The Arrogance of Youth

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Once upon a time, when self control was optional.

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THE ARROGANCE OF YOUTH

The year was 1993 and it was the best and worst of times. The best in that I was young, free and single. mortgages, commitment, financial uncertainty and the concept of ‘fitting in’ were like distant fictional concepts to me. Cheap booze, acid, badly rolled joints and unprotected sex were the reality. It was the worst of times in that faceless club-land dance anthems replete with jingly electric piano intros and moronic sampled vocals were the soundtrack to my every step. Worse still, culturally obsolete soccer casuals seemed intent on filling in anything in a leather, a band t-shirtand anythingmore than an inch of hair. Rock music was, at the time, un-cool and anyone who worshipped at its altar was an outsider looking in.

Not that I cared about that.

At the time I was a slim, six foot metal head with hair nearly down to my arse and a dress sense that to me, was awesome. Everyone else could go to hell.

My best mate was called D. Four years older than me and infinitely worldly wise he was already steeped in various shady, ill defined occupations, always cloaked in mystique and not wanting to seem the innocent, I rarely asked questions.

Often I wouldn’t see D for weeks at a time, but eventually, he would bounce back to his parent’s house, his pockets full of dope and his wallet full of money. An enigmatic smile and a cryptic story – that’s all you’d get. I admired him hugely. To me he seemed like a fully fledged man of mystery while I was on the bottom rung of life’s ladder, waiting to pack my bags and head to university. With no idea what my future would be like, I was more boy than man, full of hormones, bad ideas and not much else.

D had been back in the village for a month. This length of stay was almost unheard of and, as was

becoming standard for both Friday and Saturday night, D we drunk a couple of bottles of Concorde each before thinking about leaving the house. It was the strawberry kind. Maybe peach. Rancid, whichever it was.

On this particular weekend, D's parents had vacated their comfy, three bed bungalow for the night with the odd idea that he might not use the interlude to get tanked up, run around in their car and invite various 'ner do wells into their lovely home.

Obviously, they were wrong and come half eight we were drunk , speeding up the road to the nearest large town, listening to White Zombie with as much volume as the crappy set of speakers in D's mum's Vauxhall Nova could stand.

Our destination on this night was called Ellin. Though as often as not, we'd give the place a body swerve. The country was our turf and usually a massive carry-out and lurking in the darkness among our accumulated acquaintances was as good as any nightclub that we had access to. But on this occasion there was a mission: D had netted himself a new lady friend. So far, no one I knew had clapped eyes on her. There was a whiff of intruigue.

This lady hailed from one of the other backwater villages in the district. Perhaps it was a place called Kelith. It was a long time ago and my memory isn't what it was. Whatever the case, she may as well have been from another country. But, I was interested. D was a charming dude of easy good looks and an athletic physique. The girls he netted were usually worth meeting in one way or another.

Destination: crap nightclub land. I am talking cheap painted woodwork and plastic signs with lame titles like 'Club Zone' and 'Bar FM' - fake American attitude and British self-deprecation mixed. The shadow of the 1980's was still looming behind us like something cannibalistic... with scabies.

While the choice of hole was not great in Ellin we selected somewhere that may or may not have been called 'The Venue'. Inside, it was all red paint, plastic pint pots and offensively loud dance music with an aura of stale lager, dry ice and cheap perfume. This joint was known to be slightly more hospitable to bikers and metalheads. That's why we chose it.

Inside there were manifold punters nestled in the booths and ramming the dance floor. A quick scan revealed no one that I knew. But, I'm a solitary guy much of the time and so that didn't faze me. On the other hand, D was a well connected gent, comfy in any company, so, presently he just *had* to circulate. To go look for his new missus, I guessed was the bottom line. He left me alone and three quarters of a pint into drinking crap lager my bladder signalled it was time to hit the toilets.

In the pungent sauna adjacent to the bogs, a handful of well oiled blokes and one obnoxiously drunk,

obnoxiously loud girl spilled out of a cubicle and bounced hard against the wall.

I observed in a detached fashion - my usual approach. But I bet you can see where this is going can't you? Well, read on, it's true with only the haze of the past eighteen odd years to dim it.

