Credible Witness



RedJohnDoe

Credible Witness

Chapter 1

IN THE CROWN COURT AT PRESTON
R. v. Neil Andrew Garrick
Witness cross-examined by Sir Edmund Vane KC

Q. Mrs. Marlow, you told the jury this morning that you are a chartered accountant.

A. Yes.

Q. With a firm in Leeds.

A. I was.

Q. Where were you working on the night of Saturday the twelfth of September?

A. In Blackpool.

Q. At a public house called The Tiller.

A. Yes.

Q. Doing the books?

A. No.

Q. What were you doing there?

(The witness did not reply.)

THE JUDGE: Mrs. Marlow, you will have to answer the question.

• • •

240 days to trial.

The bedroom window wouldn't shut. It stayed open about an inch whatever she did to it, so the cold air came in through the gap, and so did every word anybody said in the yard behind the pub next door.

The pub was The Tiller. In six days she was going to start work there.

It was her first night in Blackpool and it had rained since she arrived. Tess Marlow had been sitting on the bed in her coat for two hours, because the heater ran off a coin meter and all the money she'd been given was in notes. She was turning her wedding ring round on her finger and listening to three old men in the yard lie to each other.

"Forty-one, I'm telling you," one of them was saying. "Forty-one rabbits and a fox, me and our Kev, out past Pilling on Thursday night. You put the lamp on them and they just sit there, they don't even run, they just sit there looking at you."

"You've never shot forty-one rabbits in your life, Gaz."

"I have, you can ask our Kev."

"You couldn't hit your own arse with both hands."

"I hit your missus all right."

"Aye, you and half of Fleetwood."

That set them laughing, and the laughing turned into coughing. She got up, mostly for something to do, and went to the window.

Two floors down was a square of wet concrete. There was a security light on over the pub's back door and a stack of beer kegs against the wall, and the three of them stood under the light with their pints and smoked. None of them could have been much under fifty, or much over sixty. Gaz was the one with the shaved gray head and the stomach. Next to him stood a thin man in a flat cap, and a wide one who didn't seem to have a neck.

"I forgot to tell you lot," said the one in the cap. "I had that Sheila from the bowls club over her chest freezer on Thursday dinnertime."

"She's only got the one good hip, Frank."

"I know she has, I were holding on to it." Frank drank some of his pint. "I had one in Magaluf in nineteen eighty-eight who took her teeth out first. Put them on the bedside table. Lovely woman, she was."

"You've told us, Frank. You tell that disgusting shit every week."

These were the men Calder had called fools that afternoon, every one of them, and the safest people in England. Tess was deep in thought when the back door banged and a woman came out with a crate of empties.

When she'd dropped it by the bins she came over to the men. In her forties, and not bad-looking. Her hair was dyed red and piled on top of her head, and a big pair of breasts stretched the pub's name wide across the front of her T-shirt. She had long legs in tight jeans and she hadn't bothered with a coat. That would be the other barmaid. Mal's got a woman called Shaz, Calder had said. Shaz took the cigarette out of Frank's mouth and had a long drag on it before she gave it back.

"You'll catch your death out here, Shaz, where's your coat?" said Gaz. "Come here and I'll warm them up for you."

"You couldn't warm a pie, you." She found her own cigarettes. "Are you three out here for a smoke, or are you out here for me? Only I haven't got all night."

"Depends what you're charging these days."

"Same as I was charging last week, you fat bastard, and the week before. It's been twenty quid since before you got that belly."

Gaz put his pint down on a keg, found his wallet somewhere under the fleece and held a twenty-pound note up to the light between two fingers.

"Go on, then," he said.

"You can have ten minutes, I'm back on at half past." She took it, folded it and pushed it down the front of her bra. "And mind my hair, will you, I've got to go back in there."

Tess stopped turning her ring.

It took her a moment. When she understood, what she mostly felt was embarrassed for them, out in the cold at their age, and she thought she ought to get away from the window. But her curiosity didn't let her. What she did was reach behind her and switch off the lamp. If she could see them, they could see her, that was only sense. Then she came back in the dark and stood with her face close to the gap.

