

Sweetly Submissive

Matt Coolomon

The Local Boys

Deep Please



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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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Down the Front of My Dress

Catherine

I had promised to meet the local guys at the abandoned house at ten, but I also wanted to get across to town and check out a few shops I had seen the other day. First thing was to do some washing though, because I was running out of clean clothes.

I found my mother's boyfriend in a very good mood, whistling and smiling, and Mum was glowing. I had no desire for any details of what they had been up to, and Bruce just gave a shrug and said, "Fine! Your loss." Which was kind of intriguing.

"Well, where did you go then?" I asked curiously.

"No. Not telling now," he chuckled. "You're going to have to find out for yourself."

"But how can I if you won't tell me?" I turned to my mother. "Where did you go, Mum?"

She smiled too. "I'm out of this. Sort it out with Bruce."

I turned back to Bruce and glared at him. "Have you gone mad? Where did you go?" I implored.

"Ask Timmy," he said, offhand like. "He'll show you."

"What? Timmy?"

"I think he said he'd drop by around midday, didn't he, love?"

My mother glanced up from her magazine. "Yes, after he finishes work this morning."

"What, he's dropping by here to see me?" I asked, beyond confused. "What are you two going on about?"

Bruce grinned. "I'd be here around midday if I were you." He then turned back to his newspaper and had a sip of coffee. "If you want to find out where we went last night, that is."

"You've both gone nuts!" I declared, and I took my washing basket out to the

laundry. That was a small room on the end of the garage with an old-fashioned twin-tub washing machine, requiring me to stand around waiting to move my clothes from the wash tub to the spin dryer.

Bruce came from the house headed for the 4WD with a fishing rod. He put it in back and approached behind me in the laundry.

He claimed my shoulders and looked down the front of my dress, making it gape with the way he was squeezing. I looked down at my bare little tits with him. "Are you giving the local boys more today, love?"

I smiled. "Hmm I don't know about *me* giving *them* any. It's me who ends up with it all dripping out."

"Yeah well that's true I suppose. The girl does end up with it all."

"Uh huh because their balls get too heavy if we don't," I said, still wondering how true that was.

"Is that what they said?" Bruce asked. He was still rubbing the back of my neck with one hand but was feeling me up with the other now.

I leant forward holding the washing machine and let him. He undid two buttons and slipped his big hand inside my dress to feel my tit bare and pinch the nipple more directly.

Oh I was just dying for him to want to fuck me. I was trying to wiggle back against him.

"Did they actually tell you their balls get heavy and need a release, did they love?"

"Uh huh that's what they said but I hope I soothed that for them yesterday. They both came inside me three times, I think... Surely that would be enough times for them to empty their balls fully, wouldn't it?"

"Aw love, you've got no idea. I can imagine those young guys dreaming every day about a pretty girl like you getting off the ferry. It's so good of you to let them have sex with you like this."

"Mmm hmm, well I'm supposed to be meeting them again this morning. I'm guessing their balls would have filled up again overnight?"

"I'm sure they would have love. You go see to them, there's a good girl. Let them fill you little pussy and all up inside with cum again and then come

home and tell me all about it,” the older man said and left me with a pat on the bum and my pussy tingling wildly for him not the young guys my own age.

I Hoped There Would Be a Lot

Catherine

It was already ten-thirty by the time I had hung my washing out and gone to the grocery store for my mother again, and Tod and Paulo were waiting for me along the road when I had dropped off the groceries and continued up towards the forest. They had a bag each with food and drink and they were both grinning like fools as I approached.

"I've only got half an hour," I said. "I can't stay for lunch today."

"That still gives us time to cream you up," Paulo said, grinning and looking me over and making me blush.

I had picked out a short sundress for today. Paulo lifted it up at the back as we walked along but I brushed it down and glared at him. "You have to wait till we get there at least!"

"Do you want to go first?" Tod asked Paulo.

"Yeah, it's my turn to go first today. You can go sloppy seconds this time."

I smiled through my blush. "You guys are so disgusting!"

"That's because we've both got really, really full balls again this morning," Paulo whispered to me.

"Yeah, swinging low they're so full." Tod chuckled and did an exaggerated bow-legged walk along in front.

"Looks like you shit yourself," Paulo laughed and grabbed Tod in a headlock, and the two of them started jostling and carrying on like a couple of male animals again.

I just walked along quietly watching them and feeling my belly get warmer and warmer as we approached the house. I pictured their balls being swollen and full to the point of bursting, and soon I was going to be accepting their huge gooey loads in my pussy and deep inside too.

I blushed to myself as I hoped there would be a lot. I had on a tiny pair of thong panties I had bought to please my ex-boyfriend. They were see-through

and just a little triangle of mesh really. I wondered how it was going to feel with them after the guys had emptied their big heavy balls in me.

As soon as I walked into the house Paulo moved behind me. I leaned back into him as he felt my breasts. He massaged softly and found my nipples, then he pinched them and I squirmed as I felt his cock flex against my bottom.