The female who had hit the wall – she was a big girl. Not fat. Just big, you know what I mean? Curvy, in all the right places, healthy-looking, like an Amazon, full of life (and alcohol) and showing an acre of pale white flesh beneath the hem of a pleated black miniskirt. She had a huge dark mane of hair teased down beneath shoulder length, dragging the onlooker's eye towards an expanse of proudly displayed cleavage. Betwixt those two gorgeous tits sat a little gold crucifix. She kind of looked like some mad gypsy chick. Perhaps she was. I never found out.

As I watched she wrestled with the three blokes, trying to grab a bottle of Bud from one, as they reciprocated by helping themselves to rough handfuls of her tits, hands prying under the little skirt, something that didn't seem to bother her. Confidence did not seem to be an issue for her. Boundaries on the other hand, seemed to be another matter.

Once she had got control of the bottle and had it provocatively in her lips, chugging the beer down, I watched as she allowed one of the blokes to slide his hand between her thighs. The way she inclined her hips told me he had a finger inside her.

If I'm honest, I only stopped staring because I looked up from the line of her waist to note that this crazy gyppo chick was staring right at me with a blue-grey eyed air of haughtiness. She pushed two of the hopefuls off her as if my prying eyes were somehow their fault, wrapped her arm round the waist of the third and brushed past me.

I made light. Nodded politely and took a stiff walk to the bogs.

Once I'd taken care of business and picked my way back at the booth, D had returned and, yes, guess what? The erstwhile gypsy slut was my good friend's new squeeze. When you are a teenager, trouble has a tendency to follow you around like a shadow, I've noticed.

"This is Heather," he told me earnestly, a little less cool than his usual style. She nodded at me and snootily brushed aside a stray lock of that black mane, well aware of who I was. I liked her name. It seemed to befit the idiom she had already taken on in my eyes. D too, seemed smitten. Unfortunately, if he imagined any kind of normal relationship with her, I feared he could be heading for a fall. First impressions indicated that she wasn't the type. So, I settled in, drunk rubbish, flat lager and tried not to gaze too longingly at the wild, untamed thing perched on the seat next to me.

The plot thickened. Every time D left the table for some reason or other, I could feel her eyes boring into me, sizing me up. When I dared to look and she'd be regarding me with a confrontational air.

Then the questions started. They began innocuous enough: Did I like her perfume? Why was the music in this place always so crap? But it ramped up steadily. Did I want to try her drink? What did I think of the girls in here? Then her hand was on my thigh, eyeing me with that sullen, provocative glare that some girls can carry off. It onlyhappened when D was absent from the table and it was getting progressively more pointed.

Just when I thought things couldn't get any worse, the bombshell hit: Did I think her knickers were sexy? She said it next to my ear, quietly and over the noise of the DJ, the punters, everything else, I heard her perfectly. Then, without humility, she parted her thighs and briefly flashed the gusset of some unknown, lustrous and silvery material that clung so tightly to her vagina so as to leave nothing to the imagination.

That image still possesses the power to arouse me to this day and as I found myself wondering about intimate bodily functions like, what her pussy smelled like. I looked up to find her scrutinising me as if she was reading my mind and loving every minute of it. I just smiled politely and ran an awkward hand round the back of my slightly sweaty neck.

Now, obviously this girl didn't really want me. Even at this early stage it was blindingly obvious that entertainment for her would be to play D and me off against each other. I was torn and son ot long afterwards, unable to bear it, I pushed down my recurrent hardon and escaped to the dance floor to check out the rest of thetalent.

Before long I returned to our table empty handed, but to my delight thingshad taken a step in the correct direction. D and Heather had been joined by a skinny, peroxide blonde who I had noticed earlier, sucking face with some biker in a booth. She had stuck in my mind principally because she was wearing the cheapest, sleaziestpink lycra leggings I had ever seen coupled with a totally inappropriate pair of white heels. She looked a right state.

I was interested.

"I'm Laura," she yelled next to me ear and gave me a funny, squint, but none the less appealing smile.

