Manipulating Jenny

Ch. 01

by BeamMeUpÂ©

Dear reader: This story starts a series of real life erotic adventures of a

superbly attractive 18 year-old prick teasing office girl in a big city. Jenny

actually existed in such a job some years back, but in different name and the

exciting adventures ahead happened as described, only with various

embellishments to enhance your satisfaction. The author knows the main character

intimately well and can assure you this is one good long series read you will

enjoy. Stay!

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Office flirt Jenny, 18, doesn't mind being thought of as a prick teaser by other

women in the big city office where she works nine to five. After all, she takes

after her mother, a vivacious siren now 50, right down to her long jet-black

hair.

Like her mother Jenny oozes sexiness, is fastidiously clean and treats her lithe

body as a prize from God. Tight buttocks and all the curves in the right places,

and always, always she keeps her pussy scrupulously free of hair with daily

creams to keep it smooth as satin. Jenny dreams that one day she can be a first

class photographic model if only the right shutterbug can discover her!

The Latino teen, six months off her 19th birthday, attracts more than casual

glances wherever she goes in her provocative mini skirts, her long slender olive

complexion legs and 38-inch firm breasts with slightly upturned big puffy

nipples two inches wide and peaking one and a three quarter inches out. Her

female associates, less endowed, hate her for wearing not just a bum freezer

skirt but also such a thin nylon bra that fails to hide the way her puffies

outrageously stand out like beacons yet are completely covered. Jenny's boss

notices too, and he often calls her into his office to discuss her work even

when it seems to Jenny that he just wants to perv on her body.

This Friday she wears her new plaited micro mini and favourite g-string under

the pantihose as the g-string is so temptingly sheer it is almost clear as

glass. Jenny bought the g-string at a sex shop for her own pleasure in an erotic

moment, making sure it was one size too small and totally transparent. She likes

to relish the fantasy of her boss finding her irresistible when she sits in the

visitor chair opposite his giant executive desk to discuss work, as she knows he

always does on a Friday and he likes to look at her legs. But it is another man

that quite unexpectedly gets the best view.

Leaving work late after 5 Jenny decides to bypass the elevator rather than wait,

ducking down the second floor stairwell. Unfortunately she slips and tumbles

down several steps lucky not to hit her head but landing awkwardly on her left

knee. It pains bad and Jenny curses aloud.

She hobbles back to the office and finds only her boss still there. Puffing from

the fright she shows him her kinked knee. "Jenny you cold suffer some real

damage to your knee," he said. "Lucky there is a good physiotherapist up on

level 15 who doesn't close until 6 on week days."

The boss picks up the phone and rings the physio's number. "Bill, this is

Raymond on level 2, one of my girls has hurt her knee and needs you to look at

it right now Can you spend some time on it and I'll pay your hourly rate if you

flick me an invoice on Monday as this young lady is one of my best and needs to

be in good hands right away." Jenny sighs with relief. Thank goodness not

everyone shuts their door at 5 o'clock, she croaks.

"Jenny, this therapist, old Bill I call him, is a real expert. Just trust him to

know what he is doing. He's an older man, must be getting well into his 60s and

looks a fat old fart but you can rely on him like he's your own grandfather. He

really knows what affects the body."

But Jenny, so used to being in control and choosing her teasing moment, is

horrified at the prospect of seeing a total stranger, especially a grandfather

age man while wearing such provocative underwear, ultra short skirt and

see-through bra. It is an unscheduled moment of her life she isn't prepared for.

"What if he looks up my skirt; it is short you know," she says limply to her

boss, not game to tell him she may as well be wearing crotchless panties.

"Jenny, this man is a professional who is used to -- you know, seeing people in

situations. They don't take any notice of what they see; it is all professional

care." With her boss's reassurance, Jenny hobbles to the elevator and finds the

therapist's door on level 15 after limping past every other tenant's darkened

offices. When the somewhat fat old man sees Jenny his pulse jumps into

overdrive.

Looking at his watch as though he is late, he hears her problem and promptly

orders her to take off her pantihose so he can massage her knee. Old Bill looks

at Jenny's superb bust line. "I don't want to ruin that lovely blouse you are

wearing as I need you to lie flat back on the massage table so better take that

off too, and those high- heel shoes." Jenny obliges, remembering her boss's

endorsement of the man. She strips off her blouse, revealing up close and

personal her very low cut skin coloured see-through bra holding a big set of

youthfully pointed breasts. The old man smiles sweetly at her upraised puffy

nipples straining tightly against the sheer nylon material and says, "it's just

as well your boss sent you to me. This can't wait until after the weekend."

"Here, I will lift you onto the massage table," he proffers and quickly scoops

her up, one hand behind her back and the other hand held flat under her

mini-skirt, not realising until then of her daring underwear situation. As the

burly built man picks her up in his strong arms his hands are feeling a

surprising amount of bare supple skin under her mini skirt. He realises this

cute gal is next to naked under her teeny bopper mini skirt, glimpsing the tiny

g-string whale tale material disappearing between her well rounded cheeks .as he

swings her up to the massage bench. This isn't happening, Jenny thinks, as she

feels the palm of his hand sliding across her tight butt as he lays her down

carefully.

"Good," he says, not surprisingly almost short of breath. "Now your boss says to

take a good look at you and see what the problem is, Stay flat with your head

against bench and bring both knees right up and pull your feet back as far back

towards your butt." Jenny does as she is told and her mini-skirt crumples up to

a point just higher than her pubic bone. The upskirt position Jenny finds

herself in exposes her silky smooth high risen mound above a bulging pussy now

thrust upwards in full view of the old man's gaze.

He can hardly believe his luck as he stares at the tantalising sight of a superb

teenage cameltoe crease Jenny now unwittingly displays to his unexpected

pleasure. The paper-thin stitching of the undersize g-string clings so tight

around the base of her outer vulva lips that it squeezes her pussy into a

tightly curved "presentation box" with such clarity that the old man could swear

she isn't wearing anything at all.

Jenny notices him staring between her legs and realises this old man will never

have it so good as now. "My boss swears by you as an expert and says I must take

your advice and instructions; I hope you can fix me up," she stutters with a

hint of being conquered.

"Yes" he replies, I am spreading your legs wide apart to see if there is any

resistance from your accident. Tell me if it hurts. Then I lift one leg at a

time up as high and without bending the knee, push it as far back as possible to

compare the flexibility of both knees. Next I hold each leg up high and move it

in a circular motion. I must know if there is a problem with your agility. Old

Bill continues to do these stretching movements for 20 minutes, always focusing

his gaze directly between her revealing thighs. As this continues, her legs

swinging left and right, up and back and around and around Jenny feels her

g-string slipping across to one side.

"Lie on your side now as I lift your legs in turn straight up high, no bending

the knee, and hold it there for a minute like before". The old man gawks eagerly

as these stretching movements finally slides the unsuspecting girl's flimsy

g-string completely across to one side, exposing entirely her smooth hairless

pussy. The close-up sight of her teenage honeypot stirs him like nothing before.

Her crinkled vagina lips are sensually prominent forming a wide crack between

both sides of her fat outer vulva lips. It's all so satin smooth without even

the hint of hair stubble anywhere. Unlike some girls, her pencil-thick clitoris

is quite large and is instantly noticeable at the tip of its protective sheath,

probably already stimulated to some extent by his workout, he thinks.

"My goodness," he chokes, "you have the most perfectly shaped legs and bum I've

seen in a long time and I've seen many." These words make Jenny feel like she is

now conquering him. His heart beat races as he feasts on the supposedly innocent

result of his expertly manipulative leg stretches and the multi-directional

views he wins of her full-on genitals. He suddenly splutters, "Take off your

bra," salivatating at the thrill of this young sexpot taking orders from him

without question.

Jenny does as she is told as he sits her up topless and just stares at her

upstanding, yet fullsome breasts, mesmerised for a moment by the starkness of

her deep pink outreaching puffy nipples. "My God, what a body," he thought to

himself.

"Now turn over and lie on your tummy while I check your leg movements from

behind. Jenny feels him moving her long legs wider apart and lifting each leg up

high and outwards, then holding both legs in each hand and holding them up, out

and around and around in such a way her vagina lips become firmer and start

opening and closing, opening and closing, opening and closing and opening wider

the longer he manipulates pressure on the region. He sees they appear very

moist. This delights the old man as he keeps doing this for some time to the

erotically picturesque office girl.

"Okay that's good Jenny," he says, "now turn over on your back while I massage

this special healing oil into your knees. Now to get the best results I must

massage it towards your heart by going to the very top of your legs". He does

not tell her the special oil is based on an ancient aphrodisiac that penetrates

deeply and stimulates sexually sensitive areas of the body. She notices he only

slides his palms along her inner thighs but she feels the heat working already.

"Ooh, I think it's already working as that feels oh, really penetrating," she

sings.

"Best we slip you out of your skirt young lady so we don't get it soiled," he

says and Jenny helps him pull it down and over her feet to the floor. Lying on

her back again she is now virtually naked. The only clothing left on her body is

her tiny g-string that rests to one side of her fat pussy. Jenny looks

helplessly at the old man's eyes getting an uninterrupted full frontal view of

her sexual delights as he keeps massaging the sensual oil from the knee right up

to the inside top of her thighs to meet her most private part.

This is taking a long time and he apologises for going over the hour since she

arrived. Inwardly though, Jenny is so psychologically stimulated knowing the old

man is transfixed at her natural beauty that her pussy lips are feeling so moist

she fears he must surely notice this. Every time he reaches the top inner thigh

Jenny feels his knuckles lean on her exposed clitoris in a slow circular manner

that seems so natural and unintended.

The excitement of this makes her already upraised puffy nipples stand erect so

that the tips seem begging to be sucked. This catches the old man's eye as he

continues for another 15 minutes with Jenny starting to squirm and lift her

buttocks up a few inches above the massage table every time he brush strokes her

bared Lolita-like pussy.

He moves her legs wider apart in a sexually exploited fashion and now Jenny,

head back and unable to see, feels his fingers sliding around her clitoris in a

dancing motion while his other hand caresses her sensitive inner thighs. The oil

feels warm to hot, penetrating and somehow is making her feel like her loins are

on fire. Her aroused clitoris responds to his sensitive butterfly-like caresses

he disguises as accidental massage and, engorged from the inner flush of sexual

intensity deep within her, Jenny's clitoris is now his sole fascination to touch

again and again. The sensations his hands are working on her makes her growing

passion unstoppable despite trying to stay in control of herself.

Jenny feels an almighty orgasm is rising in her if this continues. Suddenly

though, the old man too, sensing the moment is close, knows he has prepared the

girl for something better on another day.

"That's it for today, my girl, I have put one and a half hours into you tonight

but I want you to come back at the same time after work next Friday and each

Friday for a month so we can make sure that knee is responding. Can you do that?

"

Getting dressed, she replies with a flirtatious nod, "Oh yes sir, I will be

back." Jenny smiled at the man, thinking to herself, "You dirty old perv I bet

you wish you could fuck someone as beautiful as me but in your dreams mate. Even funnier, she thinks, her boss pays the bill. If only her randy boss could see as

much as the "fat old fart" upstairs did behind closed doors!

When Jenny left, old Bill pulls out his nine-inch schlong and jerks off a load

of cum on to the massage table, imagining it is Jenny's pretty face. "Prick

teasing bitch," he shouts as he squeezes his penis dry. Then he goes to his

diary and puts her name down for 5.30pm the following Friday.

END PART 1

Manipulating Jenny Ch. 02

It is Monday and Jenny, the baby-faced 18 year-old Latina office girl with a stunning figure is back at work. Her boss, a grey-hair man in his mid 50s, calls her into his office.  
  
"Jenny, I've been worried about you all weekend since you fell over in the stairwell and hurt your knee. Because I rang someone to see you urgently on Friday after work and I am paying the bill, I want to make sure you got the treatment you deserve," he says quietly to her after closing the door.   
  
"It went well, sir, the old man there was a bit surprised that someone my age turns up in a teeny tight mini skirt when everyone is going home for the weekend on his floor," Jenny replies candidly. "He did spend about an hour and a half looking at my knee."  
  
Her boss looked up surprised. "More than an hour for your knee?" "Well, he was very thorough as it involved lots of leg stretches and that sort of thing."  
  
"Look Jenny, quite confidentially, I am considering whether to give you a very substantial pay rise as your work has been good but I must insist that I am sure no one out there is taking advantage of you just because you are a beautiful, young lady still in her teens  
  
"No sir, no one is taking any advantage of me. I wouldn't let that happen but you did say I must trust the old guy and really I did because it was late Friday and no one else could have attended to my knee before the next day."  
  
"Well Jenny, I'll tell you what. Let me be the judge of that as it was me sending a highly attractive young woman into a therapist's rooms run by a man probably 10 years older than me and after normal closing time. Huh, you probably think I am an old man, too, but if he took that long to check you out I must know more."  
  
"What do you mean, sir? Jenny posed quizzically. "I guess I can only describe what happened and...."   
  
"No Jenny, the only way for me to know if that man was totally professional about tending to you, especially the way you dress, is to -- well, re-enact everything he did.  
  
"How do you mean, sir? I do wish I could get that substantial pay rise as I have been a good girl you know"  
  
"Jenny what I want you to do is to come to work tomorrow wearing exactly the same clothes you were wearing on Friday -- everything right down to your shoes and undies. We will wait until all the staff go home and I will lock the door so you can run me through stage by stage how he treated you. Now it must be exactly the same clothes -- that tiny mini skirt for example as it's the only way I can see things from another man's perspective."  
  
"Are you saying you will play the role of the physiotherapist and I tell you what he did? "Yes exactly, only I will do what he did on your clear memory of what was done. Now it must be exact situation otherwise we are just wasting time."  
  
Jenny went home that evening with some trepidation. Her boss, she figures, is just like all the other men out for a perv but on the other hand he is the boss and he has my interests at heart, she thinks to herself. And he is thinking of giving me a big pay rise. This is my opportunity not to miss out  
  
"I think he is going to get quite a kick out of checking this old guy out," she says aloud as she imagines how it will unfold.  
  
Tuesday morning and Jenny showered earlier than usual and painstakingly made sure her pussy was immaculately clean and silky smooth from the special emollients she uses to keep her skin looking years younger. You never know, she thinks to herself, the boss may want an upskirt perv to justify that pay rise.  
  
That day Jenny kept away from the boss so no one could twig to anything and made out she was going home, but doubled back at the office at 5.45pm. The boss is waiting for her, locking the door as she enters in her provocative micro mini.  
  
"Look, what I've done Jenny is clear my oversize executive desk as a makeshift massage table to put all this into some semblance. In our re-enactment for me to decide if the old man upstairs treated you professionally or took advantage of your innocence, let's go through it stage by stage. What happened when you got there?"  
  
"He asked me to take off my pantyhose, because he needed to massage my knee." The boss nods. "Okay Jenny, now take off your pantyhose for me as we are duplicating the events of Friday."   
  
"Yes sir, you did tell me to follow his advice and instructions so I will do the same now for you so you can decide everything" With that the pert 18 year-old steps out of her stockings and tosses them on the visitor's chair. "He then asked me to take off my high heel shoes and blouse so it didn't get crushed up."   
  
"So do it," the boss egged her. Jenny strips off her blouse, revealing up close her very low to the nipples skin coloured see-through bra holding her youthfully pointed breasts. Just like the old man, her boss smiles with a look of instant gratification as he gawks at her upraised puffy nipples straining tightly against the sheer nylon material. He figures the big cone shaped puffies capping her 38-inch firm breasts must be two inches across and with mounds peaking a good two inches outwards. Massive! His blood pressure starts to leap.   
  
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Jenny looks sheepishly at her boss and tells him he must now pick her up and lay her on her back on the executive desk they are using as a re-enactment massage table.  
  
He quickly moved to her and picked her up exactly the same way as the therapist did on Friday. Until now, her boss had no idea that Jenny was into erotic underwear but as he deliberately put his left hand under her mini skirt to hold her by the buttocks, he realises she either has a thong on or maybe no pants at all after feeling nothing but smooth bare bum.  
  
He lay Jenny on her back as the old man did but stuttered "You, you don't seem o be wearing any pants." Jenny giggled. "Sir, would I come to work not wearing pants? Of course I have something on -- it's my favourite g-string panty. Yes, it's very flashy sir but how was I to know I would have an accident sand end up on my back in front of an old man, a stranger?"  
  
"Of course not," he muttered gruffly. Well, just don't think I am an old man just because you are nearly 40 years younger than me. Fifty five is not an old man, girl!"  
  
"Sir, you will see as I lay back I am drawing my knees up very high and pushing my feet back close to my bum as the old man did on Friday." The boss looks fascinated as Jenny's tight and ultra short skirt rides up high on to her olive complexion stomach, revealing for him a sight he never thought possible.  
  
The upskirt position the boss sees Jenny in exposes the silky smooth hairless high pubic mound above her bulging pussy inside the transparent material so sheer it is like looking through clear glass. The boss leans forward for a closer look seeing how this most private part of his young office girl is thrust upwards, hiding nothing.  
  
Like the old man on Friday, her boss can hardly believe his luck. as he stares at the tantalising sight of the superb teenage cameltoe Jenny displays rather proudly now for his unexpected pleasure. The stitching of the paper thin g-string clings so tight around the base of her outer vulva lips that it squeezes her pussy into a tight arching high curved shape as though her pussy is about to burst through the flimsy see-through material. He stares in wonderment, then recollects himself.  
  
"What did he do next," he asks Jenny, not wishing to take his eyes off her swollen pussy lips." You must now spread my legs wide apart and run your hands around my knees. Then lift one leg at a time up as high as possible without bending the knee, push them separately as far back as possible and compare the flexibility of both knees" Her boss didn't waste time following the instructions. "So this is what he did?"  
  
"Yes sir, but a lot more. Now hold each leg up high and swing the leg around in a circular manner. You must keep doing this for at least 10 minutes if you want to be exact with the old man on level 15." Her boss complied, but hardly ever taking his eyes off her revealing thighs. As her boss continues all the movements done by the old therapist, Jenny sees the glint in her boss's eyes and knows he is enjoying this fact-finding mission. Uh oh, she thinks in horror, all this stretching and moving me about is making my g-string panty start to slip between my pussy lips. I should have known being one size too small might have its problems.  
  
"Show me what he did next, boomed the boss who is now getting the hang of it." Jenny rolled on her side telling him he must now lift her legs up high without bending them and hold them there for a minute. The boss gawks greedily as these multiple stretching movements finally pulls Jenny's flimsy g-string cover completely into the crack of her pussy. Now her entire cunt is fully exposed to him for the first time. What previously was a transparent cover for her vagina is reduced to a mere bit of string nylon pulled deep into her crevice and emerging alongside her fully exposed clitoris. Like the old man before him, the boss is relishing a raft of different position views of the teenager's genitals. Watching her bare arse, between her legs, her bare pussy and breasts all at the same time while holding her legs apart from this side position is making the boss think he will wake up out of the dream. Her crinkled vagina lips push out from the exquisitely proportioned wide, fat and high vulva lips with the inner lips robust enough to make her crack quite dominating to the eye. Everything is fascinatingly so bare and smooth, not even the hint of a single hair stub he thinks, how does she keep this pussy so immaculate? The clitoris, he notes, is quite big -- can't miss it even when it's not even aroused.   
  
"Jenny, what did you have to do next?" She sits up and removes her bra, shaking her shoulders teasingly to make her remarkably firm big breasts jiggle about. He stares at her deep pink outreaching puffy nipples. "They are so large and beautifully formed, he finds himself saying aloud. "What happened then? Did he feel your breasts"?  
  
"No, that would be unprofessional remember; I was asked to turn over and lie on my tummy while he checked my leg movements from behind. Jenny didn't say the old man spread her legs first from behind but giggled to herself as she feels the boss pushing them apart. "Now you must lift each leg up high and outwards, then holding both legs in each hand and holding them up, out and around and around for about 15 minutes." This action was lifting Jenny slightly off the desk and in he air.  
  
Throughout this entire rear view workout, the boss had complete scrutiny of Jenny's ever-inviting fat pussy with those perfectly formed wide outer lips making him drool. He enjoys seeing her fully exposed vagina lips opening and closing just like on Friday for the old man and imagines how good it must be to thrust a hard cock into her from this position. This series of exercises really thrills him as he watches how her generously moist vagina opens wider the more he works her over.  
  
"Is this where he finished? He asks Jenny expecting a yes because what could possibly beat this? "Well sir, you must now order me to lie on my back as you rub this oil I brought for the occasion." The boss nods and says," just on the crook knee?" Jenny sighed. "Sorry. I was told to take off my mini skirt first and so now I will for you."  
  
She lay back fully prone and virtually naked in front of her boss. Her big firm breasts standing up so firm with those large puffies is a sight for him to behold. The only skerrick of cover clothing left on her young body is the battered g-string now pulled out of sight into her vagina.  
  
"What did the old man do to you next then? Jenny smiled. "He massaged this oil from my knees both legs right up inside the inside of my thighs and right to my pussy. As you can see, at this stage everything is there for him and you to see and while I had my head back and couldn't see his hands, I could feel his fingers caressing my magic button for quite a while."  
  
"Well, if that is what he did, then so must I " Every time he reaches Jenny's upper thighs the boss doesn't just rub against her clitoris like the old man, he plays with it tantalisingly, and runs his fingers across the entire area of her pussy, squeezing the outer lips together in a pouting manner, and running his fingers up and down her vagina before plunging them deep inside. His in and out, in and out fast actions and flicking her clitoris around playfully made Jenny's nipples stand up rock hard from sexual excitement. The boss saw this and wished he had a camera or could suck them, but he remembers he can only do what his office girl describes about Friday's therapy. "Sir, "Jenny interrupted after enjoying this for a while, he didn't put his fingers inside me like that, he was only flicking my hot spot." The boss keeps going anyway.  
  
As he continues to play with her pussy as he imagines the old man did, Jenny starts squirming about and lifting her buttocks up several inches from the desk as passion mounts inside her. It is a combination of being touched and the sensuality of being in this position at the mercy of her boss. For his part he can't believe this is happening or could ever happen as much as he always wanted to get a good look up Jenny's short skirts when she sat opposite him in his office to discuss work. One day as she crossed her legs he thought he saw her pussy without pants but dismissed that notion as ridiculous.  
  
Now though, he is living the dream. This is my 18 year-old office girl; he thinks to himself, she is so fuckable. Just look at her, completely naked in front of me and actually allowing me to see her lying like this on my desk and touching her and working out all the best angles to view her incredible Lolita pussy. All because I want to check out if the therapist was acting properly.   
  
The boss keeps rubbing the sex shop oil sold from under the counter into her inner thighs and gently massages it into her highset hairless pubic mound. He then gently massages it into the whole area of her naked genitals and Jenny feels the sexual action of it deeply penetrating her upper thighs and pussy lips. The whole area feels on fire. Her prominently aroused clitoris is now peaking its intensity to the overpowering assault on her sexual senses. Her boss is gripped in ultimate pleasure. He revels in making her powerless under his control, yet her exquisitely curvaceous teen body commands him to lose his self control as she lays before him squirming, panting and moaning in the nude.  
  
Jenny feels an almighty orgasm is rising inside her and shouts to her boss "don't stop, don't stop" as she arches her back right off the desk, legs apart with his flashing fingers concentrating on her erect clitoris. "Arrrrgh, aaaarrrgh, she moans louder and louder, her whole body shaking, her firm breasts quivering the nipples standing up so hard her boss didn't know what best to look at during this sensational display of sexual explosion by the beautiful teen. Suddenly Jenny's whole body goes rigid and she lets out a long drawling moan like he has never heard before and then she slumps back flat on the desk her quivering breasts and face perspiring and her body still feeling spasmodic shivers as a series of mini orgasms run through her.  
  
Now her boss just sits and watches the afterglow of the teenager's intense peak of sexual expression, somewhat entranced by the savagery of it, yet the sheer beauty it all. He thinks to himself, that dirty old bugger upstairs did all this just to check out her knee. My God, I am in the wrong business.  
  
Eventually Jenny recovers enough and sits up her breasts jiggling about as she shakes herself and purrs "Oh gee sir, you did it just perfect. Now you know exactly all the things the old physiotherapist did to get my whole body back on balance as he called it."  
  
"Look Jenny, first of all I'm satisfied the old man on Friday acted quite proper in the total way he handled your injury. I am satisfied that he did not take any advantage of your innocence even though you went to him in a very, very short skirt, highly provocative underwear and had to end up naked in front of him. Yes, the fact he didn't try to fondle your lovely breasts when he had the chance shows he was not being diverted from doing the things that would help your actual problem. I do think you can trust him, as I said before, as though he was your grandfather."  
  
"Thank you sir, that makes me feel more relaxed now. I'm glad you insisted on me showing you what happened up there so we both know it was all done professionally and not taking advantage of an innocent girl. Now are you still thinking of giving me that substantial raise?"   
  
The boss pondered as Jenny dressed. "Jenny let's get together here after work the same time next week as tonight and we will work out your new pay rate. I'm sure you will be happy. All I need to determine the exact amount is for you do carry out a few simple requests for me. Okay?"  
  
"Yes sir, I will not let you down."  
  
*END PART 2*

Manipulating Jenny Ch. 03

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Latina teenage sexpot Jenny's second appointment is due today with the fattish

and bald 66 year-old physiotherapist in her office building a week after bunging

up her knee tripping down the stairwell.

It is not his fault that she is sent there by her boss just on closing time a

week ago in the kind of attire that epitomises her taste for teasing men: a mini

skirt that barely reaches the tops of her long shapely legs and under it,

see-through g-string panties.

Jenny takes after her late mother as a voluptuous office flirt with a stunning

film star- like 38-22-34 inch figure who thrives on the exotic. She is the envy

of many women, and the curse of her female workmates who intensely dislike her

daring dress style that strangely escapes criticism from the boss Raymond, a

grey-haired but good looking man in his mid 50s.

Everywhere she goes Jenny attracts attention. She likes that and doesn't care if

she is known as a prick teaser. Her well formed large breasts are firm, and turn

up at their points, peaked by wide and thick puffy nipples, She exploits her

sexual beauty at any opportunity by wearing sheer skin coloured low cut bras,

showing exciting deep cleavage and blouses that don't hide the fact. She hopes

that one day a professional photographer will discover her and put her on he

road to fame and fortune.

Because by nature she thrives on teasing men with her natural beauty and

provocative dress style, she feels good about being a bit naughty now that her

boss is convinced the old physiotherapist she sees tonight about her crook knee

is not a dirty old perv after all. Sir, as she calls her boss, insists on an

after hours re-enactment assessment after the staff go home as to why the man

takes more than an hour to look at her knee after she tripped down the stairwell

just a week ago. Jenny thinks it is wonderful her boss cares enough for her

welfare to get her to re-enact everything the therapist did for some 90 minutes

to make sure he didn't take unprofessional advantage of her The boss gives the

old therapist's style of treatment his personal approval as being thoroughly

within the scope of his calling. That makes Jenny feel more relaxed about going

back there this evening.

Anyway, she thinks, I like to be admired for my figure and so what if he sees

more than he should. It's kind of kinky to know he is looking at me and I am

controlling his mind to admire me whether he likes it or not. Besides, he can't

do anything because he's a professional as my boss agrees. So with all these

thoughts running through her head Jenny wants to continue her prick teasing ways

despite. She loves to use the magnetic power of her youthful beauty and sexiness

to dominate and chooses her extra ammunition carefully. That day the boss lets

her go home a few hours early and she heads to an adult store where she finds a

remarkably cheeky African style loincloth with a skin coloured shoelace thick

wait band. It is quite, barely covers her and excites Jenny because it is

exotically different to her other sexy undergarments. Trying it on in front of

her full-length mirror at home she finds the length of the skimpy garment only

just covers her private parts by an inch or so. That's standing up but lying

down could bring it up a few inches. It's too late anyway.

Jenny clips on her shimmering thin slave chain around her left ankle, dons a

matching one for her wrist and selects her favourite neck chain that drops just

a few inches down on to a ruby gemstone, all gifts from her loving stepfather

who has raised her since eight when she lost her mum in an accident .She likes

the way her dad understands her feminine instincts and puts up with her fetish

for adventure, always warning her not to go too far.

Even when she's undressed, she thinks, just these trinkets alone make her feel

dressed sort-of, but much more sexy. There is something about a nude gal wearing

nothing but a piece of jewellery or trinkets like the 'slave' ankle chain. Now

the new mini, a hot pink pleated satin one that falls just a few inches lower

than the loin cloth she substitutes for her standard g-string panty. Daddy

hasn't seen this one yet to approve but by the time he's home from work Jenny

will be gone and can't tell her to take it off.

Jenny now paints her Mount Everest puffy nipples with an applicator to make them

richer in colour and more alluring. She applies her hot pink lip gloss that

makes her full shaped lips moist and comely. She finishes off with a body

perfume designed to heighten the senses.

On her way to the appointment she asks herself why is she going to all this

trouble for what is basically a sports type injury check-up to a knee by an old

fart close to 50 years older than her? She can hear her daddy shaking his head

and saying she's going too far. But the devil on Jenny's shoulder easily answers

the question that the old therapist treats her like a lady and she loves to be

admired for her beauty anyway. Just having her as a patient must make him feel

20 years younger so that's that. Her boss is convincing that he's thoroughly

professional so let's go along for the ride, she laughs to herself.

She is running late and the building is in half darkness by the time she trudges

past closed office doors to his consulting rooms. The old man is waiting with a

bathrobe wrapped around his waist, "Just made it out of the shower in time," he

chirps as he ushers her inside and locks the solid door.

"Tonight Jenny I want to make sure your knee is feeling better but my of my, you

look gorgeous tonight, are you off to see your boyfriend?"

"Er, yes, she stutters but not until after he finishes work at 9 o'clock."

"Well, that gives me the good 90 minutes so let's start with you taking off your

pantyhose, blouse and shoes but leave on that cute little pink skirt eh?" Jenny

does as she is told and stands before him like a sex goddess, a very young one

at that, in just the mini barely covering her bottom. He is overjoyed to see she

is not even wearing a bra this time and for a few moments, seems glued to the

spot as his eyes take in her statuesque beauty. Mmmm," he says, putting one hand

under a breast and jiggling it, "you are so lucky to have those fine exhibits my

young lady; a lot of women are jealous I'm sure. Anyway, down to work." She

remembers he didn't touch her breasts before but it was only a light pushing

upwards touch under them.

Swiftly, the solid built man scoops her up and plonks her on the massage bench.

"We have a couple of more advanced stretches to do tonight to test that knee,"

he says as he lays her on her back and brings both legs up to their highest

point, pushes them outwards and wide, then brings her feet right back close to

her butt and asks Jenny to hold on to her feet and hold them as he brings her

knees pointing right back and turned outwards, flat against the massage table.

Her knees are now aligned close to her armpits as she clings to her feet,

holding them back tightly.

In this explicit position nothing is sacred to her privacy. The tiny loincloth

is pulled back, now covering only her navel. Her big firm breasts sit up like

monuments. Pulling back her legs flat against the table, she is lifting her

buttocks upwards so that her spotlessly clean anus is in full view, her baby

smooth hairless vulva with its well rounded wide puffy outer labia lips thrusts

upwards, the extreme stretching angle making her outer and inner pussy lips

spread outwards.

Jenny lies there motionless, eyes shut most of the time, wondering what he must

be thinking He must be reading her mind as he apologises for the uncomfortable

and rather awkward stretching exercise. "I'm sorry if it's a bit uncomfortable

but it's an advanced exercise we could not dare attempt last week; it is all for

the good," he says. After five minutes he lets Jenny rest a minute then repeats

the same exercise for another full five minutes, biding his time scanning his

experienced eyes over every detail of her nakedness

As she lies there in this stretch position for a total of 10 minutes, most of

the time with her eyes shut, the male penis-like glans of her clitoris juts out

distinctively from the tip of its foreskin-like sheath. The old man senses Jenny

is getting some kind of sexual excitement from exposing herself in such

exquisite innocence as he sees her vagina lips becoming moist from the strength

of her imagination. In her whole 18 years Jenny has never exposed so much of her

private parts as she finds herself doing for this old man.

He rolls Jenny on her side, one side first then right over the opposite way as

she lies back in a prone position to do a new set of explicit full length leg

movements. He slowly swings her bare arse around on the bench as he turns her

outstretched legs slowly around in wide loops. As he tuns her over to repeat the

10-minute set from the other side he accidentally - she thinks - snags the clip

holding her loincloth waist band and making the garment come off. He simply puts

it with her other clothing. From this moment on Jenny is wearing only her pink

micro mini which is pulled right back to her navel, offering no modesty.

He is glued to the teenager's smooth, pre-pubescent looking pussy from a side

position, but ever changing the profile as he swings her torso about in

different positions. The upskirt show he is treated is the best in his lifetime

because of her young age, natural beauty, incredibly tight body and erotic dress

manner. He finishes this set of exercises by spreading her knees out to their

widest possible position and bringing her feet together in a holding position

for a full six minutes. The fat outer labia lips of her cunt lean outwards away

from her clitoris, now very prominent with a gap either side of its hood while

the previously crinkled lips of her vagina are now taut, and inviting a wide

entrance to her honey pot.

"Your whole body is tense, I can feel it," he says "We need to massage that

tension out of you so that all these exercises will be worth the trouble to make

sure your strained knee is okay from now on. Just take off your skirt so it

won't get soiled." She lies there now like a goddess ready to be taken,

completely naked apart from the metal trinkets that adorns her body but cover

nothing. The old man thinks the flimsy chains she wears in her now submissive

situation adds considerably to her sensuality, bordering on erotic.

After feeling and prodding Jenny's affected knee, he suddenly drops the towel

from around his waist and Jenny sees he has nothing on but is caught breathless

by the size of his huge penis. "I have to be naked too because the electricity

from my hands is far more effective on your body than if I am wearing clothes,"

he murmurs quietly in her ear. Jenny nods, remembering her boss's confidence in

him not taking any unfair advantage of her. She is thinking how big is that

thing? It must easily be nine inches or more and thick as a pole.

He puts her face down and does her back, buttocks and long shapely legs first

and as the oil dries well into the skin, he uses both hands to squeeze the

cheeks of her arse, starting high and moving down between the legs where his

expert squeezing in an upwards manner close to her genitals. His smooth

technique forces her generous vagina lips to open wide, then close a bit, then

open wide again until eventually he notices her arousal by the way her love

juices are making her vagina superbly moist. The old man continues this for a

further five minutes until her pussy is hopelessly wet. . He turns her over and

sits her upright to massage her bulging breasts, covering them in his

aphrodisiac penetrating oil that seems to heat up and stimulate her extended

puffy nipples. He spends much time feeling all over her breasts and keeps

jiggling them, and manipulating the puffies until the nipples expand half an

inch out. After massaging her breasts for a good 15 minutes he lies her flat and

rubs her whole body in the exotic oil, leaving to last her genitals.

He squeezes her fat outer lips inwards from both sides pushing up the inner

labia lips and making her swollen clitoris head stand out. He massages the oil

into her outer lips with surprisingly delicate fingers and then runs his fingers

up and down between the outer and inner lips, kneading the high mounted clitoris

sheath side to side and always giving glancing caresses to the glans head of the

clit. His index finger rubs tantalisingly in a circle movement around the inside

of her gaping vagina's entrance before plunging several fingers into her hole to

spread the sexually stimulating oil deep into her cauldron.

Jenny is on fire. He watches the glossed lips of her passionate mouth, the way

she is sticking her tongue out and rolling it around her lips. At times pushing

her tongue right out and leaving it out. This is a hot 18 year-old in the spell

of an experienced old man. The oil, imported from South America, is specifically

designed to light the fire in any woman and Jenny is consumed as he rubs it into

her anus, puffy nipples and around her inner thighs and repeats his intricate

probing of the exterior and inside of her pussy,

The fire is raging stronger in Jenny's loins and she starts masturbating freely

in front of him, her arse shifting about and rising up and down on the massage

table, her low moans becoming louder and more anxious. He takes her hand away

from her clitoris and puts the aphrodisiac oil soaked finger into her mouth,

leaning over her, his fully erect penis leaning flat against her soft skin. She

sucks greedily on his finger until she drains it dry of the edible oil that now

brings on even greater internal sexual intensity. He looks at Jenny's face. She

is miles away somewhere on another planet. She stares upright, her eyes wide

open, her mouth in a pouting position as if she's going to kiss, her tongue

keeps coming right out and systematically licking her shiny Latina lips. Her

breasts are perspiring, her hips start pulsating up and down in short thrusting

movements and her moans grow louder under the man's complete control.

He takes in the amazing scene that lies before him, as if in a movie snapshot -

a beautiful fully naked teenage girl, just 18, writhing seductively on her back

totally naked with heaving big firm natural breasts, superbly large upraised

puffy nipples, a generous pussy absolutely hairless and so satin smooth he could

eat it, and a face good enough to be a classy model. Better still, he thinks,

she completely relies on him. The old man moved quickly to seize the moment and

pushes his huge schlong up to Jenny's mouth to see if she rejects him. Jenny,

feeling nothing but a rising tide of explosive passion from the way his sexy

manipulations conquered her self control, surprisingly takes his cock eagerly

around tightly closing lips. The old man gently pushes it further into her mouth

and then pulls it back and forth a few times teasingly before allowing Jenny to

willing vigorously run her mouth up and down his huge erection. He thinks this

young lass must be well trained by someone for the way she is using her tongue

and hot lips on the business end of his thick weapon.

The teenager's right hand goes to her thighs as she fingers herself, the old man

watching in unbridled pleasure. He hopes he doesn't suffer a sudden heart attack

from the unprecedented thrill she unintentionally provides. She plunges three

fingers in and out of her vagina for a while then rubs the engorged clitoris in

a fast circular way with all of her fingers while the vagina lips stay wide open

and her whole pussy quivers to the clockwise rubbing movements.

He knows if this keeps up he will explode a full load of cum into her mouth and

may miss the greatest prize of all -- fucking her while she is lying back

begging to be taken. The old man pulls his cock from her mouth and says "Jenny,

you don't just look very beautiful, you are very beautiful in everything you do"

These words enrich the multiple sensations she experiences, almost out of

control and it's game on. The teenager watches anxiously as he drags her butt,

legs apart, to the edge of the massage table. Her pulse is racing as she glues

her eyes on his huge upright rod as he aims the loaded missile on target and

plunges his full 10 inches up to his balls in her wet passion pit.

Jenny seems oblivious about what is happening. This man has every major physical

attribute she dislikes, yet here he is fucking her and she wants it. She grips

her legs around his back and squeezes her thighs hard as she can, locking him

into her body, moaning and gasping. Her tongue darts in and out; her feet are

swaying high in the air now as she feels the utter fullness of his thickness of

his shaft thrashing in and out with increasing intensity. He taunts her by

suddenly slowing his thrusts, then stirring his rod around and around before

resuming breakneck speed as she shouts, Faster! Faster! Faster! Fuck me harder

old man! I am yours! Have me! Do it! Come in my face! Don't stop!

Jenny is helpless being driven to the brink of sexual ecstasy from the fullness

of his rock hard erection deep inside her. The sheer thrill of being taken like

this wearing only her trinkets makes her mind flash back to her first experience

in a similar manner some five years earlier. The old man on her now is panting

loudly and knows he is about to explode. He whips it out and she catches the

full stream of sperm across her face and breasts, The Viagra he takes gives him

the energy and sperm load of a much younger man and Jenny takes the full force

of six separate spasms, some of the first spurts landing directly into her wide

open mouth. . He puts his battle weary weapon up to her mouth and she gladly

licks it dry. He attempts to wipe the cum off her forehead, nose and cheeks as

some drips out of her mouth and runs down her chin. "It's alright," she says

meekly, "it happened on my very first time. I guess you men just like to get it

on a girl's face." The old man tells her if she rubs his cum into her face and

breasts it is good for her complexion, so she does it, licking some of it from

around her lips after gob swallowing one large spurt landing on her tongue.

"Jenny you are sensational, the best patient I ever treated, and I really hope

the last part of the exercise program got rid of that tension in your legs. I

think you needed that, there was a lot of pent up emotion there and it's good

for your health to get rid of it."

She looked at him in wonderment, still sitting there stark naked as though she

is fully dressed. "Can we keep this a secret then, I mean my boss and my

stepdaddy isn't going to approve if they knew what happened."

He smiles and says back, "Jenny what happened is you came to me to be fixed up

and I fixed you up. No one needs to ever know the details."

At home that night Jenny slept very sounding with a big smile on her face. So

did the old man across the other side of town.

To be continued -- in Manipulating Jenny -- Part 4 Jenny's boss asks her has she

ever made love to a woman, if not, would she. Watch for the ongoing adventure of

this hot 18 year-old office junior.

Manipulating Jenny Ch. 04

by BeamMeUp©

Summary: Voluptuous 18 year-old office flirt Jenny in stockings and garter belt,

helps her boss make a decision, and she learns of another woman wanting to meet

her for a lesbian encounter.

Tuesday arrives a week after Jenny's 55 year-old grey haired boss says he will

discuss giving her a substantial pay rise. He gives her the day off so the staff

will not get suspicious of her lingering back late. The women there are already

very jealous of her and wish she's get a job somewhere else.

She is to turn up at 6 pm, late enough for the office to be well and truly

closed in case any staff member is delayed getting out of the place. Jenny uses

the day to carefully prepare for her vital meeting.

She thinks wearing something very executive looking might be the go instead of

her usual prick teasing mini skirts that only just cover her firm shapely

buttocks.

She wants to be alluring as possible to make him more generous than he might

want to be so she decides for sheer stockings and lace garter belt, something

she figures any good secretary close to her boss is probably wearing.

Returning home she tries on the sheer pale blue stockings set. Very raunchy, she

thinks. Her choice of g-string panties she bought from an adult store is a brand

called Daddy's Girl It is skin coloured ultra fine silk that when stretched

tight becomes almost see-through.

