

DIARY OF A CONTEMPORARY WOMAN



Lucy Russell

Single for the first time in 15 years,
Angelique rediscovers her true self..

**DIARY OF A
CONTEMPORARY
WOMAN**

LUCY PUSSETT

Diary of a Contemporary Woman by Lucy Pussett

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This is a work of fiction. All characters, organisations, and events portrayed in this novel are either products of author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

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This book is dedicated to my Partner who has been right beside me throughout this journey.

From shared ideas and being brutally honest when not happy with my suggestions to being highly supportive. This book would not be read by anyone. It would still be a large word document sat on my desktop!

Everything, literally everything other than writing this book, has been my amazing life partner.

My Parents have been proof readers and combined Editors in Chief. Crazy to think our relationship with them is so beautiful, so strong, that we felt we could call upon them to work on a book of Erotic Fiction! Thank you both sincerely for just being so cool.

CHAPTER ONE

Angelique

Hi. I'm Angelique. My father is Italian, originally from Amalfi, my mother is French, from Paris. I was born and raised in Brighton, England.

When I say my mother is from Paris, she will roll her eyes and let me know firmly that it is “important, Angelique, to be precise when talking to people about your family history and such. We are from the 7th Arrondissement, which forms the most affluent & prestigious residential area in the whole of France.” If you knew my mother, you'd already know this. She can't get enough of telling people where she is from. It's a bit

like people living in Brighton who then swiftly correct you that “It’s Hove, actually.”

I have one sibling, a sister. 30 years old, pretty rather than beautiful, can play the cute/coy little girl to get what she wants, better than anyone breathing. The deal with my parents was for my father to have his daughters take his surname not my mother’s; she got to decide upon our Christian names. So, my sister was called Aveline. Literally translates as “little Hazelnut tree.” Go figure right? Luckily for her, it’s a pretty name which suits her and since we live in Brighton, it’s not like anyone asks or cares what it actually means.

I’m single. Well, I am now and live with my best friend, Gareth who is also single. Before you all go thinking “Ah ha, both single just the best of friends are we, Angelique?!” Yes, just friends. Gareth is gay and our relationship whilst close is definitely not a sexual one nor indeed a potentially sexual one. Don’t worry, you’ll have plenty to get excited about following my adventures but thinking about sex between Gareth and I, is not one of them.

We share a spacious, gorgeous, 2 Bedroom flat just off Seven Dials about half a mile from Brighton train station. Last month, we decided to rescue a dog as both animal lovers. Neither of us grew up with pets as our

mothers did not care for animals in the house. Working different hours to one another, we could ensure he or she had plenty of company. So, we've ended up with Ralph, a Springer Spaniel.

So, why am I single?

Well, I dated James for 3 years. Lovely man who works in his family business which owned numerous holiday cottages around the South Coast. He worked hard, but not a workaholic which I liked about him. There was little to dislike about him helped by his good looks and strong physique.

So, all good then Angelique? What's the problem? In a single word, a singular adjective? "Bored" and "Boring".

Always sigh after saying this as A) I feel bad, bit bitchy and B) It's just such a shame. Had he the personality, spark, imagination and excitement in the bedroom who knows, I may have married him one day but he didn't. I was bored, dying inside to be honest. When as a woman, you make excuses to work later than you have to rather than come home, looking forward to seeing that person.... Well, you're not being entirely honest with yourself are you? Lived like this for 12 months give or take, in the insane hope that someone would inject his character with what I felt was missing.

I had to get out.

To suggest James was not sexually adventurous would be an understatement. James could make Vanilla ice cream appear the most exotic ice cream ever made. Who needs Salted Caramel, when we have plain ol' Vanilla right?

On some lazy Saturday afternoon, I had suggested that perhaps we could explore a Threesome – You know another guy join us, another girl, his choice even. Of course, I thought the whole girl joining us thing would get a slight rise of the eyebrows. Instead, he looked at me and said “What’s wrong with our sex life, Angelique? Why would I want to have a random stranger enter our world?”

I said, “Oh I don’t know James, because this isn’t 1700 and couples can explore their sexuality these days and you know shake it up, create some excitement.”

James responded, “Hmmm, well, it’s been a while since your last lesbian experience so yeah, let’s go with that. I can feel utterly left out whilst you and some girl make out and I feel insignificant and invisible.”

“Why would I make you feel left out? I’m trying to save our relationship by creating some stimulus, James!”

“Oh wow, you actually think you save a relationship by having sex with other people?!”

“I don’t know James, but I’m bored. I’m too young to feel this old, tired and frustrated.”

“Oh nice, Angelique that’s just lovely. James, you’re boring and predictable in the bedroom.”

