**School Trip**

by Isabella

We didn't do any trips in junior school, not even day trips out of school to visit a museum but that all changed when I moved up to the academy. We did a trip to our nearest historical site, 'Colworth Roman Villa' at Odell in Bedfordshire, during our first term, just a day trip, there and back in just over six hours. This term, we were going further afield, we were going to Doncaster on our way up to Newcastle, visit the old walled town and the Cathedral before going to our hotel. The itinerary was to go to Beamish, the living history museum on the second day, spend a second night in the hotel in Newcastle. Day three was a boat trip to Holy Island and then back home.

It was a very early start, it felt like it was the middle of the night as my mother drove me into school. We had two coaches to take us up north, one was from The Bedford Transport Company, my mother knew the company, they had three coaches for private hire and ten large trucks that took animals between farms and to the market. The Bedford Transport bus was already parked in front of our school as we drove down the road and the second bus followed us down the road, that bus was from Guilsburough Holidays. Guilsburough was a very small village that was quite close to where we lived so close that the driver had to pass our house on his way to the school and such a small village that I probably knew the driver...or the driver's wife or other members of his family.

We were so early that we were the first people to arrive other than the driver of the bus from Bedford...I wasn't sure if we were early because, after eleven years of my being tied to my mother's apron strings, she was glad to get rid of me for three whole days and two nights. It was her own fault really, most of the girls in my class had sleepovers at their friend's houses, some girls were regularly sleeping over but my mother would never allow me to go to one, mainly because she didn't want to have to reciprocate and have other girls sleep over at our house...one girl at home bad, more than one, unimaginably awful...in her eyes.

Iona Abrahams was the next student to turn up, Emma Benson was in the same car, Emma's parents didn't drive and as we were leaving before the service buses started running, I guessed that she had slept over with Iona at her house so that she could get a lift in this morning. When I saw the size of Iona's suitcase being dragged out of the trunk of her mother's car with a crane, I naturally assumed that Iona and Emma were sharing one case but I was wrong, Emma had a small 'Carry-on' bag like mine.

Miss Portland ran down the road, a man dropped her off at the end of the road rather than coming all the way down to where the buses were parked, she looked funny running down the road wearing high heeled shoes dragging a large suitcase behind her.

Iona ambushed Miss Portland before she got as far as the first bus, Iona was asking to be paired with Emma Benson and Poppy Lang for the trip, seats on the bus as well as in the hotel room. Miss Portland apologised, she pointed out that everything had been sorted out strictly on alphabetical order. She checked her clipboard, ticked Iona off of the list and then told Iona that she would be paired with Emma, then she pointed the clipboard in my direction, "Dawn Clarke is the third in your group Iona, you may as well get on the bus as you're all here, the 'G' bus, go right to the back please, you three have the whole back row to yourselves!"

The 'G' bus meant the bus from Guilsburough Holidays. I handed my bag to the driver and said, "Good morning Bill...lovely day for a drive up the 'A1' with thirty eleven year old girls on your bus!"

He smiled at me and shook his head, "Don't take offence Dawn but I'd rather go to the dentist for root-canal work than drive this bus today!"

The buses filled up rapidly, I'd hardly got settled in the back of the bus before the flood of cars arrived, dropping off both boys and girls. The thirty two Boys on the 'B' bus or the Bedford Transport Company and thirty-three girls on the 'G' Guilsburough Holidays, bus. Our coach was a fifty seat model and the boy's bus had fifty-five seats so there were lots of free seats so that we could all sit in our assigned groups.

The trip to Doncaster was a big yawn but the city of Doncaster was an even bigger yawn, there was literally nothing there...well, nothing for a bunch of eleven to twelve year old kids to do. The trip to the hotel was a little more exciting, well, for me at least, I'd never spent the night in a hotel before and that was exciting. As a family, we'd never go on holiday to a hotel...not ever, if we went on holiday at all, it was to a cottage in the country or by the coast but the thing that made it more unusual was Iona's interest in how I knew our bus driver. Iona kept asking me if I'd had sex with Bill, I kept telling her that Bill lived in my village and that was all that I knew about him...well, that and that his wife's name was Barbara.

I was sharing a room with Emma and Iona, there was one double bed and one single, Iona and Emma were used to having sleepovers together so I opted for the single bed, leaving the double to them. It was actually a bit like a sleepover, lots of giggling, playing at makeup and dressing up...Iona's massive suitcase had some really sexy underwear in it that her father got for her on her eleventh birthday and in the end we all did our face makeup to look like film stars and we wore Iona's sexiest clothes. At eleven o'clock Iona dared me and Emma to go down to reception and walk around the bar area dressed the way that we were. It was just a laugh really, the bar wasn't even open at that time of night, the hotel staff had all gone home apart from the night manager and he was squirreled away in the back office in case anyone turned up late to book into their room.

We were wandering around in the bar area, we sat on the barstools and pretended to order fancy cocktails from the missing barman, Emma was even pretending to drink her 'Slow comfortable screw against the wall' cocktail as she sat at the bar, cupping her hand as if she was holding a cocktail glass in her hands.

Iona spotted a taxi pulling up in front of the hotel, she slipped off of her seat and wandered closer to the door, two men were getting out of the cab, Iona grabbed my arm and pulled me closer to the door, "How would you like to kiss the ginger guy Dawn?"

I looked out, the ginger guy was at least six foot two inches tall, the brown haired guy was like three inches shorter, I pushed Iona's hand off of my arm, "Not a lot...get Emma to do it, she's the one that wanted a slow comfortable screw against the wall!"

Iona fought back a smile, "Emma doesn’t have a big enough chest to interest grown men Dawn, your tits look perfect in my little red dress!"

I looked down, it was a trick of the dress's construction, in a mirror, it looked like I had a cleavage but when I looked down, there wasn't much of a bump under the top of the red dress.

The brown haired man swiped his door key in the slot at the side of the main entrance, as the door opened he smiled at me and Iona, "Evening ladies...you having fun tonight?"

Iona pouted and then she said, "We were until our wet bar ran out and we found that the hotel bar had already closed!"

Brown hair looked at ginger, I saw a conspiratorial smile and a nod exchange between them and then he turned to Iona again, "We have some booze in our room darling...want to move the party upstairs?"

Iona looked me in the eye, "Well Dawn, you want to party with..." Iona looked at the ginger haired man and she raised her eyebrows at him, he said that his name was Glen, then he pointed at his friend and said that his name was Tom, "...Glen and Tom up in their room?"

I had an internal panic, if I said no, Iona might tell everyone at school that I was acting like a baby, I just shrugged my shoulders and then Iona looked at Emma, "You coming as well Emma or have you had enough already?"

Emma was still in character, she lifted her invisible glass to her lips and tilted her head back as if she was draining her glass, "I could do with another cocktail Iona darling!", with a drunken slur in her voice.

I swear to god that she even mimed taking a final drag of an imaginary cigarette and then stubbing it out in an imaginary ashtray, even blowing on the tips of her fingers as if she had burnt them while stubbing her fag out.

Emma swung her legs around, spinning herself on the leather bar stool and she jumped off of the stool unsteadily, flashing rather a lot of her inner thigh off to the four of us.

We took the lift to the fifth floor, two floors higher than our own room, on the lift ride, Iona moved in on Tom, he was trying to lick her tonsils as we passed the third floor and his hand was grabbing her arse through her dress as they kissed. Glen was looking from me to Emma, I looked at the lights as they climbed up the control panel, if I had reacted quicker, I could have pressed the button for the third floor and ran for our room but I missed the chance.

Glen looked from my eyes to Emma's, "Your friend isn't shy is she ladies?"

I looked at Iona and shook my head, I managed to whisper, "Not one little bit!"

Glen shuffled in closer to me, "How about a little kiss then darling?"

I looked at Emma, she seemed to be away with the fairies...I wasn't sure if it was just that she was tired, it was after all after eleven o'clock at night and we had left home before six o'clock this morning.

I was backed into a corner of the lift and let him kiss me...unlike Iona's kiss, Glen's kiss was just that, a kiss, no arse grabbing and no tongue in my mouth. As Glen kissed me I looked over at Iona, it looked like she was chewing Tom's tongue as they kissed.