She wasn't strikingly attractive like Heather and a shade too thin for my tastes. But like most young, single guys, I was flattered that a girl seemed to be taking an interest in me. She had long blonde hair and I noticed a little tattoo, amateurishly done, of a rose just beneath the level of her breast bone.

That was plenty good enough for me.

Half one in the morning rolled around and I watched, without needing the skills of a lip reader as Heather agreed to come back to D’s place. She tugged a fistful of his hair and bit athis lower lip, taking on a somewhat vampyric aspect.

Keen to seal the deal on company for myself, I found myself lost for moves, too busy obsessing over Heather. In the absence of a slicker plan I just pulled Laura closer, snogged her some more and hoped that they came as a package.

Bingo.

We poured the girls down the stairs into the alley then spilled out onto the black and rain lashed street, across the centre of town, down another alley and back to where the Nova was parked. All the while we had to, dissuade the ladies from shouting abuse at various passersby and tug them away from even worse distractions (other horny males).

Back in the car, music: loud. Girls: demanding more velocity and recklessness than I, personally found necessary. Heather produced a paper wrap of speed to ease any worried minds present.

It was a party.

Ten miles away, up a long winding country road, through two villages and a spread of farmland laid the rural peace of D’s parent’s joint. Said long winding country road proved problematic as no sooner were we outside the industrial belt and into the green, Heather demanded D stop so she could relieve herself. Laura chimed in that she too could not wait any longer and unless we wanted a mess in the back of the car we had to stop immediately. Although, I don’t recall they put it in such ladylike terms.

Obliging as gentlemen should, we pulled up at the side of the road and virtually fell out onto a grassy verge on the edge of a dense wooded area. The rain had kindly stopped and it was dark. No other car headlights on the road. All quiet.

"You can go in the bushes there," I point out helpfully, lighting a cigarette and tossing one at D, trying to look cool.

"Fuck that," Heather laughed at my primness, popping the bubble, "it’s creepy in there, I’m going right here. Turn your backs boys," she ordered, "no looking, or else..."

D caught my eye and winked like a naughty schoolboyas we turned our backs. Presently there came the unmistakable sound effects of a couple of peoplerelieving themselvesoutdoors. D waited alaughably short time before he chanced his arm.He pivoted towards the girls, sneaking a peek.

Both of them squealed and cussed their disapproval.

"Look," he appeased "is it wrong that this is giving me a monster hardon?" with that announcement he began unzipping his stiffening cock, showing it to them as if to validate his point.

"Yes!" Laura exclaimed, laughing, "fucking perv!"

"It’s a good looking cock though, dirty fucker" came Heather’s voice, making no more of any further objections she had.

I looked as well, too high to care, curious to see what had got him the thumbs up. D’s meat and two was thick and longer than mine and I clearly saw Laura raise her eyebrows in sudden interest at the spectacle.

"Come on girls, let us watch?" he coaxed, half kidding, but maintaining that line of plausible deniability – What? No! I was kidding, I don’t get off on watching girls taking a leak!

Heather mimicked exasperation, "alright, come here little boy..." and in an impressively businesslike display of multi tasking slipped his rapidly elongating shaft into her mouth while squatting beside the car, still mid stream.

"Come here, mate!"

It occurred to me as shehailed methat Laura probably wasn’t entirely sure of my name.

"I won’t get piss on you," she assured as I felt fingers in my belt loops, pulling me towards her.

"That would be appreciated," I said for some strange reason.

With both of our companions busy with their mouths full I was able to get a proper look at the sordid scene as they squatted, knickers round their knees, shamelessly splashing the grass next to the car.

It would be inaccurate to pretend it wasn’t seriously getting me off. Never had I seen such a thing in the flesh. I pressed my own length to Laura’s open, eager mouth. The whole thing felt so wrong, but definitely very, very right!

As I stood there resting a hand on the back of her gently bobbing head I began to turn my dirty young mind back to Heather. I knew I was out of line copping a good look at my buddy getting head but I couldn't have cared less.

Gypsy Heather was making a real meal of D, his cock glistening wet in the moonlight coupled with the glow from the car’s interior lights, obscene strings of spit dripping from the underside of his shaft. It was all very intoxicating and with my jean nowhauled down over my haunches and Laura'smiddle finger questingfor myarse hole, it wasmoving me towards a place where there were few options left but to ejaculate – probably massively in her mouth.

