

Educate Me Please

Matt Coolomon

Sweetly Submissive

Seduced by Older Men

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Edited by S.H. Madonna

X-Rated

High level erotic content

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From the creative human minds of Matt & Maddy. Each Coolomon erotic story is conceived, written and enhanced by a male author & a female editor with you, our bad boy/naughty girl reader in mind.

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Feeling a Little Vulnerable

Catherine

The vibration of the jet ski was tingling all through me and adding to the thrill of this older man's hands on my bare tits. Andy kept feeling me up and playing with my nipples all the way back to the resort. I was still topless when we entered the maintenance building and pulled up at the small indoor boat ramp. The old maintenance guy George was there with a young worker about my friend Robbie's age who was having a good look while I searched in my bag for my bikini top.

I stood facing the men while I put on my top and I smiled at them before finally covering my boobs. I was already trying to think of how I could ditch Robbie after dinner and sneak off to Andy's room.

As soon as we left the boat house Robbie was at me. "I can't believe you wanted to strip for those old guys. You showed them everything!"

"Well, it was exciting!" I cuddled close. "Don't you want this vacation to be exciting?"

Robbie kept his arm around me as we walked. "Yes, I want it to be exciting, but I didn't know we were going to some nudist beach."

"But I feel like I'm learning about sex finally. Don't you?"

"Learning about it? What do you mean?"

I cuddled up in the elevator. "Well, so far it's just been kid's stuff, and this is a chance to see what adults do. I think if we hang out with a guy like Andy it's going to be more exciting for us together. I think I might want to go further than we have before."

"Further?" Robbie echoed. "You mean?"

"I mean, I think so," I said with a kiss. "So far I've been saying no because I wasn't sure we would know what to do, but these older men have a way of looking at me that feels different. I think we should do more of what they say and see what happens."

"See what happens between us?" Robbie asked, stopping me in the hallway at

my door. He kissed me and I responded. “So, you’re saying the more we hang around with these old dudes the more chance we might go further?”

“Yeah, I think so,” I uttered. “Let’s make this vacation like a time out from the boring stuff at home, okay?”

After dinner I couldn’t give Robbie the slip and we ended up down by the pools with me having to convince him that I should go and meet Andy alone.

“But I don’t get it. How come you have to go up there? Why doesn’t he come down here?”

“Because we’re all adults, aren’t we?” I explained. “Friends can meet in a hotel room, can’t they?”

“But you look really hot,” Robbie complained.

I kissed him. “Don’t you like me to look hot?”

“Yeah, but not for him!”

“Well, I need to – I don’t know – break out or something. I feel like I need to experience this before we can go all the way ourselves.”

Robbie sulked in response. “So, are you saying you want to experience something with him?”

“I don’t know. Maybe,” I answered softly. “I just feel like we have a lot to learn, and he seems so confident when he looks at me. Like he knows what he wants.”

“I know what I want too!” Robbie shot back.

“No, it’s like with an older man he knows he can have what he wants. It’s like I can’t even move when a man looks at me like that.”

“Looks at you like what?” Robbie whimpered that time. “I don’t get it.”

“I know you don’t understand, Robbie. That’s why we need to open up to these older men. Or even to an older woman! You should get a milf,” I said with a giggle.

“What, you want me to bone some old woman now?”

“Well yeah, why not? Imagine what a real older woman could teach you about how to give an orgasm.”

Robbie blushed at that. “I don’t need lessons from some wrinkly old hag.”

I kissed him again, not wanting to argue further. “Well, I should go,” I said as I stood up. “Are you going to wait for me here?”

“How long are you gonna be up there?” Robbie sulked again. “I can’t believe you’re gonna see him in his room!”

“We’ll probably just have some champagne and talk,” I said warmly. “I won’t be long.”

With that I left Robbie staring after me and went back into the resort foyer, walking on tingling legs over to the elevators, amazed Robbie even let me go! The room was only on the first level, so I was there and standing at the door a moment later. My whole body was tingling and numb as I knocked.

