

Sweetly Submissive

Matt Coolomon

The Local Boys

**Special Night
Cream**

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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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I Was Feeling so Naughty

Catherine

I was being a horrible tease, but it was such fun having all the control for a change. Timmy was carefully guiding the big boat into dock with a full erection in his shorts. He was then trying to conceal it as he helped the attendant with the ropes.

The attendant had noticed my nipples and I was enjoying his attention and meeting his smile. I also attracted more than my share of looks strolling along beside my pretend boyfriend as he led me from shop to shop, patiently waiting around while I sorted through the racks of dresses and the bags and belts and shoes.

The prices in the boutiques were absolutely ridiculous, but I found a few bargains in the ladies underwear section of a larger clothing store. I also found some perfume to try out that night, and I couldn't resist a cute little purple mini dress. It was shoulder less and fitted to reveal everything down my front if I leant forward too far, perfect for the teasing I was so in the mood for. Although I ended up spending the rest of my money on matching shoes and bag, but I figured what the hell.

After shopping I let Timmy come down into the bedroom to watch me get changed. He sat on the bed and I stood facing him and slowly lifted my top. His eyes widened, so I waited for a moment and let him look. I stood with my arms behind my back, thrusting my little boobs forward.

"Do you like them, Timmy?"

He nodded urgently then reached for me but I moved away.

"Not yet! You have to wait, remember."

I then tied my bikini top into place and let my skirt fall to the floor. Timmy's eyes were on my panties, and I gathered the waist band and lowered them a little, smiling to myself as his eyes again widened with anticipation. I then held them forward and glanced down to see they were nice and dry, so I imagined the rest of the cum from Tod and Paulo had stayed in, which pleased me.

I lowered my panties slowly to reveal my totally bald pussy, making Timmy's eyes light up even more. "What happened to your hair?" he asked in amazement.

"I shaved it for you... Don't you like it?"

"Wow! It looks very sexy," he declared.

"Really? And would you like it if I didn't wear any panties tonight while we're dancing so only you will know?"

The thought of dancing with some guy completely bare beneath my dress had just struck me and I liked it. Timmy was nodding and grinning.

I pulled on my bikini pants and we headed up on deck and to the pools and bars. I again found myself admiring Timmy's toned and well-defined body, but I was also attracted to the other men today. I was just feeling naughtier in general and enjoying their appreciative glances and interested smiles.

There was even an older man lying on the lounge beside mine for a while, and with my top undone, I deliberately lifted to have a drink and showed him my breasts. I only gave him a quick flash, but it wasn't a topless area, so I wasn't game to do any more than that.

Soon after I did that, Timmy returned from a swim, and I gave him the sunscreen to rub on my back. The man was still watching. I could see he was trying to catch a glimpse beneath my body again, so I checked around then lifted to my elbows. Then I reached forward to straighten my towel, moving my arm so he could see.

I was watching his face and he glanced into my eyes. I was feeling so naughty that I didn't even look away. I just blushed a little and bit down on my smile when he looked up from my breasts to meet my eyes again and wink.

"I'm going back in," Timmy said and he ran off to dive into the pool.

"I'm Charles," the man said, offering a nice smile, though he must have been at least 40 years old, I imagined.

"Hi, I'm Catherine," I replied, blushing again.

"Can I buy you a drink, Catherine?"

"No, I'm fine thanks."

He glanced over his shoulder towards the pool. "Is that your boyfriend?"

"Yes it is..."

"What are you both up to tonight, would you like to join me for dinner?"

"No, we have plans, thank you."

"What about a drink before dinner? Mine's one of the waterfront balconies," he said, indicating the prime position he obviously had.

I just shook my head and blushed a bit deeper.

"You sure?" the man pressed, deliberately looking at my side, where I was keeping my breasts firmly against my bikini top and the lounge.

Much to my relief the man soon got up and took his things with him. I then quickly did my top back up and decided I needed to be more careful. I dived in the pool and floated over to Timmy, nestling in his arms and feeling nice and secure there. "I'm getting hungry but I've got no money left," I whined sweetly.

"We can get some food there," Timmy suggested, pointing to a bar where they were serving quick meals.

We shared a big seafood basket and sat there by the pool to eat. Timmy wouldn't drink alcohol, but he bought me a bottle of bubbly, which made me a bit giddy after a few glasses. Just nicely buzzed and feeling even naughtier as I was checked out by every guy who walked past.

It was getting late and the sun was setting. "Come on let's go and have our showers," I said and Timmy took my hand and led me back to the cruiser.

I showered first and came out in an old singlet I had brought along. It actually belonged to my ex-boyfriend but I was keeping it because it was so comfortable to sleep in. The arm holes were large, so my breasts were visible from the side, and it was only just long enough to cover my pussy, where Timmy's eyes had settled as I brushed my hair.

"Go on you have your shower now, and when you finish I'm going to do what I promised," I said to him.

"Okay I'm going to be fast," he declared and left me.

I opened my cosmetics bag and started with my eyes, feeling naughty again at the thought of leaving my lips until afterwards. I hardly wore any makeup

at all though, as I simply didn't need to.

