

Marc's Tale

By Staine

Just a couple of notes: I've got this irritating habit of calling my main character's 'Marc'. Basically, when I start throwing ideas together and decide the main character's going to be a smart-arsed little deviant, (or any of my *other* character traits) I call him Marc. That said, this isn't the same 'Marc' as found in that 'beer' story. I've thought about just doing an 'edit, replace' on the names but for some weird reason it doesn't feel right.

Still on worthless trivia, the setting for this story, Turnam City, is a fictional place a mate of mine knocked up a while back for his own stuff. 'Marc's Tale' started out as a sub-plot to his 'Remedial English' series and then strangely took on its own life from there. As I was always working with his characters ('Marc' of course was mine, but the rest were his) and his rules, a lot of small details didn't get explained in Marc's Tale because this series was always intended to be stuck up next to his. Now as it obviously isn't stuck up next to 'Remedial English', I've tried to shove a bit more information into this to make the whole thing more understandable but I can't help feel the rewrite was only partially successful.

Act I

He'd been the armchair occultist for several years.

The main reason why Marc wasn't a practitioner of the occult wasn't because he couldn't, but more because he wouldn't. The shield of social indifference he'd been using for as long as he could remember had started to sink in. There really wasn't anything he wanted or cared about in life that required magick and the only thing that really interested him, (and that be sex) used rituals that seemed so absurd that he rather go without the sex than stand in a garden naked under a full moon and rub cinnamon and scented rose petals on himself. The invocation option wasn't even worth considering.

He wasn't a virgin, there'd been girlfriends in the past who'd let him go all the way. The trouble was that most of them... why mince words, all of them, had been vacuous, vacant, and all together stupid airheads and had been exceedingly annoying to be around. He wasn't after love either. Reason being, he didn't believe it existed. No, the sex was what he wanted. No love, no commitment, no lies or long periods of sucking up, just good, plain, old-fashioned fluid transfers.

It must have been in Math - the dullest class of the day. Allen was absent from class for some reason, and Alec was apparently not in the mood for conversation. Marc knew better than to push his dark haired semi-satanic mate when he was in one of those strange sullen moods and was content to sit in silence.

He was staring at Allison's back. Letting his mind go blank, his self-imposed standard practise for concentration, he set about focusing his attention on Allison filling her very essence with his most carnal desires. It had never worked in the past, possibly because he usually lost interest fairly quickly, but this time something was different. He was so intent on this that he failed to notice the colour slowly draining from the edges of his vision.

Colours, details, and eventually shapes altogether. A grey nothingness slowly enveloped his vision, from the very outskirts of his periphery to the centre. Eventually, he reached a point

further than he'd ever ventured before and became aware of a dull throbbing sound. The rhythmic thumping was beginning to get on his nerves so he blocked it out, simply concentrating on annihilating that infernal thudding. Soon it was little more than a distant memory. With the absence of sound, he felt a sense of sheer isolation that unnerved him for a moment. All he could see now was a never-ending grey void and a wonderful echoing silence. He couldn't feel his body, he couldn't move, he was merely suspended in the void.

So this is what non-existence is like... He thought but instantly corrected himself. He was not non-existent, he could still think. *That's about all I can do*, he winced feeling the first traces of fear. Marc wasn't even sure if he was seeing anything at all. The greyness seemed absolute. No beginning, no ending and yet no perception of depth. It could have been flat image he was looking at or it could have gone on forever. He had no means of knowing which it was.

Then in his peripheral vision, he made out movement. It gradually materialised as a pure white light, so bright that he could barely look directly into it. By running his eyes over the light repeatedly from left to right and back again, he was able to make out the form of a woman. She was the most beautiful thing he could ever imagine. There was no doubt in his mind that she was beautiful even though he couldn't actually make out the details of her face. Marc knew he'd be able to recognise her immediately if he ever saw her again, he just didn't actually know what she looked like. Beauty was obvious, but details escaped him the moment his eyes left her, which was often, so intense was the glare. A strange calmness enveloped him and he felt slightly light-headed.

He knew at once that she was a Goddess, he just had no idea of which. A portion of his consciousness knew that he knew of her but that part of the brain stubbornly refused to provide a name to fit the image before him. She wore a strange expression on her absolutely perfect face. He had no idea of how he knew what expression she had considering the fact that he couldn't actually look directly at her. It was just something he could feel and know without actually having to see.

“Do you want this so much that you would stem the flow of your life essence to possess it?”
She asked, her voice soothingly musical.

He couldn't be sure that her lips even moved, but it was of no importance. Her voice was soft, comforting, and he knew in his heart that she meant him no harm. How could something so perfect, so pure, have a shred of evil intent?

“My life essence?” He asked comprehendingly.

The Goddess nodded without seeming to move at all. *“Yes. The throbbing, the pounding that you shut off in annoyance was the beating of your heart.”*

“Does that mean I’m dead?” Marc felt no pain, no fear, not even a sense of loss. In the presence of a being so perfect, death held no meaning. What was life compared to such bliss?

“Dead... no. You are currently in what we call the void. It is a segment of space between what your kind call life and death. It is the place between. It is a bridge but at the same time it is nothing.”

“But isn’t that a contradiction?”

“To you perhaps, but the rules of your world do not apply here.”

“So what happens now?” Marc asked.

“Do you want to return to life?”

“Why?” The question was blunt. Marc saw no reason not to learn about his alternatives. He was already here so as far as he could see, there was no reason not to go further.

“Would you prefer to die?”

“I don’t know. What happens if I choose to die?”

“Your soul is taken to a place where its future is decided upon.”

“Decided by who?”

“It is not my place to say.”

“Why?”

“Because that is how it is done, how it was always done, how it will always be done.” She didn’t seem in the slightest way annoyed at his incessant questioning. The Goddess spoke with the patience one affords when explaining a concept to a small child, her perpetual smile holding him in incomparable rapture.

“So what do I do now?”

“Do you want this so much that you would end your life in the hope that you could get it?”

“I don’t see why not...”

She didn’t answer him but her hand reached out to him. He remained immobile as her fingers touched his forehead. Marc found himself filled with a glorious warmth the likes of which he’d never felt before. It was as if a part of her were flowing into him. Had he been allowed to, he would have been moved into joyous tears at the profound rightness of the feeling. Time and space seemed to come to a standstill. The next thing he was aware of was being jerked backward into total darkness like he was being sucked through a black hole. He was travelling without actually moving. Marc gasped loudly and blinked.

He was back in math class, Dougie opened his mouth to say something smart but Marc cut him off with a glare. He wasn’t about to cop shit from that brain-dead spastic.

The class finished in a blur. Marc barely heard the bell ring to signify the end of the school day. He walked out of the school gates in a daze. Alec caught up with him on the way home but they barely spoke a word on the five-minute walk. Marc opened his front door, made straight to his bedroom and collapsed on his bunk.

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The irritating buzz of his alarm clock was the next thing he was aware of. Marc instinctively reached over to turn it off and glanced out the window. The sun was already out. The events from the day before came back to him instantly. He stared at the clock in disbelief. If the LCD display was to be believed, it was 7am.

“Nineteen hours? I’ve been asleep for nineteen bloody hours?”

He shook his head to clear it and made straight for the bathroom. Splashing water on his face, he glanced up at his reflection in the mirror. He didn’t look any different: same pale, almost translucent skin, nondescript nose and in contrast to the rest of his features, dark somewhat slanted almond shaped eyes that betrayed the Asian blood in his heritage. He ran his fingers

through his tousled blonde hair and mussed it up further. Hardly a romance book cover model but not bad looking either.

Stripping down quickly, he grabbed his toothbrush, applied a dollop of toothpaste, and hopped into the shower. Ten minutes later found him towelling off and then forcing himself into school uniform, a white long-sleeved shirt, dark grey trousers and a royal blue tie with thin diagonal yellow strips across it. *Not, he signed, the best colour combination on the planet but not the worst thing out there either.* At least they allowed him to wear Docs to school. Grabbing his satchel, he strode out of his front door busy rolling his shirt-sleeves up to the elbow.

He met Alec a block later and the taller dark haired boy fell in next to Marc with little more than a nod of greeting. Alec wasn't much of a talker and was usually content to mutter a few comments and let Marc talk for both of them but today neither seemed to have any want for inane conversation. Alec, apparently labouring under some unspoken burden, looked at Marc several times as if he were going to say something but stopped himself each time. They split up as they entered the school gates and went their separate classes.

Marc's first class was Physics and he found it hard to concentrate. Not that he usually paid any attention at all in class because Allen was usually going on about who he'd like to bone, but this time he found he couldn't even be bothered listening to Allen. His eyes were almost always wandering over the group of girls in the row ahead.

Allison, he ignored. Not that she wasn't attractive, on the contrary, her chocolate brown eyes, creamy skin and long chestnut curls made her the type of girl that any heterosexual male would love to have their arm around, not to mention a key portion of their anatomy in. The reason why he ignored her was because the idiot next to him who was currently going on about Alyssa Milano's tits in some skin flick they'd watched the other day, had a raging hard-on for her. If there was one thing he wasn't, it was a cunt, an asshole maybe, but only a cunt would go after a girl that his mate had a thing for.

Although Allison was out of the running, there were still other females. He began going through them. Lynn was absolutely out of the question. The bitch was a dog with a personality to match. Rebecca, hmm, NO! Andrea was a definite possibility, Kylie was cute, Tracey? Yes Tracey would be the one.

He wasn't really sure why he'd picked Tracey. While she was pretty, she didn't really compete with Allison in terms of sheer beauty and her figure was fine, if not truly breathtaking. Allen had mentioned something about her neck once in passing. Marc paid close attention to the neck in question.

As far as necks go, she does have an attractive neck... Marc thought but that still didn't seem like reason enough to choose her. Her personality perhaps? Tracey was part of what they'd termed the annoying element but she was annoying in a cute impish sorta way. She did have an absolutely adorable smile that she used constantly when she wanted to get something, and a lovely tan from spending a lot of her spare time at a surf club. He wasn't sure if it was the sum of all her assets that led him to his choice or whether there was a particularly outstanding feature about her. Whatever it was, he'd made up his mind. It was going to be Tracey.

He still remembered vague flashes of his 'out of body' experience yesterday. While he knew that the Goddess had given him something, he didn't know how to use it or even what it was. There was only one thing to do. Clearing his mind of any distractions, he began concentrating now on Tracey.

The greyness enveloped him just as it had yesterday. This time however, his fear struck him almost immediately. He could hear his heart beating in the background. What if he didn't come back? What if he got stuck in that grey void?

Fuck it!

He shut off his heart.

Marc was only mildly surprised at how easy the choice was considering the risks of what he was doing. The scene from yesterday played itself out. The Goddess returned to him. She seemed even more beautiful then before. The fear left as he felt her presence wrap itself around him, comforting him. He knew he'd done the right thing in returning to her. In her presence, life seemed like nothing more than a waste of time.

"Why have you returned?" She asked. There was a hint of worry on her absolutely perfect face that disturbed him.

"Because I don't understand what happened yesterday."

"What don't you understand?"

"I felt you'd given me something, I just don't know what it is or how to use it."

"It's all in your mind..." She laughed releasing him. He was hurled backward again.

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"Oh for fuck's sake dude!" Allen was glaring at him. *"Try breathing oxygen sometimes."*

Marc inhaled loudly and gave Allen the finger. *All in the mind?* What was all in the mind? He was suddenly furious. What sort of stupid answer was that? What the fuck was he supposed to find in his mind? He'd risked killing himself or worse, the least he could have got was a decent answer!

Slowly he forced himself to calm down. The vision of the Goddess was still in his mind, her face burned into memory. There was no trickery there, she had not deceived him. He started going through all the little details he could remember of the conversation he'd had with her. Fortunately, there wasn't all that much to go through. She'd seemed surprised to see him again, that much was obvious, her answer to his questions about his gift still puzzled him: *It's all in your mind.*

She had laughed when she'd said that but the laugh wasn't to mock him. It was like the answer was so obvious, she was amazed that he still didn't understand. The sort of laugh one might give to a silly child who kept trying to stick the triangle into the square-shaped hole.

Then a new thought materialised. Instead of the tangible gift that he was expecting, what if she'd simply given him the capacity to make it all happen. His brain started working overtime dredging up all he knew about telepathy and hypnosis.

NO!

That couldn't have been what he was given. The first time he'd offed himself he was thinking about Allison and what he'd wanted to do with her. His thoughts were focused solely on sex. There wasn't anything about reading or manipulating minds. All he had wanted was the sex and that was logically all he would have been given.

Now how do I go about getting some? He mused. Well why not just set up a scenario in his mind and see if it played itself out? The was still about ten minutes left of the physics class left and since Chalmes had long since given up asking him to actively participate in the lesson, he began making up his scenario.

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“Fucking hell! Look at this shit!” Allen grumbled, peering into his bag of chips, “I asked for sauce, not bloody gravy!” Alec snorted a snide reply while Marc ignored them both. He was waiting to see if his little game was going to play itself out. Sure enough, Tracey walked up to their table blushing slightly.

“Ummm, Marc, I was ah, wondering if you’d seen Notting Hill?”

“Nope.” He shrugged indifferently. The Hugh Grant movie was hardly one of the top ten things he had any plans to see any time ever. Under normal circumstances, it would be there right next to castrating himself with a hacksaw and joining a Buddhist monastery in the Himalayas.

“Well I was gonna go down to the mall to see it tonight. You wanna come?” She smiled at him hopefully.

“Tonight?” Marc raised a questioning eyebrow while grinning inwardly. The fucking plan was working! He couldn’t believe it! It was actually working! But there was one more test to ensure that the whole thing wasn’t a coincidence.

“Yeah, there’s a BCC screening at eight thirty.” Tracey continued oblivious to the thoughts flashing through his head.

“Sure, whaddaya’ want me to wear?”

“Just what you usually wear, silly.” She grinned before her hazel eyes narrowed in confusion. “Well if it’s not any trouble, I kinda like that Manson T-Shirt. You know the black one with the cover for...” she stopped, looking even more confused as the knowledge seemed to come to her from out of nowhere, “for Antichrist Superstar.”

“Okay, sure, so I’ll see you at the train station at, say ‘bout nine?”

“Cool!” She flashed him another one of those cute smiles and walked away.

Marc was ecstatic. The Marilyn Manson T-Shirt was the little test that he’d stuck into his scenario to prove that it was working. He and Tracey weren’t exactly the closest of mates but he knew for a fact that she hated Manson with a passion. The only way that she’d want him to wear a T-shirt with a corpse-like face on it was because that was the way he wrote the script. It was that easy! All he had to do was decide what was going to happen and it happened. It was basically like having idle daydreams that came true.

