

Sweetly Submissive

Matt Coolomon

The Local Boys

Hurry Up and
Do It

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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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Lots of Girls Show Their Nipples

Catherine

I slept until eleven and woke with my mouth dry and a dull headache from the wine I'd had at the dance bar last night. My face was a mess, with my makeup smeared and my hair looking like some sort of wild bird's nest. This was much more like the vacation I had in mind, I decided as I stared into my reddened eyes in the bathroom mirror.

I stood in the shower for ages and shaved my legs and pussy. I trimmed away more of my little thatch of hair then decided to shave right through it, leaving my pussy completely bare and exposed for the first time ever.

When I dressed I picked out another of the G-string panties I had bought to please my loser ex-boyfriend. These were white mesh and almost completely see-through, although I had decided to avoid Paulo and Tod today.

I had been thinking about it as I showered and arrived at the conclusion they were just using me. Perhaps it was because Timmy was so nice that I had come to realise it, but I would be avoiding them for the remaining few days of my holiday here at the island. *Too bad if they get blue balls. They can always go back to their porno movies!*

I tried one of the new skirts I had bought in town that was a light chequered cotton and nice and breezy for the hot weather. My mother had brought my washing in and folded it, and I considered my see-through white tank top but decided against it.

Instead I picked out a pink stretch camisole with tiny shoulder strings. It wasn't see-through but my nipples were prominent without the bra I usually wore with it. Being as tight as it was, it just hugged my small breasts like it had been painted on, and I hesitated before going out to the kitchen like that.

My mother turned from washing dishes. "Where's your bra, sweetheart?"

"It's too hot," I lied. "Anyway it's no different to wearing a bikini top around."

"Hmm if you say so," my mother said with her eyebrows raised doubtfully. "Will you run down to the store for me?"

"Sure Mum. But I'm starving first."

I sat down at the breakfast table and my mother fed me eggs and coffee, after I drank all the fresh juice that was left. That took away the dry feeling in my mouth and filled my stomach.

Her manfriend then appeared with his gaze settling on my chest for a moment before he turned to Mum.

"Is that underwear?" he asked, ignoring my blush completely.

"No, it is not underwear!" I protested, causing him to look at me, frowning. But there was a glint in his eye as usual.

"You can't see anything," I added defensively and looked down at myself.

"Can see your nipples pretty well," Bruce said, resting back against the sink with a coffee.

"You can not," I argued and thrust my boobs forward.

My nipples had firmed fully now though and you nearly could see them through my top.

"They almost show through that one love," Mum suggested again.

"But it looks so ugly with a bra under it," I went on and adjusted it, stretching it down tighter over my boobs. "It's not like I need the support all the time or anything," I said and lifted my top up and uncovered my boobs completely.

I looked up from them blushing at Mum and her boyfriend. She looked at him and saw him staring at my tits.

"Does it really even matter how much they show these days, Mum? It's fine to go topless at beaches and lots of girls show their nipples through their tops and dresses."

"I think she looks fine," Bruce said without looking at Mum.

She looked up from where I still had my top above my tits and I was thrusting them while raking back my hair.

"Yeah looks mighty fine by me," Bruce went on grinning.

Mum glared at him. She then lifted her top and left it above her tits too.

I shrieked.

“Aw fuck,” Bruce groaned.

“Yes I don’t really need the support all the time either. I could get used to this around the house,” Mum went on teasingly.

Her tits are way bigger than mine and look great for her age.

She took my hand and pulled me to her side. We hugged and stood there thrusting our tits for Bruce to see.

He was on his way out to the car and rinsed his coffee mug and cuddled us both from behind, kissing my cheek then Mum’s lips.

He squeezed one of her tits and she shrieked and he squeezed one of mine and I did too and squirmed away giggling.

“So how did you go last night, have fun?” he asked.

“Oh my gosh it was amazing. We’re going again tonight. Who knew there was somewhere like that around here!”