It fits very tight either side of her well-developed outer vulva lips, pushing

the hot centrepiece of her pussy into a prominently upraised position that

strains her crinkled vagina lips and well formed clitoris into the flimsy silk

as though it could burst through. Now that, she thinks, is stunning; it stirs

the undercurrent of passion deep within her.

She knows her boss Raymond is fascinated by her natural beauty, especially her

38-inch firm breasts that turn upwards slightly at the points where her thick

two-inch high puffy nipples really stand out behind her transparent bras and

white cotton blouses in normal office hours every working day.

Her penchant for showing off her long shapely legs in mini skirts and

provocative blouses with such deep low cleavage never fails to enrage the other

female office staff where to them, she is the office junior The older women wish

the boss would fire her for being so cheeky.

This Tuesday she chooses a new bra to match her sexy panties. It is also skin

coloured but made of sheer lightweight nylon with holes where the nipples are

exposed.

It fits so perfectly and seems made for her own big puffy points as they jut out

aggressively. like something from a 3D artist's handbook. She paints her nipples

for a richer and more lustrous appearance. It definitely heightens her sexuality

Her natural lipgloss matches her Latina complexion but gives her mouth a sexy

moist look around her well-formed lips

She dons her two-piece navy business suit purchased from an upmarket boutique.

The skirt zips undone from the back and comes halfway to her knees. The top is

made of matching navy with a button up front that goes right to the neck.

For the first time in her office life, Jenny is actually fully covered. No low

cleavage, no exposed thighs or see-through blouses. What will the boss think,

she wonders as she clips on her tiny ankle slave chain, neck chain, bracelet and

ear rings and finally her matching high heel shoes.

Arriving at the office just after 6 that day as arranged, she is ushered into

the boss's office where she spies a bottle of champagne in an ice bucket and two

flute glasses.

Raymond stands back astounded at his new look junior. The well-endowed teenager

has suddenly become the executive look businesswoman – at least that's in his

mind at first glance.

"You look splendid Jenny, I haven't seen you before looking so er, business-like."

"Well sir, now your secretary Marilyn is leaving to get married and move away I

expect you will be advertising for a new secretary an maybe, just maybe, I could

be her." Raymond looks her in the eye and says "Jenny, I've been thinking about

that too, but there are certain skills like shorthand and financial things that

you haven't mastered yet and..."

Jenny looks sad for a moment, suddenly realising that despite how she is

dressed, he will still see her as the office junior "Let's have a drink while

we're talking anyway," he says and pours her a glass of French champagne.

After a second glass and small talk the boss says he is considering making her

his personal secretary if she qualifies and leave an older secretary to do the

shorthand and other stuff that requires several more years experience.

"What does a personal secretary do then?" Jenny asks innocently. "Well mainly

just to be there on hand in areas of confidentiality. A boss has to trust

someone implicitly and he takes that person away on cross border business trips

involving air travel and staying in penthouse hotel suites. Sort of like the

Pretty Woman movie, he jokes, but I'm not Richard Gere unfortunately."

Jenny's mood picks up. "Gee, I could do that, if only my stepdad doesn't mind me

being away for a while if the opportunity came up." My daddy is pretty strict

with me since he raised me on his own after mom died, he's made me into the

woman I am today."

The boss pours Jenny a third glass of the champagne and says, "Your daddy will

be proud to know you are being promoted because your work is very good. Let's

toast the prospect you could soon be my personal secretary and perhaps accompany me on a very important business dinner soon where I hope to close a very big deal I've been negotiating for months." Jenny's eyes light up and she swigs down the bubbly without further hesitation.

"And tell me, how does a nice looking executive personal secretary like my Jenny

dress for the office before she puts on her outer suit? Is she conservative as

the outside looks," he asks half seriously.

Jenny is already imagining she could soon be like Julia Roberts and the boss

like Richard Gere. After all, she thinks, I've got the hair colour and a body

just as sexy as her.

"Oh sir, you are so cute. When you told me you were considering giving me a

substantial pay rise I just had to come to the meeting dressed sort of

businesswoman-like rather than turn up in my usual mini skirts. I will show you

if you promise not to tell anyone."

"Go ahead Jenny, you have my word, here let me unzip you at the back". Jenny

ducks into his adjoining small bathroom instructing him to shut his eyes until

she comes out again. She takes off the skirt and matching top that goes to her

neck and returns to his big office dressed in only her bra, g-string panties,

stockings and garter belt with navy high heel shoes that matched her outer

clothes. "Open your eyes sir, here is your new personal secretary – I hope."

It is not what he is expecting; it's more. His eyes light up as he looks up at

her from his lounge seat chair, a stunning sight He doesn't know what to look at

first – he's never seen her in stocking before especially sheer nylon with its

lace garter belt. She twirls around slowly as if on a catwalk and he gets a good

look at the shoelace string g-string running up between her bare cheeks and the

front view literally lifts him out of his seat.

Beneath her exposed and projecting hairless mound of Venus her skin coloured

sfine silk woven panties grip her outer pussy lips so tight both the already

smooth labia are squeezed in from each side and accentuate the high shaped curve

of her complete vulva as it sweeps down in a graceful arc between her thighs.

The boss can see this is a tight fit with the vagina and clitoris areas crammed

so tight they leave nothing to the imagination. Her painted, upturned thick

puffy nipples seem as though they are bursting through the designer holes in the

tips of her sheer bra. The boss is almost speechless as he also does a quick bit

of navel gazing around the flat stomach of her trim 22-inch waist.

"Jenny, you are beautiful. Do you, know, it is my ultimate fantasy to have a

secretary come into my office dressed in skimpy underwear, high heels and sheer

stockings. I did not expect this. Here, have another drink and let's celebrate

you making a big impression. Please walk around the office for me and let me

admire you just the way you are. Just imagine it's a normal working day and I

call you into my office."

Jenny walks out the door and re-enters with innocence written all over her face

and says coyly: "Sir, here are the reports you are waiting on. Would you like me

to stand her while you take a good look at them?" Jenny cheekily cups her hands

under each breast as though she is talking about her body, not some imaginary

business reports.

She knows her boss is agog at her natural beauty and she wonders where this will

end. She feels randy and wishes he could make this all very worthwhile.

She is on her fifth glass of wine now and she feels very liberated as Raymond

beckons her to sit on his lap while he discusses her pay rise, her new position

and the benefits of working for him in a more personal way.

She plonks her bare bum on his lap and without thinking, puts one arm right

around him. Her nipples press into his silk business shirt and he can feel them

against his skin. He can't take his eyes away from them, they command his

attention with such prominent mounds jutting out one an a half inches from the

satin smooth light brown skin of her breasts. This is a dream come true for the

greying business owner.

He gathers himself, reminding who's in charge here. "Jenny, first the downside

then the upside. The downside, if you can call it that, is that as you are only

18 and by office seniority by age you are still the office junior. There is

still so much to learn. The upside is that I am making you my personal

secretary, answerable to nobody but me."

Jenny throws her arms around him and hugs Raymond and their lips almost meet.

"Sir, I will not let you down, you don't know how much this means to me."

"Jenny, I haven't finished and when I finish you must take notice that your pay,

your extra benefits and your title are commensurate with you meeting my terms

and conditions. If you do, the job and conditions are effective tonight."

"Jenny is swooning at the prospect of feeling important – like Julia Roberts was

to Richard Gere in Pretty Woman, the movie she sat through four times. The

difference is that in the movie, thinks Jenny, she was a hooker and I am a

personal secretary in a big city office.

Raymond empties the second bottle of champagne and hands her the top-up. "Your

salary will increase 500 per cent and I will provide you with a BMW cabriolet,

fully insured and maintained by the business as long as you stay with me."

Jenny almost chokes on her drink and splutters at what she heard. "My God, are

you serious sir, you will provide me with a European sports car?"

"Jenny, I am outlining what's in it for you. This is just the start. If you do

your job really well and impress me, you will discover other nice surprises

coming your way. I am taking your trust very seriously. Anyway, you can earn an

additional $1000 a month cash in the hand bonus for coming up with ideas...."

"What kinds of ideas, sir?"

"Well, I'll explain more about that later but I am sure you will rise to the

occasion and I am sure I will too, in working on them with you. Now my terms are

that you consider various requests I put to you, and thinking of what I am

offering, accept those as orders or forfeit the benefits."

"Of course sir. That sounds very simple and I understand. You are being very

generous. Of course I will accept your terms sir; you are the boss and I am your

personal secretary. I follow orders like everyone else and I will try my hardest

so you know you are making a wise decision tonight."

Raymond looks pleased with himself."Good, that settled, and from this very

moment on you are my very personal secretary and your pay conditions commence

retrospective from tonight. You will get the keys to the BMW before the end of

the week."

Jenny is so stung by this incredible generosity by her boss she can't believe

it's happening. She stands square on in front of him and without knowing she is

saying it, the words fall out of her mouth: "Sir, I want to kiss you for being

so kind. Let me kiss you."

He stands up and wraps his strong arms around her lithe body, and pulls her into

him. It is a moment he never dreamed could happen. Not only to have those

sensuous moist lips of her inviting mouth pressed against his mouth but to feel

the supple skin of her tight naked buttocks as he slides his hand across them,

squeezing as their lips meet.

He tastes Jenny's firm tongue sliding into his mouth and probing around his

tongue. His left hand moves slowly upwards across her tummy and finds the big

mound jutting through the open tip of right hand bra and his index finger and

thumb glide across it, tweaking, rubbing and pressing until the already large

nipple hardens and sticks out further.

She puts both her hands either side of his head and holds him to her mouth,

taking his tongue between her lips and gently biting it and sucking hard. She

feels his erection pressing into her lower abdomen and the passion is mounting

until Raymond suddenly pulls away.

He blurts out, "Jenny, have you ever made love to a woman?"

His words came like a bolt of lightning out of the blue. "No, no sir."

"Could you?"

"No one has ever asked me; I don't know anyone like that; I don't know. I

suppose I could if something happened to make me want to try it."

"Jenny, the reason I am asking is that my golfing partner's 20 year-old niece is

arriving from the country next week for a visit and doesn't know anyone. She's

bi and wants to try a lesbian experience with a pretty girl her own age while in

the big city.

"My associate, who's done me some good favours, hopes I can help find her

someone sexy through personal introduction rather than go on the internet in

search of someone. Frankly, she wants to be intimate with a woman that's

trusting,not on drugs and is clean, you know"

"Gee, I don't know what to say, sir, is she pretty?

"Yes, very much so, I have a photograph here I'll show you that he gave me to

give to the person she hope to meet."

She studies the picture and agrees the young women looks about her own age and

has blonde hair tied in a ponytail. Her smile reveals beautifully formed bright

white teeth and full lips. Large earrings dangle from each of her lobes. The

picture does not show her figure but Raymond says his associate reckons she has

a really good body.

"Jenny, I can trust you to be the girl she needs to meet, can't I?"

The teenager's mind is racing. She thinks of her new position, the new cars, the

extra money, and the hot kiss they just shared. She visualises good things

coming her way if she plays her cards right because her boss is very influential

and very wealthy.

"Sir as your personal secretary you know you can trust me and if I do this I

know it is helping you and it's my new job to help you in private matters." The

boss smiles with relief."

How do we meet? When and where?"

Raymond gives her naked bottom a little squeeze as she stand there, still

holding the photo of a person destined to become her first female lover. "I am

booking an executive suite for you and the lady called Danielle at the Ritz. It

is a $2000 a night suite with your own spa, open bar, lots of trimmings and with

views across the city from the 30th floor.

"It is for Saturday week and you and Danielle can get to know each other over a

private dinner on the balcony. It's very romantic actually. You might even get

romantic Jenny," he says with a wink.

"Will you be there sir, how do I go about it?"

"Just be yourself. It comes naturally to you."

The boss runs his index finger along the top of her tightly compressed vagina

still struggling to stay inside the skintight g-string panty. She squirms as he

runs his finger up and down teasingly a few times.

"I will be there as I must introduce you and I have things to do, like get some

records of the meeting. I'll tell you about that later. I will give you the

address where to go and we will meet up in the foyer."

Jenny looks him earnestly in the eye and promises she won't let him down. "And

now Jenny, while you are looking so totally ravishing and we are on our last

bottle of champers, I have a confession to make." She looks at him puzzled.

"I am a bit of an adventurous person like I think you are Jenny, only in a

different way, I admire female beauty so much I like to record it on my movie

camera. You see, I have my own small theatrette with a massive 20feet wide by 9

feet high screen for my digitally made high definition films.

What I want to do now is make you my personal film star so I can go there at

night, sit in the front row of the theatre and leave the other two rows of 10

seats empty while I am entertained by guess who? You!"

"You want to make me your film star sir? It sounds exciting but what kind of

pictures are you taking of me and will other people, any other business

associates you must have see them?"

"Oh no Jenny, this is my private thing. I only invite certain business

associates around when we run the big games – you know sport stuff. Most of them

are golf tragics".

"Well that sounds all right sir, I wouldn't want other men to see me doing

private things for you. And what kind of things is the movie about? He gives her

now moistened cunt lips another few strokes while she is still in her sexy

underwear, looking ever so glamorous in her nylons, garter belt and the tiniest

of g-string panties.

"All we need is for you to simply be yourself. I have my video camera in the

office and we start with you coming into my office dressed in your underwear as

you are now in those ever-so-raunchy stockings, walking around and talking to

me. Then I want you to slump back into my executive chair, raise each leg over

the arm rests and run your hands all over your body."

Jenny, chuffed by her new sense of importance to the boss and fuelled by the

wine breaking down any inkling of resistance, carries out his orders. "Sir, I

want to look and act like a really good personal secretary so that when you look

at the video movie on your huge screen at home you will look at me in larger

than life size and say that's my girl, isn't she just something."

The boss agrees as he zeroes in for close-up angles of Jenny's exposed nipples

poking out through the skin coloured bra and moves down to between her legs. He

takes up a position on the floor and brings the lens in for the maximum

enlargement so that later at home, the whole screen will be filled with just the

image of her inner thighs showing through the skin tight transparent g-string

panty, the shoelace thin sides of the panty clinging for life at the base of her

outer vulva lips and squeezing the contents higher, her fingers running up and

down each side of the bulging package.

"Gee sir, if you show this on your big screen you will think I've got the

biggest pussy in the movies," she jokes. "No Jenny, just the smoothest, best

formed, sweetest, sexiest and most inviting pussy I've ever been so close to and

privileged to enjoy in all your natural beauty."

Raymond is stroking her ego and Jenny likes the way he says the most beautiful

things about her beauty. She is thinking of what it must be like to have another

women touch her as the boss orders her to take off her bra and unhook the

g-string, but leave her stockings and garter belt on so that's all she is

wearing.

The most private parts of her beautiful body are totally exposed and he moves

the camera around her as she lightly tickles her clitoris and runs her fingers

around the inside of her vagina, making the lips stiffer and open wider.

He gets close-up angles of Jenny's young face, the serene features of her high

cheek bones, the pony tail grip of her jet black hair, and her sexy glossed

lipstick on her inviting mouth Jenny runs her tongue seductively around her lips

and occasionally pokes the tongue right out and moves it side to side.

"Now, now you are getting the idea. Keep it up" She plunges her fingers inside

the gaping vagina and stirs them around inside, sending him into raptures. "This

is great stuff, go for it girl, masturbate freely for me." She does, moving her

fingers around and around in sweeping clockwise motion around her engorged clit

as the camera gets all the action front row seat style.

"Hang on Jenny," Raymond says quickly, sensing she is getting close to an

orgasm. "I've got something to help you." He goes to a cabinet and brings out a

huge flesh-like vibrator shaped into an eight-inch penis complete with ripple

surface. It is two and a half inches thick and just over seven inches in

circumference.

"Oh my gawd sir, that is big, it looks so thick," she says but she grabs it and

pushes it gently at first into her eager vagina, then sliding it in all the way

to its fake flesh-like balls.

"Now slide it almost all the way out and slide it all the way in slow motion,"

the boss urges. Jenny does what she is told. Ah, this is the hallmark of a good

personal secretary, he thinks.

"Sir, you can see I am not just a pretty face." They both laugh as he continues

filming her full length and close-up variations of her cunt swallowing his

entire large shaft. Raymond is now on his 45th minute of underwear and fully

naked scenes of Jenny playing with herself. He wants it to run 60 minutes so

before she reaches an orgasm.

He gets Jenny to lie face down on his desk and masturbate her pussy lips using

both hands. Her left hand slides to her cunt from underneath her pelvis while

her right hand comes around over the top and both sets of fingers meet up on her

wet lips.

She now has no less than eight fingers and two thumbs masturbating her

thoroughly wet pussy. The boss keeps licking his own lips as he makes sure he

gets all the camera angles he needs to make this a really hot video.

Performing for her boss excites Jenny and brings out the innermost passions of

her sexuality for him being so kind to her. She desperately wants tom please him

in case he ever changes his mind and she is reduced to a nobody junior in the

office. She doesn't hold back her real feelings of pleasing herself masturbating

and knowing it is pleasing him.

The thought of him filming her in action sends tremors through her loins. She is

so turned on he keeps the microphone to highest level to not miss a sound,

especially her panting.

The sound effects are dramatic as Jenny becomes more uncontrolled in her

movements. Panting, sighing, moaning that get louder and louder, her hips moving

around as Raymond takes it all in full length, close-up and some really sensuous

scenes flashing to her pretty girlish face.

She has rolled to her side, holding one leg aloft. Her face looks frantic. Her

tongue won't stay in her mouth. He gets a really classic close-up of just her

mouth with the tongue working around her hot glossed lips in unison to the sound

track of her heavy breathing, moans and squeals with her eyes held shut, then

wide open.

Jenny is not acting. She is on Cloud Nine rising fast. Raymond almost drops the

camera realising she is not acting but actually losing self-control in the heat

of the moment. Then in an almighty cry, Jenny peaks in an orgasmic shriek and

slumps back, stripped bare of further energy.

He runs the camera across her features while she lies on her back, mouth open

and saying, "Oh sir, look at what you made me do."

That night the boss processes the entire proceedings in his mansion and test

runs it on the big screen. There is Jenny, larger than life and he hears himself

say aloud, "That's my girl, isn't she just something."

Raymond wanks throughout the entire 60-minute video, ejaculating just as Jenny

climaxes on the big screen in front of him. He goes to his bar, pours bourbon

and dials a phone number.

"Hank, it's Raymond here. Get the boys together for a meeting of our special

business group. We have another film to review and let them know that the first

member to put down the usual $10,000 gets an all-expenses paid overnight at the

Ritz with the beautiful star of this film."

Raymond has already hatched the plot how he can get Jenny to accept a dinner

date and overnight stay with the lucky businessman.

It will require her to be very elegantly dressed on the evening for the dinner

at a six-star hotel. He will tell Jenny that as his personal secretary he must

rely on her to help get the supposedly out-of-town business magnate to agree to

accept an important negotiating deal he has already put to the other man.

But his plot is to fake a sudden illness and phone the hotel to apologise at the

last minute, leaving a message for Jenny to please go ahead with the dinner in

company of his client as it is on Raymond's account there. He will tell Jenny he

is counting on her to use her youthful innocence but very womanly guile to get

around his hardline doubts about signing the deal.

Raymond rings Jenny at home that evening to let her know there is a really big

deal coming off with a business magnate and he wants her to accompany him to

dinner with the client in 10 day's time. He tells her he has a fashion house

designer already working on two special outfits for her to wear. One is a

stunning and very elegantevening dress and the other is an outfit just for

recreation.

Jenny is speechless but instantly realises how important this dinner meeting

must be to her boss. She is stoked at the prospect of wearing something rich and

elegant for a change. That night she goes to bed thinking it was good timing to

so entertain her boss earlier that evening in his office. Already he is making

her more important in the organisation.

The boss goes to bed across town also thinking with a smile on his face.It has

been a good day at the office.

To be continued. Watch Literotica for the upcoming Chapter 5 of Manipulating

Jenny when she discovers the real inside story of what happens when a girl gets

her clitoris pierced. before having her first lesbian experience.

Manipulating Jenny Ch. 05

SUMMARY: Jenny, the vivacious and sensuously adventurous 18 year-old office

junior, discovers the inside revelations about having her pussy pierced.

In a week's time Jenny is to meet a young woman who wants to make love to her.

It is something she has never done but is doing it to simply please her boss now

she is promoted as his personal secretary.

She suddenly sees herself as some sort of teenage version of the sexpot star in

Richard Gere's and Julia Roberts' film Pretty Woman -- if she plays her cards

right she will do very well. The BMW is maybe just a start, she thinks.

She decides to get her genitals pierced after reading how much it can improve a

woman's sex life and pleasure down below, not just during sex, but also just by

crossing her legs! On her third and final visit to the old physiotherapist who

looked after her injured knee in past weeks, she asks him for advice on whom to

trust for such a personal thing.

The therapist tells her the most experienced man doing body piercing, and

specialising in genital adornment, is his own younger brother. "He ought to

retire now he's gone past 55 but gee he looks good for his age; a very masculine

old bugger but ruggedly handsome in his way. He must be good because he gets

lots of repeat business, eh." That satisfies her doubts and she decides she will

go to him but first, the sex drive in Jenny takes her to a hot lingerie shop.

She figures that if anyone is going to be looking at her down there she wants to

make herself look really special.

She never cares about the age of any man she prick teases. All men, all ages,

are pervs in her opinion and she likes to make them look weak. She makes her

boss cave in. She thinks that sometimes the older they are the worse they area

and, she reckons, it must be their way of trying to reclaim a part of their life

they lost many years ago.

But for her stepdaddy he can't do anything wrong in Jenny's eyes. She still

calls him daddy even though she's now 18 and very much a fine young woman

despite her somewhat baby face He raised her on his own after her mother died 10

years earlier. It wasn't easy raising such a sprightly kid at the time and he

gave her with all the care and affection she needed as if she were his own.

Indeed, Jenny owes the very strength of her own convictions to him. Boys her own

age, she figures, just don't appreciate the erotic aspects of female beauty the

way older men do.

She purchases a stunning one-piece sheer skin coloured light cotton cat suit

that snuggles into her every crevice and fits over her 34-inch hips and 38-inch

bust and clings like transparent food plastic wrap. Not very comfortable, she

thinks, but it's only for show, not for longevity.

It is raining when she leaves home so she dons a raincoat and soon finds the

man's address tucked well back among trees down a long driveway on the western

fringes of town. The door opens to a strikingly handsome man, but decidedly very

much the veteran age like her boss. He is shirtless, showing a wide strong chest

with a mass of silver black hair and stands there in black track pants. He is a

wiry built man; only his face seems to give away the reality that he's older

than his body looks. Sort of like her boss, only not as good looking, but about

the same age. He ushers Jenny inside and takes her to his elaborate work studio.

Jenny says she wants to have some very personal body piercing but not sure what

is best for her.

"Well young lady, I have so many styles and sizes here, I have been doing this

for many years," he assures her. "Here, let me take your coat while I get you a

book of samples." Jenny pushes hack her ponytail and removes her raincoat,

revealing her next-to-nothing undercover that doesn't cover much at all. She is

wearing her high platform shoes which add two inches to her normal 5ft 8in.

height. He surveys the sexually attractive figure standing there. "Now that is

one outfit I don't get to see these days but I must say it suits you well," he

teases. "Hmm, you seem to be in pretty good nick young lady, maybe the best

figure I've come across in my 30 or so years doing this"

"Gee, you still do this after 30 years of it, don't you get sick and tired of

looking at -- you know? Jenny asks clumsily. "Miss, they come in similar shapes

and sizes but you know, every single one is different. Really, I never get tired

of looking at a well shaped nicely looked after... er, figure. Too answer your

question, when a man stops looking at a woman's body he is ready for the grave."

He plonks a large heavy bound A3 size book of colour photo samples on the bench

for her to look through for ideas then sits back in a lounge chair side on to

her admiring her vivacious figure; especially the way her breasts push the

skintight outfit to its extreme resistance. Jenny sees the book labelled volume

20 contains more than 100 sheets of wide landscape pages with one client per

page. Indeed, the variety of genital piercing surprises her. She notices that

all the coloured photos carry a face picture of the client, a description of the

type of piercing, a full figure picture of the client, and pictures of the

genitals in a before and after sequence from front, side and rear angles. All

have a close-up of the actual pierced body part.

"Why are there so many pictures from different angles," Jenny puts to him. "Why

do you need to do that?"

"Simple, my lass, every girl or woman wants to know immediately how her

adornment looks from someone else's perspective -- they like to see what their

lover sees and not everyone likes to stand upside down in front of mirror when

they get home to work it out so I can produce these images digitally by the time

they are ready to go home from here. All the different angles are to satisfy

every curiosity. It costs no more and for new customers like you, it's a way of

seeing how things turn out when viewed from different positions."

"Makes sense, I guess," Jenny concedes.

"I keep this portfolio as a private record of my work. Some nights I roam

through these archives and I can clearly remember them coming in and how each

and every one reacted. This is my life"

He watches on as Jenny slowly turns the pages studying years of his work. After

half an hour of looking she picks a more advanced sample he calls the triangle

and horizontal hood piercing -- two separate jewellery placements that

simultaneously can stimulate the clitoris front and back. He calls it the double

whammy, as the rear stimulation of the clitoris can be mind blowing for some

lucky women.

Jenny chooses this one because the pussy in the picture looks very similar to

the size, contours and appearance of her own being perfectly bald with a

prominent Mound of Venus leading down to wide, "puffy" outer labia lips,

prominent vagina lips and with an above average sized clitoris "That's me, that

girl's pinched my pussy," she jokes. Magnetised by this particular style of

piercing in the glossy coloured photos, Jenny wants the same.

"This one looks interesting," she says to the piercer. "How does it go?" He

explains the triangle version is a horizontal piercing at the base of where the

hood tissue starts and the metal positions directly behind the nerve centre of

the clitoris head so that it reverberates sensation against the female's most

highly sensitive sexual organ. Then, the separate overhead hood piercing is

positioned so the metal ball rests directly against clitoris thus giving the

person a back and front simultaneous stimulation through body movement.

"Now there's a trap in this though," he says with concern. "This one doesn't

suit every woman unless her pussy happens to be the right proportions in the

right places. Sounds complicated? Well that's because all female genitals, while

basically the same, they have variations in construction just as men differ the

same way. The choice of jewellery adornment down there depends on all these

factors to avoid problems. Near enough is not good enough in this business."

Jenny says she knows some women are happy to be mentally stimulated by the

visual values of private parts piercing but most of them prefer the physical

touch stimulation the rings and beads provide. She appreciates his advice. By

now, she is keenly fascinated at all this discussion and props her bum up on the

workbench facing him in her scanty see-through lingerie. She looks ravenous.

Her legs are slightly parted and accentuate the bold fullness of her cunt so

explicitly contoured and tightly pressed upwards in front of him. She hopes he

is admiring how fantastic she fits into such tight and sheer underwear. Seeing

she is interested in his knowledge of the subject, he chirps up, "In the case of

the style you are selecting here, the foster parents of a young woman your age

came in only a month ago with their adopted daughter wearing a cute ponytail

just like yours and wanted something special as a gift to her dad. Being a man,

I think that's a wonderful expression of affection in both regards. The parents

also wanted a suitable tiny ring in each of her nipples and were anxious to do

this immediately.

"Why the rush," queried Jenny. "Surely you don't rush into these things."

"Well, it seems the following week they were all moving home some 150 miles away to a remote mountain area that's 30 miles from the nearest village and my kind of services can't be found in those places."

"Why did she bring her parents with her; I didn't have to do that and looking at

her pictures she is about my age."

The piercer looks at Jenny. "I don't do gals under 18, but all you young women

today make it difficult with the clever use of make-up and the way lots of you

are developing so early. Makes my job harder, that's right but if there's any

doubt I knock them back unless I get proof of age. On this occasion, even though

this particular young lady was of consenting age, her parents were so protective

they wanted to make sure I could be trusted with her. You know; those crushing,

doting type of parents who never think their kids grow up and can be trusted

unless they are there to supervise them."

Gee, sounds bad. Poor girl. Glad my stepdaddy is not like that and he loves me,

too. So can I have the same type of piercing you did for her? "

"Like I told them, I make that decision not them.or their 19 year-old daughter.

That's because I do a thorough genital probe that takes about 20 minutes to

evaluate the thickness and elasticity of the clitoral area, the outer and inner

labia lips and inside the vagina itself. Now to do this properly, I use special

oils I get from South America, gently massaging it into all areas of the

genitals first before I do what I call a skin gauge test. I like to generate

intense arousal in the pussy so I can identify the exact size and precise

position of the enlarged clit, and the orgasmic point status of the vagina lips

and outer labia. It's all important like fitting a jigsaw puzzle."

Jenny suddenly sees the South American aphrodisiac oils connection with this man

and his older physiotherapist brother who used such sexually stimulating oils

when massaging her. She holds back mentioning it but remembers how it set her

loins on fire.

Jenny leans back slightly as she notices the piercer looking at eye level

directly at her thighs. She feels the tightness between her legs as the

skintight one-piece body suit is stretched by her movement with the tip of her

bum on the edge of the workbench in front of him.

"I thought it was just like getting my ear lobes done," says Jenny. "Ha, big

mistake," he replies, "but it's one reason why many women experience orgasm

during a genital piercing procedure -- in preparing and in the actual fitting of

the jewellery."

"So what happened when you told that to those fuddy duddies?"

"They just looked at each other, nodded and told their daughter to undress so I

could determine her suitability. They wouldn't leave until they felt sure there

would be no problems, and they watched my every move, no doubt to make sure I

wasn't acting improperly."

Jenny felt herself getting very turned on just thinking of the foster parents of

the girl actually watching him probing her pussy in such a way.Jenny chips in:

"Did she have an orgasm?"

"Oh yes, it happens a lot of the times in my work and can't be helped. They

accepted that and left her in my hands for two hours to do the piercing while

they went shopping. When they returned the man was so pleased he gave me a big

tip.

"The mother wished she had something like it before she started dating boys. She

was only concerned that the piercing could interfere with normal sex. Felt sorry

for the daughter really; she was an extremely attractive kid of adult age and

having foster parents who treated her like she was still at high school was

pretty sad. The mother wouldn't leave until I could prove that my work was

successful in helping, not hindering, the gal's sex life.

"So while they stood there watching me I had to demonstrate with a rather large

vibrator that the piercings would not hinder normal sex, and could only make it

better. This went on for about 10 minutes and damn me, the daughter had another

orgasm.The old girl thanked me and said I had done a good job because, as she

put it, her daughter's climax on this here bench was apparently much stronger

than her daughter normally has at home. Now that made me think a bit, eh?"

By now Jenny's cunt is throbbing, but not from being touched. Her vivid

imagination and erotic thoughts of what she just heard are making her wet inside

the vagina. Her legs are close together now and her bulging pussy, squeezed high

in the very thin skin tight one piece body suit, ranges up from between her legs

like a roller coaster curve, the sheerness of it sucked into her vagina crack

which the piercer can see is looking quite damp.

"Well, that's enough talking, let's see if you can make this triangle fit for

you like the other girl's did," the piercer announces with a sound of authority

in his voice. Jenny hops down and he beckons her to remove her clothing.

"Before I start I will do the pre-piercing photographs for my files, the way

your pussy looks in its original state. He lays Jenny on her back and parts her

legs about a foot for the frontal image. Already sensually stimulated by his

conversation, her swollen outer labia lips lean outwards creating a gap each

side of her thoroughly moist vagina lips as they lose their original crinkled

look and take on a firm upright appearance. The inner vaginal lips widen out to

touch the inside edges of the swollen outer lips. The inviting sight of the

voluptuous teenager's wide-open vagina makes him smile. It is a scene repeated

countless time in all his work, as Jenny couldn't help notice in his samples

portfolio. He rolls Jenny to her side, moves her left leg back and tips her

torso slightly away from him to make her pussy range up in clear view for his

side-in angle pictures. Then he has her face down, legs apart and photographs

her from behind with her backside slightly lifted off the bench.

"That's all the pre-job done; I will repeat the same procedure once we finish

the piercing," he assures Jenny. "Right now, let's check you out down there for

the right fit."

He gently smooths the aphrodisiac oil all over her pussy, working his oiled

fingers up and down the length of the thick outer lips, squeezing them up from

the base of her inner thigh and as he does that he applies the oil all around

the clitoris, squeezing it, rubbing it and running his fingers up and down the

crevice between inner and outer lips.

Jenny twitches as he works his experienced fingers around her wet sensitive

parts and holds her clitoris between his index finger and thumb, rubbing it

slowly, then with changing pace. A soft groan escapes her lips. She holds her

head up to watch him, and is flushed with excitement at the sight of this man

probing her pussy, deliberately getting it to a high state of arousal so he can

decide the right place for the clitoral piercing.

He leans across her body and from under his track pants she's sure she can feel

the weight of something thick pressing against her thigh. He circles his fingers

around the inside edges of her open vagina before burying them deep inside her

and stirring in a clockwise direction as the aphrodisiac oil is rubbed into the

inner walls of the vagina.

"I do this to get all the sex organs running hot so I get a better idea of its

most sexually prepared state then I finally do a finger feel of the thickness

and elasticity of your sensitive parts" he tells Jenny who is already feeling

she will lose self control if he doesn't stop soon.

Jenny is unable to lie still; the penetrating oils and his expert touches are

unleashing a wave of deep sensations from inside her. Her mind is ablaze with

thoughts of sex, any sex; she lifts her bare buttocks off the table time and

time again, panting as the intensity between her shapely thighs mounts. The old

piercer senses she is going to peak soon the way she is twitching on the bench,

her arse shifting about and her tongue continually licking her glossed lips.

She is giving off constant low sighs and shuts her eyes and re-opens them

constantly. He feels the thickness of her outer and inner lips in her highly

aroused condition, feeling the full size of her enlarged clit and noticing its

exact position as he flicks it faster and faster, faster and faster, the

teenager losing control and starting to bounce about. He savagely brings her to

an explosive climax by thrusting his thick bunched fingers in and out of her

honey pot like a thrashing machine as her clit reels to the avalanche of his

touch and the steaming innards of her vagina feels like a volcano erupting from

the penetrating oil stimulants so deftly rubbed into it..

She lays back, eyes staring at the ceiling, feeling drained. "You are ready now.

Your crowning glory is ready to receive the jewels," he whispers to her. Jenny's

mind is in a spin. This old bastard is so erotic, he puts me on fire," she says

under her breath.

"He rubs a numbing agent around the area where the needle will create the holes

for the metal inserts. Jenny is wide-eyed watching him working so close between

her legs. This is new to her, another sexual adventure and she wants to ride it

all the way. How many girls are turned on having a man gain access to their

private parts in the course of everyday business? Her pussy juices make her wet

from excitement knowing what she is allowing him to do to her. "You have a

strong clitoris here young lady; if ever you want me to pierce the very hot

button itself, I will give you a 50% price cut for being a good customer.

"You realise of course your dear clit button is really a miniature penis head

and if God had decided you were to be a boy in your mother's womb that magic

instrument I am looking at would by now be a thumping big cock, nothing under

eight inches. Anyway, the Lord gave you the best of both worlds Jenny, the

opportunity as a young woman to enjoy a man and at the same time, get the same

great feeling of a man when aroused down there. Maybe better I think."

Jenny is listening but not hearing. She has her head back lying face up at the

ceiling as he prises around her genitals setting the needle points at the

precise spots. It gives her an unusually strange feeling to be in this position

legs apart, buttocks upraised, before a stranger who is examining and prising

around her most private part. She feels a light sting and then another. One

piercing is done already. Now for the other one.

Her sense of helplessness in such a submissive position somehow excites and for

a moment she thinks about what kind of women like to be dominated in bondage and more advanced stuff where they are tied up and sexually stimulated until they

are forced to have orgasm after orgasm. Jenny's only concern is that he gets it

right.

He feels him fitting the ring that passes through her clitoral hood and sits

right against the back of her clit. It gives her a weird spasm of erotic

titillation and sends a small shiver through her. He is now fitting the second

ring that will go through the upper part of the hood in a way that allows it to

rest against the head of her clitoris, thus giving her a simultaneous front and

back touch sensation. Just crossing her legs in full street dress and squeezing

them will give her many moments of secret sexual pleasure.

Jenny already feels more desirable than ever as she quivers at the old piercer's

close proximity to her open legs while she lies there before him totally naked.

Her nipples stand up perkily through the arousal of her deep inner sexuality

senses rising to the surface. He finishes and stands up, confronting her nudity

with a bulging erection inside his track pants and as he leans forward for a

moment the point of his hidden shaft grazes against the smooth texture of her

abdomen.

"Hop up now and have look at yourself in the mirror," he beckons to her and

leads her to a full-length mirror in the corner, her uncovered big breasts

jiggling as she walks. She is thrilled and instantly hugs him, her soft body

pressing against the man's bare navel and hairy chest. Her strong cone shape

nipples press through the silvery grey hair and he feels them moving in a left

and right motion as Jenny sways her shoulders about as she hugs him tightly.

"Oh thank you, thank you, I am going to be so happy," Jenny exclaims with

childlike enthusiasm. The old man quips, "well this is what I do best you know,

the way those rings are set up you won't have any problem with them and I assure

you, you are going to get added stimulation right through your pussy." Jenny is

so excited she blurts out, "Oh I can't wait, please show me now while I am

undressed.

"You want me to show you?"

"Yes, yes, no one else will know and I can't wait, I must find out now"

The old man mutters half aloud: "It's funny, another woman begging for it after

I pierce their pussy. I must be in the right business."

As Jenny sits legs apart on the edge of the bench he goes to a cupboard and

brings out a fat long vibrator in the shape of a man's penis; it's two-inches

thick in diameter and a throbbing seven and a half inches in circumference with

ripple surfaces and a twin clitoral tickler.

"I'll demonstrate this to you after I put my tongue into you like you want," he

says going down on her. The 18 year-old grips her sexy thighs tight around him

and grabs the back of his head to keep him from pulling out. She isn't concerned

that he's a man some 30 years older than her like her boss and her stepfather,

because in the privacy of his studio no one will ever know how decadent she can

be. The age difference seems to add to her thrill-seeking pleasure. This is the

man who spent more time fiddling with her sexuality than anyone so far and

that's before he pierced her pussy in two places! No romance. Lust? Innocence? A

fantasy coming true?.

"This is sooo good" she moans aloud, "please keep going, it's working, make me

cum." But the old man pulls away and grabs the big vibrator. "Here, this will

make you cum" he asserts as he slides the weapon into her willing vagina lips.

Jenny's cunt is on fire again, her clit fully engorged, the insides of her

vagina overwhelmed by the fullness of the thick vibrating shaft working

relentlessly around the highly sensitive inside of her sex tunnel amid the extra

sensations caused by her erect clit leaning back and forth against the rings he

inserted around it.

It is taking over Jenny's mind. She shakes her head around in a circling motion,

her ponytail twisting about and suddenly gives out muted screams: "Give me the

real thing! Give me the real thing! Put it in me! I want you in me! Give it to

me! Give it to me! Now! Do it! Do it!"

The old piercer He doesn't have to be told again. His track pants are down in

seconds and he steers what seems to be an equally thick rod into her but this

one is real man's flesh. Jenny's vagina lips wrap around it as she uses her

pussy muscles to squeeze as tight as she can, increasing the pleasure for both

of them. This is an unexpected fuck the old man cannot resist with such a young,

beautiful naked tigress under him lusting to be ravished. The effect of the

sexually penetrating oil remains hot between her loins as she wraps both arms

around him.

Jenny's mind is working overtime. In every sexual encounter, intended or

accidental, her mind invigorates her passion. She thinks as she enjoys and the

psychological stimulus that drives her into rapturous ecstasy starts to

overwhelm her. The very concept of something so outrageously daring as a man the same age as her father fucking her savagely as she squeals in delight can only

be topped one day by letting her stepfather do it to her.

The body piercer is working overtime in Jenny's cute cavern, ramming his thick

penis all the way in up to the hilt, his big balls bouncing against her hairless

pubic bone. Jenny thinks of his age and how good he is, and then her daddy's age

so similar and wonders would it be like this if one day she let him take her.

Her body is pulsating to the rhythm of the piercer's deep thrusts, grunting as

he goes, but her mind is dancing through a fantasy that this man on top of her

is not the piercer at all, it's her stepdaddy. She shuts her eyes and imagines

it is he, at home on the couch they share so often watching television in their

underwear. Always so close yet so far.

Her stepfather has never tried anything with her but now, right now, in her own

mind it's her daddy taking her savagely because he can't wait any longer. Her

eyes tightly closed, the piercer is driving his swollen rock hard rod faster and

faster through her vaginal juices as Jenny concentrates on her greatest fantasy.

Her upraised feet dangle about in all directions as the heavy man pounds her

relentlessly and she grips him tighter than ever by her thighs, her arms wrapped

around his back as she looks up and imagines her daddy's face looking down at

his sweet angel. Both of them are perspiring profusely and the emotion now takes

over Jenny's self control as she screams in a fast rising climax: Yes! Yes! Yes!

Yes! Yeees! Yeeeeee! Yeeeeeee!

Then total silence except for two sets of lungs breathing heavily. They lay side

by side motionless for what seems eternity, but is only minutes. The robust old

man gets up and looks at Jenny's still pulsating pussy. "That is the best fuck

I've ever had and you are the most beautiful fuck I've ever seen." he says

softly to her squeezing her sweaty hand. "Go and shower yourself and always

remember you have made this old man happy beyond his belief."

When she returns to the studio 15 minutes later he tells her he must now take

the post piercing photos of her pussy to complete the sample set. "Yes, when I

come back to this book some time in the future and look at your pictures I will

always remember a young lady that I wish you were my own daughter."

