

My Freshman Year



by JJ Argus

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About the author

JJ Argus has written more than 200 novels, and been published in hardcover, softcover, and innumerable magazines and digests.

All characters depicted in this story are over eighteen

Chapter One

The library was not impressive. It was not at all the kind of place I was comfortable with. My idea of a library was the one my dad used to take me to when I was younger. Dad is a mechanic and we live on the edge of Perth, population 3291 in the state of Montana. The state motto of Montana is Oro Y Plata, which is Spanish for 'gold and silver'. I remember pondering that long ago trying to figure out what exactly why they'd chosen that as a motto. I was instructed to go to the library and find out. A tall order for an eight year old.

The library was in what had once been an old farmhouse before the town of Perth had overrun it and integrated it into downtown. It had creaky wooden floors, wooden doors and frames, and wooden shelves. Everything about it was dry and musty and reeked of age, of a depository of ancient wisdom. Real light came in through the large windows, and the stern faced elders of early Perth looked down on their ancestors with clear disapproval of their many shortcomings.

I don't think I ever really understood what the proper interpretation of the state motto was, but I did find fodder to stoke my imagination. I had picked up a book of a cat that talked, and how confused that made all the grown-ups. Week after week, month after month I found new and exciting thoughts and fantasies at the library. I still remember the first time I was allowed to go all by myself, and could actually sit there and read alone.

I fell in love with books, with reading, with knowledge. In that way I was quite, quite different from my three brothers, who, naturally enough took after Dad and fell in love with cars and engines. The four of us began to move in different directions as we got older, even more than would be expected given the gender roles Montana assigned fairly early in our lives.

The boys were rambunctious sports fanatics while I was more introverted quiet, and thoughtful. Their rooms were filled with toy cars and model fighter jets. Mine was filled with books, dragons and elves, for I became an early lover of fantasy. The boys scraped by school, while I excelled. When they graduated, they went to work for dad in his auto body shop. When I graduated, nothing so

comfortable was in store for me.

Which was why I was here. At Stanford.

Lucky me, you might say. I got to escape my small town and get an education. You'd be right, and that's the way I thought of it – mostly. But the tension in my chest had built up over the months at the realization I was going so far away – alone. At times I had wavered in my determination, thinking that perhaps I could just stay in town and be a receptionist or something at Dad's growing shop. That was the comfortable, secure thing to do.

But like the state motto would imply, we Montanans had a healthy respect for the value of things, and the scholarship I'd won was simply too valuable to pass up. That would be like giving away money! And while I have a certain respect for charity this just wouldn't qualify. Besides, unlike my brothers, who had simply endured school, I'd loved it. I loved learning things. I wanted to learn more. I wanted to learn everything!

But this cold, antiseptic, institutional library, so big, the ceilings so high, the artificial light so bright, with so many people in it was just not at all what I thought of as a LIBRARY. This was not a quiet retreat of knowledge, but a bustling shopping mall with books instead of shoes and shirts. This was not a place I was going to feel comfortable in whiling away the hours in quiet research and contemplation of the universe...

Not that it wasn't impressive. But everything about Stanford was impressive. I felt quite small and overawed by it all. Even my residence was huge. Wilber Hall was really more of a communal gathering and dining building surrounded by eight residence halls. Mine held seven hundred odd students, all of them froshes like me. In a way, I suppose, that was comforting. Everyone was new and out of their element, so we were all kind of in the same boat.

But that brought on another kind of tension. There were a lot of Californians here, and most of the students I'd met came from big cities. I didn't feel like a hick, but I began to feel a little self-conscious that others might think so. Certainly their clothing styles seemed ... different, than what I usually wore, and what I saw at girls in Perth. There was a lot more flesh being flashed, if you know what I mean. Everything was tighter too.

Lily was a good example of that. I'd met her the day after my parents had driven

me down and helped me move in. Sort of.

I had spent the morning exploring the university and the surrounding town, then traveled into Palo Alto to look around at a real city. Okay, Palo Alto wasn't exactly big, but it was big to me. I hadn't done an awful lot of traveling to that point in time. I went to some freshmen events in the afternoon, and came back to find Lily, a tiny Asian girl, naked and sprawled on my bed.

Now nudity was just not something I was used to. And I was still trying to wrap my mind around the common bathroom and shower facilities in the residence. I'd already seen entirely too much naked female flesh for my comfort, and seeing more of it right here in my own room was unsettling, to say the least. I mean, what was with these people!? Did they have no sense of decency!?

Lily raised her head as I stood in the doorway gaping at her, then raise her hand in a kind of lazy half wave.

“Hey,” she said.

“Hello... naked person,” I said, blushing a little, and frowning. “You're on my bed.”

She shrugged carelessly, and my frown deepened.

I do have my flaws, and I was not good at sharing, especially with naked people.

“They're the same bed,” she said.

“Then maybe you should be naked on the other one,” I said, somewhat waspishly.

She sighed and sat up, whereupon much of her hair fell across her face, all-but hiding her eyes. She brushed it aside and stood up. She was a good foot shorter than me, and while I'm on the tallish side, I'm no giantess.

A quarter of the student body (no pun intended) of Stanford was made up of Asian Americans. The girls' hair styles tended to a similarity of long and straight. Lily's glossy black hair was shoulder length but she had enormous bangs which reminded me somewhat of a sheepdog. Moreover, they were tinted blue. But looking at her eyes as she shifted her hair out of the way, and the way

her face was shaped, I started doubting the purity of her Asian heritage.

She shuffled across the aisle between the beds and sprawled back onto hers, still just as naked. I was more than a little confused about what to do about that. I didn't know where to look, though I knew where I didn't want to look – which of course, meant my eyes kept being drawn there.

“I'm Lily. I'm your roommate,” she said.

“Uhm. I'm Willow,” I said uncomfortably.

Her lip quirked up in a smile. “Willow?”

I sighed. “Okay, It's actually Wilhelmina, after my grandmother. My family called me Will, but that didn't seem very feminine to me as I got older. I thought about using my second name but I don't like it and then at school I started calling myself Willow because of a tree outside my bedroom window.”

“Wow,” she said thoughtfully. “You talk a lot.”

I scowled. “You're naked a lot!”

“Not a lot,” she said.

“That's good to hear. Is there any particular reason you're naked now?”

“I took a shower, and now I'm considering what to wear.”

“Is that, like, going to take you a long time?”

“I don't know. There isn't any big rush. Does it bother you?”

“Yes!” I said, going over to my desk where she wouldn't be so ... in my face.

“Why?”

“It just does?”

She looked down the short length of her body.

“I think I look good naked. Everyone who's seen me naked says I do too.”

“That's really not the point,” I said, resisting the urge to ask her if a lot of people had seen her naked.

I so did not want to know!

“So what's the point? I take up less space naked than wearing clothes.”

“You take up very little space in either event,” I said.

“Are you calling me short?”

I raised my eyebrows. Unless I missed my guess she wasn't even five feet tall and the only part of her that wasn't small was her chest.

“I'm not short. You're tall.”

“Sure,” I said.

I was starting to wonder if this girl wasn't more than a little addled, as my grandmother might term it.

“Anyway, the human body is beautiful, isn't it?”

She stood up and then sort of posed for me. I jerked my head away, more than a little confused about what the hell to do. Was she some kind of lesbian?! That would be another worry! I had no idea how to treat lesbians! I'd never met one.

“Don't you think I have a nice body?” she asked.

Okay, this was ridiculous. Was it too early to call the university and ask for a new roommate?

“I'm not making you uncomfortable am I? It's just that I'm a nymphomaniac. So I tend to act out a lot.”

I stared at her helplessly. “You're a ... uh... ny – .”

“Nymphomaniac,” she said. “I'm like an addict, you know. I can't go more than a few hours without sex.”

A light flicked on in my skull. I might be a little slow at times, but I eventually

come around. My eyes narrowed and I folded my arms across my chest as she preened and posed.

“I hope that doesn't bother you,” she said. “Sometimes I can be pretty loud.”

“If you want your own room,” I said flatly. “Go apply for one.”

She gave me an innocent look.

“And even if I did they're short of residence rooms. They'd move someone else in here. And you don't get to choose them. If you're hoping for an Asian girl you'd still only have a one in four shot at it. How many roommates do you think you can scare off before the university starts telling you to find a new place to live?”

“You talk really fast,” she said.

“And you're still really naked. It's bothering me less and less, too. I think I'll have no trouble getting used to it. Maybe I'll even be inspired to spend some time naked myself.”

She grinned and shrugged. “It was worth a try,” she said, unrepentantly.

There was a knock at the door.

“Come in!” I called immediately.

Lily gasped and dove into her bed, yanking the blanket over her just as the door opened.

“Here to turn on your cable,” said a man in blue overalls.

“Sure,” I said with a smile. “Come right in.”

He glanced at Lily's form. “Uhm, if your roommate is sleeping...”

“Oh she's not sleeping. She's just naked. Don't mind her. She's a nudist. She likes to be naked whenever she can. Right Lily?”

Lily didn't answer, and the man hung back at the door doubtfully.

“Go ahead. She won't mind.”

He came in reluctantly, then went over to the wall, crouched down, took out a tool and worked on a box there. He seemed in a hurry to get it done, and only took a minute or two before he left.

Lily rolled over, still clutching the blanket around herself. “Bitch.”

“I thought you didn't mind who saw you naked? I mean, you being a nymphomaniac and all, you should have been jumping his bones right here in front of me.”

She sighed and sat up. “Okay, so I'm not a nymphomaniac.”

She sat up, bent over, and pulled open one of the drawers under the bed, snagging a very small black thong which she pulled up her legs.

“So were you trying to get me to leave?”

“Yeah. I heard you were from cow country and I thought you'd be kind of a prude.”

“I'm not a prude,” I said, scowling.

Although, I supposed, by some lights, I was.

“And from what I know of Asian girls aren't you all kind of prudish anyway?”

She snorted and pulled on a matching bra. “Not me. I'm not my granny. I like having fun. And that includes getting drunk and having sex. Lots and lots and lots of sex.”

“And how's that going?” I asked doubtfully.

She made a face. “Not as well as I'd hoped. Too many Asians here. Too many judgmental people. Too many prudes. I don't want them all giving me the evil eye every time I pass by. Not that they don't do that anyway.”

“You're Asian,” I pointed out.

“I'm Asian American. My father's last name is Spencer.”

She pulled on a pair of jeans which she spent a good deal of effort closing. They were ridiculously tight and so low I could see much of her abdomen. A loose blue mesh top covered her up with a similar immodesty, showing discrete glimpses of her bra underneath.

“I live in San Francisco. My mother's whole family is in San Francisco,” she said. “If you're a girl, and you're Chinese, they watch you like a hawk, every move. I want to party! I want to have fun! I want to see what life is like at last before I get old and wrinkled like my parents!”

To be honest, that was not an attitude I really had a problem with since, though it sort of mirrored my own. Although I hadn't really been thinking in terms of partying and sex. Truth to tell Perth was very much like the way she'd described. Everyone was in everyone's face all the time. If you did something wrong the whole town would soon be talking about it. And that was especially so of girls, and even more especially so if it involved sex.

So I had kind of put off much exploration of that particular topic, not wanting everyone talking about me in that way. But now that Lily brought it up I had to admit that now that I was free of Perth the thought had occurred to me that I could explore that subject much more freely. Only, to be honest, I felt kind of awkward about my ignorance, about being a virgin at my age. I had this terrible sense of backwardness, that if I wound up making out with a guy he'd laugh at my inexperience and fumbling.

And by 'making out' I meant sex, or any aspect of it beyond kissing and maybe a little groping, which was about as far as I'd gone.

“Well, you can always uhm, go into Palo Alto,” I said.

“Yeah, and do what? Pick up strange men at a bar? I don't think so!”

“Well, it's a big campus.”

“Yeah, I have to find some big blonde guy. You're a big blonde girl. You know any?”

“I am not big,” I said frostily.

In point of fact, I was slim, and had narrow shoulders and an overall slender

body. I was bigger than Lily, but then most girls over the age of twelve were.

“And you're blonde. You've probably had sex with thousands of men already.”

I snorted. “I'm from a town of three thousand people. You can't belch in that town without your mother hearing about your bad manners.”

She nodded her head. “Well, if you meet a big hunky blonde guy maybe you can send him to me.”

“After I'm done with him,” I said.

She laughed and we sort of looked at each other. To my surprise I was actually starting to like her.

* * *

Lily's behavior was way over the top for an Asian girl. She was very much an extrovert, and an exhibitionist. She did have a great body, if petite, and she knew it and loved being noticed. She was a girl who preened and flirted outrageously with every man who was halfway decent looking – except Asians, or where there Asian girls within earshot.

We were at a coffee shop a few days later and she was doing her normal routine on a guy who was cleaning the table of the booth we'd just slipped into, when she abruptly went silent as two Asian girls walked by.

“You know what? You're like Spock on Star Trek,” I said.

She frowned quizzically.

“Spock was a Vulcan.”

“I know who Spock was. My brother was crazy for Star Trek.”

“Spock tries not to show any emotion, but sometimes he does. But where he really, especially tries not to show any kind of human emotion is whenever some other Vulcan is around him. It's like he has to be perfectly Vulcan around the Vulcans because otherwise they'll dismiss him as a half-breed.”

“It's just that Asian girls are so freaking judgmental,” she said in a low voice.
“And I am a half breed.”

“Best of both worlds,” I said.

“Nice. But that's not how they think of it.”

“Maybe if you didn't dress quite so... provocatively,” I said.

She frowned. “What's wrong with the way I dress? Guys like the way I dress.”

“Oh I bet they do.”

“So then?”

“But girls, not so much.”

She was wearing a midriff baring tank top which I estimated was at least a size too small for her generously sized chest, and low slung short shorts with the thin black elastic of her thong showing on one hip.

“I'm dressed fine,” she said.

“Your top is kind of... tight.”

She shrugged. “I can't find my own size. I have to buy stuff that fits me in the childrens section. And they don't have big boobs.”

“You don't have big boobs exactly,” I said. “They're just big on your uhm, frame”

Of course, she could have stopped wearing bras that emphasized her chest. The ones I usually favored tended to minimize the size of mine.

“You could still dress more modestly.”

“I'm tired of being modest,” she said with a scowl. “And anyway, if you don't advertise, you don't get sales.”

Lily was taking business, probably specializing in marketing. I was taking literature at the moment, not sure where I wanted to go with it.

And then suddenly there was a very attractive looking guy leaning over our table.

“Ladies,” he said with a confident grin. “How would you like to go to a party?”

My inclination was to say not only 'no', but 'hell no'. He was too... I don't know, too confident, too smug. He was clearly not a freshman, and a lot of the upperclassmen seemed to think freshmen girls were their natural hunting preserve.

“Sure!” Lily said.

He handed her a small piece of paper, and when she took it let his fingers caress the back of her wrist.

“Phi Beta Delta,” is having a party Friday evening. “You're both invited,” he said. “It's going to be the first big blast of the season.”

“We'll be there!” Lily said.

“Lily,” I hissed.

The guy winked at me, then moved on.

“You don't even know him!”

“I know he was cute,” she said examining the paper. “And he was a frat boy.”

“He probably just wants to feed us drugs so his frat boy friends gang jump us!”

She gave me a withering look. “You been listening to my granny or something?”

“I've heard about those fraternity houses,” I said.

“That they're sex maniacs? That sounds like exactly what I'm looking for.”

“Not me.”

“Why not? You want to stay a virgin forever?”

“No, but I don't want my first time to be in a bed with ten guys standing around

cheering either!”

“So don't fuck anyone there. Take them back to residence.”

“So you can watch?” I asked cynically.

She grinned. “If I don't have my own guy there!”

Chapter Two

I tried to get Lily to tone it down for the party, but she still wound up wearing a little black dress which would have scandalized all of Perth. It was a black lacy bustier kind of thing which tied up the middle. It showed plenty of flesh between the two sides, and the three quarter cups lifted her breasts up and out and displayed them to anyone looking down – which would be everyone, given her height. Below that was a pair of very low slung, skin-tight black linen pants which hugged her bottom. She looked sleek, sophisticated, and slutty, which was exactly what she was going for.

I was nervous about going in the first place. But if I had to go – with her – I was going to look out of place dressed in the more modest way I'd have preferred. That left me with a black dress, a black dress which was a good deal shorter than I was comfortable with. It wasn't a mini, of course. I wasn't ready for that sort of thing, but it was well above the knees, and I hadn't ever worn anything nearly that short. It had a V-neck, but didn't really display more than the hint of cleavage, and the skirt was loose around my thighs.

I felt rather daring in it, but compared to Lily I felt like a schoolmarm.

“I wish I had your sexy legs,” she said.

“Then you'd be taller,” I said glibly.

“Hmmm.”

I'm five nine, which is almost a full foot taller than her. And I really don't know how you evaluate 'sexy legs' other than ones that are healthy and get you around nice and quick. I'd been on the track team in high school, after all. My legs weren't something anyone had ever really commented on, as opposed to my butt and my breasts. Mind you, I'd never worn short skirts. But the guys in Montana hadn't seemed much interested in more than the very obvious.

Getting to the frat house wasn't as easy as I would have hoped. They weren't close to the residences, and the campus was thousands of acres. We had to take a

shuttle around to the southeast and walk several blocks in the dark in heels. I felt self-conscious in the bus, dressed for partying, and especially with Lily. Every guy got an eyeful of her whenever she passed. I knew she was going to be really popular at the party.

“Now watch what you drink,” I said as we walked. “And don't let anyone get you a drink. Get it yourself. You never know what they'll put into them.”

“Lighten up, Willy,” she said teasingly. “Not every guy wants to jump you.”

“Enough of them do, and they sure will want to jump you dressed like that.”

“I'm hoping,” she said cheerfully.

“And don't call me Willy!”

We didn't have to work hard to find the place. As we got closer we saw all the cars parked alongside the road, then the people heading towards a brightly lit ... uhm, house. It wasn't the kind of house I'd ever been in. It wasn't the kind of house I'd ever seen up close, in fact. It was a house about four or five times the size of the biggest houses in Perth. It was practically a mansion. I was willing to bet there weren't a lot of poor guys living there.

As we crossed the lawn I could see the Greek letters up on the outside wall, and there was a guy in a suit at the doorway checking invitations. He passed us through the open door and into the crowd and noise.

It was like no party I'd ever been to, that was for sure. And I admit to feeling a sense of excitement, and even a sense of anticipation. I was wary and self-conscious, but this was a 'real' party, not a bunch of kids. And there were no chaperones here. Nor was there any way for word of whatever I did here to get back to Perth. I felt a strange sense of freedom settling around my shoulders at that, though I was still quite far from certain about what, if any use I'd make of it.

There was an actual band playing in one enormous room, and a whole bunch of people dancing. Most of the rest of the downstairs was crowded with people standing or sitting around drinking and talking and laughing. There must have been a couple of hundred people in the place! And no grown-ups!

Okay, technically, I know, I was a grown-up. It was just hard thinking of myself that way since my entire life had been overseen by 'adults' of one breed or another, be they family, teachers, coaches, ministers, or whatnot. And it still was, in a way, since I was at school. I guess I just wasn't really used to thinking of myself as an 'adult'.

As we moved through the crowds I started feeling a little self-conscious in my dress. It wasn't exactly conservative, or at least, I didn't think it was, but compared to what most of the other girls were wearing I was practically a nun! Lily was far more in fashion, and I didn't have to look far to find girls dressed in way more revealing outfits than hers. I also didn't have to look far to see couples making out. I tried hard to seem blasé, but honestly, my jaw kept wanting to drop from sight of what people were doing right in plain sight! It seemed like nobody could kiss here without putting their hands on their partners' butts! And when they got seriously into kissing, in the corners, along the walls, it wasn't unusual to see guys with their hands sliding over their partner's breasts, or girls with their hands squeezing their partners' crotch.

Lily seemed excited by the sight, no doubt eager to be one of those girls. I wondered just how far she was willing to go in a public setting or with a guy she barely knew. As for me, well, the idea was frankly terrifying, given my lack of experience and expertise. Mind you, it's not that I was afraid of what some guy might do, but more that I'd come across like some ignorant little girl hick who didn't know the first thing about sex! He'd probably laugh at me, and go find someone more mature!