Mum had pulled her top back down but I still had mine up. She watched Bruce staring at my tits while I told him all about the resort and night club last night. I was combing my hair as I talked and kept brushing my erect nipples with my arms.

“And so, did young Timmy get lucky last night then? Surely he did!” Bruce suggested with a grin.

I blushed deeper.

“Bruce!” Mum scolded.

“Well if she’s getting around showing her tits, these young islander guys will be all over her and have her pregnant if she’s not careful.”

I narrowed eyes at Bruce. I knew he was only teasing, since he wanted me to let the guys have sex with me.

My mother did look a little concerned. She knows I’m sexually active.

“You’re up to date with your pill, aren’t you love?”

“Yes I am!” I declared, glaring at Bruce even more.

He chuckled. “So Timmy *did* get lucky last night then?”

“Bruce!” Mum scolded again.

“Yes Timmy did get lucky last night. Several times if you must know!” I declared.

“That’s good then,” Bruce went on. “It’s all good love,” he said to Mum. “I can’t help feeling positive for the young guys here on the island with a pretty girl like Catherine coming to stay. It’s good she’s friendly with them,” he concluded looking back at my tits.

I just breathed and looked up from them to see Mum watching Bruce stare. Mum looked at me and I grimaced at her, scrunching my shoulders and pushing my tits together with my upper arms. “I’ve been letting all the guys here get lucky with me... all three of them that is.”

Mum nodded. “Those two friends of Timmy’s, you mean?”

“Yes, one’s his older brother and the other is a friend. They’re all okay though.”

“And that’s fine,” Bruce declared supportively. “If it was a visiting guy getting onto three local girls he’d be a hero.”

Mum rolled her eyes but smiled.

Bruce chuckled. “So good luck to Catherine, I say. And good luck to Timmy and his brother and friend. They’d be over the moon having turns getting onto the new girl in town after going without otherwise. I’ve hardly seen any other girls around and young guys like that are full of cum. Bet they’re filling that flat little belly you’ve got there.”

“Mmm it feels like they are sometimes,” I said and lifted my skirt to show my belly, not thinking about how see-through my panties were today.

“Oh love,” Mum sighed and covered her mouth, but Bruce was already looking.

“Yeah now those are cute little ones,” he crooned and took over holding up my skirt to look.

I held his shoulder because my legs were feeling wobbly. I tugged up the waist band of my panties at one hip with my other hand.

“Oh love, we can see right through those... where’s your little bush gone?” Mum sighed again.

“Um I shaved it off,” I grimaced guiltily. “I thought the guys might like it.”

“Hell yeah they will,” Bruce encouraged. “All smooth and pink like that, and they can see what they’re getting up this little thing,” he said about my skirt. “Let them see what’s on offer and create the anticipation and natural build up that goes with that... Fill this little flat belly up with even more cum for you,” he grinned.

“Bruce! Don’t be crude,” Mum scolded but she was blushing as excitedly as I was.

“Hmm I don’t know if they’re filling my belly with cum for me exactly,” I challenged. “When it’s happening it feels like it’s for their own pleasure, not mine.”

“Well yes they’d definitely be taking their pleasure by the look of this little split peach,” Bruce went on teasing as he tilted to look at my pussy again. “Yeah these are incredibly see-through, aren’t they? And this little skirt is only light and will lift in the breeze... You’re wearing it down the wharf today are you, love? Putting on a show for the fishermen down below in their boats?”

I looked to Mum guiltily, though I didn’t know how Bruce knew about that until he went on.

“I heard some of the fishermen talking down at the pub. They were going on about Catherine walking along the pier in the breeze... how much they could see up her dress. But apparently it’s a favourite pastime with any visiting women and girls unaware of the view from down in the fishing boats.”

Mum was blushing again too. “Yes I’ve noticed that myself walking along there in a dress. The dirty old men... Never mind love, it happens to us all,” she assured me.

Bruce released my skirt and returned to the coffee he’d left on the sink. He smiled at Mum. “You should try it in see-through panties too love. Give the fishermen a show like a good tourist woman should.”

