**Beyond the Bonfire**

by[Ooshnafloot](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=367584&page=submissions)©

Standing at the end of the bed, she took her bra, t-shirt, short and panties, rolled them up and threw them to me.  
  
"Okay," she said calmly. "I'm ready."  
  
Wow, I thought. She is one fine looking naked woman. And she just told me she was willing to show it to the world. Wow.  
  
I threw her panties back at her. "Seriously, you better put them on for now, they can come off again in the car."  
  
Silently she took them and put them on. They were small yellow cotton ones, small but enough to cover her hair. I checked in my pockets. Wallet, keys, phone all there, good. Pity my sunglasses were back in the house. I should keep them in the car, I made a mental note to myself.  
  
"All done? Then let's go." No point in letting her think about it too much.  
  
I opened the door, her clothes in hand. I motioned for her to go first. She took a deep breath and closed her eyes for a moment before taking a final look at me. I nodded, and she stepped through to the lounge, and out into the world.  
  
We both stopped in front of the door and I closed it behind us, symbolically blocking any return. There were half a dozen people on the sofas watching MTV, only one of them a girl. My fuck cringed and went bright red, instinctively covering her breasts with her hands.  
  
"Hands off," I whispered a warning and she dropped her arms to her side. "Where's all your stuff? You got a purse or bag or something?"  
  
"A back-pack," she said. I chuckled and she guessed why. A backpack, not a handbag. It's true she possibly was still a kid, she thought. A topless one.  
  
"Where is it?"  
  
"I don't know, I can't remember where I put it. I don't think it was inside, I don't remember coming inside."  
  
Thank goodness, I thought, my mind back to how drunk she was when I first led her through this lounge. I held her hand and walked her past the gawking lads in the room, none of them saying a word, just staring in disbelief at their ever-hidden friend's tits bobble past them. We went through the front door and onto the porch. The sun made both of us squint. There was a small area of low shrubs in front of the shack, then a small sandy path to the beach which lay out in front. The tide looked high, almost up to the big black pit of coals where the main fire had been last night. I looked over at my fuck. Undoubtedly she was uncomfortable and would have given anything to cover up, but to her credit she kept her arms to her side, her breasts pointing out to the world.  
  
"Don't hunch your shoulders," I told her. "Where did you leave it?"  
  
"Out there, I guess," she said, squinting into the distance.  
  
Again I took her hand and led her to the sand. The boys in the shack were all up at the window now, staring and murmuring. Out on the beach it was busy but no little kids thanks goodness. It was pretty apparent there were no bags left on the beach, not in any direction. All we could sopt were guys walking at us from all directions, getting closer to see if they could better see what they thought they were seeing. She was mighty nervous and even more flustered when a couple of guys came close. I thought she was going to make a run for it, instead she jumped in behind me.  
  
"You guys look like you lost something. Can we help?" one of them asked in a genuinely friendly way, just in time to relax her building panic. Mind you, no guesses for where their eyes were trying to look.  
  
"Left her bag out here somewhere last night," I said.  
  
"What kinda bag was it?" asked the other chap in a Scottish accent, which was weird for these parts.  
  
"A little yellow back-pack," my fuck answered quietly.  
  
"Aye, to match your clothes, then," sprouted the Scot. She laughed nervously, they laughed heartily. I just smiled.  
  
"I think you'll find it up in that shack back there," said the other guy, pointing to where we had just come from. "Earlier I saw people carting a whole lot of stuff back from around that fire place up and into the shack. It's probably in with that lot," he told.  
  
"Really?" she said, looking around at the shack and the boys now out on the porch peering over our way.  
  
"You better go check," I told her, sending her on her way back to the shack. "Thanks guys."  
  
"No! Thank you, mate!" grinned the Scot.  
  
My fuck walked hesitatingly back to the male audience at the front of the shack.  
  
"You lost your clothes?" asked one of them, thinking he was helping.  
  
"My bag," she said, hands on hips before them. The wind had made her hair a mess and nipples hard and for a moment no one moved an inch, just staring at those perfect breasts they all these years imagined she had.  
  
"It's yellow," she said to wake them.  
  
"Right. Right. Yes, come have a look, there's a whole lot of stuff in here."  
  
I stayed outside at the top of the beach while she went in. It was an age before she returned with her small pack. I could only imagine the diversions those boys were creating to keep her in there with them.  
  
"Got it, huh?"  
  
"Eventually," she said, not entirely happily. Her breasts held such firm shape when she walked, amazing really. I smiled.  
  
"Which one's your car?" she asked looking at the rubble-laid car-park to the right of where we were.  
  
"None of them," I said. She looked at me confused.  
  
"I parked over at that other lot, walked along the beach, didn't know any better, just followed those guys that brought me here."  
  
"Where?"  
  
"Over there," I pointed to the distance.  
  
She looked at me, at the clothes I held in my hand, looked back at the shack then along the beach to where the car park was in the distance. It must be near lunchtime, we both were starving. People lined the beach. I could see the fear in my fuck's eyes - before today only one guy had ever seen her breasts. Now they had hickeys all over them and already a dozen guys from the party knew what they looked like naked. It wasn't meant to be like this, she thought. Only the most intimate of boyfriends are meant to see a girls breasts, and even then she was embarrassed to show them. Along this beach there were dozens of people, some of them might even know her, know her family.  
  
"You want me to just walk past and show my breasts to all those people? Are you mad? I can't do that. People will recognize me."  
  
"Up to you, girl. I'm not making you do anything. If you want your clothes back, here you are."  
  
She put her hands to her temples. Her head still hurt.  
  
"Jesus Christ," she said, then started walking. Turning back at me she yelled, "Come on then, at least can you move quickly?!"  
  
I stepped up, took her by the hand and led her down to the water to walk along the hard sand. I made her stop for a while while I took my own jeans off so we could walk with our feet in the water. I had black boxers underneath that looked close enough to shorts. I held our clothes and my shoes in one hand, her by the other. I made her walk on the inside of me so people laying on the beach could see better. Her breasts had slight white triangles where her bikini usually was, but the walk shouldn't be so long that she'd burn. My fuck held her head slightly forward to let her hair cover the side of her face and I didn't stop her, we'd already stomped over so many of her boundaries.  
  
The reaction of people on the beach was mixed. It wasn't completely unusual to have the odd topless girl around, but usually they lay face down rather than walk along through the shallows. Usually they weren't beautiful nineteen year-olds, either. Groups of guys would overtly stare and make jokes amongst themselves, sometimes whistling or yelling out after we'd gone past. She subconsciously squeezed tight on my hand when that happened. Guys with their girls were the most careful to not be caught staring, whilst groups of girls looked on either with admiration or disgust. Either way, it was a long way to walk and I was quietly surprised she could go through with it.  
  
"What's your name?" I asked as we splashed our ankles through the water.  
  
"Hilda," she replied, looking at me.  
  
I couldn't help myself, I scrunched up my face and laughed.  
  
"What?" she said, hitting me in the shoulder, fortunately with a smile on her face. "What's wrong with it?"  
  
"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I just haven't heard of anyone actually called Hilda, certainly not anyone good looking! Is that really your name?" I teased her.  
  
"Yes!" she exclaimed.  
  
"Do I have to call you that? Do you have a nickname or something?"  
  
"Well, my last name's Jones, so a lot of people at school called me JoJo, but I don't really like that either..."  
  
We kept walking, still in the edge of where the water ran up the beach. She was such a delicate figure, lifting her smooth brown legs as she walked to reduce the drag from the water, while I just churned through like a bulldozer. Her breasts were so tight, they bounced ever so enticingly as she took each step.  
  
"What if I called you Hilly?"  
  
"Eww, yuck, that's even worse!"  
  
"Well, what about a flat-out simple thing like Jonesy?"  
  
"My brother gets that, but yeah, Jonesy's fine, I'm okay with that."  
  
She was beautiful when she smiled and flicked her hair behind her ears. Her shoulders had such great shape, and her breasts...well, the world was delighted to have them on show. Hiding them would be like buying a Monet and hanging it in your bedroom.  
  
"What about you?" she asked timidly, as if she was scared to open me up to such a personal thing as my name.  
  
"Ignatius," I said with a straight face. She looked at me for the longest time, trying to work out if I was telling the truth. After a while I couldn't help it. "But you can call me Iggy!"  
  
I burst out laughing and she grabbed me and started thumping me, laughing.  
  
"You bastard, I don't even care what your name is, I'll just call you Rover, or Pig, or even better Fluffy! Fluffy. Everybody, I'd like to introduce you to Fluffy, his name is Fluffy!" she started yelling.  
  
"Ok, Ok," I said, wiping saltwater from my eyes, "Jimmy, I'm Jimmy."  
  
"Jimmy what?" she asked suspiciously.  
  
"Jimmy Leigh."  
  
We'd stopped walking at this time, facing each other as the water ran up and down the beach at our feet, people probably staring at us. Definitely staring at her.  
  
"Well, Jimmy Leigh, it's nice to meet you."  
  
I stepped forward into her and she put her arms around the back of my neck. We kissed. Her nipples were studs in my chest, my free hand went down to her ass. I couldn't help myself, I slipped it under her panties onto the goosebumps of her ass, pushing her into my hard-on. My hand kinda accidentally pushing the pants down, the people I'm sure could see me groping her bare backside. We broke the kiss and she looked around.  
  
"People are watching," she whispered, but didn't move away.  
  
"It's just your ass," I said. She leaned onto my shoulder, shaking her head but not covering up. We stood there for a while, eyes closed, trying to ignore everything around us. Including the ocean. Without warning we were pummeled by a couple of waves that raced in at pace around our knees. I held her tight and we were able to keep our feet, but the spray had us covered. I had to let her go to rub the water from my eyes. The clothes I was holding were completely wet, so were we. She pulled her pants up properly and we struggled up to a point higher on the beach, screaming, laughing, saturated. My boxers hung daggily under my sopping wet t-shirt, but I was still decent. My fuck, however, was scandalous. Those yellow cotton panties were wet through, they may as well not have been there. Her bush was as plain as day.  
  
"Turn around," I said. They clung see-through to her ass, too. "I think we'd best move along."  
  
She could guess what she looked like as we quickly walked the rest of the beach. She didn't need to look at the people to know their jaws were dropped more than ever, she didn't want to think about how many of them she might know.  
  