Lily and I picked up plastic cups of punch, and I tried to sip mine slowly, since I could taste the alcohol in it. I didn't have a lot of experience with alcohol, but I knew it loosened you up some, and I really felt like I needed some of that loosening! We wandered around, enjoying the scene. And I eventually got used to the sight of all that hormonal activity. I even started watching for it, furtively. I mean, I didn't want to be seen as some kind of voyeur, but I was hoping to pick up tips.

Not that I was going to act like these sluts and grab a guy between the legs!

The lights were not very bright except in certain locations. There were a lot of dimly lit areas, and I wondered if that was deliberate.

As we were watching the band a short guy asked Lily to dance, and she went off with him enthusiastically. Her dancing was uninhibited as most of the rest of her behavior and I laughed to see it. I still felt like a bit of a wallflower, though, and was glad when a guy asked me to dance. He wasn't bad looking, and had nice shoulders. His name was Jeff.

While the girls tended to all be 'dressed' most of the guys were in shirts or t-shirts. Ron was more than a little drunk, and grabbed my butt several times while we danced. I wasn't very impressed by him, but was surprised at how easily I handled it. I mean, I wasn't shocked or anything. I big sloppy kiss was even less impressive, especially with his tongue rammed into my mouth.

I twisted my head away and said I had to go to the bathroom, and left him behind. Since Lily was still dancing, and since our cups had been sitting unattended on a table, I decided to dump them and get fresh drinks. That meant walking back through the house to where the 'bar' had been set up.

“You look fucking hot.”

I wondered who the guy was talking about, turned my head, and saw him looking straight at me from about two feet away. I felt a brief sense of panic, then searched for something clever to say. The guy was extremely hot looking himself, to be honest. He was wearing a sleeveless, midriff baring T-shirt, and his biceps and shoulders were very impressive. Even more impressive was his tanned belly, which had very obvious muscles. He was tall, with shaggy brown hair, and had deep blue eyes – which at that moment were kind of glazed over.

Oh he'd been at the booze for a while, this one.

“Thanks,” I said, then cursed myself for being so insipid.

But I couldn't help saying thank you to a compliment! It was force of habit!

“I would really like to fuck you,” he said.

I rolled my eyes, and while my face reddened, I wasn't as embarrassed as I might have been. The music was still loud, even here, and I didn't think anyone nearby had heard him. And he'd actually said it with a kind of honest longing, rather than someone trying to be insulting.

“I'm sure,” I said coolly.

“I'm sorry. That was rude, wasn't it?”

“Yeah.”

“I'm an idiot when I drink. Sorry.”

“Why do you drink then?”

He grinned openly and boyishly. “Because it's fun to act like an idiot sometimes!”

“I actually try not to act like an idiot,” I said.

“Then I bet I have a lot more fun than you!”

“Uh... okay. Maybe.”

Probably, some part of me said. He certainly seemed happy now.

And I felt an urge to run my fingers across his washboard abs, just to feel them.

And then my mind went to nasty places because I imagined sliding my hand up along his abdomen and up under that shirt to see if his chest was as nice and ... and ripply.

“You should have a drink so you can act like an idiot, too,” he said happily.

I laughed. “I'm going to get one.”

He offered me his but I declined and when some guy came up to him I moved off.

I learned his name thought. It was Dave. I was surprised at how regretful I was leaving him. He seemed nice, seemed fun, was definitely hot, but he was drunk! I didn't need to spend my time trying to talk with a drunk, however cute he was.

But I sure would have liked to slide my hand across his stomach and chest!

I picked up two more cups and headed back to the dance floor. I was again a bit

disappointed Dave wasn't where I'd last seen him, but met up with Lily, who was looking for me, and gave her her cup.

“Where's your friend?” I asked.

“He went to the bathroom. You think he's cute?”

“He's cute enough,” I said slyly.

She beamed happily. Then some guy asked me to dance, so I handed her the drinks and went out into the crowd. He was more polite than the last guy had been, and less drunk. We chatted a little, but it didn't take long for me to realize that he was just plain old boring. His name was Matt and he was studying computers. And almost everything he talked about involved computers, the internet, or some kind of social media like facebook and twitter.

It took me half an hour to get away from him and look for Lily, but I didn't see her. I wondered if she was out back somewhere humping her little friend, or if there were places upstairs for that sort of thing. I wandered through the house, and down a hall which led out back. There was a pool there, and there were a number of people standing around chatting or sitting in lounge chairs or at patio tables.

I couldn't help thinking this was a lot nicer looking place to live than my residence! I wondered if the sororities were as nice, and how you wound up joining one.

And then I heard a familiar voice. I turned my head and saw Dave coming towards me, or maybe better to say stumbling towards me. He ran into someone, wound up staggering sideways, and wound up falling into the pool. I rolled my eyes and laughed, just like everyone else out back. He wasn't so drunk he'd drown, though. He surfaced right away, but then headed for the wrong end of the pool and couldn't climb out.

“Ladder's over there, man,” several people were saying, pointing.

Dave ignored them and kept trying to pull himself up over the side. He almost succeeded once, then fell back again.

Idiot.

I wandered closer, and then walked over beside the ladder.

“Dave!” I called, embarrassing myself a little as eyes turned briefly on me. “Yo! Idiot boy! Over here!”

He saw me and swam towards me, the same stupid smile on his face as he climbed up out of the pool. He was still on the ladder, though, hip deep in the water when he said “I still want to fuck you.”

Irritated, given people nearby could hear, and a couple of girls tittered, I shoved him and he fell back into the pool, which brought more laughter.

“I apologize!” he called. “That was rude again, wasn't it!?”

He pulled himself up again and I backed away since he was dripping all over the place. Also, I wanted to move further away from where people could hear if he said something else stupid.

“I told you I was an idiot!” he said.

“Well, try to mind your manners around me,” I said sternly.

“Sure! Sure!” he promised.

I shook my head. “I think you need a towel.”

“Ah, it's warm and I'll dry,” he said cheerfully.

Then he stripped his tank top off, and ran it out in his hands.

His chest was every bit as inviting looking as his stomach, and I felt a kind of tightness in my chest at the sight of his skin glistening in the dim light.

“I guess you work out a lot,” I said, a bit numbly.

He shrugged carelessly. “I work in a gym in a resort in the summer,” he said.

“It uhm, shows.”

He grinned. “What's your name?”

“Willow,” I said.

“Cute name. Cute girl, cute name.”

“Thanks,” I said shyly. “You're kind of cute yourself.”

“Guys aren't cute,” he said. “Guys are hot.”

“Oh, well, excuse me.” I snorted.

There was a bunch along the wall, which was partly in shadow from the far light. I sat down, but he remained standing, which of course, meant his washboard stomach was practically in my face.

Practically. I won't say what WAS in my face.

I leaned back a bit to get further away from it as he sort of loomed over me.

“Freshman?” he asked.

“Yes. I've only been here a couple of weeks.”

“It's a great campus,” he said. “I went to piles of them before coming here, looking around, checking things out, y'know? I was thinking of Cal-tech, but wound up here.”

“Do you take computers or something?”

“Engineering. You?”

“Literature for now. I'll decide later what else I want.”

“Not a job, I guess, with that as a major,” he said with a laugh.

I'd heard similar from any number of people, including my father.

“Someone has to be able to communicate in more than math and symbols,” I said.

“Math is the ultimate form of communication, well, except for sex, anyway,” he said with a grin.

“Well, at least you don't need courses for sex,” I replied.

“Want to take one?” he asked. “I could teach you, baby. I got a masters degree!”

“Awarded by whom?” I asked.

“Every chick I ever dated!”

“You're saying you're a man-whore?”

“Babe, every guy is a man-whore. Just some of them don't have the options to be as much of a slut as I am.”

He held his arms up, in that traditional body builder, bicep flexing thing, striking a pose, well, a kind of pose given he stumbled off balance.

“The chicks want me, baby.”

“Uh huh. The guys want me too,” I said.

I should say that while I wasn't at all drunk I was uhm, lightly buzzed from the punch. I was feeling less self-conscious and more... I don't know, comfortable. And the thing about him being an idiot drunk was that I wasn't nearly as bothered about whatever I said or did around him as I would have if he was sober. If he was sober I think I would have been tongue-tied and blushing all the time. As it was it was easy to treat him as just a, well, a boy, a silly boy, and not take him seriously.

Mind you, he was still very hot, with his skin still damp and glistening as he stood before me.

“Why don't you sit before you fall?”

He sat down heavily next to me, then gave me a quick, fast kiss before I could react.

“Just an ice-breaker,” he said as he leaned back.

“Uhm...”

“So what do you think of the place? I just joined this year,” he said, sweeping his

arm around negligently.

“It's a lot nicer than the residence,” I said.

“Fucking right it is. Lot less rules, too. You should see the bedrooms. They're way ahead of those dorm rooms.”

He leaned into me with a big grin. “Wanna see my bedroom?”

“No thank you,” I said, pushing him back.

It was instinctive, I swear! I didn't mean anything by it! I just reached out and put my hand flat against his chest to push him back! But the moment my hand was flat on his chest I felt this roll of wild excitement ripple through my chest and shoot right down between my legs. I was reluctant to take my hand back, too, but I didn't want to be obvious.

“I understand,” he said. “You're a lady. You're not a man slut like me. ”

He took my hand in his. His hand was awfully big, by the way, and turned it over, then drew it up and kissed the back of my knuckles.

“What are you doing!?” I asked, yanking my hand back.

“I'm treating you like a gentleman,” he said, his words slurred a little.

“Uh, okay. I think maybe you need some coffee.”

“Fuck that. I need more beer!”

He started to get up and ... okay, I admit that I had ulterior motives as I put my arm out, put my hand against his chest – his bare chest – and pushed him back.

“Next time you might drown,” I said.

“Naw. There'll always be some beautiful girl to pull me out,” he said in a cocky fashion.

He took my other hand, or my wrist, and then drank from my cup.

“Hey!” I said.

He kissed me again, another of those quick kisses I didn't have time to stop or react to.

“Thanks.”

“I didn't offer!”

“I meant for the drink,” he said, standing up.

“I didn't offer that either!”

He laughed

He took my other hand and lifted it up. “Come on. Lets go dance.”

“You'll fall down,” I said firmly.

“You can hold me up!”

“You're too big!”

“Yeah, that's what the girls all tell me,” he said smugly.

I rolled my eyes, but he was still holding my hand, and when he lifted me to my feet it kind of pressed against his stomach and well, my fingers opened and then he kissed me again, only this time took his time and... okay, I let my hand stroke his stomach. I didn't mean anything, honest! Or at least, I mean, I just kind of, well, it was instinct!

That tightness in my chest spread out to a warm glow all over my body. And he was still kissing me!

My hand was moving back and forth over his stomach and now slid slowly up along his slick bare flesh to his chest. I was feeling breathless as his tongue dipped lightly into my mouth. Then his hand abandoned mine and I felt on my ass, squeezing my butt as his tongue met mine. I felt my breasts swell and my nipples tingling hotly as my pulse started to race.

The feel of that amazing softness and hardness... it's really difficult to describe! I mean, his skin was soft and his body was warm and the muscles beneath were

hard – and that's not all. His free hand was behind my head but now it slid down along my ribs, his thumb just lightly caressing the side of my breast before his hand eased in and took mine gently, then moved it back down onto his stomach, and then down further still.

I felt a wild thrill, a shock-wave going through me as my open hand was pressed against his crotch. I could practically feel him hardening inside his wet pants! I was breathless with it all, even as his tongue probed deeper within mine and his fingers kneaded my buttocks!

But we were practically in public! Even if no one could really see anything but his back. God knows he was too big for them to even see who he was kissing much less what else we were doing. Plus we were in shadow.

I jerked back though, gasping, suddenly remembering to breath.

“I-I have to... to go!” I gasped, a little wild around the eyes.

“But you haven't come yet,” he said with a drunken leer.

I shoved him back, getting his swollen groin out of my face, and walked quickly away. The thing is he was in front of me and I walked to my right. That wasn't the way to the door back in, but it was away from him, and I wasn't about to turn and go back towards him!

“Hey, Willow, wait up!”

We were near the corner of the house. I moved around it and found myself in a narrow area between the wall and a tall hedge. It was no more than six or seven feet wide, but the grass was nicely cut, and there was a bench there.

I felt him grasp my arm and spin me around, but I didn't feel threatened. Like I said, he was like a big, goofy kid.

“David!” I said.

He let go of me and grinned, then fell down again.

“Idiot,” I said, folding my arms across my chest.

He laughed up at me, leaning back on his elbows. “Yeah, but like I said, it's fun. You should try it. Let your hair down!”

“I have fun sober, thank you very much!”

He snorted. “When's the last time you had fun?”

“I have fun all the time!”

“When's the last time you did something goofy?” he asked, sitting up.

“I don't think doing goofy things is all that much fun.”

“Depends on how goofy,” he said slyly.

He leaned forward and grabbed my ankle.

“Hey!”

He was on his knees now, and he... well, he licked my shoe!”

“Stop that, you freak!”

He laughed in delight, then rose up on his knees, his arms going around me.

That put his face at about my belly level, and I have to say that his bright blue eyes and handsome, boyish face were awfully cute as he looked up at me.

And I hadn't exactly, well, forgotten the feel of his skin against my hand. I hadn't forgotten the feel of his crotch against my hand either, and my pulse was still hammering and my chest was still tight and, well... oh boy...

“You're drunk,” I said breathlessly.

“Yep,” he replied.

Then he put his head against my stomach and kind of hugged me. But his hands quickly slid down off my back onto my ass.

Chapter Three

“David,” I said. “Get off the ground.”

I pulled his hands off my ass and helped haul him to his feet, but then his hands slid around me again and as he stumbled back to the bench he pulled me with him. He wound up sitting there with me kind of leaning over him, much the way we'd been earlier, only reversed.

Only I was wearing a skirt.

“Come on, baby. Let's have some fun,” he sighed.

His hands were on my ass again, and now he pressed his face right into my crotch!

“David!” I gasped. I shoved him back hard, and kind of tried to pin him there, but that meant I had to kind of put my right knee on the bench next to him as I pushed his hands back against the wall, and well, somehow or other I wound up straddling him while we looked at each other.

“You're a goof,” I said, swallowing repeatedly.

“Yup,” he said. “And you're fucking hot.”

His hand slid around behind me and pulled me in and down and we kissed again. This time, I have to admit, I didn't really resist much, and even that faded as our kiss continued and deepened. It was the longest kiss I'd ever had in my life! And the longer it continued the more my hard pounded and the more my body crackled with a strange sense of elation and excitement.

His hands were just sliding up and down my back as we kissed, and I was paying more attention to his tongue as it slid in and around and across my own. I was also aware, though, that my skirt had ridden up pretty high as I knelt straddling him, and that he was hard underneath me! That made me more than a little uhm, squirmy, but God, he knew how to kiss! His lips were soooo incredibly as they

slid against and over mine!

It wasn't just shadowy at the side of the house, it was practically dark. We were outlines in the darkness, and that was weirdly comforting, especially when his hands slid down onto my butt and then, because my skirt had been hiked up so much, slid right under it. I felt another wild sense of excitement mixed with anxiety and hesitation as his fingers slid smoothly up under my skirt, his wrists hiking the skirt up higher still, basically almost up to my waist!

Oh my God!

This was insane! I needed to stop this and go back inside this instant!

But oh, God he was a great kisser!

I had worn a thong, as well. Lily had teased me about my underwear and I had picked up some more, uhm, immodest things now that I realized my mom wouldn't be doing my laundry and poking around in my underwear drawers. And that meant his hands were on my bare butt! My heart was pounding like a drum as we continued to kiss, and my mind was kind of spinning a little. I felt his hands slide higher, up along my back, and didn't really mind at all at first.

But then I realized that as his hands slid slowly up my back his wrists were lifting the hem of my skirt up higher – and higher, and not just in back either! I just realized and kind of wavered, then made the decision that I had to pull my dress out of his hands, well, off of his hands or... or something, when he took his hands off me, gripped the dress on both sides, and just shoved it up completely. It was already around my belly, and before I knew it he was shoving it up under my armpits, and the dress was raising my arms up and sliding up off them!

I was shocked, and again my head spun wildly! I was half naked right outside! Yes, it was dark, but someone might stumble past and find us!

But Dave had my dress, and my snatch at it was off, so that he tossed it aside.

“Dave!” I hissed.

“Mmm,” he said, pulling me against him, licking and kissing my belly and lower chest.

“Stop that! I need to... put my... dress back ... on!” I gasped.

Jesus God I was in a thong and bra straddling a man who had a big thick hard-on! This was insane!

And yet my body was flooded with a thick, oozing flowing heat that made it hard to breath, or to even think. At the same time I felt like this incredible sense of hyper-awareness gripped me as his hands slid across the surface of my skin. He squeezed my ass, pulling me in, grinding my pussy over his very noticeable erection while he kissed me again. I felt my thoughts, my concentration, my focus drawn in against him as though by some sort of magnet, and my lips melted against his as a seething sexual heat swirled within me.

My hands were on his shoulders, his beautiful shoulders. The sheer rich, exultant tactile feel of his flesh against my hands was making me hunger for more, and my hands slipped down onto his chest even as his rose up my back, caressing it. I didn't note his fingers at my bra until it parted, and I grabbed ineffectually for it, only to be shocked into dizzying wonder as I felt his mouth abruptly shifting onto my bared breast.

Jimmy Ferguson and I had gone far enough once in the basement of his house on the couch where he'd had his mouth on my nipple, and it had scared me because of how wild it had made me feel.

This was worse! Dave pulled me against him and filled his mouth with the center of my breast and I felt as though he were sucking my soul into his mouth as my breast throbbed and my nipple threatened to explode! I felt his teeth against my soft flesh, just this side of pain as he chewed lightly at my breast, and he sucked and licked at my rigid nipple so that my mind was just swept into a tumbling turmoil by the wild sensations flooding through me.

He finished removing my bra as I leaned over him, doing nothing to oppose him, gasping, panting, moaning, whimpering as he filled his hands with my breasts and sucked hungrily at my nipples. I felt the sexual heat and the intensity of the pleasure growing far more intense! My hands were on his shoulders again, and I tried desperately to pull myself away from the precipice. I pushed against him, arching back, succeeding in kind of falling backwards away from him.

But I was still kneeling atop him, still straddling him, and his hands were behind me suddenly, preventing me from falling off onto the ground. Instead I was

splayed back across and over his knees, my hands falling to the grass behind me as I gulped in air.

I felt his hands along my sides, sliding up and down, then caressing my breasts. I felt a wild surge of something like desperation. I was losing control of myself, and a strong part of me wanted to do him right then and there! I knew that was crazy! That wasn't me! Fucking some guy I didn't even know at a party! But I didn't know how to stave off that heat, or how to stave off Dave!

And then I did know. As he pulled me back up and licked at my aching nipple I pushed him back, or pushed me back, and my hands shot down between my legs to his groin. That distracted him! I eased my hips back, then back further, and was able to slide back off him onto my knees on the grass. I was opening his jeans as I did, and tugged them down. My head was pounding with heat and hunger and excitement as I slid my hands around his cock.

Fuck! It was big! It felt way bigger than Jamie Collins, the only other one I'd felt!

I brought my head forward and licked at the head, then took it into my mouth. I began to suck right away, bobbing up and down. Part me was really just intent on, well, disarming him, if you get my meaning. Another part wanted to satisfy him. But there was a third part. And that third part felt his cock in my mouth and in my fingers with a soaring sense of exultation! When I'd sucked Jamie I'd felt gross, reluctant, and afraid. Now I felt hot!

I loved the feel of him! I loved the taste of him! I was sucking and licking and felt like a wild, hedonistic slut! I was still excruciatingly aware that we were outside at a public place! But rather than acting as a brake on my heat it only served to inspire more!

“Yeah, baby,” he groaned, his fingers sliding through my hair.

