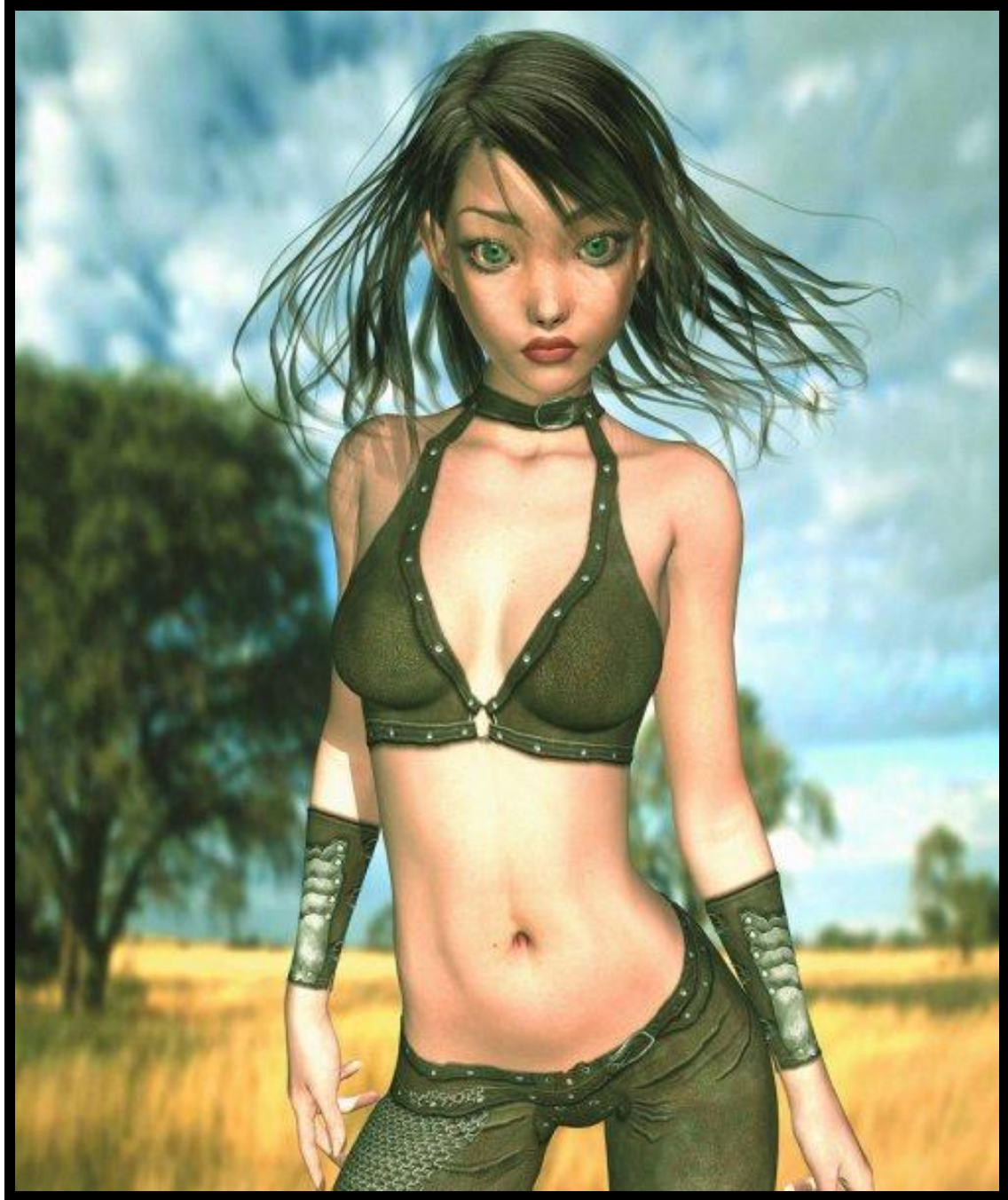


Creamfields

Bradley Stoke



Pumping. Thumping. Jumping.