We eventually got level with the car-park and headed up through the people and the soft sand to the back of the beach. You never saw so many heads turn. I grinned. I love it when beautiful women showed their privates in public. The sun was warmer at the back of the beach. I looked over at Jonesy tip-toe her way through the crowd and through the hotter bits of sand. All things considered, she was relatively un-flustered.  
  
"Which is your car?" she asked when we reached the pebbly path at the rear.  
  
"The black one."  
  
"That one?" she gasped, impressed. I had a 318i B-mer. It wasn't that brilliant, or so expensive, but it did look good. I was happy to see it. It did cross my mind that leaving a B-mer in a beach-side car park all night wasn't exactly the safest thing. I pulled out my keys and opened the boot. I threw all the wet things in there, including my own shoes.  
  
"Here, give me those," I pointed at her pants. There were people on the beach and in the car park staring at her standing there in her wet panties. She looked at them, and at me.  
  
"Do I have to?" she asked quietly, looking nervous now.  
  
"Come on, they're not hiding anything anyway and you're not sitting in my car with them, they're saturated, let's have them." I held out my hand.  
  
My hard-on started coming back as I watched her sheepishly pull them down over her thighs, reluctantly showing her bottom half to the guys nearby. She passed the panties to me. I grinned at her. For a girl with little experience with men she wasn't struggling like I thought she would. Maybe, just maybe, she'd been waiting for someone to pick up her sex life for her.  
  
"Can we get in?" she trembled. To show breast was one thing, but cunt, that's a different level entirely. She hadn't expected to show her cunt outside and she was still not completely comfortable.  
  
"In a minute, need to dry your ass first. Leather seats don't go well with sea water."  
  
"You got a towel in there?" she asked, getting edgy about all the boys staring at her pubic hair.  
  
"Use this, the top half is dry on the top half." I pulled off my t-shirt and gave it to her. She used the dry bits and rubbed her ass and between her thighs. I pulled off my own wet boxers and put them in the trunk trying to will my half-hard-on down, I was as naked as her now. She gave the t-shirt back and I rubbed my own ass with it.  
  
"Where are your shoes?" I asked as she was trying to pick her way around small rocks in the car park.  
  
"I left them in Sherry's car. Can we get in now? All these guys are staring at us."  
  
"Not staring at me, I don't reckon," I smiled at her. She picked her way over closer to me. She turned back to the beach and nodded.  
  
"That one over there, he's looking at you," she teased me.  
  
I looked up. I think she was right. I faced back to her, her lips were just there, ready for kissing. We clinched. This time I had both hands on her ass, pushing her close to me.  
  
"You're shaking?" I asked.  
  
"They're all watching us. I can't believe it, I can't believe...I'm doing this."  
  
"Shut up, girl. Just kiss." She did. We ground into each for long enough to be touch-dry when we came up for air. We didn't fuck, but it probably looked like we were. I was stiff as a board now. Some of our audience were getting close, one of them had a camera out, it looked like they were filming or taking photos.  
  
"Jonesy," I said without alerting her to it, "we're dry, shall we go?"  
  
She nodded. I pressed the auto button and the doors unlocked. We broke our hold and each went to our side to get in, my kit bobbing around full-mast in front of me.  
  
"Wait a minute," I warned. I touched the seat, burning hot. "Whoa, need to get the air-con going for a minute."  
  
I started the car and turned the fan on full blast. Black cars in sunlight get damn hot. She stood there nervously by the open door, watching people overtly stare at her nakedness.  
  
"These guys," she murmured. "They just flat out stare, even when I look at them..."  
  
I looked over at about 8 guys who had taken up spots to do just that.  
  
"Just use your hands to try and take some of the warmth out of the seat," I said, showing her what I meant. The guys out to the side would be enjoying the view from behind as she bent over, but it would help us get in the car quicker. From where I was her breasts fell gorgeously beneath her beautiful face. Undoubtedly young girls like her were fantastic screws, but how long could I put up with her being around? It would be a matter of whether she could adapt to being an 'interesting' screw or not. Just because a girl is stunning enough to adorn a magazine cover, it doesn't mean you don't get sick of her pretty quickly after you've dumped most of your cum in her. The ones to hang onto are the ones that have enough bravery, enough imagination, enough confidence to push back boundaries, keep things turning over and fresh. This Hilda had fought hard to keep my dick up her, so it was worth having a try, but you could only eat so many servings of cheesecake before wanting something else. Could she change flavors?  
  
"C'mon, its probably alright now."  
  
We both of us gently eased our backside up and down on the seat until we could sit there without too much burning. The great thing about high quality leather is that it cools relatively quickly and unlike vinyl you don't get sweaty when you have your bare skin on it. Doors shut, my fuck was demonstrably relieved at being out of public view. Her body slunk down in the seat and relaxed, she even smiled.  
  
I backed around and took off. I buttoned-down the two front windows and opened the sunroof. With breeze running through the car, we wouldn't need the air-con and I didn't want this girl feeling too comfortable hidden behind tinted windows.  
  
"Sit up properly, put your belt on," I told her. She did as asked. I pointed to the glove box. "Pick some music."  
  
She didn't know any of my CDs, so she picked a dance compilation and we cruised away from the beach and took the longer coast road back toward town, toward where I was living.  
  
"You give blow-jobs?" I asked her. She looked at me and shook her head.  
  
"Well, we'll need to sort that out..." I told her. It could wait for now. "You masturbate?"  
  
Again she sheepishly shook her head. I'm not sure I fully believed her, but even if she did I suspected it wasn't with ramrodding passion.  
  
"You know that by staying with me, there is a whole lot of things you're going to have to start doing, don't you?"  
  
She stared out the front window, then nodded. "I know."  
  
I smiled. "Well, anyway, good job so far. That was a big step, what you did back there."  
  
She turned and smiled at me, seemingly pleased that she had been able to make me happy, make we wanna stay with her still. In the back of my mind I was still worried that this girl was too emotionally dependent, that she needed a guy, any guy, that she couldn't be alone...that moving on from her might be harder than I'd like. Anyway, that was for later. Today I'd have fun.  
  
We drove along the ocean-side road and around the long way to where I lived. It took about 30 mins. A couple of times I had to tell her to sit up straight, mostly when we were stopped at traffic lights. The windows on the B-mer are relatively large, but even so the door came up just above the nipple line. It was pretty obvious from the outside she was at least topless but they couldn't quite see her whole breasts...except for that truck that stopped next to us, of course, but that was only once.  
  
I found that we could talk with each other relatively easily. She opened up about Stuart, how they got together, what sort of things they did, why she liked him, what was annoying about him. She spoke with little bitterness given he'd hit her to the ground just a little while earlier. But she was needy. The way she spoke about her and Stuart really gave the impression she followed him around like a faithful puppy, that their lack of overt sexuality was because he never required it. I could never understand guys with low sex drive, or ones with repressed abilities to express their sex drive. Here he had this gorgeous girlfriend from the age of 17 and he never even got fully naked with her? What was he thinking? Look at her now, riding my car without clothes. Obviously my sex drive was quite un-repressed, and she was having a sexy drive because of it...and my car looked a whole lot better because of the beautiful naked girl planted in the passenger seat.

When we got to my area I pointed out my street and then kept going past. She looked around, confused.  
  
"What are you doing?" she asked, slightly anxiously.  
  
"Starving, need some food, don't you think? You like Mexican?"  
  
She looked at her own naked body, and at mine. I could tell what she was thinking, but to her credit she didn't ask the question. I grinned when I thought about how terrified she must be I was going to drag her into a restaurant (un)dressed like this. But I'm not that silly. We'd be arrested if we got out of the car like this in the middle of the main street. But sitting in the car getting drive-thru...that should be okay. There was a fast-food Mexican place just before the highway started north, we could pull in and get good food from the window there.  
  
I looked down at my own nakedness. I couldn't recall having driven without pants on before. Unfortunately my side of the car would be up near the serving window. I didn't care if people saw my penis, but I couldn't speak for them. There's something fundamentally different about men with pants off and women with pants off. People of both sexes strain their necks to get a glimpse of a woman without underwear, but if some guy was sunning his cock on the balcony next to yours at the hotel you were staying - well, could you imagine? The police would be called. He would be branded a pervert. There was no hiding mine though, there wasn't as much as a box of tissues in the car. I could use the street directory, but that would look ridiculous and I didn't want to give Hilda here an excuse to put her own genitals under cover. I'd take my chances.  
  
I ordered into the microphone without consulting her. I correctly judged that she was fine for someone to decide for her. Anyway, her mind was on other things, mainly that we were about to be parked at the serving window and she had nowhere to hide. She tried lifting her knees to her chest as I rolled away from the menu board. I looked at her and calmly said "Down." She reluctantly complied, secretly praying for a woman attendant.  
  
She half got her wish. There were two people in the booth area, a guy and a girl. Both were young and pimply, both were mutt-ugly, but both must have seen a few strange people come through in their time because neither of them batted an eyelid at our nakedness. Do people do this a lot? Have any of you people out there gone naked through a drive-thru? These two staff acted as if it was plain ordinary. We had to sit for some time until the food was ready and that guy gave nothing more than the occasional glance at my naked fuck in the passenger seat. We looked at each other, a little surprised at the lack of reaction.  
  
"Are you wearing some sort of clothes that are only invisible to me?" I asked her.  
  
She shrugged, shook her head.  
  
"They don't seem too interested in your body," I said. "Perhaps you're not that good looking after all..."  
  
She smiled and hit me lightly in the chest. "I guess they're trained professionals," she offered, sun streaming across her stomach and down to her bush, highlighting the touch of brown in her light covering of hair.  
  
I took the food and passed it over, the lady in the booth counted out the change fully and without emotion. We drove off. It was weird, exciting, but kinda less interesting than I'd expected. My fuck put the bags on the floor behind my seat and sat back and stared at me with a curious look on her face.  
  
"What?" I wondered out loud.  
  
She shook her head slowly. "Nothing."  
  
This time when we got back to my street we turned down it. We pulled up in front of my gate. I really liked this place. The street was a dead-end, narrow with just enough room for parked cars on either side and a gap down the middle to drive through. It was the sort of street where you sometimes had to back up to let an oncoming car get through. All the way along the footpath on both sides in either direction were huge ash trees, with spreads so wide they touched in the middle forming a canopy where steams of sunlight came through and dotted the road and sidewalk. My place was a single-fronted row cottage, which basically means it was built with a door and a window on the front and was connected to the house on the left. There was a garden out front with a low piping fence, and there was no parking anywhere but on the street.  
  