"We better get started if we've only got half an hour, eh?" he said to Tod. Then he slipped his hands under my little dress and felt all the way up to my breasts again.

That hiked my dress up in front and showed Tod my panties. He grinned as he stared at them. "Fucking hurry up then!" he said.

I could already feel my pussy lips squishing together as I was led into the bedroom. I sat down on the mattress and watched Paulo take off his shirt and shorts. He then knelt beside me, and I lay back and braced as his hand went up my dress and between my legs.

"Your cunny's wet already," he said as his finger slipped around the edge of my panties and up inside of me. "Has someone already fucked you this morning?"

"No, not yet," I uttered. "I'm just ready for you down there."

Paulo got between my legs and lifted my dress up over my belly. "These are nice," he commented, smiling and rubbing my pussy through my little panties. Then he took hold of his cock and placed the head against them. "Do you want me to do you with them on?"

"Uh huh," I uttered. "If you want to."

He lifted the edge of the fabric and peeled it aside, all the while looking down at what he was doing. Then he pressed the head of his cock against my slit and it sunk into me. He grinned. "Do you want it deep or creamy?"

I had thought about this. I liked being creampie'd but I also wanted at least some of their cum in my belly.

"Deep please," I smiled, blushing excitedly.

"Okay, deep it is then." He lifted my legs and hooked them over his arms. Then he moved forward, pinning them to my chest, and he sunk his cock all

the way in.

I contained my squeal that time. "Oh wow, that is so – ohhh..hhh..." I moaned as he started fucking me. I clung to the pillow above my head and bit down on my lip as his cock speared into me, the pain merging with pleasure and my orgasm building fast and thumping through my body even harder as I was pinned down like that.

Paulo held firmly up me until my contractions eased, then he started fucking me deep and slow, teasing about filling his balls nice and full.

He smiled down at me. "You ready?"

I giggled. "Uh huh, I'm ready."

He closed his eyes and his face contorted, and he held firm but not all the way in me as his cock jumped and started pulsing.

"Aw fuck yes!" he cried, his eyes shooting open and rolling back in his head.

He looked down at where we were joined, pulling back a little further and holding there, his face still contorting and his cock still pulsing. "Mmm that's such a huge fucking load," he groaned. Then he pulled back further and his cockhead squeezed out still dribbling cum.

He had released my legs and I lay with them limp and still spread wide.

I pumped some in your belly and kept blowing all the way out... Creamed all the way through your fuck tunnel, I reckon."

"Uh huh it felt like it," I uttered and took a breath. "Are your balls empty again now?"

"Haha yeah for right now they are. That was two nuts full for sure."

Tod opened the door. "Time's up, man," he said and came in.

Paulo got dressed while Tod got undressed. I lay there peering up at them with my knees together but my feet still wide apart. They were both looking under my legs at the cum leaking out of my slit with my panties still scrunched aside. Tod's cock was visibly expanding and getting stiff.

I waited until Paulo had gone then turned over onto my hands and knees. Tod lifted my dress up over my hips and pulled down my panties. He mounted me and stuck his cock in. He went at me hard and fast, and within a few minutes he was jammed against me blowing his load.

I could feel him pulsing and his strong spurts of semen flooding me. I rested there on my knees and elbows while he poked around in me for a bit longer.

"Yeah creamed you again," he said, grinning with satisfaction. "Might have to start charging for all these pies we're giving you."

"Charging me? Shouldn't it be me charging you guys for letting you do it to me?"

Tod stood, fixing his shorts. "Well, I've got some buddies who would pay. We could set up a proper gangbang and let them all unload in you. Give you a really messy creampie."

"No thanks," I replied. "I wouldn't like that... I'd rather it was just you and Paulo.... Plus I'm messy enough already," I added with a giggle.

I had pulled my panties back up and they were instantly soaked and glued over my pussy. I plucked at them, trying to adjust and make them more comfortable. "I can't believe how wet just the two of you make me."

"Why don't you come back later and we'll give you another creamy?"

"I don't know if I can, but I'll try."

"Even tonight?" Paulo suggested, stepping into the doorway and handing Tod the drink bottle. "You wouldn't want us going to bed tonight with blue balls, would you?"

I giggled. "No, I wouldn't want that... I'll try to come back so you can empty them in me again."

Paulo took hold of me from behind and felt up under my dress. He tweaked my nipples while Tod looked down at my panties. He chuckled. "Man, look how fucking creamy she is this time!"

"Don't!" I uttered, and I covered my panties with my hand while Paulo twisted my nipples again, making me squirm back against him. "Mmm..uhhh, you make them sensitive doing that," I cried. Then he lifted my dress up over them and I reached back putting my arms around his neck while they looked at my body.

"Her panties are totally creamed," Tod said to Paulo. "Have a look."

Paulo looked down over my shoulder and I arched my body forward so he could see them. They weren't only pasted to me, their semen was oozing

through the mesh.

