

Her First Time

**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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# A Dedicated Titty Man

Lester

I was boning up at the mere sight of the pretty little blond thing come to share my spare room with my niece. The girl seriously left Anne for dead in terms of her looks and I could tell by a smile she was a nice person too.

I was noticing she was braless under her top. She had smallish tits and prominent little high-set nipples. She had on a tank top with deep arm holes and there was a little white bulge of boob with the top only covering her nipples.

This was a dream come true for me. I was a dedicated titty man and at sixty and divorced with no steady lady friend, I didn't get to actually feel them anymore. The next best thing was a look down a top or in through an arm hole, so it seemed I was in for a treat this weekend.

I couldn't wipe the smile off my face or stop glancing in the rearview mirror for another look as I drove.

The pretty blond was smiling back at me like she knew what I was thinking and approved.

# So Natural and Right

Catherine

"See, I told you," my girlfriend giggled at me. On the walk to the car Anne had warned that her uncle would like the fact that I was braless under my top.

I had thought about putting on a bikini top after the lady on the train had helped me clean up, but I decided I liked the reaction from the two men. I liked the way they looked at me, and the way they touched me. Though mostly I just liked the way they had gone crazy over me, and I was enjoying the reaction of Lester too.

I was sitting across on the passenger side and he was constantly glancing back at me as he was driving, which was keeping my nipples hard and distracting me from what Anne was raving on about. Apparently there was a party to go to and Anne's brother, Adrian, was going to be there. He had been asking about me and trying to find out if I had a boyfriend.

"What did you say?" I asked. My interest sparking at the mention of Adrian. Anne shrugged. "I told him to ask you himself if he wanted to know."

"Well, I haven't," I pointed out.

"What about that guy from work, Des?"

"He's not my boyfriend. He's just..." Lester was looking around and I met his grin with a little blush. "He's just a friend," I said to Anne.

"Well, if you're going to hook up with my brother you can spare me the details. Yuk!"

I would have liked to ask if Anne thought Adrian wanted to hook up, but not with Lester listening.

He smiled back at us and chuckled. "You can give me the details if you like. I won't mind."

"Eww. Don't be an old sleaze!" Anne complained, but I met the older man's smile with another little blush that I couldn't help, since his obvious interest excited me like usual.

"I need to get changed if it's going to be a whole hour before we get there," I said to Anne. "It's too hot in these pants."

I so wanted to take my long pants off and show my legs.

"I won't look if you want to get changed back there," Lester offered quickly.

"Yeah, you wish!" Anne shot back at him. "Can we stop at a gas station soon?"

"We'd have to get off the expressway. That'd be another half hour round trip to get back on it."

"I can do it without anyone seeing," I said to Anne. "I can put my skirt on over the top and then take these off underneath."

"There, you see," Lester declared. "Nothing to it."

"Well, go on then," Anne said, as if she had to give her permission or something.

My bag was on the front seat. I reached over and got a skirt out of it, making sure Lester didn't see my bra or any other intimates. Then I pulled the skirt on and undid my track pants underneath. I tugged them down with the old guy watching back over his shoulder, and I had to lift my bum to do it. I wriggled the pants down past my knees and pulled them off my feet, all the while keeping my skirt in place and my knees together, trying to not show too much yet.

I was sure the old guy had gotten a glimpse of my little white panties at one point but he was more focused on my boobs. I reached over to put my pants in my bag and was showing them to him through my arm hole. My top was being stretched and distorted against the seat I was leaning over, and the arm hole gaped and exposed one boob completely.

I caught Lester's glance at it and bit my smile as I sat back.

I was then chatting with Anne and had my legs swayed towards her uncle, making sure he had a view up my skirt.

I kept my legs swayed towards him the whole way and he continually looked back over his shoulder.

When he pulled up in his driveway, he leant back over the seat and was staring really badly.

I didn't want to deny him so I just waited and let him look properly after only having chances for little peeps all the while driving.

It just feels so natural and right to allow men to look between my legs.

"Come on, I'll show you our room." Anne said and pulled me out of the car in a daze and led me inside. "It's just you and me. My brother's renting a house with his friends right on the beach. We can go next door and use the pool anytime we want though."

It was a small villa, just the two bedrooms and a basic layout for kitchen, bathroom and living area. It was tucked away behind a huge waterfront mansion where the pool was that we could use. That was owned by a very friendly novelist who was there cleaning the pool when I was dragged over to the back fence.

He was a man of about 35 named Michael. He was married but his wife was overseas. He had broad shoulders, a firm body and a nice smile, I noticed. I was smiling back at him as he and Anne chatted.

Another yummy man, I was thinking to myself. My god they're everywhere! Or perhaps I was just noticing them everywhere at the moment.

# I Know Girls Are Supposed To

Catherine

The party that afternoon was at the house Anne's brother was staying in. It was right on the beach and open to anyone walking by as long as they brought their own drinks and food. Anne was all over her boyfriend, and I ended up meeting lots of new friends and dancing and chatting all day. I also had a few drinks and had a constant buzz without actually getting drunk.

Adrian had been around a fair bit, chatting with me and getting more and more familiar as the day went on. He had progressed from the occasional touch of my back or arm when he spoke to me, to holding onto me with his hand resting upon my hip and his arm sort of around me. He was definitely signalling to the other guys that I was his. It seemed the hook-up was on.

I went with it willingly, excitedly in fact. Adrian was the hottest guy there by far, and I liked how polite and courteous he was. When one of the other guys were involved he would carry on like a usual boy, but when no one was around he became more mature.

The first time he kissed me I was squashed on the end of the lounge with about four other people sitting on it as well. I was against the arm rest, and Adrian was sitting next to me. Then there was another girl and boy cuddling, and Adrian's friend Brett was sitting on the end. He was watching, and I actually maintained eye contact with him while Adrian was kissing me. He looked like the fat geeky boy who never got a girl, and I felt sorry for him.

