

Naked in Bed

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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Played With at the Carnival

Catherine

The guy was gone. It was like he'd had sex with me and just taken off. Robbie and I looked everywhere and waited around the pools and breakfast bar of the resort all morning and eventually had to give up and go with our parents.

Not that Robbie cared. "I'm fucking glad he's gone. He was too old anyway. I don't even know why you wanted to have sex with him and that other even older fucker!"

I had to agree with Robbie about old George. He had been a bit forceful with me last night and there was no way I was going to see him again without Andy to rescue me.

So anyway, Andy was nowhere to be seen today and I just had to hope he'd show up tonight or in the morning, since we were leaving tomorrow afternoon ourselves.

We met up with our parents after lunch as planned and all walked down the beach to a carnival that had just opened for the summer. They had been setting up this past few days and we were hoping they'd open before we left.

I had on a short summer dress to tease any guys or men who wanted to look at me. I was so in the mood for teasing now that I'd been to a nude beach.

We went on the dodgem cars first and had a few goes racing and ramming and having a great time with Robbie's dad and my mum's boyfriend Bruce. It was like they were both trying to get me and make me squeal and laugh.

Next we tried some shooting galleries and won toys then got lost in the maze of mirrors for ages.

We went on a few of the rides and Robbie was too chicken to go on the slingshot so his dad came with me.

Mr Dale was already trying to see down my dress before we even launched and when we did the top of my dress came down and my tits came out the top. I was so excited and scared and squealing and laughing and didn't even care about my dress.

The slingshot was flying up and down less and more slowly now. I looked from my tits to Mr Dale staring at them and grinning. I was holding on tight but he didn't care and just reached across and felt me up.

I let him do it, already so excited and it felt great adding to that with the stimulation of my nipples being pinched.

Mr Dale stopped when our seats were being lowered to let us off the ride. It was another older guy helping people to get out of the seats, so I left my dress down and let him see my tits too. Mr Dale unbuckled and got off the seat. I waited and let the guy undo my harness with my shoulder strings still down around my elbows.

The man unclipped me and the hairy back of his hand brushed over one of my nipples. "Nice," he said into my ear and helped me up.

I reluctantly lifted my shoulder strings. I didn't want to cover up but had to because of all the kids around.

Mr Dale and I were supposed to be meeting the others at the bar and café for dinner. I had insisted we do the slingshot before eating of course. It was a bit of a walk through the rides and stalls and Mr Dale pulled me into a quiet place between two stalls and around behind them.

He grabbed me and felt my tits again while kissing me hard. I was eighteen now so I relaxed into it and just let him have me a little bit at least.

He had his tongue in my mouth and was swirling it around mine. He was squeezing from one tit to the other and pulling and pinching my nipples, sending bolts of electricity to my pussy, getting it ready for what he wanted of course.

It was so exciting the way older men did this. It was like they knew that if they felt my tits it would make my pussy tingle and get wet. It was like it wasn't even fair that us girls have these buttons a man can squeeze and pinch to make our pussy slippery for them.

Mr Dale rubbed down over my belly and felt me between the legs. I clung to his arm because there were people watching. "Um Mr Dale!" I warned when he slid a finger into me.

He had his hand down the front of my panties. He looked back over his shoulder and saw there were two men and a woman watching.

I squirmed away embarrassed and pulled Mr Dale back between the game stalls to the crowd again. "You're so bad!" I scolded him, smiling excitedly.

His finger was so wet from me and that's what I was pulling him along by.

We found everyone and had hotdogs and beers and soft drinks. Then I went on a couple more rides with Robbie, finishing with the Ferris wheel and an amazing view of the resort and all up and down the coast.

Bruce had been looking at me all afternoon and evening but he was with my mum of course, so couldn't do anything. As is always the case around home, although I know Mum notices him checking me out.

Mum had talked about it with me a little bit. She says it's hardly Bruce's fault with how skimpy my nighties are and that I leave my bedroom door open all the time and how is he supposed to not glance in when he's walking past.

We've decided together that he's been really good the whole five years since they got together but he's starting to look more now that I'm old enough.

He was doing it again right now as we waited in line for the ghost train. Mum and Mrs Dale weren't coming and Robbie was getting into the car in front of us with his dad.

Mum was watching and could see Bruce looking down my dress. She grimaced to me and I did that back to her, acknowledging what we both knew was happening. I was even scrunching my shoulders a bit and letting Bruce look.