The door opened and Andy stood there smiling in a pair of jeans and a tee-shirt that was stretched over his man muscles. He looked me up and down then took my hand and guided me into the room, handing me a champagne glass as I walked by.

“So, you managed to sneak away?” he asked.

“Sort of. Robbie’s down at the pool.”

Andy took a seat on the couch beside me. “And he knows you’re up here?”

“Yes.”

There was a gap between us. I edged around to face the older man. His eyes lowered to my legs and I bit down on my smile.

He grinned. “It was fun today, wasn’t it?”

“It was exciting. I’ve never done anything like that before.”

“You certainly gave some men a thrill with your pussy shaved bare like that. And the way you let your knees part to give them a good look.” He stroked my thigh, edging my skirt up a bit.

“I liked looking at you men too.” I blushed. “Plus it’s easier to see everything with a man, so I thought it would be unfair if I kept my legs together.”

“Hmm, that’s a good way to look at it. I agree completely,” Andy said, kissing me. “We probably should do it again tomorrow. What do you think?”

“Okay,” I uttered in reply.

I sipped the champagne and raised my arm out of the way while Andy felt up under my top and played with my nipples. I lifted myself while he pulled my panties down and took them from my ankles. There seemed to be nothing to say. He was going to do whatever he wanted.

“We might keep your little top on. It will be fun watching your tits bounce out of it while we’re fucking,” he said, and he bent to me and kissed my mouth gently, with his tongue rigid, poking at my lips.

I responded while still clutching my drink and trying not to spill it. Andy lifted my top and sucked on one of my breasts, covering it with his mouth and working my nipple with his tongue. I caught my breath and braced as the rush of hot tingles scampered all over my body, focusing especially between my legs. I arched up and offered myself as he moved across and attacked my other breast.

“You’re sure you’re okay with this?” he asked warmly as he came up for a breath.

“Mmm, I’m sure, aah...” I moaned, and he sucked my right breast into his mouth again. I parted my thighs as I felt his hand move towards my pussy, the anticipation was making my head spin.

Andy continued rubbing back and forth, but he was also squeezing my inner thighs and kind of forcing my legs wider apart. When his fingers finally touched my slit I braced and waited, but he didn’t penetrate me with them. Instead he opened my pussy lips and slipped down to slice his tongue between them.

I moaned again, in shock and rapture.

“Fuck you’re wet,” the older man said, breathing into my pussy, grinning as he looked up from down there. He had my leg over his shoulder and was still holding the lips of my pussy open with his fingers. “Your body is definitely ready for some cock.” He looked back down then licked and went back to sucking my clit. “It’s amazing how wet you are already.”

“Is that okay?” I uttered, and I bucked and squirmed against the feel of the guy’s mouth and his tongue licking me. My legs were being forced further open. I was completely exposed. I still held the glass in my hand and had spilt the champagne.

With my other hand I held onto the man's head. It was moving back and forth and around and around as his tongue swirled. My usual orgasm built quickly and exploded through my belly, and as it did, Andy held still and kept his tongue pressed against my clit.

When that climax passed he started licking me again, but he was thankfully avoiding my throbbing little button just then. He was licking my juices and kissing my inner thighs, then he worked his way back up my body and spent some more time on my breasts. He still had my legs spread, and I could feel his erection pressing through his jeans.

He eventually lifted me and carried me into the bedroom, where he placed me on the bed. He was grinning and looking down at me, and I kept my legs open for him. He pulled off his tee-shirt and pushed down his jeans and underwear. His cock was standing upright and bulging with veins. I swallowed nervously, thinking how the hell it was going to fit inside of me. It was very thick.

I also had a sudden flash of doubt. I thought of Robbie and imagined him sitting down there looking up at the window. I sort of closed my legs, wanting to say something. Andy was getting on the end of the bed with his penis flexing in readiness to stab into me. But just then his cell phone rang, and he reached for his jeans and took it from the pocket.

