

Showing Her Body

Matt Coolomon

Sweetly Submissive

Seduced by Older Men

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Matt Coolomon

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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They're Technically Pyjamas

Catherine

Riding home in a police car tonight was kind of appropriate. My stepdad Bruce didn't know much, only that I had snuck away down the coast with my girlfriend.

"Were there any boys staying at the villa? What about that rascal brother?" he frowned across at me.

"No, we just had fun at the beach. I didn't ask because I knew you'd say no," I defended.

Of course that argument was never going to hold up and I got scolded all the way home, but I was still glowing inside from my adventure and couldn't help smiling. Which only made it worse and had Bruce red-faced and fuming as he dragged me into the house and flung me at my mother.

Mum asked me what I'd been up to but she was on my side with Bruce and was more excited for me than anything, especially when I told her I'd lost my virginity.

"Okay, well you should be safe darling. The pill is almost a hundred percent effective, as long as you take it every day."

"Well I have been, so I should be fine," I assured excitedly, squeezing both of my mum's hands.

"And he's a nice man, is he?" she checked.

I nodded, grimacing and biting my lip.

"Yes darling I understand in a party situation," my mother went on supportively. "As long as it was consensual and he didn't force you at all."

I blushed deeper. "Yes it was Mum. Of course! I wanted it to happen."

I didn't think my mother needed details about it also being my first time giving a guy oral sex at the party, so I avoided mentioning that.

She left me glowing in my bedroom and when Bruce knocked on the door and poked his head in with my travel bag from the car, I deliberately let him see up my nightie.

I had changed and was sitting on my bed checking my phone messages. I had on a sleep-t that was really short and only just covered my panties when standing. It was easy to see up it when sitting with my legs bent up like this and Bruce had a good look.

“I’m really sorry I didn’t ask permission Bruce. I know it was silly,” I pleaded as sweetly as I could.

“Yes well you never know what types you’re going to encounter on a night train, darling. It’s not safe for a girl to travel alone.”

Bruce glanced down and up from my panties again as he said that. I tugged at the hem of my sleep-t at my hip but it was bunched up under my butt and I couldn’t stretch it down.

Bruce gulped and took a breath. “I know you’re 18 now love, so you’re of age, but I still have to worry about your safety.”

He had another look at my panties.

I had my legs bent up with my knees together and my feet apart. The door was at the end of the bed, so Bruce was looking directly beneath the back of my thighs.

I could feel my panties were wedged up tight with me slipping down the bed a bit from the way I was resting back on my pillows. I felt around behind my thighs to where I was exposed and tugged at the crotch of my panties.

“Oh god,” my mother’s boyfriend groaned and checked down the hallway furtively.

I blushed deeper and chewed my smile.

Bruce tilted his head for another look. “I hope you were more careful than this in that little skirt on the train, love. I can almost see through those little panties you’ve got on there.”

“Yes I was careful on the train,” I fibbed. “These are for sleeping in though. They’re technically pyjamas, so it doesn’t matter if they’re showing around the house, does it?”

“No of course it doesn’t matter. They look cute as pyjamas. There’s no need to cover up at home here,” Bruce said and kept staring at me down below.

I twisted back to adjust my pillows, allowing my legs to open deliberately.

My mother's boyfriend was rubbing his mouth and glaring worriedly with his gaze still focused on my panties.

I was giggling to myself now and scooted down the bed and under the covers.

"Could you turn off my light please Bruce?" I asked as sweetly as I could.

He did and closed my door on his way out. He was still cranky about me going on that train trip for about a week afterwards and I caught him trying to perv up my skirts a lot over the next three months or so.

I kept a low profile, coming straight home after work and not going out much otherwise. I began seeing Robbie from across the road, hanging out with him but denying him anything more than a bit of kissing. At least Bruce approved of Robbie, so there was less stress to deal with in that regard.

Robbie and I were hanging out at his house one Sunday when I found myself sitting alone in the lounge room, smoothing my hands over the lounge cushions either side of me and drifting off into the memory of Mrs Dale being taken right there by that stranger, the one who often came to me in my dreams and ravished me.

Robbie came in from out the front yard with his friend Foley. Foley was a couple of years older, almost 21. His hazel eyes travelled from my legs up to my bikini top before meeting my blush. He always looked me over slowly, which I liked.

"Hey Cath," he said, grinning.

I raked back my hair and fixed the tie for my ponytail while he looked back down at my breasts.

"Come on, let's go," Robbie said. He had a couple of towels clutched in his hand. They were going to Jared's place for a swim.

I went with them but found there were two other girls already in the pool, both older and with bigger boobs, and Foley was more interested in them than me. Jared wasn't. He always paid me attention. It was too bad he was different though. It wasn't like that with Jared. He was even older, at 26, and had always been like family to me.

I left and went home early. That weekend was the annual summer vacation. Bruce and Mr Dale hired a minibus and our two families drove across state together.

It started with Robbie on the first day.

Accepting His Protection

Catherine

“Stop it! God, you’re such a pain sometimes,” I scolded Robbie. He was trying to get his hand under my skirt.

“Aw, but you said we would when we were on vacation,” Robbie whined.

“I did not! I said maybe, if it felt right.”

Robbie tried rubbing my thigh again, tentatively this time. “But you know how much I love you, Catherine,” he whispered as he kissed my neck. “You know I’ve never even kissed another girl in my whole life!”