"Which one is it?" she asked.  
  
"This one right here," I smiled at her, "not far to dash, don't worry!"  
  
I got out of the car and made straight for the door. If I had clothes on, I'd have taken my time and enjoyed watching this teenager squirm as I messed around keeping her naked on the street, but for reasons outlined earlier it was probably better that I got my cock out of sight as soon as I could - it was my own street after all.  
  
She ran herself up behind me and was pushing in the door before I had it half open.  
  
"Come on in," I said mockingly, standing at the door as she stood halfway into the hall. For the first time in a while she looked young and scared, small and stark naked rather than just undressed. Her ability to bear this sudden change in life was faltering in the cool and empty hall of a strange house. The place had three bedrooms in a line running off to the right of the passageway which led to the back of the house. There were no windows because the left-hand wall was shared. With wooden floors and high ornate ceilings it was hardly a cozy entrance for a young girl not used to moving from place to place with her clothes off.  
  
I opened the door to my right.  
  
"In here," I directed.  
  
My room was at the front, looking out onto the garden and street. It was a wonderful space. The window had been converted years ago to French doors which opened from floor almost to ceiling. I opened them now, letting in tremendous amounts of light and air. A vine growing on the uprights and along the roof of the veranda kept a degree of privacy, but if you actually stopped and looked from the street, you could see into the room if you tried hard enough. Not that anyone ever did, being a dead-end street with little traffic.  
  
"Wow."  
  
I turned to see her completely changed from seconds ago. She became warm and relaxed as soon as she entered the room.  
  
"This is really impressive," she said, obviously surprised.  
  
"It's alright, hey?"  
  
"It's beautiful," she said walking around me to the other side.  
  
The room wasn't wide, but it did have length to it, enough space for a small sofa set at the front of the room next to the long wooden wardrobe. A huge TV was pinned to the wall on the opposite side next to the door. The bed at the back of the room was queen, with cupboards and lamps either side. Next to the TV was an old long bookshelf full of colorful and well-read novels and textbooks. I had woven rugs scattered over the worn wooden floor and a wooden box as a coffee table in front of the sofa. And I also had a blowfly, which had just flown in from outside.  
  
"I don't understand," she said looking at me. "What do you do exactly?"  
  
I stepped over to her and held her, our first tender moment for some time.  
  
"Talk about that later."  
  
I kissed her, she kissed back. She wasn't really good at it, but there would be time to practice.  
  
"Can I get in your bed?" she asked.  
  
"Yes, you can get into my bed," I smiled.  
  
"My God," she said crawling under the quilt, "this is so comfortable."  
  
"You seem surprised?"  
  
"Well, I don't know, I wasn't exactly expecting all this," she said.  
  
"What did you think?"  
  
"I don't know, guys that live by themselves are meant to be pigs aren't they? I thought you'd have a stinky toilet and a sink full of dishes, that your bed would be all hard and full of sand or something."  
  
"Ah, you've not seen the toilet or sink yet," I said crawling in next to her naked body. She laughed and we kissed and rolled into each other. After an hour of looking not touching, her warmth on my skin gave me instant hardness. She reached down and pulled on it.  
  
"This thing never turns off?"  
  
"It responds well to inexperienced naked teenage girls," I said, then added, "you're 19 right?"  
  
"Almost."  
  
"What do you mean, almost?" I asked, wide-eyed and in the early stages of panic.  
  
"19 next Thursday," she explained.  
  
"Next Thursday?" Apart from the relief that she hadn't confessed to being 15 or something, that got me thinking. "Didn't you say your anniversary with Stuart was next Thursday?"  
  
She nodded. "Yeah, we got together on my 17th birthday."  
  
"Gee, that was a disaster waiting to happen, lucky you didn't have a dozen years together before you broke up, then all your birthdays would be nasty reminders of the ex-boyfriend."  
  
"I guess..."  
  
"So if you got together on your 17th birthday, how long after that until he got into your cunt?"  
  
"None of your business!" she yelled, laughing.  
  
"Why, you ashamed of it?"  
  
"No! Not ashamed. Well...maybe a little bit."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"If I told you, you would think I was frigid."  
  
"Huh? Really? This sounds interesting. Now you gotta tell me!" I said.  
  
"Though I guess you think I'm easy," she said, ignoring what I said and squeezing my hard-on.  
  
I nodded. "Well, we've known each other for less than a day and you've only had your pants on for about 15 minutes..."  
  
She looked at me and kept pulling on my cock. "Is that how quick it was? Really?"  
  
"From the first time we met til the time you let my hand in your pants, it was about 3 minutes."  
  
"Shit," was all she could say.  
  
"Don't worry about it. You're young and beautiful, you're allowed to enjoy yourself. Come up here," I told her. I pulled her body up onto mine under the quilt. I pushed her legs to fall either side of me and moved her hips such that my hard-on was lined up right at her hole. She knew what to do, pushing her body down onto me, wet enough to slide smoothly along til our pelvis' touched.  
  
"God that feels good," I said.  
  
"I like it too," she smiled, kissing me.  
  
"Aren't you glad you told your parents the truth, that you don't have to worry about checking the time or wondering if you'll get caught out?"  
  
She nodded, humping me slowly. She was really into it now, it was like all the reasons to not enjoy playing with her body had gone. The way she was sliding herself up and down on me now was masturbatory, she was using the stiffness between her thighs to make herself feel good. A switch had been turned on and her small engine was in showroom condition, purring nicely. Up til now she'd had a few test-drives perhaps, but now she was really enjoying putting some miles on the clock.  
  
"Okay baby, let's see how you go with some throttle."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
I held her hips and started pumping quickly from below. "Keep up with me baby," I said. She did her best. We fell in sync well. She may need time to practice her kissing and to learn to be adventurous, imaginative, but no doubt there was natural skill in her hips. She fucked with passion and aplomb. And she had voice. When she came, it was no secret. And in passion she begged me to do it together, to cum in her.  
  
I arched back and did just that.  
  
After the shots of semen painted the walls of her insides, she did this thing where she pushed full down on me then tightened her cunt muscles and pulled up the length of my cock. Then she relaxed and pushed down again. Then she tightened on me and pulled up again, relaxed and pushed down. After a few times I realized she was milking me. She was squeezing out the rest of the sperm I had for her, drawing it into her cunt. Fucking hell, what a woman. Her head was on my shoulder, puffing, dizzy. She didn't even know she was doing it.  
  
"Oh!" she suddenly said, opening her eyes after laying on me a few minutes catching her breath.  
  
"What?"  
  
"I left the food in the car!"  
  
That's right, we did. Suddenly I was starving. All the wet clothes should probably come out of the trunk, too. I slid her off me to the right, a trail of sperm and vaginal fluid following her across.  
  
"Have you got any tissues?" she asked, holding a hand to her snatch to stop herself from leaking onto the sheets. I sat up and looked around.  
  
"Probably not. You'll need to run down to the bathroom."  
  
"Where is it?"  
  
"I'll show you."  
  
She swung around and got out of bed the other side, still holding her pussy like the whole thing was about to fall out, it looked funny. I walked over and opened the door for her. She poked her head round, looking down the hall.  
  
"Who else lives here?" she asked.  
  
"Bob and Danny, and Danny's girlfriend Erika usually stays with him these days."  
  
That made her back up into the room. "Where are they, are they home?"  
  
I shrugged.  
  
"Do you have something for me to wear?"  
  
"Come on, don't be silly, you just showed your body to a hundred people, two of my flatmates is hardly going to make much more difference."  
  
"It wasn't a hundred people, and I didn't have your stuff pouring out of me!"  
  
"Stop moaning. Come on."  
  
I pushed her out of the room and continued to prod her down the hall. Bob's door was closed, as was Danny's. The only light was coming in from my room at the front. I opened the door to the living room which ran the width of the building. In the far corner on the opposite side to the door was a window facing the rear of the house. In the middle of the wall next to that was a double door that passed back to the kitchen and bathroom. The living room was empty, but we could hear voices from down back. Hilda...I should say Jonesy...was whispering feverishly that she didn't need the toilet anymore, that she wanted to go back to the room.  
  
"You need tissue, just go!" I pushed her through the double doors. From there you could turn left out into the kitchen, or right to the toilet, bathroom and laundry. I pushed her left.  
  
"Danny, Erika, hi!" I said as we rounded into the kitchen area. I loved this place. The floor was laminated cork and was long, you could have fit a pool table in there if you'd wanted. Instead we had another sofa and TV set up. The kitchen facilities ran all the way down the right and a huge long island bench ran alongside with lamps lowered from the ceiling and stools all around. It was a great room for socializing when you cooked and ate.  
  
Danny and Erika were sitting at the counter eating pasta. They looked over at one, then two naked people push around into the room.  
  
"This is Jonesy, by the way," I pulled her by the arm into view. She was doing the best she could to keep one hand covering her pussy, the other across her chest. "Jonesy, this is Danny, who lives in the room at this end of the hall and his girlfriend Erika."  
  
"Hello, hello," they said, nicely.  
  
Jonesy nodded as best she could in her embarrassed state and said hello, too. "Jimmy. The toilet. Where is it?"  
  
"Hang on," I told the others, "she needs to deal with some leaking."  
  
Danny grinned and Erika yelled out and pointed, "Just around the corner, Jonesy, you can't miss it."  
  
She took off the other way and found it soon enough. I wandered back into the kitchen, took a can from the fridge and sat on a stool. It wasn't unusual for us to be undressed at home. Erika slept nude and usually walked around in the morning with no clothes on. Mind you, she was a prostitute by trade, though we probably wouldn't tell Jonesy this just yet. (One weekend when Danny was away, she'd come to my room and offered herself to me for money. We never told him we did it whenever there was a chance.)  
  
"So who is that?" asked Danny.  
  
"Some girl from a party I ended up at last night," I told them.  
  
"Fucking good looking. How old is she?"  
  
"Eighteen. 19 next Thursday."  
  
"Geez, 18, huh? Hardly looks that old. Christ, it's been a while since I had one that young."  
  
Erika looked at him. "You want me order you one?" she offered, jokingly. Danny didn't reply. He didn't mind that his girlfriend got fucked by strangers every day for a living, but he didn't want any part of the business come home with her. Instead he looked over to me.  
  