Of course he had no idea of the full scope of what the Goddess’s gift was, but there would be time later to work through all the niggly little details. He blinked and tried to imagine he and Tracey had been *liberally* dating each other for a while and left things there. That should be enough to ensure he got lucky. The last thing he wanted was to make things too complicated and risk having them blow up in his face because of some loophole he’d not made allowances for. Yes, the niggly little details could wait, tonight he was going to have some fun.

“Hey am I missing something?” Allen asked looking at Tracey’s swaying behind and then at Marc in amazement. “What the hell just happened here?”

“I guess the ladies just can’t resist me.” Marc laughed.

“Right... well, I guess it’s a step up from the sheep, huh?” Allen’s sarcasm wasn’t lost on anyone.

Alec was staring at Marc. There was a strange almost bemused look in his green eyes. Allen was still watching Tracey walk away, shaking his head in disbelief.

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“That was the most pathetic movie I’ve ever seen.” Marc remarked coldly as they walked out of the cinema. Tracey was wearing his jacket and had wrapped herself snugly on his arm. He enjoyed the feeling of her breasts against him. Actually, he really had no idea about what the movie was like. He really hadn’t paid much attention to it at all and neither had she for that matter. They had spent the two hours in the darkened theatre trading saliva like a pair of ardent lovebirds.

“The company was amazing though.” He smiled at her fondly. She giggled and drew his face down to hers.

“Hmmm, quarter pounder, M&M’s and popcorn.” He teased after he managed to tear his lips away from hers. She made a face and punched him playfully.

“I can’t believe they hit me for ID,” Tracey complained putting on a little girl’s voice. “I’m sixteen now!” She looked up at him again. “Do YOU think I look mature?”

“Well, maybe if you grew a beard you’d look older,” he joked. She hit him again, a grin on her face.

“So what now?” She asked, brushing a strand of hair away from her eyes and grinning impishly.

Marc made a show of looking at his watch and scratching his chin apparently deep in deliberation. “Well, its 10:34, my place or yours?”

“Depends on who’s at your place...”

“Me mum’s off at her boyfriends place and my sister’s gone with her so I’ve got the house to myself. How about yours?”

“Mum’s home, dad’s home, and so is Dennis.”

“Who’s Dennis?”

“My annoying little rat of a brother.”

“My place it is then!” Marc declared. They stopped briefly at a phone box so Tracey could ring her folks to tell them that she would be spending the night at Allison’s.

“So Trace, what are we doing, when we get to my place...?” Marc asked with a rather devious grin.

Tracey narrowed her eyes, a slight smile curving the corners of her mouth.

“You know damn well what we’re going to be doing.” She replied evenly.

Marc leaned on the wall behind his bed and watched Tracey bend herself over at the waist, her eyes firmly locked onto his as she drew her skirt down over her knees. Of course she had no idea how to perform a good striptease, but he did. And since she was only performing the role he wanted, he really could make her out to be anything he liked. There would be time for experimentation later. Right now, he wanted her basically as she was. With a few slight modifications to his liking, of course.

She began swaying her hips and shoulders to an unheard beat as she ran her palms over the sides of her torso and moved them up enticingly over the sides of her breasts, pushing them ever so slowly together. It didn't take long for the blouse to join the skirt on the floor.

That tan that he was going on about earlier was indeed, quite breathtaking to behold. She didn't have that deep fried lobster look people got when they spent a weekend in the sun but rather a rich golden hue from continual exposure.

Tracey, now clad in only a black cotton brassiere and matching briefs, walked towards him still swaying her hips seductively. She lowered herself to kiss him as his hands snaked around her back to undo the clasp of her bra. Holding her firmly under her armpits, Marc lifted her up to take a good look at her. The skin at her breasts was slightly fairer than her shoulders in account of her wearing a swimsuit but being a healthy, heterosexual male, Marc had no complaints. There was nothing to complain about. She was by no means stacked, but they were still a gorgeous perky set of tits.

Leaning forward, he took an already hardened nipple into his mouth and wrapped his arms around her waist as Tracey looked down at him with lidded eyes. Arching her back, she pulled, not that she had to pull terribly hard, his head closer to her, mashing her flesh against his face.

“Mmmmm...” She groaned as he alternated nipples. She pushed him backward onto his bed and crawled over him, her breasts hanging over his face.

Hmmmm, well only because she's offering ever so sweetly... Marc mused as his mouth came up to tease her already hardened nipples. She began to let down her hair as Marc's fingers peeled the briefs down her thighs. Her hair now tickled his ears as she returned her mouth to his, her hands busy trying to manipulate the zipper on his jeans. Leaving her underwear around her ankles, Marc waited somewhat impatiently, with Tracey's hot mouth on his, until she freed him from his suddenly very cramped and restricting jeans.

Neither of them was stupid enough to commit to unprotected sex, so without further ado, Tracey ripped the small foil packet open with her teeth and rolled the condom into place. Without warning, he rolled her over and spread her thighs with one fluid moment. Because her briefs were still around her ankles and his hands on her knees, she didn't have the leverage to push him off her. Before she had a chance to move or say anything, he pushed into her. She exhaled sharply.

“Well someone's been a bad girl.” Marc teased. She was wet enough for him to penetrate her easily and she obviously wasn't a virgin.

“Shut up idiot!” Tracey humped her hips up to his playfully. “I don't hear you complaining.”

“Complaining? What in then hell do I have to complain about?” Marc grinned.

Tracey's hips continued their rhythmic rolling sending Marc's mind to the borders of sanity.

He felt his first orgasm welling up and slowed his pace on her immediately but Tracey was being a particularly eager beaver and was having none of it. In spite of his protests she managed to roll him over onto his back and began to slam her hips up and down over him.

“Aww FUuuuuuuUUCK!” Marc’s head collided with the metal frame of the bunk as he started his ‘fluid transfer’ into the piece of latex between their heaving, sweaty bodies. Jerking and gasping, he sploshed around, and fell back on the bed.

“Now look what you made me do.” He growled with mock-severity, before pulling her face down to his.

“Good, now you’ll last longer the second time...” She whispered seductively into his ear. The condom was carefully unrolled and disposed of. Fortunately, Marc just so happened to have a spare one in his wallet.

“Speaking of lasting, you’ve lasted longer than I did. Hmm, it appears I’ll have to do something about that. Poor me.” Marc pulled himself away from her grasp. Grabbing her by her ankles, he pulled her partially off the bed and knelt on the floor between her legs, his face only inches away from her luscious little pussy. Tracey raised herself up on her elbows to watch him.

“Permission to perform cunnilingus, Milady?” Marc asked putting on a stiff Pommy accent.

She giggled, letting herself fall back onto the bed with one arm thrown across her face. “But of course, dear Sir. Please do!”

With permission, he dived immediately into her, starting by running his tongue up, down, and around her labia and then sparingly, her clit. He’d had limited (bugger all, really) experience in this arena, but Tracey wasn’t complaining. As a matter of fact, she was squirming by now, so he figured he was on the right track.

By now her briefs had slipped from her ankles, and she let her thighs rub against his face, her ankles crossing behind his neck. Squirming around, moaning and, on occasion, giggling a little, she slowly approached her orgasm.

“Mmmmm, yeah... keep going, right there, yeah, right there.” Her fingers wound their way through his hair, moved down and stroked his face then went back behind his head, holding him in place. He decided to use a technique he’d seen in a porno once, with one girl going down on another. Figuring that a woman would know what a woman would like, he copied the actions he’d seen.

Using his fingers to spread apart her labia, he gently slid his thumb inside, finding the fit tight, even on this digit. With his tongue, Marc teased her clit, wiggling over the sensitive bud, and drawing a fresh bout of writhing from Tracey. Between the actions of his thumb, slipping in and out of her, and his tongue doing its dance, her breathing was coming hard and fast.

“Oh fuck! Oh God! OH GOD!” Tracey panted grinding herself against Marc’s face as yet another intense burst of pleasure flowed through her. Her thighs began to tremble uncontrollably as Marc continued to work between them. She felt him push down hard against her clit with his tongue and her mind exploded.

Arching her back and squealing, Tracey announced to the world that she was coming, and bucked against him. It lasted for a few seconds, then she relaxed and went limp. Weakly, she pulled him up, and he complied, sliding up over her now sweaty body to join her kiss. This

time it was softer, looser, and more tender than before. The sense of urgency was lessened, and they were now more relaxed.

“Ohhh, baby, am I gonna make you feel so fucking good!” She promised him. Marc couldn’t contain his glee. Tracey rolled out from under him, planting herself atop him once more. This time, unencumbered by clothing, she slid down him, pressing her warm flesh against his as she went. Finally, and after much licking and stroking, she reached his cock, which had now attained gargantuan proportions.

Tracey took a breath, then put her mouth around it. He could feel her tongue tickling him as she took him deeper, all the way to the back of her throat, until she began to gag, then she pulled back, just as slowly. With a mischievous glint in her eye, she asked him, in a breathy, husky voice, how he wanted it.

“How do I want it...? Well that’s a tough question, what exactly are you offering?”

“Just you wait and see...” She whispered. Holding him firmly by the base, she rubbed the head of his penis over her open lips giving him the occasional lick before bringing it down past her jaw line, along the side of her neck. Changing her grip and her positioning, she placed him between her breasts, masturbating him with her soft flesh. Watching his penis slide between her tits, Marc had long since surpassed what he considered heaven.

Just when he thought he was going to blow it on those lovely breasts, Tracey released her hold on him and crawled back onto the bunk. Taking the unused condom from the small table next to his bed, she deftly removed it from its packet. Holding it at her lips, she sucked a bit of it into her mouth keeping the ring outside her lips. Then she crawled back between his legs and took his penis into her mouth letting the condom unroll as he slid further into her mouth and then into her throat. Marc had never seen anything so erotic in his life.

“Where did you learn to do that?” He exclaimed.

“I’m not telling...” Tracey teased.

She climbed on top of him and placed her sex over his gift-wrapped penis. With agonising slowness, she lowered herself down on him. The second their pubic hair met, she raised her hips and let him slip out of her.

“Don’t tease me.” Marc warned. Tracey giggled and lowered herself down again but this time after two full strokes she lifted herself off him. “Damnit!”

“Okay, okay, I’ll stop it.” Tracey let him fill her up again. Then just as she raised her hips, Marc grabbed her by the waist and rolled her on her back.

“Hey wait a sec...” Before she could continue, Marc started to plough into her. Tracey instinctively tried to push him off. She was a tease, she liked being the one in control, but one look into Marc’s eyes and she knew she didn’t have a chance. The animal lust was all too apparent. The only way to stop him was to knock him senseless or wait patiently for him to run out of semen. It wasn’t that she considered this rape, quite on the contrary, his almost brutal thrusts into her pushed the fine line between pain and pleasure. She was drawing closer to climaxing.

“OH sweet JESUS!” Tracey shrieked as another massive climax hit her. She was only dimly aware that Marc had upped the tempo but as her head cleared she realised his thrusts were so hard they were actually bouncing her off the mattress.

Resigning herself to let him finish, Tracey grabbed the bars of the metal headboard to brace herself for her orgasm. It hit her harder than she expected. Letting out a loud gasp, her eyes slammed shut as she convulsed under Marc's relentless fucking, her wetness milking him for all she was worth. She never got a chance to recover, Marc looked down at her almost sadistically as her body was hit by another series of rolling orgasms.

"Stop! God please Ohhhh Fuuuuuuck... STOP!" Tracey screamed, her pretty eyes filling with tears. She'd never cum so hard and so often before. She couldn't take much more. Marc, ignoring her pleas, went into overdrive.

"Pleeeeeeee... Oh my God, arrggghhuum, OH FaarrhucK!" Tracey hissed, wide eyed. It was starting to hurt now. Another massively powerful orgasm hit her and she collapsed weakly. Marc almost joined her, such was the intensity of his own climax. None of his previous lays came close to this one. He silently thanked the Goddess for his gift as he slumped over the insensible body beneath him.

"You did make me feel so fucking good baby." He told the unconscious girl before sleep overcame him.

Act II

"Can you say 'fuckwit'?"

Marc turned to find his mate Allen grinning at his elbow. "Eh, who?" He asked not totally understanding Allen's question.

"Dougie of course." Allen said nodding his head in Dougie's general direction.

Marc glanced over his shoulder and found Dougie - Lord Dumbarse, with a moronic expression on his already stupid face. It didn't need questioning what inanely dumb offence Dougie had committed this time, that he was Dougie was grounds enough to give him shit.

"Duh Dougie!" Someone snapped before Marc could mouth the words himself. It was a time-honoured ritual of sorts, just another pointless distraction in the academic cesspool that was Remedial English.

No one really paid any attention to the teacher or the lesson whatever that might be. That would be learning and no one present, Kylie being the only possible exception, had any intention of learning. The class was, generally speaking, composed of misfits who took malicious joy in tormenting people even more screwed up than themselves. It was a means to get by: you were either laughing at someone or you were being laughed at. This was the way the class was structured and no one with any sense ever challenged the system.

"Hey David's having the usual BYO piss up at his place this Friday." Allen began conversationally. "You in?"

"Stop asking stupid questions." Marc snapped before his face rearranged itself into one of his usual lopsided grins. "Of course I'm in. Since when have I ever said no to beer?"

"Well never I guess," Allen admitted. "I just thought that you and Tracey might have plans this weekend. Seeing as you both seemed pretty chummy last week..."

"We don't." Marc said flatly in a tone that brooked no argument. His night with Tracey was still memorable but he had found he attached no real feelings towards her. She was a sweet enough girl in her impish sort of way and Marc was content to leave things at that. He knew

he could easily turn her into the school slut if he had a mind to do so but he preferred her as she was. Their chemistry had been purely physical. Fluid transfers, nothing more.

“There is that.” Allen shrugged noncommittally and returned to his scribbling. Marc glanced at his mate’s open lecture pad and found Allen was filling the page with some strange script, writing from right to left so neatly that it seemed as if it was of a second nature to him. Marc dismissed it as another of Allen’s strange predilections, just another something his mate was caught up with at the moment.

“Marcus,” Someone called out. Marc looked up and found it was only the teacher Ms Gorman. “I’d like to know what you thought about Elizabeth’s character?”

