

Sweetly Submissive

Matt Coolomon

The Local Boys

**Leaving Them
Wanting**



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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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Contents

Upskirt on the Pier

Do You Like It

On Her Knees on the Floor

The New Guy Mounted Me

Those Boys Made Me a Bit Messy

Will You Be My Girlfriend

I Didn't Have Any Panties On Again

Upskirt on the Pier

Local Fisherman Manny

I was below deck in my old fishing boat. Me and Timmy had dropped our catch at the market on the mainland and had finished cleaning the boat and equipment. I had sent Timmy home to get some sleep and I was sitting there below deck on my cot thumbing a framed photo of my wife, Rose.

I took a deep breath and fought back a tear as I rubbed my whiskery chin. I shook my head hopelessly, knowing full well there was no point dwelling on my loss and that I had to get on with my life without her.

Until a few days ago I had been resigned to misery and somehow comfortable with that, but that had suddenly changed, and the reason for the change – the very thing that had upset my pitiful existence – was calling to me from above.

"You there, Manny?" the sweetest voice on earth called to me again, and I pushed myself up from my cot and poked my head out the cabin door, unable to stop myself from smiling at the sight of the young tourist girl.

"There you are!" she smiled back down at me. "I thought I was going to miss you, and it's my last day."

She was standing up on the pier at the top of the ladder. I could see directly up the front of her dress. "Blue ones today?" I said with a low whistle.

"Uh huh," she teased, doing a pirouette and making her pretty dress billow out.

I even got a quick flash of the underside of her young tits when she did that. They were bare beneath her dress.

"Do you like?" she asked with a sweet little blush.

I stepped up onto the walkway and approached the base of the ladder. The girl remained standing right at the edge of the pier, so I was then directly beneath her with my eye level at her ankles. She was pinching the hem of her dress, twirling back and forth with her blush deepening as I grinned up at her. I could again see the underside of her little white tits like that and could just make out her nipples.

"Can I come down?" she asked.

"Sure love, if it's your last day you better come and have a cup of tea," I offered, and as she climbed down the ladder I guided her with her dress billowing out again and my hands going under it and up to feel her bare waist. Her dress was so short that when I released her it settled only just covering her panties.

Do You Like It

Catherine

I followed Manny down below with my skin tingling from the touch of his rough fingers. The cabin of the old fishing boat was clean and tidy, just a basic galley and a small cot. I sat at the dining table while he brewed tea. "Is that your wife?" I asked about a framed photo lying on the table.

Manny picked it up and wiped the glass with his shirt. "Yeah that's my Rose," he said, looking at it lovingly.

"Timmy told me she passed away... I'm sorry," I went on kindly.

"Thanks love. You know she would have liked you. You would have reminded her of her youth. You certainly remind me!"

"Oh? That's nice."

"Well, not in the way you look," Manny added with a chuckle. "Although she was as pretty as you. But it's more in the way you light the place up! In the pretty dresses and your smile. In the way you show leg and tease us all." He grinned. "Rose was just like that. Used to have all the guys fighting over her."

"But you won her heart," I ventured.

"Sure..." Manny served the tea. "But I'm talking about after that."

"After? What, she kept teasing everyone after you married?"

"Hell yes! Just like you will, no doubt."

"But didn't that make you jealous?"

"No, not at all love. That was back in the 70s and we were pretty open. You kids think you're cheeky but you've got nothing on us old timers who were young back then."

"So, what did you do?" I asked with interest. "What naughty things did you do? I can't imagine!"

Manny laughed. "Well, Rose and I used to smoke pot and go to concerts. Then after we'd been married for a few years we had a go at swinging with some other couples. Did that quite a lot over the years until I started having

problems in that way."

"Oh, you mean half-mast?" I said, smiling and raising my eyebrows in mock horror. "Sorry," I added.

"No, that's fine love. Never stopped Rose and I. She used to give a fine – err – well, you know. I'm pretty sure young Timmy would know what I mean."

The old fisherman was chuckling. I blushed. "Did he tell you?"

"Now, don't blame the lad. It's not hard for us to get information out of him when we want to."

"So, you made him tell?" I went on, feigning offence. My embarrassment was real.

"Yeah, well, we were all pretty curious with him showing you off on that big boat, and we figured a few details wouldn't hurt no one."

I smiled through my blush. "Well, I just broke up with my boyfriend, so I'm allowed to try stuff."

"Hell yes!" Manny agreed wholeheartedly. "Half young Timmy's luck is about what we all figured. Oh, to be young again!"

My blush deepened as I looked up from my tea cup. "I was actually wondering what that would be like with a black guy. You know, if it would be any different."

"No love, just the same, I think. At least it's the same with white women," Manny offered warmly. "I must admit I was curious about that until Rose and I started swinging." He picked up the picture again and drifted into a bit of a trance for a moment. Then he put it on the shelf and smiled. "I certainly had it good, you know. I was one lucky son of a bitch!"

"Do you miss her?" I asked softly. "I mean in that way too?"

Manny shrugged. "Had more than my share of that, love."

"But you're still fun to tease... Maybe you're not past it completely!"

"True. I guess I could call in at the Red Lantern over on the mainland some time. Rose used to threaten she was going to start sending me there if I didn't give away fishing soon."

I giggled. "Is that a whore house?"

"Well, that's about as good as it's going to get for an old guy like me, love. Pity the young girl trying to earn her living, though."

"I wouldn't pity her. She might enjoy it with you," I challenged playfully. "I don't see why not."