"Come on, then, get them out first," said Gaz. "I've been waiting all night for a look."

"You've been having a look all night, you dirty sod, I saw you."

She pulled her T-shirt up anyway and hooked her bra down with one finger. Her breasts fell out over the top of it and hung there in the light, and the cold made her nipples go hard. Gaz took one in each hand. His fingers were yellow to the first knuckle. He lifted them and let them drop, and lifted them again and squeezed until the flesh came out between his fingers.

"Ooh, your hands are freezing, Gaz."

"They'll warm up, love, they always do." He got hold of both nipples and pulled them out slowly until she hissed through her teeth. "Look at that, Frank. They still stand up for old Gaz."

"That's the weather, you daft sod. Don't flatter yourself."

He bent down, which took some doing, and got his mouth on one. Shaz held the back of his shaved head and went on smoking over his shoulder, and after a bit she forgot about the cigarette and let it burn down in her fingers.

"Mm. All right," she said, and her voice had gone lower. "All right, that'll do, you'll have me late. Let's see what you've got for me."

She kicked a flattened cardboard box over to the wall and knelt on it, and then she had to dig about under his stomach to get him undone. His cock came out half hard. Even from up here Tess could see how thick it was, and that it bent off to the left. She had only ever seen one in real life, and it hadn't looked that big and weird.

"Look at you." Shaz had it in her fist and was working along the shaft back and forth, and it was getting bigger while Tess watched. "You've been sat in there thinking about this all night, haven't you?"

"Since you bent over for that crate, love. It's been digging in me for an hour."

"Has it, now? Poor thing." She put her tongue out and licked it slowly from the bottom to the top, and then her mouth closed over the end of it.

The yard was small, and every wet sound Shaz's mouth made came straight up through the window, and so did Gaz.

"Ohh, that's it. That's lovely, that is. Go on, a bit more. A bit more than that, you can take more than that, I've seen you do it." His hand had gone to the back of her head, right in the hair she'd told him to mind. "Ooh, God. Go on, Shaz. Get it all down you."

He pushed until her nose was in the gray hair under his stomach and held her there until she slapped his thigh twice. She came off him coughing, and a string of spit hung from her lip.

"You bastard," she said, coughing, and wiped her eyes. "You nearly had me sick then."

"You love it."

"I don't love shit." She went straight back down on him.

"How many's had that mouth, Shaz?" said Frank. "Go on, how many?"

She pulled off long enough to answer. "Hundreds, Frank. Go to hell."

Tess and Adam had watched porn together, and nobody in it had sounded like this. Adam had never called her anything but Tess, and darling a couple of times on holiday. She thought this was the most disgusting thing she had ever seen, two old men and a woman on her knees in the rain for twenty pounds. But she couldn't stop watching it. Her nipples had gone hard inside her bra.

That was the cold.

"Come on, up you get," said Gaz. "I'm not paying twenty quid for a gobble. Turn round and let's have you."

Shaz got up and wiped her mouth on the back of her hand. She undid her jeans and shoved them down to her knees with her knickers, and bent over the kegs with her feet as wide apart as the jeans would let them go. Her tits hung down under her. Her ass was round. From two floors up Tess could see right between her legs. Shaz was shaved apart from a little strip of red hair, and she was wet already. It shone.

"Go on, then, if you're going to," said Shaz over her shoulder. "It's bloody freezing out here."

Gaz spat on his fingers and rubbed them up and down between her legs, and then he pushed two of them into her up to the knuckles. When he worked them in and out there were slippery sounds.

"Bloody hell, Shaz. You're soaking."

"That's for the twenty quid, Gaz, it's not for you."

"Is it heck. Listen to that, Frank." He pulled his fingers out and held them up, and they shone. "That's not for twenty quid, that."

He pushed them back in and then just stopped. He stood there with his other hand on his cock, Shaz lasted about ten seconds before her hips started to push back on his hand.

"Gaz."

"What, love?"

"Come on."

"Ask nicely, then."

"Oh, for God's sake." She laughed, and it came out shaky. "Please, then. Please will you put it in, I'm freezing to death out here. I want it, all right? I want that fat cock in me."