“Oh, that’s just silly,” I scoffed, though I allowed his hand to edge a little way beneath my skirt this time.

As long as he didn’t try to touch me between the legs I didn’t mind. I wasn’t sure I wanted to have sex with Robbie yet. He needed to grow up a bit more to feel like a real man wanting me.

“No it’s not,” Robbie whispered. “You know you’re the only girl for me ever since we were kids.”

He was kissing my neck, which I always liked and I allowed his fingertips to touch me a little. He was feeling into my pussy, exploring between my folds but still through my panties of course.

“You know you’re the only girl I’m ever gonna love,” he went on, kissing my ear and pressing into me a little more firmly again.

“Robbie! I said no! What if our parents come back? It’s not exactly the best place to be doing it when they could walk through the door any minute.”

“Aw, they’re not gonna be back for ages. They said they’re gonna check out the resort, and that means shopping for hours, and our dads will be at a bar somewhere for sure.”

“Well anyway, this just isn’t going to happen right now,” I declared as I pushed the guy away and got up off the couch. “I want to go check out the beach. Are you coming?”

We were in the apartment me and my parents were staying in. Robbie was

staying with his parents next door. Our two families vacationed together at least once a year, usually camping, but this summer they had decided on an up-market resort.

I had gone into my room to get changed and saw Robbie spying through the door I hadn't closed properly. He was definitely too immature but I still liked him and felt sorry for him as a horny guy.

I stripped off my skirt and panties and let him see my pussy in the mirror. He'd made it all tingly trying to touch it so deserved that much at least.

I stepped into my bikini bottoms and took my time pulling them up. Then I undid my bra and let Robbie see my boobs in the mirror too while I tied my bikini top on.

"Come on then," I said as I brushed past and out the door, and Robbie grabbed his towel and hurried after me.

The elevator opened into the foyer of the resort, and that led to the pools, bars and gardens. Beyond that was the beach. Robbie caught my hand before I stepped down onto the sand, and he pulled me close for a kiss. "I didn't mean to get pushy again," he said apologetically.

I responded with another kiss. "I know. It's okay. I just want to wait until it's perfect before our first time."

We remained there cuddling and talking at the top of the stairs leading down to the beach for a while, then we walked past some older men at a jet ski hire place who were checking me out, I noticed. One was a fat old guy and the other was a bit younger and fit looking, but still a grown man, not like Robbie.

I always feel so excited when older men look at my body and obviously want me, and a beach was a great place to show off for them with the tiniest bikini you can find to wear. I was getting lots of looks as usual as me and Robbie left our towels and walked into the water.

We were swimming together in the small waves for a while then Robbie left to go and get some food from the resort café.

I was riding little waves but had gone out too far and suddenly a bigger wave came along and picked me up and dumped me.

I didn't know which way was up and had sea water up my nose and was

gasping for breath when a strong hand clutched my arm and helped me upright. My wet hair was over my face and I couldn't see. It was a man who had hold of me and he was asking if I was alright.

I stopped coughing. "Yes, I'm... oh my god!" I cried as I searched for my bikini top hanging from my neck and over one shoulder. It had come undone or something and I couldn't get it untangled.

The man was helping me and protecting me from others seeing my bare boobs. I remained facing him, instinctively accepting his protection and letting him look. There were other men and boys trying to see.

"It's okay, no one's watching," the man reassured me and I blushed up from him staring at my boobs himself. "Here, let me help," he went on easily and I allowed him to take hold of the tangled string that was causing the problem while I held my arm across my breasts.

"This is so embarrassing," I said, nervously looking around.

"No, it's actually funny when you think about it. I'm sure you'll have a laugh later." The man smiled, which caused me to smile in response. He had undone the knot in the string. "There you go," he said, and I lowered my arm and let him look at my boobs again as I fixed my top into place.

I was feeling better about this now and let him have a good long look before he gave me a big smile and dived into a wave that was passing by.

I watched the guy surf into shore and walk up toward the resort without looking back. My heart was pounding and my legs were numb. I went to my towel and was drying off when my pretend boyfriend arrived from the shop with chips and sodas.

"Are you alright, Catherine?" Robbie asked. "You look a bit red in the face."

"I'm fine. Better than fine actually," I said dreamily. I could see the man had stopped to chat with the older man at the jet ski place again. It was the same one as before when we walked past and he was checking me out. I guessed he would be nearly my parents' age, but that didn't matter. He could have me anytime he wanted.

"I want to go back to the resort now, Robbie. Are you coming?"

I tied my skirt around my waist and led off with Robbie following. I wanted to hurry before the man walked away but I slowed as I approached, pulling

my shoulders back and thrusting my boobs forward. I wished I had bigger breasts.

The guy had man sized muscles. His shoulders were broad and his face had little lines that accentuated his strong features. He glanced and I smiled, which caused him to smile in response as his eyes flashed lower to check out my body, and that made my legs go tingly again.

I wished I had a reason to stop but I didn't and I kept walking past and up the stairs. When I reached the top of the stairs, I dared to glance back though, and both men were looking at me.

Mmm, if only they knew I was available to men now; my pussy or my mouth. I'd even let the big fat one have me if the other one wanted me to. I couldn't just stand there though, and I kept walking with Robbie while blushing back at them.

I Won't Tell if You Dont

Catherine

That afternoon Robbie and I spent a few hours at one of the resort pools with some others our age. Robbie ended up parasailing with a group of boys and I went shopping with some new girlfriends.