I sucked and bobbed, sliding my lips as low as I dared, taking him deep into my mouth, to the point of almost gagging a couple of times.

He slid his hands off my hair, and began to fondle my breasts, which burned and throbbed. Then one of his hands slid up and down my completely bare back, down onto my ass, and then skated along my hip and under to push inside my thong. I jerked in shock as his fingers found my sex, my hips bucking helplessly

at the sudden explosion of sensation.

But then he pulled his hands back. I saw his silhouette shifting, saw him shoving his pants lower. His leg moved, kind of edging me back, and I gasped, straightening, panting, wild-eyed in the dark as he slid his leg out of the pants. I felt a shock of fear that he would – but he didn't. He leaned back and pulled forward on my neck, guiding me back to his cock.

I slid my lips over it, bobbing up and down. He was able to spread his legs wide around me now as I sucked. He slid his fingers through my hair once more, and then tugged up to pull me off. He bunched up my hair and guided my mouth down as he lifted his cock out of the way. I saw his balls, or just the shadowy outline, and slid my lips over them. This was not something I'd ever done, but had heard about it, read about it.

I sucked on them as my hand took his cock, pumping slowly up and down. I sucked on one, then the other, then kissed and licked my way back up his cock until I could take the head into my mouth again. It was slick and slippery, and I moaned in heat and pleasure as I let myself slide down his length. But I hadn't counted on his hand now pressing against my head with sudden intensity, and I gagged as the head of his cock pushed right up into my throat!

He pushed hard and my lips slid down his cock as shock rolled my mind. I fought my gag reflex along with the shock, but there was also a strange sense of wonder, of achievement, of something dark and wild within me. I slid back up slowly, fighting the pressure of his hand, and my throat came free as I coughed repeatedly and pulled my head away.

“Oh yeah!” he groaned.

Ohmygod! I had taken a guy's cock down my throat! Oh! My! God!

I was elated! That was something that, well, I associated with far more sophisticated, experienced girls! And I wanted to be a sophisticated girl! I started sucking again while David played with my breasts. He caught my nipples in his fingers and twisted and tugged them, and I moaned as they burned just this side of pain.

I slid my lips down until I felt the slick, spongy head against the back of my mouth and then forced myself lower. There was a moment of near-panic, where I

thought I might throw up, but then I felt him pushing through and down my throat as my lips slid further and further down his cock right to the base! I had done it!

Oh! My! God!

“Fuck!” he gasped, his fingers sliding through my hair. He jammed his hands against my head, crushing my face into his groin for long moments. Then his hands fell away and I slid slowly back up, feeling exultant again.

I squeezed his cock and bobbed my mouth on it, and suddenly it exploded. I felt the hot liquid spilling into my mouth, and instinctively swallowed as his hands clamped on my head again.

I was a bit disappointed, which was weird. This was exactly what I'd wanted to do, to disarm him. And that part of me was relieved. Another part of me was still exultant. He sure wouldn't complain that I was some ignorant little virgin hick!

But I would stay a virgin. That was a relief. And it was also kind of a disappointment. I guess I had mixed feelings, especially given that I was still burning up with heat and excitement.

His grip on my hair tightened, and I gasped at the inexorable pull, forced up and closer, forced to one knee on the bench, and then to straddle him again. But almost as once, his hands on my ass just kind of lifted me, then, my hands on his shoulders keeping me in place, he sort of rolled over so that I was on my back, well, slumped well down, with him over me. I wasn't afraid, though, given I knew he was, well, disarmed.

His lips found mine and I felt his naked flesh against mine, all over...

I shuddered, my legs rising to slide around him as my hands raced over his hot skin.

He eased down, his lips coming off mine, sliding down onto my breasts, sucking and licking. But he didn't stay. He slid downward further, kissing and licking at my stomach and then my abdomen and I felt a rising sense of wild anxiety mixed with wild anticipation. Surely he wouldn't – ! Surely he wasn't going to – ! I couldn't let him – !

But he was. He was mouthing my sex through the thin black thong, his hands spreading my thighs wide apart. I was half laying on the bench as it was, only my shoulders propped against the wall as he licked up and down against me through my thong. But then his finger tugged the thin thong aside, and I had another of those Ohmygod! moments as I felt his finger against my bare pussy!

And then his mouth!

Like I said, it was mostly dark, and that was a desperate relief! I pushed against his head for a moment, but to be absolutely honest, once his lips got onto my sopping, throbbing flesh I was just helpless. My hands fell away and I began to pant and gasp with ragged, shuddering breaths as his tongue slid up and down my hot, moist center. I was burning up, and could only moan and whimper, even when he peeled my thong down my legs, and off.

He spread my legs achingly wide and found my clit, then started to suck. And I lost it entirely. I came with a wild, helpless explosion of energy and passion and heat. I grabbed at his hair and jammed his face against me as my hips bucked up violently. I heard sharp, high-pitched cries of pleasure, and knew with an almost unconscious horror it was me!

David was devouring me! The orgasm tore through me like a hurricane, and I lost control of my body, which writhed and bucked as my head rolled and bounced and jerked in helpless, spastic convulsions. Nothing mattered but that wild, screaming pleasure, and keeping it going as long as possible!

And then it faded, and left me limp, left me dazed, left my chest heaving, and my mind reeling as I slid even lower on the bench staring slack-jawed up at the sky.

David slid slowly up my body, kissing, sucking, licking, biting at my skin softly, his fingers kneading my breasts as he reached there, his lips on my nipples, then sliding higher until he was kissing me again.

I didn't respond. I was still stunned, still sprawled there half conscious, gasping for breath.

He slid back lower, still kneading my breasts, licking and sucking, then licking lower.

“Daaaaviiiiid!” I moaned, as he reached my pussy.

The feel of his tongue was too... powerful. The sensation was overwhelming, and I wasn't aroused any more... exactly. My pussy was hyper-sensitive now, and I gasped and jerked my head as he licked at it. He pushed my hands away, then down, pinning my wrists against the bench on either side of my hips as he licked.

My knees were in the air, spread wide. My butt was on the edge of the bench as he licked me, and I felt helpless to do anything about it but endure, as those sensations roiled my belly and groin. But then they shifted and twisted and became something else again, and the heat which had gripped me began to re-ignite with a shocking swiftness! My head began to roll from side to side and my breathing became more ragged. I began to gasp and moan and protest – kind of, to plead... kind of.

But he was devouring me again, and I could do little but writhe and twist beneath him as the wild sexual heat swirled around me and dragged me into its grasp.

And then he eased back, his hands still on my wrists, pulling me, pulling me so that I sat up and then half fell forward against him, sliding off the bench onto my knees on the grass, body pressed against David there in the dark, my hot breasts against his warm skin as his lips found mine. He eased down onto his heels, his arms around me pulling me in against him so that I was straddling his thighs.

His hands gripped my buttocks, and then I felt something else against me, something against my pussy. I whimpered and kind of tried to ease up and back, as I felt it pushing against me, but then some wild, hungry part of myself instead pushed my body down. I felt it penetrate me, felt it spreading the lips of my sex wide, and then as I sank down I felt it pushing up through my pussy, up into my belly.

God, it felt good inside me!

I was a virgin, and now... I wasn't!

It didn't hurt, not even a little. But then, I wasn't an old virgin. I was a modern virgin. What I mean is that while no guy had ever actually gotten his cock into me I had long ago lost my cherry. It was probably to the handle of my hair brush, but it could have been to my fingers, or maybe a thin bottle of hair conditioner. In any case, I sank down onto him, straddling him, his cock deep inside my

belly, our arms around each other, and felt an incredible sense of melding, of merging, as our lips slid passionately together.

For a long minute we hardly moved, with him buried inside me and us just kissing and caressing each other. But then his fingers began pulling on my ass, and I felt an instinct, an urge, and began to rise up and slide down again. I shuddered at every movement inside me, at the feel of his hard, warm skin sliding slickly against my inner flesh. I mashed my breasts against his chest, rubbing and grinding them there until his hands tightened on my ass.

He straightened, lifting me, raising me, and settling me back onto the edge of the bench. He gripped my thighs then and jerked up and I gasped, falling back onto my back on the bench again as he spread my legs wide. This time, though, he was up above me, his hips thrusting down as he pushed his cock deep into my belly.

I stared up at his shadowy figure against the starry night sky, gasping and panting and moaning as I felt his cock thrusting into me in hard, fast strokes. His hips began to slap against my upraised buttocks with enough force to jar my body repeatedly.

I felt a momentary sense of loss as my mind cleared a bit from its initial shock, a sense of loss for old fantasies about how and to whom I would surrender my virginity. This, of course, was nothing like the romantic notions and fantasies I'd had over the years. This dark, wild carnal lusting with a guy I barely knew was something I would not have ever imagined for myself. But then my mind came back to the present, to my feet up in the air and the feel of his cock punching into my belly, to his panting breaths above me and the sheer lustful abandon of what was happening, and the heat poured over me.

The pleasure coursed through my body and flooded my mind, and I felt myself floating on a wondrous sea of contentment. I couldn't think or speak or even move, as he pinned me to the bench and drove his body down against and into mine. Every hard thrust made me gasp and then moan as he withdrew.

I felt a strange sense of exultation at just how ... I don't know, gritty and obscene this was. This was almost as far from the gentle, romantic lovemaking I'd had fantasies about as it was possible to get. This was raw, carnal lust, and my body was burning with the sensations flowing through it! We were like animals

fucking there in the dark! To someone who planned out everything, who considered every possible decision for what might flow from it, this was a stunning introduction to the world of sex.

And some part of me was absolutely thrilled by it!

Nearby voices in conversation made my pulse race and my head twisted to the side, staring desperately to see if anyone was approaching, if anyone could see. But then Dave let his weight come further down upon me, his upper body lowering, his chest forcing my legs back further over my head so that the backs of my feet were now pressing against the wall behind me. His hips continued to thrust hard and fast, almost desperately, and I reached a trembling hand down to that familiar place, and felt the thickness of him as it slid in and out of me.

He yanked my hand away so he could bury himself fully again, and I realized he now had, by intent or accident, both my wrists in his powerful hands. It wasn't like I was resisting or anything, not intended to. But his hands, with his weight upon them, were now jamming my wrists down against the bench beside my body so that I felt physically helpless, in addition to being overawed by sensations. I felt confined, compressed, squeezed down by his powerful body and his weight. That didn't scare me, but in a strange way it simply obviated the need to even think about doing anything.

And if you can't do anything at all, then there's no point in wasting brain power in thinking about what you might or might not want to be doing. I felt almost as if my mind slumped lazily back, turning itself off to all but the pleasure surging within me and the awareness of the raw physical forces acting upon my body. Again and again I absorbed the force of his hips slapping hard against my buttocks, of the deep penetration of his hard, slick cock driving into the center of my body. Heat poured over me and I felt almost dazed by it all.

It was like I was drunk, intoxicated, not by alcohol, but by the sweltering heat of my own body, and then the intensity of the pleasure screamed upward into another orgasm as I bucked and shook and cried out with the mind-blowing power of the seething energy and explosive release of sensations.

I thought I might black out from the force of it, as my mind was battered and driven to the edge of consciousness. I realized that was partly because I wasn't breathing, but dared not start lest it do something to lessen the incredible

screaming pleasure gripping my body. And then the orgasm finally loosened its hold on me and I gulped in deep, desperate, ragged breaths of air even as I heard scattered applause coming from off to the left.

Dave eased off me, and I could feel his softening cock slipping from my body. I groaned weakly as my legs slowly unbent, and then as he slid back onto his knees he turned towards the far end of the house and said “Fuck off” to someone there. I saw shadowy figures in the backyard peering towards us and groaned weakly as I tried to roll my body away.

The figures went away, though, laughing, and found myself on my knees on the cool grass, still panting for breath, but now feeling a surge of awareness, of my mind coming back to life and the situation I was in starting to hit me with growing alarm.

Dave lay back with a grunt “That was good, man,” he said in a drunken sigh.

I held my face in my hands and moaned, stared up at the comparative brightness at the other end of the house, then began to search desperately for my clothes.

Chapter Four

I felt guilty and more than a little ashamed of myself during my walk back to the shuttle. The first thing I did back in the residence was take a shower, brush my teeth, and use mouthwash. Then, feeling a little more clean, I tried to analyze what had happened, why, and what I was going to do about it. First, of course, I wouldn't tell anyone. Dave didn't know my last name and would probably not even remember what I looked like – or care. I would tell Lily that I wasn't feeling well and couldn't find her. And I would go to the pharmacy for the morning after pill since I wasn't on any kind of birth control!

And then... maybe I should get on the pill if I was going to act like such a slut!

Oh I castigated myself for my behavior all right! But you know, at the same time, my guilt was sort of lightened by the echo of that wild pleasure and fierce excitement and thrill I'd experienced. It was a guilty sort of memory but it was still filled with a kind of delighted, giggly awe. I mean, wow, I had done that!? Me?!

And God it had been intense! What a rush!

Of course, I would have to be more careful in future, I mean, more restrained, have better, uhm, judgment about what I did with guys. I couldn't be throwing myself at any guy who had a nice body and talked to me! Not that I'd exactly thrown myself at Dave, of course. I'd simply been unprepared, and uhm, well, inexperienced. I'd know better than to go into dark places and start messing around with a guy in future. Unless, of course, I was prepared for what might result...

But boy, what a rush that had been! I'd been naked! Anyone could have seen us! OhmyGod, imagine if people had come closer and been able to see us! How humiliating would that have been, with me bent back and my ass in the air and all! What a slut they would have thought I was! My face heated just thinking about it! Thank God it was dark! Even Dave hadn't really gotten much of a look at me in the dark!

Lily wasn't a problem. In fact, she was apologetic. She didn't get back until late, and was looking very content with herself over why, though she wasn't very explicit. Clearly, she'd found someone to get nasty with herself! I felt an odd curiosity to know the details where I wouldn't have before. I had this new-found interest in sex and sexuality, and felt almost like I was brimming over to share it with someone!

Not that I would tell her what a slut I'd been, of course! I was supposed to be the stable one! She was the slut! I felt a little giggly thinking about it, though. Had she done something as outrageous as I had? If so, had she enjoyed it as much as I had!?

She certainly didn't seem to be feeling much, if any guilt about it. But then, mine was kind of fading with the light of day, too. I'd done it. It had been GREAT, and I'd gotten away with it! No one was going to be gossiping about me at home. My parents would never know. And even at school, only one drunken boy who'd probably forget half the details would know a thing, and he didn't even know my last name!

On the other hand, as I sat in the window looking out at the courtyard and twirling some hair around my finger, what more could he and I do together? Dave seemed like a nice guy, was very good in bed, very handsome, had a great body... why there were endless possibilities! Or was he one of those guys who just wanted to have sex and then never see a girl again? That seemed unlikely, at least so far as having sex again was concerned. I was under no illusions he wanted to marry me now, but I bet he wouldn't turn down the thought of more hot sex!

I castigated myself for even thinking about it, of course, but that didn't stop me from thinking about it! And going on the pill was only common sense! So I did.

I felt a new... awareness, if you will, a new sense of, I don't know, arrogance about my sexuality, about my attractiveness, if you get my meaning. Oh I'd been aware the guys wanted me. Heck, guys were all horny and wanted every girl, right? But I had always gotten looks, not to mention comments about my ass or my breasts before. Never my legs until Lily mentioned them, but I guess they were okay too.

I also felt a bit of self-consciousness about whether guys were looking at me,

staring at my chest, and whether they were undressing me with their eyes. Like Dave said, they were all 'man-whores' and always eager for sex. And I wasn't half bad looking, to be honest. Even as critical as I was staring at myself in the mirror, and I did that quite a bit afterward, I was as hot as those girls on the porn site adverts, and hotter than many.

Unlike most of the blonde sluts out there my hair came naturally, and if it was a bit thin it was also very soft and silky. I had never really done a lot with it except to cut it when it fell too far past my shoulders. I didn't do the bang thing, unlike Lily, and my hair was parted in the middle to fall out to either side. Yes, I used some jell to keep it from falling over my face, but that was about it. But it looked good on me and went well with my fair skin.

At five seven I was tallish, but not really tall except in comparison to Lily. But then, almost anyone was tall compared to Lily. I had narrow shoulders and slender hips, but my waist was considerably narrower. I was just small-boned, I guess. That didn't mean weak, and I exercised regularly. I wasn't skinny, just kind of uhm, slender.

I had a new awareness of my breasts since that night. Dave had been so fascinated with them, and the memory of his fingers on them, of his mouth and lips and teeth and tongue on them flashed through my mind often. My nipples had been like pinpoints of fire! I sometimes stared at them in the mirror and plucked and rubbed them in remembrance, especially when I felt horny.

And to be frank, I was feeling horny a lot more now. It was like some part of me had been awakened to possibilities, and at the same time, the reluctance I'd had to explore the great unknown was partly swept away because, well, it wasn't so unknown. And what was known was fantastic!

So I felt a bit self-conscious about the guys staring at them, looking at me, but I also felt a sort of bashful coquettishness, and could almost feel myself preening, could feel my ego at every appreciative glance I caught. I don't want to suggest I walked around thinking how hot I was or anything, but admittedly, there was some of that to it.

I didn't try to look Dave up for a couple of weeks. I guess I was kind of bashful. But I also didn't want to seem like some silly freshman girl who had had sex at a drunken party and now thought she was in love with some guy, or that he owed

her something. Besides, there was a lot of work to do if I wanted to get my studying in and ensure that when mid-terms arrived I'd be able to get good grades. I know that movies show college as all partying, but that just wasn't the case. At least, not for me.

Maybe I was sluttier than I had been, but I was still a responsible girl! Mostly.

In the meantime I was living with Lily, who was the exact opposite. It didn't take her long to regale me with stories about what she and "Jeff" had done that evening. She'd gone to his room, they'd fooled around, and they'd had very enthusiastic sex. She didn't mention him performing oral sex on her, though, and I didn't ask because, well, I just couldn't bring myself to. But I figured she would have mentioned it if he had.

And of course, she hadn't been at all shy about calling him back, and they'd had sex everywhere they could at any time they could every day since then. I was exasperated by that, and by her telling me all about it, and more than a little jealous. But then Lily had once confessed that she'd given herself an orgasm while working at a summer office type job while just rubbing herself against her chair. Fortunately she'd been in a cubicle with high walls and nobody had seen her!

She also had often talked about all her kinky sex fantasies, which involved everything from werewolves – in and out of animal form – to gang bangs with the whole basketball team! And remember, this girl was less than five feet tall!

Of course, fantasies weren't reality, and I had been letting my mind wander rather freely of late myself! I just wasn't as open as her about sharing such things!

"Jeff pretends he's a werewolf sometimes," she confided. "And then he mounts me like he's an animal!"

"Ick," I said. "You're both weirdos."

But of course, the next time the fraternity had a party I was more than willing to go with her. I had brought another little black dress. This one was shorter than the other had been. Lily had encouraged me to buy it. We had gone shopping together, and while I'd ignored some of her suggestions for really slutty dresses, this one had looked, well, suggestive, but not slutty. It showed off my legs,

which she said I should really do. It left my shoulders completely bare, and had a scoop neck which showed a bit of cleavage.

It also had these discrete little black buttons on the left side which you could unbutton if you wanted to have a slit going up the hip. I, of course, kept them buttoned. The dress was short enough without that! But I did play around with it a little, looking at myself in the mirror, unbuttoning first one button, then two, then three. With three unbuttoned the side of the dress was open to the crotch! Of course, it was on the side, not the front, and it didn't exactly gape. But if you undid five buttons then it was open all the way to the hip!

I played around, posing, shifting positions, trying to see what you could see if you unbuttoned enough. You could only really see the hip and thigh, but it was still way too outrageous for me, so I kept them buttoned.

I was nervous and anxious, wondering what to say to Dave, and what he would say to me. Would he even remember me!? What would I do if he didn't!? What would I do if he did and if he said something in front of other people!? One thing for sure, if he wasn't a jerk, and if he invited me to his room this time, I was going to go...