"Well, if you worked at the Lantern I'd be there lined up every night, love. Along with half the men in town. And the other half are married and faithful otherwise they'd be there lined up too."

"Hmm, well, I don't think I want to work at the Red Lantern but what if I just did something for you?" I asked softly. "It's sort of what I was thinking about when I came for a walk today... sort of hoping you would let me."

The old man peered up from fiddling with his cup. "Are you serious, love?"

"Uh huh."

He took my hand and guided me around the table to be standing in front of him. "You know, I've been dreaming about that all week since I first saw you," he said as he smoothed his old hands up my thighs. "So, you're of age? You're over eighteen?"

"I'm nineteen," I uttered.

He was slowly rubbing up and down my thighs with his hands going under my dress as far as my hips. "I don't think I'll be able to get it up properly, love. I'd like to but I just don't think I can."

"Couldn't I do what your wife used to do for you?" I asked softly.

The old man grinned. "You mean a blow job?"

"Uh huh... I'd like to."

"Well, with my wife I always used to do her first," he went on, grinning some more. "Does that sound okay?"

My blush deepened. "Okay."

He lifted the front of my dress and kissed my belly. "Mmm you've got such soft skin, love. Do you know how much I've missed that?" he groaned as he opened his mouth and sucked on my flesh.

I held the old man's head with one hand and held my dress up with the other. The feeling of his mouth and tongue was making my legs weak and my pussy

tingle. One of his gnarled old hands moved up my inner thigh as he continued sucking on my belly and his fingers pressed into my pussy.

He then kissed upward, and I lifted my dress higher until his mouth closed over my left breast.

He sucked half of it into his mouth and lashed my nipple with his tongue while at the same time rubbing the crotch of my panties into my pussy. He sucked hard on one tit then switched to the other, again covering it with his mouth and lashing the nipple, massaging it with his tongue and making me writhe and grind down against his fingers.

"Let's have a look down here then, shall we?" he teased, and I kept hold of my bunched-up dress while he sat back a bit and had a look at my panties.

"Yes, very pretty," he said as he held my hips just looking at them for a moment. Then he hooked his thumbs under the waistband, and I sucked in a breath as he peeled them down a bit and smiled. "Now, this is different," he said curiously. "Girls used to be quite bushy down there back in my day."

"Do you like it?" I asked shyly.

"It's going to be nice to lick," Manny suggested, making me giggle. "Come over to the cot, though. We'll get these out of the way and see if I can remember how to do this."

I followed still holding my dress up above my waist while the older man straightened the bed cover. He then guided me to lie back and I lifted my bottom as he tugged my panties down and off. He just sat there beside me looking at my pussy for a moment. I was lying flat with my legs together and my dress still up around my waist.

"You sure you want to do this, love? If you want to stop I'll understand."

"I want to," I uttered.

On Her Knees on the Floor

Manny

I lifted the girl's dress up over her little tits and sucked on one. I felt between her thighs again as I resumed lashing her nipple, and with her legs parting slightly I felt into her wet slit.

She was already dripping and I inserted my middle finger and found she was slick inside and searing hot, so I forced it in deeper and rubbed back against her g-spot.

That made her young body arch off the cot, and it made her moan, so I quickly switched to her other tit and sucked it hard while rubbing deep inside with my finger.

She had spread her legs and had her feet flat with her hips a foot off the bed and gyrating against my hand. Her juices were squelching and dripping into her anus. She was moaning and panting and her face was contorting in ecstasy.

I scooted back and sucked on her clit. I carefully withdrew my finger from inside of her and lifted her leg over my shoulder. I was then between her thighs, and I covered her slit with my mouth and started lashing it with my tongue. I sliced through it and swirled around her little button, circling it and flicking over it then pressing hard and massaging back and forth.

I then relented and stuck my tongue into her nice and deep, tasting her sweet young juices and sucking on her tender folds. I ate into her like that making her moan and grind her pussy against my face, then I suddenly attacked her clit again and forced my thick old finger back up her.

"Uhhh..hhhh..." she moaned loudly as I reached with my other hand and groped her tits. I was then fucking her with my finger and lashing and sucking on her clit while roughly squeezing her tender young breasts and tweaking her nipples.

Her body was arching up off the cot again and her hips were gyrating wildly. Her hands were wrapped around the steel cot frame above her head and her face was arched back into the pillow with her mouth open and panting.

Her orgasm was obviously teetering on the edge of eruption and I kept her there for ages, lessening my attack on her clit at times and slowing the thrusts of my finger into her. Then I'd force my finger in deep again and rub back against her g-spot, making her pant harder and louder and making her hips gyrate wildly again.

I brought her close to the brink then eased her back then brought her close to the brink again and again before her orgasm finally overwhelmed her.

I then held my thick old finger deep inside of her, virtually supporting her off the cot with it as her slender young body convulsed, and I kept my mouth pressed over her soaking wet pussy with my tongue softly massaging her clit, continuing to stimulate the contractions of her orgasm.

I guided her through it, gradually withdrawing my finger as she started to come down, and finally relenting from my tongue massage of her sensitive little button, allowing her body to ease back to the cot and settle.

"Oh my gosh!" she gasped. "Oh wow!"

"Was that good?" I asked with a grin. I was just stroking her thigh and watching her tits shudder upon her breath. My face was wet with her juices.

"Oh my gosh, that was amazing," she cried. "That was so intense I can't stop shaking."

