



The Initiation

Domination in
Darlington

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By [Miranda Birch](#)

It may be the '60s, but there is no Carnaby Street nor Abbey Road here, rather smoking factory chimney stacks and mill whistles in the early morning. "It's grim up North" — but not *all* the time. The factory girls still find time to have some fun, especially with naïve young lads who don't know quite what is going on...

A group of velvet dommes show that female power can do without whips and chains!

These girls are big, bold, brazen and bossy, and always get what they want!

"You want to keep away from them women," pronounced Mr Braithwaite slowly and distinctly, as if propounding a great truth. "Some of 'em 'd eat a young lad like you alive." Arthur Burton felt himself flushing as he realised that his covert glance at the two women had been picked up by the older man sitting opposite him. Mr Braithwaite puffed at his pipe. "Some of what I've heard don't bear repeating."

It was Arthur Burton's first week at Greatton Boilermakers and at eighteen it was also his first job. He was a trainee manager, and soon would be upstairs in the office with the other staff, but first he had to learn the business from the shop floor up, and so he was on a three-month assignment with Mr Braithwaite, one of the foremen. About sixty per cent of the total workforce were women, on the light operations and assembly side, and he found this fact a bit difficult to cope with. He had never been close to so many women before, in fact had never been close to any except his mother and sister — and they hardly counted.

A lot of the women here not exactly what you would call modest, blushing maidens either. They were brash, loud, self-confident and challenging, and also very ready with an ambiguous remark which, if you were an inexperienced eighteen year old like Arthur, could leave you floundering. It was a bit frightening... but exciting too, in a strange sort of way.

The two women he had been sneaking frequent glances at as he sat with Mr Braithwaite in the canteen were very much in the 'scary but exciting' category. They were at a table just a few yards away and he had noticed them several times before. There was a brunette called Ada, and a red-head whose name he thought was Brenda. They were both older, about thirtyish say, and both were big, strapping girls with full breasts and broad hips and solid but shapely thighs, all clearly outlined by the thin blue work overall the shop floor girls wore.

Because of the heat the women usually wore the overall instead of a dress, with just bra and knickers underneath. Arthur had heard it said that some of the women dispensed with underwear and were completely nude under their overall. He had no idea if that was true but just the thought of it could really get his blood pounding. And when he saw the likes of Ada and Brenda scant feet away from him, and thought of what might be just under that thin layer of cotton, well...

It was exactly these sorts of thoughts which were in Arthur Burton's mind now as he not-so-surreptitiously watched the two women, Ada and Brenda. Ada was sitting facing him with her tight short skirt showing a lot of thigh. He wondered what was under that skirt... then flushed as it suddenly seemed her big brown eyes were focused on him even as she continued chatted with her companion.

Don't look now, but he's blushing," Ada Brumby told Brenda Carter.

Brenda made a growling sound like a tigress. "I'd make him blush if I got him in a quiet corner! I'd eat him alive! Oooh, I just love to get my teeth into one of those young lads; especially one like that, all wet behind the ears."

"Why don't we then?"

"What?" asked Brenda, through a covert glance across at the other table, where that great ninny Braithwaite sat talking to her prey.

"You know, a little, er, what you might call 'initiation' ceremony. Like we did with that young Jack Halley."

"Ooh! Don't remind me! I've got half a days work still to get through — I'll be bloody dripping!"

Ada stifled a giggle. "Shush!"

"No, but that was out of this world. But, we'd have to be careful; this one's a trainee not an apprentice. And there's that old ponce Braithwaite. If *he* got wind of anything..."

"Well then," said Ada, her eyes, glinting. "I'll organise it. I can get rid of my Ron one evening — send him to visit his mum or something — and then we'll have a right party. Oooh 'e is smashing though, ain't 'e? I'm wetting my pants just looking at him!"

You had to be careful of course because there were a lot of nosey parkers about. Old gits like Mr. Braithwaite for instance, and you had to be bloody damned careful with the other women. They were all blabber-mouths for one thing. Also, despite the way they talked, the most of them were right prudes, 'once a week after Sunday lunch' types. If they got to hear anything was going on there'd be trouble.