"I've got to go soon," Adrian said, coming up for a breath. "We've got monster truck rally tickets and it starts in about half an hour."

"That sounds like fun," I said as he kissed me again.

"I'd ask you to come but it's sold out."

"Oh no, that's okay. I'm really tired anyway."

I was tired, but I would have liked to go with him. Instead, I ended up leaving Anne there and going back to Lester's villa alone. Which was fine because I kind of liked Lester. Sure he was a pervert, but he wasn't sleazy about it. He was actually totally up front and made it fun.

"So, any details for me about getting it on with young Adrian?" he asked

grinning as soon as I walked in the front door. He was kicked back on his couch with his feet up, watching television. His googly eyes looked so funny through his thick round glasses, and his smile was disarming. He was only joking but was probably hoping for some details just the same.

"Well, he kissed me but he wouldn't take me to the truck rally," I explained.

"He wouldn't!? What's the matter with him?"

"I don't know. I would have gone!"

"Hmm. Maybe he's gay after all. I always suspected, being such a pretty boy."

I giggled. "No, I don't think he's gay."

"Well, he's stupid then! And anyway, come sit down and we'll see if there's something to watch."

"Oh, thank you, but I'm really sleepy and I might just have a bath and go to bed if that's okay?"

"Sure love. There's clean towels in the linen cupboard in the bathroom. I'll keep the volume down."

I soaked in the bath for an hour, with the effect of the alcohol wearing off. I had brought a satin chemise to wear to bed, and I put that on but didn't worry about the robe I had brought. Instead, I went out to say goodnight to Uncle Lester feeling naughty and with my nipples firming against the satin as I walked.

I was standing there wringing my hands in front while he looked me over again. He looked down at my legs and his gaze slowly travelled up my body, pausing for a long time focused on my nipples before lifting to meet my eyes and return my smile.

I bent to kiss his cheek and showed him all the way down the front of my nightie to my bare boobs and soft cotton sleep panties.

"Goodnight," I said as sweetly as I could, turning and walking from the room with a glance back over my shoulder for added tease.

I hopped into bed squirming and pressing my hand between my thighs. I knew I had just flashed Lester really well and I was tingling all over. I ended up rubbing myself to a warm little orgasm as I thought of that and remembered the guys on the train. Then I drifted off and didn't wake until late

the next morning.

Anne was at breakfast in the kitchen, and after eating we took towels and suntan lotion to the beach. We spent the rest of the morning there and didn't see any of the guys until after lunch, when the party was at the big mansion next to the villa. There were quite a few people from the beach party the day before, and Michael, the owner of the house, was sort of in the background chatting every now and then, but he never got undressed and went for a swim.

I ended up with another buzz from a few drinks and I was being kissed in the corner of a room with a pool table where there were four other boys who had stopped playing to watch.

Adrian was a bit drunk too and he was getting carried away. He was biting my neck and he started feeling my boobs. I maintained eye contact with the fat geeky boy again and the other three started cheering Adrian on. I was only wearing a skirt and bikini and he was rubbing my breasts so much that he stretched my bikini top up over them.

I was then on display, but I didn't say anything yet. It was exciting being taken like this by one guy and the ones watching obviously wanted to see it happening to me, seeing how available I was as a girl and how easy it was for guys to get with me.

I let Adrian keep kissing and feeling me while the other boys grunted and urged him on.

He rubbed his hand down over my belly and groped up under my skirt. "Yeah go for it," one of them said, and I felt myself blushing deeper but my head was woozy from the drinks and I just held onto Adrian's shoulder while he forced his finger up inside of me.

I just watched the faces of the other guys as Adrian fingered me. He was banging me hard and fast, and a warm tingly feeling was building inside. What he was doing felt nice, but it was even more exciting with the other boys seeing how easy it would be for any of them to do this to me too if they tried. They wouldn't have been able to see under my skirt, but they could certainly hear Adrian's hand slapping against me, and my top was still stretched up over my boobs.

I found myself making eye contact with Brett again. He would look down at my breasts for a bit then look up again. Staring into his eyes made my orgasm

build and build. It was almost there when suddenly Adrian lifted me up and kicked open another door. It was an office with a small couch, and he dumped me there and pulled down his shorts as he pushed the door closed.

My orgasm was ebbing away unrealised. The guy knelt over me and forced his penis into my mouth. I didn't know what to do other than to roll my lips over my teeth, and fortunately he started thrusting and it was just a matter of holding him away enough that he didn't force it into my throat and to try and breathe when his belly wasn't squashing my nose.

"Oh fuck yes," the guy groaned and started thrusting faster.

His penis was getting bigger and harder and I had to close my hand all the way around it so it wouldn't go too far into my mouth. I also started licking it a bit and sucking on the big, spongy dome, which just made him go even more crazy thrusting and jiggling.

Then he was suddenly still and his penis got even bigger and harder.

Then I was shocked as the first pulse of his semen hit the roof of my mouth and squirted down into my throat. It made me gag a bit but Adrian held me in place and his penis continued to throb as more of his warm gooey fluid flooded into my mouth.

I let it happen because I know girls are supposed to. I pulled back a bit and waited until he had finished. Then I closed my eyes and swallowed deliberately, and I sort of sucked him a bit more and felt his balls, not really knowing what I was doing, but he seemed to be liking it.

It was a really strange taste, kind of salty and yucky, but very distinct, and in that way it was interesting. It was exciting to finally taste a boy's cum properly and feel it shooting into my mouth. Even though my own orgasm had fizzed out completely, it was so nice to see him standing there pulling his pants back up with a stupid grin on his face, obviously satisfied. I knew I had been sexy for him.