To be continued: Watch for Maniplating Jenny Chapter 6 when she has a torrid but

very emotionally sexy irst lovemaking experience with another young woman just

to please her deviant boss in return for a promotion and his gift of a new BMW

car.

Manipulating Jenny Ch. 06

by BeamMeUpÂ©

Continuing the sensuously charged adventures of Jenny, the beautiful 18 year-old

Latina office prick teaser who has just come through one of her most sexually

explosive experiences while having her clitoris pierced.

It is now a week later and she is on her way for what is to become her most

endearing moment so far: making love to a woman she has never met before. Jenny is doing this purely to please her randy 55 year-old filthy rich boss Raymond

now she is promoted as his personal secretary, getting a huge pay rise and a

gleaming metallic silver BMW convertible.

She is driving it to his favourite uptown business haunt, the 6-star Ritz Hotel

where he's hired a lavish private suite for Jenny to meet Laura.

Raymond, while normally devious, arranges the meeting as a 'straight up' return

favour to a golfing associate. The man's niece is in the city for a week from

mid West Country and is unashamedly bi. She wants a romp with a pretty girl a

bit younger than herself but it must be overnight.

Her uncle convinces her he will arrange a meeting with a very sexy young lady by

personal introduction rather than risk his niece going to the Internet looking

for a one-off encounter with a total stranger.

The uncle assures her he trusts his golfing partner, the very influential

businessman Raymond, to find a decent, but sexy, young woman about her age as an ideal partner for some erotic dalliance.

Jenny doesn't know much about the woman but after initial trepidation about

doing this, she convinces herself it is harmless fun, and may answer lots of

thoughts about women who are bi. Can it be as riveting as being seduced by a

man? Jenny's mind is ticking over as she drives into the basement's reserved

parking area, talking aloud to herself in the car.

"Who will start something? Will we kiss? How far will we go? Will the boss be

angry if nothing happens? What if we don't like each other?"

Jenny knows Raymond wants her to make love to the young woman to satisfy his own curiosity. While Jenny is one very hot teenager when it comes to straight sex

this is a new threshold she is yet to cross.

What Jenny doesn't know is that her boss spent more than an hour over drinks at

the bar getting to know Laura and promoting Jenny as a warm and wonderful

playmate. Ironically, Laura is somewhat entranced by Raymond and is already

thinking beyond curling up in bed with Jenny. Is Jenny about to meet her match

and will she get jealous if this stranger makes a pass at her dear boss?

Jenny is wearing white platform high heels, a slightly longer than usual denim

mini skirt that zips up bottom to top at the front, a low cut black lace bra, a

black lace thong-style semi see-through panties that are more loose fitting in

the crotch than what she normally wears.

Her black ponytail hair trails half way down her back and she is wearing

earrings, neck chain and anklet 'slave' chain. She wears hot pink lip-gloss and

is perfumed to perfection.

Raymond meets her in the foyer under a giant 200candle chandelier and leads her

to the bar where Laura is still sipping a cocktail. He introduces them as Laura

stands up.

The first thing Jenny notices about her is that she is not the blonde girl of 20

in the photo with blue eyes, but an elegantly attired attractive woman about 30

years of age with beautiful dark brunette almost Afro-styled thick shoulder

length curly hair, the kind Jenny always admires but doesn't see often. Laura is

the same height as Jenny at 5ft. 8in and from first glance her breasts are

probably small, though firm.

Laura is wearing sexy lip-gloss too, and her mouth is perfectly formed like a

film star's with full lips that Jenny imagines must be exciting to kiss. As they

give each other a quick tender hug and big smile, Jenny estimates that Laura has

a good firm body.

She is wearing a neck high silver satin figure hugging dress with sleeves that

go half way to her elbows and matching six-inch high heel shoes that expose most

of her feet but for a two-inch section at the toes. Thin silver leather straps

wrap around her ankle and criss-cross over the arches of her feet to hold her

in. Jenny notices that when she stands she looks very elegantly poised.

Raymond suggests they take the elevator to the 30th floor for drinks and food to

be served on the private balcony of the $2000 a night penthouse apartment. It

comes with its own fully stocked 20 foot long bar, spa, games room, computer

room, 10ft wide home entertainment screen for videos and many other rich life

perks. The expansive balcony looks out over the lights of the city and Raymond

figures this is a pretty romantic setting for anyone in the mood for sex.

As they walk to the elevator Jenny glances at Laura's tanned shapely legs. The

older woman's shimmering satin dress is almost as short as hers. Laura's bust is

hidden in a black lace bra and Jenny notices that her buttocks are tight and

very well rounded for a perfect shape in a close fitting outfit. They hold hands

as they walk from the elevator into the massive penthouse.

"Well girls, this is it," Raymond says proudly."Nothing but the best for you

two." The two women, still hand in hand, walk to the balcony and look at the

city below.

"It is wonderful Raymond, and for a country girl like me, this is quite

different. It's a real buzz," Laura confesses. She squeezes Jenny's hand and

Jenny squeezes back. Jenny feels a fingertip drawing a small circle inside the

palm of her hand as they stand there. Jenny squeezes her new friend's elegantly

manicured hand with long painted nails again, recognising her subtle message.

Raymond excuses himself so the two girls can talk privately over their meal and

wine, saying he will return before bedtime with some accessories they may like

to use. Both women smile and look knowingly at each other, confident they are

one step in front of Raymond and know what he is up to. The two women spend the

first 30 minutes over their meal and wine talking about their childhood on the

huge balcony under a starlit sky.

Afterwards, thev retire to the more comfortable huge sofa inside that looks out

to the city below. They sit close together looking out to the open sky. "Do you

love men?" Jenny asks to get things going. "I mean, when I said I would come

here tonight I was not sure if you were a lesbian.

"No, I'm not a lesbian Jenny, don't be afraid of me. Good-looking men like your

boss really turn me on, but I don't make it much with younger ones. Most of them

haven't got a clue. After 30 they start to get some sophistication into their

lovemaking, but older men yes.

"To be honest, even though I love making it with a man I get a greater sense of

release kissing and touching another woman. My original parents were extremely

affectionate with me; they divorced when I was just 18 but my mom taught me how to love kiss at a very early age and being young I didn't know it was called

incest.

"They were very strict with me. I had to kneel by the bed at night and say

prayers, but never was allowed to wear pyjamas or nighties. We all slept in one

big king size bed, mom and pop on each side. When mom taught me how to kiss and other things I had to show pop that I was learning properly."

"Gee," says Jenny. I live with my stepdaddy and you know, ever since he had to

raise me on his own after I was just eight, he was never like that. He would

kiss me good night on the lips but just a light kiss; he never used his tongue

on me anytime.

"Mind you, I look back and wish he had so many times. I really love my stepdaddy

and to this day I wish I knew how I could get him to have it with me. He is so

handsome and physical for his age, he does turn me on."

Laura drapes her arm around Jenny's shoulder, pulling her slightly closer."Do

you like talking about sex," she asks.

"If it's something exciting, yes I do," replies the younger one. "I dress rather

provocatively at work in my mini skirts and things I know my boss can see

through to turn him on. I like to feel I can control him by controlling his

attention. I get off on using my mind power as well as my body.

"At night I can touch myself and think of how I must make him twist up inside

and want me and how he probably jerks off thinking about me. I do get his

attention by being a bit cheeky."

"I know what you mean," Laura says. "I must admit some of my early lessons at

home have stayed with me and I guess in all respects my parents were very much

into erotica; you know, the kind of games they played with me.

"You know what you should do to get your stepdaddy's attention, play one of the

games I had to play. One night when he is watching TV, come out and put a beach

towel on the floor in front of him between where he is sitting and the TV so he

can't help but notice what you are doing...."

Jenny is excited already before Laura can even finish and she leans her head

towards her so they touch. "Anyway darling, just come out with a bath robe

wrapped around you and a jar of honey. Adults love eating honey. Lie down on

your back and pour the honey thick on your pussy and smear it over your breasts.

"You can bet he will be dumbfounded and locked on to what you are doing. Just

say in your most innocent voice, 'oh daddy my honey pot is overflowing and I've

spilt honey over me. Please lick it up for your sweetie pie.'

"Laura, that is fantastic. I can just see it now. If he doesn't get down on me

after that kind of opportunity I should give up."

"Oh he will. He will. And Jenny it is a really great feeling, especially when

you feel their tongue lapping into you."

Jenny says she will definitely try it out at home and make sure there is a very

big jar of honey in the pantry. "Did your mom help out too?"

"Oh yes, always. But that was just one of many games we played and I didn't know

any better at the time except that everything felt really good and they never

harmed me

"So Jenny, being bi all started with kissing and went on from there. They taught

me that our tongue is a wonderful sex organ, or maybe better put, an organ for

sex. It was fun discovering my erogenous zones so early.

I would probably never have known. I guess some of that erotic naughtiness stays

with me and I find it exciting to share my love with a man or a woman, even a

couple together although I haven't done that yet."

They move closer. Laura unstraps her high heels and kicks them off, urging Jenny

to do the same."You know something Jenny, I do get turned on by a man who gets

on to my wave length and into my mind, not just into my pussy if you know what I

mean."

"Yes I do." .

"Well Jenny, I think that our brain is our most powerful aphrodisiac. You know,

the power us women have in our emotions are much more powerful than men's in my

opinion at least. The mind is our greatest source of inspiration for everything

we do and when it comes to personal relationships and sex generally, the mind is

probably our number one sex organ."

"Gee Laura, we think so much alike. That's how I always feel about it too."

"Well Jenny, it's an organ for creating sexual pleasure, that's what I mean. And

everything surely must start in the mind don't you think?"

"Oh yes, my boss Raymond has a great imagination and he is the one who wants me to make love to you."

"Ah, see what I mean Jenny, don't you think he's done that for my benefit, your

benefit and his own kinky benefit? I think your boss is a very nice looking man

having just met him at the bar but I bet his mind works overtime turning you

into more than a figment of his imagination. He will be wondering all night what

we are up to and no doubt filling his mind with all kinds of erotic

possibilities."

They both laugh.

"Do you mean he wants me to have sex with you because that turns him on?"

"Of course," why else?"

"Why did he give me a picture of someone younger than you and making out it was

you? Why would he do that?"

"Jenny, I gave my uncle a picture of me as I am today to pass on to your boss

and he switched it maybe in case you thought I was too old for you in this sort

of dalliance"

"Gee Laura, I don't think you look too old for anything. You are very, very

attractive. Sort of like the girl next door." They laugh.

"Jenny, I know this much, I am 30 to be honest and I am at the time when women

are usually around their sexual peak. Still young in the body, but a lot more

experienced than women 10 years younger like you.

"I think women my age are hotter sexually in passion than at any other stage of

their lives and here I am living in a little country town where my chances of

getting off with a man or a woman for that matter,are very limited compared to

you living here in a big city."

Jenny is fascinated by the conversation and the thought of exchanging mind games

stirs her from deep within.It is something she believes in but puts it down to

just being a sexy little animal, not thinking there could be other women out

there who also have very vivid imaginations and use it in sexual situations.

They move closer as they talk, shoulders now touching gently. Laura hops up to

dim the adjustable glow of the light to a more relaxed softer mood. Jenny likes

that. "Let's get one thing straight," says Laura, a soft light for a soft heart

and maybe a soft touch." They giggle girlishly.

"You know Jenny, you are one hell of a sexy young woman. I think I can enjoy

being close to you tonight and it will be a very, very long night."

Hearing that, Jenny squirms inside in great anticipation. She has still never

kissed a woman passionately. They kick their shoes off and Laura slips out of

her satin dress. "This dress cost me a fortune so I'm putting it aside so I can

wear it outside and not look like I've been rolling around on the ground."

"That's a good idea," chirps Jenny, "I'll do the same." They are both now

sitting side by side in just their low cut bras and skimpy black lace panties

looking out to a bright moonlit evening sky through the wide opening sliding

doors to the balcony. They can feel the gentle night breeze caressing their

legs. It is a romantic setting, they agree.

Laura's figure is slim and well proportioned but without the audacious kind of

breasts Jenny can't hide in her low cut bra. Jenny notices that the older

woman's legs are slim, unblemished, shapely and lightly suntanned. Her perky

breasts sit up inside her cupped black lace outfit and Jenny guesses they must

measure about 32B or maybe more. Smaller, firm, delightfully sexy. She can't

wait to find out.

The suspense is killing them. They look each other and smile. "We are gorgeous

aren't we," Laura laughs, "and my goodness, what lovely breasts you have." Jenny

blushes. "Well, they are all mine."

"I like she shade of your lippy Jenny, it seems to make your lips really mmmm."

"Yours too," replies Jenny. "The colour suits you perfectly. This is so new to

her, she hopes Laura will take the lead and suddenly she wonders if Laura is

thinking the same. Laura snuggles closer and gently guides a finger across the

top of Jenny's thin,lace edged bra, moving in a line along top of the bra where

it just covers her nipples but tracing her fingertips along Jenny's milky smooth

skin.

Jenny, feeling this is her cue, responds by pulling Laura's bra straps down on

each side and tugging them away to reveal her naked perky breasts. They are

firm, upright with fairly big and slightly upraised areolas surrounding strong

erect nipples.

"Mmmm," coos Jenny. "Your boobs are so good you don't need to wear a bra, you

know."

Laura smiles. The 30 year-old woman gives Jenny a peck on the point of her nose

with her soft lips and unclips Jenny's bra, then flicking it to the floor. She

cups one hand under the younger woman's fulsome breasts and tilts her face

towards her younger companion.

"When did you first have sex with another woman outside the home or am I the

first? she asks Laura.

"It was after my parents broke up and I was in my final year at school. I'd just

turned 18 the week before one of my teachers called me aside and said I would

not pass my final exams unless I got some after school coaching. She was aware I

went through a difficult time that year with my parents breaking up the marriage

and there was a lot of disruption to my schoolwork.

"I agreed because of that to go to her house two nights a week for personalised

coaching to catch up, as she called it. She was not married but very attractive

and somewhere between 35 and 40 I guessed. She never wore anything really sexy

to make me think she was randy and I never thought twice about going there of an

evening in my very short skirts, lace knickers and button up blouse. I always

wore a half-cup bra.

"For the life of me I can't recall the very thing that started something off but

she was asking me questions about how I felt about myself and suggested I was

very tense and needed to let go a bit.

"I remember telling her that's only because of the uncertainty of passing my

exams.She put her arm around me as we sat on the couch and said all I needed was some reassurance. Before I knew it she started cuddling me and saying I had lips that men would die for. She pushed me back on the couch and had her mouth over mine, her tongue inside me and I suddenly melted."

Jenny is agog, and feels some excitement stirring in her loins as Laura pours

out her confession.

"I was taken by surprise. I was too scared to fight her off and I started to

like what she was doing. Her hand went down under my short skit and she was

running her fingers all over the outside of my lace knickers. Without realising

it I found myself opening my legs wider for her as her fingers probed along my

slit and got me quite wet down there."

Jenny is wide-eyed. "Wow, that must have been something."

"Well, she ended up giving me a climax, the first woman to do that outside opf

my home. Funny thing though, I was not angry with her when it was all over. In

fact, I even thanked her which now, at my age, must sound really corny."

Jenny leans against Laura's semi-naked slim body with its perfectly proportioned

frame and drapes an arm around her.

"Laura, please show me what she actually did to you and how she did it. I want

to know what it must have felt like when you were still at school and she was

your teacher. Just hearing makes me feel horny.

"Was it like this?" Jenny suggests as she moves her other hand on to Laura's

black panties and proceeds to slide her fingers under them, touching the older

woman's immaculately shaved pussy other than a small tuft of cropped pubic hair

the older woman grooms carefully for show.

Laura takes her by the wrist and drags it back and forth under the scant

coverage. Jenny's fingers are forced to slide into Laura's wet opening. Their

shoulders touch, their faces draw closer and closer and in an eclectic moment,

their mouths meet for the first time.

"Mmmmmm," they both moan softly as Laura moves her hand between Jenny's open legs and drags her panties down to her ankles. Jenny kicks them off and widens her thighs to accommodate the older woman's probing.

"Mmmmm, No, this is how the teacher touched me," Laura purrs as she runs her

longer fingers up and down and into the 18 year-old's wet snatch that's in full

view as Jenny slides back into the couch.

They both withdraw their hands from each other's loins and hold each other

around the head, pressing their moist full lips gently together. They are like

two delicate butterflies circling a flower. Their lips press together and they

squirm as the taste of new sex arouses them.

Laura's tongue penetrates Jenny's mouth, swirling around like a snake in the

grass. Jenny grabs it tightly between her lips, holds the wriggling invader and

massages it affectionately with probing, sliding movements up and down, under

and over, and then sucking her tongue passionately as though it were her daddy's

penis. Laura groans. "Mmmmmm, mmmmm" her muffled responses to Jenny's internal lashings are building a fire.

"Jenny, this is how the teacher kissed me. You want to know how it felt that

night.This is what we were doing. Do you feel hot like I do, do you want my body

like I want yours?"

"Oh my God, oh my God, this is good as a fuck," Jenny suddenly whimpers between

breaths. "You are making me want to fuck."

They thrust their mouths together again, twisting and moving their lips around

each other as though they are stuck and can't get free. Jenny runs her tongue

around the outside of Laura's lips, then back in the other direction on the

inside of her mouth. Laura groans loudly.

She suddenly pushes Jenny's head towards her waiting breasts to be suckled. And

purrs into the younger woman's ear, "You asked me what else the teacher did to

me when I was a kid your age so I am showing you where, and you can show me how she did it."

Jenny finds her lips closing around Laura's perky nipples, suckling them. Moving

from one breast to the other. They quickly hardened, standing up a full inch

above the areola as Jenny's tongue sucks, licks and flicks them about, getting

the erect breast projectiles between her teeth and dragging them away from the

breast ever so gently. At the same time she gropes for Laura's clitoris and

finds it abundantly erect and ready to be used by Jenny as a plaything.

The younger girl is enjoying this interaction like nothing before. She is so

glad she agreed to it, although never knowing what to expect. Laura puts three

of her long fingers deep inside Jenny and is trying to find her g-spot somewhere

on the ceiling of her love tunnel.

She whispers hoarsely to Jenny. "You see little darling, the woman who did this

to me was a good teacher, maybe that's why she was a teacher. Jenny giggles but

is becoming hot and wanting more. She wants Laura to consume her.

"I know that teacher must have done other things to you and I want you to show

me how she did it," Jenny pleads and in a suggestive mood, rolls over and slides

on her back to the floor, her naked body upside down with her legs spread aside

Laura as she sits on the edge of the sofa. The teenager's shapely thighs circle

the older woman's hips.

"You are right, there was more. I didn't tell you all of it, but now you are in

the mood for love I will be open and honest as how she forced me to submit to an

orgasm while she watched."

Laura grabs Jenny by the thighs and drags her up closer, bending over and

looking at all the frantic anticipation in the younger women's face. "You see

Jenny, I was lying upside down there just like you are now and I had the same

look on my face; a mixture of confusion, maybe a little bit of fear, a feeling

for lust and a desire to be exploited to satisfy her lust.

"I felt helpless, and strangely I wanted her to conquer me totally. Do anything

to me.. Sex felt good and it didn't seem to matter if my teacher was a man or a

woman."

Jenny feels the first exquisite long strokes of Laura's tongue around her outer

lips; she doesn't go straight for the clit. Torture. Laura moves her tongue like

a lizard zig-zagging through the grass only there is no grass, not a hint of a

hair. Jenny's Lolita-like pristine pussy presents a perfect plaything for the

more experienced woman.

Her tongue runs up each side of the swollen labia, licking along the groin

first, then with a flat tongue, right across the entire surface of each side of

her perfectly smooth pussy before sliding her wet weapon along the full length.

Just hearing her say those words puts a shiver of excitement through Jenny. It

is not a man going down on her; it is a very spunky woman. What will it be like?

How long can it last? Will she make me cum?

Laura drags her tongue deep into Jenny's willing vagina, drawing around the

perimeter of the soft folds and meeting her enlarged clitoris. She continues to

circle her tongue around the inner lips then paints a long wet line between the

inner and outer labia to tantalise Jenny.

Suddenly she stops to say something in a low almost indiscernible voice "I am

doing to you now what was done to me by that older woman. Do you like the way I

am showing you? Would you like to know more of what happened?"

"Yes! Yes! Jenny commands, "Don't stop. Please don't stop."

"Mmmm, you smell so sweet Jenny. Did you put some nice perfume near your sweet spot?"

"Mmmm" Jenny mumbles.

Laura goes to the other side of Jenny's pussy, sliding her tongue top to bottom

between outer and inner lips, sending little shivers through the younger woman.

Now she hovers over the swollen clitoris and takes the head between her hot

lips. Jenny is trembling in sexual splendour. Not even her doctor or her

stepdaddy did it this way. A woman knows how to please a woman.

"Oooooh," she moans with greater urgency as Laura sucks on her clit head in

machine-like short, fast sucking actions, using the tip of her tongue to

playfully tease Jenny's engulfed clit glans. It seems she will never let it out

of her mouth and Jenny is beside herself, rolling her shoulders from side to

side against the floor in ecstasy.

She tries to gorge as much of Jenny into her mouth as possible as if she were

eating it and, holding most of the top part inside, she sucks harder and harder

like a baby on a bottle. Jenny is going crazy.

Laura is not satisfied that Jenny has got the whole picture and she rolls to the

floor beside the teenager and wraps her legs around her. Their pussies squeeze

together and both women lock their legs together,simultaneously thrusting into

each other, rubbing their clits against the other, side to side, up and down,

around and around as they squiggle and thrust in fast rising arousal

As they thrash on the floor, the outdoor breeze swirls across their naked

bodies, but the cool air can't cool their heat.

"Jenny, puffing with excitement and exertion, almost hoarsely asks Laura if this

is what really happened with her female teacher. "Yes! Yes! Every bit of it. She

was a savage with me, she ravaged me and I let her have her way. I could not

fight it. It was too overpowering. She really knew how to make love."

They don't say another word as their pouting mouths lock together in passionate

embrace. Their kisses are long and deep, their wet vaginas drowning in their

lubricating juices. It is clit on clit, lips on lips, mouth on mouth, arms

wrapped around bodies as they roll over towards the open balcony door and the

cool night air.

Jenny is like a dog on heat but licking Laura's face like a cat, moving her

tongue around, behind and into her ears, licking around her neck and up under

her chin. Laura shudders at the pulsating attention. Their pussy's push against

each other, wet and wonderful sensations rip through them.

They seem to be on another planet, their moans and sighs becoming more and more anxious. Laura stares at the ceiling, her big eyes rolling back in ecstasy with

this magnificent young body wrapped around hers, both of their smooth moist

pussies rubbing.

The intensity, the closeness of another woman's body wrapped around her,the

steamy sensuality of another woman's hot kiss, her tongue in her mouth, her

pussy squeezed against her pussy in rocking movements is taking the teenager to

new heights.

"Laura, Laura," cries Jenny. "You are sooooo gooood. Love me, love me,love me,

love me"

Laura is reaching a crescendo herself. "I love you, I love you, I love you," she

pants. Both of them are puffing like dogs on a blistering hot day, their

emotions at boiling point. Sex, sex, sex, sex overwhelms them and their arms

grip each other in tight bear hugs as great uncontrolled eruptions sweep through

their perspiring bodies, starting in their head and racing to all their

extremities. Their toes curl tighter and tighter.

Suddenly, and together, they let out a series of orgasmic cries, their bodies go

stiff and arch back as they climax. It comes like rolling waves crashing on the

shore. Everything is suddenly serene. Peaceful. Perfect.

The only sound is heavy breathing. Breathing in, breathing out fast at first,

then slower, more slowly and finally calm descends on them.

Out of nowhere, a slow handclap pierces the air. It is Raymond.

"Oh you bastard," Laura shouts. "You sneaked in and were watching us all the

time."

"No I wasn't," he lies. "Well, only for the past 15 minutes maybe. I did ring a

big cow bell to get your attention," he jokes, "but for some reason you two

girls were too busy doing something for a mere male to interrupt.

"Well Raymond, for your information. We were not making love, we were, we were."

"We were we were what," he says with a jibe.

"Laura is now on her feet and Jenny is sitting up. "We were. I was showing Jenny

how to tie up shoe laces when you wear a blindfold," she fired back. Anyway,

it's none of your business what us girls do. Raymond, there are times when a

woman doesn't need a man, you know."

"Oh of course. Liberated women stuff but it look I just want you to know you

both deserve to be nominated for an Oscar. What a performance!"

He tosses them two bath towels to wrap around them while he grabs some snack

food from the well-appointed kitchen. The two women decide they will take a

shower and come back to talk to Raymond who is unpacking some sex toys he hopes they might use through the night or in the morning.

Laura and Jenny get into the shower together and take turns washing big wads of

suds over back and front, up their legs and pussies before individually washing

their hair. Laura hints what is to come. "Your boss Raymond is quite a handsome

guy, you know.

While I am waiting for you to arrive and we are speaking over drinks at the bar

he reminds me of my own daddy about the same age and the grey hair coming

through. Even his bushy eyebrows look the same. I guess you are lucky to have a

boss like that who is good looking and treats you real good."

"I never call him Raymond, I always call him sir. I think you shouldn't be too

familiar with your boss by calling him by his first name"

Laura laughs. "But he can be familiar with you â€“ like tonight!" They burst into

hysterics laughing at the irony of Jenny's respect for her boss.

They dry off and touch lips softly. Laura whispers that she has a great idea.

"Let's trick your boss and tie him up and we'll both have some fun with him.

We'll undress him for starters," she says to a wide-eyed Jenny. "Look, you saw

some of those things he brought back for us to play games with, you know, the

handcuffs, the vibrators and ankle cuffs...let's tie him up and we will have our

way with him. I hope he's got a big one."

"Oh yes he has," Jenny nods.

"Jenny, it's obvious your boss is a voyeur freak. It will probably get him off.

I bet he's got a big cock and shoots his sperm like a rocket launcher. Look,

I'll be the ring leader so he can't blame you for starting it."

Jenny is grinning. "Yes, let's do it. We'll just sit each side of him on the

couch and get him in the mood for a romp and while I get his ttention with my

tits he always wants to suck you can slip the cuffs on him. But do it quick

around the ankles immediately and he will be helpless to stop us undressing him"

Jenny feels like a wolf about to go on the prowl. "Oh this is exciting. Imagine

me doing this to my own boss!" The two girls finally emerge from the bathroom

with Cheshire cat grins on their faces. Raymond notices this and is suspicious.

"Ah, about time. I was about to come looking for you. You both look like the cat

that got the canary.Are you up to something?"

Laura answers quickly. "No Raymond, these cats are only interested in each

other's pussy, no time for a real bird."

"Ha, very clever Laura but you both still have your bath towels wrapped around

you. So are we now going to get you two in the bed so I can shoot some film of

you getting raunchy?"

Laura flops beside him on the couch and as Jenny follows she looks right into

the businessman's eyes with a seductive voice. . "Raymond why are you wearing a

shirt when you know we have taken our shirts off? Are you embarrassed for me, a

strangerto you, seeing if you have a hairy chest or do you shave it like I shave

my pussy?"

Jenny is beside herself, tickled pink by the way Laura can tease her boss. She

knows he is not used to this. He is always in charge. "All right then, here is

my shirt.You can have it and see, I don't shave my chest." Raymond is halfway to

serious wondering what they are up to.

He knows both girls are naked under the towels by the way the towels ride up

their bodies, shorter than short mini skirts, and reveal their virgin-like

hairless pussies. He is thinking only of them getting into the big master bed so

he can video them playing with each other, and why he bought a swag of adult sex

toys.

Jenny runs the flat palm of her hand across his thighs and feels his erection

warming up. She slowly caresses the growing shape over his pants and outlines

the thickness and length of it for Laura, saying, "Oh look I've found a big

snake here. I hope it doesn't bite." As she says this Jenny pulls the bathrobe

away from the breast nearest his face and pushes the solid puffy nipples to his

mouth. "Oh sir, please show Laura how you sucked for milk when you were a little

boy. Suck mummy's tit."

The boss ironically clasps both hands behind his neck in a comfortable layback

position and starts to suckle on Jenny's big puffy. He sucks generously on her

full breast oblivious to Laura hopping up and moving behind the sofa. Suddenly

snap!

She moves so fast with the ankle cuffs they snap around his ankles before

Raymond realises he has been taken prisoner. They pull him to the floor on his

back.

The girls stand up and Laura announces bluntly, "Sir, your personal secretary

Jenny is going to push your favourite fantasy into your face so you can see it

better and eat it.

"Raymond you are defenceless, We are boss now and you will do our bidding. I

can't wait to see your pet toy. If it's big I'll know you must play with it a

lot. Shocked; Raymond nods. Jenny can hardly contain herself.

Laura is masterful, completely in charge. Jenny, now he understands we are the

boss, not him, we will s strip him naked." They pull Raymond's pants off and his

undies and toss them across the floor. "Sir doesn't need any clothes does he,"

Laura teases. His cock is hard as a rock. It stands up like one of the big

marble pillars in the Platinum Suite Raymond hired for the evening.

"Oooooh," says Laura. "I wish I had a boss like you to see every day of the week

"That is a very big nasty weapon. Raymond, it must be about nine inches so now

us girls know you must pull your dick a lot. You like to rub your cock as often

as you can don't you Raymond," she teased

"We girls are arriving at work before anyone else and we find you tied up on

your office floor. What are we to do? We lock the door behind us and since you

like your girls to work for you, we will now go to work for you, or should I

say, on you."

Laura is superb, and deserves the Oscar nomination Jenny straddles her bare sexy

thighs around his neck, facing him. This is a position he must have dreamed

about for years, Jenny thinks.

"Sir, it is lunch hour and I've brought you your favourite snack," she says with

such an innocent naÃ¯ve sounding tone. She moves her pussy against his face so

his mouth can reach her. Raymond only dreams about this sort of thing.

Laura is sliding eagerly down his pole, taking his full nine inches to the hilt.

She squeezes his scrotum gently but firmly, feeling the size of his balls."

Jenny, your boss as got big balls to go with his big cock. He must have a milk

jug full of white glue in that sack. Don't you think he should not keep it all

to himself."

Jenny is too carried away to hear her as her boss munches greedily on her tender

meat sandwich. The teenager is driving herself harder and harder into his face,

almost suffocating him. Both women are enjoying themselves and although Jenny

has her back to Laura and can visualise her riding him like a rodeo horse, the

older woman facing towards Raymond's head watches how the teenager swivels her

hips around and forces her boss to eat more humble pie.

Jenny sings out, eat me sir, eat me! Let me feel your tongue. Put it all in your

mouth! Eat me!"

They push Raymond to exhaustion and he can't continue being fucked by Laura any

longer. With a great guttural moan he shoots inside her and Laura feels the hot

flush of a man ejaculating in her pussy.

She wishes it could happen more often. The deep heat sensation of having a man's

thick rod explode deep inside her body, the exquisite rush of adrenalin knowing

this is nature's natural force for the deepest love of all, fills her mind as

much as her pussy. She stays on him long after his penis has given up the fight.

It is something she doesn't want to give up.

But Jenny, who did not climax, is not satisfied. Laura is still sitting astride

Raymond, handcuffed and ankle cuffed and at their mercy when Jenny returns from

the kitchen carrying two of the toys her boss bought for the two women to enjoy.

One is a giant vibrator designed for external use and calibrated to send

extremely powerful waves of electric generated impulses on sensitive parts of

the body such as the woman's clitoris or a man's penis glans.

It can make even an older man ejaculate almost immediately after having just

done it. The toy borders on being an instrument of torture as much as pleasure.

The other toy that catches Laura's eye is an eight-inch long strap on dildo

Raymond purchased for her to fuck his young secretary.

Raymond remains on his back, naked and cuffed. He wants to know what they are

whispering about. Jenny isn't game to use the giant vibrator on him in case he

punishes her for going too far, but Laura has nothing to lose and wants to see a

man squirm in violent ecstasy while helpless.

She switches the power on and the swirling motion of the long rod type vibrator

is laid against his cock. Jenny's eyes are big and wide and Laura looks at her

and says, "Watch this."

The shuddering impulses from the sex toy jerk the man's big cock awake and it

becomes rock hard again. As Jenny watches Laura clasps one hand around his

scrotum, gently feeling his testicles and squeezing ever so lightly while she

applies the submission power rod to the underside top of his penis.

Shockwaves of almost unbearable intensity rivet his organ as Laura moves the rod

all around the surface of his cock, sliding it up and down each side and,

pushing it flat against his stomach as he groans louder and louder and starts

bouncing about unable to stand the sexual intensity.

She tells Jenny to feel his balls. His secretary holds them in her right hand

and quips," They are so tight, they seem to be bigger, his whole scrotum if

really tight." L

Laura persists with the rod, sending Raymond into raptures. His body swaying

left and right and shouting now "Oh, I can't stand it! I can't stand it!

She almost cruelly increases the vibrating speed to maximum and lays the rod

flat against the very base of his penis where it touches the scrotum and pushes

down, squeezing itagainst his stomach while the fingers of one hand slide around

the highly sensitive lower abdomen just above his pubic hair.

Raymond is on a rocket ship to outer space. He shakes and shouts, "I can't stand

it, I can't stand it." I'm going to cum!"

Laura continues to tickle his lower abdomen, sending him into his final stage of

frenzy as she slowly pushes the vibrating rod up the full length of his shaft

and rests it heavily against the underside of his glans.

Without warning, his erection jerks three times and spits a stream of cum up his

body, landing on his face. Such irony, both girls think as they thrill to the

way they have made him ejaculate over his own mouth. The powerful vibrator has

done its job. In all, Raymond shoots plentiful loads of white spermatozoa in

five separate bursts. All the time Raymond is moaning almost uncontrollably

"Quick Jenny, scoop up some of his cum and rub it all around the head of his

cock. He will go crazy."

Jenny follows her orders and massages his own cum all around the ultra sensitive

head of his penis while in its most delicate state of sennsitivity.n. Handcuffed

and ankle cuffed, all Raymond can do it twist about shouting "Oh my God! Oh my

God! "Oh my God! What are you doing to me Jenny!

Laura speaks to Raymond up close. "Hello Raymond, you deviant boss of this

innocent little girl. You have left some of your bucket load of cum on your face

so I will just push it into your mouth. I know you must like Jenny to eat your

cum and I'm sure she will enjoy watching you swallow some of your own. That's a

good boy, lick your lips. Can't waste a drop."

Raymond struggles in his bonds but it is useless. His hands and legs are tied.

He has never felt so helpless, naked, so vulnerable in his life. He is just glad

the two women, while obviously having their fun with him, are not man-hating

lesbians.

Laura is leaning over his face again, talking to him in almost caressing tones.

"Raymond, thank you so much for buying this big stiff strap-on penis dildo you

want us to use while you perv on us, but I have a better idea. "Oh, I will

definitely fuck Jenny with it and I'm sure she will fuck me too, but you will

have to go home before then and won't be able to perv on us."

Jenny is estatic, enjoying every little insult, knowing she could never get away

with teasing her boss so cruelly. He groans and sounds cranky. "Untie me. Untie

me!"

Laura, unrepenting has bad news for him. "Not yet dear Raymond, You lucky, lucky

man. Two beautiful nude women crawling all over your naked body and you can't

lay even a finger on us. How disappointing!

"Oh, Raymond, we are not finished with you yet. More surprises in store. We are

really going to put your testicles to the test tonight.

"Raymond you have a wonderfully big cock and now we both know how it can shoot

cum all over you when you pull yourself off.

"Raymond you do jerk off don't you; I mean how many times at work have you

perved on little Jenny's tight butt, her long shapely legs, her tiny skirt, her

hot pussy? How many times have you gone home at night and got your cock out and jerked off thinking it was going on Jenny's face?"

Jenny can't believe her ears. Has Laura gone mad? Is she a sex maniac? Is she

running a dungeon somewhere? What will happen if he gets really pissed off with

being treated like a slave? No sooner has the though entered Jenny's mind when

Laura pipes up and tells Raymond he must now roll over on his tummy. She

disappears for a moment and comes back from the stateroom with a pillow.

"What are you doing?" Jenny asks anxiously, now worried about her boss getting

mad at her. "Yes what are you to up to now," Raymond shouts but Laura quickly

responds. In her hand is a jar of petroleum jelly.

"Raymond, its Laura here. You are my slave, and I am your master, not your

mistress like you prefer. Raymond you know what happens to naughty slaves?

"No!" he shouts back. "What are you doing now? This is ridiculous, I am supposed

to be videoing you two acting like sluts on the bed."

"Oohhh! Did you hear that Jenny? He thinks we are going to act like sluts for

him so he can get his rocks off. Are you a slut Jenny?

"No way!"

"Am I a slut Jenny?"

"Of course not, you are just the sexiest woman I've ever met."

"Raymond, I know you want to fuck me but I have a better idea. I am going to

fuck you with this big fat strap-on you so generously bought for us to play

with. I must make sure it works before I put it into Jenny."

"What are you up to Laura? What are you talking about?" Raymond shouts with

panic written on his face.

She straps the eight-inch long penis shaped dildo on and Jenny pushes a pillow

under his hips for access. Jenny rubs petroleum jelly around his anus and some

around the top of the dildo.

Suddenly Raymond realises what is happening. "Oh no, not that!" he shouts. "I've

never been fucked up the backside. I don't want to be. Don't do it."

Laura leans into his ear. "Raymond, too bad. It's funny how you guys don't mind

giving it up the back to us girls though." She positions herself and slowly

drives the penile weapon into him as he groans loudly.

Jenny can't believe what she sees. She is wet from excitement. This woman from

the mid west screwing her big shot businessman boss and he is helpless to stop

her. Beautiful!

Laura pushes a button on the fat dildo as she steers it in deeper to its

extremity, Raymond writhing around as she leans her weight on the back of his

muscular thighs. Once she presses the button the top of the range design dildo

creates a twisting, screwing motion inside him.

Laura delights in changing the speed of its rotating action from slow to faster,

then to faster again and switching it into thrust mode so that the concertina

design adult toy acts like a torpedo being fired from a submarine.

The extra five inches of in and back, in and back, in and back thrusts have

Raymond going off his head. Laura struggles to sit squarely on him as he writhes

about in agonising ecstasy.

"Go tiger!" Laura shouts as she slaps him on his backside. After 20 minutes of

jamming the rod up him, Laura thinks it's time to end his torture. "Raymond, are

you still alive? It's Laura in the saddle. I am so excited fucking you with my

big cock that I'm going to blow inside you.

"I only have to press a button on my man cock and I will shoot a load of white

stuff into you so you know how us girls feel when a man does that to us. You

will like it I'm sure."

She drives the eight-inch dildo in and out faster and faster, faster and faster,

faster and faster and with a big make believe orgasmic cry, squirts the contents

of the thick dildo into him. Raymond is saturated inside. He is fucked,

literally.

The two women get dressed while they leave Raymond lying there tied up and naked in a rather demeaning way. Laura suggests to Jenny in a loud mocking

voice..."Yes I think we should let the cleaners find him here like this in the

morning."

After brewing some coffee they let Raymond out of his bonds. Laura gets in first.

"Oh dear Raymond we are so sorry if we offended you but we know how much you

like to play a game and if it makes you feel better, when I sat on your cock

tonight it was so good I just had to return the favour.

"Poor little Jenny though, she missed some of that fun and had to be content

fingering herself while she watched me screw you."

Raymond is silent. Still bruised by the way the two women outplayed him. Jenny

kisses Raymond on the lips and thanks him for being "so nice."She begs him now

to go home so the two of them can retire to the luxurious stateroom and go to

bed together without any cameras.

"Raymond, I will see you on Monday at the office. But Laura and I have a date to

finish that you started. Remember? No men allowed now."

The boss skulks off out of the hotel and the two women open the curtains wide to

let the moonlight flood into the expansive room and illuminate the bed high

above the city below. Laura places the washed strap-on dildo on the end of the

bed. They lie side by side undressed.

"Men, sometimes I can't figure them out," says Laura.

"Me neither" her young lover responds.

Laura leans across and places a sweet kiss on Jenny's high poised nipple.

"Do you feel like sleeping darling?" she asks.

"No way," the teenager replies.

She feels the silky touch of a hand on her naked thigh as the full moon passes

behind a cloud and for a moment they are clothed in darkness.

To be continued: In Manipulating Jenny, Chapter 7, her forgiving boss puts Jenny

to her most challenging test: negotiating a big deal for him with a nasty, high

powered multi-millionaire business magnate.

Manipulating Jenny Ch. 07

Sexy18 year-old office junior Jenny's 38-22-34-inch body is supercharged with a

rare kind of fulfilment after coming away from her first bi-sexual encounter

with 30 year- old country visitor Laura (see chapter 6). While memories of a

week ago linger long she must now concentrate on tonight's VIP client dinner

meeting with her boss and an out-of-town business magnate.

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The dinner meeting at the plush six-star Ritz Hotel is to get the hard-nosed

entrepreneur to agree to her boss's terms over a protracted and lucrative

business deal and Raymond wants Jenny to join him to help coerce a decision in

his favour. Well, that's the story her sometimes-devious boss told her. In

truth, the so-called out-of- town business magnate is really one of Raymond's

filthy rich golfing cohorts who paid $10,000 for Raymond to set up the

clandestine meeting so he could get access to Jenny and, with luck, bed her for

a night of debauchery. It is a long shot, he knows, but after seeing a video of

Jenny entertaining her boss in nothing but her stockings and garter belt two

weeks ago, he regards the $10,000 worth the chance now he is totally besotted

with her erotically beautiful natural physical assets and perceived innocence.

The virgin he can have when he's not having a virgin.

For Jenny, this is quite a different matter. She is completely unaware she is

being set up and has been so careful manipulated by her boss for this important

meeting that she is taking her new role as his personal secretary to its zenith.

