**Cheryl – A True Exhibitionist**
I met Cheryl three years ago, when she was 22. She was easily the most exciting woman I had ever met. Beautiful, great figure, and highly intelligent all in one dark blonde, five foot seven inch, 35C – 22 – 34 package. If she ever wore any underwear it was only so that she could look pretty in it before taking it off, usually in dressing rooms with curtains that didn’t completely close. She seemed to be a born exhibitionist, not caring at all that her short skirts frequently were blown up by the wind revealing either the finest ass I have ever seen or her neatly trimmed dark blonde haired pussy, or both. Sometimes when I would be walking with her on a windy day her skirt would blow all the way up above her waist, revealing all of her charms to me and to whomever was within viewing distance. I was thrilled, of course. Like a lot of men, maybe most men, I became very sexually excited whenever Cheryl would reveal herself to others. I seemed to be excited all the time in her company as she was constantly exposing herself to others. After we had been lovers for several months I asked her about it. What follows is what she told me over several days. I frequently had to stop her because she had made me so excited that I had to make love with her.

I get very excited whenever I am accidentally or purposely exposed to men or women. I think I discovered flashing, and how much I enjoyed doing it, when I was in junior high school near the end of the school year. I used to sit in the library during study hall and Henry would sometimes sit across from me at the same table I did. There were about twenty tables, each only large enough for four people to sit, two on one side of the table and two on the other. I really didn’t know Henry at all except to see at study hall. He never seemed to notice me and I don’t know that I would have cared if he did. This was soon to change.

One day at school I was wearing a light blue dress with a square cut neckline with white silk embroidery. It wasn't low cut at all, so I was sure that it was a very decent dress, the kind my mom and dad thoroughly approved of. I had a lot of Latin homework that day and spent more than two hours getting it all done. When I finished the Latin homework and had done some studying for algebra and history, I stood up to get ready to go home. Then I bent over the table to pick up my books. I hadn’t realized it but the neckline of my dress must have fallen away from my body and some of my breasts were exposed. I happened to glance over at Henry and saw that his eyes were looking down my dress and were wide open. I looked down my front and saw that, actually, quite a lot of my breasts were exposed. I had an old bra on that wasn't quite big enough for the amount my breasts had grown since I had gotten it. It covered my nipples and a bit more, but not a lot more. The rest of my breasts were spilling out and it looked as if my nipples might pop out at any time. I glanced back over at Henry. Just then Henry's eyes looked up and saw mine looking at him. He turned bright, bright red.

At first I was angry at him for looking down the front of my dress. Then I realized it had made me feel very excited knowing that he had been able to see my breasts. And that he wanted to do so. In fact, I was quite wet on my walk home after leaving the library while thinking about Henry staring at my breasts. After that I tried to wear dresses with scoop necks as often as I could. While in them, I would sometimes be "careless" about bending over. Not just in the library across from Henry, but in some of my regular classes as well. I always made it seem like I didn't know that any part of my breasts were showing, but of course I was fully aware of what I was doing, and I was very aroused by doing it.

Then one day in the library Henry dropped his pencil and bent under the desk
to retrieve it. I had never paid much attention to how my legs were positioned when they were under a table. I realized while Henry’s head was under the table that my legs were wide open. Henry must have gotten a pretty good glimpse of my panties. That excited me even more and opened up new possibilities for me. After that, Henry starting dropping his pencil quite a lot, and I made sure to spread my legs as soon as he did so, knowing that he would be ducking his head under the table in just a moment in order to look between my legs.

Next I bought a pair of see through panties at the mall. I didn't let my mother see them because she always bought me white cotton panties, which she thought were what “nice” girls should wear. I couldn't wait to get to the library for study hall the first day that I wore my new panties. I was hoping as hard as I could that Henry would be there. I was elated to see when I got inside that he was there, in his regular seat across from where I normally sat. And that my normal chair was vacant. My heart was really pounding. I had worn a frilly white skirt which was a even shorter than the short skirts I usually wore. I wanted to be sure he would get a really good look. Before too long he dropped his pencil and as he began to bend down under the table to pick it up, I opened my legs really wide. I could actually hear him gasp as he saw for the first time the dark blonde hair covering my pussy. The panties were so clear it was almost like not having any on. I was more than excited; I was thrilled.

So was Henry. I knew he was, and so did everybody else, because just then the fire alarm bell went off and we all had to get up and leave the library to go outside. Henry tried to put his books in front of him but before he could do so I saw, and the other girls at the tables around me saw, that his erect penis was sticking straight out in front of his baggy pants. We all started giggling and then filed out.

A few weeks later, after school had let out for the summer vacation, I met my first boyfriend, Jimmy. I was maybe fourteen or just fifteen. We had met at school
at some party where my mom was a chaperone. Before I quite knew it my mom invited him over to visit us (I think because she found out he got really good grades in school and would be both safe and a “good influence” on me – I got good grades too but she wanted to be sure I would keep doing so). He came over one evening and we talked with my folks for quite a while. Then we decided we wanted to go swimming at the pool at the condo where my parents lived. He didn’t have a suit and we weren’t into skinny dipping together. I borrowed one of my dad’s old suits for him. He said it looked like it would be pretty big on him but since it was that or no swimming (and I think he was pretty anxious to see what I looked like in my bathing suit) he said he would wear it.

We walked up to the pool and let ourselves in (you aren’t supposed to swim after 8pm but if you’re quiet nobody seems to notice). We changed in the changing
rooms and came back out. I could tell at a glance that my Father’s trunks were quite a bit too big, but I also thought it might be interesting for me. I was very
curious about boys. And especially about what their penises looked like. I was hoping that my Dad’s loose suit, which, I’m not sure why, didn’t have any lining,
might allow me to look up it and see Jimmy’s penis.

I wore a very conservative one piece suit. Well, not totally conservative. It showed quite a lot of my breasts and the material was pretty thin (it was a European suit, which has much thinner material than most American suits, and dries a lot more quickly, which is why I liked them—also because you could see my nipples more easily in them). My mom is very conservative but she didn’t realize how thin the material was in the suit, so she was willing to buy it for me because she liked the colors, and because she didn’t realize how much of my breasts would show when I wore it. Anyway, Jimmy seemed to like what he saw when I came out of the dressing room and I thought he looked very cute in my dad’s trunks. I looked below his waist and was very pleased to see a very noticeable bulge there. After looking at each other for a few minutes we went into the pool. As soon as he started to swim I ducked under the water and looked. It was everything I hoped it would be. I could see right up the suit and see his balls and his penis—the first one I had ever seen other than my Father when I was very little and my mom and dad used to walk around nude all the time.

I was very excited. I really wanted to touch his cock, it looked so beautiful to me. So I started to tickle him, knowing that he would tickle me back. He did, then he did better. He began holding onto my shoulders and pushing me under the water. As he did so, his hands would (accidentally) slip off my shoulders and move a little way down my chest. Each time he pushed me under the water his hands would slide further down, eventually sliding slightly under my swimsuit onto my breasts. And each time he did this I would let myself be pushed down and then would flail around under the water looking up his suit at his balls and his cock, which was bigger now than when we first got into the pool. I would grab his legs to pull myself back up out of the water but was too afraid to slide my hand right up under my dad’s very loose swimsuit.

We kept this up for quite a while, with his hands sliding further and further into my suit and further and further down my breasts. With each time I thought he was going to (finally) caress my nipples and each time he somehow stopped short of doing so. In the meantime each time I went under the water my hands would slide further and further up his legs. And now his cock was pushing my dad’s suit straight out in front and from under the water I could see most of it. What a
beautiful sight it was for me! I just loved it.

After teasing me like this for what seemed forever he pushed me down into the water once again and this time his hands slid all the way down and found my nipples. I immediately grabbed his arms—I’m sure he thought it was to keep
him from reaching my nipples but it was actually to keep him from letting go of them. His fingers felt so good on my nipples I almost had an orgasm right there
in the water. Finally I let go of his hands and reached for his legs. This time I was bolder and reached all the way up his suit and found his balls and then his cock, which was so firm I could barely believe it. I had never seen my Dad aroused and had no idea a cock could get that hard. I was very glad to find out it could. I moved my hand up and down just a couple of times and then I felt him go tense and then he came, right there in the pool in my Dad’s suit. So it was not only my first time to see a cock, but also to hold one and to play with one and to watch it
spurt, all in one night.

He was so embarrassed, but I tried to tell him it was okay. Then we got out of the pool and went to the shower rooms where he washed my Dad’s suit (a lot)
before coming back out. I took his hand right away so he would know it was okay and we walked back down to my parent’s place. And started going together after
that.

Late in the next school year on a Friday I went over to my friend Susan’s house to study after school. We were having a big history exam the following week and really needed to study hard for it. Susan and I wanted to be able to go to a good university and we knew we needed to have really good grades to get accepted to any of the good ones. We spent several hours in Susan’s bedroom quizzing each other on dates and battles and kings and that sort of thing before her mother came in to ask if we had looked outside lately. We hadn’t. When we did, we saw that a huge amount of snow had fallen without us even noticing. It was already early April so this was a really freak snow storm.

Susan’s mom said that it would be too dangerous for me to try to go home before the roads got plowed. She said that she would call my mom and see if it would be okay for me to spend the night with them. I protested that I didn’t want to be a bother and that I didn’t have any pajamas. Susan’s mom said I wouldn’t be a bother and that I could borrow one of her nightgowns (Susan was a lot smaller than I was, especially in the breasts, while her mom was rather larger than I was). She said that as Susan’s dad traveled a lot he had several of those goodie bags that airlines give out containing tooth brushes and tooth paste and stuff like that. My mom thanked Susan’s mom and told her that of course it would be all right for me to spend the night with them.

Susan and I studied for another hour and then her mom called us in to dinner. After eating with her mom and dad (who was in his early forties, was very good looking and was in excellent shape from all the workouts he did with the equipment in their rec room and also a very interesting conversationalist) and some more studying, we got ready for bed. Susan kept her panties on under her nightgown but I have never liked to sleep in my panties so I was naked under her mom’s rather large cotton flannel nightgown. It had thin straps holding up a shapeless sort of gown. It was a bit low cut, but definitely not enough so to be considered sexy by anybody but a flannel freak.

Susan and I walked out to the living room to say good night to her parents. Her mom kissed me on the cheek and I walked over to her dad to kiss him on the cheek. He was sitting down in his easy chair so I had to bend over to reach his cheek. As I did so, the left strap of the too large nightgown slipped off my shoulder and my entire left breast became bare. Susan’s dad looked directly at my nipple, which was rapidly becoming erect and his eyes widened. I quickly pulled the gown back up and gave him a little kiss on the cheek. He seemed to be looking at me differently from the way he had always looked at me before. No one except him had seen my nightgown slip off my breast.

I was so excited at the thought that Susan’s dad had seen my breast, and had appeared excited at the sight of it, that I could barely sleep. Susan had twin beds separated by a night stand so I very quietly played with my pussy and my nipples for quite a while before falling asleep.

In the morning, Susan and I went out to breakfast still wearing our nightgowns. I saw Susan’s dad looking at me speculatively. I thought he might be wondering whether the nightgown would slip down off my shoulder again. I didn’t want to disappoint him, though I knew I would have to be careful so that neither Susan nor her mom would see. When both of them had gone into the kitchen to get the breakfast dishes and bring them into the dining room, I managed to drop one of my hair ribbons onto the floor and, in order to get Susan’s dad’s attention, I said, “Oh darn, I dropped it.”

I bent down to pick it up, with my back to the kitchen and my front facing Susan’s dad. As I had hoped, and with only a little help from me squeezing in my shoulders as I had practiced in the bathroom that morning, the night gown slipped off again. Only this time both my breasts were bared. And Susan’s dad stared directly at my breasts. I waited a few seconds and then, as if I had only just noticed that my breasts were exposed, I said, “Oh, I’m so sorry,” and pulled the gown back up. Susan’s dad said that that was okay, that the nightgown seemed a bit large for me. He didn’t mention having looked at my breasts. I was so excited that I had been able to turn on a good looking older man that I could barely get any oatmeal down.

Having discovered how exciting flashing could be for me, as well as for the man who saw me, it quickly became second nature for me to flash whenever I got the opportunity. I began practicing on the buses in town. The first two seats on the municipal buses faced towards the rear of the bus. The rest of the seats faced toward the front. Most people don’t like to ride backwards so the first two seats were always the last ones taken. I started sitting in those seats whenever possible. If a man was sitting across from me, or across the aisle from me, I would take out a book to read and then, as if unconsciously, let my legs gradually spread a little bit apart. My legs aren’t skinny, but they definitely aren’t thick, so with my knees spread even a little bit apart, and with the right sort of skirt on, anyone sitting across from me could see all the way up to my panties. I found that I really enjoyed seeing men’s eyes riveted between my legs. It was very exciting and gave me a sense of power at the same time.

A few weeks after I had stayed over at Susan’s because of the snow I visited Susan again. This time we had arranged with our parents for me to stay overnight at Susan’s so I brought things to change into for sleeping and for the next day. Susan’s dad seemed very pleased to see me. Her mom, too, but her dad in a different way. I hoped he wouldn’t be disappointed.

After dinner and studying Susan and I changed into our bed clothes. Susan wore the same nightgown she had worn previously and again wore her panties under her nightgown. Her panties were the same white cottons my mom always bought for me. I wore a very short white night gown of a diaphanous material. You couldn’t quite see through it but you almost could. When I looked in the mirror I could see a slight darkness where my nipples were and a definite darkness where the hair covering my pussy was. I tried to strain my neck backwards to see if I could see the crack of my ass but I only ended up hurting my neck and I didn’t want to ask Susan to check.

In any case, I knew that with sunlight behind me you definitely could see through the nightgown in some detail. It had a fairly low vee neckline which showed a lot of the swell of my breasts. I had practiced bending over in front of the mirror at home and I knew that from the right angle you could see all of my breasts and my nipples and even the dark triangle of hair covering my pussy. (I hadn’t started shaving or even trimming there yet). I had been a little worried that Susan might think my nightgown was too sexy but since she couldn’t think of her parents looking at her in a manner that would acknowledge that she was becoming a woman, neither could she imagine them looking at me like that.

Susan and I went out to kiss her parents good night. I was pleased to see that her mom was still sitting on one of their two couches in the living room while her dad was sitting on the other one which was parallel to the first with a low glass top coffee table in between. As we walked in I saw her dad quickly glance up at me. I could tell that he had been interested to see what kind of nightgown I would be wearing. I was thrilled that he cared. His eyes seemed to narrow a bit as he was trying to make out whether he could actually see through the material of my gown or not. And whether I was wearing any underwear beneath it. I hoped he would keep looking at me.

Susan kissed her mom first and then began to walk over to kiss her dad, who still had his eyes on me. I turned my back to Susan’s dad and bent over from the waist to give her mom a kiss. As I did so, and as had happened when I had practiced before the mirror in the bathroom for the week before going to Susan’s, I could feel the hem of my nightgown pulling up over the cheeks of my bottom, leaving most of my bottom, and my pussy, exposed to his view. As Susan was walking away from me and looking at her dad, I knew that she wouldn’t be able to see how much of me her dad was able to see. Even so, I didn’t dare stay in this position for too long in case Susan did glance back at her mom and me.

When I stood up and turned toward Susan’s dad, I could tell that he had definitely been looking at me. I glanced down toward his lap to see if what had happened to Henry had happened to him as well. It wasn’t sticking straight out in front of him as Henry’s had been, but I could tell for sure that he had an erection. And I was so happy that I was the cause of it.

But I had a problem. I wanted Susan’s dad to be able to look down the front of my nightgown and see my naked breasts and my nipples and my pussy when I bent over to give him a kiss. But I certainly didn’t want Susan’s mom to see my naked ass. So on my way between the two couches I turned to Susan’s mom and asked, “Could Susan and I please have some warm milk before we go to sleep?”

Susan’s mom said that of course we could and, as I had hoped, she stood up immediately to go into the kitchen. Even better, Susan said that she would help and she went into the kitchen as well. As I bent over in front of Susan’s dad I put my hand on my shoulder strap, which I knew would cause him to look in that direction, and said in a low tone of voice, “I hope I don’t fall out of this nightgown, too, Mr. Jameson, I wouldn’t want to embarrass you again.”