"You just dropped a load in her?" he asked.  
  
I nodded. He smiled his approval.  
  
"You guys hanging around today?" I asked them.  
  
"Not sure. Going out to work later," said Erica. "Bob and Danny have that stupid darts competition so I may as well go and earn some money, take a night off later in the week. What about you? You gonna run this one home now you've shot your cum in her?"  
  
"No, she's gonna hang around a few days probably."  
  
"Really?" said Erika. "She looks like she lives at home with Mum and Dad."  
  
"She does," I grinned.  
  
"Then she's not on the pill, I'm guessing?" she said. I shook my head. "You want to start her? I've got packs if you need."  
  
"Too late, I'd say."  
  
"Middle of her cycle now?"  
  
I nodded. "I reckon. She's been wet all night. Its unlikely she could fuck as much as she has if she wasn't ripe."  
  
"Well buddy," chipped in Danny. "She knows where you live now."  
  
It was true, but good luck trying to pin me down. I had no family anymore, and I'd picked up and moved before for less reason than a pregnant teenager.  
  
"I'll be fine," I assured. Jonesy poked her head back around the corner and I yelled out, "Come on out here, they won't bite."  
  
She sheepishly brought herself over and stood her nakedness behind me.  
  
"Come on, these guys don't mind you like that, sit down properly," I said, pulling out a stool. It wasn't them minding that bothered her, but she sat as asked. She could hide her cunt under the bench, but those young breasts hung there for observation. Erika walked over to the fridge and pulled out a jug of cold water and poured a huge glass for the girl.  
  
"Here, let me make you feel better," she said. Erika pulled her t-shirt up over her head and threw it over to the sofa. She reached behind and undid her racy red bra and tossed it in the same spot. A huge dragon tattoo ran around the outside of her right breast, taking attention from the fact she wasn't very big.  
  
"Wow," Jonesy couldn't help but say. Erika smiled. She liked the attention people gave her when they first saw her breasts. It was better than the 'underwhelment' she used to experience before she had the tattoo.  
  
"Now you don't stand out," she winked at my fuck. Jonesy went red.  
  
"Shit, our food is probably cold by now," I said, "Shall we grab it?"  
  
I got up, took my fuck by the hand and walked her naked ass back out through the lounge and down to my room. I took the keys from the bench in my room. Opening the wardrobe, I fished out a pair of jeans shorts for me and a white collared shirt for her. She put it on and buttoned it up. It fell below her snatch and ass, but it was fairly thin and see-through. Anyway, we were just going out to the car.  
  
"You grab the food, I'll get the wet stuff out the back."  
  
We took the food and the clothes down to the rear of house. She went into the kitchen, I went around to the laundry and tossed our clothes into the washer. When I went back around to the others, my fuck was sitting on a stool drinking a huge glass of cold white wine. Erika and her dragon were opening our food and pushing it onto plates, then putting one dish into the microwave.  
  
"You're back on the wine?" I asked my fuck, "How's your head? I thought you'd have sworn off it given how sick you looked this morning."  
  
She shook her head. "I'm fine now."  
  
(Do any of you still remember the rebounding powers of youth?)  
  
"Hey, Jimmy, how come my tits come out to make your girl feel more at ease, then you go and dress her. What's with that?" Erika cracked at me.  
  
"She's got a point, Jonesy," I said to my fuck with a smirk, "it wouldn't be polite to keep that shirt on."  
  
"But then I'll have nothing on at all, she's at least got pants," she came back with, wanting me to offer her something to cover her pussy.  
  
"She's got a point, Erika," I grinned back at Danny's girl. "It wouldn't be polite to make her sit there completely naked when you had your pants on."

Erika screwed her face up at me. "Okay, Okay, I get it."  
  
She put her hands to the button on her shorts. I stepped sideways to get a look at her behind the island bench. She brought her shorts down first, then her tiny thong panties. The other two couldn't yet see what I could, the pussy that behind Danny's back I'd paid money to get into a number of times now. Waxed perfectly smooth, it was a silky experience sliding up that cunt. It was loose inside of course, given it had cock up it three hours a day, but the ass and thighs surrounding it were tight and fit. For a prostitute, she had tremendous enthusiasm for passionate sex, at least when I'd been with her. She kissed me wildly when we did it, something I'd not had from other whores.  
  
"There now," she smirked at my fuck, "now it's your turn."  
  
Jonesy looked at me, I just shrugged. She looked at Danny leering at her wanting to see more again.  
  
"Danny, perhaps you'd like to help her?" I said, seeing how keen he was to get her body back on show, and to feel her up I expected.  
  
"No, no, I can do it," said Jonesy, really quickly. She started fingering at her own top button, slowly bringing it and the others open. I moved up behind her and slid it off her shoulders, tossing it over to the sofa but it fell short landing on the floor. I left it there. Standing behind her I slid my hands around and grabbed both tits, leaning down to kiss the side of her neck. She squirmed, feel awkward about being handled sexually in front of my room-mates. I cupped the breasts like a shelf-bra.  
  
"Not bad, huh?" I said pointing them at the other two.  
  
"Makes me look bad...," said Erika in reference to her own smaller size, but it was said without spite, she was comfortable with who she was especially now she had the tattoo.  
  
I let my fuck go and sat and ate. I was starving. Jonesy ate well, too, so much that I was surprised at how slender she was. Even after eating her stomach still curved back in from her mound.  
  
"That food drop straight to your legs?" I asked her. She had no idea what I was talking about, so I just shook my head and moved on.  
  
At the time we were done eating it was mid-afternoon. We then had a red hot crack at the gallon cask of Riesling in the fridge and the conversation became noisy, we weren't talking with each other anymore, we were yelling. Jonesy became less afraid of me handling her sexually in front of those guys and Danny and Erika became wickedly risque. Jonesy watched in awe as Erika lay back on the island bench with her legs spread wide, me at one end covering her eyes with my hands and Danny down the other end sticking things in her. The game was that she had to guess what was being put up her cunt. It was hilarious. She could usually pick which ones were vegetables or fruits but never which type. Danny found bottles and candles and kitchen utensils, anything that would fit up there. Even Jonesy was pointing at things for ideas, and we would all crack up at the look on her face when she thought she had a candle only to find something like a huge broomstick sticking out from inside her. I guess it was a stupid game, but when you are drunk and you have a prostitute as your house-mate's girlfriend, things can get a bit silly.  
  
"Fucking hell, what's all this?" we heard over the noise. Bob had come back home and walked into our crazy kitchen scene. Jonesy naturally slid behind me again to hide her body from the stranger. I pulled her out and around the front of me.  
  
"You wanna drink?" was Danny's response.  
  
"Mate, we're meant to be playing darts tonight. You gonna be right?" asked Bob, holding a glass while Danny tipped up the cask and put what turned out to be the last glassful into it.  
  
"Get better if I drink," was the reply, "less nervous."  
  
Bob looked at Erika, "Same when he fucks?"  
  
She just smiled and ignored the question. Instead she turned to my fuck. "This is Jonesy by the way, Jonesy this is Bob, he lives here too, the room in the middle."  
  
"How you going?" he said casually, hardly looking her over at all which surprised her. She was full-frontal naked and he wasn't perving at her.  
  
"How old is she?" Bob asked back to Erika, not me. Perhaps he thought she was one of Erika's hooker friends, they came over sometimes, especially if Danny was away...  
  
"She's 18," said Erika with a smile at Jonesy.  
  
Bob looked skeptical. "Really? Looks about 16, I reckon."  
  
"Come on! What sixteen year old has thighs like that? You're almost 19 aren't, you honey," she said.  
  
"Next Thursday," she mumbled.  
  
"Okay, okay," Bob said, nodding his head and staring at her more now. "If that's the case, welcome to the weird-house. Are you only with him, or the highest bidder?"  
  
Jonesy looked up at me, confused. She may have worked it out if she wasn't half drunk again.  
  
"She's with me, Bob," I smiled at him. "Met her at a party last night, nothing to do with Erika."  
  
"Ah, sorry." Bob downed his wine in one big gulp. "Ech, not cold at all. Got anything else left, or have you sods drunk it all?"  
  
There wasn't anything left in the fridge. I had a bar-fridge and booze cabinet in the cupboard by my bed, but it was locked and never shared with anyone other than the guests I had in the room.  
  
"We'll get some," I suggested. "Take a run over to the Greenwood?"  
  
That's where I work.  
  
"I better drive," said Bob, looking at us four. "Can I drive yours?"  
  
I had by far the best car and the best room with the best kit in the house, which I'll explain the reasons for later...perhaps.  
  
I stood and took Jonesy by the hand.  
  
"Okay, we'll come with," I said. I still had a pair of shorts on, but Jonesy looked back at the shirt on the floor as I walked her toward the front. She said nothing, sweet thing. We walked down the hall with Bob behind us staring at her naked ass.  
  
"Fucking hell, I've got to say Jonesy, you are one fine looking girl," he let her know. My fuck just looked back at him and went red. We'd been drinking, so this time I just ducked into my room to take my wallet from the box-table and shut the french doors, then straight out front. I had to step back momentarily to take Jonesy by the hand and lead her out into the afternoon sun. She hesitated at first, but once she saw there was no one on the street she walked normally alongside of me to the car. Bob was right, she really was an incredibly good looking girl. Her body was what young women were meant to look like if you know what I mean.  
  
"You get in the front," I told her, clicking the door-lock button then throwing the keys to Bob. She looked at Bob who was grinning at the thought of her up front with him, then back at me.  
  
"C'mon, get in, he's just going to look, nothing else, aren't you Bob?"  
  
"Just my eyes baby, hands to myself!" assured Bob. Jonesy took a breath and got into the front of the car. The shade from the trees meant it was comfortable inside and Jonesy sat. She rubbed the dirt and stones from the bottom of her feet before turning straight. I got into the back seat.  
  
"I don't have any money," Jonesy said, trying to be careful to explain. Both Bob and I couldn't help but laugh.  
  
"I think we know that honey," said Bob kindly, "unless you've got some special hiding spot for it."  
  
Jonesy blushed and went quiet. Bob got my B-mer started, opened up the windows and sun-roof and pulled away. It was a glorious day, we had a glorious task (go buy more booze!) and we had the most glorious young woman sitting nude in the front seat.  
  
"Do you ever wear clothes?" Bob asked her in fun.  
  
"Of course!" she yelled back at him. "Until yesterday I was a normal girl."  
  
