

Strings and Arpeggios

THE
MR. LEE ORGANIZATION



Part One

This is the story of why I gave up the piano. They made a fuss about it at the time, but I didn't care. There are more responsive instruments, which make sweeter music.

It all started, really, about a year before I went away to school. I was friendly with Minnie, the girl next door. I was only twelve, and although she was a full two years older—which makes such a difference at that age—I could tell that she wasn't particularly clever. Sometimes, when we talked about school subjects, or things on the news, I could tell that she was only pretending to understand what I was saying. Really, she wasn't very interested. But by now she was well on the way to womanhood, proud of her body and its young maturity, and keen to devote her maturing maternal instincts on something more life-like and responsive than a doll.

We were an odd couple in many ways. I was innocent, academically oriented, from a good Catholic family—although an unusual one, for I was an only child: my mother had had a gynaecological illness after my birth which prevented her having any more children. My parents, though loving in their way, were undemonstrative in physical terms. They spared nothing to educate and enrich my mind, but since infancy my body had become a stranger to touches or caresses. Still small and spindly, my pubescence was just beginning, my periods just starting, my nipples becoming tender, no pubic hair yet. Living as I did in my mind rather than in my body, I viewed these changes with a sense of regret for the passing of childhood; yet it was with a mixture of apprehension and curiosity that I contemplated the distracting, messy, unruly thing my body was changing into.

Minnie was quite the opposite: excited at the onrush of womanhood, proud of her new, lush curves, thrilled by the mysterious new flutterings and shivers as she tumbled happily and sensuously in her hormonal spring-tide. And, being by a long way the youngest of three sisters (Catherine was now living with her boyfriend and Amelia was married with two children), the pride of her confident young womanhood craved admiration—a rapt audience, an adoring younger sister; while her kind, affectionate nature sought an outlet in a pet, or perhaps a surrogate child.

The difference in our ages made our friendship somewhat unusual, but I think my parents and her mother—she was separated from her husband—initially found it both charming and convenient, and it received their tacit blessing.

From Minnie's fourteenth birthday, she was old enough to baby-sit for my parents, a new responsibility she discharged at first with pride and officious thoroughness. She insisted on supervising my washing and cleaning my teeth before bed—something my parents had not done for many years, seeking I suppose to encourage me to greater independence. Then I had to brush my hair to a shine. I had never seen a need for this, as my hair would always be a mess when I awoke; impatient with my lack of application, she snatched the brush from my hand and took over, fussing and scolding. I would have found this infuriating, but for the gentle touches and the closeness of her warm, soft body.

I knew it was not for my sake she did this: it was she who wanted me for her pretty little doll. And yet I let her pet me, dress me, stroke my hair. It was somehow comforting to be part of some quiet, intimate little inner game of hers. As she stroked my face and hair, I felt delicious shivers in my scalp, down my spine. Her lips were so red and moist when she licked them. She was so soft, so touchable.

And when she put me to bed, there was no offer of a bed-time story—she being no great reader, and indeed less well-read than I—but instead, she continued to stroke my hair and tickle my face affectionately, calling me her “pretty baby”. Her gentle caresses so soothed and pleased me that I was reluctant to let her go:

instead, I kicked the bedclothes off, wriggled naughtily and whined that I wasn't tired and didn't want to sleep. Indeed, all I wanted was to be caressed endlessly by her.

Then she pretended to be angry with me, scolding me: "naughty baby!" She launched herself upon me, to keep me still, and then began to tickle my ribs. Being thin and wiry, I was extremely ticklish: I squealed and thrashed wildly. Not to be outdone, she began to wrestle with me until she had imprisoned my arms underneath me, trapping my legs between her own. We lay on the bed, panting and giggling, gradually calming. But she had become excited: I could feel her heart pounding through the soft breast which pressed against me.

"What's the matter? Is my little baby ticklish, eh?"

She began chuckling and unpicking the buttons of my pyjama jacket. She was far bigger and stronger than I, who could do nothing to resist. Soon my tummy was bare, and she began gently stroking me with her free hand, teasing, watching with grinning delight as the slightest contact with my most sensitive spots drove me into wild, helpless struggles.

"No! No! Hahaha! No!" I squealed in desperation. My heart was beating wildly. Something was happening inside me.

"What's the matter? Don't you like being tickled?"

"No! I hate it!" I cried, straining to escape her tormenting finger.

"Well, you are strange! What about here? Is that better?" She advanced up my rib cage now. It was not so bad, and she was being very gentle. I began to breathe again, to relax. "Here. I know a nice place to tickle..." And she unpicked the remaining buttons of my pyjama jacket, baring my hard, aching nipples. I had never seen them this prominent before.

And then she began tickling their very tips, first one, then the other, watching with a delighted grin as my total astonishment at the sensation gave way to violent struggles and desperate panting: for a moment this new kind of tickling seemed merely pleasant and exciting, but as the sensations grew and began to surge through my inexperienced body, my young mind reacted in bewildered terror. New muscles somewhere in my abdomen, muscles I did not know I had, began to flutter and constrict tightly, painfully, as if beyond their natural strength. It was a strange, griping pain, right, deep inside. I could not place it, but it made me afraid.

"What's the matter? Don't you like it?" She laughed, incredulous at my reaction.

"No-o! Don't tickle me there!"

"Don't be silly! It feels lovely!"

She did it some more, this time just around the edge of the areola. To me this seemed to tickle more than anything; the griping pains came faster, and I think the ferocity of my struggles must have persuaded her that I was serious. She cuddled me, then, just caressing me gently, whispering soothingly to me, "There, there, I won't do it any more. But you are strange, Mary. I love being tickled there. Here, you do it to me." She drew herself up then, pulled up her sweater, unclasped her bra and slipped it off to reveal what then seemed to me to be twin miracles. "Go on," she said to me, "touch them. I like it."

I was mesmerized: I doubt I could have resisted touching them, they were so inviting, so beautiful, so close. She saw me staring.

"Do you like them?" she asked me softly.

I could only nod.

For a while I just caressed them gently, feeling their soft, firm weight, fascinated as the areolae wrinkled and the nipples erected, delighted as my hesitant fondling made her shudder and moan with pleasure. She showed me how to squeeze and tug them gently, and then encouraged me to suckle. My spasming muscles began to relax now, leaving a strange sensation of delicious weakness, and I began to feel comfortable and safe and gentle. And thus I fell asleep, that first night, guzzling contentedly on her succulent teat while she affectionately stroked my back and sides, sending delicious, soothing tingles down to my fingers and toes, to the roots of my hair.

The next time, we settled into the mother-and-baby act almost as soon as my parents were out of the door. First she groomed and stroked my hair, then I curled up in her lap and she quietly unbuttoned her blouse. This time, there was no bra. The entrancing softness of those shy young breasts, nestling sweetly behind the warm folds of thin white cotton, quite took my breath away. She looked so proud, so happy as she cupped them in her hands. The areolae were flat and pale, the teats just little dark spots at the centre.

“Oh, they are beautiful!” I gasped, delighted to see them again, and was rewarded by a look of such radiance, and such a happy little sigh, that I could not forbear to reach out and fondle them. It had given her such pleasure on the previous occasion that I was sure she was longing for my touch. Remembering how it had felt around the edges of my areolae, I tickled her there, avoiding the extra-sensitive centre.

“Ooh! Ha! Ha! That tickles! No, don’t stop! Mmm-mmm, mmmm... Aah, aah, ha-ha, mmm... aah, aah...” her giggles slowly calmed into a delighted crooning as her teats swiftly became engorged under my stroking, caressing fingers. Little goose-bumps rose on her areolae, and my fascinated stroking made her close her eyes and bite her lower lip in delight. After a while, she pulled me closer. I knew what was expected of me, and began to suckle the nearest, which caused her crooning to redouble and her thighs to begin a strange, rhythmic motion which gently rocked me. She loved it when I ran the flat of my tongue over those sensitive goose-bumps, shivering and groaning her pleasure. In gratitude, she unpicked my shirt and began to tickle my back, which I loved, while with her other hand she stroked my face, my ears, my neck, with such tenderness that I found myself loving her, caressing her in turn.

We sat like that for ages, the tremulous warmth of our two bodies wrapped together in a soft, affectionate embrace, for all the world like mother and daughter.

At length, she shivered and gave a contented sigh, then parted me from her breast as a mother eases a dozing baby.

“Time for bed, my little one...”

As before she supervised my toilet, brushed and groomed my hair, tucked me in like a little princess. And I, fearing her tickles yet loving her touching, her closeness, again kicked and wriggled to incite her mock indignation.

“Oh, you little monkey...”

And once more I was pinned to the bed and she was undoing my pyjama top with a wicked gleam in her eye. My wriggles only maddened her: soon she was tickling my tummy with swirling fingertips, and we were both giggling madly. Gradually I came to acknowledge that I enjoyed these tummy-tickles immensely, just as she enjoyed my attentions at her breast.

As her tickles slowed and became more sensuous, I relaxed. Minnie opened her blouse and offered me a breast to suckle, which only intensified my pleasure. As well as the strange cramps deep in my belly—in my womb, perhaps—I was aware of a strange feeling of weakness between my legs, a sense of dampness. Somehow I knew that I had not wet myself: the dampness was lower down, and my entire cunt felt moist and warm. After a few minutes, she untucked her blouse entirely, giving me tacit permission to stroke and fondle her. I loved touching her smooth, warm skin, making her shiver as my little fingers traced and caressed her most sensitive spots, listening to her lovely musical moans and giggles, her excited panting when I found a particularly sensitive spot. From time to time she would offer me the other breast, never ceasing her gentle fondling of my sensitive tummy and lower abdomen. Finally, after I don’t know how long, my squeezing muscles grew tired and I slept, exhausted by new-found bliss.

After that, every time she baby-sat for me I would provoke her into tickling me, and would finally calm me at her breast. It became part of our ritual.

Perhaps because of my negative response when she tickled my nipples before, it was a long time before she did it again to me; but often she got very close, and I would wriggle away from her. From time to time, as I struggled to keep my nipples out of her reach, my pyjama bottoms would slip down; then she would tickle me quite low down on my tummy, near the top of my slit, and this I found more enjoyable than anywhere else. Inevitably it would trigger those strange inner squeezes which at first had so alarmed me, but gradually the

strangeness wore off and I began to enjoy the sensation as my inner muscles tensed and released, tensed and released, gradually gathering strength.

On one occasion my pyjama bottoms descended very low, and I saw Minnie looking down there curiously. Then she went for my nipples and tickled them—the first time for a long while—and as usual I struggled further up the bed, baring my crotch. I think I would have been mortified had she not responded as she did:

“Oh, how lovely! I think your first hairs are coming. I’m just going to touch them lightly, just the tops of them. There. Can you feel that? You’re becoming a woman!”

The feather-light touches were indescribably delicious. I had a really nice squeeze inside and moaned with pleasure. Overcome with arousal, she stopped her tickling then and offered me her lovely breasts, still caressing my lower abdomen soothingly.