He laughed while looking down the front of my nightgown where I wanted him to and said, “I wasn’t embarrassed, Cheryl, you have become a very pretty young lady.”

“Do you really mean it?” I asked.

He assured me that it was true and then said how much nicer he thought this gown looked on me than his wife’s had looked. I thanked him, gave him a peck on the cheek and finally stood up just before Susan and Mrs. Jameson came in with the warm milk. I despise warm milk and would never drink it at home but it had been the only thing I could think of that would get Mrs. Jameson out of the way for a moment. Susan and I took the milk into the bedroom. I forced myself to drink it and then went to bed, where I played with myself for a very long time, especially after I could tell from Susan’s regular breathing that she had fallen fast asleep. Finally, very contentedly, I fell asleep too with my right hand still between my legs and my fingers in my warm wetness.

The next morning, as usual, I woke up early. Susan was still fast asleep but I could hear someone out in the kitchen moving around. Then I remembered that Mr. Jameson had said that he had an early tennis game. It was difficult to believe that it had snowed only a few weeks previously and now it was already warm enough to play tennis outdoors. I quickly hopped into the bathroom, peed, washed my hands, brushed my teeth and ran a brush though my short dark blond hair. I massaged my nipples briefly and was very pleased to see that their stiffness was quite visible through the light material of my nightgown. As always, I didn’t have any panties on under the nightgown. I went out into the kitchen, closing the bedroom door quietly so as not to awaken Susan, while hoping the door wouldn’t squeak as it usually did,. To my great delight it was Mr. Jameson in the kitchen and not Susan’s mom up early to fix breakfast for her husband.

And to my even greater delight, it was a very sunny day. The Jameson’s had a large picture window in the kitchen which gave them a lovely view of their garden. It also allowed the sun to stream in. I said a cheery good morning to Mr. Jameson who smiled happily as if he was genuinely glad to see me. He was already dressed in his tennis shorts and had his tennis cover-ups in his arm. I quickly walked around so that the morning sun was behind me shining through my nightgown. I followed Mr. Jameson’s eyes as they moved down to the area between my legs, which I had conveniently set fairly wide apart. His eyes widened as he could now see my pubic hair almost as if I didn’t have a nightgown on. I stayed in that position for a couple of minutes while we were talking about his tennis match and then turned sideways. As we had talked, my nipples had hardened even more and now they were very noticeably erect, and completely open to his eyes because of the sun shining through the material. My pubic hair, which I had fluffed up in the bathroom before coming out, was also visible from this new view. Mr. Jameson seemed to stammer just a bit as we talked.

This was very exciting to me but I wanted Mr. Jameson to see more of me and I had the feeling that he did as well. Then I remembered from when I had visited them in the snow storm that Mrs. Jameson kept the orange juice on the bottom shelf in the refrigerator. I quickly moved to open the refrigerator door while still talking to Mr. Jameson and then, standing with my legs as straight as possible, bent over totally from my waist to search for the orange juice.

This time I could feel the hem of my nightgown slide all the way up my bottom so that it was completely bare. I moved my legs a little further apart as if to provide a better balance for my search and managed to push my ass a little backward and upward to ensure that my pussy was totally in view. I could feel it getting wet but somehow I didn’t think that Mr. Jameson would mind. I pretended that I couldn’t find the orange juice and after searching for several minutes while carrying on a running, if somewhat disjointed, conversation, asked Mr. Jameson if he could help me look for it.

They had a Cold Storage refrigerator which was very large so there was plenty of room for both of us to rummage through the refrigerator. Mr. Jameson came up behind me but although there was room for him to be beside me he remained with half of his body behind my right side. A delicious shiver went down me as I could feel his bare left leg lightly and then more firmly pressing against the back of my bare right leg. We stayed in this position for several long thrilling seconds. Then Mr. Jameson reached across me and said, “Maybe it is over to your left, Cheryl.”

And with that his left leg, as if by accident, slid to my left and nestled itself firmly against my naked pussy and ass.

I gasped, but immediately pushed back against him. Mr. Jameson understood this to be the invitation that it was. He put his hands around my waist and pulled me even more firmly back against his leg. Then he moved to his left and I could feel his erection, through his tennis shorts which I wished so much he hadn’t had on, pushing against my pussy. He dipped and then raised his knees repeatedly as he slid his erect cock back and forth up my pussy to my ass and back. I was in heaven. Heaven became even better in just another minute or two when Mr. Jameson, with his cock still firmly pressed against my pussy, bent further over me and moved his hands to cup my breasts through my nightgown. His fingers quickly found my stiff nipples and caressed them. In another minute, the nightgown wasn’t covering them any longer. Mr. Jameson pulled my straps down and bared my breasts, as I hadn’t even dared hope he might do. I couldn’t believe how wonderful it was to feel his firm but gentle fingers caressing my nipples. I moved my bottom from side to side against his erection, enjoying the different feelings of having it pressed more against my right cheek or my left cheek or squarely in the middle.

My breaths were coming in shorter and shorter gasps as the sensations shooting from my nipples to my pussy continued to intensify. Just when I thought I was about to burst with pleasure we heard the squeak of Susan’s bedroom door. Mr. Jameson quickly jumped back. I stood up with the orange juice in one hand while I pulled up my nightgown and adjusted the straps with the other. I put the orange juice down on the table and moved so that I would be away from the window and its stream of light. Susan came on into the kitchen and said good morning to both of us. Then she glanced down at her dad’s front and said, “Oh, daddy, you’ve spilled some tea or coffee on your tennis shorts.”

I looked where Susan’s eyes were looking and saw that there was indeed a wet spot where the head of his then erect penis had been a couple of minutes ago. He still had an erection but it was rapidly subsiding, something Susan didn’t seem to have noticed. “Oh, you’re right,” he said. “How clumsy of me. I had better go change quickly or I will be late.”

Susan and I had orange juice, cereal and tea and then went back to her bedroom to change for the day. If she noticed the aroma of my arousal she didn’t mention it. I hoped there would be another occasion to come visit her soon. An opportunity arose about a month later, but not exactly to visit Susan. It was our spring vacation. Susan and her mom were taking a trip to visit some of the colleges that Susan thought she might be interested in. It was still several years before we would be going to university but Susan was anxious to see which ones she might like most. Since we were both interested in the same schools she asked if I would like to come along but I had already signed up for the girls’ track team and there were going to be practices throughout the vacation. Susan said how sorry she was that I couldn’t go with her, and I was too, but Susan promised she would tell me about each of the schools in great detail.

On the evening of the second day of the vacation I called Susan’s house and introduced myself on the phone when Susan’s dad answered. “I’m sorry, Cheryl, Susan and her mom have gone on a trip. Didn’t she tell you?”

“Yes, she did, Mr. Jameson. I know this is presumptuous but I was wondering if I could come over and use some of the equipment in your gym. It obviously has worked wonders with you as you’re in really good shape and I want to get in as good shape as I can for the track season.”

“Why thank you, Cheryl, that’s a very nice thing to say. Of course you can come over any time I’m home. When would you like to come?”

“Would tomorrow be okay? Around seven?”

“Sure, I’ll look forward to seeing you then.”

“Oh, and Mr. Jameson, could you please show me how to work some of the equipment? I’m not sure I know how to use it all and I want to be certain to use it correctly.”

“Of course, I’ll be happy to.”

I was thrilled. In bed that night I came twice before I could fall asleep. Early the next evening I packed a gym bag with my purple thong leotard, blue shorts, sweat socks and my tennis shoes. My plan was to wear just the leotard but I brought the shorts in case Mr. Jameson would object when he saw my bare bottom in the leotard. I had already told my mom the day before that I was going to use Mr. Jameson’s exercise equipment and she had complimented me for wanting so much to get into shape as quickly as I could. Just before leaving home I put on my shortest skirt over my transparent panties that my mom still didn’t know I had, and a scoop neck blouse. For a bra I chose the one that Henry had first seen me in which I knew would show a lot of my breasts if I had an opportunity to bend over.

I rang the doorbell promptly at seven. Mr. Jameson must have been waiting at the door because it opened immediately. “Good evening, Mr. Jameson, thank you so much for letting me use your equipment.”

I didn’t know the term double-entendre at the time but Mr. Jameson obviously knew one when he heard one. He laughed and said, “You’re welcome. You can use my equipment any time you want to, Cheryl.”

“Is there some place I can change into my gym stuff?”

“Sure, there’s a bathroom just off the exercise room. You can change there.”

We went downstairs to the finished basement and into the exercise room. I was very impressed. All four walls were lined with mirrors which made a very large room seem enormous. Mr. Jameson had almost as much equipment as the fitness center I sometimes used. Not as many of each kind, of course, but as much variety. There was a Universal Fitness Station, an In Flight Multi Lat Arm Machine, a Maximus Abdominal/Back Machine, a Maximus Fitness Bench and Shoulder Press, a Precor Adductor, a Tunturi Rower, a Matrix Upright Bike, a Noramco Super Treadmill, several racks of free weights and a floor mat. Almost all of this equipment had model numbers but it was all I could do to memorize the brand names so I could tell my mom what kind of equipment there was. I don’t know how good the equipment was but it certainly looked expensive. Susan had told me that her dad spent a lot on his exercise equipment and I could believe her. It certainly looked like first rate stuff.

I told Mr. Jameson how impressed I was with his exercise room and then said that I doubted I would ever be able to learn how to use it all.

“Nonsense, Cheryl. You’re a very intelligent young lady. I’ll show you how to use each piece of equipment and stay here while you use it long enough to be sure you’ve got it down pat before we move on to the next piece of equipment. You don’t mind my remaining here to see how you’re progressing, do you?”

“No, not at all. I would really appreciate it so I can be sure to do the exercises the right way.”

“Why don’t you go on in there and get changed?”

I looked to where Mr. Jameson was pointing. There were two swinging doors like in an old time Western saloon. The top of the doors was at my shoulders and the bottom just above my knees. The doors weren’t solid but rather were stationary slats positioned at a very slight vertical angle. The slats didn’t overlap so there were spaces in between each slat. From where I was standing I could see right through them to the sink, the toilet and the shower stall. Mr. Jameson saw the look of slight consternation on my face.

“I hope that will be all right. You can use the bathroom upstairs if you would rather.”

I gulped slightly, “No, I’m sure this will be fine. See you in a couple of minutes.”

I walked through the swinging doors into the bathroom. I had never seen anyone put swinging doors on a bathroom before. I couldn’t imagine anyone actually, well, you know, going to the toilet in a major way in a bathroom with doors like these. Fortunately, I didn’t have to. I just needed to get changed. Well, I thought, this is what I wanted; it is just a little sooner than I thought would be the case. At least now I knew for sure I wouldn’t need to bother with the gym shorts. There was a mirror alongside the wall where the sink was. The toilet was at the far end of the room away from the swinging door and the shower on the opposite side of the white painted bathroom from the sink. I closed the lid of the toilet to make a surface on which to put my clothes. I turned toward the mirror behind the sink and pulled my blouse up and over my head. I thought I detected a slight intake of breath from out in the exercise room but I couldn’t be sure. I quickly unhooked my bra and took it off. I looked at myself in the mirror and saw my nipples beginning to become erect. They looked very pretty to me. They were light pink surrounded by slightly darker areolas. I didn’t know if my breasts had finished growing or not but I knew that I needed a 35C bra.

I finally realized that I was standing there mesmerized while admiring my breasts and if Mr. Jameson actually was watching he must be concluding that I was pretty strange. I quickly unbuttoned and unzipped my skirt and stepped out of it. I tried to think of a good reason to turn full frontal toward the swinging doors so that Mr. Jameson could see how totally transparent my panties were but I couldn’t think of a single one so I simply pulled them down and stepped out of them. Now I did turn toward the door. I stepped to it and opened it a bit, knowing that this would expose at least half of my body to Mr. Jameson.

“Oh Mr. Jameson. I’m sorry but I forgot to bring my gym bag in here with me. Could you bring it to me, please?”

“Of course. Oh, I see it. It’s over by the door. Just a minute.”

I watched as Mr. Jameson walked over to the door to retrieve my gym bag. I wished that I could say that I had been clever enough to deliberately forget to bring it into the bathroom with me but the truth is I was so excited at the thought of getting undressed where I knew he could watch that I simply forgot it. Mr. Jameson brought the bag over, looking at me, though not my eyes, the whole time.

“Here you are.”

“Thanks, I’ll only be another minute or two.”

“Take your time, it’s early and I don’t have anything planned for this evening.”

His eyes seemed to be boring a hole in my pussy, which was rapidly becoming moist. As I closed the swinging door another thought hit me. What if I made a big wet spot on my leotard? Oh, how embarrassing that would be. But on the other hand, would that actually upset Mr. Jameson? With that happy thought I opened the gym bag and began to put on my leotard. Then I thought better of that and took out my sweat socks and tennis shoes. I walked over to the toilet, moved my clothes slightly aside and sat down. Then I leisurely put on one sock and then the other. As I put on each sock I put my leg up over my knee. I knew that Mr. Jameson, if he was looking, could see right into my pussy, the lips of which had now parted, as they always did when I became sexually excited.

Once I had my socks on I stood back up and put my leotard on. I turned around so that my back was to the swinging doors and so that Mr. Jameson could see that it was a thong and that all of my bottom was bare as the thong strap was very thin and had disappeared into the crevice between my cheeks. I picked up my tennis shoes, then turned back around, sat down and put them on. Now I was ready.

I walked out through the swinging doors and into the exercise room. Mr. Jameson smiled broadly.

“That’s a very pretty leotard, Cheryl, it really becomes you.”

“Thanks Mr. Jameson. This is the first time I have worn it. I hope it will be okay.”

“Oh, I’m sure it will. Why don’t we start with the treadmill? I always do ten minutes or so on the treadmill and then another ten minutes on the stationary bike or the rower before using the other equipment.”

“Okay. I’ve used a lot of treadmills but never one quite like this. It looks really nice.”

I walked past Mr. Jameson to the treadmill. I heard him gasp, then try to cover it up with a cough. I guess he hadn’t been watching me put my leotard on and hadn’t realized that it was a thong and that my entire bottom would be essentially naked. I tingled with excitement. Mr. Jameson followed me over to the treadmill and explained the various settings to me. There were a lot of different programs that could be selected and he explained what each was. There was also a manual setting which left the speed to the walker’s control. I started out with that and gradually increased the speed until I was jogging and finally running as hard as I could. I didn’t do a full ten minutes because I wanted to have time to try all the other equipment, but I learned how to use the machine.

By the time I got off the treadmill I had worked up quite a sweat. The moisture was seeping through the leotard and turning it dark around my breasts and my waist. I hoped my deodorant would prove strong enough as I knew I would just die if I began reeking of body odor. We went over to the stationary bike, which I said I preferred to the rower. It was the most complicated one I had ever seen. It had a large screen which changed with the selections that you made. As Mr. Jameson began to explain all the alternatives to him he placed his hand on the small of my back. After he had finished I climbed onto the bike. As I did so, I felt his hand slip down from the small of my back to my bare bottom. It lingered there for just a minute or two before sliding off. Now my pussy began adding a lot of its own moisture to the sweat that was already seeping through my leotard.

I spent several minutes on the bike, during which I became significantly sweatier. Now the whole top of the leotard had turned dark with sweat. The wetness against my nipples in the air conditioned room had made them turn into little rocks. I have always been thrilled that when erect they become almost an inch long, but now I was embarrassed that they were sticking out so far and that Mr. Jameson was staring straight at them.

He guided me over to another machine, managing to stay behind me with his hand on my back just above my ass as we walked. I wasn’t sure exactly how to even get onto this machine so Mr. Jameson positioned me properly, in the process holding onto both cheeks of my ass. He was pretending that this was all in the nature of showing me how to use the machine and I was pretending that I wasn’t getting a wonderful sexual thrill from the feel of his hands on my bare skin.