Paulo felt my tits again but just massaged them without hurting my nipples.

"We creamed you good this time, didn't we?"

"Uh huh. And I like it with these panties," I uttered.

"You can see her cunny through them," Tod said. "Our cum's oozing out of it, man."

Paulo released me and went around in front to have a better look. I tugged my dress from above my tits and lowered it to my waist, but I held it there while they examined me.

"Can you see her crack?" Tod went on crudely. "Is that your fucking goo or mine?"

"I think it's from both of you," I said softly. "I think it gets all mixed inside of me and there's so much of it that it wets me like this."

"But you love it, don't you?" Paulo teased as I lowered my dress.

"I didn't know anything about it until you guys. I didn't even think about any creampie's or anything... It never happened like this with my boyfriend because it was just him, and he wasn't trying to do me every five minutes like you guys."

Paulo had another feel of my breasts.

"You coming?" Tod asked him.

"Yeah."

He felt my nipple through the fabric. "We're going for a swim but we'll see you tonight?"

"I'll try," I assured him.

The guy grabbed his balls lewdly. "These will be nice and full again for you by then. Come up and we'll send you back to Daddy nice and sloppy like you are now."

"Okay." My blush deepened. "I want to make sure you're totally satisfied... It's up to me to let you while I'm here. Every time you need to cum, I want it inside me like this."

Paulo quickly stroked until he was ready to blow again. I watched him. He

turned me to face the wall and got in behind me. I leaned forward on my hands and lifted as he inserted the head of his cock in through the edge of my panties. "Fuck yeah," he groaned as his dick pulsed and spurted more semen into me.

He moved back still holding his cock. It was covered in cum. I watched over my shoulder while he wiped it on my leg then used my dress to dry it properly. He grabbed my head and kissed me, extending his tongue into my mouth.

"See ya, baby," he said and took off after Tod, and I was left to trudge home alone, feeling more used than admired this time.

It was Sticky and Cool

Bruce

I saw Catherine flash past from where I was sitting watching TV in the lounge. Her mother had taken off with her new lady friends and left me alone again. I decided not to go fishing and hung around the house, hoping for another look at Catherine or a feel of her if she dared let me get too close again.

She came back out from her room. “Where’s Mum?”

“Out with the girls. I think they’re at that fisherman’s bar.”

“Oh really!” Catherine smiled. “She’d better be careful. They’re dirty old men down there.”

“Yeah I know, she’s getting plenty of looks. Like daughter like mother,” I chuckled.

The girl had approached and was leaning close beside my chair. I rubbed up her inner thigh. It was sticky and cool. I touched her little panties with my thumb and found them wet and warm.

She stood holding my shoulder and letting me have a look. I lifted her dress and hooked a finger in her panties and had a look down them. I stretched them down and saw the crotch was soaked and there was creamy goo filling her slit and oozing out of her.

I tilted in for a close look. Her inner folds were pink and exposed.

She took over holding her dress up and I parted her lips with a finger and saw there was cum oozing from the base of her vagina.

I swallowed. “How many this time love, just the two again?”

“Uh huh just the two of them but they both feel like they cum so much.”

She lifted her dress up above her tits and held it there.

I looked from them to her creamed little pussy. I had an erection and she was biting her smile and looking at it in my pants.

I couldn’t let her touch it, or touch her with it. I had to hold that line, as

tempting as this was.

She was in front of me, leaning in now. I kissed her belly and nuzzled upward. She thrust for me and I sucked on a tit.

She whimpered.

I sucked hard on that one and lashed the nipple then moved to the other one and had her moaning and carrying on, her dress up over her head now and dropped on the floor.

I kept sucking her little tits while pushing her panties down her thighs. She stepped out of them and I tossed them on her dress.

“Come here then love,” I said and encouraged her to crawl up over me as I laid back in the recliner.

I guided her upwards and slithered down beneath her until she was straddling my face.

I kissed her sticky pussy then licked it, slicing my tongue through.

She whimpered and rolled her pelvis.

I licked either side of her little split peach and cleaned the taste of the local guys then covered her opening and tongue kissed it deeply.

Damn she was wet inside. She was dripping into my mouth as I lashed her little clit and got her humping my whiskery face.

I ate into the girl and had to swallow a few times before she went into orgasm and her little pussy started throbbing and sucking the cum in deeper instead of dripping it out. I sat up and kept hold of her hips, lying her backward on my lap while licking up the last of the creampie she'd been given.

She kept her butt raised and her legs spread around my face. I was holding her butt cheeks and pulled them open to give her little starfish a rimming while I was at it, making her giggle and squirm to get away now.

I tumbled her off my lap onto the floor and she lay there completely nude with one leg bent up and spread away from the other.

I had to have a release, so I stood and freed my cock.

She lay there smiling up at me and watching fascinated as I stroked off.

I bent my cock down to shoot my load all over her flat belly and little tits.