The sun shone on the fields and on the grass as Kirsten jumped and swung and swirled in the mass of other revellers at the festival. Around her the sounds of trance and house bounced and beat and thumped and pumped, as she and the others jumped and boogied and grooved and moved. Behind her and on both sides was a sea of dancers, absorbed like herself into the music, letting it take them where it wanted, interpreted by many different wavy hand motions and frantic feet. Ahead of her and hidden by the heads of other dancers and behind his decks was the DJ, Kirsten didn't know who. Not a superstar DJ, but a name DJ nonetheless, caning the old familiar tunes. The swirling sunshine sounds of 'Beachball', an oldie but a goldie, followed (and how did that happen?) by the hard thump of 'Doom's Night'.

Thumping. Pumping. Kicking. Banging.

Kirsten was well tooled up. E'd and spiked and sinking into narcotic euphoria. Already her long hair was damp with sweat, and it splashed against her bare shoulders. Then the squelch of the first few beats of 'Avenue', punctuated by ecstatic samples from something quite different. She'd been looking forward to this festival forever. Or at least since she and her friends had booked tickets on the Net. Somewhere beyond the crowds was their tent where they'd spent hours chilling out to the sounds on their CD player, passing spliffs between themselves and giggling at the small things that somehow seemed so hilarious. Paul's tee-shirt with the beer stain on it. So fucking funny! And Sophie's hair. Where had she got those weird beads? But all that hanging around, chilling out, getting sorted, that was behind them. The E was kicking in, not that Kirsten was really sure with the haze of dope and booze. She was

fucking having it. And fucking having it large. And fucking large it was too.

Banging. Pumping. Kicking. Moving.

Gurrrh! The E was coming up. She was really rushing. She pressed herself against Barry, who as always was a bit anxious when Kirsten was coming on strong. But fuck him! She was enjoying herself. She grabbed him around the waist and they boogied together as the swirling cathedral sounds of 'Avenue' gave way to some record she recognised but didn't know, vocal sounds breaking in like waves of orgasm through the dense rhythms, in tune with her body as she pressed it hard against Barry, feeling his cock stiffen through the fabric of his shorts.

Thumping. Banging. Clanging.

The sun was gradually sinking in the distance and the shadows were getting longer. On the stage the arcing, swaying bright lights became more obvious as a cloud passed in front of the sun. And then a cheer as Paul Van Dyk himself hit the stage. A few brief words from the podium while Kirsten and her friends paused in their dancing, and then at last the decks erupted as the sounds burst forth from the speakers, the heavy bass thundering across the fields as 'Iguana' erupted. Hard house heaven. Kirsten flung herself onto Paul, brushing her tits through her tanktop against his shiny bare chest, his hands and arms twitching with the familiar beats. Sophie was shaking up and down as the rhythms pushed through her, twitching though her from crown to toe. An ecstatic smile on her face was the dead give away that her rush was coming on stronger than ever.

Grinding. Throbbing. Pulsating.

And it was Kirsten. As always. Who was the first to pull off her tanktop and

let her boobs out into the summer sun, even as it fell beneath the horizon. Kirsten gave a whoop as her round breasts with their puffy nipples and satisfying orbs came loose and swayed freely with her body as she swayed freely in the beat. She could see Paul's stare. And she laughed. Paul was so fucking uptight. What did it fucking matter what he fucking thought? She was up for it, whatever he fucking was. Through the sweat that drained off her forehead onto her eyes she could just about see other eyes on her coming from the other dancers, but they were just the ones who weren't really getting it on yet. It felt much better for her tits to bump and wobble and rotate and sway with the music, free as the rest of her. And fuck! What's such a big deal about tits anyway?

Hopping. Bopping. Sliding. Gliding.

In through all the trance and hard house came a clear single note, held for a beautiful long moment, gradually building up tension, other rhythms patterning themselves within it. And then bit by bit as Kirsten and Sophie and Paul and Barry sank to the size of midgets on a small corner of the earth, in a vortex of spinning ravers, it built up inexorably and powerfully and ever greater, wave upon wave of emotion and power, to finally climax with beats so heavy and dense that Kirsten could feel her stomach give way beneath her, her long hair swaying onto her breasts and hardening nipples, the ring in her belly-button transmitting hard signals of joy. And then crescendo. Passion. Ecstasy. Emotion. The four of them almost wept as the music carried them up higher and higher, wave upon wave of overlaid beats, crashing and bashing, banging and clanging. Kirsten danced with her head up, mouth open to the sky, as a full moon appeared above her, monstrous and meaningful, the energy pulsing through her as it came onto her and crashed into her.