He took his fingers out and rubbed the end of his cock up and down in the wet, and she pushed back against that too. Then he got his other hand on her hip and leaned. Tess watched it go in. It went in slowly, the whole thick bent length of it, and Shaz's mouth came open and stayed open until his stomach was lying on her back.

"Ohh," she said. "Ohh, you bastard. Oh, that's... aghh, that's right up."

He pulled back until Tess could see the juices on his cock, and then he slammed it in, and the keg knocked against the one behind it. He did it again and again until he had a rhythm going, a flat wet slap every time with a grunt on top of it. Her ass jumped whenever he hit it and her tits swung back and forth under her.

Tess was breathing through her mouth. She had taken her coat off at some point and couldn't have said when, and she was hot, in a room with no heating. The sill came up to the tops of her thighs and she was leaning on it, and when she shifted her weight her knickers slid against her and she knew they were wet. Down there a fat old man was fucking a barmaid over the beer kegs for twenty quid in the rain, and it was disgusting, she was nearly sure it was disgusting, but the way the redhead was enjoying it made it hot, and Tess was aroused as hell. She pressed herself a little harder against the edge of the sill.

Shut the curtain, she told herself. It was right there by her hand.

"Harder," Shaz was saying. "Go on, harder than that. Have you even got it in?"

"Cheeky cow." He brought his hand down on her ass with a crack that came back off the walls and left the red shape of it on her.

"Ow! Yes. Do that again."

He did it again. "Does your Darren do it like this?"

"Does he hell." She was laughing and gasping at once. "Oh, fuck. Oh, fuck, Gaz, there. Keep it there. Don't you move off it."

"I'm not going anywhere, love."

"Fuck my brains out, then, go on. Go on, I want it. Oh, I'm a whore, me, I'm a dirty fucking whore, I don't care who hears it."

It came straight up and Tess felt the word go right through her.

Gaz leaned over and got a fistful of the red hair and pulled her head up. He held her up by it and really went at her then. His other hand was clamped on her hip.

"Tone," he said. "Tone, you've got a twenty, haven't you? Shut her up before she has the whole street out."

Tone came round the kegs undoing his belt and holding out a note, and Shaz took it in her teeth and spat it onto the metal. His cock was short and very thick. "Hello, you," said Shaz, and opened her mouth, and he took hold of her by the head. Now she had one at each end. Every time Gaz rammed into her it drove her forward onto Tone right down to the root, and she had to breathe when she could. Spit ran off her chin and dripped on her tits as they swung.

"What do I get for a tenner, Shaz?" said Frank.

She held one hand out to the side and waggled her fingers, and Frank unbuttoned himself.

"Oh, that's good, Shaz," he said after a bit. "That's good. Slow down, love, I'm not as young as I was."

Tess's hand had come up. It was lying flat on her stomach so she put the hand back on the sill. Adam would have done Jean's tablets by now. She tried to picture it, Adam in the back bedroom with the little plastic box, but down in the yard Frank was saying "that's good, that's good" and the picture went away. Her thighs were shaking from being pressed together. She was rocking against the edge of the sill, only slightly, and she made herself stop, and a few seconds later she caught herself at it again.

Shaz's legs were shaking now. She pulled her mouth off Tone and got both hands flat on the metal.

"Oh, God. Oh, God, Gaz, I'm going to cum, don't stop, don't you fucking stop, I'm cumming, I'm..." He went at her with his whole weight until she was up on her toes, and she came. It went on and on while her back shook and her knees gave and he held her up by the hips and kept fucking her through it.

"That's it," he said through his teeth. "That's it, I can feel you going. Oh, God, Shaz. I'm going to cum in you, love, I'm going to fill you right up, and you can go back in there and pull pints with it running down your leg."

"Do it, then." She could hardly get the words out. "Go on. I want it."

He shoved in as far as he could get and stopped, and his head went back and his whole stomach shook.

Tess had never heard a woman make that noise. But she'd been doing an impression of it for her husband four nights a week for four years. Hers had a little catch in the breath that she'd been quite proud of.