The lift doors opened, spilling me out into the hallway, I almost fell over, Tom slapped Iona's arse and sent her on her way towards room five-twenty-one, I heard Tom whisper in Glen's ear, "Iona's gagging for it, I think she wants to eat my cock...how's Dawn panning out?"

Glen looked over at me, I pretended to be rubbing my knee as if I had twisted it, "I don't think that she's as experienced or as willing as Iona but if she does wash-out, we'll just have to double up on Iona!"

Both men laughed out loud as they ran down the hall after Iona, Glen passed her and he swiped his key-card in the bedroom door, opening it for Iona...Emma followed Iona into the men's room, then Tom and the door almost closed in my face as I got there. I managed to push it open just before the latch caught and locked the door against me. I thought, 'I must be bloody mad...I could have just let the door close and use that as my excuse for buggering off back to our bedroom!' A little voice at the back of my head said, "Not without Iona, she has our key-card in her shoulder bag!"

The men had smuggled a bottle of Vodka into their room and they used a can of cola from their wet bar to turn neat vodka into a cuba libre. They didn't have enough glasses in their room for us all to share so they made sure that me, Emma and Iona had a glass of alcohol each.

Iona climbed on one of the twin beds with Tom, I was watching them closely as Tom slipped his hand up under the hem of Iona's dress and pulled her thong out of the way. He stabbed two fingers deep into her pussy and she had an instant orgasm. Now I was absolutely sure that I had invented the 'Kitty-tickle' game in the privacy of my own bedroom and I'd never told anyone about it so I was sure that it was an unknown secret but here was Tom doing it to Iona and he wasn't being as gentle and careful as I was when I did it to myself and while I was on my own, I just tickled the outside and the first half inch of my index finger inside my body...not two inches of a grown man's fingers ramming in hard, fast and deep.

The main light went out, Glen had been in the bathroom and when he came out, he turned the bathroom light out as well as the main light in the bedroom. In the semi darkness, I watched Iona turn around and she bent over Tom's lower body. I couldn't really see what she was doing but her head was directly over his lap and it was bobbing up and down rapidly. I guessed she was giving Tom what the older girls at school called a blow-job.

Glen's hand slipped across my neck, his fingertips dug into my shoulder a little and lifted my left shoulder strap up onto the backs of his fingers and then he gently massaged my shoulder as he pushed the strap down over my arm.

I looked away from Iona and up into Glen's eyes, he gripped my chin and held my face in place as he kissed me. Emma was ignored as she slowly drank her glass of real vodka and coke.

"Iona looks like she enjoys sucking Tom's cock...how about you Dawn, do you like sucking cocks as much as Iona seems to do?"

I shrugged my shoulders, "I don't really know, I've never tried before!"

Glen moved his hand, pushing the right shoulder strap of my dress down over my arm, it was quite a complex movement, I suddenly found myself on my back, the top of my borrowed dress down both arms and my breasts exposed. I looked nervously at Emma, she was just sitting there with her glass in her hand sipping at her drink.

I suddenly lost view of Emma, Glen's head was blocking the way, his lips on mine again but now his right hand was squeezing my left breast. I was confused at how he had managed in one movement to push me down onto the bed on my back, to pull the top of my dress down almost to my waist and my bra along with it.

The next movement reminded me of how male rabbits fight each other for dominance over the females when they do rabbit boxing early in the spring only it was Glen's hands moving rapidly down the front of my body, pushing my dress and bra further down...my knickers came into view...well, the thong that I'd borrowed from Iona came into view and that was caught in the fight.

I heard Iona gasp and forgot what Glen was doing to me and looked over at her, she was flat on her back, her knees were pressing against her naked breasts and Tom was licking between her legs. I looked down Tom's body, his trousers were gone, his socks were still on his feet though. He wriggled around and I saw my first ever real life cock...I guess that most eleven year old girls would see an eleven year old boys cock first and work up to an adult's cock after a little time and experience.

Glen was still kissing me but he actually pushed Emma over, guiding her head towards Tom's cock as she fell forwards.

Glen lifted himself up onto his knees, he shook me violently with my dress and shook it off of me almost giving me a back flip as my legs flew out of it.

He smiled at me as he hooked his fingers behind my knees and pulled me down the bed. I was now just like Iona, totally naked as Glen knelt there unfastening his trousers, "Would you like to try sucking my cock for me or shall we get straight down to fucking?"

I know that my mouth was opening and closing but no sounds were coming out. I had no idea what I wanted or even if I wanted anything at all.

I was taking much too long to make up my mind so Glen shuffled forward and pressed the head of his cock against my gash. I started to kick my feet against the bed to swim up the bed and away from his cock but I was once again, much too late. He had fallen forward, placing his hands either side of my head to support his upper body but also to stop me escaping his cock when the tops of my shoulders crashed into his wrists.

I felt the head of his cock nuzzle into the valley between my pussy lips, he wriggled his hips from side to side, the helmet of his cock rubbed across my sensitive spot, I lifted my head and looked down my body, his cock looked huge, I lifted my right hand and looked at the tip of my index finger and laughed internally, 'There's no way he's getting that...in there...

I drifted back to last night, I'd gone to bed extra early because of the early start today but I couldn't get to sleep so in the end I played the kitty-tickle game just to settle myself down, settle my nerves...I wasn't quite sure if I was worrying about being away from my mother for three days or if I was worried about sharing a room with three or four strangers. The rest of my class all had experience of sleepovers...well, the girls did at least, the boys didn't seem to do sleepovers but then they didn't care about being away from home or sleeping with strangers either. Anyway, I played the kitty-tickle game to help me relax last night and my pussy was too tight to get more than the tip of my index finger inside my hole so I rubbed my sensitive button like I usually did and just as I was starting to get breathless, my bedroom door opened and my light was turned on.

I had to roll over quickly, onto my left side so that my back was towards my mother so that she couldn't see that my nighty was up over my ribcage and my right hand was down the front of my knickers. I was more than a little confused when I looked at my bedroom window and it was light outside, it couldn't' have been much past ten o'clock in the evening because I started the kitty-tickle game at nine forty-five and I'd only just started breathing hard when the door opened.

I twisted my hips and rolled into a sitting position on the side of my bed, my mother said, "Your breakfast is on the kitchen table, we don't have very long so make your shower a quick one!"

I opened my curtains and spotted that the tip of my right index finger was wrinkled like an old prune and there was a deep red welt cross my wrist from the tight knicker elastic in the waistband of my knickers, my mother had also spotted my wrist and fingertip, that or she was curious as to why I was staring fixedly at my hand.

"Did you have a disturbing dream darling?"

I was still confused but I reasoned that I must have taken myself to the optimum point of relaxation and just fallen asleep before I stopped playing kitty-tickle and put my toys away and I must have slept like a stone because I was still in the exact same position I'd been in when I started playing the game.

I looked over my shoulder and grimaced in mum's direction, "I guess I was just anxious about who I was going to be put with for the trip...they told us on Friday that we would be put into tribes of three or four depending on the hotel rooms and that we would have to stay in those tribes for the whole of the three days!"

I saw a disbelieving look cross my mother's face, "Oh, I thought that you might be worried that Peter Smith would be on your bus with you!"

I furrowed my brow, "Why would I be thinking about Peter Smith?"

"Because he has a massive crush on you..."

As the word crush repeated in my head I screamed out, the first two thousand decibels entered the free space of the room and then Glen's mouth covered mine and the next ten million decibels were captured inside Glen's mouth. I was whimpering and panting through the massive pain that Glen had caused as his whole body weight fell on top of mine and I realised just how wrong I'd been in thinking that he would never be able to get his cock in my cunt.

In my imagination, it felt like his cock was the thickness and length of my forearm, when I finally stopped screaming into Glen's mouth, he lifted his head and smiled down at my face, Emma was suddenly in view, she brushed my hair out of my eyes, "Were you a virgin Dawn?"

I nodded my head and then I lifted it from the pillow and looked down the length my body, Glen's cock impaled my body but it wasn't all the way in, there was more than an inch of it still waiting in the queue to get in my body when his helmet had hit a brick wall inside my body and come to a grinding halt.