“Oh you think we should, do you?” she smiled back and leant in for a cuddle.

“Or you could try it with no panties on at all if you really want to do your part for our hard-working fishing crews,” Bruce chuckled into a kiss.

I went back to my room for my bag and stopped on my way back to peep around the kitchen doorway and see Mum taking off her panties and giving

them to Bruce. She had on a skirt to mid-thigh that was light and breezy like mine. Bruce put her panties in his pocket.

I waited while they kissed and wondered if I should take mine off as well but just tugged them up tight and took my breakfast dishes to the sink.

Mum's eyes were glazed and Bruce had her nipples hard and poking at her top. I knew what they were going to do as soon as I left. Or was Bruce going to take Mum for a walk down along the pier and show her to the fishermen first?

Bruce went outside and Mum held my hands and looked me up and down. "He's right you should feel free to have fun with the boys here love. I certainly would if I was your age and might well yet with one or two of the guys from the local pub if Bruce isn't careful."

"Mmm really? Have you met someone?"

Mum grimaced guiltily. "Let's just say that what happens on the island stays on the island, shall we." she answered and gave me a hug. "And don't mind Bruce ogling the way he does. He's got eyes all over any pretty girl and you and I aren't in competition, love. You can tease him as much as you want."

I Just Gripped His Wrist and Let Him.

Catherine

I snuck off around the back of the garage and over the dunes towards town. The way I had gone was out of sight in case Tod and Paulo were watching for me.

My top was rather revealing I decided after all. As I walked my boobs were jiggling and my nipples remained hard and clearly defined. Bikini tops were actually made of slightly heavier fabric and were therefore less revealing. This was an extremely fine cotton/elastane blend that just about revealed my goose bumps.

I had to walk past the fisherman's bar again and they all cheered and whistled, causing me to blush and smile shyly. There was one ATM on the island but it rejected my savings card saying it was out of date.

"Oh my gosh!" I cried as I checked it to find it had expired.

I needed money for shopping and I had plenty saved. I thought of the resort where there were ATM's everywhere, but that wasn't any use with my card out of date. Then I remembered seeing a branch of my bank across on the mainland, and I had ID and everything so should be able to draw cash there, I reasoned. But when was the next ferry?

I walked back down past the whistling fishermen, blushing and smiling again. I approached the police woman I had seen yesterday. "Hi. I was wondering if you knew the time for the next ferry?"

"One o'clock," the woman replied, glancing at my chest briefly and making me fold my arms.

It was just on midday, so if I went at one that would mean getting the ferry back at two, which would be okay. Timmy was coming at two but another half hour wouldn't matter to him, I figured. Then I saw the old guy, Manny, sitting there on his fishing boat as usual, and I remembered him offering to take me over anytime I needed. Actually, all the other fishing boats were deserted and he looked like he was sleeping.

I walked along the pier to his boat and saw that there was smoke drifting

from the end of his pipe. I cleared my throat and called softly, "Manny!"

He stirred, peering around kind of startled. Then he saw me and smiled. The tide was in and he was sitting at eye level with the pier. He tilted his head to look directly up my skirt. "That's a lovely sight to wake up to."

I thought of how see-through my panties were and blushed, patting down my skirt. "Sorry to wake you," I offered sweetly.

"That's all right, love. I'm always dozing off these days." The old man yawned. "What is it, do you need to go to town?"

"Yes I do! Can you take me, please?"

"Sure – sure! Come on down."

The plank and rail were already in place. Manny stood at the base of the ladder and I stepped onto it feeling the breeze against my bare bottom and blushing down at him. He took my hips and guided me with his gnarled old fingers squeezing and making my nipples go hard again.

He chuckled. "Well, young Timmy was a bit of a wreck this morning. He said you were out dancing until all hours."

"It was about two when we left the resort. Oh, I hope he got some sleep this morning. What time did he finish work with you, Manny?"