Gaz pulled out and stood back to get his breath, and his cock hung down wet out of his jeans. His cum ran out of her. Tess could see it, a slow white line down the inside of her thigh.

"Go on, then, Tone," said Gaz, and slapped her ass. "I've warmed it up for you."

"You've got about five minutes, Tone," said Shaz without lifting her head, "and I want to lie down for yours, if that's all right with everybody, because these kegs are cutting me in half."

Tone wasn't a talker. He took her by the hips, turned her round and lifted her, sat her on the kegs and pushed her back until she was lying across them with her head hanging off. He dragged one of her legs out of her jeans, shoe and all, and put it up on his shoulder. Now she was wide open under the light and Tess could see everything, her cunt still open and Gaz's cum shining in it. She had never seen another woman like that in her life.

Tone held his cock and rubbed the end of it round in the mess, and shoved.

"Ohh, Christ, Tone. Oh, you're so thick, you're splitting me. Go on, you ugly bastard, get it all in."

Tone fucked her very hard. He lifted her off the metal on every stroke and never once looked at her face. Gaz had his pint back, and he reached over and took one of her tits and twisted the nipple, and she arched up off the kegs swearing at him.

"Get off, Gaz. Tone, don't listen to him, you keep doing that. Ohh. Ohh, that's deep, I can feel it in my stomach. Go on, fill me up."

Her head had dropped back over the edge of the kegs and the rain was falling on her face. Upside down like that, she was looking straight up at the back of the chip shop, at the top floor, at this window. Her eyes were shut.

Tess didn't move back. Her hand had gone down between her legs and it was pressed there through her skirt, right on her clit, and she was pushing against it. It was so good that her eyes nearly closed. You're a married woman, she thought, take your hand away. She gave it one more push, and her knees nearly went. Then Shaz started moaning again, and Tess dug the nails of her other hand into the sill and took the hand away, because if she didn't do it then she never would.

Tone pulled out with the only sound he'd made all night and finished over her stomach and tits in about six strokes of his fist. "Not on the T-shirt, you animal," she said, and held it out of the way. Frank was the only one left. She'd had him in her hand the whole time, and she kept wanking him with his eyes shut, but he had only ever got half hard, and now he was going soft in her fingers. After a bit he gave up and opened his eyes.

"It's this weather, Shaz," he said. "It must be the cold."

"It's always the cold with you, Frank, isn't it?" She let go of his limp cock and climbed down off the kegs. Tess felt sorry about that old man with erectile dysfunction.

She wiped herself with a bar towel from her pocket, got her leg back in her jeans, picked the note up off the keg and held her hand out to Frank until he found a ten. "That's fifty, thank you, gentlemen, and same time tomorrow if you're good," she said, and put it down her

bra with the other one. "And you've made me late, you old bastards, Mal's going to go mad." She lit a cigarette and went in, and the door banged behind her.

Tess should have moved then, but her legs weren't right. Her hips were still pressed to the sill and her mouth was open when Gaz, tucking himself away, looked up to see if it was still raining.

"Someone's moved in up there," he said.

"What, over the chippy? That's been empty since Christmas."

"Light were on before, and now it's off. I think there's a girl by the window." He took a step away from the wall and shaded his eyes from the security light with one big hand. He was looking straight at her. He couldn't see her clearly, she knew he couldn't, the room was dark. "All right up there, love?" he shouted. "Did you enjoy that?"

Frank called out that there was plenty left, and that set him coughing.

Tess couldn't move her legs. She was shocked to find out she'd been caught. She stood looking down at Gaz without breathing until he grinned and picked up his pint, and they went in.

Then she pulled the curtain and sat on the bed in the dark. When she could, she took off her knickers, which were soaked through, rinsed them in the bathroom sink with hand soap and hung them on the cold heater. She was thirty-one. She had a first-class degree in mathematics and a husband she loved. A week ago she had been in a meeting in Leeds telling a finance director his figures were wrong, and in six days she would be standing next to that woman, pulling pints for those men.

• • •

Want to read ahead? More chapters are waiting on my Patreon:
https://www.patreon.com/c/redjohndoeorg