Emma giggled as Glen started rocking his body from side to side and as he rocked, he thrust downwards with his hips and there was a little jump of a fraction of an inch as a little more of his cock entered my hole. He pulled back again and then repeated the rocking and stabbing. Emma stroked her hand down over my chest and over my stomach, when she reached my pussy, she rubbed over my sensitive spot and gave me a twenty million trillion volt shock up through my body. My whole body shook and shivered and then Emma pulled her hand back out from between me and Glen, she looked at her middle and index finger, the tips of her fingers were both covered with blood...my blood.

Emma was looking at her fingers and she said, "I didn't think that there were any virgins left in our class now...most of them had been taken at sleepovers at Iona's house in the last six months."

I refocused my eyes on the connection between Glen's cock and my pussy, Glen's pubic hair now formed a wig over my almost bare pussy mound and his balls were brushing gently against my arse as his hips rocked from side to side.

Glen spoke for the first time in ages, "Are you ready for me to start fucking you now Dawn?"

In my head my voice was set to long range outdoor volume as it screamed inside my head, 'What the hell do you call what we're doing right now mate?' but instead, I just whimpered and shook my head.

He pulled back a half an inch, I saw that half inch of cock was slick with my blood, he held back for two seconds and then stabbed back in as hard and fast as he could, I gasped, it was an eighty percent gasp of pain and twenty percent pleasure which shocked me a lot.

Glen repeated the manoeuvre, pulling out three quarters of an inch, pausing for two seconds before stabbing back in, this time the gasp leaving my body was seventy percent pain and thirty percent pleasure. The third rotation was an inch of cock but the pause was only one second and my gasp was fifty percent pleasure this time.

Glen pulled out two inches the next time but there was no pause and no stabbing, it was just a smooth and rapid movement like a piston engine and the gasping on my part had stopped, now I was fighting for air from pure pleasure as I had started my pleasure cycle. In my head I was telling Glen that it was okay to stop now. I'd reached the end of the kitty-tickle game and it was time for me to go to sleep now but Glen wasn't quite finished yet so he just kept on going, he was moving in and out further and moving faster and he drove me beyond breathlessness and I actually started to grey out.

My brain went into tilt mode and started to reboot to the last safe status, "...Becaue he had a massive crush on you!"

My mother's voice came through the greyness but she was struggling to make herself heard over Glen's heavy breathing and his own gasping for air. Glen's whole body weight fell on top of mine, he was jerking about as if he was being given electric shocks for several minutes after he fell.

I had responded, "Why do you think he has a crush on me mum?"

She smiled at me, "Haven't you noticed that when we go to church, he always rushes over to you to give you a hymn book and he tells you which of the four hymns to be sung that day was his favourite...he never gives anyone else a hymn book and he was the boy who sent you that Saint Valentines card in February."

I had been confused by that, "What makes you think that the card came from Peter Smith?"

"I watched him deliver it, the front gate squeaked when he opened it and I looked out of my bedroom window to see what was going on so early in the morning and watched Peter run down the path on the tips of his toes, post the card through the letter box and run back to the road, it was before six o'clock and it was freezing at that time of the day on the fourteenth of February."

Mum had lifted my right hand and looked at the deep red welt on the back of my wrist before turning my hand over and looking at the wrinkled tip of my index finger, "Are you sure that you were worried and not just a little excited about spending three days away with Peter?"

That was the closest thing to a sex chat that I'd ever had with my mother in my life before, I'd never really thought about Peter Smith before, he was a choir boy in our church, all eight of the church choir were boys and Peter had been asking me if I'd like to join the choir, the problem with having eight boys was that there came a point when their angelic voices would turn from soprano to a bucket full of gravel almost overnight while a girl could keep a soprano voice well into her twenties, possibly even longer, he said that Father Olaf our Norwegian Roman Catholic Priest was looking to get more girls in his choir.

I sat on the toilet and smiled at thinking about Father Olaf, he was a Norse God of a man, he had blond hair and startlingly blue eyes, I have to say that when Peter told me that Father Olaf wanted to induct girls into his church choir I had suspicions that Father Olaf might have wanted girls in his choir for more than their singing prowess. There were rumours around the village that Father Olaf liked looking after the women in his parish.

Peter Smith was part of that rumour, his parents had been trying for a child unsuccessfully for many years when out of the blue Mary Smith fell pregnant after Father Olaf had asked the whole village to pray for John and Mary Smith to be successful in their attempts to create a family. The less charitable people in our village had postulated a theory that it was more faith healing than prayers, I'd heard my mother say faith healing was what some called 'Laying on...of hands!' and I'd heard my mother say, "Laying on, being the most important thing. Now, the reason for all the rumours was because John and Mary Smith were both short, John was five foot five tall and Mary hardly broke the five foot mark while Peter was sandy haired and had steel blue eyes and at eleven years old, he was already taller than his father.

I'd heard whispered conversations around the subject of Peter Smith's lineage, there were two camps of thoughts, the ones that said that Father Olaf had done the business with Mary Smith to make Peter and the others who thought that Father Olaf asking the whole parish to pray for Mary to get pregnant had spurred one of the other men in the parish to impregnate Mary.

The sound of Glen's breathing started to come through even louder now, pushing my memories of our village's hidden history and I blinked my eyes as Glen pushed himself up off of my body. He grabbed my wrist and pulled me off of the bed, I looked back, there was a red...well, brown stain on the bed where my bottom had been. I was dragged into the bathroom and pushed into the shower ahead of him, we both washed each other under the hot water and when we walked out of the bathroom, Tom had switched from fucking Iona to fucking Emma but there had been another switch, Emma wasn't on her back like me and Iona had been while we were being fucked, Emma had been pulled to the foot of the bed so that she was kneeling on the edge of the bed, her face had been pushed between Iona's legs and while Tom was standing at the end of the bed fucking Emma, she was licking Iona's cunt.

Glen sat on his bed watching the threesome on Tom's bed and while he watched the action, he pushed my head down into his lap and taught me how he liked to have his cock and balls sucked, we were like that until Glen's cock woke up again and started to totally fill my mouth.

Once Glen was fully hard again, he dragged Iona out from under Emma's mouth and almost pushed her on top of me but I managed to jump out of their way, now I was just standing in between the beds watching Glen fucking Iona and Tom fucking Emma...I had another one of those moments, I could just get dressed, find our room's key card out of Iona's bag and head off to bed, after all, it was past midnight and I had been on my feet for nineteen hours straight after a late night the night before.

I was actually looking at Iona's bag when Tom grabbed me and pulled me onto his bed, he had me flat on my back and was in my body before my brain caught up with what was happening, in my mind, I was opening Iona's bag and was looking for our room key.

Tom said, "God woman you're tight, I'm glad I saved you until last...I'm going to enjoy dropping three loads of cum in your cunt."

I was listening to Glen and Iona fucking, Iona was really enjoying herself, I started the breathless climb of pleasure and just as I was about to reach screaming point, Tom collapsed on top of me, he was panting and gasping for air but he was totally still, then his body shook and I felt him spurt into my belly, then he was totally still again for thirty seconds before he shivered again and I felt another spurt up into my pussy but not as clearly defined as the first one. He pushed himself up off of me and just as his cock left my body, he shivered for a third time and a pint of jizz shot out of his cock and painted a solid white line from my vagina to my chin, dead centre of my breasts!

Iona took charge, me and Emma were both told to just put our borrowed dresses on and carry our bras and knickers. We took the lift down to the third floor but as we were about to step out of the lift, there was the sound of a door opening a few feet to the left of the lift, a door opening and a giggle, followed by a kiss and a whispered, "I Hope Jenny and Alan have finished, I really hate walking in on people mid fuck!"

Well, the voice was distinguishable, it was Miss Portland, one of the two female teachers in our party and Alan and Brian were the two male teachers. There were two volunteers in the party as well, both women, mothers of kids on the trip, Alan and Brian were sharing one twin room, Miss Portland and Jenny Waterhouse were sharing another twin room, the two volunteers were sharing a double room. We had to hold the lift doors open to stop the sound of it closing attracting Miss Portland's attention as she staggered drunkenly across the passageway to her shared room with Mrs Waterhouse.