"Fuck I'm thirsty," he said, and he opened the door and walked out, leaving me to quickly cover my breasts.

I stood and went to the door and saw a couple of the other boys giving Adrian a high five. Adrian went to the fridge in the corner and cracked open a beer. I looked around at the others, feeling myself blush as I wiped my mouth on the back of my hand, knowing they knew I had just swallowed Adrian's cum. I

ended up meeting Brett's eyes again but Adrian came back and claimed me with his arm around my shoulder.

# Just Getting a Shot Off

Catherine

I didn't drink anymore that afternoon. I swam and danced with some of the other girls while the guys cheered us on. They wanted to see a wet t-shirt contest so I had to put my tank top back on and take off my bikini top. Some of the other girls had bigger boobs than mine but I got plenty of cheers when they started spraying me with the water guns.

I was getting lots of looks now so I didn't put my bikini top back on after that. I played some pool with a few of the boys while Adrian was gone getting more beer. I knew they could see my boobs every time I bent over the table to have my shot but it was fun teasing them. And while Adrian wasn't around, Brett became more relaxed and friendly. He was helping me aim the cue and choose which balls to try to sink.

When he would press his body against me from behind, I would let him do that. He reminded me of a short tubby Lester. He seemed like a really nice guy too.

When Adrian came back with the beer, the other boys seemed to gather around him and cheer on everything he did or said. He was like the star and they were his side-kicks. They cheered him on again when he took me by the hand and led me into the small office. He closed the door and guided me to a seat on the couch. Then he stood in front of me and started undoing his shorts.

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

I blushed. Even though he was an asshole I did want to suck him off again.

"Okay, but I don't really know what to do," I uttered.

He smiled and touched my lips with his penis. "It's easy! Just suck it and swallow the load," he said and he pressed forward and pushed some of his dick into my mouth.

This time he was less forceful and I had the chance to experiment a bit and try to learn what I was supposed to do. I used my hand more, stroking back and forth and seeing how he reacted to being touched in different ways. I played with his balls, massaging and stroking them, noticing he got harder

when I just held them and squeezed softly. I also noticed his body thrusting when I used my hand more and stroked over the spongy dome, like that must have been super sensitive. Then as he got more excited I stroked him faster, until just before he was ready he grabbed my hair and pulled me closer, obviously wanting to put it back in my mouth, which I allowed, and just in time for the first squirt of cum.

He held my head still and I relaxed and closed my eyes as he again flooded my mouth with his semen, the way I was going to really enjoy from now on. Strong spurts of the hot goo were hitting the back of my mouth and filling my throat again. Adrian was pumped up tense and quivering, obviously enjoying me doing this for him as the girl. He was convulsing a little but he had turned away. "Hey Michael, just getting a shot off here, buddy."

My heart sank as my eyes shot open to find the man, Michael, with his head poking through another door watching. I swallowed the cum in my mouth and pushed away from Adrian, who was laughing and pulling up his pants.

"Just keep out of here, all right?" Michael said to him. Then he looked to me and nodded apologetically. "Excuse me," he said, which made me feel even more deeply embarrassed.

All I could think to do after that was get the hell out of there as quickly as possible. I didn't even try to find Anne. I just pushed past everyone and ran back to the villa, where Lester was again kicked back on his couch watching television.

"Everything okay?" he asked with concern.

"No. I'm just going to die of embarrassment," I said, and I ran to the bedroom and threw myself on the bed.

If only it wasn't him! If any of the other boys had walked in I wouldn't have cared. It would have been even more exciting to do that with some of them watching. But not the older man! What would he be thinking of me now? And he said *excuse me!*

"Oh my god!" I screamed into the pillow.

"Are you okay in there, Catherine?" It was Lester at the bedroom door. "Can I get you anything? Do you need to call anyone?"

"No, I'm fine thanks."

He poked his head in the door. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. I just did something stupid. That's all. I'll live!"

"Okay then. But don't let it get you down. We all stuff up from time to time."

He offered a big smile and left. I was already getting over the embarrassment and thinking about going back to face the guy, Michael. Maybe I was overreacting and he didn't think anything of it. Although, I wasn't interested in seeing Adrian again. The way he spoke, saying he was getting a shot off or whatever. That made it even worse, and he obviously didn't care.

I regretted giving him blow jobs now. Especially since he was always going to be the first guy I did that for. Plus I still had the taste of his cum in my mouth.

I gave Lester a smile as I went back out the door and I snuck into the party unnoticed. Adrian was in the pool room so I avoided that and got a drink to wash away the taste of his semen. Michael was cleaning up at his barbeque. I approached and sat nearby dangling my feet in the pool. I kept looking over until he saw me, and when he did I blushed. He came right over though and sat down beside me.

"I'm really sorry about busting in on you and your boyfriend," he said straight off. "That must have been embarrassing for you. I hope you can accept my apology?"

"Thanks," I said softly. "He's not my boyfriend though."

"No? Well, he's a lucky fellow then," Michael went on with a smile, making me smile too and relieving any remaining tension.

"Well, he was sort of my boyfriend for a little while but he's not anymore," I declared.

One of the other girls who had started cleaning up tossed me my bikini top, the one I had taken off for the wet t-shirt contest. I caught it and scrunched it up quickly but it had already drawn Michael's attention to my breasts, causing my nipples to firm up.

I glanced and he was looking right at them, so I kind of leaned back on my hands and pushed my chest out while I gazed around pretending not to notice.

"Well, I guess I'd better get back to cleaning up," Michael said, although he was still looking at my breasts when I turned back to him.

"Do you want some help?"

"Sure! Could you start collecting glasses, please?"