One time during the summer, when I was out in the garden, I heard laughing and squealing coming from next door. It sounded like Minnie. I went up close to the fence and looked through a chink. Minnie was on the ground, her elder sister Catherine sitting astride her, tickling her. They were both laughing a good deal. Catherine’s hands were up underneath Minnie’s blouse.

“Oh no, oh no!” Minnie kept squealing.

“You know you like it really!” Catherine taunted her, “tickle tickle!” and Minnie squealed again as Catherine tickled one of her more tender spots.

I began to understand why Minnie liked to tickle me so much. I watched in fascination as Minnie bucked and writhed under her big sister’s busy fingers; Catherine was laughing almost more than Minnie. And then something happened which made my heart pound; still tickling her torso with her left hand, Catherine reached behind her and, flicking Minnie’s dress up, quickly tickled her between the legs, saying: “now on your girly place, tickle tickle!” Minnie squealed and bucked furiously; Catherine became almost helpless with laughter. I watched mesmerized as Catherine tickled Minnie to exhaustion. I felt a welter of confusing emotions: fear, excitement, arousal.

During the late winter of that year, Minnie’s babysitting engagements, like my parents’ social life, encountered a temporary lull; but occasionally she invited me over to her house to play the mother- and-baby game. Her mother would often have a lie down in the afternoon, so that we were able to play uninterrupted for a couple of hours. At first, we would brush one another’s hair and give one another butterfly kisses. But as soon as her mother’s bedroom door was closed, Minnie would sit me on her lap, undo her blouse and encourage me to fondle and suckle her.

This would have been rather a one-sided pastime, but she was careful to reward me both with effusive praise and with delicious caresses. I would sit across her lap as I suckled, and she would slip her hand up my shirt and stroke my bare back with one hand, while with the other she would fondle my tummy or—my favourite—my sensitive inner thigh. She liked my legs, I think, for at first she would push my skirt right up to my waist, and after a while insist that I remove it altogether. When she stroked my thigh, I would part my legs in abandon. The higher she stroked me, the more I encouraged her by suckling with extra vigour.

I suppose I enjoyed a sense of power, too, for I was left in no doubt how profoundly my increasingly expert ministrations affected her. I began to sense that she did not merely enjoy, but somehow needed this protracted, gentle stimulation. As I grew more expert in fondling her breasts and pleasuring her nipples, I learned to generate in Minnie a state of extraordinary excitement. She would begin to pant and make little excited moans; and once in that state, gently tickling her under her arms or around her waist seemed to drive her crazy with pleasure. She would beg me to nibble at her breasts, which caused her to go all tense and quivery for a few seconds, during which time she would squeeze me incredibly hard, so that it almost hurt, before she relaxed with a lovely little gasp of relief.

Of course I did not understand about orgasm yet, and the first time this happened, I was quite shocked. I felt terrible. I thought I had made her have a fit. I was crying and saying, “Oh, I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” over and over again, and she just sat there, her legs tightly crossed, shuddering, her eyes glassy, her chest heaving with occasional deep sighs. Then she said, “There’s nothing to be sorry about! It was lovely! It was the best feeling in all the world!”

Of course, after that, I wanted to give her that wonderful feeling every time. We called it “the shudders”. I never tired of watching her crazily mounting excitement, the trembling, rigid climax and then the shuddering and twitching afterwards, when I had to stop and let her rest. She would praise me extravagantly after that, saying that I was the best ever, I was her baby, her lovely baby.

Christmas came, the last before I was sent away to convent school, and still we played our tender games. By now the motivation had changed—for both of us. My role had shifted from living doll to surrogate younger sister. As well as worshipping her blossoming maturity, I must now submit to her instruction and enlightenment as to woman’s estate. Often as we played, she would ask me if I felt the squeezing inside me, whether I was getting wet between the legs. At first I was embarrassed by these messy symptoms of womanhood, but Minnie encouraged me to be proud of them, and by now it was becoming commonplace for us to cuddle in just our steamy panties, stroking, tickling, suckling, groaning with pleasure as our constant touching brought incessant throbbing between our legs and the occasional slow, delicious contraction.

Barriers were beginning to fall, and we were becoming increasingly intimate: on one occasion, Minnie even showed me how her labia—she called them “petals”—swelled as a result of our fondling.

One night, wishing that Minnie were baby-sitting me, I tickled my own nipples and examined myself to see if the same thing happened. My labia were not quite as prominent as hers, but they swelled enough to become visible. I became curious about that part of my body, and began to notice the sensations down there when Minnie touched me.

Shortly after Christmas, my parents were to go out to a party and it was with joy and a new kind of urgent excitement that I awaited Minnie’s arrival. No sooner had my parents gone than we rushed to my bedroom and stripped to our panties, ready for a whole evening’s glorious titillation. I went for her playfully, biting her nipples rather hard and tickling her ribs with gusto.

And before I knew what was happening, she had pinned my arms above my head and her wicked fingers were stealing up my quivering belly, harbingers of delicious torment. They paused. Gradually I relaxed, my giggles died down and I became still. Her face was close to mine, those soft, moist lips parted in a bewitching, naughty smile, her eyes twinkling in triumph.

“You’re going to have to get used to being tickled, little girl,” she whispered, then kissed my nose, softly, dangerously, “... because I’m going to tickle and tickle you for a long, long time...”

I tried not to laugh, not to squeal; every time I struggled, she pulled hard on my arms, stretching my body almost painfully tight. First it was my tummy, then my ribs. Her finger moved gently, excruciatingly slowly, maddening me so that I had to bite my lips and toss my head to distract myself from the outrageous sensation. But whenever she paused, the lovely tingles would flood through my body, making me pant and moan in delight, and she would wait for me to calm down and look her in the eye once more. And when she had trapped my gaze in her glinting, triumphant blue eyes, her smile would twitch, and once more the slow, deliberate finger-dance would begin. Again and again the cycle repeated, lengthening each time: at first, pleasure at her touch; then, as the pleasure mounted, and the tingles became more intense and all-pervasive, I would go into a kind of muscle spasm, fighting the growing intensity, at which point she would jerk my body taut and continue, and my resistance would crumble in a kind of ticklish agony which left me gasping and weak.

When I was more or less exhausted, she finally set about my hard, aching nipples. Too tired to resist, my hips pumped instinctively in frantic excitement, as with a patient smile she gradually accustomed me to the strange, radiating sensations her nipple-teasing was provoking in my tense, trembling young body.

“Do you feel it in your belly, yet?” she asked me. I did not know what to say. I just moaned and nodded.

By now I had learned to enjoy the sweet, tickling shivers which whirled and eddied throughout my body when she touched me like this. And now, my new muscles seemed stronger, less painful as they began to clench and release in a slow, automatic rhythm, and I began to sense a giddy pleasure in their relaxation, and a sparkle of excitement as they tensed. Yes, I was feeling it in my belly, now.

“Something’s prickling me!” I complained, wriggling away from whatever it was. She let me go, and I felt for the source of the irritation. It was a feather from the down pillow, working its way out through the ticking.

"Aha! I know what to do with this!" Minnie laughed, snatching it from my hand. She took my legs and raised them, and then began tickling the backs of my legs with the feather. It was such a soft, gentle tickle. It was delicious, yet my cunt was throbbing and aching so much that I could only moan. She was tickling me right next to the panty-line, driving me wild with arousal.

"Here!" she said suddenly, "Take these off! I bet this will feel just incredible!" And with that, she yanked my panties down; and for the first time, I lay naked before her. Taking the feather, she began stroking around my cunt, saying "You won't enjoy this so much when your hairs grow." I was moaning loudly: the sensation was incredible. "Gosh, just look at your petals! I can see you're enjoying it!" she said, moving away. I looked: I had never seen them in such a state: they protruded noticeably, and we could smell the aroma of their wetness.

Then she lay alongside me, allowing my legs to fall apart, and while she continued to feather my pulsating cunt she licked and nibbled at my yearning breast, for the first time titillating me the way I had so often pleased her. It was divine. On and on she went, while I cried or moaned "Oh! I can feel it squeezing inside me! Oh Minnie! Oh Minnie! Oh!" in a sensual delirium.

"Is that nice, darling?" she chuckled, watching my excitement stealthily reducing me to a panting, heaving, craving animal. "I think you're going to have the shudders. Do you feel it fluttering inside?"

"Oh yes!" I quavered, my hips rocking in quiet ecstatic frenzy. Occasionally she lightly stroked her fingers along the ridge of my petals, and at the same time flicked rapidly at my nipple with her tongue. It tickled, but I didn't laugh. The squeezing muscles in my abdomen were working harder and harder, settling into a rhythm, gathering pace, sweetly mounting and cresting into my first proper, straining, gasping, brain-splitting orgasm. I went stiff and lifted my hips off the bed. I was quivering with an incredible energy. My breasts were on fire, piercing me with unendurable pleasure. The ecstasy in my nipple grew almost intolerable, and when she touched my petals again, all hell broke loose inside me, the inner muscles griping and grinding almost painfully, and it was as if my head burst open and a shower of tiny drops of intense feelings swept down my body like tiny particles, tickling and exciting secret nerve-endings deep within me. And then the shower stopped abruptly, and with one final wrench my inner muscles began to clench and ebb, clench and ebb, each time feeling sweeter and more beautiful than the last, until I was suffused in incredible inner peace. She laughed in delight as she watched my inexperienced mind struggling to cope with the immensity of it all.

"You had your first shudders!" she said triumphantly.

"I thought I was going to die!" I said, shocked by the ferocity of it all, too confused and overwhelmed to experience it as pleasure.

"As you get older, you'll find you'd die without them!" she laughed, giving me a little peck on the cheek and waiting for me to return to reality.

"Now you do me." She guided my hand into her warm panties and offered me a breast. "Just stroke my petals, aah, that's right, just gently... Oh, that's lovely, lovely..." Her petals were so moist and smooth and slippery; and obviously incredibly sensitive, since even my gentlest movements seemed to cause her quite shattering sensations. I was awkward and inexperienced, but no great expertise was needed to give Minnie what she craved. Within a few seconds she was bucking and writhing in the grip of her own powerful climax.

Afterwards, she told me I screamed, that I wrinkled up my nose. I felt light-headed. And more than that: I felt changed, as if I had passed through a door in my life. And of course I had.

My daily visits to my dear friend were now impelled by a new enthusiasm. As soon as we were alone, I would undress in shameless haste and beg to be tickled and caressed as I nuzzled and fondled her voluptuous breasts. I sought her pleasure with a new urgency as I began increasingly to understand it at first hand. Now, she would lie on her bed with me outstretched on top of her in just my panties, giggling in mammary bliss as I assailed her nipples with a new-found skill. Snaking her fingers into my warm panties, giving delight for delight, she tickled my smooth, exquisitely sensitive apple-hard buttocks, stroked my gaping, hungry petals, watching smiling as I moaned and wrestled with my new woman-feelings, my hips dancing in sweet delirium.