Ada bided her time. A couple of days later she was able to 'accidentally' bump into the young trainee in a quiet corner where no one could see.

He was startled and embarrassed. Clearly inexperienced with girls, Ada could tell that from his reaction to their brief moment of physical contact. And that, to Ada, was a big turn on. She had a job keeping calm. She kept their brief first encounter low-key and friendly — but made sure her shoulders were well back so that he got a good eyeful of the big breasts of which she was so proud.

He said he was in digs and came from somewhere down south. Still finding his way around, and didn't know many people yet. There was a bit of general chat, while Ada made sure he continued to get a good view of her boobs; then, controlling her excitement, she said as casually as she could, "I'm thinking of having a party. Would you like to come? Might give you a chance to meet some new people."

Would he! Flushing, Arthur said yes at once. "But — don't tell *anyone*," she told him, waving an admonitory finger. "Especially not that old windbag Braithwaite. It'll be just a few people I know and also I might have it when my husband's away, so... you know. Dead secret — right?"

Arthur, gazing at her breasts and thinking of an absent husband, was struck dumb. He just nodded. He couldn't believe his luck! He followed instructions and didn't say anything to anybody. He also didn't say much to Ada at work, beyond a normal greeting, as she had said it was better not to. It was all a little bit mysterious — but also jolly exciting. A week after her initial contact, Ada came quietly up and asked if he could make it the next evening. He said yes, of course. He could hardly wait!

Ada's address was a terraced house in an area of town he didn't know, but he found a bus to take him to the top of the street, and walked down. Ada had said her husband might be away and he was. In his place, so to speak, there were four women. Just four women. Ada, Brenda and two others he didn't recognise. "No other men?" queried Arthur with a nervous little laugh.

"No, we're going to share you out between us," joked Ada. There was some excited-sounded laughter from the others. Ada went on to ask what he wanted to drink. He asked for beer, and she handed him a glass and a bottle of Carling Black Label.

She was looking *very* sexy in a tight pink sleeveless top which showed off her big tits and a very short skirt displaying a good part of those large but shapely thighs which had so excited Arthur's imagination when he saw them outlined against the tight thin cotton of her overall at work. Her legs were bare and she was wearing shoes with a very high heel.

Arthur was introduced to the two women he hadn't seen before. Mary Ann was a good bit older, forty if she was a day, but still attractive in an older woman sort of way. She had longish, black, curly hair. She was quite modestly dressed in a blouse and a full skirt, but Arthur noticed that quite a few buttons on the blouse were open, and a lacy bra could just be seen peeping out, nestling two large creamy-white breasts. She not as tall as Ada but rather broader.

The other one, Doreen, was much younger, but still older than he was, twenty-five maybe, a slim blonde also in blouse and skirt. Brenda of course he knew though he'd never spoken to her beyond saying hello. Like Ada she wore a short, tight skirt, hers of black slinky material. He also noticed she had stockings on, for when she sat down opposite him he got a glimpse of nylon top, milky-white thigh and the clasps of black suspender straps.

"So now the guest of honour is here," smiled Ada, sitting next to Arthur on the settee. There was some more of that excited laughter from the women. Arthur took a nervous sip of his beer. "Guest of honour?"

"Of course; didn't I tell you? Or perhaps I forgot. Anyway, it's a Greatton's custom, or I think it is, isn't it Brenda?"

Brenda said, "It's our custom at least," and laughed.

"Yes," said Ada. "A sort of initiation ceremony for new boys."

Arthur blinked. He didn't know what to say to that. Ada put her hand on his thigh. "You see, Arthur, a lot of men are very aggressive with women, but that's basically because they're ignorant. If they could be more submissive they'd be a lot happier."

Brenda from the sofa opposite put in, "And so would we. So we're going to give you a little introduction, Arthur. Nothing painful, but just so you get the idea. Like Ada says, it's what every young boy should have."