Mum had told me not to worry about it. That it was only natural for men to look at you if they could and that us women were just as bad looking at guys and men in that way too. She jokes about how good the young guy who mows our lawns looks in his shorts and open shirt that he even takes off when Bruce isn't around.

I mean he's young to Mum since he'd only be about 30. He's ripped though and has a great tan and hairy chest. Big shoulder muscles and lots of tattoos. And Mum always takes him cool drinks and I see the way she drools when she's looking at him close-up.

It was soon too dark to see down my dress anyway and there was creepy skeletons and ghosts and big spiders jumping out at us or dangling from the roof of the cave we were riding through. We were in a little mining car on

tracks and we were squeezed together.

Bruce's hand was resting on my hip where I was squeezing it, his other arm around me. I lifted his hand and put it on my tit.

I peered up at him glaring down at me in the almost dark. "I don't mind if you want to when no one's watching," I told him.

He gulped and squeezed.

He started feeling me and I slipped that shoulder string and pulled it down.

He felt the one tit bare. "Oh love!"

"Uh huh," I uttered and thrust my chest for more.

"Yeah but I shouldn't be doing this," he groaned but kept massaging and thumbing up and down over my nipple.

I think I was still a little bit wet from Mr Dale but my pussy was tingling wildly and getting wetter. It seemed this worked no matter which man was doing it to me.

Bruce was staring down at what he was doing. There were flashes of light then darkness for a few seconds at a time. I shrugged my other shoulder string down and he tugged it to have a look at both of my tits. "Oh those are nice, love."

I bit my smile and just blushed in the dark.

Bruce massaged from one tit to the other making my pussy so slippery as I squished my thighs together.

He fixed my dress before the ride ended but I was in a daze now and don't even remember the rest of the carnival.

A Kiss Goodnight

Catherine

That night Robbie's parents and my mother and Bruce were in our hotel room drinking and having a final night party. They were all pretty drunk and I was tipsy from a couple of glasses of champagne Mum gave me.

Mr Dale's eyes were following me everywhere. I sat on a deck chair directly across from where he was leaning against the balcony rail having a smoke and I bent my knees up a bit while allowing them to part slightly.

He looked at my bikini pants and I smiled to myself and parted my knees a bit more. As I sat there with everyone chatting and laughing, I wondered how I could flash better. Whenever Mr Dale leered down at my legs, I opened them to show him my crotch, but it was only in the swimmers I'd put on for a dip in the hot tub and that wasn't enough.

He's a strong and virile man and I could tell he wanted to look at my pussy and boobs, so I needed to find a way of showing him properly.

When Mr Dale went to the toilet I decided it was time to get changed. My room was next to the bathroom and I waited by my open door, but my mother came along before Mr Dale came out. She was waiting for the toilet and I had to close my door and miss the opportunity completely.

I changed anyway, picking out lacy white panties and a short denim skirt. I also decided to go braless beneath a half-length crop top my girlfriend had given me as a joke one time. It was very thin white fabric that was virtually see-through, and it only just covered my boobs while being open underneath and loose fitting enough to flash them easily. If I put my hands on my head, my nipples would pop out the bottom.

My mother's eyebrows raised when I walked out in it, but she just shook her head and didn't say anything. Mr Dale was in the same spot leaning against the rail and Bruce was there beside him. Mum and Mrs Dale were sitting back closer to the open balcony doors. Robbie was inside on his computer.

I sat down in my chair and rested back with my knees bent up again. I felt much sexier with the lace panties I had chosen, and my skirt was straight enough that they were exposed to both men's view whenever they looked

down.

Mum's boyfriend was watching our neighbour check me out. Mr Dale's eyes lowered so I looked away. I checked and saw that he noticed but I looked away again and pretended to ignore him.

I sat there like that for a long while before my mother and Robbie's stepmum went to answer the door and start getting the food from room service ready for dinner. Bruce and Mr Dale were then kind of looking out over the ocean while I played on my phone, but they would look down at me quite regularly.

I wanted to show them more of my body again, especially Mr Dale, so I stretched my arms back above my head and yawned as I settled like that.

They both looked and I felt the breeze on the underside of my breasts. I did another big exaggerated stretch and the fabric of my crop top lifted above my nipples. I felt both men staring now so I yawned and stretched even longer to let them enjoy me, then I relaxed and my shirt slipped lower to cover me, but my nipples were hard and poking at it.