Oddly, despite our recent excursion into genital touching, it did not at once become the focus of our activity. To me it was just one of many delightfully voluptuous caresses. I sometimes wonder whether Minnie was really as innocent as I. Still ignorant of my clitoris, I would grind myself against her merely to relieve its insistent throbbing. My focus was upon her nipples and mine. In bed at night, I would dream of Minnie's breasts until I was wet and throbbing with desire; and then I would feel my own hard little nipples, stroking them with exquisite care, leaking my increasingly profuse nectar into the sodden tissues I had wedged into my panties, until I wafted into blissful oblivion.

Her mother was bound to catch us sooner or later. Our eagerness overcame our caution. One day, the door flew open, we froze in guilty astonishment, and -

"Oh!" a little short cry, and then a giggle. "I've just got to go out for an hour, girls."

And then she was gone. The moment the door was shut, I shot to my feet, mortified, hitching up my panties, which had worked down almost clear of my buttocks. I couldn't understand it. I had expected her to be horrified, furious. But there had been nothing, just a little titter of surprise. And Minnie just lay there, her saliva-coated nipples still beautifully stiff and proud, her contented grin unruffled by this sudden intrusion.

I jiggled on tiptoe, silently cringing with embarrassment until I heard the front door slam. "What must she think?" I cried in anguish. But Minnie just let out a lazy chuckle.

"Come here, don't worry about her," she said, sitting up and folding me in her arms. Soon her tongue on my breast and her fingers on the backs of my legs banished all shame, all rational thought as she titillated me into a particularly hot and delicious attack of the shudders, leaving me panting in exhausted gratitude. Soon we were back at our game again, squirming and teasing, panting and giggling as if nothing existed outside our little world.

At last, her mother's imminent return forced a reluctant end to our play, and we parted. Back home, helping my mother prepare the dinner, I began to feel the first twinges of unease. Every time my mind wandered to Minnie, I felt a recurrence of the throbbings in my crotch, and a strange sense of weakness there which caused me to visit the lavatory frequently, unsure whether I could still control my bladder.

I felt so extraordinary inside, and yet everything else was so normal—my mother treated me like a little child, my father ignored me as usual—while my nipples tingled and the pulse beat secretly between my thighs. I felt strangely uneasy, almost dirty, as I removed my sticky panties that night before bed.

Again that night, I crossed my arms under my nightie and tantalized my budding nipples. It was nowhere as intense as when Minnie did it, but it was comforting and pleasant, and I lay there thinking of Minnie's lovely breasts, enjoying the soft warm throb of my undiscovered clitoris, relishing the slow, rolling spasms of my newly-discovered inner muscles, oozing my girlish nectar, flirting innocently with the forces which even then were undermining my modesty, eating away at my self-control, binding my will-power in gossamer shackles which soon no power on earth could put asunder.

The next time we met, Minnie hustled me out of the house. "We must go somewhere private," she said. "Is there anyone at your house?" Yes, my mother was at home. So we went to a nearby park, which was usually deserted.

"What's the matter?" I asked anxiously.

"I've got to go away. Tomorrow." Minnie muttered, downcast. "Mum says I have to go and stay with my cousin for a week. And then she's going to come back to stay here." "So we won't be able to..."

"No."

"What will we do?"

"Come on, I'll show you."

In a corner of the park was an old wooden pavilion. It was all locked up, but round the back was a toilet which was open. We went into the Ladies; Minnie shut the door carefully behind us, then ushered me into one of the stalls.

"I'm going to show you something we can do while we're apart. Every night, when you go to bed, you have to do this and think of me. And I'll do it and think of you. You've got to imagine it's me doing it, and I'll do

the same. Take your panties off.” She was stepping out of hers as she spoke. “I’ll show you what to do. Feel my finger?”

“Oh Minnie, what’s...”

“Just gently up and down, like this...”

“Ohhh... Oh Minnie oh Minnie...”

“Shh! Just enjoy it, darling...”

“Oh I can’t, it’s too much: I’m burning...”

“Yes you can, you must: it’s what we must do. Come on, you try. Put your finger there. Like that. That’s right. Now you try. Come on.”

“Oh Minnie, what’s happening to me? It’s going right through me!”

“You’ve got the idea. I’ll do it now, and then you can do it to me, ok? There... kiss me. Kiss me, Mary.”

She kissed me like a lover, full on the mouth, and held me there as she slowly, lovingly masturbated me. I screamed my pleasure into her gentle, soft mouth, the searing orgasm terrible, cruel in its ferocity. She held me in my swoon, kissing my lips, my face, my eyes.

“Now you’ve got to do me. Do it just the same. Here, put your finger here. Now do it. God! Oh God! Oh Mary! Mary, I love you I love you I love you... Aaah...” I hardly knew what to do, but I think it was just that it was my doing it which made her come with a violence which I had never before witnessed. She held me in a bear hug then, as I rubbed her through her climax, and then she slumped against the wall, apparently drained. As soon as her eyes could focus, they focused on mine. “I want you again, Mary. Touch me again! Touch me! Aaah!” This time, my touch seemed to pain her, but she would not let me stop, sometimes guiding my fingers, until the passion took her once more. Even in her passion, she was terrifying, magnificent. And then, our eyes brimming with silent tears, we kissed and kissed until my cunt burned with a fierce hunger. But then she had to go back, and we walked home in silence, overcome. Even as we parted, there were no words—only her eyes blazing into mine.

And so I went back inside, where everything seemed so small, so trivial.

That night, in bed, I lay awake wondering about this new, tremendous thing she had shown me. Just thinking about it made the heat grow in my loins, and I knew I was cunt-hungry again. So I felt carefully for the place she had shown me, and began to rub gently. At once the heat returned, and I jerked my legs apart, relishing the fantastic new sensation. It burned and tickled and thrilled me through and through as I found exactly what my clitoris liked best; and then suddenly my fingers would not stop, heaven exploded inside me and those lovely muscles were squeezing and squeezing as I twitched and shuddered in delighted exhilaration. I laughed and cried for joy at the tremendous sense of relaxation and satisfaction which flooded my being. I was still shivering when my mother came into the room to see if I was all right. Apparently I had cried out. I told her I’d had a bad dream, and she kissed me on the forehead.

Much as I had enjoyed my experiences with Minnie, the gentle, diffuse stimulation never approached the buffeting, excoriating thrill of clitoral stimulation. I was completely amazed by it.

The more I masturbated, the more I enjoyed it and craved it. And after the climax was over, the shivers stopped, and my heart returned to normal, I’d feel such tremendous relief, as if a great weight had been lifted from me, almost like a different person—clear-headed, sensible, innocent like I’d been before I started fooling around with Minnie. And in my new-found clarity, I’d hear in my memory an echo of the involuntary cries and gasps and bed-squeakings which had accompanied my recent solitary joy. It all seemed so foolish; and it was all over so quickly! I began to feel cheap and a little dirty. But however dirty my habit seemed, I couldn’t stop myself from doing it, it was just so enjoyable and the relief afterwards so dramatic. I needed it more than food and drink.

After a few days, I had almost forgotten about Minnie. I tried religiously to imagine that it was her finger touching me, but after a few strokes I was drunk with pleasure, steeling myself for the glorious climax. My new love was nestling conveniently between my thighs; and as I became more skilful in pleasing her, so she became more urgent and imperious in her demands. The more I slaved to please her, the richer she rewarded me; and so insidiously consolidated my slavery, and her utter dominion.

By the time Minnie returned from her stay with her cousin, it seemed that both of us had changed beyond recognition. For one thing, in the constraining presence of her cousin, Minnie's lack of education and inane conversation made her seem utterly dull. For another, her cousin was really beautiful: by comparison, Minnie was overweight, ungainly and spotty. If, for a brief moment that afternoon when she taught me the great secret of womanhood, I fancied that I loved her, I now saw that I loved her only for what she could give me—and that I could now give myself to a far higher degree. I know I was grateful to Minnie for what she had taught me; but now I was a child no longer, but a young grown-up. And so each night I arched and grunted my ecstasy into a mouthful of bedclothes, hoping and imagining that Minnie's pretty cousin was doing the same.

Soon after that, I went away to school. Perhaps because of her mother's disapproval, or just because she found other friends, Minnie and I never played together again. Although we remained friendly, we became more distant and eventually lost touch.

But first experiences take a very firm hold on the imagination. Years later I learned that she was living with a pretty young schoolmistress—a blonde, like her cousin.

Part Two

When I arrived at the convent school, I was very anxious to keep my habit a secret. The girls would talk about it, sometimes. They called it "frigging", and the word was always accompanied by a derisive laugh or a sneer. Frigging was for losers. Only the stupid, unattractive girls did it.

Touching yourself was a grave sin: the nuns told us so. One of them said it was a mortal sin, which was very frightening; but a nice younger sister told us that God would grant forgiveness, but only if you went to confession as soon as possible afterwards. Touching the private parts led to selfishness, weakness, lassitude and even illness. I was terrified, much too terrified to confess it. I tried to give it up, and for a couple weeks I was successful. The prefects, and sometimes the nuns, would patrol the dormitories at night, making sure our hands were visible at all times.

Stella McCaffrey, a big, heavy girl with a slight moustache, was said to have been caught by one of the prefects. She wasn't reported, but the rumour was around the school in no time: "did you hear? Stella McCaffrey was caught frigging the other night!" and girls would titter derisively. "What's frigging?" Anne Pepper asked. "Oh come off it, Annie! You know! Rubbing yourself!" "Oh, yuk!" Anne cried, wrinkling her nose in dainty disdain. "I don't know how people can bring themselves to do it! It's disgusting!"

I remember how, after my initial abstinence of about two weeks, the first orgasm was almost painful: only the relief afterwards made it worthwhile. But the desire to repeat the experience had grown a hundredfold: my clitoris couldn't get any rest.

It seemed that even if I wasn't the only one, I was in a small company of very, very bad people who kept their shameful weakness extremely secret. I tried and tried to resist, but sometimes the urge was too strong. Sometimes I'd slip into the lavatory at break and rub myself madly. The relief would be so tremendous that I'd be walking on air for the rest of the day. Occasionally in the dormitory we had a prefect who would slip out for five minutes every now and again. Once when she did, I heard some creaking and a gasp. From somewhere else in the dormitory came an answering titter. Some poor desperate girl had siezed her chance, but even her comrades were listening out for illicit activities. I felt my clitoris burning, begging for relief. I decided to try to do it very, very quietly. I just rolled it slowly from side to side, trying to breathe deeply and regularly. When the pleasure grew and grew, I gritted my teeth and resisted the almighty urge to rub furiously. I felt my body tighten, and strained to relax. The orgasm lasted for ages and ages. My eyes were staring with the effort not to moan or pant or twitch or do anything to give myself away. This was an art I soon perfected. I could do it almost without moving. On the outside I was just like a corpse, stiff and still. Inside my bowels were churning, my head was reeling, I would imagine screaming myself hoarse.