He stood up and turned away, and I hugged my knees to my chest waiting, and really wanting to find my panties and run. From what Andy was saying it sounded like a business colleague needed to meet with him urgently. My hopes of getting out of there grew.

“Fuck I've got to go!” Andy said as he tossed his phone aside. “We're gonna have to do this later.”

“That's okay,” I agreed quickly. “I don't mind.”

Andy knelt on the bed beside me and stroked hair from my face. “Do you want to suck me off though? Just a quick blowjob so I don't end up with blue balls.”

“Um – I don't – um.... I don't really know how,” I lied nervously. Actually it wasn't a lie. I didn't feel confident that I could give a good blowjob yet.

Andy was holding his cock in his fist and still stroking my head. He moved

closer, pulling me forward. “It’s easy,” he said, grinning.

I opened and allowed him to force the head of his penis into my mouth. I thought of the few times I had done it before and used my lips while keeping my teeth from scratching the shaft as it was moving in and out. I used my tongue to lick around the head and could taste the fluid seeping from the slit in the end.

“Yeah, that’s good, now let’s make this quick. The best way to get a guy off fast is with your mouth and your hand.”

I listened intently to this. It was like a lesson, and I really needed lessons if I was going to be able to pleasure men properly, like girls are supposed to.

The guy went on. “Okay, just a bit of sucking to wet the head and then nice and fast with your hand.... Yeah, like that,” he groaned as I did it. “That’s good, now back in your mouth,” he went on, thrusting when I opened my lips over the head again. “Okay, now back with your hand again, and keep your fingers rubbing right up over the head.”

I did exactly as I was told.

“Oh fuck yeah!” Andy gasped as his head shot back.

I liked the control I suddenly had over this older man. I stroked him fast and used my fingers over the head for a little bit, then I took the head back in my mouth and let him thrust a few times.

He was going crazy for more, and I stroked with my hand then took him back in my mouth, over and over, but not long enough either way to let him finish off.

His penis was like steel with a spongy coating, and it was so hot. This was a lot easier and much more fun than I thought it would be.

I kept going back and forth, from a few seconds stroking really fast to closing my eyes and sucking the head into my mouth and rolling my tongue around it while it was being thrust in and out.

Each time I went back to using my hand, the guy would buck and squirm and sort of screw up his face like he was in agony. Then when I took it back in my mouth he would groan, and I could feel his shaft throb with his huge balls clenched up tight within my hand.

I kept it up for long enough that my arm started to ache from stroking, but the guy's excitement drove me on, then one time when I took the head of his penis back into my mouth, it was different. Andy didn't try to thrust. He just held my head still and his penis expanded, then a spurt of semen gushed up against the roof of my mouth and leaked into my throat, so I swallowed it. Then that was followed by another spurt and another one. It was hot and salty and tasted like his scent.

I looked up to meet the older man's eyes with his penis still pulsing.

He grinned. "That's right, swallow it all for me."

I gulped some more down, my eyes watering. The taste was yucky, but I liked the way he was obviously enjoying himself. I was still high on the thrill of making him go crazy like that, and the fact I was feeling a little vulnerable, being held in place with a penis in my mouth, was actually exciting too. It was still leaking fluid and I swallowed again, with the taste of semen absolutely filling my senses.

"So, that was really your first blowjob?" Andy asked as he released me and withdrew his cock from my mouth.

"No, not exactly." I swallowed at the strong masculine taste. "I've done it before but I'm not sure how to make it feel nice for a guy yet."

"Well, that was perfect!"

"Was it really?" I cuddled my knees to my chest again. "It would be good if I could do that really well so guys would enjoy it. Or men, rather, not just guys my age."

Andy grinned. "Yeah? So, you want to be good at sucking men's cocks?" He was hurriedly getting dressed. "I'll give you some more practice tomorrow if you like."