I was introduced to Jeff, who was surprisingly nice. I mean, he was short and slender, and very polite. He didn't stare or anything, and he wasn't drunk. He was very attentive to Lily, though, and obviously thought she was the most amazing thing in the world. We got drinks, and he showed use around, showing us the different parts of the frat house. He also pointed at various of the 'frat brothers' who were apparently more important than him. He was a frosh, so that was just about everyone, apparently.

Including, as we passed through one room, Dave. Dave was doing handstands on a table and inviting the girls there to blow him. I shook my head and blushed a little in embarrassment. What was he doing!? He was acting like a clown!

“Who's that?” I asked.

“Dave Redmond,” Jeff said ruefully. “Mister animal house himself. The guy gets more women than anyone here. Last time we had a party he got some freshman chick naked out back and did her right against the wall.”

“Uhm, really,” I gulped.

“Everyone outside could hear her screaming, apparently.”

“I guess he's good then,” Lily said brightly.

I glared at him, and he fell over, then fell off the table, to much laughter. A big-chested brunette rushed forward to help him up and he kissed her deeply.

Slut, I thought resentfully.

I knew I didn't have any business being indignant. And I had no call to judge Dave, either. It wasn't like he'd tried to hide what he was. He'd even called himself a slut. But now I was starting to feel a bit like a third wheel around Lily and Jeff, so I kind of wandered off and got another drink. In fact, I got a couple of drinks. Hey, drinking not only let you have fun but it excused much of what you did. I'd already heard enough girls laugh about certain antics, but then halfway excuse them with 'Boy I sure had been drinking too much. I've been careful since.' or variations of that.

But even acknowledging that I had no justification for being jealous or angry I was, and was feeling disappointed, too, and frustrated. And so I danced with anyone that wanted to dance, and I drank whatever I wanted to drink. And I started to feel pretty darn good, too! And overheated from all the dancing. Of course, there was nothing to take off, but I could open a couple of buttons on the side of the dress. Hey, why not? It was dimly lit, and I had great legs, right?

I didn't know the name of the guy I was dancing with. All I knew was he was big, broad shouldered, and said he was on the football team. He had dark hair, and dark eyes, and he danced pretty well. He also liked slow dances, and his hands tended to roam as he danced me over into a dark corner. But that was okay. I was feeling sexy, and daring, and looking for fun.

His hands on my ass just excited me, though I was glad it wasn't well lit in there. But then they played some Latin dance thing I wasn't really familiar with and I had to let him guide me into it. During that I wound up with my ass pressed against his groin, and he was grinding into me in a way which was starting to make me breathless and even more overheated. Before long it became obvious he was hard, too, and that made my chest tight and my nipples tingle.

The dance finished, and we went off to our drinks. There was a sort of shelf that ran all along the wall. It could be dropped down for normal days, then lifted up

when there was a party. Anyway, it saved them having to have a lot of tables in there since you could put your drink and stuff on the shelf and dance nearby. I'd had a lot more to drink than last time, but I was still keeping an eye on my drink, so we had stayed nearby.

After the dance, panting, I'd gone to it and gulped down several mouthfuls as whasisname came up behind me. His arms slid around my waist and his hands caressed my belly as his lips came down on the nape of my neck. Then his hands rose and cupped my breasts, squeezing and kneading them with a brazen sense of ownership which shocked me. But the thing was, since it was dimly lit in there and I was facing the wall with his bulk behind me it wasn't like people could see.

In a way, it was kind of like with Dave, where nobody could see the naughty, wicked things I was doing with a boy. I felt an instant sense of excitement rip through me as my nipples burned, and pushed myself back against him. My right hand reached behind me and I cupped his groin lightly, feeling his stiff cock pushing against his trousers down his right leg.

It was just then that a shock hit me because I realized that I was willing to sleep with him. I mean, that this guy, whose name I didn't even know, was going to fuck me! I felt an instant confusion as my somewhat drunk mind tried to tell me that wasn't the way a good girl acted. Then his left hand slid down my side, and I guess I'd unbuttoned a lot of buttons, because my hip was bare, and his hand slid in under the front flap and then right into the front of my panties!

Now THAT was a shock, let me tell you! My hand shot down and grasped his wrist, trying to pull it out. For a long moment I struggled to break away, but then his fingers were rubbing away at my pussy, and the music was pounding, and the lights flashing in the darkness, and I felt overwhelmed by it all. I felt my body responding, felt the dark hunger and elation of doing something so wicked and thrilling even as my hips buttocks ground back against his erection!

I was acting like a slut, but was too excited to care. Maybe it was the booze. Maybe it was that I was horny, and maybe it was that in the dark, I felt like I could do nasty things without people being aware. Just like that last time. Just like my first time. And so I reached back, rubbing his cock through his pants while his fingers rubbed at my pussy! I was finding it hard to breath as the heat swept over me, and I actually wondered if I could get my hand inside his pants!

But then I felt a sudden shock as the pleasure rushed through me, felt a sudden fear that I might have an orgasm right then and there! What a slut he'd think I was! And what if others heard or saw somehow!?

I twisted around, almost falling so that he had to catch me by the arms.

“Do you... have a ... room?” I gasped weakly.

“Oh yeah, baby,” he growled.

Had I said that!? I shouldn't have said that, I thought anxiously, but already he was leading me by the arm through the crowd, which seemed oblivious to the internal shock-waves running through me. We were walking up the stairs, and I became aware again of how unbuttoned the side of my dress was, and how much leg I was flashing, but I couldn't stop to button it up there!

But then we were in a room, a bedroom, and with a single bed, and he spun me around, pulled me against him and then crushed his lips against mine so hard my lips ached! I opened them and his tongue invaded my mouth. He was... he was... wild! And the thought returned, somehow, of how Lily said that her boyfriend mounted her like he was a werewolf, like some kind of animal! Brad was acting like an animal, a lust-crazed animal!

But that didn't scare me. It aroused me. Mind you, I was already aroused, so as his hands raced over my body I was breathlessly returning the favor. I began to unbutton the front of his shirt but he shoved me back so hard I stumbled and fell – into the bed. I stared up at him peeling the shirt up and over his head and tossing it behind him without a glance. His eyes were all on me as he undid his pants and shoved them and his underwear down.

He stumbled a little getting out of them and his shoes, but he stood up straight and tall and naked and I stared at him with a rising sense of incredible arousal! I'd never seen a guy so naked before! Not in person! Yes, Dave had been naked, but it was so dark out to the side of the house all I could see was a shadowy form. Now I stared up at ... Brad! I felt so relieved that I remembered his name!

I sat up, thinking I was going to do oral sex on him but he grabbed me, kind of yanking me to my feet, then grabbed the dress and peeled it up and off the same way he'd done to his shirt. He spun me around again, so I half fell onto the bed, one knee on the edge as he undid my bra. Then he shoved me so I fell forward

into the bed on my stomach, gasping. I felt him climbing in behind me, felt him grab at the waistband of my thong. Then it was being ripped down my hips and legs and off.

I moaned weakly, more than a little overwhelmed. I felt his big hands on my legs, and yelped as he yanked them up and apart. Then his grip shifted to my hips and jerked them up, raising my bottom.

Oh! My! God!

I stared at the headboard in front of me, open-mouthed, then moaned as I felt his cock pushing against the entrance to my sex. He forced my legs further apart, and then pushed himself into me. I was wet but he was thick, and it hurt a little as he forced himself in. I lifted my chest off the bed, kneeling on all fours, astonished at myself, never mind him. I groaned, kind of trying to move forward, away from him to lessen the force of his penetration, but he grabbed my waist and jerked me back.

I yelped in pain, but then he was mostly inside me. He pulled back, slapped my butt sharply so that it stung and I yelped again, then pushed forward again. His cock was slicker now, with my own juices, and pushed deeper as he settled his big body atop mine. The bare skin of his chest and belly came down on my back as he licked and kissed and bit into the nape of my neck, and I felt every bit the bitch in heat being mounted!

I felt a surge of something like disappointment. This wasn't the way I wanted to do it! I wanted to do it, well, like before. But then the ache inside me faded, and I felt the heat surging forward as he started to thrust in and out, and the growing sense of wild, slutty daring began to overcome that reluctance. God! He was atop me, inside me, moving, thrusting, his breath hot on my cheek and neck!

His hands slid beneath me then to knead my breasts. My breathing began to get more and more ragged as the intensity of the sensations within me grew more powerful. His cock, despite its thickness, was now moving smoothly inside me, and his hips were striking my buttocks with the same kind of force I'd felt when Dave had taken me.

Then Brad eased his upper body back, and I felt my arms grabbed, then jerked out from under me. I started to fall forward, but was quickly yanked back as Brad pulled my arms straight back along my sides. I felt that same loss of

physical control I had with Dave, and some dark, hungry side of myself burned even more hotly as he began to use my arms like handles, jerking me back to meet his thrusts, jerking me forward as he pulled back.

My vision began to swim as my head bounced up and down, my hair, already kind of tangled, flying around my face as his thick cock punched into me from behind again and again and again. I could only gasp and yelp and moan and cry out as he used me, as he rode me, as he fucked me hard and fast!

My breasts wobbled and shook beneath me, my nipples hard, fiery pebbles as Brad roughly used me. His hips, the weight of his body, slapped against my buttocks again and again. I felt the orgasm surging up through my nervous system, felt it hesitating, waiting, waiting, just beyond the brink, waiting for something. I wanted to reach down and rub my clit, to pinch my nipples, to do something! But I couldn't! I could just kneel there as Brad fucked me, as he yanked me in and out by the arms and the swirling, searing heat bubbled and churned within me!

The intensity of the sensations became more and more powerful. My breasts were actually aching from the way my body was jerking back and forth. But in the condition I was in that ache, that sensation, that throbbing, only seemed to add to the wildness and the dark sexual air of carnal lust and abandon. I wanted to beg him, wanted to say "Please, let me touch myself!" though the thought of saying that would have humiliated me even in that condition, I'm sure!

I couldn't actually articulate my need, couldn't say anything, could only gasp and moan and sob in overwhelming need as his cock pounded into me. The intensity of the sensations became too powerful to resist, and the orgasm flared wildly within me. I didn't so much cry out as gurgle in breathless, dazed ecstasy as my nervous system went wild with the power burning away at my mind and body.

He released my arms and my front end collapsed against the bed, as I moaned in breathless exhaustion. But his hands quickly went to my waist, to my hips, holding me in place as he continued to thrust into me. I groaned weakly, gulping in air, my breasts aching against the mattress below me as his cock punched deep into my belly.

Then a hand in my hair pulled my head up and back, and I cried out, my arms quickly finding strength to push myself back onto hands and knees. He still held

my hair, jerking me back to meet his thrusts, so I had to follow that remorseless command, jerking myself back each time, regardless of how oversensitive my insides were now, how bruised I felt as he continued to ride me. A part of me wanted to whine that I'd already come so it was time to stop now, but of course, didn't.

He slowed his strokes, abandoning my hair at least, to grip my hips again. Now he thrust into me with hard, deep strokes with a pause in between, as if he was stabbing his cock into me, the full, long length of it, with every thrust. He'd pull out almost completely, then yank me back as he thrust into me to the balls! It hurt, but it also felt wild and savage!

He released my waist to grip my breasts again, and I sagged down onto my elbows, gasping, moaning as his hips continued to pound against me. I gasped as he pinched my nipples, cried out as he twisted and pulled on them, then moaned as his fingers came off my breasts, letting me fall dazedly back to the bed. I felt his hands on my back, between my shoulder blades, as if pushing me into the bed as his hips hammered me from behind.

Then his hands slid up my back onto my ass, squeezing my buttocks, slapping them, gripping my thighs to jerk them back a bit, gripping my waist to force my bottom higher still. I was aroused again but felt wildly out of control. I didn't think of him as an animal but as some sort of savage from the jungles, and there was a strange dark erotic excitement in that thought too.

As he gripped my buttocks I felt his thumb pressing against my back opening, and gasped as I felt his thumb pushing into me there, pushing deeper even as I tried to kind of rise up onto my hands again, tried to twist around to slap his hand off. But then he gripped me by the hair again and again I cried out as he yanked my head up and back, and used it once again control me as he began to thrust furiously.

God! I was going to come again! If he didn't kill me first!

Then he hurled me forward and I fell breathless and sweating onto the bed as his cock slipped free of me. I felt him shifting on the bed as I lay there, my body throbbing with heat, my pussy burning with it, as well as aching from the hard ride. The mattress jerked with his weight, and I started to raise my head, but then he gripped my legs and I gasped as he jerked me back and flipped me over onto

my back.

I wound up with my legs spread wide in his big hands. He dropped them and leaned forward, his hand gripping his thick dark cock and pressing it against me.

Was it dark in here or... it wasn't dark... I focused glassy eyes and saw that it wasn't Brad!

Brad was lighting a joint in the corner. This was another muscular young guy, a black guy! He had very thin cropped hair and very dark skin. I was open-mouth astonished, so blown away I couldn't even react even as his cock sank into me. Then I wanted to do something, but I was still too stunned to. He dropped his heavy body atop me, and I cried out as his cock drove into the back wall of my pussy.

His heavy weight was upon me, and he gripped my hair, jerking my head back as his mouth closed on mine, his tongue pushing into it as he started to thrust, to thrust, and thrust, and thrust, and grind and grind and Jesus God my mind was blown by it all! That grinding and thrusting was just what I had needed as I'd been on the edge of another climax, and now, despite a stunned mind, my body exploded into orgasm as the guy thrust into me hard and fast.

And I didn't care who he was any more!

It was like the pleasure was just too powerful for anything else to matter. The orgasm was sweeping down on me like a tsunami, and nothing mattered but riding that wild wave. The fact that I didn't even know this guy fucking me had a stunning effect, but not a frightening one. I mean, I wasn't afraid. I was shocked. I was starting to get embarrassed. And I was feeling a strange thrill, at the same time. A black guy!? Ohmygod!

My Uncle James was a real redneck. What would he think if he could see his little blonde niece like this being pounded by a big Black guy!?

There was a sense of wild unreality to it, a sense of intense shock at doing something so wild and slutty as to fuck some guy, some black guy, I didn't even know. Never mind that I hadn't wanted it or asked for it! Now he was atop me, my legs spread around his powerful body, and I was coming like a whore!

Oh Jesus! Oh shit! Oh fuck! OhmyGod!

The pleasure consumed me, though, and I gurgled and moaned and sobbed as it battered my dazed mind. And then I collapsed, sucking in deep breaths of air, going limp as he continued to ride me. I stared up past his shoulder at the ceiling, strands of hair across my eyes, wishing desperately I had something to drink as the guy kept thrusting into me.

Chapter Five

There was a moment when I could have either panicked and tried to resist or given in. And since I was still overheated, still astounded by what had happened, still feeling a sense of wild, thrill-seeking excitement, I gave in. I told myself, somewhat fuzzy though my mind and thinking was by the booze and heat, that I was out in the world to see what everything was like, including sex. Right? Right!?

And there I was on my back, my knees spread wide, this big black MALE thrusting into me, his eyes down, intent on the sight of his thick black shaft moving in and out of my opening. My own eyes dropped as well, staring with even more wonder, gasping and grunting as his heavy hips struck me, as his thick cock reached bottom and bounced off.

And then he was pushing my legs up and back, his powerful hands behind the knees, the same way Dave had, and thrusting into me even harder with his astonishingly black cock. The light was far too bright suddenly. I moaned as I saw how ... visible his cock was as it spread the lips of my sex so wide, how visible I was, how his eyes ravished me even as his body did the same.

I heard Brad saying something, but I didn't understand it. He'd turned on a stereo, its music adding to the booming coming through the floor from below. The black guy eased back, then spun me around again so I was on my belly. I groaned as he yanked my hips up and back and raised my bottom. Brad knelt in front of me and gripped my hair, and I cried out as he pulled and I was forced back onto my hands and knees.

His cock was staring me in the face, and he pushed it into my mouth, half flaccid though it was. I closed my mouth on it as the Black guy pushed into me from behind.

I might be from Montana, but you know, we do have internet there, and it wasn't like, curious girl that I was, I hadn't kind of, well, been exposed to sexual images. So as I stared at the sight of Brad's cock and his lower belly, and sucked his cock, and as the guy behind me gripped my hips and started thrusting, my

mind flashed up and out as if I was outside my body, as if I was standing next to the bed watching, and I imagined myself on a TV screen or a computer monitor, in a video.

I could see myself kneeling between the two big, powerful men, could see their hands on my hips, and hair, and now as Brad reached down, cupping and squeezing one breast. I could imagine the exotic, shocking, lewd image of a girl being taken from both ends, being taken by two men at once. And that girl was me!

Me!? Impossible! No Way! That was the product of dark, secret fantasies! It was not something a girl like me ever actually experienced!

I was, in a fuzzy sort of way, incredulous! But at the same time I was becoming overwhelmed by the heat of the moment, by the exotic excitement racing through me as I sucked Brad's cock, as he gripped my hair and breast, and the other guy, the Black guy, fucked me from behind. Then Brad's hand slid along my spine, down between my buttocks, and I felt his finger pressing against my wrinkled little back hole again.

Again I reacted, but the grip on my hair was too tight for me to turn around, and Brad's cock filled my mouth, and then it just didn't seem to matter quite so much as the finger pushed into my ass, pumping in and out in a kind of counterpoint to the thrusting of the Black guy's cock.

Okay, I was drunk. No escaping that. I'm sure I wouldn't have been as relaxed, as casual, as able to accept all that if I was sober. But shit, I was getting so wild and crazy from it all! My body was hot all over, and I felt as though I'd abandoned all the rules, cast them aside! I was on a wild, uncontrollable thrill ride! The ride of my life!

The Black guy was squeezing my breasts, and Brad was moving his hips in and out now as his cock hardened, pumping it, sliding it in my mouth. I gurgled and gasped and even gagged a time or two as he pushed himself too deep. I thought about what had happened with Dave, and braced myself, even eager to see if I could take him into my throat with the ease I had Dave. But then he pulled out and I felt their hands shifting me, turning me around.

Now I was staring at the Black guy's cock, and it was his hand in my hair as he pushed himself into my mouth. I felt Brad thrust into me from behind as his

hands gripped my ass, but his thumb pushed immediately into my ass, pumping in and out, and then his other thumb began to push in too.

I stared at the black guy's cock. It wasn't really any different than any other cock, other than the skin being darker, but it still seemed like another kind of thing entirely. I guess, well, that I wasn't immune to those ridiculous, even racist myths and clichés about black guys and how horny they were, and how they lusted after blonde girls. I knew a wild thrill of the forbidden as his thick cock slid along my tongue, and then he pushed himself right into my throat and pulled my face forward by the hair until it was jammed against his groin.

All my concentration was on that, on the fact my throat was filled with cock, on fighting to control my gag reflex, and a sense of panic. I had no real attention to spare for what Brad was doing, even as I felt him spreading his thumbs apart, kind of stretching my back passage open. Only as the Black guy pulled back, did I realize that Brad had pulled free of my pussy and was now pushing himself against my ass!

I didn't really care, though, not yet. I was still focusing on the Black guy's cock, and as it came out I gulped in air, gasping raggedly as he rubbed his spit-wet cock back and forth over my face. Brad's cock was pushing deeper into my ass, just then, and I groaned, trying to twist around, but unable to as the Black guy now held my hair.

I had never, of course, felt something going up into me back there prior to now. It didn't feel... terrible. I mean, it didn't feel amazing, or anything. It didn't feel as good as a cock in my pussy, but though I felt a kind of cramping deep in my belly as he pushed further, it didn't really hurt. And given the heat swirling and churning around and within me I felt a new sense of dark, thrilling excitement at doing something so 'dirty'.

I gasped as the black guy pushed himself into my mouth again. Brad was still working his way deeper, and I moaned weakly as four big, powerful male hands pinned me in place, as their cocks pushed into my helpless body. It was easy to feel a sense of almost masochistic excitement at that helplessness, and it freed me of having to do anything, of having to show my non-existent sexual skill.

“Fuck that ass, man!” the Black guy growled. “Ram it in!”