Marc searched his memory to find meaning in his teacher’s question. Oh, the bint in Pride and Prejudice. They were supposed to be reading Jane Austin this week and Elizabeth was the know it all, self-righteous headstrong bitch. Marc tactically decided to reword his reply. It was hardly the case that he feared Gorman for she was just another teacher, but he just didn’t feel the need to get into an argument with her at the moment.

“I think Austin was trying to create a persona that was strong both emotionally and psychologically.” Marc lied. “She was trying to create a female character that embodied the protest of the value of the female mind in a male dominated society. Elizabeth fit the bill because she used her-” he couldn’t resist quoting Shakespeare’s Henry V even though he hated the tosser, “woman’s heart as well as her mind and didn’t allow herself to get totally carried away by either because she was using the two in tandem.”

Personally he thought the novel was a piece of shit.

“That’s pretty good...” Ms Gorman admitted, surprised that Marc had somehow stumbled on the answer she’d been more or less fishing for. The class discussion then turned to mundane matters, namely the ones Marc had brought up but by now he was past caring. Gorman wouldn’t bother him for the rest of this lesson as long as he didn’t disrupt the class. He had no plans to.

He was busy alternating between Kylie and Andrea. Allison was still out of the running, he’d already done Tracey and Amber was at home nursing the flu so they were the only two left in his class that qualified for a boning. Both were appealing in different ways. Andrea was definitely the more ‘glamorous’ of the two seeing as she lived her life according to this month’s Cosmo while Kylie was the cute ‘girl next door’ sort who could turn into an absolute knockout with a good makeover.

(Look I got conned into thinking ‘She’s All That’ was a comedy and actually watched the damn thing so shut the hell up!)

“Completely different people...” Marc mused aloud.

“Eh?” Allen asked, his tone making it clear he was only partially interested and was making vocal noises just for the sake of it.

“If you had a choice, who would you bone, Kylie or Andrea?”

Allen looked up long enough to examine the females in question, his eyes appraising them in fashion only a healthy heterosexual male could. Scratching his chest idly, he snorted, “That’s a dumb question, I’d bone em both.”

“Bone em both... that’s not a bad idea.” Marc allowed a devious grin to slowly spread over his face. His brain was already hard at work writing up the new scenario.

“What the hell’s Dougie doing here?” Allen demanding nodding over the rim of his XXXX stubby. Dougie and his pack of morons had taken over the swing set in David’s back yard and were looking particularly apelike as they swung on the crossbar while trying to drink beer through brightly coloured party straws.

“Who knows?” Marc shrugged indifferently lighting a cigarette.

“They probably just overheard someone talking about tonight and showed up.” Alec volunteered. “David’s piss-ups are hardly a secret and seeing as most us lack club ID anyway, it’s a convenient avenue to get pissed in.” Unlike Marc and Allen, he was drinking what he called a “Bloody Scotch.” It was a lot like a “Bloody Mary” but without the vodka, tomato juice, olives etc and drunk straight out of the Johnny Walker bottle.

The conversation then turned to music as Allen and Alec got into a Slipknot Vs. Fear Factory argument. While it was a topic Marc would usually have jumped in on, he was distracted, as most guys tend to be, by the appearance of a pretty girl, or two. The Annoying Element: Tracey, Lynn and Andrea had set up shop around the keg and while they weren’t really drinking to get shitfaced, they had tactically positioned themselves so that they could annoy anyone who went in for a refill.

Marc winked at Tracey and she returned a sultry grin, her eyes giving him and open invitation. He was tempted, very tempted for however annoying Tracey could be; she was still a terrific piece of ass. Still, he had other plans this evening and he was a tenacious bastard where his plans were concerned. Dragging his eyes off Tracey, he planted them firmly on Andrea. Clad in sleek black hipsters and a low cut dark red midriff top with her long raven hair out, she looked like a million bucks. Perfect for what he had in mind.

“Well fuck me with a wet brick!” Allen suddenly exclaimed.

Marc dragged his eyes of Andrea and followed his mate’s astonished gaze to see Kylie walk out onto the patio. Gone were the daggy glasses revealing big grey eyes and a light splattering of freckles across the bridge of her cute little nose. Her dark hair, like Andrea’s, was left loose and she was dressed in a short denim skirt and a white skin tight halter top - a very un-Kylie like outfit for she usually settled on something unflattering like baggy jeans coupled with an oversized sweater.

“For a geek that girl is hot.” Alec mumbled dryly.

Marc nodded slowly. The Levi’s emphasised her long slender legs and the halter hugged a pair of beautifully firm knockers. Hardly stacked, Kylie’s tits were barely a more than handful but they were perfectly shaped handfuls none the less.

“Good skin tone.” Allen commented.

“Uh huh.” Marc grinned taking a long slurp of beer without taking his eyes off Kylie. “And perhaps more importantly, no bra.”

Kylie stopped on the patio and looked around timidly. People were lounging about all over the backyard either leaning on things or sitting down on an assortment of deck chairs, stools or eskies. Almost everyone had a cigarette or a drink in hand and quite a few had both. KoRn poured out from what looked like a fairly expensive sound system that had been moved out onto the patio and fiercely defended by the host lest overzealous party fiends tapered with it or helped themselves to the contents of an impressive CD rack next to it.

This was hardly her sort of crowd as she didn't drink, didn't smoke and most definitely didn't sleep around. To add to her awkwardness was her outfit. She felt so exposed and still couldn't understand why she'd opted to wear such revealing attire, or even show up at this party for that matter. What the hell did she think she was doing? People were beginning to stare now and Kylie felt a fresh wave of panic wash over her. She hated being in the spotlight, hated being appraised and more than a few pairs of male eyes were openly appraising her. She felt like a piece of meat on display. Just then she saw someone wave her over and she walked forward quickly without really thinking about what she was doing. Anything to get out of the spotlight.

As she neared the group she was able to recognise the guys who'd pulled her out of her jam. Allen and Marc she knew from her English and Math classes and the waver was Alec, the cute though somewhat sulky looking gothic who sat to her left in Geography.

"Hey Kylies, s'up?" Alec asked nodding his greeting. Allen and Marc followed their mate's cue in a simular fashion as teenage culture played out yet another of its rituals.

"Nothing much." Kylie blurted much too fast causing herself to blush in embarrassment and curse inwardly.

Marc offered her a chair and she sat down acutely aware that all three were openly staring at her. Blushing furiously now, Kylie found she was unable to sit still, she wasn't sure whether to sit with her legs together or sit with them crossed and she didn't know what to do with her hands. Noticing her discomfort, Alec flipped open the lid of the esky at his feet and offered her a beer.

"Uh, I... I really don't think I should..." She stammered apprehensively staring at the stubby, dread written all over her pretty face. Her mind was already filled with pictures of herself stumbling around drunk and vomiting and... worse. Allen nodded and Alec handed him the stubby instead.

"You cold?" Marc cut in before either Allen or Alec could speak. Without waiting for her reply he shrugged off his jacket and handed it to her.

"Um, thanks." Kylie smiled gratefully. She wasn't at all cold but at least the jacket would allow her to cover up a bit for the halter left precious little to the imagination. Pulling the zipper up to her throat she completely missed the dark looks Allen and Alec were shooting at Marc. Kylie found herself reconsidering the beer offer. One drink should be okay, she told herself not realising the thought was not her own. Her initial nervousness had faded into little more than a memory

"Hey is that beer offer still on?" She asked, more confident now. Alec grinned and handed her another stubby and Kylie was surprised to find the hand that accepted the drink was totally steady. She took the icy beer and stared at the yellow XXXX label for a long moment.

"You might want to take a drink of that before it gets warm." Marc said with a lopsided grin. "As much as I value the flavour of our indigenous Queensland beer, albeit owned by the bloody Japs, XXXX tastes bloody awful warm."

Kylie returned his grin and quickly took a sip not wanting to look stupid in front of them. She didn't want to do anything that might offend these guys seeing as they were being so nice to her.

"So what brings you out to our humble little gathering this fine Friday night?" Allen asked conversationally.

Kylie stumbled and would've fallen if Marc hadn't wrapped his arms around her waist in time. She had begun to start feeling a bit woozy as the alcohol took effect and Marc had suggested it might be a good idea if she called it a night. Kylie shook her head to clear the cobwebs and cursed aloud as Marc steadied her. It was well after midnight and they were standing on David's driveway.

"You alright?" He asked still holding her from behind and she was able to detect concern in his voice. How very sweet of him to leave his mates and walk her out... she thought leaning ever so slightly into him. Somehow this felt really comforting.

"Looks like someone had a bit of fun tonight." A girl's voice this time. Kylie looked up to see Andrea standing a few feet away with one hand on her hip and a bemused expression on her pretty face. Suddenly embarrassed by Marc's presence and his arms around her, Kylie stepped away from him and turned to face Andrea.

God she looks so self assured! Kylie thought without spite staring at the other girl. Andrea simply oozed sensuality and the girl seemed so confident that Kylie couldn't help but admire her. What I wouldn't give to be like that, she thought wistfully.

"How're ya gonna get home?" Andrea asked raising an eyebrow.

"I... I dunno." Kylie admitted, a frown on her face. She hadn't planned that far ahead and there was no one coming to pick her up.

"Why don't you get a lift with me?" Andrea offered. "You're on Sandgate Road aren't you?" When Kylie nodded Andrea continued, "Yeah well I'm heading up to Aspley anyway, I could drop you off on the way if you like."

"Oh cool, thanks." Kylie grinned. She had always been under the impression Andrea was rather stuck up and flighty but she seemed quite alright now. Her offer of a free ride was very welcome indeed for they were hardly what anyone would call friends. In fact everyone had been really nice to her tonight, especially the guys she'd been sitting with...

"What about you Marky Marc?" Andrea grinned with a mischievous glint in her dark almond eyes. "You want a ride too?"

"I would." Marc nodded, the glint in his eyes mirroring Andrea's before his expression turned sour. "But don't you ever call me Marky Marc again if you value your life sweetheart."

"Okey dokey." Andrea laughed. "C'mon I'm over there." She led them over to a sleek grey Commodore parked across the street.

Marc whistled appreciatively. "Where'd ya get the wheels from?"

"This year's birthday present from my folks." Andrea replied. "It was this or a lime green Falcon, I liked the colour so I got this."

"Lucky bitch." Marc remarked as he opened Kylie's door for her.

"Hey where are we going?" Kylie asked looking out the window in confusion. "This isn't the way home."

Andrea laughed from the driver's seat, her voice low and husky. "It isn't, but we have to make a pit stop on the way. Don't worry Kylies, we'll get you home safe and sound, promise..."

Kylie nodded dumbly. She didn't like patronising Andrea's tone but for the time being, there didn't seem to be any real cause for alarm. They were just taking a detour of sorts. Still, she couldn't help feeling that something wasn't quite right here but as she just couldn't put her finger on it, she remained silent.

Ten minutes later they were driving through the city and Kylie's panic began to rise. This was no simple errand run. They had been mere minutes from her place and now they were miles away. What could be so important that Andrea had not simply dropped her off before running whatever errand she was on?

As if sensing her discomfort, Marc reached out from behind her and placed his hand on her shoulder. "Chill out." He said reassuringly giving her a quick squeeze.

She expected him to remove his hand after that but he didn't. Slowly his fingers trailed along her shoulder to the zipper at her throat. Kylie froze in panic. She didn't know what he was doing but she was sure she wasn't going to like it. She looked over at Andrea, her eyes pleading the other girl to notice what Marc was doing but Andrea's attention was focused on the road and she seemed not to notice what was happening in the seat next to her. Slowly, agonisingly, Kylie felt Marc draw the zipper of the jacket he had loaned her down to her waist before his hands were on her shoulders pushing her slightly forward off the seat and then gently drawing the jacket down off her shoulders.

"W-what are you doing?" Kylie managed to stammer nervously as she felt his hands again, this time against the bare skin of her shoulders.

"Just kneading out all that stress." Marc laughed teasingly. Kylie could feel his breath hot on the nape of her neck and couldn't decide whether she liked the sensation or not. Marc's fingers began to gently dig into the hard muscle on her shoulders, slowly rubbing circles into her flesh. Faster than Kylie would have thought possible, she felt her resistance flow out of her. His hands felt so good! So unbelievably good!

She barely heard Marc tell Andrea to put down the passenger window but the breeze caressing her face was lovely, she could stay like this forever. Andrea spared Kylie a glance and grinned approvingly at Marc. The shy slender girl had her eyes closed, her lips parted ever so slightly as Marc worked on her. Andrea gave him a quick wink before turning her attention back to the road.

Kylie's eyes snapped open as she felt one of Marc's hands move down her arm, his fingers barely touching her flushed skin. This was turning out to be more than just a back massage.

"No, wait, HEY!" She squealed moving to intercept the wayward hand. Deftly he slipped past her shaky defence and his hand came to rest against her hip. She stiffened noticeably and clamped down on his wrist but found to her dismay that she couldn't push his hand away as she knew she should.

Turning her head, she found his face inches from hers. "No, please don't..." She pleaded, her voice barely audible. Marc said nothing, his face partially hidden in shadows. All Kylie could make out were his eyes, locked on hers. Slowly she felt his hand glide up her side over her smooth flat tummy and then over her ribcage. Try as she might, she couldn't stop him. If anything, her hand seemed to be guiding his upwards. She gasped as he cupped her breast. It was the first time anyone had ever done that to her.

"Let go baby." Kylie was shocked to see Andrea smiling at her. Marc's hand was clearly visible as he rolled her rapidly hardening nipple between his thumb and forefinger. There was no way Andrea had been able to miss it. "Just sit back and enjoy the ride." Andrea murmured, her voice a husky purr.

"Why are you letting him do this to me?" Kylie pleaded, a wild frightened look in her grey eyes. She was barely able to stifle a gasp as Marc's hands continued to drive her crazy. While his right hand attended to her breast, his left was busy tracing patterns against the side of her neck. Kylie was fighting a losing battle of wills. She was still a virgin and she had never petted or even kissed a guy before. In the past she'd usually been able to control her 'urges' without having to result to masturbation but between the alcohol in her bloodstream and the effect Marc's hands were having on her, she was trapped. She was putty his hands and they all knew it.

"Because he wants to." Andrea replied with a sweet smile. "Because deep down you want him to."

"No, I..." Kylie frowned, confusion plainly evident on her cute freckled face.

Andrea reached over and traced a small X on the inside of Kylie's thigh, about three inches above the knee with her fingernail. "And because I want him to." She laughed, her voice a delicious whiskey tenor. "We all want this Kylie, let go..."