After spending a few minutes familiarizing myself with machine we repeated the process with the one next to it. Mr. Jameson again needed to move my body into the right position. This time his hands lingered for quite a while on my ass. And even seemed to caress it just for a tiny bit. I enjoyed that a lot. And wanted more of it. I climbed off the machine and then climbed back on, but not the right way.

“Oh dear, I’m sure this isn’t right. I’m sorry Mr. Jameson. Could you show me the correct position again? I’ll really try to remember it this time.”

“Of course. Here, let me help you.”

I think he was getting the message I was trying to convey. This time he firmly grasped my buttocks and then slid his fingers into the crack between them. He massaged there for a couple of minutes before positioning me correctly. I was loving it. Then I had a small inspiration. I reached up and began rubbing my shoulder around the strap of my leotard.

“What’s the matter, Cheryl?”

“My leotard is chafing my skin. I’m not sure why but it is very uncomfortable,” I complained as I rubbed my shoulder more vigorously. After a couple of minutes of rubbing I turned my attention to the machine and concentrated on learning how to use it. When I got off that machine, though, I tugged at the crotch area of my leotard. Naturally Mr. Jameson’s eyes immediately went to that area.

“What is it?”

“I’m really sorry, Mr. Jameson. Now it is chafing down here, too. You can’t actually exercise when you are trying these things on in the store so there was no way to know it would hurt me so much.”

“Would you like to stop now? Even though you haven’t learned how to use the rest of the equipment?”

“No, I really want to learn. I need to get in shape as soon as I can and I know these machines will help me a lot.”

“Well, I hate for you to be in so much discomfort. Do you have anything else you could change into tonight?”

“No, I didn’t bring anything, darn it. But, well,…..”

“Yes, Cheryl?”

“Well, I know you have already as much as seen me naked when I was here the last time so there’s really need for false modesty. Would it embarrass you too much if I took my leotard off and exercised without it?”

“Why, uh, no, Cheryl. I’m pretty sure I could handle that. Are you sure you really want to?”

“Oh yes, Mr. Jameson, I really want to win the hurdles this year and I would like to be in good enough shape to win the first meet which is only a few weeks. It would be great if I could win big so that my opponents will be afraid of me for the rest of the season.”

“Well, it’s fine with me if you don’t have a problem with being naked in front of an old man.”

“You’re not an old man, Mr. Jameson. And you’re in really great shape.”

“Why thank you, Cheryl. On both counts.”

Without waiting for Mr. Jameson to change his mind I pulled the straps off my shoulders and down over my breasts. My nipples were still very erect and became even a little more so as Mr. Jameson stared at them. I massaged my shoulders and then my breasts and let my fingers play over my nipples.

“It feels so good to get that leotard off my shoulders, Mr. Jameson. I can’t tell you how much it was hurting.”

He seemed to try to say something but nothing came out. I then tugged the leotard down over my hips and felt the rush of cool air on my pussy as it emerged into view. I knew that Mr. Jameson’s eyes had moved down from my nipples to my pussy, which is where I wanted them to be. The leotard was quit wet so I actually had to struggle to get it down over my hips and onto the floor. I stepped out of it, bent over from my waist to pick it up with my ass sticking straight up at Mr. Jameson, and carried it into the bathroom where I hung it over the shower curtain. I walked back out and saw Mr. Jameson devouring my body with each step that I took. My pussy lips and my pubic hair were glistening with moisture, which I’m certain Mr. Jameson could see. I glanced down at his trousers. He must have repositioned his cock because I hadn’t been able to see if he had an erection before but now it was pointing up at his waist and was very prominent. I thought of how much I would like to see it outside of his trousers and became even moister.

Mr. Jameson brought me over to the next machine, the Precor Adductor, and then I realized that maybe I should have waited until after that machine to take my leotard off. It was a leg spreader where you put your knees outside of the pads and then close your legs against the resistance of the weights and then reopen them, slowly. And then repeat the process for twenty or thirty or more times. I knew that my pussy lips would spread wide open in the process of doing this. I was so embarrassed, but so excited. I willingly let Mr. Jameson help position me in the machine and even pretended that I was getting it wrong so that he had to lift my legs and put them in the right places on the pads. When he did so his hands slid down from my ankles over my calves, past my knees, and up my thighs, stopping just before he reached my very wet and very open pussy.

“Ouch, I think I got a cramp in my thigh.”

“Would you like for me to massage it?”

“Yes, would you please? Ooh, it really hurts.”

It didn’t of course, but I had really liked the feel of his hands near my pussy. He moved both hands to my upper thigh and began to massage. “Is this where the cramp is?”

“Almost. It’s actually a little higher up. Is that okay?”

“Oh sure, I know how difficult it can be to massage your own cramp. It works much better if someone else does it for you.”

“Thank you so much, Mr. Jameson, you’re a life saver.”

He moved his hands higher on my thigh. Both of his index fingers were pressing lightly against my pussy lips, and getting wet in the process.

“I’m so sorry, Mr. Jameson, I’m afraid I really perspire a lot when I exercise.”

“That’s okay, Cheryl, all good athletes do, males and females alike.”

I’m sure they do, but male perspiration doesn’t smell like vaginal excretions and neither does female perspiration but that was what was making his hands wet. He didn’t seem to mind at all and in fact began massaging more vigorously. His hands moved ever more firmly up against my pussy lips. Then his thumbs began to move up and down my slit with each upward thrust of his hands. My clit popped out and pretty soon his thumbs found that as well. My breathing was becoming heavier and heavier.

“Are you okay, Cheryl?”

“Oh yes, but please keep going, the pain is almost gone.”

Mr. Jameson did keep going and the heat in my vagina kept increasing. His hands and thumbs were getting soaked and I was totally losing control. After a few more minutes I arched my back and thrust my hips up into his hands and had a powerful orgasm, clenching my teeth to keep from crying out. It took a few minutes before I could breathe normally again.

“That felt really good, Mr. Jameson. Now the cramp is all gone.”

“I’m glad, Cheryl, should I kiss it and make it well.”

“Yes please, that always helped when I was little.”

Mr. Jameson bent down and kissed my upper thigh, then moved his head up and kissed my pussy. He slid his tongue up my slit until he found my clit. Then he did something wonderful with his tongue, moving it very fast all around my clit. I had never had a tongue on my clit before. The sensation was almost indescribable. It was the most wonderful thing I had ever felt. I thought I was going to have another orgasm at any moment. Then Mr. Jameson sucked my clit into his mouth and began sucking on it like a baby with a nipple. And that is when I came again. This time my clenched teeth did no good and I made an embarrassing amount of noise as I thrashed around with his lips firmly clenched to and sucking on my clit and my hands clutched to his head holding him tightly against my pussy. It took several minutes for my spasms to subside.

“I think the cramp is all gone now, Mr. Jameson. Thank you so much.”

His lips finally let go of my clit and he lifted his head. “Yes, you seem much better now. I’m glad that helped. Are you ready to try the exercises now?”

I nodded, put my legs in the proper position, which I could feel opened my pussy lips extremely wide and slowly pressed my knees together. Then I let the pressure of the machine slowly spread them again. I repeated this twenty times, with my pussy lips opening and closing each time. Mr. Jameson stood at my feet, gazing raptly at my pussy. Or really, inside my pussy as I’m sure he could see at least several inches into me. I had never seen myself that intimately and I was dying to know what I looked like there but I didn’t dare ask.

I glanced down again at his trousers. The head of his penis was clearly visible, as was his entire cock. It had grown so much that it was almost pushing out of the waist band of his trousers. If he hadn’t had a belt on I’m sure it would have been. I thought about how it would feel inside me and almost had another orgasm all on my own. I was wondering how I could get him to take off his trousers when the phone rang upstairs. At first he continued standing there staring at my open vagina but on the third ring he spoke.

“I had better go get that. It is probably my wife or Susan calling to let me know how they are.”

“Of course. You can say hello to Susan for me if you want.”

“I’m not sure that would be a really good idea, Cheryl. Perhaps we should just keep your workout between ourselves.”

“Okay, Mr. Jameson, whatever you say.”

He walked upstairs and I heard him answer the phone. He was right. It was his wife. I followed up the stairs, still naked, and walked over to where Mr. Jameson was sitting on the couch and talking on the phone.

I mouthed, “Can I get some water?”

He nodded and I walked into the kitchen and poured myself a glass of water, being careful not to make too much noise while doing so. Then I walked back and stood in front of Mr. Jameson, with my still very moist pussy about a foot from his eyes. I slowly drank the water while he talked to his wife on the phone. In a moment his spare hand reached out and caressed my thigh. I took it and moved it up to my pussy. He looked up at me quizzically.

“Please,” I whispered.

He complied and his fingers explored my vagina and my clit while he continued to talk on the phone. I looked down to stare at his hand as it buried itself into my vagina. Then I saw his watch and to my horror realized that it was past ten o’clock and I had told my mom I would be home by ten at the latest. I tapped his watch and whispered, “I have to go.”

I pulled myself off his hand, which made a little slurping sound as it came out of me – I hoped his wife couldn’t hear it. I whispered, “Tomorrow night?”

He nodded his head up and down. I turned and almost raced down to the basement. I quickly washed my pubic area and got dressed. Then, hearing Mr. Jameson still talking to his wife, I let myself out and ran all the way home. I apologized to my mom and told her that Mr. Jameson’s equipment was wonderful but more complicated than I had realized and I hadn’t even finished learning how to use all the machines. I told her that he had invited me back for the following evening and my mom said that that would be fine but to try a little harder to get home by ten as it was, after all, a school night. Then she suggested in her very nice way that I could do the family a favor by taking a shower. I laughed and told her that I had planned to take one at Susan’s house but when I realized how late it was I didn’t want to be even later so I threw my clothes on and hurried home.

I went upstairs, took a shower, said good night to everybody and went to bed. There I re-lived the memory of Mr. Jameson’s hands on my ass, and on my thighs and on and then in my pussy where my hand now was. And especially of his lips and his tongue on my aroused clit. And I also thought of the outline of his firm cock straining against his trousers trying to get free. It didn’t take long for me to bring myself to orgasm with visions of Mr. Jameson in my head. Then I fell into a deep, restful sleep thinking about the next night.

When I arrived at his home the next evening Mr. Jameson greeted me wearing a bath robe. I didn’t know what he might have on beneath it. I know what I hoped he had on.

“Good evening. Sorry I’m not dressed. I had to work a bit late at the office and when I got home I thought I really needed to get a shower. I’ll go get changed.”

“Do you think it would be okay if we got started first, Mr. Jameson? There are still several of the machines that I don’t know how to use. If possible, I would like to learn about them and then do some routines to be certain that I remember how to use the others before I run out of time like I did last night.”

“Oh. Well, sure I guess. Come then, let’s go straight down to the exercise room.”

I followed him down the stairs and into the room. I had brought my gym bag with me with a thin tee shirt that came down to just below my breasts (my mom had never seen this tee shirt and I didn’t plan to show it to her) and loose fitting shorts in it. My plan had been to dispense with my bra and panties and exercise in just the tee shirt and shorts, which I knew would expose a lot of me if Mr. Jameson cared to look. And of course I hoped that he would.

“Uh, Cheryl.”

“Yes?”

“You uh, you don’t really have to put on anything you know. Unless you really want to, of course,” he hastened to add.

“Really? It was so much fun exercising in the nude last night. Nothing chafing at my skin. If you really wouldn’t mind I’ll do it again tonight.”

“Not at all, be my guest.”

I didn’t bother to go into the bathroom. I quickly took off my blouse and then my skirt, putting them neatly on a chair. I was wearing a very pretty lime green matching bra and panty set that a somewhat lascivious uncle had given me for Christmas. My mom hadn’t been pleased but she hadn’t said that I couldn’t wear them.

“You look really pretty, Cheryl.”

“Why thank you, Mr. Jameson. I hoped you would like this outfit.”

“I do, but I liked the outfit you exercised in last night even better.”

“Then I’ll hurry and get changed into that outfit.”

I reached my hands behind me and unhooked my bra. I lifted it over my breasts and over my head. I put it on top of my skirt and turned my attention to my panties. I slipped them down as gracefully as I could and stepped out of them making sure that my foot slid them slightly behind me. I turned around, bent over and picked them up. Or rather, tried to. I managed to drop them in the process and had to bend back down to pick them up again. I knew that Mr. Jameson was memorizing my ass and my pussy, which I was pretty sure he had a very clear view of.

Standing up I announced, “Okay, I’m ready to begin.”

“Good, let’s start with this one.”

Mr. Jameson showed me where to put my feet and then helped to get properly seated. To do this he placed one hand on my ass and the other between my legs at the top of my thighs, pressing against my already moistening pussy.

“Perspiring already, Cheryl?”

“Sort of, Mr. Jameson,” I responded as the blush spread down from my face across my chest all the way to my nipples.

He showed me how to use that machine and the two remaining ones, with his hand frequently managing to touch my ass or my pussy. His cock had become quite erect and was pushing strongly against his robe. I had hoped that it would slip out between the folds of the robe but it was a Japanese kimono similar in a way to a double breasted suit. Because of all the exercise, I really did begin perspiring but I had also become very wet for other reasons. When we finished the last machine Mr. Jameson said, “That was very good, Cheryl. There are a couple of exercises I can show you on the floor mat that are very good for track.”

“Okay,” I said as I wondered what they might be but hoping they would involve my becoming spread eagled.

Mr. Jameson told me to lie on my back. “Now lift your legs about six inches off the floor, while pressing the small of your back down to the floor mat. Good. Now slowly spread your legs out as far as they will go, hold it for a slow count of five and then, also slowly, bring your legs back together. Yes, like that. That was fine. Now repeat that twenty times. You can put your feet back down on the floor for a count of fifteen after the tenth repetition.”

This exercise spread my pussy lips even more than the machine had done. Mr. Jameson never took his eyes, which previously had moved back and forth from my pussy to my erect nipples and back again, from my wide open pussy. I could feel the juices almost pouring out of me and wondered how Mr. Jameson would explain the stains on the mat to his wife and Susan.

“Maybe we should put a towel under me, Mr. Jameson. I seem to be, um, perspiring quite a lot this evening.”

“Don’t worry, Cheryl. The cover on the mat unzips and I will wash it before the girls return home tomorrow. Keep going. You’re doing this exercise just fine.”

“Okay, but it is really straining my stomach and thigh muscles. I may need another massage.”

“Well, I’m your man for that. I love to give massages.”

“And you do it very well, Mr. Jameson. The one last night really felt nice. I think it was the nicest massage I have ever had.”

I completed the final five scissors movements, consciously striving to open my pussy lips as wide as I could with each outward movement of my legs. Mr. Jameson never let his eyes waver from my opening and closing pussy lips so I spent my time looking at the lovely bulge of his cock pushing the thin silk of his kimono. As I finished the last movement I cried out in pain. “Ooh, I’m afraid I’ve done it again. Oh, it really hurts.”

Mr. Jameson immediately rushed the few steps to me and knelt down. He took my leg in his hands and said, “Is this the one that hurts?”

“I think I got cramps in both thighs tonight, Mr. Jameson.”

“Okay, let’s work on them both then.”

He pushed deeply into the muscles of one thigh and then the other with an upward motion. With each thrust his hand brushed more and strongly against my pussy lips. He kept alternating from one leg to the other but never missed touching my pubic hair and my pussy, which I’m sure was drenching his hands with my moisture. As he was working on my leg, and my pussy, his hair fell down over his eyes. He lifted his hands momentarily to his face to push his hair back out of the way. Then he brought his hands back to his nose. “You smell delicious, Cheryl.”

“Oh, Mr. Jameson, I’m so embarrassed. I didn’t mean for, well, you know.”

“To get aroused? Don’t be embarrassed it is very natural.”

“Do you get aroused, too, Mr. Jameson?”

“I think you can see that I do, Cheryl. It is pretty difficult for a man to hide that act.”

“Could I see it, please Mr. Jameson? Please?”

“Well, sure, why not? Let me just undo my robe.”

Mr. Jameson began working on the knot he had tied his sash into. He must have wanted to be very certain that his kimono wouldn’t accidentally come undone because he was having a lot of difficulty with the knot. Just then we heard a car pull up in the drive way and stop. Mr. Jameson leaped up.