"Yeah and you can get your eyes back in their sockets now," Bruce said to Mr Dale and I smiled to myself and sat up with my legs crossed and my little straight skirt stretched taut and hiked up to reveal my panties while I brushed my hair.

My feet were crossed and my heel was pressing against the crotch of my panties, which were completely on display with my skirt having hiked right up around my hips. I was watching Mr Dale's face as he stared at what I was showing now, then he suddenly glanced up at me, and I met his eyes briefly before they rolled back down to my crotch again.

Bruce came back from checking if the late-night snack was ready yet and he tilted to look at my panties too, but he couldn't talk since what happened in the ghost train today.

I instinctively tugged at the front of my skirt to cover myself anyway, and I blushed as the man from next door looked up to meet my gaze. He shook his head and looked back out to sea.

I held Bruce's gaze defiantly and lifted both arms to hold my hair and brush it again, and to deliberately hike my little crop top up. With the thin fabric stretching up over my nipples again, I thrust my chest a little and lifted my

shoulders, baring my breasts completely.

Bruce stared at them, rubbing his mouth. Mr Dale's head turned slowly back towards me, but I just bit down on my smile and continued brushing my hair.

His eyes narrowed and he looked back and forth from my boobs to my face. "Oops!" I said with a giggle, looking down at myself. "I think this shirt must have shrunk in the wash or something."

Mr Dale chuckled, but he also checked inside as he approached beside me. He looked at Bruce, who gulped and nodded stiffly.

"You're old enough now, aren't you love? You've turned eighteen, right?" Mr Dale crooned.

"Uh huh, I'm eighteen now."

"Yeah these are nice," he went on low and deep and he felt my tits.

I just held my breath and thrust my chest forward as he felt one then the other. I watched Bruce's face. He was staring blankly and letting his friend touch me. Mr Dale reached down and pinched the hem of my skirt, lifting it.

"Uhh..hhh..." I moaned as I braced against the feel of his fingers rubbing into my crotch.

"Yeah, that's it love, let's have a little look eh?" He checked with Bruce again. Bruce gulped and nodded. He drew a big breath and put his hands on his head. Mr Dale's eyes were wide as he looked back at what he was doing, feeling my crotch and rubbing into me.

I kept my top stretched up with one arm and gripped the edge of the chair as I lifted my bottom. Mr Dale took hold of the waist band of my panties and pulled them down. I kept my legs pressed together. He left my panties around my knees and pushed the front of my skirt up to my belly while he examined my pussy.

"Aw fuck yeah," Mr Dale groaned and he pulled against my inner thigh.

I parted my legs. My panties slipped to my ankles and I spread my knees wide and my skirt and top lifted. Mr Dale removed my panties from my feet. He held them to his face and drew a deep breath. I hooked my legs over the armrests of my chair and rested back with my top pulled up to my neck again.

"That's good love, nice and wide," Mr Dale said, and he rubbed down my leg

and peeled open one lip of my pussy. “Yeah look at that,” he groaned at my mother’s boyfriend watching intensely. “You’re so wet, sweetheart. You’re all lubed up ready for it,” he said to me.

“Uhh..hhh...” I moaned as Mr Dale’s middle finger entered my pussy. He forced it deep inside of me just as my mother called out that the food was ready.

The two men jumped with a start and were suddenly gone.

I squeezed my thighs together and stretched my little crop top down to cover my tits, tingling all the way up into my belly at the lingering feel of being penetrated.

I went and had a bath and was still feeling naughty. I picked out a soft yellow, lace trim tank top with Minnie Mouse on the front, and I chose sky-blue cotton panties that I often wore to bed. The tank top just covered my belly and reached to the waist band of my panties, which were completely exposed as I took my hairbrush and strolled out to where the adults were having their party.

“Sweetheart!” my mother exclaimed. “Haven’t you got something decent to wear?”

“But it’s too hot,” I whined teasingly as I briefly met Mr Dale’s gaze. “Plus look where we are! You can go nude around here and no one cares.”

“Yes, and we’re all one big family,” Mrs Dale said drunkenly as she put an arm around me and gave me a hug.

I remained by Mrs Dale’s side while brushing my hair. My mother was sitting to my other side and I was facing the two men.

“I suppose it’s no different to a bikini,” Bruce slurred. He was really drunk.

I noticed he wasn’t looking away, which made me feel even naughtier right here in front of everyone. Mr Dale was having a good look too. He kept glancing down at my panties while they all laughed and talked.