Slowly Kylie leaned back into the seat, her mind in turmoil. Did she actually want this? Her body seemed to like it but how far would Marc go? How far should she let him go? She jerked involuntarily as she felt his lips on her neck. He held her firmly against the seat as he wrecked havoc on her nervous system. In moments Kylie found herself running her fingers through his hair as she clamped his head in place. Then Marc pried her fingers off his head and brought his lips down on hers. She hesitated for a brief moment before Kylie found herself kissing him back with total abandon. Her enthusiasm making up for her lack of experience.

"Okay folks," Andrea's voice snapped Kylie out of her trance and her first kiss. "I don't know about you two, but contrary to popular belief, I'm not a big fan of fooling around in cars."

Kylie glanced out the window and saw that they had pulled into the driveway of an old but meticulously well kept colonial townhouse. "Where are we?" She asked.

"Southside," Andrea replied getting out of the Commodore. "C'mon, my parents are out for the weekend."

"Geez," Marc exclaimed looking around in wonder. "Aydie what the hell are you doing in a state school?" They called her 'Aydie' on account of her initials - Andrea Davis - rather than 'Andy' because she absolutely hated being called that and nobody could be bothered pronouncing her three-syllable name each time they wanted to get her attention.

Andrea smiled. "It's a long story but basically because dad had to actually work to acquire his riches so to speak, he doesn't want things to go to my head and he figured the last thing he wanted was me hanging out with a bunch of spoiled brat rich kids in a private school."

"Poor you." Marc grinned.

"Nah, I reckon there's probably more fun to be had in Turnam State anyway." Andrea shrugged. "I mean if I had gone private would I have been here with you guys now?"

“Uh, guys, what are we doing here?” Kylie said, her voice barely above a whisper as if she was afraid of being heard.

“We’re here to have some fun of course!” Andrea smiled vivaciously as she led them in through the garage entrance and down a long polished mahogany corridor. Pushing open a door, she ushered them into the room impatiently.

As Andrea hit the lights, Marc couldn’t help grinning. Woad blue wallpaper with some sort of strange Celtic design adorned the walls interspaced with posters of hard rock or alternative bands, KoRn, Sepultura and Veruca Salt predominating. In the centre of the room was a queen-sized bed and directly opposite the bed against the far wall was a home theatre system that would be the envy of most households. Christina Aguilera was nowhere in sight.

“Wow!” Kylie exclaimed taking in the scenery.

“You guys just go on and start without me.” Andrea called out as she disappeared through an adjoining door. Seconds later Marc could hear a tap running and surmised Andrea’s bedroom was a master suite of some sort.

“What did she mean start without her?” Kylie asked as she bent forward to check out the nearest CD rack. She wasn’t prepared for Marc’s hands on her so soon. His fingers found her nipples and she gasped straightening up and leaning back into him reflexively.

“No, hey! Andrea’s in the next room!” She protested. Marc’s arms were wrapped around hers as his hands took free liberties with her tits. She tried to square her shoulders to get some leverage to shrug him off her but she was ashamed to find she was barely putting any effort into the attempt. It was like she actually wanted him to touch her. For the first time in her life Kylie felt like a complete slut.

“She said to start without her.” Marc whispered breathlessly as Kylie seemed to push her chest out a little. “Well we’re starting without her...” Soon he was gnawing on her neck, something the experience in the car had taught him turned Kylie into jelly. It worked again.

Kylie groaned loudly, her tongue pressing into the back of her own teeth as her head rolled back in abandon. Marc couldn’t help grinning to himself for the slender girl in his arms would react exactly the way he planned regardless of her likes or intents beforehand. She was his to mould in every sense of the word.

Kylie didn’t know what to make of the hands at her breasts or the lips at her neck, but now she was sure she didn’t want Marc to stop either. She could feel the moisture between her legs, the tingling excitement at her chest and the line of goose bumps creeping up her back.

“Oh God...” She breathed turning her head and offering her lips to Marc. Never one to say no to that sort of offer, he joined in, sinking his tongue between those soft lips to duel with hers.

Kylie wasn’t sure what was happening. A moment ago she would have screamed if it was suggested she let someone she barely knew do this to her. Now though, she found Marc was so yummy to taste. Their lips wrestled for position as their tongues duelled in the open space between. Kylie’s eyes fluttered at each new sensation now shooting through her glorious body

Marc winked at Andrea as she re-entered the room, a bemused expression on her pretty face. Somewhere along the line she’d gotten changed as was now dressed in a long white nightshirt. At his unspoken question, she grinned mischievously turning to one side and lifting the back of her nightshirt to reveal she wore nothing underneath. Marc licked his lips in unconcealed delight for this was quickly turning into one hell of night to remember.

Marc slid his hands down Kylie's arms, gently, but firmly pulling them down and backward until he held her by the wrists about level with her cute little ass. Then, he nodded at Andrea who stood unnoticed by Kylie, a few feet away licking her lips in anticipation.

Kylie's eyes snapped open as she felt another set of hands upon her. Deftly Andrea undid the bowstring of the halter and slowly began to pull the garment down.

"No! Marc! What's she doing? Why...?" Kylie demanded attempting to twist out of the way to no avail. She doubted she would have minded so much if Marc had done it but being caught in the act felt wrong to her and being undressed by another girl worse.

"Hey its only Aydie, what's the problem?" Marc asked barely able to suppress a chuckle as he held Kylie to him. Her firm denim clad butt was rubbing him nicely and he saw no reason not to continue enjoying the sensation.

"Yeah Kylies," Andrea purred letting go of the bowstring and taking hold Kylie's face in her hands. Taking on a pouting hurt expression she said, "You like me don't you Kylie?"

"I-I guess so." Kylie faltered as she slowly stopped writhing. "But not... not like that." Kylie turned her head so she could see Marc out of the corner of her eye. "Please Marc make her stop. This is wrong! I - I can't..."

In response, Andrea leaned forward and began to trail soft lingering kisses along Kylie's jaw. The slender girl flinched at first but Marc had Andrea moulded into the perfect seductress for this scenario and Kylie's resistance crumbled in moments.

"No, we shouldn't..." Kylie whined feebly but Marc could feel her lean forward slightly each time Andrea's lips came in contact with her flushed skin. He could feel Andrea's fingers against his stomach as she worked on the knots down Kylie's back. Finally when Andrea stepped away, she did so with Kylie's halter in hand. Marc couldn't help laughing silently as the other girl's subtlety. The trailing kisses had merely been a distraction to strip Kylie down to the waist and as such, it had worked beautifully.

As Kylie opened her eyes in confusion Andrea closed in for the kill, her mouth pressing against Kylie's in unconcealed urgency. Marc had taken liberties to insure Andrea got just as much out of the encounter as he did and she was working for her pie. He felt Kylie stiffen under him and assumed rightly that Andrea's fingers were busy worrying Kylie's now exposed nipples.

After almost a minute watching the mind-numbing intimacy taking place inches under his nose Marc decided it was time he got into the action. Releasing Kylie's hands, he reached up and gently prised Andrea's face off the slender girl between them. Andrea saw want he wanted straight away and with a grin, she leaned forward into Kylie with her face upturned. Marc reached around grabbing Andrea's lush ass and pulling her forward so he could kiss her over Kylie's shoulder with Kylie still trapped between them.

Marc had never been with two girls at the same time before and as a first, this was better than he could have ever hoped. He had Andrea's plump buns in his hands while Kylie's were jammed tightly against his groin, pressing against the principal organ of male consciousness. An organ that was simply begging for attention.

As far as kissing went, Andrea, true to her role, was simply the best kisser he'd ever come across, her suction on his tongue simply fantastic and it was an effort to tear his lips away from hers.

"Get that silly shirt off and get that lush ass of yours on the bed." Marc croaked hoarsely.

Without hesitation Andrea pulled her nightshirt over her head and did a slow pirouette to give Marc and Kylie a grand eyeful of her sensuous curves.

“Thought you’d never ask.” Andrea laughed, proud in her nudity. As far as Marc could tell, there wasn’t a single reason under the sun Andrea shouldn’t be proud. Her body was the stuff wet dreams were made of and she was easily in possession of the best tits he’d seen in the flesh.

“Well you didn’t think you get out of this without a thorough shafting did you?” Marc snorted. He heard Kylie gasp in front of him and assumed the way things were going was definitely distressing to her. He decided to see what he could do about that.

“Kylies, why don’t you get on that bed with Andrea?” Marc enquired softly flashing her a deceivingly sweet smile.

“I - I don’t think really think I want to...” Kylie stammered uncertainly as she backed away from him, her hands covering her perky little breasts. “That’s not right.”

“Aw c’mon sweetie,” Andrea pouted. “Pretty please, for me...?”

“No, look I think I wanna go now.” Kylie whispered, her grey eyes filled apprehension.

Marc cupped her chin leaning forward slowly enough for her to pull away, but making it very obvious as to what he intended to do. Kylie bit her bottom lip for a long moment as she stared into his eyes. She didn’t move a muscle until his lips met hers then with almost frantic enthusiasm, she kissed him back.

As their tongues duelled, Marc reached down and grabbed her lush firm ass pulling her to him. Kylie stiffened in shock as she felt his obvious hardness but made no move to pull away. As he steered her towards the bed she broke the kiss and looked up at him with wide frightened eyes.

"No, I... please, no... My God, I can't. Oh... please..." Her pleas sounded halfway like she was begging him to continue. The Goddess's magick was exceeding Marc's wildest (oh who am I kidding - horniest) hopes.

Pushing her down gently at the edge of Andrea's bed, he scooted her up against the headboard. Kylie looked so adorable that Marc couldn't help bringing his lips down over hers again as he manoeuvred her into position. Her eyes still closed, she leaned back and supported herself upright on her elbows as Marc continued to play his hands over her breasts. Her breathing increased as he lightly twisted and manhandled her nipples. Her slight protestations continued, but they sounded more like an automatic reaction now than anything else.

Andrea looked on, licking her lips in anticipation. Marc could tell she was getting all hot and bothered by the attention Kylie was getting. Pulling away from Kylie, Marc grabbed Andrea by her shoulders and thrust her between Kylie legs.

“Time for you to put that pretty mouth of yours to work.” He said moving forward to straddle Andrea’s chest. Grabbing the back of her head, he pulled her forward slightly. Andrea’s dexterous fingers had his straining cock out of its cloth confines in record time and Marc almost lost it when she popped him into her mouth and got that extraordinary vacuum effect of hers going.

“Dead puppies, dead puppies, dead puppies...” He groaned trying to form mental pictures with his eyes clenched shut as he thrust his hips into Andrea’s face. Anything to kill the

eruption prematurely. He let out a low groan as Andrea let his cock slip out of her mouth and began tickling the tip with her little pink tongue. With a rough lunge, he filled her mouth again. To Andrea's immense delight she found herself straightening her neck to allow him deeper penetration. She could feel the little ridges of his skin as she licked the underside with her tongue.

Marc shot a glance at Kylie. The shy slender girl had her fingers in her mouth watching with rapt attention as Andrea took Marc's cock to the back of her mouth and then into her throat.

"How does she do that without choking?" Kylie asked in wonder.

Andrea pulled her head off Marc and smiled, "Practice baby, a whole lotta of fuckin' practice." Without further ado, she stuffed Marc's cock back into her mouth and began bobbing her head as if that was the most important thing in the world.

Groaning, Marc pulled out of Andrea's mouth. He had run out of horrible things to visualise. Dead puppies weren't good enough, hell, even the image he'd tried to form of the math teacher Chalmes doing the dirty with week-old road kill was useless. Andrea was just that damn good!

Taking on an innocent expression, Andrea said, "Oh what's the matter Marky? Something got you all hot and bothered?"

"Smug bitch aren't you." He growled with mock severity. Looking over Andrea's shoulder at Kylie, Marc smiled. "Kylies, whaddaya think of Aydie's tits?"

"Um, well, they're kinda big I guess..." Kylie whispered quickly glancing away.

"That they are." Marc agreed, his eyes locked onto Andrea's impressive mounds. Taking the hint and grinning impishly, Andrea leaned back into Kylie as she cupped her breasts.

"You wanna play with em Marky?" She laughed sucking in her stomach and thrusting her chest out in centrefold style.

"I would." Marc returned her grin but made no move to touch the supine girl beneath him. "But I think I'd like Kylie to play with them for me."

"Why?" Kylie objected, confusion and apprehension written all over her cute face. "I don't think girls should do things like that to other girls."

"Aydie?" Marc prompted. When Andrea shrugged, Marc turned his attention back to Kylie.

"How'd you feel when Andrea kissed you? Did ya like that?" Kylie turned bright pink but nodded shakily. "Then did ya like it when she touched you?" The blush deepened and the nod was a long moment in coming.

Marc look down at Andrea for a long moment drinking in her soft luscious curves, then with his eyes still on the scrumptious female beneath him he said, "Then dontcha think it's only fair that you return the favour Kylies?"

"But..."

"Please Kylie?" Andrea squirmed deliciously between Kylie's legs. "I really really want you to..." She said in a pleading little girl's voice.

Tentatively Kylie's hands snaked out to Andrea's chest where they began a slow exploration of the succulent flesh there. Andrea groaned approvingly, her eyes rolling with her mouth open slightly. Her nipples were rock hard in moments.

"How do they feel?" Marc prompted.

Kylie looked up at him, her face a mixture of trepidation and awe. "Soft, really soft and... and..."

"Bite her neck." Marc suggested looking down at Andrea. "She'd like that."

"Uh okay..." Kylie whispered snuggling down lower to carry out the command. Andrea stiffened as she felt Kylie's mouth on her neck and lewdly pumped her hips upward seeking a cock that hadn't been inserted yet.

Marc hopped off the bed and stripped down in record time. Glancing back at the scene before him he saw Kylie was much more comfortable with what she was doing now and Andrea showed no signs of disliking such treatment.

Slipping back onto the bed he tore the foil packet with his teeth and rolled the condom on efficiently. He then spread Andrea's legs in a single fluid motion and got between her thighs. For the first time he noticed her completely bare mound already glistening with the evidence of her arousal.

"OH GAWD YEAH!!!" Andrea yelped as Marc buried his boner into her in a single brutal lunge.

She was too hot to start slow and her hips were pummelling his almost hard enough to hurt. Marc happily returned the favour nailing Andrea into her own bed. Her snug velvety pussy grabbed him like a fist and if it weren't for her abundant juices Marc thought the act might have been quite painful for the both of them. This obviously wasn't her first time but her tightness was exquisite.

True to form, Andrea's technique was flawless, her silken folds rhythmically squeezing and releasing him as he thrust down into her. Marc drew Kylie's head forward and kissed her over Andrea's shoulder. She was a quick learner and her tongue began exploring his mouth as if she'd been kissing for years.