She continued panting and her little tits kept jiggling. She had her legs closed modestly and I was just stroking her and watching her young body quiver. She began to blush as her orgasm subsided. She was then just lying there with her dress hiked up around her neck with nothing else on.

"Is it your turn now?" she asked sweetly. "I don't know how to make you feel like you made me but you can cum in my mouth."

I tugged the girl's dress down for her and she sat up smoothing it into place. "You won't need to do much, love. Just the look of you with my old cock in your mouth is going to be enough."

I rested across the cot, propped against the wall. The girl got down on her knees on the floor and leaned into my lap. She smiled shyly up at me as we both worked on my trousers and shorts, getting them down around my ankles. Her eyes then widened as she lifted my cock and looked at my balls.

"Oh my gosh, they're huge," she cried, blushing even more.

"Yes love, I hope you're thirsty. I've never been short of volume when it comes to ejaculation."

The girl smiled. "Really?" Then she squeezed against the flex of my cock in her hand, and she kissed one of my balls, sucking gently on the wrinkly skin, then moving to the other and kissing and sucking on it too. "They're so black," she said, kissing them again then nibbling her way up my shaft. "It is different. It's shiny when I lick it and it's so dark in my hand," she said playfully. Then she closed her eyes and took the head in and sucked on it.

I held her hair out of the way so I could watch my old cock sliding through her lips. I had firmed up to about as hard as I got these days but it felt nice with her soft little white fingers gripping my shaft and squeezing as it continually flexed. She was also stroking me slowly, and that felt good with her head bobbing and my cock sliding back and forth in her warm young mouth.

"Mmm, that's right, love. Just keep doing that," I said to her, meeting her eyes as she peered up at me. She was feeling my balls with her other soft little hand, and I spread my legs to give her better access to them. They were filling nicely with the way she was fondling and nurturing them along. "Yeah, I hope you're real thirsty, love," I groaned as I felt another surge of pleasure that seemed to fill them even more.

"I am," she uttered as she released my cock head and kissed it lovingly. "I'm so thirsty for everything you have in here," she added as she lifted my cock and kissed my old balls again, smooching them while they continued to build my load.

When she kissed and nibbled her way back up my shaft, I held her head in place and started fucking her mouth. She kept sucking on the end of my cock and her hand was wet enough for me to fuck it as well. I had hardened a little more and was firm enough to enjoy the sensation of plunging into her mouth and the sheer ecstasy of my swollen cockhead popping through her lips.

My old balls were then completely full of cum and just rocking in her soft little hand. She was bobbing her head in time with my thrusts, so I didn't have to work too hard with my back. I was virtually just flicking my hips and surging into her on her down stroke.

Then when that final surge tipped me over the edge, I held firmly in her

mouth and shot a massive load of cum.

It was a series of powerful bursts that made her eyes widen instantly. She moaned though as she swallowed it down and I held her hair back so I could watch while she did that.

I noticed her slender neck gulp once and then again as I continued to empty my old balls. Her beautiful face was all red and strained, her pretty green eyes closing softly as she continued to suck on me and swallow my load.

I stroked her soft hair as she held my balls and squeezed and massaged them gently until my cock stopped pulsing, and I fought back tears as she smiled up at me wiping her mouth on the back of her hand. I fought them but my eyes welled and I sniffled as her pretty face turned to concern.

"It's all right, love, I'm fine," I said. "I think I just really needed that, more so than I imagined."

"Well, that's good," the girl said sweetly.

"You know you really shouldn't be doing this with an old fart like me, though... Sure, have fun with the boys your own age as much as you want, but you shouldn't let grown men take advantage, love."

"I wouldn't do it if I didn't want to," the girl uttered. "I did it for one other old man but he was really kind to me like you are. And I also thought you looked so sad. That's why I wanted to."

My eyes welled with tears again. "You could see that?"

The New Guy Mounted Me

Catherine

I nodded. "I didn't know about your wife before but I could see how sad you were deep down. It's in your eyes all the time, even when you smile."

The old man sniffled another tear. "Don't worry, love, this has been coming on for a year now. Ever since my wife died I've been a wreck." He sniffled again and rubbed his eyes. "You know, this is exactly the sort of thing Rose would have come up with to give me a boot up the butt and tell me to stop feeling sorry for myself. It's as if she sent you!"

"Well, maybe she did." I smiled softly. "I hope she's not going to haunt me now that I did that, though."

Manny chuckled. "How about some more tea, love? Something to wash that down?"

"No thanks," I replied blushing a little. "I like the feel of it in my mouth like this. And the taste, knowing it's from a man." I was pulling on my panties and he was sitting there watching me. I smiled through my blush. "Did it feel nice for you?"

"It was perfect, love. I didn't think you'd swallow."

"But that's the fun part. Especially the way you were holding my hair away from my face so you could watch me do it. It was so exciting to have a mouth full of your cum and to know you were watching my face. Then to swallow it for you... I think it's only right to let guys watch me do that.

"I kissed his whiskery cheek. "I had better go now though. I think Mum's waiting."

I hurried off smiling and waving and I quickly stopped in at the store. When I got back to the house with the groceries my mother was cleaning, so I snuck in and went to my room.

It had been a huge load of cum and I could still taste it as I flopped back on my bed and felt myself through my panties. It had been such an amazing orgasm the old man had given me, like he had full control of my body.

Suddenly there was a knock on my door and Bruce poked his head in. "You'd better close your curtains, sweetheart. I just chased the three local guys off from trying to spy on you with binoculars."

"Oh really? Three of them?"