That evening we were left alone by our parents and stayed in Robbie's suite listening to music and cuddling and kissing. I was feeling like it so I parted my legs a little when Robbie started feeling my inner thigh. He immediately went for my panties of course and was rubbing me through them.

I liked the feel of Robbie touching me between the legs, but he never brought me even close to orgasm, and I wondered if he even knew what that was. I wondered, but as close as we were as friends I didn't quite know how to bring up the matter. I was worried it might embarrass him and was kind of hoping one of his male friends might educate him one day and save me from having to go there.

Robbie had stopped rubbing me there anyway and searched around behind my back and released my bra clasp. I wriggled out of it and pulled it off completely to allow him better access. I tossed it aside and straddled his lap, which made his eyes pop open and his body stiffen beneath me.

What was already quite stiff was his dick, and I straddled that and used it to rub where I liked to rub myself. I was splitting myself over the underside of his shaft, which was sticking straight up against his stomach.

"Only like this though," I whispered to him. "Not inside me, okay?"

"Okay," Robbie groaned as he started thrusting. He only had on thin cotton shorts and it felt like his cock had worked its way through the opening in his boxers. There was just that one layer of fabric and my panties. He was thrusting and spearing his cock through my pussy and I was grinding down hard.

I quickly reached one of my usual orgasms, and I clung to my make-believe boyfriend's head while it pulsed through my belly. I could also feel Robbie's dick throbbing, and I understood he had ejaculated. He was suddenly relaxed and wasn't trying to thrust anymore. He was just holding me and panting

against my chest.

“Did you cum?” I asked him softly.

“Yeah... I think I need to go and get changed,” he said, his face flushed red.

I rolled off him and sat with my legs tucked up to the side without bothering to tug my skirt down. It was a tiny little thing that barely covered my panties anyway, and it had bunched up like a belt around my waist.

I was sitting there cooling down after my orgasm while Robbie was in the bathroom cleaning himself up, when suddenly the door opened and Robbie’s dad walked in and stopped with his eyes popping open. I instinctively tugged at my skirt, but my bra was lying there on the floor at Mr Dale’s feet.

“Hi Mr Dale,” I uttered nervously, hugging my knees to my chest.

Mr Dale picked up my bra and stepped close but didn’t hand it to me. He grinned. “Where’s Robbie?”

I pointed to the bathroom. I could see Mr Dale was looking at my legs and I knew my panties would be exposed because my skirt was still bunched up my back. I lowered my legs, sitting up and smoothing my hands down to my knees, but my panties were still exposed between my bare thighs.

I watched Mr Dale’s face as he stared at them. It was like time had stopped but my heart was pounding. I moved my hands from my knees but kept my legs together. I felt for the hem of my skirt, thinking about stretching it down. I waited until his eyes lifted before I did that.

He grinned again as he handed me the bra. “I just came back for my wallet. I’ll leave you kids to it then.”

Mr Dale collected his wallet off the table and returned to the door. He glanced back and took another look at me. I was biting down on an embarrassed smile. “Don’t worry, I won’t tell your parents,” he said with a wink, and he deliberately looked back down at my legs.

I felt my knees parting like I had no control over them. I was excited by the fact that Mr Dale was looking at me and obviously thinking about me in that way. “Promise you won’t tell?” I asked him as sweetly as I could.

“Sure, but it might cost you,” he replied with a chuckle.

I could hear the shower running, so I knew Robbie would be a while yet.

“Well, what can I do to make sure you don’t tell?” I teased as I walked over to the door. “Bruce will kill me if he finds out.”

I had stopped right in front of Mr Dale and I was swaying against the door. He checked the hallway over his shoulder then turned back to me. He touched my hair, gathering a few strands from my cheek and smoothing down to my shoulder. I looked at his hand and he trailed his fingers lower and touched me through my tank top, making my nipple harden and my pussy tingle.

“I guess if you don’t tell, then I won’t,” Mr Dale said and felt my tit more firmly. He squeezed it and made me gasp and moan slightly as I pressed forward against his hand.

Of course Mr Dale is always checking me out every chance he gets and I love it and often play up to him. He had accidentally felt my tits a few times before while tickling me or grabbing me for some reason, but this was more deliberate.

I had my hands behind my back, clinging to the door frame while he felt me up. I looked up at him and he bent to me and kissed my lips. I was so thrilled that he was finally trying something with me but he was watching the bathroom door and obviously worried about Robbie catching him.

He stopped kissing me and lifted my top to look at my tits bare. “This is our little secret, then?” he said.

I swallowed and caught a big breath, thrusting my chest upward.

“Oh those are nice,” Mr Dale groaned.

I smiled through my blush. “Mmm do you like them?”

“Oh love,” he groaned some more and felt one of my tits bare while lifting my chin and kissing me again, delving into my mouth with his tongue and sending tingles rushing all through me.

The shower had stopped though and Robbie was going to open the door any minute.

Mr Dale broke away and walked across to the elevator. I remained leaning back against the door with my top still up over my tits, smiling dreamily and so thrilled that the grown man from across the road had finally decided to kiss me and touch me like he wanted me.

“Our little secret!” he said to me again as the elevator door opened.

“Okay Mr Dale,” I uttered through my smile.

When the elevator doors closed, I tugged my top down into place and went in to find Robbie coming from the bathroom. I told him I had to go and left immediately. Back in my hotel room, I went straight to bed and rubbed myself to another orgasm thinking about Mr Dale and the other man who had saved me from the wave. I decided I was going to find him again tomorrow.