Grooving. Moving. Kicking. Killing.

DJ after DJ. Record after record. Mix after mix. Highs. Lows. Bass. Treble. Rhythms harder than a hammer. Sharper than a knife. Like the knives cutting into her soul. Chemical Heaven. Kirsten pushed herself against Paul again, his own top thrown aside, pressing her hot hard breasts against his hot hard smooth chest, his pierced nipple occasionally slapping against her hot hard nipple. They shimmied and swirled and pirouetted and glided. Flesh against flesh. And Kirsten's hand on his hard cock under his shorts. So long. So thick. And such a good fuck. Kirsten smiled as she remembered their fuck last night. The four of them. Taking turns as the acid wore off and the E kicked in. Not like that shit time with K that time. Paul and Kirsten. Paul and Sophie. Barry and Kirsten. Barry and Sophie. And even for a few giggly awkward moments, while the boys ogled guiltily, Sophie and Kirsten. Was it fun? Maybe. But what the fuck! You're only young once.

Kicking. Banging. Thumping. Jumping.

And if not then, why not now? thought Kirsten, as the sounds got fast and furious, the lights flashing over the fields and the stage, dark silhouetted DJs behind decks, films synchronised with the beat on the backdrop. A deep contorted fucked-up beat squeezed itself through the four to the floor, twisted around in her belly, sank into her chest, and released itself as Kirsten pulled Paul's shorts down, his prick standing out tall and proud, pink and purple gloriousness, pride personified. A cock to die for. Paul was too far gone to care, but his dancing became reduced to twitching as his consciousness gradually took in what Kirsten's tongue was doing to his prick at that moment. Slurping, glurping, gasping, gulping. Saliva and sweat. And such a fucking

big prick! Would Paul come on her tits? Did she want to waste such goodness?

Thumping. Pumping. Kicking. Banging.

Kirsten wasn't sure what she wanted. But the music made demands on her. All at once "Horny! Horny!" crashed the vocals from the mix. Cheesy but so vital. Without any more thought, Kirsten stood up and pulled down her own shorts and knickers, past her pierced crotch and its triangle of light brown hair that belied the truth of her blonde hair, down, down, eased over her bony knees and then kicked off into the grass. She was now naked, except for her light green pumps, a slim bare figure in the moonlight, the rhythms pulsating through her chemically electric frame. Naked. And not for the first time at a festival. Sophie rolled her eyes, but didn't stop her dancing. Barry looked nervous. And Paul looked positively terrified. A few other figures momentarily paused in their dancing. And one or two exchanged comments, but not wanting to look uncool. After all, it was only nudity.

And Kirsten enjoyed it. The chill air on her burning crotch. The sweat running free down her torso, onto her bare thighs without interruption or pause. Perhaps she was a naturist at heart. But perhaps she didn't go for all that shit. She wasn't going to be spending *her* time playing beachball and table tennis. She just liked being bare fucking butt naked, and she didn't fucking care what anyone fucking thought. If her parents could see her now. They could just get fucked like everyone else.

Scraping. Grinding. Twisting. Bumping.

And there was Paul still jumping and bumping opposite her, his prick slapping from side to side with the rhythm of his dancing. A shame to waste it, thought Kirsten, getting onto the ground, knees in the grass, hands behind his buttocks and prick in her

mouth. The taste and smell was overwhelming, while Kirsten's flesh tingled with chemical tension, the prick driving deep into her throat. But not for long. All of a sudden, it erupted into a creamy trail of come, which as his prick withdrew, splattered onto Kirsten's chest and down his legs. Kirsten smiled as more come dribbled out of her mouth, and then without pause up with the beat, as it took her higher and higher and higher.

Pumping. Thumping. Hitting hard. Banging on. Relentless. Never ending.

