

Sweetly Submissive

Matt Coolomon

The Local Boys

Spying on the
New Girl

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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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Teasing Me Mercilessly

Bruce

It had been a close call with my woman's daughter Catherine on vacation a few months ago. The girl is of age now and knows it. She gets around the house barely dressed and was apparently going topless at the resort we holidayed at.

My neighbour Milton and I certainly got some good looks at her little tits down her dresses the whole time and I found the guy chatting with her when she was in bed nude one time.

That was one of the situations that nearly got out of hand with Milton having a feel and bit of a play with the girl. There was another time with her sitting on our laps in a dune buggy that did get out of hand. That time Milton fucked the girl and I couldn't resist stroking off while I watched.

I guess I technically did touch her. I've been arguing with myself the whole while since, trying to claim that to put the head of my cock in her mouth at the very end doesn't amount to having sex with her.

I wasn't sure where I was up to with that argument. The girl has been teasing me mercilessly with looks down her dresses and tops and up her skirts. She knows she got the better of me and that I haven't an ounce of authority left as far as being any kind of parent to her. I absolutely crossed that line and made us into an older man and much younger woman, totally unrelated.

I had suspicions about my woman fucking the lawnmower guy anyway, so might not have been alone in as far as cheating went.

I didn't want to know the truth of that. If a 50-year-old woman gets lucky with a ripped 30-year-old in her employ, I say good on her!

I saw Milton nailing young Catherine as exactly the same thing and found myself urging him on at the time, not trying to stop him.

It was like it was a thrill to see a man my age get lucky with a hot young beach girl and good luck to him, even though it was my partner's daughter, sleeping down the hall from us under my roof.

Anyway that was about three months ago at the beginning of summer and

Catherine had been absolutely merciless with her choice of clothing around the house ever since. She was sitting in the back of my 4WD right now and I could glance over my shoulder and almost see her panties, her dress was so short.

The girl had decided to come with us last minute after having a fall-out with her current boyfriend.

I wasn't sure there'd be much to entertain her where we were going. We'd rented a house on an island that offered 4WD tracks and fishing and that was about all.

It was a six-hour drive and we rolled into town at night. We'd booked a hotel suite on the mainland and got an extra bed for Catherine.

It was a small cot that I ended up sleeping in but was rewarded in the morning when Catherine walked past and I saw directly up her nightie to her little pink bedtime panties wedged into her pussy.

She glared defiantly and came out of the bathroom dressed and took off to explore.

The town on the mainland wasn't too bad. It had a few pubs and restaurants, but it was still a fishing village and not touristy at all.

We checked out and caught the morning ferry across to the island and settled into our house, which was secluded and on a windswept hill with a view of the ocean.

It was perfect for me and my partner but the look on Catherine's face stepping out onto the veranda said it all.

She took a big breath and expelled. "Oh my god I'm going to die of boredom!"

Her mother came from inside with a mop and bucket. "Not today you won't miss," she said and handed the cleaning equipment over.

"Oh Mum!"

"No, don't 'oh mum' me. This place is full of dust and needs scrubbing floor to ceiling... Come on!"

I pitched in too and we spent all day cleaning. Catherine took off at dinner time and went to explore the local fishing village. I took her mother to bed

and fucked her.

Our airbnb remote fishing island holiday was off to a perfect start.

The Hot New Girl

Tod

I smacked my younger brother across the back of the head. "Where the fuck were you last night anyway, out trying to get your pecker wet on your own, eh?"

Timmy jumped away before I got my boot to him as well.

"Look there he is!" Paulo said, and the three of us dived into the back of a sand dune and crawled to the top so we could see over.

"So, he's a cop?" Paulo went on excitedly. "How do you know?"

I stuck my head up a bit so I could see better over the grass. "Dad said... He said he's a fucking big-shot cop or something, but that's where they came from, not here!"

"Yeah, but a cop's a cop!" Paulo warned. "He's probably already on with Sergeant Pratt."

Sergeant Pratt was the local law enforcement on the island and a mean bitch to me and Paulo. Timmy usually kept out of trouble, so she didn't really bother him that much, except when I made him do stuff. I was 20 and my little brother Timmy was 18.

We grew up here on the island, a mile to the mainland, with a ferry going back and forth every few hours. There was a sizable town right there, but the only business over there was fishing too. That and a few restaurants and bars.

On the island there was only the one bar and a grocery store, plus a takeaway shop and an old picture theatre that some of the fishermen's wives had restored so they could run movies on Friday and Saturday nights and give us kids something to do.

Last night I found a girl wandering around and she'd gone to the movies with me.

"I think I saw her," Timmy said.

"No you didn't," I shot back and smacked my little brother across the back of the head again, laughing. Then I got him in a headlock and knocked on the

top of his head. "Anyone home?" I chuckled while Timmy struggled and fought to get away.

"Yeah, I saw her!" Paulo whispered excitedly and I quickly crawled back to the top of the sand dune to have a look.

The girl I'd found was blond with a perfect body and a pretty face. She was staying there in the old Walker house with her parents. No one usually stayed there except old man Walker when he came over from the mainland to cut the grass and air the place out.

"See! There she is!" Paulo whispered excitedly again. The girl was standing in the doorway talking to her dad.

"Did you really feel her up?" Paulo went on without looking across at me in case the girl went back inside.

I chuckled proudly. "Fuck yeah!"