"Okay," I replied, blushing. "I want to learn how you like it."

Andy was ready to run. He kissed me. "See you at the boathouse in the morning. About 10?"

"Okay," I called after him.

I was left alone in the hotel room, and I found my panties and pulled them on. Then I had a look around the place, touching Andy's things and looking in

his wardrobe and that. I was relieved he hadn't actually had intercourse with me, but the idea of getting lessons in how to give blowjobs was exciting. I was certainly willing to put up with the taste of semen if it meant being able to control a man's body and make him go crazy like that.

I found Robbie where I had left him. He looked sad, but his eyes lit up when he saw me. He was full of questions about what happened, but I just took his hand and led him into the gardens. I dragged him into a secluded corner that was quite dark and we would be able to see anyone approaching.

I dropped to my knees in front of him and looked up with a smile. "You keep a look out," I said.

I started tugging at his shorts and he froze in place with his eyes bulging. I let his shorts drop, and I pulled his underpants down. His penis sprung free and instantly expanded. I hadn't even touched it yet, and it was fully erect and sticking straight up.

I held it down and took it in my mouth. It was smaller than Andy's and not as thick, so I could take most of it in. I sucked it and swirled my tongue around the head while Robbie clung to the back of a garden bench and buckled at the knees.

"Oh fuck!" he cried. "Oh shit!"

I used the technique I had just learned. I stroked fast over the head for like 10 seconds then sunk half of Robbie's penis into my mouth. Robbie would then thrust like Andy did, but he was more urgent and erratic. And it was only the third time I took it in my mouth that he bucked and started ejaculating.

He came hard and I swallowed it all down. The taste wasn't as powerful as Andy's. It was still distinctly masculine though, and I enjoyed sucking the last few spurts.

"Did you like that?" I asked sweetly, looking up at Robbie.

"Oh fuck! Oh Catherine, that was amazing!"

"You see! That's what I was talking about," I went on. "He just taught me exactly how to do that and make it feel nice."

"So, you did that for him too?" Robbie asked, putting himself away rather defensively.

I nodded. “Uh huh, my eyes are still watering from the taste of his, but it’s probably stronger with older men, I suppose.”

His Kisses Were Overpowering

Catherine

Robbie and I arrived at the boathouse at 10am the next morning to find Andy there waiting with old George, who had taken the day off work to spend with us. There was only the three jet skis, and Robbie still wasn't experienced enough to double me.

"No, we couldn't allow that for safety reasons," George explained. "You can ride with me for a while though," he said to me, and he took my hand and offered me a place in front. "Better let Andy and your young fellow have a race around for a bit first, and we'll just cruise along behind nice and quiet."

Andy just smiled and took off. Robbie looked concerned, but Andy was calling for him to race. I straddled the jet ski in front of the old man, and he gave me the controls while his big rough hands held my waist.

I wasn't very confident handling the ski, so I just rode along slowly and tried to avoid any uneven water as best I could. The water was actually calm, but Robbie and Andy were zooming back and forth making little waves that I had to negotiate.

We were halfway between the resort and the beach we had gone to the day before. Robbie and Andy had gone closer to shore to catch a bit of surf, but I stayed away from that. I was happy just poking along quietly, although I could feel what I thought was the old man's erection pressing against my back. He was still holding my waist, but as we cruised along he started feeling me a little bit. I had on a tank top and shorts over my bikini.

Old George slipped a hand under the bottom of my tank top and squeezed my side. Then he felt his way upward to the bottom of my bikini top. I held my breath as his thick fingers lifted the fabric and worked their way beneath.

He started feeling my bare breast, just squeezing softly and thumbing my nipple. I kept my arm up a little and out of his way, giving him room. He still had a hand resting at my waist and only felt me up with that one, but he had a feel of both breasts. He fondled one for a while then moved to the other, all the while keeping his hand underneath my bikini top.