Kylie was lost, for she was well and truly over her head and perhaps the first time in her life she didn't care! Everything felt so good. She loved every thrust Marc sent into the girl between her legs, Andrea's backbone occasionally driving across her clit as well as the delicious sensations caused by Marc's oral exploration of her mouth.

She felt Andrea stiffen before the girl between her legs seemed to shiver uncontrollably, her eyes clenched shut and her mouth open in a silent scream. Then Andrea's eyes jerked open, wide, surprised and she was unable to stifle a long satisfied groan.

Marc gave Andrea a few more shoves as her orgasm ran itself out before pulling out breathlessly. He hadn't blown it yet but there was still another willing girl at hand due for a shafting.

Planting a wet sweaty kiss on Andrea's forehead he whispered, "Roll over baby, it's Kylie's turn now." When Andrea bit her bottom lip and stared up at him pleadingly, he couldn't help sticking his tongue into her mouth.

"Don't worry," He grinned a moment later, "I'll come back to you. In you, to be more precise..."

Andrea allowed a cheeky grin to appear at the corner of her mouth as she slowly rolled out from between Kylie's splayed thighs. "You promise?" She asked in her little girl voice. Marc responded by giving her a sharp swat on her shapely bottom.

As Marc got between Kylie's still widespread legs, he studied her face carefully for her reaction. She said nothing, making no move to pull away. She held her body nearly motionless, but her pretty face was a mix of emotions. He could sense the intense battle of wills going on in her mind. She looked frightened, her grey eyes wide open and watching his every movement apprehensively, but mixed in with her fear was lust, unmistakably lust.

Marc placed his hands on the outsides of her thighs, his eyes still on her face as his hands moved upwards until they disappeared under her short denim skirt. Her skin was silky smooth to the touch but her thighs were strong, obviously well exercised. Marc reckoned somewhere along the line she had gotten into aerobics or something. Still, it wasn't an issue that demanded coherent thought, not with the pleasures of the flesh so close in hand...

"Marc, I... I think you should..." Kylie began nervously. She desperately wanted to get this off her chest but didn't have the slightest idea how to go about it. Her face was rapidly turning a bright pink in embarrassment. "I mean you, I, I haven't, well..."

"S'okay." He smiled understandingly. "Don't worry, we won't do anything you don't want to do." It was a lie of course but Marc saw no reason in alarming her. He knew his subconscious was constantly re-adjusting her responses along the lines of his original pre-planned scenario but there was no point in telling her that and besides, he had no genuine need for maliciousness. True he was violating her but that was no excuse to be cruel about it.

Kylie nodded slowly. She wasn't completely reassured but as this was her first time, she reasoned a bit of nervousness was to be expected. Neither Marc or Andrea seemed to mind she was a bit jittery and that helped calm her down even more.

Marc got off the bed and held his hand out to Kylie. His grip was firm as he pulled her to her feet and against him for a deep kiss. As his mouth worked on hers, he quickly unsnapped the silver buttons down the front of Kylie's denim skirt. With a lot more confidence now, Kylie gently swayed her hips, her long legs in motion caused her skirt to fall of it's own accord to uncover the grey cotton briefs underneath.

Kylie broke their kiss and taking a few steps backward, she bent forward to peel her panties down her legs. The shape of her lengthy legs was highlighted as she bent down to slip the garment over her feet. Andrea had an incredible view of her heart shaped tush as she leaned over.

Marc sat on the edge of Andrea's bed and motioned for Kylie to get between his knees. Her beautiful eyes looked up at his, pleading him to be tolerant with her. Slowly, she licked her lips and then leaned forward taking the head of Marc's cock into her mouth.

Looking at Kylie on Marc's lap, Andrea could see the other girl's ass, a little pucker at her sphincter. She knelt down behind Kylie's jutting tush, and reached around for the pussy she knew would be dripping with girl juices. She wasn't disappointed. Kylie's heels rubbed against Andrea's ankles, a reminder of how visually enticing the slender girl's legs were. Andrea's fingers tickled Kylie's belly button, then drew a line down over the slight curve of her tummy to the soft furry patch she sought.

"Uhhnnnrgh!" Came the surprised and muffled response from Kylie.

Andrea's fingers felt so nice against her swollen clit. Kylie began to toy her own small breasts, pulling and pinching at the nipples as she fought to retain her balance and keep Marc's cock inside her mouth. She kept trying to plunge him deeper into her, rubbing him against the soft thickness of her tongue.

She felt completely overwhelmed. The fingers in her pussy were driving her wild. She was hazed over with sex, thrilled to discover Andrea knew just exactly where to touch. She had no problems making it with a girl now. Each contact the exploring digits made drew another gasping moan, restrained only by the hard cock in her mouth. She tried again to suck it in deeper.

“Mnnnngff!” Kylie’s groan was cut off as the prick drove into her over her tongue. A sudden surge grew beyond Marc’s ability to control. Flame bursting up from his testicles pumped the white hot liquid into Kylie’s mouth. Suddenly eager to please, she gulped up every drop.

“Oh God!” Marc panted a moment later. Kylie looked up to see his eyes were slightly glazed over and a part of her felt a strange sense of pride that this was her doing.

“Now Marky,” Andrea said teasingly from the edge of the bed, “don’t you think its time you return the favour?”

“Yes, I think I’d better...” Marc said, his usual lopsided grin again in place. “Kylies, back on the bed. We could do this on the floor but why bother when Andrea’s got this lovely spread set out for us here?”

“Uh what do I do?” Kylie asked curiously not totally understanding what was required of her.

“Just get back into that position you were in before.” Andrea suggested helpfully. “Like you were in when I was between your legs. I’ve got it on good authority that Marc’s a legend in this.” She sent him a devious wink to let him know Tracey had spilled the beans on his last adventure down under.

Kylie got into position quickly and Marc lost no time getting between her spread thighs. Her scent was strong, deliciously overpowering and Marc couldn’t wait to sample it straight from the source. He started working on the insides of her thighs, showing her flesh with light kisses and even lighter licks. He wanted to drive her crazy before he went for the kill.

Finally, he approached her cute little pussy. Marc hesitated, teasing her, and then ever so lightly brushing his tongue against her labia. Kylie’s hips jerked upwards. Moaning loudly, she arched her back and ground her pelvis into his face. He pulled back, maliciously not allowing any more contact. This was real torture, but he knew she loved it. He continued to use feathery touches, pulling away each time she sought more solid contact.

After several more minutes of this exquisite brand of torment, whatever tiny portion of resistance Kylie had had was little more than a distant memory. She didn’t care that she was being violated, didn’t care that she was a virgin, didn’t care that only minutes ago hadn’t wanted this to happen. None of that mattered now. She wanted this, needed this, NOW!

When Marc was sure she could take little more, he sucked her clit into his mouth and began lashing it with his tongue, lightly grazing it with his teeth. Almost immediately, she came with an intense orgasm, the first she hadn’t brought on herself. Kylie was rolling under the waves of pure bliss, writhing and thrashing on Andrea’s bed. Her screams were strangled, her naturally quiet nature preventing her from being more vocal. Marc put his arm across her belly to hold her down and continued his onslaught throughout her orgasm. Kylie nearly passed out from the sheer pleasure of it. Finally, her body, still glowing in her post-orgasm

state, began to relax. Marc pulled his mouth off her clit, but was still gently running his fingers up and down her sopping slit.

“How was that?” He asked grinning.

Kylie brushed a dark strand of hair away from her face as stared down at him. “My God! What did you do to me?”

“More importantly, what do you want me to do to you now?”

The innocence was long gone now. Kylie’s grey eyes were piecing, her voice husky. “Fuck me.” She hissed. “I want you to fuck me silly and I want you to do it right now!”

“Far be it from me to disappoint a lady.” Marc laughed. As he’d been eating Kylie out, Andrea’s hands had been busy keeping him hard. She’d even taken the time to roll a new condom into place. Pushing Kylie’s thighs further apart, he crawled forward and repositioned himself against her moist opening.

Marc slowly pressed his cock into her. God she was TIGHT! Finally, he reached her hymen. Slowly, he pulled back out until he had just the head of his cock in her. He pushed back in and patiently waited for her to loosen up.

“You ready?”

“Uh-huh” There was a little fear in her voice, but it was hard to hear over her wanting. Marc pulled his cock out so that just the head was in, placed his hands on her hips for leverage, and shoved himself into the girl beneath him. Kylie let out a short scream as Marc tore through her hymen.

Her eyes were clenched shut and Marc found her grimace simply beautiful to behold. This violation of innocence was pure bliss to him. Andrea had been a super fuck but it was a different sort of fuck. She was the type of girl that had a body that wouldn’t quit. She could take it, without question, anytime he wanted her to and still give him the ride of his life. Breaking Kylie’s innocence simply made the experience all the more sweeter.

“Kay Kylies. Here goes.” Marc started out with a slow rhythm, until he was sure Kylie could take it. Then he gradually picked up the pace as his excitement rose. Soon he was pounding in and out of her as she writhed in ecstasy. She was screaming herself hoarse but whatever controls she had left were gone. Marc grinned as he considered the effects he’d had on Kylie’s behaviour. Cruelly, he grabbed a fistful of her dark curls and yanked her head back, causing her to groan. Her neck looked so inviting he simply couldn’t help himself.

Marc had never cared much for vampires but he appreciated the vulnerability they found in their victims. That was what made this whole escapade all the more juicier. Without the Goddess’s gift, he knew Kylie would have never allowed herself to get into her current possession. Now she was fucking back at him like she’d been doing this for ages. In response he continued to plough her deep and hard.

Kylie wrapped her long legs around Marc’s lower back and she seemed to be trying to hold him in her. It was a serious effort to keep moving but Marc didn’t mind. This was easily the best fuck of his life. He glanced down at Kylie and saw her entire body shaking with pleasure, her small breasts jiggling delightfully.

Her body shivered and she whimpered as her nails dug into his shoulder. “I’m there, right there, don’t stop! Whatever you do, don’tcha fucking STOP!”

Marc was busy tracing patterns against Kylie's throat which his tongue when the girl's pussy began to quake around his cock. Her hips bucked up and down frantically as he repeatedly skewered her, over and over again. As he'd done with Andrea only minutes before, Marc simply took a deep breath and rode Kylie's orgasm out with her.

"God that was unbelievable!" Kylie panted moments later as she looked up at Marc adoringly.

"He ain't finished with ya yet darlin'" Andrea purred from the sidelines. Addressing Marc she said, "Are you Marky?"

Pulling out of the gorgeous creature, Marc flipped Kylie onto her stomach. She had an idea of what he wanted to do next and happily shoved her ass high in the air. Placing one hand on the back of her neck, Marc held her down and then roughly shoved himself back into her dripping slit.

"Unnnnggggh, YEAH!" Kylie barked as he tore back into her. Marc continued his relentless pounding delighted at the sight of Kylie's firm buns jiggling each time his hips struck hers. Because he was holding her down, Kylie didn't have much leverage to push back up against him but she found she could roll her hips slightly and if she timed it just right with his thrusts, she could grind her clit against his cock on the downstroke.

Less than a minute later Kylie began scream. Her already tight pussy clamped down on Marc's cock making it almost impossible for him to move. He grinned cruelly at the wildly buckling girl as he felt Andrea press her breasts against his back and begin kissing his neck. Then his own control vanished as he unleashed a flood into Kylie.

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Andrea was constantly active throughout the rest of the night. When she didn't have Marc's cock buried deep inside her, her hands and her mouth brazenly roamed all over Kylie or Marc as he put the slender girl through her paces. Andrea proved to be stunningly inventive, her newfound skills beyond anything Marc could have hoped for. She was constantly repositioning either Kylie or herself, pausing long enough to fondle or suck knowing she was driving them all to a point beyond critical mass. She was working hard to insure they all got the most out of the night.

When Marc finally collapsed on top of a near insensitive freshly deflowered Kylie, he found Andrea's face inches from his.

"Was that as good for me as it was for you?" She smiled sexily in spite of her obvious fatigue.

"You have no idea..." Marc whispered staring into her smoky eyes. "Absolutely no fucking idea..."

It had definitely been a night to remember, he thought to himself. Who would have thought switching off your heart could lead to this much fun?

Act III

Notes: Assume this takes place after *To Do About a Girl* as well. Just another thing, a character in this chapter lost her hymen by (incorrectly? - I suppose you could stick it in sideways or shove it too far or something...) using tampons. Please don't attempt to correct or educate me on this point though because there are a

couple of things about women that I'd really much rather NEVER find out and this is one of them. Apparently the labels say it can't happen but I wouldn't know a tampon from a severed finger wrapped in toilet paper so let's just assume in Turnam City, tampons are great big dildo-like cherry popping devices...

"Marc sweetie, is that you?"

"No, it's merely the lethargic shade of your monkey-brained 'Honey I'm gonna pull a bank job to help pay for my drug addiction' ex-hubby's bastard lovechild." Marc said brightly into the receiver. "Why, what's up?"

"I'm going to be late and I need you to pick up your sister from work."

Marc frowned, "Why exactly do I need to pick her up anyway? C'mon mother, the girl is seven months older than I am. Besides, if she's at work, she's getting paid actual money and not those crappy I.O.U. food stamp things you keep giving me. Can't she just get a cab or something like everyone else?"

"You're picking her up because she's your sister and I'm telling you to." His mother said firmly. "This isn't a request. Pick your sister up."

"But it's not like we've even related..." Marc objected in a whiney high falsetto more to piss his mother off than anything else.

"Marc!"

"Okay, mother, chill out! I'll go pick my adorable big sister up." He said unenthusiastically. "But can I at least drive? It's a half hour walk otherwise."

There was a long silence on the other end while his mother considered the request. Marc knew he was seriously pushing his luck as he had just got his 'P' plates (a card with a red 'P' that we have to stick on the windshield of a car for a year after getting a driver's license) the other week and while his mother had allowed him to drive her Camry before, she'd always been in the car with him. Assuming she said yes, this would be the first time she allowed him to drive around without her.

"Please..." He begged. "My knees aren't what they used to be. The walk could cripple me."

Finally his mother relented. "Okay, you can take the car. The keys are on the key rack in the kitchen, try not to lose them okay because we don't have a spare set."

"Thanks mum."

"And make sure you watch your speed and no running red lights and-"

"When does Calandra finish work?" Marc interrupted impatiently.

"Her shift ends at ten thirty so you might want to leave home about then. She'll probably be out around quarter to."