“Well, I’m going to bed,” I announced, and I made the rounds and kissed Mrs Dale then Mum and Bruce, and I leaned down for a hug and kiss from Mr Dale, enjoying the feel of his hand touching my hip and squeezing.

Mr Dale was still watching me as I left the room and I peered back at him,

smiling. Then I left my bedroom door open slightly and took off my tank top to get into bed. I lay there with my heart pounding, hoping he'd come past to use the bathroom.

I could clearly hear them talking and laughing, and before long I heard Mr Dale closer, his voice coming from the hallway.

I took a nervous breath and quickly pulled off my panties then smoothed the sheet into place at my neck. Then I heard his footsteps and I lowered the sheet and waited with my breasts bare and on display for him.

There was a narrow shaft of light from the hallway that sat across my waist and one side of my belly. It darkened with his shadow then the door moved a little and the strip of light broadened and lit the room a bit brighter.

Mr Dale stood there for a moment just looking at me and I lay fiddling with the sheet at my waist, trying to breathe as my chest shuddered nervously.

I had left my tank top where it landed and my little sky-blue panties were on the floor next to it. Mr Dale was looking at them. I could see his hand rubbing the front of his shorts as he checked back over his shoulder then looked at me again.

I met his eyes and bit down on my smile. The door was at the end of the bed, so he was standing very close and just looking down at my tits. I lifted to my elbows, sort of propped there blushing and biting down on my smile.

“You're a little tease, aren't you?” he asked, grinning, and he pinched the bottom of the sheet and pulled it slowly downward, uncovering my belly, then my little landing strip, then revealing my pussy.

My whole body was tingling with excitement. My skin was covered in goose bumps. It felt hot, while the ocean breeze through the open window was cool.

Mr Dale left the sheet above my knees and stood staring at my pussy. I wondered whether I should part my legs for him, but it wasn't the same as with the men at the beach because they were nude too and it was like – everyone was doing it, so why not? It was very different lying on my bed with my parents just down the hallway, and so close that I could still clearly hear them talking.

Mr Dale checked over his shoulder again and shifted nervously. “Hey Bruce, Catherine was just saying she wants to come with us on the dune buggy in the

morning.”

I quickly pulled up the sheet to cover myself before Bruce’s head appeared at Mr Dale’s shoulder. “Yeah, that would be fun,” I said, thinking quickly.

I had the sheet up and my arm across my breasts. I was then lying to one side and propped on that other elbow. I had tucked up my legs, but the men could see my bare back in the mirrored wardrobe behind the bed. They could see all the way down to my bottom, and Bruce’s drunken gaze focused on my panties and top on the floor for a moment.

“Could someone open the window a bit more, please?” I asked them both. “It’s too hot in here,” I said and reached for a bottle of water I had on a bedside cabinet, allowing the sheet to fall to my waist and my tits to pop out.

Mr Dale slid the window open wide and pulled aside the blinds. My mother’s boyfriend looked at my tits as I sat there with them bare. I glanced down at them then smiled up at him, my blush rising.

“Yeah that’s better. That’s a nice breeze,” Mr Dale said and rested back on the windowsill facing me. He motioned back over his shoulder. “Don’t worry, no one can see in. You’re okay to sleep like that.”

“Oh, that’s good... Is it this hot in your room, Bruce? Do you guys have air-con in there?”

“No love, just a fan.”

“Hmm...” I peered from my boobs to Mr Dale’s face. I bit down on my smile and raised my arms to lift my hair and air it. “Are you sure no one can see in the window?” I asked him sweetly. Bruce went to the window and checked. I was sitting, and I pushed down the sheet with my legs and kept one knee bent up. “Is it safe, Bruce?”

He gulped, his eyes wide as he looked at me. “But sweetheart, you’re a young woman now. You shouldn’t be..!”

Mr Dale chuckled, slapping an arm around his shoulder. “Hey, don’t worry on my account, Bruce.”

“Yeah, I’ll bet *you’re* not worried,” Bruce said, shaking his head.

“Don’t you worry either,” I said. “He’s just a dirty old man, aren’t you, Mr Dale?”

Mr Dale had edged his way back to the open door and the end of the bed. I swayed my bent-up leg away from the other one as I lifted and cooled my hair again. Mr Dale was staring at my pussy and didn't answer. My blush deepened as I looked to my mother's boyfriend's face. It was blank and his eyes were fixed upon my parted legs as well.