The resort isn't that big, so how hard could it be, right?

Topless Sunbathing for the Men

Catherine

That next morning I spent hours by the pool watching for the man from the beach. I had no luck with that but I did meet the other girls from yesterday. Robbie went off with some boys and I went shopping with the girls again.

Mid-afternoon we were all back at the pool swimming and playing around, with the boys doing their best to get onto us girls. Finally I caught sight of the beach guy walking through the pool area with a towel over his shoulder. He went right by without looking at me and continued out through the gardens and along a walking track that led to the parkland and toward the far end of the beach.

I grabbed my towel and dragged Robbie along. "Where are we going?" he complained as he got hold of his towel and ran after me.

"Let's go for a walk," I said excitedly. "Let's see where this track goes."

I could see the guy up ahead and I followed along keeping a distance. When the guy stopped at a bench beside the track to talk on his phone, Robbie and I were soon walking past him. I looked quite deliberately and the guy smiled, so I smiled back and half turned as I slowly and reluctantly walked by.

"How are you?" he asked. He had finished his call and pocketed his phone. "No injuries, I hope."

"Only my pride," I responded shyly. I turned back and stepped closer. Robbie was instantly by my side. "He saved me from a wave yesterday," I said to Robbie, although I continued looking at the older man as I spoke. His eyes were moving up and down my body and I was thrusting my boobs forward of course.

"So, you two are heading up to the north end, are you? I guess you're old enough."

"Old enough?" I queried.

"Yeah, I guess you're going up for a look at the ladies are you, son?"

"What ladies?" Robbie asked blankly.

The guy had started off walking again. Robbie and I kept up with him. “You know it’s topless up the north end of the beach, don’t you?” he asked. “Well, it’s optional of course, but most of the ladies indulge us men and show what they’ve got.”

“The ones with something to show, that is,” I responded cautiously.

“Well, don’t underestimate how attractive small breasted women are,” the man shot back. “Isn’t that right?” he asked Robbie.

Robbie pulled me close to his side. “I like small ones!”

There was a walking trail leading off through the sand dunes, and the guy took that. I followed him and Robbie followed me.

“Well, you shouldn’t feel pressured to take your top off... er...?”

“Catherine! My name’s Catherine!”

“Catherine, and...?”

“Robbie!”

“I’m Andy.... Nice to meet you both.” The man offered a smile. “Yeah, if you kids just want to have a look, that’s fine. There’s going to be a lot of older guys like me that’ll be watching for it but you don’t have to go topless if you feel uncomfortable.”

“But we could sit with you, couldn’t we?” I asked excitedly.

Andy grinned. “Yes, of course you can.”

The sand dunes ended and the trail opened onto a small, secluded section of the beach. There were plenty of sunbathers, mostly men and mostly Andy’s age and older. There were a scattering of women but none under about 30 and they were all sun browned and kind of leathery. There were lots of men looking up at me. I retreated behind Robbie’s arm.

“I don’t like this,” Robbie said.

“Well, the surf looks good.” Andy tossed his towel over by a rock and jogged off toward the water.

“It’s okay,” I said to Robbie. “Let’s just sit over here for a while. “

“But everyone’s looking at us,” Robbie complained.

We spread our towels and sat down. I hugged my knees while Robbie gazed around at the few topless women close by. Andy returned after a little while dripping wet and with his muscles rippling and defined. I watched him drying off. I squirmed as his eyes moved over my legs and settled on my bikini bottoms for a moment. He grinned. "Still here?"

"Yes, we're still here!" I defended playfully.

"Look at those ones, Robbie!" Andy said.

There was a woman up on her knees fixing her towel into position. Her breasts were huge and swaying beneath her slender body.

"See, I told you they have to be big!" I complained indignantly.

"No, yours are nice too. Perfect for your age and build," Andy assured. "Over there too," he said to Robbie.

There was another big breasted woman moving around, though she was quite large all over.

"Big old granny ones," Robbie scoffed, seemingly relaxing into the situation as he settled on his stomach, watching all around.

I settled too, though still hugging my knees to my chest a bit. We were sitting back against a long, low rock ledge poking out of the sand, and a few middle-aged men had taken positions sitting up on the ledge looking down. There were also two men now setting up towels quite close in front.

"You're becoming very popular," Andy said under his breath, just loud enough for me and Robbie to hear.

Both men setting up in front lay down on their stomachs facing us. Another one, who would have been in his 60s, was claiming a spot between them.

Andy grinned and whispered again. "So, are you going to give them a look or not?"

"She doesn't have to," Robbie whispered back. "It's not even sunny enough to get a tan or anything."

He was right. The sun had disappeared behind a bank of clouds, and although it was still hot and steamy there wouldn't be much more sun that afternoon, if at all.

Andy lifted to his side and edged closer. "You could still do it though. If you

wanted to enjoy some attention and give these guys a thrill.”

There were more men lined up on the ledge, and another two had set up in front facing us. I was looking around at them although avoiding any eye contact. I had lowered my knees.

“Go on. I dare you!” Andy teased.

I smiled then checked with Robbie. “Should I?”

“You don’t have to!” he said again. “They’re all old farts anyway!”

It was noticeable that any men leaving the beach were all walking around close to the rock ledge for a look on their way to the trail through the dunes. Another few had stopped and taken a position on the ledge. There were a dozen or so where there had been none prior to our arrival.