I left her lying there on the lounge room floor playing in my cum and rubbing it over her tits and between her leg, fingering herself with it all over her hands.

Fuck I was going to hell for this. I seriously hoped her mother was down there at the pub bent over a barrel or something with a young fisherman slamming into her from behind.

Too Filthy on the Inside

Catherine

I had a shower to wash my sticky gooey outside at least. I was too filthy on the inside to do anything about that. I was full of cum from the two local guys and had fingered as much of Bruce's cum into my pussy as I could.

I was such a bad girl and wondered if I was becoming a slut, but sex was so exciting and it felt so natural to let a guy or man have me.

I picked out some pretty cotton panties and a matching bra and went out to the door where Timmy was waiting.

He grinned excitedly. "Hi Catherine. Do you want to go somewhere?"

Bruce was there grinning about whatever the big secret about this was.

"Okay, let's go," I said and walked off with Timmy hurrying to catch up.

He was chattering and tried to hold my hand but I pulled mine away. The idea of holding his hand while I was full of his brother's cum struck me oddly, and I found myself walking a good distance apart from him.

I was quite curious to see what all the fuss was about though, and when we got to the pier, he led me down the first ramp past a police boat and presented me with a glistening white 36 foot sports cruiser.

"Oh my gosh!" I cried as Timmy ushered me aboard and directed me below deck, where I found a fully equipped stainless steel galley with carved wooden and leather lounge and dining, a marble and mirrored bathroom, and a plush master bedroom suite trimmed with satin. "Oh my gosh!" I cried again, dumbfounded as I sunk into a couch. "Timmy, where did you get this? Who owns it?"

"It's my uncle's, but he's going away on vacation, so I'm allowed to use it this week. But Tod's not allowed because he hasn't got a licence."

"Wow! No wonder Bruce wanted me to see it. It's so beautiful."

Timmy was grinning proudly. "But this isn't it. This is just the boat."

"This isn't the surprise? This is what you drove them in last night, isn't it?"

"Yeah, but now I have to take *you* where I took *them*. Your dad said you'd love it."

"Oh he said, did he? You mean he told you to come and get me and take me somewhere?"

Timmy nodded gleefully.

"In this?"

"Yeah, are you ready? You can see my licence if you want because your dad checked it."

"I'll bet he did," I laughed. "You're really going to take me cruising in this? But where are we going? I didn't bring anything!"

He led me back up the stairs to what looked like an airline cockpit. There were panels of switches and gauges and white leather seats. There was an officer starting up the small police cruiser. She smiled over. "Hello, Timmy. Where are you off to this morning?"

"Hi, Sergeant Pratt. This is my friend Catherine, but it's a secret so I can't tell you."

"Hi!" I called out to the woman, who waved and backed out to zoom away.

Timmy started the engine and carefully guided the massive vehicle back clear of the walkway, then he set course for the glistening blue water ahead.

"But where are we going?" I implored of him. I was so excited.

"I told you it's a secret... It's only twenty minutes."

Once clear of the island port and in open water the engine surged. I relaxed back in my seat taking in the beautiful view without the annoying wind and sea spray. It was pure luxury and I started noticing Timmy in a different light.

"I'm going to join the Navy," he suddenly announced. "I'm going to drive boats in the Navy, and I already did the test, so it's going to be very soon."

"Really? That's wonderful!" I enthused. "And you work so hard, and the policewoman likes you," I went on thoughtfully. "You really are nothing like Tod at all, are you?"

"No, he's lazy. But he's my brother and me and Janelle love him."

"Who's Janelle?" I blushed a little at the mention of another female.

"She's my sister," Timmy declared smiling. "She taught me all about girls, you know?"

"Oh, she did, did she?" I laughed. "What did she teach you?"

"How to kiss them," he replied offhandedly.

"Your sister taught you how to kiss? Eww!"

"No!" Timmy laughed. "Not like that! She just told me how."

"Oh okay. So who did you practice with? Do you have a girlfriend?"

"No, I haven't got a girlfriend yet," he said, shrugging miserably.

"Well who did you kiss?" I went on playfully. "You have to practice!"

"My sister's girlfriend let me," Timmy said shyly. "They were drunk, and my sister asked her, and she said yes."

"Well that's okay!" I offered warmly. "You should tell them to teach Tod."

Timmy didn't respond to that and became noticeably sullen. I recalled him asking me not to go to the house with his brother and sensed the friction in the situation. He was obviously feeling jealous, or protective of me or something.

We were starting to see lots of pleasure craft; yachts and power boats rather than the grimy old fishing vessels at the island. Then up ahead there were people parasailing and jet skiing.

"Oh my gosh, where are we?" I cried as a massive hotel and resort complex came into view.

"This is your surprise!" Timmy declared, sparking up again. "Your dad said this is more your speed than the island."

"Hell yes! But isn't it for people staying here? It looks like a resort."