"Anyone home?" a voice suddenly called from the deck. It was an old guy in resort uniform. He looked like management.

"Hi," I said, peering up from the top of the stairs.

"Oh, hello miss. I was looking for Timmy."

"Yes, he's in the shower," I informed, relaxing a little as the man smiled warmly.

"Jed Forsyth," he announced, offering his hand. "Timmy does a bit of work for me and I thought I'd catch him for a quick word."

"Oh okay," I returned politely, accepting his handshake. "I'm Catherine."

He had stepped aboard and his eyes flashed down to my breasts. I had initially been concerned that we were going to be in trouble for trespassing or something. I was instantly relieved and in the same instant excited about standing there almost nude in front of a complete stranger.

"Would you like to come in and wait? He shouldn't be long," I offered sweetly.

My heart was pounding. The man brazenly looked me over as he brushed past and walked down the stairs.

I followed and went to the doorway of the bedroom. "Timmy will be out in a minute... Please sit," I offered sweetly, blushing and twisting at the hem of the thing I was barely wearing.

I went into the bedroom and stood before a full-length mirror that gave him a fine view of me. I thought about it, knowing what would happen and I started brushing my hair. I lifted both arms to do that. I was holding my hair in a ponytail and brushing it with my other hand, and as I did that the singlet lifted to reveal my bald pussy in the mirror.

I was in a trance as I watched the man's face. I knew I was showing him everything and had no idea why, but it was very exciting and I felt safe knowing Timmy was right there. It was like with the guy by the pool, I was waiting for him to look up and meet my eyes and I wasn't going to look away. But he didn't look up. He was staring with his mouth hanging open as Timmy came out of the bathroom.

"Oh, hi mister Forsyth. I didn't know you were here!"

"Hi Timmy. I just stopped by to ask if you could call in and mow the lawn for me tomorrow. Mrs Forsyth is onto me to do something about it and I can't get to it with the resort fully booked."

I had lowered my arms but my singlet remained gathered slightly and both of them were glancing in through the bedroom doorway. I walked over to the corner of the room where my dress was hanging. I fiddled with it and then turned back around to meet the eyes of our visitor. Timmy was then obscured from view and it was just the older man watching me through the open door.

With him and Timmy still talking, he glanced away for a moment, and I lifted my singlet a bit further. I tugged it up above my hips and went back to brushing my hair, this time facing the man fully.

His head then turned back towards me and I blushed deeply as his eyes widened and focused on my pussy. He looked directly at it and stared blatantly while I continued brushing my hair and watching his face.

The man looked up and met my eyes. I just bit my lip and blushed deeper as I twisted the hem of the singlet but still didn't pull it down.

Then Timmy looked around the corner and saw me, and I smiled at him then met the eyes of the older man for a moment longer before closing the door.

I was shaking all over as I sat on the bed then flopped back to lie there staring at the ceiling. Timmy was hurrying the guy along and he soon knocked on the door.

"Catherine?"

"Come in, Timmy."

He came in and his eyes immediately fixed upon my pussy. The singlet was still bunched above my waist and I was completely on display.

I lifted to my elbows. "Do you still want my mouth or would you like to have me properly?"

Timmy dropped his trousers and shrugged out of his shirt. I opened my legs as I reached back above my head and hugged a pillow. I had my knees bent and my feet flat on the bed, and I lifted my hips as Timmy got between my legs with his stiff cock in his fist.

He poked the head into me and released his hold on it as he pushed forward. He pressed in some of his length then withdrew, with my juices glistening to about halfway. Then he rocked forward and impaled me with it completely, and I arched my whole body off the bed as he held my hips and fucked me like that.

I was lewdly spread open and Timmy held me like a rag doll and pumped me. His cock was slopping into me and his balls were slapping my bottom. My juices were dripping from them, I was so wet. I had the presence of mind to pull my singlet the rest of the way up to my neck so he could see my tits, but that was all I could think to do.

My mind was in an absolute whirl of lust and desire as his powerful body thumped between my legs and his cock thrust repeatedly into me, until it finally speared home and held firm throbbing and spurting cum.

I hadn't reached an orgasm but the warm rush that swept over me as I felt Timmy ejaculating was all at once exciting and satisfying in a way. It was as if this was but the beginning of my love making tonight and what I needed now was to dance.

I wriggled out from beneath Timmy and hurried him along, but when I zipped up my new dress, I had a change of heart and decided it was actually a bit too revealing. I thought of Timmy's sister and the other girls I had met last night, that it would be embarrassing to be showing as much as I was.

I could see my breasts in the mirror completely when I bent forward even slightly. Then looking down when I was standing up straight, my boobs were only half filling the fitted bust of the dress and my nipples were visible like that too.

"Timmy, can you buy me a bra, please? I haven't got the one that I need and I can't wear my new dress like this."

Timmy was still smiling from his release and probably would have agreed to anything. I pulled on my clothes from earlier and my cotton panties in case I dripped at all. I found a perfect little low cut push-up bra in one of the first shops we checked. It was purple like my dress and had removable shoulder straps. It was only an A-cup but I could squeeze into that, and when I did I had some boob bulging out of the dress and jiggling nicely as I walked around the bedroom testing it out.