“They’re all hoping you take it off,” Andy went on encouragingly. “You’re not going to disappoint them, are you?”

I could feel all eyes upon me, and particularly Andy’s. I turned to Robbie again. “I’m actually the only woman here with a top on. I think I should do it.”

“Why? You’re not old like them!”

“What, are you saying I’m not a woman?” I challenged. It was an old argument to do with me being a real woman in Robbie’s eyes when I agreed to have sex with him.

“No, I’m not saying that,” Robbie said a little sheepishly.

“Well, why shouldn’t I do the same as the other women here?”

“What, and have all these old guys looking at you?” Robbie groaned under his breath, getting desperate it seemed.

I had my back up. “So, now you’re saying it’s okay for you to ogle these other women but it’s not okay for me to enjoy being looked at by other men? That’s not even fair!”

Of the now quite noticeable crowd of men gathered as close as they reasonably could, some were subtle about it, others were quite blatantly staring at me.

I wanted to show them my boobs. I wanted to make them all excited about

the idea of having sex with me. They all looked like such strong virile men, and it was my place to sexually entertain them at least. It's what girls are supposed to do, isn't it? Men are in charge after all, and if they try to look at our bodies, we should show them what they want.

Andy certainly wanted another look at me. He was a strong virile man, so he was entitled to tell me what to do. Any grown man can tell me what to do and I'll obey him. I blushed to myself as I thought about that again. Any adult man can have full sex with me if he wants. Any one of the men staring at me right then could fuck me if they wanted to. I wouldn't be able to resist them.

"Will you stay here if I take my top off?" I asked Andy.

"Of course," he returned warmly. "Robbie and I will make sure they keep their distance at least, won't we Robbie?"

Robbie's face was blank. He looked sick. I was working up the courage. I turned to Andy with a nervous smile. "Okay here goes!" I said, and I reached for the knot behind my back.

The men who were subtly watching were suddenly glaring intently. I loosened that knot then undid the one behind my neck. My little bikini top slipped, and I gathered it and lowered it from my breasts. They were pure white against my otherwise golden tanned skin.

"Yeah that's nice. Now lean back so the guys behind can see them," Andy instructed.

There was an *ooh yeah* and a low whistle or two from the men back there. My nipples were instantly erect. I lay back, resting upon my elbows, giving all the men a full-on view.

Andy was having a good look at me too. His eyes travelled down and up my body. He grinned. "Definitely the best set of boobs on the beach, huh Robbie?"

Robbie was looking around at the gathering of men. They were all staring blatantly. "I think we should go and get some drinks soon," he said.

"That's a good idea, I'm really thirsty," I agreed. "Could you go?"

"What, me?" Robbie complained.

"Please?" I implored as sweetly as I could, wanting to get rid of him for a

while. "I'll make it up to you tonight."

"Really? How?" Robbie shot back, his eyes suddenly wide with interest.

"You know how... maybe!" I teased.

"Yeah well you better be serious this time," Robbie said as he got up to go. Then he jogged off.

The older man beside me watched until Robbie was gone. "Do you have any lotion in your bag, Catherine? You know you can still burn when it's overcast here. You really should put some on your breasts at least."

I blushed but didn't answer. I took a tube of sunscreen from my bag and rubbed some into my hands. I started with my arms and shoulders then squeezed some more and smoothed it over my belly.

"Play with your nipples a bit when you do them," Andy whispered. "The guys will love that."

I girl bit down on my smile as I smoothed the sunscreen over my tits. I looked around at the men watching. I did as Andy said and felt myself up and squeezed my nipples while they all stared at me doing it.

Andy got to his knees behind me. He squirted sunscreen and massaged my shoulders for a moment then worked the oily lotion into my back. I was leaning forward with her hands stretched down to my shins to keep my tits available if he wanted to touch them. He smoothed up my sides and felt them without touching my nipples as yet. He leant to my ear and whispered, "They all want me to feel you up."

"Do they?" I uttered.

"I'm pretty sure they're all hoping for it," the man whispered into my other ear that time.

Oh I was so excited for this. "You can if you want to," I told the man.

He started at my waist and smoothed up my sides again, that time reaching around further and flaying his strong fingers over my nipples. There were more *ooh yeahs* and low groans from the men watching, and Andy swept upward again and felt my tits more fully.

I looked back over my shoulder, arching and pressing myself forward against his hands. He did what I was hoping for and kissed my lips.

“Come on man, fuck her,” someone called out and I moaned as I was kissed quite deeply.

Andy was holding me from behind with a hand over one of my tits and his thumb rubbing up and down over my nipple. He continued doing that for a little while then laid me down, since I was completely gone and his to do with as he pleased at that point.

“Better not let things get out of hand with all these guys watching,” he whispered as he rested back beside me. “Tempting though!”

“Am I really tempting?” I asked proudly.

“Hell yes! Although I can think of some better options than the beach in front of a bunch of guys. Maybe a nice hotel room and satin sheets.”

I smiled. “That sounds nice.” I also smiled up at a man walking past looking directly at my breasts. And as some of the other men were leaving, they were all taking the opportunity to walk close by on their way.

I stayed on my back so they could have a good look at me, and I looked right at each of them, meeting their stares openly. “This is fun,” I said to Andy.

“Well, I guess we’ll have to go to the full nude beach tomorrow if you like this so much,” he replied with a chuckle.