"So, when are you going to see her again?" Paulo asked. He was my best buddy. We had always been weighed down with Timmy, since I was never allowed to go anywhere unless I took my little brother along. And that hadn't changed even though we were old enough to do their own thing now. Probably because here on the island there was nothing to do anyway. Until now that someone was staying in the old Walker house and they had a hot daughter.

"I told her I'd see her today," I said. "I might just wait until she goes to the beach. She said she would."

"Why don't you go over right now?" Paulo asked teasingly.

"Fuck off! Why don't you?" I shot back, laughing.

"No, send Timmy!" Paulo laughed in reply. "You'll go won't you, Tim?"

"Yeah, dweeb brain, go and tell her to meet me under the pier," I commanded of my little brother, serious now. "The old man's gone back inside and you can still see her just in the door."

"But why do I have to?" Timmy whimpered.

"Just fucking do it!" I threatened and booted him off the back of the sand dune.

Timmy pulled up his pants and brushed the sand off them as he walked

around the dune and toward the gate. He stopped there and looked back but we waved him on. He took a breath and walked into the yard and slowly up to the concrete step and the front door. We could still see the girl there inside. Timmy knocked but her dad opened the door and me and Paulo took off running towards the beach and the hell out of there.

Get Me Out Of Here

Catherine

Some young guy was standing at the door fidgeting and mumbling with his hands stuffed in his pockets. I caught his eyes bulge at me and I gave him a quick smile.

"I was just wondering if you had any jobs?" he asked Bruce meekly.

I grabbed my shoulder bag and squeezed past.

This whole thing was a huge mistake. I had tagged along with the oldies expecting to find a tropical island resort with dance clubs full of hot single guys.

I hurried along to the top of the hill and down the other side to the little cluster of houses and the takeaway shop. I blushed and smiled without looking at the old fishermen seated along the open windows of the bar as they all whistled and grunted at me. Next to the bar was the police office, which was a small wooden stall attached to the pier. I hurried along the pier to where the ferry was docked, but it sounded its horn and pulled away before I got there.

"Oh no!" I cried. "Come back! Please!"

The ferryman was up the front in a small cabin, his gaze focused ahead. There were a few people looking back at me. A couple of them shrugged and waved apologetically.

"He never turns back," a husky voice called out from below.

It was an old man on a small boat tied to the pier. I looked over the rail to acknowledge him.

"Nine o'clock sharp, and if you're one second late he'll go without you," the man offered by way of his apology to an obvious tourist.

The wind was blowing my long hair all about and I caught it and tried to fix it into a band as I watched the ferry slowly drift away. With her arms raised like that, I knew the man in the boat below had a good view up my little dress.

The wind was lifting it and giving him flashes all the way up my thighs to the

little spotted panties I'd chosen to show off today.

"Is there another one this morning?" I asked pleadingly.

"Every two hours, love," the man answered. "Did you really need to get to town?"

"Yeah sort of," I said with a sigh.

The wind suddenly lifted my dress even higher, flashing my panties from the front that time. I was still looking out after the ferry, and the old man edged around a bit more directly beneath me.

I caught the skirt of my dress and looked back down blushing a bit. The old man smiled in spite of the fact he had several teeth missing. "Manny will take you over if you want to run down there and see him."

I looked along the pier to where the old man was pointing. There was another small boat with a man undoing the ropes and getting ready to leave. "Hey Manny, you got room for this young lady?" the first man called out.

Manny was an old black guy who also had a big smile. I hurried along to where he was docked. "Could you take me across?" I asked sweetly. "I can pay!"

I stood by the rail while he tied up again. He smiled up at me. "No, you keep your money, love... Just a minute while I get this secure so you don't slip and fall."

He was fixing a plank and rail for me to walk across and he kept glancing up at my legs. The wind was blowing in regular gusts and billowing my dress out and I bit down on my smile as I felt my panties being exposed to him too. Then the other man approached along the walkway below the pier and stepped onto that boat, and the two of them sat down talking while I stayed up on the pier waiting to be invited down.

I stayed near the rail so they could look up and get more panty flashes, hoping to win favours from them since they had boats and it looked like you needed one to get anywhere around here.

"Come on then, love," the old black man said and motioned for me to come aboard. The other man then left and I climbed down a ladder and stepped across the plank, slipping into the life jacket being held up for me. "Now sit down there and we'll be across in a few minutes," the old black man said,

smiling broadly again.

I sat on one side of the boat with my knees together and the wind again trying to get under the skirt of my dress. The old man stood up front at the wheel, mostly watching what he was doing, but from time to time he would look back over his shoulder and I'd pretend not to notice when his eyes would roll down to my thighs.

It was only a few minutes until we were cruising past the ferry, and a few minutes after that we were coasting into dock. I waited until the plank and rail were in place and accepted the old man's hand to balance me as I stepped up onto that pier. Then I had to climb another small ladder to a boardwalk above.

"Thank you very much," I said sweetly to the man, but his big eyes rolled up my thighs just as the wind billowed my dress out again. It was a lengthy gust and I pressed my hands to my hips to stop the skirt from lifting right up.

That time I met the old man's eyes when they lifted and I felt myself blush.

"I'm going back in an hour or so," he offered.

"Oh no. I'm not sure if I'll be going back yet, and I can get the ferry this afternoon if I need to. But thank you!"

"My pleasure, love." The man was just grinning and I felt my dress fly up at the back as I turned away, giggling to myself and blushing back over my shoulder at him.