“Well, there’s not a whole lot of passion is there? You expect a Blowjob after 5 pints with your mates down the pub and that counts as foreplay to you! Half the time you don’t stay properly hard, so makes me wonder how much you actually even fancy me.”

31 when I started dating James and am 34 now. Did I struggle with being faithful in my 20s? Absolutely, but in the main I did it because I knew I’d feel riddled with guilt over cheating on someone, breaking the trust of a relationship.

The times I did kiss or “get off” with other men (I never slept with them I hasten to add) other than my partner were fleeting and when I’d had far too much wine. There’s not a woman reading this that won’t tell you the same. Too much wine makes us girls, well, a bit flirty and naughty and definitely enables some poor decision making.

I’m going to try and be honest with you all, even if it’s a bit in your face and well, difficult to read because honesty usually is precisely this, don’t you think? Uncomfortable, at least at first, until we can wrap our

heads around it all.

The wine would allow me to actually be myself. I fought the desire to stray on a daily basis and as seldom intoxicated, I achieved it. Gold Star to Angelique right?

I thought about it a lot. Why was I always looking around? Handsome men, attractive women. I would just watch them move, the sway of a women's hips, the strut in the stride of a confident man about his day.

It really didn't take much to catch my eye.

I don't know if this is very normal. Observing women in the offices at work would suggest not, but who knows? I sure as hell didn't wave a big flag about saying, "Hey guys and girls, can you guess what Angelique is thinking about right now, can you guess?!"

Such thoughts and feelings in themselves did not make me feel guilty. Readily justified it as having a healthy interest in sex and having a high sex drive.

Looking back upon my 20s, I can now see clear as day that the relationship in my 30s to James was doomed to be one epic failure from the start.

So why didn't I just be single in my 20s? That way I could do whatever I liked right? No judgement, OK, some judgement...sorry scrap that – that's bollox! A LOT of judgement in fact, as women who behave like men, who sleep around a bit are referred to as "Sluts"

or “Slags” not “Legends” or “A bit of a lad.” You know what I hate? Double standards and hypocrisy. Seriously, it makes my blood boil. Women getting paid less to do the same fucking job as a man? A girl acts like a boy, she is the mirror opposite of him. If she’s successful and tough and ambitious, she’s a bitch. A man? “Oh, he’s something special, so ambitious and driven. Quite the catch!!”

I’ve often asked myself lately, “Was it really James that was the problem or rather is it just me? At my lowest, at my most tired and beating myself up for making life more complicated than it need be; to not just settle and go with the flow. I look within and struggle with who is looking back at me.”

I struggle with this notion of one partner – faithfulness, monogamy. Jesus, even the word monogamy sounds so depressing, doesn’t it?

Like a disease, “Sorry, I can’t come out this weekend, I’ve got Monogamy.”

Sorry, I forgot to answer my own question...Why didn’t I just be single? It’s simple and a bit lame but truly? Fear of being alone.

3 months have passed since I ended it with James and went flat hunting with Gareth. Flat hunting with a gay guy? Fuck my life, never again! “No Angelique, the

sun comes through these French windows at an angle which will most certainly end up being where my head is, making lie-ins impossible.” To which I would respond, “How about we put your bed the other way round then numb-nuts?”

“You are joking right? The energy is ALL wrong if you did that, the bed can clearly only be positioned in this manner” before asking the Letting Agent, “Did the previous tenant work as a Milkman or something?”

14 viewings later and we struck gold. Gareth was almost silent, moving around cat like, stopping, pausing, taking a breath then striding out around the rooms, hands on hips, nodding his head saying nothing, which was bizarre as he’s chattier than the annoying twats of the Radio Breakfasts shows.

The Landlord wanted a no get out, 12-month contract signed. I said “Reduce the rent by £150 per month; we will sign for 18 months.” That is exactly what we did.

I’m sat in the living room, cup of builder’s tea in hand, leaning up against the throw cushions in the bay window, enjoying the warm sunshine on my body. I’m happy in this moment, right now, being aware of myself, being aware of my inner self and my inner peace. I think happiness as a woman is more complex than for a man. A woman firstly needs to take the time to work herself

out (not easily nor readily achieved). Having accepted what she likes and does not like, what she wants AND needs, moves forwards and then, the most difficult part.... taking proactive action to align her needs and desires to an achievable new reality.

I'm fortunate I think, sat here at 11am, owning my own successful Healthcare Recruitment business. I'm my own boss and had the resources and no kids to complicate matters to enable my new life choices to become a reality. Being grateful for what you have or may yet have and not dwelling on what you do not have or have lost, is key to happiness. That and being true to yourself.

Closing my eyes, I feel the increased warmth of the sun as it rises closer to noon and let my mind wonder, just listening to my breathing as my chest rises and falls, as my breathing slows.