I huffed a breath as I rested back on my elbows. "It's just so hot," I complained and pushed the sheet all the way from my feet. I then draped one leg over the side of the bed and left the bent-up one swayed against the wall.

"Yeah just a harmless dirty old man," Mr Dale finally answered with a chuckle.

"Yes I know, but I don't mind," I teased sweetly and I met Bruce's gaze and held it for a second.

He looked down at my pussy. I swayed my bent-up leg against the wall again, spreading for him.

He groaned and rubbed his mouth.

"Mmm do you men like that?" I asked and I lay back and lifted my foot from the floor. I kept that leg bent up like the other one and raked down my inner thighs, spreading my legs completely.

"Oh that's nice," Mr Dale groaned. "She's so tight too buddy. You should have a feel," he suggested to Bruce.

Bruce was still holding his mouth, his eyes wide and fixed upon my pussy.

"You can touch me if you want," I uttered and writhed up off the bed with my butt while keeping my inner thighs spread with my hands.

Bruce shook his head slowly. "I can't," he said and looked to Mr Dale, who nodded.

I bit down on my grin. "Could you bring me a fan then please?"

Bruce swallowed hard. He returned Mr Dale's glance as he walked past him. "I won't be long," he said.

Mr Dale dipped his head. "A few minutes though?"

My mother's boyfriend nodded again. He checked down the hall towards the living room then eyeballed Mr Dale again. "I'll just use the bathroom then get the fan. Five minutes."

“Okay, man,” Mr Dale agreed, slapping a shoulder.

Bruce looked to me again. I was still biting down on a grin. He looked at my pussy again. Mr Dale was staring at it. I raked down my inner thighs and undulated up off the bed a little again as I spread my legs wide open.

“Aw sweetheart,” he groaned.

“Hmm but I’ve done this for some other men here already... At the beach with lots of them watching.”

“Fuck yeah,” Mr Dale groaned and moved to be standing beside the bed. He touched my knee, stroking down my inner thigh. He gripped my flesh and I undulated upward again. “That looks so tight,” he went on and felt lower, touching my slit with a finger.

Bruce checked down the hall again and turned back. I watched his face as Mr Dale felt into me, rubbing my folds and isolating my clit. He squeezed a tit with his other hand and inserted his finger into my vagina.

“Uh huh huh,” I moaned as I humped against his hand between my legs.

“Aw fuck she’s tight,” Mr Dale said back over his shoulder and started moving his finger in and out. “The girl’s as tight as, Bruce,” he added more deliberately. “And wet,” he said to me.

“Yeah, but this is so wrong,” Bruce answered him. “Sweetheart..?” he pleaded with me.

“It’s okay Bruce, you can watch him do it to me. I don’t mind.”

Bruce checked over his shoulder again. Mr Dale started banging me with his middle finger, his hand slapping against my crotch. My little tits were jiggling. He groped from one to the other. I held myself up off the bed and quickly went into orgasm.

“Oh fuck yes,” Mr Dale groaned and held firmly up me. “Yeah squeeze that big old finger, love. That little pussy is so amazingly tight.”

“Uh huh,” I moaned, gripping his arm now and with my thighs closed together around it, my belly still pulsing with the contractions of my vagina.

“Alright, that’s enough now, Milton,” Bruce commanded, reaching for his friend’s shoulder and pulling on his shirt. He pulled the man to the door and looked back at me. “Night love.”

“But I need another goodnight kiss now,” I cried, holding out my arms.

Bruce stepped forward and gave me a kiss on the cheek, patting my arm as I cuddled his neck. Mr Dale glanced at him as he stepped back. He then moved close and leaned over to meet my outstretched arms as well. I cuddled around his neck and he touched my lips with his. He pressed to them softly then parted his lips and extended his tongue.

I squirmed my legs together, scissoring them as Mr Dale swirled his tongue in my mouth. I glared at my mum’s boyfriend but he was looking at me with his jaw sagging, his face blank. He gulped and spoke. “Come on, that’s enough now.”

Mr Dale broke off the kiss and looked back at him. “Sorry man,” he said.

“Come on, just get out of it. Leave her alone.”

“Yeah...” Mr Dale was still touching my waist. He was half sitting on the edge of the bed. He looked at my tits and felt one of them again. Bruce pulled his arm, dragging him away. “Sorry man,” Mr Dale said as he was guided out the door.