"I sent him home as soon as we got back in, love. He's been home since nine, probably sleeping like a well satisfied baby."

I blushed a little at the *well satisfied* bit but maybe it meant nothing.

"Do you want to leave off the life jacket this time, love? Be a shame to dirty up that pretty shirt, huh?" he said with a grin. "Grimy old things these are." He was looking at my breasts quite blatantly and my blush deepened when his eyes lifted to meet mine.

"I don't need to wear one if you don't want me to," I uttered.

"Good," he said and looked down and up from my tits again. He then pulled in his plank and rail and pushed off. "Come stand up here with me, love. Have you ever driven a boat?"

"Me? No, I haven't!"

He smiled and guided me to the wheel, standing beside me and a little

behind. "Just steer it like a car," he said. "This here is forward and back... forward to go faster, but this will do you for a while."

The old boat was putting along and I steered out past the end of the pier and towards the mainland. "This is easy," I declared excitedly.

"Sure. Nothing to it," Manny said from right there at my shoulder. "Just keep to the right of the buoy and head straight over."

His hand returned to my hip with his fingers pressing against the string band of my panties. My body was tingling at his warmth against my side. I could feel his package was slightly firm against my hip, and he was continually looking down over my shoulder at my boobs.

"You know you're the talk of the town back there on the island strolling around with your pretty little skirts and that lovely smile. It's a real treat for us smelly old fish mongers this week."

I laughed. "You're not smelly!"

Manny shared my laugh. "Well, kind of you to say love, but you know old Vince tried to keep a dog tied up a few years ago, but it howled all night at the fish smell and chewed through the rope. Damn thing was waiting on the end of the pier for the first ferry next morning."

"Oh, it's not that bad. It's just like the smell of a fresh seafood shop. And only there around the pier."

"Hmm I guess. And that's a pretty scent you're wearing there, love. Suits you."

"Thanks..." I blushed. I had wisped through a spray of perfume before leaving the house, half hoping to combat the smell of fish coincidentally.

Manny's hand was still resting upon my hip and he was glancing down over my shoulder quite frequently. His hand then lifted and almost touched my breast as he guided me aside a little. "Better let me take it from here, love." We were approaching the marina and he cruised into a spot close to shore.

"How long are you staying?" he asked as he set the plank and rail.

"I only need fifteen minutes or so."

"Well, that's fine. I've got an errand to run, and if you get back before me I won't be long."

Manny allowed me to climb the ladder first while having another look up my skirt. When I stepped onto the boardwalk, his eye level was at my feet and he was looking directly up it. I turned to face him and fixed my hair, meeting his eyes first then averting mine quickly.

I remained facing him and thrusting my hips forward, letting him have a look at my pussy. He was staring at it and I kept fiddling with my hair and waited, hoping he could imagine having sex with me at least.

"Yeah, that's nice," he said low and light-heartedly, making my blush deepen. "A real treat for us old fish mongers this week for sure!"

"Well, you're a very kind old fish monger to drive me everywhere like this, so I don't mind you looking," I said sweetly. He had climbed up the ladder a bit shakily and stood beside me as I finished re-tying her hair.

"See you." I smiled and turned to leave, with him giving my bottom a quick pinch. I giggled back over my shoulder at him standing there grinning. "Hey, look but don't touch, you naughty man!" I scolded and walked away.

I strolled along the waterfront and up the street to my bank branch. Men were doing double takes and ogling my boobs, which was encouraging me to walk with them thrust forward just a little as I wasn't really happy with their development, feeling that I was a bit small in that department. The bank guy also struggled to keep his eyes from drifting down, but he was very helpful and I left him with a fist full of cash.

Manny wasn't at the boat when I got back, so I decided to wait for him up on the boardwalk where there was a bench seat facing the marina. There were lots of people strolling around and a few fishermen working on boats.

I was looked over quite blatantly by four or five men walking past and I kept my chest out showing off my assets as best I could.

"All set?" Manny called as he approached from behind, carrying his little leather kit bag of equipment he apparently used to tidy his wife's grave, as he had explained.