I am back at school, with Alessia. I am 15 years old, Alessia is 16.

She played the violin, hence was in the music practice rooms, getting ready for a recital that following week. She wasn't a prodigious talent but good enough to be Grade 6 which, at her age isn't shabby either. Passing Grade 8 is what professional music teachers and performers in Orchestras achieve.

I did not play a musical instrument. I was sporty not

creative or musically inclined. So, no reason to be there, right?

Wrong. Alessia was there. I knew that because I fancied her badly, knew her timetable, her school schedule for the week as if it was my own. Perhaps better actually. Every time I saw her, my pulse would race, just being close to her made me feel more alive. My desire to be with her utterly overwhelming.

At first, I brushed off the feelings, confused by them. Why am I thinking this, no one else fancies their girlfriends! I couldn't help it. Thought about her every waking moment, what it would be like to touch her, smell her hair, kiss down her neck, to kiss her lips. To excite her, to be excited by her. I swear, I've missed my bus stop on my way home from school twenty times or more, having drifted off imagining her looking at me in the same longing way I look at her. Right now, the song you can't escape, it's playing on every radio station around the World, is the so labelled "controversial" pop song by t.A.T.u "All The Things She Said." It's like rubbing sea salt into my open wound every time I hear it. Bought the CD to torture myself, as often as possible.

She knew or at least suspected I liked her; why else would the girl from the class below hang out or try to inject herself into her life? The life of someone a year

older, as you all know from your own experiences at school, was untouchable. You had friends in your own year group and that was that.

I knocked at the door when I heard her finish the piece.

“Come in” She replied, somewhat quizzically, as if someone knocking at the door never happens during the one hour, pre booked session to use that room.

“Hi Alessia” I said, smiling at her.

“Angelique. Oh hey. What are you doing here?”

“Oh, just passing the music hall and heard you practising, sounds great. When is the recital, next week right?”

“Erm, thank you, I think. How did you know it was me? I mean there’s like 20 girls who play violin at school.”

“Well, I wasn’t 100% sure so I kind of cheated by looking in through the window in the corner.”

I smiled at her, a different kind of smile, one that suggested it was no accident I was here.

Alessia was hot but so was I. I’ve always been told I have a face like Angelina Jolie. Those full, plump lips, high cheekbones, olive skin, deep green eyes framed by long, luscious brunette hair. We are both fully developed or pretty much getting there, as hit puberty early. Like

me she had curves. Not some skinny little girl. Blonde, blue eyes, Scandinavian looking.

Taking a step behind her, I let my hand glide through her hair.

She turns to face me. “What are you doing Angelique?”

I step closer, feeling her breath on my face. Leaning into her ear, I whisper, “What you want me to, Alessia.”

Stepping back to mark her reaction, I’m playful, like a kitten with a catnip mouse. I am not seeking her approval to continue my seduction, just curious to see what her eyes say. Alessia isn’t giving me much of anything truth be told other than her mouth had opened an inch, more likely her jaw had just dropped from what I’d said in her ear but I take this as a green light to go and kiss her.

I plant my plump lips over her mouth and let my tongue explore hers. Her tongue anxiously responding at first, then that glorious moment when the girl realises this is what she wants. In this exact moment, the first time I kiss Alessia, nothing else matters.

She puts her hands either side of my face, kissing me back.

“Oh, I’ve woken you up, haven’t I just!?” I think. Breaking away from her embrace, I find the zipper to her boring, standard school issue skirt and in one fluid motion,

unzip her. Both my hands on her hips now, helping that skirt find the floor.

That soft skin us girls have around our inner thighs, like the Gods themselves kissed us with silk, is where my focus is at. Teasing, stroking. Moving my hand up and down, drawing circular pictures, edging ever higher, ever closer to her knickers, ever closer to where that delightful warmth was radiating from.

I kiss Alessia's neck. Slow, luscious kisses whilst my hand finds her mound, rubbing her sex through her knickers. Alessia lets out a sigh, a moan, call it what you like, it was all the encouragement I needed. I'm teasing her, teasing myself by doing so. Building up a rhythm of energy, swiftly running my fingers down her labia then slowly back up again, pausing where her clit is. Stopping now, just holding her in my hand. I'm so aware of this moment I am living in. "This is Alessia! I'm with Alessia, it's happening Angelique, it's fucking happening!" I let the words soak into the back of my mind, smiling like a fool. Looking into her eyes, repeating the tease. Listening, delighting in every sigh, every muscle tensing in her body. She leans into me, breathing deeper, breathing warm air into my ear; the sighs are moans now, progressively more impatient. Feeling within me a growing excitement, even losing myself without being touched.