I felt Brad gripping my arms again, pulling them back as the Black guy jerked

me forward by the hair. His cock pushed into my throat again, and I gurgled around it as his other hand reached down to slap, then squeeze my breast! Brad drove his cock that final inch into me, and I felt a sharp ache inside, but then he pulled back, slowly, sliding up my back passage, then pushing in again. He was, despite what the Black guy was urging, going slowly, for which I was profoundly grateful!

I was so distracted, in fact, by the thick black cock in my throat that Brad was able to move his cock in and out without my really paying a lot of attention to it, at least at first. But as the black guy pulled back entirely and I was able to gulp in air my attention shifted focus to what Brad was doing.

I was sort of hanging in place on my knees. I mean, I was bent over, but my arms weren't under me supporting me. Instead, my arms were pulled straight back along my sides, my wrists held tightly by Brad as he pumped his cock. It was an odd feeling, an odd sensation, that of his cock moving in and out of me there. It was quite novel, and not painful. And given the swirling, churning heat, I began to feel a wild dark thrill as he worked it into me harder and harder.

My body shook and jerked in and out as he thrust into me, as he pulled back on my wrists, and my head kind of bounced and lolled as I struggled to pull my fuzzy brain together.

The sexual electricity was crackling and tearing along my skin, my insides burning with it. The pressure was growing unbearable as my mind sort of floated – in a crazed sort of way – in a shocked sort of way – amid the seething explosion of sensations the two men were raising within me. I had no control over anything, and that was both scary and thrilling. It also meant, though, that I didn't have to think about what to do, didn't have to worry about my own actions. I wasn't doing a thing, after all. It was all them.

And as they battered away at my body my mind felt even more battered, more weary, dazed, helpless and out of control. The intensity of the sensations grew and then exploded with me in another massive orgasm that would have had me writhing and twisting in helpless spasms if it weren't for the fact I was physically under their control, restrained, I guess you could say, by their powerful hands and bodies.

The orgasm almost blew my mind out! It was like it really floated free, and

afterward I was hardly aware of what was going on. I was so limp I should have fallen over but their tight grip held me in place as they continued to ram their cocks into my overheated body. I'm not sure which of them came first, but such was their 'romantic' notions about what we'd just done that they then high-fived each other (I remember that much), got dressed, and left me laying there, chest heaving, gasping, dazed, overheated and so languorous I almost fell asleep like that.

But recovered, and with that recovery came a sense of embarrassment and guilt, and one of anxiety. Fuck! I was in a frat house naked and half drunk and the door, I was sure, was not even locked. Anyone could come in. For that matter, either one of them was liable to tell their buddies and I could have ten of them to deal with!

The thought was shocking for its actual possibility! I mean, sure I'd heard the term gang-bang before, and the fleeting anxiety had crossed my mind, for it was always associated with dark, nasty things. But now as the thought came to me I realized two things: one, it was easily possible it could happen tonight, and two, I wasn't totally opposed to the idea!

With a groan, I rolled over, and then half fell out of bed. I was a mess, but a sudden sense of urgency drove me to find my clothes and pull them on. I stumbled out of the room, found a bathroom, and stared at myself as though the image was that of a stranger. What the fuck was I doing!? I looked like, well...

I combed my fingers through my hair, found a small brush in a drawer and used that, washed my face, and then got the hell out of there, slinking out the back door quickly for fear I'd be stared at, pointed at, laughed at, jeered at. People would call me slut and whore, and I wouldn't even be able to deny it!

I walked back to where I could catch the shuttle, half dazed by what I'd done, utterly amazed, in the cold dark night of something resembling sanity and sober second thoughts. Was I fucking insane!? I hadn't had enough to drink to blame what had happened on the booze. Oh sure, it had helped. I mean, I'd been less self-conscious and more uhm, happy and accepting. But I'd been horny when I got there, and that was the overriding factor: not the booze.

I berated myself all the way back to the dorm, cringing at the memories, at what those two might do to my reputation – assuming they even knew who I was, of

course. God, what they must think of me! What everyone they would tell would think of me! Thank God I was far from home and nobody would know what I'd done! That was the only thing which calmed me down.

I got back and had a shower and then tried to pretend I was still a nice girl from Montana. I resolved to turn over a new leaf and to never drink again! For yes, somewhere along the trip back I had decided that was at fault, not my own hunger or lust. It's funny what you can convince yourself of if you really want to. If the booze was at fault then I felt less guilt, and also could assure myself I could control things and ensure nothing else like that happened again.

Does this sound familiar? Yes, it's not that different than what I'd told myself after my last visit to the frat house. My behavior was an aberration, and would never happen again. They didn't know who I was, so my reputation was intact. I could divorce myself from what happened, almost excise it from my life and then carry on as if I had never knelt naked between two strong, muscular, naked men. I could pretend I had never felt them ram their cocks into me from front and back while their powerful hands controlled me and raced over my sweating, overheated body.

I could try, anyway.

I went to class as if nothing had happened, but I felt a bit like an imposter. I was supposed to be a 'normal' girl, and I didn't feel normal. I felt as though this enormous, momentous event had set me aside from all the other girls there. I felt self-conscious, as if maybe someone could sense it in me, could tell what a slut I was, despite how I dressed and acted. But that sense of being daunted by what I'd done only lasted a few days.

I began to relax about it, but it never strayed far from my mind. After all, it was probably the most shocking, wicked, exciting thrill I'd ever had, and the echoes of the wild pleasure and excitement were still strong within my mind. And since nothing bad had come of it, well, there was that dark, daring thought: why not do it again? Of course I crushed that thought ruthlessly. No way was I going to start doing that sort of shit! What kind of a girl would I be!?

I didn't have the answer to that. I didn't feel like the same girl I'd been when I'd arrived on campus. I felt more jaded, more experienced, more sophisticated in a way. I was a little miffed, though, when I thought about things and realized that

despite my wild sexual experiences I really hadn't learned much about how to have sex. I mean, I'd learned to just hold still while a boy fucked me, but I knew there was a lot more to it than that!

The next time I made love with a boy (as opposed to being fucked by one) I would not really be much more prepared than I'd been before. The one outstanding exception, of course, and one which stroked my ego and made me feel a bit arrogant, was that I could deep throat a guy. What I really needed was a guy like Jeff. Lily was surely learning an awful lot about how to please guys from him, far more than I had learned.

Assuming, I thought, somewhat cynically, he actually knew much himself. He was kind of young, and didn't look like he was a big time player, not like Dave. Werewolf lust? Good grief! I needed a guy who was more sophisticated, someone who wouldn't attack me and ravish me. No more frat boys!

As the weeks went by I started to get a little frustrated by my return to chastity. It was even more frustrating because I was living with Lily, who seemed to be having sex practically every single evening, and couldn't shut up about it. She was sure having a lot more fun than me!

As I said, my experience with Dave had made me somewhat more of a flirt than I'd been previously. I don't think I'd gotten any worse after my wild, kinky time with Brad and his friend, but I hadn't gotten any more restrained either. I don't mean to say I was acting like a slut around guys or anything. I just mean that every time a guy looked at me I knew he was looking at me, and I looked back in the same way.

My wardrobe had also kind of changed. That was partly because of the way the other girls dressed. It was also because we were in California, and it got freaking hot sometimes. Besides, several guys had now seen me completely naked, and that kind of made me feel less girlishly shy about someone seeing my legs or a bit of cleavage. I wasn't in freaking Montana any more, after all. I was a college girl, in California, and needed to dress with a bit more sophistication. Right?

Where once I'd never worn skirts much above the knees, I now routinely wore short skirts. I don't mean minis, but they were well above the knees. The light brown suede skirt I had with the big buttons on the side was about halfway between my knees and my groin, for example. It didn't seem that short, except

when I sat down. But then, most times I sat down was behind a desk anyway. And if I was riding a bus or something I always had a bag I could put on my lap if I felt self-conscious.

Anyway, I was wearing that skirt, and a nice green blouse which buttoned down the middle, when I went to see Professor Craig. The shirt had a nice high collar that framed my face and set off my hair nicely. And I could unbutton the first two buttons to feel dangerous. Not that two buttons showed anything of course. It was just a bit of a tease, and the most I'd do for class.

Craig taught my Logics course. It was mostly reading Plato's Republic and discussing various aspects of his philosophy and how he wrote and what he was trying to communicate. It was a mandatory course for first year literature. Despite my newly discovered sluttiness, I hadn't abandoned my determination to do well at school, to get good marks. And I was having some problem with the course because you had to figure out what Plato was saying and then what he meant by it.

It wasn't really what I had thought of as literature. But the university, it seems, thought differently.

I have to say that I'd never really looked at Professor Craig as anything but 'the teacher'. You didn't think of teachers as anything else. I mean, unless you added something like "boring" or "mean" or "strict" to the term. Teachers were adults. They were a necessary evil you tried not to provoke.

At least, that's the way it had been all my life, through lower grades, and through high school.

Professor Craig had an office on the third floor of the English Department building. It wasn't big and luxurious or anything. But it did have a desk, of course, some bookshelves stuffed with books, a filing cabinet, and two ugly blue armchairs in the corner. I'd been there before, but never stopped for long. Mostly I just stood inside the doorway (It wasn't a big office) to ask a question or two. Craig was usually sitting at his desk working on the computer and would just turn and answer.

This time he was sitting in the corner on one of the chairs grading some papers.

I knocked on the half open door and walked in. He looked up from his papers,

and, well, since I walked up to him his head was just about at the line of the hem of my skirt. I was a bit startled to see how his eyes instantly looked right there before abruptly pulling themselves away and up towards my face, and that was the first time I really thought of one of my teachers as something other than a teacher. That is, as a man. Well, as a “guy”.

It was a bit jarring. I mean, I knew intellectually, of course, that they were guys, and even that sometimes they dated students. After all, we were over eighteen, so it wasn't considered necessary to impose any sort of rule against that. But emotionally I had still thought of him as a 'teacher' and me as a 'student', which in my mind meant 'adult' and 'child'.

“What can I do for you, Willow?”

“Uhm, professor Craig, about that assignment – .”

“It's due tomorrow,” he said.

He had to crane his neck back to look up at me because of how close I was, and so it was entirely natural for me to sit down in the chair next to his, well, at right angles to his. I confessed to being unsure how to phrase my paper on the happiness of an unjust man vs the happiness of a just man. But even as I spoke my mind was readjusting itself, fitting itself back into a new frame of reference, thinking of Craig as a 'guy' and not just as a 'teacher'.

And the fact his eyes occasionally, very tactfully, flitted across my legs just where the hem of my skirt was, well, that just reinforced that thinking. Of course, sitting down had caused the hem to ride up even higher, but it was still entirely safe. I mean to say, there was nothing he could see that he shouldn't be seeing. But I felt a little startled, and a little thoughtful that his eyes kept being drawn there as if the sight was irresistible.

It wasn't something you could accuse him of or anything. I mean, it wasn't like he was staring at my legs or anything. But it was obvious, maybe because of that first look, maybe because I was now watching for it, that the professor really liked my legs. And that caused a sudden sense of tightness in my chest because it opened up whole new possibilities. I'd not really considered any sort of romance or sex with a 'grown up' if you will. I mean, he was well over thirty! He wasn't as old as my parents, but he was way older than me!

Not that him just noticing my legs made him a candidate for anything. It was just that he was the guy who opened my mind to the possibility. And my mind raced with that thought. An older man! That would be perfect! An older man wouldn't be rough and wild like those frat boys, and he wouldn't tell anyone. Furthermore, I felt more comfortable about the idea of admitting my ignorance in sexual matters to a 'grown man' than to a guy my age. After all, you're supposed to be innocent compared to 'adults', right? No shame in that.

But if I was considering making out with an older guy, with a teacher, it probably wouldn't have been Professor Craig. There were better built teachers, and better looking teachers, sexier teachers, if you will. But he was here, now, with me, while all this newly awakened thinking and possibilities were racing through my head, and he clearly found me attractive. And let's face it, unless I was going to go out to some bar and seduce some complete stranger there weren't an awful lot of grown men I knew around the college, especially ones who were unmarried and might consider a little fling with me.

All that moved through my mind in like a second or two, without really even putting much thought to it. I was still asking my question, and still considering possibilities, still noting his eyes flitting across my legs.

Craig wasn't a big, broad-shouldered guy like Brad or Dave. But then, he was an English professor, not a football player. He was slender, but not skinny, and he had medium length brown hair with a small, neatly trimmed brown beard. He had kind eyes, which made me feel comfortable, and a dry sense of humor he often used in class when discussing life in ancient Greece. He did not seem, to my mind, like the kind of sleazy guy who liked to seduce college girls, then toss them away for another, like you hear about certain other men.

As I spoke, and as he replied, I half consciously posed my body in the way I would with a 'guy' there. That doesn't mean I spread my legs or bent over to let him look down my shirt, but it does mean I made sure I was sitting straight, and I deliberately kept my book at my side, not in my lap where I might otherwise have lain it. In fact, and this too was deliberate, when I felt the light pressure of the book against the side of my right breast I kind of raised it a bit and pushed it in a bit more to kind of squeeze my breast in against my left breast.

I was just... I don't know, experimenting a bit, almost half conscious of what I was doing. I wasn't intending to seduce him or anything. It was more like I was

trying to see if he, a teacher, a 'grown up', was really looking at me 'in that way', or if I was mistaken.

I didn't think I was mistaken.

“What did Socrates use to explain a basic definition of justice?” he asked.

“Uhm, helping friends and paying debts,” I replied.

“Returning debts. He wasn't discussing about a necessarily commercial transaction,” Craig said. “If you do something for me, for example, then I owe you a debt. Quid pro quo, as they say.”

I understood what he meant, but I almost fell into the role of playing dumb, almost without thought, kind of making things up as I went along even though I hadn't yet actually arrived at a fully formed idea of what I wanted to do here.

“But how is that different from owing on your credit card? I mean, if you do something for me then I have to pay you for it.”

“You don't pay me for it in the sense of a transaction. It's more like you've scratched my back and now I should feel obligated to scratch yours. It's a mutual sharing of obligation which is just, as opposed to one person doing all the taking and the other all the giving. I'm sure you've known or heard about people who simply use others to get things, and do nothing back.”

“I've had friends sort of like that,” I said.

“Yes – .”

“And boyfriends,” I snorted. “Talk about taking and not giving.”

I rolled my eyes in world-weary fashion

He smiled. “Foolish young men are a time honored tradition,” he said. “But you see what I mean. If you felt that a boyfriend was not giving back something, even though you did so freely to him, then you probably felt things were unjust.”

“I nodded my head earnestly.

“And probably then ended the relationship.”

“So quid pro quo,” I said.

“Exactly. You'll feel unjustly treated if you're always giving and never receiving. You'll feel the other party is selfish and thus unjust.”

“So in our relationship, you're supposed to give me what?” I asked.

“Me? I suppose I'm supposed to give you guidance and help you to understand the course material.”

“What do I give back?” I asked, giving him a little flirty smile.

He laughed. “Well, in a sense, this is a commercial transaction, because you pay your tuition, and the college then pays me for my time.”

“But I don't pay tuition.”

“You don't?”

“I'm on a scholarship.”

“Ahh,” he said. “Well then, you could reward me by being a really good student, learning a lot, and thus making me feel satisfied with the job I'm doing.”

“Does that mean if I don't get it I'm being unjust by not paying you back?”

“No, because intent is important. If you try hard then you can't be unjust in failing.”

“I suppose,” I said, getting up.

I dropped my book deliberately so had to bend over to pick it up right in front of him. And no, I wasn't so classless as to do it with my butt to him! But it did give him a chance to oggle me while my eyes were turned to the floor, and it did cause my skirt to ride up again.

“Thanks, Professor,” I said, clutching my book against the underside of my breasts, squeezing them up as I backed towards the door. “I'll see what I can do.”

I knew he wanted me. And now I wanted him. I'd never ever set out to actually seduce a guy before, and yet here I was, mind whirling furiously as I tried to conceive of how I could get into bed with Professor Craig without just throwing myself at him in a horribly obvious way.

Chapter Six

“Do you think I'm sexy?”

I rolled my eyes and closed the door.

“Didn't we go through this before? You still want me to leave?”

Lily grinned. She was standing in the closet wearing a skimpy little black thong and bra and posing for the mirror.

“No, seriously!”

“Yes, you're sexy,” I said, dumping my books on the desk. “At least Jeff thinks so.”

“I know Jeff thinks so,” she said in annoyance. “I need a more neutral opinion.”

“I'm a girl, remember?”

“So?”

“So I wouldn't be looking for the same things as guys.”

“You're not a lesbian, are you?”

“No!” I snorted.

“Even a little? I mean, could you see yourself having sex with a girl?”

“If I was having sex with a girl I don't see how I could see myself doing it,” I said lightly, “unless it was next to a mirror, I suppose.”

“Jeff wants to have a three way?”

“A what?”

“He wants to have sex with two girls at the same time!”

“Oh. Yeah, well, guys, you know.”

“What's that supposed to mean!?”

“It means he's a man-whore like the rest of them and he watches too many porn videos.”

“He doesn't just want to have sex with two girls. He wants ME to have sex with a girl while he watches!”

“That's not that unusual,” I said.

“It's not!?”

“I don't mean doing it wouldn't be unusual. I mean guys wanting to see you do it isn't unusual. Guys have this thing about seeing girls doing it. I'm not sure why. God knows I don't want to see a couple of guys making out. Yech.”

“Yeah, me and my friend Cindy used to pretend to make out in the bar or at parties and the guys would be all like hooting and hollering and whistling and wanting us to tear each others clothes off.”

“Well I'm not having sex with you,” I said dryly.

“Why? Aren't I sexy?”

“I don't do girls. I mean, I'm not attracted to girls. You know what I mean,” I said in irritation.

“Me neither. I mean, I could do it, I suppose. It's not that complicated. But I have to admit that the thought of doing it with Jeff there and seeing him go crazy is kind of ... hot. And then him joining in. That would be kinky and wild!”

“So find some lesbian to play with.”

“Can't be a lesbian cuz she wouldn't let Jeff have sex with her.”

“Well neither will I!”

“Oh come on! He's cute. And I'm sexy! You said so, remember?”

She slipped an arm around me and I pushed her back, or tried to. But she was into full on teasing mode and acted like a nympho as she tried kissing me all over and squeezing my ass.

“Fuck me, baby! You know you want to!” she moaned

“Get off me, you perverted little lesbo,” I said, twisting free and shoving her so she fell back on the bed.

She sighed and lay there. “No one wants me,” she said sadly.

“I'm sure the frat boys would all be delighted to fuck your brains out, presuming you have any.”

“But Jeff wants to see me with a girl.”

“And do you get to have two guys have sex with you next time?”

“Ha. Like Jeff would go for that.”

“Tell him you'll find a girl only if he finds a guy to do you.”

“I can't tell him that!”

“Why not?”

“What if he does it!?”

I grinned. “Then you'll have a wild experience.”

I didn't tell her how I knew that...

* * *

I was extra careful in choosing what I wore whenever I attended Logic from then on. And I sat up front so Professor Craig could see my legs. I wasn't like, slutty about it or anything. I didn't wear mini skirts with no panties and open my legs or anything. But I gave him a lot to notice. And I was sure he did!

I also invented more questions, more reasons to go and see him in his office. I also chose the days when his visiting hours were later in the day, and came right at the end of them. I got more comfortable chatting with him, got more familiar with him, and I think he kind of enjoyed my flirtiness. He even started flirting back. But I couldn't find a way to make myself really obvious, you know? Lots of girls act flirty but don't mean anything, and he wasn't pushing it.

Three weeks later, though, he gave me an opening. I arrived right at the end of his Friday afternoon consultation period, actually right after it ended. I had checked his schedule and he had no other classes, and so I waited him out, then showed up a little breathless just as he was leaving.

“I'm sorry, Willow, but I'm just heading out,” he said.

“Oh,” I said, looking disappointed. “Well, could I walk with you and ask you something about the justice of a city?”

He hesitated, then nodded, locking his door.

He was not much taller than me, and I discovered I liked not having to look up at a guy, though it left something off in the sexiness department.

“Doing anything this weekend?” I asked.