I ducked into the bathroom to check my panties and found them to be dry and clean. I had retained all of Timmy's cum, and the warmth of satisfaction again swept over me. It seemed it was only his brother who made me so messy. Probably because his penis was so short, I decided, remembering how much semen was in the condom that first time and how thick it was. Although the thought of being all messy from him was nice too.

I had a final check in the full-length mirror. My dress was to mid-thigh with only a small split at the back, and with my bra I was only offering what every other girl would be too. I decided I looked fine, and the feel of being without panties and fully shaved just added a touch of excitement.

It turned out to be a good thing I was dressed appropriately because, not only was Timmy's sister at the club, his parents had stopped by as well. Although they only stayed a short time and left for their dinner reservation.

I then danced and chatted with virtually the same crowd as the night before, who were all resort staff. They were having their usual get together after work though, and didn't stay all that long either.

Timmy's sister, Janelle, took me aside before she left. She was old enough for me to think of her as an authority figure. She was a married woman and had a child, so she was entitled to a level of respect and even a touch of fear as I wondered what she wanted a private chat for.

"You know Timmy's a very nice, kind-hearted boy, don't you Catherine?" Janelle started.

"I know. He's wonderful."

The woman nodded. "And he really likes you. Can you see that?"

"Yes. I really like him too."

"Yes, but I think he *really* likes you," Janelle pressed with concern in her voice. "I'm worried he's going to be hurt when you leave."

"But he knows I'm leaving. He's known all along that I'm only here for the week. I'm only here on vacation with my parents, and I told him right from the start we're just having fun together."

"I know... That's what he said to me too. But I'm still worried," Timmy's sister went on, squeezing my hand as she got up to leave. "It's wonderful you kids are having a good time, but just be careful with him, okay?"

"Okay, I will," I promised. And having been somewhat sobered from my naughty party plans by that I immediately found Timmy and took him outside.

"What?" he said defensively as I peered up at him.

"Is everything okay?" I started. "Are we okay?"

"Huh?"

"Are we friends? Just friends?"

"No, we're friends with benefits," he said and grinned.

I giggled. "Okay, but we're not going to be silly when I have to go home are we?"

"No, we're not going to be silly," Timmy said, toeing the ground and looking down at it. "I just want to have fun while you're here because I like you."

I kissed him. "Okay, just checking!" Then I took his hand and led him back inside and straight to the crowded dance floor where we danced and danced.

Later at our table we were joined by a guy from behind the bar. It was the staff table we were still sitting at, so naturally the guy would sit there, but he was also buddies with Timmy.

"This is my friend Dirk," Timmy announced. "Dirk, this is Catherine. She's really pretty, isn't she?"

"Sure is," Dirk agreed, smiling in response to my blush.

He was tall, dark and intense looking, and I felt a surge of nervousness as his cool green eyes deliberately lowered to my breasts. He was sitting directly across the table from me with Timmy sitting on the end. As we chatted, I noticed him continually looking down my dress. Before long, he motioned to the dance floor. "Do you want to...?"

"Okay!" I got up with him. "Come on, Timmy," I said.

"No, I'm going to just watch this time."

I felt a bit shy at first because the guy was older and kind of manly with his dark features and his full coverage of stubble. He was getting right into the music though, and I began to relax and dance with him rather than across from him.

He then started touching me more, holding my hips from behind and even rubbing his hands down my thighs and touching the bottom of my dress, then hiking it up a little when I played up to that, wriggling my bottom back against him.

He also had a move where from behind he would continue working his hands up my body, rubbing over the sides of my breasts before sort of lifting my arms and making me squirm back against him.

Then he'd keep dancing behind me and I'd have my hands behind his neck holding him close with my dress gaping and my nipples almost squeezing out the top of my bra.

Then between songs, when the music briefly lowered, he was holding my hips and he whispered into my ear, "And no panty lines, huh?"

"Uh huh," I whispered back to him, and the music continued with a slow number where he turned me and pulled me close.

His hand then rested on my lower back, but his fingers were stroking and softly exploring. We were dancing quite close to Timmy, and I smiled over the guy's shoulder at him. Dirk's big hand squeezed my bottom quite blatantly. "No panty lines at all," he whispered as I held Timmy's gaze.

"Uh huh," I responded softly.

The guy had been holding my right hand close to our chests, but he placed it on his shoulder and took me into his arms, his head lowered beside mine. He was then looking down my front, and I glanced and could see my nipples through the lace top of my bra. With my arms raised and my hands clasped behind his neck, my shoulders were forward and my dress was gaping completely.

The guy kept looking directly down at my tits as we swayed to the music.

"Oh my gosh!" I said to Timmy, only mouthing the words. I glanced at my cleavage then back over at him, biting down on my smile and raising my eyebrows in mock horror.

There were two slow numbers then the band took a break. I returned to the table while Dirk went for drinks. "Oh my gosh he could see everything with my arms up like that," I said to Timmy excitedly. Then I leaned over to him and whispered right to his ear, "And I could feel his thingy against my belly."