I can't contain myself a moment longer. Pulling her knickers to one side, I find her beautifully, wet pussy.

Searching for that heat. I ease a finger into her pussy, how gloriously willing she is for me. I arch my hand, giving me the angle, the leverage to push my finger deeper into her. Rubbing right up against her upper vaginal wall. That sweet spot boys seldom find because too lazy or ignorant to learn our bodies. Vibrating that finger inside her, pulsating that finger whilst I press down over her clit, her mound, with my palm.

Alessia pulls me closer; her head back, pushing her hips towards me, to meet my hand, my finger. I can feel her abdominals tense up, her legs are starting to shake, like electricity is moving through her body, creating erratic convulsions that she has no control over.

She's cuming. My hand is getting wet, really wet, soaking wet.....

“Oh, shit Ralph!!”

I wake, disoriented and more than a little wet from that half cup of untouched cold, builder's tea now all over my lap.

The ringing at the front door goes again. Ralph, usually a pretty quiet dog, not yappy thankfully, is beside himself. He's giving me that “tail wagging the dog” enthusiasm typically associated with a Spaniel. Leaving

the living room, I go to the hallway and open the door.

“Hey Angelique, sorry not a good time?” Mark says, my neighbour downstairs from us, looking at the spillage over my jogging bottoms.

“No, you’re fine, Mark, just spilt some tea on myself, that’s all.”

“Look, I’m heading out for the day and just remembered, I’ve got a parcel being delivered. Could I ask that you sign and take it in for me please?”

Smiling easily, I say “But, of course Mark. No problem at all.” He’s a nice guy, good looking too. I’m thinking if 20 years younger, I might give serious thought to jumping him. If he wasn’t a neighbour and I’d had 2 or 3 glasses of wine....

CHAPTER TWO

Gareth and Nicky

As Gareth is a pretty key person in my life, now might be a good time to explain why this is, how we met and became good friends. Enough information so I don't have to keep going back and explaining things because I rather suspect that'll annoy you, as much as it will me. A bit like when you are watching a series on Netflix or a film and you're enjoying it, you're engaged yeah? The producers in their infinite wisdom put up a fresh scene and underneath is the sentence you never want to read. It goes like this; "3 days earlier.." Oh you didn't just do that to me, did you? Oh clap clap, the producers are getting

all clever on us, stopping the flow of something decent to cast us back 3 days to explain the circumstances. Does my head in. So out of respect for you, I'm not going to do that.

Gareth is 33 years old, about 6-foot tall, slim build, blonde, very good looking (I call him my pretty boy sometimes, which he secretly loves, although pouts and waves me away, as if he's distressed by it in some way.) His left eye is a very bright blue; the other is more grey-blue. The year below me at school, this is where we met. I was 16, my GCSE year thus Gareth was a year away from sitting exams. About half of you are currently putting on an expression of bemusement, perhaps a little scrunched up face as did I not just express "we all stick to our own year group don't we? We do not go up or down for friendships, do we?"

Well done, you have been paying close attention and for this I applaud you. I stand by this statement as it usually is the case, unless you are totally obsessed by a girl in the year above and essentially stalk her until you can have her or well, something equally unusual. I am Angelique. This is me, my growing up experiences. Even this early on you are getting the feeling it's not going to be straight forward with me? Yup, pretty much my friends, so sit back and get used to it; it's not likely to

change anytime soon.

Gareth's family was originally from Manchester. His father had secured a job as an engineering manager, for Thales, the defence contractor. The job was based out of Crawley, half an hour up the road from Brighton. They moved here when he was 12.

Gareth was tiny at school. When I say short, the poor guy was not just the shortest guy in his year, but the year below him as well. Throw in the Liam Gallagher Manc accent in an area as southerly as Brighton? Anymore southerly you're literally in the sea! Suffice to say he got bullied, I mean another level bullied.

It was a warm afternoon in early May, 5 minutes before the bell would sound to let students know lunch break was over and to get over for your next class. Gareth was minding his own business or more likely just trying to be invisible as best he could when Robert McCormack, one of the nastiest boys you could imagine, a natural born bully if there is such a thing, pulls down Gareth's shorts and pants. Announcing, in his best Manchester piss taking accent, "Eh, look yous all, it's me Gareth no pubes!"

Laughter surrounded Gareth, surrounded me. I don't know, I couldn't tell you how many kids were delighting in his embarrassment, his suffering, but I wasn't one of

them. I was fucking livid. Taking 4 perhaps 5 strides to where McCormack was standing, still roaring with laughter, I kicked him hard to his sternum. He collapsed to the ground, all his air, his swagger knocked firmly out of him. The kids are no longer laughing. There is a new sound, just audible over the silence, whatever a little noise over silence is? A murmur? It is precisely this. Bending over him, I grab his right wrist with both my hands, twisting aggressively anti-clockwise.