“Really? Is there one?”

“Sure! It’s just around the other side of the headland. It’s a bit of a hike or we could take a jet ski.”

“Okay,” I uttered softly.

I so wanted to show him my pussy. He was looking at my legs sometimes and I was keeping them open for him. I was definitely available for him to have sex with. I could see the nice big bulge in his swimmers and I was ready to accept his cum in my mouth or in my pussy if he wanted.

The beach was clearing quickly though, with the clouds darkening and threatening rain. Everyone was walking close by me for a look, so I didn’t put my top back on until after Robbie returned and we were getting up to leave. I stood facing Andy and smiling at him as he had a last look at my breasts. I covered them once, then I lifted my top again, basically flashing him while following his gaze down then back up.

“Yes very, very tempting!” he grinned, and I bit down on my smile and covered myself properly.

We hurried back to the resort before the rain started. That night our parents insisted that me and Robbie come out to dinner and a show with them, and by the time that was done it was past midnight, which meant there was no opportunity for Robbie to get what he was promised, and there was no need for me to find an excuse to deny him.

I would have had to find an excuse too because I didn’t want to have sex with Robbie. I didn’t understand that myself, but the thought of being taken by a mature man was completely filling my mind, and throughout the evening I had been constantly looking across at Mr Dale.

The Full Nude Beach

Catherine

The next morning, Robbie was the one leading the way around to the dock where the jet skis were. We were to meet Andy at 11am, and we were there early. As far as Robbie knew it was to be a bit of fun riding around jumping waves and stuff. He hadn't been told about the nude beach yet.

I ended up sitting on the dock talking with old George the Jet Ski hire and maintenance man while Andy gave Robbie a lesson in handling a jet ski. Then the two guys were zooming around racing and carrying on for ages while I leaned back on my hands thrusting my boobs forward for the old man. I had my white bikini top on again, and my nipples were constantly hard and poking at it. George was sitting beside me on the dock looking down at them.

“Andy tells me you're heading around to the cove today.”

“I don't know. Where's the cove?” I asked, although I guessed it was the nude beach.

George grinned. “That's where the clothing is optional and you're going to look good!”

“Oh. Thank you,” I uttered shyly.

“Andy said you went topless yesterday. Lots of men watching too.”

I just smiled.

“Wish I'd been there to see that. They look nice through your little top there.”

I just smiled more. This guy was really old, but there were some at the beach yesterday at least as ancient as him.

“Can I have a look now?” The man grinned cheekily. “No one's watching.”

I looked around. There was no one in sight and Robbie and Andy were way in the distance. “Are you really Andy's friend?” I asked.

“Yeah sure! You can trust me.”

I bit down on my smile. “Do you promise not to touch?”

The old guy had a look around that time. “Yeah, I promise,” he said, gulping.

“Okay then,” I uttered, and I lifted my top.

My little white boobs popped out the bottom and jiggled as I caught my breath. I stretched my top up with one hand and leaned back on the other. The old man immediately groped me, feeling my left boob before I had a chance to wriggle away.

I giggled and pulled my top down into place. “Hey, you said you wouldn’t!”

He was chuckling and smiling broadly. “Well, I never could be trusted.” His brows flickered. “But are you going to take your bottoms off today as well, or what?”

“Yes. I think so. Are you coming with us?”

“I wouldn’t mind, for an hour or so over my lunch break at least. It’s going to be worth my while, though?”

“Maybe,” I said, smiling coyly.

The jet skis were coming quick.

“You’re a hot little tease, aren’t you?” The old guy laughed, and I just kept smiling in response.

Andy and Robbie stayed on their skis. George got on another. “I’ll just come along for an hour,” he called over to Andy.

“It would be safer if Catherine rides with me until you’ve got a bit more experience,” Andy said to Robbie, and he extended a hand to me.

I was thrilled to be taken off Robbie by this far more assertive man. I stepped onto the side of his ski and he guided me to sit in front. “Here, you drive,” he told me and he gave me a quick lesson as we made our way out beyond the surf.

The water was glassy calm half a mile from shore. We cruised along with Robbie still playing around doing donuts and speeding off ahead.

Andy was holding my waist and I was pressing back against him, loving the feel of his powerful man body. When Robbie zoomed off ahead one time, Andy caressed up my front and felt my tits. I lifted my arms a little offering him full access, and he massaged them and tweaked my hard little nipples.

I was wearing a shoulder bag. He took that and put it on his own shoulder. He then undid my bikini top and pulled it from me, putting it into the bag.

I held my breath as the guy's hands closed over my tits again. I could feel his erection pressing against my back and my legs were tingling because of that. I looked across at the old maintenance man grinning and watching me being felt up. The hands covering my breasts then lowered back to my waist as Robbie swept around and slowed alongside again.

Robbie looked across at me. I met his eyes and shrugged and smiled innocently. Andy took over control of the jet ski and headed off toward a small boat that was not far away. Robbie followed and we pulled up alongside.

It was a fishing boat with half a dozen guys hanging over the rail looking at me topless. I was giggly excited and they were whooping it up. Andy stayed there for a long while with me completely exposed to the other men, then he led off again and Robbie was left behind for a minute.

Andy placed my hands back on the hand grips and spoke into my ear. "Keep going straight," he said and he started feeling me up again and playing with my nipples.

"Did you like that?" he yelled into my ear. "Do you want to do it again?"

"Okay," I called back to him.