Hitherto, I had masturbated like a child—as Minnie had taught me. I just went for that rush of pleasure as fast as I could, and the faster it built the more exhilarating it seemed. But this was an altogether new experience. It was almost a torture to masturbate slowly like this, and although the pleasure was so

prolonged, I missed the exhilaration which I could achieve in solitude. Night after night I would lie awake in desperation, trying to suppress the urgency of my desire. I would fantasize about the awful consequences of being caught, of being disowned by all my friends, becoming a social outcast. And so it slowly developed from a craving into an obsession.

During the holidays, particularly at the start, I would masturbate upon waking, sometimes in the morning, always in the afternoon and always before sleep. At home, I didn't feel quite so ashamed about it. At school, particularly when I did it in the lavatory, I felt dreadful. I was convinced I was going to go to hell. I said lots and lots of prayers and went to extra services in the hope that I could somehow atone. But I could never bring myself to confess, not to anyone. I kept trying to give it up, but my resolve would crumble within a couple of days. Despite my growing suspicion that masturbation was for me a matter of necessity, not choice, I did it in wretched fear of exposure to public ridicule.

And then one day, I was out walking with Sally, a good friend of mine.

"You know, a friend of mine told me something very interesting that happened in confession," she told me. "She confessed she'd been touching herself, and the priest told her that it wasn't as serious a sin as the nuns made out. It wasn't voluntary, it was a kind of compulsion, and it was a less serious sin than refusing to share a bag of sweets."

My heart leaped in impossible gladness, which I struggled to hide.

"Who was it?" I couldn't help asking. I wanted to know: I thought I was the only one in the whole school.

"I couldn't possibly tell you. It's a complete secret!" she replied. There was silence for a while.

"I think my mummy does it, too," she said thoughtfully. Her father had died a year ago.

"Golly! How did you find out?"

But she wouldn't, or couldn't, tell me.

"And I think it's all rubbish about it making you ill or selfish or stupid," she continued, a note of annoyance in her voice. "Why do they say these things when they're just not true? My mummy is one of the nicest, kindest, best people I know."

I nodded sagely, and we walked on in silence. I badly wanted to tell her my secret, too, but I couldn't move my tongue. I was dying to ask a thousand questions, but I didn't want to appear curious. For days afterwards, my mind dwelt upon this new intelligence, this possibility of reprieve. Not a very serious sin, eh? A kind of compulsion? Yes, it was. Often and often I had tried to summon all my will-power, forced my mind off the subject, but my body wouldn't stop its promptings until I had given it what it craved.

It comforted me somewhat to think that Sally at least wouldn't disown me if my shameful secret were to be revealed. My obsession and my guilt had been nurtured so long that I could hardly accept that it was only a venial sin; but now I dared to hope that God could indeed forgive even this. And so I continued in secret, doing it as seldom as possible, trying not to enjoy it too much, looking and praying for a sign from God that He would forgive me; and though I tried not to enjoy it, the wonderful relief afterwards at least was a blissful respite from my continual struggle.

Part Three

For a year or two I struggled with my habit, living under a cloud of guilt pierced by only a ray of hope. And then two things happened which lifted the cloud for ever.

The first was bizarre, but without it the second could never have happened.

I had entered an end-of-term essay prize competition for a religious essay. I'd done one on morals and the deliberateness of an action. I had used as one of my examples a starving person being tempted to steal. That was what I wrote about, but of course I was thinking of another, quite different temptation, one which affected me more directly.

About a week after I'd done the essay, I twisted my ankle badly while fooling around with some friends, and I was sent to the infirmary for two days. The nun in charge of the infirmary was a very strict, fearsome old thing, but she could be kindly. Morning, afternoon and evening she would take off the tight elastic bandage and examine my ankle. She would pull back the sheets, sit on the bed and put my ankle in her lap

while she did this. When she had the bandage back on again, she would do what she called “checking my plantar reflex”, to make sure there was no damage. She held my foot very firmly, and told me to keep very quiet, and just breathe deeply through my nose. Then gently, very gently, she would stroke the sole of my foot up and down with one finger. I had to grasp the side-rails of the bed with all my force to prevent myself from crying out. I would shut my eyes to try to blot out the extraordinary feelings. She would do it for quite a long time, and then she’d suddenly grunt, “Hmph! Seems all right!” and put my leg back under the bed-clothes with a little affectionate pat. Each time, after she left, I would experience a fierce urge to masturbate. The first couple of times she did it, it felt like torture. But after a while I found myself quite enjoying it. Because I was alone in the sick-room, I could let myself go a little. It was easy: I was only wearing a little short infirmary gown which hardly covered my crotch. Besides, I was bored, and there was nothing much else to do.

On the second day, I had just had a brilliant orgasm and was still hot and panting when she came briskly into my sick-room, without even knocking at the door. My hand was still in my crotch. I was terrified! She had been outside, listening to me! Even if she had not, my face was purple, I was still shuddering. There was no way she wouldn’t know what I had been doing. It was the worst moment of my life.

But she just stood there, grinning at me, looking into my flushed face. “Well, well. Well, well. You little minx!” She beamed and nodded knowingly. “I have some wonderful news for you, you little minx! That essay you wrote for the prize? It has won you not only the prize, but a scholarship as well!”

The news took a few moments to sink in, but then I was exultant. And the sister seemed even more delighted than I, and treated me like a little angel for the rest of the day.

Now for some time past I had been anxiously praying to God to show me some little sign, to tell me whether he wanted me to continue struggling against my habit, or whether he was going to forgive me. Every time I masturbated, I’d wait to see if something good or bad happened. Nothing ever did, until that day. And it had been like a miracle. The sister had been so happy about bringing the marvellous news that she had not even noticed my post-orgasmic glow. I was a little angel who could do no wrong. And I suppose, if she shared the general prejudice that it was the big, fat, unattractive girls who masturbated, she would never suspect me in any case: I was small, spry and pretty. I felt sure that God had given me a sign that he did not condemn me, and I began to feel better about myself and my habit.

That afternoon, the foot-stroking was unusually prolonged, and sister smiled at me as she did it, saying what a good, clever girl I was. Whether it was the stroking or the praise, or the combination, I don’t know: but my cunt was almost gushing by the time she left. Alas, it was to be my last, as I was discharged from the infirmary after supper. But that afternoon, I had a wonderful celebratory orgasm, even better than the one the sister had so nearly interrupted. For the first time since the early days, I felt as if I deserved it, and completely enjoyed it. But my orgasms were much stronger now, and without the tempering effect of guilt it was mind-blowing. I had to have a little doze afterwards, just to recover.

I often wondered afterwards why she stroked my foot so much, and particularly after the good news had been received. Did she think she was rewarding me in some way? Was it a sign of affection?

Thinking about it much later, I cannot quite believe that when she came in to announce the news she could have been ignorant of what I was doing. Was that why she had looked so long into my flushed face, and called me a little minx, when she broke the good news? Perhaps, while my hands were clamped around the bed-rails, my eyes screwed shut, trying not to scream, as she held my leg up, with my little short infirmary gown up around my waist, there was nothing to stop her watching my young cunt engorge and flower, my clitoris descend and peep out under its hood while she stroked and stroked me. Is that why she took so long over it? Perhaps she knew very well about my masturbation and deliberately excited me, secretly enjoying my involuntary arousal as I struggled to stop myself crying out. Did she creep up and listen to me squirming and gasping in masturbatory delight afterwards? Sometimes I just can’t bring myself to believe it, and put it down to my own dirty mind. But I think that if I’d been in her place, that’s exactly what I would have done—before scurrying off to relieve myself in turn, of course.

Part Four

I was just fifteen now, and my breasts were ripening nicely. During the Easter vacation I began admiring myself in the mirror, and touching myself to watch my arousal. Now that I felt God was not angry with me, and still loved me, I began to enjoy my orgasms more and I tried to remember to thank him for my pleasure, thank him for giving me a clitoris to play with. I enjoyed holding a mirror to my crotch and watching the entrancing, supple movements of my clitoris and labia as I tickled, stroked and rubbed. They looked so strange, but they felt so wonderful that after a while I convinced myself that they were beautiful.

But the next term brought with it the revolutionary event, the event which turned my life upside-down once again.

I had slipped into one of the lavatory cubicles to relieve my itching clitoris—something I did almost daily now. I was having a nice, relaxed rub, feeling the sensations begin to build, when a girl came quickly into the cubicle beside me. I'm not normally curious, but there was something strange about this girl. She was panting, for one thing: it looked as if she was stripping off more clothes than usual. And then I saw her foot and ankle underneath the partition. This was indeed extraordinary: her position suggested that she was kneeling with her top half resting on the lavatory-seat, facing the back of the cubicle. I heard a good deal of rustling and heavy breathing. What she was doing was extraordinary, but the only explanation I could think of was that she was either mad or masturbating in some strange way. And when she let out some gasps and grunts, I knew that I had met a fellow practitioner. My heart was hammering. She had nice slender ankles, from what I could see, and the thought that they were at that moment experiencing the lovely, tickly post-orgasmic flutters spurred my own efforts considerably. I couldn't suppress my own moan, and I think I heard a low chuckle. Then she banged out of the cubicle, not even bothering to flush the toilet—which I always did—and the outer door slammed. I waited a few moments to be sure I was alone. Then I went to it, rubbing uninhibitedly, encouraged by my erstwhile neighbour. I could not withhold a squeal of exultation as a particularly pointed rapier of pleasure pierced my quivering womb and trembled there, excoriating, pinning me in a rictus of delighted anguish, before insolently releasing my quivering, grateful corpse; and I sank down, my furious contractions beating a sweet, slowly decelerating tattoo, and I came to myself, a sweaty, shuddering but very content self. I kept shivering and shuddering, and withdrew my hand carefully, for even now its least movement threatened to re-ignite a further cataclysm. My ecstatic, bestial grunts and gasps echoed in my ears as I waited a few minutes for my breathing to subside and my flush to dissipate; then I demurely flushed the toilet and went out to wash my hands. Standing by the door, eyeing me curiously, was Fiona Blythe-Carter. She knew. She had to.

She had been in my dormitory during the introductory first term and we had been quite friendly for a short time; but then we moved on to different houses and associated with very different people. She was in with the wild crowd in a house which had a reputation for lax discipline. We were more or less strangers now. I blushed as I felt her staring at me. Was this the girl who had just masturbated in the cubicle next to mine? It had to be.