"I think he really likes you," Timmy said in reply.

"Do you think?" I asked as I looked over to see where he was. "Do you think I should let him have me?" I asked excitedly. "How old is he?"

"He's twenty-eight, I think. He's much older than us."

"Yeah, but that's not too old."

Dirk returned with drinks all round. "There you go, Timster," he said as he placed a coke for Timmy. "And one for the lovely lady," he went on, smiling as he placed a fruity cocktail in front of me.

I had a sip. It was strong but delicious, so I had another sip and another, and another while we chatted and laughed.

I also sat forward over my drink with my elbows on the table and my pushed-up boobs available for both guys to look at. That first fruity cocktail had made me feel light-headed, and when Dirk went for another round I whispered to Timmy, "I still have to do something for you with my mouth later don't forget."

"When?" Timmy asked, grinning. "I'm ready now for that."

"No, not yet. Let's have one more drink with your friend and then he might want to have another dance before we go."

Timmy craned his neck, his brows lifting. "We can see everything down the front of your dress, you know?"

I giggled. "I know! I'm letting you! Don't you like it?"

"Yeah, I like it," Timmy said, poking at a drink coaster. "And so does Dirk. And so does some other guys who walked past looking. And so did mister Forsyth in the boat but he saw your pussy instead."

I giggled some more. "I know... I just can't help it tonight. I feel so naughty"

Dirk the dark smouldering barman returned and fed me more liqueur, then he took me back to the dance floor to sway to a bit of background house music. He held me around the waist, grinning down at me and watching my breasts. "That's a good dress," he whispered sensually into my hair, making me swoon.

"Do you like it?" I uttered softly.

"Oh fuck!" he suddenly groaned, and he ducked his head trying to hide from someone. "That's my girlfriend. I've got to go," he said, and he slunk from the dance floor into the toilets, leaving me standing there. Then he appeared again and walked up to a girl standing at the bar looking around for someone.

Timmy approached me, grinning. He chuckled. "That's Maria and she's pissed off... She always comes looking for him when he stays after work."

My ego was crushed all of a sudden but the band fired up again, and I had a giggle as I watched the guy getting strips torn off him. Also Timmy was there trying to get me to dance with him, and with the effect of those strong drinks swirling in my head, I instantly forgot about tall dark and sleazy and turned to grind back against mister nice guy instead.

"Let's go," I yelled over the music. "I'm just going to the bathroom first," I added and left with Timmy saying he'd wait at the door. I went to the ladies and on the way back I bumped right into the guy from the pool with another guy leaning sensually on his shoulder.

"Oh hi, Catherine," he said, smiling in surprise. "This is my partner, Phillip."

I giggled, covering my mouth in shock. "Oh my gosh, you're gay!"

Phillip looked me up and down rubbing his chin. "Nice frock, sweetie," he said, sounding as queer as could be.

"He's gay, I'm bi," Charles corrected. "Where's cutie?"

"Cutie?"

The man grinned. "Yes, you're boyfriend? Where is he?"

"Oh my gosh, you wanted him today, and I thought..."

"No, sweetie, he likes to swing," Phillip pouted as he touched my wrist. "I think your boyfriend was for me."

I laughed. "Well, I don't think it would have worked out. Sorry!"

I left smiling back at them as I wriggled through the crowd around the dance floor. Timmy was there waiting at the door and I cuddled up to him as we strolled along in the moonlight.

All Over My Face Please

Catherine

"This holiday would have been so boring without you, Timmy. It's very nice of you to bring me here and make it fun!"

"It's fun for me too," he said with a yawn. "Except I'm really tired now."

"Well, you hardly had any sleep last night."

"I know, but it's not as late tonight. If we go back now we'll be at the island by ten."

We boarded the cruiser and sailed off into the calm sea and warm ocean breeze.

"You know, that guy was such an asshole," I declared. My light-headedness was dissipating, and I was thinking about the way the guy was dancing with me while his poor girlfriend must have been waiting for him to show up somewhere else, probably at their home.

"I know, he's always trying to get with other girls and Maria knows about him. She's pregnant too, so she's even more angry nowadays."

"Oh my gosh, a pregnant girlfriend!" I cried aghast.

Timmy was quiet for a moment then said, "I'm glad he didn't have sex with you, Catherine."

"Me too! I hate guys who cheat."

After another thoughtful pause Timmy continued searchingly, "But it's really easy for guys to have sex with you, isn't it?"

I blushed a little in the moonlight. "Sort of. But this is the first time I've been single since I started having sex, so it's different."

"Did you like having a boyfriend? I've never had a girlfriend."

"Yeah, I liked it mostly. Except he was always getting jealous of any other guy who even talked to me, and he was scared of Bruce, which was a pain."

We cruised along in silence for a while longer then I asked, "Why haven't

you had a girlfriend, Timmy? You're a cute guy."

"Because all the girls in town think I'm stupid," Timmy answered with a shrug. "I'm just not as smart as the guys they like because I was always the dummy at school."