This is her chance to show she can handle a high level executive situation and

she is determined not to disappoint her boss. They are to meet in the foyer of

the city's most sumptuous hotel at 6pm and go straight to the client who is

waiting for their private dinner meeting in the Platinum Suite on level 50. Her

boss, Raymond, has booked the $5000 a night massive suite until noon the next

day

Jenny is utterly convinced this is not just her biggest moment in her working

life, being party to an important business negotiation dinner meeting at a high

level venue, it is to her way of thinking, equally important for her boss. The

stakes are high; she has been urged to think. She has been well primed for the

occasion to perform well for her boss. Raymond is providing her with an

eye-popping yet elegant evening gown specially designed by a friend in a top

fashion house. It is daring, it is different, and it is going to make Jenny look

the part tonight. He spares no expense to put Jenny on a pedestal so that his

tough as nails dinner guest will buckle under pressure from Jenny's charm and

agree to sign the deal.

He has also arranged for Jenny to prepare for the big evening with a $1200 full

body and facial pampering at the city's most exclusive address where celebrities

often go. It includes hot spa, full body massage, manicure, pedicure, special

oils to add lustre to her already smooth light brown Latina body, "film star"

make-up, hair styling and a 20ml gift of an exclusive body perfume the salon

staff say will drive a man wild and remain scented in the skin for at least

three showers.

Jenny is unaware that her boss has planned to phone the hotel at the last

minute, feigning sudden illness, and have her paged for a message.

Expecting her boss to guide her through the evening -- she keeps thinking of the

Pretty Woman movie hotel business dinner scenario and doesn't want to be

embarrassed -- Jenny enthusiastically heads off to collect her hand made evening

gown.

Raymond also had specially designed and handmade a daring piece of lingerie he

says she must put on for him once the clock strikes 10pm. He tells her that if

the mongrel doesn't agree to sign the deal by then and it drags on, Jenny will

have to flaunt her figure where actions speak louder than words. She has assured

him she would not let him down, as the deal is so important to him.

Arriving home Jenny can't wait to try the evening gown on. It is sensational.

and hand made for her measurements. It is an ankle length black satin gown with

a subtle full- length split up the front that goes within three inches of her

crotch. As Jenny walks the gown separates from the front to show lots of bare

leg and inner thighs yet is extremely elegant and in some way rather discreet.

It has been designed to be eye- catching but not brazen, the sort of dress a

Hollywood starlet could wear with pride.

The shoulders are completely bare. Adjoining straps tie the gown at the back of

the neck and the designer has created a sensational low cleavage for Jenny's big

firm breasts by having parallel four-inch wide straps sweep down from the neck,

crossing over the nipples of each breast and the deep vee shape leaving three

inches of bare torso underneath the breasts before the gown assumes a normal

full cover to the ankles -- apart from the splits! The dress does not allow for

a bra to hold her jugs -- they are so firm they stand up very well without

support.

Her swollen puffy nipples etch a clear outline against the sheer satin and

cannot hide their size and pointy shape. Her breasts are fully exposed from the

side profile, except where the material runs over the nipples, Because Jenny's

boobs are so firm the side-on view of the evening gown is mind boggling sexy. At

the back the gown has a matching full length split up the centre parallel to the

front one, rising to just three inches from the start of the buttocks. Anyone

following behind Jenny as she walks will see lots of leg and shapely inner

thighs.

She looks a million dollars. The evening gown is so elegant on her despite the

way her elongated puffy nipples push out erotically from under the sheer satin

Jenny is thrilled and can't wait to display her magnificence to her boss in just

a few hours' time.

God, she says to herself, this turns me on. Once Raymond sees me in this tonight

he will want to ravish me. Oh well, sometimes a personal secretary deserves to

be ravished by her boss when she is soooo good. She anxiously opens the small

parcel containing the lingerie she will wear later in the night after all the

business is over and done.

"Ooooh", Jenny says aloud, wondering what is inside the package. "Raymond must

have something naughty in mind for me. Jenny pulls the outfit out of the box and

is gob smacked. "Wow! Wowee!" she cries aloud. Without saying another word she

steps into it and looks at herself in the full-length mirror. "Raymond, you are

a dirty old man," she says aloud in a chastising manner. The outfit consists of

a pure silk one-piece outfit she must step into and tied with a thin strap

behind the neck. Parallel two-inch wide strips of fine satin sweep down the

front in a V design, barely covering her bulbous nipples, and run past a bare

abdomen to merge in the crotch, only fractionally wide enough to contain her

pristine pussy into a tight fitting pouch. The garment is so light and so small

it fits into her clenched hand.

"Oh my God, oh my God," Jenny mutters. "I may as well wear just a postage stamp.

"This is amazing. This will send any man crazy. Maybe any woman too," thinking

of her recent lesbian fling with the girl from the country. Jenny stands looking

at her image in the full-length mirror. She just stares and stares wondering

what her boss will say when the clock reaches 9pm and she must change from the

elegant full length gown into this...thing. Jenny talks to herself because her

stepdad is not home. "My boss is a real perv, the dirty devious old bugger but

he knows how to bring out the best, or the worst maybe, in me! Anyway, can't let

him down tonight, not now I've got the big pay rise and the BMW."

She looks magnificently graceful in her new ankle length evening dress, her

professional make-up and hair styled to perfection, her nipples specially

lacquered in an edible emollient to make their natural pigment darker and richer

her skimpy black lace g-string panties, sheer black nylon stockings and matching

lace garter belt, black shiny patent leather high heels that strap around the

ankles above their four-inch high supports, and of course, her personal

jewellery consisting of the slave chain anklet, matching necklace, wrist chain

and ear rings that drop two inches beneath the lobes..

The clock approaches 6pm and unsuspecting Jenny arrives on time at the hotel.

She enters the spacious foyer of the swish hotel and notices people looking at

her. She stands somewhat uncomfortably near a huge marble pillar clutching her

purse that contains her lip-gloss and scanty piece of lingerie for sleeping with

her boss. Her statuesque figure is a commanding sight in her extraordinary cut

eveningwear. She overhears one couple whispering about her and thinks she heard

the word supermodel. That brightens her up.

After 10 minutes she stands there on her own, now fidgeting and hoping Raymond

won't be long. She is not used to being in such posh places and it scares her a

little even though she looks as though she is indeed a supermodel, or maybe a

Hollywood starlet She looks more womanly than her real teenage years, not long

out of school.

She hears her name being paged to come to the reception desk and struts across

the wide expanse of marble floor. "That's me, you just called. Yes?" she says in

an unusually tentative tone.

The desk clerk smiles back. "Yes Miss, er, we just received a message from a

gentleman called Raymond, He is one of our VIP clients here and I understand he

is your employer. He has been delayed arriving to meet you as arranged due to

sudden illness. He has asked us to let you know he may still arrive later if he

can but meanwhile he wants you to go ahead with the dinner appointment and carry out his instructions as previously discussed. He said he is relying on you to

complete the negotiations."

Jenny nearly faints on the spot. This is so unexpected and she walks away from

the reception area trembling inside and mumbling softly, "My God, it's just me

-- Raymond how could you do this to me? Get sick at a time like this. My God,

what if I stuff it up?

She sits in a rich velvet lounge chair for a moment to gather herself together

She is a showpiece without even thinking of how beautiful and alluring she looks

in the stunning outfit draped around her curvaceous body. Admiring glances comes

from all directions but she is unaware of them.

She steels herself after reciting back what the boss told her earlier. Room

1000, level 50 and it's a Mr Wilson. That's easy to remember...I must just be

myself like a good alert and thoughtful personal secretary would be expected to

be, I am representing the boss himself. Don't have to get into technical

business talk, just make him relaxed in my company and keep edging him to agree

to do business with my boss because the deal put to Mr Wilson is his final offer

and it's a good offer.

She repeats this sermon to herself as she enters the elevator. She still doesn't

know what this big business deal actually is and her mind is working overtime in

the seconds it takes for the rapid rise elevator to reach level 50. Raymond said

it was too secret. Just get him to say he'll sign the paper he has in his room.

Jenny, don't complicate things. Keep it simple. Just get him to sign. The man

knows all the detail; I don't have to worry about that. Just think like Julia

Roberts in Pretty Woman. She handled tycoon Richard Gere pretty cool. Be like

her. Easy goes.

Her moment of destiny arrives as she reaches his door. The Platinum Suite door

where only the Big Shots stay. Three deep breaths and exhale now. Stay calm. She

presses the doorbell.

"That you Raymond? comes as a voice inside. The door opens and there is Mr

Wilson. He is a tall, rather handsome man about the same age as her own

stepfather and her boss, give or take a few years either way in the 50s He has a

shock of thick grey hair, a moustache but strong eyes. He is in a deep grey silk

business suit, white silk business shirt, deep burgundy coloured silk tie and

shiny black business shoes.

"I'm Jenny, Raymond's personal secretary He said you knew I'd be attending the

dinner."

"Oh hello Jenny. It's nice to meet you but where is Raymond? Is he coming along

behind you? Don't tell me the elevator door shut before he could get in? Always

knew he was a big slow off the mark."

"Sorry sir, er, Mr Wilson, my boss just phoned to say he's been taken ill and

wants us to start without him. I do hope he will be along soon though.'

"Er, yes of course. I'm sure he will be along later. Must be something pretty

bad though for him to not make it to this meeting. Guess he has a lot of faith

in you young lady."

"Oh yes sir, he does. I never let him down."

Mr Wilson ushers Jenny inside to the huge apartment that resembles an opulent

palace-like place with marble pillars and huge chandeliers. Mr Wilson knows he

must be careful not to blow his cover and must not let his lecherous ways get

the best of him or Jenny may get frightened off and there goes his ten grand. No

young woman as beautiful as this and so elegantly attired, wants to be suckered

into a sex trap as meat for dirty old men to take advantage of their innocence.

So there are only two people in the massive apartment - one girl not long out of

school and now a working teenager and one man more than 30 years older. Both of

them are privately wishing themselves to not to stuff up the opportunity, but

for completely opposite reasons.

He beckons Jenny to sit down. "Here, let's wait a few minutes in case Raymond

turns up." Jenny sits back on a very plush lounge chair and almost falls back

into it such is its size. For a moment, her legs spreadeagle until she gets her

balance but Mr Wilson already gets a good look right up into the thigh high

split in her full-length dress. He let out an inaudible private groan that Jenny

did not notice.

"Goodness young lady, that dress you are wearing is simply exquisite on you. I

must say I could be mistaken for thinking you are like a goddess from out of the

movies." Jenny immediately thinks again of Julia Roberts in Pretty Woman. Mr

Wilson immediately thinks of the secret video of Jenny entertaining her boss in

her underwear.

"Thank you sir, I do my best to look good for my boss, he is such a good man.

You must find him very good and trusting and I'm sure you can't go wrong in any

business deals with him."

"Er, yes, I'm sure your are right. As a matter of fact, we are working on

something right now. If it comes off, your boss and I will be most pleased. But

I have some doubts it will eventuate."

Jenny pipes up as room service brings their meals in. It is avocado chicken

salad, perfect for such a hot night. Expensive bottles of collector vintage

wines are already laid on in a glass cabinet in the room, some she finds out

later have a retail price of $1500 and $2000 a bottle.

They sit down to eat and Mr Wilson pours her a drink. "Do people actually pay

$2000 for a bottle of wine, she asks innocently?" Yes, of course. This hotel is

often frequented by Arab sheiks from the Emirates and that is pocket change to

them. And don't forget we have a lot of wealthy people of our own who like to

indulge."

The small talk continues for the best part of the next hour until they finish

their main course and deserts. Jenny feels full but is also full of beans in

another sense and knows she must stay alert and come across very sophisticated

for such a major client of her boss. While Mr Wilson pours them another wine

Jenny studies him carefully. For his age he is not bad, she muses, I wonder if

he is married, how many kids has he got, how can I get the conversation back to

what the boss wants me to work on?

Jenny nervously looks at the wall clock. It is just on eight o'clock and no

Raymond. Mr Wilson notices her apprehension at the time. "I think it looks like

your boss would be here by now if he were coming. No one is two hours late. But

we can give him just a few more minutes surely." Jenny nods appreciatively

"Mr Wilson, are you going to sign that deal with my boss?" she fires directly at

him, thinking a more direct approach may work. "Dear Jenny, it isn't that

simple. There is a lot of money at stake in this and I have to be sure." Jenny

hasn't a clue what he is talking about and neither does Mr Wilson since there is

really no such deal at all, but he must continue the charade until he can get

the voluptuous young teenager to unwittingly submit herself to him.

It is now 8.30 and Jenny has firm instructions from her boss to change into the

lingerie at 9pm even if the client is stalling. This is his fallback position

but Jenny came to the hotel thinking they would get the business deal settled

certainly before 9pm, the client would go and she would enjoy Raymond's company

in bed.

Both Jenny and Mr Wilson are getting anxious but for opposite reasons. She wants

him to go, he wants her to stay. She wants a signature, he wants her body but

she doesn't know that. The old man takes a risk and a big tactical mistake which

Jenny later can seize on. She recalls something her boss told her when

explaining negotiating skills. Find the weakness in the other party. Something

you know they want and use that weakness against them to get them to deal on

your terms.

Mr Wilson puts his hands on each of Jenny's shoulders and tells her she is very

beautiful. His comment is harmless but leads to the one that Jenny can later

exploit with all her womanly guile.

" You know, in some ways you remind me of my stepdaughter from my wife's first

marriage. She turned 18 just last week and my God she turned out a beautiful

teenager from the skinny kid he used to be."

"Did she and you get on well together?"

"Oh yes, very much so, but always platonic. Only saw her momentarily once in the

nude when she was just 13 and even then she had well formed breasts and today

she's about the same kind of figure like you Jenny. That's why you remind me of

her."

"How did you come to see her in the nude?

"I thought she was finished showering as she had been in the bathroom for ages

and there was no water running so I just went in and there she was sitting on

the side of the bath, her legs stretched out towards the door, and she had just

finished shaving her pussy

"I got such a shock and just stood there looking at it and apologising and all

she said that it was her fault for taking so long and not to worry about it. She

did say next time though to check because she always keeps her pussy bare as

that's how she always wants it to be, Of course I have no idea if that's the

case after five years since except to think it's so because she is exceptionally

fussy about how she looks."

"So Mr Wilson, does seeing a girl that age make a man feel sexy?"

"What? Oh, at that age as you would know she is already a young woman in the

making and lots of girls just reaching their teens can have really very well

developed breasts"

"Yes, tell me about I, I was 34 inch B cup at 13. Now I am 38 inch."

"Er, yes I notice you and Katrina are very similar in size and she has puffy

nipples like you. I can't help but notice. "But to answer your question, yes, of

course it makes a man feel sexy, or to put it another way, makes her look very

sexy. In fact, if I could have one wish granted to me before I die it would be

to spend just one night in bed with my stepdaughter"

Jenny has instantly seized the moment. "Really, you feel that strongly about

her?" |

"Well, quite confidentially she does turn me on, always has since that day I

caught her shaving her pussy. By jingo just seeing it even momentarily made me

feel so horny that ever since I wished that somehow I could have my way with

her."

Jenny giggles. "Oh Mr Wilson, I do think all men are the same. Give an inch,

take a foot. See a bit of young girl flesh and want the whole woman."

"Er, well maybe so, but you women make it hard for a man you know, the way you

all dress up so seductively and then complain if someone stares at you."

"Well Mr Wilson, I sure won't be cranky at you if you stare at me and I know my

dress tonight is really very sexy and I'm glad you liked it."

"What I'd like to know is how you and Katrina can have such big tits that stand

up so firm with no support. Look at that dress you are wearing, from the side

all I can see is bare breast. It would be so easy to put one's hand in there and

hold them."

"Mr Wilson, you speak so well of your stepdaughter and I know how my stepdaddy

and I feel about each other I can relate to how you feel so come over here and

stand behind me and put your hands around my breasts for a minute to see how

they stand up without a bra."

"Really? Are you serious? Not having me on? Not going to tell Raymond if I do?

"Of course not. He would be real mad at me if he knew I would let you do this."

The old accountant never figured on this free treat of instant gratification as

he steps behind Jenny and brings both hands around the side of her sensationally

designed dress and slides his open hands around the bare breasts held in by the

front of the dress. His hands go right under and around the front to slide up

around and tweak her big puffy nipples.

"This is just beautiful. Just beautiful. Your tits are fantastic."

"Are they like Katrina's?" she says to bait him.

"Yes very much the same size only I've never felt them -- only seen them behind

tight tops and that. She has puffy nipples though like you. Love them. I always

wanted to get my mouth around them since I saw how big they were when she was

13."

Jenny has heard enough and quickly pulls away. "Now Mr Wilson, I can't let you

nibble my nipples just because you'd like to ravage your stepdaughter Jenny uses

the expression ravage deliberately to heat up his obvious concealed passion for

his wife's sibling.

The old man enjoyed feeling her breasts. She is coming around a bit, he thinks.

Jenny is mute. He wants to touch me, feel me; he is going to cave in like they

all do. Maybe he'll sign the deal any minute, she thinks.

He speaks first, flopping to the lounge as she stands before him. "Look Jenny,

if I agree to your boss's terms on our deal, this is going to cost me plenty.

You have no idea as you have nothing to lose. It is a big ask, but why don't you

make me think I can work out something by taking off your dress and letting me

see what a sexy young 18 year-old personal secretary looks like under her

clothes?"

"You want me to take off the dress sir? That is a bit much to ask isn't it?"

They are both foxing now. She senses she is getting him to melt under her hot

sexy looks and will go the way her boss wants; he thinks she is playing hard to

get and wants to not look cheap.

"Jenny, tell you what, you are a very sophisticated young lady; I can see why

Raymond hired you because you are not just attractive and good to be around, you

are very intelligent and an asset to his firm. If I see you in your underwear it

makes me see the real you because clothes cover people up. Seeing how you look

under your clothes makes you well, er, more true to life, you know what I mean."

Jenny smiles sweetly. "You want to see the real me?"

"Yes of course."

"Will it help Raymond?"

"It could. I came here tonight determined not to give in to that greedy man..."

"Well, sir, I have to tell you I cannot possibly undress for you. I have

specific instructions from my boss not to do anything silly. He could sack me if

I went against his instructions."

Both Jenny and Mr Wilson know that is not true, as Jenny has been told to do

whatever it takes to get him to sign, even having sex with him all night if she

has to. Mr Wilson, after paying $10,000 to Raymond, has been told to get her

into bed on his own ability. The money he paid was just to give him an inside

running opportunity after seeing the hot video of Jenny filmed in her boss's

office in her underwear.

They continue to fox. Jenny is unaware it is a set-up and Mr Wilson is unaware

Jenny is prepared to have sex to get him to sign Raymond's piece of paper. A

deal that doesn't even exist but she is not to know that.

They are approaching stalemate again. Going nowhere. Time is running out for

both but neither is aware of the other's fear. On the surface it looks a

legitimate deal they are trying to settle. Jenny, knowing she may have to give

sex to get him to sign, doesn't want to give in to the old man. She wants to

crack him to show her boss she is one clever operator.

She presses on and another half hour disappears on the clock without any result.

He knows if he agrees to sign he will never get her into bed as she has what

she's after for her boss. She knows that if she offers sex too early he will

greedily take that but still hold out for something better. The all night stand

and there's nothing in that for her.

It is coming up to 9pm and he won't budge. Raymond has told her to slip into his

hot outfit as a last resort to get him to sign up. Of course Raymond knows by

her doing that she is only feeding him what he paid for but as an exploited

teen, Jenny is unaware that ruse won't work either. For him, it's all night in

bed or no signature. That's Jenny's nightmare. It's not what she wants and if it

happens, she has failed her boss. She thinks.

"Mr Wilson, I've tried my hardest to be attractive to you in the hope you would

agree to the deal my boss put to you; we have talked for three hours and I have

let you feel my tits while in this lovely evening dress. I know you haven't

tried to do anything improper that would upset my boss and maybe affect your

business relationships but I have to say I am disappointed"

"You are disappointed I haven't asked you for sex?"

"Hell no, not that. I didn't mean that. I mean I am disappointed that you are

prepared to let a good business deal slip through your fingers by not signing

the paper my boss put to you. He told me is was an exceptional offer."

"Jenny, it's just that...you don't have to lose what I have to lose if I cave

in. I can't do it," he says with mock tension. You see, it's easy for you to say

sign here and there is no skin off your back so to speak, but to me a lot of

investment is riding on my shoulders. For your part you have absolutely nothing

to lose, nothing at all."

Jenny is now convinced she has failed to seduce him into agreeing to her boss's

deal. Mr Wilson is now convinced he has failed to get her into bed like he

hoped.

They look at each other; Jenny in her evening dress looking like she wants to go

home. He looks totally dejected. His previously erect penis has curled up and

retired to a quiet corner of his underpants. Raymond, across the other side of

town, wonders what is happening at the hotel.

In a last ditch attempt to get him to buckle, Jenny puts her soft hand under his

chin and speaks in an affectionate voice, a tone he has not heard previously.

"Mr Wilson, you said you will be the loser if you agree to my boss's deal and

you say I have nothing to lose if you do that. Let me say that if you agree to

the deal with my boss I will give something away that belongs to my boss"

He looks up, a glimmer of hope appears out of nothing.

"What exactly are you saying? What are you losing that belongs to your boss?"

"Mr Wilson, I'm sorry, I have to go to the bathroom for a moment before I can

explain." As she disappears from view the businessmen sits up apprehensively but

quietly cursing. "This bitch is giving me a hard time. Is this the same Jenny

who so easily performed sex dances and put a vibrator up her while her boss put

it all on video in his office?"

Five minutes later Jenny re-emerges and the old man can't believe his eyes. The

charade may yet work. Jenny is standing there in just her high heel shoes and

the teeny one-piece sheer silk lingerie outfit Raymond requested her to wear for

him at bedtime. "Geeezus, oh geezus," he murmurs as he leans forward from the

edge of the lounge chair.

"Mr Wilson, I will make a deal with you if you make a deal with my boss. This

outfit I am wearing hardly covers my body and my boss wanted me to wear it for

him tonight. You say I have nothing to lose. Well, I am prepared to lose my

pride and let you see me in this thing that makes me virtually naked, and in

doing so I would expect you to sign that damn piece of paper for Raymond."

He knows if he says yes now, that will be the end of it. She has only one

fallback position and both are getting desperate.

"You are just stunning. simply stunning Jenny. I want to thank you for being so

honest with me and trying so hard to help your boss but this deal means more to

me than sex." His eyes feast over her luscious body. It is almost too good to be

true. He is so close, yet so far. He is like a kid looking through the window of

as shop filled with lollies. So close but something there to stop him reaching

out."

He bites his lip, knowing he is on the verge of getting nothing else from Jenny

when he takes a bold step and rejects her dancing for him in lurid fashion. I

must be made, he thinks, I may never ever get this close to something so

beautiful, so hot.

"It's not about sex, it's...it's...Jenny I can't do it and won't do it. You have

been brave ambassador for your boss and I respect you tremendously but no deal"

Jenny feels shattered, but then remembers his daughter. She feigns being

terribly upset with tears and runs to the bedroom and returns in her evening

dress as though she is preparing to go home.

Now he feels shattered. Blast! I've stuffed it, he curses under his breath. The

little bitch is packing up to go. I've lost. He is really pissed off with

himself. He was going so well, it just had to be too good to be true but at

least he got to feel her tits. For $10,000?

Then suddenly Jenny makes an amazing statement.

"Mr Wilson I am determined to take that piece of paper back to the office with

your signature on it and I am going to offer you something you have always

wanted provided you sign first.

He looks up, surprised.

"Your daughter Katrina is my age, my kind of figure. You are her stepdaddy and

you told me tonight you would do anything to spend a night in bed with her. You

want to fuck her, let's be honest now. You admitted she gets you by the balls

and you want her real bad but you can't have her.

"Sign that paper in the next five minutes and I will give you Katrina, your

stepdaughter in bed for the night of your life. I will be Katrina, we'll dim the

light; you can call me by her name when you get aroused and I will call you

daddy like she does. I can make your ultimate dream come true. And Mr Wilson,

not just for a quick poke. As many as you like until breakfast time.

"Well, what about it?"

He can't believe his ears. "You've beaten me lass, you win. You found my weak

spot and went for it. I should not have told you how much I wanted to fuck

Katrina but you are one smart little lady, a good negotiator. Give me the paper

and I'll sign it now."

The magic words have been spoken. He's heard Jenny say she will sleep with him

all night. For a 54 year-old grubby minded yet respectable looking accountant

this is manna from heaven. This is not a bordello job; this is a juicy

full-bodied kid. He stutters in excitement, trying not to make any mistakes now

the trick is almost stitched up.

"Oh Mr Wilson, Raymond must never, never know I am doing this. I could lose my

job. He could lose respect for me. He must think I have simply talked you into

submission on the deal and there was no sex whatsoever. I went home at 8.30 you

understand?

"Yes Jenny. It makes sense. He would be speechless to think one of his clients

could get you into bed."

He drags himself to his briefcase and pulls out a sheet of typed paper with lots

of legalistic bunkum all over it. It look impressive but is just a mass of text

not meant for Jenny to read.

"Here, I've signed and dated it now and I'll seal it in this envelope for you to

hand to Raymond personally. You must not try to read it or he will be very

angry. It is highly confidential and I know you will respect that."

"Oh yes, of course."

Jenny is thrilled that she has secured the deal for her boss. He will be over

the moon when he knows, but she sure won't tell him how she did it. Mr Wilson

will though, and Raymond will shake hands with him and say congratulations.

Jenny has been tricked into a full night of debauchery with one of Raymond's

golfing partners, far from the big shot business magnate he is supposed to be.

And now, unwittingly, she concedes her body to the man some 30 years her senior.

"Sir, I will give you a good time tonight and I will afterwards sleep naked

beside you until morning. If you wake up through the night, you can have your

way with me even if I am still asleep. But you are no longer Mr Wilson....

The old man suddenly panics, thinking she knows that is not his real name, but

her next words quickly calm him.

"I am going to call you daddy. You will recall I said told you earlier that my

stepdaddy was about your age and build and with grey hair like you and I have

secretly wished for him to ravish me; I truly worship him as my hero, a sexy man

who doesn't know that he excites me so. Tonight you will be my stepdaddy and I

will enjoy the lust I want from him if you do me well."

Mr Wilson is flabbergasted. "Sure Jenny. I'll pretend to be your stepdaddy and

ravish you like you wish he would. I'll be calling you Katrina then, or my

little daughter, and you can call me daddy. I think this will be fantastic."

For them both the idea is a win/win conclusion to a frustrating evening. First

and foremost for Jenny, she has succeeded in her mission. She can take the

signed paper to her boss so he trumps Mr Wilson in their negotiations and

demonstrates to her boss she can be trusted in such important business.

The double whammy for her, she thinks anyway, is that even though she must now

sleep with Mr Wilson for getting him to sign up, she can make their sex a make-

believe for her own strong desires to be fucked by her own stepfather. He will

be calling her his daughter and she can call him daddy so the fantasy will be

very powerful and make her want to perform well.

Mr Wilson is so besotted with desiring to fuck his own 18 year-old stepdaughter

Katrina that Jenny's cunning offer to play the role of his equally buxom

daughter in an all-night sex romp was simply too good an offer to refuse. For

the old man not only can he act out his long time sexual crush on his

stepdaughter but he realises with excitement that while Jenny's boss Raymond

spent one hour videoing her in just stockings and garter belt, he gets to be

with her naked in bed from 9.30 at night until at least 9.30 the next morning --

an incredible 12 hours of continuous access to her undressed stunning beauty.

He is convinced he has won the night, just as Jenny thinks she has won the

night. They finish having a coffee nightcap and he is falling over himself to

get her into the stateroom dominated by a huge bed with white satin sheets.

Jenny adjusts the exclusive mood lights in the room to just two ultra soft 5

watt floor mounted ribbon lights which run along the floor at the bottom of the

walls except the panoramic opening to the outside balcony. They are so dim they

are similar to a night light in a baby's room. After all, she doesn't care too

much about looking at Mr Wilson's face, just his size and voice will be enough

because he will be her stepfather and she decides to use the profane experience

with this dirty old man on how she can be with her real stepdaddy if she can

somehow get him in the mood to take her to his bed one night.

"Isn't it a bit dark, I can hardly see you," he complains after Jenny as they

both undress. Jenny is ready to turn it on -- but not the lights.

"Oh daddy you don't need the lights," she says in a genuinely juvenile tone. I

can't escape you now you have me in the nude and you locked the doors to have

your way with me.

"I know daddy you want me so much without any clothes and I had this feeling you

would want to take me tonight. "See, when I came home from school today I went

and polished my bare pussy with a lovely scented sexy oil to make it glisten in

the soft light. And to make it even smoother so daddy's tongue will find it

softer than silk."

He can't believe he is hearing this. Her voice is soft and juvenile, teasing,

comely and warm. The shape of her sex goddess-like body is before him in muted

shadow form with the ever-so-soft floor light behind her making her look

exquisitely sensuous. Mr Wilson is kneeling on the bed with a throbbing

erection. Her voice mesmerises him for a moment. She sounds like a child

talking, wide-eyed innocence wanting to flaunt her youthful body, the big buds

on her youthful breasts, her bare pussy, her skin to supple and smooth, her

buttocks so tight, her thighs so shapely just waiting for her daddy the explorer

to go hunting.

"My God, what a sexy daughter you turned out to be," he says almost breathless

in anticipation of what is about to happen. "My angel, I feel like I am in

heaven when I look at you completely nude offering yourself to me."

"Daddy you know I have always been there for you. You help me with my homework 'cause you want your little daughter to be the best girl in class at school and your little sweetie pie loves you so much I want you to put your big hands all

over my soft skin and have your way with me."

"Oh Katrina, I want tonight to last forever," he says more urgently as he moves

up to Jenny and rests her backwards. "You are so gorgeous, so delicious."

Jenny is only 18 but is a natural at play making as though she is twice her age

in experience. She knows how to make a grown man wince in devious delight. She

will make him squirm and force him to reveal his secret lusts.

"No daddy, not that way," she teases as she gets off her back and pushes him

down on the bed facing up. "Remember the night mommy was at grannies house

helping her and you taught me some new games. Remember daddy?"

Mr Wilson knows she is trying to turn him on. It doesn't take much but if she

keeps this up he will blow on the bed sheets. "Yes Katrina, I remember. I was

lying down like this and taught you all the different ways we can kiss in

special places."

Jenny squeals girlishly, playing to her best talents when she can sucker a grown

man to go back to his childhood dreams "Daddy likes to kiss his little one

between the legs doesn't he? Daddy you taught me that the best tongue kiss was

one where my little pussy gets wet with your tongue and then you put your tongue

in my mouth so show me the next best kind of tongue kiss."

Mr Wilson groans as he hears her juvenile overtones. He never expected this. He

only expected to get one fuck out of he before she calls it all off. That's his

kind of luck, but what luck he concedes privately. He snaps back to attention as

his make-believe stepdaughter keeps talking to him.

"Tell me you love me daddy,"

"I love you darling."

"Have I got the best figure of all the girls in my grade at school?"

"Yes of course, none of them have tits like you for someone so young"

"Oh daddy, you say the curtest things but aren't you going to kiss your baby

girl between the legs now. Mommy won't be home for hours and we have so much

time..."

Jenny straddles him as she taunts him, taking him to the limits of his own

imagination. He grabs her around her tight buttocks. Squeezing her supple cheeks

hard as his mouth goes to her hovering honey pot. His tongue slides up the full

length of her vagina slit, dithering as it touches her clitoris and finds the

two body piercing she recently had done to her clitoris. She winches at the

first touch of taboo sex with her daddy but quickly melts under the overpowering

sensations the old man commands with his swiftly moving tongue. Mr Wilson has

never had it so good.

"Ooooh daddy, I like that so much. Keep doing it at way. I can't wait to tell

the girls at school what it's like. Ooooh you did it again daddy. Stay in that

spot, oh I just love your tongue in me so much. Keep going, keep going, keep

going!"

He has forgotten self-control. She has forced him to lose it. He imagines his

daughter now over him, his wife is not at home, but his cherished cherub is and

she is in the nude, straddling his face, lowering her bare pussy to his mouth.

She wants to flaunt herself like two of her classmates dare her to be like them

He dreams, he wants, he gets.

Jenny feels the deep lashing of his tongue rising up from below, dragging one

sensitive sex organ into another. Tongues and pussies are made for each other

and the old man is not missing out for one minute. He sucks her into his mouth,

squeezing her lips between his and rolling his tongue across the wet surface.

Her clitoris is pinned between his tight lips, sucking hard and flicking his

tongue against it. Katrina and Jenny both groan as one.

"Ohhhh daddy you do it so goooood. You know I've always wanted you to explore me and to touch me where it feels nice ever since I started school. Daddy why did

you wait so long to do it? I want you so much inside me," Katrina and Jenny

whimper to him as one. It is getting him worked up so much hearing her he is

literally slobbering into her quite noisily.

The intimacy of the moment, the inner cravings brought to the surface by her

adolescent acting voice, the power of her words, the taste of her pussy, the

thrill of having her -- her -- right up against his face while naked, alone

together is so overpowering to the 54 year-old man he won't last the distance

with Jenny and his beloved school-age daughter.

Jenny senses she can make him ejaculate very soon to wear him down early. "Oooh

daddy suck me harder. Put all my pussy in your mouth. Please eat me and make my pussy beg for your cock", she pants, looking down at his frantic face gobbling

into her with his hands grappling her tight arse so she can't escape his mouth.

Jenny leans back end feels the precum seeping from his tip. He is hard as a

rock, not as long as her boss, or the man who did the piercing on her pussy but

Mr Wilson's seven inches is very thick -- like a mini tree trunk. It will be

good inside her, she feels wet already from her school talk getting him excited.

She wants it now and so does he. She wants him to cum quick. He wants to stay

inside for a long time.

"Give it to me daddy, give it to me," "Oh sweetheart I want to fuck you so much;

quick, get on your back."

Jenny rolls over on to her back, the soft light illuminating her face, breasts,

stomach, her prominent mound of Venus sweeping down into the space between her thighs majestically like the curve of a half moon. Beautiful. Natural. Lickable,

Lappable, Desirable. Fuckable She can see his upstanding rod better now. It has

a smaller tip than the others, the shape of a sharpened pencil but hugely thick

to compensate its smaller seven inches of pile driving penetration. Jenny

prefers them eight to 10 inches long but a seven-inch thick one is just perfect

for his young daughter.

His shaft slides into her, pushing her vagina lips the widest they have been in

any fuck so far, jamming her a good three inches wide, but her thoroughly

lubricated pussy is ready for it in her own lust by imagining it's her

stepfather pinning her down and spreading her legs to penetrate her. She

encircles his back with both arms and brings her legs up around him holding him

in tight. Mr Wilson is screwing his little Katrina as though he's been given

just five minutes to enjoy her or it's someone else's turn. He won't last five

minutes and the two girls he is fucking know it. Jenny from experience, Katrina

about to find out he won't last any longer than his last time with her even

though he had two hours of free time before his wife returned.

Jenny wants him to blow soon and does not want a night of marathon stuffing. She

puts on her Katrina acting voice again knowing that the younger she sounds the

faster he will ejaculate. "Oh daddy, oh daddy I feel so helpless under you. My

little pussy is stretching so wide to fit your big cock. But daddy it's going in

easier than the last time momma was away and you had to lick me for such a long

time to wet me up." He groans the loudest yet and Jenny knows it is turning him

on as well as the thrill of using her body as payment for his signature in his

fake business negotiation with Jenny's boss. Mr Wilson doesn't return her

remarks, he simply absorbs them and thrusts harder

The fake businessman Mr Wilson, Katrina's real daddy and Jenny's fantasy daddy

is in up to his balls, huffing and puffing. He really should be leaving this

kind of fantastic fantasy fuck to a younger man not likely to collapse from a

heart attack but. this is his moment and it's even worth dying for if he must.

He doesn't.

Jenny senses the moment as he thrashes faster and faster inside her. Suddenly he

pulls out just in time as he cries out to his daughter 'Oh Katrina, you got me

again. Take it in your face, don't wipe it off this time, eat it. "Jenny fells a

wet splat right across her mouth and chin as he lets out a long guttural

aaarrrrrgh! He keep pumping his cock manually, jerking three more splashes of

white goo over her breasts and shoulders.

"Oh daddeee. Look what you've done to me again. You missed my tongue. I had it

poking out for you but your aim needs more practice. I did so much want to drink

your love sauce. You must make some more for me so I can tell my classmates what it tastes like"

Jenny lies back, hr legs closer together in temporary respite from the violent

thrashing he gave her between her thighs. Her vagina lips remain open, the

muscles in the tender fabric of this amazing sex organ yet to relax again after

working so hard from being stretched by the thickness of his pole. She feels

good, she feels horny but relieved he come within six minutes of going inside

her. She knows there is time or many more depending on whether the much older

man can get it up again and again. She doubts it but will try her best to help

him. He seems like he deserves a good time with a really young woman.

"Was it nice for you too, daddy." She says sheepishly. Tracing her finger around

his chest. "Oh God Katrina that was just fantastic. I'm sorry I blew so quick,

you just turned me on so much. So hot you are so hot." He uses half a box of

facial tissues to wipe his unloaded sperm off her breasts, shoulders, forehead

and neck." He never fails to produce a bucket load of sperm, even at his age.

Jenny, or was it Katrina, licked as much as possible from around the mouth and

swallowed it. "Daddy your cock feels so huge inside me. Can we do it again

before momma comes home?"

"Yes, I hope so, he replies. But let me get over the first one for a few

minutes. For a schoolgirl, you are very hungry for it aren't you?"

This is good, senses Jenny, He is starting to indulge in a bit of dirty talk to

fill in the time. I will keep him up to it and soon he will be ready to go

again. She lays side by side to him, their unclothed bodies just touching but in

the scant light she could easily be Julia Roberts and he could easily be Richard

Gere in the plush hotel bed in Pretty Woman, the movie Jenny saw several times

and somehow still relates to it wistfully. She runs her hand through his greying

hair thinking of her stepfather, wondering how long must she wait for this to

happen at home. It keeps her going with a stranger. For several minutes they

just lie there quietly, savouring intimacy in different ways for different

reasons.

Mr Wilson is lying there counting his blessings. He is thinking too. He has

actually fucked Jenny, his golfing partner Raymond's hot private secretary he

first saw in the millionaire businessman's private theatrette after he videoed

her performing rituals for him in nothing but nylon stockings and garter belt.

It has cost him $10,000 to get access to her and silly girl, she thinks is all

about a legitimate business negotiation! To make matters even better she is the

same age as his stepdaughter and with a fairly similar sexy body. The only

difference he can't get within a foot of her and is never likely to, but with

Jenny pretending to be his little girl, Katrina is in bed with him, talking

dirty to him, and for hardcore sex it's game on.

A half hour goes by and Jenny now has her head resting on his chest, ticking his

pubic hairs and slowly cupping her hand around his testicles, "Daddy I love to

look at your cock, I can't imagine how it fitted inside me."

"Well Katrina you know when you had your very first sex education lesson I

explained what happens when a woman arouses a man and let you play with it until

you made me blow." Katrina's voice is soft but with fake annoyance: "Yes you

naughty man you did not tell me first that it would spurt out like it did all

over me and gee, so much of it. It was so sticky. When you said I was making you

cum you deliberately tricked me by telling me to put my face right in front of

it to share the "moment. Daddy how was I to know what sharing the moment meant?

I was soaked"

"Katrina all girls your age like to experiment and it was best for me to teach

you things than some inexperienced boyfriend. Did you like the way I showed you

with my fingers how a girl receives a man when they make love?

"Jenny notices his cock is getting hard again as she gently massages his scrotum

and individually feels both of his largish testicles. He is responding to their

fantasy. "Daddy after I put your big cock in my mouth for the first time when

mommy was not home I never believed it could fit inside me. But my dearest daddy

is a very clever man isn't he; our first intercourse lesson was so special when

I could feel how huge it felt deep inside me. I kept seeing how big it was when

I was playing with it, and saw the way it stretched my pussy so wide and to have

all that up me was the most exciting time of my life."

"Katrina let's just say that my baby learns very fast and you make me so proud."

By now Jenny has Mr Wilson quite aroused, both physically and mentally. "How

many girls or women have you put your cock into daddy? she asks cheekily.

"Katrina, I don't go around town meeting women at bars to have sex, it's just my

wife, she is the only woman in my life even though we don't get on that well now

and she goes out at night for a few hours to her girlfriend's place. "But daddy,

what about me? Don't you count me as a woman you put your cock into?"

"Well Katrina I was talking about outside the family. You know we have had sex

quite a few times and so far in 10 different positions so yes, of course I count

you and that makes my answer two people."

Jenny is now climbing aboard his stiff shaft. By sitting on it his seven inches

will be like eight or nine inches lying on her back. It slides into her like a

seal taking to the water, like a hot knife cutting butter, like teaspoon dipping

into a cup of coffee before stirring, like a father's cock hungry for his

daughter and taking the plunge.

"Daddy, did momma ever know?"

"About us?"

"Yes daddy. Because one day she asked me if I was getting lessons from you in

things I should know."

For a moment Mr Wilson panics. "What? What did you say?"

"Only that we had education classes at school and we had to ask our parents

questions and that you were very helpful explaining things to me. I never did

say we did anything."

"Oh, that's all right. Look right now Katrina you....oh my God, that's

good...Katrina the way you thrust your hips around when you sit on my cock is

just beautiful."

"Daddy likes?" she teases.

"Daddy loves it," he bounces back.

"What am I doing to you? Tell me "

"You are going to make me shoot my load into you if you keep this up."

"No daddy," she squirms about in a thrusting, twisting sequence of provocative

motions, "no, that's not I am doing. You know what I mean. I want to hear to say

it."

Aaaaarh that's the girl, keep thrusting yourself forward harder. My cock is just

the right size to find your g-spot.

