

'Third fiddle' from Adolescing. Copyright © Hilary Leland 2014.

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Third fiddle

'Bye my love.'

Patrick kissed Vicky good bye. I said,

'See you at the gig tonight Vic?'

'Sure!'

When she had gone, Patrick turned towards me.

'Er Dawn?'

'Yes?'

He touched my shoulder and smiled. Then he tried to kiss me! My heart missed a beat. I stepped back. He was already looking sheepish, sorry Dawn, but yes Patrick I've changed my mind! Our heads kept nodding back and forth, yes, no? Yes let's do it! Our lips crushed together and I opened my mouth. No, I never did work out what to do with my teeth, my nose, but he doesn't mind does he? Does he? I hugged Patrick tight (he's sweet!) Kiss again? I'll make it a good kiss this time or he won't come back for more!

I went to the bathroom. I have this Dutch cap which I haven't used since it was fitted a year ago. I stood up from the loo with my pants still down and squeezed the springy cap with my fingers. Hold it still and squat down onto it. Oh bollocks! I looked down the side of my bottom into the bowl. Wee and wet toilet paper. I rinsed it under the tap and got out the instructions but I couldn't concentrate.

Where has it gone now? I don't want it to get in the way!

I looked in the mirror while I washed my hands. My face. My teeth. My nose. Mum used to say you're a pretty girl Dawn but that was Mum, I know better. No, it isn't possible that he really prefers me to Vicky or even drippy Dee. He just wants some fun on the side. Well then, I won't do it! I'll go and tell him now.

I pulled the chain and straightened up. I walked back into Vicky's room tight lipped. Patrick smiled at me. We sat down together again on her bed and held hands. Please, one more kiss. Then I let him touch me. Oh well.

A few minutes later I held my arms up and let him pull my jumper up over my head. He undid my bra and my beasts came out. They were covered with goose pimples.

'Oh! Aren't we going to—? Sorry. No it's nothing.'

'What's up?'

'It's nothing.'

'Dawn?'

'No. I was only thinking aren't we going to turn the lights off first?'

'I don't think so. Do you want to?'

'No. It's all right. Sorry.'

'It really turns me on looking at you.'

He stroked my hair and kissed my boobs all over. Oh golly this is mega! That was such a stupid thing to say. I hope I haven't spoiled it.

Anyway, I'm not his girlfriend or anything. I'm just second (no that must be Penny or Dee) third fiddle, fourth, bollocks! He won't bother doing it if I get cold feet. Pretend I do it every day.

What now? I undid his shirt. He undid my jeans. I kept kissing him while he pulled them down to make sure he didn't look. Then I lay down naked on the bed and pulled him down on top of me so he couldn't look but this is Vicky's bed! I don't want to interrupt now but what about her patchwork quilt? She made it herself!

I thought he would touch me up first to get me ready but perhaps he did. I don't know. I wasn't concentrating. He started prodding at me to get it in. His bare chest on my bare chest. He was very gentle. It didn't hurt or anything but what's gone wrong with me? I lay there like a pudding while he tried to put it in with his hand.

'Sorry Dawn. Am I in the right place?'

'Yes. Sorry.'

It felt okay in the bathroom when I, prod, poke, when I shoved that bollocky rubber thing in there. He tried for a few seconds more, then he knelt upright between my knees and looked down at me. Sprawled out helpless with my legs wide apart like an insect on her back. I looked him in the eyes and held on. Look at my eyes please, not there, at my eyes!

'Dawn? We don't have to do this, my love. I'm sorry. Have I been too pushy?'

'No! Sorry Patrick. I'm all right, honestly. Of course you haven't! Just give me a few minutes.'

He looks so sweet! Kneeling like a choirboy, thin white body and a heavy swinging crossbeam! I propped myself up on one elbow and took it in my hand. I know how to do this because of the boys in Lymington Road but we can't stay in this position! I shifted myself sideways with my bottom pressed against the wall and he lay down on his back, squashed against me. I bent my head up and kissed him again. I need to rest my elbow on something. That's better, up down up down but my breasts hanging sideways, my thighs! When I look in the mirror naked I always stand up very straight with my shoulders back and suck my tummy in. He shuffled down the bed to kiss me more easily and I straightened out my arm, holding on, up down up down.

Yes but this is my only chance! Suppose I go to the bathroom again. Just five minutes by myself, I could get my body working! No, if we stop now we'll never start again.

'Er Patrick?'

'What do you want, my love?'

My love? I buried my head in his shoulder, shivering. No, don't be stupid. 'Please would you—?' no I can't ask him to do that!

'Yes?'

'I mean it would help a bit if you er—' Still lying on my side I lifted up one knee invitingly, know what I mean

Patrick?

'Sure. Great!'

'Oh bollocks!' I pushed him off me. 'Sorry but can't you just er—?' I used my other hand on him a bit faster. Now do you get what I mean?

'Oh you want me to give you a' 'NO!' why did he have to say it out loud? 'YES!' I hid my face in his shoulder. 'Sorry.'

'You are lovely Dawn!'

Who? Me? Is it because I asked him to do that? I only meant till I'm wet and can shag him. What does he think I meant? He slid his hand over my thigh into the nest. Ah. Oh golly. I shuffled on to my back and butted him, move over, move over! to give my knees room to spread out. He was hanging half off the edge of the bed, leaning over me. I had to change to my left hand on him. He tried to keep time with me.

'Is that right Dawn?'

'Um.' (It was nicer a minute ago!)

'Oh sorry. Is that better?'

'Don't you ever give Vicky a—?' No of course he doesn't, only me! I dropped his dick and took hold of his hand between my thighs. One of my legs was climbing up the wall. I craned my neck up and looked along my body.

'Further up. Here.'

'Like this?'

'Oh for God's sake! Sorry.' I took hold of one finger and

kept his other fingers out of the way, this isn't what other girls do with their boyfriends. 'You do it in circles like this' (yeah but he's not my boyfriend.) 'Like this. You don't have to press.'

'Is this what you do yourself Dawn?'

He grinned at me. I hid my face in his shoulder again.

'Sorry.'

Our arms crossed over in the middle and we got into a rhythm together. I was edging away from his finger because he was still a bit rough. I know he was trying his best. Then he stopped and studied me with his fingers, like someone counting the money in his pocket without looking. I hope he doesn't find the twisted bit!

'You are so lovely, Dawn.'

He's said it again! I kissed him, almost crying but bollocks! I know what he means, not me, not the rest of me, just that! After a long kiss he let go and got up off the bed, where's he going? I stretched my arm out after him and spread myself out on the whole bed, that's better but I had to let go of it. He knelt on the floor (mind your tackle there Patrick) and reached over my leg again but I don't understand, why did he want to get off the bed? He crooked his finger round and round and round, that's much better actually but I was still fishing around with my hand over the side of the bed. I can't find it! I felt a long string of moisture from me swinging off his knuckle.

'Try again Patrick uh. I can. Ah! Do it now. We can have a umm mm. Make love. Come on! I'm ready now.'

'Not yet, this is better.'

'Why?'

I felt his eyes all over me like fingers. Oh filthy boys (I love boys!) Round and round and round, slap, squidge. Now I'm slopping out all over Vicky's quilt. With Vicky's boyfriend, I'm such a bitch, sorry Vicky. No, bollocks, this is none of her business!