"It's The Sands Resort, and you have to be a guest to go here, but my sister works here and her husband is the boss of the hotel part, so I'm allowed."

"Oh, am I allowed too?"

"Yes. I can bring you, and I brought your mum and dad. They even went to the night club and danced."

"Oh, I want to dance!" I cried. "Can you take me?"

"Yeah, I can bring you tonight for dancing," Timmy declared proudly.

"Today we can go swimming in the pool if you want."

"Oh, I should have brought a bikini though. No one said it was going to be frigging paradise island."

Timmy chuckled. "We could go shopping for a new bikini. There's lots of shops."

"But I didn't even bring any money. Can we go back for a minute?"

"You can use my credit card." Timmy pulled his wallet from his pocket and took out his VISA card. "You can go shopping with this."

"You've got a credit card," I said, dumbfounded again.

"Yeah, because I've got lots of money in the bank."

"Oh?" I smiled. "But I'll have to pay you back."

We were cruising into a marina and Timmy had to concentrate on what he was doing for a minute. He found a free spot and an attendant tied the boat as we pulled in. "Hi Nick," Timmy said, and the tanned resort worker guy said hello and gave me a smile.

I was more interested in Timmy. When he took my hand this time I allowed it willingly. He led me into a massive shopping complex that had me swooning as I looked starry eyed all about. There were swimwear shops everywhere and I pulled him into one and rummaged through the bikinis, picking out a pretty little green coloured one that was way overpriced but cheap compared to the others I'd looked at. There was sunscreen on the counter and I got some of that too.

"You can get changed on the boat," Timmy said with a grin when we left that shop. His eyes also lowered and swept over my body rather blatantly. He blushed. "If you want to."

I felt my own blush rise a little at what he was obviously thinking, but I was thinking something myself as he took my hand again. "Okay," I said sweetly. "But we have to come back and go shopping again later."

"Sure! Anytime you want, I can bring you," he assured as he led me back towards the cruiser. "And if you want to use my VISA card you can."

"But it's not for free, Timmy. Every time they swipe it you have to pay the

money back. With interest!"

He just shrugged and smiled down at me. "I know, but you're really beautiful, so I don't mind."

"Oh Timmy," I uttered. "That's so sweet. Thank you."

I would of course repay him for the credit I had used on his card, but he was such a cute and kind-hearted guy, and I could see the absolute adoration in his eyes as he looked at me. Apart from an occasional flash of unbridled desire, he always looked me in the eyes.

"Are you coming down?" I asked demurely as he stopped on deck at the top of the stairs.

He grinned. "Can I?"

"Uh huh," I uttered, glancing back over my shoulder as I stepped down into the lounge and galley. I put my shopping bag on the couch and turned to face him. "Can you close the door please? Unless you want everyone else to see?"

"No, I don't want *anyone* else to see!" Timmy said and quickly pulled the door closed. He turned back, gulping, his eyes wide.

His gaze then settled on my body and I undid the buttons at the back of my dress and slowly lowered it. There was a bulge in the front of his shorts and it lifted as I watched it. I stood with my dress at my waist and unclipped my bra. I lowered that and bared my breasts for him, his erection lifting and firming like a hydraulic switch had been flicked on.

"Sorry," he said, covering it with his hand but also inadvertently squeezing it.

"That's okay," I said sweetly. "There's something I wanted to do, anyway. It's something I haven't done for Tod or Paulo."

Timmy smiled again. "What is it?"

I stepped out of my dress and approached him in my little cotton panties. It felt strange being the one to initiate things like this but it was nice for once, and Timmy was so sweet and loveable, just like a big, surprisingly muscular, teddy bear. I hadn't really noticed how firm and well defined he was until I touched his chest, peering up at him right then.

"It's something with my mouth," I uttered.

He blushed and his eyes rolled down. "You mean?"

"Yes , that's what I mean..." I kissed his lips softly. "Would you like that?"

He nodded. "Yes. I saw it in a video at Paulo's house once."

I smoothed my hand down over his flat stomach, tracing my fingers through the lines of his abs. I found the head of his penis poking at the waist band of his shorts and covered it softly and squeezed. "So, you haven't had a girl do it for you before? Not even your sister's friend?"

Timmy chuckled. "No! Tracy wouldn't do something like that to me!"

I lifted his shirt and kissed his skin. His pecs were light but perfectly defined and there was only a thin trail of hair below his belly button.

"Well, I don't know why she wouldn't want to," I teased as I kissed my way down and settled on my knees. I then squeezed his shaft and kissed the head through his shorts, making him suck in a breath and grip the stair rail. "I don't know why any girl wouldn't want to," I added softly as I lowered his zipper and undid the button.

I guided his shorts down to his ankles then gathered the waist band of his jocks and lifted it over his package. His cock remained almost directly vertical, his balls hanging quite low from its base. They were large, and I cupped them and felt their weight as I blushed a little to myself at the thought of how full they might get.