“I don’t know who it is but it might be your folks. It is only nine but maybe they need you at home. Quick, get dressed. I’ll go up the back way and throw some clothes on.”

I raced into my panties. I tried to put on my bra but my fingers were too shaky and I couldn’t get it hooked. I quickly put it into my gym bag and put on my blouse and my skirt. I used the mirror in the bathroom to be certain that I wasn’t too disheveled. My face was flushed and I was breathing rapidly and my heart was beating a mile a minute but other than that I was okay. I walked a couple of steps to see if my breasts jiggled too much under my blouse but they seemed okay. Then I quickly went up the steps to the living room as I heard car doors slamming.

I had just got into the living room and was joined by Mr. Jameson when the front door opened and in walked Mrs. Jameson and Susan.

“Hi, darling, we decided to surprise you and take an earlier flight instead of staying over one more night.”

“What a wonderful surprise. I’m glad you did. Look who’s here. Cheryl just came over to ask if we would mind if she joined Susan in some work outs down stairs to help get ready for track season. I know Susan hasn’t signed up yet but Cheryl said she will try to talk her into it.”

“Why of course she can. You didn’t need to come all the way over, Cheryl. You could have just called or talked to Susan in school.”

“On, I didn’t make a special trip, Mrs. Jameson. I was just coming home from the library and thought I would pop in on the off chance that Mr. Jameson would be here. Did you have a nice time on your trip? I’m dying to talk to Susan about all the schools that you visited.”

“I’m sure you are dear, but it’s almost nine thirty now and I’ll bet your mom wants you home by ten.”

“You’re right, she does. I’ll see you in school tomorrow, Susan. Maybe we can talk in study hall or after school. I’ll get home now and let you all catch up on things. Good night.”

And off I went. I played with my nipples all the way home thinking of how good it had felt to have Mr. Jameson’s hands on me and in me. And wishing I had been able to hold his cock. I hadn’t seen very many erections, and only Jimmy’s in real life, but his looked to be far and away the largest I had seen. I almost had an orgasm as I was walking. And I did as soon as I got into bed and played with myself. I fell asleep wondering how I could get any more such wonderful opportunities to have Mr. Jameson alone with me. And thinking that if I did, I wouldn’t waste any time before getting his clothes off and getting his cock into me.

Almost getting caught by Susan and her mom when they came home a day early from their trip was an exhilarating experience for me. If anything, it made flashing a far more exciting activity for me than I had realized that it could be. Of course, if we had got caught, especially if we had actually been making love when they came in the door, both of our lives would have been drastically, and certainly for Mr. Jameson, irreparably altered. But I had come so close to being able to see his cock, and to feel it in me. I was very anxious to lose my virginity and I truly wanted my first time to be with Mr. Jameson. I knew he wanted to make love to me. It was just a matter of finding the right time and place.

Thereafter I regularly exercised in their rec room, only with somewhat more clothing on than I had worn with just Mr. Jameson. Oh yes, and I did win the hurdles event at our first track meet of the season. The coach said an early meet like this one only showed which athletes were in the best condition, but I wanted to send a message to my competition and, fortunately, I did win by an even wider margin than I had been hoping for. I knew the other girls would get into better shape in the coming weeks but I hoped that I had planted a seed of doubt in their minds that they would ever be able to overcome that much of a victory margin.

Mr. Jameson usually dropped in to check on Susan and me while we were working out to see if we needed any help with any of the equipment. I always tried to dream up something that he could help me with that would require him to touch me in the process. On one occasion just after he came in to see how we were doing the telephone rang. Susan’s mom answered and then called downstairs to let us know that it was for Susan. She stopped the treadmill and got off to go up to take the phone call. Her mom had said that it was from Freddie, a guy that Susan liked and that I was pretty sure she would spend quite a while talking to. I also knew that Susan, although she only weighed a little over a hundred pounds, managed to sound like a herd of wild elephants when she scampered up or down the stairs. I was wearing a tee shirt and, in deference to Susan, a bra. But after changing in front of Susan I had pretended to need to use the bathroom and had slipped out of my panties and was wearing only a baggy, but minuscule pair of bright yellow shorts.

“Mr. Jameson, I’m afraid I’ve forgotten the correct technique for the leg spreader machine. I really don’t want to risk getting an injury before the track meet this Saturday. Could you please help me with it?”

“Of course, Cheryl, you know I’m always happy to help you and Susan.”

As Mr. Jameson helped me into the correct position, I could feel my shorts gaping open at the tops of my thighs. Mr. Jameson noticed it, too. “Those are very attractive shorts, Cheryl. Yellow really suits you.”

“Thank you, Mr. Jameson. You don’t think they are too short, do you?”

“Why no. I would say they are just about perfect.”

As he said that, Mr. Jameson slid his hands up both of my legs over my knees and onto my lower and then my upper thighs.

“I’ve really been working hard at developing my thigh muscles, Mr. Jameson, so that I can get over the hurdles more easily and faster. Do they feel firmer to you?”

“I think so, Cheryl, but let me just check to be certain.”

“Oh, thanks. I’ve been exercising so hard on your equipment. I really hope it is paying off.”

“I’m sure it is. Yes, I can feel a big improvement.”

“I think I have strengthened my lower stomach muscles a lot, too. Perhaps if you slide your hands a little further up you can check those muscles as well.”

Mr. Jameson looked nervously at the door. “Susan might come back at any second, Cheryl.”

“Yes, but have you ever heard her come down the steps quietly? You can hear her a mile away.”

“You’re right, of course. You really are a very intelligent young woman, Cheryl.”

“I don’t know about intelligent but thanks for the compliment, Mr. Jameson,” I said as I reached down and pulled his hands to the tops of my thighs and into my already very moist pussy. “See how much I’ve been perspiring, Mr. Jameson? I’ve really been getting a good work out.”

“I’m sure you have, Cheryl. And yes, I can definitely tell that your stomach muscles have firmed up considerably.”

Looking pointedly at the erection that Mr. Jameson now had pressing against his trousers, I said, “You’ve firmed up a lot too, Mr. Jameson. You look very nice.”

His fingers found my clit, which wasn’t hard to do as it had become so large, and tickled and tweaked and stroked and caressed it as I began breathing more and more heavily. I let myself go and gave in to the orgasm that had built up like a crescendo through my body. I’m afraid I also cried out a bit. While I was still trying to compose myself we heard Susan galloping down the stairs. Mr. Jameson immediately pulled his hands out from under my shorts. His fingers were glistening with my moisture and he quickly licked them.

“Are you all right, Cheryl?”

“I’m fine, Susan, I just pulled a little muscle in my thigh on this machine, so your dad is helping me to be sure that I use it correctly. I thought I was positive that I had remembered exactly how to use it but I was mistaken. “

“I think you’ve got it right now, Cheryl. Let me just wash my hands and I will leave you girls in peace unless either of you needs me for something.”

We both assured him that we were fine but that if we needed any more help we would shout. Then Susan got back on the treadmill and quickly got it back up to running speed while excitedly telling me about her conversation with Freddie, who had asked her to the dance on Saturday after the track meet. “That is going to be so much fun, Cheryl. I just can’t wait to melt into his arms. He’s so strong and romantic, and terrifically good looking.”

“Yes he is, Susan. One of the best looking guys in school, I’d say. I’m really glad for you. I just wish someone like Freddie would fall for me. Ever since Jimmy’s family moved I haven’t gone out with anybody.”

“Oh, Cheryl. You could have any boy in school. You’re so pretty and talented, and even smart.”

“Stop, stop, Susan. You’re making me blush and I need to concentrate on toning my thighs on this infernal machine.”

“It really is embarrassing to use, isn’t it? I’d never dare use it when any boys were around. And I’m even uncomfortable using it with my dad here.”

“You can’t be, Susan. He’s so nice, and he thinks we’re just kids. He wouldn’t even notice anything.”

“Well, maybe, but I’d still rather use that thing when you’re the only one here.”

“How do you know I wouldn’t get excited watching you?”

“Cheryl! Don’t you even joke about things like that. You couldn’t be a , a , well, you know, one of those, even if you tried.”

“Yes, I know Susan. I was just kidding you.”

“Oh. Well, then that’s okay. Do you thank we can beat Dominican in the meet on Saturday?”

“I’m sure you will do well in the long jump. Unless their number one has improved a lot in practice, if you do as well as you’ve been doing lately you should win easily. I think I’ve got a good chance in the hurdles for the same reason. We ought to win all the shorter dashes but they have some of the best in the state for the distance events. So it could be pretty close. I guess we’ll just have to hope that all of us are at our very best on Saturday. And that’s why we should keep working with your dad’s equipment.”

We worked out for another hour before it was time for me to go. We went upstairs to say goodnight and goodbye to her parents. I gave both Mr. and Mrs. Jameson a very daughterly peck on the cheek, wishing that I could do a whole lot more with Mr. Jameson.

We did win the meet, but only barely. Susan and I both won our events easily even though the Dominican girls had improved over their best performances in previous meets, but several of our girls really had to struggle. We both went to the dance that evening. My date was a senior, Brad Thompson. He was a nice guy, but I would really have liked to have gone with Mr. Jameson. During the slow dances Brad almost always got an erection which I could feel pushing against me. I should have been insulted, I know, but I didn’t really mind because I imagined that it was Mr. Jameson I was feeling getting larger and larger against my pussy and up my tummy. In fact, I even pressed closer against Brad. But when he took my hand and tried to put it on his erection I jerked it away and left him standing there on the dance floor as I walked, maybe stalked would be the better word, back to our table.

He apologized profusely, of course, and said that he never meant to hurt me or to disrespect me; it was just that he loved me so much he really wanted me to touch him. I managed, but only barely, to keep from laughing in his face. I pretended to relent and told him I would give him one last chance. He looked at me like a grateful puppy and thanked me over and over again and promised never to do anything like that again. The truth is, his erection wasn’t nearly as big or as firm as Mr. Jameson’s was, and even if it had been, Brad was so immature that I couldn’t imagine he could be very experienced or good at making love. And I really wanted my first time to be with a man who I truly liked and who knew what he was doing. In short, Mr. Jameson.

Susan and I continued to work out in her dad’s gym almost every night and we did well at each of our remaining track meets. Our school did as well but we just missed out on winning the district championships which would have sent us to the regionals and possibly to the state championships. But it was a good season and almost all of us achieved new personal bests. At least we knew we had done the best we could, which isn’t as good as winning but is better than knowing that with a little more training and a little more effort we could have won it all.

I haven’t talked about my family, other than for mentioning my parents, in any of my previous adventures. I have two older brothers. Well, sort of brothers. My parents adopted them after having tried unsuccessfully for several years to have a child. As apparently happens fairly frequently, as soon as they had children and the pressure was off, my mom conceived and I was the result. My brother Bob is one year older than I am and Bill is three years older. I know my parents didn’t give them very original names but I suppose it is better than Phineas and Fauntleroy. My brothers and I always got along fine as I was growing up. We were close enough in age to be able to play together and share a lot of things. Including the bath tub and the bed when we were quite young. I was naturally sexually curious and they were as well when we were young teenagers but we didn’t delve into our curiosities.

At a little over six feet tall, Bob was a pretty good athlete, though not as good as Bill, and was a mediocre student at best. He really wasn’t too interested in studying. He was very interested in girls, however, and, possibly because he was very handsome with a high forehead, strong chin, and piercing but kind brown eyes, they seemed to reciprocate his interest.

When I got home from working out at Susan’s one evening, my mom and dad and Bob were all sitting in the living room watching television. Bill was already away at university. After an hour or so, when mom and dad said they were going to go to bed I stood and said, “I think I will, too, I’m pretty tired.”

Bob quickly said, “Don’t go yet, Cheryl, I didn’t get a chance to ask you about, well, you know, things you wouldn’t want to talk about in front of mom and dad.”

I blushed and said, “There aren’t any things like that, Bob, and besides, we have the whole summer ahead of us.”

“I know, but it is just so nice having you to talk to. Couldn’t you stay up a little bit longer?”

“Oh, okay, Bob, but I’m going to go change first. It seems as if I have had these clothes on forever.”

“Thanks, I’ll get us some cokes while you’re getting changed.”

I went into my bedroom. I took off my blouse and my skirt and, unusually for me, folded them and put them on a chair. Then I unhooked my bra and took it off. It felt nice to have the air from the open window flowing across my breasts. My nipples must have liked it because they became very hard in only a few seconds.

As I was standing there enjoying the breeze on my nipples I saw a fleeting movement out of the corner of my eye. I had got pretty used to not bothering to close doors. The truth was, it excited me not to close the door. I had forgotten that Bob would have to go to the laundry room where the freezer was to get ice cubes for our cokes. There was only a tiny opening past the hallway into my bedroom, but it was big enough that I could be seen if anybody was looking. As Bob was.

I decided that my breasts were sore and needed a few minutes of massaging. They did enjoy the feel of my hands and my fingers on them, and my nipples seemed especially grateful for the attention. I don’t know why but I hoped that Bob was still there as I reached my hands down and peeled my panties off. I stepped out of them and fluffed my pubic hair. Then I walked over to my dresser and took my time selecting a nightgown. I found a light blue one with a fairly deep neck line that I knew you could see through if you tried, which was one of the reasons I had bought it.

I put it on and thought for a moment or two about putting a robe over it, but decided not to. As I walked out of my bedroom back to the living room I noticed a furtive movement and was pleased that Bob had still been watching me.

“Thanks for staying up with me,” Bob said as I returned.

“You’re welcome. I am pretty tired but I’d like to stay and talk for a bit,” I said.

Bob asked me questions about school and friends I had met. He finally edged around to what he really wanted to ask me about, my sex life.

“Do you have a steady boyfriend, Cheryl?”

“Not really, Bob. Not since Jimmy moved away.”

“Any potentials?”

“I don’t think so. How about yourself?”

Bob told me that he was having too good a time going out with several different women to confine himself to just one. And since he knew he would be leaving at the end of the summer to go to university he wasn’t anxious to get too serious with any of them.

While we were talking I noticed that Bob’s eyes frequently broke contact with my eyes and glanced down at my breasts, or further down to my pussy. I suppose the fact that my nipples, all on their own accord, managed to be quite erect, might have attracted his attention. Whenever I saw his eyes beginning to shift downwards I would avert my own eyes, looking over at the TV, which was turned on to Jay Leno. I wanted to give Bob plenty of opportunity to look at my body, and was very pleased that he wanted to do so.

By the time Leno was over I was really tired. I stood up, yawned and stretched, which pulled my nightgown tightly over my breasts. Bob was staring intently at them. I’m sure he could see my nipples quite clearly through the thin material of my nightgown.

“I really need to get some sleep, Bob, I’ll see you in the morning,” I said as I turned to go to my bedroom. Then, on a sudden inspiration, I bent down to pick up Harper’s Bazaar from the coffee table to read in bed. I knew that this would pull my nightgown tightly over my ass. I glanced back and was happy to see that Bob was studying that part of my anatomy with great care. I stood up, smiled to myself and thought that this was going to be a great summer.

The next morning I slept in until almost nine. At school I had to get up at six on most days and was really happy to luxuriate in bed for a while. As I lay there thinking of how much fun it had been to be almost naked with Bob the night before my fingers found their way to my pussy. I moved them in light circles up and down and then around my pussy lips. As soon as I was moist I put a finger inside me and then put it into my mouth, tasting myself. I won’t say I tasted fantastically good, but it wasn’t too bad, though I admit I am biased. I moved my hand back down to my pussy and began to play with my clit. It showed its usual enjoyment of the attention and became quite erect. I reached over to my nightstand and picked up a mirror I had put there the night before. I like to look at my pussy, especially when I am playing with it.

My lips were extended and moisture was clearly evident. I opened and shut my knees and enjoyed watching my pussy lips open and close as I did so. I moved my hand back to my clit and stimulated it, gently at first and then more firmly. Slowly at first and then faster and faster. When my orgasm was approaching I grabbed my pillow with my free hand and pulled it over my head to stifle the noises I knew I would make. I’m pretty sure my parents knew or at least assumed that I masturbated, but I didn’t see any point in making it that obvious. Feeling refreshed and relaxed I got up and walked over to the door of the bathroom connecting Bob’s room with my room. I knocked and got no response so I went in. I locked the door to Bob’s side, although I felt like leaving it unlocked, used the facilities and took a shower.