"Yes, I'm ready," I answered and I waited for him to climb down first quite deliberately. I then stepped over to the ladder but stopped to fix my hair again, just glancing down to meet his eyes then averting mine again quickly.

I stood there fiddling with my hair and letting Manny enjoy himself looking

up my skirt again. I was standing with my legs slightly apart so he'd be able to see my pussy.

He looked up to see I was waiting there watching him. "Can I come down now?" I asked sweetly.

He stepped back and guided me down, with his hand slipping up my thigh and under my skirt to rest upon my bare hip. "You won't try to do anything to me will you?" I asked a little teasingly as I bit down on my smile.

Manny grinned. "No love, you're safe. Half-mast is about as good as it gets for me these days, so I wouldn't know what to do with a pretty young thing like you, anyway."

I shared the older man's laugh and enjoyed his warm, friendly conversation on the trip back across to the island. He let me have a drive again and I spent the ten minutes in anticipation with his hand resting upon my side and his thumb just pressing slightly against the underside of my boob.

I was nearly hoping he would try to feel me up but he didn't.

Then I was showing him my panties again, but as I climbed up the ladder onto the pier, I saw Mum and Bruce walking along. Mum was closest to the rail too and the fishermen were looking up at her.

They had passed where I was and got into the car at the end of the pier. I remembered they were going across to the mainland and the ferry was docking right then. Bruce swung the car right over to where I was still standing at the top of the ladder, with Manny sitting on the stern of his boat looking up my skirt from behind.

Bruce's eyes flashed to my nipples and he smiled. He was squeezing Mum's thigh, her skirt hiked up a bit, I noticed. I leant in his open window and saw the lacy band of Mum's panties poking out of his pocket, so he'd definitely just shown her to the fishermen.

"Did you give the fishermen a good look, love?" he teased me about that very thing.

"I don't know, maybe," I shot back. "Since we're apparently supposed to!"

I reached in and took a mint from an open packet in the console. Bruce had a feel of my tit as I did that, squeezing and pinching my nipple. I shrieked and covered that boob with my hand, glaring at him.

“They really do look good through that top, love. Are you getting a lot of looks at them as well?” he asked evenly.

“Yes I suppose,” I admitted and uncovered my boob to look down at them with him.

He had a quick feel and pinch of my other nipple too but I didn’t react that time, I just gripped his wrist and let him.

“Bruce!” Mum scolded but his hand had moved higher up her thigh and she was clutching that wrist.

He chuckled. “Don’t worry, just making them poke evenly.”

He was right, both of my nipples were at attention now and poking at my top evenly. I stood stretching my top down and thrusting them for display.

"We're off now, sweetheart," my mother said. "Don't forget to put the groceries away before you go. There are ants!"

"Okay Mum. Have fun," I enthused and they drove off.

I then turned back to find Manny sitting there staring up my skirt, and I brushed my hands over my bottom and spun around facing him. "Having fun there?" I scolded.

"Trying to calculate which view I like better – front or back with you bent over like that," he mulled thoughtfully.

"You cheeky old fish monger!" I teased. "Next time I'm wearing shorts!"

He laughed. "Doesn't matter, love. I've seen enough to see out my days, I reckon."

I Tilted My Hips For Him

Catherine

I left the old man and quickly did the grocery shopping then returned to the house. I was feeling quite excited about seeing Timmy again. I picked out a bikini to wear swimming with him and a dress to wear that night so there would be no need to come back and get changed. I also packed makeup in my shoulder bag for later and was deciding on what panty and bra set to take when my bedroom window suddenly lifted up and Tod climbed in.

"Oh my gosh, you scared me!" I cried.

Paulo climbed in too and they both stood there grinning at me.

"We saw your parents leave and thought we'd better call in and say hello," Tod declared.

"Well, I'm going out," I said a little shakily as I folded my arms across my breasts.

Tod chuckled. "Yeah with dweeb brain! What's that all about?"