I did that and Michael hurried everyone along declaring the party over. Adrian took off without saying goodbye but that didn't bother me at all. Then when the cleaning up was done I was one of only a few people left and I was wondering what was going to happen next with Michael. I hoped he would invite me to stay longer.

As it turned out he received a phone call from his wife and I was dismissed with the others, which dampened my spirits a bit but not entirely. I had one more day and the party was on here at Michael's house again tomorrow.

# Deliberately Showing

## Catherine

Anne had disappeared somewhere with her boyfriend, and that left me back at the villa with her uncle cooking the evening meal. Lester had such a funny face with his big googly eyes magnified by the thick glasses. He was also joking all the time and really easy going, which was something I enjoyed so much since my home life under my policeman stepdad was so strict. I had gotten well used to Lester looking at my body too and I was having fun with that.

After my shower I came back out in my satin chemise. I made coffee and served him on his couch. I had been thinking about it and I deliberately leaned over right in front, letting him have another look at my breasts. He made a funny face at that with his eyes popping and this silly big grin. Then after coffee I brought a cloth and wiped the small table, that time staying bent over for longer and feeling his eyes upon me. I avoided meeting his gaze for a while, pretending not to notice but knowing full well he could see my breasts again.

I eventually glanced and blushed at his grin.

"Whew, you could give an old guy a heart attack doing that," he grinned.

"Well you don't have to look," I shot back at him, pressing my hand to my chest to stop my chemise from gaping as I continued rubbing at some insignificant little marks on the wooden table.

"Oh yes, I *do* have to look!" the old guy said flatly.

I blushed at that and shook my head. Then I released the front of my nightie and let it gape again as I took the cup tray.

The old guy had another look with his eyes boggling and I paused bent right over in front of him for a long few seconds before standing and turning away. I glanced back smiling as I walked from the room. I could see the bulge in his shorts and smiled to myself proudly at having caused that.

I came back and gave him one last look at my tits as I bent to kiss his cheek and say goodnight. Then I went to bed but left the door open slightly, and I went to sleep almost hoping he would come in and do something to me, but

he never did.

# He Was in Full Control

Catherine

At the party the next day there was no sign of Michael. I was kind of miffed. I had felt a special connection by the pool the day before and my imagination had run along with that.

I decided to make the most of my last day anyway. I was accepting the drinks the boys were giving me. Plus Adrian wasn't there so that was even better.

I ended up in the pool room again and I was partnered with Brett while two other guys made up the opposing team. I had a bikini on this time, so they weren't getting as much to look at, but with the drinks getting stronger and my mind really cloudy, I didn't protest when Brett decided to kiss me.

I just watched the other two boys and let him do it. They were encouraging him. "Yeah go for it. Get onto her, Fats."

Fats was Brett's nick name. They had been calling him that all the time.

Another boy came in and stood there watching too. It was Anne's boyfriend, Nev. He closed the door. Then they were all just cheering and my head was spinning. I allowed Brett to kiss me again but I was giddy and ready to fall over. The alcohol was really soaking into my brain and I couldn't think to stop Brett when he started feeling my boobs. I let him lift up my top and he pulled my bikini up as well. I was just looking down at his fat fingers squeezing me and poking my nipples when suddenly the door opened and Adrian was standing there.

"What the fuck?" he yelled, looking from me to his friend. "No fucking way!" he said and he barged in and threw a punch but Brett blocked it and punched him back. He hit him hard too, and Adrian picked himself up off the floor with blood streaming from his nose. Brett was waiting with his fists up and ready. He had been a boxing champ as a kid and apparently still knew how to fight.

I had slumped to the floor. I sat there in a daze as the boys fought over me. It seemed like it was a dream or something. Then there was another boy and more hands feeling at my breasts, and I pushed at him and turned my head so he couldn't kiss me.

It was Nev. Anne was then in the room screaming at him and at me, calling me a slut. Then Brett and Nev were fighting, then Michael was there dragging someone out. Then everyone else followed and I was left in the pool room alone, but my legs wouldn't work and I just sat there against the wall with my head spinning.

Sometime later I was being picked up and carried. I was told to drink water and swallow aspirin. Then I woke up on a couch covered by a blanket. It was dark and everything was quiet. I got up unsteadily and wandered toward a light in another room. It was a kitchen, where Michael was cooking.

"Hello sleepy, how do you feel?"

"Horrible," I said. My head was clearing though. "What happened? Where is everyone?"

"All gone home. Party's over!" Michael was all smiles and dressed in a white bath robe. "Are you hungry?"

"My stomach feels horrible."

"Well you threw up, so I'm not surprised. I think they were spiking your drinks."

I looked at myself. There was dry vomit on my top and in my hair.

"The shower is through there," Michael said. "When you get undressed toss your clothes out the door and I'll put them in the wash. There's a robe in there for you and a new toothbrush... Off you go!"

He was still smiling and I tried to smile back but I didn't really know what to think. I decided to do as I was told. I kept my bikini bottoms and put the rest of my clothes outside the door. Then I showered and brushed my teeth, happy to clean the horrible taste from my mouth. The robe was the same kind as the one Michael was wearing, really soft and comfortable. He was serving dinner outside on a balcony overlooking the beach when I came out.

"Are you hungry?" he asked, pulling my chair.

"I am actually. I haven't eaten much today."

"This will make you feel better," he said, and he served a lovely pasta and salad.

He was so attentive and nice. He just wanted to chat about what we could see up and down the coast, the landmarks and buildings. There was nothing of

what had happened that day with the stupid boys fighting or with me getting so drunk and passing out.

Michael was polite and very responsive to anything I had to say, which made me feel his equal in maturity. I thought of his wife quite a few times throughout dinner but decided not to mention her, as he hadn't.