"Yeah, I didn't recognise Timmy, so there might be a new one today. They took off up into the forest. I'll give Pratt a call and we might go give them a scare later for fun."

"Hmm okay, but not yet. I want to go and see them first," I said and swayed my bent-up legs open and closed.

"Oh yeah, you're going to give them another fuck, are you love? One more to leave them with yeah?"

I lifted the skirt of my dress up over my belly and watched Bruce's face.

He snarled a little so I lifted it higher and showed him my tits again too.

He gulped and drew a breath.

I open my legs wide and kept them spread for him while feeling my pussy through my panties.

My mother was approaching up the hall though and Bruce looked worriedly at her. I swayed my knees together and pulled my dress down to my belly at least. I still had my feet apart and was showing Bruce my panties from beneath.

Mum looked in with him and smiled. "There you are sweetheart. Do you have any washing for me?"

"Um no, I put it in the laundry already."

I swayed my knees open and closed again. Mum looked at Bruce gawking and I giggled.

"She's going to let the boys fuck her again today," he informed my mother.

"Going to get another belly full of cum from them all."

"Hmm that sounds like fun," Mum teased the guy. "I wouldn't mind a belly full myself if the men here are offering," she added and kissed his cheek then winked at me and left.

I lifted my dress back up and thrust my tits. Mum poked her head back

around the door and saw me.

She blushed a little. "Are you home for dinner love? We have to finish off this food."

"Yes I'll be home," I said and yawned and stretched, pretending it was too hot or something and I needed to have my dress up around my neck.

Mum pulled her boyfriend out of the doorway and closed the door and I just giggled some more to myself.

Timmy was working all day so the third guy couldn't have been him. Which meant Tod and Paulo must have brought a friend along today.

I had been undecided about going to see them and letting them have me one last time. But I felt myself through my panties again and squirmed down against my hand at the thought of being offered to some other guy as well.

I hurried out the front door, calling back that I wouldn't be long. I hadn't even taken my shoulder bag though, and I thought of probably needing tissues to clean up with after three of them.

All I had on was the shortest dress I owned, panties and sandals, and I felt very vulnerable as I approached the house. I snuck up to the front window and peeped to see Paulo and a guy I had met at the carnival playing cards.

I turned away from the window and stood there against the wall collecting my thoughts. I knew if I went in there they would want to have sex with me – both of them, and Tod was sure to be around somewhere. I considered sneaking off and going home, but I ended up walking quietly around the back and going inside. I peered in through the kitchen where Paulo saw me.

"Fuck yes!" he cried, and I met his smile. "Your fucking old man nearly caught us," he said excitedly. "I didn't think you were coming today."

"I can't stay long." I blushed as I met the smile of the other guy.

"Just a quick fill, eh?" Paulo said as he pulled me close and cuddled me from behind. "This is Joel – remember him from the carnival?"

"I remember. Hi Joel," I offered politely.

Paulo felt me up, squeezing my breasts and making my dress lift in front. Joel looked down at my panties and I followed his eyes, knowing I was being exposed to him.

"Hot, isn't she?" Paulo said to him and he nodded. "She's our little blond fuck toy," he went on, and my blush deepened when the guy looked up to meet my eyes.

"Go and tell Tod," Paulo added dismissively. "I'm going first." And with that he took me by the hand and led me to the bedroom while the other guy ran out the back to go and get Tod.

I followed with my juices sopping the folds of my pussy. My legs were tingling, and as I was positioned back on the mattress, I lifted and allowed Paulo to take off my panties. He pulled them from my feet and tossed them aside with them landing on the floor in the middle of the room.

"So, you're going home tomorrow, eh?"

"Yes, we're leaving in the morning."

"So, last chance to empty my balls in you," he said as he lay down on top of me.

"Uh huh. Are they full?" I uttered.

He smiled as he sunk his cock in. "Yeah, very full."

I braced against the pain for a moment. Paulo was then slowly withdrawing and looking down between us at his cock sinking back into me, and I spread my legs wider, offering myself to him.

"Do you want it deep or creamy?" he asked.

"Deep please."

He smiled again and thrust forward, lifting me off the mattress with the head of his cock poking in my belly. I kept myself suspended like that while he fucked me. He was on his hands and knees still watching his cock thrusting into me. I was lying with my shoulders pressed down and my feet flat with my legs spread wide open and my hips a foot off the mattress.

I held myself up like that while he pounded me for a while then forced the head of his cock back into my belly and deposited his load in there.

It was a huge load too, a very powerful one with the pulses of semen squirting against my insides.

"Are you going to let Joel have a fuck too?" he asked while his cock continued to throb.

"Uh huh," I uttered, looking beyond him to see Tod and Joel standing in the doorway watching.

When Paulo pulled out Tod turned me over and positioned me on my hands and knees. I just peered blankly over my shoulder at the other guy as Tod mounted me and started humping my body. He was going crazy pounding me hard and fast, and I tilted my hips and pressed back against him as he shot his load. I could feel his little dick throbbing and the cum bursting from it.

"Yeah, fucking creamed her good!" Tod said, looking back at Joel, who had edged closer with his stiff cock out and his hand around it squeezing and stroking.

"So we can just fuck her then?" Joel asked the other two.

"Yeah man, she's easy as," Tod answered him. "You can fuck her as many times as you want. Anyone can."

Tod got up and I moaned a little as the new guy mounted me. I began to feel the heat of embarrassment at being *gangbanged*, which is what they were boasting to each other.