"Well, well," she said non-committally, and walked out, leaving me in some confusion. I hoped and prayed that she wouldn't gossip about what I had been doing. She was the first person to discover my habit. I had to be more careful. But then, I knew about hers, too, so perhaps she'd keep my secret. I was perturbed: there were rumours that she wasn't a Catholic—these things were supposed to be kept a secret, partly I suppose because the school claimed not to take non-Catholic girls. Certainly she seemed on good terms with a number of the prefects in her house, and was often to be seen drinking coffee in their rooms. Also, her parents were reputed to be extremely rich. Perhaps that's why the prefects were on such good terms with her: hoping for an invitation to a society event where they could meet rich, handsome society young men.

There were also rumours that the non-Catholic girls frigged shamelessly, the lucky things, because in their religion it wasn't a sin.

After a while I forgot about this embarrassing incident, except when we passed one another in the corridor. Every time I saw her I would blush, but she would just smile and say "Hi!" with her rather ugly, lop-sided smile. There was something fearless, unrestrained about her.

I thought less and less about Fiona and the embarrassing incident. Fiona's name came up in conversation one day, though, when one of my friends mentioned a rumour that Fiona had been seen going through other girls' pockets in one of the changing-rooms. Perhaps because I was mindful of the power of rumour, particularly in connexion with Fiona, I at once leaped to her defence, angrily denouncing the tittle-tattle and declaring that even if there were any truth in it, which I had and still have every reason to doubt—the correct thing was to report such matters to the proper authorities, not gossip about them. My friends were quite shocked by my reaction, I think: they were careful not to spread slanderous gossip in my presence for days afterwards.

And then, one afternoon when I suppose we were both wandering about idly, thinking of something to do with our free time, Fiona and I just happened to bump into one another, and she started talking to me.

"You at a bit of a loose end too?"

"Yes, I suppose I am at the moment. Why?"

"We could go for a walk. I know an interesting place."

"Oh really?"

"Yes," she lowered her voice, "down on the old railway-line. I discovered it only the other day."

It sounded vaguely exciting. It was a beautiful afternoon. Why not?

She wasn't exactly ugly, but she certainly wasn't pretty. She was extremely thin, her face pinched and bony, with an over-large nose. There was something snake-like about her—perhaps it was something about the way she moved—and something sly, sinuous. She started asking me about my religious essay. Was I religious? Clearly she didn't know me very well. Yes, I admitted, I supposed I was religious.

"I don't know, really," she said meditatively. "Sometimes I think there's such a lot of crap that they teach, really. But I expect some of it is true."

I didn't want to get into a theological discussion with this girl. I knew she was not in the academic front rank: I was, and she wasn't in any of my classes. We had some desultory conversation. She kept asking me questions about my work, my interests and so on. I think she was going through the motions of being agreeable and getting to know me, but not really succeeding. I resolved to be equally amiable and polite, but I could not deceive myself: something about her manner irritated me profoundly. I decided that I didn't really like her much at all. There was something curiously detached about her manner, as if she was studying me for an examination, as if I were a curio. There was a wall between us. Then she said something which very much surprised me, and which went to prove how gossip travelled in our school community.

"I heard that you stuck up for me recently, in a rather slanderous little conversation. That was courageous and honest of you. I just wanted to say thanks."

"When? Oh, that..." I remembered. "Well, I don't like gossip."

"It's a substitute for masturbation," she laughed, almost to herself, but I found it very amusing and laughed with her. She looked at me a little curiously.

There was something so strange, so distant about her manner, as if she didn't really like me any more than I liked her. I looked at her hands. She had really long finger-nails. I thought they looked ugly. No scholarly girl would dream of wearing her finger-nails like that. Yet she was obviously aristocratic—she had just a trace of a drawl, carefully suppressed, I suspect—and long nails were unfashionable then, except among the lower classes, who had no taste.

"And they say that masturbation causes moral degeneration!" I said. It was unusual, using that word "masturbation": the universal term was "frigging". "Masturbation" didn't sound much prettier, but at least it didn't have the same sneering connotation.

"Frustration always screws you up, I say," said Fiona in a forthright manner. "Look at those nuns. They tell you that it makes you ill, saps your energy, dulls your brains, you name it—and it's all complete rubbish. Actually my nanny said it was good for you: tones the muscles of the womb, makes it easier having a baby."

"Oh, really?"

"Yeah, apparently. You know—when you get the contractions, at the end?"

"Mmm."

"Yeah, I love that bit. Oh God I want to do it... I'm feeling really randy today. It's such a great feeling, I love it. What about you? Once a day? More?"

I knew she knew. There was no point denying it.

"Sometimes more," I murmured, and immediately felt a wonderful lightness. The first time I had confessed!

"Good for you!" she said, not looking at me, not seeming particularly surprised or interested.

"The way I look at it, humans naturally seek pleasure and avoid pain. That's how we're made, right?"

"Right!" she said, very categorically.

"And so if God puts on our bodies things which give us pleasure..."

"...And just for that reason!" she interrupted.

"...Yes, that's so, which are specially designed just for our pleasure..."

"Of course there's nothing wrong with it. Those nuns are just jealous. They can't bear to think of us enjoying our young bodies. If they can't frighten you out of doing it altogether, at least they can spoil it for you by burdening you with guilt. ok, I know some girls say that they don't feel the need or want to do it. Maybe. I dunno. But I need it, that's for sure, and nobody's going to stop me doing it. It's my body, and I do what I like with it."

I didn't quite go along with the last bit, but what she said about the nuns seemed plausible. I didn't argue. I nodded.

While we talked, we reached the old railway—the tracks had been taken up years back, and now it was just a deserted gravel track, way out in the middle of the countryside, with a few old lumps and stumps of rusting machinery lying here and there by the trackside. It was silent, warm and sunny, and we were refreshingly free, free of the constant surveillance of the nuns, the prefects, everybody. We walked a good long way. I at least was rapt in our conversation. I'd never had the freedom to talk about the secret vice to another human being, and it was a considerable relief to be able to do so at last. Somehow the fact that I didn't know her, wasn't intimate with her in school, made it all the easier. Soon she was telling me all about the crazy places she'd masturbated around the school—even in the confessionals! I was amazed she'd never been caught, but she assured me she hadn't.

"I'm pretty careful," she said, with that sly, irritating sideways leer.

Then I told her about my years of guilt and anguish, about how I'd learned to masturbate silently at night in the dormitory.

"But when you do it really slowly like that, it feels pretty incredible, doesn't it?" she said knowingly.

"Mind-blowing. If only I'd been able to make a noise, it would have been better."

And so we prattled on. And of course, talking and thinking about it made me wet. I could almost feel my clitoris rubbing against my panties as we walked on and on.

Eventually she stopped me.

"Have you ever done it with someone else?"

"No, of course not!" I cried piously.

"Why not? Remember that time in the toilet? I sort of thought I might get you going. That's why I waited: to see if you would do it. Admit it: it drove you wild, didn't it?"

I nodded in silence. It was true.

"See? God! We're going to have such fun! And there's a place near here where we can do it. Nobody knows about it, only me."

I was blushing furiously. I'd forgotten about Minnie. I had done it with another girl, many times. And now... my rational self told me I had no choice but to play along with her, or she could blackmail me; but physically, my craving for orgasm was approaching pain, and the prospect of sharing the experience with another girl, especially one who was as it were a sympathetic stranger, just made it all the more dreadfully exciting.

"But where is it, this place? Is it far?"

She chuckled as I betrayed my eagerness, my desperation. It was not a delighted chuckle, such as Minnie might have given, but more cold-blooded, as if things were going perfectly to plan.

“Look around. Now. Just look around. Do you see it?”

I looked. We were presently in a cutting, just beside a bridge. The sides of the cutting were deeply wooded. Apart from the birds, there was not another creature for miles. But I didn't see what she was talking about. Then she pointed. Yes... sure enough, some thick undergrowth concealed an old wooden hut, recessed into the side of the cutting.

“Come in and have a look,” she said.

It was dark, but reasonably clean. There wasn't much in there: an old, tatty armchair, a hard wooden chair, a table and a heavy oak bench. There was a crude broom made of a stick, leaves, twigs and a bit of string, leaning in the corner. “I cleaned it up a bit,” she said, “not too much. Well, it's three o'clock now. We've got an hour. There's nobody else around for miles. So we can just enjoy some nice, peaceful sex and nobody will know a damn thing—except us. Okay?”

She was stripping off her clothes and piling them neatly on the table, even as she spoke.

“Hardly anyone ever comes out here, and even if they did, we'd hear them coming a mile off. You'd better get your clothes off too, you don't want to get them dirty. The table's clean. More or less.”

I was in a state of dull shock. I was going to have to strip like a prostitute before this stranger; it was something which kindled a sense, not of shame, but of degradation, of worthlessness. And yet it was a sense of freedom. Our conversation had swept away much of my inhibition. I was facing the inevitable: I needed this, it was too good to resist, and I was a complete slut. And yet she was so matter-of-fact, so businesslike about it, it was as if shame did not exist. Nor was she in the least self-conscious about being naked. She was so close, I could smell her. She was not particularly attractive, being so thin, but nor was she repulsive, either. Actually she had extremely nice legs. It was just shocking being together with a naked stranger like this. No, she was not repulsive: she had very tiny breasts, and then I was amazed to see that she had shaved off all her pubic hair. She saw me staring. Her clitoris and inner labia were protruding noticeably. She was very ready. Without a mat of pubic hair to hide in, they looked very shocking, very provocative.

“Do you like it? I love to tickle around my cunt it and it feels so much better shaved like this. God! I've got to get on with it or I'll go nuts. I don't mind you watching. You might learn something. Just keep quiet and don't interrupt, because I want to concentrate. Oh, this is going to be great!”

With that, she carefully got down on the bench and lay flat on her back; then raised both her legs up and swung them until her knees were touching her breasts. My heart was pounding almost painfully at the sheer brutal reality of it all. I could not have imagined this happening, not in my wildest thoughts, not if I had fantasized for a million years.

“Actually, if you want to help, you could just hold my feet there,” she said, as if there were nothing at all extraordinary about this. “Saves me moving the bench against the wall. Thanks.”

Then she reached around her thighs and began tickling them with her long nails. I could hear them swishing along her skin. Sometimes her fingers glided slowly, and sometimes they scrabbled and ran about like tiny animals, all apparently scurrying in different directions. “When you can't get a hand-shower, this makes a pretty good substitute,” she remarked, and then from time to time, “mmmm!” or “Oh, nice, nice!” as she pleased herself with her busy, tickling fingers. Compared with Minnie's rather matter-of-fact rubbing, this was searingly erotic. She was tickling herself, teasing herself, deliberately arousing herself to a pitch of sexual need, and revelling in it as she did so. My pussy was burning. I had taken off my skirt and panties, and enjoyed the feeling of nakedness. I watched her hands like a hawk, listened to her breathing. I was mesmerized.