The plan was to get a bus back home though, and the ticket office was there across the road from the beach. A bus today would be perfect. Maybe the next day at worst, I figured.

"No. Every Saturday there's a bus back to the city, sweetheart." It was a creepy looking guy with a thin moustache and greasy hair behind the counter. "One every week at 8.30 in the AM. You just missed it."

"What? You can't be serious!" I cried. "What about a train?"

He shook his head. "No trains, honey. Railroad closed down thirty years ago in these parts. We locals don't have much call to go anywhere though, and tourists prefer towns further up the coast with those swanky resorts and such."

I turned away defeated. I guessed I would have a look around the town and hopefully find something to do for the week, but it hadn't looked promising when we arrived yesterday. I checked with the man for the time of the next ferry, which was in half an hour, and then there was another at twelve.

The town stretched along the length of a rocky beach closed in by a headland at either end. Walking along, I looked up each of the streets that angled away from the shoreline and found the usual mix of service businesses, cafes, and clothing and food shops.

There were a few restaurants and bars scattered around, and at the end of the street there were playing fields and a carnival being set up.

High up into the headlands and further along the streets away from the coastline were quite a few houses. There were no holiday units though. It seemed the town was all business, and fishing was the main theme.

Right under the headland was a marina with rows of small fishing vessels docked and lots of bearded, roughly clad men shuffling around.

I walked back around the foreshore and ventured along a few of the streets, where I found a new bikini and a couple of skirts and tops. I picked out three romance novels at a bookstore, deciding that lying on the beach with a book was about as exciting as it was going to get for the week.

Pervy Old Fishermen

Catherine

"Hi, Manny!" I called out to him sweetly. I was back at the pier in time to ride back across to the island with the old black guy.

Manny squatted next to the outboard and sat there nice and low where he would be able to see up my dress again. The skirt was fluttering out behind me and with my hands busy, the wind was lifting it quite a lot.

I approached directly above him and stood facing so her could see my panties easily. With the boardwalk rail at waist height my little dress was billowing beneath where I was leaning against it. I was letting the old man have a good look and hopefully he could make out my pussy through my panties a little bit. At least the shape of it so he could imagine having me, the way I like men to.

"Are you coming back with me?" he asked, grinning up to meet my blush.

"Okay," I uttered shyly. Then I stepped to the ladder and the old man stood and waited at the base of the ladder to take my bags. He was then standing directly beneath me so even without the wind lifting my dress he could see right up it.

I was on the ladder but had to wait until the old man moved so I could climb down. His eyes were kind of glazed, his mouth hanging open. His head had tilted a bit and he was looking directly up my dress, so I just waited and let him look more closely at what I imagined he wanted.

I wasn't planning to flash any old men when I dressed that morning, but I had chosen pretty panties and it was exciting to be looked at again after my stupid boyfriend had told me not to wear sexy clothes anymore. After a few weeks going steady he had gotten jealous of other guys noticing me and made me dress like a tomboy with baggy shirts and sweaters, and usually jeans or ugly shorts instead of skirts. And then it was one night at a party that I had found him in an upstairs bedroom with another girl.

I snapped out of my little trance and climbed down the ladder with the old man's rough hands guiding my hips then ushering me to his boat. His touch had made my belly tingle a bit, and when I slipped my arms into the life

jacket he was holding for me, I felt his tough old fingers fiddling to do up the zipper against my skin. His eyes were then lowered to my boobs and my nipples were firm but the jacket zipped up to conceal them.

Manny pushed off and we cruised out to sea nice and slow. He kept checking back at me staring out into the distance, with the wind in my hair and my legs swayed toward him. I had relaxed with my knees slightly apart so with the wind bunching the skirt of my dress up again, he had a nice view of the crotch of my panties.

All the way across to the island he kept glancing back and I would quickly avert my gaze and blush excitedly to myself. Then when he helped me off the boat, he held my hips instead of my hand and felt me through my dress. I was in a bit of a daydream and he kind of squeezed me, feeling the elastic of my panties beneath the thin cotton fabric. Then when I stepped up onto the plank, he released me with his hand smoothing over my bottom and brushing down my bare thigh, which caused me to glance back over my shoulder blushing again.

"Thank you," I said sweetly. "This was very nice of you."

The old black man smiled. "If you need to go over the mainland again while you're here, I'm always about, love. Anytime!"

I strolled lazily along the pier smiling down at another few fishermen, but I mostly held my dress in front and only let it fly up at the back for them.

I bought a soda at the takeaway shop and checked the billboard for what movie was going to be playing that evening. When I walked back past the end of the pier, a boy I had met the previous night stepped from beneath it.

"There you are!" he said. He looked a lot like the boy talking to Bruce that morning, only a few years older. He was walking along beside me with a stupid grin on his face. "So, where are you going now?"

I was trying to ignore him, hoping he'd go away. "Home," I said shortly. He actually reminded me of my ex-boyfriend. The way he had tried to paw me at the movies last night and how he seemed to think he had some sort of claim on me.

"Thought you said you'd meet me at the beach today?"

"I didn't say that. You said it and apparently assumed I would."

"What are you being snooty for?" he whined.

"I'm not being snooty. I'm just minding my own business."

He kept looking back and I glanced over my shoulder to see two other guys following some distance behind. One was the other boy from earlier and the other was chubby with a mop of black curly hair.

"So, what about after lunch, you coming to the beach then? I'll show you where we all hang out."