The guy having his turn was already close to his climax though, and after humping me for a minute or so he was jammed hard against my bottom with his cock pulsing away and squirting more semen into me.

I waited while he finished. I hadn't experienced even a slight warming of my own orgasm. It was as if my mind had decided I was there for them to use, and my body had remained sort of numb to any physical pleasure.

Although it was also an extension of the way the old black man had left me that morning... as if these boys were just adding the missing ingredient to his otherwise thorough ravishment of my body. They were just adding the cream, I contemplated as I remembered the feel of his thick old finger inside of me and his tongue massaging my clit.

The new guy was feeling my breasts, with his cock still semi-firm inside of me. He lifted my upper body, my dress falling down to cover me. His hands were still up under it and he was massaging and playing with my nipples.

I arched back for him and kept myself presented with his cock firming again. I looked back at Tod and Paulo watching. Paulo had just wiped his cock and balls and he handed my panties to Tod so he could wipe his as well.

Tod did that but his eyes suddenly shot open and he cried out, "Oh fuck!", and he and Paulo took off out of the room, hurtling from the back door and into the forest.

I peeked out the open window and saw Bruce strolling along the road, and I ducked out of sight, pulling the guy on my back down with me. "Oh shit!" I cried under my breath, and I peeked again to see Bruce looking over at the house.

"What?" Joel asked, still holding me around the waist, and he ground his hips and forced his cock up into me as I tried to push him away.

"It's my dad," I whispered anxiously, and I peered over the windowsill again, pushing back against the guy's hip as he continued grinding against me and getting even harder inside of me.

Bruce had walked along a bit further and stopped to look around some more. He was searching up ahead into the forest, and I rested back against the guy who was fucking me. His cock was completely stiff and he was humping me steadily, though he also had a look up over the windowsill.

I arched back, tilting my hips to give him better access to me once more. "Are you getting close yet?" I asked as he felt up under my dress and squeezed my breasts again.

He checked up over the sill. "He's gone now."

I had another look and assumed Bruce had gone further along the road out of sight. The guy on my back then started fucking me harder and I clung to the windowsill and pressed back against his thrusts. He was really starting to pound me as he held my hips and rode me. Then he bucked and held firmly against me.

"Oh fuck that's close," he groaned, making me squirm back onto his cock.

"Don't hold back," I whispered to him. "Hurry up, before my dad comes back!"

The guy's fingers were suddenly pressed against my clit, and he resumed fucking me while rubbing it, which soon had my orgasm building and had me squirming back onto his dick even harder.

Just before he lost complete control again he held still and fought back his climax. "I want you to cum first," he breathed into my neck, and he kissed my

skin and sucked on me, making my belly tingle and my orgasm surge with the feel of him thrusting into me again. "Cum on my cock," he groaned and his fingers vibrated against my clit.

"Uh huh," I moaned, looking back over my shoulder to see Todd and Paulo standing there feeling their cocks and watching.

I then let myself go, and the feel of the fingers vibrating and squishing my clit against the shaft spearing in and out of me sent me over the edge and grinding shamelessly back onto a throbbing, squirting cock.

I collapsed onto the mattress and watched that guy clean up with my panties while Paulo kept an eye out the window and Tod got into position.

He didn't mount me though. He kept me there on my side and stroked himself until he was ready to ejaculate, then he got in behind me and just poked his dick in to finish off, with me resting there while his cum gushed and flooded me even more than I already was.

Tod picked up my panties and wiped his foamy cock and balls with them then he handed them to me, grinning at my blush and smile. "So, what am I supposed to wear now?" I scolded playfully. The little garment was soaked.

"Well, you made us cum so much so you have to look after it all," Tod said with a chuckle, and he took up the post by the window while Paulo got down on his knees on the mattress.

I remained on my side with my dress tugged down to cover myself as I watched him masturbate. He was looking in under the back of my dress, his hand jiggling over the head of his cock. He then shifted my upper leg forward a little, and I clutched my soggy panties in my hand as I felt the head of his cock enter me and his hand keep jerking the shaft.

"Oh fuck yeah," he groaned, and I blushed as I peered up at the other two watching what he was doing.

"Oh shit here it is!" His body convulsed, but he held firm inside of me only a few inches. Then his cock throbbed and his face contorted as I felt the pulses of semen gush into me.

"Yeah fucking cream pie!" Tod cheered.

I blushed deeply. "You guys are so crude. I can't believe I'm letting you do this."

"You going to stay for a while, let us go again?" Paulo asked as he carefully pulled out and got back up on his knees.

"No, I have to go before my dad comes back."

I offered Paulo my panties and he grinned as he accepted them.

"Well, you might as well. They're already soaked in it."

I got up on my knees too and held my pussy to stop it from dripping while he wiped his balls clean. Tod turned back from the window grinning down at me and the other guy was standing there grinning as well.

"Well, I suppose you guys would like to see it running down my legs, would you?"

"Or down your chin," Joel said, and Tod and Paulo joined in chuckling while my blush deepened and I just shook my head.

I accepted my panties back, using them to wipe my dripping fingers and allowing a dribble of semen to run down my leg.

Paulo was peeking out the window. "We could go down the back way if you want to sneak home without your dad seeing."

"That would be good," I replied as I stepped into my panties and pulled them up. "Is it very far?"

"No, just a bit further than going back along the road," Tod said. "But let's go before he comes back, eh?"