There was another small boat up ahead with two old guys fishing quietly. Andy pulled alongside and said hello. They both smiled as their eyes levelled on my boobs. I smiled back and sat with my arms down by my sides while they looked at me. Robbie pulled up and I met his eyes again, following them down to my bare tits then back up as I bit down on my smile.

Andy was chatting with the men and I just sat there watching them stare. "Nice of you to give the girl a ride like that," one of them said with a chuckle at one point and that made me blush.

Andy laughed. He touched my waist and squeezed a little. George had pulled up, and he and the two fishermen watched Andy's hands. I went all goose-bumpy and held his wrists.

"Cute little nipples, eh?" Andy said to the other men, and I watched their faces and kind of pushed down as his hands lifted and felt me.

I checked back over my shoulder to be sure Robbie wasn't watching. He was right there though, and I blushed back at him, but he zoomed off.

I had pushed Andy's hands lower, and he sat there fiddling with the edge of my bikini bottoms. He was just chatting and laughing with George and the two other old men. The three of them were staring at my hard nipples and looking down at my legs. Andy had fiddled the edge of my pants down off my hips a bit. He was tugging at the elastic and making the front of them roll down and reveal the top of my little landing strip.

My legs were straddling the jet ski, so my thighs were apart and he couldn't actually pull my pants down any further. "We're heading over to the cove," he announced, and I pressed right back against his body as he hooked his two index fingers in the front of my pants and stretched them down past my landing strip.

He held the front down and let the old men have a look at my pussy. "Fuck yeah!" one of them groaned, but Andy just laughed then zoomed off to leave them with their mouths gaping.

He cruised around the headland to an inlet where the water calmed completely and there was a small sandy beach surrounded by cliffs of rock. There were about a dozen people, a couple of women and the rest middle aged men. The women were fully undressed and a few of the men were too.

Robbie ran after me. "Hey, they're buck fuckin' naked!" he exclaimed nervously.

"Yeah, this is the next level. Completely optional," Andy explained. "Have a look! She's all right, isn't she?" The woman we were passing was probably only 30 or so. She looked firm and quite slim with nice full boobs and a shaved pussy, although her legs were folded to the side modestly.

Andy led to a spot where a few men were set up and they all turned to watch. I was still topless. I just smiled back at them as they looked me over. Andy stepped out of his swimmers. His cock swung free and I tried not to squeal.

He grinned. "Your turn."

Old George was sitting on the sand watching. Robbie was dumb struck.

I untied my skirt and let it go. I took a breath and hooked my thumbs in my bikini bottoms and pushed them down.

A few other men had turned to watch. There were about six all up, plus Andy and George.

I stood there naked in front of them for a moment without moving. I had shaved the night before, so my slit was bald, and they were all staring at it. My legs were tingling so much they were numb, but finally I was able to move again and I got down on my knees and took my towel from my bag. I laid it out on the sand and bent over to fix it properly.

Andy had a view of me from behind, and George shifted and leaned around for a look as well. I had checked in the mirror so I knew my slit was perfectly smooth, bare and pink. Robbie was also just staring at it, and I looked back over my shoulder at the three of them. Then I looked beyond to the other men still watching.

Andy stayed on his front concealing an obvious erection. Robbie sat down without saying anything. He appeared to be shocked beyond arguing.

I was glowing. I sat down and started with the suntan lotion, rubbing it on my arms and shoulders. I smiled to myself when I started on my belly and smoothed it up over my tits, where I rubbed in a bit more than I needed to. I did my legs, mindful of keeping them together. I suddenly loved being naked in front of strangers, especially older men. It was something I had never dreamed of before but it was very exciting.

Robbie was watching the other women walking around, and Andy and George were looking too. I met the eyes of a man lying facing me. He was up on his elbows looking directly at my legs. I parted them slightly for him, bending my knees up and allowing them to stray a bit. He didn't look up but his eyes widened and focused, which made my heart thump. I swayed my knees together then allowed them to stray a little wider apart.

That time I caught George looking and I met his smile shyly. I wriggled my feet in the sand and kept my knees apart like that, letting him have a look too. Then I met Robbie's eyes and he looked down at my pussy then back up. I just held his gaze steadily, feeling my cheeks redden and heat with guilt-edged excitement.

I stayed resting back on my elbows with my knees apart so the men could enjoy looking at my pussy. I also enjoyed looking at their cocks and droopy balls. Andy rolled over after a while and I had a chance to sit there watching his rather thick looking penis swell and recede and sort of roll around like it had a mind of its own.

Most of the men at the beach came by at one point or another, some more than once. And each time one would approach, I would open my legs a little further to let him have a look at my opening while I would return the compliment and examine his penis and balls. Some had such huge balls, which I particularly liked, imagining they would have a lot of semen in them. I wanted semen inside me so badly. I wanted them all to empty their big old balls in my mouth or in my pussy.

I Wanted One of Them Inside Me

Catherine

Old George left after an hour or so. He had overstayed and was late back from lunch.

“I’m going for another ride,” Robbie said after George had gone, and he took his jet ski out but not too far.

Andy shifted nearer to me. The guys close by had moved on and no one was watching. He grinned, looking down between my thighs. “Now that definitely looks tempting!”

“Really?” I said, parting my knees a little more to show him.

“Fuck yeah!” Andy groaned, glancing out to check where Robbie was then leaning in to kiss me.