And then it started to rain. Not for the first fucking time at a festival. The music continued uninterrupted. And who was on stage? Kirsten didn't know. Didn't care. After all those weeks comparing DJs. Was Carl Cox on? Was Judge Jules, Paul Oakenfold, Ferry Corsten, Armand Van Helden? Was it going to be blinding? Or cheesy? Or hard? Or trancey? Who fucking cared? The rain beat down gently, softer than the music, barely noticed on the sweat that already had her hair sodden and damp and lank and sticking to her bare skin. But not for long. Just a shower. Thank fucking Christ for that!

Bumping. Thumping. Kicking. Heavier. Harder. Darker. Throbbing. Banging.

How it happened, Kirsten didn't know, but soon there were others like her, naked and boogying, clothes flung aside, more pills appearing and shared and still no break in the dancing. Kirsten bounced off Sophie, whose eyes were rolling no longer, her perky pointed nipples as free as Kirsten's fuller rounder boobs. Barry, too, had pulled down his pants, his thin prick not as proud as Paul's even now, shrivelled into nothing, but shaking madly from side to side. The music pounding and pulling and pushing.

Perhaps it was Barry. Perhaps it was Sophie. Perhaps it was Kirsten herself. But someone had changed the tempo in their dancing, even though the music was beating to an altogether heavier, faster beat, and they were on the grass, slightly damp after the shower, all three of them, rolling about, kissing and licking each other. And when Barry put his prick in Sophie's cunt, in came Paul, his prick recovering its hardness and straight into Kirsten, as she wrapped her legs around him, and he thrust in and out, with a rhythm totally out of step with the music. Kirsten didn't care. The music was now just in the background. The sounds and rhythms in her skull were red and warm and liquid and tingled with narcotic energy. What the fuck had they been taking? Or was it just how the fancy took them?

And soon there were others. Kirsten didn't know who they were. She didn't care. Boys. Girls. As long as they had tongues and fingers and lips and pricks where pricks counted. Above them were the shadows of others dancing and twitching energetically in the moonlight, lit up occasionally by the vast strobes of light flashing from the stage. Kirsten occasionally caught snatches of tunes as they thundered by. Was that fucking Fatboy Slim? And later she was sure she heard the distinct beat and vocals of 'Age of Love'. Occasionally, she looked into the faces and not just the bodies of the people gathered around her in this impromptu orgy of theirs. Would she normally have allowed such a fat arsed bloke with his long hair still inside his floppy hat take her up the arse like that? But who fucking cared? It was up there. Pushing up and pushing up, while below Paul (at least she thought it was Paul) was fucking her cunt. And a girl with really short hair was licking her face and eyebrows and cheeks. Kirsten grabbed the girl's face with her hands and tugged it straight into her mouth

and tongue fought against tongue.

Sophie and Barry were also hard at it interlocked by other naked bodies, sometimes flashing purple, blue, yellow or red as the massive strobes passed by. And then back to shadows in the pale moonlight. And then the hard beats of Mauro Piccotto joined the gasps and grunts and slurps and cries of the mass of bodies, building up to a climax of action, as Kirsten herself climaxed again and again and again.

And then more easy ambient noises from the stage. Bodies sagged and swayed. Exhausted by the dancing, the sex, the sweat. Sampled beats from the orient, interspersed with low ambient vocal cries, and long low hums of sound underlaying the slower rhythm. And bit by bit, person by person, the mass of naked flesh peeled off, Kirsten writhing beneath them.

Until there was only her. Lying on the grass, as people were making their way home. Her hair was splayed about her, face on one side, breasts on the ground, and legs crossed scissor-fashion behind her. Above her stood Sophie, while Barry and Paul stood off to one side chatting and passing a joint back and forth.

“Come on, girlfriend,” smiled Sophie. “Get your kit on.”

Kirsten stood up shakily, her memory of events already fragmented and incomplete. “Did we really...?”

“Here, Kirsten, have a toké,” insisted Paul, handing her the joint. “You were really way out there.”

Kirsten put the joint to her lips and breathed in deeply. Too deeply really, as she coughed up most of what she’d taken, but not so much that the effect of the skank

was wasted on her.

“We really got it on there, didn’t we? We had a real fucking time, didn’t we? It was really banging!” she said with a smile as she looked up with her clothes in a bundle in her arms.

“Yeah, babe,” said Barry with an ironic smile. “That’s the word for it. Banging!”