"Timmy's nice," I defended. "You could take lessons from him yourself!"

"You wouldn't like me if I was nice, though," he said and jumped on my bed, lying back like he owned the place.

"What do you want anyway?" I challenged but my voice was too soft. "I think you both should leave."

Paulo had moved behind me and he reached around with both arms and cuddled me, with his hand worming in and closing over my breast. "Don't you want to empty our balls for us?" he whispered. "Let us have another dip in that tight little cunny?"

"Oh, you're disgusting!" I complained as I tried to wriggle away.

The guy kept hold of me and I stopped struggling. My entire body was tingling and he was pinching my nipple and twisting it. Just lightly though, and harder when I squirmed against his hold.

"I think we should hang around and wait for Timmy," Tod said, opening one of my romance novels like he was settling in for a while.

"I don't want you to wait for Timmy. I don't even want him to know you were here!" I said, pleading a little that time as I could feel Paulo's erection against my back.

Tod was reading my book. "Yes I know, she said in a low saddened voice. But it was me that he loved," he read aloud, chuckling.

"Stop that!" I cried. "I really want you both to just go before Timmy gets here. Please?"

"Do you really want us to go without this?" Paulo whispered, grinding his cock against my bum. "Are you really going to send us away with blue balls?" he added warmly as he tweaked my nipple again.

"I just don't want Timmy to find you here," I answered softly. Tod was looking up from the book he had closed. He was grinning and I felt myself blush. "If I let you both have me, will you just do it quickly and leave?"

"Sure," Tod agreed mildly and Paulo reached down and felt between me thighs. His fingers cut into my pussy and he was still grinding against my bottom with his erection getting quite hard.

"Okay, but just quickly," I uttered, allowing my legs to part slightly and for his hand to work more freely between them. He then worked his fingers under the waist band of my panties and felt down into my slit, opening me and rubbing into my growing wetness while he had begun tweaking my other nipple.

Tod grinned, glancing up from Paulo's hand under the front of my skirt. "Is it juicy?"

"Yeah it's juicy," Paulo answered him. "Juicy but not creamy... Think it needs an injection of nice thick splooge."

"Oh, you guys are so disgusting," I uttered, blushing fully but also squirming back against Paulo's cock just a little bit.

"How come you're so wet, then?" Paulo teased, kissing the back of my neck and making me squirm back a bit harder. Then he whispered to me again.

"I've got such a huge load saved up for you. Do you want it?"

"I just wish you'd hurry up and do it," I uttered.

I did want it, though! I wanted it from them both. I thought of how they

would have been waiting for me last night and probably all morning, and how full their balls would be.

I was turned to face the dresser and I leaned forward, holding onto it and peering back at Paulo, watching him as he tugged my panties down.

He held his cock and wiped the head up through my slit and I tilted my hips for him. "Huuuhh.. huuhhh," I moaned as he forced it all the way into me. "Ohhh, that's so huge," I uttered, meeting Tod's eyes as he sat there watching and smiling.

Paulo wound my hair around his hand and held it while fucking me deep and slow. I was up on tiptoes with my hips flared and my bald slit available behind my legs. I was pressing back against the guy's huge cock and enjoying the pressure of the head opening my womb.

"Yes, I want it," I uttered submissively. "Cum in me really deep again," I moaned, and he chuckled as he wound my hair a bit tighter and pumped me a few times.

He then kept his long thin cock imbedded in me and fucked me with powerful little thrusts, only withdrawing a few inches and slapping his fat groin against my bum. And within a few minutes he was glued to my bottom with his balls clenching and delivering an injection of hot gooey semen deep in my belly, while my vagina was compressed around his shaft, clamped to it and throbbing with the contractions of my orgasm.

And as soon as he pulled out, he and Tod exchanged a high five, and Tod mounted me right there over the dresser as well. His short penis was merely darting into me three or four inches, and after a few minutes of that he was also glued to my firm little bottom with his balls clenched and delivering a massive load of cum.