I followed them out the back door and into the forest where there was a narrow trail down over the rocks. It was mostly Paulo waiting to help me but the other guy, Joel, was kind and polite too, and I liked being held by either of them when I had to get down a steep bank or from a rock or log.

The trail wound along the edge of the forest and emerged at the back of the village where Paulo lived with his father. His father was home, so they led me into the garage where there was a dart board and pool table set up. It was their clubhouse.

"I really have to get going," I said to them.

"Yeah, you just go to the end of the street and you'll see the pier from there," Paulo explained, but he took my hand and pulled me close as he spoke. He then felt my breasts, pinching a nipple through my dress and twisting it. "You

going to come back and see us again one day?"

"No," I said teasingly. "You've got your porno movies, haven't you?"

They all laughed. "Yeah but the real thing's better," Paulo went on, moving behind me and tweaking both nipples that time.

He was also firming against my bottom, and I pressed back against the feel of him. The other two were just standing there grinning again, and Paulo felt down my sides and brought his hands back up under my dress to close over my breasts bare. Tod and Joel then lowered their gaze to my exposed panties, which were soaked with their cum.

"Can you at least close the door please?" I uttered.

Tod pulled the door closed and turned back to watch. Paulo ground against me with his cock having resurged to full erection. Both Tod and Joel started rubbing the front of their pants.

I blushed. "You guys have to do it yourselves this time and just finish in me, okay?"

Tod smiled at that and looked to his buddies. "Last one to shoot's gay!" he challenged them, and he pulled his dick out and started jerking off. Then Joel pulled his out and went at it as well, and Paulo released me to line up beside his buddies, which left me standing there in front of the three of them, feeling my blush deepen as I watched them pound their cocks.

"Oh my gosh," I cried, giggling and stretching down the front of my dress to cover my legs as best I could. They were all staring at my thighs and no doubt picturing where they were going to shoot their loads.

My embarrassment began to fade and the excitement of watching them compete made me lift my dress hem a bit and show them my panties. I gathered it to my waist and held it there for them, just staring right back at their engorged penises and their fists pumping wildly.

"Oh fuck!" Joel gasped and quickly shuffled closer.

I then remained still while he urgently stretched the edge of my panties aside and probed into me with the head of his cock.

He crouched down a bit and thrust it upward with the head penetrating me, and then he forced it up me and bucked.

I relaxed my legs open a bit for him and held his shoulders as I felt him throbbing and pumping his load into me. He surged up under me and fucked me a bit, but he quickly softened and couldn't continue.

"You ready?" Tod asked Paulo.

"No, you go man!"

Joel was fixing his pants and Tod approached where I was standing a little shakily. I relaxed my legs open for him too as he crouched and forced his cock in through the edge of my panties and up inside of me. I then clung to him as he held my leg up and fucked me with short, hard thrusts. And while he was doing that Paulo got in behind and sandwiched me, also taking hold of my leg and holding it up, and he started poking from beneath, probing in against the bottom of Tod's shaft.

"Ahhh..hhh," I cried as the head of his cock slipped in alongside. "Oww that hurts," I uttered, but as Paulo's cock went up inside of my vagina the pain eased and there was just a feeling of being stretched and really full.

"Keep still and let her get used to it," Paulo said to Tod.

I relaxed down onto them both. I could feel them moving a little and it was still stretching me, but it felt nice too. "I suppose this is another one of your porno ideas, is it?"

Tod chuckled. "Yeah DP Divas."

"Dad's ordered volume two," Paulo said to him. His cock was only penetrating as deep as Tod's because of the awkward angle and the fact that he was curved up into me from behind.

They continued fucking me with the underside of their cocks rubbing against each other inside of me.

I relaxed there letting them enjoy the feel of me. I was concentrating on the sensations, enjoying it more when their thrusts were offset. When they both inserted at the same time it felt like I was being stretched, but when they alternated back and forth, sawing in and out of me, it felt much nicer.

"Ohhh..hh like that," I uttered as they settled in an alternating rhythm.

"You're going to make me cum like that," I said softly. My orgasm was building quickly. There was a sudden resurgence of the warmth of the last one, and the thought of having two dicks inside of me had my mind whirling

with a sense of utter debauchery. I raised my arm and clung back around Paulo's neck. "This is so disgusting..."

"Yeah but it's fucking good too," Paulo groaned, and he tweaked my nipples harder as he continued to alternate strokes with Tod.

He said his load was building again nicely and he had to hold it back a few times, which only filled his balls even more apparently. He kept up the slow steady rhythm, alternating his thrusts with Tod until my inner walls suddenly gripped and started throbbing in orgasm. Then Paulo held firmly up me and Tod also jammed his cock in and held firm with his shaft pulsing and the warmth of his cum flooding all around. And that sent Paulo over the edge, and his balls clenched up into the base of his cock and started pulsing as well.

With my orgasm dissipating, I just stood there blushing to myself at the feel of two penises throbbing and gushing cum in my vagina.

They were both about four inches inside of my body, my slit was sealed tight around them, basically squeezing them together.

I thought of the fact that there were two sets of balls beneath me right then, both clenching at the same time and depositing their contents.

I wanted to feel them but it was too difficult with the way I was sandwiched between the two guys.

Paulo's cock eventually softened and oozed out of me to hang dripping between his legs. Then Tod's cock slurped out as well and I quickly smoothed the crotch of my panties back into place before any of their semen ran down my legs.

I looked up to meet them all grinning like fools. "It was nice having you both in me like that, but I really have to go now," I said sweetly and opened the door. "See you, porno boys. Don't forget me!"