He looked uneasily around. He saw four women of varying ages and looks, but all with eager, expectant faces. "Look, what is all this...?"

Ada's hand was still on his thigh, and now she gave it a squeeze.

"Don't worry, Arthur. Just be a good boy! If you're sensible you'll quite enjoy it."

She looked at the others.

"Are we ready to start then?"

"Count me out," said the youngish one. "I'm only here for the beer — and for a look of course."

"I'll start," said Mary Ann, getting to her feet, her face rather flushed. She had obviously been laying in to the booze before Arthur arrived. "What I like... is to spank a young boy's bum."

"On the bare of course," laughed Brenda.

"Of course — what other way is there? You always have to take a naughty boy's trousers down!"

Suddenly in spite of his protestations they were all grouped around him, pulling him to his feet. They got his jacket off and Ada then got a firm grip on his arms, her body pressed up against his back with those big breasts squashed against his shirt. Arthur struggled ineffectually. All four of them were too much for him. Mary Ann, bending down, was at his belt, and then the zip of his jeans. He tried to kick but Brenda got down and grabbed his ankles. Mary Ann, grunting, got his belt unbuckled then zipped down the jeans. With a yelp of excitement she dragged down both jeans and underpants.

It had all happened in no time at all. With arms and legs still immobilised Arthur was bare from waist to knees. Red-faced he felt his organ stiffening. Oh, no!

"Oooh, look!" squealed Mary Ann. "He's getting a hard-on. You naughty boy! Didn't your mum tell you not to wave your willy in front of respectable ladies!"

He was now fully erect. He felt slightly faint as Mary Ann took hold of it in a be-ringed hand. Squeezing it she pronounced, "Yes, I'll have to give you an extra good tanning for this, you randy little sod!"

She backed away then, back up to the settee, where she sat down heavily. With Ada still holding his arms, Arthur was pushed down over Mary Ann's lap. He felt the silky material of the dress against his stiff cock— at least it was out of sight for the moment, not sticking out for all to see. But his bare backside was on display, right in the centre of Mary Ann's lap. Arthur felt her hand patting and stroking it. He had never been so embarrassed in his life, but there was nothing he could do about it. Her hand lifted... and came smacking crisply down with considerable force.

"Ow!"

He struggled a bit then, but there was nothing he could do against the three of them. Mary Ann's hand kept coming down, again and again, smack, smack, smack,... The rest were laughing and shouting things, with Brenda in particular egging the spanker on. Ada, who still had hold of his arms, was kneeling close in front of him so that his head was pushed up against her breasts. The

whole thing was just so totally unexpected that Arthur could scarcely believe it was happening. But it was!

The spanking seemed to go on and on. Then at last Ada said, "OK, he's had enough now," and let go of his arms. Mary Ann's hand gave his bare bum a last hefty whack, then slipped in between his legs and took hold of his balls.

Desperately exerting himself Arthur broke loose from her other arm which was round his waist and rolled off on to the floor. His penis was still quiveringly erect. Feverishly he grabbed at his shirt-tails, then his pants and jeans, while the women watched and laughed and made various ribald comments.

When he had got his clothes back on Ada pulled him down on the settee next to her.

"That wasn't so bad, was it?" she asked.

"You... you buggers!" he blurted out.

"Well, we're hardly that, are we, darlin'?" laughed Mary Ann.

"Now then!" said Ada in a mock admonishing tone. "We can't have that kind of talk." She got hold of one of his arms and twisted it behind his back. "Apologise!" she smiled.

"Bugger off!" he hissed — then yelped as his arm was twisted sharply up, bringing an excruciating pain.

"Apologise, dear little Arthur," repeated Ada.

There was nothing he could do, the pain was killing. With tears springing suddenly to his eyes he mumbled an apology.

"Nice and clear, so all the girls can hear!" she ordered.

"Sorry!" he spat out.