His hand was still under my top when Andy and Robbie came back. Robbie

rode alongside and I met his eyes after they had lifted from where I was being felt up. He stayed alongside watching for a while and I didn't look across at him again. Then we reached the headland and George took over control of the ski to ride in through the surf.

There were only half a dozen people at the beach; all men. "Let's go up near those guys," Andy said, and he led off toward where three of the men were quite close together.

We walked past one old guy fully clothed, and he got up and followed after us sort of casually. Andy nodded a hello to the three men sunbathing and stopped just in front of them. They all looked at me, and the old guy following sat down on the sand facing the ocean, but he was watching out of the corner of his eye too.

Andy stripped off and lay down. George took off his shorts and shirt but kept his swimmers on. Robbie sat down off to one side while I was the centre of attention as I fixed my towel out ready to lie down. I looked around at the four strangers then bit my smile as I checked with Andy.

"You're going to strip for us again, aren't you?" He took out his phone from the shoulder bag he had brought and started filming with it. "Don't worry, I won't put this online or anything. It's just for me to remember you by, okay?"

"Okay," I uttered shyly. I slowly removed my top and shorts while Andy filmed from the same angle the three strangers had for a view. I remained facing the men watching and undid my bikini top. I looked directly at them and lowered it to show them my breasts. They all smiled, and I glanced away nervously. I took hold of my bikini pants and met the eyes of the clothed man who had walked around behind the others where he could see me full frontal. I watched his face as I lowered my pants enough that they could see my pussy. I kind of paused with them just pulled down a little like that.

"Turn around and bend over when you take them off," Andy said. "Let's have a look at you from behind."

I was in a daze. I would have done anything Andy suggested right then. I turned around and looked over my shoulder. George was back there too, so there were six men watching intently, and I bent over keeping my legs straight as I lowered my bikini pants to my ankles and stepped out of them.

Then I got down on my hands and knees and looked back at them again.

I knew they could all see my slit, pink and exposed behind my legs. Andy zoomed in and I waited while he did that. Then he crawled around close. “Do you want to lie down and spread your legs? We’re only staying for a little while.”

I lay back and closed my eyes as I opened my legs. I could feel their gaze upon me and I loved it. I loved being the centre of attention for these older men and I loved how they were all so interested in me.

After a while Robbie approached to get a drink from our bag. I opened my eyes, and he met my gaze and blush. He looked over my body, and I bit down on my smile when our eyes connected again. “Do you like me like this?” I whispered.

He glanced around at the men. “I just don’t know why you want to with them,” he whispered back.

I sat up and gave Robbie a kiss. “Maybe we could do what we did in the garden again tonight.”

Robbie sat down close. “Okay,” he said, grinning. “What about we do it this afternoon and tonight as well?”

“Maybe,” I teased. “Doing this makes me feel like doing that!”

“Does it?” Robbie asked with interest, and I nodded and smiled.

George woke from having dozed off. He stretched and yawned, and he looked from my tits slowly down my body to my shaved little pussy. I parted my knees a little more and glanced from him to Robbie, who was watching the old man. I was resting back on my hands with my knees bent up, and I relaxed them even more and allowed them to part further.

I met the gaze of one particular old man looking over at me. He was on his fat belly, but he lifted and rolled onto his side facing where I was lying. He was naked and his penis was erect. It was quite short but very thick and roped in engorged veins. It was sticking straight out from his body, and his massive balls were hanging down.

I looked up from his penis and met his eyes and smile. I blushed and looked back down at it. It flexed, and I watched with interest as it seemed to expand and flex again. I glanced up at the man’s face, but his gaze was focused on

my legs.

I kept watching his face as I opened my thighs wider for him. I wiggled my feet apart in the sand and spread my legs, and I lay there sort of entranced, gazing at the old man's cock and balls until I noticed Robbie also staring at my pussy and trying to hide his erection with his towel.