"What's with the fifteen minute time lapse?"

His mother signed. "You know Callie, she's gonna spend at least fifteen minutes prettying herself up for the thirty second walk to the car."

“That’s the truth... Kay then, I’ll be outside the pub at quarter to eleven.”

“Thanks hon, just be careful with the car...”

“Bye mother.” Marc quickly hung up before she could begin what promised to be a boring reiteration of all the road rules she expected him to abide by.

Glancing at his watch, he saw he still had a good three hours before he needed to leave the house. A faint somewhat lopsided smile appeared on his face as he stretched out on the couch and reached for the Foxtel remote. Three whole uninterrupted hours in front of the TV with no one to bother him! Marc went straight to the Comedy Channel and was rewarded with the first South Park episode (albeit, a rerun) he’d seen in ages.

Grabbing the cordless phone, he quickly punched in a set of numbers, waited for a moment and then said, “Domino’s? Yeah, uh I’d like to order a medium pan based Meat Supreme and...” a slight frown momentarily appeared on his face, “and what do you have in the way of vegetarian toppings?”

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“Hurry up you stupid bint.” Marc grumbled impatiently as he drummed a pattern into the steering wheel. It was now five to eleven and he’d been sitting in the car park for the last twelve minutes. “Ah, about bloody time!”

The automated double doors of the RSL (‘Australian’ for restaurant, bar and gambling lounge all rolled into one) opened and a tallish blonde in a pale grey sweater and beige slacks emerged, her eyes scanning the parking lot for a long moment before she spotted the car and started to walk towards him.

“Hey, whaddaya doin’ here?” Calandra’s blue eyes widened in surprise as she slipped into the passenger seat and saw Marc at the wheel. “Where’s LeAnn?”

“Mum’s out with your old man.” Marc answered. “She called a while ago and got me to pick you up.”

“Does she know you took her car?”

“Uh-huh.”

Callie’s eyes narrowed mischievously, the effect emphasized by the darkness and her eyeliner. “And she’s gonna be late you said?”

Marc could practically hear the gears clicking in her pretty little head. “I’ve seen that look before, spit it out, what’s on your mind?”

“A pit stop. It’s a Friday night and all, I figure a quick in quick out. Won’t take much more than a ten minute detour.”

Marc signed. “Let me guess... You’re out and need to score again?”

Callie turned in her seat to face him. “Am I that transparent?”

“I wish you’d lay off that shit.” Marc said softly. “It fucks your head up.”

Callie was heavily into the Rave scene and while Marc would just as soon as listen to a copper bathtub full of feral cats tumble down a long flight of stairs, he didn’t particularly

mind much except when she played that crap too loud early in the morning. Unfortunately, as a direct result of attending one too many raves, she'd discovered she had a soft spot for the occasional pill. At first she'd confined her usage to the underground dance parties but as late Marc had been noticing she'd stepped up her dosage making it an almost weekly event.

Feigning shock, Callie said, "Marc, I didn't know you cared!"

"Not so you'd notice," he grumbled under his breath. "But my birthday's coming up in a couple of weeks and if you keep blowing all your cash on that backyard science kit crap, you'd hardly going to be able to afford to get me anything worthwhile."

She glanced at him, a strange blend of amusement and irritation in her eyes. "How do you always manage to do that?"

"Do what?" He asked half interestedly as he pulled out of the parking lot.

"Always seem to have a smartarse answer ready when anything remotely emotional comes up?" Callie's voice softened slightly. "I think its kinda sweet that you care about me and all but why can't you just admit it for once? I mean we've known each other, what, ten years now?"

Not taking his eyes off the road, Marc nodded briefly. "About that."

"So why don't you ever open up to me?"

Marc snorted. "Maybe I just like playing an arsehole."

Callie didn't bother replying. She'd long since resigned herself to the simple fact that Marc was Marc. From past experience, she knew the conversation was a dead end. He'd retreat into himself if she kept on badgering him and it was hard enough to get more than three words out of him that weren't snide anyway. She knew he cared about her, which she actually did think was rather sweet as they had so little in common but he could be so damn bone-headed at times! Resigning herself to a silent drive to his place, she stared disinterestedly out the window.

"So do you really need to score or what?" Marc asked gruffly.

Callie stared at him for a long moment noting the less than amused set to his lips. "No." She said, her voice little more than a whisper. "Maybe I should just give it a miss this week."

Marc said nothing, his eyes still locked on the road ahead but used to his long periods of brooding silence, Callie was pleased to note he seemed to relax slightly and wasn't gripping the steering wheel as hard as he had been only moments ago.

She sat back feeling better than she had all day. While it wasn't glaringly obvious, she could tell he was pleased she'd decided not to get wasted and while it was a serious chore to coax a grin that wasn't caustic out of him, she was glad he wasn't pissed at her.

One of the unfortunate side effects of being a pretty girl was that she had no shortage of guys willing to look out for her or do her favors but all of them wanted something fairly obvious in return. Marc seemed to be the exception to the rule. Because they weren't blood relatives, he was legally free to make his moves but as far as she knew, he didn't have the slightest interest in doing so. Neither was he constantly trying to get her to set him up with one of her girlfriends. As far as she could tell, he didn't actually appear to need her for anything.

To be fair, he gave her shit as much as not but he didn't go out of his way to do so and he didn't seem to be particularly interested in her company either but every now and then he'd do her chores or take the rap for something she did without her asking him to do so. Once he'd even managed to pick a fight with a boyfriend of hers mere hours after the arsehole had sent her home in tears. Whenever she tried to talk to him about it, Marc would either change the subject or ignore her entirely.

Yeah, Callie smiled to herself. It was nice to have someone looking out for her even if Marc was far from being the guardian angel – or any sort of angel for that matter – she envisioned.

“Hey, can I cage a cigarette off you?” She asked suddenly.

“Check the glove box.”

She opened the glove box and fished out a pack of Griffins. Winding down her window, Callie sparked up and took a long drag before blowing smoke out the window. “I thought you were concerned about my health?” She said teasingly.

“I let you have a cigarette, not the whole fucking packet.” Marc snapped but Callie could just make out the beginnings of a grin appearing at the corner of his mouth.

“S’okay Marky,” she patted his arm reassuringly. “I still love you.”

“Drop dead bitch!” His grin widened slightly.

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“Hey mate I’m gonna call it a night.” Callie stuck her head into the lounge.

Marc glanced over his shoulder and saw she was clad in a thin white vest and a pair of old P.J. bottoms cut to mid calf. Her typical bed time attire. Not for the first time, he was forced to admit his almost, but not quite half sister was indeed a knockout.

Callie had straight, sandy blonde hair that ran halfway down her back, and while it was often braided, tonight she’d elected to wear it down. Her full cheeks, straight, ever so slightly upturned nose and pale blue eyes made her more ‘cuddly’ than flat out pretty. Adding to the overall effect were a pair of legs that seemed to go on forever but actually led up to a perfect classical bubble butt. Her breasts were a little on the small side but as far as Marc was concerned, the rest of her more than made up for it, if indeed, any making up was actually necessary.

Still, Marc had no interest in her as a potential bed warmer. While there wasn’t anything actually wrong with her aside from the whacked sense of music and her indifference to beer, Callie actually *felt* like his sister even if they weren’t technically related. His mother and her father had been maintaining a de facto relationship (while living in separate houses) for almost ten years now and Callie moved back and forth between her father’s flat and Marc’s house at will. Irrespective of their bloodlines, they’d grown up as siblings and as far as Marc was concerned, no amount of cuteness, girlish charm or the possession of a fantastic ass was going to make him want to even *consider* sleeping with a girl he thought of as his sister.

It had been awkward when he hit puberty and she was just starting to fill out but he’d been able to get over that in time. Now he could look straight at her and see a girl he had absolutely no intention of ever boning. She was hot, she was his sister, the end.

“Night then, see you around lunch.” He nodded flicking channels again.

“Why lunch time?” Callie stared at him in confusion. “What’s the go, you taking me out to lunch?” Her face brightened expectantly.

“Hardly, that’s about the time I’m likely to get out of bed.”

“Oh, okay.” Callie tried not to sound disappointed. “Hey thanks again for the pizza, good night.”

“Uh-huh.” He waved absently as she padded noisily down the corridor.

Marc continued to flick channels looking for anything interesting. MTV was doing some sort of special on that moron with a band-aid on his cheek so that was a dead end, Comedy had a stupid Japanese-ish endurance game show and there wasn’t a movie worth a mention on any of the five movie channels. He was still flicking channels when his mother got in.

“Hey love, did you get Callie from work?”

“Yes mother,” Marc said without looking away from the TV. “She’s probably in bed by now and before you ask, the car’s fine. Didn’t bump anything too major other than an irritating traffic cop who was in the process of writing me a speeding ticket. I’ve washed the blood off and it’s only a small scratch on the front fender, barely noticeably anyway.”

“Marc!” His mother struggled to keep a straight face. “That’s not funny.”

“Was to me.” He shrugged.

“You need psychiatric help. Anyway, I’m off to bed, see you in the morning.”

“Lunchtime.” He corrected.

His mother stuck her head back into the lounge. “Why lunch time? You taking me out for lunch?”

“Geez what is it with you women and getting taken out to lunch? Tomorrow’s Saturday. That means Marc does NOT get out of bed until at least 12pm and will not suffer disturbances of any kind until said time. You should know that by now.”

His mother signed. “How could I forget? Anyway, good night.”

“Uh-huh.” Another idle wave and it was back to channel surfing again. Ten minutes later he gave up in frustration.

“Fuck this shit.” He mumbled in annoyance. Flicking off the television, he turned off the lights and made his way down the passage to his room. Being the middle of summer, it was pretty humid so Marc set his air conditioner on coldish, pulled his P4 out of standby mode and selected his favorite bedside blend of rock. A slight adjustment on the ancient VCR sized Sony Integrated Amp connected to the IBM and he was rewarded with some strident guitar work and James Hetfield’s discourse on gasoline and muscle cars.

Minutes later he was sound asleep.

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As far as dreams went, this one was unusual. Marc was perfectly aware he was dreaming although he had no idea how he knew. It was just one of those things, much like his first

voyage into the void that he was hard pressed to understand. Maybe the fact that he was so sure what was happening was never actually going to happen helped...

Anyway, secure in the knowledge it was simply a dream, he let it continue:

Callie stood motionless just outside his door, wearing her little cotton vest and pajama bottoms. "Hey Marc..." she whispered softly into the gloom. "Can I come in for a bit?"

"Whatever." He waved her in expecting her to take up her usual residence on the recliner across the room. Every now and then when she had trouble going to bed she'd sneak into his room, set up shop on the padded chair with her long legs tucked under her and talk to him about whenever was on her mind. Mostly it was when she had guy trouble and needed advice. He didn't expect this time to be any different and was quite surprised when she bypassed the chair and slid under the doona mere inches from him.

"Hey what's the go here?" He raised an eyebrow. "Don't you have a bed of your own?"

"Can't I just crash here tonight?" She grinned mischievously.

He sighed thinking she was just doing it to annoy him. "Sure knock yourself out." Pulling the comforter over his shoulder, he turned over and wiggled a bit to get comfortable. "Now as you're apparently not here to discuss you sordid love-life, I'm tired and I'd like to get a little shuteye if you don't mind."

Then Marc felt her arms encircle his bare chest. He could feel her soft cheek pressing lightly against his shoulder. Twisting around to see what she was doing, he found her pale blue eyes staring into his.

Marc stared back at her a little lost as to what was happening. Finally, deciding that she was probably trying to provoke him into some sort of irritating emotional gesture and conceding the fact that he was strangely out of cutting comebacks, he loosely threw an arm over her shoulders and closed his eyes again. Callie snuggled closer and Marc stiffened, his eyes snapping open as he felt her mash her breasts against him. Callie met his confused, questioning stare, and smiled for a moment before leaning in to give him a soft peck on the lips.

"What was that in aid of?" Marc asked finding to his voice sounded surprisingly husky and his heart beat increasing. Contrary to his wishes, her insanely close proximity to him was also starting some serious *thunder down under* that he hoped wasn't as noticeable to her as it was to him.

He felt rather than saw her shrug. "I don't know. I just wondered what it'd be like." At that, she leaned in again but this time she lingered, her lips parting slightly.

Startled, but more curious than annoyed, it took him a long moment before he finally responded and cautiously sent his tongue moving against hers. On their own volition, the fingers of the arm he still had thrown over her shoulder began to explore the slight bumps of her spine, gently tracing random patterns against her silky skin.

Marc caressed her back for a moment longer before his hand slid down her flank and onto her pajama-covered ass. Callie's classic bubble butt was easily one of her best assets. She moaned into his mouth and her tongue trembled as he cupped a firm cheek and pulled her tightly against him.

With her rock hard nipples digging against his chest, separated by only the thinnest of fabrics, and his hand lightly kneading her proud ass, Marc found he couldn't think clearly. His hands slid up her sides to her breasts and he felt her shiver slightly at his touch.

Callie cupped his face pulling him closer and they were kissing again. Her tongue cautiously exploring and then playfully teasing his.

Breaking their kiss, she propped herself up on one elbow and leaned forward so that she was lying almost on top of Marc. Her knee slid between his legs allowing her crotch to rest firmly against his hip. She felt his hard-on almost instantly and would have grinned if she hadn't been so eagerly trading DNA with him. She ground her knee against his crotch and enjoyed the feel of the slight tremor that ran through him.

Marc broke their kiss and his eyes sought hers. "You do know what you're getting us into don't you?" He asked cautiously. "We're not really related so it's not technically illegal but..."

She nodded once before grinning ruefully. "I haven't had the best luck with guys as you well know." Here Callie paused for a moment, her expression turning soulful, "And I wanted my first time to be with someone who actually cares about me."

"Who said I cared about you?" Marc said lightly trying to hide his surprise that she was still a virgin. While her stories were never THAT explicit, he'd always assumed she'd lost her virginity ages ago. How someone could date as many people as she had and not sleep with at least one of them was beyond his ability to comprehend.

"I'm going to hit you if you keep that up!" Callie said severely before she grinned. "But just so you know, I love you, you damn rock headed fool!" she giggled, wrapping her arms around him again and pushing her face in the space between his jaw and his shoulder. For some strange reason, he found that simple action a lot more intimate than the dental inspection she'd given him moments before.