Those Boys Made Me a Bit Messy

Catherine

My legs were wobbly but they came good by the time I reached the pier and the whistling crowd at the fishermen's bar. The breeze was cool against my thighs where some of the porno boys' cum had dripped, but it dried quickly and just felt a bit sticky by the time I got to the house.

Mum was cleaning and told me to get some rubber gloves and do the bathroom. "Yes Mum," I said, and when I was in the bathroom I closed the door and slumped back against it.

I lifted the front of my dress to find my panties were soaked. I peeled them down. There was a thick film of goo stringing from the crotch to my sodden pussy lips. They had all cum in me so many times though, and I again smiled to myself at the thought of being gooey with semen from three different guys.

There was a soft knock. "Are you okay, love?" It was Bruce of course.

I cracked open the door and peered out, smiling through my blush. "I'm fine. I just need to clean myself up a bit... Those boys made me a bit messy just now."

"Oh yeah?" he questioned and tried to see.

"Uh huh..." I looked down at myself. Bruce craned his neck around the door. There was cum running down both of my legs as far as my knees.

Bruce gulped. "How many of them were there?"

I held up three fingers. "But they had turns on me – more than just once each."

"I see..." Bruce took a breath and huffed. "Fuck that's good of you love. You would have made those boys' years. You probably just made their entire youths letting them fuck you repeatedly like that."

"Hmm but I like it when they cum inside me. It's exciting for me too." I checked myself again, lifting the skirt of my dress and watching a glob of cum drip from my pussy and splash on the tiled floor between my feet.

“Aw, sweetheart – seriously! That’s just... That’s...!”

“It’s hot! That’s what it is,” I teased, moving my panties across the floor with my foot to soak up the splotch of goo.

“Yeah it sure is,” Bruce groaned, expelling another breath. “They had you in that abandoned house up in the forest, did they? I thought I saw but figured you’d call out if you were in any trouble.”

“Uh huh I saw you. I was fine, though...”

“And the boys saw me too, love? I thought I saw you through the window with one of them.”

“Yes. One of them was fucking me while you were standing there.... I actually *did* want him to stop right then, but he was on my back and got even harder inside me.” I gulped. “The other two had already had me once by then. And that guy had as well, but he kept fucking me and came in me again just after you left. Then the other two had their second turn with me – just quickly, though.”

Bruce held my eyes as I looked at him. He nodded. “That’s good, sweetheart. As long as you’re careful, and especially if it’s with adult men, like you said. A group of boys like that is one thing, but you’d need to be more careful if it was a group of grown men.”

“Mmm okay. I’d probably want to check with you first if it was going to be more than one man – at least to let you know where I was.” I lifted my dress up to my neck. “Although most older men have just been in my mouth so far. Which is really nice too – just swallowing it for them.”

Bruce gulped, his eyes lifting from my tits. “There’s nothing wrong with that either, love. Letting older men cum in your mouth.... It’s fine to give in to them easily.”

I bit down on my grin, my blush rising. “I *am* easy, Bruce. I’d let almost anyone have me at the moment. Here or even when we get back home with the men in our street.”

“I know, love, but lets just see what happens when we’re back home and not amongst strangers anymore... Let’s talk about it more then, and for now you had better clean up and go and help your mother. I’m doing the lawns and gardens. We have to leave everything tip-top so we can get a good deal next

time.”

Will You Be My Girlfriend

Just on five o'clock Timmy made it to the jewellery store on the mainland and spent his entire savings on the biggest diamond ring he could afford. He kept just enough to take Catherine out that night and figured he still had his credit card if he needed more money for that. He returned home with the little felt box snug in his pocket, and he showered and scrubbed the fish smell away then splashed some cologne and put on his suit. He found Catherine dressed in a pretty little red frock with her mum smiling over in the kitchen doorway and her dad frowning a little and looking very serious.

Timmy handed Catherine the box of chocolates he had brought for her, and she passed them back to her mother while slipping within his arm and smiling back at her dad. Timmy then walked all the way to the cruiser with his arm around Catherine and his feet not nearly touching the ground. She was so pretty, and the way she was cuddling him with her soft hair against his cheek had him completely bewildered.

The warm sea breeze and the moonlit night only added ambience to the fairy tale that he was suddenly living. She was sweet and attentive through dinner and asked him all about the Navy, which was his favourite thing to talk about after studying the brochures and sleeping with them under his pillow for the past year. She didn't seem interested in anyone else around them at all, and when she laughed she even reached across the small table and touched his hand sometimes.

Timmy's hand was sweaty, and throughout dinner and the comedy stage show they watched afterwards it kept working its way into his coat pocket and feeling the little felt box. There had been a few opportunities chatting after the meal or during intermission in the comedy act where he could have taken the box out and given it to her, but his heart would just pound and he couldn't do it yet.

Then after the show they strolled around the resort gardens, and if there was ever going to be the perfect time it was then. They even sat beneath a lamp on a garden bench for a while and she lifted her face wanting to be kissed. And Timmy did that – he kissed her softly, then more passionately as his mind whirled around exactly what he was going to say. He had written it down last

night and remembered it word for word, but still he couldn't bring himself to speak – to just ask that simple question with those six simple words – and to risk everything.

And so the moment passed and the little felt box was still there in his pocket with his sweaty hand feeling it as they strolled along again. It was still there when they were back aboard the cruiser heading for the island, and it was still there when he had tied the boat down and when he turned to find her standing there in the moonlight smiling up at him.