But it was not to be. Abruptly, the girls finished their alluring business and binned the BJs at the same time.

Heather announced brashly "let’s get back to your place. I want drink."

As we mounted up D dropped a bomb on me: "Your turn to drive, man," he said ascrazy gypsy girl hung off his shoulder, whispering sweet nothings to him, smiling conspiratorially at me.

"Oh shit D, I’m way too far gone. We get stopped, that’s it – my life is over."

"We won’t get stopped on the back roads, pussy boy!"

He was already being bundled in to the back seat by his girl.

No sooner did I fire up the Nova and hit the road, my eyes wide, scared shitless of going off the road or worse, coming face to face with a police car, it became immediately apparent why I was required to drive. Heather was now leaning over the two front seats, but her rear end remained in the back seat straddling D’s lap. She was being fucked very, very hard; moaning, swearing and tossing her hair, as if oblivious to the fact that Laura and I were just inches from her.

She absolutely loved attention. That much was clear.

As I drove, I suffered from a raging, uncomfortably hard erection, as I tried to think about the road while all I had in my mind’s eye was tight, shiny panties clinging moistly to that sweet opening between Heather’s legs and how much I’d like to be the bloke balls deep in her, making her buck and run her obscene mouth as I grabbed at her, squeezed her flesh, scratched and bit her until she ended up with every drop of cum I had tricking down her inner thighs. I imagined her voice asking me to smell her cunt, imagined her grabbing my hair and thrusting it between her legs, squatting over my

face like she had at the side of the road and smearing her pussy and arse all over my face.

But I suppressed my lust for Heather. Back then, I was a shallow boy and I didn't want to say or do anything that might jeopardise my chance of getting my leg over Laura when we got back to D's place.

Heather's hair brushed my face as her buttocks slapped wetly against my mate's lap, over and over again. I said nothing even when things deteriorated further and I became convinced that one of her huge, milky-looking tits had popped and was right now quivering obscenely, just next to my elbow. The triumvirate of scents – cigarette smoke, hairspray and sex - such happy bedfellows,filled the car and Laura giggled a bit as the little hot cabin of the car began to smell more and more like a mobile brothel.

For second prize, I decided, I wanted Laura's face in my lap. I wanted her to finish what she started. But she resolutely didn't.

I thought about Laura sucking my balls, milking them with her lips as I masturbated, until finally, I creamed all over her face, splattering her unkempt blonde hair, ruining her makeup job. Then I'd smear it all over her face with my cock, periodically dipping it into her mouth until she'd basically lapped up the whole load. That was what I wanted at that moment. If it was Heather, I told myself, I'd spunk inside her. If it was Laura, I'd like to see her lick it up. It's funny the paths of logic that drink and drugs lead you down.

It was a long drive and Bon Scott screamed 'Highway to hell' as Heather bounced moistly to the beat.

Somehow I survived and got us home intact with the blood in my body now channelled solely into my cock. I levered myself out of the car, wrapped a protective arm round Laura, showed her inside and cracked open the fridge while D and Heather fucked around drunkenly.

Now, a respectful note to the reader regarding group sex: Two guys getting sucked off simultaneously by the side of a quiet road is one thing. Quite another, to a young, relatively inexperienced guy of seventeen is the concept of a fully lit foursome involving a close friend of the same sex. Let's not forget, this guy was virtually an icon to me and I didn't want to make a wrong move, or worse still appear to be less cool than he thought I was.

So, no sooner were we in the door and back onto the cheap wine and pot then I started trying to cut Laura away to the spare bedroom. But she was so focussed on drinking and chatting with her mate that I began to fear a fall at the last hurdle. After all, there is a thin line between fucked up and looking for sex and just plain fucked up and looking for bed. Attracting her attention by skinning a fresh joint, I

got her on the couch and prepared to broach the subject.

"Fancy going next door after this?" was my fantastic choice of words.

To outline the point, I nodded in the direction of D and Heather who, after having ingested more booze were starting to get their hands on each other again on the opposing sofa.