"What, you and your two friends?"

"And everyone else," the guy replied indignantly. "It's a special beach where the oldies don't bug us. It's around the other side of the island."

"Oh? Well I might, later. I'm staying just over the hill at that old white house. If you stop by on your way?"

The boy turned back at the top of the hill and I glanced back to see him meet up with his friends.

I had lunch with the oldies before they went for a walk into the village where they were going to spend the afternoon and have dinner at the fisherman's bar. I preferred to stay at the house and I took one of my books outside to sunbathe.

After an hour and a few chapters, I closed the book and rolled over to tan my back. I checked around but there wasn't even another house in view, and there hadn't been a vehicle or a person walking by since I had been there.

I pulled the strings on my bikini top but left it in place beneath my breasts.

Better Than Binoculars

Tod

"Fuck yeah!" Paulo groaned. "She undid it, man!"

Us three guys were about forty yards away, peeping over the sand dune.

"Aw, you can see the side of her tit!" I claimed anxiously. "Look how fucking white it is. That's her fucking tit, man!"

Timmy was craning his neck, trying to see over the grass. I pushed him. "Go get the binoculars, Tim!"

"I don't know where they are," Timmy complained. He was looking over the grass trying to see the white bit that must have been the side of the girl's boob.

"They're on the shelf in the garage," I said. "Hurry up and get them before she does her top up!"

Timmy ran off towards home, which was the first house that side of the village. Me and Paulo remained there peering over the top of the sand dune with our eyes riveted to the girl's slender body. She hadn't moved at all by the time Timmy got back with the binoculars. I grabbed them off him and focused.

Her face was turned toward us, her eyes closed. She was lying with her arms resting above her head. I could see the string from her bikini hanging over the side of the lounge and her bikini cup lying flat with her boob pressed against it. I could see almost all of her tit but couldn't make out the nipple just yet.

"Here, give me a look!" Paulo said but I pushed his hand away.

The chick then stirred a little and reached for a bottle of water that was on the ground with her book. Her body lifted and her nipple was almost visible, but then her other hand closed over and she sat with her arm holding her bikini in place while she had a drink.

I roamed her body with the binoculars. Her bikini was sagging and I could see the top part of her boobs where they were pure white. I moved lower and had a look at her little pants and her thighs and in between them.

"Aw, give me a look!" Paulo whined. "Don't be a fucking hog, man!"

I watched the chick lie back down and kept the binoculars focused on her tits. She had a towel covering the lounge and she straightened that out while keeping one arm across them and holding her bikini top in place.

She put the water bottle back and twirled her hair into a ponytail, positioning that to one side. She then released the arm from across her front and... "Fuck yes!" I cried. "I saw a nipple!" I whispered excitedly, and I strained to see it again but the chick had lain right down and her tit was again squashed against her bikini top.

Paulo got hold of the binoculars, his eyes just about popping out of their sockets as he checked the chick out.

"What the fuck?" I cried as I looked across and saw Timmy. He was two sand dunes over with a handheld telescope.

I crawled back off the dune and headed over but Timmy jumped up and started running. He ran along the dunes a distance and when I turned back, he climbed up to the top of another one and settled with his scope pointing through the grass.

"Wonder where the fuck he got that from," I grumped as I got back into position beside Paulo.

"She moved a little bit and her arm's in the way now," Paulo said disappointedly.

I took the binoculars and had a look. The chick's face was turned away and her arm was by her side covering her tit. I looked over her body and checked her butt and her legs.

"Are you going to ask her to come with us?" Paulo asked hopefully.

"I'm not going over there! What if her dad comes out? Mean looking fucker!" I grumped.

"Yeah, I guess. But you could send Timmy again."

"If we can catch the little shit!" I turned the binoculars and focused on Timmy, way over the other side of the house with the scope pointed at the girl. "Where the fuck did he get that?"

"I've seen one of them before," Paulo said thoughtfully. "I think it might be

like a field glass or something."

"What, is that better than these?" I questioned.

"Fuck yeah! Probably two or three times better magnification."

I had another look over the chick's body. "He's fucking dead when I get hold of him," I grumped under my breath.

We ended up spending the whole afternoon there in the sand dunes watching the girl. Timmy eventually came back, and after I got the telescope off him I clipped him across the back of the head.

The girl turned over and over and sat up a few times, always keeping her bikini top in place though. Then after she went inside we were spying through the windows, having turns with the binoculars and the telescope.

It was getting dark when we finally got her in the bathroom, nude it seemed. There was a small gap in the curtains and although it was a bit steamy, we watched her in the shower. Then I got a look at her through the telescope drying herself off. I saw her tits properly that time; both of them and both nipples too.

I watched her comb her hair, still topless, and I saw her little tits lift and jiggle a bit. The detail was that good through the scope, much better than the binoculars that Paulo was using at the time. He was there with a shit eating grin on his face, and Timmy was next to him squinting into the dark to try and see too.

"See, there they are now!" Paulo declared as the girl's parents walked in through the front gate. "I told you they weren't even home!"

"Yeah, well how did I know?" I grumped. "They could have been there."

The bathroom light went off so we decided to call it a day, and the three of us trudged home hungry and thirsty.

That night we lined up at the back of the small movie theatre and saw the girl sitting alone down the front. There were a few adults and small children and a dozen or so teenagers in couples or groups. I left Paulo and my brother up the back and went down and sat beside the girl.