After helping him clear the meal away and tidy the kitchen, we strolled back out to the balcony, and he stood just behind me as I looked out at the moonlit waves rolling ashore. His body was lightly touching mine and his deep mellow voice was right there at my ear as he spoke.

"You know, I should confess there's a security camera in my office downstairs. I was actually watching the whole time you were in there with that young guy."

I blushed as I looked up at the older man. "Were you?"

"Yes, but to be totally honest, I've been watching you all weekend. There are cameras everywhere and whenever I was down there I was always looking for you." He had placed his hand on my hip and leaned closer. "You're very beautiful."

My heart was thumping. "But there were lots of girls at the party," I said.

"Really? I didn't notice," Michael went on smoothly. And that time he touched my hair, moving it back from my neck and leaning in to press his lips to my skin. "So, do you mind that I was watching you and Adrian in my office? What you were doing for him was rather exciting. I could almost feel it."

"It was the first time I've done that," I uttered. The soft kisses were giving me the nicest kind of goose bumps.

"Did you enjoy it?" Michael's hand had moved from my hip to my belly and he was pressing against me from behind.

I could feel his erection. "Yes, I enjoyed it... It felt nice. It tasted a bit yucky when he was finishing but I didn't mind that."

I was suddenly lifted and carried back inside. I placed my arms around the older man's neck and closed my eyes as he kissed my lips. I was carried past the open door of the master bedroom and along a hallway to what must have been a guest room.

"You know, oral sex goes both ways," he said as he stood by a double bed still holding me in his arms.

"I know," I replied, blushing. "Well, I sort of know."

He placed me down with my head resting on the pillows and lay beside me. "Has a guy ever done it for you before?"

I shook my head. Michael was kissing me again and I wasn't sure what to do with my hands, so I sort of clung to the bedspread as he undid the tie around my waist. He opened my robe and I caught a breath as my breasts were bared.

"You should make it a rule with these boys," he said, smiling. "They're going to want it all the time, but you've got to learn to say me first!"

He sucked on one of my nipples and I squirmed up against him, pressing my boob into his mouth. His hands were inside the robe, raking down my back and holding me up while he softly kissed and suckled on me. He did that with one nipple until I was just about panting, then he moved to the other and sucked it.

That made me moan and grab hold of his head. He rolled over on top of me and kissed his way down my belly. He was at the top of my bikini pants and kissing and sucking my skin while he pulled at the edges of them. He tugged them down and pulled them from my ankles, and he forced my legs open. He had a hand pressed against each of my inner thighs, and I was clinging to the bedspread again when he opened his mouth over my pussy and licked it.

"Huh... oh my god!" I uttered as a wave of tingly little thrills swarmed all over my body, and I lay there with my eyes wide and fixed on the ceiling as the older man nuzzled and licked inside of me.

He was spreading me open with his thumbs and licking into me and lashing and mauling my clit. I was clinging to the bed head and arching up off the bed. My tits were shuddering and I was moaning and panting uncontrollably. This older man kept sucking on my clit and massaging it with his tongue while he untied his robe and opened it.

I was on the edge of one of my orgasms and I was in the middle of panting, "Ooh keep going like that," when suddenly I felt his penis slide right on in. Then I just clung to him as he started thrusting.

I was wide eyed and staring at the ceiling. My chin was resting on the older man's shoulder and his body was rolling and humping between my legs. The

shock of being penetrated had doused my orgasm, but the feel of the man's cock withdrawing then spearing me and the way he was grinding against me when he was all the way in soon ignited things again. And this time it wasn't just my pussy that was tingling. The warmth was centred deeper where I could feel the excitement building in my belly.

I started grinding back against the guy. When I was being split wide open and I could feel him pressing against my clit, I arched up and rubbed myself over the base of the thick shaft. It felt so nice like that and it made him go sort of crazy humping into me even harder.

I spread my legs as wide as I could and clung to him, grinding and rubbing myself onto his penis. My belly was getting warmer and the tingling was getting stronger. He started pounding me hard and fast and the feeling inside was building.

I couldn't get my legs any wider and I wanted it deeper. His dick was so hard. I ground myself on it. I dug my feet into the bed and held myself up while he pounded into me. The warmth and the tingles were building more and more and I braced up there and held myself spread.

The man was hammering against me and surging inside of me. He fucked me hard and was deep and grinding wildly when suddenly the warmth in my belly contracted into a ball of pure ecstasy and exploded, ripping through my entire body like nothing I had ever experienced. It clenched and convulsed as my tight little pussy contracted around the thing poking inside of it, and I moaned and clung to the guy on top of me.

His body was still, and he held firm with his penis fully inside of me. I ground myself over it while my orgasm thumped through my belly. I felt so wet and open and I squirmed against the hard masculine body pressed down onto me.

When the convulsions started to diminish, I felt him begin to move again. He was supporting himself above me with the muscles in his arms and shoulders pumped up and rippling. He was moving his lower body, rolling his pelvis and sticking his hard dick into me.

"Just hold still for me now," he breathed into my hair and I understood I was about to be cummed in.

He was in full control of course and I just relaxed into the movement of his body. His action was different now. He was all the way up me and fucking

me with short thrusts. He was just rolling his pelvis and grinding his dick inside of me. Really deep inside.

He started puffing and groaning and his body was so tense and virtually quivering. He jammed his dick in hard and held it there and it throbbed on its own.

A man was actually cumming inside of me and I kept my legs spread wide open to accept his cum. I clung to his convulsing body and stared at the ceiling while his penis throbbed and throbbed, his semen spurting.

I waited, still staring up at the ceiling while Michael started moving inside me again. I wasn't sure what was going to happen next or what I should do, so I just kept my legs spread for him and offered myself in case he needed to cum some more.