"It’s okay here, ain’t it?" she smiled a quirky lopsided grin at me and stuck her tongue in my mouth by way of encouragement, "don’t want to be antisocial," she said.

I had dreaded that outcome, but tried to roll with the punches. While earlier Laura had dropped every hint but throw herself to the ground with her legs in the air, she now seemed to be calming down a bit and I was starting to see flashes of ‘straight Laura’.

That wasn’t what I had in mind.

None the less, we started to mess around and as soon as D and Heather were back into each other and ignoring us, Laura was suddenly, much more aggressive. She climbed on top of me and slipped out of her t shirt and bra without coaxing and then clambered up my front, rubbing herself on me in an animalistic fashion. Slowly, she slid her body back down me until she came to a halt, grounded on the massive hard bulge in my jeans that was jutting up between her thighs, pushing the flimsy material of her leggings up between her buttocks. I teased her with it pushing the hard protrusion against her soft rump. As she writhed around, I forced her into check, roughly kneaded the two little handfuls of tit that she flaunted at me, pinching her nipples and squeezing them until I could see my finger marks as white shapes in her soft, supple skin. I had never treated a girl like this before and confidence swelled. Her eyes were closed, her breathing shallow and hard.

She was into it.

We quickly discarded the remainder of our things and I clumsily ripped her leggings from inside leg to mid thigh in the hurry to get them off. She would get some disapproving looks on her way home the following morning.

I pulled her warm body against mine as she clambered up me again, this time, looking to impale herself on my cock on the way down.

It happened. I slid inside her easily. Wet, warm and eager she took it expertly, swallowing me up and working me over with little circular motions of her hips. The thought of protection was distant, irrelevant and unimportant with that sumptuous wetness wrapped around my length.

We started to fuck. Hard, right away, me pulling her skinny hips down onto me, trying to keep it as deep as I could. Then I caught sight of D and Heather once again. Whispered voices had brought them back onto my radar and now for the second time that night, I couldn't do anything but stare.

In the harshly lit forum that was D's parent's living room, he was taking Heather from behind, pushing down on her ample, pear-shaped behind. She was accepting him willingly, buttocks splayed, stuck high in the air as D squatted above her. I looked at the spectacle for a moment, unwilling to believe exactly what I was seeing. A hot, violent cocktail of lust, jealousy, excitement and a million other misplaced sentiments rose inside me like a tide of molten lava.

Heather was getting it in the arse.

Now, lots of boys boast about when and how they got their brown wings in their late teens and early twenties. Most exaggerate a bit. Even more just downright lie. But D, it was suddenly and pornographically obvious was the real deal -an erotic adventurer first class, not to mention an interloper in the back door at a time when the closest I had been to anal sex was my mate's Dad's porn collection.

Laura caught the direction of my gaze and turned to look.

"Whoa! That looks serious," she said sympathetically but without breaking stride.

There, romantically, on the couch next to them lay a tub of KY and it looked a lot like Heather had the majority of it pushed up her bum hole.

I could not drag myself from the spectacle as D's girth miraculously squished into her tight anus where she allowed it to probe what seemed like an impressive distance into her before it was shat obscenely back out glistening with the lubricant.

He looked over at us and caught me red handed spectating.

"My God, she's fucking amazing!" He grinned like a schoolboy. "You're fucking crazy," heenthused to the back of Heather's head, tugging affectionately at her hair.

She purred something, indecipherable, probably unrepeatable, high as a kite and going through some very intense sensations. This was the real deal and she was taking it hard. Almost certainly she was enduring a hell of a lot of discomfort for her lay this night.

Perhaps suddenly embarrassed by the view he was offering of his own junk, D suddenly pulled out, leaving Heather to fuzzily snap out of whatever realm she was in. She rolled over onto her bum and tried to look a little bit ladylike. She was panting, brow glistening, hair mussed up and tits, suddenly unsupported, lolling to either side of her chest.

But yes, she still looked amazing.