After my shower I got dressed and came out to the kitchen. My dad had already gone to work but my mom was in the kitchen. She said good morning and then told me that she had to go out to do some errands and asked me not to let Bob sleep for too long.

“Cheryl, while I’m gone could you please go next door to the de Bloeme’s and ask them if I can borrow their pastry scale? It’s electronic and really accurate. I want to do some baking this afternoon and it would be a big help for me.”

“Sure mom, I’ll just get a cup of coffee and then go over.”

I poured a cup of coffee and said goodbye to my mom. When I finished my coffee I went next door and rang the bell. In a couple of minutes the door was opened by Mr. de Bloeme. He was wearing only a short towel around his waist. He is only in his late twenties but he and his wife have been living next door to my folks for five or six years. He works out a lot and I could see that he is in very good shape. The towel only came down to his upper thighs and I found myself fantasizing about what was under it. I apologized for barging in and he apologized for not being dressed. He said he had just finished exercising and was about to take a shower. I felt like asking him if he could use any help in the shower but I decided against it. I was only nine or ten when I first met him and I thought he still considered me a little girl.

I asked him if my mom could borrow their scales.

“Of course, Cheryl, come on in and we’ll get it.”

I followed him into the house and kept my eyes on his ass as he led the way into the kitchen. He looked into several of the upper cabinets, then remarked, “I wish Pat were home. She would know exactly where the scale is.”

“Maybe it is in one of the lower cabinets, Mr. de Bloeme,” I said.

As I hoped, he squatted down to look into the bottom cabinets. When he did so, and as I had thought would happen, his naked penis and balls were on view. His cock was very nice looking. It was circumcised with a good length and girth. His balls were large and looked to be heavy. They would have felt nice in my hands even if it was really Mr. Jameson’s balls that I wanted to be holding in my hands. Mr. de Bloeme wasn’t looking at me but he must have been aware that I was staring at his cock because it began to grow as I watched it. Next to holding a cock in my hands or my mouth as it grows, one of my favorite things is to watch it grow large – not that I knew that at the time. I hoped it would take him a long time to find the scale because I was really enjoying watching as his cock kept pushing further and further away from his body. I wanted to touch myself but I didn’t dare. It probably didn’t matter because I was getting quite moist anyway.

“Oh, here it is,” he said.

He picked it up and held it out to me. More out than up so I bent down to take it from him, my hand only inches away from his now fully erect and breathtakingly lovely cock.

“Thank you so much Mr. de Bloeme. My mom says it is really helpful to be able to use your scale because it has such precise weights,” I said, while my eyes never left his erection.

It was only then that Mr. de Bloeme glanced down and seemed, or at least pretended, to realize that he had an erection. He quickly stood up but that didn’t help because now his cock was standing straight out in front of him. And looking very impressive.

“I’m sorry, Cheryl, I didn’t mean for this to happen.”

“That’s okay, Mr. de Bloeme, I think you look very nice. I bet Pat does, too.”

He put his hands on his cock over the towel, trying to push it down. It wasn’t working. That made me glad.

“I’ll bring it back tomorrow if that’s all right,” I said as I turned to go to the door.

“Sure, Cheryl, any time.”

I left thinking that I should return the favor as well as the scale when I came back tomorrow. When I got home Bob was sitting in the kitchen drinking a cup of coffee. He saw that I had the scale in my hands and asked where I had got it. I told him that it was borrowed from the de Bloeme’s and then told him about what had just happened. Bob could tell from my description that I had not been at all unhappy about seeing Mr. de Bloeme’s erection.

“Did it make you excited, Cheryl?”

“Very. It was truly lovely. I really wanted to hold it and caress it.”

“That’s how I felt last night, Cheryl.”

“What do you mean, Bob?”

“I accidentally saw you when you were changing into your nightgown. You looked really beautiful.”

“Well Bob, that is sweet of you to say but I’m your sister.”

“Technically you’re not, Cheryl, I was adopted.”

“I know, Bob, but I have always thought of you and Bill as my brothers, whether you are technically or not.”

Although I said that, and it was true, I was re-living last night’s experience of exhibiting myself to Bob. And I was getting very excited while remembering it.

“Well, anyway, Bob, I have to go out now, but thanks for thinking I look pretty.”

I left to do some shopping and see some old friends. Early that evening I helped my mom with the baking. We made, no, she made and I tried to help with, an apple strudel. She rolled the dough out very thinly on top of the dining room table until it covered the whole table. She is somehow able to make the dough so flaky, it really tastes delicious. I have tried on my own a few times and I can’t begin to compare with her. We had some for dessert that night. It was up to mom’s usual high standard. Then mom set some aside and asked me to take it to the de Bloeme’s in the morning when I returned the scale.

Bob and I talked some more that evening while we watched a re-run of “The Godfather,” which is one of my favorite movies. Bob’s too. It didn’t get over until past one so we said quick goodnights, took turns using the adjoining bathroom and went to bed.

In the morning when I came out to the kitchen, mom and dad had already left. I fixed a bowl of cereal and a cup of coffee and sat down at the table. I had just finished my cereal when Bob came out. He had taken a shower and came out with wet hair and a towel wrapped around his waist.

“Is this the way Mr. de Bloeme was dressed?” he asked.

“Pretty much, but his towel was a lot shorter than that one.”

Bob rolled the towel at his waist to shorten it while I admired his physique. I could see why a lot of girls found him attractive. He was attractive. Very.

“About like this?”

“Yes,” I laughed. “Are you going to bulge out in front, too?”

“Maybe. Would you be angry?”

“I guess not, but I know it isn’t right.”

But having said that, I hoped he would anyway. I had had a few fleeting glimpses of Bob without his clothes on, but only his back side as he was leaving the bathroom just as I was coming in, but I had never seen his penis, let alone his erect penis. It didn’t take long before I did as his cock began to rise in front of him. I watched as the towel bulged further and further out, much further than Mr. de Bloeme’s had done. Then, instead of just sticking out in front of him, Bob’s cock kept climbing upwards until it was pointing almost directly up. I think it would have been directly up if the heavy material of the towel hadn’t been getting in the way. As it was, the upward movement of his cock had lifted the towel enough so that his balls and the bottom two or three inches of his cock were in view.

“Bob, you are huge,” I said. “Your girl friends must love it.”

I was hoping that Bob’s towel would slip off so I could see his cock without the encumbrance of the towel, but Bob had fastened it securely around his waist. I was trying to build up my courage to ask him to remove it, or just to remove it myself, when the phone rang. Bob and I both jumped, then I went to the phone and answered it. It was my mom.

“Hi, Cheryl. Have you taken the scale back to the de Bloeme’s yet?”

“No, mom, I was going to in a little while.”

“Could you do me a favor and take it back right away? I want to be able to keep borrowing it from them so I need them to see that we always return it promptly.”

“Sure mom, I’ll take it over right now.”

I looked back at Bob, whose erection had subsided considerably.

“Sorry, Bob, I have to get dressed and take the scale back over next door.”

Bob looked disappointed as I went to my room. I put on a pair of lime green thong panties that matched the blouse I was going to wear. I frequently didn’t wear any panties in the summer but when I did, they were almost always thongs, although of course my mom didn’t know that – I had started doing all of my own laundry, pretending to try to be helpful around the house but really so I could wear whatever underwear I wanted to. Next I put on my blouse. It had short sleeves and buttoned up the front, but I didn’t button very many buttons. Finally I put on a pair of ridiculously short shorts I had bought the day before at the mall. They were made of a very light white denim and fitted very snugly around my ass and my pussy. I had bought them on a giggle and hadn’t thought that I would ever dare wear them out in public. In the dressing room they made me feel sexy and I almost masturbated after trying them on. At 5’7”, I’m not very tall, but these shorts made my legs look very long. I suppose it was because every inch of leg that I have was on display. And if I had been wearing regular panties instead of thongs, several inches of panty would have been showing as well.

I came out to the kitchen and Bob, who was still sitting there in his towel, whistled.

“Why thanks,” I said, “Do you approve?”

“Of course, you look great. I just hope it is Mr. de Bloeme who is home and not his wife.”

“Oh, you’re right. Maybe I should go change.”

“No, don’t do that. Take a chance. It will be fun.”

“Okay, I will,” I said, feeling my excitement begin to grow.

Bob told me that he had to go out and would be gone when I returned but asked me to tell him what happened when we would be together in the evening. I said that I would. I went next door with the strudel and the scale and rang the bell. To my relief, it was Mr. de Bloeme who answered the ring. To my sadness, he was fully dressed, though he still looked very cute. And, especially as he glanced down at my shorts, he looked very pleased to see me.

“Good morning, Mr. de Bloeme,” I said. “I’ve brought the scale back and here is some of mom’s apple strudel she would like for you and Pat to have. I hope you like it.”

“I’m sure we will. Your mom has given us some before and it was always delicious. Speaking of which, that’s the way you look this morning.”

“Why thank you. I was worried that my shorts might be a little indecent,” I said as I glanced down at my thighs.

I saw that my pussy lips were plainly visible beneath the thin material of the shorts. There was no wet spot but I thought there might well be one soon.

“No, Cheryl, I think you look just fine. Come on in, why don’t you. Do you have time for a cup of coffee?”

I said that I did and we went into the kitchen. Mr. de Bloeme replaced the scale to its place in the lower cabinet, though it wasn’t nearly as interesting to watch him do so as it had been to watch him take it out yesterday.

“I was kind of hoping you might have been exercising again,” I said.

“Well, I was, but I finished earlier than yesterday. I didn’t want to embarrass you again.”

“I wasn’t embarrassed, Mr. de Bloeme, I liked it. You are very good looking. I think your wife is very lucky.”

“Cheryl, you’re hired. Why don’t you stay around and talk to me all the time? You’re good for my ego,” Mr. de Bloeme said with a smile.

He poured us some coffee and we went into the living room where he sat in the easy chair and I sat on the couch across from him. As I did so I felt my shorts ride up on my ass, leaving more of my bare skin showing. In front, I could see a little bit of my panty peeking out from under the shorts. I knew that from his angle Mr. de Bloeme could see even more. Now I wished that I hadn’t worn any panties. Then it would have been my pussy lips that he was seeing.

I leaned over to pick up my coffee cup. As I did so, my blouse gaped away from my breasts. I wasn’t sure whether Mr. de Bloeme was watching or not so I spoke to him to get his attention where I wanted it to be. I glanced over at him and saw that his eyes were riveted on my chest. I was very pleased. I picked up my coffee cup and took a sip, then put it back on the table very carefully, leaning over a good deal in the process. While doing so I lifted my arm to play with my hair. This pulled the left side of my shirt close to me and gave an unrestricted view of my right breast to Mr. de Bloeme. I heard a rapid intake of his breath and knew that my little ploy had worked.

We kept talking and sipping our coffees for another fifteen minutes. I experimented with crossing and un-crossing my legs to see what that would do to my shorts. They rode up even further, which I thought was a nice effect.

“Would you like some more coffee, Cheryl?”

“I would, but I really ought to let you get back to work, and I have some things that I need to do,” I said.

“Well, come over any time you would like some coffee or just to chat. It is really nice to have you visit.”

I thanked him and said that I would do exactly that. I was conscious of his eyes on my ass as I walked away. I think the shorts had been a good buy.

The next morning I waited in bed until I was sure that my folks had left the house and I heard Bob go out to the kitchen. I quickly brushed my hair and then walked naked out to the kitchen. My heart was pounding with excitement, and a little fear, but mostly excitement. I knew Bob had seen me naked, but not from up as close as it was going to be when I walked into the kitchen. He had just taken a bite of cereal as I walked in and said good morning. He glanced up from his cereal, saw me, and spluttered, spewing cereal all over the table.

“I’m sorry, Bob. I didn’t mean to startle you.”

“Cheryl, you’re naked.”

“Yes, I know. I thought that since you have already seen me naked it wouldn’t make any difference to you and it is more comfortable for me not to have to put any clothes on around you.”

Bob was wearing a tee shirt and shorts. His shorts very quickly began to bulge out in front. I pretended not to notice as I got some cereal and orange juice. I sat down at the table and ate breakfast while talking with Bob, whose eyes almost never left my nipples, which had become very erect. They were aching to have Bob’s fingers caressing them and I wondered if he would do so. While I was wondering this, the door bell rang.

“It’s probably Betty Ann,” Bob said, “she said she would come over this morning.”

“Then I guess I better go get some clothes on,” I said while standing up.

Bob’s eyes immediately went down to my pussy. I think he could see that it was quite moist.

“Yes, I suppose you should. Betty Ann is pretty liberal but I don’t think she is that liberal. And she doesn’t know that I was adopted.”

I turned and walked away.

“Nice ass,” Bob said.

“Why thanks,” I said, “I’m glad you like it.”

“The rest of you looks pretty great, too, Cheryl. I’m really lucky to have you as a sister.”

“And I am to have you as a brother.”

I went into my room and put on some clothes. Not too many, but I was more or less decent. The day passed uneventfully. The next morning I was sitting at the breakfast table when Bob came out. I saw him standing behind the door and peering in.

“Are mom and dad gone?” he asked.

“Yes, they left a long time ago, sleepy head.”

Bob smiled and walked into the room. He was naked and his cock was standing at attention.

“Why Bob, I didn’t know you cared,” I said.

“Well, I thought if you could do it, so could I Cheryl. Do you mind?”

“Not at all, Bob. You have a great body and a wonderful cock. I didn’t know it was that big. Betty Ann is a lucky girl.”

Bob walked around the kitchen making some toast and getting juice and coffee. His erection was enormous. It made me very excited just looking at it. I wondered how it would feel in my hands or in my mouth. I wanted it in both places but I was reluctant to move to touch it. Teasing each other with our nakedness was one thing, and a very pleasurable thing. I didn’t want to spoil that pleasure, and maybe not be able to do it any more, by taking it to the next level. So I refrained, but only barely.

Bob sat down and ate his breakfast while I sipped my coffee and we talked. It would have been nicer for me if he had eaten standing up so I could keep on looking at his cock. Just as he sat down I saw that there was pre-cum seeping out. I would have loved to have tasted it but I had to content myself with imagining what it would have been like. When he finished his meal, Bob stood up. His erection had gone down but his cock was still very impressive. And very exciting to look at.

As Bob walked away to get dressed I reached my hand under my skirt and started playing with myself while visualizing his erect cock in my mouth. I hadn’t put any panties on that morning and my fingers were able to play with my clit and enter into my moistness without any impediment. While I was playing with myself the image of Bob’s lovely cock was gradually replaced with an image of Mr. de Bloeme’s almost equally lovely cock as it had grown from its flaccid state to a full erection in front of my eyes. I moved my fingers more rapidly and pulled and twisted on my clit as my breath became shallower and shallower. I closed my eyes while thinking of Mr. de Bloeme and his wonderful cock. Just as I came, letting out very audible sounds, Bob came back into the kitchen. My eyes opened as I heard him, but I couldn’t stop.

“Cheryl, what are you doing?” Bob asked.

“Just what it looks like I’m doing. I’m masturbating. Didn’t you masturbate after you saw me naked yesterday?”

“Well, yeah, but not in the kitchen.”

“Perhaps you made me more excited than I made you,” I said.

“No way. You’re the most exciting girl I’ve ever known.”

“Thanks, Bob, with a compliment like that maybe I’ll just go to my bedroom and masturbate again.”

And that was just what I did.

And that was the beginning of a lovely long summer for me.

Two weeks after the end of the school year we had a very hot spell. Susan and I went to the local swimming pool every day but so did every body else in town. It was extremely crowded and was situated in a slight depression that breezes never seemed able to find. We weren’t able to obtain much relief from the heat. I was delighted, therefore, when Susan’s mom called my mom and said they would like me to come with them for a weekend at the beach, about two hours drive away. She said that they had rented a bungalow cottage and that Susan and I could share a bedroom there. My mom asked her to hold for a second while she checked with me but that it would be fine with her. When she told me what the call was about I shrieked and said that I would love to go.