"Answer me daddy. Say it! Say it!" She bucks him like a rodeo rider bouncing

bareback on a stubborn stallion.

"My daughter is fucking her daddy. There!"

"Say it again daddy, only louder"

"My daughter is fucking her daddy!"

"Ooh, you naughty man. Wait till I tell my girlfriends. I will make them

jealous"

"No Katrina, don't do that, It's our special secret otherwise they may come here

wanting me to show them too. You wouldn't want to share me with any of your

friends now would you?

"No, course not. Our secret."

Jenny is working hard on him now he is primed physically and psychologically in

the mind to keep his erection rock hard and go off with a big bang. She wants to

feel the thrill of a hot jet stream of his mature spunk deep inside her virgin

age pussy. Her buttocks bounce up and down on him, humping and thumping hard

against his solid thighs every few seconds as she reels in the pleasure of a

very thick fleshy shape pushing her vagina lips so wide. She has been riding him

for just on 20 minutes and Jenny is surprised he hasn't ejaculated as her pussy

lips grip his shaft so tight it's a wonder she can slide up and down on it. Mr

Wilson only has to think for one more moment where he is, whom he's with and

what are they doing and he will blow.

His mind tries to fight it so he can continue but Jenny is now twisting her hips

around and literally screwing him. She leans over and stops thrusting her body

up and down his pole, then suddenly holding her cunt hard against his loins in a

still position. She feels his rod throbbing inside, it must be close, she

assures herself. He will let go any moment.

The young schoolgirl about whom she masquerades is also enjoying her daddy's

pile driver. -- Jenny and Katrina both want his sperm. He wants to give it to

both of them too but for tonight the real Katrina might be wondering why her

virgin-like pussy is feeling so wet and a bit sore In the privacy of the plush

hotel suite Mr Wilson is living his dream and his cock has really risen to the

occasion considering he is 33 years older than the beautiful young body that has

wrapped itself around his vertical penis.

Jenny starts swivelling her hips again without rising up and down his shaft. His

cock is being gripped tightly by her youthfully strong vagina muscles and her

movements make it seem his pride and joy tool is like a maypole on a fast moving

carousel. Here it comes, she senses, and the unmistakable deep seated warm flush

sensation sweeps through her love canal as he ejaculates powerfully. He lets out

a series of gasps and groans as Jenny gives him short but fast bouncing rides up

and down his sexually released weapon, her vaginal grip affording him every

extra inch of ecstasy as he comes -- and goes limp.

She sits on him for a minute until she sees he has recovered his breath. He is

more than twice her age and she doesn't want him to damage himself keeping up

with a young girl with the sexual energy -- it seems -- as powerful as a team of

horses pulling a coach. They go to the kitchen to make coffee and enjoy a

respite from the physical exertion. For the first time he sees Jenny in the full

light undressed, standing there near him like a sex goddess, a statuesque body

with all the curves in perfect position.

It is a chance to gloat on his good fortune a she sips her coffee, propped on

the edge of a bar stool opposite him in full unashamed naked splendour. Her long

shapely legs are stretched out towards him, thighs together, squeezing her fat

outer labia inwards from each side and pushing her entire vulva into a more

upward position. For the first time he notices she has pierced her pussy with

two separate rings each with a bead the size of a garden pea.

"Why do you girls put those things in your pussy," he remarks with due ignorance

to the sensual ways of women. "Don't they hurt or get in the way of, you know?"

Jenny laughs. "Mr Wilson, maybe you should ask Katrina has she had her pussy

pierced yet. Better still, when you get home pull her panties down and have a

look." Mr Wilson splutters on his coffee. "Gee, I just fucked her good and hard

in that room a minute ago, do you think she will let me do that as well when I

get home. Both of them laugh and she has a good look at the size and shape of

his penis. It isn't too bad, she thinks, long enough but thick like a tree trunk

even when on the dangle. No wonder it was tight inside her.

"Mr Wilson, or should I say daddy", she giggles, this little number in my pussy

gives me extra delights when I'm having sex and extra delights when I'm not. No,

it doesn't interfere. Mr Wilson you have a strong sturdy cock, a real fat one

but very hard and did you hear me complaining?"

"Point taken," he concedes. "I wonder though if my daughter has one?"

Mr Wilson, if your daughter, whose my age, is a modern young lady with no sexual

hang-ups you can bet she has, but it could be any kind of variation as the man

who did mine showed me heaps of samples. Styles and sizes and in different pussy

positions it was rather fascinating just looking at the choice."

He asks her if she thought that lucky piercer would let him sit in while he does

the next one. He chuckles and Jenny giggles back like a schoolgirl. "You know,

some girls have orgasms when they get it done."

This is almost too much for Mr Wilson, still counting his lucky stars with Jenny

naked in front of him like manna from heaven. He can't get his eyes off her

well-rounded breasts, so big and beautiful with provocative nipples that would

make any woman jealous. "I'm going to take a quick shower and freshen up," Jenny announces. "You have been filling me up with bucket loads of your sperm and I daresay you will want more of me before daylight." It is just coming up to

midnight. Then a surprise. Turning around to him as she wheels off to the

bathroom, Jenny announces she wants him to give her a full body massage with

essential oils she discovered in the bathroom earlier.

"In the dark like the sex? he returns.

"No daddy, on the bed with a big bathrobe under me and lights on."

He can't wait for her to return, as this is a new thrill. He is horny again and

feels his cock returning to full strength as he squeezes his scrotum in

anticipation. He wants to fuck her again, this time from the back doggy style

having read somewhere that it was once nominated in a survey of women as their

favourite way to be taken in sex.

Jenny is back from the shower refreshed inside and re-perfumed. She lies

outstretched on her tummy for him as he moves her legs apart and commences to

rub the sexy oils into her supple body, feet first, then legs, now her bum, her

back, back down to her bum where he runs his hands right down the crack and

splatters just enough oil on her pussy for an excuse to spend more time rubbing

it into the fat outer lips and impatient vagina lips. Her fat pussy fascinates

him, so well formed with the inner lips protruding out from the vulva's crack,

her clitoris invitingly prominent.

He thought he read somewhere that young women whose pussies have protruding

vagina lips, especially the more extravagant examples, have been sucked on at a

young age. "Did your stepfather suck your pussy as a young girl like a lot of

men do to their daughters when they become sexually aware," he asks sheepishly.

"I wish he had," she says back. "I wish he had"

Jenny turns over and enjoys his hands moving all around he ample breasts that

stand up so firm. She knows she is blessed figure-wise as many women to match

the kind of bust she has can be a look-alike with silicon implants but never as

natural or supple. Mr Wilson knows he is very lucky too. It is the most

outlandish perversion of his entire life. and he will relive every minute of it

in later times at the expense of a wearied and flogged penis. Jenny enjoys his

touch; not bad for an amateur after being done over to orgasm by the old

therapist just a few weeks ago

She would much prefer to be home now with her real father in his bed, not sexing

with a man forced on her by her deviant boss But she is determined to see the

night through and give him anything he wants so he won't bad mouth her to her

boss. Her only proviso and she reminds him about it, is that her boss must not

know she went to bed with him in order to have him sign an agreement to concede

a business deal negotiating terms to her boss. She wants Raymond to congratulate

her for her negotiating skills without giving the fake business magnate Wilson

any special favours.

Mr Wilson is marvelling at the powerful image of Jenny's 18 year-old nudity as

he reaches her lower abdomen and spreads his hands across the wide and high

mounted bare pubic bone. He runs his flat palm over the area for quite a while,

wondering if his daughter Katrina's is as sexy looking as this. He is sure it

is. The curvaceous shape of the female genitals has always fascinated him and he

wishes he could spend these kind of moments, if only once in a while, with his

own daughter. His flat palm slides down the slope and his finger connect quickly

to her clitoris. He gets a good close-up look at it as he flicks it around and

rubs the oils into the area.

"I like the size of your clit," he says to break a protracted silence as they

both were in deep thoughts about different matters of sex. "Yes, I was told by

the therapist who massaged me when I fell down the stairwell at work that had I

been born a boy, my clit would have grown into a man's cock of some eight or

nine inches and thick like yours. And see my clitoris hood where I have my clit

pierced, well he says the girl's clit sheath is equivalent of a penis foreskin

and had God intended me to be a boy in the womb it would have developed fully

into a penis. Instead God gave us girls our own mini penis, our clit, as well as

a vagina to receive a really big one."

"You don't say. What makes him an expert?"

"Dunno. But he sure knew every inch of my body back to front. He gave me a

powerful orgasm but he put some kind of oil inside me and all over my pussy -- I

think it was something to do with Spanish Fly -- and I went bonkers bouncing

around as he fingered me. Mr Wilson, I want you to finger me good and make me

cum." He does.

An hour later with the clock now just gone 1.30am they are back in bed and he

asks can he fuck her doggy style before she goes to sleep."Woof woof," she

replies.

"Thank you," he answers and mounts her as she lays her face on the pillow and

lifts herself up for him to push his erection into her. "Mr Wilson, I mean

daddy, after you fuck me this time I am getting tired as I am usually asleep my

midnight but I don't mind if you want to play with my body or even fuck me again

while I am asleep.

"Just don't wake me up if you can help it as I must get my beauty sleep, you

know."

"So you don't mind if I stay awake all night and feast on you while you sleep?

Do anything? Eat your pussy? Suck your tits? Rub my cock across your face? Come

on your face?

"Anything daddy, just don't wake me up." He groans loudly at the very thought of

it and starts pumping her from behind as Jenny's face gets buried in the massive

pillow. He is working out in his mind all the things he wants to do, and will

do, to Jenny while she lies there asleep perfectly nude. He has fucked her only

three times so far this night but wants two more in different positions before

they leave the hotel. One will be with him sitting in a chair and Jenny facing

him, sitting on his wide-load shaft, kissing as they fuck. He can't wait until

morning, yet he doesn't want the night to end.

To be continued: Chapter 8 sees Jenny make a bee-line for the honey jar at home

to finally cajole her sexually naÃ¯ve stepdaddy into cleaning up the mess and

discovering what he's been missing out on all those earlier years. And Jenny

adds a new dimension to her private enjoyment in the form of a very long string

of pearls.

Manipulating Jenny Ch. 08

by BeamMeUpÂ©

In this chapter: The sexy 18 year-old office flirt is groped to orgasm while

helpless in a packed railway carriage en route to work via the underground tube

and later, at the end of a provocative up close and personal fashion parade she

confesses to her father, among other surprises, that it was a big carrot dipped

in baby oil that initiated her into vaginal orgasms long before any penis did

the trick.

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Picture perfect Jenny, randy Raymond's saucy 18 year-old personal secretary with

the Playboy body, is going to make the most of what is typically a mad Monday.

She has every reason to feel in a sexy mood as she heads to the underground tube

with good news to tell her boss of her success in negotiating skills at the

weekend.

She wants so much to impress her boss that she is not just a pretty face with a

hot body, that she can out-negotiate a wily old bastard in a deal that Raymond

couldn't get without her help. Today she will gloat over that and she dresses to

make him drool for her so she can deny him for a change.

She looks like something better than a centrefold in her five-inch high platform

shoes, plunging neckline in half cup lace trim bra clutching her firm 38-inch

puffy pointer breasts under a translucent satin blouse but as usual, her coup de

gras outfit is her never-ending choice of sensationally sexy micro mini skirts.

This one is so short it only just comes to the bottom of her buttocks when

standing normal. It is a form hugging satin material design that advertises her

tight but upright fleshy butt and at the back zips undone from the hemline up to

the waist. And that is a very short distance for a zipper to be zipped.

She knows she will sit in his office at one stage, no doubt to go over upcoming

matters of the week, and she always likes to cross her legs several times and

fidget so he gets an exciting look between her shapely tanned thighs. For this

reason she has put on her most provocative yet g-string. The panties you wear

when you are not really wearing anything.

She buys them by mail order from Germany where hot swimwear products have taken on a new meaning for exhibitionists like her. It is in the shape of a narrow

tree leaf designed to merely go across the crack of a woman's pussy, leaving

bare the smooth outer labia. This will send her boss frothing if she can flash a

few glimpses as she sits in his office. He always positions the visitor's chair

the right distance and spot so he gets to look up her skirt every time.

She knows if Raymond sees this he will want to bring forward his jet trip to the

capital and the swish penthouse hotel business life style she thinks she can

handle as good as Julia Roberts did in the movie Pretty Woman. Jenny never

travels to work by rail but her car is being serviced today so she is roughing

it with the swollen tide of commuters and the usual underground riff-raff of

pick pocket thieves and other undesirables she shudders to think about.

She rushes to board the carriage in its usual peak hour crush and is lucky to

even get on board it is so jam-packed with human cargo. This annoys her as she

is must stretch high to grab an overhead passenger hand strap with both hands to

keep her balance in her very high heels. Her carriage is packed like a can of

sardines and she can't move.

She curses under her breath as bodies are literally pressing into each other and

her perfectly ironed white blouse is bound to be all crinkled up and she fears

her new micro mini will look like she's been through the mill as the railway

carriage sways about around the bends and pitches everybody almost off their

feet when it comes to another station.

She hates the underground tube and prefers to be spoilt rather than mix with

this rough and tumble lot and its proliferation of foreigners who mostly chatter

in languages she can't even understand. Someone has rap music blaring. She

struggles to keep her balance and is almost on tiptoes to reach with both hands

the overhead strap.

She knows her skirt is riding up above the tops of her thighs the way she is

hanging on but is helpless to do anything about it. The only good thing about

being packed in so tight is that nobody can see her plight. She thinks.

It is a 40-minute trip and the carriage pitches about and she wonders if her

blouse will make the distance the way bodies keep bumping against others, going

this way one moment and that way the next. Suddenly her worst fears come to

haunt her: the lights go out and it's pitch-black darkness but at least the air

conditioning is still working. The intercom crackles to life and a weak apology

is offered from the transit system for temporary inconvenience. Yes, the lights

should be restored again within 10 minutes.

Jenny can't believe this is happening. Here she is, on one of her most look

forward to days at the office and she's stuck right in the middle of a packed

subway carriage in pitch dark. The rap music continues to blare out its

monotonous beat, voices are louder and more agitated and she is struggling to

hold on to the overhead strap. Never again, never again she vows after this

humiliating experience. What a far cry she thinks from Saturday night when she

was the centre of attention in her stunning evening gown at the plush six-star

Ritz Hotel winning admiring glances from all directions. The foyer was the size

of a football field and she seemed to be centre stage but now on Mad Monday she

is just another sardine squeezed into a railway carriage with no room to move.

Her thoughts about her sexy Saturday night suddenly are interrupted with a

strange sensation that something is moving under her skirt. There it is again.

She feels a warm hand creeping ever so softly all over her bare arse. My God,

she thinks, someone has unzipped her from the back, but who? She can't even turn

around she is pinned in so tight and if she lets go the overhead strap in the

dark she may not even find it again or someone else will take it. She must hang

on.

"Who is that? What are you doing? She whispers aloud hoping whoever it is will

stop groping her. Instead all she hears is the rap music and My God, the hand is

sliding under her arse right between her legs. Suddenly she hears the voice

coming from behind her but it could be from three different places. She can't

turn around and is now scared.

Suddenly a croaky voice whispers crudely in her ear. "Hey slut, if you don't

open those pretty legs of yours for me your sexy little skirt won't be any use

to you again. Now do it!" For the first time in her life, the exhibitionist is

genuinely frightened and does what he says. The crude voice is back again. "Hey

slut, don't even think about turning around or your skirt won't be worth wearing

again"

She now feels two hands. Is there one person or two? One hand comes around from the right hand side of her and slides under her leaf shaped and leaf sized panty and in one quick jerking movement snaps it off her body, falling somewhere to the darkened floor. Fingers are sliding into her crack, probing for her

clitoris. He's at her ear again: "Bet you'd fuck a tramp if you could, you hot

bitch."

His fingers play triumphantly around her upstanding clit, forcing her to take

more and more deep breaths. Another hoarse whisper: "Do ya like this ya hot

tart? Good isn't it? I know because your cunt is wet and shows you want it?" She

shivers as the voice is up to her ear: "Nice cunt you've got, no hair there eh?

You're wet down there you prick-teasing harlot. This why you wear your skirts so

short you bitch so you can advertise your hot box?"

Jenny is barely able to hang on to the overhead strap to stay on her feet. He

has one hand working her clit and the other hand roaming over her bare arse,

between the cheeks and pushing up into her anus in quick jabs Jenny likes to

dominate a man in playtimes but is now seriously subservient not knowing if he

has a knife and will jab her.

The sexual tension builds in her loins from this pitch-dark assault. Why

doesn'tshe call out for help, she demands to know of herself, only to be

answered by her better judgement that it's safer to succumb and let him have his

filthy crude way with her rather than risk being injured by fighting. Safety

first, not pride. She can imagine her clothes being torn off her and that would

be a fate worse than him fingering her in the dark. She has no choice but to let

him have his way with her and hope for the best.

"Come on bitch, I can feel you shaking, you like my fingers in your cunt don't

you," he whispers loudly at her to get around the noise of the rap music. "Tell

me slut, tell me!" Jenny is almost collapsing from exhaustion by trying to hold

herself upright, her mini skirt is bunched up above her hips and she can't

resist the eroticism now gaining control of her, overriding her earlier fear and

now victim to the power of human lust. She can hear him again but can't tell

which person it is. He moves from one ear to the other. Everything is either

shadows or a blur, but not the experienced hand under her skirt, finding all the

crevices of her dripping vagina. He jerks her pony tail back.

"Can't hear you? Tell me you like my fingers in your cunt " She leans back

hoping he can hear and whimpers "Yes. I like your fingers in my cunt.... ohhh,

ohhh, ohhh." Jenny is climaxing and he puts a hand over her mouth to muffle her

emotional cries.

She can hardly stay on her feet and she is still trembling, partly from the

orgasm and partly from fright. But suddenly it is over. His fingers are gone.

His hands are gone. His voice is gone. He is gone. Who was it? She shudders to

think what will happen when the lights come on. She is sexually assaulted in the

pitch dark, her g-string is ripped off her body, someone fondles all over her

arse, between her legs and all over her genitals, gives her an orgasm and

completely disappears in less than 10 minutes. She will never ever travel by the

train again.

She wants to cry but suddenly the lights are back on and the train is pulling

into a station. She looks anxiously around to see who it might have been. That

man with the briefcase? That man with the backpack? The man in overalls? The man in the tracksuit? The priest looking at her? She tries to match that voice to

these faces and clothes but it doesn't make sense.

People are getting off the train and she hurriedly remembers to pull her skirt

down and zip it up again. She finds her g-string on the floor. Trodden on. The

crumpled bit of narrow leaf shaped opaque flimsy piece of material looks like a

leaf fallen from a tree. She now feels like a fallen leaf. She scoops up the

shorter piece of the g-string band where he snapped it off her body, hoping she

may yet be able to repair it.

Ten minutes later she is off the train and heading for the office in a complete

fluster -- without any pants under her micro mini. Jenny knows she must be

careful until she can get some pants back on but decides she won't tell her boss

or anyone what happened as they will be sure to say it's her fault and she had

it coming for being a prick teaser and dressing so provocatively. She doesn't

need a lecture now.

She heads up the long ramp from the platform and heads to the two levels of

escalators to reach street. From there is a three- city block walk to where she

works. The naked cheeks of her bum are easy to see by anyone behind her who

cares to notice. When she reaches the escalators she notices about six young men

with mobile phones standing around and they get on the up travel steps behind

her. Some seem to be going in the same direction because she glances over her

shoulder twice after moving to the second up travel escalator to reach the

street and on the walk to the street they are still behind her. She realises

they are taking pictures up her skirt but is powerless to do anything about it.

She arrives before the staff as usual and luckily, Raymond is already there so

she can get the news to him about her success on Saturday night with the fake

business magnate Mr Wilson. She will then feign illness like he did at the

hotel, leaving her on her own to negotiate such important business, and she will

go home. She planned on Sunday to once and for all seduce her stepfather into

having sex with her after her many years yeaning for his love. But he is so

naÃ¯ve for such a handsome 50 year-old man she must now use more womanly guile.

For teenager Jenny, it is a challenge to conquer any man by her rules and the

crude attack in the darkened railway carriage upsets her confidence no end.

The boss is glad to see her looking so spunky on a Monday morning and unknown to

Jenny, his golfing buddy "Mr Wilson" has already told him that their hotel

dinner charade worked. Raymond got the $10,000, his golfing sidekick got Jenny

into bed for no less than five fucks, one body massage and the countless mini

perversions he enjoyed while she was in deep sleep from the drink between 2am

and 7am. Jenny, unaware of the real deal, got a signature not worth as cracker

on a fake document that earlier seemed so important to her boss.

She would be furious and no doubt in tears if she knew she was used as a tool

for his devious dalliance because underneath her coy behaviour and well

rehearsed lustful ways, the perfect body beautiful could easily fall in love

with her boss. He seems to have a sexual appetite that works in well with hers.

He is handsome and very wealthy.

"Sir, I got it, I got it, he signed the papers you wanted, but it wasn't easy...."

"Jenny that's fantastic, I knew you would come good for me." He uses his words

with real deliberation. Jenny did come good, and often, and he must not let her

know he is aware of it. "You certainly proved after all that you have what it

takes my girl." She immediately relates to how Julia Roberts in her favourite

movie Pretty Woman successfully won over Mr Cool Businessman Richard Gere in the swish hotel scenes. Her boss Raymond is thinking of her sexuality and some of

the things his buddy told him they did in the Platinum Suite of the six-star

Ritz Hotel on Saturday night.

"Oh sir, he was playing hard ball with me but I think I had him by the balls in

the end -- I mean not literally of course but you know how I can win them over

with my seductive eyes and charm. These older men are so weak when it comes to

flashing just a bit of breast at them."

"Is that all you had to do?"

"Yes sir," Jenny lies. "He has a stepdaughter with tits like mine but he has

never seen them so I said if I gave him just a peek of mine and since they are

similar to his stepdaughter he's so besotted over, it would be like seeing her

breasts."

"Jenny, you slay me and I can imagine how you got on top of him in that

negotiation. It is correct to say you got on top of him, and by that I mean you

had the upper hand in the end."

"Oh yes sir, I got on top of him all right, but only in a manner of speaking of

course."

"Yes, of course Jenny. I am proud of you. I am so sorry about me getting sick at

the last minute and not being there on Saturday night to negotiate the deal

myself but you certainly knew how to handle him pretty well without me, eh? I

wish I were there to see how you handled that cagey old mongrel."

"Yes sir, you would have been quite surprised how good I was."

"Well thanks for getting this document signed and I can get the legalities under

way now. You certainly have earned your BMW sports car already. Now take a seat

while I go through these papers for our business trip to the capital on Friday."

Jenny is so smitten by impressing him with that news she completely forgets she

isn't wearing her leaf crack cover panties and leans back in his visitor's chair

with her skirt riding seductively to the top of her shapely thighs. As she sits

down he sees everything, but says nothing. He thinks she is doing this

deliberately to make sure he takes her on the business trip.

"Put in your diary please we will be catching the 3.30pm flight out on Friday

for the capital and make sure you get your gear, whatever you want to take, in

plenty of time," he says. This suits Jenny as she has a new special order of hot

lingerie she buys by mail order from Germany and is picking up a package today

with another on its way. Just in time.

She always like to flaunt herself in front of her boss as he makes it up to her

with great gifts and anyway, she gets a kick flashing in front of even older

strangers -- just enough to make them want to remember her face every time they

feel randy. Jenny feigns feeling sick and asks can she go home immediately

before the staff arrives. He lets her go, after feigning illness himself on the

previous Saturday and leaving her in the clutches of his golfing cohort posing

as businessman Mr Wilson at the Ritz Hotel.

She catches a taxi to the car dealership to collect her Beamer and almost gives

the cabbie a heart attack when she jumps in and can't pull her skirt down past

the tops of her thighs, giving the black man the best upskirt he has seen for

years -- and he's seen many. Even with her legs held close together the top of

her bare pussy is evident. At the BMW dealership it is more of the same. As

Jenny is a popular client because of her beauty, the service supervisor opens

the driver's door for her to get behind the wheel and can't believe his eyes as

her legs are spread momentarily and even when seated, her pussy is in full view.

Her skirt rides even higher and into her abdomen in the moulded bucket seat as

she wriggles to adjust the driving position. This time her whole pussy is open

for inspection, if only for a brief moment. As she drives off the service

supervisor tells the customer relations manager what he saw and they hope she

books in again soon.

On the way home Jenny is working out in her mind how she will go about seducing

her handsome stepfather. The one man whom she admires more than any other and to whom she will give herself willingly but he is so naÃ¯ve and totally unaware of how she feels about him. Worse, he doesn't seem to take her hints. Jenny thrives on challenge and won't be satisfied until she can seduce him once and for all.

She arrives at the adult store that receives her mail orders from Germany and

while there she purchases a very gimmicky pussy stimulant in the shape of a long

string of oversize pearl beads that fit to a thong-type lace waist band and loop

between the legs, allowing the pearls to snuggle into her vagina so that as she

walks, sits or moves about the pearls -- similar in action to those used in

vibrators -- will give her sexual stimulation. Something nice to wear away on

her business trip and squirm on while on board the jet. The eternal aphrodisiac.

This is Jenny. Liberated and in love with pleasure.

She buys a super hot micro bikini to play out her real life fantasies but

especially to take away on Friday's business trip with her boss Raymond and to

wear in front of her stepfather as often as possible. She can always say she is

wearing clothes even though he won't miss a thing because the hot range of micro

bikinis and thongs are designed for one purpose -- to promote the shape and bare

appearance of the female genitals. Her thoughts are swimming about this man who

took over raising her from an eight year-old after her mother died in an

accident. He is 50, tall and well-built, muscular and very fit for his age and

another reason why Jenny finds him so attractive.

She can only imagine what's inside his pants because the closest she ever came

to seeing him naked were the times she used to sneak down the hallway to her

mother's bedroom and in her early curiosity listen to them making love and

sneaking a peek at their silhouettes in the dark and trying to imagine what was

actually happening.

Love, she then decides, has something to do with a man going harder and deeper

-. whatever that means - to make his wife happy. But at what? In the dark and

trembling in fear of being caught out, she could only wonder. The only clue was

the words she never forgot on one of those sneaky trips to her parent's bedroom

door when he said quite loudly in the dark for her mother to open her legs

wider.

Her heart beating frantically, Jenny would sneak back to her room after

collecting the sounds and images in her mind to figure all this out. She

discovered things by trial and tribulation but one thing was certain, being in

love and making love had something to do with putting fingers in the pussy. That

must be why there with so much room inside. What else could it be?

She practised many times trying to mimic her mother knowing that fingers and the

pussy were hand in glove to lovemaking pleasure. Being in love must make a woman so happy and she so much wanted to be like her mother. At the time she couldn't wait to tell her classmates what she discovered.

If only she had the chance to discuss it with her mother before a drunk driver

killed her. For most of the next 12 months Jenny lost all interest in her own

pussy and thoughts of pleasure but as time healed the sadness of losing her

mother she began to feel stronger affection for her stepfather. He married her

mother five years after Jenny was born. Now with the ultra sexy micro bikini in

hand she intends to parade for him, she wants him to see her as she is today,

not the flaunting kid she used to be. In Jenny's eyes, her stepfather is her

hero. He never re-married and raised her on his own since she was almost nine.

Nor did he ever exploit her innocence when he so easily could.

At school her classmates exchanged stories about their sexuality and experiences

in growing up. Jenny got the impression she was missing out because her father

was never like any of those. This is why Jenny became such a prick teasing

office flirt when she started work. She elected to take her frustration out on

other men because her own stepfather did not seem excited by her emerging

womanhood. Today though, she is determined to change all that.

She will warm him up by asking him to give his opinion on the new micro bikini

she will parade in front of him. These micro bikinis are so hot they appear to

be designed for nude beaches or places where a woman can boldly display her full

figure in the most exhibitionist way. All Jenny is thinking about now is how she

can do this successfully and not look cheap in his eyes. For many years it has

been her goal to share his bed and no longer be denied.

The outfit she purchases is merely a small triangle of material about the size

of a matchbox that sits just above her pussy and a thin strand of material drops

into the vaginal crack and comes up the crack of her bum to a thin waistband She

picks this style above several others just as exciting and revealing because the

cord part that drops into the crack of her pussy acts as a stimulus to her

clitoris and having two rings pierced into her sweet spot she expects it will

add even more to her pleasure when moving about.

Jenny likes to wear these hot garments because she knows that at heart, many

women secretly want to show off their bodies to men -- even their private parts

- not just their husbands, boyfriends or lovers but to complete strangers for

the thrill of it knowing how it must excite the opposite sex. And maybe the same

sex, too. She pulls into the driveway but is not expecting to discover what she

sees once she enters the house. Her stepfather thinks she is at work and is not

expecting her home this early. As Jenny unlatches the door she can hear voices

in the living room so she discretely creeps in thinking her daddy has a woman

friend he hasn't told her about. She gets a big surprise.

Open mouthed and in shock she can see him lying naked on the couch watching a

porn movie. The size of his cock gets her immediate attention. He is stroking it

and bending it around as if it's a toy on some kind of a swivel. She dare not

let him know she can see him -- the embarrassment would be beyond belief. "My

God" she mutters under her breath, "it's like a light pole." She unintentionally

licks her lips like a cat that gets the cream in an instant reaction to this

unexpected sight. She keeps staring at the size of it and suddenly realises he

has something in his other hand. "Oh my God" she whispers to herself, " he's got

one of those porn star look-alike fake vaginas and he's putting it in that

thing. What a waste! I can't look."

Jenny extricates herself very carefully so he doesn't know she has seen him and

gets back in the car. She is trembling with indignation. Now she talks aloud.

"Daddy why? Why? Why would you want to fuck a look-alike pussy when there is a

real one, your own daughter just begging for your cock? Oh my God, Jenny you

have to do it now little girl, you have to give yourself to him, he is lonely

for a real woman and you haven't tried hard enough," she admonishes herself.

Jenny sits in the car and thinks what to do. She can't go back while this is

happening. She keeps talking aloud to herself, working out what to do. "I've got

to give him time to get off on that stupid toy and make out I know nothing, but

by God, from now on if he wants to fuck a look-alike pussy he can give that huge

cock to me. I want it more than ever no I can see how big it is."

She drives discretely around the corner and thinks of her cherished daddy naked.

His body looks so fit and healthy, his greying hair all tossed about and his

chest a bit hairy. Lovely strong shoulders and oh, those muscular looking thighs

and the size of his cock. These entire thoughts race through her confused

mind.and she talks to herself. "Phew! The size of his rod! I never knew my step

daddy was so spunky in the raw. What a waste in that silly vibrating hand toy!

My pussy is real, he can have a real one if he's that randy."

She waits half an hour and decides to ring ahead to alert him she is on the way.

That way he can cover his tracks and not be embarrassed because she wants to

play her own seduction game once she gets home and the last thing she needs is

for him to be upset. He picks up the phone after it rings several times. "Daddy,

it's your little love bird Jenny, I'll be home in about 15 minutes. Raymond gave

me an early mark."

"Jenny? What are you doing home this early?"

"Daddy you weren't listening! I said Raymond gave me an early mark and I've been

shopping for some really nasty little things I can't wait to show you. I will be

home soon."

"How long?"

"Fifteen minutes. I'm only five miles away and the traffic isn't too bad. See

you soon. you hunk of a man""

"Yes kitten, see you when you get home." He hangs up the phone and wonders why

she suddenly calls him a hunk of a man. She has never spoke to him like that

before.

Jenny is in the car parked kerbside just around the corner. She waits 15 minutes

and slowly pulls up in the driveway, honking the Beamer's air horn to let him

know she's arrived -- just in case he is trying to get dressed. She gets inside

and he is in a bathrobe. "You rang just as I was about to get in the shower Jen

and you arrived just as I got out."

"Oh that's okay daddy, please don't get out of your robe you look just gorgeous

and so masculine with those strong hairy legs. Don't spoil my evening by getting

into your tracksuit again for heaven's sake. Go get yourself a beer from the

fridge and wait on the couch for me. I've got to show you something new I just

bought, but I'll just duck into the bathroom first to freshen up."

She disappears into the shower and scrubs herself inside out thinking how lucky

she was not to have been hurt by that low life that sexually assaulted her on

the train. And to think he got his fingers inside her, brought her to orgasm in

the dark and just disappeared as though it never happened. The very thought

disgusts her.

She freshens up with her sexy perfume body spray and her bare pussy glistens

from the essential oils she gently rubs all over her wide outer labia and

well-rounded pubic mound. Her pussy lips jut slightly out of her vaginal crack

and her clitoris, as always, is not afraid to stand up for itself if provoked.

She puts on the micro bikini branded the overklit that provides a matchbox size

lime green triangle of lycra above the pussy and rather than just cover the

clitoris, Jenny discovers the bottom point of the triangle more or less points

to the clitoris and the very narrow strand of material then disappears into the

crack of the vagina beside her clit. She looks in the mirror and says softly

"Well daddy, you are going to see your daughter like never before."

He is sitting on the same couch she saw him on earlier; still in his bathrobe

thank heavens she thinks, as she whirls into view. "Okay my dearest daddy, have

a look at your little baby daughter now." She stands before him, slowly turning

so he sees her bar arse and up close the way her pussy is so explicitly on

display. "Isn't this so beautiful daddy?"

He can't believe what he sees. "Good God Jenny, where on earth did you get this?

I can see everything. I can see all your cunt...I mean, all your pussy."

She giggles teasingly. "Oh I know you can daddy but isn't it just beautiful,

don't I make you feel like you want to get to know me better?"

"Hell Jenny, there isn't much more to know about. Your tits are fully exposed

bar a tiny strip over the nipples that doesn't even cover them anyway, your arse

is bare, this thing sits at the bottom of your pubic bone and hardly bigger than

the size of a matchbox and instead of covering your pussy, it seems to be

showing it off."

"Oh I just love it daddy. I can't wait to wear it somewhere."

"Jenny, you've got to be joking. Surely not... I mean girls don't wear these

things outside the house surely?"

"Daadeee! Girls do but only in certain places. You have to modern up a bit. You

must know that while a boy likes to play with his, a girl likes to show hers

off. We are just natural show-offs. This version is the overklit because it is

meant to sit just on the tip of the clitoris and leave everything else fully

exposed."

"Well the cord part under that triangle certainly doesn't cover your clit it

goes down the side of it."

"Oh, yes I didn't realise that until I got home and that's probably because one

size doesn't fit all after all. The supplier has versions that just have a

vertical strip coming down to sit above the crack in the pussy and two matching

tiny bands that go down each side of the pussy pushing it up a bit more

prominent but I looked at those and like a lot of girls, that little strip down

the centre would not cover my part up and when the models walk in them, they

seem to slip off centre anyway, so I didn't buy that type."

"But Jenny, this one is no better, I can see everything down there and that

means so can anyone else. Where on earth did you think you could wear this

outfit.?"

She waves her hands in the air mockingly. "Well, daddy right here for a start. I

really got this for you so I can be a show-off but don't do a citizen's arrest

on me. Anyway I am going to take it away with me on Friday when my boss is on a

business trip and he's asked me to travel with him."

Her father groans. "And you are going?"

"Yes."

"And taking that kind of clothing? My daughter?"

"Daddy I'm a big girl now. I won't wear it in silly places and get into trouble.

Maybe sunbaking or in fairly private places where maybe just a small number of

people might see me."

He shakes his head. "Yes, but..."

"Daddy you have to realise that girls do like to show off a bit. They really

want men to see their best assets. Short skirts, low cleavage, see-through

clothes, sometime no panties at all. Why is this stuff sold? Because girls buy

them to make men do a lot of wishful thinking. It's a cruel turn-on maybe."

"I didn't know girls were that bad, or that good, depending on what you mean,"

he says weakly.

"Daddy when I was in my first year at high school we had this gorgeous PT

teacher and we all wore our short sports tunics to gym on those days and I know

that six of the girls deliberately wore really small panties that they pulled

into their cracks, and two of them left their panties off. That's because it was

a chance to show off to this hunk of a teacher who used to lift us up to the

beams by putting his hand around our bum under our tunic and with a bit of luck

we would feel his hand slip somewhere else and we wanted that to happen..."

"Wait a minute Jen, you said some girls wanted that to happen?"

"Oh yes, it is the excitement of not knowing if it will happen and if it does,

that it's taboo and we can get away with it."

"Erotic schoolgirls and you were like that then?"

"Well daddy, I always wore panties but on these days at gym yes I did get a bit

rude and put on very skimpy ones that went up the crack of my pussy and bum. We

all noticed when we did our handstand routines and the teacher had to hold our

ankles so we each did two separate 10-second handstands each in unison that the

girls playing sexy he always held them upside down a lot longer. It was all in

fun daddy."

"So the whole idea among you all was to be little prick teasers?"

"Guess so daddy, some of us like that sort of thing you know. But it sounds

better if you say we are big prick teasers"

"Jenny best not tell me any more but I'm not surprised what some schoolkids get

up to these days. The way sex is splashed into everyday advertising it's no

wonder kids grow up with far more experienced about sex than when I went to

school." Jenny laughs, and apologises for not wishing to it make it sound she

was being cheeky in reference to his age. She wants to get back on song with her

purpose to seduce him.

"Daddy you can't tell me that if you were at the beach right now -- in fact go

ahead and pretend that you are at the beach and this lovely young girl happens

to be standing near you in a micro bikini like I am wearing. You are just a foot

away from her pussy and you can see it. Go on daddy, have a real close look

right now. Just look at me there and imagine you are on that beach and the girl

in the sexy micro bikini like this happens to be one of those show-off

schoolgirls I just told you about.

"Yes, that's the way. Now while you are looking closely put your finger behind

the tiny triangle and pull the skinny cord towards you so it comes right out of

my pussy.... That's right, that's it, now what do you see?"

He shakes his head in disbelief this is happening but wants to play her game. "I

see a completely smooth and fat bare pussy with very sexy lips"

"Yes daddy and she's just a schoolgirl. Doesn't that excite you?"

"Well, arr,"

"Come on daaddeee, be honest. You are staring at a young girl's virgin pussy and

she's letting you check her out. Doesn't that make you want to do something?"

"Jenny, that's a terrible thing to say I am not into schoolgirls!"

"Oh come on daddy, I know that, but I bet you wish you could when they are so

delicious as me? I am delicious aren't I?"

"Yes of course you are."

"Yes my darling daddy and I am like those other schoolgirls so if you think I'm

delicious you must think that about other girls my age. Touch me daddy. Kiss me

on the pussy and you can think it's the schoolgirl on the beach if you like."

"Jenny, you are my daughter, not a make believe schoolgirl on the beach

somewhere and you are in our home standing in front of me in next to nothing

and..."

"And all you are wearing daddy is a bathrobe. I can see the big bulge like it's

a tent. Are you getting turned on for your daughter?"

"Geezus Jen, you are putting pressure on me to have sex with you?"

"But daaaaddeee, fathers love their daughters and I know you love me, and you

know I love you, so there is nothing wrong...."

"Jenny, for God's sake it's immoral for a father to have sex with his daughter."

"But you're not having sex with me daddy, just looking and wishing I am that

schoolgirl on the beach and a beautiful bare pussy is ever so close to you can't

be bad surely? Besides I'm a big girl now. What's the point of me being 18 and

can drive my own car and have a job if you treat me like I am too young to be

touched?

"Daddy for years and years, longer than you will ever know, I wanted to feel

your hands on me and to touch me like you did to mom. I used to go to school and

hear what other girls were doing and I thought I must be the village virgin. I

had to invent stories to make out I was as good, or as bad if you like, as them.

It is a girls' thing"

"Jen, I am a bit shocked to hear this, and at the same time I feel proud of what

a beautiful daughter you turned out to be. Yes you are so sexy it does make me

horny and I feel a bit guilty when you are my very own."

"Oh don't be guilty daddy. You never did anything wrong ever. "Remember that

night after my birthday party I came to your bedroom for a snuggle before I went

to sleep and you told me to go back to my room. I did and I cried into my

pillow"

"Jenny don't hold that one on me now. You had nothing on and even then you had a sexy figure and it's just too much temptation for a man."

"Well daddy, here I am now and I'm more grown up now so what do you think of my micro bikini. Do I hear a yes I think it's sexy or a no I'm a bad girl?"

"Yes, I think it's ultra sexy."

"Oh great daddy, but tell me, does looking at me in this really make you feel

like you want to be even closer to me?"

":Oh hell Jen, what else can I say? Of course. No man in their right senses

could ignore your beauty."

Jenny is convinced that now is the moment. She knows he has an erection and if

ever he will make a move on her it must be now. "Stay there daddy, I've got one

more surprise for you, one of your favourite treats in fact. But you must shut

your eyes and not open them until I tell you " The poor man hasn't a clue she is

talking about his love of honey and she is about to serve it up to him like

nothing before. She dashes into the kitchen, grabs a large jar of honey from the

pantry and returns to the living room wearing nothing and throws two oversize

beach towels on the floor below where he is sitting with his eyes shut, totally

unsuspecting her motive. She lies down on her back just a few feet away from him

and pours honey over both of her projectile-like puffy nipples

"Quick daddy, open your eyes and come and help me. I've accidentally spilt honey

on my boobies, can you please eat the honey so it's not wasted."

His first glance on opening his eyes is a look of amazement. Jenny lying in

front of him on the floor stark naked in that Playboy bunny look body and he

almost trips over his erection responding to her urgent call for help. "Quick

daddy, Quick. The honey, it's all over my nipples, please get it off me."

He dives instinctively to the floor and to her side, bending over and quickly

sucks the honey off one breast until it is spotless and then to the other big

puffy. Both are standing up hard and erect a good half-inch from her breast.

Jenny always had thick nipples and as he is gawking at them she is pouring honey

over her pussy, all over the silken bare pubic mound, and into the vagina,

saturating it.