He screamed. The boy had clearly managed to get some air back into his lungs! Retaining this pressure, a little off dislocation so for sure fucking painful but nothing like the pain it would be if I actually broke it. “Leave that boy alone McCormack.” It was a command, not a request; I said it firmly but calmly. My father had taught me a long time ago “Raise your voice, you lose the argument Angelique, remember that, in business, in life.” I walked away expressionless, putting my arm around Gareth, bringing him with me. Now fully clothed and looking up at me in a way I may never be able to put into words. It was more than gratitude; it was more than surprise or shock. It was love. I ignored the “psycho dyke” which someone yelled after me.

Been practising Jujitsu daily from the age of 8. Now at just 16, I was Sussex Champion U18, despite being 2

years younger than any of the others girls in the finals. At 16, I was already a National level athlete.

We kept walking, out of the school gates, down the road away from the scene of my crime and all I could think was, “Oh fucking hell Angelique, you’ve really gone and done it now. Sean is going to kill you, then there’s the Headmaster, Robert’s cunty parents, Mother and Dad – Oh Christ, my “Image is everything, perception to others, is all” Mother. I took a deep breath and having released it, looked to this pretty boy and said, “wanna grab some chips? My shout yeah?” He beamed and nodded “Yeah, thanks. Thanks for back there too. It’s going to get worse for me now, but it was worth it.”

“No, it won’t Gareth. You’ve got me now. It’s about to get a lot worse for me though.” I ruffle his hair and we both laugh at the exact same moment. No idea why I was laughing really had just landed myself in some very deep shit.

Think I need to bring you up to speed. I had just been in “trouble” as it was referred to afterwards and in the years that followed, by my mother as, “That spot of bother we had with the Alessia girl and her frightful father.”

In 2002, 2 out of 3 people in the UK had a mobile phone or rather a household member did. How many

exactly I'm not sure but we all had them at our school. Strictly to be used in case of an emergency like "It's pissing it down, Dad, can you pick me up after class?" They were expensive and we were not constantly texting as kids are today, with their £20 per month bundles.

2002 was the year the first camera phones came out. 2002 was the year I was with Alessia. 2002 was the year some Parent, some "concerned individual" took a picture on their new camera phone of me and Alessia kissing by the music halls and went to the Headmaster's office to share it. The first I knew was that I was required to join my parents after school in the Headmaster's home, which was on the School grounds but away from the main buildings. This was unprecedented. All disciplinary matters were dealt with in his office in the main building. For those of you not familiar with private schools they often cover a lot of ground and senior members of staff live within the school grounds, especially if like ours they offered Boarding. It wasn't Hogwarts but it wasn't a normal school either.

I recall entering this unfamiliar house, which smelt like my Grandfather's in Italy – Pipe smoke in the air, a hint of vanilla perhaps, slightly sweet not unpleasant like stale cigarette smoke is.

My parents and I were led into a spacious living

room and asked to sit down on a large brown leather sofa. Sat opposite from us, Alessia, her mother and an angry, stockily built man, red faced, I presumed to be her father.

“Thank you all for coming” the Headmaster said in a way which suggested we had been given little choice in the matter but appreciated us not being late. It was obvious all the adults knew why the meeting was being held. By the way Alessia was looking at her feet, I don’t know if she did or was just so terrified of her father. “It has been brought to our attention that you young Ladies are in some kind of sexual relationship, which is not only distasteful but illegal as you, Angelique are just 15 years old. Acting illegally on school premises.”

Bam!! There it was. Private school Headmaster, stuck in the past just as he was raised to think and in Brighton? The gay capital of Europe (well, perhaps equal honours to be shared alongside Berlin.) Homophobia be damned, he had the law on his side.

“What do you mean Sir, it has been brought to our attention?”

He stared at me, without understanding, without compassion or empathy to what a teenage girl in his care might be experiencing and stated, “We have a photo of you and Alessia together and that’s all either of you need

to know.”

He went to the side window where directly underneath was a heavy-duty wooden desk, leather topped with a brass reading lamp adjacent to the telephone. He opened the long thin top drawer and bent down to retrieve a letter he had carefully put away, presumably recently.

In an overly authoritative voice, he boomed, “In the eyes of the law, Angelique is too young to make a decision about consenting to sexual activity, as she is 15. This means quite literally; she cannot consent to any sexual activity with either the same or opposite sex. This is the law and it is set for many good reasons to protect children and it does not make exceptions.”

Alessia remained silent, eyes on the floor as her father stood up and pointed at me, then at my father, shouting, “This is your daughter’s doing not ours. She’s behind this corrupt behaviour. Alessia doesn’t know how to behave like this unless led, she’s too shy!!”