We had to wait for a while for Alan Benson to return to the room that he was sharing with Brian Kinch but as soon as his door latched closed, Iona was off and running to our room, just beyond Miss Portland and Mrs Waterhouse's room.

Emma dropped her dress as soon as she walked in through the door, Iona and I went into the bathroom, I needed the toilet because I had a belly full of sperm that needed to drain away before I could go to sleep, when I walked out of the bathroom, I spotted Emma, she was on the single bed, my bed, not in it mind you, on it, on top of the sheets...totally naked and uncovered to the max.

Iona called out from under the duvet on the double bed, "Looks like you and me are sharing tonight Dawn...did you like our little party?"

I yanked my nighty out from under the pillow under Emma's head, I was just slipping it on and looking for my knickers when Iona sat up in bed, "Spoilsport...it's too warm for a nighty and knickers tonight."

Okay, I compromised, I wore my nighty but not my knickers.

Iona tried to engage me in small talk but it was one o'clock in the morning now, the twentieth hour that I'd been awake so far today and I just switched off, closed down and went to sleep.

It was almost a repeat of Monday morning, no sooner had I closed my eyes to go to sleep than my bedroom door was being knocked. I opened my eyes and found my nighty all gathered above my breasts and the duvet was on the floor at the side of the bed...I was sure that it was Iona that had done it but my railway of thought had become derailed by...

"Girls, you're late, breakfast will be over in fifteen minutes and the buses will be leaving the hotel in thirty!"

It was a mad dash to get up, dressed and down on the ground floor in time to grab two slices of bread, stick two sausages and two rashers of bacon between them and run for the reception desk to eat as the buses pulled up in front of the door.

I was surprised once again when Peter Smith came up to me out of the blue, "Good morning Dawn, you look pretty this morning, your face is glowing!"

Peter always spoke to me in church on a Sunday morning, but he had never spoken to me at school or rather in school time before so even though our conversation was very one sided and exceptionally brief, it was a milestone in my life.

I had been so distracted by Peter Smith that I failed to get on the bus with Iona and Emma, two other tribes got on the bus before I got to it and the other seven tribes were waiting their turn in line outside the bus. I was told off for not keeping with my tribal members and then Mrs Waterhouse asked the driver if he would open the middle door so that I could take a short cut to my place on the back seat without causing a fight in the queue.

I emerged half way along the bus and popped up just in front of the 'Beta' tribe heading for their seats just in front of my tribe's place. , it was a good thing that the three members of the beta team were all cousins of mine or they might have made a fuss at my jumping out ahead of them in the queue for our seats. Iona was sitting on the right hand side of the back seat, the seat with the best legroom because of the emergency exit, she was showing Emma something on her mobile phone's screen and they were both laughing about what was on the screen. I flopped down on the middle seat, leaving two seats free to my left.

I looked over at Iona's screen and then I grabbed it, snatching it out of her hand, "What the fuck Iona...!"

Her screen had a photograph of my naked body on it, my face was obscured by my nighty but I knew that it was a picture of me. I put my finger on the screen and pulled down, my pussy slipped off of the bottom of the screen and the header of an email slipped into view from the top, Iona had just sent the picture of my naked body to a list of men as blind carbon copies, the first name was 'Dad' which I hoped was her own father and not my dad, there were six other names, five of the names I vaguely knew, the sixth one being 'Peter Smith'. The title of the email was just, 'Guess Who!' I checked the time and date, the email had been sent just one minute before I sat down.

"Iona Abrahams...you're a cow, why did you send this email to Peter Smith of all people?"

Iona snatched her phone back, "Because Peter's been going around telling everyone in our year at school that he fancies you...well, apart from you, he's too shy to tell you that he fancies you. I was planning on inviting lambda tribe to join us for a party in our bedroom tonight, you can practice with Peter, I wouldn't mind having a stab at Richard Tomlinson and Emma...well, Emma will let anyone fuck her, even Pradip Singh, it would do you good to start off with Peter and then let Richard and Pradip do you after...you need lots of practice before you come to my house for your sleepover Next Friday!"

I shook my head, "My mother will never let me go to a sleepover..." I stopped myself saying, 'especially not at your house!' I remembered back to last Christmas, they had a party at the local village pub, Iona's parents had set up their house for a massive sleepover so that parents could go to the party without worrying about their kids. I think it was somewhere around Bonfire Night when my father was told about the party and he was offered a space at Iona's house for the mammoth sleepover but my dad had refused, he told whoever it was that had asked him that there was no way that my mother would allow me to go to a sleepover but I can't remember the reason he gave, I think I was distracted by a hot dog at that moment and I ran off for food.

Iona's phone burbled, she checked the screen, it was a message from her father and while she was waiting for the email to resolve over the poor quality telephone signal at the back of the bus she said, "My dad and his mates have been working on your mother for almost a year now, my dad thinks that she is about to send you to a sleepover at my house, and next Friday will probably be the night because your father has a long weekend in Amsterdam coming up, a marketing junket where the Dutch will try to sell their factory built homes!"

I read the message from her father, 'Here is the link that you asked for and I've uploaded the picture of Dawn up on the website now as well!' There was a web link under the text but it wasn't in a standard World Wide Web format, it actually started with 'Beachwood' and a jumble of letters, numbers and special characters following the Beachwood name.

I knew that Beachwood was the name of Iona's house so it was unusual to see it as part of an internet link.

Iona touched the highlighted text and a webpage opened up, the banner across the top of the page said, 'Welcome to Beachwood House Gallery'. There was a list of file names that were links to other pages on the same site. Iona read down the list, "Bonfire Night twenty twenty-two...that's a good place to start!"

She touched the link and a film started playing, it must have been early in the afternoon on the fifth because it was still light, the film focused on the pile of wood with the Guy sitting on top of it but it hadn't been lit yet. The camera panned around, I spotted myself standing at my father's side, he had his arm across my shoulder and his hand on the top of my arm. A voice came out of the little speaker on Iona's phone, "Afternoon John...Dawn...you look gorgeous as usual Dawn darling..."

I remembered that voice, he had been the man who had talked to my dad about the Christmas party and who had offered him a place for me at the big sleepover so that my mum and dad could go to the party. My dad said, "Vicky would never allow Dawn to go to a sleepover...especially not at Beachwood House. The parties there usually end up with at least one or more underage girls losing their..." I remembered my father looking down at me, I was looking up into his face at that moment, he harrumphed the way that fathers do when they had to say something that they didn't want their impressionable young daughters to hear. He looked at Tony...the name of the man suddenly came to me, my dad gave Tony an awkward look before continuing, "...cherry!"

I was only ten years old at that point but even at ten years old I knew what 'Losing a girl's cherry' meant, it was what boys at school usually called it when a girl lost her virginity and that meant the first time a girl had sex with a boy...or man...Tony chuckled and said, "Not just girls mate, I remember my first time was at a sleepover, not at Beachwood House though back then!"

Tony asked what fireworks I liked best and I told him that I liked the rockets that exploded into pretty patterns best...I had just listened to that conversation on Iona's phone screen and now something came to me, I was looking up into Tony's eyes and now that I was looking at the screen, I realised that I was looking at a point way above the camera lens and I couldn't remember Tony holding a camera, he must have been filming on a phone without looking at its screen.

"And where's the delicious Victoria at the moment John, have you left her at home cooking and cleaning?"

The camera panned and tilted up to my father's face...now this bit was new to me, I'd lost interest in the adult's conversation and was looking at the two men setting up the fireworks ready for later on. I saw my father smile as he said, "No, she's in the village hall cooking food for later!"

The camera swung from my father face towards the village hall and then back to my father's face, Tony said, "It's a pity it's so cold at this time of the year John, the girls don't wear such sexy clothes in the winter as they do in the summer...have you seen what Sue Crompton is wearing under her mackintosh?"

I saw my father's face lighten up a lot and a great big cheesy smile erupted all over his face, his voice lowered a little, "Good is it?"

"Yes. She's certainly embracing the new freedom that Barry has given her!"

There were a few more banal comments and then Tony told my dad that he was going to look around the park a little to see who else was about of interest.