Timmy was still gripping the stair rail but his other hand came to rest on my shoulder as he inadvertently pulled me closer. I liked that and I took hold of his shaft and levered it down as I kissed the tip softly. Then with his hand firming and moving to the back of my neck, I closed my eyes and took the head of his cock into my mouth.

I had done this so many times for Des in the past few months and learned how he liked it. I used my tongue, swirling it around and massaging beneath the head, as he had seemed to enjoy so much.

It felt quite strange doing it for another guy now. Timmy's cock was slightly larger too, and it was a little bit thicker. It had firmed intensely and was a good two inches longer than his brother's. It was actually a perfect size, I thought as I stroked the base and shaft and gently cupped his balls in my other hand. Two inches longer than Tod's and two inches shorter than Paulo's; it was seeping pre-cum with the taste and scent swirling in my head

as he started thrusting towards his climax.

Timmy was still clinging to the stair rail, but the hand behind my neck had lifted and he was now holding my head in place and virtually fucking my mouth. He had lost all control, and I moaned over the swell of his surging cockhead, gripping his shaft in my fist so he couldn't force it into my throat.

His balls felt harder, and I imagined heavier, and they suddenly pulsed, just before his cock expanded and flexed. Then it throbbed and a powerful burst of cum gushed up into the roof of my mouth, followed by another and another.

"Mmm," I moaned as I swallowed once, then I continued sucking softly while pulses of semen squirted against my tongue and flooded my mouth some more. "Mmm yummy," I cooed, smiling up as I swallowed again. "Your cum tastes nice, Timmy," I lied sweetly.

"Whew!" He beamed. "Wow that was the best!"

I giggled. The guy's face was so expressive and frank. "Did you like it?"

"I love that!" he declared. "That felt so nice and warm in your mouth."

I lifted his cock and kissed his balls, sucking on them softly and touching them with my tongue, secretly wondering if they were now empty.

"It's so clean having sex with you," Timmy said oddly.

"Clean?" I giggled. "Should it be dirty or something?"

"No, I mean all my sperm's all gone inside you. Down there before and in your mouth this time. Because on the video, the girls were spitting the sperm out."

"Oh! Did you want to watch me dribble it out like in your porno movies?"

Timmy shook his head. "I don't even care about the porno movies. I only watched them sometimes."

"You can watch them," I said warmly. "All guys like that stuff."

"But I like you better," Timmy declared, grinning again. "You're much prettier than the ones I saw."

I stepped out of her panties with him staring openly at my pussy. I quickly pulled on my bikini pants and tied the top in place.

"Well, after you take me dancing tonight, I might let you have some more very clean sex with me," I teased. "But only if you dance with me."

Timmy took my hand and led me back up onto the deck. "Okay, because my sister taught me how to dance too," he said proudly. "She said I'm a good dancer now because I've been coming every week since I turned eighteen, and I'm nearly nineteen like you now! And I've been dancing with Tracy and Yvette and Patty and um... and Catherine sometimes, but she's another Catherine and not as pretty as you."

I couldn't wipe the smile off my face as I lounged around by the pool and swam and laughed at Timmy's beautifully gullible take on everything. There were a hundred tanned, glistening, hard-bodied men strolling about with million-dollar smiles, but Timmy looked every bit as attractive.

We stayed for a few hours and cruised back to the island before dinner. Timmy then walked me home and agreed to come back and pick me up at eight.

I ate standing up then showered and picked out a little black dress and the five inch heels I had packed expecting to end up at a dance club, as I initially had. Bruce had been down at the fisherman's bar shooting pool and approached leaning in the bathroom doorway as I was doing my makeup.

He chuckled. "So... satisfied now?"

"Yes! Gosh yes!" I beamed. "I can't believe you and mum went there last night without me!"

He just smiled at that. Then his look turned serious. "Young Timmy's taking you back tonight, then?"

"Yes. Why?"

"No, that's good. He'll take care of you... see you home safe."

"Oh. Okay," I said as Bruce turned to leave.

"You look nice," he added and left me with that, and with the warm realisation that he was actually quite reasonable when it came to a guy like Timmy, and that perhaps *dipshit* Des knew what he was doing after all when he would refuse to come and pick me up from home.

"Your man's here, Catherine," my mother called out, and I frowned

questioningly at that but finished up quickly and went out to find Timmy sitting there with Mum and Bruce and looking absolutely fantastic in a dark suit and silver open neck shirt.

My heart had stopped beating and my legs turned to jelly as he stood, still taller than me in my heels and with his shoulders broad and powerfully square.

He handed me the bunch of roses he was holding, and I looked to my mother, who was smiling from absolute ear to ear. Bruce was grinning with a playful twinkle in his eye, and I frowned at him to stop it. Then I turned to my date.

"Thank you, Timmy, these are beautiful."

My mother took the flowers for me as Bruce stood and confronted Timmy with that twinkle still there in his eye.

"We have to go now," I said, trying to intervene, but he waved me away.

