

# Tyler is learning about girls.

*by* Claire King

Oh Yeah!" Says Tyler, seventeen, "You want it, don't you, you dirty bitch?"

Natascha, sixteen, shuffles her arse further back on the bench. She does want it, but like this? Not so much. Half an hour ago they were holding hands in the chip shop and now Tyler's out of his mind. She wonders if those pickled eggs might be hallucinogenic. She stares off up the empty street, sodium lit, spat on by rain. The bus shelter smells like piss.

Tyler has a Mars bar in his jeans pocket. It's warm and soft. He tries to insert it. Natascha squirms and frowns.

"Take it, you slut," says Tyler. Vinegar breath. "Feel your tits," he says, "Touch your pussy."

Natascha sighs. She's missing 'Millionaire' for this.

Tyler has his knob in his hand. "Open your legs," he says.

Natascha looks at her phone. Ten-to. The 174 is due any minute. It's a double-decker. Maybe there'll still be room up front on top. She thinks about giving Tyler a quick hand job to get it over with, but her t-shirt is clean on and she wants to wear it tomorrow.

"No," she says, and pulls her skirt back over her freckled thighs.

Tyler leans over her, bracing both arms on the graffiti. He slaps one Converse on the gum-studded bench by her knee. Grit and uncertain moisture brush her skin.

"I'm going to come on your face," he says.

"Why are you being such a twat?" Says Natascha as she ducks under his arms and starts to cross the street.

"Where are you going?" Tyler's voice goes all squeaky on the 'going' part, making Natascha turn back, briefly. He coughs.

"Getting a can of pop," Natascha calls. "See you tomorrow."

Tyler watches her disappear through the shop door with a ping.

After an unsatisfactory wank, sitting on the floor with his back against the closed bedroom door, Tyler logs on.

*Justin1991: "Hey BeiberChick!"*

*BeiberChick1992: "Hey Justin, how did it go?"*

*Justin1991: Gr8!!!*

*BeiberChick1992: So u...*

*Justin1991: yea more or less*

*BeiberChick1992: ?!*

*Justin1991: Well, she was a bit*

*BeiberChick1992: ?*

*BeiberChick1992: ?*

*Justin1991: uptite?*

*BeiberChick1992: wot u mean uptight?*

*Justin1991: she got pubs*

*Justin1991: :/*

*BeiberChick1992: ic*

*Justin1991: q4u*

*BeiberChick1992: ?*

*Justin1991: plztlme wot pr0n girlz like*

*Justin1991: u there?*

*Justin1991: ?*

*BeiberChick1992: idk, pr0n blked here :(*

*Justin1991: :(*

*Justin1991: :(*

*BeiberChick1992: ruok?*

*Justin1991: maybe u & me mirl soon XD*

*BeiberChick1992: wud b cool. ur cool.*

*Justin1991: :) tx*

*BeiberChick1992: np*

*BeiberChick1992: g2g - hw*

*Justin1991: cu*

*BeiberChick1992: cya*

BeiberChick refills his wine glass and scratches his balls.

"I don't think it went too well with Natascha," he says.

"You could try actually talking to him, Love," says his wife.

"I don't see why it has to be up to me," says BeiberChick. "Would you like some wine?"

Upstairs, Tyler closes chat and researches girl on girl. Maybe that's what she's into.

