

'Unarmed combat' from Adolescing. Copyright © Hilary Leland 2014.

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Unarmed combat

Helpless on the ground he felt her sharp bones digging into him. She had him at her mercy. Grinning down at him, a heavyweight girl with a big mouth, big lips, big teeth. She started to undo his shirt. No! My weedy arms, my stomach, my (oh please God no!)

My chest! Brendan clutched his shirt to his chest. She laughed and pulled harder. Please Gretel! He closed his eyes but she kept her eyes open. She yelled,

'HEY. You's got TITS!'

Oh shame. She was pulling his nipples outwards, admiring him.

'You're weird Gretel!'

'You's normal Brendan,' she laughed like a horse, 'except for your sexy tits!'

He tried to butt her face with his head. They rolled over but Gretel held on tight from underneath. He pulled one arm free and thumped her head, let go of me! He tried to kick her shins but she wrapped her legs around his. With a heave he broke free, scrambling away, but what can I do? She was on him again in no time. They rolled over and came to a stop again.

'Pax?'

'Okay pax.'

She loosened her grip, panting from the fight. Then she hugged him. Her heavy arms and legs and heavy boobs and fast breathing. He knew what was coming but it was still a shock. It's like when a dog licks you all over the face but inside my mouth, a mouthful of Gretel's hot slobber. Close my eyes and pretend that it isn't Gretel. After five seconds they broke off still panting. He wiped his mouth.

Black greasy hair and a mass of dark freckles on her arms and face, holding me down with her big hands, licking her lips, not again! I'm drowning, sinking into a bog and a snog. Mud under and Gretel above. Ugh Gretel, that's gross!

Slam! Pouff! (but don't touch her chest!) Gretel tumbled over sideways. Groaning Gretel, got her!

She was crawling on the ground winded. I'll get out while I can. Don't run, walk, with my head held high. Oh Christ, run! but she was after him again. She grabbed at his trousers and yanked him back. He grabbed her shirt and ripped, two of us can play that game.

Then he looked away from her big breasts wobbling in her bra. Shame on you. I shouldn't have done that.

No holds barred. She kicked him but he had her by the hair. They both went down to their knees. His face in my chest so she grabbed his trousers, yank! His pants came down with them but I am not ready! A little bottle shape with a wrinkled button of foreskin at the tip, lost between his floppy belly and thighs. She laughed, 'I wants a photo of

him!' Holding his trousers with both hands trying to keep them down but he rolled over and leapt to his feet so quick that she fell over. He squealed,

'Leave me alone!'

Tugging his pants up with his back to her, her hot breathing on his neck. She pulled them gently down again.

'No hurry Brendan.'

'You're tickling!'

'Keep him still then.'

She turned him around. Ugh he don't wash him but don't fuss, I knows how to get him clean.

'You filthy perv!' Smashing her on her ear with his clenched fist, (don't hit her on the chest!) 'I'm no victim!'

She stood up straight again, reeling from side to side. Arms round her waist (not her chest) pushing her backwards, don't stop or she'll have me again. He tripped on his own trousers and they both went down. Pouff! She stroked his hair. He whispered,

'We're mates Gretel but I don't like you that way.'

'I see. You're frit! Okay partner, no pressure. I'll find a lad with balls,' she got up to go, 'and no tits!' He grabbed her skirt.

'Fuck you Gretel!'

It was one of those long Indian skirts that you wrap around you. It started to unwrap and the knot tightened. She leapt round and tried to kick him but slipped down splash in

the mud. He was still holding on to her skirt, I've got her, he dug his heels in and hauled backwards, rip, yes! She jumped to her feet and he pushed her down again.

They struggled, then she was on top again, climbing on him. Her muddy skirt on her knees, kneeling on his legs, what sharp knees! Her muddy hands on my face. Big strong arse, legs, don't stare. She's only normal, like any other girl, a little split and lips back there under her haunches, like the girl at the skateboard park.

Close my eyes now. I love wriggling my finger into warm living places! Twist my finger, plop, squeeze, in it goes.

'What? What? I never meant—Get off you beast! Oh God that's, oh God but that's revolting!' She blinked her eyes and stared at him. Red faced, goose pimples on his plump white body, his balls bunched up tight and his little willy perched up high. Doing that with his finger. Don't he look cocky? I'll do something to he with our finger.

'Not there. That's not allowed!' He grabbed her wrist.

'I'll be gentle. I promise.'

They froze, both panting, muddy, bruised.

'Please Brendan. I won't hurt you.'

'Promise you won't tell anyone?'

She licked her finger first to make it slippery. Wriggling inside me. I surrender.