The door shut and the men could be heard muttering, but not arguing. I grabbed my top and panties and threw them into the wash basket in the corner, and I pulled up the sheet, giggling with glee.

Bent Over the Dune Buggy

Catherine

At six in the morning I was up and having breakfast, ready to go dune buggy riding with the men. I had seen them take off in one of the buggies the previous morning and it looked like fun. And it was also another chance to tease, so I had on a new little summer dress I had bought the other day and just thong panties with no bra.

“There’s hardly enough room for more than two,” Bruce said as he came up to get me. He had been down to hire the buggy and had left Mr Dale with it to come and check if I still wanted to go with them.

“I’ll just come for a short ride,” I said hopefully. “I can squeeze in, can’t I?”

“All right then, come on,” Bruce said and I followed him out the door and caught up to cuddle close beneath his arm. He was a bit gruff and obviously hung-over. I was bubbling with excitement and enthusiasm for whatever naughty stuff I could get up to that day.

“See, there’s hardly any room in back,” Bruce said when we got to the buggy.

“Hi Mr Dale!” I smiled and he smiled back.

The back seat of the buggy was just a compartment for carrying a bit of gear. There was a seat but almost no leg room. I squeezed in there and we took off with Mr Dale having the first turn driving. There was a huge area of sand dunes over the back of the resort and quite a few other buggies zooming around. There was a flagged area for racing, where we did a few laps with me clinging onto the roll cage and with the front seats digging into my shins all the time.

“Can I sit on your lap please, Bruce?” I pleaded. There was plenty of room in front.

“Well, come on then!” he grumped, and I climbed over and wriggled onto the seat in front of him, which was much better and allowed me to stand up and look over the windscreen squealing and whooping it up.

He was holding my hips sometimes. I had sat on his lap before so figured it would be fine to again now.

The back of my skirt lifted of course so I was just sitting on him in my thong panties and bare butt. Although he only had on swim shorts and I could feel his penis through them.

I was being tossed around and managed to deliberately wiggle on it sometimes, feeling it get nice and firm.

Mr Dale seemed to notice what I was doing and slowed down so I wasn't being thrown off balance all the time.

He drove around the circuit and was letting others overtake while I squirmed on my mother's boyfriend's lap and made him get a full erection beneath me.

"Fuck yeah," Mr Dale groaned and pulled over. "Come on Bruce, you're up buddy."

The men then got out to change places and I waited, meeting Mr Dale's grin as he got into the seat behind me.

Bruce zoomed off onto the racetrack and after a few laps being tossed around he slowed and I worked my way fully onto Mr Dale's erection.

Bruce was focused on driving but I could see him glancing to watch.

I held the windscreen and rolled my pelvis to rub back and forth with my pussy. Mr Dale had on Speedos and I could feel him distinctly through them.

He reached beneath my bottom and I lifted to give him room.

He stretched aside his swimmers and as I sat down again I felt him probing me with his bare cock.

I was wet of course and he slipped right in. "Uh huh uh," I moaned and squirmed on it.

"Uh yeah that's better," he groaned. "Is she on birth control?"

Bruce shook his head. "Yes she's on the pill but... fuck!" he groaned worriedly and turned off the track and along the smooth sand of the beach.

I was keeping still mostly, just unable to help myself squirming a little. I was gone of course. A man had his penis inside me so I was his to do with as he pleased. He was definitely in control.

He was rolling his pelvis beneath me and fucking me nice and slow and deep while holding and feeling one of my tits.

Bruce turned from the beach and drove into the dunes. We weren't far from the resort now and he pulled over under a tree and parked. He'd been watching all the while but did so more intensely now.

Mr Dale was thrusting and bouncing me on his lap. I was holding the windshield frame tight and keeping my butt raised to give him room. He had a nice thick cock that wasn't very long, so it was stretching me but not surging too deep and hurting at all like some of the other men had so far.

He suddenly stopped and swung his legs out of the buggy, lifting me and keeping me seated on his cock.

He bent me over the hood of the buggy and resumed humping me, only this was much more exciting with him having full control and being able to pull back and slam into me.

I went into orgasm but he didn't stop. He lifted my upper body and cuddled me tight while going nuts humping me and he was suddenly still and he let out a growl against my ear.

His cock was throbbing in me now and I instinctively relaxed back onto it fully, flaring my hips and presenting myself for him to finish off in as deep as he could.