"That's better," said Ada, letting go of his arm. As he rubbed it she pulled him towards her again. "That's a good boy." Suddenly she took his face in both hands and her mouth was on his and she was kissing him and her tongue, big and wet, was invading his mouth. Ada prolonged the kiss, her tongue filling his mouth, until he was gasping for breath. Then she abruptly let go and got up.

"Right, my lad," she said in a business-like manner, "I'll get you another drink and then it's time for a bit more initiation. Are you sure you don't want a go, Doreen?"

Doreen shook her head. She hadn't got involved in any of the grabbing but had been avidly watching it all, her face pink with excitement.

"I'll be next then," said Brenda with a big grin. It made her look like a tigress about to pounce on her prey.

"Wrestling, I suppose?" queried Ada and Brenda said, "What else?" and flexed her shoulders, laughing.

Arthur took a great big swallow of beer in an attempt to calm himself. This was all like some kind of fantastic dream. And what were they talking about now? Wrestling?

"You are going to have a little wrestling match with 'Big Brenda' now," said Ada. "She's our current champion you know!" She reached behind a cushion, then tossed something onto his lap. "You can wear those for your wrestling trunks."

Arthur looked down — and saw a pair of women's knickers! Pink knickers!

Red-faced, Arthur started to protest but Ada cut him short. "Come on, don't be silly! You've got to wear something... and we can't have you in your Y-fronts." Her tone became sharp. "Come on now! Don't muck about. You can go in the bedroom and put them on if you're shy, but hurry up — or we'll put them on for you. You're to wear just the knickers, mind."

Remembering his twisted arm. He choked back the vulgar words of abuse that came to his mouth, He looked around at the four women. All eyes were excitedly upon him.

"Come on," urged Brenda. "It's only a bit of fun."

He hesitated again, then got up. Ada took him by the hand, led him to the bedroom, and shut the door on him. There, in her bedroom, behind the closed door, Arthur was trembling with emotion, but there was clearly no choice. They had said they would strip him by force if they had to. And he had already had it made plain to him that he was no match for the four of them — or rather the three, for he remembered Doreen had taken no part in things so far. But that was of scant comfort.

He stripped off and then pulled on the pink knickers. They were brief and tight, also semi-transparent, so that you could see him bulging out. Having Ada's nylon knickers on gave him a funny, sexy feeling and he felt himself begin to get another erection. He willed it to go away but it wouldn't... Voices from the other room called for him to hurry up. After a despairing look down, he opened the door.

There were immediate shouts of raucous admiration. Ada: "Ooh, what a sexy young body!" Mary Ann: "Oh, look, the naughty lad's got another hard-on!" Brenda just growled, her eyes smouldering.

Arthur's eyes, not knowing where to look, came to rest on Brenda. She was standing and had taken off the short skirt and the tight blouse. Stripped to her underwear, it was clearer than ever that she wasn't called 'Big Brenda' for nothing. She was now wearing only a large lilac bra, a skimpy pair of matching lilac knickers and a black suspender belt fastening her black nylon stockings. She still had her high-heels on.

He gulped. In her present outfit Brenda looked extremely sexy but more than a little frightening. In her high heels she was a whole inch taller than him. She definitely weighed more than him too, for Arthur was lightly built. He also didn't know much about wrestling — well nothing, to be

honest — if that was what they were really going to do. Ada took his arm and led him out into the middle of the room. Brenda came forward to stand two paces away. She was smiling but there was a gleam in her green eyes and he could sense that this was no game to her.

Ada said, "We want to see fair play, mind! Keep those nails to yourself Brenda!"

Brenda reached out her hands. Her nails were long and painted. Tentatively Arthur reached out to. Their fingers touched. He could see her full white thighs tensing, her eyes watchful. Then suddenly she flipped his hands back and was in close, her arms around him in a bear hug. And then one of those powerful legs was up and behind his knee, collapsing it, and he went down with Brenda's full weight on top of him.

By the time he realised what had happened Arthur was on his back on the carpet with Brenda sitting on his chest, her knees on his upper arms and her hands holding his spread out on either side of his head.