Bob looked in the mirror back at me for clarification. I nodded.  
  
"It's true," I said. "When I met her last night she'd never been naked with a guy her whole life."  
  
"What? Is that true? A virgin?" Bob exclaimed.  
  
"No, no, I didn't say a virgin! I said she's never been naked with a guy before."  
  
"So you fucked before, but with your clothes on?" he turned to ask her. I leaned forward and looked at her, too. She just nodded.  
  
"But you'd never been naked?" Bob followed up. She shook her head.  
  
"So how did it come to this? Socializing with my roommates in the nude and now driving the streets with your goods on show?" he kept asking.  
  
Jonesy slowly shook her head. "I have absolutely no idea, its madness," she admitted.  
  
After a pause, Bob and I broke into laughter.  
  
"What? What? What you laughing at?" she asked, starting to giggle as well, like happens when others are laughing.  
  
"I don't know, I really don't know. It just sounds all so...funny. It's hilarious. Don't you think?" Bob was wiping tears from his eyes, trying to drive.  
  
"No," she said, sitting back straight and folding her arms just below her softball breasts. That set us off even more, she looked so funny trying to look serious with her nipples all naked and hard like they were. She couldn't help herself, our cackling was addictive and she brightened and laughed with us.  
  
For a while we didn't speak, thinking about it all.  
  
"Seriously," Bob said after a while, "you're pretty cool doing all this, you're carrying yourself well."  
  
"Thanks," she said, trying to hide her smile.  
  
"And you look really good like that," he added. I nodded agreement as she turned to look at me.  
  
"It would be a crime to have you covered up."  
  
Jonesy blushed easily and I could see her ears were red now. We pulled into the drive-through boozer where I worked. Moving along in the car, you couldn't really tell there was a naked girl in the front seat, not unless the car was stopped and somebody was nearby. Right now the car was stopped and all my rowdy work-mates were very nearby.  
  
"Jesus! Is that what you pulled last night?" I was asked as I came out of the back seat. I nodded, trying to hold back my pride but the grin wouldn't stop.  
  
"Fucking hell, you should have called us."  
  
"Has she got any friends?"  
  
"Jesus, she hasn't even got pants on. Look at her pussy."  
  
They all leaned into the car to speak with her but to her relief they didn't try to touch. She was overwhelmed by the attention. She'd always had guys interested, but not clamoring like this. She couldn't help but think that, truly, naked women held tremendous power.  
  
I had to go and get my own drinks and put them in the trunk. Bob was sat in the car gawking along with the others, not helping. I properly paid for it all at the cash register. I may be a thief, but I'm not a petty thief. I got back into the back seat and told them we were done - to a chorus of protest.  
  
"You fuck!" I could hear yelled at us as Bob pulled away from the shop. They really were jealous, almost angry. They'll calm down by the time I come to work tomorrow. Hopefully.  
  
The sun was on Jonesy's side on the way back home, so she closed her eyes and lay her head back. Bob manipulated the car to move alongside trucks and buses and whoever would possibly be in a position to see if they happened to be looking our way. We quietly grinned at each other when a mob of lads pushed up to the windows on their bus trying to look down into our car as best they could. They looked like they were yelling and banging and trying to get her attention, but they were silent to Jonesy, victims of a well made sound-proof coach.  
  
She still didn't wake when we stopped at home. Bob turned off the car and threw the keys back to me in the back.  
  
"Thanks for letting me drive your car," he said. Then he turned to Jonesy and looked back at me. "Can I have a turn?"  
  
He'd asked quietly, nodding at my fuck. I just smiled and laughed, not answering, getting out.  
  
"C'mon, you can carry all the stuff on that side," I said looking into the open trunk. I'd bought two cartons of beer, one cold, and two more casks of Riesling. I'd also bought a bottle of Johnny Walker and a six-pack of half-bottle champagne, but I'd hidden them behind the cardboard box of tools and stuff I kept in the back. They would come out and go into my room later.  
  
We took a beer and a wine carton each into the house, then I came back for my fuck. I opened the door and sat on the street beside her. She stirred a little with the breeze on her body but didn't actually wake.  
  
"Hey there," I said quietly. "Jonesy."  
  
Her eyes opened and she turned to focus on me. She looked down at her own body then leaned back and closed her eyes again.  
  
"Still naked," she said, eyes unopened.  
  
"Still naked," I confirmed, "Come on." I reached out and took her hand. She twisted and lifted herself up and out of the car, straight into my arms for support. I held her ass with my hands as her breasts pushed into my bare chest. This time a neighbor did walk past, on the opposite side of the street, a rotund middle-aged guy. He tried not to get caught looking, but couldn't help himself. I smiled at him, he nodded and smiled back at me. No problems there.  
  
"Come on, let's get inside," I told my fuck, pulling her from me so that guy could get a glimpse of her front, too. Jonesy didn't notice him, she just turned and walked up the front path in her naturally seductive way. Wow, she was something, for sure. I'm not quite sure she really knew just how hot her body was without clothes. I followed her in.  
  
"Which way," she asked. "Are we going back to the kitchen, or in here?"  
  
She was just starting to wake properly.  
  
"Well, let's have a couple more drinks first, then come back and fuck you? What do you think?"  
  
"Just you, right?" she asked me.  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"You're the only one that's going to fuck me, right?"  
  
"Why?" I asked, "do want to have a try with one of those others?"  
  
"No, no, I just worry...well, I don't know what...what you are going to make me do?"  
  
It was a fair statement. Even I wasn't sure what I was going to do with her.  
  
"What do you want to happen?"  
  
"I only want you...," she said.  
  
"Yeah, but 24 hours ago you only wanted Stuart. Who knows how you'd feel after fucking those guys, hey?"  
  
She stepped in and held me, pressing her cheek to my shoulder, her nipples to my skin.  
  
"You're going to make me do it with those other boys, aren't you?" she said, resignation in her voice.  
  
"Probably," was all I could say.  
  
She lifted her head and looked down the hallway, down toward the place where those other people were, the ones who were likely going to fuck her. She mumbled something I couldn't quite hear, then started walking toward the rear of the house, pulling me with her by the hand.  
  
Two hours and a mind-altering amount of wine later she had two cocks inside her body, neither of them mine. The one in her mouth was the first time she'd ever put one there. It tasted awful to her, it was covered with the juices of her own cunt. Bob and Danny had both fucked her in the kitchen, bending her over the island bar and taking turns at her from behind. Erika and I were on the other side watching. We weren't fucking, but we were masturbating each other, her pulling and me fingering. The number of fingers you could get up this girl was amazing. Jonesy looked at me guiltily as those guys took her from behind, but she shouldn't have. I didn't mind others getting up her...and Erika was a prostitute for God's sake, she didn't care if her boyfriend got carnal with other girls. Though, to be fair, we hadn't told Jonesy about the hooker thing, so she possibly thought Danny was cheating on her now.  
  
Eventually Bob pulled Jonesy up and led her off toward his bedroom. She looked back at me as if she didn't want to go off and be fucked in private, but I didn't move. Instead Danny followed, that's how she ended up on her knees on a bed with a cock in both ends of her. I didn't mind, I got left with the smooth snatch of Erika, and this time she wasn't making me cough up cash up-front.  
  
"I'll give you this one," she whispered as she tugged on me. I pushed and got my whole fist up her. She gasped.  
  
"How does a girl with such a tiny ass have such a big hole?" I asked, opening my hand inside her and tickling my fingers against her walls. She was in ecstasy.  
  
"Just...lucky...I guess," was all she could get out. What was the point of fucking her, my cock wasn't going to touch the sides. But I did it anyway.  
  
She brought me over to the sofa, sat me down then sat herself on top of me. She kissed my lips so hard and humped like a mad woman. Her hips were so small, her ass so tight to squeeze, her breasts small but rock hard with excitement. She made herself cum, possibly by slamming her clit so hard against my pelvis. I lost it as well, shooting sperm into her vagina. She felt it and groaned her approval.  
  
"Christ you're a good fuck," she told me, still panting and sweating as the cum churned in her insides, looking for its mark.  
  
"Well, let's just say you're working the right job, huh," I told her. She smiled at me through her hair falling down over her face.  
  
"I am, aren't I?" she grinned. "Hey, you wanna go watch them fuck your girlfriend?"  
  
"She's not my girlfriend!"  
  
"Well, she should be. She's hot!" Ericka exclaimed, leading me toward the bedroom, dripping semen down her leg and onto the floor without care. I could only imagine how many sperm had seen the insides of this girl over her 23 years. When we went into the bedroom, they were giving Jonesy a huge serve. Bob was fairly smashing her from behind and Danny was pushing her head up and down his cock. It was amazing just how gorgeous Jonesy looked when she fucked. She was being spit-roasted, but not an ounce of flab fell from her body, and her breasts still held their shape as they slammed up and down.  
  
Erika went up and lay on the bed near them, her body nearly touching Jonesy. Without warning she ducked her head under Jonesy's body and latched her mouth to one of those breasts hanging there, the other falling into her eyes. Jonesy tried to scream, tried to break away, but the boys held her tight. Erika took her nipple deep into her mouth, sucking it back near her throat. My fuck was terrified. At no time had she thought of anything lesbian. She was horrified there was a girl, a naked girl, giving her hickeys, her nipple deep in her mouth. And then that girl reached under and fingered her clit as she fucked. Now her head was dizzy and she almost fainted. She was having sex with 3 people, one of them a girl, and her new boyfriend was standing there watching. Then the cum hit her mouth. The lesbian act she was being forced to endure had distracted her, she didn't feel the twitching of the cock in her mouth until the cum hit her throat. She gagged, coughed, choked, but Danny wouldn't let her go, Erika didn't stop sucking the painful bruises on her tit, didn't stop fingering her clit madly and Bob didn't stop fucking her from behind.  
  
The cum swirled around her mouth, as awful as it was she had no choice but to swallow it away. It was horrible, she couldn't breathe properly, she fainted.  
  
When she woke, Danny was fanning her face with a magazine. She was on her back. Bob hadn't finished with her, he was still fucking her missionary, the stiffness pushing in and out frenetically. Erika was laying next to her sucking on one breast and squeezing on the other.  
  
"You okay?" Danny asked. Jonesy nodded meekly.  
  