I felt a sudden pang of sympathy. "You look like the smart one to me," I enthused. "You're the one with ten jobs and lots of money! And I can't believe you've got a boat licence and a credit card!"

"Plus there's no beautiful girls around here anyway. You're the only one who's beautiful and kind to me," Timmy said with a smile. "You're kind to me and Tod and Paulo because you let us have sex with you. You're really kind about that."

I giggled at the animation in his face as much as his simple-minded logic. We were coasting along the pier. Timmy guided the cruiser into a vacant spot and tied it down for the night while I waited by the stairs. I then led him down and seated him on the bed.

"Are you still too tired?" I teased as I got down on my knees and tugged at his belt.

He shook his head. "I'm not tired anymore!"

I had his belt and zipper undone and he lifted his butt so I could tug his pants down. I pulled them past his knees and left them around his ankles while I smiled back up at him. "Are you sure you're not too tired and maybe we should just forget about this?"

He shook his head some more. "No, we shouldn't just forget about it."

I lifted his cock and held it while I kissed his balls. I nibbled softly then sucked on one then the other. I couldn't help remembering what Paulo said about his balls being full and I wondered if these ones were. I hoped they would be as I continued softly kissing and sucking on them while stroking Timmy's full erection. I kissed my way up the underside of his shaft then sucked the head into my mouth, but only for a moment before I squeezed and kissed my way back down to his balls.

I wondered if I went slow and teased him a lot, whether his balls would fill even more. The thought of that excited me immensely, especially since I was going to be accepting his ejaculation in my mouth. "Don't cum too fast,

Timmy," I said peering up at him. "Tell me when you're getting close so I can make it last longer, okay?"

I sucked the head back in and started bobbing up and down to make it feel good for him. I did that until he began trying to thrust his hips then I smiled up at him again. "Is that nice?" I asked softly, and I squeezed him and kissed the underside of the head but wouldn't take it back in my mouth until he stopped thrusting.

Then I closed my eyes and sucked it. "Mmm," I moaned as I tasted him a little, and I resumed bobbing my head, letting him enjoy the feel of plunging into me.

I moaned and sucked and stroked him off with my mouth until I felt him start to lose control, then I squeezed his shaft and held it up as I kissed his balls.

I softly sucked on one and massaged it with my tongue. Then I moved to the other one while he groaned and tried to thrust his cock through my hand. "Not yet," I teased though, and I kissed the underside of his dick again, nibbling my way slowly upward and biting the swollen head then taking it into my mouth.

"Uuhhhh," Timmy cried, and he grabbed my head and started fucking my lips. He was thrusting his hips and forcing his cock in deep, and I nearly gave in that time and let him, but just as he was losing it I lifted from him and squeezed him hard.

I gripped his throbbing shaft and kissed his groin and his thigh and then I nuzzled his balls again. I kissed them and bit one softly, then I sucked it almost into my mouth and lashed it with my tongue, thinking of how much semen was being made inside there.

I nuzzled them both some more, kissing and feeling them, hoping they were getting nice and full. Then I kissed my way up his shaft and moaned as I took him back into my mouth, and as I did his hand closed around the back of my head and held me there.

I peered up at the guy's contorted face, red and dripping with sweat, and I decided I would allow him to cum this time.

I gripped the base of his cock to stop him from forcing it into my throat, and I cupped his balls with my other hand.

I started bobbing my head in time with his thrusts, moaning and sucking on the head of his cock and wanting him to cum, wanting to feel it and taste it, blushing deeply within myself at the thought of the swollen balls I was holding in my hand erupting into my mouth. Then he bucked and forced his cock hard against my fist while he gripped firmly holding my head in place. And his cock flexed and throbbed. And it throbbed again and a thick wad of semen burst from it.

"Mmm," I moaned as the hot fluid flooded into my throat, and I swallowed as another thick pulse hit the roof of my mouth and then another and another gushed.

"Mmm," I moaned again as I held it and felt it with my tongue, enjoying the gooey texture and strange masculine taste, again blushing deeply within myself at the thought of a guy looking down at me knowing I had the contents of his balls in my mouth.

I was still holding his balls, gently fondling and caressing them, squeezing them a little and wondering if they were now empty as I softly swallowed and continued to suck his cock, realizing right then that this was something I was going to do a lot more of; that I needed to find other guys who would let me suck them off like this.

I smiled up. "Mmm that was so nice, Timmy. I really like tasting you."

Timmy was just grinning down at me as I held his cock in my mouth. "There's some of it on your face," he said.

I looked in the mirror and saw a string of cum from the corner of my mouth across my cheek. "That's okay. I don't mind if it gets on me." I lifted Timmy's cock and touched his balls, poking them softly and moving them in their sac. I kissed one then the other, squeezing as his shaft flexed in my hand. I stroked slowly up and down. "Would you like to cum on my face properly, like in your porno movies?"

"Um..." Timmy smiled through a blush.

"It would be nice if you did," I went on, stroking more firmly. "But not here... Let's do it when we get to my place if my parents are asleep. That way I can have it on me when I go to bed."

Timmy nodded. "Okay... I can do it again easily."