A few of the other men were looking over again too, and I watched their faces as they stared at my pussy. I loved the way their eyes widened whenever I moved, and I deliberately kept swaying my legs about to get their attention.

When Andy got back from his surf he said it was time to go. He and George had planned a bit of a party at George's bungalow, so we got back on the jet skis and headed for the resort.

I rode with Andy that time, and he kept my top pulled up over my tits so he could play with them. He did it in front of Robbie as well, with Robbie riding alongside watching.

When we got back to George's bungalow, George offered beers and poured wine for me. We played music and chatted and laughed. We were sitting around a small living room that opened onto a deck with the calm water lapping at it. It was very private, being the only living quarters on that side of the resort.

After a few drinks and with things very relaxed, Andy said to me, "So, how about going topless for us?"

"What, tomorrow?" I asked.

"Well, yeah. How about now as well?"

"Here?" I uttered. "Do you want me to?"

"Yeah. Keep your little shorts on and show us your tits, eh? Don't you want to?"

I was just coming back from the bathroom and still standing. I looked from Andy to old George, who was grinning. I met Robbie's eyes as I lifted my tank top up over my bikini. I slipped it off and put it down, then I held Robbie's gaze while I undid my bikini top and lowered it.

There was no question in my mind about it. I was going to undress for any

man who asked me to from now on. Or if any men, even total strangers, were trying to get a look up my skirt or down my top or something... well, I was going to dress for that now, and I was going to make it easy for them.

I couldn't wait to suck Andy off again, and I wanted to do that for old George as well.

I stayed topless for the men for the next few hours. During that time both Andy and old George cornered me once or twice and felt me up. Both men also kissed me, which was strange with George, since he was even older than my parents.

I let him do it though. Robbie was a bit drunk and paying more attention to his phone. And whenever I went to the kitchen or bathroom, one of the older men would follow me. I would submit and allow them to tongue kiss me while feeling my tits and rubbing up against me.

By mid-afternoon the beer was gone and Andy and Robbie went to get more. They didn't want to ride the jet skis after drinking, so they had to walk and would be gone for about half an hour. I was feeling lightheaded from the wine, but I didn't think I was drunk.

George took the opportunity alone with me and started kissing me. He was forcing his tongue into my mouth and feeling my breasts hard. He took my hand and pressed it against his crotch. I could feel his erection. It was enormous.

"Do you want to suck me off?" he said as he kissed me hard again.

"Okay," I whimpered. I was tingling all over and the thought of having the old man's penis in my mouth was very exciting.

He lifted me and carried me to his bed. "Let me taste you first," he said, and he pulled off my shorts and bikini pants.

I was powerless to say anything. My legs were spread wide and there was an old man's head buried between them with a tongue licking away at my pussy. I clung to the bed that smelled of the guy, and I ground myself against his whiskery face. He was sucking on me and working my clit with his tongue, and my usual orgasm built quickly and thumped through my tingling belly.

I was still in the grip of that when George kissed and sucked his way up to my boobs. I could feel him rubbing me, and I tried to grind against his fingers

but suddenly I felt my pussy being forced open, then there was a sharp pain that shot through my entire body. I started to scream but ended up biting down on the old man's hairy shoulder as I felt him thrust forward and fill me up with his huge penis.

He was inside of me. His heavy body was forcing my legs wide apart, and his big gut was squashing me. His hips were moving back and forth and his old dick was sliding in and out of my tight little slit.

I was being fucked, and I lay there staring at the ceiling while the pain gradually subsided, and something like my usual orgasm started to build. It was like the usual one but it seemed to be happening deeper inside, and I found myself lifting and grinding over the thick base of the cock that was penetrating me. I was squirming against it, trying to keep it in deeper for longer; trying to stir that orgasm and make it come.

I was stretched so tight around the man's cock, and I could feel it bumping against me deep inside. "You're on birth control aren't you sweetie?" he groaned into my ear.

