "What I don't understand is why Joe is putting in so much effort to find us? I mean, I know that he wanted to make money from us, but are we really worth that much?"

"No," said Jenny. "But this may be." She held up a black leather-bound notebook. "He kept a record of all of the… events that I… that we were hired out for. It could spell a lot of trouble for a lot of people and I'm sure that he intends to use it on them eventually. It's probably his retirement plan," she said with a rueful smile.

Both men stopped and looked at her with open mouths. They thought the same thing; if Jenny hadn't taken the book, then Joe might well have ignored their escape. But then Jenny, for all her faults, was basically a decent person and felt that she had to protect others from Joe's control.

George was the first to realise the real significance. "Sooner or later Joe is going to realise that he's lost us. When he does that, he's going to figure that he's been wasting his time. After all, he knows where we're going!"

It was Jenny's turn to stand with her mouth agape. "Oh no! He'll be waiting for us when we get back!"

"But he doesn't know where we live," said Peter.

"He knows where he first met you though, doesn't he? And it was a short walking distance from where you live. All he has to do is ask somebody close by and they're bound to know where the 'famous sculptor' lives."

They walked on in silence.

The South Downs Way runs along by the coast. The chalk hills have been truncated by the action of waves creating the stark white cliffs that the group walked above. Well away from the road, their concerns at being chased were forgotten and even in their current state of concern they were able to enjoy the beautiful scenery in the midday winter sunshine. Perhaps that was why they forgot just how close they came to the main road as they approached the Belle Tout lighthouse.

The path took them past the wall surrounding the privately owned property. Almost at the end of the land-side wall they heard a vehicle approaching along the track that led to the building. They all turned to look when they heard Joe's 4x4 gun its engine and leap into view from around the other end of the wall.

Peter grabbed Jenny and George and pulled them around the corner. He hoped that the boundary on

this side was built in the same way as the eastern side; with a dogleg in the wall and an entrance to the property.
As they ran, Jenny pulled the book out and said, “Shall we give him this?”
Peter grabbed the notebook and pushed them out of sight behind the wall. He immediately ran out and along the cliff, trying to tempt Joe to follow him and allow the others to get to safety.
Behind the wheel Joe’s eyes narrowed as he spotted Peter running along with his ‘nest-egg’ in one hand. He wrestled the car up the slope and put his foot down in pursuit. At this stage, Peter had no other plan than to ensure the safety of his father and the woman he loved.
He stopped at the cliff edge and turned to face Joe, with the book raised in his right hand where the man could see it. Perhaps this was what caused Joe to momentarily lose concentration, his goal clearly in sight. Too late he realised that his quarry was standing at the cliff edge. He hurriedly slammed on the brakes and skidded ever closer to the precipice. Peter dived aside, but the bumper of the vehicle clipped his ankle and fractured it. The wheels stopped within inches of the edge.
In considerable pain, Peter looked back to see Joe smiling with vicious glee. He saw him move to open the door when the 4x4 suddenly lurched forward. Joe had left it in gear and taken his foot off of the clutch. The nose of the vehicle dropped over the edge and Joe tried to scramble out. Again, too late he realised that he still had his seat belt fastened. The cliff edge then crumbled and as the car toppled over Joe leapt for safety – but the fingers of one hand were not enough to save him and he too dropped to the waiting rocks below.
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Epilogue

A year later, Peter and Jenny had a daughter. They named her Sapphire Fay Nocchia after her ‘grandmother’.
George was wealthy enough to support the whole family, but Peter insisted that he should earn his keep and went back to his gardening work (but without the type of perks Milly was prepared to offer). He gained a reputation for doing a good job and being thoroughly reliable.
Jenny was entirely happy running the family home, but discovered that she had a hidden talent for working with young children and started a successful and well-attended crèche.
As she grew, Sapphire demonstrated an affinity with art and, by her sixth birthday had started to watch her grandfather at work. She began sculpting with clay soon after and surprised everybody with her skill.
Sapphire grew into a beautiful woman and exceeded her grandfather’s reputation as an artist. There was something almost… magical about the figures she created.
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