My father slowly rose to his feet. Ever calm, cool, collected as he always was, both his hands up, palms facing his accuser. “Kindly refrain from finger pointing at my daughter or in my direction Sir. Let us sit and behave as reasonable, mature adults please.”

Long and short of it, went as follows. We were told we could not see each other on school premises and

failure to comply would mean action would be taken. Action would be taken?

“What can you do? I love Alessia. You can’t stop people being together, that’s insane!” I cried.

Alessia’s father brushed past my mother with Alessia and her mother, who had remained silent throughout this “discussion.” “Keep Angelique away from my daughter.” He sneered in a threatening manner and kept moving.

I was numb from the experience. It was like I was watching someone else getting a dressing down, a witness to it not an active participant. Have you experienced that sensation? You can’t actually feel any emotion because it’s like you’re hovering over someone else’s life, watching, observing silently, just a passenger? Honestly? I was in shock. Disbelief that some wanker thought to take the picture on their phone, the creepy weird fuck. To then come to this pompous, self-righteous, judgemental old prick to share his or her “findings.” Some religious nutter, quoting the Old Testament, I thought. “They are Sinners, Headmaster!”

So, now you are up to speed. In trouble, just less than 4 months ago. I couldn’t give a shit for such backward thinking but private schools operate very differently to comprehensive secondary schools. They can suspend or expel a pupil for next to nothing. They are not required

to behave like comprehensive schools as they are set up as Charitable Trusts, despite being profit making. Not going to bore you with all the finer details. I am just asking you to trust me and understand clearly, that it was a big deal 20 years ago, in an exclusive fee paying, Church of England school.

Gareth and I finished our portion of large chips with plenty of salt and vinegar applied.

“You best get yourself home, Gareth. You need to tell your parents just how bad the bullying has got at this fucking shit hole they are paying to send you to and about what happened today.”

Gareth suddenly spoke more like a man in his 40s. He had an old soul about him much of the time. With genuine concern he said, “I’m worried for you.”

There was such sincerity in his eyes. We hugged each other and I said I’d find him and we could share where we found ourselves at.

Walking back to the school, I present myself to the Headmaster’s secretary. There was no point in me going home. Like all bullies Robert McCormack was no doubt a cowardly piece of shit. I assumed correctly. Had I gone home I would have found one of those small Panda type Police cars waiting for me. Question on my mind, whilst sat outside the office, was simple enough.

“Angelique, you are being charged with common assault or Angelique, you are being charged with ABH”. Actual Bodily Harm. If the latter, I’ll be kicked out of the British Jujitsu Association. Knowing how Sean, my mentor and Sensei since I was 8 years old, would be feeling about his star pupil? It was this last thought alone that started me crying.

Composing myself after what I felt was sufficient time sat in self-pity, I took 3 deep breaths as we are taught before a contest. Feeling better, I look up to see my mother striding down the corridor eyes fixed upon me, like a hawk scouting field mice. She grabs me around my arm, pulls me into her and half whispers, half spits the words, “Are you trying to get expelled? Are you trying to ruin the good name of our family? I’m Head of the French department here for Christ’s sake, Angelique!”

“I’m sorry.” I reply, looking right at her. Fact of the matter? I wasn’t in the least sorry. I’m sorry that the school bully or rather one of the school bullies was such a pussy he couldn’t take a little of his own medicine. I was sorry for Gareth and the other kids who get bullied in this pretentious place of learning and little to nothing gets done about it. Bit like the Catholic Church turning a blind eye to the Priests who abuse kids. Yeah, it’s just like that. To face a problem and do something about it would

mean being open to parents that “Houston, we have a problem” and no, no that would never do, would it?

It was a couple of tense days but my father, Giovanni, being the smart business brain that he is, remained calm. Don’t think I ever witnessed him “lose it.” Italian perhaps but he didn’t have that well documented, fiery Mediterranean blood in him. Passionate about food and wine? Passionate about his Import/Export business and his children? Heck yes! But that didn’t translate to being hot headed and crazy when personal crap occurred. “Shit happens to everyone girls, it’s how you handle it which makes you different, makes you successful.” he would say, always calmly.

My father went to see Gareth’s father and they agreed they would work together to provide strong, clear and compelling evidence of bullying at the school and for all charges against me to be dropped immediately or 2 things would happen. Firstly, the local press would gain a tasty exclusive on bullying at the school and secondly, the McCormack family name would clearly be mentioned in said article. My father was friends with a lot of senior business leaders across the South East. One of his friends owned the local newspaper which would readily cover the article.