"Uh huh... uh huh huh," I moaned as my orgasm peaked and thumped through me.

The old man held his huge upper body raised off me and humped me hard and deep. He had my little tits bouncing and quivering with each thrust, and I was moaning and wriggling around underneath him. I was close to going deeper into orgasm, and when it happened, the old man held his cock firmly up me and let me ride it.

He did that and I bucked and squirmed and moaned like crazy. Then he humped me hard and fast for a bit more and erupted forcefully, pumping his cum into me.

I relaxed onto him and waited until he stopped thrusting. I now had sperm from a really old man inside of me but I was still trying to get my mind around the depth and force of the orgasm that had just exploded through my body.

I lay there after George rolled off and got up. I watched him pull his pants back up, and when he left the room, I stood shakily and went to the dresser. I felt my poor little pussy. It was open and dripping. There was a thick dribble of the old man's cum running down my leg.

Andy appeared in the doorway. “Are you okay?” he asked warmly.

“Where’s Robbie?” I asked in reply.

“He didn’t come back. He met up with some other boys and said he’d be back soon.”

I sat on the edge of the bed with Andy sitting beside me and placing his arm around my shoulder. “So, old George fucked you, did he? I hope he didn’t force you.”

“No, he didn’t exactly force me. I just didn’t know he was going to, and before I knew it he was already inside me.”

“Did he hurt you?” Andy asked, stroking my hair.

“Well, it hurt at first but then it was okay,” I uttered.

Andy smoothed my forehead and kissed it softly. “Well, what if we continue on from where old George left off and we try to make this into something nice?” he breathed into my neck as he kissed me there and started feeling my nipple.

I squirmed a little, but he kissed my mouth again before I could say anything. His kisses were overpowering, and his hand slipped down over my belly, his fingers pressing against my pussy. “Okay then,” I uttered as he kissed my neck again. “But I think he came inside me, is that all right?”

Andy chuckled low into my ear, “Yeah. I don’t mind sloppy seconds.”

His fingers were inside of me. His muscles were rippling and the feel of his chest pressed against me was exciting. He wasn’t fat and flabby like the older man. He was actually quite handsome, and he was also getting very excited, which had the effect of making me feel attractive and more like a woman.

He rolled on top of me and used his powerful thighs to open mine. I felt his fingers spreading my pussy lips, then his penis stretching them. He entered me slowly, just poking it in a few inches then pulling back before forcing it in a little further.

I clung to the man’s body while I was being penetrated again. He was the second man to be on top of me in the same night, and my legs were spread wide, and I relaxed them and allowed it to happen. I liked the way men had been looking at me these past few days, and the thought settled in my mind

that now I was just letting them put their dicks in, giving them a place to relieve their excitement by letting them cum inside of me, which seemed only fair, I reasoned to myself.

Andy was forcing in deep and humping with his hips, sort of rolling them and stirring his penis around inside. Then he was withdrawing almost all the way out then spearing it back in. My belly soon started to tingle with the onset of another orgasm. I could feel it building deep again, and I started mashing my clit against the base of the guy's penis. It was like the last orgasm was still there and it was surging again. It built much quicker than the first time, though, and soon it was exploding through my body.

It went on and on then the man on top of me started losing control. His body was like iron with his muscles quivering as he surged up into me one last time and held firm. I felt his penis throbbing as he ejaculated. I felt it pulsing, and I thought I could feel the spurts of semen gushing. I just closed my eyes and smiled shyly to myself at the thought of what was inside of a second grown man's balls being deposited into my belly. And I imagined all the men at the beach emptying their big old balls inside of me as well, and the thought of that made me tingle all over some more.

When that man had finished, he stayed on top and kept his dick inside of me, and I lay there with my legs spread for him. He lifted to his elbows and was kissing me passionately, and I responded with my head spinning and my entire body still tingling.