"Look daaddeee. Quick! I've done it again. Ohhhhh! I can't hold on to the honey

jar without spilling it! Please help me. Get it off me It's all over my sweet

pussy. Oh I don't know what to do please help me get it off." She giggles loudly

as his head dives to the spot and his tongue drags long lashes up and around her

bare skin, swallowing the honey. She knows he loves honey; it's his favourite on

toast every morning and now she is the toast with the most.

He sweeps his tongue all over her well-rounded mound of Venus and as the honey

starts to disappear he can taste the real Jenny. His tongue drags along the

entire length of her crack, sweeping up to her engorged clit, encircling it

between his lips, nibbling, pulling and then lapping again all over the face of

her pussy like a thirsty dog on a hot day. And this old dog has been thirsting

for this opportunity for years but never game to admit it.

Jenny is feeling the mounting passion deep inside. This is a magic moment for

her, a truly erotic moment and one she has longed for and dreamt about happening

like this for many years. Every year, every birthday her sexual curiosity for

him gave stronger meaning and as the girl becomes the young woman the intensity

of her desire to be loved by him is overwhelming.

Now his head is buried deep between her shapely thighs lapping at her pristine

pussy. This is what her dreams were made of and she is living the dream. She

holds his head with both hands, not wanting him to get away. The feeling is

sensational and even more so because it's him.

"Daaddeee, you are sooo good, so gooood. Oh your tongue is inside my pussy, I

can feel it everywhere. Suck me out, suck on me, drain my love juice my

wonderful man. Oh this is just beautiful please don't stop." Jenny is in

raptures and she feels an orgasm mounting fast as she starts to tremble and

twist around to his hungry mouth devouring her most private part.

He glances up at her strained face, the emotion written all over it, and in a

few seconds between licking and munching on her, he sees the pleasure he is

giving her. "Jenny I've got your whole cunt in my mouth isn't that wonderful, do

you like it?" Your pussy is just superb, I love this."

"Oh daddy you are so beautiful don't stop. I want your cock in me tonight....you

must fuck me.... I have never wanted a man so much as I want you inside

me....fill me with it....come all over my face.... oh just keep doing it the way

you are doing it..... I only dreamed of this...."She is rambling on panting as

she talks in jerky tones and he senses he is bringing her to a climax so he

grabs her under her bare arse and lifts her hips off the floor and starts to

thrash his tongue around her clitoris faster and faster "Oh daddy you do it so

good. You do it so good," she cries like a child. Tears run down her cheeks.

Never so much has she wanted a man to put his mouth on her like this.

He completely devours her pussy and there is not one tiny part that escapes his

tongue and lips. Jenny is reaching a climax, as she watches him crouched between

her thighs, her legs spreadeagled over his shoulders. The moment, the sheer

thrill of his touch, what he is doing, how she is naked before him, the feeling

of utter helplessness as he holds her almost upside down off the floor has her

going crazy and she feels the peak of her passion coming like an express train.

"Oooohh dadddeee, do it! Do it! Do it! Suck my cunt harder and harder! I'm yours

daddy. Please don't stop! Do it! Yeeeeeeeesssss!!" He feels her body jerk

suddenly and stiffen in an orgasmic thrust, her screech heralding the arrival of

the mountainous avalanche of released tension and she shakes in his arms,

finally flopping limp and sobbing.

She cries unashamedly. He panics for a moment but she turns to him with her big

bedroom eyes in a look of genuine endearment. "Oh daddy, oh daddy, I've never

been so happy in my life. I am crying because I am so happy. So happy. It was

beautiful"

Thank God, he thinks. Only a woman can cry because she is happy. No wonder men

get confused with them. .

"Oh daddy, thank you. Thank you. I have wanted that for so long you'll never

know."

He too, is suddenly caught up in her tidal wave. "He splutters back, "Jenny what

you are saying... are you saying what you are saying"

"Daddy you silly old man I love you so dearly. I wish I could marry you I just

want you so much. I want to feel you inside me, You must make real love to me I

can't live without it any longer. Put it in me tonight, every night. Do it like

you love me."

He is flabbergasted."Jenny for a start I can't marry you because I am your daddy

and isn't that being close enough, and besides I am 32 years older than you. To

girls your age I am an old man. Geezus Jen, I never knew you felt this bad. I

mean good about me. How long have you been this way?"

"Daddy you are not an old man and don't dare say that. Look at your body, it's

better than a lot of men 10 years younger judging by what I see on the beach.

But to be honest daddy about a year after mommy died, I knew you were special.

You loved me so tenderly like I was your own and even though you were not my

natural father you always treated me as though you were. I could see I was not

just a toy like some stepdaughters are to their new fathers and you sort of

treated me like a little lady and I liked that.

"As I grew older I had these strange feelings inside me that made me want to

reach out for you and go beyond a hug and a kiss but you were always the perfect

gentleman and no matter how much I tried to flirt with you to make you notice

how I was growing you just regarded me as a cheeky young kid and left me

disappointed time and time again."

She flutters her long eyelashes as only Jenny can when she wants to look

innocent. "Daddy just look at the size of your cock, it's sticking out of your

bathrobe, I think it's looking for me, he knows I want him." He glances down and

his robe has fallen to either side of his muscular thighs, revealing his solid

erection.

"How big is it daddy, how many inches? I always wondered. It looks really big

from here"

"Well, er, a man doesn't like to talk about the size of his cock but since you

ask it's just on nine inches erect or seven on the dangle."

She giggles like a schoolgirl. "Oooh, I don't think there would be as much

delight with seven on the dangle compared to getting nine in mine...heh heh."

He stands up and points his manhood towards her face. "Jenny I've admired your

beauty from afar for many years as a loving parent or guardian should but now

you are an adult and you are making this provocative parade in front of me you

are making me buckle. Now get on your knees and show me how good you are at

sucking this thing you've wanted so long."

Jenny loves the sight of a big erect penis and this one is very special to her

and she wants to savour the moment as she kneels before him in the nude and

looks up at him coyly, putting on her best innocent expression. "Daddy I'm so

sorry I was a bad girl today at school and they sent me to the principal's

office to be punished. He told me I had to go home and do this to my father and

beg for forgiveness. But not before I had to show him I could do it properly. He

made me strip to my panties and bra. Do you want me to show you how I had to do it to him behind the desk in his big office?"

"Yes, just do it, I can't wait "

As she spins her fable to excite him into her school age times she cups his

tight scrotum in one hand and slides the other hand loosely along the shaft of

his bulging member, looking at it and alternating her gaze directly into his

face with her big blushing bedroom eyes and flicking eyelashes. Her face is that

of a schoolgirl again.

"He was a nasty principal, daddy, he grabbed me around my head and kept forcing

my mouth back and forth faster and faster as I tried my best to please him so he

would let me get dressed and go back to class." She starts rubbing his shaft but

has not yet put her mouth around it. She wants to get him frantic for it with

her sexy baby talk.

"What happened? Did he let you go?" he answers back to Jenny's utter surprise.

His rejoinder sparks her lust even more. "Yes daddy, but he made me gulp down a

lot of his sperm when he couldn't hold it back any longer, He said if I

misbehave again he would make me stay back after school for more of the same and that's when he said I must do this to you as soon as I got home, even before my homework. So daddy I ask that you forgive me for being so naughty and upsetting the school teacher and if I do this properly, will you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes of course, just do it for God's sake, my balls are aching."

She really wants it inside her pussy but this is one way of coming to grips with

its size and it thrills her to know he is looking down at her sucking on him, so

as she works it in and out of her mouth, her tongue working overtime, she keeps

looking up at his face to project an expression of teenage innocence. Her sexy

adolescent-like talk excites him and as he feels the incredible warmth of her

mouth and the way her lips grip the most sensitive side of his glans he knows he

is not going to last long. The sheer sight of this beautiful creature in her

submissive position so eagerly begging for his cock and wanting to taste his cum

is an experience that's come entirely unexpected. Today was just like every

other day until Jenny came home and showed him her sexy new micro bikinis.

She is working his shaft faster and faster looking up into his face and

fluttering her eyelashes. One hand gently squeezes his balls, she feels them

moving from side to side inside the sac and by the size of them she is sure he

must produce a big surge of cum when he explodes. He is making the same kind of

groaning sounds she first heard when she used to sneak down the dark hallway on

her hands and knees a long while ago when she was supposed to be asleep. This

must be what momma did to him, she thinks. She wants to be as good as her mother who she remembers as a very attractive and very sexy woman. Jenny is her carbon copy.

For him, it is the first time a woman's lips are gripping his penis since the

last time he and his wife made love 10 years ago. It dawns on him the

similarities in Jenny and her mother. God, no wonder Jenny is so sexy, she's

just like her mother, he thinks as the sexual tension in his loins takes him

closer to the edge of losing control.

Jenny has perfected the degree of pressure on his penis with her fulsome Latina

lips and starts to concentrate on the more vulnerable underside of his glans,

flicking her tongue around its most sensitive area as she zigzags his knob in

and out of her mouth with ever-increasing speed. One hand holds his tight balls

and the other is gripped tight around the base of his long shaft, stretching it

back tightly with downward vertical pressure. He is just around the corner

coming into the home straight in a fast finishing burst.

"Oooohh, keep going! Oooooooh keep going faster. That's it, Ooooohh Jenny my

cock's coming in your mouth Aaaaaaaargh! She feels a sudden surge of the white

glue filling her mouth so fast she gulps it down and jerks his penis out of her

mouth just as his second, third and fourth burst splashes across her face, some

landing in her hair, her forehead, across her cheeks, across her nose and her

mouth seems drenched with sperm running down her chin. Her tongue is hanging out with a thick wad of goo stuck under it, another thick wad hanging off the tip of

her tongue and dripping down to her breasts. He is one of those men well endowed

in producing a powerful supply of sperm.

"Oh daddy this is beautiful," she gasps. "It is just like the way the school

principal finished," she fantasises. "It is all over me again. Now your lovely

baby juice is in my face. Mmmmm." He looks down proudly at her lapping it up,

wiping the sperm on her face down to her mouth and licking it up with an eager

tongue. "Mmmmmm" she moans over and over. The exertion has drained him

physically and his balls ache.

"Jen I'm not as young as I used to be you know. I really want to put it in you

but I've got to get over this first. You just drained me. I don't think I've

ever cum so powerfully for a long long time. It must be the way you got me

going. Fantastic. You are just like your mother. She was brilliant and so are

you. She's back."

His words fuel her sense of belonging to him more than ever. She has never heard

him compare her to his lovely wife, her mother, but to say it after a sex act is

even more delightful. Surely now he will want to take me to bed as often as

possible, she thinks with a big smile on her face looking up at him. They get to

their feet, both naked and she hugs him, some of his sperm is still matted into

her hair and down one side of her cheeks. They kiss tenderly and he pulls her

tightly against his body, his nine inches now dangling to a seven-inch but still

thick appendage.

Jenny adores his masculinity and the way the shades of grey stand out like

silvery streaks through his thick hair. She feels as though she now commands a

personal nine-inch penis she can summons for action whenever in the mood. They

sit on the couch gathering themselves. "Daddy, let's go into your bedroom and

lie on the bed until you are ready for me. You know I am ready for you," she

giggles.

He stretches out on the queen size bed, once occupied by Jenny's mother. He

looks up at the ceiling and can't believe she is beside him nude. "I never

thought this would ever happen Jen," he says casually. She lays an arm across

his chest and traces her clitoris finger around it and starts circling his navel

in teasing caresses.

"Oh daddy, I knew it was just a matter of time. But you are so slow you naughty

man you made me wait for years to be making love to me." They lay there in a

cuddle, father and daughter, held in loving embrace. Love and sex become as one

as father and daughter become as one. For quite some time they remain bound

together in silence, both of them savouring delights that to each have been a

milestone moment of their lives. Both know that the best is yet to come.

His erection is returning. He can sense it. The magnetism of her physical beauty

and sexy teasing ways is a very powerful force. "Daddy I confess that I used to

go to bed at night right through my school years thinking of something like this

with you. I knew I was growing the body of a woman but I was too young for you

to ever consider me taking the place of momma."

"Well Jenny, you just did a few minutes ago, but I am surprised you would even

be thinking along those lines so long ago."

"Well to be honest daddy you never knew it but I used to sneak down the hallway

at night when you and momma thought I was tucked in asleep and I used to listen

to you making love to each other. I didn't understand what was going on except

that it made me feel really good to hear momma sounding so happy that I knew

whatever you were doing you must have been very good at it and ever since I

always wanted it to happen to me."

She moves closer and puts her hand on his big banana which looks very firm and

ripe for her to eat. "Mmmmm, daddy, this banana looks delicious. And look at

those coconuts below it."

"To be honest," he confesses, "I was worried I would be too big for your tight

pussy and might hurt you at first." She doesn't have the heart to tell him about

the four other men who have already been there -- each one unexpectedly except

for her boss whom she always sought to seduce - the knee therapist, her boss,

the clit piercer and the shonky Mr Wilson -- every one of them the same age or a

bit older than her stepfather. And every one was very well hung. But she wants

her daddy to feel very special.

"Oh piffle daddy; I always knew you could fit inside me no matter how big a cock

you had and what you don't know is that a long, long time ago I couldn't wait

for tonight I wanted to know what it was like so I used to experiment like other

girls.

"I started with spoons and things and then got more game and looked for things

that resembled a big cock so see how far I could go. I was truly happy how

easily I took things nearly the size of your cock now just by covering them in

baby oil and also oiling my pussy."

He was hoping against hope to be the first to drill her. "I suppose some other

guy gave you your first orgasm, huh," he asks. "Jenny laughs. "Oh come on daddy,

don't feel dejected. It wasn't a man or a boy it was a huge carrot."

"A damn carrot? What?"

"Oh daddy, look, you are a real man and I want you to know you are my first real

fuck," she lies to make him feel more important to her. "No daddy, I couldn't

wait until now to get my first orgasm. I came home from school one day and went

to my room with a carrot so big Bugs Bunny would be jealous. I smoothed it back

and dipped it in baby oil and played with my clit to get more excited as I

figured if this thing could go in me, so could any man. Well, it went in easier

than I thought because I was wet and the carrot was oiled up. I realised there

and then that us girls were given a hidden treasure like a deep cave where we

can store very big trunks inside even though at that time we could not play up.

I always dreamed you would have a big one like it and tonight you deliver my

dream."

Learning all this fascinates him to the mindset of his daughter and it also

makes him feel guilty for not having given her some kind of sex education talk

by the time she hit school where the wrong kind of kids can influence others.

But he is now relaxed about her capacity to receive him and his desire is

turning to a burning desire.

They are both ever so relaxed and there is no tension in the air considering it

is a momentous occasion for each of them. His erection is rock hard again and

throbbing. She is on his bed where she has never been before, nude and more

inviting than ever. This is something he never expected. It adds to his

excitement. His dream. Her dream.

"Daddy I want to sit on top of you; I want it to be the deepest possible

penetration for my first with you and I want to feel that I'm fucking you. I

happen to know this was momma's favourite position and I want this for momma

too" The reason for her comment goes over his head as he concentrates on her

magnificent body getting set to be spiked by his lighthouse shaped tool.

Watching her shapely form descend slowly on to his penis though brings back fond

memories of her mother - his long lost lover. This is the first real intercourse

he's about to enjoy since he lost his wife and there are so many similarities

between mother and daughter now that Jenny has blossomed. He hopes that if she

can fuck half as good as her mother it will be tremendous. He can't wait, yet he

can't get it out of his mind that this is his young daughter just six months out

of school.

She is right. His thick rod slides effortlessly to its hilt inside her as Jenny

looks down at it slowly disappears. He is wide-eyed too, watching a moment of

his life he could only dream about in the times when he watched her youthful

curvaceous figure emerging into young adulthood. "You are so tight, it's

incredible," he says breathlessly. "My God, your cunt is like a boa constrictor

the way it's gripping me."

"Daddy I can feel your huge shape way up inside me. It is filling me up. It's so

long and thick I'll never be able to get off it. Mmmmmm." Jenny is up to her old

tricks. She is not only enjoying her father's cock inside her and making him

feel good by the way she squirms, twists and thrusts up and down on his upright

bolt but adds much to his excitement with her playful talk.

He is beside himself in ecstasy. "Ohhh, it's so tight you feel like that girl I

watched growing up; this is the best moment of my life for years". He stares at

her big puffy nipples riding up and down to the beat on the points of her ample

breasts that are so firm they don't bounce, they simply move in unison top her

upper torso. She has painted her nipples again making them glisten and appear

twice as rich in their texture. He is convinced his own daughter is a young sex

goddess delivered to him from heaven as a reminder of how lucky he was to have

married her mother.

"Oh my God Jenny you are a fantastic fuck; ride me baby, ride me hard," he

shouts, his face breaking out in perspiration. "Daddy your cock is the biggest

thing I've ever had in me it is so wonderful. I always dreamed it would be like

this since I was old enough to think about it," she shouts back, her long hair

flying about left and right around her shoulders as she throws her head back and

forth into frantic fuck mode.

He knows he won't last long. It is simply too good. The feeling is too intense,

his shaft is being massaged by a tight fitting young vagina not long out of

school and the very thought of her young age is sending him into overdrive.

"Daddy my pussy is gripping you tight and I can feel it; it's so tight. This is

so new to me and my pussy has wanted you for so long it won't let you go"

She has just about heard enough and he knows the moment is coming very soon as

she lifts almost right off his nine-inch shaft and crashes back down hard on him

so she gets the strongest possible impact from his penetration. She does this

over and over to thrill him watching his big shaft appear almost to its tip and

then disappear again into her pussy. Her twists and circular wriggles against

his rod continue in unison between the up and down thrusts to give her the very

thrills she seeks. She relishes the feeling his big thick penis delivers to her

senses, not just going into her but the feeling she gets from its size when she

shifts about on it and uses her vaginal muscles to grip tight as she can so it

has to fight for the fuck.

Jenny is breathing much more heavily now but not gulping in the air as deep as

he is; youth triumphs over experience in energy at this game and to tantalise

her daddy so he will ejaculate more strongly, she suddenly shifts her movements

from overdrive back to first gear. Now it's as if it's a slow motion playback of

what she was doing a minute ago.

She rides up slowly off his hungry cock almost exposing the tip and then slowly

slides back down till her bum rests back on his belly. Then she rides up like a

slow escalator to the top and slowly down again like an early model elevator

descending in a high rise tower but suddenly shifts back to overdrive in

thrashing pace bouncing up and down on him and then in a change of direction,

she jerks back and forth in short sharp fast movements as though she is on a

bucking bronco at the rodeo. She feels his knob banging against the mineshaft

ceiling deep inside her. She continues to change her thrusts, twists and

squirming motions from fast to slow sending him crazy.

He feels the rush coming as she does too, watching in his face the expression

that the miner inside her tunnel has suddenly found the gold deep in the

mineshaft at it's time to celebrate by popping the champagne cork and letting

the bubbly froth up and gush out in a swift stream. His eyes are wild; her mouth

is open, her tongue flicking around her open lips to excite him more as they

connect in mind, spirit and body. She is still swinging around wildly on his

thick pole as he cries out, "fuck fuck fuck fuck! Oh my God, here it comes!"

Loving daughter feels the spontaneous rush of daddy's champagne pouring deep

into her. She is draining his balls dry. She stays straddled over him, rewarding

him with the pleasure of seeing her statuesque nude body perspiring above him,

his beaten cock in retreat still inside her and her bedroom eyes seemingly wider

and bigger than ever looking down at his weathered face.

"Was it good daddy?" she asks with pride in her voice. "Thank God your mother

had a girl and not a boy," he answers weakly. "What a fuck! Jenny you have not

just made my day you've made my life, it was fantastic."He has finally fucked

his little angel. And no longer will need the toy pussy he got from a sex shop.

"Now daddy you will never have to do what a lot of men your age do, look at porn

movies or jerk off, lock into the internet, go to a brothel or other things

because you have me to play with now."

He panics fort a moment wondering if she knew all about his habits over past

years of sexual frustration but her next words quickly calm him. "Not that my

daddy is that sort of man to even want to do those naughty things. Daddy you are

so noble and so good to me for so long I want to be your own personal sex toy.

You can play with me whenever you like. I just hope tonight is just the first

and I will try hard to think of ways to make you glad I don't have a boyfriend

or want to get married for ages."

"Do you really mean that? I mean, do you know what you are saying?"

"Yes of course. Even though momma died when I was much younger I was at least

old enough to get some ideas from her even though she didn't realise it at the

time. I did show you just now didn't I daddy?" He thinks for a moment. "Geezus

Jen, you fucked me just like your mother used to, no wonder it was so good. Like

mother like daughter. Oh this is going to be so good from now on." It went

completely over his head how Jenny knew what to do.

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Manipulating Jenny Ch. 09

by BeamMeUpÂ©

Jenny, the precocious 18 year-old office secretary with the Playboy centrefold

body, confuses her very high libido with nymphomania and makes a visit to a wily

mature sex therapist for an expert opinion. But the erotic outcome only adds

more spice to her adventurous life as a prick teaser.

This week the teenage sex bomb's life started with a real bang when on Monday

night she finally cajoles her handsome stepfather into licking spilt honey off

her pussy and puffy nipples, and once aroused, he simply couldn't help but go

all the way.

On Friday she will be jetting off with her boss Raymond on a business trip to

the capital and will be away for three days as his personal secretary. It is her

first such trip and she wants to be fit as a fiddle, or perhaps fit for a

fiddle, so she books a soothing massage with the therapist in her office tower

that looked after he crook knee a few weeks ago. That is locked in for Thursday,

and he can squeeze her in as his last appointment for the day.

Today however, she wants to end some nagging doubts about her sexuality. Her

extremely high libido is a concern raised by her stepfather. She always dresses

provocatively in short mini skirts, likes very flimsy underwear and tends to

tease maybe all too often. Is she really a nymphomaniac or just a healthy young

teenager with a zest to be outrageously flirtatious?

She decides to get an expert opinion if only to pacify her daddy as going away

with her boss on a business trip at the end of the week just adds to his

concerns. Is she going as a personal secretary or as a cheeky young woman out

for opportunity to have maybe an adventurous encounter? As she enters her office

tower she notices on the main directory board that there is a female sex

therapist called Doctor Felicity Feelgood in the same building. She telephones

the reception for an appointment,feeling much better about talking frankly to

another female rather than a male practitioner in case it's embarrassing.

"I'm sorry miss, but our regular therapist Doctor Felicity is away interstate at

the moment attending a conference and won't be back until next Monday. Oh, but

we do have a fill-in therapist who specialises in female problems and he is very

good."

"You said he is very good," replies enny. "Don't you have a female practitioner?"

"I'm sorry miss but Doctor Hans is very experienced. He is one of our industry's

standby therapists who fill in for regular practitioners on special occasions

and although I only met him today as Felicity left last night, I am sure he will

do you well, I should say do well for you."

Jenny is not impressed. "I think I should try somewhere else as I must get an

appointment today sometime."

The receptionist wants her to reconsider. "Oh I'm sorry miss and it must be

important but I do know that all the sex therapists in town are booked out this

week. We don't know why there has been a run on our services but everyone is in

the same boat and some of the others will be short staffed this week now as some

are also attending the same conference as Felicity. I can fit you in after our

last appointment if it's important, but the doctor won't be able to see you

until just after 5.30pm. Is that too late?"

Jenny is annoyed and curses under her breath. Just her luck; like getting all

the red lights at the traffic signals. She even sounds a bit cranky with the

receptionist. "Oh all right, but I did want a female therapist that's all. I

suppose I'll have to fit in with him so I will make the appointment."

"Oh good," chirps the receptionist. "I will let Dr Hans know you are coming. Now

I finish work at 5.30pm so if you make sure you are a bit late I will leave our

front door unlocked for you to enter, but the front office lights may be out so

don't think I've locked up on you. We are on Level 15; just follow the arrows

from the elevator.

"You may have to sit in the dark for a few minutes because Dr Hans will be

finishing with his 5 o'clock patient and he will be seeing that lady out the

door and he knows you are waiting. Thank you and have a good day."

Jenny gets off the phone at least satisfied she's done something about it, even

if it isn't what she wanted exactly. She assumes they are probably all much the

same anyway in their knowledge. She is glad now she is wearing her navy business

suit which makes her look a bit less sexy even though she has her pale blue

matching nylon stockings and garter belt on with her matching g-string pale blue

lace tree leaf shaped panties and high heels.

She figures that because her navy business suit skirt reaches to within six

inches from her knees it is not as provocative as the much shorter skirts she

usually wears to work to drive the men crazy and upset the other women. In any

case, she only has to talk to him and ask his opinion. It's quite simple.

At lunch time Jenny breezes down to the building's big cafeteria and after

paying for her snack meal she sees a man waving to her as she is walking out.

"Hello Jenny, what a co-incidence running into you. I see you have booked in for

a massage on Thursday," he says as she is walking his table where he is sitting

with another man. It is the old therapist who worked on her injured knee a few

weeks ago.

"Oh hello, yes my knee is much better now thanks for your help. But no injuries

it's just that I need to wind down a bit and relax, it's been a frantic

fortnight for me and I'm going away on a business trip on Friday so I just want

to tone up, you know."

He smiles his rugged look smile. He is old but masterful. "Well young lady, you

know you're in capable hands with me; I will see you when you get in on

Thursday. I believe my girl booked you in at the end of the day because I must

say it's been pretty busy lately and I guess you got the last available time

slot even though it the late one."

She waltzes off without being introduced to the man sitting with the old

physiotherapist. Jenny will discover when she goes for her sex therapist

appointment at six o'clock that the man friendly over coffee with him is none

other than Dr Hans. Felicity Feelgood's consulting rooms are on the same floor

as the masseur and the two men struck up conversation heading for the elevator

at lunchtime. What a coincidence. Did he ask the old man what was that all about

with the spunky young woman with the busty low cleavage? Did one man let slip

what can go on behind closed doors? Do men ever talk to each other about sexy

women? Is the Pope Catholic?

The day goes fast when you are enjoying your work but Jenny is glad it's time to

pack up. The quicker she can get the sex therapist visit out the way the better

she will feel. She gets held up with a late request from her boss and arrives 10

minutes after closing time, finding the door unlocked as the receptionist says.

The remainder of tenants on the same floor have all gone home. She hears voices

in another room and hopes he won't be too long. She doesn't have to wait more

than 10 minutes and the previous patient, a woman aged about 30 who is in office

attire, comes out adjusting her hair. She closes the door behind her and within

a minute Dr Hans appears and says, "Please come in."

Jenny enters the consulting rooms, which consists of a desk, a long sofa, an

examination table with a pillow and white sheet, which Dr Hans has just

replaced, a full-length mirror, a change room and two visitor chairs. There is a

door to another room but it is closed.

He turns to meet her. "My goodness, you are the young lady I saw in the coffee

shop today. What a coincidence," he says. Jenny is taken aback for a moment, not

expecting that man with her psythiotherapist to be this man here. "Oh yes,

pleased to meet you Dr Hans," she replies with a slightly embarrassed look on

her face already wondering if the other man said anything about her. "Yes, it's

a small world," she laughs off.

He gestures to a seat. "Now tell me in the shortest most simplest way, why you

are here."

"Well doctor, I feel a bit silly saying this but my stepfather is sort of

concerned that I sort of might be sort of getting a bit like a nymphomaniac.

Well sort of."

"In one sentence why would he think that young lady?"

"Maybe because my sex drive is quite strong and I tend to go out of my way to

tease men with my looks, the way I dress and my good figure. I just want to know

is that normal or am I needing help?"

"Ah, young lady, Jenny isn't it, your problem is quite common among young women

today. We are living in a very liberated society and sexual overtones abound

everywhere. It is often hard to escape sex in some form or another. Naturally

your father, or your stepfather I think you said, is being the typical parent.

He must care a lot for you."

"Yes he does doctor, he and I are very close. So doctor Hans I am not a

nymphomaniac am I?"

He laughs gingerly. "Well Jenny, it's a matter of professional interpretation.

Look, I need to have a really good heart to heart talk with you and ask you a

lot of fairly personal questions and you need to be quite frank with me

otherwise I can't help you."

"Oh doctor, I will do my best since we're only having a talk aren't we?"

"Yes of course. There is no physical examination involved." She breathes a sigh

of relief.

"Now to get started please lie down on the examination bench with your clothes

on so just as you are so we can talk. I want you to relax completely and sitting

up on that narrow chair you won't relax enough. Now about your question on what

makes a young lady a nympho and what doesn't when there could be a thin line

between normal and abnormal behaviour that's a decision I arrive at after a full

consideration of the information I get from your answers. It is largely about

your attitude too, very much a frame of mind thing to find out how healthy you

are in your total outlook on the more private side of your life. You know, what

makes Jenny the young woman tick under that nice business suit."

"Oh doctor, I am quite healthy I don't need to be examined or get undressed. I

just want to know if my behaviour is normal or abnormal."

"Jenny you look quite normal and sound quite normal, but what is normal? The way

we dress for example, often disguises the real person that we are. Some people

dress a certain way to cover up, some dress a certain way to show as much of

their body as possible.

"Now when I look at you I see what appears to be a young woman in a

sophisticated business uniform. You look very pleasant in your high heels but

who is the woman under the clothes? Is the real person hiding behind a fake

image for example? We often say people are sometimes not what they seem. It is

only when we strip away the exterior veneer that we can see who we really are.

Now in your case I think your problem is in the mind, in your attitude to

things, so I want you to take off your skirt and top and just be in your normal

underwear while I ask you some personal questions."

Jenny's face drops. This is not what she expected but since he is the

professional he is in control but she resists, thinking he is just like all the

other men wanting to take advantage of her good looks in a vulnerable situation.

"Please doctor, I don't want to take my clothes off. I only came here to have a

talk. That's all I thought I had to do, is just talk to you and you would talk

back to me but nothing more. I can't see any sense in me undressing."

She wishes she had not put on her transparent low cut black lace bra that only

just lets her bulbous puffy nipples sit behind cover with the rest or her choice

of skimpy semi-transparent matching black lace panties that make her look ever

so stunning in her sheer nylon stockings and garter belt with high heels

ensemble. She was, after all, expecting the female sex therapist to be on duty.

He folds his arms and states his case. "Jenny, I am a working professional and

you must expect when you go to a sex therapist there should be nothing to hide.

If you can't trust me, how can I help you with your problem?" Besides I am not

asking you to take everything off."

"But doctor, I am not sure if I even have a problem. I only wanted to talk."

They continue for the next five minutes bartering with each other. She doesn't

want to strip off her clothes and just be in her underwear knowing how sexy she

is attired underneath, yet she is afraid he will tell her she is wasting his

time.

"I'm sorry doctor but I'm so young and maybe if I were a lot older I wouldn't

worry so much but to take my skirt and top off is asking too much."

"Are you ashamed of your body Jenny? Is there something that prevents you from

being open and honest with your doctor?"

"No of course not. I am proud of my body, it's in good shape but I thought this

is about my state of mind, not my figure. Besides if I take my skirt and top

off, I'll only be in my underwear."

"Precisely young lady. In your underwear. Not really undressed at all. And I

must correct you in saying that this consultation is not about your body as your

mind because it seems that it's your lovely looking body that so concerns your

father to have you come here."

She knows she can't push her charade with him any further at this point. "Well

I'll take them off only if you don't take too much notice of how I am in my

underwear."

Ah, he thinks, the ice is melting at last. They always give in eventually. He

knows that a lot of women like to exhibit their body in certain sheltered

circumstances and then act innocently as though it's an invasion of their

privacy while all the time enjoying the experience. He is not quite sure yet

whether Jenny is one of them.

"Okay Jenny, just do it so we can get on with this session. I will try not to

look at you too much but you must surely know it's my professional objective to

study you to get to the root cause of your concerns" The busty teen. removes off

her skirt and top and rests them over the back of the second visitor's chair,

standing momentarily in just her high heels, pale blue nylon stockings garter

belt and her beautiful curvaceous figure adorned by a pearl necklace, matching

pearl earrings and her favourite slave chain on her left ankle.

He is sitting down and she has her back to him in some kind of useless modesty

and the first view he gets of her without clothes is her completely bare and

perfectly shaped firm buttocks. Just like he'd expect from a young teenager. Her

skirt falls to the floor and she bends over to pick it up and from where he sits

he gets a gratifying view between her legs and the full shape of her pussy held

in by the skimpy black lace material. She puts the skirt back on the top of the

chair more carefully and then lies back on the white sheet.

"Now that's better Jenny. You can leave your high heel shoes on and your nylons.

I must say they suit you very well, you have good taste in clothes."

Jenny smiles as soon as she ever hears anything said good about her. It is also

one of her weaknesses. "Thank you dor, I do try to be pretty."

"Now just pout your head back on the pillow, let me gets your legs more

comfortable so you can relax properly He shifts her shoes about two feet apart.

He compliments her on her choice of underwear and colour matching.

"I see you are a young lady with real style," he says caressing her ego. "Now,

where were we? Oh yes, now Jenny I will ask you questions you must answer and

there is a real reason for these personal questions as I must get into your mind

as to how you think and why and to ascertain your particular psyche. Do you

understand?"

"Yes Dr Hans."

"We will start by going back to your early years growing into the beautiful

young lady you are today, right back to where your first inclinations of

sexuality started if you can remember. This gives me an idea of what motivates

your attitude today, which is somewhat confusing. You are a very attractive

teenager who on one hand worried about possibly being or becoming a nymphomaniac

due to your perceived high libido and yet this same young lady is shy attacking

off some clothes in front of her sex therapist.

"Well if you put it that way Dr Hans, I will be in your hands to know what's

best."

"That's better young lady. Now I am going to talk about you and your decisions.

Let's start with your early sex life. When did you first want to be intimate

with someone and who was that person?"

"It was my adopted father, my step daddy, but we never did anything like sex

until, would you believe, only last night and I've been 18 now for just over

three months. When I was 17 it nearly happened but it was more in my mind than

daddy's and nothing happened. I always wanted to do something with him years and years ago but he was just the perfect gentleman and brought me up from eight to 18 without ever touching me until last night."

"What about your mother? How was your relationship with her."

"Mom died in an accident caused by a drunk driver just before I turned nine and

my new father married mom when I was just four. Her first husband took off with

another woman and my stepfather is the only father I can really relate to.

thought that was wonderful of him but I always felt he was missing out on love

and as a young teen I yearned to be there for him in that way because I felt he

deserved intimacy."

"Was there any nudity involved then?"

"Yes, but not when mom was alive. When they were together I used to sneak down

the hallway at night after they thought I was tucked up asleep and I could hear

them making out in bed. I didn't know or understand what they were doing except

that they were being lovers and whatever lovers do. On a few occasions I would

grab a sneak peak but they were mostly in the dark and there was a lot of

puffing and panting noises.

"One night though they did have the light on and I was petrified I would be

discovered crouching just outside their door. Lucky for me daddy was too busy

looking at mom who was sitting on top of him, like between his legs somewhere

and she was bobbing up and down and moving herself forwards and back and sort of swivelling around. Mom was looking at daddy's face so this night I did get a

good look at them making love and that was the only sex education I ever had. I

never forgot what I saw and after that I wished I could be like mom who was over

the moon being so happy at what they were doing."

All the time Jenny is speaking about her early life Dr Hans is looking

appreciatively at her immaculate thighs as he sits alongside her and level with

the tops of her stockings. Jenny always looks stunning in her lace garter belt

and nylon stockings. He listens to her but is also intently studying her body.

His eyes skate in slow motion across the surface of her silken skin, reaching

her pubis area as it arches up high and curves over into her pussy just inches

away.

Her semi-transparent panties hold her pussy in tightly, squeezing upwards the

shape of her vulva. It gives him a deep cameltoe offered by the generous

cleavage in the crack of her pussy and makes his heart skip a beat as he takes

in the sight of her tightly restrained clitoris hood and protruding inner lips

buckled under the paper thin material.

"Tell me Jenny, what affect did it have on you seeing what you saw?" he asks.

"Well Dr Hans I was almost nine at that time and I would always go back to my

room and touch myself where it felt good because I did get excited. Maybe that's

because Iwas being naughty and should not be where I was at the time so being

naughty then made me more excited."

"Did they ever find out about you spying on them?"

"No, would you believe it was only last night I confessed to my daddy what I

did."

"And what did you tell him?"

"That when I heard them in their bedroom and sometimes took a look when I could

get away with it, I wanted to find out how it could be so nice as momma really

did go off. The only clue I had one night daddy told her loud enough for me to

hear to open her legs wider so he could get in.

"I went back to my room that night and pretended I was mom and laid on top of my bed with my legs open wide and put two of my fingers inside and moved them

about. I got the impression that lovemaking was all about putting fingers and

things insidethe pussy. How was I to know? It always felt good but I could not

get as happy doing it as mom did when daddy was with her.

"I was a wreck after mom was killed in the accident and most of my ninth

birthday year daddy tried so hard to make me happy again with nice toys and a

big birthday party." He notices that Jenny seems to be enjoying reviving these

memories."Sometime after that I really started to notice him like I never did

before. I think I was 10 at the time and I got more interested in how I was

looking growing up by admiring myself in the mirror. I wanted him to see me nude

to see how lovely I looked so I often would walk around him with nothing on

wanting him to say how nice I looked. Is this normal Dr Hans?"

"Yes, of course it is, a lot of young girls become show offs when they are

growing.They don't regard it as a sexual experience, just a physical

appreciation thing. But go on, I need to find a turning point if there is one."

"Well I was somewhere between 10 and 11, maybe just over 11 when I started

having really better feelings down there and about the same time I noticed my

nipples starting to sprout into big domes that I first got a bit breathless from

the feeling I got playing with myself.

"I didn't even know it was called a clit, it just felt nice and the feeling got

stronger as I reached my first year as a teen."

"Can you recall your first orgasm?"

"Well, I didn't know what an orgasm was when it happened. As I said I was

beginning to develop breasts. As you can see, mine are quite large at 38 inches

on a fairly narrow back and back then I was an early riser that way with the

buds being quite big. By the time I was 12 I had developed a 32-inch B cup bust

and my puffies looked really were huge on me. I used to be embarrassed after

school sports when we all showered"

"But what about your first orgasm, Jenny, did you do it, was it a teacher maybe

or somehow else?"

"I can remember because it was just after my birthday when I often felt really

sexy. I guessed that was to do with my hormones thing with my nipples and

breasts getting bigger. I used to go to bed always thinking of my mother and

adopted father making love and those thoughts stayed with me as I felt myself.

When I was eight I didn't have a clue what was going on but you learn fast about

things at school and by the time I was 11 it dawned on me why my mother sounded so happy.

"Well, I wanted to find out what it felt like to have something inside me than

was better than my fingers or a spoon and silly thing we girls used to

experiment with. I brought home this day a really nice big carrot that I spotted

because it looked like it could be the size of a man's cock, even the shape as

well as the size. It actually excited me selecting it at the fruit and vegetable

store.

"Daddy didn't know of course and when he was not around I made it nice and

smooth and put baby oil over it that night to see if it would fit in me. I

didn't think it would, a virgin and me being tight. I was surprised how easy it

went in after I made myself excited first. My hymen was not strong and was

already broken at sport so I could have a lot of fun with the big carrot

pretending it was daddy.

"My orgasm came after I did a lot of playing with my clit and kept sliding the

carrot in and out pretty fast. I was all the time imagining it was a real cock

and my first love. My thoughts were strong for daddy and I kept it up thinking

like this and noticed I was getting out of breath with excitement and this most

amazing feeling came right over me. My scalp was tingling, my toes curled up

tight, and I sort of went into a spasm of some kind. I thought I was going to

die only the feeling was good, not bad. I cried out and then my whole body felt

like it was on a carpet floating in space. It was so beautiful.

"I didn't know that was an orgasm. I found out talking to school friends who

were much the same as me trying to experiment with things in their pussy. After

that experience, I wanted to do it again and again and looked for things that

resembled a man's cock. But I really wanted the man who was closest to me."

Jenny is so involved recounting her story that she has unwittingly become quite

wetand he notices that the crack in her panties looks damp. He makes out he

doesn't notice but his eyes keep going back to the spot. He is certain that

talking about her early school days she is reliving some kind of a dream and as

he watches, she is getting sexually aroused He wants to expose her breasts and

somehow pull her panties down enough to reveal explicitly her naked pussy so he

keeps up the questions about her inner feelings.

"Jenny what you did with the carrot is not out of character of what many girls

around that age do- sometimes younger, sometimes older, to simulate penile

entry. On the surface it seems perverted but in reality it is normal behaviour

so how old were you when you first experienced real intercourse? He was

expecting her to say some time in her school days and got a surprise.

"It was just three weeks ago, just a couple of months after I turned 18. Ever

since I was 17 I wanted to have my pussy pierced so when I turned 18 I decided

to do it butdid not tell my father in case he disapproved. I had to take proof

of age with me because it involved taking my panties off and spreading my legs.

Actually the whole experience turned me on somewhat as it was a double piercing

in my clit I selected after the piercer man showed me a catalogue of samples and

how they worked to enhance stimulation.

"My euphoria was so high I got carried away wondering how it would feel if a

cock was rubbing against it and before I knew it I asked the poor man to show

me. I had never had sex with anyone before that and looking back it seems so

crazy that the first man to do me was older than my own father by about 10

years. I felt sorry for him putting him on the spot like that but I could not

wait to know. No one else would ever know so I took the gamble and begged him to show me what it was like with my pussy pierced. He did say he should not be

doing it and he only did it because he wanted to please me

"He was very well hung I can remember so well as he really filled me up. He did

it slow motion and very fast in different ways so I could tell how his penis was

making the clit rings add to the stimulation. I did get a rather loud orgasm."

Jenny giggles as if she is confessing something to a school friend, not her sex

therapist.

"I see," he says leaning forward feeding on her every word. "And how many times

have you experienced intercourse my dear?"