His penis was still quite firm and it started getting harder again, but he suddenly lifted his upper body and kissed me. "Are you thirsty?"

"Yes, a bit."

"Ice water okay?"

"That would be nice," I said.

Michael lifted from me with his dick slipping out and I closed my legs and sat up.

"Come back out to the balcony," he said as he left the room.

I searched for my bikini pants and pulled them on. My legs were a bit rubbery and my inner thighs were wet. I felt my pussy and found it sopping and slippery. I blushed at the thought that it was from his semen as I tied the robe into place and walked back down the hall.

I could see the older man wasn't looking, so I stopped and poked my head into the master bedroom. It was huge and absolutely gorgeous, and the thought of being the guy's wife flashed through my mind for a second before I hurried on out to the balcony.

Michael handed me a glass of water then sat down. I sipped it and remained standing by the rail. "Beautiful night, isn't it?" he said, resting back and relaxing in the cool ocean breeze.

I felt unsure. I needed to be cuddled or something.

Michael looked at his watch but didn't say anything. It was after one in the

morning. "Do you want to sit down?" he said.

I shook my head. "No thanks. I'm fine."

He stood and approached, moving behind me and smoothing hair from my neck. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm okay. I probably should be going soon. They must be wondering where I am."

"Yeah, I guess. Although you could stay here tonight," he said, kissing me softly.

His hand had moved to my belly and he held me close while I could feel his penis firming against me.

"I probably should go. I have to be at the train station in the morning," I said to him.

"Well okay, but you really are beautiful," he whispered, and he lifted my chin and kissed my lips. "You were really beautiful just now," he added, making me blush again.

"Thanks," I said. "I didn't know we were going to do that."

He chuckled. "Yeah, but it was nice, right?"

"Uh huh."

He kissed me more deeply and I relaxed into him. His erection was prominent against my belly and I thought he was going to want me again but he stepped back and visibly denied that idea. "Yeah it *is* getting late," he said. Then he grinned. "I really should make a call before I get into trouble too."

I understood the man was talking about calling his wife, and that was my signal to get out of there. I found my clothes in the laundry downstairs, clean and dry. I dressed and handed Michael the bathrobe. He kissed me again but didn't say anything, and I left at that.

# Exciting to be Taken That Way

Catherine

It was only a short walk around the corner to the front of the villa where I found my bag and clothes on the lawn outside the bedroom window. Anne had obviously thrown them out there. I was stunned. I gathered my clothing and put it in the bag. My train ticket was in the side pocket, and my toothbrush and everything was stuffed in my toiletries bag.

I stood there on the footpath wondering what to do. I was sure Lester would let me in, but I couldn't go knocking on the door with Anne in there. I tried to recall what had happened at the party earlier and sort of remembered Anne screaming and her boyfriend trying to kiss me – which wasn't my fault!

I thought about sneaking back into Michael's yard and sleeping on one of the chairs by the pool. But then what? I still had to get to the train station and that was an hour drive, and I didn't know if there were buses or anything.

Although, I had seen a bus station near the beach, so maybe I could go there and wait.

I had walked back around to the front of Michael's house. I looked down the beach, where the street was dark and deserted. I was too scared to go walking along there, so I turned back around and stood looking at the light upstairs in Michael's house. He was probably there talking to his wife though, and I just stood there getting ready to cry.

"Are you okay, Catherine?" Michael called out. He was downstairs and had opened the front door.

"They kicked me out," I sobbed. "I don't know what to do."

Michael took my bag and led me inside. He was kind and attentive, and he took me up to the room where we had made love. "Is this okay?" he asked. "You know where the kitchen is if you need anything, and we'll sort everything out in the morning."

He left me with a soft kiss goodnight and closed the door in the master bedroom. I changed into pyjamas and got into bed. I could hear him talking on the phone but I drifted off to sleep pretty quickly.

Sometime later I woke to the feel of the older man getting into bed with me.

He cuddled up behind with his erection pressing against my back. He was kissing my neck and feeling my breasts. He reached down my front and pressed his hand between my legs, rubbing me and grinding his erection against my bum.

I sort of cuddled the pillow as he pulled my pyjama pants down. He was poking between my legs with his penis, and he got the head of it into my pussy and started forcing it. He worked it in and out, forcing it deeper each time until he was all the way inside of me. "Yeah fuck that's tight," he breathed into my ear, and I pressed myself back against him as he started fucking me.

I flared my hips and presented myself so he could do it. He had his hand down the front and he was rubbing my clit then sort of holding my pussy open so his dick could slide between his fingers. I could feel how wet I was again, probably still from him cumming in me before, I thought as my orgasm started to build again.

My peak wasn't as powerful as the first time because it was more from his fingers rubbing my clit, but it came on fast and still thumped through my belly really nicely. And it was still going when I felt him drive up hard behind my bottom and start bucking.

I couldn't feel his penis throbbing this time and I didn't feel his cum, but after he rolled over I felt a dribble of fluid. He was panting. I rolled onto my back, wondering if I should cuddle up to him. He put his arm around me and guided me to his chest, making me smile. I could feel his cum leaking from between my legs, but I was being cuddled this time and everything was perfect.

Sometime later I woke again. I was facing away, and Michael was behind me working his penis into my pussy. I just pressed my bottom back against him that time and let him do it. He got it all the way in and started thrusting, but he ended up working me onto my belly, and he was on top still humping me.

He had straddled my legs, and I lifted my bum so he could get his dick all the way in. It didn't feel as amazing, but it was exciting to be taken that way, and when he finally humped up against me hard and held firmly, I could feel his penis expand and throb.

I held myself up against it while more semen was deposited in my belly. I smiled to myself and wriggled back against him, feeling how wonderful and

how natural it was to have a man ejaculating inside of me.