“Nothing special.”

“Don't you miss your students over the weekend?” I asked teasingly.

“Shockingly enough, not really,” he said.

“Not even me?” I said with a girlish look.

“Well, maybe you,” he said with a smile.

“What do English professors do on the weekend? Read a lot of books?”

“Sometimes they watch football or go golfing,” he said. “This weekend I think I'll be spending most of it attending to the weeding in my back yard.”

“Weeding? You're a gardener?”

“Not really. But I've created a little oasis in my back yard. I have a pool, a lot of hedges and plants, and I'm negligent about keeping masses of weeds out of them. So every now and then I have to tackle the job, cut the grass, tidy the place up, you know.”

“I miss weeding,” I said with a sigh.

He put the back of his hand against my forehead. “Hmm, you don't seem feverish.”

“Well, I'm from a small town in Montana, you know, and living in a dorm room is kind of like moving from a farm to an apartment in the city, you know. I miss the lake, and the woods, and getting my hands dirty in my mom's vegetable garden.”

“You're welcome to do my weeding,” he said dryly.

“Okay!”

“I was just kidding,” he said hurriedly.

“No, I'd like to! Please!”

“Oh I don't think – .”

“You could help, of course. But it really would be cool. I'm missing the whole summer just living in a dorm room with no plants or anything!” I complained.

Truthfully, I did miss the outdoors. True, it was a nice campus, but it wasn't like you could actually work your fingers into the earth or something. The college had gardeners who maintained all their greenery.

He was still reluctant, but I could see his mind going, and I knew he wanted to take the risk.

“I couldn't ask you to do that for me, Willow,” he said.

“You'd practically be doing me a favor! It'd be very quid pro quo!” I said. “You don't live far away, do you?”

“Well, no but – .”

“I could come over tomorrow morning, just for a couple of hours.”

“If you're sure – .”

Oh, I was sure, all right!

* * *

I wore cutoffs.

I even cut them off myself. They were jeans I rarely wore. I'd gotten them in the spirit of being a California girl, and they were tight and low riding. But truth to tell I wasn't comfortable in them. I don't mean emotionally, I mean physically! I liked looser, more comfortable clothes that didn't squeeze me everywhere. So I took the low riding jeans and cut off the legs, then after checking myself out in them, I cut the legs a bit shorter, then just a bit more. They covered my butt, but not a lot else.

And if you think that's slutty you haven't seen how girls dress around here.

I wore a white button-down shirt with them. It was long enough to tuck into the low riding jeans while I made my way to his place on the bus, but then I unbuttoned them from the chest down and pulled the two sides up to tie together just below my breasts. That not only revealed a lot of my nice, flat belly, but of course, squeezed my breasts up and out nicely.

Then I unbuttoned the rest of the buttons too.

No, that was too much. I did one up again. That way my black bra was still not visible. It was a bathing suit bar, though, for I was prepared for anything.

So now I looked like a typical California girl on a hot day, going to do some work, or at least, I didn't look out of place as I walked up to his door and knocked. My pulse was kind of racing as I waited for him to come to the door. And I was kind of swirling around inside with what the fuck I was doing there. My old sense of morals told me I was acting like a total whore in trying to seduce some man as hold as he was, and for what? Not because I loved him but just to have sex!

Why was I doing this!?

Because I had found that I loved having sex.

Did that make me a whore? I couldn't exactly order up a boyfriend overnight so I could do it with him whenever I wanted to. Did that mean I had to remain celibate until I could find one and let him romance me properly?

A voice in the back of my head was showering me with guilt. "Slut!" it was saying.

The door opened and Professor Craig stood there, smiling.

"Hi, Professor Craig."

"Hi Willow! Come on in," he said.

He was wearing jean shorts too, and a t-shirt. I revised my impression of how slender he was. Maybe those jackets had put me off but he didn't seem quite as slender as I'd thought. His shoulders looked a little wider, too.

"You can call me Nathan," he said.

I wandered in and looked around curiously. It was very much a guy place, with a huge flat screen taking pride of place in the living room, mounted on the wall. The furniture was all black leather with glossy brown tables. There was a modern art type rug on the floor in various shades of blue, and curtains which sort of matched – but not entirely.

"I guess you watch a lot of TV," I said, trying to think of something to say.

"Not really, but when I do it might as well be on a large TV," he said, smiling.

He led me slowly through to the kitchen, which was, once again, a mannish sort of room, a long galley kitchen with danish look wooden cupboards and a green counter. Through there was a big bay window looking out on the back yard, a two level deck, a swimming pool, and lots of hedges.

"Nice pool," I said.

“It's how I exercise,” he said with a smile.

He let his hand kind of slide the bottom of his T-shirt a little and slapped his bare – and very flat stomach.

“Lots of weeds too,” I said, examining the base of the hedges, and the plants placed around the yard.

“Ah, yeah. I'm always falling behind on that,” he said. 'When it's hot I just want to relax under the umbrella and read a good book, or swim. I don't want to weed.”

“So you weed when it's not hot and sunny!”

“It's almost always hot and sunny,” he said with a slow grin. “And when it's rainy I don't go outside.”

I rolled my eyes.

“You have some gardening equipment?”

“You bet. Right in the shed here.”

I gazed at the pool while he got them. “I hope you don't mind if I jump in the pool if I get hot.”

“Be my guest,” he said.

Oh yeah!

I took the gardening tools from him and set to work on the closest plants. I hadn't been lying in that it really was nice to be working at gardening again. But it was indeed getting hot, and I hadn't brought a hat. I was soon sweating as I dug. Nathan kind of stood around chatting for a bit, which was not bad to my way of thinking because he was standing up above me and I was pretty sure he would be looking right down my top.

In fact, the thought that he was, the near certainty he was, was making me a different kind of hot!

“It sure gets hot fast doing this,” I said, brushing my hair off my forehead and looking up at him.

“You should have worn a hat.”

“I didn't think of it.”

“I'll see if I can find you one.”

“Got a coke or something?”

“You bet! And I'll give you a hand, too. I feel guilty just standing here.”

I knew where I wanted that hand to be!

He trotted up the stairs onto the deck and then into the house. I sat back on my heels, groaning, stretching, and then felt a kind of breathless sensation. It was time to do something! It was time to push the envelope! I undid my top, pulled it off, and stood up, wearing the black bikini bra. It was a triangle top bra, covering about, well, more than half my breasts anyway. Again, for around here, that was modest!

I popped the clasp on my jeans and unzipped them, heart thumping. The black bottom was again a triangle, just inverted. It wasn't a thong. I wasn't that daring. But it was cut high on the hips and low on the abdomen. I padded across to the pool, debating with myself. I didn't really want my hair wet, but on the other hand, it was starting to get sweaty and tangled anyway.

I dove in and swam slowly up along the length of the pool, letting the cool water slide refreshingly along my body. I felt a sudden shock, realizing how my anticipation had hardened my nipples. But then I realized I could pretend it was the cold water! Not that we would be discussing that, of course! But he would think it was the cold water!

And he would notice.

God, I felt like such a tease! But on the other hand, I was more than willing to follow through!

I had never done anything like this before! I had never ever set out to, well, it

sounds so old-fashioned but, to seduce a guy! And this wasn't even a guy I had any interest in beyond sex! What a tramp I was!

I saw him coming out onto the deck and swam to that side of the pool as he trotted down the stairs and over to me, holding a glass of some dark liquid.

“Hi!” I said. “There's just nothing like jumping in the pool when you're all hot and sweaty!”

“Uhm, yeah, that's for sure,” he said, squatting down and handing me the glass.

“I was wearing my bikini underneath,” I said. “You had said you had a pool.”

“Like I said, be my guest,” he said with a broad grin.

“You should join me,” I said.

“Oh, maybe later,” he said uncertainly.

“Well, help me out then,” I said, reaching up for him.

I put down the glass, and he took my wrist. I grasped his, and kind of leapt up a bit. He pulled me smoothly and quickly up, and I felt a little rush at his display of strength. Then I was standing in front of him, dripping wet in my little black bikini!

“This is a great back yard!” I said, turning as if to look at the hedges, letting him look.

Then I jerked my face back and caught him staring into my chest.

“Should you be looking there, professor?” I asked coquettishly.

At first he blushed a bit and made as if he was going to deny it, but then he grinned and shrugged.

“How can you not look at the morning sunrise over the bay?” he asked. “How can you not look at a beautiful filly riding through the grass, or a sleek porpoise slicing through the waves?”

“Are you saying I'm some sort of natural spectacle?” I asked with a smirk.

“Certainly a spectacle that draws the eyes, especially in that bikini,” he said, looking unabashedly then.

“It's the most modest one I have!” I said in protest.

“Uhm, okay.”

“I didn't even wear my thong,” I said, turning to show him my mostly covered butt.

I had no thong bikini but he wouldn't know that!

“That's really good. I would have been quite offended if you'd worn a thong.”

“Really?”

He laughed. “No, of course not.”

We both laughed and I bent to pick up the glass, then we wandered over to sit on the deck while I talked about Montana and he talked about Southern California.

“So with this great yard how come you don't have a better tan?” I asked.

“Because tanning is actually a sign of damaged skin. I wear a strong sun block, and I spend much of my time under the umbrella. But I do have a bit of a tan,” he said, showing his bare arms.

“And what about your stomach?” I asked teasingly.

He grinned, leaned back a bit, and lifted the t-shirt to bare his belly.

“Higher,” I said.

He grinned more deeply, looked like he was considering it, then peeled the T-shirt up and off.

He didn't have washboard abs, but you know, they were pretty good. His chest was defined, though he wasn't superman. And he had nice shoulders. I liked what I saw, and I wanted to run my hands over it!

“Now you'll have to run and get your sun block!” I said teasingly.

“Well, if you're going to be dressed like that you should have some on too,” he replied.

He went inside to get it, and my heart thumped a little more loudly. I looked around. The hedges made the yard very private. I got up quickly, then sat on the edge of the pool, out in the sun. He came back quickly, squeeze bottle in hand, and joined me as I stood up.

He started to hand it to me and I quickly turned my back on him.

“Could you start on my back? I can never reach it.”

I felt his hands sliding across my bare shoulders, warm, slippery, soft, and I felt my chest tightening, felt the butterflies fluttering in my stomach. He was being a gentleman, though, and his hands slid down my back, moving softly and carefully. They eased around to the side, but only at waist level, well below my breasts.

Was he just shy or was I not being obvious!? Maybe he was just being super careful because I was a student and he was a teacher.

“Uhm, I think you can do the rest,” he said with a little chuckle.

I turned and took his wrist.

“There's still some safe places,” I said, smiling back as I brought his open palm against my belly.

“Nothing is especially safe about you, Willow,” he said.

I noticed that his jeans were looking kind of bulgy.

“I'm very safe,” I said, not quite cooing. “I'm just a regular girl from Montana!”

I was rubbing his hand slowly against my stomach and easing it higher and higher as I talked.

He was looking at me and I was looking at him, and then his hand moved up under my breast, cupping it gently, rubbing the underside a bit as if to see my reaction. Apparently it was what he was looking for, because his hand squeezed

more firmly, and I felt all the breath leave my chest as his other hand came forward. He slipped the fingers into the inner edge of my cups, and tugged them down and apart, so my breasts pushed out naked for all the world to see.

“We don't want these getting sunburned,” he said, his slick hands sliding over the taut round surface of my breasts.

The bra was squeezing them up and together as his hands moved over them. He caught my very stiff nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, plucking, rubbing, pinching and massaging them as I stood there trying to control my breathing.

I rose on the balls of my feet and kissed him as lightly as he had first touched my breasts, then let my lips meld against his, sinking against him as he returned the kiss. His tongue was not demanding. It explored gently, sliding along my lips, dipping into my mouth, teasing my own. His arms slid off my breasts and moved around me, drawing me into his embrace, my bare breasts throbbing with sensation as they pillowed out against his own bare chest.

Yes!

Chapter Seven

His other hands slid along my back, undoing the clasp of my bikini top at neck, then back, then sliding down into my bikini bottom to rub and knead my buttocks. I let my own hands slid over his shoulders and against his back, then up and down against his ribs as his hands drew me in against him. I felt his bulge against my belly and quickly slid a hand down there. It felt like a nice one!

I undid his shorts and pushed them down, sinking to my knees in front of him as his cock sprang out hard, thick and eager. It wasn't as big as that black guy, but it looked about as big as Jeff, and I forced myself to breath as I slide my hands around it.

Don't go crazy, I told myself. Be sophisticated! He's an older man! He's probably been having sex for almost as long as you're alive!

But I knew how to give a blow job. I'd seen it done a lot on the internet, and had practiced. I knew how to be sexy.

I lifted his cock up and pressed it back against his belly, holding it there with one hand as I pushed my face forward into his groin. I took one of his balls into my mouth, sucking lightly as my hand rubbed against the underside of his head. I drew back, letting my lips slide slowly off him, then licked and sucked at the other one before licking slowly, carefully, up from the base of his cock, up along the underside as I held it pressed against his belly.

I licked up and down its length, except for the head, then eased down again, sucking on one of his balls, then the other. Then as I turned my attention back to his cock I let it fall down to point almost at my mouth. I cupped his balls in my hands and rubbed gently, pressed my pursed lips against the head of his cock, and then slowly let them part, sliding my lips down along his head.

As soon as it was in my mouth I started licking the underside, started sucking gently and rhythmically. I took my time, sucking on the head, then another inch, then another. I started bobbing up and down that length, increasing the length of my motion each time.

When he was half inside me I took my hands off his front and slid my arms around him, cupping his buttocks. I bobbed deeper, sucking as I did, and he staggered a bit, his hands going to my head. His fingers slid through my hair. At first they stroked and caressed it, then kind of pulled it up into a mass into his fists, holding it more tightly, more firmly.

I slid back out, or tried to, but he pulled me forward by the hair. I had intended to rub him against my face, which I knew the guys thought was hot, but he wasn't having any of that. He pulled me firmly forward, making me take him deeper. I was surprised, but not dismayed. I prepared myself as he pulled me forward, and felt a strange sense of... I don't know, of being controlled. I mean, this was a firm, demanding side of him I hadn't seen before.

“All the way, baby. All the way,” he said.

One of his hands slid behind my head, pulling me forward. I tilted my head back a little, and the mushroom shaped head of his cock pushed slickly into my throat. I gagged a bit, then pushed myself forward, taking him deep, sliding my lips down until they were wrapped around the base of his throbbing shaft.

“Fuck!” he gasped, holding me against him, holding me tight, my face jammed into his groin.

“Fuck!” he said again.

He held me for long seconds, then eased his grip, drawing his hips back a little. I gurgled weakly as his cock slid back up my throat, then popped out into my mouth.

He pulled himself out and eased his grip on my hair.

He gave me a kind of push, and I half fell back onto the grass. He was already on his knees before me, his cock eager and hungry. He loomed over me and I started to spread my legs but he gripped my bikini bottoms, tugging them down, yanking them out from under my buttocks before I even had a chance to raise my hips up.

He jerked them up my legs, lifting my legs bodily into the air as he did so my feet were up near his head. He tossed them behind me and then pushed my legs apart, then dropped them on the grass.

I blushed a bit, starting to close my legs a little.

“No,” he said firmly, leaning in to grip my thighs.

“Spread them wide. Wider.”

It was an order! I gulped as he made me spread my legs wide apart, so wide the tendons in my thighs ached. He straightened, still kneeling there, looking down at me spread wide right in front of him. His eyes were filled with an eagerness and a hunger.

“Fuck!” he said again.

I felt a surge of ego, for it sounded like he was amazed.

“You're in the sun,” he said. “You don't want to get a burn.”

He reached back, found the suntan lotion, then held it over my belly. He squeezed it, and a stream of liquid squirted out onto my chest and belly. I drew my hands up, rubbing it across my bare breasts as he looked on, sliding my hands down my belly and abdomen. He squirted again, and the stream hit my pussy, hit my clit, I swear!

My breaths were ragged as I slid my hands over my pussy, and felt the tautness of my inner thighs as I kept them spread so wide. I raised my knees, but kept my legs as wide apart as I could, letting my knees fall open.

He leaned forward at last, and his hands came down on my breasts, slippery and hot. His hands kneaded and caressed them, then began to move over my body, stroking and caressing me everywhere! He slid them down onto my belly, onto my sex, and I gasped as two fingers, then a third, slid into me, then pulled out.

He gripped my right leg, lifted it straight in the air, and then let his slippery hands slide up and down from the toes to the ankle, then up and down from the ankle to the knee, then lower still. He put my leg down then lifted the other and began to oil it up, massaging and caressing it as he did.

Then he leaned in and just – flipped me – onto my belly. I gasped as my breasts were pillowed out beneath me, but then he was straddling my thighs, sliding his oiled fingers up and down along my back and over my shoulders.

“You have the softest skin,” he said.

His hands slid down my back, and over my buttocks. He spread them apart, and I gasped as a finger rubbed at my wrinkled back passage. I hoped he wasn't planning on going there! I wanted him in my pussy!

But the weird thing was I knew he would do what he wanted. And some part of me accepted this as perfectly normal. Not only was it normal, it was right.

He gripped my hips in his hands and lifted them up. I gasped as I found myself on my knees. I started to push myself up onto my hands too, but a hand came down on my back and pushed me back again, so my breasts were squeezed against the grass.

“No,” he said. “Stay in that position.”

My ass was in the air, and my knees were spread wide apart. I blushed even through my heat at what an obscene view he must have of me! I obeyed, though. My chest stayed on the ground as he caressed my buttocks. His finger rubbed at my wrinkled back passage, then his hand rubbed up and down against my bare little pussy.

A moment later his cock began to rub against me, rubbing against my clit. I felt the surge of sensations flooding my groin, felt it ripple up my spine until I was helplessly pushing myself back against him,

He slapped my bottom and I gasped.

“Stay still,” he ordered.

Again, I did, and his hand slid up and down and over my buttocks as his cock rubbed up and down against the lips of my sex, pushing hard enough to force them apart, sliding back and forth along my clit as a raging storm of hunger and lust filled my trembling body.

Then the head pushed directly against me. I felt it spread the lips of my sex, pushing into the mouth of my pussy, and I almost held my breath, desperate for him to go deeper. Fuck! Was I becoming some kind of nympho!?

He pushed deeper, and I moaned low in my throat as I felt that thick, slick cock

sliding through the folds of my sex, pushing deeper, forcing me wider. I kept willing him on in my mind. Deeper! Deeper !More! More! As if I could never get enough, as if I wanted him to be two feet long!

But even so, I felt an intense wave of heat and pleasure as he buried himself in my body, as his hips pressed firmly against my upraised backside. His hips were gripping my waist, pulling me tight against him as his cock sat throbbing inside me. I was gasping for breath already and he hadn't even moved!

Then he began to do just that. He drew in and back, holding me tightly, firmly in place. Once I instinctively started to rise up onto my elbows, only to be shoved firmly back onto my chest. He wanted me the way I was and that was that!

He thrust in and out, slowly but deeply, using what felt like the whole long length of himself. I loved it but wanted more! I wanted to beg him to go faster, but didn't dare. He continued to thrust, building up speed, still using the full length, and then he shortened it, and started going.

Oh yeah! That was what I wanted! That was what I needed! His hips were pounding against my buttocks now, the impact sending a tremor through my body. I was being jerked in and back a little with each thrust, shoved forward a little in turn. My ribs were grinding my breasts into the ground beneath me, but the grass was soft, and they felt – incredible as though the earth itself was squeezing them while the grass caressed them!

I gasped and panted and moaned as he used me, as he pounded into me. I felt the pleasure grow into that kind of tight, intense ball of pressure in my groin that was almost ready to explode. And then it did, and I cried out helplessly, jerking and thrashing in his grip, trying to shove myself back against him to increase the intensity of the strokes. I pushed myself upright and he shoved me back down again.

I felt his hand in my hand, twisting it into a mass in his hands and jerking it back. I gasped and gurgled, my eyes rolling back in my head. He pulled on my hair, jerked on it, and not gently! But he wouldn't allow my chest to rise from the ground. He slapped my bottom stingingly, still pounding against me, using me, rutting against me like a wild beast! I fucking loved it! I came like crazy, twisting and writhing in his firm grip as his cock continued to ram down into me again and again.