Marc winced and hoped the gesture was lost in the darkness. He hated it when she went soppy on him. He knew he was supposed to say the same thing in return and yeah, while he did sorta love her in his own little way, he wasn't *in* love with her. Ten years of having her around had made Callie a 'fixture' in his life. Like every other fixture in his life, things had always been strictly platonic between them and Marc never planned on ever saying those three small words. Then again, he never planned on sleeping with her either.

Nevertheless, because it was only a dream and he knew that while she loved him, she wasn't *in* love with him, he thought *what the hell...*

"Love you, too."

She pulled away and stared at him in surprise.

"What's that? I can't hear you?" Callie said teasingly, thrilled that she'd finally got him to admit it. On their own accord, her hips begun rolling up against his thigh, and she was sure he could feel the heat radiating from her hot wet junction.

Marc began to nibble at the throat and between playful bites and kisses said, "Well that's your problem because I'm not about to repeat myself. You damn well heard it the first time." At that, his hand slid up the back of her neck, his fingers entwining themselves in her hair and pulling her down for another kiss.

Soon, Callie felt the hot flush spreading through her body was becoming more than she could handle with her clothes on. Rolling off him, she sat up and drew her pajamas down her legs until she could kick them off. She quickly whipped the vest off over her head, and tossed it across the room before snuggling up against him again. She could feel his cock, making an impressive tent in his boxers, jammed hard enough to bruise against the inside of her thigh. She wanted at that in her and she wanted it now! Almost violently, she yanked his boxers down, climbed onto his thighs and grabbed hold of his cock. Marc groaned as her nails grazed the sensitive head, then she was pulling him urgently towards her very wet, very inviting opening.

When she had him positioned at her gates, Marc's eyes slid up over her flat belly, lingering for a moment on her delightfully heaving breasts and their hard pink nipples before meeting up and locking onto her half-lidded pale blue eyes.

“Move it or lose it.” He said teasingly. While his tone was light, his eyes were serious, questioning her decision to continue.

“Hush,” Callie shook her head dismissively. “I want this okay.” Then her voice turned playfully threatening. “And I’m gonna have you in me even if I have to tie you up and rape you so you might as well get used to it!”

Marc stared back at her in mock horror before turning his head slightly to one side and flinging an arm over his eyes. “Thou unspeakably vile wench!” He wailed in his most melodramatic Shakespearian accent. “Thou might takest mine cock but by all I count most holy, thou shall never possess mine heart!”

“Hold thy tongue,” Callie scoffed, playing along. “What want could I have for your crappy soiled heart? It’s this fat cock here I need!” She gave him a playful squeeze to emphasize her point.

Marc winced. “Babe, your accent and your choice of words sucks. *Crappy*? Don’t they teach you anything in those theatre arts classes you take?”

Callie shot him a malicious grin and rubbed the head of his cock against herself, enjoying the sight of him involuntarily shuddering as she coated him with her juices. “Fuck the drama.” She hissed.

She had come way too far to cat out now. Before he could offer her another chance to back out, she lowered herself down onto him, groaning as she felt him filling her up. She’d lost her hymen years ago when she first started using tampons so there was no tearing sensation but she did feel a dull ache as he spread her apart.

When she’d finally managed to cram his entire length deep within her, Callie paused, trying to get used to the host of new sensations flooding through her system. She was feeling deliciously light-headed, and so unbelievably full! Tentatively, she raised her hips slowly and then experimentally lowered herself down again. After some awkward fumbling she found a pace she was comfortable with. Her eyes clenched shut, Callie slowly swayed back and forth above him.

Marc stared up at the incredible sight of Callie slowly fucking herself over him and wondered why he’d never come down this road before. Her movements were naturally graceful and the feeling of her tight wet cunt firmly gripping him went beyond mere words. Had he known how good this all felt, his initial reluctance to do his de facto sister would have evaporated in

a flash. She was fast driving him beyond sanity and he felt it was about time he got on top of things.

Grabbing hold of her slender shoulders, he pulled her down to him and flipped her onto her back. "My turn to be on top." He said, grinning cheerfully as he pushed her thighs wide apart and slipped between them before carefully feeding her full of cock again.

Callie returned his grin. "Sure the heights won't make you dizzy?" She crossed her ankles over his ass and thrust her hips up at him playfully.

Marc laughed and then leaned down to kiss her. Then, while they were still lip-locked, he pulled out slightly and slammed back into her. Callie's eyes widened in shock and breaking their kiss, she threw her head back into the pillows.

"OhmyGOD Fuck me!" Callie cried out not caring if his mother heard her. "Yeah, like that... OH GOD! Yeah just like that, uh-huh, don't stop... ummmph! Fuck me Marc, fuck me ..."

Rarely one to say no to a pretty girl, especially if she was naked and under him, Marc began to move his hips back and forth as he set up a punishing pace grinding into her. Callie was writhing beneath him, and it was clear from the expression on her face that she was close to orgasm. Seeing her like that brought him very nearly there himself. A couple more well aimed thrusts and Callie seemed to explode in his arms. Her violent contractions set off his own internal explosions and with a groan he shot his seed deep into her.

Buzzed, drained, but strangely relaxed as well, Marc pulled out of her clutching embrace and rolled off her. He could see that Callie was still trying to catch her breath and grinned proudly to himself. One more for the history books!

It took Callie several minutes to realize where she was and what had just happened. She looked over at the guy who'd just taken her virginity and a warm smile crossed her face. "I never imagined..." She whispered breathlessly as he wrapped her in his arms.

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Sunlight flooded into his room and Marc sat up blinking uncomfortably.

"That was one hell of a wet dream..." He mumbled eyeing the impressive pup tent down below and feeling relieved he had somehow managed NOT to mess his sheets. Yawning loudly, he padded over to his computer and switched off the music before heading downstairs to see if there was anything in the fridge he could use for breakfast.

He found Callie in the kitchen doing the dishes and a slight grin appeared on his mug. "Hey whaddaya up to today?" He asked conversationally eyeing her lush ass.

Glancing over her shoulder, Callie said, "Oh the usual, I'm heading off to the mall with the girls in an hour or so. Probably a movie if there's anything worth watching on. You?"

"I'm debating on whether I should bludge in front of the telly or wander over to Allen's and see what he's up to." He replied. "Any pizza left?"

"Check the fridge."

"Ta."

Drying her hands on the dish towel, Callie said, "Kay, all done, I'm going to take a shower and then I'm off. Do you want anything I can pick up on the way? Cigarettes etcetera?"

"Nah thanks, I'm good for the moment. You might want to pick up some coke or something if you've got space. There's a bottle of bourbon around here somewhere that I plan to kill this weekend."

"I'll get a bottle if I remember to. Catch you later tonight then."

"Yeah see ya."

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Marc opened the front door and ambled into the lounge. It was almost nine o'clock. He'd opted to go annoy Allen after consulting the TV guide and they'd done the usual city trip. Lots of wandering around the usual haunts and a couple of hours worth of 8 ball later, he was knackered.

"Hey mother," he called out. "Your dero son's home again."

"LeAnn's over at dad's," He heard Callie's voice from down the passage. "She'll probably spend the night there so it's just us for the rest of the weekend."

"Okay, I'm bushed, I need a shower then I'm off to bed, see you in the morning."

"Yeah, goodnight."

Marc wearily climbed up the stairs and made for the bathroom.

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Half an hour later he flopped into bed and just after he'd flicked off his bedside lamp noticed movement in his peripheral vision.

Callie stood motionless just outside his door, wearing her little cotton vest and pajama bottoms. "Hey Marc..." she whispered softly into the gloom. "Can I come in for a bit?"

"Whatever." He waved her in expecting her to take up her usual residence on the recliner across the room. Every now and then when she had trouble going to bed she'd sneak into his room, set up shop on the padded chair with her long legs tucked under her and talk to him about whenever was on her mind. Mostly it was when she had guy trouble and needed advice. He didn't expect this time to be any different and was quite surprised when she bypassed the chair and slid under the doona mere inches from him...

Act IV

*My head is battling with my heart
My logic has been torn apart
And now it all turns sour
Come sweeten every afternoon*

Sway
Bic Runga

Unless I get some sort of brilliant inspiration, assume this is the final chapter of Marc's Tale. Oh, Marc will still be around pulling random cameo appearances in other things but the days of him being in the spotlight are probably over. I've done pretty much all I wanted to do with him as a main character and short of making him gay or getting him to screw animals (neither being even remotely palatable options) there's nothing else I really wanted to do that concerns him and him alone. He was never going to be all powerful or take over the world anyway... Hope you've had as much fun in his world as I've had writing it.

Oh, and just to make things a little less confusing, single quotes (') enclose stuff that Marc's saying to himself and if the next paragraph begins with italics then that's the *other side* of his brain answering the 'first half'.

It was one of the few times Chalmes was absent and no substitute teachers were available to oversee the class. There was a semi-important math test in two days so a couple of the more earnest hopefuls had their noses buried in their textbooks but they were a small minority. Most of the class was more interested in discussing music, movies, the latest social gossip or anything else, that, by no stretch of the imagination, could be considered as academic criteria.

Marc frowned. "I still don't get it."

"That's because you're not paying attention!" Allen said haughtily as he rolled his eyes in feigned exasperation. "Now look here, this thing's supposed to be in 3D, yeah?"

Marc nodded. "So?"

"So you tone blind twit, that bit there has to be shaded. From what you've already done, the light source is here," Allen pointed to a spot on the page, "and coming in this way so that means that this bit is going to have to be darker than that bit and you're gonna have to apply a bit more smudging down along there."

"I think he's right." Alec volunteered his unsolicitous opinion. "But then you'll have to do that bit as well."

Marc glared at the pair of them with barely concealed loathing. "What? Have you two suddenly become art connoisseurs?"

"Well, I can sorta spell 'art'..." Alex admitted, "But I do know what a woman's body looks like and if you want to do this right, you'll have to colour in that bit of the neck and halfway down the right shoulder..."

"First up, colouring is what Dougie does with newspaper pictures and crayons, this is called rendering." Marc shot back acidly. "And secondly, if you'd brought your ugly face any closer you'd have noticed these fine lines here," acidity took on an icy quality, "over the *neck* and *shoulder*, that mark out where I need a darker hue. At the moment I'm using 2B and B lead combo, for those bits I'm gonna have to switch to 4B and smudge it with talcum powder and a cotton applicator."

An amused tone, definitely female, interrupted. "Hmmm, naked girl again."

All three looked up to see Andrea standing before Marc's desk, her eyes on his sketch. "Not bad Marky, who did the modelling?" She asked innocently batting her eyelashes at him.

Marc stared back at her, irritated by the slight reddening of his ears. "You know damn well who did the modelling." He hissed feeling strangely distressed. There was an odd queasy sensation forming in the pit of his stomach.

Allen sniggered loudly while Alec sported the barest hint of a grin. Marc wasn't half-bad with lead pencils and it was obvious at a glance who his model had been but they were perceptive enough to notice his awkwardness and malicious enough to add to it. Alec gave Allen a covert nudge and Allen, taking the hint, glanced at the windows and then cocked his head to one side while taking great pains to appear to be studiously noting the effect light had on Andrea's features.

"Yeah dude, and see how—" he reached out, cupped Andrea's chin and turned her head slightly. "See how the light hits this side of her face and where the slight shadow of her nose sits? And then you'll have to darken the..."

"Oh fuck off, the lot of you!" Marc snapped looking particularly flushed as he slammed his sketchpad shut.

"Fine." Alec shrugged. To Allen, he said in tones designed to convey hurt, "C'mon mate, I can see our honest constructive criticism isn't appreciated here. Let's go honestly criticise Dougie. He's not nearly as vulgar with his comebacks."

"That's only because no one's taught him to say 'fuck off' yet!" Marc called out after them.

"Why lover, I do believe you're blushing!" Andrea said leaning forward slightly. "Now what brought that on?"

Marc said nothing. He had no real reason to feel embarrassed, at least no discernable reason he could think of. It was just... *what*? He wasn't normally touchy about his sketches as a rule because he didn't really take them seriously and for the most part, he didn't care what other people thought of them. The pencilled drawings were usually just a means to whittle away time. But if that was the case, then why was he feeling so irked?

"Was it because of me?" Andrea asked, her tone accusing.

Marc looked up as if he'd just been slapped. That felt a bit too close to home for his liking. Andrea's voice had held a trace of anger and something else. It took him a tortuously long moment to realise it was a mixture of panic, anger and uncertainty. The implications were dangerous and he had to sort this out then and there or risk an all-out confrontation.

"Course not!" He said quickly. "It's just that I—"

"What?"

"Just that I don't like taking flak on my work." He lied defensively. "It's got nothing to do with you." The words came out sounding harsher than he had intended.

"Yeah it does." Andrea insisted stubbornly. "How can it have nothing to do with me when the drawing was *of me*?" Her bottom lip was quivering slightly and Marc could just make out a light sheen of perspiration on her forehead. Andrea's hazel eyes were locked on his and if anything, she looked more hurt now than angry.

What the fuck have I gotten myself into? He cursed inwardly. This was the first time he'd seen Andrea genuinely upset and troubled him more than he'd imagined it could. *God, I'm getting soft in my old age!*

“Well?” Andrea demanded. To Marc it was obvious her bravado was feigned. Her eyes showed the first hints of moisture and he couldn’t help wincing. If there was one thing he couldn’t stand, it was people crying. Not because he saw himself as a particularly compassionate person, but more because emotional displays embarrassed him and he thought they were best kept private. This was one of the few occasions where he didn’t want Andrea upset because...

He tried a little introspection. *Because it'll make me upset?* The thought felt alien to him. If it was Callie, then okay, it made twisted sense, but Andrea wasn’t living with him, wasn’t related to him, wasn’t really what he’d call a close mate. Hell, she wasn’t even his girlfriend! *Then why is her being hurt about something I really don’t understand feeling so shitty?* He asked himself. *Hell, why was I feeling shitty in the first place?*

He tried to tick off points in his head. *Kay, I don’t love her, at least I don’t think I do...* That was followed with an inward slap on the head and one half of his brain asking the other what the hell love had to do with anything. Still, the part of his brain that suggested the train of thought was persistent: *but what if you do?*

‘Yeah but aren’t I supposed to know if I was in love with her? I mean that’s logical isn’t it?’

Love and logic in the same area code? Give me a break shit fer brains! He answered himself.

‘You’ve got a point Marc me lad, but seeing as we’re in triage at the moment, lets try to tone things down a bit and keep love out of the picture shall we? What if you just like her, you know like being fond of or... or having affection for...’