"So, are we going to have a bit of a swap round, then?" she said innocently, out of the blue and quite ruining any chances she had of winning ‘Lady of the Year’ award. She eyed me carnivorously, absent mindedly cupping her fingers between her legs as an awkward, pregnant silence fell on the room.

I should have guessed she wouldn't let this bit of sport go.

"Sounds like fun," D virtually stammered, broadsided.

He sounded hurt. Suddenly it became clear thathe didn’t want to share his hot-blooded gypsy slut.

The ball was in my court. As a mark of respect to both Laura and D, I should, obviously have rejected the proposal out of hand.

In my head I heard myself saying: Nah! We’re cool thanks, you mental-case!

I felt like I was having some kind of speed, hash and cheap booze related out of body experience as I watched my bony naked self sitting on the couch saying: "Yeah, that would be awesome!"

That killed the moment between Laura and me, permanently. She edged away and gave a disapproving exhalation of breath.

"Yeah, I’m up for that," she lied and nibbled testily at something invisible on her thumbnail.

Though he hid it well, D deflated visibly.

I felt terrible. I had deflated my role model.

To his credit, he rallied quickly; put a muscular arm around Laura’s shoulder and winked at me, "you crazy kids have fun!" he said.

Laura also seemed to perk up a bit. After all, I reckon I had the edge on looks but D was considerably fitter than me.

He had the superior cock too.

Superficially appeased to see the others get their hands on each other, I kidded myself that an embarrassing moment had been avoided and now I was about to get first prize. Oh yes, after that it was all going to be about Heather.

We kissed briefly. It was a surreal interlude given that we both knew what was coming next.

Hard, childish and eager, I was soon pushing down on her as she lay missionary, parting herthighs, spreading her, exposing her.

"Is that where you want it?" she purred, cocking her leg, pressing the pad of her index finger against the little opening between her buttocks and somehow making me believe that taking it up the arse was the most amazing thing that could happen to her right now. In her eyes I could see she knew she was going to end up doing the deed a second time.

At that point, I didn’t care who was watching.

I ran my fingers over her flesh, running it round her moist, supple rim of her anus. It was still pouting and distended from D’s entry, engorged into an obscene pink O. I slid a finger a little way inside and met little resistance. She drew breath sharply.

Shallow and precocious, I had never been more turned on.

"You going to fuck it then?" she asked, frustrated by my savouring the moment.

Rubbing my swollen tip slowly between her creamy, glistening buttocks, I pressed myself into her, squeezing into that tight little hole, pushing against her until, in a satin-pink furnace of sensation, she relaxed, opened up, swallowed round me. I felt every ounce of sensation asImelted into her. It was all I could do to stop myself creaming on the spot.

"Oh you dirty fucking slut," I said, fuck-dumb, high and stupid.

The initial ecstasy was rapidly followed by that glorious massaging sensation as she found herself with no choice but to fuck, taking the white heat of entry, squeezing me tight, pushing me out - over and over again. Her eyes were shut tight and she moaned softly as, lost somewhere else, she hollowed her back and accepted my arrogant penetration, too lust-crazed for sensitivity, every plunge into her most private of places driving theburningtide higher in my balls.

I don’t imagine I lasted all that long at all in reality, it’s hard to recall. What I can remember clearly is the intensity of the ejaculation and how she squirmed beneath me and swore many very naughty words as I convulsed and shot a hot cum enema deep into her, just adding insult to injury.

In the fug of orgasm, I struggled to maintain control of my faculties, rode the wave and kept it rammed selfishly into her until my dick began to soften and she spat me out, her arse hole swallowing vulgarly closed,as ittookthe last of my load. Purged of everything I had I collapsed onto the sofa next to her, while beside us, D and Laura were still fucking.

So, was that the end? Yours truly, through brass neck and luck over judgement gets to take some hot chick up the bum before his eighteenth birthday?

Well no, there is a little bit more to tell. Just a little bit.

I was lying there in a messed up, post-coital haze, congratulating myself for the dirty deed I’d just done when Heather abruptly straddled me, gazing down at my shocked face like some psycho warrior queen gloating over a fallen enemy.

"So you like my arse, do you?"

Although I sensed a worrying change of pace coming, I had the cheek to snigger loutishly, "damn, it’s just the tastiest fucking thing I’ve ever seen!"