The guys stepped out the window and walked off shouldering and jostling each other while I stood there peering through the side of the drawn curtain at them, holding my hand over my pussy so Tod's load didn't drip out.

I watched until they vanished over the dune without even glancing back, feeling totally used that time but with a confusing sense of exhilaration and glowing satisfaction at being so thoroughly inseminated once again.

I flopped back on my bed, spread my legs and started fingering myself. I

squished into the slimy load Tod had gotten off in me. I dipped two of my fingers in and stirred it around, mashing it into my folds and planting my feet with my hips off the bed and grinding my bald, sloppy little hole against my hand. Then my fingers settled against my clit and I vibrated them there, moaning and bucking as my orgasm surged and thumped through my belly.

I then heard a knock at the door, so I collected my panties from the floor and pulled them up as I hurried to answer it.

"Hi Timmy, come in," I said sweetly.

"Hi Catherine. I made you this!" he declared excitedly and handed me something wrapped in pink tissue paper.

I opened it and found a sweet little shell necklace, quite pretty, I thought.

"Oh, thank you, Timmy," I gushed and hugged him. "Here put it on for me. I'm going to wear it today!"

He fumbled with the tiny clasp for a moment but got it eventually. His hands were shaking.

"Oh, you really made this?" I gushed some more as I checked it in the mirrored wall cabinet. "It's so beautiful."

"I made it for you yesterday, but I only finished it after work this morning, but I was really tired."

"Ohhh...." I hugged him again. "Now, just give me one minute to get ready and then we can go."

I hurried to the bathroom and tore off my panties. They were soaked, so I rinsed them and put them aside. Then I warmed a washcloth and lifted my skirt in front. My bald pussy was soaked too. There were splotches of milky white goo covering the lips and my inner thighs were damp and sticky. My slit opened as I wiped around it, and inside was a thick glob of congealed semen.

I blushed as I realised it would have been from Tod, and I parted my slit further to find it was huge. It was sort of clear but with white streaks through it, and it was pasty enough to sit there without dripping.

I considered wiping it away with the washcloth but ended up blushing to myself as I closed my pussy, deciding to leave it there inside of me.

I just finished cleaning my thighs then went back to my room to get some fresh panties. I thought about putting on my bikini bottoms but figured it would be best not to in case more of Tod and Paulo's cum dripped out of me on the trip over there or while we were shopping. I pulled on some soft cotton panties just in case and hurried back out to Timmy.

"Let's go!" I said and pushed Timmy out the door.

He took my hand and I allowed it without protest. I kind of liked pretending to be his girlfriend for a little while, although I again thought of the fact that I had just been serviced by his older brother and was carrying a fresh warm load of his semen in my pussy. I also thought of the guys walking away just afterwards joking with each other, and I wondered if they in fact enjoyed the idea of handing me over already serviced.

It was as if it was fine for Timmy to go to all the trouble and expense of taking me out, while they would just show up whenever they felt like it and have their way with me. Which was a thought that made me feel used and angry, but it stirred me deeper than that at the same time, and the fundamental and overpowering feelings it aroused in me were excitement and desire.

Timmy waved and said hello to everyone we passed, proudly showing off with me on his arm. He also acknowledged the whistles and cheers from the line up at the fisherman's bar with a thumbs up that made me laugh. He was then king of the sea guiding the cruiser out past the old fishing boats that it dwarfed and made look rather ramshackle by comparison.

When we were cruising in open water Timmy's attention shifted to my breasts and firm nipples pressing against the stretchy pink fabric of my top. "They look really hard," he said, making me shake my head and smile.

"Sometimes they are, Timmy. It depends if I'm cold or on other things sometimes."

"Are you cold?" he asked as the obvious question.

"No."

"Oh. Well what other things, then?"

"Well, you know, If I'm aroused sexually, it happens," I explained patiently. "Like with those men back at the bar looking at me and whistling and carrying on. Girls like being admired, you know!"