Gradually her scrabbling fingers reached her bottom, where they played a long while, until I could see the juice welling in her vulva. Then, still reaching around the backs of her thighs, she began to stretch her vulval lips, dragging and distorting and flexing them, never directly touching her clitoris but holding her liquid cunt wide open, teasing and stroking it with an incredible voluptuousness. I marvelled at the elasticity and mobility of her labia as she stretched and tormented them. Her fingers worked ceaselessly, it seemed

sometimes independently and sometimes as a team, ever stretching those gaping, liquid labia in a new place while an opposite finger would lightly, sensuously tickle the tightly-stretched flesh with its long, curved nail.

Soon she was sobbing “oh, oh, oh”, paddling at the folds of flesh, drawing them apart, letting them slip together, then parting them again. When she raked her fingernail across the very sensitive upper part of the labia, it seemed to send her into a frenzy. I couldn’t take my eyes off the wonderful, elastic flesh, slippery with aromatic nectar, flexing and twisting erotically under her titillating, scurrying fingernails. I was bewitched. My excitement when she reached orgasm was so great that I felt contractions myself, and more of my own juice seeped out. It was like a mini-orgasm, without my even having touched myself.

“Let go now!” she said urgently, and her feet dropped to the floor. “There’s more, more, another one...” her voice grated, and she began to rub herself harder now, more like the traditional frigging I was used to, more desperate, less erotic. “Oh yes, oh yes...” she breathed as her excitement caught again; her rubbing slowed right down, and she was trembling on the brink once more, prolonging those searingly beautiful clitoral sensations just as they mounted to their peak. She did this several times, her hand slowing to a hypnotically sensuous stroke at the apex, and then flurrying once more to revive and renew the nervous storm. I looked on, astounded at this unprecedented display of sexual voracity, watching her rib cage expand and contract, her scrawny nipples fiercely erect, her eyes rolling, her tongue flicking madly as she gasped for breath, until the final orgasm had her drumming her feet on the floor, taut as a ship’s cable, her face in an agonized grimace; and then she fell back inert, clutching her cunt tightly with both hands, her legs clamped together.

By now I was shivering, panting, beside myself with sexual excitement. Never had I dreamed that masturbation could be like this. And when she had recovered herself, she seemed full of a new vitality. It was my turn, and she would help me to have the time of my life.

“We’ve got loads of time, so make the most of it! It would be crazy to waste it with just a quick frig. ok?”

She was so cool about it, but my heart was hammering out of sheer sexual excitement. There was no chemistry between us: it was just pure, undirected sexual desire. Whatever she had just experienced, I wanted some.

“Come over here. If I sit down...”—she sat in the musty old armchair—“you sort of lie across my lap, with your bum up on the arm, like this, and I can hold your legs.”

She helped me into position, not caressing me, not roughly, just efficiently.

“Is your neck all right?”

It was not ideal, but at least it was more or less cushioned on the arm of the chair. As it turned out, this enabled my head to fall back, which was not too uncomfortable at all.

“It’s ok,” I grunted as I squirmed a little. She brought my legs up into the position she’d used earlier. I was able to reach around and position my fingers either side of my clitoris, and begin a nice, slow, leisurely side-to-side roll. And then, without any warning, her amazing fingers went into action. There was nothing affectionate about her touch. It was just the way she touched herself: designed to produce a barrage of tantalizing erotic stimulation.

“Aaargh! Ohoho! Oh my God! Oh my God! I gargled, my head falling right back, the blood pounding in my ears. I couldn’t see her or me or anything now, but she was doing the most incredible things to my rear.

“Don’t rub so fast!” she yelled so sternly that my fingers stilled, but the incredible sensations soon robbed me of all my self-control. I was in absolute heaven. This strange girl was intently, deliberately giving me the most wonderful sensations of my life. I’ve enjoyed some wonderful sex in the years since, but I have the sneaking suspicion that the coruscating sensations I endured at her finger-tips was the greatest experience of all. It felt like a totally new kind of orgasm. I was screaming with pleasure, literally screaming. My mind had relinquished all control over my body, which was now usurped by a torrent of incredible voluptuousness. I thought I would go mad with pleasure. It would be worth it.

“You’re about to come, aren’t you? I can feel you! Stop! Stop! Hold your legs and let me do it! It seems I’m going to have to teach you.”

She was being very bossy and firm, but despite my craving for orgasm I had learned to trust her: I already had impressive proof of her expertise, so I meekly relinquished my throbbing clitoris and hooked my arms around the backs of my thighs, hugging them to my chest.

For a while she just tickled the backs of my legs and my buttocks. It was a new and exquisite experience, and my vulva trumpeted its approval with tears of joy. Then she began slowly, oh so slowly, to torment my clitoris. She was infinitely tender and so knowing. She could tell exactly what she was doing to me, what I was feeling at each particular moment. I wonder that she didn't get bored, but I suppose she was like a piano-tuner, trying to get me wound up to exactly the right pitch. She was unhurried, calm, dispassionate and deadly competent. The furious tickling had stopped, now, and she was just gently cuddling my clitoris between the fingers of one hand, not digging her nails into me, while with the other she began very slowly and gently to flex and stroke my inner lips with those wonderful long nails. I could feel everything, every slightest move she made, and I began to scream again. This seemed to satisfy her, so she did it a great deal more. I do not know how long this went on: I knew nothing but these searingly beautiful sensations. Gradually they slowed, and she retracted the hood of my clitoris, pulling it back really tight, stretching it and my labia as far as they would comfortably go. Then, with extreme delicacy, she began to touch with one finger-nail. I kept screaming: she was burning and prickling me, but I wanted this to go on for ever. My clitoris is not large, but it felt about the size of a hockey-pitch. Her fingernail wandered about unpredictably, first hunting out the most sensitive places, then tickling them, first one and then another, making me yell every time she switched from one set of maddened nerve-endings to another. Again, I don't know how long she kept this up, but when I felt those wonderful fingernails begin lightly stimulating my anus, the firestorm began.

I expect you know how it goes: there's this wonderful, growing pleasure, and then it crests and the contractions start, and gradually the pleasure ebbs away until you feel really sensitive and peaceful and fluttery. Well, it was early on in the contractions—and believe me they were wrenchingly powerful—she started to do what she had done to herself—she flurried her fingers really fast on my aching, fizzing clitoris. It was unbearable, but I could not stop it; it was maddening, my body was going into a kind of panic, but it was overcoming me again, and—oh God! I was weakening, I was crumbling, oh! sweet surrender!—and at once it blossomed into more of that searing, ravishing, intoxicatingly sweet clitoral sparkle which young girls find so impossibly addictive; and I was back on the climb again, the tension was mounting excruciatingly, and wicked, wicked Fiona slowed down and held me there, so cruel, so patient, and I was quivering... yes... no.. yes, yes... a little scream, I just had to... and then crash!

I went over the top once more, and all the terrible fierce pleasure dissolved into those lovely, warm, squeezing contractions where you feel so safe and cuddly. Yet time and again she would not let me rest, but would begin again to flutter my outraged clitoris, and at first it was like a shock of mains electricity, and I would incoherently beg her to stop, and then it would tickle so mightily, until I wanted it to tickle, I wanted to scream and die again, and die I surely did.

I don't know what decided her to stop; whether it was simply her own fatigue, or whether she took her cue from the lust-raddled, debased, cackling laughter which she finally evoked by her furious tickling of my blazing clitoris as she roused me from yet another exhausted stupor. When the tickling turned to hot, jolting, maddening ecstasy and my exhausted muscles cramped in that final, painful rictus, my screams no more than a tortured croak, she suddenly relented: just pressed down and stilled her hand, and I fell, plummeted into the abyss.

And a huge, bird-like monster seemed to flay my body open—thighs, arms, belly—and lick my sinews and my entrails with a big, soft, loving, silly tongue, and I was laughing and laughing as on and on this crazy licking went, shooting up my vagina, round and round my lungs and oooh! ha! ha! all around my heart, on and on, hee! hee! around my womb and ovaries, on and on, slower and slower, and I was crying and giggling in high-pitched, bubbly, little-girl laughter, an innocent little girl again, and I was oh, so safe—how it makes me cry to feel so safe!—and that tongue so tickles my kidneys—and my tight little infant womb again—oh my

God! and again—what a tongue!—and then the monster is gone, and I am miraculously sewn up, whole again, shivering, shuddering. Lord Jesus!

And there, looking down at me in cool appraisal, was Fiona Blythe-Carter. Finally she released the pressure on my satiated cunt.

“That’s how you do it properly,” she said with just a trace of self-satisfaction.

And I’m helpless with laughter again, laughing until my ribs hurt, my face sore with tears. Eventually I calm down and my breath comes back with deep, contented sobs, and I lie still, breathing normally, a good girl again.

“I suppose we’d better be going back now,” she remarked, ever prosaic, ever practical.

I struggled to get up and into my clothes. I almost fell. My head was whirling. There were spots before my eyes. Dear God, was this reality?

She didn’t make any move to help me. She seemed to like my swaying and stumbling. It proved that she had done a good job. Eventually, we struggled out into the blinding bright sunshine. I was still involuntarily giggling, intoxicated by a mixture of inexplicable happiness, the fresh memory of astonishing genital pleasure and utter, blissful satiation.

“Oh, that was wonderful, wonderful...” I babbled. She smiled cheerily at me.

“Yes.” she said, pleased that her skills had produced a satisfactory result, but otherwise unmoved. She behaved exactly as if we had been working together on a Latin unseen, and done a fairly good job of it.

At the time I could not understand, only accept. I was humbled, awestruck. But not guilty. Guilt somehow just didn’t belong. I was freed from my burden of lust, totally asexual, floating like a disembodied angel.

Had I really done all those things? And as for her—was she not on the face of it the most perverted, abandoned person I could possibly meet? And yet she was calm, detached, in control. There was nothing driven about her behaviour. There was I, still quietly struggling against the ghost of guilt and shame about sex; yet her quiet, determined competence—manifest even in the superb technique of her masturbation—seemed to invest her with dignity. It was as if she mastered sex by being good at it, whereas most of us tried to hide from it.

Gradually, during the long walk back, normality began to impinge upon my euphoria, and I began to think about the time. It was five o’clock (which meant that if we had spent five minutes dressing, and she had spent—what? twenty minutes masturbating, maybe half an hour, then she had had me on cloud nine for over an hour and a half)! Meanwhile, I had missed a lesson, and so presumably had she. We spent most of the way back discussing a suitable excuse, and by the time we were back in the school grounds we were fairly confident—and, as it proved, rightly—that we could avoid any unpleasantness. Just before we parted, she said,

“We could have another walk some time, if you feel like it.”

“I... I’d love to,” I stammered. In fact, I’d do almost anything.

“If we met on a Sunday, we could have more time. I could perhaps teach you a few things.”

“That would be great.”

“Well, thanks for the company. See you around.”

“Yes, er... see you around, Fiona.”

That was the first time I had used her name.

That night, as I drifted off to sleep, God looked down on me and loved me, clad as I was in my virginal white baptismal robe. I did not masturbate for three whole days, and I was as pretty as a picture, and as good as gold.