I saw shaky camera work as Tony walked quickly to the back of the village hall, there was a man and woman standing outside the fire escape at the back of the hall, Tony stopped at the corner of the building filming as the man and woman kissed. It was a long and deeply passionate kiss and not just a simple kiss, the man was groping the woman's breasts through her blouse and she appeared to be rubbing his cock through his trousers.

A voice called out of the blue, "Sausages are ready, can someone start 'bunning' them up please?"

I didn't see the woman's face, she was looking away from the camera as she said, "That's me!"

I watched her fasten two buttons on the front of her blouse before rushing through the fire exit door and closing it behind her. I hadn't seen her face but I did recognise her voice, it was definitely my mother's voice. The man that had just been kissing my mother was walking towards Tony, his name was Paul Cooper, I recognised him from a party in the summer.

Tony said, "Well, I guess I don't have to ask how you got on with Vicky..." Paul shook his head, "...did she feel any different to when you were going out with her twenty years ago?"

Paul laughed, "Well, I have to say that it was far easier to get my hands inside her bra than it was back then mate...Ben was right when he said that he thought that John and Vicky weren't communicating in the bedroom like married people should, Vicky was gagging for it mate, it won't take much more effort to hook her in now.

The film stopped at that point and the film dropped out and went back to the menu screen. Iona said, "How about Christmas now?"

I was a little dazed, I actually remembered Christmas, when dad got home from work on Christmas Eve he had a sexy lingerie set for my mother, he told her that it was a part of her Christmas present but that she could wear it tonight.

I was in the living room reading a book, I swivelled my eyes in their direction but kept my head buried in my book. Mum tipped the package out onto the dining table, something bright red and very lightweight fluttered down onto the tabletop. Mum picked up the first item of clothing, just a small triangle of red mesh with a harness of red dental floss. Mum looked over at me, I pretended to me ten feet deep in my book but I was still looking at her under my fringe.

There was an exaggerated whisper from my mother, "John...really...I can't wear these!"

"Why not...you'll feel really sexy going to the pub wearing them!"

"Well, the first reason..." mum looked in my direction again, "...this small triangle won't cover my bush and I doubt that they would be big enough for Dawn to wear!"

Dad smiled, "Well, I love seeing shaved pussies, I'm sure that the men at the party will love seeing it too, especially framed in this beautiful triangular picture frame...and when Dawn's ready for sexy underwear, I'll buy her the smaller version so that you can be twins and anyway, you'll need to shave your legs to wear stockings and suspender belt tonight, you may as well go the extra mile!"

Mum punched him playfully on his shoulder but she took the knickers and bra up to her bedroom. She was getting ready for two hours and when she came down, she was wearing a dress that my father had given to her in the summer, low cut neckline front and back but also buttons to the waistband that one, two or three could be opened and still be reasonably modest, the dress was very short length and titanium white and so sheer that it allowed the red mesh of her bra and knickers to show through slightly

"I can't walk to the pub dressed like this, not at this time of the year...I'll freeze my arse off!"

"You can wear your overcoat until you get to the pub, I've been told that they will have all the fires lit and stoked up for the party to make it nice and warm inside!"

My hair was ruffled, "Time for bed darling or Santa won't call tonight!"

I walked up the stairs but didn't go into my bedroom, I stopped at the top of the stairs and listened to the final conversation between my father, who was staying at home with me for the evening and my mother who was going to the village pub for the evening.

"Now don't forget...have as much fun as you want to but remember that I'll be here to take advantage of you being excited when you get home!"

There was a final kiss and mum walked out of the front door wearing her large mackintosh over her tiny dress, I rushed into my bedroom and looked out of the front window, she was wearing high heels and as she walked her heels made her hips swing from side to side and that made the vent at the back of her mackintosh flick open, showing off her stocking clad legs.

The Christmas video started with my mother walking into the pub, whoever was holding the camera seemed to be sitting at a table in the corner of the bar, Paul Cooper suddenly jumped into view, "Vicky darling I've saved a place for you on our table!"

I saw my mother smile at Paul and she closed the door behind her, she started unbuckling the belt holding her mackintosh closed as she walked across the bar. The camera panned around the table and I saw five men at the table for eight, if it was a man taking the video, that would make my mother the only woman on a table for eight. I spotted something else as the camera followed my mother, she walked past another table for eight with seven men and one woman sitting at it and the woman was Sue Crompton and she seemed to be wearing the same dress as my mother was wearing.

Mum took her coat off and folded it over the back of the seat next to Paul...her seat...before kissing Paul. The man on the other side of her seat stood up, he looked up, the camera followed his eye line up to a sprig of mistletoe hanging directly above my mother's seat, he said, "How about a kiss under the mistletoe Vicky?"

Mum turned to face him, she closed her eyes and puckered her lips as they kissed, Paul put his hand on my mother's bottom and pushed her abdomen against the other man's abdomen, "Come on Frank, I'm sure that Vicky knows us all well enough by now not to need the excuse of mistletoe or Christmas to kiss us!"

I spotted a little harder push from Paul against my mother's bottom, there was a little bounce as my mother's lower body moved away from Frank's. Mum sat down in her seat and Paul and Frank sat down as well.

The camera sank down below the level of the table, the screen went a little crazy and then things resolved, the picture under the table was dark but I could see as Paul pulled my mother's right leg towards him and Frank grabbed her left leg and pulled that one in his direction, opening my mother's legs wide and pushing the tight hem of her dress up higher, exposing her knickers.

I watched as Paul pulled the gusset of her thong to one side and he stabbed two fingers up into her pussy. The camera lifted back above the table and Tony's voice said, "What would you like to drink Vicky?"

She asked for a small vodka and lemonade.

As Tony walked to the bar, I spotted another woman that I knew, again, she was sitting at a table for eight with seven men, it looked really weird, twenty-one men and only three women in the pub's bar. Tony walked over to the counter and called to get the barman's attention from the 'Lounge' bar. There was a quick flash of the people crammed into the lounge, it was the usual mix that you would expect in a pub, roughly fifty-fifty, men and women and a wide spread of ages as well.

Tony reached over my mother's shoulder and filmed directly down into her lap as he placed her drink in front of her, I heard Paul say, "Will John be expecting a little fun with you when you get home darling?"

Mum nodded her head.

Paul chuckled, "Pity we reawakened John's interest in sex...so I guess that we can't send you home with a cunt full of spunk tonight then?"

My mother shook her head, "No, I don't think he would be happy with that...he's not quite ready yet I don't think!"

Paul looked around the faces around the table, Tony was still behind my mother, Paul looked at Tony but he spoke to my mother, "How would you like to move this party to somewhere a little more private darling?"

Mum looked up at Tony and then back at Paul, she nodded her head, Paul stood up and helped my mother out of her chair, "Tony, come and keep lookout for us mate!"

Tony complained, "I'm trying to get a connection to wish my mother a Merry Christmas!"

Paul laughed, "I'm sure that the cell coverage is just as good in the passageway to the toilets as it is here in the bar!"

Tony followed my mother and Paul towards the toilet, Tony stood at the entrance to the passageway keeping lookout while my mother and Paul walked to the midway point of the passage and Paul pushed her against the wall, her back to the wall and they started kissing.

I heard Paul say, "Do you still like sucking cocks as much as you did when you were sixteen Vicky?"

I saw Paul step away from her and he was unbuttoning the front of her dress, she looked over at Tony, "Don't worry about Tony, he's no peeping Tom, he'll warn us if anyone comes anywhere close!"

Paul eased her bra out of the confines of her dress before pulling the cups down exposing her breasts.

Mum looked beyond Tony to the bar beyond, she cleared her throat, "I don't get much practice, John's too sensitive for me to do it to him!"

Paul crouched down a little so that his mouth was lined up with her nipples and he started sucking on them...sucking, biting and kissing her nipples and then his hand went up under the bottom hem of her dress and he started to finger fuck her again. Paul pulled his lips away from her tits, "You're so juicy...are you sure that I can't fuck you tonight?"

"You can't, it's too soon!"

Paul looked in Tony's direction and he smiled for the camera, "So Vicky, how many men have you sucked off since you married John...not counting John of course?"