Suffice to say, it worked. The common assault

charge had been dropped. The tossers had initially tried to proceed and charge me with ABH. With no broken or dislocated wrist and no visible injury? PLEASE!! As I suggested earlier, the kid's parents were likely as cunt as he was.

I was however suspended for 2 weeks. My father is a tough negotiator, not a fucking magician. Wasn't getting away scot free, now was I? So, I was to come to school, wait at the main gates to be accompanied to the sports hall where our GCSEs were being taken. Nothing like being frog marched into the huge hall everyone staring at you. Perfect pre-exam preparation eh?

Thoroughly enjoyed those 2 weeks at home. I got my head down and revised hard but not because I needed good grades for college then University. I was done with formal education. Done with the self-important, pretentious wankers at my school, otherwise known as Teachers. To think it would be different studying elsewhere wasn't a risk I was prepared to take. Needed results good enough for colleges to want me to take A Levels with them so when being interviewed for jobs, I didn't appear a school dropout.

Aveline, however, was not having a good 2 weeks at school. Little sister was 12, acting 15 and came home most days from school, slamming the front door giving

me about 5 seconds to compose myself for the onslaught which was about to happen. I'd likely be in the kitchen studying with a cup of tea or in the garden looking pretty chilled, pretty much at one with myself.

"Tough day at home then, Angelique?" Aveline would start.

"It's been OK. How was yours?"

"Everything is horrible now. Everyone is so mean. They won't leave me alone "Where's your dyke ninja sister today Aveline? Oh yeah, she got suspended for being a nut job. Are you a lesbian like her? Does it run in your family?"

I look directly at Aveline, "I'm sorry. Truly sis. I really didn't mean for you to be affected, to get hurt."

"You are the worst big sister ever. I hate you, I hate you!!" before storming off upstairs, locking herself in her bedroom.

My mother would just lean up against the doorway to the kitchen, saying nothing but no doubt just itching to tell me in a more adult, more articulate way how my actions of the past year had negatively affected her life both IN and OUT of school. Her utter contempt for me however was best expressed with silence, as was her way.

Gareth would come over most days just for an hour or two. He would leave and I'd find myself thinking,

“How is this kid so physically under developed for his age and so yet so mature, so emotionally developed?” Gareth would come in and if I was in a down slump, listening to songs like “Everybody Hurts” or “Linger” he would literally flick the off switch on my stereo. “We’re not doing this crap anymore remember, Angelique!?” I was better but not exactly over Alessia. Since the dressing down, she’d done exactly what her parents and school told her to. Like a fucking robot. Blanking me in the corridors, averting her eyes, anything to avoid an interaction with me. When I did get her alone, she acted like a frightened deer caught in the headlights.

“It’s OK, we can just get back together when I turn 16, it’s only a couple more months plus I’m leaving here anyway.”

“It’s over Angelique; I don’t want you in my life. Just leave me alone.”

She was sensitive, shy, musical, creative. A quiet person unlike me, all sporty and over-confident. I guess all the name calling and just knowing all the time you’re being talked about behind your back, was too much for her plus, unlike my father, hers was a total shit.

It’s just gone 8pm and my mobile is ringing. Leaping up from the sofa, knocking poor old Ralph off in the process, I run to the kitchen where I’d left it charging.

The tune coming from it is “Darling Nicki” by Prince. It’s a very naughty song Prince was unable to release to radio at the time. “I knew a girl named Nicki, I guess you could say she was a sex fiend. I met her in a hotel lobby masturbating with a magazine...”

“Darling Nicki!!” I yell down the phone.

“Hey Angelique” she replied in her playful, sassy voice.

“What time is it in Toronto, just now?”

“Hmmm, well, let’s see. As per the last 20 times we’ve spoken. I’m in Toronto and that’s always 5 hours behind you, so 3pm.” Sarcastic, slightly catty but always in jest, that’s just how Nicki is.

I met Nicki on a website marketing itself as the leading, global, no strings attached, adult dating site. In other words, not for people seeking a relationship.

“So, what trouble have you been getting yourself into now Nicki?” I say, grinning like the Cheshire cat from Alice in Wonderland. Nicki usually only calls me when she’s either been playing or about to and needs to share. OK, she doesn’t NEED to share but she wants to and I love listening. Always excites me.

“Remember that couple I told you about last week?” she said lowering her voice as people do when others are around but more often than not it’s just because you’re

about to get filthy and it's just human nature to lower your voice isn't it?

"Really tall guy, petite wife?" I suggest.

"Yup, them." Nicki giggled back at me.

"So, go on then, was a good experience?"

"Angelique, it was amazing. Honestly, like was so intense, just full on. I've been smiling ever since!"

"Details. All of it, now!" I say, laughing into my phone.