The arrangements were made and Mr. and Mrs. Jameson picked me up early Friday evening. We were going to be at the beach all day Saturday and Sunday, returning fairly late Sunday evening. I had packed the briefest bikinis that my mom would let me buy and what I thought was a very pretty, and very short, mostly transparent nightgown. I also packed a totally see through, very light robe to go over it in case Mrs. Jameson or Susan thought the nightgown was too indecent. My plan was, if anyone objected, to say that it had been so hot and I had forgot to ask if the bungalow had air conditioning so I wanted to stay as cool as possible. And if nothing else, Mr. Jameson would get to see me at least once in just the nightgown. I thought that if I timed things right I could walk into the living room when only Mr. Jameson was there and then be sitting down by the time Mrs. Jameson and Susan came into the room so it wouldn’t be so apparent that you could see my breasts and my nipples, as well as pretty much every hair on my pussy, through the thin material.

We arrived at the bungalow a couple of hours later. We put our bags into the two bedrooms and I was delighted to discover that there was no air conditioning, only large ceiling fans, which we turned on. We also opened all the windows to get a breeze into the place. Then we went out to dinner at a local fish restaurant. I had crab cakes which tasted delicious to me. It wasn’t a very posh restaurant but the food was very nice and the service was friendly. By the time we finished eating it was almost eleven. We drove home and Susan and I began to get ready for bed. I was feeling a little bit naughty so while Susan was unpacking her bag and putting away her clothes I began to get undressed. I kept up a steady stream of chatter with Susan the entire time, mostly asking her questions about her relationship with Freddie and how it was developing. Things we didn’t want to talk about in front of her parents. As I took off my blouse and, as always, very short skirt, she told me that she and Freddie had gone out the night before. Normally Susan, like me, wasn’t allowed to go on dates on week nights but now that school was out the rules had been relaxed.

She looked over at me as she said this and seemed surprised that I was getting undressed but didn’t actually comment on it. “Where did you and Freddie go?”

“To the movies, the art film place. We saw a Japanese film from the 1950’s about Samurai. I think it was called Yojimbo.”

“Did you and Freddie like it?”

“Well, it was kind of interesting, but it was in Japanese with sub-titles and I never much care for sub-titles. I find them very distracting.”

“But wasn’t Freddie being distracting?” I asked as I unhooked and took off my bra.

“Well, yeah. At first we just held hands. Then he put his arm around my shoulder.”

“Yes, and?”

“Next he began to massage my arm with his hand that was around my shoulder. He was tracing little circles on my arm, working his hand closer and closer to my breast.”

I felt my nipples beginning to tingle as she was saying this. When I glanced down at them I saw that they were becoming quite erect. I wondered if I should be embarrassed but I decided just to enjoy it. “Well, come on, Susan. Did he get there?”

“Yes. It took him several minutes, though. I even shifted positions slightly in my chair so that my breast would be closer to my arm. Sort of to ease the transition for him. He was funny, though. First just one finger was touching, very lightly, my breast while the others were still massaging my arm. I’m sure he was waiting to see if I was going to stop him. I think he even stopped breathing for a minute or so when his finger first made contact with my breast. After another minute or so I felt another finger move from my arm to my breast.”

“Wait a minute, Susan. I forgot to ask you what you were wearing.”

“Oh, I had a sleeveless button down the front blouse on and a skirt like the one you just took off.”

“And your bra, of course.”

“Well of course, Cheryl. You don’t think I would go out braless do you?”

“No, but you really don’t need to wear one, Susan. You have beautiful breasts and they are very firm. I’m sure they don’t actually need any support from a bra.”

“Thanks, Cheryl, but I wish they were as nice as yours.”

She looked down at my nipples and I could feel them trying to become even more erect than they already were.

“Cheryl! Are you getting excited by hearing about me and Freddie?”

“Of course, silly. Who wouldn’t be? But go on, tell me more.” And with that I pulled down my panties and stepped out of them. Susan seemed more surprised but again didn’t say anything about it. Rather than put on my nightgown, I carefully folded my blouse and hung it and my skirt on a hanger while Susan resumed her story.

“The cinema was very dark and fairly empty. There was nobody sitting around us, so I wasn’t too worried that anyone would see what we were doing. And there were only real old people there. At least as old as my mom and dad.”

I thought about protesting that her dad wasn’t old but stopped myself just in time.

“It took several more minutes before Freddie finally managed to move all of his hand off my arm and onto my breast.”

“Had your nipple become erect?”

“Oh, yes. It felt so delicious having Freddie’s fingers gently running circles over my breast and edging closer and closer to my nipple. When he got there at last my nipple felt huge to me. I hope it did to Freddie, too.”

“Did you say anything to him about what he was doing?”

“No, but I did do something.”

“Well, what? Come on Susan, you have me on pins and needles. Look, I’m even getting wet down there.”

Susan, who had been trying to avoid looking at my pussy as I had been walking around the room unpacking and putting my things away, was forced to look at my pussy, which really was becoming quite moist. Only partly because of her story, though. The rest was because it excited me enormously to be walking around the room totally naked while she was still fully clothed and watching me.

“Oh Cheryl, aren’t you going to put anything on?”

“Of course, Susan, but I don’t need to yet when you and I are the only ones in the room. We’ve been in the showers together every day after track. It would be a little late for me to suddenly become shy at being naked around you. And don’t forget, you have been naked in front of me every day as well. So it shouldn’t be a big deal to be naked in front of each other here in the bedroom.”

“I guess you’re right. It just feels different somehow. Anyway, to get on with my story, what I did was, and I hope you won’t think I was being too forward, I put my hand very lightly on top of Freddie’s hand that was on my breast. Sort of to encourage him to keep doing what he was doing. Then I unbuttoned two of the buttons on my blouse. And there were only five altogether so my blouse fell open so that almost my whole bra and breasts were uncovered. Then I took a deep breath and put my other hand on Freddie’s upper thigh and began massaging his leg.”

“Golly, Susan, now I really am getting excited.”

“Freddie seemed very surprised that I not only wasn’t stopping his advances but was encouraging him. He moved his free hand to my leg and began massaging it, too. Quite high up on my leg, if you know what I mean.”

I reached down with my hand and touched my leg just above my knee as I looked questioningly at Susan.

“No, higher than that.”

I slid my hand over my naked flesh up to about mid-thigh. “This high?”

“No, still higher Cheryl.”

I moved my hand still higher up my leg, almost to the intersection of my thigh and my pussy. “All the way up to here?”

“Yes, at least that is where he began. But his hand didn’t stay there.”

“You mean, it moved over to here?” I asked as I moved my fingers right over my pubic hair, which was actually quite moist from my secretions, which I hoped weren’t running down my leg.

“Yes, Cheryl. I thought I was in heaven. But it got even better than that.”

“It did? My goodness, Susan, what did Freddie do?”

“Well, I told you that I had unbuttoned two of the buttons on my blouse. Freddie moved his hand that was on my breast over into the opening and put his hand right on top of my bra. And then he proceeded to massage my nipple through my bra. Thank goodness it was a nice bra, and pretty thin.”

I moved my other hand up to my right breast and began to caress it and then to tweak my nipple. “Did he do it like this?”

“Not at first. He began just by massaging my nipple. Then he pulled his hand away and I was afraid that he was going to stop.”

“What did he do, Susan?”

“He slid his fingers under my bra and tried to move them down to my nipple.”

“Wow, how fun for you. Did he succeed?” I asked as I continued to massage both my pussy and my nipple right in front of Susan. My legs were beginning to feel weak so I sat on the bed with my legs spread wide enough that I could easily continue to play with my pussy, which was loving the attention that it was receiving.

“No, the bra was too tight.”

“What a shame. What did you do?”

Susan smiled at me. “I had deliberately worn a bra that unhooks in front, just in case. So I took my hand off Freddie’s thigh and unhooked it. When I put my hand back on his leg I accidentally put it a little too far over and it was on his penis.”

“Was it big?”

“It was pretty big, but I left my hand there and it seemed to grow larger under my hand, so I began to massage it. I loved the way it felt, and the way it kept getting bigger and bigger.”

“I’ll bet you did. If Freddie wasn’t your boyfriend I would have loved to feel that, too. What did Freddie do?”

“He slid my bra right off my breasts with one hand and began caressing first one, then the other. I can’t tell you how much I loved the feel of his fingers on my nipples. And his other hand he put back down on my leg but not on my pussy. Instead he slid it under my skirt and before I could do anything he had slid it right up my leg and onto my panties. And of course they were wet because I was so excited. He massaged my pussy through my panties while he was caressing my nipples with his other hand. Neither of us were even pretending to pay any attention to the movie by that time. I turned my head toward Freddie and we kissed while we were both touching each other. As we did so, Freddie slid my blouse right off my breasts, so they were naked in front of anybody who had turned around and looked. I would have protested but it felt so good to kiss Freddie. He has the nicest lips and then his tongue slid into my mouth and found mine and I didn’t care what he did to me. I think he could have undressed me on the stage in front of everybody and I wouldn’t have minded.”

“Susan, that is so exciting. How marvelous for you.”

“But wait, Cheryl. There’s more.”

“More? Really? Well keep talking, I want to hear all about it.”

With that I changed my position and lay down on the bed. And then I looked over at Susan and I inserted my index finger right into me. Susan looked shocked but I didn’t care. It was her fault for exciting me so.

“When we finished our kiss,” Susan continued, “Freddie lowered his head and actually took my nipple into his mouth. He kissed it and then began sucking on it. I thought I had died and gone to heaven it felt so good. And as he was doing that he slid his other hand inside my panties and moved his finger into me the way yours is in you now.”

“Did it feel as good as mine is feeling to me now?”

“Oh, yes. I loved it. This was the first time he had ever even touched my breasts, let alone down there. I was so totally excited, Cheryl. I never knew it could feel that good. I mean, I had done to myself what you are doing to yourself, but I had never had a boy do it. At least, not like that. Just on the outside of my clothes and that didn’t feel nearly as nice as this did. Then I did something really naughty. I unzipped Freddie’s trousers and reached inside. And I felt his bare penis. At first I thought he hadn’t put on any underwear but then I realized that he had on boxer shorts and when he became erect it must have slid through the opening. So I took it out of his pants. It was huge, and so beautiful. All glistening and really, really hard. I didn’t know they could get so hard.”

“Susan, you’re making me so excited, I think I’m going to have an orgasm. Do you mind?”

“No, I think I will, too, I’m getting so excited from telling you about what happened.”

“So, what happened next?”

“Well, there was more of the same for quite some time. I was caressing Freddie’s erection while he was kissing first one nipple and then the other and moving his fingers into and out of me, you know, down there.”

“Yes, I know, Susan, just like I’m doing to myself,” I said as my hand moved faster and faster into my pussy and then onto my clit, which had become really enlarged.

“And then, Cheryl, just as I was building up my courage to take Freddie’s penis into my mouth…”

“Really, you were going to give him a blow job?”

“I suppose that’s what it is called. I don’t really know how to do that but I was going to try.”

“And did you?”

“No, I couldn’t. The movie got over and the lights came up. By the time Freddie and I realized the lights were on people were getting up and beginning to leave. And looking at us. Freddie immediately took his lips off my nipple and moved his head. But that left my breasts exposed to everyone in the theater. I was so embarrassed. Thank God there wasn’t anyone there that knows me. I quickly let go of Freddie’s erection and closed my blouse. There was no time to re-hook my bra. Freddie stuffed his penis, which was very rapidly becoming a lot smaller and less firm, into his pants and zipped them up. Fortunately I still had my panties and my skirt on so I just smoothed it down. I don’t know how many people saw us before we were able to cover up.”

“Was that exciting for you, to know that people had seen your naked breasts?”

“You know, it really was. Now I get very excited remembering it. At the time I was so scared and so embarrassed but the truth is it was also very arousing. Do you think I’m a pervert?”

“Of course not, Susan,” I laughed. “I feel exactly the same.”

And I told her the story about Henry and how I had first discovered that being seen by others was so totally thrilling to me. I didn’t tell her, though, about how I deliberately created opportunities for strangers to catch glimpses of me. That might have been too much for her and I really liked Susan and wanted to keep her as a friend. Then Susan told me that when she and Freddie left the theater they both stopped in the washrooms and adjusted their clothing. After that Freddie brought her home.

“And then I did to myself just what you are doing, Cheryl, while I thought about how wonderful it had been. I can’t wait to see Freddie again.”

“Do you think you will, you know, go all the way with him?”

“I don’t know. I think I’m still too young, and I would just die if I got pregnant.”

“You mean you’re not on the pill?”

“Of course not,” Susan indignantly replied. “You mean you are?”

“Yes, Susan, for the last year or so. My mother took me to the gynecologist. She said that I was of an age where sometimes girls get carried away with their emotions and they shouldn’t have to spend the rest of their lives living with their mistakes. We may be too young to ought to have sex but not to actually have sex, she said, so she had the doctor prescribe birth control pills for me.”

“But have you actually done it with anybody?”

“No,” I laughed, “but it is comforting to know that if the opportunity presented itself and it seemed right to me, that I wouldn’t have to worry about becoming pregnant. I’m sure I will want babies some day, but definitely not while I’m still in high school. Or even college or for some years thereafter. I want to be able to do things and have experiences. And having a child is one of those experiences, but you can’t have the others once you have a child whereas you can have the child after you have had the others. But enough of preaching. I should put my nightgown on so we can go say goodnight to your parents. Oh,” I sad, putting the hand that had been in my pussy close to my nose, “I think I should wash my hands first as well.”

“Okay, Cheryl. When you have finished with the bathroom I’ll get changed.”

“You really are shy, aren’t you Susan? Here I’ve been not only totally nude in front of you but playing with myself as well, which I never thought I would ever do in front of another person. And you’re embarrassed about getting undressed in front of a person that you have been nude in front of almost every afternoon for the last several months.”

“I know, it seems silly, and maybe someday I will get over it, just not quite yet.”

“It’s all right Susan. Everybody is different, and I believe that we should only do things we feel comfortable doing.”

I climbed off the bed and put on my nightgown, hoping that Jenny wouldn’t make any comment about how thin the material was. I suppose that Susan must have become somewhat inured after seeing me totally naked in front of her because she didn’t say anything. I went into the bathroom, which I wished had been down the hallway rather than attached to the room because the trip to it could have offered some interesting possibilities. I washed my hands and brushed my teeth and checked that my hair looked okay – it is pretty difficult to go wrong in pigtails – and came back into the room to wait for Susan.

When she went in to the bathroom, though, I thought that this might be a good opportunity to walk on into the living room and hope that Mr. Jameson was sitting there by himself. So I called in to Susan and told her that I was going to go out and begin saying goodnight to her folks and would see her there in a few minutes. My nipples were already erect but I pinched them gently a few times anyway before opening the door and walking out to the living room. When I walked in I saw Mr. Jameson sitting in an easy chair and reading. He was alone in the room. Good. He looked up as I came in, then looked down at what I was wearing. And smiled very broadly.

“Cheryl, you have such wonderful taste in nightgowns.”

“Why thank you Mr. Jameson, I’m very glad that you like it. I was hoping that you would and I wore it especially for you.”

“Then I’m the one who should thank you. You look lovely.”

“Susan will be out in a minute. She’s getting changed now. I came to say goodnight to Mrs. Jameson and to you.”

“She’s getting changed too and should be out in a bit. We could chat for a few minutes while we’re waiting. That is, if you would like to.”

“Of course. Actually, I was hoping that you would be alone. I was afraid that your wife would think that my nightgown is a little risqué and want me to put a robe on over it.”

“I don’t think so. She doesn’t seem to notice very much after she takes her contacts out while getting ready for bed.”

“I didn’t even know she wore contacts, Mr. Jameson.”

“Yes, she has done for several years now. And she refuses to wear her glasses when she takes the contacts out. I’m a little surprised that I don’t need glasses as well, now that I am getting on in years.”

I knew that statement called for a rapid response on my part so I quickly said, “You’re not getting old, Mr. Jameson. You’re the most virile man I know. And the best looking, too.”