Paul was standing up now and mum's hand was rubbing up and down his cock through his trousers as they kissed. She cleared her throat again and said, "Five or six!"

Paul smiled at her, "And how many of them did you suck while John was watching you from his car?"

"Four!"

"So you sucked four men off behind John's back that means?"

Mum nodded her head.

Paul put his hand on top of mum's head and he pressed down, she sank down into a squat, her tits still out in the open and she opened the fly of his trousers and pulled his cock out, she seemed to go a little crazy, she was putting so much effort into sucking Paul's cock that it looked like she was trying to suck him inside out through his pee pipe.

Paul laughed and said, "Now that's the Victoria that I remember, putting all of her heart and soul into sucking a cock to stop the man wanting to fuck her after..."

Tony cleared his throat, Paul turned his back on the bar and he re-stabled his pony as my mother jumped up to her feet and she pulled the cups of her bra back over her breasts but she didn't bother to pull the front of her dress closed or turn her back on the bar.

A man walked past Tony, "Evening Paul...Vicky." The man went into the men's toilet and Paul kissed my mother again while the man took his piss. His voice came from the other side of the toilet door, "How's John Vicky, I didn't see him in the bar?"

Mum pulled her lips off of Paul's, "Oh, he's okay, he's at home looking after Dawn, we tossed a coin to see who came to the party and he lost!"

There was the sound of a hand dryer and then the man came back out of the toilet again, "Sue Crompton sent Olivia to the Abrahams' house for a sleepover so that she and Barry could both come to the party tonight, Barry is on your table, I hope that you give Barry a good time tonight!"

Paul answered for my mother, "Unfortunately John isn't as far along his educational track as Barry so we won't be able to fuck her tonight but I'm sure that she'll more than make up for it with her mouth...do you fancy a suck before you go back to Sue?"

The man from the toilet smiled at Paul, "I don't mind if I do Paul mate!"

Paul put his hand on the top of my mother's head again and she slipped down into a squat while the toilet man opened his own fly and pulled his cock out.

Paul moved to Tony's side and he said, I'll start sending men down for her, I'll send Barry first, you just stop him here until she gets Ben off"

While my mother was sucking Ben's cock, he pulled the shoulder straps of her dress over the outside of her arms and then he did the same with her bra's shoulder straps. Ben was rocking back and forth now as he said, "I'm going to cum all over your tits!"

Mum quickly pulled her bra cups out of the way as Ben's cock slipped out of her mouth and he sprayed her tits with his spunk. He had only just finished cuming when Barry stepped into place in front of her so that she could suck his cock. The video slipped into fast forward for a few seconds as my mother sucked eight cocks and then it went back into normal speed, Paul stepped up to her and helped her to her feet, her dress and bra fell to the floor and she was left standing there wearing just a pair of knickers.

I mumbled, "Poor old Tony, he missed out!"

Iona laughed, "No he didn't when you watch it at normal speed, Tony hands his phone to Paul so that Paul can film him having his knob sucked by your mum!"

I'd missed that...well, I have to admit that watching my mum sucking the first few men off had been exciting for me to watch, it was getting a little bit 'Samey' and repetitive, it was a good thing that the film's editor had run through the last few men in fast forward.

Paul handed my mother her glass with Vodka and lemonade for her to take a drink from, she had spunk dripping off of her body, especially her tits. "Well, are you finished now Vicky darling?"

Mum shrugged her shoulders, 'I'll have to remind her when I get home that she always tells me that it's rude to answer a question with a shrug of my shoulders!'

"What's the time?"

Paul checked his watch, "It's ten thirty!"

Mum looked thoughtful for a moment, "Well, I told John that I wouldn't be home any later than midnight so, what do you want to do now?"

Paul looked over his shoulder and he smiled for the camera, "Well, would you like to go to the next level?"

"What's that?"

"Take your knickers off and go out into the bar...that would be the next step...public nudity!"

I saw a serious look cross her face and then she reached down and took her knickers off. Tony stepped out into the bar and filmed my mother walking out into the main room. Sue Crompton was already naked, Barry Crompton was standing at the side of her table watching his wife being shagged by one man actually on the table top as another was fucking her mouth. The third woman was also naked but she was straddling a man in his chair and bouncing about on top of him.

Paul slapped my mother's arse hard, "Go and mingle with the men, introduce yourself to them and give them a kiss or a blowjob."

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I actually knew all twenty-one men in the bar on that video to talk to but I realised that I'd only met them since last Christmas but before Christmas, I only knew Paul and Tony. While I was rationalising that little snippet of information, I watched my mother walking around the bar totally naked, kissing one man, getting fingered by a second, sucking the cock of a third and generally being the centre of attention of most of the men in the bar, the only ones that ignored her were the men screwing the two women...who I didn't actually know, not even to speak to.

The video ended with my mother getting dressed in front of all the men, she put her knickers on and her bra before walking around the room again so that admiring men could touch her all over. The closing scene of the film was Paul saying, "I hope that by the Easter party, John will be happy to let other men fuck you...perhaps John will even watch us gangbang you!"

My mother laughed and kissed Paul before fastening her mackintosh as she walked out of the pub. The video played for a few more seconds as I remembered back to last Christmas Eve when mum woke me up as she closed the front door behind her, I was all excited because Christmas presents for Dawn were on the dawn horizon. I heard loud laughter from my parent's bedroom, I crossed the landing and listened at their bedroom door. I heard my mother say, "Perhaps I should have sent Dawn to that Sleepover at Tom and Anna Abrahams' place...then you could have come with me to the party, I think you would have got a blast from watching me walking around the bar in our local pub in the nude!"

I heard a slap, for the last six months I had assumed that it was my father slapping my mother for talking dirty to him but that thought changed after last night when I watched Tom entering Iona at high speed and very violently, his belly slapped against hers and she groaned with pleasure as he knocked the wind out of her...after the slap that night, I had heard the same sounds coming out of my mother.

The loudspeaker on the bus barked, "Please remain seated ladies, our driver has to go into the office and collect our tickets to get into the museum!"

Iona quickly closed her phone down and dumped it quickly into her shoulder bag, we had been told to leave any mobile phones or other electronic devices at home before we set out on the trip.

When we were finally released from the bus to follow our driver and teachers down the hill to the turnstiles into the museum, I ended up walking at the side of Peter Smith...by his design, I'm sure of that. He said hi to me and I found my face turning bright red just from him talking to me. I knew that Iona had sent him the picture of me in all my glory this morning but there was no way that he could have guessed it was me because my face was hidden and Iona had just titled the picture, 'Guess Who?' Iona was talking to Richard Tomlinson just behind me, it was the closest that our teachers had allowed us to get to the boys so far during the trip and that was only because we girls were going through turnstile 'A' and the boys were going through turnstile 'B'.

As I took my ticket from Bill and presented it to the turnstile operator, I heard Iona say, "That's a date then Richard, we'll meet in the bar area after dinner and we can have a little party, just the six of us."

We thirty girls were taken to the clockwise bus stop to head for the 1940s town for our first stop while the boys took the anti-clockwise bus to start their visit at the 1820s farm and wagon-way. We would all meet up for a picnic lunch at the 1900s town about half way around the tour before continuing on our way, we girls heading for the places that the boys had just been to and them going to where we had just come from. We would be together in the picnic field for about forty minutes and for those forty minutes, me Emma and Iona shared a picnic table with Peter Smith, Richard Tomlinson and Pradip Singh.

Iona had arranged it so that I was sitting opposite Peter, she was sitting opposite Richard and Emma was opposite Pradip.

We were making small talk, I was talking to Peter about his family, I was surprised when Peter told me that Father Olaf had dinner at his house with his family at least once a week. He was asking me if I'd ever had a serious boyfriend and after I told him that I hadn't actually had an official boyfriend, he asked me if my parents would actually allow me to have a boyfriend at my age?

"At Easter...I would have said that my parents wouldn't allow me to have a boyfriend until I'm like thirty years old but after Easter...well, they seemed to relax a lot and I definitely get the feeling these days that they would be okay if I told them that I was dating."

Our conversation was called to an end when the boys were dragged away to the excitement of the Rowley Railway Station while we went to see the 1950s terrace of houses.