"Oh fuck!" yelled Bob suddenly. He picked her up by the hips, lifted her ass into the air and fully impaled her. He yelled again, then gasped. We all watched as Bob let go inside her. Jonesy's mouth opened as she felt the warm surge seep through her innards. Bob's sperm up her cunt, she thought. Bob. Jimmy. These guys she didn't know at all, they had done the most intimate thing to her any man could, they'd mated her. What was she doing, allowing herself to be like this? Her parents would be so disappointed.  
  
Bob finished squeezing the last from himself, then pulled from her, leaving a trail of slop behind.  
  
"Fucking hell," he said wiping his forehead, "what a piece of ass. We'll be doing this again, honey, I'll tell you that. What a body. What a fuck."

Then to Danny he said, "You need another beer?"  
  
"What time is the darts thing?"  
  
"Oh shit! I forgot!" he said, looking at his watch. "We need to go - now! Got about 20 minutes to get there."  
  
Bob kneed across and off the bed, picking through his drawers to find some clean underwear and pull them on. Danny looked down at his naked girlfriend sucking on Jonesy's tits. I don't think he knew that I'd fucked Erika already, I think he was worried about leaving her here like this. It was a weird dynamic. She was a whore, so she fucked 5 guys some nights, but at home he wanted her to be only his. He was happy to have Erika walk the house naked in front of his mates, and he himself happily took a piece of my girl right in front of her, but the thought of his housemates fucking his girlfriend didn't sit well with him. As I said, it was a weird dynamic.  
  
Erika lifted her head from her work. "Go," she told him, "You said you'd go, so go."  
  
Erika didn't like it when people didn't make appointments, she considered they were stealing from her, she could have been making money elsewhere instead of sitting around for that hour. That flowed over into her non-work life, too. If you said you'd be somewhere, you better be there.  
  
Danny put the magazine down and went back to his room to get clothes. Erika looked at Bob, then back at me once he wasn't looking. She held up three fingers and used them to point at herself, Jonesy and me. It seemed she was saying the three of us would have a go at each other once the boys had left. Jonesy picked up on it and looked at me pleadingly.  
  
She'd smashed through a lot of fences in the last 24 hours, but this was a huge one. There was a naked girl half-laying on her with a mouth full of her breast. Lesbian sex. She'd never even considered it. All these other things she was doing, they were a push, but not a revelation. She hadn't been fully naked with guys before, but she'd always expected she would be one day. She'd guessed that one day she would fuck guys other than Stuart. Even walking around naked wasn't really an unearthly thing to do. None of those things happened in the way she thought they might occur, she'd pushed years of personal growth into a day, but lesbian sex was something different completely. That was unearthly. She had no interest, no plans, no image of such a thing.  
  
I smiled back at her. This would be fun. Or a disaster.  
  
"What time you guys coming home, you think?" Erika asked Bob, mumbling through the nipple in her mouth.  
  
"Late," Bob said, buttoning a shirt, then pulling on socks. Late meant daylight. When us boys went out, we went out.  
  
Erika and I walked them to the door, leaving Jonesy curled up on my flatmate's bed. They asked as they always do if they could use my car. And as always I laughed. Not a chance. Danny looked back somewhat disapprovingly at me standing naked next to his naked girlfriend as he walked out the gate, but what was he going to do? I knew once he had his first beer in one hand and dart in the other he wouldn't give it a minute's thought.  
  
After they were out of sight Erika turned to me and we went straight into a passionate clinch right there in the doorway. It was twilight but it was still toasty warm. Her hand went round to my ass and she ground her mound into my pelvis.  
  
"I want a thousand bucks," she growled.  
  
"For what?" I said, surprised. I'd never paid her more than 300 for even the longest and nastiest sessions we'd had behind Danny's back.  
  
"For fucking the both of you all night," she said, nodding down the hall to the room where we'd left Jonesy curled up in the fetal position.  
  
"Gee, that's a bit much, don't you think? 1,000 bucks?"  
  
"Kinky stuff, lesbian threesome, reluctant girl, that stuff costs," she explained casually. "How much you think it normally is for an overnight, anyway?"  
  
"Yeah, but you hadn't planned on working tonight."  
  
She smiled. "Yes I had! If you don't want to have some fun, I'll go find it elsewhere."  
  
"You've got no appointments," I came back with, "you'll have to find it on the street, money won't be as good."  
  
"Well, we'll just have to see, won't we?" she smiled at me.  
  
I sighed. "500?"  
  
She laughed and let me go. She walked up the hall away from me.  
  
"700?" She kept walking. "800?"  
  
She stopped and turned.  
  
"I said one thousand."  
  
"Aw come on!" I begged. "At least let me save some face here!"  
  
She slowly walked back my way, hands on hips, hairless mound fairly squelching it was so wet and full of sperm.  
  
"Alright honey. For using your bed and staining your sheets, I'll give it to you for 980," she grinned.  
  
"Yes!" I said, pumping my fist, play-acting that I'd just bargained a huge discount. She kept walking all the way into me, holding my face and gently kissing me.  
  
"Cash."  
  
Kiss. Kiss.  
  
"Up-front."  
  
Kiss. Kiss.  
  
I broke off to my room, Erika followed. I pulled back the rug and lifted the small door in the floorboards. I turned the combination and lifted the lid. Erika had seen this before, but like a good hooker she was discrete. She'd only been fully on the game for a year and a half but she'd learned the ways of the world quickly. I pulled 10 hundreds from the stack then closed the lid. Erika toko the money and slid it between two books on the shelf.  
  
"That better not disappear," she said, only half-teasing.  
  
"I'm going to need 20 change," I said grinning.  
  
"Honey, I don't have a cash-register."  
  
"Then I'll take it in services. Later this week, one blow-job behind your boyfriend's back."  
  
"For 20 bucks?" she said with an incredulous look.  
  
"No, for 20 bucks plus all the fat on the 980 you're charging me for tonight!"  
  
"Okay, okay, deal," she laughed, and kissed. Passionately. As I'd said earlier, for a whore this girl gave a full experience, fairly squeezing my body at her own as if she'd been missing me for 6 months.  
  
We were kissing in the middle of the room, one of her legs off the floor wrapped around me, my finger at her hairless snatch when I saw Jonesy staring at us from the dimness of the doorway. She was just standing there watching, not knowing what to do. I waved her over.  
  
"Jonesy. Come," I told her. Slowly, uncertainly she walked toward us. Erika didn't let go of me, pulling on my cock, kissing my neck as I beckoned Jonesy over. Jonesy came, stopping a body distance away, looking half-drunk still and scared. I reached out and pulled her by the waist into us. I was holding both of them now. Jonesy's body felt better, a perfect specimen of woman, but Erika felt more lithe and sensual, her ass a trigger to the most brilliantly executed fuck you would have.  
  
I kissed both of them, reaching around and fingering both girls from the back, the heat noticeably rising.  
  
"Jonesy," I said quietly. She looked up at me, waiting.  
  
"From now on," I continued, "you are going to be bi-sexual, okay?"  
  
I could see tears well in her eyes. It was what she had feared the most.  
  
"It might seem a bit strange at the beginning," I kept telling her, "but when you get used to it, you're going to love it."  
  
She wept openly in my arms.  
  
"Jonesy, listen," I said, still calm, "Stop crying. Erika here is going to show you what to do, how to do it, okay? She's a nice girl, so it won't be a difficult first time, alright?"  
  
Jonesy started howling when I said that. There was no actual point trying to stop her from crying. My experience the night before showed me that if you just keep fucking her anyway, eventually she'll come around. I pulled myself back from both girls. I looked at Erika.  
  
"Just do it," I said to her.  
  
I stepped right back and Erika stepped in. She held Jonesy as a boy would hold a girl before kissing for the first time. Her lips were covered in tears as they met. Just like with me the previous night Jonesy neither kissed back nor pulled away, she just let it happen to her. From my vantage though, it was as hot as hell. Jonesy's tits were pushed right into Erika's, their hips intertwined. Jonesy's hands fell awkwardly at Erika's hips, but Erika's were full-on squeezing Jonesy's ass into her. It was super hot. Erika was doing the grinding, Jonesy just letting her.  
  
I stepped away and opened the big doors at the front of the room. Natural light was fading and a summer night's breeze drifted in. I turned on the soft wall-lights. I went to my bedside table and pulled out my handy-cam. I filmed the two girls standing there, kissing and squeezing. Jonesy's eyes were closed and leaking, but Erika saw me with the camera and waved. Her hand didn't go back to Jonesy's ass though, it went down the middle between them. On the camera screen Jonesy's face shuddered as a lesbian finger pushed into her flaps. She was shaking her head mouthing 'no' to me as tears poured down her cheeks.  
  
"Not this," she pleaded to me, pleaded to the camera. "Please not this."  
  
No one came to her rescue. Jonesy became a lesbian that night. She learned the taste of another woman's vagina, what it felt like to have her hand inside one, how to make a woman cum with her finger. I won't say that she took to it naturally, but Erika coaxed and coached her as well as could be expected. I watched, filmed, joined in when I could.  
  
Its usually difficult to get value from the amount of money you pay a prostitute to stay overnight. You fuck once or twice then fall asleep. This night however, I kept us all going for as long as I could. Even after we fell asleep in my bed, if I woke in the middle of the night I'd wake Erika to fuck me again, or finger Jonesy in her sleep. Only the open french doors kept the stench of sex bearable by the time daylight came pouring through the vines again.  
  
I was woken by a slap on my bare ass. I turned to see Danny sitting on the edge of my bed. He looked like he had been sleepwalking.  
  
"Jimmy," he slurred, subconsciously rubbing my naked ass, "Jimmy. I'm home."  
  
"Danny. That's great. Mate, you wanna stop doing that?" I pulled his hand from my ass.  
  
"Huh?" Danny tried to look at why I was pushing his arm around. He couldn't figure it out. "Where's Erika?"  
  
"What do you mean?" I asked, suddenly worried he was going to get upset about me bedding his girlfriend last night.  
  
"Where is she?" Danny asked, eyes hardly opened.  
  
Was this a trick question? I turned my head slowly to look around my bed. She was right there on the other side of Jonesy, tits out from under the covers.  
  
"Where is she?" I repeated back to him.  
  
"I can't find her," he slurred. I almost laughed. Just how fucked-up was he? "I just got home and she's not in bed."  
  
"Gee," I said, trying to think. "I think she got an overnight job last night mate."  
  