"Hi!" I started confidently.

"Oh, it's you again," she responded without interest.

"Yeah. Did you miss me?"

"No! Except what happened to going to the beach?"

"Yeah, that's tomorrow." I chuckled. Then the lights went down and the movie started, and I put my arm around the back of the girl's chair but didn't touch her shoulder.

Felt-up at the Movies

Catherine

I looked down at the guy's hand then shook my head, smiling to myself. "What do you think you're doing?" I asked curtly, though I liked his confidence.

"Do you want to go out?" he said without turning from the screen.

"Out where?"

"To the movies."

"But we're at the movies," I declared.

"Well, this is a date then," the guy said, grinning, and his hand moved to my shoulder.

I looked at his hand again. It felt strong and rough against my skin. I had on a camisole top with thin straps, so he was touching my bare shoulder. He even leaned over a bit and sort of pulled me closer, with his hand gripping more firmly and making my belly tingle.

He hadn't said anything else and was just watching the movie. I liked the way he smelled. He had obviously just showered and maybe it was the soap he had used. I sort of glanced at his face with a bit of stubble and his nice teeth. He reminded me of my ex-boyfriend quite a lot, but only in a good way just then.

He waited until a fair way into the movie before making his next move. He felt my bra strap and started playing with it. He had me quite close, so his reach allowed him to rub down the strap and feel the lacy fabric of my top. He played with that for a while then worked his fingertips underneath and under my bra as well. He was feeling the softness of my boob and I didn't say anything yet but he didn't try and go any further with me.

He was just feeling the top of my boob, rubbing back and forth and working around the side. He was definitely touching it, then he started feeling his way lower until he got his fingers right down the side and almost underneath.

Of course I'd been felt up at the movies before. It was expected if a guy took

you and I'd already decided to let this one get away with saying we were there on a date. So that meant I had to let him feel me up if he wanted to.

He was squeezing now, definitely taking his entitlement. He felt my boob fully in his hand and kept squeezing and releasing while I looked straight ahead at the movie screen with my hands together in my lap.

He reached down a bit further and I lifted my arm a bit to give him room. He then cupped my tit from beneath and felt it properly.

I could feel my nipple hard against his palm and tingles were rushing to my pussy and making it wet as usual. He just squeezed then softened his hold then squeezed again for a while and had me mesmerised.

"Do you want to go somewhere?" he whispered.

"No thanks," I uttered. "Let's just stay here, okay?"

He continued squeezing my tit. He kept it up all through the movie, sometimes softer and sometimes harder. When the finishing credits came up and people started leaving, I sat up and kind of wriggled away from his hand. "I have to go," I said and he hurried after me.

He caught me by the arm at the exit and pulled me into the dark corner behind the doors. "What's your hurry, we're supposed to be on a date, aren't we?" He chuckled, kissing me with closed lips and trying to grope my tit again.

Everyone else had gone and no one was watching so I let the guy kiss me and feel my boob some more. He was squeezing the same as before though and it didn't feel nice anymore. I managed to get a word in between his awkward tight-lipped kisses. "I have to go, but I'll meet you tomorrow at the pier, okay?"

"All right, tomorrow at nine!" he commanded and I wriggled from his grasp and got to the door.

"Make it ten," I called back and jumped to get away before he grabbed me again. I ran across the road and checked back when I was halfway up the hill to see he had met up with the other two boys again.

When I got back to the house, my mother told me that my ex-boyfriend had called, so I took the phone into my room. He was immediately trying to suck up.

"Well, if you feel that way about me, why were you kissing Elizabeth?" I asked after a few minutes.

"Aw, it won't happen again," Des whined. "I was half drunk and you make me so crazy, you know?"

"I make you crazy?"

"Yeah, well you do! Except your old man's got you locked up all the time."

"My old man?" I almost laughed. Des had never even met Bruce properly. He was too scared to come to my house.

"Yeah, if it wasn't for him I would have been over your house that night and this would never have happened. You just make me so fucking crazy for it and she was there and I was drunk."

"Oh. So, let me see if I have this straight. You couldn't come to my house and take me to Eric's party because you're scared of my old man, but I make you crazy for sex, so you had to get it on with Elizabeth?" I giggled. "Is that right, Des?"

He grunted. "I don't know. Let's just... you know..."

"No, let's not," I said softly and kindly. "I'm sorry Des, but if you needed something you should have come to me."

I hung up the phone at that but couldn't contain a few tears. It seemed every guy I met was scared of Bruce being a policeman and I was tired of it. If only they would stand up and look him in the eye, he wasn't so bad.

Checking Me for Sunburn

Catherine

The next morning I woke more angry than upset. Everyone at that party had known Des was upstairs with another girl, and I had been there for ages waiting for him to turn up. They all laughed when I found out he was already there, and I went upstairs to find him. And the fact that I was now stuck on a boring little island sucked, but this new local guy was interesting, and I was entitled to have some fun. And he really did have a nice smile, even if he didn't know how to kiss yet.

I was getting some things ready for the day in the kitchen when Bruce came in from a jog. I was still in my nightie and his eyes were all over me of course.

He was having a drink of water at the sink. I bent over to look in the fridge and let him see down my nightie.

He tilted his head for a look and I checked he could see my full tits. I peered up at him while still bent down.

“Those are looking a bit pink love. Is that sunburn?”

“Um I don't know. It doesn't feel like it,” I said and stood and lifted my nightie to have a better look.