“Why, why thank you, Cheryl. But I think you just haven’t met very many men yet.”

“It’s true that I haven’t known any men, if that’s what you mean. But I’ve met you and would love to get to know you.”

I tried to put extra emphasis on the word, “know” and trusted that Mr. Jameson would understand exactly what I meant.

“Do you really mean that, Cheryl?”

“Of course, Mr. Jameson. I’ve been in love with you for the longest time, now. I think ever since that first time that I stayed overnight with Susan because of the snow storm. The way that you looked at me made me very excited. And I have remained excited ever since.”

Mr. Jameson was about to respond when we heard a door close. I quickly sat down, hoping that the shortness of my nightgown might not be quite so apparent. I wished I had asked Mr. Jameson whether his wife put her contacts in before making breakfast but it was too late now. It turned out to be Susan who came in, but her mom followed a couple of minutes later. Neither Susan nor her mom commented on my attire and I breathed a small sigh of relief. I thought that now it would be a little difficult for either of them to say something in the morning or the next evening when I wore the same nightgown again. And it made me feel so deliciously sinful, knowing that Mr. Jameson who, unlike his wife without her contacts, really did notice these things, had liked what he had seen.

And I didn’t even need to dream up any reasons for Mrs. Jameson to leave the room temporarily. She came right over to me, bent down and kissed my cheek.

“Good night, dear. I was up quite early this morning and really feel tired. I’ll see you in the morning.”

Then she turned to Susan and said, “Why don’t you give your dad a kiss good night and come talk to me for a couple of minutes.”

“Ok, mom. Good night, Cheryl, I’ll see you in a few minutes.”

“Yes, I’ll just keep your dad company for a little bit and then I’ll be right in.”

Susan gave her dad a daughterly peck on the cheek and said good night to him. As she and her mom left the room Mr. Jameson called out after them, “If either of you two need anything, just holler. I’ll be happy to bring it to you.”

“Why thank you, dear, that is so thoughtful. Good night.”

“Thanks, daddy. Good night.”

After I heard the door close to the bedroom I said, “I really wish you had some exercise equipment here that you could show me how to use. You did such a good job of it in your gym.”

“I’m sorry, too, Cheryl. It was a pleasure to help you. You are a very apt pupil. But you’re not really not dressed for working out tonight.”

“I have more on tonight than I did on two occasions, Mr. Jameson,” I protested.

“That’s just what I mean, Cheryl. You’re over dressed.”

“I’d be happy to take this off,” I said, lifting the hems of my nightgown up to my breasts, “but I’m afraid we might be interrupted.”

“And that is a very valid concern. No, you better remain dressed just as you are. But the way you are is very nice indeed.”

“I’m really glad you think so.”

Then I had a thought.

“But you know, I pulled a muscle in track a few weeks ago and it still hurts. If I came over there do you think you could massage it for me?”

“Why of course. What muscle did you pull?”

“My groin muscle, I’m afraid. It gets a lot of stress going over those hurdles.”

“I’ll bet it does. Well come on over and I’ll see if I can help.”

I walked over to the chair in which he was sitting and made sure to stand on the side that would leave Mr. Jameson an unobstructed view of the doorway in case Mrs. Jameson or Susan should return to the living room. On the way, though, I first checked the hallway and saw the light on under the door of the master bedroom where Mr. and Mrs. Jameson would be sleeping and from where I heard Susan’s voice talking to her mom.

Mr. Jameson placed a hand fairly high up on my left thigh. “Is it on this side.”

“No the other,” I replied, choosing the side that I thought his right hand could most easily massage.

He moved his hand to my other leg. I was tingling with excitement already. I think he was as well because Mr. Jameson took his hand off my leg and rearranged himself inside his trousers.

“I just want to give it a bit more room. You’re a very exciting woman, Cheryl.”

I was thrilled that he called me a woman and not a girl. And more thrilled a minute later when his hand slid up my upper leg and found my warm moistness. Mr. Jameson looked up at me, surprise written on his face.

“What can I say, Mr. Jameson? You do that to me. I always get wet when I am around you, even when all I get to do is to look at you and thrill to the sound of your voice.”

I really meant it, too, but then I realized that he might be alarmed at the depth of my feelings and worry that I would assume the Glenn Close role in “Fatal Attraction.”

“Oh, please don’t worry, Mr. Jameson. I know that you are happily married and that you love your wife and Susan and would never want to hurt them. I would never want to hurt them either. I just hope that maybe you can find a little time for me as well.”

“I wasn’t worried, Cheryl.”

He really did look relieved, however, so I decided to play down my feelings for him and mention only sexual, not emotional, feelings. I guess he must have been satisfied because the next thing I knew, Mr. Jameson had placed both of his hands on my upper legs and was sliding them up and under my nightgown. Suspecting that Mr. Jameson might be as visually oriented as many men are, and even though I was pretty certain that he could see more than just the outline of my pussy through the almost (but not quite) sheer fabric of my nightgown, I said, “Let me get this out of your way, Mr. Jameson,” and I used both of my hands to lift it up to just above my tummy.

“Oh yes, Cheryl, that is much better. It is just amazing how even a little bit of thin cloth can interfere with a good massage.”

“Yes, isn’t it?”

Then we both laughed, but not very loud as we needed to be able to hear the bedroom door if it opened. It took very little time before Mr. Jameson finished exploring my upper thighs and my tummy. With one hand he concentrated on exploring, in considerable depth, my clit and my vagina while the other played with my bottom and teased my anus. While in the bathroom before coming out I had made a point of washing that area very thoroughly, just in case. I was very glad now that I had done so as Mr. Jameson left almost nothing of that part of me uncharted. It was almost as if his hands and fingers were attempting to memorize the texture of my skin, every fold of my pussy, the length and breadth of my clit, which seemed to offer a little more length and breadth the longer his talented fingers examined it. And every nook and cranny of my ass, which he kept telling me was perfectly formed and velvety to his touch and all the kinds of things that make us melt in men’s arms. His teasing of my anus felt so good to me that I knew I wanted his finger inside me there, something I had never done before. I let go of one side of my nightgown to moisten my fingers in my pussy, where my fingers and his briefly met and caressed, then I took his hand from my ass and dampened his fingers with my pussy juices before moving his fingers back to my anus.

“Please Mr. Jameson, can you put a finger into me there? I’ve never done that before so it may be very tight, but I would really like for you to do it.”

“If you’re sure,” he began.

“Oh, yes, I’m very sure.”

He teased my anus just a little bit longer and then, very gently, began to insert one finger, probably his index finger but I couldn’t be certain, into me. Just the tiniest little bit initially, but after I was able to accommodate that, he gradually and quite carefully, moved it a little further in, then back out, then back to where it had got to and a little beyond that. I had never even experimented with putting my own finger there so I had no idea what it would feel like. Not surprisingly, it was a little uncomfortable, and especially mentally as I was petrified that I might have an accident, or that his finger would find material which he would wish he hadn’t. Fortunately, neither happened and I began to relax, at least a little. This seemed to make it easier for his finger to move more deeply into me, which felt better and better to me the more I was able to relax.

At the same time, he was moving not just one finger but two into and out of my vagina. I don’t need to tell you how good this felt to me. And by now I had lifted my nightgown up and over my breasts so that Mr. Jameson could look at them as well. Now I took my nightgown in just one hand and with the other caressed my breasts and my nipples. I also looked down at Mr. Jameson’s pants, which had a tent pole trying to free itself from them. Seeing that made me even more excited than I already was. And then I felt the fingers on one of my wished for lover’s hands touching the finger of his other one through the thin membrane inside me. That did me in and I couldn’t hold back my orgasm any longer. I at least had the presence of mind to take my hand off my breasts and stuff it into my mouth as I shuddered in the most violent and long lasting contractions I had ever experienced. I was really afraid that I was going to collapse because my legs felt so weak. After several minutes I was finally beginning to come back to normal when we both heard the bedroom door open. Mr. Jameson rapidly withdrew his hands from me. To my great relief, the finger that had been deep inside my ass was as clean as the proverbial whistle, though it did glisten. The two fingers that had been inside my vagina were drenched in my juices. Mr. Jameson rapidly took a Kleenex out of his pocket and wiped them off while I, as silently as I could, raced into the kitchen and poured a glass of water. As the water was running I heard Susan ask where I had got to. Her dad told her that I was just getting a glass of water before turning in for the night and that he would stay and read a little while longer.

“I’ll go on to the bedroom, dad, and wait for Cheryl there. Good night again. See you in the morning.”

“Okay sweetie, have pleasant dreams.”

“Oh, I will daddy, I will.”

I waited another minute or two and then came out. I walked up to Mr. Jameson, who drew me even closer to him, lifted my nightgown and then, to my amazement, put his tongue right into my pussy. He tongued me there for a few minutes and then moved his mouth up to my clit. I absolutely loved the feel of his tongue on my clit. And then he wrapped his lips around my clit and began to suck on it. I immediately had another orgasm. This was by far the best night of my life. And much better than winning the hurdles at the district meet, as nice as that had been. In another few minutes I had yet another orgasm. When I had recovered from this one and could stand without assistance again I gently pulled away from his mouth.

“I really better go on to bed, Mr. Jameson or Susan will wonder what we’re doing out here.”

“Yes, I’m sure you’re right. It is just that you feel and taste so good, I could keep doing it all night.”

“I really hope I get to experience that sometime, Mr. Jameson.”

Then I smiled, blew him a kiss and walked on into the bedroom.

“You were a long time, Cheryl.”

I climbed into the queen size bed on the other side from Susan and said, “I know, Susan. Your dad was telling me about some of your adventures when you were little. He really loves you, you know.”

“Yeah, he’s a great dad. I’m really lucky.”

“I’ll say, and I have a great dad as well. Yours is so easy to be around. He doesn’t talk down to me like a lot of adults do. And he is always very helpful. But I don’t want to embarrass you and we really ought to be getting some sleep so we can have a great day at the beach tomorrow.”

“Yeah, good night, Cheryl.”

“’night, Susan.”

I put two fingers into my pussy, very quietly, but was able to play with myself while thinking about where Mr. Jameson had had his fingers just a few minutes before for only a very few minutes before falling into a deep, untroubled sleep.

When I awakened the next morning I was surprised to find that there was a hand on my pussy. I remained stock still. It wasn’t moving, though, and I realized that Susan must have put it there by accident in her sleep without meaning to. Still, it did feel surprisingly good to me so I didn’t remove her hand. Then I remembered reading once that some women could do amazing things with their muscles “down there.” I decided to experiment for a little bit. I had never even tried to control those muscles and didn’t have any real idea of what they were in any case. But I didn’t hear any sounds from the kitchen or living room so I figured Susan’s folks were still sleep. And her hand actually did feel pretty good right where it was. My first few tries yielded nothing but a sore jaw from clenching so hard trying to make something happen. After a bit though I actually felt a muscle move. A little bit later I was able to do it again. And pretty soon whenever I wanted to.

What I hoped to be able to do was to literally suck on one or two of Susan’s fingers with my pussy, and to draw it inside me. Her fingers weren’t positioned in the ideal manner for even attempting that and I didn’t want to actually touch her hand in case that woke her up. I suppose I could have pretended that I was moving it away from me rather than into a better position on me, but in any case I found that with just a little scooting of my bottom I was able to get her fingers into a better position. I then resumed my attempts at expanding and contracting the muscles controlling the opening and closing of my pussy lips. It took quite a while, but I was enjoying doing what I was doing so I didn’t mind. I was finally able to open my pussy lips enough so that one of Susan’s fingers did slide a little into me. Then I contracted the muscles and closed my lips again, trapping her finger inside me. My nerve endings there must have become very sensitive because her inert finger there felt wonderful to me. Then I concentrated on opening and closing my lips to try to draw Susan’s finger deeper into me. And I actually succeeded. I couldn’t get it nearly as deep as Susan’s dad had put his fingers last night, but it was pretty far in. And certainly felt very nice there.

Jenny began to stir so I quickly feigned sleep. Though I couldn’t stop myself from continuing to expand and contract the muscles opening and closing my pussy around Susan’s finger.

Then I heard a gasp and a little pop as Susan withdrew her finger from me. I quickly opened my eyes as if I just awakened and said, “Susan? What’s happening?”

“Oh, Cheryl, I’m so sorry. I just woke up and found my hand on your pussy and my finger was actually inside you. Please forgive me. I’m not a lesbian, I’m really not.”

“Of course you aren’t, Susan. It’s okay. Lots of girls experiment a little with other girls, even when they’re awake, and yet they really like boys. So, do I taste good?”

“You want me to lick my finger? Really?”

“Sure. I’ve tasted myself after masturbating, but no one else ever has. And I haven’t ever tasted anyone else so I don’t have any means for comparison.” Actually, Susan’s dad had licked his fingers after having them in me but I could hardly tell Susan about that.

“Well, okay. But you have to taste me, too.”

“Sure, but can I do it with my tongue rather than my finger?”

“Your tongue? Well, I guess so, if you want to.”

“That way I get your taste directly, rather than second hand, so to speak.”

Susan smiled at my intended pun and put her little finger into her mouth.

“Not that finger, Susan. The one that was actually inside me.”

“Oh, right. Here goes.”

This time she put what I thought was the correct finger in. She was clearly very dubious but after sucking on her finger for a couple of minutes, Susan said, “Gosh, Cheryl, you taste really good.”

“Is it different from you?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never tasted myself.”

“Weren’t you ever curious?”

“Of course, I was curious. But I was afraid it would mean I was a lesbian if I put my finger into my mouth after playing with myself.”

“Well, it wouldn’t. It would only mean that you have a normal and very natural curiosity. And besides, Freddie put his tongue into you the other night. You should have some idea how you tasted to him. There are some things that can be done if the taste isn’t any good. You know, fishy or like that.”

“I think that’s what I was afraid of, Cheryl. That I would smell like fish like all the boys joke about all of us tasting like.”

“That’s all the more reason to find out. It doesn’t have to taste like fish but you have to know if it isn’t, well, nice, in order to know that you should do something about it. Didn’t you and your mom ever talk about this stuff?”

“Yeah, sort of. But not at this level of detail. I think my mom must be as embarrassed as I am about the whole subject.”

“Look, Susan. I don’t know a whole lot but I do know that ignorance on this subject is not good. The more we know about sex, how to give sexual pleasure and how to get it, the happier we are going to be.”

“Okay, Cheryl. No need to preach. And anyway, now it’s your turn.”

“My turn?”

“Yes, like you agreed. To taste me.”

“Oh. Okay. This is a good time. Lie back down on your back.”

Susan did so. I pulled the light comforter off the bed and moved between Susan’s legs, which I had to push open with my hands.

“Come on, Susan. I can’t taste you if I can’t even get close to you.”

She relaxed and spread her legs. She still had her panties on as she always did, even for sleeping. I lifted Susan’s nightgown and pulled it all the way up to her neck, uncovering her breasts. At least she didn’t sleep in a bra as well as her panties. I took my nightgown off so that I would be naked. I wanted to feel Susan’s skin against mine, and my nipples on her.

“What are you doing, Cheryl? I thought you were just going to taste my pussy.”

“I am, Susan, but I have to get you excited first in order to be able to taste what Freddie was tasting. It wouldn’t do any good just to lick a dry pussy.”

“Oh. I guess not. Okay, go ahead and do what you have to do.”

“It isn’t torture, Susan. Really it isn’t.”

I pulled her panties down over her hips and all the way off her legs before dropping them on the floor. I decided not to give her my lecture about the evils of sleeping in panties. I was sure I had already given her that one on at least several occasions. I bent down over Susan and moved my mouth to her breast. I gave her a series of little kisses all over her breast except for the nipple. Then I retraced my route with my tongue. This time I didn’t stop when I had made my circles smaller and smaller leading up to her nipple. I flicked it with my tongue several times before taking it completely into my mouth and sucking on it. I concentrated on that nipple for several moments as I felt the nipple grow firmer and firmer in my mouth. Then I moved to her other breast and repeated the procedure. Susan tasted very nice to me. She had lovely breasts and I really enjoyed the feel of her nipples in my mouth. After both were nicely erect I moved back and forth between them, sucking on one and then the other. Susan’s breathing grew more and more shallow and her hips began to move under me. She was clearly getting quite excited.