"Ah," he said, dropping his chin to his hands. "Fucking whore she is..."  
  
With that he spiraled and stood, then staggered to the front of the room, exiting through the french doors to the garden rather than the bedroom door to the hall. Naked, I ran out after him, pulling him in from the verandah confused and back into the house. I led him down the hall and pushed him onto his bed where he immediately passed out. I took off his shoes but left the rest of his stinking clothes on him. I rubbed the part where he had been touching my ass. Yuck.  
  
I checked to see where Bob was, he was also crashed on his bed with his shoes on. I looked at his bedside clock - it was 9:10am. These two would sleep til late afternoon or evening.  
  
Back in my own room I closed the bedroom door and slid the lock just in case. The two women were asleep in my bed, breast to breast. I found the video camera from the night before and put it away in case Jonesy saw it and wanted me to delete her sex scenes. Instead I took out the still camera. I took lots of photos from all angles in the morning sunlight, pulling the covers down and off them completely. Some of the photos would turn out pretty good.  
  
Hard again, I found the gel bottle and covered my cock. I lay behind Jonesy and woke her the way I had the day previous.  
  
"Stuart?" she asked again, feeling the cock pump her from behind as she woke. I laughed and she turned and quickly realized she had made the same mistake again. "Shit. Sorry."  
  
"It's okay. How does that speech go, I'd rather you use his name fucking me that the other way around?"  
  
Jonesy looked at the woman laying naked in front of her. Last night came back to her. Oh my God, she thought, I'm a lesbian now.  
  
"My head hurts again," Jonesy complained, rubbing her temples as she had done the morning before. The humping on the bed woke Erika. She didn't really open her eyes, she just leaned over and started kissing Jonesy on the lips, running her hands through her hair. Jonesy for her part was passive. She knew what she had done last night, and she couldn't say it wasn't enjoyable, but it still classified as strange.  
  
Erika felt the hesitation. She broke the kiss and opened her eyes.  
  
"Hi baby," she smiled at Jonesy in the fresh daylight. "Don't you go backwards on me. You and me are lovers now, okay?"  
  
Jonesy looked at her wordlessly as her body bumped from the cock she was getting from behind.  
  
"Okay?" Erika asked again, warmly.  
  
"Okay," said Jonesy.  
  
"Good. Now kiss me properly," Jonesy was told. She did. The two girls clinched passionately as I kept fucking.  
  
"Aah!" Jonesy grunted as I pushed up to the top of her insides.  
  
"Feel good?" I asked.  
  
Jonesy shook her head. "Toilet! Bursting..."  
  
I took sympathy and crawled out from behind her. I got off the bed and held out a hand to help her up. I smiled as Jonesy unhesitatingly walked straight out to the hall and off to the toilet naked. How things had changed in just a couple of days.  
  
Erika crawled over to the side of the bed where I was standing. She pulled me toward her and sucked and licked Jonesy's juice from my cock.  
  
"That girl tastes good, huh?" Erika said finishing off. I nodded. "Ah, I guess I better get to my own bed before Danny knows what we've been up to."  
  
"Don't think you have to worry about that."  
  
"What do you mean?" she asked, laying back down and blocking the daylight from her still-tired eyes with her arm.  
  
"Danny is back already."  
  
That woke her up properly. "Shit. Really? Fuck, did he see us?"  
  
"Not at all," I explained. "Came in here about 15 minutes ago..."  
  
"In here?!" she yelled.  
  
"Wait! Hold on, let me finish. He came in here about 15 minutes ago and starts feeling up my ass. He was as drunk as fuck. He sits there next to me and flat out asks where you are. Couldn't even see you on the other side of the bed, the bastard."  
  
"Jesus, you sure?"  
  
"I'm sure. I told him you had an overnight job outside. He just said okay then staggered out into the front garden by mistake. I had to go get him and put him to bed."  
  
"Bloody hell. Those boys, they drink way too much. How the hell did he get home?"  
  
"No idea."  
  
"Where's Bob?"  
  
"Crashed in his bed, I reckon they came home together."  
  
"Fuck. They'll be asleep til dinner."  
  
"Good huh," I grinned, sliding back into bed with her. "Means we can have a bit more time together, yeah?"  
  
"Sure. I guess. No plans today, but you know what time means in my world..."  
  
I shook my head. Gee. Everything was business with this girl. "Do you not do anything just for fun?"  
  
"Not with you, I don't," she responded matter-of-factly.  
  
"Ok, ok. I'll give you an extra 500 to keep it up til Danny gets up."  
  
"Danny or Bob, whoever wakes first," she countered.  
  
"Yeah, I guess." Bob would tell Danny for sure if he knew. "What about the girl? I think she thinks you're in love with her."  
  
Erika turned to the door. No one was there yet. "The girl's different. I do like her, and I don't charge women."  
  
"Ah! So you do do some things just for fun!" I exclaimed.  
  
Erika ignored me and rolled over and out of bed. She held her head for a moment once she stood.  
  
"Dizzy," she explained. "Need a coffee."  
  
With that she headed gingerly to the door before turning back.  
  
"Get my bucks out before she comes back?" then she was off down the hall. I did as asked, putting the money under the magazines on the box-table in front of the sofa, just in time before Jonesy came back into the room.  
  
"Better?" I asked her as she came over to hold me.  
  
"Not really," she told me, standing there holding her body against me. "I need to stop drinking so much."  
  
I took her by the waist and led her to the open doors overlooking the small garden and the street. She stood facing outside, no obvious concern for her nudity.  
  
"So...what's going to happen today?" she asked me, leaning her back against the door frame.  
  
"Well, I'm working tonight from 6 to 11. Up until then we can do whatever we like, as long as I'm sober for work."  
  
Jonesy looked to the door. "What about Erika?"  
  
I smiled. "So you like pussy now, huh?"  
  
Jonesy went red and looked down at her feet.  
  
"Don't worry. She is free today, too," I told her, knowing that my 500 bucks would make sure of it. Erika walked back with two coffees and a bottle of water. She knew I didn't drink coffee. I noticed Jonesy couldn't help but check her out.  
  
"So what's the plan today, dear Erika," I asked, stepping around and sitting myself on the sofa.  
  
"You giving me lots of reasons to hang out with you?" she asked back, not so cryptically.  
  
"Yes, yes," I dismissed her comment quickly. "It's all under my feet."  
  
Erika looked at my feet resting on the magazines on the coffee table. That's where the money had sometimes been left before, too. Jonesy looked confused, still not getting the by-play.  
  
"Well," said Erika turning her attention to Jonesy, kneeling before her in the front doorway, facing the v between her thighs. "We are going to fuck, then we are going to order breakfast from the corner shop, then we are all going to have a hot shower together, then we are going to show this beautiful naked girl to the world."  
  
Jonesy's face said, 'What do you mean?'  
  
"Nude beach?" I guessed. Whenever Erika went beach, she went nude.  
  
"Nude beach," Erika confirmed, bringing her lips to Jonesy's slit. "Followed by drinks."  
  
"I'm working tonight," I interjected.  
  
Erika stopped sucking Jonesy and turned to me. "What has that got to do with anything, Jonesy and I don't need you around."  
  
"Yeah, yeah, yeah..."  
  
My phone rang. I looked at the number, it was work. After a slight hesitation I took the call. Jonesy and Erika saw me nodding and frowning.  
  
"Okay," I said to the phone then flipped it shut. I looked at the clock on the phone. "I've got about 2 hours."  
  
"For what?"  
  
"Doof is sick, supposedly. They want me to start at midday, which means I need to leave here about quarter before 12."  
  
"No refunds," Erika told me quickly, again confusing Jonesy with our side-banter.  
  
"You guys fuck away, I'll catch up with you when I finish. And I've still got some time now to get up you both."  
  
"What time do you finish?" Jonesy asked, anxious at being away from me now I'd wrested her from her previous life.  
  
"11 normally. But given I'm starting so early I'll be the first one off if its quiet. Can usually let someone go early on Sundays."  
  
"I'll look after you," Erika told Jonesy, breathing into her cunt. "We'll go and show you to lots of other boys, that will keep us busy."  
  
Jonesy held Erika's head through her hair as she was licked. I walked around and chanced taking my video camera out again, filming the two girls having sex in my front doorway. I zoomed in on an old guy stopped on the street trying to peer under the vines. The look on his face said he couldn't quite work out whether he was really seeing what he thought he was seeing. Jonesy followed the direction my camera was pointing and saw the guy out there looking in at her and Erika. Her ears went red but she didn't push Erika away. The tongue flicking her clit felt amazing, she didn't want to stop. So she turned her face away and left her newly lesbian body on show to him. I walked over.

"Jonesy."  
  
She opened her eyes and leaned over to kiss my lips with a wanton, open mouth. I let her kiss me until she came up for breath.  
  
"Jonesy. You're different now, yeah?" I said. She looked at me like she wasn't sure what I meant. "Your body," I said by means of explanation.  
  
"What...do you mean?" she whispered, knees bending.  
  
"Your body is public now," I said, gently squeezing on a breast. "Your cunt and your breasts, you show them to people."  
  
Jonesy looked back outside. That old guy was leaning in over the fence to get a better look at them. He didn't flinch when she caught his eye, he ogled her unashamedly. She looked back at me, still caught between embarrassment and sexuality.  
  
"There are two types of body in the world," I whispered at her ear. "There are private bodies and there are public bodies. Some women never show their cunt outside. That was you before. Other women show their cunt to anyone. That's who you are now. You agree?"  
  
Jonesy looked up at me and said nothing.  
  
I repeated, "You agree?"  
  
She reluctantly nodded.  
  
"Are you okay with that?" I asked.  
  
Jonesy sucked in deep as Erika's mouth did a sweet job on her clitoris.  
  
"I'm okay," she confirmed.  
  
"Good," I whispered.  
  
"Okay," she said again.  
  
Her legs gave way and she slid down the door frame to the floor, breaking the connection to Erika's face. Erika stayed on her knees with her lips and chin covered in wetness. She crawled over to me and replaced the pussy in her mouth with cock.  
  
"I'm hungry," said Jonesy, laying there in the doorway.  
  
Erika got off her knees and took her naked body out and down the hall. We could hear her talking on the phone in the distance. I sat down in the doorway opposite to Jonesy. Her hair was gorgeously ruffled and her nipples pointed at me from the center of her young and bruised tits, hanging there in the daylight. She crossed her legs, opening her cunt toward me, smiling when she caught me looking at it. It was bright red from usage.  
  