"All up â€“ no pun intended doctor â€“ about 10 times but with five separate men,

one of them my daddy last night for the first time but it was actually three

times we had it."

"Hmm who were the other men and what ages were they."

"Well, I'm not positive about age but I think the man who pierced my pussy was

bout 10 years older than my daddy who is 50, and my boss just turned 50 and he

talked me into it, one was the masseur you were having coffee with today and the

other man was a client of my boss and he was about 55."

"Jenny I see that so far all your sex has been with older men, much older men,

men some 30 years older than you. Is there a reason for that? Are you transfixed

to older men because of your father love?"

"Doctor it just happens that way. I don't go looking for them with the exception

of my daddy whom I really do go after. I've wanted him for a long, long while

and as soon as I knew what real lovemaking was about as a schoolgirl I just

wanted it with him.As far as young men are concerned I don't have any boyfriends

but did date a few boys for a while but there was no sex involved as I was 16

and 17. I think though that boys just don't have a clue compared to older men

and I was greedy for an experienced hand on me not some one learning about it."

"You are not adverse to younger men though, surely?"

"Well no doctor, but a lot of them think only of themselves whereas older men

know what a girl wants because they've probably found out the hard way years

before I guess if I ran into a really handsome guy in his twenties and if he was

well hung especially I could get keen but only if he spoilt me."

Doctor Hans is looking for a lead from her answers for his own benefit that

might put him on the path to the entrance of her pussy. If only, if only, he

keeps thinking as his keen eyes dwell on the sight of her smooth thighs and the

damp swell behind her tight panties. "Now these situations that led you to have

sex with older men who were total strangers, why was that?" he asks, hoping

there is a clue somewhere to help his own problem on how to take advantage of

her nubile body.

"Oh as I said, those things just happened but in the case of the masseur and the

man who did my pussy piercing I think it was the culmination of me being

undressed in front of them while they went about their work and I knew they were

perving on me just watching their faces and I could tell their cocks were erect

so I must have excited them. It was a kind of game to let them think they could

coerce me and turn a pretty girl into a slut for their pleasure that made it

exciting for me to let it happen."

The doctor is burning in his loins. The more he sees, the more he hears, the

more desirable she appears. So ravenous, so close and yet so far away. Dare he

risk his reputation yet he feels sure she is not a nympho but at times may as

well be one with an apparent appetite for cock.

"Hmm, this is interesting Jenny, now about your boss. He is about 50 and are you

attracted to him in any way?"

"Yes and no. Physically he is really good in all respects and he does shower me

with gifts like my new car so I give him some fun because I can see he is a

perving type."

"What do you mean by that exactly?

"Well doctor I always go to the office in very sexy clothes like micro mini

skirts and g-string panties and low cleavage tops to deliberately get his

attention."

"And?"

"Well, it works because he made me his personal secretary, gave me a new BMW car and other gifts and this weekend he is taking me on a business trip with him.

All the other girls at work are very jealous of me. In fact, they can't stand me

for being so attractive. They think he promoted me by putting beauty before

brains as one nasty girl said once. They don't know we've had sex but I think

they all suspect it but they fear for their jobs so they don't make an issue out

of it. "

"So you did something for the car, eh, and his other gifts? Give me one example?

"Well he wanted to shoot a high definition video of me dancing in my underwear,

pretty much like I am wearing right now, and then doing more lurid things for

his warped fantasies."

"Such as?"

"Sitting back in his executive chair with my legs spread over each side and

using a wickedly big vibrator on myself."

Doctor Hans is now convinced he must surely score if he plays his cards right.

No woman could do that with her boss and yet be conservative with him.

"And I suppose Jenny he then had sex with you?"

"Yes, I'm ashamed to say."

"Let me tell you something Jenny that may make you feel good about yourself

instead of feeling ashamed; there are lots of women in executive positions in

corporate life today who got there by using their body more than their brain.

Sex in the office is pretty much part of our Western culture. It happens in

other places too where people with something in common like to share a daring

experience, even though it may be a once in a lifetime daring adventure into

sex.

"Jenny I feel as though you are opening up to me and being more relaxed but I

still sense a bit of shyness in you. "This session must be explicit honest and

frank where you hide no detail from me that may help me see the real you. It's

the only way for us to get to the core of the problem. Having said that I want

you to hand me your bra and slide your panties down over your thighs."

She sits bolt upright. "You what?"

"I want you to take off your bra and pull your panties down as far as the tops

of your stockings."

"What on earth for doctor? "Haven't I done enough? I am in my underwear now and there's not much of that either so isn't this being open or frank enough for

you? Just answering your questions is stripping away my privacy doctor, so isn't

that enough?"

"Frankly, no," he replies. "Look, this is a test of your integrity Jenny. If you

hold back on me I could easily think what else is she holding back on in order

for me to give my professional opinion on your problem. If you hand me your bra

and pull your panties down where I said to move them I will know you are

genuinely trying to be fully open and frank with me. It's like baring your soul

and you have to do it if you have nothing to hide and you will find once you do

that you will be able to more readily answer some very personal questions I put

to you. In other words, I am preparing you to be explicit in your answers to me

â€“ no ifs and no butts."

"No doctor, I won't do it. I mean, why should I? "

"Oh Jenny, please don't be difficult. Look that lady you saw leaving just as you

came in took her clothes off completely and she didn't complain to me."

"Well doctor, maybe she was here for a different reason. I am only here to talk

to you not to be examined physically"

"You are wrong Jenny, she has a concern that is all in the mind and that affects

a lot of people in their sexual performance. I had to show her hoe to achieve a

much stronger orgasm so he can guide her husband to the g-spot as it seems he is

a bit inexperienced in pleasing his woman."

Jenny looks wide-eyed at him. "You gave her an orgasm?"

"Yes, it's what she came here for. It's not really unusual in our profession.

Some women need reassurance at times and they like a slow hand to experience a

fruitful climax. It is not a personal type of sex situation, it is purely for

professional reasons."

"Yes of course," she says, not believing him one bit. "Well, I'm not like that

woman and I'm here for something completely different and surely you can

determine the cause of my so-called problem just by talking to me. That's why I

won't strip off any further. I am sorry.

He doesn't answer but ponders his next move. Jenny reinforces her

argument."There you sit comfortably in your chair fully clothed and expect me to

be undressed. I don't see you taking your pants down to show me how honest and

open you are. See, when the boot is on the other foot you sit back with an

amazed look on your face."

Dr Hans wants to break the stalemate quickly without the interview breaking

down. So he surprises her by jumping to his feet suddenly. .

"All right then Jenny, I'll show you what frank honesty is about an set an

example for you to follow." He takes off his shirt and tie, removes his pants

and then steps out of his white undies, his penis bouncing upwards in a half

erection as he releases it from its prison. He is not one to brag about the size

of his member. It speaks for itself.

Jenny puts a hand over her mouth in total shock. "Oh my gawd," she says, "what

are you doing?"

"Jenny I'm doing something very simple like I asked you to do. Now you see I

have your attention, you can see I have nothing to hide so why are you afraid to

be as open and honest as I am?"

She giggles at the absurdity of it, but admires his cocksure attitude and none

the least the size of his personal belongings. Jenny is a real sucker for a big

looking cock. "Allright doctor, you win. But I'm only doing it because you

insist for professional reasons, not because I want to so please understand

that."

"Of course," he says, gratified that his stab in the dark worked. Just as Jenny

tosses him her bra and starts wriggling her panties over her hips he changes his

mind.

"No, take them off altogether now you made me do this," he retorts with

authority in his voice. His voice sounds so commanding Jenny obeys him and gets

the tiny clump of black lace covering down her legs. He grabs the tiny bundle

and drags it over her ankles. He smiles gratefully. She is the epitome of

sensual beauty lying before him now in nothing more than her sheer nylon

stockings, garter belt and high heel shoes.

He wants her to remain in her high heel shoes. There is something about scantily

clad women and high heel shoes that go so well together.

The doctor can't believe his luck he has got her to take off her bra and panties

and he is ogling her magnificent elongated puffy nipples on such generous and

firm breasts.Her pussy is smooth and bare; her clitoris and inner lips

protruding slightly out from her crack and making her pussy look even more

delicious.

"Ah, I see you have two rings in your clitoris. Is that from the man you said

fucked you; I mean that you said was your first intercourse experience?"

"Yes doctor. The two rings give me twice as much sensation there. He talked me

into it probably because it took twice as long to have me there with my legs

wide apart but he was the expert not me and the piercing jobs are everything he

said they would be compared to just one.

"Do you mind if I have a close look?"

She shrugs her shoulders. How can she tell a sex therapist not to look at a pussy?

He leans across with his face just a foot away from her most valuable asset,

admiring her natural beauty in the total sense as though she were a child and

totally innocent. "Do you mind if I touch those rings in the pussy? I am rather

fascinated at how girls put these things in their clitoris like you have." She

nods because she figures he will anyway. "I'd hate to have one sticking out of

the head of my old fella," he says with a muted laugh.

He fiddles lightly with the piercing, one that goes through the shaft of her

clitoral hood and is strategically positioned behind the sensitive nerve centre

of the clitoris glans and the other at the entrance of her clitoris hood so that

it rubs against her glans when it becomes erect from stimulation.

"Can you feel that? What I am doing?"

"Yes doctor, you are giving me a nice tingle but don't keep it up as I get wet

very easily."

"You lubricate that quick?"

"Yes doctor, I have always been easily aroused. Maybe it is because I started so

young playing with my baby clit and making it bigger and fatter and trying

things inside me pretending they were cocks."

"Hmm, yes, maybe that's why, anyway now where were we?

"Ah yes, as I am finding out things about how you think and act, I need you to

give me one or two examples of things you did as a girl to go down this track of

being a prick teaser. Where did it start?"

She screws her face up a bit and scratches her head. "Gee doctor, there have

been so many I have to think for a minute..."

"Well, apart from getting around daddy at home with nothing on."

"No," he interjects, "I mean examples outside your home."

"Well because daddy ignored how sexy I thought I was when I was growing up, back when I was around 10 and 11 I used to love wearing very short skirts for daddy and at times when I went to the shops I would take my panties off before leaving home and when I saw a man daddy's age somewhere on his own in the mall or somewhere I went out of my way to bend over where he could not help but notice I had nothing on under my skirt. I often did that sort of thing, and often riding the escalators in the shopping centres so men behind me could see up my skirt

"I only had one funny experience when I did that and a man behind me actually

put his hand under my mini and squeezed my bum. I got such a shock I wasn't game to look back and I scooted off in a hurry.

"When I first started high school we had a really gorgeous sports master who put

our class of girls through various gym routines, like on the beam and doing hand

stands. He always had us doing hand stands to see who could stand upside down

the longest and because he always stood holding us by the ankles while we were

upside down one at a time, some of the girls one day decided to wear really sexy

panties instead of the big bloomer cottontail ones that went with our short

sports tunics. Two of the girls didn't wear any pants at all to give him a real

buzz. We all watched him looking but he never said boo to us girls playing up

like that. We got a real buzz too and I think there was some fingering going on

at night when we all went to bed and thought about how we turned him on."

"And tell me Jenny, were you one of those not wearing panties?"

"Oh no not at first. because I thought I would get marched off for punishment or

even be expelled so I played safe by wearing a tiny nylon pair that were kids

size and being too small on me they pulled into the crack of my pussy and bum

but I could always say I was wearing pants. When he said nothing I knew he was

happy with me"

"And you teased him real bad eh?"

"Oh yes I am sure of it."

Dr Hans shakes his head. "You young teenage girls, is this common behaviour

flirting like this? I mean, it is very provocative behaviour isn't it?"

"Oh doctor, I could tell you all sorts of things we girls used to get up to

flaunting ourselves. Flashing by opening our knees in certain situations and

bending over in certain situations was just so easy to do when we wanted to be

little prick teasers.Showing our nipples was so easy and fun but mainly for

strangers just for kicks."

"So your prick teasing ways started as a young girl â€“ in your preteen years and

then you became bolder at high school and quite sophisticated at it when you

started work? Is that a fair assessment?"

Jenny nods her head. "I think from a girl's point of view in our own way,

secretly, we were having sex in our minds at least. That was like having sex to

me before I ever got to high school. Apart from touching myself it was my only

way to express myself and I got a kick out of knowing a man or a boy, but mostly

men, were noticing me. It made me feel desirable to them. It sort of compensated

for daddy not getting turned on by my new sexuality and close presence to be

touched."

"So you admit you wanted him to touch you as a young girl but because he didn't

you went out of your way year by year and with growing sophistication in your

means and ways to tease men so they would want to touch you."

Jenny nods her head limply up and down a couple of times.

He raises his eyebrows. "And now you are 18 do you think you are getting worse,

just as bad or less inclined to be a prick teaser?" As he speaks he moves across

to Jenny and shifts her feet a bit further apart so they are now three feet

apart. "There, you look a bit more comfortable now," he says and sits down to

continue his notes with a much better view between her totally exposed upper

shapely thighs and the jewel box in the centre sitting up so nicely for him to

see clearly. She lets him have his moment but she wants to raise his temperature

and pulse rate and also frustrate him for kicks. This is her specialty.

"Oh I think I am much the same doctor but now I am an adult and with a good

figure I can really turn it on. You should have seen my stepfather's face when I

showed him my new micro bikini! He was horrified to think I would wear it

anywhere and I showed him because I wanted him to see up close my bare pussy. I

was basically forcing him to stare at it and that gave me a real trip."

"Hmmm, well when you come back for the second half of your appointment tomorrow I want you to put that on so I can visualise the way your behaviour can affect someone who has normal sexual responses. Will you do that?"

"I suppose so doctor. I mean, if it's part of my treatment."

"Okay Jenny, let's move on to a couple of other things. I am going to ask you

your attitude to threesomes. Have you ever engaged in sex with two men at the

one time?"Dr Hans has good reason to ask the question, as he always likes to

double-check his forward planning.

"No doctor I haven't but I often wonder what it would be like. I think most

women would find that kind of thing quite erotic. If I was lying on my back in a

dress that was pulled up and a man was kissing me passionately for example, and

his friend was fingering me or kissing my pussy at the same time now that would

be down dirty exciting."

His horn is killing him but he figures its time will come if he is careful. "And

I imagine if two men made love to you at the same time and once was say, in his

forties and one say not much older than you that would be more stimulating as

you'd have the combination of young and old?"

"Well that sounds like a good fantasy doctor but I couldn't imagine how it could

happen in my case, but if it ever did I hope they are both well hung."

He smiles, liking what he hears.

He puts his pants back on and suggests they should stop for a 10-minute break

and have a cup of coffee so she can stretch her legs after lying on her back for

45 minutes.

"The doctor who runs this clinic has a small kitchen out through this other door

as I believe she sometimes stays here overnight. We can continue the session

questions as we brew the coffee anyway so we won't be wasting time. There is so

much to explore about you and I do want to wrap this up tomorrow with an opinion

on our situation that's accurate and based on real experiences rather than

razzle dazzle talk."

"Makes sense to me," Jenny replies as she follows him through the door. "Yes

come on through by all means," he says looking back.

He puts on the light and she is amazed at what she sees in the room owned by Dr

Felicity Feelgood, the practitioner she was intending to see first.

It is a huge room as the doctor has taken over two other adjoining leases and

expanded her work area into a private section as well. That's why her signage

went such a long distance along the corridor, she realises, and stops next to

the masseur/therapist she visited only a few weeks ago about her injured knee.

"Oh wow, look at this," she exclaims. "My gawd, what are those contraptions

there and there," she points as if he didn't know they were there.

"Oh dear Felicity, you little devil," he mutters out loud. "You know Jenny, I

have never been in this room before as I don't go into her private area to make

coffee as there is a bathroom and change room already adjoining the consulting

rooms. I've never had to come in here so this is very interesting."

"Yes doctor, but what's that funning looking machine thing there."

"He laughs. "Oh good heavens she's got a fucking machine."

"A machine?"

"Yes, a fucking machine"

"Yes I know you said that already but what kind of machine is it?

"It's a fucking machine!"

"Oh please Dr Hans you don't have to get nasty, I only asked what kind of

machine and you keep using that language and don't answer me."

He throws his head back laughing. "Oh this is just beautiful. You know Jenny,

you are so cute and I forgot you are just a teenager and probably don't know

these things exist. It's a fucking machine like I said. I wasn't swearing.

That's what they are called. It fucks."

"Who does it fuck? Her clients? Goodness and I was asking reception to book me

in to see her. My God, look at the size of that dildo cock shaped thing at the

end of the rod. It must be ten inches long. " Jenny walks over to it and

squeezes it in her hand and tries to imagine someone being pummelled by it.

"It looks so real and even feels real," she quips. He jokes back, "Maybe Dr

Felicity will let you try it when she gets back."

Jenny is now inquisitive about this new sex toy she didn't know existed.

"Doctor, are they easy to operate or so you have to have a driver's licence,"

she says throwing her head back in a mocking gesture. "Nah, nothing to it, the

woman just lies on that bench part and the dildo is lined up and set at the

right distance and it's action stations once the power is switched on." Jenny

wants to know why these huge sex toys exist.

"Well young lady it's really part of the twilight world of BDSM and the user's

get their kicks tying the woman in those special restraints you see there, or

even gagging her or blindfolding her while they watch the machine pummel her

pussy."

"What, so Doctor Felicity Feelgood uses this contraption to simulate intercourse?"

"I guess so, but I rarely fill in for Felicity so I don't know much about her

business but someone once told me she was bi and good on her if she is. For all

I know she might use the machine on herself."

Jenny couldn't hide her sudden interest in the female sex therapist after

hearing this,and he noticed her curiosity.

"Gee, she sounds an interesting lady. How old is she doctor?"

"Ooh I never ask a woman her age but I believe she is somewhere between 30 and

40 and damn good looking too."

Jenny thinks how interesting to find this out. In the back of her mind she

already thinks she should come back and see the female doctor with an excuse to

try the machine out. Sensing Dr Felicity likes to look she could make out she

can't get a man to last long enough without blowing quickly and she needs a long

sustained experience to get her own orgasm. She decides she will do it soon, and

who knows what else may happen if she's bi?

Dr Hans hands Jenny her coffee and wishes he could get his hands all over her

body as she stands there in nothing else but her high heel shoes, sheer

stockings and garter belt. She looks more ravishing by the minute to the fill-

in doctor who is secretly craving to fill her in. with his cock not just his

opinions. He asks has she ever had a bi-sex experience and is surprised to get

an affirmative answer from someone so young.

"It was to please my boss. He arranged the whole thing. It was part of my deal

when he made me his personal secretary and he gave me my own BMW car and other gifts that I play along with his fantasies and act them out. One was to spend

the night with this rather attractive bi girl who was the niece of one of his

golfing cronies.

"Did you ever regret what happened?"

"No it was wonderful actually. It was a first for me but we hit it off so well I

could do it all over again given the chance, but she's gone back to the country

now. She really knew how to bring me on. Oh wow like."

He looks over his notes. "If you really think you are perhaps oversexed to put

it in a mild context, I take it then you have possibly attended those raunchy

male stripper parties â€“ you know, the girls' only one where the male studs are

really well hung and the booze runs freely and things happen before the night is

over. You like going to those places?"

"No, I've never been to anything like that. I didn't know they existed."

He smiles as if not to believe her. "Well Jenny, there is a surprise coming your

way when you meet Paul tomorrow. He's Dr Feelgood's new understudy just

graduating as a fully qualified sex therapist and he comes in here once a week

with her to sit in and get the feel of the job so to speak as he will soon be

fulltime.

"He has been working nights as a male stripper and as a 23 year-old long hair

blond guy with a hunk of a body and hung like a black man he is, I understand,

the one the women rave over. He can tell you about these parties where the girls

let loose and indulge their fantasies with the male strippers. I'm surprised you

haven't gone to one already"

Jenny looks at him astounded. "Am I hearing you right doctor? A male stripper

coming here tomorrow? Good heavens. When I am here? Why? I hope you don't think I want him to get it off for me."

Dr Hans must reassure her it is part of his training. "Jenny this is Dr Felicity

Feelgood's rooms, not mine, but Paul comes in every Wednesday and no other

patients complain when he sits in and interacts in the discussions and so on.

After all, he will be working here fulltime within a month but his work as a

male stripper or stud or whatever they get called is just to supplement his

income meanwhile. Here, I'll write down the address of the website where they

post this stuff and you can look out for him there if you want to, he's the only

blond male stripper but I must warn you some of the women there get hold of him

before the nights are over and er, things do happen."

"Oh I don't believe that at all doctor, and I don't want to check out that

website; just running into the man tomorrow will be enough thank you. I am not

happy about it at all."

He notices however, she takes the website address from him and puts it in her

purse.

The doctor is still trying to get into Jenny's psyche. On one hand he sees a

broadminded young woman who, by her own admission, has consented to have sex

with her physiotherapist, her boss and the man who did her pussy piercing, she

worries she may be a nympho, she dresses very sexy and looks very sexy but she

seems to object to some of the things he puts to her.

He wonders if she is just trying to be a prick teaser to him and he decides that

is what she is up to. She will play hard to get because that's her nature, he

figures by what he's been told. She likes to be in charge so how can he make

that happen without compromising his rofessional position? He hopes tomorrow's

visit by the spunky 23 year-old stud cum male stripper cum sex therapist cum for

Jenny will be a turning point. She admits she is besotted with big cocks and

young Paul's is a monumental edifice of a kind that that the women at the hens'

parties queue up to get their hands on it. so Dr Hans hopes Jenny will turn up

for the second and final visit.

"I want you to hear my voice now instead of looking at me," so I'll just adjust

the way you are lying face down so you are comfortable" He puts the one pillow

for her chest to rest on and the other pillow he squeezes under her hips so her

naked backside is sitting up off the bench. He then moves her legs apart about a

foot as he takes a seat at the end of the bench where her high heel shoes comes

to rest under his nose. The view up her legs is nothing short of outrageously

generous The way her vagina lips are slightly open makes her appear erotically

ready to be taken from behind. That's what he'd dearly love to do and curses the

fact he is seeing this in his role as a medical professional, not a casual

somebody else who would not hesitate to fill that gap.

Jenny is quite certain she knows what he is up to but makes out she is unaware

of his likely intentions. She gets excited knowing her natural beauty is giving

him such an erection he could cum in his pants. She hopes he does.

"Jenny, we are coming to the last 30 minutes of this consultation so for this

part I want you to think hard about this thing called prick teasing, a trait in

young women that's more prevalent against older men than younger men for some

reason." His voice seems to drone on to Jenny who is getting a bit tired of

lying there virtually naked except for the kind of underwear that hides nothing,

but only enhances her sexuality. Nylons are often a man's best friends.

"I gather you liked to tease men with your sexuality because you felt your

adopted father basically did not seem to react to your flirtations as a girl

when you were trying to impress him with your firm young body as you were

developing towards womanhood. Is this right?"

"Yes doctor that is correct I'd say."

"Okay Jenny then was it a case of you wanting to be wanted. You wanted to be

noticed, you had to be noticed, you had an ego about how attractive you were and

you went out of your way to bring your sex appeal to their attention. Right or

wrong?"

"Okay doc, right. But is that all that bad?"

"No Jenny but it's most common in girls from seven to mid teens rather than at

your age."

"Well if that's the case I hope it's a healthy sign doctor because you are the

one that asked me to flash my assets in front of you. I mean, I didn't ask to

get undressed, you told me I had to."

"Ah yes Jenny, that's true but for different reasons. Now you are the one being

examined for attitude at the moment, not me so let me ask you what affect does

it have on you to know a man is looking at you in a sexy situation, like when

the said the school's sports master was holding you by your ankles when you were

learning handstands and you deliberately wore scanties pulled into your vagina?"

"Oh that's an easy one. It excites me in the mind first like it's a sort of mind

control thing. I love twisting my boss around - not my little finger â€“ but

rather twisting him around my clit. Ha ha ha. Anyway, I get wet in the pussy

real quick when I think I have got a man looking at me wishing he could have

me."

"So then Jenny, you see your sexuality and good looks as a form of domination.

You like to dominate the man by making him want you and you can call the shots.

It is prick teasing isn't it?"

"Yes of course it is and I really enjoy doing it."

He suggests to Jenny that if she likes to take control in these scenarios then

most likely her favourite position for intercourse is being on top of the man.

"No, no no," she wails: "Look I love being on top especially with my daddy

because I love to see his face because I know him, but if I don't know the

person intimately that's doing it I prefer him to take me from behind. That way

I don't see his face and I feel as though I am being forced into it and it has

an element of added safe rough excitement, like a make believe rape you know,

but no rough stuff involved. I know lots of girls who think the same.

"So underneath that prick teasing veneer you promote so well you admit you like

the thrill of being taken as you put it?

"Sort of", she replies. "Sort of like a rape that not a rape. A kind of force a

girl submits to as though she is powerless or helpless and just takes it."

His eyes light up at the very thought she might like to be submissive after all

and he is already thinking of ho he can get her into a three-way involvement

with young Paul the stripper. He knows Felicity's king size bed is so handy but

how does her get her into that room with a legitimate reason? Tomorrow can't

come quick enough for him.

The longer he talks to Jenny and the way she talks back is giving him very real

raunchy feelings about her. Under his breath he is saying 'My God, what a body,

I wonder if she will talk if I step out of line. How can I camouflage my

personal pursuit of her to look like it's genuine medical examination practice?"

"He leans forward and gives her a light slap on the cheeks of her bum saying not

to go to sleep on him. He no sooner said the words than he realised he wished

she could.

"Jenny these older men you engaged in during those professional visits, the

masseur nd the pussy piercer, did you egg them on, make them want to do

something or did they make the first move? I need to know this for consulting

reasons of course to get the full picture."

"Well doctor, as I said before those things sort of just happened but on both

occasions there was a lot of massage or feeling around my pussy area that really

turned me on. The physiotherapist had me undressed and was spreading my legs up and around and in all directions to test how my crook knee was going and I knew he was looking all the time between my legs and my pussy was wet from me knowing he was surely perving on me. The way he had my legs open so wide was making my vagina open and I could tell the dirty old man was taking advantage of me."

He listens intently for any clue that might help him get away with something

maybe equally audacious yet not alarming her. "But you didn't get upset?"

"No because the old buzzard was so smooth with his talk and his hands, when he

rubbed this hot oil on my thighs, especially inside me legs, made me melt. It

wasn't just nice it was downright sexy and I was getting worked up and next

thing while he was massaging inside the tops of my legs he kept skimming over my

clitoris and that was the end of me."

"What do you mean, the end of you?"

"Well, I feel a bit embarrassed to tell you but I'm one of those girls that

become helpless once my clit is properly aroused. I mean really aroused in a

slow build up to boiling point. The more he kept it up, the more I wanted him to

keep doing it. He didn't say a word but kept smiling and looking at my face and

I think it was the way I was giving out long deep sighs when he worked around

the tops of my inner thighs and kept glancing across my clitoris that things

changed."

"What do you mean by things changed?"

"Well it must have been the way I was responding to his occasional touches of my

clit and each time he did that, real accidental like as if he didn't mean to

graze it, it made me make a louder more urgent sort of moaning noise that made

him keep at it.

"It was just like a daddy teaching his daughter how a man should please her down

there the way he did it. Just the look on his face made me think of that and it

sort of excited me more thinking of how many girls get their first hands on

experience with a man like this only this old geezer was something else.

"His eyes hardly left my face as if he was reading every single contortion of my

face and the way my mouth was open, moaning with my tongue licking my lips

looking back at him in what must have been a very submissive sort of look

feeling so powerless and being controlled by his fingers."

By now Dr Hans has a roaring horn inside his pants but he can't let her know she

turns him on so easily. He is a sex therapist and not supposed to succumb to the

pleasures of the flesh and useful information, especially when his client is a

near naked buxom bare pussy 18 year-old lying there in just stockings and high

heel shoes describing how an aging physiotherapist once massaged her so well she

let him go all the way in an unscheduled full course intercourse.

He leans forward and lowers his voice, bringing his face much closer to her ever

so inviting vulva which seems to glisten from the way Jenny always smothers it

every day in special oils and creams. She enjoys a man being so close to her

pristine pussy when he can't touch it. "Jenny, I can understand a woman enjoying

that sort of accidental touch during a massage but it was a big step to go the

whole way with a man you never met before and who was, after all, supposed to be

attending to your in injured knee."

Jenny knows she has him excited. She sees it on the face of other men she loves

to tease and she knows her explicit explanation to his questions will make him

so horny it must be killing him not to be able to do anything about it. Her

earlier objections have him on the defensive about going on the attack and this

is her game plan. She wants a man to languish over her beauty and even crave for

her but in a way he can't touch her unless she consents and she won't consent to

this man.

Now she is in this position she thinks it's fun to turn the tables a bit on him

and come back the next day for the final consulting session to get his verdict

on her. She knows he has in mind some more advanced kind of tests and that whets her libido's appetite just as the conversation now wets her pussy.

What he doesn't know is that when she booked the appointment with a sex

therapist she really did it to explore an erotic occasion, wondering what

happens in these private consultations when a sexy young woman has to lay bare

her thoughts to the counsellor. She loves to show her body to excite the other

person in a situation where it's a safe environment and she can act innocent,

which is why she masterfully objected to having to undress for Dr Hans but all

the time knowing it would excite him to see her uncovered.

The nympho concern is just her front for a reason to play out this adventure as

she's simply a strong libido sexually atoned teenager who wants fun but is not

ready for a relationship. Meanwhile, she's besotted with her stepfather's great

body and natural love of her and that is a safe haven after her first-time

experience in bed with him now she's turned 18 and he can't get into trouble.

Dr Hans moves his face closer to her magnificent breasts and her lustrous puffy

domes sitting up like observatories on a hilltop. He finds it hard to fight back

his ever-rising lust to somehow get his mouth around those high set pointers and

suck on them like a baby at its mother's breast. But he can't. He must continue

his line of questioning to at least get information out of her if nothing else.

"Jenny as I said it's a big step from enjoying an accidental touch during a

massage to letting the man put his penis inside you. How exactly did that

happen? What made you do it?"

Jenny smiles almost smugly, knowing he is putting horny questions to her in the

guise of his professional job and she is not sure if that's a legitimate line of

questioning or not but assumes it could be. In any case she knows it is exciting

him so she tells him what he wants to know. "Oh gee doctor Hans, it was a sort

of natural thing. It was entirely unintended I'm sure by him and I never thought

it could happen either. I was so worked up from the stimulation and the

adjoining piercing in my clitoris were getting a good going over the way he was

bringing me on that I was breathing really heavy and loud.

He told me earlier why he does massage undressed because clothing interferes

with the exchange of static electricity or something like that so when he knelt

over the tops of my legs he said it was more comfortable to continue this way as

he was getting tired standing up for so long being an older man. Well, that's

what he said anyway Once he got in that position, level with my face; his penis

was so close to my pussy. My God, his cock was a beauty too, and stiff as a

board. I didn't know men over 60 could get it up like that. The more he worked

my clit I was moaning pretty loudly and pretty fast and as I looked at his cock

so close I just blurted out to put it in, put it in. I think I almost yelled at

him. I was frantic to be satisfied. So he did and you know, he hardly ever took

his eyes off my face while he was working me up and when he got inside me. He

seemed to be reading my face for every little change in my expressions and boy,

he really read me like a book."

Dr Hans is scribbling notes as his eyes move from his clipboard to the

teenager's bare essentials. "You know of course why I must ask you these rather

personal questions because it's the only way to get inside you; your mind. So

what happened after he penetrated you? I don't mean give me all the little

details of how he was pumping you; I mean how did it finish? Did you reach a

climax? Did he blow inside you or elsewhere and what was your reaction?"

Jenny loves this line of questions. It gives her legitimate reason to relive a

hot moment of adventurous passion that started out so innocently by going to the

therapist with a sore knee in her mini skirt.

"Well you are making me want to blush doctor. I find it hard say it in front of

you lying here like this so helpless but if you must know he kept it up for

quite a long time. I don't know how long it just seemed a long time. I only know

it was not a five-minute wonder. I was very vocal I'm embarrassed to say."

"What do you mean by very vocal Jenny? Were you talking to him?"

She laughs. "Well in a way I was, but the sentences were very short and rather

crude like the magic word came out of my mouth quite a lot telling him to keep

doing it â€“ that sort of thing only maybe not as ladylike you know. I was really

worked up by the old guy. He had my legs pushed back with my feet either side of

my head and he must have been on a course of Viagra or something the way he kept it going. His cock was big in size and it seemed to fill me up and he was making a lot of loud noises too and I knew he was going to cum.

"He pulled out just in time and I copped it right over my mouth, and face and it

was the first time I ever tasted cum because my mouth was wide open from moaning and making those sexy noises girls make when a man works them up." Dr Hans groans so loudly Jenny can hear him and knows this real happening has him on the ropes, his professional acumen now battered almost into submission. Yet he must recover quickly in case she reports him for misconduct.

He tries to conceal his state of excitement in his voice and by placing his

clipboard over his lap but Jenny knows he could have cum in his pants as he

seems suddenly a bit squirmy He sits there scribbling notes and seems to be a

bit unsure.

"Look Jenny, I think we should leave it there for now. Look, regardless of how I

assess you after your visit tomorrow, I really think you should see a registered

medical practitioner specialising in hypnotherapy because they get very good

results ridding over zealous sexual notions out of the mind. It's an area that

not all doctors agree about but you should at least check I out. I'll give you

these three names and you can make your own arrangements when you can but I

really suggest you should seek that help. That name underlined is one I have

been told is very good."

Jenny is puzzled. "But doctor, all I know about hypnotists is that they can make

you do things you don't know you are doing. I've seen them on TV.

"Oh don't take too much notice of that kind of stuff. Most of it is

stage-managed. In hypnotherapy you deal with a person who is not on stage

entertaining people, he is behind closed doors in a private setting so you don't

have to worry about looking silly or doing anything silly. It is all for the

good and if he is able to put you under as we call it, he can get to the tiny

crevices of your sub conscious and turn bad notions in to good intentions. It

will really help you "

She nods that she will think about it "I'll leave you to get dressed now as I

have to go to the bathroom for a moment. That's the end of today's consultation

and when I come back I'll show you to the door as it is getting late. Good

heavens, it's nearly 7.30."

Jenny gets into her clothes and straightens her hair just in time as Dr Hans

returns looking a lot more relieved. "Now Jenny when you return for your 5.30

appointment tomorrow remember I want you to dress just the way you are when you go to work, you know, the kind of way you said you dress to tease your boss. I

want to see you as you act elsewhere so I can get a proper assessment. And bring

that outfit you said you wore in front of your stepfather for his opinion, the

micro mini bikini, so I can adjudge that from a professional point of view."

He walks her to the door reminding her that she will also meet Paul, the young

man stripper who does hen parties and is about to work fulltime with Dr Felicity

Feelgood as her understudy now he has completed his formal training as a sex

therapist.

On her way home Jenny wonders if this Paul is really a trained sex therapist or

is this some kind of ring-in the doctor has thought to trick her into something

other than a one-on-one consultation. She knows it will be harder to control the

situation if she's outnumbered so after 3pm the next day she phones the

receptionist.

"Dr Felicity Feelgood's consulting, can I help you" chirps the young voice at

the end of the end of the line and who doesn't recognise Jenny's voice.

"Oh I was just making an inquiry to see if Paul is on deck today," she says to

the receptionist.

"Yes Paul is here today, he is in a consultation session with Dr Hans our

fill-in therapist while Felicity is away. Would you like me to give him a

message?"

"Oh no, that's not necessary. I can call him later. When is he starting fulltime

with you?"

The receptionist doesn't know Jenny is probing to know if this Paul is a

legitimate qualified therapist knowing he is still working nights as a male

stripper for private girls' parties. She wants to find if in fact he ever worked

as a male stripper because she can imagine those guys always have good bodies

and are very well hung.

"By the way," Jenny adds. "Is Paul still doing his night work â€“ you know?"

Jenny hits the jackpot. "Oh you mean his club acts for the female-only parties?

Yes very much so, I went to one myself only last week with two of my

girlfriends, but I didn't go down on him like they did because I work here He is

so good for Felicity's business the way he tells all the girls he is starting

work here as a genuine sex therapist. "

They are lining up and Felicity has 10 advance bookings already. I guess that's

where you saw him too. I shouldn't say this because I work here but hey, isn't

he just gorgeous with that shocking long blond hair, being so handsome and wow,

that body; you know what I mean."

"Er yes, I agree totally. Anyway I must go and I will call back a bit later my

boss is coming." Jenny thinks her boss would be coming in another way if he knew

what she is up to. By making the audacious phone call she knows that Dr Hans is

not lying to her but her interest is gaining about this extra person she

objected to being involved in her private session. She is thinking of ways she

can turn it to her own advantage yet be so convincing the doctor will see her as

being innocent, embarrassed and maybe even a little afraid to go through these

sexuality tests he has in mind if someone else is there at the time.

The clock quickly moves to knock-off time from work and Jenny freshens up in the

office bathroom. She goes to her car and in the private section of the basement

uses her car as a changing room to slip into a different top and panties and

puts on a micro mini skirt which is shorter than the mini she wore to work. Her

top has a plunging V neckline that falls just below her breasts and is made of a

material that clings to her chest making her puffy nipples push poignantly into

the sheer covering.

She only has to go up to level 15 in the same building so there is no rush as

she squeezes her tight backside into the C-string panties made of the sheerest

grade of fine black silk with lace trimmings. The design of the C-string panties

or bikini panties removes the need for a waistband to hold them on the body. The

lace edges on either side of the vulva have strong but comfortable inserts which

tuck tightly into the groin and while the design keeps the panty held snugly in

place, it also promotes the full shape of her pussy by squeezing it in slightly

from the base of her outer labia. She changes also into a different pair of high

heel shoes, black ones that show her bare feet but a strap sections over the

toes and around her ankles.

Her make-up is immaculate and her body perfumed. She is now hotter than hot and

ready to see how Dr Hans handles her when she starts to give him a hard time.

Manipulating Jenny Ch. 10

Jenny dresses provocatively as instructed so the therapist can see first hand

how she intends to present herself when she accompanies her boss on a three-day

interstate business trip.

However, Jenny thinks 45 year-old Dr Hans wants to use the handsome young

assistant as a decoy to camouflage his own ever- increasing desires for

something more daring than a discussion. She intends to make it hard for him in

case he thinks she's an easy touch, and if he's like that, she will do her best

to make him squirm for trying to take advantage of her in a vulnerable

situation.

Jenny approaches the waiting room at just on normal closing time, but at her

allocated appointment time. Her dress is a one-piece skin hugging white belted

full length thin lycra micro mini length outfit that leaves her olive complexion

back bare right down to the top the crack in her buttocks. There it meets up

with the two-inch high belt with loops and a vertical designed rectangle shaped

buckle that allows it to be loosened so the wearer can slide it down her legs to

get undressed and by lifting the top over her head where it comes around her

neck The front is sensationally sexy. It has a very deep plunging cleavage drop

that continues past her navel all the way to the belted micro skirt section

sitting as low as it could possibly go on her body.

Because it has no back and the front is designed in an open V shape to merely

cover her breasts but nothing else, the side profiles of her figure are

remarkably sexy, especially the way her 38-inch B cup size firm breasts push

forward and so upright. Her broad light brown pigmented puffy areolas push up

just over an inch high like observatory domes with her prominent nipples capping

them with perfect points that extend a quarter of an inch on each breast.

Wearing colour matching five-inch high platform shoes that strap around the

ankle and across the toes she even has sexy suckable toes she keeps immaculate.

Her jewellery consists of a deep plunging gold chain that falls level with her

breasts, droplet earrings, slave chain around her ankle and of course, her coup

de gras twin clit piercing.

She wears the bottom part of her micro bikini in place of panties as Dr Hans

asked her to bring it along to see what all the fuss was about with her

stepfather castigating her for intending to take it with her when accompanying

her boss as his PA on a business trip interstate.

She enters the premises and rings the reception bell. Dr Hans emerges after a

short wait. "Ah Jenny, thanks for being on time, we have a lot to get through in

this final session. My,you look quite stunning young lady, are you going out

with your boyfriend after this?"

"No, this is how I am dressing to go to the airport with my boss on Friday

afternoon but I did bring along he micro bikini you wanted to see. It's under my

dress actually. I suppose when I show it to you on me you will probably react

the same way as my stepfather who thinks it is disgustingly brazen because it

shows more than it covers. Ha, but at least I got him to eventually admit that

it is actually very, very sexy."

"Yes of course young lady, I can imagine you could convince your father to think

that if you were parading around in it and putting it up close to his face while

he sat on the lounge. But I might have a different opinion when we come to that

later. By the way, how did you get him to think differently about it?"

"Simple, Dr Hans, I just said if he was at the beach lying on the sand and a

couple of young women wearing the same kind of micro bikini happened to be

standing near him talking, and he saw as much of them as he saw of me would he

turn the other way in disgust or keep looking. He said he would keep looking in

disbelief, but still looking Dr Hans. Get it?"

"Are you trying to say young lady that all men are the same in that regard?"

"Yes they are and if I dress rather sexily I am giving men something they like

to see." Dr Hans is already licking his lips as his eyes glide up and down

taking in her stunning appearance for one so young, especially the way the

design of her clothes accentuates her slim figure and perfect curves with lots

of flesh on display.

"Well, come in and meet Paul, Dr Felicity Feelgood's new assistant, he will sit

in on our consultation -- well it's sort of a dress rehearsal for him as he

starts work at this practice on Monday when Felicity returns from her

conference, and of course I'll be gone back on the stand-by circuit.

Jenny is still not happy about another person sitting in on her private

consultation knowing how personal his questions were the day before. They greet

each other with cordial smiles, Jenny trying hard to not blush knowing how

sexily she is dressed and more convinced they will both believe she is a nympho

to turn up in such a stunning outfit. Jenny looks at the younger man --just like

the receptionist said, tall and handsome with long blonde hair down to his

shoulders.