"A minute won't make any difference," he said. Then he squared up to Timmy and offered his hand, which Timmy took with a brave smile that warmed my heart a little more. "Now, son, you know the blood alcohol limit on the waterways around here, don't you?"

"Bruce!" I implored, but he dismissed me with his hand again.

"What's the limit, son?" he went on with all the authority of his rank in the service back home.

"Zero blood alcohol, sir," Timmy declared proudly. "That was question one on my test and I know every answer."

I smiled. "See! Now, we have to go!" I said to my stand-in father right then.

"And you're going to take care of my little girl for me, aren't you?" he said, taking Timmy around the shoulder and smiling back at me and my mother as he saw the guy to the door. "You'll see her home safe and sound, won't you?"

"I will," Timmy offered sincerely while I glared at Bruce, making him laugh.

He chuckled as I pushed past him. "What? Can't a man have any fun?"

"Don't wait up!" I called back. "We're definitely going to have some fun, aren't we, Timmy?" I added loud enough for Bruce to hear and hopefully have to imagine tonight in bed.

I carried my heels and walked down to the pier in the sand by the side of the road. There was a small area of loose pebbles to negotiate before the pier though, and Timmy lifted me and carried me across and down the ramp to the cruiser. I clung to his neck, not really wishing to be put down as I drew in the scent of his soap and aftershave.

The twenty-minute cruise passed quickly, then the sky was alight with the glow from the resort. The hotel was a blaze of blue and white neon and the sprawling complex of pools, bars and nightclubs were crawling with people, some still in swimwear but most were dressed to party.

There was a nightclub for the over thirties where Timmy had directed my parents the evening before, but he took me to the main dance club that was more for our age group. It was there that I was introduced to his sister, Janelle. She was mid-twenties and very bubbly. She was with a group, and I clung to Timmy's arm as I was introduced to everyone.

Timmy then bought me a glass of wine, and after I'd had a sip he dragged me onto the dance floor. I was always up for a dance and the music was good. Timmy moved nicely, not over the top or anything, but he had some nice laid-back moves and he touched me a lot, claiming my hand sometimes and giving me a bit of a spin, or holding my hips when I wiggled back against him.

He waited on me yet spent some time dancing with other girls from our table and with his sister. I chatted with everyone and danced around too. I ended up a bit tipsy and swayed against Timmy as he led me back to the boat. It was already two in the morning and the bars were winding down, the pools being cleaned.

We'd had a couple of slow dances in the club and were swaying together on the deck of the cruiser. "Can I try and kiss you?" Timmy asked tentatively.

"Uh huh," I uttered, peering up at him.

He bent and pressed his lips to mine, parting them and gently offering his tongue as I moaned into his mouth.

"Oh my gosh, good lessons!" I declared.

Timmy then kissed me again, with his essence flooding into me and sending little warm tingles filtering through my belly.

"Can I have you again now?" he asked me, kissing my lips once more as his thigh pressed between mine and had me grinding against how firm it was.

"Let's go back to the island and you can have me there," I whispered. "We can sleep at the pier and you can have me a few times if you want."

Timmy started the engine and swept back from the dock and out through the marina. "I'm going to wait downstairs," I teased over my shoulder as I left him and went down into the bedroom. I pulled back the spread, undressed, and slipped between the satin sheets.

The boat soon slowed and eased into dock again, then there was some shuffling around up on deck. When Timmy appeared in the bedroom doorway he was already fully erect, as were my nipples against the satin sheet.

He tore at his clothes and got in with me, and I switched off the light as he started kissing me again. He kissed me deeply and passionately while fumbling with my breasts. I put up with that for only a moment then pulled at his waist, urging him to get on top of me.

I spread my legs wide and felt for his erection, finding it hard against my stomach and guiding it into my dripping pussy as he started humping my hand. I released it and clung to his back, digging my nails in as his cock surged in and out of me. It was really quite thick and a perfect length to stimulate deep inside without hurting.

The guy fucked me in silence, simply letting nature take over and guide him while I moaned a little as my orgasm neared, and I bit into his shoulder when it thumped through my belly. And just as it did I felt his body tense up and convulse, and I clung to his rippling back and shoulders while his cock throbbed inside of me.

"That was nice," he panted as he rolled off beside me.

"Just lie quietly and let me enjoy it please, Timmy," I whispered. He was a beautiful guy with a very nice body but his intellect was a bit annoying after a few hours, and I just wanted to soak up the luxury for a minute.

He did as I asked and lay there quietly, then after a few minutes I leant over and kissed him. "I'm going to have a little sleep. Just cuddle me and you can have me again when we wake up."

I spooned back against him and dozed off in his arms. A few hours later he was kissing my shoulder and stroking my face. It was nearly light outside and he had to go to work. He was fully erect against my back, and I reached between my legs and guided him into my body.

I was still half asleep as he fucked me. Plus I was too tired to get excited about it, so I just tilted my hips and presented my pussy for him to enjoy himself.