"Been a break-out couple of days for you, huh?"  
  
Jonesy nodded.  
  
"Are you okay?" I asked.  
  
"I'm okay," she said genuinely.  
  
"You never thought you'd become a lesbian, yeah?"  
  
She shook her head, smiling. On cue Erika came back into the room, pushing Jonesy forward and sitting in behind her, pulling her body back into hers. One hand held Jonesy's tit, the other cupped her mound. Jonesy lay her head back on Erika's shoulder and closed her eyes. The three of us sat there in silence for some time, listening to the garden and the street.  
  
"We lost our peeping Tom, huh?" I said eventually. The old man had moved on. Erika nodded, then we were quiet again.  
  
By and by the buzz of a scooter became louder and turned down our street, pulling up in a spot across the road from where we sat.  
  
"That will be breakfast," said Erika casually. "Jonesy, you wanna go give the guy a thrill?"  
  
"Stay there," I suggested, "he can come along the veranda."  
  
When the front door knocked I poked my head out the door and yelled, "Oi, over here."  
  
There is a bit of a lattice trestle with a wispy vine to walk around but it's simple to step onto the veranda and come up to my bedroom door. When the lad came around I could tell he was hesitant. All he really noticed at first was me sitting there naked. In these days of anti-homophobia it would have been rude for him to turn back, but he was clearly feeling awkward. That changed when he took a double-take on the double set of legs sitting in the doorway across from me.  
  
"Wow," was all he could say.  
  
"How you doing?" I asked.  
  
"Good," he said nervously, trying to open his carry crate to get our stuff out. He set it down and got on his knees to unzip it. Inside was a weird-looking flask. He pulled out three disposable coffee mugs and put them on the ground near the door. He poured into them, shaking the whole time. I don't drink coffee but it was easier just to let him do it. He put little disposable milks and sugars in a paper basket. He then pulled out a number of bags that from the grease on them looked like they held warm pastries.  
  
"Ah, 22-fifty," he said, trying not to look at the girl-girl clinch right in front of him.  
  
"Jonesy," I said, startling her. "Reckon it's about your turn to pay for something."  
  
"Ah, ah, okay." She looked around the room. "Where's my yellow bag?"  
  
I looked out at the car. "Actually, I reckon it's still in the back of the car isn't it?"  
  
Jonesy nodded. Maybe.  
  
"Keys are on the bench," I told her. She seemed a little awkward about being naked with this guy so close, but picked herself up and walked across the room. That guy's eyes followed her the whole way. He was clearly more attracted to Jonesy that the tattooed, shaven Erika. I thought I glimpsed a slight tinge of envy.  
  
"What do I do?" Jonesy asked when she had the keys.  
  
"Bring them over." Jonesy stood full frontal to us boys as I took the keys and pressed the unlock. "Just push the little button under the lid, it'll open now."  
  
Jonesy looked at me and I knew the question she wanted to ask. And she knew my answer. She took a deep breath and walked out the front door, along the veranda, around onto the short path then tiptoed her way along the pebbled footpath. Our delivery boy didn't take his eyes from her, but then I mostly didn't either. As I'm sure I've said already, her nude body was so fresh, she was such a rookie at all of this that it was impossible not to be enchanted by her nakedness. When she brought the bag back she squatted on the veranda to open it.  
  
"Shit."  
  
"What?"  
  
"It's gone." Jonesy had the dirtiest of looks on her face.  
  
I took the bag from her and looked inside. I didn't know what was meant to be in there, but nothing looked like a purse or wallet. I guess we should have checked that earlier, but she was in such a rush to get away from the guys in the shack. In hindsight it was a bit silly to think you could leave a bag out on a beach overnight and no one would rifle through it.  
  
"Mate, what's your name?" I asked our young friend.  
  
"Ah, Michael, Mike," he stammered.  
  
"How old are you Mike?"  
  
"Old enough!" he said defensively, not knowing if I was insulting him or not.  
  
"Old enough for what? Old enough to buy cigarettes?"  
  
"Yeah, but I don't smoke, I don't have any to give you..." he replied, a little confused.  
  
"Ok, you're old enough then to understand the concept of barter."  
  
"What?" the lad said.  
  
"Barter," I repeated. "Do you know what barter is?"  
  
He looked at me and then at Jonesy as if the dots were connecting. "I know barter."  
  
"Okay. Good. Now, since we don't have 22-fifty in cash, do you see anything that you would like in it's place?"  
  
Mike just gulped, too scared to answer. Jonesy was looking dejected, she knew where I was going with this.  
  
"22-fifty. What do you reckon you can get for that, huh?"  
  
Neither that guy nor Jonesy responded.  
  
"Erika, in your capacity as woman of the world, what do you think would be a fair exchange for 22-fifty?"  
  
"Well," she started, "ordinarily I'd say a quick hand-job, but given the inexperience of the service provider, assuming you're talking about her not me, then maybe 15 minutes of full service."  
  
That guy was squatting from leg to leg now, clearly stressed, clearly excited.  
  
"Mike!" I brought his attention to me. "Your choice. I can go and get my own money and pay you 22-fifty cash then I will have 15 minutes of amateurish sex with this young woman and you can be on your way with your money as planned - or - you can forgo your money, get back to your job 15 minutes late and dip your cock into that naked woman right there. What do you want to do?"  
  
Mike, he looked like he was going to have a heart attack. He hesitated. Just as I thought he was about to reach out and take Jonesy by the hand, instead he picked up his bag, his helmet and ran out of the front garden. He tore off down the street.  
  
"Jesus. What the fuck's he doing?"  
  
I ran through the garden to the piping fence. I yelled down the street as he sprinted with his bag toward the corner.  
  
"Mike! Mike! Your money! Your bike! What about your bloody bike??!!"  
  
He didn't drop a beat as he disappeared around the corner, never to be seen again. I ran back underneath the veranda before the neighbors got upset with me being out there naked.  
  
"Did you fucking-well see that?" I stood and said to the others. I think we all wanted to laugh, but weren't quite sure if we were going to be in trouble or not. Mike's bike sat there across the road. "What did he take the fucking bag for and leave the fucking bike?"  
  
Erika, started to chuckle. Jonesy didn't know what to think, she was still shaken by his reaction to the offer of sex with her.  
  
"Christ," said Erika, "what a fucking loser!"  
  
I was thinking about what to do.  
  
"Perhaps you better ring the cafe, tell them their driver ran off without the money or his bike," I couldn't help but start laughing. What a ridiculous story to tell them. "Better tell them we were teasing him a bit. But tell them we fully intended to pay and the bike is out here on the road. Finding the keys may be a problem, though... Fucking hell. I didn't expect that."  
  
All three of us burst out laughing. It took some time for us to be able to talk without giggling. Erika and I both teased Jonesy about how terrible the thought of fucking her seems to be. Jonesy took it well, but wasn't able to come back with any witty replies, she stayed silent.  
  
Erika pulled one of the floor rugs over to the door and set out the food like a picnic.  
  
"Erika?"  
  
"What?"  
  
"You gonna call the cafe?" I asked her again.  
  
"Fuck them. They've got more explaining to do than we do. What kind of nut-cases they hire over there, shit-scared of a naked woman."  
  
There was no telling her different so we sat and ate. We all three had a shower after, something that would have been much sexier if the shower was a tad bigger than it was. Two people was about its limit, with three in there cold wall tiles on your ass and back isn't good. We dried each other rather than ourselves and went back to my room for a final session before I had to leave. I stopped in to see both boys fast asleep and snoring, there was no worrying about them for some time yet.  
  
"Hey! The bike's gone," Jonesy yelled down the hall. I went up to check it out. Sure enough it wasn't there.  
  
"Hmph. Our boy Mike must have snuck back when we were in the shower." I had a quick worried glance around the room. Given he would be going back to the cafe without the cash for the breakfast, had he ducked in to collect any goods to take with him? Nothing seemed to be gone, and he didn't look the type to have the guts to sneak in and steal something anyway.  
  
"Will be interesting to see how he explains not having the 22-fifty."  
  
Erika and Jonesy had lost interest in Mike. Jonesy had been thrown back onto the bed and Erika had her face buried between her thighs. This time I stepped up from behind and dropped my load in Erika's cunt for a change. Jonesy was nice enough to suck the cunt juice and semen off me after.  
  
"Good job," said Erika, getting a small smile from Jonesy. "If you're going to do this properly you need to love the taste of sex, all of the flavors, girls and boys, other people's and your own."  
  
Jonesy nodded acceptance.  
  
Looking down at young Jonesy holding my balls with a smile on her face I had to remember that she thought of Erika as just a normal woman, a new older friend giving advice on how normal woman really act when they are grown up. Hopefully by the time she found out she was getting advice from one of the wildest prostitutes in town that most of the behaviors would have become a habit anyway.  
  
"Ok, girls, I'm going to leave you to it," I said after I was done and dressed. Erika was fingering Jonesy, who had her head back groaning.  
  
"Go. Don't need you," said Erika without looking at me. She was watching the reaction of her new plaything as an extra finger went in. Erika was gelling up her own arm so it was time for me to go. I didn't want to be around if Erika broke her, or got her arm stuck up there. Let Erika explain to the ambulance guys herself.  
  
"I'll call you when I know what time I'm going to be done. Jonesy?"  
  
She looked and nodded at me, with a smile. Erika would be there.  
  
I left them. I'd had enough for a while anyway. It was nice to be walking out into the sun with clothes on, alone, car keys in hand. I had the windows down and sunroof open and took the long way to the liquor store to get some warm breeze through me. I liked the world on days like this. I liked the thought of two gorgeous chics back home in my bed having sex with each other. If only one of them wasn't my flatmates girlfriend...and a prostitute. Erika was costing me a lot of money lately.  
  
The guys at work were surprisingly non-interested in finding out more about Jonesy given they had seen her naked the day before. Perhaps they didn't want to show envy, perhaps they'd genuinely lost interest, either way I didn't bring it up either and the day ended up relatively normal. The only oddness I felt all day was thinking how weird it was that all the young women that drove in were wearing clothes. Surely they would be more comfortable living their life with their pants off, like my two women at home. Around 4 I called Erika to check out what they were up to, no answer. Same at 6. When I was the first one off early at 8:30, still no answer.  
  
What had they been up to all day that Erika wanted to ignore me?