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Adolescing, Chapter 17, November 1998

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November 1998

The way people live

Julia is shorter than me but she takes up much more space. She is one of those short girls who is extra big below the waist and she waddles when she walks. At school she used to hang around Sandra and co. They were nice to her face but the minute her back was turned it was, 'Roly poly Julia, size eighteen and never been kissed!'

I don't mind old Julia. That morning I was waiting for my jobseeker's interview and it was her signing on day. I hardly knew her really but I told her what had happened. She gasped and then she hugged me. She said, 'It's all right, you can stay with me until you find somewhere of your own.'

I didn't know what to say. 'I don't know, Julia. Look, give me your address. I might come round later.' Then the woman called me in and went on at me about all the jobs at Burger King and Mothers Pride.

'You've been on benefit for nearly six months now Miss Churchill!'

'Yes. Um. Sorry.'

After that I hung around the arcade and spent more money. There isn't anyone, where can I go? so I caught the bus out to Plainmoor after all. Julia lives on the fourth floor up cold concrete stairs. I sat on the stairs crying. She might not be home for ages!

A lot of people shoved past me and an old woman said,

'What are you doing here?' 'Er, I was just going.' It's either get the bus back to the harbour or—Or, you can't spend time in Vince's company without learning a few tricks. When nobody was looking, I let myself into Julia's flat.

The way some people live!

A damp rug on bare floorboards, plastic chairs and table (garden furniture from B&Q!) a calor gas fire. It didn't seem right to light the fire when she wasn't there. She doesn't even have a stereo, just a telly and a sewing machine.

I wandered into the tiny kitchen, then her bedroom, no bed, just a mattress. Oh fuck, where will I sleep? (Back home to mother's? I'd rather die!) I started blubbing again, freezing cold in here.

I cheered myself up by snooping around. I rummaged through Julia's clothes. She keeps them in a suitcase and a Safeway bag full up ready for the launderette, big male jeans cut short and hemmed. I held up a pair. What a funny shape! Her red skirt, I looked at the label, Ann Harvey. With a slit at the side but she needs more room for legs like hers! She ought to make her own. I must admit I looked at her underclothing too. What will I do about my clothes? Then I heard Julia coming in through the front door. Yikes! Put them away quick but she had already gone into the sitting room. I heard her lighting the calor gas fire.

So I went to the door to say hi and she was spitting on her fingers. Why is she spitting on her fingers? Have you guessed yet? The first thing Julia does when she gets home? She was standing by the fire. She had lifted her skirt up out of the way. Her knickers and tights were pushed down and stretched out between her thighs. She was bending over them with spit on her hand.

I was just about to fling my arms round her, a big smacking kiss, thanks Julia, you're a mate! Well, on second

thoughts—! I quickly stepped sideways back into the bedroom doorway where it was dark. She won't be able to see me back here.

So? I had to find out what she was up to. I would have left her to get on with it if she'd been doing it with a bloke. Look, call me innocent but I never imagined doing, you know, all that with yourself! Unless it's because a bloke wants to watch or something.

She tried to undo her shoe, bending over and hopping on one foot. She laughed, easing herself down onto the floor by the fire. Then she rolled backwards with her legs up in the air and tried to reach her shoe that way. And pushed her tights up towards her waving feet. Roly poly Julia! Still spitting on one hand, the other hand. When she was sopping wet she let her wrist go loose. She started muttering to herself

Look at me! Hey! Don't ignore me
Grab me grope me finger poor me
Cuddle me and stroke my bum
Are your kisses French? Yum yum!
Soothe my pain. Relax poor stiff me
Tickle nibble lick and sniff me
Please don't go! I'm ripe I'm slimy
Two-time her and fifty time me
I'm a virgin I'm a slag
Save my life I NEED A SHAG!

She burst out giggling and changed hands,
Giggle, shriek, squeak
and changed them back again, limp wrists flapping,
balloon thighs wobbling.
Yip, yip, giggle, yippee!

Phew, pant.

Finished?

All quiet. She rolled onto her side and curled up tight, still giggling. Then she got up onto her hands and knees. She's looking straight at me, oh fuck! I fled back to her bedroom. I heard more screams so I tiptoed back. She was bent over on her knees. She jogged up and down, horsey, horsey.

I remembered her at school, clapping her hands on her ears if you mentioned even the toilet. You never know what people are really like.

Finished at last? Sod it! I'm not going to sneak around any more. I took my chance when she was decent for a minute and went in, gate crashing her private party.

'Hi Julia. You. Left the door open.'

Inside the room the air was thick with shagging. Has she really never done it? (The way some people live!) I knelt down by the fire with her to warm up.

'Vic?'

Suddenly streams of wet sweat on her face. She looked around the room. Her shoes and knickers and tights were inside out on the floor and a hairbrush in her hand. After a minute I put my arms round her. We'll take care of each other Julia. Her big wet face panting against my neck and hair (scraggy old me!) I started to cry too. She stroked my back, ew! which hand? I think she has been using both of them.