I shifted down slightly on the bed and moved my mouth to her pussy. She was already quite moist but I ignored that and found her clit with my tongue, which I moved up and down and then all around on her clit. It, too, became nicely aroused, so I took it into my mouth to suck on it.

“I don’t think you have to do that, Cheryl, I’m sure I’m already moist.”

I lifted my mouth from her clit and said, “Yes, but we should try to do this right to be certain that I’m getting the same degree of taste as Freddie did.”

“Oh. Okay, I guess,” Susan said rather doubtfully.

I was really enjoying myself by now and had no intention of having this get over too soon. I was having all sorts of firsts this weekend and wanted to prolong the pleasure for as long as I could. I returned my mouth to Susan’s clit and continued to suck on it. She clasped her legs around my head.

“Cheryl. This feels so good. I don’t care if it does make me a lesbian. Please don’t stop.”

I wasn’t about to stop and instead redoubled my efforts. Then I moved my head back down on Jenny’s pussy and probed her vagina with my tongue. Actually I cheated and put my finger into her as well. But I’m not sure she even noticed as she was writhing about so much on the bed. I moved back and forth between her clit and her vagina, then sucked some more on her clit as she arched her back and came in an orgasm similar to the one I had experienced from her dad’s tongue last night. I kept my tongue in her until she quieted down and was able to lie still. Then I lifted my head and smiled at her.

“Susan, you taste delicious. Much better than I do. You have absolutely nothing to worry about. You should put your finger in you and lick it so you will know that I’m telling you the truth.”

I took her hand and gently but firmly drew it to her pussy. She was clearly reluctant, but finally she did put a finger into herself and then brought it to her mouth and sucked it clean.

“I don’t think it is as good as you, Cheryl, but it isn’t bad. Thank God. I had really been worried. That is such a relief to me. Thank you.”

“You’re more than welcome, Susan. It was torture for me, that’s true, but hey, that’s what friends are for.”

Susan laughed and claimed the first shower. But before going into the shower she turned back and said, “Cheryl, I have a confession. When I woke up I realized my hand was on your, you know, down there.”

“My pussy?”

“Yes, your pussy. And when I felt your pussy moving I thought you might want to feel my finger inside you, so I waited a little bit and then gradually slid it into you. You felt really good to me. I hope you don’t mind.”

I couldn’t help but laugh. “Susan, I was so proud of myself. I thought I had trained the muscles in my pussy to be able to draw your hand right into me.”

“Well, they did, I just helped them along a little.”

Susan went on into the shower and turned the water on. I still didn’t hear any sounds from the kitchen so I lay in bed and played with myself, very pleased with how things had turned out and looking forward to the beach in a few hours.

We both dressed before going out to breakfast. Tee shirts and short shorts were the order of the day. Susan also put on her bra and some clean panties. I didn’t bother with the bra but did put on some panties. Susan looked at my breasts under the tee shirt.

“Are you sure you don’t want to put a bra on? I know your breasts don’t really need one, but even yours will jiggle a little bit and everyone will be able to tell you don’t have one on.”

“Susan, ‘everyone’ is only your mom and dad. And they’ve seen me in a lot less than this.”

I knew that Susan thought I meant that they had seen me in my almost transparent nightgowns and I did, but I also meant, at least with regard to Susan’s dad, exercising in the nude in his gym while he watched and instructed me in how to use the equipment. And I turned and led the way out of the bedroom.

Susan’s mom was in the kitchen and Mr. Jameson was just coming in as well. Neither of them commented on my tee shirt but Mr. Jameson did sneak a peek at my breasts and smiled approvingly. We ate breakfast and then piled into the car to head for the beach. I had assumed that there would be changing rooms at the beach. I was mistaken. Somehow I hadn’t noticed that Susan had, sometime after breakfast, put her suit on under her clothes, as had her mom and dad. It wasn’t too difficult to put my top on under my tee shirt but I noticed that Mrs. Jameson had politely turned her head away when she realized my predicament whereas Mr. Jameson had not. I was quick to take advantage of this. I lifted my tee shirt more than necessary to slide the straps of my bikini up and over my arms. I knew that my nipples were peeking out for several seconds and that Mr. Jameson was staring right at them. It was quite thrilling to me. Especially as I was aware that several other males on the beach had noticed that I was changing on the beach and were looking at me.

My bikini bottom presented a greater difficulty. I only had short shorts on, which would be much easier than tight fitting jeans, but still would be impossible to remove without risking being seen. I wrapped a towel around my waist, above the waistband of my shorts. I deliberately didn’t make it too tight. I also deliberately didn’t overlap the two ends of the towel nearly as much as I could have. In case the towel didn’t fall off completely after I had removed my shorts and panties, I wanted there to be a chance that if a fortuitous breeze happened along, the towel would part and give Mr. Jameson, and anyone else who happened to be looking, a view of my pussy, which was already becoming quite moist. But mostly I hoped that the towel would fall completely off, leaving all of my pussy and my ass on display as I pretended total embarrassment and fumbled for long minutes to get my towel back up and covering all of me.

It worked almost as well as I had hoped it would. With the towel wrapped, very loosely, around my waist, I tugged my shorts down and stepped out of them. I could have taken off my panties at the same time but I thought it might be more interesting for the guys, and especially Mr. Jameson, if I undressed in stages. I folded my shorts quite carefully before repeating the process with my panties. Instead of kicking them away, I leaned over to pull them off my ankles. As I did so, I scraped my elbow furiously, though I hoped surreptitiously, against my loosely wrapped towel. As I straightened up, and just as I had hoped, the towel became undone and fell to the ground, baring me to everyone at the beach. It was only a little after ten and the beach wasn’t really all that crowded, but it didn’t matter as Mr. Jameson was the only one I really wanted to be looking at my nakedness. And he was, with eyes widened not just because of my nakedness but because of where we were, on a public beach with other people around.

I quickly picked up my bikini bottoms but managed to struggle to pull them up past my knees and then, finally, up and over my pubic hair. I was facing Mr. Jameson, and seven or eight teenagers and young men. I managed, without having to try very hard to do so, to blush a bright crimson red. I wasn’t embarrassed at all, of course, but it seemed preferable to appear to be so. I walked the few short steps over to Mr. Jameson. “That was certainly embarrassing. Next time I’ll be sure to have my suit on under my clothes.”

“Well, don’t do that on my account, Cheryl. I thought you looked very pretty.”

“Thank you. But I didn’t mean for there to be so very much of me for people to see. My bikini is small enough as it is.”

And that last part was certainly true. I would never have dared to let my mom or dad see me in it. It wasn’t a thong, but the coverage of my bottom was, at best, miniscule. My pubic hair was covered in front, but only barely, with most of my legs and the area between them left bare. The top covered my nipples and the areolas but even a slight movement of my arms made it slip down a bit exposing the upper area of the areolas. Since they are pink, it would take a keen eyed viewer to see that there was a bit more of me on display than was supposed to be. But I suppose there were a few keen eyed viewers that day at the beach. Mr. Jameson was certainly one of them.

“It is small, as you say, Cheryl, but very becoming. I really like the color.”

It was a lime green which I thought went well with my blonde hair and my skin coloring. I had a bit of a tan but not a deep dark one. It was too early in the season for that.

We set out our blankets and Susan and I walked down to the water. It was a little cold, but definitely not icy. After a few minutes acclimating ourselves we were able to swim. I’m not a very good swimmer and neither was Susan, but we had a nice time anyway. Several boys came over and tried to talk with us but I really wasn’t interested in teen age boys. I was thinking only about Mr. Jameson. Susan and I remained in the water for almost an hour until we saw Susan’s mom beckoning us to come in. As we stepped out of the water and onto the beach my foot came down on something sharp. I yelled and saw blood gushing from my left foot. I looked down at the sand and saw that some jerk had left a beer bottle cap on the beach and I had stepped heavily onto it. I hobbled up to our towels, trying to keep the cut off the sand. I knew it wasn’t a serious cut but it certainly hurt a lot and I thought I should put some Polysporin on it. So did Mrs. Jameson.

“John, you should take Cheryl back to the cabin and put something on her cut. Susan and I will wait here until you return. And Cheryl, dear, if you don’t feel up to walking, you can rest at the cabin if you prefer. Will you be all right by yourself?”

“I’m sure I’ll be just fine, Mrs. Jameson. I’ll come back with Mr. Jameson but it probably is a good idea to put some Polysporin or something on the cut. I think I have some in my overnight bag. My mom won’t let me go anyplace without it, in case something just like this should happen.”

Mr. Jameson put his right arm around my waist and I put my left arm over his shoulder. The touch of his hand and his fingers on my bare skin above my bikini bottom almost made me forget the pain in my foot, around which Mrs. Jameson had wrapped a small towel. Mr. Jameson drove us the short way back to the cabin. I lay down on my bed as he looked for some ointment. Mrs. Jameson had Polysporin, too, and Mr. Jameson brought it, and a warm wash cloth into the bedroom. He very gently washed my foot, which had stopped bleeding and put the cream onto it. Unlike iodine, Polysporin doesn’t usually sting, and that was the case this time. After putting the ointment on, Mr. Jameson continued to hold my foot with his right hand while his left hand began to trace small circles on my calf. “That feels very nice, Mr. Jameson.”

“Does your foot hurt very much, Cheryl?”

“No, it hardly hurts at all now, Mr. Jameson. You must have the magic touch.”

That seemed to be all the encouragement he needed. He began using both hands to massage my leg, gradually moving his fingers higher and higher. I sighed in contentment and murmured that he was doing a wonderful job of easing my pain. When his hands moved above my knee to my upper thigh I could feel myself becoming moist. My breathing grew more and more erratic. Here we were, alone, in the bedroom. I had on only a very brief bikini and Mr. Jameson wore just a tee shirt over his bathing suit. It wasn’t a Speedo but it was easy to see that Mr. Jameson had become as excited as I was. When his fingers brushed against the bottom of my bikini he said, “Cheryl, your suit is still wet. Isn’t that chafing you? Don’t you think it would be a good idea to take it off and put something dry on?”

“I think the first part of your suggestion is a very good one, Mr. Jameson, but I don’t see any need to put anything else on. We’re the only ones here and you drove me in the only car. Unless you would be embarrassed, of course.”

“No, not at all, Cheryl. I have always loved to look at you. You are a very lovely young woman. I just didn’t want you to think I was being forward.”

“But Mr. Jameson, you know, you must know, how much I have wanted you to make love to me.”

“I didn’t dare let myself think that was the case, Cheryl. I kept telling myself that you didn’t realize how excited you were making me. Let alone to believe, to really believe, that you would let me make love to you.”

“Of course I would,” I said as I reached behind my back to undo my top. I dropped it on the floor and reached my arms up to Mr. Jameson. He kissed me. A delicious, long, gentle and then more and more urgent kiss. I opened my mouth and moved my tongue to meet his. I could feel his erection pressing against my pussy and my tummy. A lot of my tummy, well up past my navel. When our lips broke apart I pushed Mr. Jameson away.

“I’m sorry, Cheryl. Did I do something wrong?”

“Oh, no, Mr. Jameson. It is just that my wet bikini bottom really is bothering me. I really think I should take it off. Could you remove it for me?”

Mr. Jameson put one hand on each side of my bikini and slowly peeled it off and down my legs, then dropped it on the floor with my top. Then he took his trunks off too and lay back down between my legs. He bent his head down and kissed my pussy. I put my hands on his head and pulled him closer against me. He found me with his tongue and showed me why I knew I wanted a mature man to be the one to show me how to make love. He did things with his tongue on my clit and in my vagina and back up to my clit and all around my clit. And when he took my clit in his mouth and sucked on it I had an immediate orgasm, while clutching his head against me even more firmly. I wrapped my legs around his head to encourage him to keep doing what he was doing. His hands found my nipples and squeezed and massaged them while his tongue kept doing the delicious things it was doing to me. I had another orgasm, and didn’t even try not to make noise while doing so.

After my third orgasm I pulled Mr. Jameson’s face up to mine and kissed him. And then kissed him again. And then again. His lips felt so wonderful on mine. His tongue in my mouth was almost as good as it had been in my pussy and on my clit. I reached my hand down and found his erection. It felt enormous to me. And beautiful. So beautiful that I couldn’t resist moving my hand up and down on the whole glorious length and breadth of it. I couldn’t believe how firm it was, and how thick. I couldn’t even remember the name of that boy whose erection was the first I had ever touched. I could barely remember my own name my feelings were so inflamed.

And I hadn’t even begun to feel as good as I was going to feel a few minutes later when Mr. Jameson slowly pushed himself into me. I spread my legs as wide as I could to help draw him into me. He didn’t need my help but I reached both of my hands down to feel his erection as it slowly disappeared inside me. And filled me up. And then when Mr. Jameson pulled it back out, extremely, beautifully slowly, I felt a whole new set of sensations. And then he thrust back into me and I could feel each inch of him as he penetrated me. I wrapped my legs around Mr. Jameson and felt his strong muscles as he moved into and out of and then back into me. It was far and away the most wonderful sensation I had ever felt. Of their own accord my hips thrust upwards to meet his every downward push. The friction of his smooth firm erection against my clitoris was so pleasurable yet painful as the tension built to higher and higher levels as I desperately sought the release of my orgasm.

When it came I screamed and thrashed about, enjoying every sensation of it as I clung to Mr. Jameson’s strong thighs, trying to pull him even deeper into me. He kept his arms around me as he kissed my neck and my cheek and then, when I could breathe more easily, my lips, moving his tongue into my mouth to meet mine. And then he resumed his thrusts into me. The friction built even more rapidly this time and before I knew it I was having another orgasm, my whole body shaking and trembling. This time, as soon as I could, I pulled his head to mine and thrust my tongue into his mouth as his fingers caressed my nipples and his erection remained deeply imbedded in me. He had wonderful staying power although I didn’t realize at the time how much better he would prove to be than most of the boys and men I would later be with.

When at last he came I had one final orgasm seconds later as I felt his penis twitching in its ejaculations into me. Afterwards we lay in each other’s arms as he kissed me and resumed caressing my nipples, my legs, my thighs, my hips and my pussy, now covered with the mixture of my own juices and his sperm as it slowly seeped out of me. I reached down, tentatively, and touched myself there. I brought my fingers to my mouth and tasted the mixture and was pleased, and relieved, to find that it tasted very good to me. He smiled at what I was doing. “Were we good together?”

“Delicious, though your contribution is much nicer than mine.”

“I’ll have to take your word for that, Cheryl. I love the smell and the taste of your pussy but I’ve never had any desire to taste me.”

I laughed and assured him that anyone who did like the taste of ejaculate would love his. We kissed for a few more minutes until I said that I thought we ought to get back to the beach before his wife and Jennie sent out a search party for us. We showered together and I loved putting soap all over his large, heavy balls and his penis. When it began enlarging, which I loved to watch and to feel, Mr. Jameson gently pushed my hand away. “If you keep doing that, Cheryl, we’ll never make it back to the beach.”

We finished showering and drying off and then, back in the bedroom, I put my perfume on and managed to sprinkle a little around. Fortunately there was a very pleasant breeze blowing through the room which I hoped would remove the evidence of our love making. Mr. Jameson checked for a wet spot and was relieved that there was none as neither of us knew whether there were any clean sheets we could have put on the bed. Finally Mr. Jameson took me into his arms again and we kissed, deeply, one more time. Then we put our swimsuits back on and returned to the beach where Susan and Mrs. Jameson didn’t seem concerned by our long absence but only relieved that my cut wasn’t too bad and that I had been able to return to the beach. Susan and I went back into the water near the group of teenage boys. I ignored them as I thought about how wonderful Mr. Jameson had felt on me and under me and in me.

I told Cheryl how excited her recounting of these escapades had made me. “I know, silly, you had an erection most of the time.”

“The only times I didn’t was for a few minutes after I had interrupted your telling and we made love, over and over again.”

I asked Cheryl if she would tell me more of what she called her adventures and she promised that she would.