And then he slowed, and stopped, his cock buried in me. I lay as if dead, my cheek against the grass, panting for breath, flushed, overheated, gulping in air. He started pumping again, but very slowly, his hands releasing my waist and hair, sliding up and down my slippery, oiled body. The tactile sensation of his slippery warm hands on my slippery warm skin was – incredible!

I felt his cock sliding back up out of me, then out completely. A moment later his hands rolled me over, seized my thighs, and then flipped me onto my back. He spread my legs wide as I, panting, chest heaving, stared up at him. Then my eyes jerked down to follow his gaze as he gripped his thick cock and began to rub it up and down along my glistening sex.

He pushed slowly into me, then let his body lean over until he brought his hands down on the grass on either side of my chest. He looked down at me, a kind of smug look on his face. And why not? He knew I had come powerfully. And now he began to move his hips in and out in more of a grinding stroke, a slow roll to his hips as he pumped. He was moving slowly again, almost casually, grinding himself against me every time he was deep.

Finally he let his arms bend, and slid down fully atop me. I gasped as his chest came down on mine, but then he shifted his arms and took some of his upper body's weight on his elbows. The rest of him, though, was thrusting and grinding slowly. He kissed me, then his fingers twisted in my hair, pulling my head back as he rained kisses along the nape of my neck, in under my throat, then up again to my mouth.

All the while his hips ground against me, his cock buried inside me shifting and moving. I was starting to get my second breath, and my arms slid around him, my hands enjoying the sensation of sliding up and down his own slippery, warm back, then down onto his ass. I started to pull against him each time he pushed into me, drawing my knees further apart, further back as the heat which had exploded within me reignited.

He fucked me slowly and patiently, at first, but even as my breathing began to get more ragged and my fingers dug more hungrily into his ass he began to thrust harder, and I moaned and gasped into his mouth as his cock pumped more rapidly and his slippery body ground against me. He paused, resettling himself, and grasped my legs behind the knees, then slid his hands up to my ankles as he pushed them back.

I groaned as he let his weight come down on my ankles, shoving them back harder, raising my buttocks as he began to really pump fast and hard. The feel of his cock pounding into me, of his hips slamming down against me was indescribable, and I felt a wild rush of sensations, like a bubbling, boiling flood of white water that tossed me and tumbled me out of control.

My ankles were shoved back over my shoulders, and as his weight shifted up and down, up and down, they kept slowly going back farther and harder, so that I was crushed in two, bent double. I felt utterly helplessly, buried under him as he continued to thrust down in hard, deep, powerful strokes. My upper legs were squeezed down against my breasts, grinding them against my ribs each time he thrust into me, and they throbbed as the nipples sparkled with heat.

He spread my legs wider, and jammed my feet down towards the ground. That pressed my arms down as well, trapping them, and making me feel even more helpless, even more under his control. My mind swam in a wild, frothing maze of fantasy, excitement, heat and pleasure as he rode me towards another powerful climax, then forced me over the edge of the cliff to plunge gurgling and moaning into the depths of the wildness of orgasm.

This time he came with me, and I saw, even through my glazed eyes, even as I trembled and shook and convulsions wracked my body, the way his face looked as he came, and the feel of his body going into overdrive, pounding himself down into me. His fingers tightened around my ankles and I felt this strange, animal sense of being ridden by a wild man!

And then we were laying on the grass, side by side, panting for breath and recovering. I was staring up at the sky and thinking how perfect everything was, and feeling a sense of gleeful accomplishment. Okay, okay, I hadn't actually done anything but get an older man to fuck me, and I admit that's not so amazing an accomplishment. But it was a start!

Professor Craig went inside to get us a couple of drinks as I lay on the grass, very smug and content. He came out in a blue bathing suit and made his way to one of the padded lawn chairs under the umbrella.

“Get your butt over here, girl,” he said.

I sat up with a sigh, picked myself up off the ground, and brushed grass off my butt and back as I climbed onto the low deck and scooped up my bra. He pulled

it away with a grin.

“I think I'd like you naked,” he said.

“You're not naked,” I said accusingly.

“I'm a man. We don't look as good naked as women.”

“Says who?”

He sat down and put the drinks on a table next to him, and I moved to take the chair across the table. He took my arm as I passed him and pulled me down onto his lap.

“There's a perfectly nice chair right here,” he said with a grin, adjusting me so I sat across his lap.

These were not your cheap plastic lawn chairs, by the way. They were the more stylish ones, sort of bamboo, with very thick green cushions for back and bottom, almost like an outdoor recliner, for they leaned back a little too.

He leaned into mouth my right nipple and sucked casually on it as I swallowed and looked down at him.

“Aren't you getting oil in your mouth?” I asked.

He looked up with a grin and pulled his mouth off.

“This is a very natural vegetable oil, he said. “It's actually probably drinkable, though I wouldn't call the taste anything special.”

I was kind of leaned back against one of the arms of the chair, though his arm was behind me, helping support me, and I was leaning a little into his shoulder with mine. He handed me a drink. It was coke, but with something in. Some sort of whisky, I thought.

He let his hand slide up and down my thigh then, up along the inside of my thigh, right to my pussy.

“So did you come up here with this in mind?” he asked.

“Maybe,” I said playfully. “Depending on how things went.”

“And did they go well?”

“Maybee,” I said in the same tone.

“Hmm, maybe we can make them go even better,” he said.

His fingers slid in against my pussy, rubbing lightly against my clit. And both his fingers and my clit were very slick, of course.

He casually licked and nibbled at my breasts from time to time. Then he slid his left hand, which was kind of behind me, up and I felt my hair gripped, felt it pulling my head up and back. I gasped as my head was forced back, my back arching as I stared up at the umbrella overhead. Then I felt his mouth on my breast, sucking, his teeth biting a little harder as his tongue whipped across my nipple.

I gasped as his finger slipped into me, then a second. A third joined them and I groaned, wiggling on his lap as his mouth moved between one nipple and the other. Sometimes he sucked, and sometimes he bit. The bites could be gently, on the flesh around them, or sometimes right on the nipples themselves, sometimes strong enough to make make gasp in pain.

I felt his fingers squirming and twisting deeper, and instinctively reached down for his wrist. But he tugged harder on my hair and both my hands now instinctively jerked up and back, grabbing for his wrist. I don't mean to sound like I wanted him to stop, but more that I was startled. He pulled his hand away from my pussy, though, and then gripped my wrists where they were up above my head, kind of pulling them back behind my neck and wrapping my hair around them.

He did it all so smoothly and easily I didn't even know what he was doing until he had my crossed wrists pinned with my hair in one of his hands, then his fingers were pushing up into me again. He didn't force my head back again, though. I was leaning back, panting for breath, watching as his long fingers pumped slowly in and out of me and this thumb stroked across my clit.

“D'you like that?”

“Yes!” I gasped.

He pushed them all the way in and I groaned as he twisted them inside me. And his thumb rubbed harder against my clit as the heat rose up within me.

He released my arms, then and shifted me atop him, then eased me down onto my knees on the deck in front of him. I pressed my throbbing breasts against the edge of the cushion, kind of rubbing my nipples as I licked at his thigh. I gripped his bathing suit and tugged it downward, and he eased his bottom up so I could pull it out from underneath, then down his legs and off.

He spread his legs as I slid in again, gripping his semi-hard cock. He was right. The taste was nothing to write home about, but it wasn't bad either. I slid my tongue up and down against the head, then took him into my mouth, sucking and licking as I bobbed up and down.

I took him deep into my throat, and he was so slippery it was amazingly easy. The slick, slippery sensation of his skin sliding so smoothly in my throat was wild, and my pussy burned with excitement as I mouthed the base of his cock, then slid back up.

I sucked on his balls, and then licked along the shaft again, and he was rock hard by now. I felt his hands in my hair, tugging insistently, and gasped, forced up off his cock, forced up and forward, onto my feet, then as he released my hair he took my nipples in his fingers instead, squeezing them sharply.

“Ow!” I gasped.

“Get aboard, little girl,” he said with a grin.

He had both nipples held between his thumbs and forefingers. They throbbed and burned as I straddled him, settling slowly down onto his cock. He didn't let go, holding them tight as I sank onto his cock, then slid my legs over the sides of the chair, under the arms, until my feet were on the ground. I sank down fully, groaning as his cock pushed deep into my pussy, and then was sitting firmly, my buttocks against his thighs.

He released my nipples and licked them lightly as his hands slid up and down my back. He slapped my bottom then.

“Ride me, baby,” he said.

I began to slide up and down, leaning forward, gripping the top of the chair. Like I said, it was tilted back a little, so I was leaning over his face, and he mouthed my breasts and nipples as I began to slowly ride up and down on his hard cock.

His hands roamed my body, sometimes squeezing my breasts, sometimes my ass while I rode up and down. I was getting overheated pretty quickly, and riding faster and harder, my slick buttocks grinding against his thighs or slapping against them. Then he stopped me, his hands gripping my waist to hold me in place, impaled on his cock.

“Lean back,” He said.

I obeyed, leaning back, my hands going behind me onto his legs just above the knees as he began to stroke his fingers against my clit. I moaned low in my throat, feeling the sensations flooding through my nervous system, threatening to overload it again. I started grinding against him, riding his cock a little.

He stopped and gripped my nipples, pinching them, and then tugging, pulling me forward as I gasped in pain. I started to reach for his hands but he released my nipples, then grasped my hands instead, pushing them back behind me. Both his arms went behind me and the next thing I knew he had kind of crossed my arms behind my back at the elbow and was holding them there with one hand.

He pulled back so I leaned back again, pulled down so I arched my back, and his other hand slid slowly up and down my upper torso, over my breasts, down along my belly. His fingers found my clit and started rubbing as I moaned and tried to grind against him.

“So do you seduce all your professors?” he asked, rubbing my clit casually.

“N-No!” I gasped.

“Why me?”

“I-I don't know,” I panted.

“We must always examine the logic of our actions, Willow,” he said.

He was unreasonably calm compared to me! His cock was stuffed deep inside me, but he was talking as if he were just sitting there chatting about the weather!

“I-I like you,” I gasped.

“I'm a likeable guy,” he said as if conceding a point, “But not the sexist man alive.”

“You ... you... I thought you thought I was hot,” I said, breathing hard.

“I certainly did. But I imagine almost any man would.”

He kind of let his nail scratch across my clit so that a sharp little aching sensation interrupted the heat, but when his soft fingers stroked across the sensation redoubled.

I squirmed atop him with a moan.

“I saw you... looking at me.. in your... office,” I said breathlessly.

“It's not a large office. It's hard not to see a pretty girl in it,” he said with a grin.

“The way you looked at me,” I gulped. “And you looked down my shirt.”

“I got caught. Darn. Have to be more careful in future, though it was hard not to notice.”

His fingernail scratched lightly back and forth across my throbbing, swollen clit, then his fingers rubbed gently against it once more.

“So just because you saw me looking down your top you wanted to seduce me?” he asked doubtfully.

I groaned as his nail rubbed at my clit again.

“I-I was... I wanted... I thought of... an an old man,” I said, gulping in air.

“To ... teach me.”

“Well, I do pride myself on teaching the youth of our country the mysterious of logic. But no one has suggested teaching them sex education should be part of that. Maybe I should charge more.”

He still had a strong grip on my elbows. With it he could bend me back, force me up, or down, or as he did now, push me forward so he could mouth my nipple, suck and lick and then bite lightly on it before leaning back and pulling me back.

I tried to ride him but he pulled down my arms, making it clear he didn't want me moving much yet.

“You're surely no virgin,” he said.

He caught my nipple in his finger and pinched until I moaned and squirmed.

“Confess, wench,” he said.

It was hard to talk. I was feeling frustrated! I wanted him to fuck me, or at least, to let me fuck him! But he had me firmly held in place, his big cock jammed up inside me, and was teasing me with his fingers!

So I had confess that I didn't have a lot of sexual experience and was looking for someone to gain that experience with.

“There's a lot of handsome young men in this college,” he said casually.

“But... I wouldn't.. I don't want... them to know...” I moaned.

He laughed in amusement. “You don't want them to know you're not a professional in bed?”

“I feel... like... I'm... dumb,” I confessed, amazed we were having a conversation like this.

“They have all this... experience and I don't!”

“So you thought an older man would teach you and not judge you.”

I groaned and nodded, my head rolling back as he caught my clit between two slippery fingers and kind of squeezed it while rubbing slightly up and down.

“Well, it is our duty to educate our youth, as I said,” he chuckled.

How could he take this so casually, I wondered, more than a little frustrated. I

was going insane as he kept teasing my clit! Of course, his cock was lodged inside me so that it wasn't actually doing anything, and I wasn't moving on it, so I supposed that was what made him calmer.

I squirmed atop him trying to pull my arms free. "Fuck me!" I moaned.

"There is a quote which says that to go beyond yourself, you must first know yourself," he said, plucking at my nipples.

He tightened his grip on my elbows, pulling down as I tried to jerk up.

"So you need to know your own body and what it desires before you can explore how best to meet the desires of others," he murmured, mouthing my nipple and sucking softly.

He pulled back on my elbows, forcing me to arch back again, then rubbed at my clit.

"You know what you like, you just haven't acknowledged it," he said. "The art of making love consists of evaluating your partner's reactions, responses and behavior on a continuous basis in order to decide on your next course of action. I've been doing that since you got into your bikini. But you haven't."

"I-I... don't know..."

"You seem content to be the subject rather than the adverb," he said.

I thought he was crazy, to tell you the truth, but then he was a professor so this sort of teaching thing was kind of not that out of character...

"In other words, you don't take action, you let action be taken upon you."

"But I... don't know... what to - ."

"Of course you do. You have great oral sex skills, for one, better than most women I've known, though without the patience to really drive a man wild. You act almost like a guy in that regard. Sex is not a destination, it's a journey. You should take your time more and enjoy it, and make them enjoy it."

His thumb ground against my clit and I let out a helpless cry, arching my back,

my head rolling on my neck.

He chuckled then jammed his nail into my clit a little, so it stung.

“I think you've been watching too many videos where everything is over and done in a couple of minutes,” he said. “Sex should take some time.”

“You're driving me crazy!” I moaned.

“Yes,” he said with a pleased smile, “I know. And if I'd let you do as you wanted we'd be done by now and sitting here chatting about something else.”

“But... I want... I want...”

“To come? The little death? Death comes to all of us, Willow. There's no need to rush it.”

“Easy for you to say!”

He laughed more deeply. “I suppose that's true in a sense. Men invariably climax while women, well, not so much. Still, your climax is more powerful than ours and lasts longer. So things kind of even out provided you know your body well enough.”

“Please!” I moaned.

He chuckled again, then released my arms.

He gripped my breasts, squeezing them, drawing them forward as my hands fell onto his shoulders, and I began to ride him furiously, bouncing atop his cock, gasping and panting and moaning and letting out helpless little cries of pleasure every time I dropped myself fully atop him. I felt the orgasm surging up through my body, up through my nervous system, and then as he sucked on my breast it rolled over me like a wave, like a tsunami, and I squealed in pleasure at the intensity and power as it set my mind tumbling and turning in helpless ecstasy.

Chapter Eight

We slid through the pool to cool off a bit, then he stretched out in the chair as I lay on my back on the deck, basking in the sun. I felt a little shy around him, but as if I had exposed some deep, dark secret, but I think that was more because of how outrageously horny I'd been, practically begging him to fuck me, than in confessing my sexual inexperience. Like I said, I didn't feel bad about that around a man his age. I was bound to be inexperienced compared to him.

I talked about some of the things I'd already done, partly to tease him, to be honest. Again, the thing about him being older and my professor was that I didn't really have to worry about him gossiping about me, at least not to anyone who actually knew me. So I could tell him about what I'd done at the frat party, could even tell him about my doing two guys at the same time, and not worry about that getting around.

He poured me another drink, but wouldn't let me dress, though he had his bathing suit on.

He took my hand, after a bit, and led me inside. We went down the hall to the bathroom and I discovered a large, walk-in shower stall as he turned on the water and led me into it. I wondered if he'd be able to do anything a third time. I mean, it wasn't like he was twenty years old. But I was enjoying the way he looked at me, and sure enjoyed the way he touched me.

He soaped me up, and then had me soap him up. Then he pulled me against him, kissing me again, his hands sliding over my soapy body. I moaned as he found my clit, for it didn't take much effort to get me grinding my hips against him once again.

My soapy buttocks ground against his cock as he kneaded my breasts and fingered my clit, and I felt him starting to harden once again. Then he guided me around to face the wall, had me lean forward, and spread my legs. I moaned as his cock slid up and down along my soapy entrance. But then he eased it up and back and I felt it pressing against my back opening.

The soap was as slippery as oil would have been, and he pushed slowly up into my ass, his hands on my breasts and pussy, working me into a fever pitch. By the time he started to thrust I was hovering on the edge of climax, and the hard, steady slapping of his hips against my ass drove me over the edge very soon, for another intense orgasm.

* * *

It had been quite a day! I wasn't sure I'd really learned a lot more about how to have sex, but then, thinking about what the professor said, I realized that I might have been going about it the wrong way. You learned what pleased people by having sex. Or in my case, I certainly knew what the professor liked. He liked... to be in control. And now that I thought about it, so had the other guys I'd had sex with. They were showing me what they liked by doing it to me!

And since I had been receptive, hadn't protested anything, had accepted whatever they had wanted to do, I had actually, in effect, kind of learned what guys liked in sex. Or at least, what the ones I'd had sex with liked. They liked to ride me like a wild bull!

Although mixed in with that, at least with professor Craig, he seemed to enjoy teasing me, too, making me writhe and twist and moan. But wasn't that just a part of being in control? Did I want that? Or did I want to be in control? I wasn't sure. I know in most things I wanted to be in charge, or at least, to have a say. But really, if I let them do something I was having a say, in that sense. And examining myself, I liked being ridden like a bitch in heat. I liked being fucked! And I liked the sensation of letting guys do stuff to me, of being out of control.

Did I want to be able to tease and torment a guy the way Professor Craig had done to me? I wasn't sure. I didn't think so. And I didn't think most of them wanted that either. Why did I want to cede control during sex? Was it some kind of instinct? Was it because in Montana, the guy had to be in charge in order to be 'manly'?

And frankly, I liked my men manly!

I felt smugly pleased with myself on a number of levels. I'd done what I set out to do, which was find a guy to satisfy that hunger which had been so distracting. I'd also, get this, seduced my professor! That was both a cliché and a wild, exciting accomplishment, at least to me. It wasn't one I was going to tell a whole

lot of people, of course, not just yet, but it made me feel quite sophisticated.

Not sophisticated enough to do a threesome with Lily and her boyfriend, though! She was kind of hinting and coaxing me about it but I was like, no way. Although to be honest, the thought of it wasn't really that shocking. I mean, Lily would be there too but really, I figured the plan was to mostly work on Jeff, and maybe pantomime a little girl on girl action for his sake.

I had nothing against Jeff, and I liked Lily, but while the notion of engaging in a threesome was kind of hot, in a steamy fantasy sort of way, actually doing it in real life was something else again.

The next weekend I went back to Professor Craig's. I'd been looking forward to it all week! I had read up some more on the internet about how to drive a guy crazy in bed, and been doing some tongue exercises, and also some kegels, but I knew it would take a while to strengthen my muscles.

I had promised Nathan – Professor Craig – that I'd wear my thong bikini. Of course, first I had to actually buy one, but that didn't turn out to be very difficult. It wasn't like I was ever going to wear it around anyone else, after all! So I got a tiny little black bikini bottom which consisted of a thin triangle over my sex with a string which plunged down from my hips, and a little strip up between my buttocks.

We kissed at the door, and he guided me through to the back yard. I shrugged off jeans and shirt and posed for him playfully, feeling a little giddy and slutty and excited before he'd even touched me.