And then my naughty guardian angel began to tickle me, gently, whenever I wasn’t watching. I blushed, and my nipples got hard, and my hips kept swaying as I walked, and my clothes touched my skin, and I rushed down the corridor, collapsed in the toilet and frigged myself over and over and over.

Gradually, over the next few days, I got myself straight again.

Part Five

Fiona amazed me. When we met in the corridor, she'd give a casual greeting, or maybe just a wink, but never sought my company nor engaged me in conversation. If we met in the refectory, we'd sit apart. For all the world, we were the merest acquaintances. I was both astonished and grateful. Her conversation was dull—unless the subject was sex, and on that subject I would have found pretty much anyone interesting. She was not exactly popular, and my circle of friends regarded her with utter disdain, for no clear reason. She wasn't at all academic, she wasn't attractive—to us high flyers, she was a “loser”. To have been seen socialising with her would have been an embarrassment to me. I didn't particularly like or dislike her, but we were poles apart. I was glad and surprised—for I still didn't really understand—that she didn't try to insinuate herself upon me as a friend.

But then, about three weeks later, we passed one another in the main school hall, striding in different directions to get to our classes. She caught my eye, and clearly had something to say.

“How about tomorrow? Like to go for a walk?”

“Sure, that would be fine.” My heart was hammering already.

“Right after lunch, then. We'll meet here at—when can you be here? As soon as possible, so we can get away. One fifteen?”

“Yes, fine.” I'd miss lunch if necessary. I'd miss dinner, come to that.

“And will you try and bath and wash very carefully, everywhere, as soon as possible before, ok?”

I blushed, but nodded. She was just stating her terms, not implying any criticism of my personal hygiene.

“It's important to be clean. Right. See you then.”

I was walking on air. I felt a sort of delicious anticipation—closest, physically, to the post-orgasmic stage, with little fluttery shivers racing one another around the body.

Like a gourmet who fasts before a grand dinner, I had no difficulty in abstaining for the next twenty-four hours. Despite my quaking arousal, I slept soundly, dreaming of the morrow, while my body slowly, tightly coiled its springs.

We met at the appointed time (I was early), and left on our walk with no more than a raised eyebrow for greeting. We both walked fast. What little conversation there was between us was calling attention to the wildlife we saw, or some of the curious rusting artefacts we encountered on our walk. Once or twice we stopped to inspect them. We were in a hurry, but wanted to pretend otherwise. In fact my heart seemed to be in my mouth. I was almost afraid. And then we were scampering on again. This was going to be fun, she said, and this time, it being a Sunday, we would have plenty of time.

I don't remember so much detail about these subsequent trysts. The goal was always the same, and always if anything exceeded. However, this time was to be memorable for two reasons. First, she brought a bag with water, scissors and shaving gear. Second, I was to learn the correct use of the tongue in sex. This time, I got naked at once. It was like Genesis: I was so spiritually naked, physical nakedness just didn't signify.

First she trimmed and shaved me carefully, intently, without wasting a movement. I found her touch all the more exciting because everything she did was with a practical intent. I could hardly keep still when she felt for stubble. There was absolutely no caressing, no arousing in and of itself—none. But she was to prove the value of shaving so effectively that I have been that way ever since.

This time, she taught me some ways to pleasure her. I was glad to do anything she asked, although she had to rap out instructions and help me on a number of occasions. She particularly enjoyed having my fist in her vagina—I never let her put so much as a finger into me, nor did she offer to—and I can still remember how genuinely transported she was when I gently revolved my wrist to and fro in her tight, warm, wet channel and slowly, slowly teased her aching clitoris. I learned to love the feel of her clitoris between my fingers. To stroke that organ was its own reward, so much so that the pleasure I was able to give her was a kind of bonus.

She was not particularly interested in having her nipples touched, of which I was secretly glad, because her scrawny breasts were not particularly inviting. Her pleasure zones definitely resided between the navel and the knees, which, whether coincidentally or not, was the shapeliest part of her body. She obviously loved

having her thighs tickled, and although her calves were somewhat under-muscled, I recall that her thighs were probably one of her best features—apart, of course, from her spectacular cunt, which was neat, generously proportioned, and satisfyingly responsive. In short, she was a pretty good guinea-pig for me to practise my nascent skills upon, and when she had had enough, she was civil enough to say,

“That was very nice. You’re going to be good at this. In fact, you’re pretty good already.”

She had found a length of thin rope—rather like sash-cord—which helped to stabilize me upon the bench and hold my legs back so that she could give me all ten of her talented fingers, as well as her astonishing tongue. She was able to point it out an extraordinary distance, and tremble it to and fro with incredible speed, like a perfectly-executed trill. This was electrifying on the nipple and dazzling on the clitoris. However, today’s big discovery was still further down.

She had me quaking with expectation, and then began softly tonguing the backs of my thighs, carefully dodging the turns of rather grubby sash-cord which held me relatively still. The feel of her tongue on my newly-denuded outer lips was deliciously, dreamily tickly. Not screaming material, this, but soft, sweet bliss. There was nothing narrow about her repertoire. She tongued the outside of my pussy for an incredibly long time. At first, it was delicious; then, I began to feel a burning need in my clitoris and nothing much from her tongue, although she kept up her big, wet, sloppy licks. And then, gradually, after delicious, dreamy aeons of soft, purring contentment, out of nowhere, an amazing sensitivity returned and my body began to tense and shiver, and here I was on the brink of orgasm. After that I was squeaking and mewling in abject bliss. Truly, having your cunt tickled for upwards of an hour by a talented—and patient—tongue is one of the most gentle sensory delectations. Whereas on the previous occasion I had been wrenched and tortured by a blinding, fizzing, dazzling display of sexual pyrotechnics, today I was melting sweetly into a glorious, passive swoon of voluptuous delight. It was simply exquisite. I felt so deliciously soft and female, with just that insistent, sweet throb of the clitoris—which her tongue studiously avoided—to add a touch of piquancy to this gentle, insidious seduction.

And when, after all this time, she had reduced me to hypnotic, hedonistic lingual languor, she began to lick that oh-so-sensitive area between my anus and my cunt, I began to sob and weep with the sheer beauty of it, and I know I was babbling a litany of thanks and praise all the time,

“Oh lovely, oh my God, thank you, thank you, that’s so lovely...” and so on.

I must have thanked her a thousand times over. But then the terrible, insinuating, soft, tickly tongue reached my anus, and afterwards I realized the reason for her insistence that I wash carefully—at the time, I was frankly too busy dealing with a combination of ecstasy and delighted astonishment. Everything I had felt until that moment was lovely, delightful, yes: but now I was not screaming, I was howling like a cow in labour. Gently, insistently, I was invaded by a sinuous, insidious warmth, which gradually seized and cramped first my belly, then my chest, and finally my whole body. My skin, normally smooth and lustrous, was a lunar landscape of spiky goose-flesh, the hair standing out straight from my head. Never before or since have I trembled so long upon that crest, and when I went over, my descent was fearsome. I think she was too tired to do anything other than watch me writhe and gargle and choke in a storm of crazy passion, no doubt feeling a quiet satisfaction at a job well done. And then, when my defences were down, and I was hyper-sensitive, ticklish, drugged with satiation, she attacked me with those incredible fingernails. I became very shrill then, and I think I was laughing, squealing, crying, bawling as she hustled me through five or six thunderclap orgasms.

By five o’clock I was almost too drained to be able to reciprocate, but she was more than grateful to hold my fist inside her again, while I gently made love to her very appreciative clitoris, which had a delightful, slightly metallic, cool taste to it.

And as before, we returned content. We hardly spoke. We were both absurdly happy. She kept looking at me and smiling. We basked in the shared knowledge of our shared euphoria. Back at school, with few words, we went our separate ways, as ever scarcely acknowledging one another’s existence until our next tryst.

— VI —

I had two more outings with Fiona that summer, and six the following term. But from first to last, the only contact we had in school was for the express purpose of making our arrangements. More than once we left the school grounds independently and met on the old railway, not wishing to attract even the most casual attention. I often think it strange that even with our shared secret, our co-conspiracy, there was no real rapport between us. Ours was like a business relationship, but our business was pleasure.

I didn't find myself liking her any the more, despite the wonderful, thrilling hours she spent studiously pleasuring me. But I began to enjoy the look and feel of her body more, perhaps because of its capacity to receive and show pleasure.

On the other hand, something about Fiona frightened me. There seemed something almost psychopathic about her. You hear of these people: impulsive, dangerous, violent, with no conscience, absolutely no feeling for the rest of the human race. It just pleases them to torture, frighten, or whatever. In some ways Fiona was like that. Perhaps she had a predilection for the reaction to extreme pleasure, which I'm told resembles that of extreme pain. Perhaps she enjoyed the sense of power, of being able to reduce an intelligent girl to a mindless, writhing, cavorting animal for hours at a stretch. Or perhaps all she really cared for was physical pleasure, that everything else, personal contact included, was just a means to that end. Perhaps, as you often hear about very rich families, there was never any affection between parents and children, just a succession of nursemaids and nannies; and so perhaps Fiona found a substitute in sex. For there was no human warmth at all in her. And yet she was civil, always respectful, never in the least spiteful, let alone violent. She seemed to have almost no sense of humour. She would never caress, kiss or hug. She was nothing like Minnie, with her smiles and giggles as she watched me succumb to her sweet seduction. Fiona was bright-eyed, determined, deadly efficient and totally impersonal. So I would just retreat into my inner world of sensation and become totally absorbed in it. I think perhaps that heightened and intensified the experience for me: sex with Fiona was the ultimate masturbation; and I think that is what she wanted for me, too.

Of course, we chatted as we walked the three or four miles to our little hut. She was quite interested in science. I wasn't, but talking about chemicals was mutually preferable to gossip. Oddly enough, she was particularly interested in stain removal, and taught me several useful things. Usually I found her opinions rather objectionable, although I didn't show it, preferring to remain as non-committal as possible. Once or twice, though, and particularly when it related to matters sexual, she could be very interesting. One time, for example, it went something like this:

"I reckon more than half the girls in my house masturbate."

"As many as that? I don't believe it. I'm sure it's nothing like that in my house."

"Ha! You wouldn't know!"

"Well, how do you know?"

"Michelle C--- and..."—here she named three of the prefects—"they frig like rabbits themselves, so they don't try to stop the girls in the dorm when they're on duty. They just watch and listen, and they see who does it and who doesn't. Pretty well all the prefects do."

"Wow!"

"Some of the girls in the dorm are pretty sneaky about it, too. Like you!"

I laughed.

"But quite often there's something to give it away."

"Like what?"

"Like if you hold your breath, or move very suddenly. Ha! Ha! And some people just completely lose control, and don't even know what it is they're doing."