"I’m glad you think it’s tasty," her smile was pure evil.

She clambered over me, positioning herself arse to face, that big, round bum now hovering overhead, creamy cheeks spreading and giving me a luridly erotic view as she stuck it right in my face. Both aroused and disgusted I watched a trickle of jizz wending its way out of her gaping anus, meandering its way down towards thatpretty, pouting cunt. Then, without warning she bore her whole weight down on me, shoving it aggressively in my face.

"Open wide," she said.

I did exactly what I was told, humiliation biting now as I guessed the rough outline of where things were going.

As she ground her hips, apparently attempting to suffocate me, I smelled own sperm mixed with the intimate recesses of her body. Her attempts to give me a taste of my own medicine, so to speak,

abruptly resulted in an obscenely wet fart at point blank range, much to the amusement of everyone but me.

However, like a dirty boy, I rallied,handled things stoically as her moist, gaping backdoor distended graphically before ejaculating agout of my thick, starchy tasting jizz, much of whichlanded squarely onmy tongue. I swallowed my own load gamely as, along with it, the air I had pumped into her arse holesquelched and farted out.

Heather smugly shifted herself, sitting on my legs, still pinning me, "was that nice?" she smiled as suddenly, I became aware of Laura’s presence,gazing down on my no doubt, cum splattered visage with a look of distaste on her face.

"Just be a good boy and stay right there.We ain’t done yet," she added, gloatingly, positioning herself astride me.

Although the view of her well fucked cunt staring down at me was pleasant, I was beginning to grow weary of the dominanceroutine and I was just about to tell them the party was over and when a drip of something warm hit me on the forehead.

It was followed by another.

Another drop landed on my lips. It was salty, warm.

It began to fall like rain as the penny dropped, splattering me, trickling down the insides of her thighs, gushing messily forth. Oh yes!

"Oh shit," shrilled Laura, "I can’t stop!"

In the background, I could hear D cackling at the unfolding drama.

As for me, I had little shame. I opened my mouth receptively as the floodgates opened on yet another first as Laura stood, legs partedand pissed all over me, all over G’s parents sofa, all over the nice laminate floor, fucked up to the point where she was happy to exhibit this supreme display of coarseness for all to watch.

As if, in her state, it had taken her a bit of time to work out why she was getting piss on herself rather than just me, she presently squatted down in an attempt to stop it running down her inner thighs. I responded to this more aggressive targeting of my torso by placing my hands either side of her splayed, glistening wet cunt, spreading her nicely and just letting her do her business, right in my

mouth. High and lust crazed, I swallowed the salty, bitter stuff down until I couldn’t keep up and let it spill all over my face.

Now, I had more than a vague sense that Laura was attempting to lodge some kind of sexualised dirty protest here in response to me jilting her and then fucking her mate’s chocolate box in a very rough fashion but, as a punishment, it really didn’t work!

When she was done, she stepped off leaving me in a glorious, happy, humiliated puddle and went immediately down onto D’s rock hard dick as if they had some kind of prior understanding. I watched as he took pleasure in massaging, kissing and licking her piss splattered flesh, no doubt keen to get involved in the dirty deed.

Fair enough.

I let my head roll back against the carpet and closed my eyes. I zoned out completely for a time and when I eventually opened my eyes Laura was licking thick drops of jizz off D’s shaft. There was more in her hair and yes, it had ruined her makeup job. She stared up at him submissively and began to massage to the stuff into her little skinny-girl tits. With a sternness that Laura clearly got off on, he smeared his cum into her face, feeding any stray drops into her mouth for her to slowly consume for his viewing pleasure.

Guess what? Once the hormonal red mist receded and D had dragged Heather into his cave, once again reclaiminghis princess, I had a semi-straight conversation with Laura, who I suspect, stillwasn't entirely surewhat my name was. However, I apologised for being a knob.

She apologised for pissing in my mouth.

I admitted that I had got right off on it and in turn she admitted that she had been in no doubt about that from the beginning.

Lots of admissions, all in all.