Then he insisted on putting on suntan oil. Only this time, he left my bikini on to do it and just worked his hands in under my cups, and then down the front of my thong. Oh yes, he liked to tease, did Nathan! He had me wriggling and grinding against him breathlessly as he rubbed at my clit, his oily fingers down the front of my bottom.

Then he acted like he'd done nothing and suggested we sit down and have a drink!

“Bastard!” I gasped, my pussy throbbing.

He grinned, a twinkle in his eyes. “You know, naughty little girls who mouth off

to their teachers sometimes get spanked. You better watch your lips, little girl”

I snorted. “I know where you'd like my lips to be, Professor Craig!”

He grinned back, giving my breast a squeeze. “I'm sure we'll get there. In the fulness of time.”

I gripped his shirt front and pulled him towards me, or, well, mostly pulled myself towards him.

“I want your cock in me now!” I growled.

“Do you?” he asked. “Is your hot little pussy aching to be filled, Willow?”

I blushed a bit. “Yes,” I said.

He squeezed my ass, then lifted me up and slowly sat down, with me straddling him. I slid my arms around him and started kissing him as he kissed back, but then he leaned forward, further and further. There was a low, round, metal table on the deck, which matched the chairs. It was sturdy and stylish and he lay me down on it with my ass on the edge, then he knelt and tugged my thong aside to bare my oiled pussy.

I moaned as his tongue slid teasingly along my slit, gently gliding up and down. His thumbs pressed into the sides of my pussy and eased the lips apart, and his tongue pushed deeper, sliding up across my clit. Then he abandoned any pretense of waiting, or so I thought, as he began to lap at my clit while his fingers pushed into me.

It took very little time for me to be writhing and moaning and gasping in heated pleasure. As I'd discovered with Dave the feel of a tongue and lips against my clit was enough to make me almost feverish with excitement and heat.

But then he eased back, even as I felt his fingers pull free. I arched involuntarily, moaning, pushing myself out towards him, eagerly waiting his tongue's return. Instead he produced a black dildo, a very realistic shaped one, which he pushed into me. The feel of the penetration almost made me come, and I shuddered and spread my legs even wider, groaning and squeezing my breasts through my bra cups as it slid deeper, oiled and slick and delicious as it spread me open.

It was not a giant one, but quite thick, and though it ached a bit, he managed to get the whole thing inside me. I raised my head, panting for breath, and saw him pushing against the base, even as the lips of my sex began to close behind it. Then he tugged my bikini bottom back in place, and pulled me up to my feet. I stared at him, chest heaving, flushed with heat, confused.

“Now, about that drink,” he said. “What would you like?”

I gaped at him.

“You bastard!” I cried, partly in outraged amusement, partly just in outrage.

“Patience is the key to good sex, Willow,” he said.

I was practically trembling with the intensity of the sexual pressure he'd raised within me and he was telling me to have patience!

But it was kinky and wicked and exciting and besides, what else was I going to do?

So we sat sipping while he tried to turn me into a trembling ball of goo and I tried to pretend he was having no effect.

The table had been sitting between the two chairs last time. Now it was in front, and so he was within easy reach of me, something he took full advantage of. But he also seemed to be trying to get me to talk dirty, to describe things I'd done in very intimate detail. And doing so was... wildly exciting for some reason. I described how it felt to be fucked outside the frat house by Dave, the different positions he took me in, and even what my orgasm felt like.

I'd told him about Brad and the black guy before, but now he wanted much more detail, including what positions we'd done it in, and what I felt like, both physically and emotionally. He wouldn't let me gloss over things, and it was freaky and bizarre, and bizarrely arousing to be describing how it felt to have Brad's cock sliding up my ass while sucking the Black guy.

I was trying to arouse him, too, laying it on hot and heavy, maybe even exaggerating a little – though I really didn't have to exaggerate given how wild that scene had been. And as I spoke, from time to time, he would reach over and squeeze my breast, or pluck at my nipples, or rub at my pussy. And I was

incredibly sensitive down there. It was like.. like the base of the dildo was pushing out against the soft flesh behind my clit, which made the pressure of my bikini bottom, or a finger, so much more intense.

“Fuck me, Nathan!” I said again, overheated and wanting relief.

“Beg me,” he said with a smirk.

“Please fuck me,” I begged, too hot to care about minor things like pride.

“Maybe in a little while.”

“Now!” I said, starting to get upset.

“Take off your suit and lay down on the table.”

It sounded clinical but I didn't care, I tore off my bikini top and slid off my bottoms and sat down on the table, then lay back, spreading my legs.

“What a view,” he sighed.

I smirked and ran my hands slowly up and down my slick body, over my breasts, then down between my legs, moaning a little as my hand put pressure on the base of the dildo.

“Ease the dildo out a little.”

I spread myself open, gripping the base with two fingers, and pulled it slowly out.

“Fuck yourself with it,” he said, pulling his cock out of his bathing suit.

I moaned and obeyed, but with every stroke I felt a hot flush of shock and realization. He was staring at me and I was... masturbating! But my God, masturbation had never felt like this before! He was sitting not two feet away, staring at me as I pumped the dildo in and out of my overheated body. And while at first I thought to just put on a slutty show to entice him to shove that cock of his into me the pressure which had built up made it impossible not to react to the physical sensation of that dildo moving in and out of me.

My trembling fingers sought my clit and I cried out helplessly, rubbing my clit as I fucked myself with the dildo. He was watching, his fingers around his cock, and I was in a state of wild emotional turmoil, shocked at what I was doing, but in a wildly exciting way as I masturbated to an incredible climax right in front of him,

I lay back, moaning, panting, spreadeagled, really, on that low, round table, chest heaving, body glistening with suntan oil, the dildo jammed inside me.

He slid forward slowly then bent over me, kissing me, half laying atop me, his hand gliding up and down my body. His thick cock was trapped between us, between his warm belly and mine, as his tongue twisted softly against my own. We kissed for a long minute, as my own hands rose to caress his shoulders and arms and chest.

Then he slid slowly down my body, tonguing, sucking, chewing lightly at my breasts and nipples, then licking his way back down between my legs. He pushed the dildo fully inside me once again, then started mouthing my clit, sucking and massaging it with his lips, stroking it with his tongue, and slowly rousing the heat within me once more.

I moaned softly, watching him, my hips undulating, head flooding my body so that my breathing became more rapid and shallow, my skin flushing once more as I stared up at the sky, then down at him, gripping his hair now to try to urge him to lick harder. He took the message, and I gasped and cursed, releasing his hair, arching, moaning as I approached a second orgasm.

And of course, he stopped – again.

“Nathan!” I moaned.

He found my thong and slid it back up my legs, then pulled me up and insisted I put my bra on again. I felt rebellious and resentful, but also aroused and excited and wondering what nasty thing he would think of next. I was still in something of a state of wonder that I'd masturbated with a dildo right in front of him like that! My God!

I sat down again, groaning a little at the pressure of the dildo inside me. And we talked again about sex, and this time he wanted me to tell him about my sexual fantasies, the nastier the better. Well, you know, you rarely tell such things to

anyone, not even your boyfriend sometimes. But the weird thing was he wasn't my boyfriend. He and I knew romance was not what I was looking for, and I don't think he was either.

That put our relationship on a strange level, a very intimate one but without strings or ties. It was, I suppose, an ideal thing for a guy, but I was shocked at myself for being involved in such a thing. At the same time it was such a freeing experience! Our mutual interest was sex and that was that! And I could tell him things without having to worry about them getting out.

I'd barely started, though, when we heard the sound of the doorbell coming from inside the house. He had left the back door open except for the screen, and now we both looked at it, then he got up and climbed the stairs to the back door and went inside. I was a bit put out, wondering if he couldn't have simply ignored it. I mean, there I was telling him about a fantasy of being captured by Arabs in the desert and taken as a harem girl and he just ignores me to answer the door!

I was even more put-out when I heard voices coming closer, because that meant it was going to be more of a delay until I could get the satisfaction I wanted. I was almost as hot as I'd been before masturbating, and the feel of the dildo inside me was making my pussy squeeze and clutch at it as though I was having muscle spasms.

He pushed through the screen door and came out onto the upper deck, then another guy came out behind him. I felt suddenly flustered, remembering I was sitting here in a tiny bikini and thong! I had never been in public in a thong before! Thankfully, I was sitting down, and hoped the guy wouldn't stay long. Hey, three's a crowd, buddy!

He was about Nathan's age, but with broader shoulders and thicker arms and chest. In fact, he was a bit like Dave in that respect, and the tight t-shirt he was wearing did little to disguise how muscular he was. He wasn't bad looking either, for an old guy. He had a square cut jaw, nice eyes, and thick, shaggy blonde hair with sideburns.

He looked like the proverbial California surfer boy, only about ten or fifteen years past his prime, and he was wearing shorts and carrying a beer which meant, I realized, he wasn't leaving any time soon.

And then I suddenly felt a shock-wave run through me. I 'd told Nathan about

doing two guys at once before. Did he invite this guy over with that in mind?! Had he told him about me!? I felt my face flushing at the very thought. I didn't even know this guy and he might know... And what did he expect?! Did he expect to fuck me!? Had Nathan told him there was some blonde slut here who would take on all comers!?

Of course, I didn't know that was the case, but my mind was whirling with thoughts and emotions, and what I ought to do.

There was a wooden bench running around the edge of the deck, and he sat casually one one, facing us as Nathan sat next to me.

“This is Mike,” Nathan said. “He works in the athletic department.”

“I wouldn't have guessed,” I said, hoping my voice sounded steady.

It was hard meeting his eyes, but he didn't leer or anything, and I reconsidered what Nathan might have told him, feeling a little calmer. Maybe it was just coincidence he'd shown up this afternoon.

At least he hadn't shown up when we were...

And then my mind flashed back to me laying across the table masturbating, and I imagined him walking in on that. The thought was scalding, but not just in an embarrassing way. There was suddenly something darkly exciting about that thought, as well. I mean, shit, I was sitting here wearing a tiny thong, and with a dildo stuffed up inside me! God! What if he knew!? What if Nathan had told him!?

“Mike's sad and unenviable task is to deal with athletes all day,” Nathan said.

“It's not so bad,” Mike said with a soft grin. “One of the benefits is you can talk to them a lot more forcefully than you can kids in a logic class.”

“I suppose that's true,” Nathan said. “I can't exactly curse out my students and threaten to kick their asses, as much as I might occasionally want to.”

“So are you, like, a coach?” I asked, still having difficulty meeting his gaze, but... curious.

“No. I'm a trainer. I work with students on conditioning, whether they're with the football, basketball, baseball volleyball or whatever team. Some of them think they're God's gift to the world, and don't realize that their body needs to be perfect to make it to the next level.”

“A room full of perfect bodies. I could go for that,” I said, starting to feel a strange little sense of sexual pressure.

“They're far from perfect,” Mike said. “In fact, they're lazy, most of them, and don't want to put the effort in.”

“Like me,” Nathan said with a smile.

“You work with your mind. These guys want to be able to sell their bodies. That means those bodies have to be in perfect shape.”

“You're training prostitutes?” I asked lightly.

“They work with their bodies too,” Mike said. “And the better shape they're in the more money they'll make, right?”

“I guess.”

“Difference is, a young woman's body doesn't need a whole lot of work to be valuable. An athlete's body is different. They need three hours or more of conditioning a day.”

He looked me up and down. “Do you exercise much, Willow?”

I shook my head.

“But you still have a great body,” he said, in a way which made me flush.

“Toning it would make it even better, of course. But it looks pretty damned good from where I sit now.”

“From where I sit, too,” Nathan said with a grin.

“So without doing any work you have a great body. But an athlete needs far more than looks. He needs a body in peak physical form, and that takes a lot of

hard work these guys don't like to put in.”

“But her body isn't going to have to meet the demands of an athlete's body,” Nathan said.

“No, her body only has to do some fairly easy things that don't put a lot of strain on it.

All this talk about my body was doing something to my head. I mean, there I was, horny, wearing a little thong bikini, with a dildo stuffed up me, and two guys talking about my body. One of them had just licked me, and the other, well, he was hot looking. And it occurred to me that the normal rules weren't in play. I mean, Nathan wasn't my boyfriend, so it wasn't like he should be jealous of anything, and I didn't have to worry about my reputation with either of these grown men.

And I had fucking loved it when two guys did me before.

Oh yes, that was on my mind, and my heart started to beat faster, and my pussy started to throb more powerfully as the possibilities occurred to me and thoughts and emotions swirled and shifted inside my mind.

It was hot outside, and while me and Nathan were under an umbrella, Mike wasn't.

“It's fucking hot,” he said.

“Take a dip,” Nathan said with a crooked smile.

Mike peeled his t-shirt up and off, and oh my, did that look nice! He kicked off his sandals, and dove into the pool in his shorts. I bit my lip as I watched him, and then noticed Nathan behind me, rising and jumping in as well.

They dove and swam around some while my heart pounded as I thought about whether I could or should or wanted to join them. I was in a fucking thong! I had not put it on with the thought of anyone seeing me but Nathan, who had already seen me but...

But I was hot, and –

And I had a dildo inside me! Shit!

“Come on in, Willow,” Mike called.

Shit! Shit! Double shit!

“Come on,” Nathan called. “Don't be a princess. Your hair will dry.”

I scowled at him. He knew very well that wasn't what was delaying me!

Go for it, something in the back of my mind said.

I got up, pulse racing, and dove into the pool.

Of course, that started a game of “let's toss the blonde girl around”.

They weren't rough about it, and weren't crude about it either. And under other circumstances it actually would have been fun. Mike was really strong, and he'd put link his fingers and let me put a foot in, then fling me up into the air to land with a splash.

But that still meant our bodies pressing together, touching, grasping his shoulder, my breast pushing against his arm, and that dildo still stuffed into my dripping wet (in more ways than one) pussy!

I got hotter and hotter. I felt my control slipping, not just of myself, but of the situation. And I didn't know if I even wanted to get it back. Nathan lifted me out of the water, one arm under my back, the other under my legs, tossing me to Nathan. Nathan tossed me back, and my body and theirs kept touching, rubbing, caressing... My nipples were rock hard, and Nathan began to touch me, under the water, or when Mike wasn't looking, rubbing my ass, my breasts, and pressing lightly against my pussy.

They each grasped a leg, lifting me up out of the waist high water, while I balanced precariously, a hand on each of their shoulders. But my legs were wide apart, and I felt desperately aware of the dildo, but couldn't look down to see if it could possibly be visible.

“Hmm, what should we do with a pretty blonde with her legs spread?” Nathan asked.

“I can think of a few things,” Mike said with a grin.

“You guys!” I protested weakly.

But I didn't push off, or try to jump away.

They moved with me in their hands, so that I had to tighten my grip on their shoulders, and then they dropped me slowly, in the corner of the pool, with my body inches from theirs. My eyes were huge, I'm sure, as Nathan grinned down at me, and I began to get the sinking – and wildly exciting – feeling that I had been right, that Mike knew.

Nathan leaned in and kissed me, and pulled back. Then Mike leaned in and kissed me. I was more startled with him, my hands pressing against his chest. But his kiss was... volcanic! He seized my head in his big hands and kissed me hard, deep, and passionately. I moaned into his mouth even as he eased back. But then I felt my hair gripped behind me. I felt my head pulled up and back, and I gasped, arching back across the lips of the pool.

Mike leaned in to chew lightly along the nape of my neck on one side as Nathan did the same on the other. I felt Nathan's other hand sliding down my body to cup my pussy while Mike cupped one of my breasts.

Oh fuck! This wasn't happening!

They pulled my bra cups down and both bent to suck and chew on one of my nipples.

I was lifted bodily out of the water to lay on the edge, and my bikini was soon off as they spread my legs. Mike stood in the pool, bent over and started licking me as Nathan knelt over my face and pushed his cock into my mouth. It was insane! But my body and mind churned with sexual heat and I eagerly gripped Nathan's hips as I took his cock into my mouth.

Mike's tongue was even more skilled than Nathan, and my hips began to buck and jerk in helpless spasms as the pressure built up within me. My mind was overwhelmed by the heat and lust and wildness of it all, and I screamed, or tried to, as the orgasm overcame me. Fortunately for the peace of the neighborhood Nathan pushed his cock deep into my throat, and I was left to writhe and twist and buck in violent, but silent pleasure as the sexual pressure exploded inside

me.

They dragged me away from the pool, and put me on all fours. Nathan knelt before me as I took him back into my mouth, and then Mike pulled the dildo free and slid his own thick cock into my eagerly welcoming body. God it felt so good to finally have a cock inside me! I grunted and moaned like a horny slut as the two men used me, as their hands raced over my body and their cocks pumped in and out of me.

I felt a finger prodding at my ass, then wriggling inside me as Mike continued to ride me. Then, a short time later, the dildo was pushed into my ass. Deep! I moaned at the added pressure, at the sense of fullness inside me, and then exploded into another massive orgasm with gleeful abandon!

And that was far from the end of it.

The following week I returned, and Nathan had a second dildo. Mike and he worked them into my body, front and back, and then, Nathan continued taunting and teasing me. Only now there were two men there. I was naked. I had two dildos stuffed up me, and they wanted me to tell them my fantasies and talk dirty about how much I loved to suck cock, and how much I loved being fucked.

I was actually laying on my back on the table masturbating this time, when the doorbell rang.

Nathan grinned at my shocked look, and then got up to get the door. I froze, then sat up, gingerly, and pushed the dildo in my pussy all the way in, reaching for my thong.

Mike stood up and pulled me against him, kissing me as I twisted and wriggled.

“Mike!” I gasped, staring helplessly at the doorway.

“You're here for a wild time, baby. Isn't that true?”

I was, of course but...

The door opened and a strange man came through with Nathan. He was about the same age, in his mid thirties, and he didn't seem surprised to see me. I gasped, red faced, trying to hide, but Mike pulled my arms behind me and turned

me to face him as the guy walked over. He was good looking, with a nice body, and very intense, beautiful blue eyes.

He kissed me gently on the lips, and his lips melted against mine, slowly, the passion of the kiss growing until I lost myself to it.

I wound up kneeling on the deck, with a cock in each hand and a third in my mouth. They stood hip to hip, the two on the end kind of angled in towards me as I traded one cock for the other, sucking, while pumping the others, then shifting. Meanwhile, of course, I still had two dildos stuffed up inside me.

Oh fuck it was wild!

And then Nathan lay along the wooden bench and I straddled him, taking his cock deep into my pussy. Mike moved behind me, pulled the dildo out of my ass, and slid himself into my belly. The third guy, Dale, stood next to the bench while I sucked him.

Oh fuck, it was even wilder!

But it was sure educational!

Two thick cocks moved back and forth inside my throbbing belly as hands mauled my breasts and pulled at my hair. I moaned around Dale's cock as the three men thrust in and out, their cocks driving me to the edge of insanity as my own inner heat boiled over into an explosion of climaxes.

Multiple orgasms. I'd heard about it, but never thought to experience them. I came again and again and again, riding the roller coaster up to the peak to fall screaming over the edge, barely catch my breath, then start the ride up again. It was like nothing I'd ever felt or imagined, and I didn't want it to ever end.

I had confessed to Nathan my interest in becoming more expert at sex, and he was a teacher, after all. So that long summer, I learned just about everything there was to learn, from anal sex to bondage. And a few weekends later, it was Mike and his girlfriend teaching me exactly what fun a threesome could be, even with another girl involved.

College is supposed to be a time for having experiences and expanding your mind, and that first year certainly did that for me. I had the wildest experiences

any young woman could ever hope to, and learned a lot about sex, sexuality, and sensuality. Oh it wasn't all just hard, hot fucking. There was a lot of back story, including Mike's girlfriend Jennifer explaining how to turn a guy into a pool of jelly without ever even touching him.

Jennifer taught me how to be a real cock tease. While Nathan, Mike and often enough, Dale, taught me how to satisfy those teased cocks.

It was surely not the sort of education my family expected me to receive in California, but the good part was they were in Montana. And so I had the freedom to explore and learn without worrying about people back home learning of it. That was an incredible opportunity and I took full advantage.

As for the second year, well, there was still more to learn, but I'll tell you about it another time.

Other erotic novels by JJ Argus

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