I held it bunched all the way up to my neck. I still had my panties on from bed too, just soft white cotton ones.

I tugged down the waistband at my hip to expose where my bikini bottoms sit.

“Does it look like I have sunburn?” I asked teasingly, knowing Bruce was more interested in looking at my boobs of course.

He gulped. He was looking at me down below more so than at my boobs. A bit of my bush was peeping out the top of my panties with the way I had them stretched down though.

He looked up from there to my tits and to my face. Mum was at the shop so this was getting dangerous. A bulge flexed in Bruce's pants and I blushed up

from it, biting my lip and stretching my nightie down in front now.

He walked past behind me and smacked my butt. “Ah huh huh,” I whimpered but ended up giggling and he grabbed me from behind and tickled me.

He held me to him and tickled my ribs and my legs when he had me up off the floor kicking and squealing. He had a hand on one of my tits and was still holding it and feeling it as I settled.

I just relaxed and let him, waiting to see if he wanted to fuck me yet or if he wanted me to taste more of his cum.

He was playing with my nipple now and making me squirm with my pussy tingling wildly.

He reached around from behind with his other hand and pinched and played with both of my nipples. I had on a satin babydoll nightie and it felt amazing being touched through it. One shoulder had already slipped though and I gathered the other one too and pulled my nightie down from beneath Bruce’s hands until my tits were out the top of it.

“Oh love,” Bruce groaned as he felt my tits bare now.

I kept pulling my nightie down over my hips and let it puddle around my ankles. I pushed down my panties too and let them drop from my knees.

Bruce felt down over my belly and cupped my pussy. I whimpered and he rubbed me but his fingers slipped in.

He kept hold of one tit from behind and reached lower to insert a finger up inside of me. “Uh huh huh,” I whimpered and relaxed my thighs open for him. He started going in and out and continued thumbing up and down over one nipple.

I felt behind for his cock but he pulled back. “Don’t love. I can’t,” he said.

“Mmm but I don’t mind if you want to... I won’t tell.”

“Aw shit,” the man groaned and broke away and went to his room.

I picked up my nightie and panties and went to get dressed.

I was in my room choosing what to wear when Bruce appeared in the doorway. I was still nude and I turned to face him and put my hands behind my back.

He looked slowly down and up my body and I just stood there chewing my lip until he turned away and was gone again.

I quickly got dressed and took off. The guy from the movies was waiting at the pier when I got there a bit after ten. He had a towel over his shoulder and a big smile on his face. I had brought my shoulder bag with sunscreen, water and some fruit for lunch. "Hi," I offered sweetly as I approached.

"Come on, let's go!" he said, and he dragged me off along the pier to a small aluminium runabout.

"But where are we going?" I asked excitedly when I was settled beside him at the back of the boat. He'd started the outboard and had us zipping out past the end of the pier.

"I told you, the other side of the island. It's faster than walking!"

Do You Want to Take Off Your Top Tod

I smiled to myself as I looked Catherine over. She was resting back and looking out to sea distractedly. The wind was blowing her skirt up and showing her bikini pants, and I checked in my pocket that I had a condom. I actually had two, in case I needed them. I'd bought a packet ages ago and had only used three so far; all of them on Molly Dunn, but she was just a local girl that everyone had sex with.

It only took fifteen minutes to get to the cove, and with the ocean calm we cruised to shore where I pulled the boat up onto the sand. There was another runabout already there and five other couples plus a few men.

"I thought you said adults didn't come here?" Catherine asked. The men would have ranged up to mid-thirties and some of the couples were adults, as well as others about their age. There were no children though, and some of the women were topless.

"I said there's no oldies. You're not even allowed here until you're eighteen. It's the rules!"

We found a spot to set up below the rock wall at the edge of the sand. It was only a small beach and the other sunbathers were still quite close. They were mostly smiling over and some of them waved a greeting which Catherine returned. She spread her towel, and I spread mine right next to it. I pulled off my shirt and sat down smiling up at her.

Catherine slipped off her top and undid her skirt. She had on a red bikini. She sat down beside me and started rubbing in her sunscreen. It wasn't only me watching though, there were also several older men looking over.

"I'll do your back if you want," I offered.

"Okay."

Catherine rested forward while I rubbed the lotion in. I covered her back and smoothed it up her sides where she had already done. I was using both hands and slipped up beneath her arms rubbing into the sides of her tits a bit.

"Got to get under the strings in case you want to undo them," I whispered,

chuckling a little. Then I rubbed into the sides of her boobs one more time before I got up. "I'm going for a quick dip," I said and ran and dived into the water.

Catherine lay down on her stomach watching me swim and glancing around at the other men sometimes. When I came back dripping everywhere, she seemed to enjoy looking me over almost the same as I liked looking at her. I stretched out beside her, propped up on my elbows like she was.

I smiled hopefully. "Do you ever go topless?"

Catherine blushed. "Yes, but not always."

"Do you want to?"

"I don't know. Maybe."

"You can if you want," I said, glancing down at her boobs. "It's better than getting tan lines."

"You mean I can if *you* want." Catherine smiled. "You're not very subtle, are you?"

"Subtle? Is that like soft or something?"

"Something like that." Catherine giggled. Then she looked around at the other people again. There were two women topless, both would have been in their thirties and were very brown. There was only one man obviously looking over right then. He was on his own, facing our direction.

I was still grinning hopefully and looked up from her tits to meet her eyes.