Timmy grinned. "I like how they feel. I never felt them before, except one time this girl tripped over and I felt hers by accident when I caught her."

I giggled. "Are you sure she didn't trip on purpose? She might have, you know."

Timmy blushed a little. "I don't know. Maybe! She was smiling after, and she said thank you."

"See! I bet she did it deliberately so you'd give her a cuddle... How old was she?"

"Same age as me, because it was at school and she was in my class. But her boobs were huge and not as nice like yours. I like yours the best, and I like your nipples when they're hard like that."

"And what if other guys look at me today, is that okay too?"

"Yes, because you're really pretty and sexy. So all the guys are going to look at you, aren't they?"

I smiled. "I hope so... I like trying to dress sexy, but don't forget you're the guy who's going to have me tonight," I added cuddling up. "Would you like to have my mouth again later?"

"Mmm, but you're making me want to now," Timmy groaned as he slowed the cruiser entering the resort marina.

"No, you have to wait," I teased. "First we have to go shopping, and then swimming, and after that I'll suck you and let you cum in my mouth, okay?"

Timmy grinned. "Okay, but it's going to be a lot by then!"

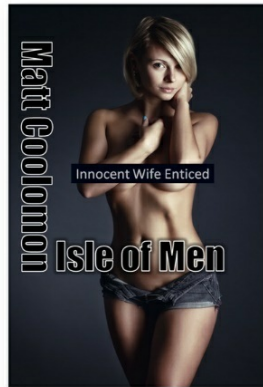
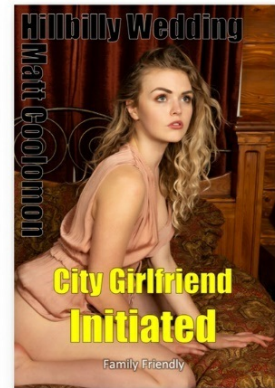
I kissed his cheek and lifted to whisper in his ear, "I hope so."

** End of Book 5 **

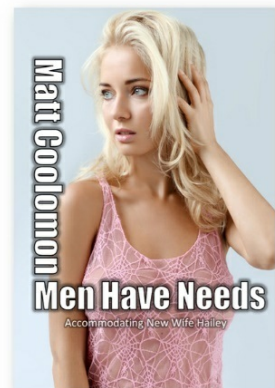
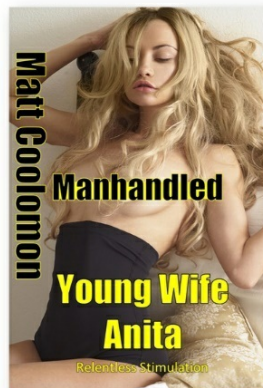
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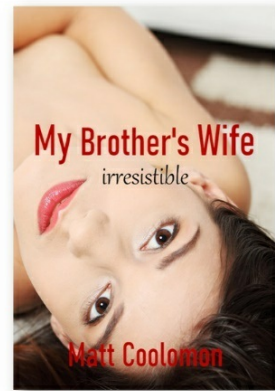
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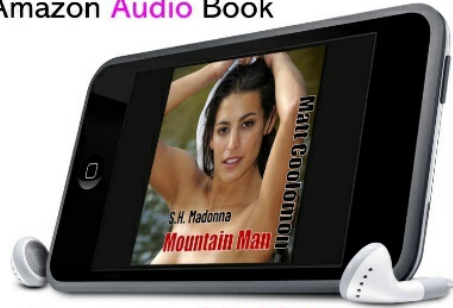
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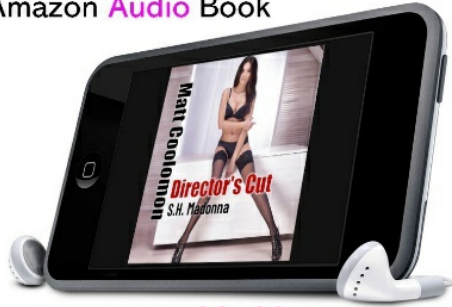
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