During the summer holidays, I grew my fingernails long, though nowhere as long as Fiona's. They were long enough to make piano-playing impossible, however. I wasn't particularly good at the piano anyway, and as I said, I was more interested in playing a very different instrument. The feelings I could give myself by gently scratching with those nails on my bald cunt would have justified far greater sacrifices than my piano-playing. There was some unpleasantness about my giving up, but I was adamant.

The first few sessions I had with Fiona that autumn term don't stand out so clearly in my memory. Partly that may have been because by now I was becoming more used to what we were doing; and besides, my masturbation was benefiting from Fiona's lessons. But Fiona didn't have quite the same sparkle, and I suspect there was some inner sadness, some personal matter which was weighing on her mind. About three sessions in a row, we contented ourselves with warm, lazy sixty-nining, during which I practised my tongue-fluttering to fairly good effect. We probably came more times between us, and certainly stumbled away almost drunk with sexual satisfaction. There were no complaints, but the fizz seemed to have deserted her. I guess we all have our off periods.

And then I spotted an eye-bolt in the heavy oak beam of the roof of our little hut. I conceived a new and creative use for my new-grown talons which proved immensely distracting for Fiona. I tied her wrists and hauled them high above her head, stretching her so that her skinny ribs were thrown into even greater prominence. The ribs of a very skinny girl, especially when she is stretched like that, can provide hours of amusement for both donor and recipient. I think it was on our fourth tryst of the autumn that I first did this, and it became a favourite ingredient of our sessions thereafter.

Whereas Fiona was very focused on the crotch area, I knew instinctively that there were many other regions where great pleasure is to be had, and we discovered that the mere experience of being titillated from head to toe makes the final orgasm that much more liberated, more total: you can thrash in complete abandon, like free-fall.

Up to that point, it was always Fiona who had taken the lead. But once I had her helpless, it was I who suddenly became inventive. I stood behind her, watching her body swaying, considering what would be the best way to start. She became a little nervous, and asked me what I was doing. So I reached around to her mound, where I knew she loved to be tickled, and started my play. But to her initial disappointment, and increasing outrage, I worked my way upwards, not downwards, and soon was teasing her ribs and sides and underarms. She didn't really like attention on her upper body, but despite her initial protests, my sensuous rib and tummy tickles instantly turned her areolae into hard, red little pointy cones. And even though I didn't fancy her at all, the way she moved, squirming and twisting, was so beautifully erotic that I began to go a little mad. When I finally let her come, it was a whopper, and I know she was only pretending to be angry.

I was, and thank the Lord I still am, attractive, with a nice body, which I keep in good shape, both for my own pleasure and my lover's. I know I was beautiful then.

(During the holidays, whenever I found myself alone at home, I would strip off and admire myself in the big bedroom mirror, stroking and teasing myself. And then I would put my bean-bag at just the right angle so that I could continue to admire myself while I embarked on that delicious self-pleasuring which Fiona taught me, and which I called the "accordion": I'd raise my fine, shapely legs up in the air and, reaching around, sweep my long nails around the backs of my thighs (practising my scales and arpeggios), then stretch and relax my inner labia. It would have looked really weird if they'd been fat and ugly, but the sight in the mirror of those smooth, lanky limbs slowly bicycling in autoerotic bliss made my cunt gape like the beak of a hungry fledgling in the nest, and I'd just have to feed its voracious appetite with light, fingertip pecks and twitches until the juice ran all over me, and I'd have to give in and erupt in a storm of frantic, ecstatic cunt-stretching.)

So I was not entirely surprised, when it was Fiona's turn to tie me up for a torso-tickling session, that she betrayed a sign of physical attraction. I was squirming and jerking as she worked on my sides and underarms, but I was loving every moment of it.

"I love the way your breasts bounce. They're really pretty." And she gave them a little suckle, which was almost a kiss. This thrilled me as much as the wonderful sensations from those fantastic, swirling fingernails of hers, and I think we were both surprised when I turned to gooseflesh and started to orgasm spectacularly. And then, shuddering and hyper-sensitive as I was, she gave me the longest and most spectacular cunt-tickling of my life. It drove me crazy, all the more so as I could see that she was back to her usual cool, detached self again.

And apart from that one incident, she never kissed me, hugged me or showed any sign of attraction: just a determination to give and receive searing pleasure. I don't know in retrospect whether that lack of personal warmth really detracted from the experience, as I used to think, or whether in fact it enhanced it. Perhaps neither. Perhaps pleasure just is.

On what was to be our last rendezvous, Fiona confessed that I had taught her something, finally. And I feel that I did actually achieve a little piece of artistry which impressed even her. I tied her to the bench, and then gave her a dual attack: fingernails gently on ribs, sides and belly, while just resting my tongue between her labia and giving it the occasional little shiver. I tantalized her for ages: the tickling distracts from the orgasm, but takes the arousal, the need, to excruciating heights. She blacked out after that one; but was civil enough to return the compliment. Maybe that was the best time. I don't know. Too many superlatives to choose from.

It was early November, and just starting to get chilly. The weather was turning against us—we had been lucky with an incredibly long Indian Summer—and the prospect offered by the trackside hut was becoming just a little daunting. We settled for separate pleasures over the winter months, but continued coolly to greet one another when we met in the corridors or in the refectory. But I could never forget those wonderfully intense experiences, and when the next spring bloomed warm and radiant, I raised an eyebrow at Fiona one day in the corridor.

"Sorry... I've got a play on at the moment," she told me, "and I won't be free for a few weeks yet."

A few weeks, and again I raised my eyebrow at her. This time, she just shook her head and avoided my eyes. I suspected that someone else was having lessons from this walking, talking sex manual.

Consumed with curiosity, I made my way alone to the hut one Saturday afternoon. I had been right, by heavens! I crept as stealthily as I could until I was just outside the window. Although it was heavy-built, in the stillness of the countryside I could even hear their panting inside that resonant box. I could hear kissing, too, low endearments being uttered. Gradually the groans and moans began as they excited one another. I felt a twinge of jealousy, but in another way I was slightly relieved. I had learned enough by now to keep myself awake until dawn, shivering and bucking with sweet self-stimulation. Perhaps I'd find someone more interesting to frolic with, someone who would be a companion in satiation as well as in lust. I withdrew to a safe distance, concealed by undergrowth, and relaxed, my panties over my face, my lovely long nails scrabbling exquisitely over the sensitive backs of my thighs. God! I loved this feeling, and I hadn't even got close to my cunt yet! I was still tickling myself silly when they emerged a couple of hours later. They had been pretty loud: apparently fierce tickling had taken its place in Fiona's repertoire. I was glad I'd left my mark.

When they stumbled out, they seemed giggly and drunk.

"So if I left the monastery and took my mother's flat, would you come and live with me, Fiona?" her new companion was asking.

"Of course not, you daft bitch. I'd rather join the monastery myself! An endless supply of pretty girls..."

"Oh, Fiona, you are dreadful. Do you think we could find a nice ticklish little fourth-former to bring down here one day, and..."

I looked lazily out after them as they stumbled out of earshot, dreaming of the mischief a popular young nun and a randy schoolgirl might get up to, if they were suitably discreet and prudent in their choice of victim. And then the feel of those lovely long fingernails of mine on my inner lips was just so fantastic, I just couldn't hold it in any longer. It was a damn sight better than playing the piano, this virtuoso ten-finger exercise on my gaping, ecstatic concertina.

And that sealed the end of our relationship—if you could call it a relationship. Often still I recall the fierce excitement of it: not just the phenomenally exhilarating tactile excitement, but the heart-pounding, dry-mouthed, gulping anticipation of gloriously secret, forbidden fun. But I also puzzle about Fiona as a person, her extraordinary cool detachment, her amazingly straightforward pragmatism about giving and getting the maximum pleasure. I also wonder why, out of all the girls in the school, she had chosen me for an affair. She obviously wasn't particularly attracted to me—or was she? I cannot believe that it was my physical attributes:

there were plenty of very pretty girls among her immediate associates, and I have little doubt that a girl like her would have seduced every one of them, and enslaved most of them. And she was not dispassionate about everything: I could tell that she loved the excitement of carefully plotting our secret escapades just as much as I did. She was extremely good at thinking up new excuses for missing lessons, which happened more than once when we got particularly carried away; and she seemed to glow with pleasure if I complimented her on their ingenuity.

Sometimes I wonder if she held herself back from me because she didn't feel worthy: after all, I was widely perceived as one of the most intelligent girls in the school, and also one of the most devout, the darling of the nuns, a shining example, always being chosen to take prospective parents on the school tour. Perhaps, too, she sensed that I didn't really like her very much. Is it possible that in some wholly unromantic way, she had worshipped me from afar? And then, two things bring us together: first, she finds me masturbating in the lavatory like a slut. And then, second, she hears on the grape-vine that I defended her reputation in the course of some slanderous gossip among my olympian friends. And I wonder if it was her way of thanking me, of paying tribute to what I was. There was only one thing she had to offer me, and it was something I badly needed: to come to terms with my sexuality, with my need to masturbate.

And when I think of that, I begin to wonder whether it was my manner towards her that prevented any real intimacy between us. I know that from the moment she first stripped naked before me in that little cabin, I was in a way just as detached as she was, absorbed in my final struggle against sexual guilt. I think she would have understood that: although she did not feel it herself, we discussed it at length on our walks down to our little trackside hut.

This explanation seems improbable on the emotional level, but it does fit the facts. I am uneasy with it, though, because it doesn't explain the extraordinary confidence with which she proceeded to ravish my senses. It was as if she saw it as her duty to seduce me.

After pondering this for many years, I think I understand. For most people, the false shame they associate with sexual pleasure leads them to satisfy their own needs, and in due course their lover's, in the shabbiest, most parsimonious way possible. But for this girl, sex was natural, just an ordinary part of being human. It was like the pleasure of eating food. For her, there was nothing different, let alone deviant, about sex. She liked it, she took it seriously, she did it well. Her attitude to sex was exactly like a chef's to food. And to pursue the analogy: she saw that I was hungry, and she fed me not on scraps, but on the finest food she could find. She saw that I was naked, and she clothed me not in rags, but in the clothes she herself would like to wear. That was how she treated a pretty, popular, intelligent, devout and morally courageous girl who had somehow been forced to frig herself ignominiously in a toilet.

There is one last thing which puzzles me today as much as it did on my first afternoon with Fiona. And in her turn my beloved burns with curiosity to know how it was that I learned to play the wet accordion with such virtuosity—she was once my flat-mate, but having once inadvertently interrupted my practice she became in turn a captivated spectator, a willing student and a life-long devotee. Although they are as delightful for the audience as for the performer, solo serenades are apt to become duets or even concertos. But such sweet music should stay as music, and not be reduced to mere words. And although I often wonder how Fiona came to acquire those precocious skills, I enjoy my vivid speculations all the more for not knowing the truth. And, not wishing to destroy for my sweet love what I so enjoy myself, I'm not going to show her this memoir: after all, I am able to satisfy her in so many other ways. And curiosity does so tickle the imagination, doesn't it?

Finis ♣

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