"Okay, I'll take my top off if you want me to. But you can't touch me while everyone's watching."

"That's okay. I know somewhere else we can go after this," I said.

"Oh, you do? You have this all planned, do you?"

"Yeah!"

Catherine laughed and pushed my shoulder playfully. Then she sat up, with another couple of men instantly looking over, making her quickly look away.

She remained facing them though, and she undid the string behind her neck and back. She then lowered her bikini top and bit down on her lip as she peered around at the men gawking.

We were all staring at her tits and she sat fiddling with her bikini top in her lap while we did.

I had the sunscreen in my hand. "Do you want me to put this on them?"

"No!" Catherine giggled, snatching it off me. Then she poured the oily lotion into her hand and applied it to her milky white little boobs. She glanced up at us men watching and smiled around at everyone.

One man approached from the far end of the beach and walked by staring directly at her, and she looked down at herself then glanced up to meet his eyes. He climbed up between the rocks and was gone, but a few minutes later he appeared above and set up there looking down.

Catherine rested back on her hands, remaining upright so all the men could see her. I sat facing her, chatting and continually looking at her tits as well.

"I'm starting to burn," she said after a little while, and she lay over on her front.

She remained propped on her elbows though, and I could still see her tits with her nipples just brushing against her towel.

My cock was half firm and I checked the condoms hadn't fallen out of my pocket while I was swimming. There was a walking trail up to an old lighthouse where I was planning on taking this new girl in town. It had a bunk room where I'd had sex with Molly Dunn twice. The other time I'd had sex with her was in her bedroom when her parents were out, but her dad wasn't a cop or anything!

"Let's go," I said after we had been there for an hour, and I carried Catherine's shoulder bag and led her up the trail.

You Don't Have to Ask Me

Catherine

I finished fixing my bikini top into place as I was climbing the rocks. When we were out of sight of the beach Tod turned around and kissed me.

"Open your lips a little bit," I uttered and he did that, softening the kiss that time and making it feel much nicer. He also started squeezing my boobs, first one then the other, and I moaned into his mouth while he did that.

"Come on," he said, suddenly breaking away and leading on up the rocky trail to a clearing and the lighthouse I had seen from the sea.

I was led inside and up to the top of the lighthouse where there was a magic view out to sea. Then Tod took my hand again and led me back down the stairs to a small room with a dusty looking bunk bed.

"Can I fuck you?" he asked straight out, grinning.

I blushed. "You shouldn't just say that."

He shrugged. "Okay, but can I?"

"Yes," I uttered. "But you will have to cover that with the towels. It looks dirty."

Tod quickly spread the towels over the bunk and undressed. His penis was already hard and pointing straight up. It was only small and quite thin but it was certainly standing proud. He had a condom, which he rolled on.

I undid my bikini top and put it on my bag. I watched Tod's face as I pulled down my pants. His eyes lit up when he saw my manicured little bush, and that made me blush again. He then approached and sort of guided me back onto the bunk where I lay down looking up at him. Then he knelt on the end and lifted my leg aside, spreading me and making my blush deepen.

He lay down on top of me without saying anything or kissing me at all. He just started thrusting between my legs, and when he got the head of his dick into me, I clung to his shoulders and spread my legs wider for him. I was already wet enough.

"Aw fuck," the guy grunted as he thrust firmly into me.

I clung to him, staring up at the rafters. He was humping hard and fast and jamming his dick into me, and although it was all rushed and awkward, I liked the way he was losing control. He was jiggling and squirming, and I was holding myself up against him and keeping my legs spread as wide as I could for him.

It was all about him but the thought of that was exciting for me, and although I never reached orgasm, there was a warm rush that swept over me when he was jammed up inside of me ejaculating.

He stayed in me for a while with his cock still flexing. Then he rolled off puffing and gasping for breath and I closed my legs and modestly covered my boobs with an arm.

Tod was lying across the bunk resting back against the wall with his cock soft and the condom still on it. I was fascinated by how much semen was in the sheath. It looked really thick. About an inch on the end was filled up with it, plus there was creamy white fluid all down his cock, like it was coated in it. I kind of wished it was inside of me but it was interesting to see it like that too.

Tod took off the condom and tossed it on the bunk as he started getting dressed. I pulled up my bikini pants with him staring at my pussy. He was then gawking at my boobs so I put on my skirt next and let him look for a bit longer.

"Do you want to go back up the top for another look?" he asked.

"Okay but what about that?" I asked shyly, looking at the condom. "We shouldn't leave it there like that."

"Well throw it outside," Tod chuckled and left, walking back up the stairs.

I picked up the condom, blushing to myself. I held it so the end filled, squeezing it and feeling how thick and slimy and warm the fluid was. There was a wash basin, and I took the condom over there.

Tod was calling me to come up, but I was fascinated with his semen so I poured it out.

Most of it dripped into the sink but some of it was gooey and stringing between my fingers as I spread them.

I lifted my hand and let it run down my fingers and between them. Then I turned on the tap and rinsed my hand and the condom as well, before tossing

it out a window and hurrying upstairs.

Tod was on his way down but I took his hand and led him up to the observation room. I kept his hand and pulled his arm around me, nestling back against him and grinding against his resurgent erection as we looked out to sea.

Soon enough he was feeling me through my bikini top and playing with my nipples. "Can I fuck you like this?" he whispered into my ear. "I've got another rubber."