He was still inside of me and still thrusting slowly. I felt him firming up again, and I bit down on my smile as he hugged me tight and started humping and grinding harder and faster. My orgasm hit again, thumping through my body even more forcefully than the other two times, and just as it did, his body tensed up. And with a final powerful surge he held firmly up me and ejaculated once more.

I met Robbie's eyes. He was standing in the bedroom doorway, swaying drunkenly and staring blankly at me being fucked.

I waited until the older man had finished emptying himself into me again, then I squirmed out from beneath him and left him lying there exhausted. I grabbed my clothes and pulled them on, and I took Robbie's hand and dragged him out of the bungalow and back toward the resort.

*

There was no one in Robbie's hotel room, so I pushed him back on his bed and straddled him, pulling down his pants. I was still soaked between the legs, and I lowered onto his erection and started grinding down on it. Robbie's eyes were wide and he just held my hips and let it happen. He lasted only a few minutes and ejaculated into my sopping wet heat.

"Was that nice?" I asked softly as I lay beside him, cuddling up to his chest.

"It was fucking awesome!" he declared. Though he was yawning, and within another few minutes he was asleep.

I snuck from the room and brushed by Mr Dale on my way out the door. I smiled back at him as he said something to me, but I kept going and closed the door of my apartment. Then I stripped off and got in the shower.

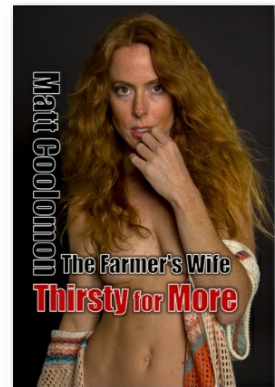
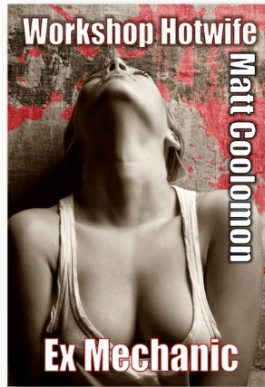
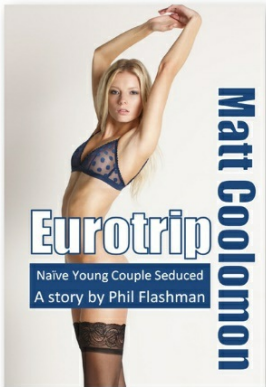
I smoothed my hands down over my belly and felt my hot little pussy, smiling to myself and even giggling with glee at the thought of what might happen again tomorrow.

** End of Book 4 **

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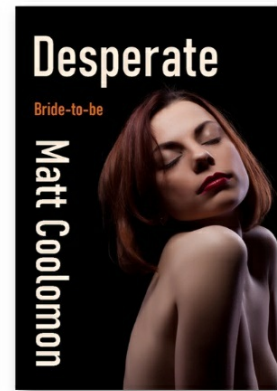
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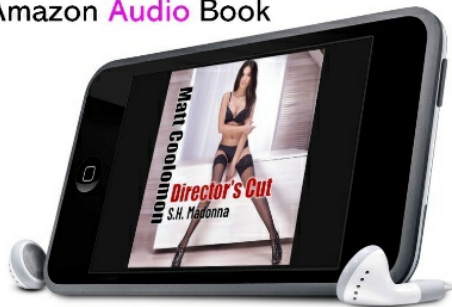
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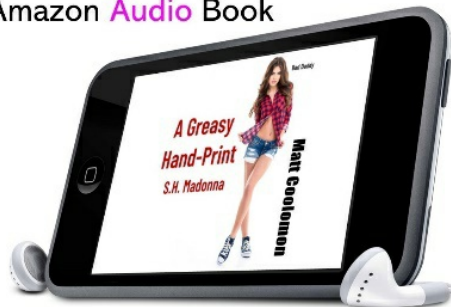
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