We'll go back to normal now, a cup of coffee but I need this cuddle. Oh well, a few minutes longer. It can't do any harm.

Spawning in the water

I was exhausting myself, swimming crawl as hard as I could for one length at a time, resting at the end of each length before I started the next. She was sometimes doing crawl, sometimes breast stroke and did not rest when she finished a length. She just did one of those slick turns and carried right on. Whether she was doing breast stroke or crawl she always overtook me. If she was doing breast stroke she glided smoothly past and I went all out, thrashing the water, driving myself so my chest hurt, trying to keep up with her. If she was doing crawl I didn't even try. My face was under the surface most of the time. Wearing goggles, I could see her body. She was like—a dolphin? Do me a favour, don't be such a drip! No she wasn't cuddly or warm blooded. She was like a shark! Strange though, I only saw her face for a few seconds but then I could see she was a shy young woman, vulnerable, unsure of herself, easy to put down.

I was hanging off the side in the deep end panting hard, my flabby shoulders and thighs sore from the bit of a swim I'd had, and I saw her approaching me, her arms and legs sweeping her along in that elegant breast stroke. I hadn't rested nearly long enough but I knew I'd have to start my next length now or else I could not look at her as she went past. A few seconds later she had left me far behind again twisting through the water in a crawl, twisting her straight stretched out body from side to side. Her feet ahead of me flickered like disco lights they went so fast. Then she passed me again, going the other way. At the end of that length I had a long rest, feeling depressed and hopeless.

Do you know that you have thigh pits just like armpits? Well sucks to you! You don't and neither do I but you would

if it wasn't for the flab. I saw a perfect little caved in hollow inside the top of each of her thighs. Oh fabulous, there were soft hairs in there like her armpits. I would not have seen them if I wasn't just behind and her legs didn't spread so wide wide open before kicking back at me. Yes, and you have a bum, I have a bum, but she didn't. Really she didn't! Trying to keep up behind her I saw nowhere that stopped being strong thighs and started being soft bum. Even when she was straight as a diver it never quite came softly together. Just strong thigh all the way up except for the tiny space covered by her bikini briefs. That wasn't thigh and that wasn't strong either. She must be so dainty there, much more than you and me, no flab and nothing to protect her right there in the middle. I bet she keeps her bikini on in the shower when I say sod it just let it hang out. She really does have something to hide, not like me or you either.

Twice a week I do this for an hour, trying to be less unfit. I was finishing a length and the hour was nearly up. She had actually stopped. She was hanging off the side in the deep water as I came in. I decided not to turn up to breathe. She turned around and suddenly I could see where it all came together. A perfect white prick I mean clitoris, lips and tongues and trailing hairs, her long strong legs hanging down. I came gasping to the surface, leaving a slimy trail behind me, clutching for the side of the pool before I went under again. And then she had made herself modest again. I only saw her on the surface for a few seconds, long seconds, saw her young face as I said before. I was all washed up, spools of my come going cold, unwinding in the water. Somewhere in that pool we have made a spawn, thousands of tiny eggs.

Looking over the edge

'Do that again.'

'What?'

'What you were just doing.'

'Eh?'

'You know what I mean Alice. Do it again!'

'I don't know what you mean.'

She touched herself again then stopped. Her eyes flickered, looking at me and away again. She said,

'I'm tired of all this fooling about. I'm going to have a shower now. You should have one too you know sometimes. And brush your teeth Danny!'

'Please.'

I put my arms around her and rested my head on her shoulder so she started again but she didn't seem to be moving at all, just touching. After a minute she caught her breath and took her hand away.

'It's not fair expecting me—Look Danny, we'll have to find you a nice girl.'

She started again. I felt the muscles in her arm twitch a bit but her hand hardly moved.

'Do it fast again.'

'No. That's typical! It's different with girls.'

I closed my eyes and listened. I could hear her finger slipping around. After a minute she stopped. And then I heard her start again. Twice as fast and she stopped. Oh! She tried to get her breath back.

'Don't stop Alice. I think it's so cool when you do this.'

'Do you? but I never usually, none of my friends—'

She started again and you know what she looked like? As if she was about to do a parachute jump. Looking over the edge white faced, I can't!

I hugged her. 'Don't let me fall Danny.'

I hugged her tighter. I felt her left boob quivering against me in time with her hand.

'DANNY! Oh mm. It's going to—!'

She leaned right back against me and drew her knees high in the air.

'Danny it's—' She gave a huge sigh. 'Haaaaaaaaaaaaah how can I?' Still flicking but she pressed her knees tight together. 'Hah. Aaaaaaaah!' She turned to look at me, red blotches on her white face. 'It's still—squeak! Aah!' She started laughing but stopped with a squawk. 'Sorry!' I hugged her as tight as I could. 'I can't stop it. I can't it's oh shi. Oh. Shhh. Shhh. Shi! SHIT!' She squeezed her knees together again.

'I'll be all right in a minute oh squee shh how sweet in a minute Danny ee nnnn ee! Okay. Okay.'

'All right now Alice?'

'Yes. All right now.'