"Uh huh," I uttered. "Just do it to me hard like before."

Tod pulled down his shorts and rolled the condom over his fully upstanding cock once again. I just leaned forward and held the window ledge, waiting for him to undress me.

He moved in behind and reached up under my skirt to pull down my bikini pants, and he left them around my knees and lifted my skirt up as I watched back over my shoulder.

He then held his stiff little cock and pressed the head against my pussy lips. I wriggled back onto it, and I was so wet again that it slipped right in easily. I then wriggled back further and leaned right over so he could mount me properly, and he immediately hugged my body and started humping me.

I was a lot more turned on that time and my excitement built quickly. The guy was also taking longer to cum, so my orgasm exploded through me while he was still doing me hard and fast.

It gripped me and thumped through my belly with wave after wave of deep contractions, and I clung to the window ledge and bit down on the scream that almost escaped from me.

My orgasm then started to weaken and the guy on my back was grunting and jamming his cock into me. He was wildly riding me and I arched my hips and presented myself for him.

"Oh fuck! Oh fuck!" he cried, and his body tensed as he rammed his cock into me as hard and deep as he could. Then he crushed me to him, and I felt him throbbing inside of me.

He was clamped to my back and puffing and gasping for breath with his chin upon my shoulder and his face pressed against my neck. His body was

convulsing and he was hugging me tight. He was finishing off in me, and I relaxed back against him and let him enjoy the feel of my pussy.

He finally settled and lifted from my back with his cock slipping out. I then turned and pulled up my pants while he took off that condom. It wasn't as full as the other one but the semen in it looked quite thick again.

He grinned, though he was still breathing hard. "That felt good."

"I can see that," I said shyly, looking at the condom.

"Can I fuck you again tonight? I've got more rubbers at home."

"Yeah I guess so," I uttered. "But where?"

"Um. Do you want to go to the carnival?"

"Okay."

"After that we can go to Paulo's house because his dad works at night and there's no one home... We can do it in his bedroom."

Tod chuckled, and he grabbed hold of me and hugged me from behind while sticking the condom down the front of my pants. Then he ran off down the stairs laughing.

I rocked back against the window ledge with my legs kind of wobbly and a hot flush sweeping over me.

I lifted my skirt and pulled out the front of my pants to see the condom there resting against my pussy. I then slipped my hand down and felt it, pressing it into my wetness.

Again the semen was warm and squishy. I pressed the condom against my clit and rubbed a little.

I pushed the full end of the thing into myself, closing my eyes as I rubbed some more.

I pulled the condom out and held the tip while its contents dribbled through my little bush. Then I pressed my fingers back into my wetness with the guy's semen squishing between them.

"Are you coming?" Tod called out from below.

My fingers were gooey and I rubbed them into the crotch of my pants, wiping the rest of the semen off my hand. Then I ran down the stairs and caught up

with my new lover, a little embarrassed with myself but satisfied too.

Tod grinned back at me. "Do you want to take your top off at the beach again?"

"I don't want to get sunburn," I told him.

"What if we sit in the shade? Look, over next to that rock."

There was a vacant shaded area beneath an overhanging rock ledge. Tod led me over there and we set up in the shade with me offering him some of my fruit for lunch.

"Most of these people are from the mainland," Tod explained. The crowd had doubled since we were there earlier.

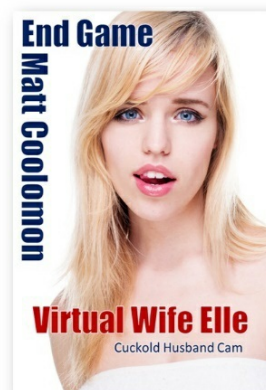
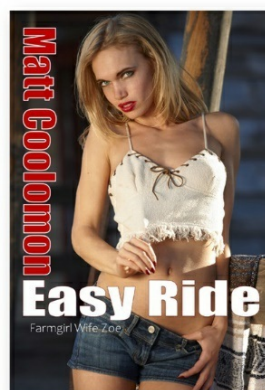
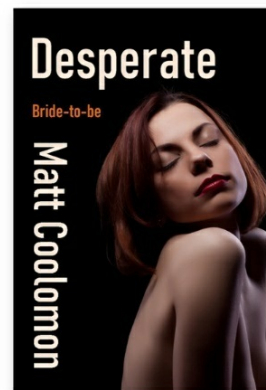
Tod pestered, but I didn't want to take off my top with the sun so hot and stingy, so I denied him, although I really liked the way he so openly asked me to do it. He was such a simple guy and that was perfect for the moment.

**** End of Book 1 ****

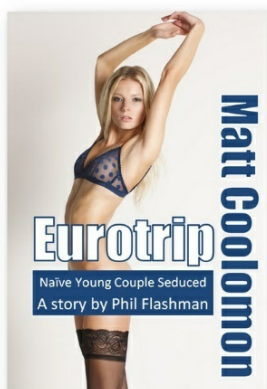
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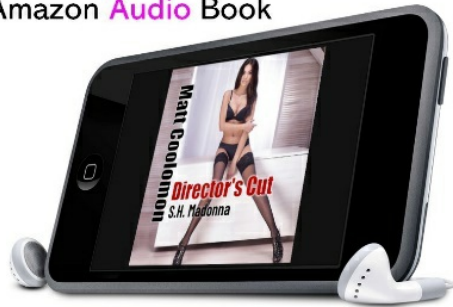
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