"OK, so I met them at The Thompson, which is rooftop bar with great views across the city. First impressions were like, this guy is so big, not big like a bodybuilder or rugby player, more built like a rower. 6 foot 6 inches tall, rugged, outdoor looking. She was like about five foot tall. I mean at first it was a bit funny, such a huge height difference but so cute, she was very, very pretty."

"Go on."

"Just chatting, flirting, not even half an hour before Jenny said let's go back to our place, it's a 5-minute walk from here."

"I was like hell yeah" Nikki says,

"So, we get back to their house, which is in Summerhill. It's really nice, classy, expensive looking. We're barely through the entrance hall and Jenny's got

her arm around my waist, leading us upstairs to the master bedroom.”

“She doesn’t waste much time, does she?!”

“Exactly, isn’t that what this site is all about? I don’t want to get to know people too well, it’s the whole hot stranger thing just happening. It’s the opposite of real life relationships. It’s just so exciting, I love it!”

“Then what happened?”

“They are both undressing me. Jenny is behind me, reaching around to unbutton my jeans, yanking them off my hips, helping me step out of them, readjusting my knickers. They still wanted them on, for now. Karl has pulled off my jumper and opened up my blouse. I’m not wearing a bra. He admires my tits, pulling my blouse open to look but doesn’t touch.”

“They’ve got a plan for you Nicki. They know exactly what they’re going to do to you, don’t they? Fuck, that’s hot.” I say, feeling excitement grow within me.

“Exactly. Jenny is in my ear telling me to drop to my knees. As I’m doing as instructed, she tells Karl to get naked. He does and my God what a man. He’s ripped, like proper 6 pack with this gorgeous cock, already big and growing without even being touched. Jenny is kneeling behind me, cupping my tits in both hands, squeezing them, letting her thumb and forefingers roll

around my nipples, pinching them, rolling over them again then she's back to cupping me. She's telling me to take his cock in my hand and bring it to my lips. Kiss it, yeah let me see you. I bring Karl's cock to my lips and kiss the tip of his helmet, once, twice, three, four times before Jenny is back heavy breathing in my ear. "Take him in your mouth Nicki. Do it now."

"I love Jenny directing you, so dominant. You're just so submissive Nicki."

"Just wait, let me keep going but yeah I was totally submissive, their fuck toy for the night." Nicki says.

"I take Karl's thick cock into my mouth, sliding my tongue over and around his tip as I do. Jenny's got one hand around my neck, the other on the back of my head, her fingers interlinked, deliberately locked through my hair. Her breath hot on my neck, she's always just there breathing, if not talking. I don't know which turned me on more to be honest, sucking his gorgeous cock or the constant anticipation waiting on Jenny's words. What is her next command? When? I was sucking his cock waiting for her to interrupt, to further engage me in some way."

"Fucking hot" I say, sighing out loud.

"Jenny stays silent, just breathing harder as she starts to drive my mouth on to his hard cock. Driving me down

and over his cock using her hand that's interlocked with my hair. She's tightening her grip, bit by bit, keeping her hand around my neck lose. "Faster Nicki, faster, go with me." Jenny whispers. Her fingers have tightened further around my hair, tensing her fingers, pushing me more aggressively forwards and backwards. She keeps at me like this for I don't know, it felt forever, was maybe 4 or 5 minutes. It's relentless. She's relentless.

"When you're ready babe, show me." Jenny says, looking up at Karl.

Moments later Karl's thighs started to shake just a little at first but enough movement for us to know what was about to happen. He takes his cock from my mouth and puts it into Jenny's. She closes her lips fully around his shaft as he cums hard in her mouth. I grab his muscular thighs, steadying him as he let go a deep guttural groan. As Jenny stares into my eyes, Karl tells me to kiss her. I lower my body under hers, opening my mouth and his cum comes out with her tongue, onto my lips, into my mouth. We're kissing in, through, all around his warm cum."

"Jesus, you lucky bitch." I say, breathing hard whilst thinking, I wish that had been me making you behave like this. Wish I had been Jenny.

"That was just round 1, he came twice more fucking

me. Look, shit the time! I've got to get in for a half 3 meeting. Gotta go now, I'll give you the rest soon I promise!"

"Go then you fucking tease, I hate you!" I say laughing, shaking my head at her.

Nicki giggles and she's gone. She knew she didn't have the time to give me all the information I would desire from her. Like I said, she's playful and enjoys teasing the crap out of me!

Moving back into the kitchen, I ask Alexa to play Tori Amos, "Professional Widow." Alexa cheerily replies, "Playing Professional Widow by Tori Amos, on Amazon music."

The tune starts as I smile broadly, thinking about Nicki whilst reaching for the Gordon's.

I think it's a very good time for a generous Gin and Tonic, don't you?