# Enjoying the Lingering Taste

Catherine

It was 5am and I dozed off again before the sun came up. When I woke it was almost eight. I was alone in bed, lying in a wet spot with my pyjama pants down around my knees, and I was very sticky between the legs.

I quickly cleaned up in the bathroom. I used a warm washcloth to wipe my legs and dab at my red, swollen pussy. I was so happy it had been used properly by a man now. It was like I'd been taking care of it all this time, waiting for a man to use it for his pleasure, and now one man finally had.

A boy had used my mouth for his pleasure and made me swallow his cum, and now a man had used my pussy for his pleasure and pumped his semen into my belly. And now I just needed to find some other boys and men who wanted to do it too. *I'm going to let almost any man or boy who looks at me in that way have sex with me from now on.*

I was grinning to myself about that but at the same time I had to get to my train somehow.

I pulled on panties and a bikini top, track pants and a sweater. Then I snuck along to the master bedroom where my lover was sleeping noisily. He was on his belly with his white bum sticking out, snoring like a damn pig, and I giggled under my breath but I had to wake him!

Oh my god, I thought as I tried to summon up the courage to call out to him. It was different to last night in the dark. This was the cool light of day, and I felt like the total stranger that I, in fact, was.

"Oh no," I whimpered as I took a step into the room.

"You there, Catherine?" called a familiar voice from downstairs.

I turned and hurried from the master bedroom, grabbed my bag and ran down to the front door. "Lester!"

"Come on love, what are you doing? You're going to miss your train!"

I gave the old guy a hug. "But Anne kicked me out!"

He took my bag and ushered me toward his rusty old car. "Don't take any notice of that little bitch." He chuckled. "Next time don't even bring her with

you!"

I laughed. What a hero this funny little man was. Like there was nothing to it, he drove off merrily whistling and smiling. "And what the hell is that you're wearing?" he pointed out after a few blocks. "You can't go travelling across the country looking like that."

"It's ketchup," I explained. The mark was still there on my sweater.

Lester pulled into a small shopping centre. "Just in the door on the right there's a clothes shop," he said, fumbling in his pocket.

I accepted money without trying to argue. I went in and found a sweater on the first stand. There was also a pretty little lace bra on sale, so I grabbed that too.

"So, you had a nice weekend then, love? It was very nice having you."

I smiled back at Lester. "You're a really lovely man, aren't you?"

"Aw, now don't let that get around."

"Yes, I had a nice weekend, thank you. It was lots of fun."

"And young Adrian? Did he treat you right?"

"He was okay. He's a typical boy, that's all."

"And what about Michael? Do I need to have a word with him... run him over with my car or something?"

I laughed. "No. He's okay too."

Before long we had reached the expressway where the road divided and the oncoming traffic was the other side of a nature strip. I opened my shopping bag and blushed as I thought of what I was going to do. I smiled across at Lester. "Can you drive fast so no one overtakes us for a minute, please?" I asked sweetly.

He looked across at me. "Why's that, love?"

My blush deepened. "So I can get changed."

"Oh," Lester grunted as his eyes went googly behind his glasses.

I lifted off my sweater and looked back to make sure no cars were coming. Then I pulled the strings on my bikini top and took it off too.

"Holy shit!" Lester exclaimed, his eyes lighting up and a big smile splitting

his chubby, round face.

I took the new sweater and bra out of the bag, but I just waited a minute while Lester looked at my breasts. He had gone quiet. He was checking the road but mostly just staring at them. I didn't really know what to do next so I just waited a bit longer, pushing my chest forward, showing them to him.

This was a part of it though, helping a man get excited for sex. If a man wants to look at me, he can.

Lester looked up from my boobs and smiled. "Thanks love. This is the best weekend I've had since I can't remember when."

"Really?" I said shyly as I fixed the clasp and swivelled my bra around into place.

"Holy fucking shit!" Lester smiled again as he had his last look.

I waited until he turned back to the road, then I pulled the straps up and smoothed my bra into place properly. My nipples were firm and visible through the white lace, and I fiddled with the sweater for a few minutes while the older man looked at me like that. I could see the bulge in his shorts and I liked having caused that again. That had obviously worked to make him excited for sex.

When I was dressed I sort of dozed off for a while because I was so sleepy from being awake most of the night. When I woke we were almost there and just leaving the expressway.

"Lester, did you really mean it when you said I could come and stay without Anne sometime?"

"Hell yes!" Lester declared. "Anytime you want, just give me a call and I'll come pick you up at the station."

I found a pen in my bag. "Can you tell me your phone number, please?"

Lester called out his number and I wrote it on my ticket cover. The train station was right there and we were 20 minutes early. Lester pulled into the car park and turned off the car. "Should I come see you off?"

I looked around. There was a big old van parked beside us and from the other direction there was no one close by. It was very quiet with only a few people all the way over by the train.

I smiled through my blush. "Can I do something for you?"

Lester grinned but looked confused. "Like what, love?"

"You know... something!" I uttered, glancing down at his lap and blushing some more.

"Holy shit! Love, you don't have to do that," he said, but he had a quick look around too.

"But I'd like to," I went on. "Just with my hand."

Lester swallowed hard and had another look around. He lifted the catch and pushed his seat back. "You really want to?"

"Uh huh," I uttered, and I watched the older man undo his pants and pull his underwear down a bit. His penis was short and thick and I closed my hand around it and squeezed softly as it lengthened slightly and firmed up. "It feels nice," I said to him but he was checking around again.

He shifted in his seat and gave me more room. I felt over the big spongy head with my thumb. It was much thicker than the head of Adrian's penis. It was also darker in colour, getting to be almost purple as I continued rubbing over it with my thumb. There was some clear fluid coming from the tip and I used that to make it more slippery.