Yeah, that’s a lot more palatable. He decided. *Aydie’s nice enough when she’s not being a bitch... yeah, liking her isn’t so hard to swallow. Okay, I like her, so what am I supposed to do now?*

‘How the hell am I supposed to know? Tell me, when you had a look in the mirror this morning, did ya see a fucking shrink staring back atcha? Nope, didn’t think so.’

Cunt! He shot back and realised this argument was going nowhere. If he was alone, he’d happily drag it out for a while just to amuse himself but it had wasted several precious seconds and by the look on Andrea’s face, she was only moments away from hitting him, bursting into tears or both.

C’mon dumbarse, say something! The inner voice urged.

‘Like what?’ He demanded.

I dunno, just say something, anything, hell, tell her she looks pretty...

‘It’s true, but I really don’t think she’s in the mood for that sort of crap at the moment.’

Well if you’ve got a better idea, I’m all ears.

‘Remind me to give you a good kick in the nuts later you useless arsehole of an alter ego!’

Just then the bell rang to signify the first break. *‘The heavenly posse and the deities of righteous timing be praised!’* Both sides of his brain chanted in unison.

Marc reached out and grabbed Andrea by the wrist, “C’mon,” he said half leading half pulling her out the door. More than a few pairs of eyes watched them go. The public familiarity would undoubtedly be something discussed over the short break.

“Where’re we going?” Andrea asked looking momentarily confused.

“I dunno but someplace quiet.” He shot a quick glance at Alec who was a couple of steps behind him. “Dude, I need a-”

“Soundproof room where you’re not likely to be disturbed?” Alec asked tactlessly. Allen was turning bright red as he tried hard not to break out in an uncontrollable bout of giggling.

Marc shot them both a killing stare that should have fried them to a crisp had he been a mage and this was a D&D type of story. “Screw you sex-crazed hippies, I need to talk to her!”

“Yeah, sure mate, talk. Uh-huh...” Allen’s face split as his giggling broke through whatever miserable restraints he had employed to keep them in check.

To Marc, Allen looked like nothing so much as than a sniggering hunched over rodent and he wished he’d had a can of Zippo fuel to set Allen’s hair alight. *Now that’ll be amusing*, he thought to himself.

Alec glanced at Andrea and held her gaze for a moment as if reading something in her eyes. Then, turning to Marc he said, “Why don’t you try the music room? I know there’s a class in there for the seventh period but it should be free until then. Take your time, first class back is biology and I’ll see to it that neither of you will be missed.”

Marc nodded gratefully. Alec had always had a way of ensuring he was never missed in class. At first Marc had suspected he was blackmailing or bribing a handful of the teaching staff but lately for no reason he could put his finger on, he’d gotten the distinct impression it was more than that. Alec was keeping secrets too. The ‘wagging class’ trick was something he’d have to get Alec to explain but that was something to discuss after he got himself out of his current mess. Still, however it worked, what was important was it worked and he was sure Alec could ‘arrange’ for his absence.

Still holding Andrea’s hand firmly, he led her down the long hallway to the music room on the other end of the wing, his heart hammering furiously the whole time. This felt almost as daunting as the first time he’d gotten laid. Once inside the music room, Marc grabbed a stool and propped it under the doorknob before getting another two for Andrea and himself.

“Marc what’s all this about?” Andrea asked, her eyes glancing around the room and then the barred door.

“Privacy mainly.” Marc admitted looking sheepish. “I’m not a fan of public displays...” He paused, uncertain of how to continue and wished for nothing more than a little hole in the ground or a plane ticket to Antarctica. Andrea wasn’t making matters any easier by staring back at him levelly.

“Okay, shit, uh... see, it’s like this...” He bumbled along feeling like the world’s biggest dumbarse and trying to look everywhere but at her. “I... I mean I...” His face was turning red and an irritating itchy sensation was spreading across his face.

“What?”

Marc finally managed to look up at her. “I don’t know, I just freaked.”

Now Andrea looked strangely amused. Tucking a dark lock of hair behind her ear she said, “There must be a reason behind that?”

Marc bit his lip looking like a caged animal. “So the logic of Newton’s third law tells me but I don’t for the life of me know what it is. Things just felt weird which is weird in itself because I’ve never really minded getting corrections on my work if it’s from people who aren’t total idiots.” He rolled his eyes in exasperation. “Well, I can’t explain it properly but...” The words, starting out in an unchecked rush, trickled off abruptly.

Then that irritating inner voice returned unbidden: *C’mom Marc, yew ken due it!*

‘Remind me to wear steel caps when I wreak your love life you fucking prick!’ He told himself. Still, the inner prick had a point. He had to get it out and hope for the best.

Clearing his throat, he said, ‘Fucking hell... I like you okay! I really like you and things just felt totally screwed up back there. Don’t ask me to explain why I felt the way I did or ditto for my reactions because I can’t. I just didn’t mean to stomp all over your feelings okay.’

Andrea leaned back slightly, her expression unreadable. “Oh.” She said.

Marc, filled with unspeakable dread, just stared dumbly at her. ‘Great asswipe!’ He told himself. ‘Thanks for totally screwing up my life.’

Then she smiled.

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“Whaddaya reckon they’re doing?” Allen asked offering Alec his pack of Griffins. As was the norm, they’d snuck out one of the smaller back gates to have a quiet smoke away from all the usual authority figures. Smoking was banned on school grounds and the fact there were smoke alarms just about everywhere made smoking outside school the sensible alternative to sparking up in the toilets.

“Oh I imagine they’re having a quiet, very serious chat.” Alec replied after lighting his cigarette and exhaling a plume of smoke.

“Chat?” Allen laughed. “Whatever! Marc and Aydie alone together and all they’re doing is talking? I don’t think so. Ten bucks says if they show up for biology at all, we’re gonna see some tousled hair and dishevelled clothing.”

Alec frowned thoughtfully. “Somehow I don’t think so. Strange as it may well be, I think Marc may have unknowingly swallowed the hook while under the impression he was still only nibbling at the bait.”

“Oh course he’s swallowed the hook!” Allen snorted. “After Allison, Andrea’s about the hottest chick in Turnam State. What hot blooded male with a functioning dick wouldn’t have swallowed the hook?”

Alec shook his head in irritation. “No, you’re missing the point, I mean swallowed the hook as in *hooked*.”

Allen’s eyes widened in horror as comprehension dawned. “What, hooked as in *hooked*? As in emotionally hooked? As in wistful daydreams and singing in the rain hooked? As in butterflies and daffodil filled meadows and gay-arsed Enya-ish harp music, hooked? As in prancing down limp-dick lane fer cryin’ out loud hooked? As in-”

“Yep.” Alec interrupted with a sad resigned smile. “And another one bites the dust.”

“Fucking hell...” Allen breathed, looking very shaken. “Jeez, who would have thought...? I mean Marc, the self-appointed reigning Lord of Cold Heartless Evil Arseholes Association, of all people. Are you sure? I mean absolutely bloody sure? This is way too fucked up to be a laughing matter.”

Alec nodded, the barest hint of a mocking grin now appearing on his face. “Pretty sure. I could see it in Andrea’s eyes, and in the way Marc flipped when we started taking pot shots at his drawing... of *her*.”

“Bugger!” Allen breathed, still looking comically bug-eyed.

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Marc pressed Andrea hard up against the whiteboard, his lips frantically seeking hers. She purred into his mouth as her fingers locked themselves behind his head and held him to her. Finally, out of breath Marc broke free and took small a step away from her. The queasy sensation returned as he drank in her features, the dark sultry eyes, straight symmetrical nose, the gentle swell of her slightly parted, pouting lips...

Unable to stop himself, he lowered his head and gave her a quick close-mouthed kiss and slowly pulled away again, his eyes locked on her face. Her smoky gaze met his and Marc was barely able to stifle a gasp. Besides the obvious physical need, he saw a certain something else in those beautiful hazel orbs. A something else that scared the living crap out of him because he instinctively knew his eyes held a mirror image of the same thing.

“I...” His voice sounded hoarse and the rest of the sentence seemed to be painfully lodged in his throat. Andrea’s lips parted and grateful for such a lush escape route, Marc promptly engaged them again.

What started out as a slow passionate kiss quickly escalated into an almost bruising demand for acceptance. Foreplay, something they both usually enjoyed was forced into the back seat. Andrea simply bunched her skirt up around her waist and yanked the crotch of her cotton briefs to the side. Marc, his trousers and boxers still tangled around his ankles, leaned into her, burying himself to the hilt in her warm embrace with a long drawn out hiss.

They were too hot to start out slow but despite the frantic pace, Marc could feel something more than just animal lust at play here. There was a certain almost passionate feel to their... *fucking? No, not fucking.* For once the word didn’t feel right.

This was more than just fluid transfers.

To Marc, the thought was as scary as it was invigorating.

He pressed his mouth against her swollen lips and after a long intense kiss that left him weak kneed and gloriously light-headed, buried his face into the side of her neck unmindful of the fact his forehead was bumping into the whiteboard in time with his thrusts.

Then without realising there had been any shift in their positions, he found Andrea leaning forward over the lectern that usually held the conductor’s music sheets, her uniform skirt still bunched lewdly around her hips. It came as no surprise however, that he was still behind her, still making lo... *hold on a second, have things gone that far?* A voice of caution cried out in his head. The thought lingered for a moment before it was brushed aside by more pressing concerns.

Andrea’s groans, soft at first rose alarmingly and Marc had to clamp his hand over her mouth against the chance of being overheard. He grabbed a handful of her hair and slowly forced her to turn her head slightly exposing the soft skin of her throat to his lips.

Andrea was the first to go, but unlike her usual very vocal orgasms, she merely shuddered against him, her eyes clenched shut as a low contented sigh left her lips. Then, before Marc could slop himself, he was flooding her already very wet passage with his spend.

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Allen glanced at his watch. "That must be one helluva long talk dude." He smirked careful to keep his eyes facing forward.

Alec waited until Chalmes was again facing the whiteboard before he whispered, "I imagine Marc would have difficulties finding the right words. All thing considered, the delay isn't too surprising."

"They've been gone for almost an hour now. Next you'll be telling me he's trying to recite all one hundred and something of Shakespeare's crappy sonnets?"

"How would I know?" Alec hissed irritably. "Do I look like a frigging mind reader to you?"

Allen shot him a covert grin. "You can barely read a book, let alone a human mind. But in any case, the bet's still on."

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Marc sat with his back to the wall on the non-descript industrial carpet of the music room, Andrea was curled up on his lap with her head resting on his shoulder.

"That was nice." She cooed softly.

Marc found himself playing with her hair, idly rolling the dark silky locks into ringlets with his fingers. "This is nice." He murmured enjoying the warm tingly sensation flowing through his veins.

"Mmmm, it is isn't it."

"Very, but we'd better get dressed." He said with obvious reluctance. "It's almost lunchtime and we've been here nearly one and a half hours."

"Oh my God!" Andrea sat suddenly. "We totally blew off biology! Chalmes is going to have our guts on a stick!" Then a warm hazy smile floated onto her face and she nuzzled her forehead into Marc's cheek. "Not that I mind so much now."

"Forget Chalmes," Marc said looking around nervously, "What about our lot? D'ya think Tracey and Allen and the rest are just going to let us slip off and not come looking?" *They would too, he thought, the nosey bastards!*

Andrea kissed him again, her lips lingering for a long delightful moment before she nodded in agreement. "In that case lover-boy, we'd best put some clothes on." She got off his lap and reached out for her discarded skirt.

Marc watched her getting dressed without moving from his spot. "Um, Aydie, what about us?" He asked feeling a prickly wave of uncertainty flow over himself. The stomach ache was back with a vengeance and it took all his willpower to keep from trembling outright.

Andrea froze, her blouse only half buttoned. Any other time would have seen Marc's eyes riveted to those perfect breasts but this time he was busy searching her face.

"There's an 'us'?" She asked keeping her voice carefully neutral as her eyes met his.

Marc forced down a particularly large lump clogging his throat. “I... I kinda... well, that is, I really, um, hope there is...”

“Then there’s an ‘us’.” Andrea beamed, her eyes surprisingly bright. She held her hand out to him. “C’mon, as much as I love looking at you in your birthday suit, I don’t think we can afford to walk out of here with you looking like that.”

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Allen and Alec were lounging in the shade at their usual table on the far side of the oval.

“Just talking eh?” Allen smirked as Marc appeared, one arm possessively wrapped around Andrea’s hip. The pair had been missing for three periods and it was now lunchtime.

They had done a good job with their clothing but Marc’s tie was slightly askew and Andrea’s hair had an almost tousled look to it. Something she would never had allowed to happen normally. The most obvious giveaway however, was Marc’s idiotic grin and Andrea’s almost glowing countenance. The hickey peeking out just over her collar didn’t help their case either.

Alec waited until the pair was within earshot before glaring at them disapprovingly.

“Great, thanks to you two bloody lovebirds, I’m not gonna be able to afford lunch today.” He grumbled digging into the back pocket of his trousers for his wallet. “I hope my starvation at your expense weighs upon on your rotten consciences until you both find yourselves unable to live with the guilt and commit ritual fucking suicide.”

“Mate, you can curse them til ya teeth fall out, in the meantime, pay up.” Allen held out his hand expectantly.

Alec thrust a ten dollar bill at him and growled, “Here you greedy bastard, go choke on a sausage roll.”

“With the utmost pleasure,” Allen bowed mockingly before trotting off in the direction of the cafeteria.

“What was that about?” Andrea asked glancing first at Allen’s retreating back and then at Alec who wore a particularly disgruntled expression on his face.

“We were talking about what you two were doing.” Alec grunted without bothering to look up. “I said you guys had something you needed discuss, he bet me ten bucks all you’d be doing was exchanging DNA and there goes my lunch money.”

Marc was unable to contain his laughter but Andrea looked appalled for a moment before she too was giggling.

“I’m glad my plight amuses you.” Alec spat disgustedly. “A pox on both your fucking houses!”

Andrea tried to force a serious expression onto her face and failed miserably. Leaning her cheek against Marc’s shoulder she said, “Well we can’t have you starve on our expense, we’d feel absolutely rotten wouldn’t we Marky?”

“Not really.” Marc chuckled.

Abandoning the attempt to look serious, Andrea tried to look sympathetic and was only moderately successful. “Ignore him Alec, we’re heading off on our munchie fix anyway. C’mon, lunch is on me.”

Alec jumped up, grabbed Andrea by the shoulders and enthusiastically propelled her in the direction of food.

“You compassionate soul you,” he laughed happily. “You’re a legend Aydie, I love you!”

Marc had to hurry to catch you with them. “No, wait, hey hang on a second, you take that back right now you arsehole...”