“I know you can, but we can walk slow and give you time to build up a bit.”

I got up and fixed my dress while Timmy pulled up his pants. We strolled holding hands in the moonlight with Timmy chattering about everything from his childhood there on the island to the sci-fi movies he actually watched, rather than porn all the time like his brother, and he rambled on about joining the Navy like his grandfather.

I just listened and cuddled to his arm. The string of semen on my face had dried in the warm evening breeze. The taste was still strong in my mouth.

We approached my house with it in darkness apart from the front porch light. I considered taking Timmy into my bedroom but decided against risking that. Instead, I led him up onto the porch and tugged him close in front as I sat in a chair. “We have to be quiet though,” I whispered.

Timmy nodded. He anxiously peered all around but settled when I extracted his cock from his pants and looked up at him.

He placed his hands upon my shoulders. I watched his face as I stroked him hard. It only took a few squeezes and he was fully erect. I then closed my eyes and took him into my mouth, his hand going to the back of my head and holding me while he started to thrust.

I kept stroking the guy and just sucked on the head of his cock. His pants fell to his ankles. I cupped his balls and held them for a while. Then I tilted my head and got underneath to kiss and suck on them for a bit while still stroking firmly with my hand.

Timmy was up on his toes and gripping my head as he thrust through my fist. He began to pant and suddenly tensed with a hand full of my hair. I held his cock against my cheek and kept my eyes shut tight. The shaft throbbed and three or four pulses of semen gushed over my nose and mouth.

I held the softening shaft and wiped the head on my cheek then softly sucked it clean. It pulsed again and a burst of cum seeped into my throat.

I hummed as I sucked a little longer, peering up at Timmy but having to squint one eye as there was a string of semen pasted to my lash.

“Wow that was great, Catherine!”

“Shhh....” I warned and stood checking my face with my fingers. It seemed the ropes of cum were quite thick and sticking for the moment. There was a

lot of it. It was across the bridge of my nose and up to my eyebrow, all over one cheek, and across my top lip.

I held my head up a bit so it wouldn't drip too much. "So, what are we doing tomorrow, Timmy? It's my last day, you know."

Timmy had fixed his pants. "I know... I have to work for my dad at the fish market. But we could go out at night again."

"Okay, what time are you going to pick me up?"

"How about seven?"

"Okay seven it is... I have to go now... Thanks for tonight," I said, not offering a kiss.

I watched until Timmy was out the gate, then I snuck inside and along the hall to my bedroom. I turned on my dressing table lamp and checked my face in the mirror, thrilling at how bad I was being.

Floorboards creaked then footsteps approached. My heart thumped as the door moved a little.

"Hey love, how was your night?" Bruce whispered.

I turned to face him. "It was fun... I'm just getting into bed." I approached and turned my back. "Unzip me, please?"

Bruce lowered my zipper. I unclipped my bra and turned to face him again, holding my dress in front. I bit my bottom lip, semen dripping from my top lip. I collected the dribble with my tongue, watching Bruce's face as he squinted to see better.

"Is that cum?" he grinned

"Uh huh it's from Timmy," I uttered. "We were just playing around, trying things."

"Oh yeah nice," Bruce groaned.

"I wanted to try it on my face like this," I explained and rubbed across my nose and wiped my lips then sucked my finger. I released my dress from my other hand and stepped out of it and my bra. I giggled. "Don't worry, you don't have to give me a kiss goodnight."

Bruce said nothing more, just held the door ajar and leaned there looking at

me. I remained facing him while raking back my hair. He looked at my tits then his gaze travelled down to my bald pussy. “Did Timmy get a fuck tonight as well? Did anyone else?”

“Uh huh Tod and Paulo stopped by earlier and they both fucked me. Then Timmy did earlier in the evening.” I sat in bed and pulled the sheet up to my waist. “They like me shaved down there. I think all guys like that, don’t they?”

My mother’s boyfriend approached and stroked my hair. I followed his gaze down to my tits. I peered back up and met his glance, but he tilted his head to look at me again. I then lowered the sheet, showing my freshly shaved pussy more deliberately.

“Yeah, all the guys are going to like you shaved like that, love. You should keep it shaved like that for home as well.”

I bit down on my smile, blushing. “Hmm maybe I will, I’m not sure yet. I’m just trying it to see if I like it.”

I pushed my hands down my inner thighs and opened them. “Mmm, I can’t wait for tomorrow now,” I said. “I’m going to let them all have me again before we leave.”

“Aw love!” Bruce’s eyes rolled and he shook his head. He walked to the door but turned back and looked between my spread legs. He just stared for a moment, and I lifted to my elbows and relaxed my legs open wider.

“I’ve let some other older men fuck me as well, you know. They make me feel nicer than the boys do.”

“Yeah, so they should love. I knew nothing about sex until I matured either. It’s normal for guys to start out clumsy and selfish.” My mother’s boyfriend looked up from my pussy and tits to smile lightly. “Just as long as you keep safe eh!” He then winked and added, “And as long as I don’t catch any of them in the act!”