He could kick his legs but that was all and it didn't do much good. Suddenly he felt someone grab his cock. then Ada's voice said sharply, "cut that out, Mary Ann; you've had your turn." The hand went away, and Brenda was smiling down at him, saying, "Now what're you going to do, little Arthurkins, hmmm?"

Then, she bent her head forward and down so that her shoulder-length auburn hair swung down just far enough to brush his face. Brenda moved her head, tickling his mouth and nose with her hair. "You look so sweet down there, Artie," she laughed.

"Cut it out," he spluttered, jerking his head from side to side trying to escape the teasing hair. "Let me get up!"

"Do you submit then?" Brenda asked, lifting her bottom, transferring her weight to her knees and pressing them down into his upper arms.

"No... OK, yes..." he gasped. "Just let me up!"

Brenda didn't answer but lifted one leg and brought it round under his head. Then, still holding his hands, she suddenly swung over to lie on her side on the carpet at the same time bringing her legs together so that she now had Arthur's neck gripped between her thighs. He was still held helpless, the full white thighs and taut knickers now just inches from his face. "Let me up!" he gasped again.

"In a minute," she told him. "First I've got to give you a taste of my special suffocation hold. It's just the thing for young inexperienced boys!"

She let go of his hands to grip his head and at the same time momentarily relaxed her thigh grip. Quickly sliding herself up a few inches her thighs got a new grip, this time on his head. Then she pushed the back of his head with her hands, forcing his face hard in against the crotch of her scanty knickers. Arthur struggled, helpless, while Brenda held him there. Eyes glassy, she began to grind herself against his face.

The other women were looking on with tense excitement. Doreen exhaled noisily, feeling a hot tingle between her own thighs at the thought of what it must feel like. The other two were thinking exactly the same thing. The only sound was some squealing groans from Brenda. finally Ada tersely said, "Not too long: we don't want him suffocating."

She knelt down and grabbed Brenda by one shoulder. After a moment, Brenda gave a final squeal and relaxed her grip, opening her thighs. Arthur was red in the face and took deep spluttering breaths. It had been simply overwhelming. Mind-crunching. the world obliterated by the all-encompassing soft female flesh and the sharply pungent woman odour hard against his nostrils. Simply overwhelming.

He shook his head weakly. Focusing his eyes he saw Ada bending over him. "Alright?" she asked. He blinked at her, still panting for breath. She pulled him to his feet. "I reckon you need another drink." Brenda, still breathing heavily, said "That was only one submission. We need two submissions."

"I submit," he said, now sitting on the settee with another drink in a somewhat shaky hand. "Let me get my bloody clothes on."

"No," said Brenda, shaking her head decisively. "He can't just say, 'submit'. He's got to fight again." the others agreed loudly. Ada said he wasn't hurt and it was good fun, wasn't it? Arthur didn't answer. Fun was the last thing he would have called it. Quite what he *would* call it he wasn't sure. On the face of it he hated what they were doing, but he was aware of a certain part of him that liked it, was excited by it even.

Ada put her arm round him. "Come on, love, be good — or we *might* make you wrestle in the nude!"

Reluctantly he got to his feet to face Brenda again. He didn't have any confidence that he could beat her. She was just too strong: those big solid arms which had held his seemingly with ease, those crushing thighs which had clasped so devastatingly round his head.

Warily his outstretched fingers touched hers. Their hands met and then they were tightly together, each gripping round the other's waist. He strained, not giving way... then Brenda seemed to weaken. They went down, Brenda underneath, but as they hit the floor she twisted on her side like a slippery but powerful fish.

All at once Arthur was on his back again, with Brenda lying full length on top of him. His dazed head was conscious of excited cheers from the other women. He struggled but without much hope of doing anything.

"Got you again," she breathed, holding his arms outstretched. Brenda's head came down and she squashed her face against his. Her mouth was on his and her tongue was pushing in, as Ada's tongue had done, forcing his lips open, filling his mouth.

"Hey, no kissing!" he heard Mary Ann say. "We don't want that. Let's see the suffocation hold again."