By the time we got to the exit, the Bedford Transport Company coach had already left the car park. The boys were already eating their dinner in the hotel's restaurant when our bus reached the hotel. We went straight into dinner as soon as we got there. The lambda boys were waiting in the bar area, we didn't go in there though, Iona looked at Richard and gestured with her head towards the lift and we alpha tribe girls walked through the hotel and took the lift to the third floor.

We got out of the lift at the third floor and Iona pressed the 'G' button to send the lift back down to the ground floor but instead of going down, the lift went up, someone above us must have called the lift.

Iona swiped our door lock with her key, she opened the door and pushed me into the room, "You go in there and change into your nighty."

I walked in and turned the main light on, Iona grabbed my wrist and stopped me, "Just your nighty though, don't bother to wear knickers or a bra, they just get in the way, get changed and wait in the double bed for us, me and Emma will wait for the boys out here and show them the way..." Emma reached for the light switch, "...and you don't need the lights on either!"

Before Iona closed the door, she turned the thumbwheel on the lock to throw the bolt out and stop the door closing properly.

I stripped off quickly, I didn't hang my clothes up, I didn't even fold them, I just dumped them on a chair and yanked my nighty out from under the pillow and pulled it over my head before jumping into the double bed.

I heard voices and giggling outside the door, the door opened and Peter walked in, the door suddenly closed behind him but I heard the lock being opened before the final closure and then it turned again to lock the door closed.

Peter walked across the room, it was dark in the room but not so dark that I couldn't see Peter as he walked over to the bed.

Peter was unbuttoning his shirt as he sat on the edge of the bed at my side, he pulled his shirt out of his trousers, "I've gone through this a million times in my head!"

"With me?"

"Usually with you..." he laughed, "...sometimes with your mother, I've seen her hanging around with some of the men in the village, rumour has it that she has at least eight boyfriends behind your father's back!"

My turn to laugh as I thought, 'I wouldn't bet on it being behind his back mate!'

Peter suddenly lurched at me, his mouth crashing into mine before he jumped away from me, "I'm sorry, I should have asked first...I got a little carried away, Iona said that you would be naked under your nighty and that I could do anything that I wanted to do to you tonight!"

I sat up in bed a little, leaned forward and pulled my nighty off over my head. Peter stopped breathing, I reached for his hands and pulled them over to my breasts and placed his hands directly on top of them. I think seeing my mother walking around a crowded bar in the nude last Christmas had turned me on more than a little and now I was beginning to think that Peter was cooling down on the idea of shagging me.

"Take your trousers off!"

Peter kicked and fought to get out of his trousers, underpants and socks. As he was doing that, I slipped down the bed so that I was flat on my back and when he turned back to face me, I pulled him down on top of me.

After Glen's and Tom's cocks last night, I hardly felt Peter entering my body. As soon as his dick was sheathed in my fanny, he started to imitate a rabbit and pogoed up and down on top of me at a hundred and twenty beats a minute until he spurted. I'd felt Tom's spunk spurt into me three times while he was fucking me, I knew Peter had cum but I didn't feel his seed enter me, didn't feel his spunk and didn't have an orgasm of my own but strangely I didn't mind that at all, I was happy that Peter had reached his pleasure in my pussy.

He rolled off of me, "Can I tell people that I'm your boyfriend now please?"

"You can tell people what you like Peter but I'm not going to be your girlfriend...we can have sex every now and again but I want to be free to have sex with whoever I like. Where did Iona and Emma go?"

"They went to our room to play."

"let's go and join them then!"

"Iona thought that you would prefer to be on our own, she knows that I'm a bit shy and she thought that you were too!"

"Nah...I'm over that now!"

I put my nighty on and Peter put his shirt and trousers on and we ran down the passageway where all the girls had been housed, the teachers and volunteer's rooms were by the stairs and lift and then the passage turned a corner and the boys were all in rooms along that wing of the hotel. We didn't knock on the door, but then it wasn't locked anyway, the bolt had been popped out so that you didn't need a key to get in.

Richard and Iona were on the double bed fucking hard in what was called the missionary position, Pradip and Emma were on the single bed, Emma was on her hands and knees and Pradip was bonking her from behind like they were a couple of dogs and that was why they called that position, 'Doggy style'.

Richard hadn't orgasmed but Iona was rocking through her orgasm when me and Peter walked in. I pulled my dress off and clambered on the double bed at the side of Richard and Iona. Richard pulled his cock out of Iona's cunt and transferred over to me.

Richard's cock was no longer than Peter's, it was no thicker either but when Richard pushed his cock into me I felt it going all the way in. the main difference was the angle of attack, before Richard pushed in, he tilted my hips so that the top of his cock pressed against my sensitive spot all the way in.

Richard fucked me for fifteen minutes while Peter fucked Iona and after shooting his spunk into my pussy, I was pushed over to the single bed and Pradip while Emma hopped over to the double bed and slid under Richard.

I lay on my back and Pradip said, "If we fuck this way around, don't try to kiss me, my mother would kill me if she ever found out that I'd kissed a Christian girl!"

"Oh! She doesn't mind you fucking a Christian girl...just not kissing one!"

Pradip shook his head, "No, it is expected for Sikhs to screw Christians, put good Sikh babies in their bellies but kissing them is strictly forbidden!"

It was eleven o'clock when Pradip pushed his cock into me, twenty past eleven we did a little spin, Pradip was on his back, my knees either side of his head, his cock in my mouth and his tongue inside my pussy.

We had fun like that for twenty minutes and then Pradip wanted another change around so at twenty to midnight, Pradip was on his back, I was on top of him sitting upright rocking back and forth on his cock as he mauled my tits. Richard, Peter, Iona and Emma had all finished fucking now and they were sitting along the edge of the double bed, watching me and Pradip fucking with me in the 'Cow-girl' position...I'd heard other girls talking about the various positions in private conversations but until I did it, the cow-girl position didn't make any sense to me...in my uneducated pre-pubescent brain, the only way that I could assume that a girl could work things out to have sex on top of a man was if she wore one of those fake dicks with all the harnesses things but that was as far as I could work things out. Okay cow-girl wasn't my favourite position but I could see why boys might like it, the girl ends up doing all the work and the boy gets all the pleasure...totally the wrong way around if you ask me!

By midnight I was bored with sex and very tired, tired because I'd had two late nights and a very early morning so I wanted to go to bed now. Iona and Emma had decided to sleep the whole night in the boy's bedroom so I grabbed the key to our room from Iona's bag and wearing my dress, I ran for my own bedroom.

I stopped dead in my tracks, Alan Benson was crossing from his bedroom to the doorway to the stairs, fortunately he didn't have a view down past the boy's bedrooms or he would have seen me heading back to my bedroom.

Alan was on a messenger call, or a skype call with a woman. I got as close to the stairs as I could get, I heard, "...I miss you too darling...still, I'll be back tomorrow afternoon!"

The woman said, "Are you on the stairs Alan darling?"

"Yes darling, Brian's already in bed and asleep so I have to talk out here!"

Alan was talking to his wife on his mobile phone in a video chat. I could just see that he was wearing a very lightweight dressing gown but he was totally naked under it.

"How did first night go?"

"Oh, it was okay but I'm beginning to think that the director's got an alternative agenda, you know act two scene three?"

I saw Alan shake his head, "No sorry, I can't remember the acts and scenes from the play."

"It's the scene where I'm wearing the baggy shorts and the white t-shirt..." Alan nodded his head, "...well, tonight the director asked me to try the scene wearing a bra and hot pants, Robert said that he thought it would be more realistic...you know, more how my character would act in real life!"

Alan's bedroom door opened and Jenny Waterhouse popped her head out, from her hand gestures it looked like she was asking Alan if she should go back to her own bedroom. Alan tilted the camera away from his face and shook his head, he held up two fingers and mouthed 'Two minutes!'

Alan rushed his conversation with his wife, using the excuse that our trip would be heading north in the morning to Holy Island so it would be a very early start in the morning, there was an 'air-kiss' to the phone's camera and a goodnight from both sides and Alan returned to his bedroom.