"Um – Catherine," he started shakily, but she hushed him with a soft kiss.

"I want to taste you one more time," she whispered, and she led him down to the bed.

Those weren't the right words anyway, he figured, and besides – he really liked it when she tasted him. So, he waited until she had lowered his trousers, then he sat down and lay back on the bed, propped on his elbows so he could watch.

She smiled up at him as she softly squeezed his balls and took him in her mouth. He held her head with one hand and watched her red lips slide up and down his cock, thrusting his hips a little each time.

All the nervous tension of the past six hours seemed to filter through his body and build in his balls, and one time when her soft lips were sliding down, he forced his cock into her warm mouth nice and deep and held firmly there and ejaculated.

Catherine swallowed then wiped her mouth on the back of her hand. She sat there smiling as Timmy fixed his trousers. "Help me up," she said, offering her hands, and he lifted her and kept her hands clasped within his own.

Timmy then took a breath – a more relaxed breath this time – and he removed the small felt box from his pocket and presented it to her. He held it on his open hand and watched her eyes light up.

"Oh my gosh!" Catherine cried, her eyes turning to concern. "You didn't buy me something?"

Timmy just nodded. He had exactly six words, and he wanted them to be his next six words. He motioned with his eyes for her to take the box.

"Oh, Timmy – you shouldn't have," she said, but she lifted the box from his

hand and opened it. Her eyes then shone in complete amazement and her mouth moved but no words came out. And it was then the perfect moment for Timmy's six words.

"Will you be my girlfriend, Catherine?"

I Didn't Have Any Panties On Again

Catherine

"Oh shit! Is this real, Timmy?" I was looking at a huge solitaire diamond ring. "You can't give me this. You.... I can't possibly!" I took it out of the box and slipped it on. "Oh, I can't. Oh my gosh...." I ogled it there on my finger but quickly took it off and put it back in the box. "No, Timmy, I can't be your girlfriend. I can't accept that," I cried. "It's so beautiful and you're really wonderful but I just can't."

"But why?" he asked dejectedly. "Why can't you be my girlfriend?"

"Oh, Timmy, you're joining the Navy and you're going to have great adventures. You don't want to be tied down with a girlfriend now! And I'm in college and I just broke up with a guy. It just wouldn't work – and you can't give a girl...." I had another look at the ring with my eyes lighting up again for a second. "You just can't give a girl something like this! Not unless you're.... Well, you just can't."

"But I want you to have it," Timmy muttered. "Even if you don't want to be my girlfriend I still want you to have it."

I forced the box into his hand and closed his fingers around it. "Show it to Janelle, okay! Show it to your sister and ask her why I couldn't accept it. She'll explain it to you."

I left the guy standing there and ran home with my heart pounding and tears streaming down my face. He was so sweet and I felt so sorry for him, but there was no way I could be his girlfriend. I was going home to my real life and he was going away to his. There was no practical way we could even get to spend time together, and I wanted to be single now, anyway.

I still had on the shell necklace Timmy had made for me and the roses were there on the nightstand. He would be all right, I convinced myself as I lay in bed listening to the silence in the air and the soft rumble of waves in the distance. He would meet another girl – lots of girls – when he went away to join the Navy. He would be fine, I decided as sleep came to me.

The next morning we were packed in the 4WD and I waved goodbye to the sleepy little fishing village as we drove onto the ferry.

I was over worrying about what happened with Timmy and was all aglow inside with the lingering feel of being full of cum by all the guys my age on the island.

Mum was asleep in the passenger seat. Her hair was messed up this morning and I'd seen her sneaking into the house only a few hours ago. She had said she was having another farewell drink with the ladies but I was sure she'd been fucked by some of the fishermen.

Poor Bruce was the only one to miss out by the looks, but he was such fun to tease, and just now he looked back over his shoulder at where I was holding the skirt of my dress up and spreading my legs for him to see that I didn't have any panties on again.

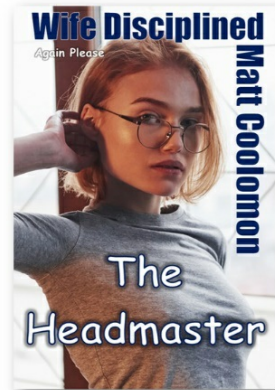
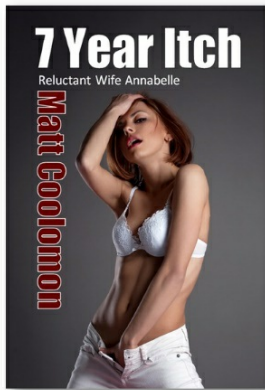
The way I was planning to get around the house all the time from now on.

**** The End ****

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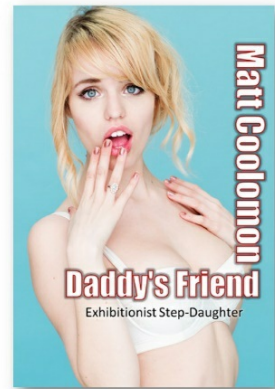
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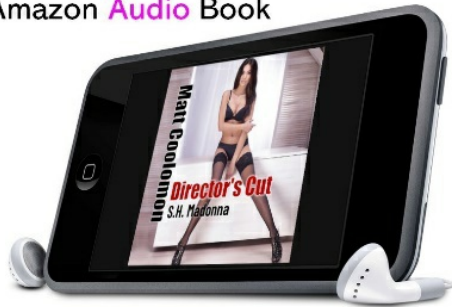
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