Brenda paid no heed. Eventually she took her tongue out and pulled her mouth away. She smiled wickedly down at him. "Is that what you want, Arthur? The suffocation hold?"

He shook his head, remembering. The thought was frightening, but at the same time had a frightening attraction. "Let me up," he said. "I submit."

Brenda's eyes had that intent look again. "I'll let you submit but first I think I *should* put that hold on you again. By popular request. And also to make sure you remember what it's like."

She pressed down with her hands at the same time lifting her body up, to straddle his chest as before. With her knees on his upper arms she then raised her bottom. The full white thighs were on either side of Arthur's head again. He could have struggled but he didn't. She did a slow splits sliding her knees apart and gradually lowering herself. Arthur closed his eyes... and took a deep breath as she came down.

Mary Ann gave an excited squeal as Brenda sat firmly down on her young victim's face. Brenda herself gave a gasping groan and started squirming her big bottom. Something like forty seconds later Ada was again having to tell her to get off for a bit and give him some air... She did, for a few seconds, and then as she came down again Arthur saw a vast expanse of pale white flesh and realised that she had pulled her knickers down. "Oh la-la!" came a shout from one of the girls, he couldn't tell who. Then the big bare bum wholly engulfed Arthur's face. Brenda rocked too and fro, moaning to herself...

Once more, a dazed Arthur found himself sitting on the settee. He hardly knew how he had got there. He could still almost feel the pressure of that big bare bottom squashing down on him. Another drink was put in his hand. He thought vaguely that if he kept taking in the beer at the rate he had been doing he wouldn't know what was happening anyway.

Brenda said, "Now it's your turn, Ada. What're you going to do: wrestle?"

Ada looked at Arthur. "Perhaps he's had enough. He's only a young lad." He didn't answer.

"Yes, I think he has," she said. "Brenda gave him a pretty hard time and we don't want any problems. Anyway I'm not too sure when my Ron's getting back. I think we better pack it in."

She told Arthur to go and get his clothes on, amid protests from Brenda and Mary Ann. He went to the bedroom. When he came back, dressed, there was still some argument about the proceedings terminating when they thought there was more fun to be had.

Ada said, "Well perhaps we can have another party with our lovely lad some time soon, eh?" Arthur gave a wan grin. Brenda and Mary Ann each gave him a big aggressive kiss, and Doreen gave him a little hug. Ada said she would see Arthur home got home alright. There was some raucous comment about that!

Then they were all gone. He was alone with Ada. What now? She smiled at him. "No hurry. Isn't it nice and quite without that noisy Mary Ann? how about another drink?"

He said, "No thanks." Ada had one and they sat on the settee again. She seemed sort of expectant, as if waiting for something, and sure enough in a few minutes the door bell rang.

Smiling, she got up and went to the door. When she came back, Doreen was with her — looking a bit embarrassed.

"Well, well," said Ada, "what a surprise!" But it obviously wasn't a surprise. "She's a little bit shy," Ada added, smiling again. "And she thought she'd like it to be just the three of us. Isn't that right, Doreen? Come on Arthur, give her a nice kiss."

Doreen had certainly been acting differently from the others, much less aggressively. She was attractive all right, a softly pretty face framed by her bobbed blonde hair. Like the others she wore a wedding ring. Suddenly standing up Arthur, filled with Dutch courage, abruptly put his arms round her and kissed her. She felt considerably more fragile than Brenda, and there was no aggressive business with the tongue. Feeling bolder he pushed his own tongue out and into her mouth. She didn't try to stop him.

He broke off then, and they all sat down together on the settee, Arthur between the two women. He still wasn't clear what it was in aid of and why Ada had got rid of the other two like that. As if in answer Ada said, "Doreen wants to do something but she's too shy in front of the others."

Arthur looked from one to the other. Ada was smiling. Doreen looking embarrassed but was trying to smile as well. Suddenly he knew what it was.

As if reading his thoughts, Ada said, "the poor sweet girl's never done it before."

The 'poor sweet girl', looking rather embarrassed, said "I... I'd just like to know what it feels like."