I heard his door open and then I ran past, the door was still wide open, Jenny Waterhouse was on the left hand side bed, she was on her back, totally naked and legs wide open, I stopped running just the other side of the still open doorway, the auto-closer fitted to the door was very slow acting so I saw Alan drop his dressing gown to the floor, he was now totally naked as well as Jenny, he dangled a condom in front of her, "Right, I have one last condom, once I've filled it, you'll have to go back to your own room and send Brian back here!"

'CONDOM' flashed in my head, it was kind of bright blue, like a neon sign filled with mercury gas, 'Perhaps I should have been asking the men over the last two days to use a condom in me!'

In the morning we all crowded onto the two buses and we drove north towards Beal, we would be taking a boat over to Holy Island, spend time in the old church and the ruins of the ministry and at low tide, our bus would drive over the causeway to the island to collect us all and then at mid day, drive back to Northamptonshire.

The bus had to stop two hundred yards from the jetty where the boat was moored and we all piled out of the buses, we were lined up in our tribes, because my tribe, the 'Alpha' tribe were at the back of the bus, we ended up at the back of the line of girls, three deep, ten long. We walked down one path to the jetty and the boys in their lines walked down another path. We were marshalled like a military unit on the march and the boys were a rabble, roughly in their threes but Peter Smith wasn't close to his tribe, he was with a boy from the 'Beta' tribe and one from the 'Delta' tribe, Miss Portland would no more have put up with intermingling of the members of the tribes than intermingling of the boys and girls, she ruled over us with a rod of iron.

I wasn't actually on the jetty but I was close enough to see that the boat that was due to take us over to the island of Lindisfarne was more than a little unstable. The jetty was rock steady but the boat was rotating from three feet below the jetty to three feet above it, I did have the thought, 'How the hell can anyone get on that bleeding thing without breaking their necks?'

There was a gathering of the teachers...the volunteers and the bus drivers, Miss Portland announced in a clear voice, "About turn everyone, Alpha tribes lead your parties back to the bus please, unfortunately the sea is too rough for our trip to the island and we can't wait until low tide or we'll be late home."

So our trip was cut short by four hours, the bus heading back to our school, three hundred miles away, that was a six hour trip on the coach with one toilet and one combined meal and toilet stop on the way.

At the first toilet stop I had a word with our driver, the bus company's depot was just outside our village so I asked if he could give me and Peter Smith a lift home in the bus, he was happy to do that, I had no idea what time my mum and dad would be home but they weren't expecting us home until eight o'clock or even nine o'clock in the evening so I didn't want to bugger up their plans.

As we drove south, the stormy weather cleared and by Nottinghamshire, the sun was out, there was no wind and the summer heat was finally burning through.

I was dropped off at the end of my road and walked the last fifty yards to my house, I called my father's office to tell him that I was already home but he had already gone for the day.

I had a shower and got changed into my casual clothes and then I lay on my bed, half dozing and half reading a book...my recent extra curricula education could have ruined my love for all things Enid Blyton and in particular Malory Towers books.

I heard a car stopping at three thirty, it was under my bedroom window so I rolled off of my bed and looked out of my window. It was my father but he was doing something unusual, he had left his engine running on the drive and now, he was opening the garage door. My parents never put their cars in the garage, when the house was built, the garage was designed for cars like the Standard Eight or the Morris Seven, they were big cars in their day and two would fit in the garage with room to have a party around them but modern cars were longer and fatter than the old cars, to get two in the garage, one had to be reversed in and the other driven in forwards so that the drivers doors could open into the same space and even then, they only just fitted if you had a shoe horn.

My dad reversed his car into the garage just as my mother pulled off of the road and she sailed straight into the garage. Two more cars followed my mother's off the road, they parked side by side in front of the garage and as their drivers got out, a third car parked in the street across the back if the other two. Paul Cooper was driving one of the two cars parked on the drive and Tony was the driver of the second. Tom Abrahams, Iona's father, was driving the third car, the car that was left out on the road.

All five of them went into the back garden, my mother went into the kitchen to make them all drinks, I relocated to the back bedroom, my mother's hobby room and looked out into the garden, my dad and the other three men were sitting around our garden table.

When mother walked out with a tray, a pitcher of alcoholic cocktail of some kind and five glasses on it, 'nothing unusual there' I thought but something was unusual, while my mother was in the kitchen she stripped herself totally naked. As she walked across our back garden, my father looked in her direction and he didn't even bat an eyelid.

There wasn't actually a seat for my mother at the table so she sat on my father's knee and they did a little smooching. Tom said, "Hey John, Paul tells me that you've just bought a new 'HD' camera, is it any good?"

"I'll show you!"

My father passed my mother over to Tom, sat her on Tom's knee while he came into the house and ran up to his bedroom to fetch his new camera. My mother was unbuttoning Tom's shirt while my father was gone, dad actually filmed my mother pushing Tom's shirt off of his shoulders and then, when Tom was shirtless, he moved my mother from his own knee and over to Paul where she started taking Paul's shirt off. While mum was doing that, dad showed Tom the five minute film that he had just taken.

In the end, my father filmed my mother as she stripped Tom, Paul and Tony off totally and then Tom lay on his back on the grass, mum sat on his cock and she started fucking him cow-girl style...'Well, it looks like my father has got over his objections to my mother fucking other men' jumped into my head. My father was now standing at the side of the table, filming Tom and my mother fucking on the grass. Tony moved next, he knelt at the top of Tom's head and pulled my mother's head down to his cock, so now she was being fucked by Tom while she sucked Tony's cock.

Paul moved in behind her, her, he rubbed his finger against her bottom before looking up at my fqather, "Have you been exercising Vicky's arse muscle John?"

My dad nodded his head, "A few times...yes!"

Paul prised my mother's bum cheeks apart and he slipped his cock into her bottom so now my mother was being fucked by three men at the same time while my father filmed the whole thing on his new camera.

I heard the cooker ping in the kitchen and ran down to see what my mother had been cooking, there was a tray of roast chicken pieces on the bottom shelf of the oven and chips on the top shelf, I spotted the salver that my mother had obviously planned to take the snacks on into the back garden.

My mother had obviously planned to cater their orgy, so I took everything out of the oven and dished it out onto the serving dish. I took paper plates and a pile of napkins out to the garden. "Snacks are ready guys, get it while it's hot!"

'So that's what five people shocked into catatonia looked like!' ran into my head.

It took a while for everyone to get their senses back, the fucking and filming had already stopped and the three men fucking various holes in my mother's body got up off of the ground. They all sat on the chairs that they had been sitting on earlier, I said, "Well, I'll leave you to enjoy your snacks!"

Mum was sitting on Tom's lap, I was grabbed by Tony before I could return to the house, he pulled me onto his lap and whispered in my ear, "Are you shy Dawn?" Tony was looking into my father's eyes as he whispered to me.

I shook my head, "No, I don't think so...why?"

I caught Tony's mouth turning into a smile at my answer and the fact that my father was still standing there, totally naked with his camera against his eye.

Tony pulled my t-shirt out of my jeans and slipped his hands up underneath, he rubbed his palms over my bra covered breasts, "Do you like this Dawn?"

I nodded my head, I was looking at my father, his cock had been flaccid while he had watched my mother fucking three men but now, watching Tony playing with my tits under my t-shirt. I estimated that my father's cock, when erect had been a little smaller than Tom and Glen's cocks up in Newcastle. I couldn't believe that I was actually thinking how it would feel to have my dad's cock in my pussy.

As my father nor my mother were objecting to what Tony was doing with me, he lifted his arms, pulling my t-shirt up my body and over my head. I was pushed forward a few inches and he fumbled behind my back to unfasten my bra strap, my t-shirt and bra was cast down onto the grass and Tony's hands returned to my breasts, mauling them while my father was pointing his camera at my body.

We were like that for a few minutes when Tom said, "Paul...why don't you take over on the camera so that John can help Tony get Dawn's jeans off?"

Paul took the camera from my father and then my dad came over to me, he unfastened my belt and then the button, followed by my zip, Tom told him to pull me off of Tony's lap and my dad pulled my jeans and knickers all the way off.

Well, it had certainly been a very educational three day school trip and it didn't look like it was going to end any time soon…