The door closed, and I giggled and snuggled down in bed to rub my clit and bring on an orgasm. It was only a small one though. Just enough to keep me going until tomorrow when I would definitely be visiting the guys again.

Trying to Keep My Hands to Myself

Bruce

I was up at sunrise as usual and enjoyed a coffee out on the front veranda of the B&B house we had rented for the past week. It had been a great little holiday in this sleepy fishing village, a good break from my usually hectic and far too serious working life as a Police Sargent.

The best thing about being away from home like this was not being known as a cop. I can be treated like any other guy at the pub here and no one's watching what they say. It's just nice to relax and be one of the guys having a beer or shooting pool for a change.

The other exciting and really interesting thing about being a normal tourist here this week was the attention my woman had gotten from other men. She'd been out with the local ladies all week and getting hit on a bit. Yesterday she gave it up to one of the local fishermen and he fucked her.

We'd been out all afternoon and I dropped her at the pub to meet her lady friends for a final wine and chat. She had called me and said she was staying late and eventually snuck into bed in the early hours smelling of sex.

She confessed to me that a guy ten years younger than us offered her a ride home and she went with him to his cottage where he fucked her.

He apparently figured she was fair game since I'd taken her for a walk along the pier that afternoon in a breezy dress and no panties and gave him and every other fisherman on their boats that afternoon a look at her.

The guy was right too. I did want my woman to be fucked by someone else on this holiday. My only regret was that it hadn't happened earlier, as we were leaving today.

I would have preferred someone had gotten onto her a few times at least. Or maybe more than one other man.

We'd been talking about it all week and it took this long for her to finally give in and do it.

I figured we'd just have to come back again sometime and pick up from here. Now that word would get around, if I brought my woman back, the local men

would all know she was for the taking and hopefully a few of them would try their luck.

I mulled that over and gave some serious thought to when I could get some more leave this summer. I ended up with a plan for at least a long weekend next month, when there was a public holiday and I could likely get another day or two to lengthen that a bit.

I went for a jog on the beach for my last morning as it was though. When I got back my woman was still sound asleep but her daughter was awake and showering with the bathroom door ajar, as she often does.

I peeped in but it was too steamy to see anything. I was then making eggs and sausages for breakfast to use up the last of the food when she came out in a short singlet that was clinging to her and she was drying her hair with a towel.

She approached and lifted to kiss my cheek. "Morning Bruce."

I smiled. "Morning Catherine."

I had a look at her body and she smiled defiantly. I could see her nipples through the singlet and the bulge of her little tits through the armholes.

She took the tongs off me and turned the sausages.

I squeezed her side and stroked up and down. She leant into me doing that and I was having a feel of one of her tits in through the armhole when her mother walked into the kitchen and caught me.

I flushed guiltily but only earned an eye roll and knowing smirk because of how hopeless I am at trying to keep my hands to myself with the girl now that she's of legal age.

My woman approached my other side and I squeezed her and had a feel of one of her tits as well as I kissed her good morning. She was still in a nighty too and was bare beneath it. Plus it was only three hours or so since she got home from being fucked all night.

Although it had only happened the once, the guy apparently fucked her twice and came in her mouth once. He'd been worked up and without a woman in over six months, as the females are way outnumbered here unfortunately and there's not enough to go around.

We weren't about to confess anything to Catherine but that didn't mean I couldn't tease her about her own exploits and make sure her mother knew.

I gave my woman another little kiss while still squeezing her tit and having my wrist clung to. "So Catherine was saying the local boys all got onto her again yesterday. All three of them apparently," I informed.

I was still holding Catherine too and had another squeeze of a tit while pinching her mother's nipple and making her squirm to get away.

They both giggled and I kept hold of Catherine and tickled her waist, making her shriek and laugh.

I was being watched and glared at a little now. I held my woman's gaze and had another feel of the girl's tits. I was getting away with this more and more now and I decided to push my luck this morning since they were both guilty of having been fucked senseless yesterday.

"She came home with their cum all over her face, didn't you love?" I said, relenting from tickling but still keeping hold of young Catherine from behind.

"Is that true," her mother asked her.

"Yes but it wasn't from all of them. I was just trying it with Timmy, just to see what it was like since the guys here are all into retro porn videos and that happens all the time in them."

"And it was all over your face?"

"Yes but it was only right here at the house. Timmy walked me home and I let him do it to me right there on the veranda. I only had to walk inside afterwards but Bruce must have been watching for me, like usual," the girl accused playfully and I tickled her ribs.

She squirmed and laughed and thrashed about. I got my hands under her singlet and with it hiked up around her waist, I saw she was nude down below. It was tight-fitting enough to stay hiked up and with her panting back against the table, I could see her cunt.

"Oh love," her mother sighed, sipping the coffee she'd made while I played with the girl.

Catherine blushed up from her display but didn't tug her singlet down. Instead, she left it hiked up above her hips and started combing her wet hair.

I left her mother to finish cooking breakfast and I sat at the table to hide my boner. “So how many times did the boys cum in you love, did you get a nice belly full?”

“Hmm just once each, so three times all together. And yes it felt like I was getting my belly filled you dirty old man!”