"Of course you would, Doreen; and dear Arthur's going to be co-operative for you, aren't you, Arthur?"

She put one arm round his neck and squeezed. He shivered. The thought of what Doreen wanted to do was, as with Brenda, scary but compellingly attractive. He fancied he could handle Doreen in a wrestling match but he knew they weren't talking about actual wrestling.

"Wrestling?" he asked, and Ada laughed. "Oh, no, not wrestling Arthur, because you would be too strong for her. She's not a big girl like Brenda. So you'll have to co-operate — unless you want me to help her."

He felt slightly faint. Maybe it was all that beer — or just this whole unbelievable evening. "Mr Braithwaite warned me about you," he told her. "I should have taken some notice."

She laughed. "Oh no — think what you'd have missed!" And then she pulled him down on the settee. "Just be a good boy and keep still. And let Doreen have *her* initiation."

He lay motionless on his back. Doreen was saying "I feel so naughty!" and giggling nervously, while at the same time pulling up her skirt. He saw long shapely thighs and brief white knickers.

She got on the settee, kneeling, astride his head, and then came down with a strangled gasp of anticipation.

He reached up and put his hands on her waist as she began writhing her hips and moaning. This time he found he could breathe, just about, and there wasn't that feeling of suffocation. Instead just a quite fantastic sensation — the gripping thighs, the tight moist nylon, and that quivering hot part of her that was being feverishly rubbed against his face. He lay there, holding her waist, his own organ stiffly erect.

He was suddenly aware of Ada's breath hot on his cheek. She placed a finger inside the crotch of Doreen's knickers, and pulled the scanty material aside.

"You've already kissed Doreen on the lips. Why don't you give her a kiss there too?" Her other hand was firmly behind his head. He placed his mouth on Doreen's sex, and thrust his tongue in. Doreen howled with delight. "Shhhh!" said Ada, giggling. "You'll wake the bloody street." Doreen moaned loudly in response.

Afterwards Doreen said she had never felt *anything* like it before, it was fantastic, unbelievable, and a whole lot more; and she wanted to meet him again, and soon, if Ada wasn't keeping him all to herself. Perhaps it could just be the two of them, if Ada didn't mind. All of a sudden, Doreen didn't seem so shy.

She left and Arthur was left alone with Ada again. "You're making them all very happy," she said, "but I haven't had any fun of my own yet."

What did you say to that? She put her hand on his leg. "Anyway my husband Ron could come back at any moment. What would happen if he found me here alone with a handsome young man?"

It was an aspect he had not considered before. Now she mentioned it, it sounded distinctly alarming. Ada's hand moved to cup the crotch of his jeans. Clearly, she had decided that *would* after all like a little taste of what Brenda and Doreen had had.

"I'd just have to say that you were my young slave. A young slave who keeps getting very horny." The hand began un-zipping his jeans. He was indeed erect again. She pulled it out.

Arthur's eyes slid apprehensively over to the door.

"Look... he's not coming back, is he?"

"I don't know," she said, beginning to masturbate him. "If he does all I can say is that I had to do this because you were so horny."

He didn't know if she was joking or not. The fear that the door *might* suddenly open only made the heady excitement of having Ada do this all the more intense.

Suddenly Ada removed her hand and swung her thigh over and then Arthur was inside of her and she was sitting up on top of him, cupping her breasts in her hands, stroking her nipples and

moaning. Arthur wasn't sure what to do now, but an experienced girl like Ada had no trouble managing pretty much on her own, and riding a passive Arthur she indeed was able to achieve very full satisfaction.

Half an hour later, the door did open. But it was only Ada, letting her new young protege go at last. The evening's initiation was over.

On the bus home, Mr Braithwaite's words came back to Arthur's mind: "Keep away from them women..." Did Mr Braithwaite know *this* sort of thing went on? He flopped down on his bed, emotionally drained. Vaguely he had the feeling, though, *if* he recovered, he'd be letting them do it all again.

This book's code is: 1ikngL4ikv

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