"Is that nice?" I whispered to him. "Do you like me from behind like this?"

"Yeah – uhhh..." he gasped and he kept grunting like that while he humped me steadily.

I ground back against his thick and very stiff cock. I gyrated my hips, stirring it around inside of myself and blushing inwardly about the fact it was the third penis I had allowed to so intimately penetrate me.

He was the third guy since Des that I was allowing to regularly service me and cum inside of me. I had made Des use condoms until deciding to run the risk of accepting him unprotected a month ago. But he was my boyfriend, so it was only right that I should let him cum in me; that he should have the satisfaction of knowing I was lying there afterwards with his sperm in my belly.

"You're going to make me do it soon," Timmy gasped.

"That's okay, just do it," I said and pressed my bottom right back against him as he humped me. "Mmm that's nice," I uttered as my body began to respond, but it was all too late and he jammed his cock hard into me and started unloading.

I then remained still and just enjoyed the feel of my pussy being filled with cum again. I could feel Timmy's cock throbbing, and I blushed a little within myself again at the thought of his semen gushing into me; at the thought that it wasn't my boyfriend, he was just some boy from a fishing island, and his dick was inside of me, spent and beginning to soften. Then it slipped out as he rolled onto his back.

I felt a trickle run around my inner thigh so I cupped my pussy and searched for my panties on the floor beside the bed. I found them and pulled them on, smoothing them between my legs and feeling the guy's cum soak in

immediately.

He was up getting dressed in a hurry. "I'm going to be late," he explained.

"You can stay and go back to sleep if you want to."

"No, I'd better go home before the olds wake up."

"Okay. Should I walk you?"

"No, I'll be fine. You go and get ready for work."

"All right. Do you still want to go back to the resort for shopping this afternoon? I can pick you up at about two if you like."

"Yes, two will be fine, Timmy. It'll be fun!"

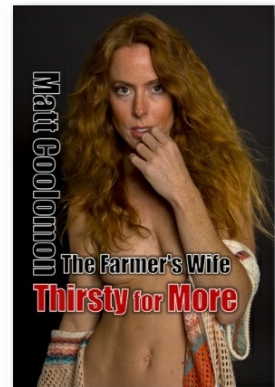
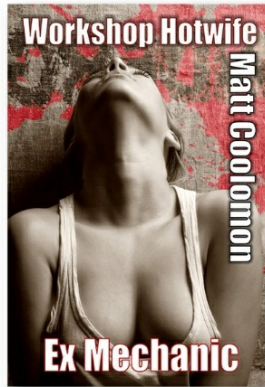
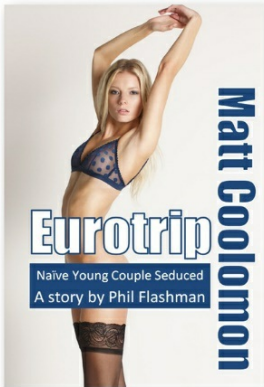
He left me at his corner and ran home. I strolled up the sandy path carrying my heels again. The house was in darkness and I snuck in without waking Mum and Bruce and fell into bed smiling to myself. And I drifted off to sleep with my hands clasped between my thighs and my fingers pressed against the warm wet crotch of my little panties.

** End of Book 4 **

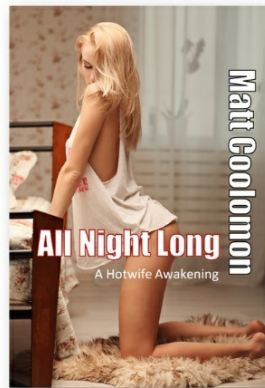
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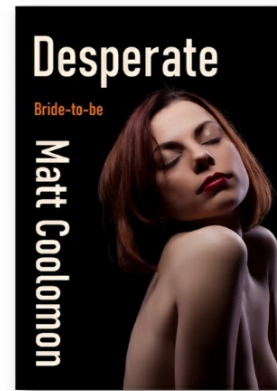
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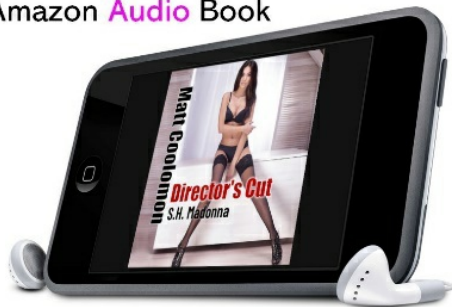
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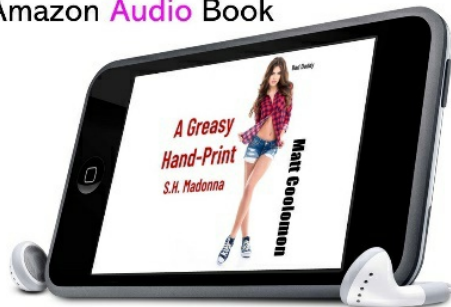
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