“Yeah this little flat belly right here huh?” I said and put my hand on it, just touching her mons with my pinkie finger. “I hope it’s not going to start swelling now!”

“Um no it’s not!” Catherine scolded. “Oh my god, no way!”

“So you’re still up to date with your pill, love?” her mother checked. “You know what you’re like forgetting!”

“No I haven’t forgotten Mum. I seriously never would while letting guys have sex with me like this. No way!”

I was still holding the girl’s belly. She had rocked back against me sitting at the table while continuing to comb her wet hair. I was holding her and stroking softly with my fingers. My woman was watching me but when she turned away for a few seconds, I dared to tickle lower with my pinkie and touch the girl’s slit.

I stroked the cool pillow of flesh and felt her slit open a little with her delicate skin a bit sticky. I stroked down and up again and felt slick heat with the tip of my pinkie.

“Are you right there Bruce!” I was scolded, caught at it by my woman. “How about putting some pants on love!” she pleaded with her daughter.

“Oh okay!” Catherine huffed and pushed away from me trying to keep hold of her, and she glared back at me and poked out her tongue on the way to her room.

I went straight for my woman and grabbed her from behind, feeling her tits through a single layer of soft stretchy cotton nightie. “You’re fucking in for it when she goes out baby. The second she’s out the door this morning I’m claiming you back... just so you know!”

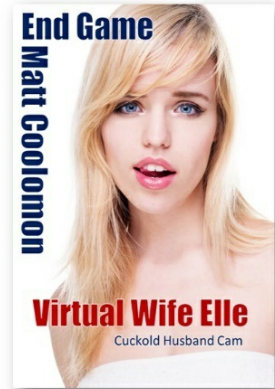
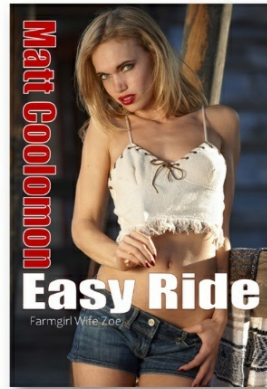
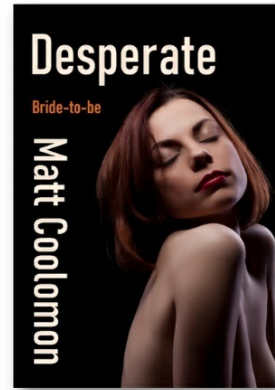
“Mmm I can’t wait,” my woman moaned and squirmed back on my boner. “You just leave Catherine to the local boys though, you dirty old man!”

**** End of Book 6 ****

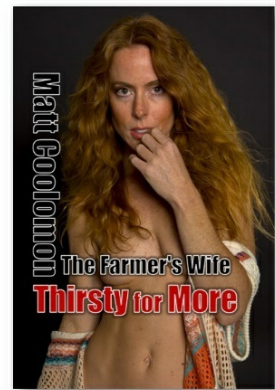
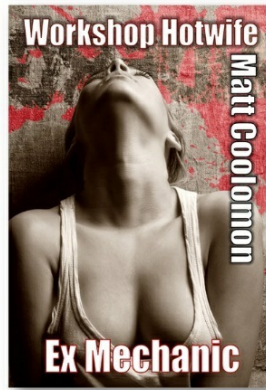
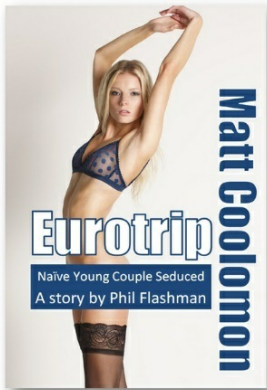
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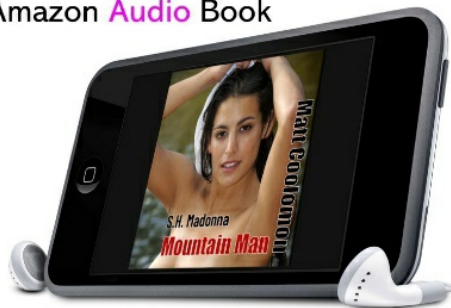
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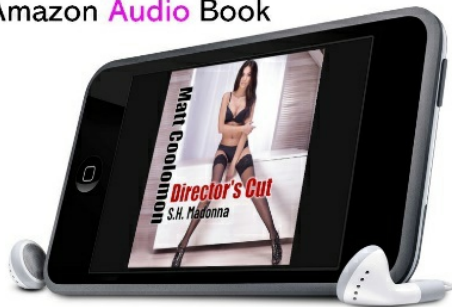
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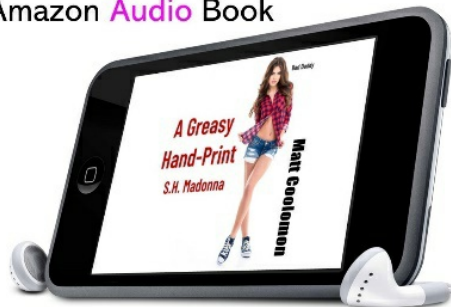
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