It throbbed and throbbed and I watched my mother's boyfriend holding his cock through his swimmers and stare blankly at his friend having me.

"You getting some buddy?" Mr Dale asked him.

He glanced up, gulped and shook his head.

I blushed deeply and just bit my lip.

"Oh I want to," Bruce said while holding my eyes. "You're so beautiful love but I can't," he apologised.

"Man, you're missing out," Mr Dale said while still moving inside me.

I was even more wet and slippery now of course and he as still firm enough to fuck me.

"Yeah man make the most of it because it will never happen for you again either," Bruce said to his friend.

Mr Dale gripped my hips and resumed humping me.

He forced my head down and with my tits bare now, my nipples were squishing against the hood of the buggy.

Bruce took out his much bigger dick and stroked it while watching his friend have me again.

He edged close to where I had my head turned and my face against the hood. He leant close and Mr Dale stopped thrusting and waited.

I opened my mouth when Bruce stroked my hair back and he put the head of his cock in and it immediately started spurting.

“Mmm hmm,” I moaned and closed my lips around it. It gushed and gushed and I swallowed down a huge mouthful.

Mr Dale then resumed slamming into me and he lost it and jammed himself hard against my butt with his cock throbbing inside me again.

He emptied his big old balls in me and I sucked and drank all I could from my mother’s boyfriend.

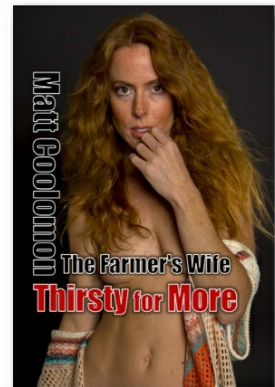
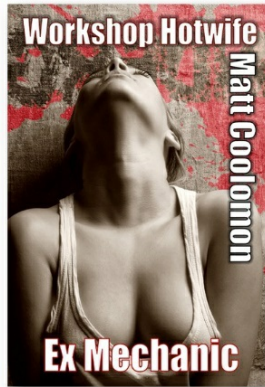
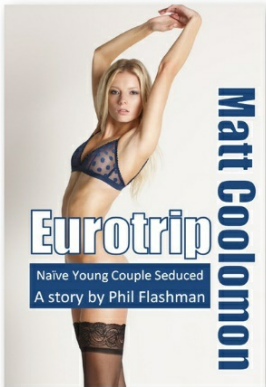
And two hours later I was sitting in the back seat of Bruce’s big 4WD with my mother dosing in the passenger seat and Bruce continually glaring at me in his rearview mirror, making my pussy tingle and my mind whirl excitedly for the next time anything might happen.

** The end **

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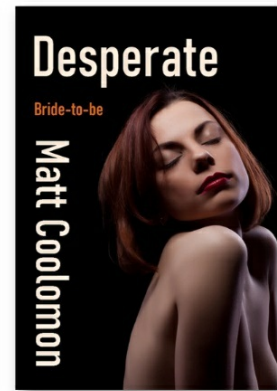
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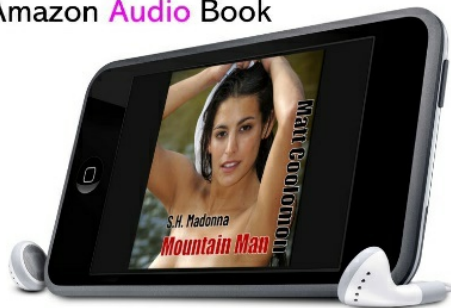
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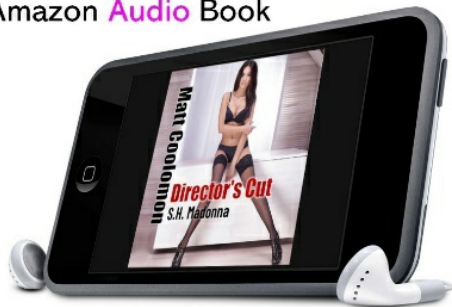
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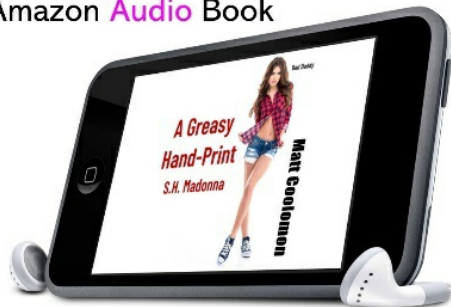
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