I made a mental note to remind myself frequently that girls have strange, mysterious ways, motivating factors that cannot and should not be understood. A lot of drink and drugs only serve to make things even more strange and beguiling. Desire can become pretty primal and actionspretty base.

All was well (ish) and pretty soon after we got boredmending fences, Ikilled those retina-searing overhead lights and the two of us crashed out on the couch, lying top to tail.

Morning had already cruelly broken and last night had evaporated into the stuff of myth and memory; becoming but alurid, distant recollectionto a thirty-something man with a mortgage, two cars and a serious job.

A hangover, both emotional and actual was well on its way as I dropped into sweaty, fitful sleep, my grubby clothes clinging unpleasantly to me.

A couple of hours later, I half came round to find myself alone on the sofa. There were voicesdown the corridor. It sounded like one of the girls was making a phone call. I smelled fresh cigarette smoke. I kept my eyes shut.

Dozing some moreI awoke onceagainto hear the front door click closed and a strange maudlin silence drop on the house. The only noise was the distant fizzing of my brain cells popping as a night on cheap whizz can do to you.

I slept, heavily this time and when I stirred again it was because D was clattering about clearing ash trays, stuffing empty bottles into a black bag.

My watch said 11:58.

We avoided each other's gaze, a tad embarrassed and a lot hung over.

"Alright?" I said.

"Hey, sleeping beauty! Big night eh?" D had a cigarette clenched comicallyin his teeth but he looked like he was suffering.

"Just, so bizarre," I replied honestly, seeing some awful mental flashes of things I'd said and done popping up.

I looked at the carnage of the room and then my eyes settled on the massive dark wet stain that encompassed both the middle seat of the sofa and the floor in front of it.

"Oh," I managed.

D flopped down on a chair and stared gloomily at the evil spectre on his parent's furnishings.

"Sorry," I hazarded.

"Not your fault. I could have said something but... you just don't put the brakes on a sight like that."

Wetried to laugh. Failed.

"How long 'til they get back?" I was suddenly thinking about the look of horror on D's Mum's face as she was confronted by a room that smelled of fags andcunt and a massive stain on her couch.

"Five hours."

We sat in silence staring at Laura's mess.

"Shit," he sighed,"how the fuck do you get piss stains out of suede?"

D blew town two days later. I knew he would. He said something about labouring in Spain but he could have been gun running in Uzbekistan for all I knew.

I got back to myeveryday friends and started thinking about putting some money aside for starting University rather than just drinking, smoking and snorting it all. The hangover lasted a day; the emotional boot print took a little longer to be washed away by the rain.

Blokes are all soft andvulnerable inside, you know.

This time itwasmanymonths before I saw D again and when I did we said nothing about *that* night other than fleeting references that were usually accompanied by embarrassed sniggers and a quick change of subject.

The following Christmas, at the end of my first semester in the big city we hooked up once again and made a foray into Elgin. It was the first since *that* night. To my new city eyes, the place seemed like a backward little village.

D wanted to watch some band at The Venue.

I have no idea why.

To me, that felt like returning to the scene of some terrible crime. But I manned up and went along with him.

We sat and drank flat lager and watched a pretty pedestrian rock show, the kind that happened every night, in every barjust down the street from my new residence.

In the dingy club, about half way down the left and side there wasone hell of a commotion going on and most people round us seemed to be watching the drama unfold there as much asthey were watchingthe stage.

I craned my neck.

Some big haired girl was holding court with about a half dozen blokes. Noise,mayhem and thrown alcohol was (literally) emanating from their table.

I caught sight of the eye of the storm. It was Heather, obviously.

D had seen her too.

I literally felt my pulse quicken, that same weird tingle at the base of my spine.

He looked over at me and shook his head very definitely as if reassuring me what a bad, bad idea any further action would be.

There is no road back to some of the places wego in our lives.

We sat back down, broke out into broad, conspiratorial smiles, drank some cheap lager and for a while got lost in our owngrubby memories. Soon afterwards we walked out of the place. In both our cases, we were never toreturn – on my part through choice, on D’s part because he did not live to see the end of the 90’s.

You keep travelling along the road. Keep moving forwards: When a gate closes behind you, you know it.