"Does that feel nice?" I asked.

"Aw yeah, love. Just like that," Lester said, thrusting a bit and forcing the head through my fist.

I started pulling him off, making a fist around it and stroking up and down. I made sure to go all the way up and over the purple head because he squirmed every time I did that. And there was more of the clear fluid leaking out of the tip, so I used that to wet the shaft, but it was still too dry, so I bent down and dribbled a little bit of saliva.

Lester groaned excitedly when I was doing that, so I stayed down there and rested my head on his fat belly. His penis was slippery now and my hand was sliding up and down it and swishing over the big purple dome. The shaft was getting harder. I leaned down close again and dribbled some more saliva. Then I was stroking faster and I noticed Lester really squirming when I rubbed over the head, so I concentrated on that even more.

"Oh love," he groaned. He was wriggling and thrusting. "Oh shit!" he cried under his breath and suddenly he was still and his penis swelled up even more.

I knew he was about to cum and I stroked fast until he bucked, then I quickly took the swollen purple head in. I sucked softly and felt his big old balls pulse. Then thick jets of semen were gushing up against the roof of my mouth.

I swallowed one big gulp for the man but he was still squirting and I swallowed again. Then I softly sucked on the big spongy head and some more gooey stuff pulsed from it, and I moaned a little as I swallowed that too.

I sat up and wiped my mouth on the back of my hand. Lester was smiling with such contentment. "That was a lot," I said, swallowing again at the strong taste of his semen.

He just kept on smiling, seemingly lost for words.

I kissed his cheek. "I'll try to come back for another visit soon. I'll call you, okay?"

I took my bag and hurried to the train. I got my seat and rested back enjoying the lingering taste. Lester's cum had been thicker than Adrian's, and it was sort of coating my teeth. He was such a nice man though, and I was happy to have his taste in my mouth. Plus, it was the only thing I had eaten so far that morning, and I giggled at the thought of eating a man's cum for breakfast.

After another short nap I found the dining car and ordered some real food. There was no smoking men this time, and it was a day trip, so it was just a matter of enjoying the scenery. I dozed on and off throughout the journey and it was getting on nine at night when the train was approaching my station.

I had checked the bus timetable and found there would be one at nine-thirty that would get me home not much past ten. The plan was to tell my parents that Anne and I had a fight and I decided to catch the bus home. Which was half true, I figured.

I closed my eyes one last time and thought of my adventure; of the men on the train and that arsehole Adrian and of spending the night with Michael and having sex with him three times! I held my belly and smiled at the thought of that. Then I thought of Lester and that I was going to stay with him again really soon!

I felt the train grinding to a stop at the station but I was reluctant to open my eyes and officially put an end to my adventure.

The train came to rest and I waited one more moment, then I did open my

eyes. I opened them and looked out the window to see Bruce standing there in his police uniform searching up and down the platform.

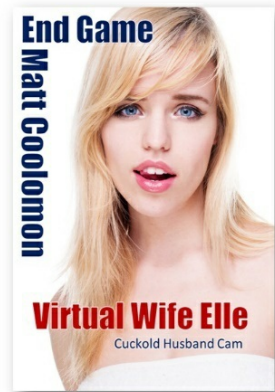
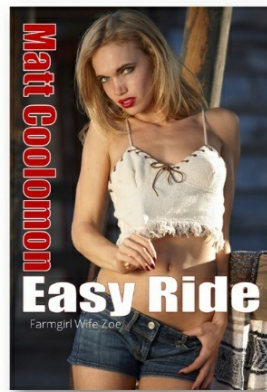
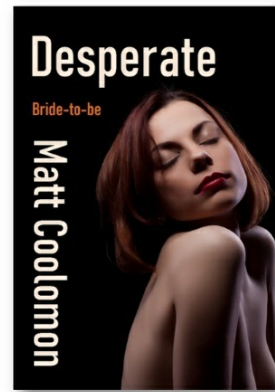
"Oh shit..!"

\*\* End of Book 2 \*\*

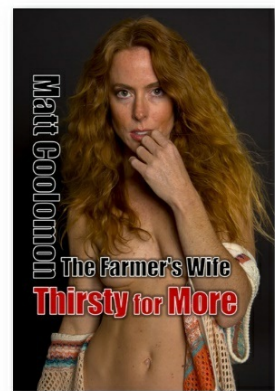
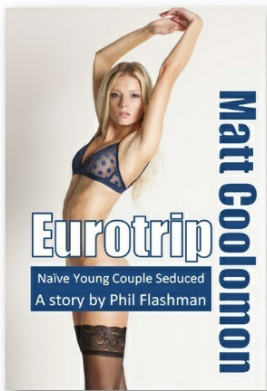
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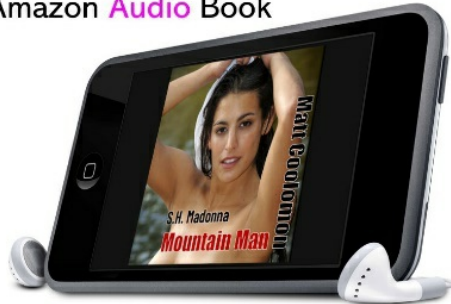
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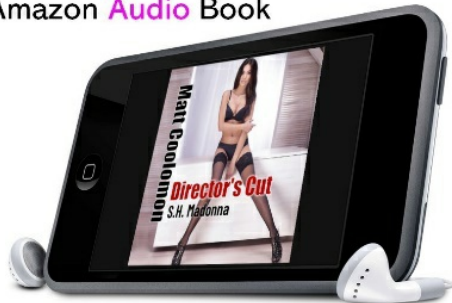
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