He felt me up again, squeezing a boob while kissing me some more. I saw a man looking over. “Someone’s watching,” I uttered, and the guy craned his neck, so I opened my legs wider for him. Andy then rubbed up my inner thigh and I spread my legs even more, but his fingers only glanced over my pussy and he didn’t try to finger me.

“Robbie’s coming back now,” I whispered.

Andy got up off me and sat back on his towel. There were three men standing there watching. He smiled up at them. “Hey guys, what’s up?”

They all grinned. One answered, “Thought there was going to be a show.”

“No, sorry to disappoint but that’s it for now.” He followed their gaze down to my legs, which were still spread fairly wide. “She does look good though, doesn’t she?”

The three of them were staring at my little pussy. There was a dribble of my lubricant glistening between the smooth pink lips. I took a breath and opened my legs wider for them. They all groaned while Andy just stared at my opening.

I wanted one of them inside me so bad but Robbie walked past them and sat down. He looked at what I was doing then met Andy’s eyes. Andy just sort of

nodded to him then looked back at my pussy.

I waited while he examined it, tilting his head and leaning down a bit. I looked up at the three men and took another big breath while I opened my legs wider.

I looked to Robbie again and watched his face while the four older men examined what was on offer for them. I definitely didn't want Robbie inside me though. I would have let any one of the men have sex with me right there on the beach. I would have let all four of them fuck me if they wanted to.

Andy cleared his throat. "We have to head back and return the skis soon. How about we have another little ride around on the way back?"

He got up and pulled on his swimmers. I closed my legs and the three men moved on. I pulled on my bikini bottoms and found my top in the bag.

"Do you want to put that on later?" Andy asked me. "We can stop just before we get back and fix it up then."

"Okay," I said. "Are we going to meet some more fishermen?"

Andy laughed. "Probably will." He took my bag and slung it on his shoulder. We approached the jet skis. "You lead the way, Robbie. Just follow the inlet there. I'd better ride with Catherine again."

I held Robbie's gaze as I got settled on the seat with the older man straddling behind me. The guy had to adjust the position of his penis, which quickly firmed against my back. It seemed he had released it from his pants.

Robbie's eyes rolled and he took off. Andy followed along a fair way behind. He allowed me to take over and he started playing with my tits, just pinching my nipples and pulling on them. "Do you want to come up to my room tonight?" he shouted over the sound of the ski.

"Okay," I called back. "I'll try to sneak out after dinner."

"If you do I'm going to fuck you." Andy reached down and rubbed me through my bikini pants. "I'm going to fuck you hard!"

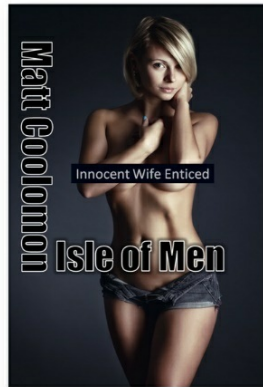
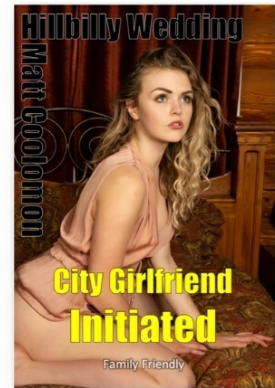
"If you want to." I called back to him, thrilling at the thought of his thick cock inside of me. It was so hard against my back and I just wanted to sit on it right there on the jet ski.

** End of Book 3 **

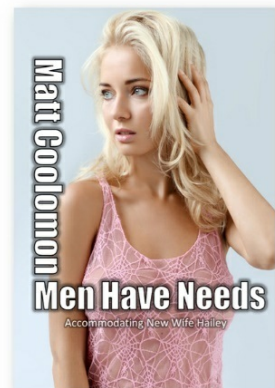
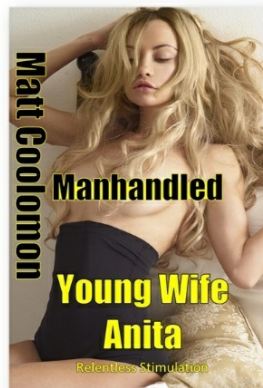
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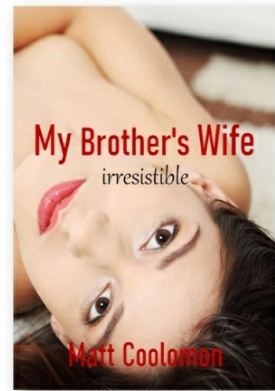
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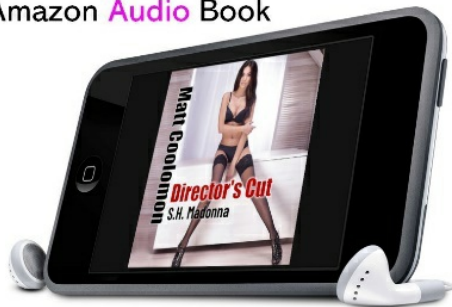
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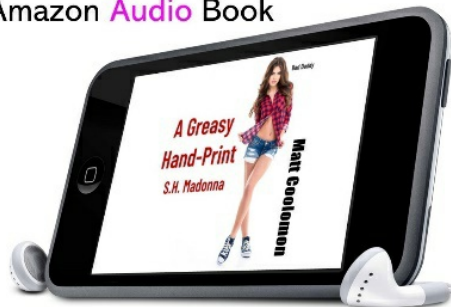
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