He looks more like the part-time girls only party stripper hunk she was told

about rather than a sex therapist. She immediately tries to imagine what he's

like underneath his clothes -- is he as good as the receptionist says? A girl

always imagines a big cock is tucked away to be unfurled like on a flagpole.

He greets Jenny with a comfortable handshake She feels cornered two against one

but is determined not to let Dr Hans get the best of her after the way he

grilled her the previous day about the way the masseur and the body piercer got

to her while undressed in those separate professional visits.

The younger man senses she is a bit nervous about him sitting in on her

consultation so he tries to keep the mood relaxed. "I think you may not like me

attending your consultation Jenny but believe me, two heads are better than one

so let's just say you are getting twice the strength of opinion for half the

price, but in saying that I understand you are here because your father had some

concerns about your sexuality. Is that correct?"

"No it isn't quite right, I am here because I decided to make an appointment to

see the female sex therapist but only because of stepfather was making me feel a

bit guilty about how I dress. He never did tell me to come here but I am doing

this to be a good daughter so I can tell him my behaviour is not a nympho in the

making. Well, if that's the case after you inspect me, I mean interview me."

"I have to say Jenny that Dr Hans has given me a briefing on your situation but

of course I am not as experienced as he is since he's twice my age and been a

therapist for some 15 years. But I understand you said your reason for being

what we men call a prick teaser is your way of exhibiting yourself because your

stepfather didn't seem to take notice of you the way you wanted him to when you

were growing up. Is that really the case?"

"Yes and it goes right back to when I was just seven and eight and I used to

hear him and mom making out in their bedroom when they thought I was tucked up asleep".

"So you were sneaking on your parents having sex?" Did you do that often?"

"Yes lots and lots of times because each time I tried to find out more what my

daddy was doing to make mom make those sounds. At first I thought he must have

been hurting her until she shouted out one night keep doing it that way, it's so

good. In my mind I needed to know what was so good because it kept my mom so

happy.

"I didn't actually see anything as the room was in darkness and I had my head

just around the edge of the doorway so I didn't get caught. I know I was being

very naughty."

"Dr Hans tells me you think these experiences may be what led you to excite

yourself into a more precocious kind of behaviour later in life, like now?"

"Well Dr Paul, it may be that because I always sneaked back to my room and

touched myself wondering what daddy was doing and if it was that good I wished

he would do it to me. Of course now I look back at my age that was preposterous

but when you are seven and eight you don't think like you do as an adult.

"When I was at school some classmates had stories to tell when they were a bit

younger like that but mostly young just want to look at a man's penis and feel

it in their hand in some kind of fascination.

That's just girl's stuff. I didn't have much luck with my stepfather though; he

always seemed to be one step ahead of me not letting me get out of hand.

Paul looks at Dr Hans and nods. "So in your mind and touching yourself your

sexual desires started right back then?"

"Yes sort of. Well, I didn't know it was illegal but my stepfather never tried

anything with me back then, I only knew it sure made mom happy. When she died

when I was nine I felt as though I had died. It took us a long while to get over

it. but we got closer because mom was so special to us. When he was alone and

didn't remarry I felt so much for him.

"For the next eight years my pussy throbbed for him and as much as I flaunted

around him as flirty as a young girl can, he never responded. At such a young

age I didn't realise he was protecting our relationship and me until I turned 18

but my thoughts about sex and wondering about it never stopped. I couldn't wait

until I was 18 and that's when we did it."

"What? Just like that? How did you coerce your prim and proper guardian of all

those years to suddenly come across?" Paul asks while Dr Hans smiles, already

knowing the answer. "Oh doctor, it was so funny. It was only last Monday night,

this week mind you, that he actually went down on me."

The young therapist looks at the older practitioner as if to say he hopes all

his future patients can be like Jenny. :"But you still aren't telling me how you

got him to do that," he continues.

"Okay then," she replies. "It was just after I paraded about in my micro bikini

and daddy had just come out of the shower and was only in a bathrobe that I

sprang it on him. I think after 30 minutes of seeing me the best part of my

pussy through the way the bikini bottom part if designed I could tell he had an

erection and thought it has to be now or never?"

"You asked him for sex?"

"No! No! Heavens now. It was subtler than that. I got him at a weak moment with

his greatest weakness -- honey. He absolutely is crazy about honey so I told him

to stay on the lounge and keep his bathrobe on until I showed him something

else. I came out of the kitchen with nothing on at all, and before he could say

anything or get up and leave the room I lay down on my back at his feet and

poured honey over both of my nipples.

"I then begged him in my best schoolgirl voice to help me as if I spilt it on me

accidentally by licking it up so it wouldn't be wasted. He got off the lounge so

fast I couldn't believe it. He was finally sucking my breasts, something I

wanted since I was 13. While he was doing that I poured it all over my pussy and

cried out in my most playful innocent girl voice again for him to help me clean

it up. My God, I was thinking, after ten or eleven years waiting for it, he was

actually going down on me."

Dr Hans chuckles softly. "See I told you Paul, this young lady has a good

imagination. But now Jenny here is a question I have for you. If, as you told me

yesterday you were a prick teaser showing off as a young girl and as an older

teenager to attract attention to your lovely figure all because of your

stepfather's non compliance over your sex urges, I mean, now that he has come

around why do you still feel the need to keep dressing so provocatively?"

Jenny shrugs her shoulders and gives a teasing smile back at both men. "I guess

I got to enjoy being noticed and I really believe most men are secret pervs,

they like to see as much as they can get away with. I get kicks out of knowing I

can sort of control them -- my boss especially -- by using my natural assets

more than my brain to cajole him around. That's how I got my BMW cabriolet,

bonuses to buy a new wardrobe and my promotion to be his personal assistant. I

didn't get all that because I was more clever at work than the other women. They

hate me."

Paul asks Jenny if she treats sexual attraction as a form of domination. "Maybe,

maybe I do but I do like to get my own way." Jenny intends to keep it that way

if she can. "Okay." says Dr Hans, "let's make some progress here, if you like

showing off as your persona implies, let's see how your micro bikini so startled

your stepfather and we'll go from there."

Jenny stands up in front of the two therapists seated a few feet from each other

and lifts her skirt up just above her tanned look tummy. The style of micro

bikini she wears is a g-string design with a matchbox size triangle shaped part

directly above the clitoris with a single thin strip of material descending down

over the clitoris and digging into crack of her vagina.

Ah, I see what your father means," says Dr Hans. "This little thing is supposed

to cover your clit and pussy lips but in your case it's not a neat fit as many

of these things end up like. I can see from your moving about since you put it

on that the part supposed to cover your clitoris is has slipped to one side of

the clitoris and your entire privacy is on public show."

Paul leans across for a better look and grins at Jenny. "Yes Jenny, it looks

sensational on you and no wonder your stepfather got turned on for the honey pot

trick after seeing you like this. These micro bikinis are fakes for covering up

the essentials like your most erogenous sex organ and the entrance to your

pussy. They are really for showing off the genitals where some form of material

cover makes them legal or if you are on a yacht or some place private."

Jenny sighs and pulls her dress back into position. "Well I still intend taking

it away with me when I go with my boss on Friday. I love to tease him. Anyway

doctors, was it good, what you saw? she asks impishly."

The younger one of the two nods his head in total agreement. "Jenny I think you

look great in that but I'd like to be in your boss's shoes when you take that

away in his company. In fact, would you like us to give you your meter reader

test now?"

"What do I have to do? I've never heard of a meter reader test on someone's

sexiness if that's what it's about, why not just give me a 100% score now and

save the trouble."

Paul laughs and his shoulder length blond hair swirls as he shakes his head.

Jenny likes that. "No we can't give you a score without doing a full medical

test on your erogenous zones. There are many more than you counted. For

instance, did you know you could have a vaginal orgasm if I touched your

X-spot?"

Jenny, so young, so much to learn looks surprised. "My X-spot? I've never heard

of such a spot. I know I have a G-spot somewhere that is supposed to really turn

me on but I don't think anyone's ever been there yet."

Dr Hans thinks this is a good time to make his move to get her undressed now

that his young partner has her attention. Last time she put up a protracted

refusal to take her clothes off so he's hoping for better luck this time. He

moves up to her and in one click unfastens the big rectangle buckle that holds

her wide belt in tight around her lycra one-piece mini length dress, allowing

the belt to fall to the floor. He gathers her skirt from each side and starts

lifting it up to get past her bare breasts and over her head but Jenny pulls

back.

"Wait a minute Dr Hans, I'm not going to get undressed again for you both to

stand there enjoying the view. If you want me to take all my clothes off for

this test thing of yours I won't be in it unless you both take off your pants

and undies. If you can look at my pussy, I can look at what you two have got.

That's my prerogative."

Dr Hans and Paul didn't expect this but Paul has no hesitation being a male

stripper makes it an easy objective. Dr Hans is flabbergasted and splutters his

disbelief. "Young lady that's unheard of to ask working professionals to take

their pants off just because we have to undress you for these tests. I mean,

I've never heard of anything so preposterous."

Jenny sits on the chair. "Well I'm certainly not getting undressed to please you

two men unless I see something in return. I want to see if you get an erection

looking at me. I told you yesterday Dr Hans that I like to see the size of a

man's penis. Why not?" And you Paul, especially you, the receptionist here said

some good things about you after going to one of your girls only male stripper

shows, Well, are we going to do as I ask?"

Paul says he has no problems but it's up to Dr Hans as the senior practitioner

representing the clinic's chief sex therapist, Dr Felicity Feelgood who may be

horrified to know this was happening in her absence.

"Jenny why can't you be a good girl and just do as I say, like get undressed so

we can get on with assessing you. It requires you to be undressed as to test

your responses on this erogenous reaction meter gauge. What this does is give

readings on how your sounds leave different pitches in your emotional state to

know what is a fake feel good response to a genuine erotic impulse It's quite

amazing really but very accurate."

Jenny sits tight. "I am listening to you Dr Hans but if you want me to be

relaxed about this whole thing, and I won't be the way you are going about it, I

can't submit to you and your assistant having me nude playing around with my

erogenous zones unless I am in the mood for that to happen in the first place. "

Paul says he thinks he knows what she needs to be more in the mood to strip her

clothes off is to get sight of a stiff cock. It works every time in his part

time fun job as a male stripper for girl's only parties. He starts taking off

his pants and indicates to Dr Hans he should do the same.

"Hans, Jenny is the kind of girl that wants some excitement upfront before she

does anything like getting totally undressed so let's on with the job and then

we can do the physical assessments on her."

Jenny nods agreement and fixes her sights on the good looking, well built young

man as he gets down to his underpants in a flash. She can see the large bulge

already that tells her he packs something g pretty welcome inside his white

briefs. She recalls what the receptionist said about the girls at the hen's

party she attended almost lining up for a turn getting their mouths around his

man meat so she expects something out of the ordinary.

The older Dr Hans is now thinking much the same and licks his lips discretely at

the thought of this tight, taut and attrtactive 18 year-old teen submitting her

Playboy centrefold type curvaceous body without anything on for their sexual

examination.Before she arrived their plan was to legitimately do the right thing

by her by addressing her original concerns but to come up with a plot in how

best to arrive at their conclusions by somehow involving her in actual sex to

see how she performs. They think that way is to play on her ability to tease

sexually to stimulate her mind and when her imagination takes over she will be

more likely to go further.

Paul knows and so does Dr Hans that invariably any chick that sucks a man's cock

will want to feel it inside her pussy and he banks on Jenny, young and obviously

sexy, almost certainly expecting to be fucked by the time her tests are done,

but only if they can get her to the first stage and somehow making it appear as

though intercourse is essential after the erogenous zone survey to fully

establishing their results.

Dr Hans suspects he will have more luck in watching the younger man do the trick

than she would allow him. Her asking to see the young man's bonus size shaft is

a promising start, but neither Dr Hans nor Paul could envisage that Jenny, not

oblivious to their interest in her shapely body, has a plan to have some unusual

fun of her own at the expense of their personal pride.

The 26 year-old therapist kicks free his underpants revealing a proud physique

with muscular thighs, flat stomach and nicely squared shoulders, but her main

focus was on senis. "My God, that's huge," she exclaims as soon as he shakes it

loose from his clothing. "How big is it?" she didn't mean to ask, but did.

"Exactly yen inches Jenny."

"It's more like something you see at the delicatessen," she says, both hands

upright against each side of her face in a moment of outright delight and

thinking of those huge slabs of sausage shaped man madeustvducts. "My God, no

wonder the girls at the hen's parties go for that!" His member stands so hard it

is vertical against his abdomen as Dr Hans finally gets out of his pants. His

pride and joy is not quite as pretty as Paul's looks to Jenny, but at 45 years

of age he hasn't lost his muscle tone and his body is in good shape.

She checks out the size of his cock as they stand neareach other. Strangely

though, even though the young man's is slightly longer and just as thick, Dr

Hans does well to get Jenny's attention with an upright eight inches that's

slightly thicker in girth. The sight of both men so well endowed is another

hallmark of prick teaser Jenny's ability to get men to do what she wants and

even when they think they are in command it usually because it suits her.

Dr Hans says Jenny must now take off her clothes. This is her moment and she

intends to seize it."Dr Hans I said I would take off my clothes for you and I

will shortly, but there is something I want you to do especially for me first

and then I will follow all your instructions but not before you satisfy my

curiosity.

"And what's that, young lady?" he asks slightly nervous about what to expect.

"You know as a sex therapist you must know that many women like to watch a man

wank off until he cums and quite frankly, I'd like to see you and Paul do that

for me right now."

He nearly faints. "Is this a stunt to embarrass me or something? First you

insist I take off my pants before we check you out and now this. What's going

on?"

"It's simple Dr Hans, you are putting everything so far to your benefit but

nothing to my benefit if it is going to involve me in embarrassing positions or

whatever. Anyway, like a lot of girls my age and who knows younger, one of the

greatest things that excites me is to see that first, second and third or so

burst of cum from a man's cock when he orgasms and especially when it lands on a

girl's face or in her mouth."

Paul chips in as a particular expert. "Hans, she's right you know. I can vouch

for the way girls grab my body at the parties I do with other male strippers and

where the girls are fully dressed. They sidle up with cuddles and kisses and

lots of them say in my ear "I want to see you cum" or if not that they whisper

"do me tonight." It's quite extraordinary you know; these are the chicks from

the suburbs not porn babes."

"Well I don't know about that Paul as I don't do strip shows for women like you

do; maybe I'm a few years took late although it sounds fun, I'm only concerned

with getting Jenny fixed up."

Jenny puts her hands under her skirt and to their surprise, wriggles out of her

micro bikini bottom, reminding Dr Hans she now has nothing on under her dress.

The older doctor sounds slightly sarcastic when he tells Jenny she might be a

nympho after all. "Do you want it there as well I suppose," he says, pointing to

the face.

Paul asks Jenny does she like to swallow or take a burst on the face. It is a

personal direct question that even Dr Hans was hesitant to ask. "Oh, I like

both. Mind you, I haven't had much sex in my young years yet but I don't mind

the taste of it and I like to get it on my face. Someone said it's good for a

girl's complexion with lots of rich nutrients in it so if you want to try that I

won't mind."

"Me too, says the older therapist. "Of course. I'm waiting to see you both jerk

off and see which one cums first and hardest with the biggest splurge. This will

be fun," she giggles as only teenagers can. They sit Jenny on the lower of the

two chairs so her face is more aligned to their hips. She wants the best view.

Suddenly Jenny shouts, "Stop!"

"What's wrong Jenny," asks Paul, keen to make his mark on her pretty face. "I've

decided to do this better for me I want to make it more exciting for me and for

you so instead of you both pulling yourself off side by side it's better when a

different hand does the job, you know, a different feel around your cock."

"That's okay Jenny," says Dr Hans thinking the obvious but not expecting her

answer. "No," she directs as if she is a film director on the director's chair

at a film set. "I want Dr Hans to jerk off Paul and Paul to jerk off Dr Hans."

"You what?!" cries the older man almost in disbelief. "Dr Hans, I know your

hands will be all over me soon so don't make me change my pretty mind and to let

you splash your load on my face, please let Paul do you first. Seniors first,"

she ends with a girlish laugh. Dr Hans has dreamt of this opportunity since he

first set eyes on Jenny but certainly not under these weird circumstances. He

has no choice if he wants to manipulate her after this is all done.

"We're not gay I'll have you know," he protests. The two men gawk at each other

and Paul; the more sexually adventurous of the two, kneels side on to his

compatriot and drags Jenny right up close in the chair, and then to her delight,

wraps his hand around the penis, now at half erection after the fuss.

"Watch me Dr Hans, watch me, "Jenny says as she moves her feet outwards and lets him see her hand slipping under her dress and moving the hemline up to the top of her thighs so he sees her pussy as she strokes it to enjoy the moment all the

more. Paul puts a dash of baby oil on his palm and fingers but not too much. He

stands up to whisper in the older man's ear, "this will feel like it's sliding

into her cunt. Just keep thinking of that and you won't have to wait long to get

her in the face."

While he is whispering that she couldn't hear in Dr Hans' ear, Jenny is already

thinking ahead. From the moment she decided to dress so provocatively it was

always in her thoughts that to do so will push these two men to the limit and

like others before them, they will want to do something outside their

professional sphere and she can enjoy playing her game of being innocent. She

gets her greatest kicks by resisting, then allowing, then resisting again and as

often as need be so it looks as though she is giving in against her will. She

knows that excites a man more and her, too.

Paul spreads the baby oil in a thin solution on the palm of his right hand and

fingers so it's just wet enough to grip firmly while allowing his hand to slide

up and down the eight-inch shaft with perfect friction so heat builds up and the

intensity of his movements will make his associate unable to hold back long. But

he also must not rush it too fast as he wants his work to build up a boiling

point desire to for Dr Hans to ejaculate powerfully.

Dr Hans fixes his eyes on Jenny's young hairless pussy as she teases him by

moving her outer labia lips to the side and making her pierced clitoris stand

out. As she slowly swirls her three fingers in a circular manner over her clit,

bringing it quickly to erect state protruding from its sheath, the doctor is

already starting to breath twice as fast and Jenny knows that sound means he is

not far off. Her vagina lips are slightly parted as if to welcome him home but

the dear doctor hasn't been at home in her pussy. He can only hope he gets the

chance as this is the last day of his tenure at the clinic.

Paul knows his business. The young man started off slowly in a snails pace speed

so Jenny could enjoy watching the cock get rock hard and to accentuate the

senior practitioner's generous penis size, he occasionally brings his grip right

to the very base of the shaft and presses down hard to make the thick rod jerk

upwards like a missile mounted ready to fire. He uses his hand well, sliding the

full length of the penis tip to base in a gradually increasing momentum as Jenny

stares, not game to take her eyes off it in case ejaculation is close and she

misses seeing him cum.

Paul looks at his wristwatch. It's just on five minutes since he started rubbing

away and that's long enough so he closes his fingers around the head of the

thick organ and commences his final run, certain Dr Hans will explode within a

minute. He rubs the head in short, increasingly fast movements until his hand is

a blur to Jenny who sees the tip of the penis is reddish colour, engorged with

blood and set for orgasm. "Lean forward Jenny, lean closer," Paul shouts. "Quick

open up, open up." She opens her mouth wide precisely as Dr Hans comes with a

loud groan and lands his first burst on the middle of her tongue, the second on

the corner of her mouth and across her bottom teeth, a third and final splat

gets her across her nose and across her left cheek.

"Quick suck it dry," shouts Paul. Jenny has already swallowed the first wad that

landed in her mouth as it was sliding down her throat by its projectile momentum

but left enough on her tongue to get the taste. Jenny is a real sucker for a big

cock and sucks the remaining juice out of him, licking all around the head and

top end of his shaft as he groans loudly from the ecstasy of her lips wrapped

around the ultra sensitive tip of his penis so soon after ejaculating. She

leaves his shaft bone dry and looks up at him, licking the last remnant of cum

from her lips.

"Jenny, that's incredible, oh my God just watching you take that in your open

mouth was something I'll never forget," he says in half breaths, his pulse still

racing.

"Did you enjoy looking at my pussy and wishing you could have me?" she purrs

teasingly. "Did I make you come the best ever?"

"Jenny I know why they call you a prick teaser, you sure as hell know how to

tease me and I'm your doctor. Well, for the last two days anyhow. That was my

best shot for ages, maybe ever since I went past 40.

"See Dr Hans, my sexy body is good for your health and you returned the favour

by letting me wipe your pure cum over my skin. It will help me stay younger."

"Now Dr Hans you must be as kind to Paul as he was to you. I can't wait for

this.He goes to put his hand on the young man's tool to do as Jenny wants but

she calls for him to stop.

"No wait, I will do it myself. I can't bear to see a man wanking another and I

only made Paul do that to you to see if you could cum just the same. I will do

Paul myself with my mouth as I want to get a feel of what it must be like for

those suburban chicks that go down on him at those girls' only rock-disco

parties. He's got me interested. But let me have a five-minute break as I've

still got the taste of the first one on the back of my tongue.

To Dr Hans relief Jenny sits down and starts asking his younger partner about

these girls' only parties he works at as a stripper. He sits beside her and she

has her hand cupping his balls, his one-eyed python staring up at her. "Tell me

Paul, these parties you say the girls go off at while dressed up like angels,

what are they drinking to get so randy? Judging by what the receptionist here

said about you in action, at those parties. I mean, what sort of drinks are they

into to get so randy? Are they spiked?

"Hell no, the drinks are straight long island ice teas and others are

mango-vodka smoothies and other variations like that and it's all free to

encourage them to let their hair down and they sure do."

"Well, what do they say to you? Surely they don't just walk up and ask for it?"

"Pretty much they do but that comes later when he music, the drinks and other

girls dancing to the beat all create a great tribal atmosphere."

"Sound like fun," she says looking down at his erection and lightly stroking it.

"Chicks can be down and dirty and do things they normally wouldn't when they see

others getting into it. For some of the young ones like your age, it may be

their first chance to feel a man inside them and they know it's safe while they

are in a playful mood. Most of them are 18 to 30.

"I remember one girl recently just had her 18th birthday a week earlier and her

older girlfriends brought her along to be initiated into the orgy atmosphere as

one told me she was still virgin. She was wearing her new denim jeans and

matching red panties and bra and a black halter type top showing bare midriff.

Her friends were egging her to grab my cock and feel how big it is. She finally

came over looking all shy and innocent, and remember, this is a young one fully

dressed out on her first such party.

"She shouted in my ear over the loud music that her friends are taking her out

for a birthday celebration and she must get down on her knees and please one of

the guys before she goes home. She looked a bit nervous. They were setting her

up for some fun because once she felt the size of it and run her hands up and

down several times she shouted out to me, 'Can it? Can I?' and I shouted back

her ear that's my cock was made just for her.

"She bent over and started sucking and was so engrossed in this new experience

one of her friends came up behind her and unbuckled her belt and gradually

pulled her jeans down like to the beat of the music thumping away. I could see

what they were up to but this young chick got too turned on by having it in her

mouth she didn't seem to either know or care they got her jeans and red panties

gradually pulled down to her ankles.

"This girl was bent right over, her back was flat and another of her friends

came over from behind her as well and pulled her top up to her shoulders so they

could unclip her bra Next thing it was on the floor and I'll be damned, they

lifted her feet up one at a time to get her jeans and panties free so by the

time she stood up again all she had on was her short sleeveless black top pushed

above her breasts.

"I shouted in her ear, "Do you want it now? Pussy? She looked wide-eyed and

bushy tailed and just nodded yes.

"I got her to put her hands on the corner of the catwalk where the star stripper

does his show earlier in the night, and did her doggy style and if that wasn't

enough I asked her does she want to try another position so she sat on me going

for her life while her friends were all cheering and clapping. Like I said,

these chicks really go out for a good time."

"That's incredible," says Jenny, as if she were wishing she were there herself.

"I didn't know these things happened." So what do other girls on the night say

if they want to have some fun with a guy? Jenny is looking for hints.

"Mostly things like 'I'm next, I want you,, Cum on me tonight, Fuck me I'm

waiting, Let me make you cum.' Those sorts of things and some girls will watch

others doing it to pluck up the courage before making a move. A lot of them pay

their admission never intending to do anything but dancing to the hot music but

before the night is over, the drink relaxes their inhibitions and they see the

big dicks on offer they want to get into the action and they don't care who's

looking."

Jenny sits there open mouthed and licks her lips subconsciously. "Do the guys

actually go after the chicks though?"

"I thought you'd ask that. "We roam about through the throng of dancers looking

for the ones who are a bit shy to go after it. Mostly they are around the sides

of the hall sipping on drinks just watching the dancers or some chick getting

nasty with a guy. We just come up to them and put our arm around them and shout

something nice about how they look but because we are busy we don't waste time,

we soon move out hands over their breasts and if they don't pull back we know

they want more so we then go under their tops to feel them.

"About 80 per cent of the chicks don't wear bras but those that do are happy to

have us slide them over their boobies to let us suck on a nipple. We very rarely

get a polite knock-back as they are always smiling and laughing because it's all

in good fun.

"If we get that far we try to get them to kneel down to feel our hard cosks and

I guarantee you, the main reason the girls go to these shows is to see big cocks

and get the chance to fondle or suck them. Don't think for one-minute size

doesn't count, these girls go crazy over the sight of something nine or ten

inches. Maybe their boyfriends have smaller ones or maybe they don't have a

boyfriend, but who cares?"

"Paul you said one girl got entirely undressed, the young one who was stripped

off by her friends on her 18th birthday night out. How many girls end up that

way?"

"Good question Jenny; it varies. But usually we can be sure at least several

will go that far. Mind you some are exhibitionists and want to attract the bi

chicks and there are lots of them going for that reason. Never a night without

various chicks going right down on other girls but the number of them who get

into kissing and fondling breasts is amazing."

"Paul, I've never been to one of these parties and now I'm just turned 18 how do

I get a ticket and where do I go? I'd like to disco dance and it could be fun

watching some of the girls let their hair down. Mind you, I wouldn't be letting

another girl touch me or me to them but I can look."

"Let's get tonight over first Jenny, we have to put you through some tests and

see how you handle it but come to reception on Monday morning and I'll have a

ticket in an envelope for you in your name with all the details and times for

the following Saturday night. Anyway Alison our receptionist is about your age

and she is going again so you two might team up. She only watches the action but

doesn't take part. I wish she would as she'd be a good, er, you know what I

mean. Maybe you can egg her on as you seem more adventurous and her old man is a big wheel in her church so there's a challenge for you.

"Ooh, I like the sound of that Is she that innocent? She told me you have a

great body so she must have been taking notice"

"Oh that's our Alison. Our spunky little receptionist who acts real innocent but

probably has a vibrator hidden under her pillow. Why don't you try to convince

her she can mix business with pleasure with her boss's new assistant?"

"Yes I will. I really will, as it will be fun to see what happens. I'll tell her

I'm going and tell her to wear something daring just for the heck of it even if

she only wants to watch and dance. Now I've been a patient here I think I can

get her confidence and get her out of her shell. I'll try to get her away over

coffee on Tuesday. I will have to pick my admission ticket at reception on

Tuesday, not Monday as my boss and I will be travelling back from interstate on

Monday."

Paul likes what he hears. Dr Hans is jealous as he is moving on after tomorrow

but he will take the video record of Jenny's foreplay and intercourse positions

with him and file a report for Paul.

"What should I wear next Saturday night? I don't want to look out of place."

"Whatever you like. Some wear jeans and end up with them around their ankles,

but mostly skirts and nearly all of them don't wear anything under their tops. A

few don't even wear panties but they are the ones who go intending to have sex.

Loose fitting tops is the go as we can get them over the girl's heads easy or

shirts and tops that either zip right open or unbutton easily.

"Some of them go along really classy looking with fashion type gear and

jewellery."

Jenny is getting quite randy hearing all this. Her libido is made for such

extravaganzas and she's never been part of such a show. She's even more

determined to attend Paul's party next Saturday. Dr Hans is getting anxious.

"Come on Paul, do it so we can work on Jenny's problem. I will enjoy watching

this before you start Jenny, tell Paul where you'd like him to cum, on your

face, mouth or breasts?"

"All three if he can spread it around," she says with a teenage giggle, "but

mainly in the mouth. I like to taste it and know that I have a man's cum in me

but I don't have to douche myself afterwards."

Dr Hans surprises her with some handy information about a man's ejaculate.

"Tests on women who take it in the vagina or swallow shows they are more likely

to be more calm than women who don't when it comes to handling anxiety. Lab

tests reveal there are elements in a man's sperm which produce a calming effect

on her emotions.

"Maybe women know that without knowing it because they seem to automatically

want it in their mouth more than not. Look, you are a good example. You want to

take it you say for the taste or so you feel good knowing he has come inside

you. But you must know it is good for you or you may think differently if it

were bad for you."

"No worries Jenny, you work on me real good and I'll give you a score out of 10

compared to the best three girls whose done it to me at party time. Don't worry,

I'll give you a sign when it's close so you have a choice, put your tongue out

up close so you get it in the face and mouth when I wank off the last 10 seconds

after you bring me to the edge or like some of the classy girls do, suck me

right off by jerking me fast while sucking tight at the same time. Just make

sure you don't stop when I ejaculate. I need you to keep sucking in that

beautiful afterglow time. The experienced ones often give their best then after

they've taken a load in the mouth.

Jenny takes all her clothes off like she promised she would if she could have

this bit of fun before they for their tests on her. She stands up momentarily

and Paul gives a low wolf whistle. "Sorry Jenny, I didn't mean to be

chauvinistic but my God, what a figure you have there. I am going to enjoy

helping Dr Hans.

She kneels in front of him, Dr Hans at her side in a chair without briefs but in

a watching brief. He has missed out on her sucking his sizeable dong but

watching her take it from Paul's 10-inch cannon is a good consolation. Jenny

thinks she will get him off within five or 10 minutes as she's heard that young

men don't have good ejaculation discipline. They enjoy it too much too soon and

it's all over.

Two things she forgot: Paul is a trained sex therapist with expert knowledge of

the reproductive systems and how a man can restrain early ejaculation. At his

last stint there were two girls kneeling in front of him taking turns and he had

to deliver to them both, their tongues out like baby birds in a nest crying out

for something to swallow. He needs to working as a nude stripper on Saturday

nights where at least 10 girls on any night will go down on him with the sold

aim of making him cum.

Jenny also wants to enjoy this young man, so masculine, firm and fresh. His rod

is majestic, thick and for her, mmm delicious. She will start off slowly to

tease him and then he will want her all the more so she licks the head

underneath, across the top and around the sides like a young girl trying to stop

her ice cream cone melting on to her hand. Her tongue darts and wiggles about

and then drags up the long sharft in deliberately slow strokes. Then she puts

her full Latina lips around the glans and seems to be chewing on it with her

lips. Dr Hans wonders if she's got bumble gum in her mouth.

Jenny cups her left hand under his scrotum and fondles it gently, her warm hands

feel hot and her right hand grips the base of his penis moving up and down in

unison to the speed of her mouth gorging on it. And she is certainly gorging on

it with sucking noises to heighten the older doctor's blood pressure. Why

couldn't this be me, he is asking himself.

Dr Hans is sitting side on the Jenny enjoying the sight of hermagnificent

breasts from close up as his eyes alternate from her shapely mammaries to her

mouth enclosed around his younger partner's weapon. She maintains the same

rhythm for some time and then takes her mouth out to see the exciting sight of

how her saliva has his lovely glans head shiny wet.

She has been sucking him for 20 minutes. Suddenly she gets her hand around it

just partly over the head and rubs it frantically with the apparent speed of a

skyscraper's elevator plummeting to the basement without any restraint. She

keeps this up for about two minutes, then quickly gobbles him again with her

warm lips and to Dr Hans amazement, she gets up and bends over him and takes his entire 10 inches down her throat until her mouth is pressed against his lower

abdomen. She holds it there as Dr Hans leans over staring that one so young and

relatively inexperienced could do this so well first time.

But Jenny is not just slowly drawing her mouth up, up and away, she is squeezing

his shaft tightly as she can with her lips and with fast sucking motions all the

way back up his shaft. As her mouth pulls clear she drops to her knees and

shouts, " I got some, I can taste it, give me the lot" as she tilts her head,

tongue extended, to take his protein rich cum.

First, just a small tinge of white appears at the tip of his reddened penis

head, making her edge a bit closer, tongue wagging eagerly, knowing any second

now. When Paul lets go, his first blast is so strong it goes right past her open

mouth and lands in a perfect line from midway up her nose to the middle of her

forehead. He keeps jerking and the second of what will be eight individual jizz

shots of decreasing speed and distance splatters over her cheeks.

He moves his cock to her mouth so the tip is resting on the edge of her

impatient and wriggling tongue. She has laid out the pink carpet for him that

tells him his sperm is welcome. Cum in. Another jet stream flashes just as Jenny

looks up at him and it lands under her tongue which quickly retracts and swirls

it around in her mouth, opening up for more with strands of the cum linking her

top and bottom teeth like thin white string. Before she can stick her tongue out

again he has landed the next spasm between her top lip and nose.

Her tongue is out again for more, but the long stream that jettisoned to her

face has become a series of shorter splats that are easier to direct right on to

her tongue. It sits there in mounting heaps as he keeps rubbing the shaft to

complete the orgasmic sensation. Jenny's tongue is like a carpet of thick white

snow and smaller splashes of his cum are trickling into the corners of her mouth

making the skin and lips wet and shiny looking.

Dr Hans delights in watching her lips and throat to see if she would swallow the

lot, and grins when he sees her subtle swallowing action including the way she

licks her top and bottom lip for any remaining goo. Some is still on her nose

and forehead and it stays there until it slowly dissipates. She seems to be

scouring around her mouth with her tongue and smiles up at Paul as if to say

thank you, but how did I go?

Then she dives back on his cock while it is still close to full erection and

sucks eagerly on the head until she can't taste anymore cum. Then she runs her

tongue around the shaft to clean up any sticky stuff left behind, ignoring

what's still dripping off her chin.

Paul is impressed. "Jenny I give you a nine out of ten and that's close to

perfect because I tried to last longer as it was damn good but the way you

worked me up was something else." Dr Hans is feeling very horny after watching

this beautiful young Latina strut her stuff naked in front of him as her way of

getting in the mood for what is to follow -- her "tests." On Dr Hans little

device that measures genuine emotional responses from fake ones during foreplay

and sex. He says he wants to see if Jenny is just a good actor for her man when

she's in a sexual situation or does the event control her control. He knows hat

many women fake pleasure when being stimulated or having orgasms rather than

disappoint their lover.

"Jenny we need to use Dr Felicity's private room for this session as it requires

use of her bed so you can stretch out and relax properly. Don't forget, this is

a medical check but you need to be quite comnfortable" he says with a new

command in his voice.

What are you going to do in these tests?" she asks. "Am I supposed to have sex

with you both?" Dr Hans laughs heartily then looks serious. "Let me put it this

way Jenny, the first part if to go over all your erogenous zones for mood meter

readings. Paul will do all the outside ones and I will do the inside ones as I

have more experience knowing the hot touch spots inside the vagina

"Now your G-spot is one area you probably know about as providing fantastic

vaginal orgasms but do you know you can have a strong cervix orgasm too?"

"No, I didn't know that," she says looking a bit surprised. "Well, it can happen

if someone like me knows where to touch and how.. By the time Paul and I

complete the stimulation zones inside out it's possible you could achieve some

six or seven orgasms."

"Really? That many? How can I do that?"

Jenny, just come and lie down on your back and we'll soon find out. Now after

this sessions is done we will finish the entire work program by taking you

through six of the most popular intercourse positions to find out by the level

of your responses that we record which ones turn you on the most."

"Who is going to do all that, six different positions?" she asks.

"We will get to that later but most likely we will do three each Do you require

us to use condoms?"

"No I'm safe in that regard. Just as well as I want that hot flesh, not plastic

in me."

"So let's get started by you lying down face up, legs parted; that's the way,

nice and wide as we need access to your inner thighs. Now I want you to just

relax, close your eyes and enjoy the sensation of Paul moving about your

erogenous zones to start off. Now it's important, as you lie there nice and

relaxed, you respond naturally to what you feel.

"You can pretend Paul is your lover or even your daddy as you said he turns you

on. The main thing is to let yourself relax and don't be surprised if you have

multiple orgasms throughout this 30-minute foreplay session.

Jenny shuts her eyes in a state of high sexual tension already. She knows she is

in a private room with two men regardless of who they are or how the ended up

there, she is undressed and they intend to sexually stimulate her. Big cocks

turn her on. Both of them are very well endowed. One man is young, one is much

older. Both are quite handsome and clean. She is beautiful and picture perfect

in shape and size. Her skin radiates, her puffy nipples are already erect from

excitement of what is to come after the thrill of having these two men cum in

her face.

It's the first time she's been with two men and never thought a simple visit to

a sex therapist could lead her to explore her own boundaries of pleasure in such

an erotic way as this. The very thought of finding out more about her erogenous

zones that she didn't know lifts her libido even higher and what's this about

getting a cervix orgasm? she wonders and waits eyes shut, relaxing as told.

Dr Hans speaks in her ear. "Jenny, you pretty young thing, I mean, our pretty

young patient, we are ready to start, I am now switching on the sound recorder

now and simultaneously digitally recording your physical responses on my medical

video. Just lie there quietly while Paul starts at the top of your head."

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To be continued: In Chapter 11 Jenny has never had it so good between the two

medical experts where it's two on one; then she's off for a three-day business

trip with her randy boss Raymond and looks forward to returning in time to

attend the girls only male stripper dance disco party with Dr Felicity's teenage

receptionist Alison. What a life!

Manipulating Jenny Ch. 11

Voluptuous 18 year-old Jenny lays totally undressed on her stomach, legs

outstretched so the sex therapists Dr Hans , 45, and his part-time girls' only

part-time male stripper assistant, 26 year-old Paul can assess her responses to

erogenous zone stimulation. She is allowing them to check her libido only to

please her stepfather who is concerned that her very exhibitionist nature and

strong sex drive may require counselling to avoid her becoming a nymphomaniac.

But for Dr Hans and his young assistant, it is also an opportunity to

legitimately manipulate Jenny so they may enjoy going more intimately into the

examination than necessary. Until now no female ever presented herself to them

with a goddess-like figure, a veritable Playboy centrefold looking body with

38-inch firm breasts leading down to a perfect hour glass shape, a tight

hairless pussy and shapely legs. Indeed, a delectable 18 year-old presentation

package they could only dream about walking in for an up close and personal

check-up.

And to their advantage she arrives just on closing time so their examination

continues into the early evening, just the three of them alone in the clinic. It

is the final stage of her second visit before they give their assessment, but

there's every chance they may go one extra step past stop.

Dr Hans has his so-called mood meter device switched on to record every sound

Jenny makes while being stimulated in all her many erogenous zones, head to

tail. It's an exercise that will last for 30 minutes. The very thought of what's

happening has the girl in two minds. Firstly, her natural exhibitionist nature

as a sexy looking 'prick teaser' makes this an opportunity to turn the two men

on while disguised as a simple visit to the sex therapists knowing how sexy she

looks as such a young and attractive shapely patient, but secondly she likes to

call the shots and right now she can't.

She must lie still and allow her natural erogenous zones response to be sound

recorded, but even naive as she is at times she can't see how this can possibly

determine whether she is supposed to be over sexed and needing further

treatment. She suspects it is just a con suggested by the older doctor for some

recreational gratification on his last day at the clinic.

And the younger man Paul, being a part-time male stripper for women only disco

parties, revels in the opportunity as he is closer to her age, eight years

older. He begins from the top of her head, caressing her scalp tenderly and

around her neck, leaning over to nibble her ear lobes and lick inside her ears

and caress just behind her ears while the older therapist works from her feet

upwards to get her into a totally relaxed state of mind for the more sensual

touches ahead.

After gently massaging the soles of her feet, Dr Hans works his tongue up the

inside of Jenny's leg and spends time slowly caressing the usually sensitive

skin behind her knees. Jenny utters a soft but continual mmmmmmm sound as she

feels his hands slowly drawing circles there, making her lift her head and

mutter "I like that; that's so good." while Paul works around her shoulders with

caressing and gentle squeezes to relieve any tension there. The only tension

however is felt in Jenny's loins and it' s sexual tension slowly but surely

building as her whole body relaxes as though she is floating on a carpet yet

feeling somewhat carefree in their hands.

Paul moves to cover her entire back to her hips with gratifying finesse while.

Dr Hans uses both palms of his hands to caress up the insides and back of her

shapely legs, one at a time. They are rewarded with a string of soft "Ahhh, Ahhh

sounds as she buries her head between her elbows and laps up the attention.

As their body stroking continues she succumbs to the pleasure of four hands and

two tongues moving over her nakedness. The elder doctor finishes tickling around

the back of her knees and starts dragging his tongue from inside the top of her

thigh all the way down to her ankles. "Is this making you feel more relaxed and

how does it feel?" he whispers in her ear.

She lifts her head and looks over her shoulder."Unreal, it's unreal. Keep going,

I like it. Mmmmmmm, it makes me feel so good."

"That's fine Jenny because we are preparing you for some powerful orgasms to

ascertain your emotional state when highly aroused.. If we can make that happen

just standing here it will make it easier for you to have more orgasms during

the next stage." She is so calm on top but excited below that his 'next stage'

remark goes over her head.

Her mooning sounds soon turn to distinctive and louder "ooohs" as both men stand

behind her and use their four hands to gently massage her cheeks, squeezing them

and pressing their four thumbs close to the edge of her clearly visible vagina,

hands spread wide and squeezing outwards together to pull her pussy lips wide

apart and hold them apart as they wiggle her booty about teasingly.

"What are you doing to me? I'm getting......oh! Do that again, it feels soooo

goood." By now she feels quite sexy from all this rearward attention, especially

when they take turns slipping their thumbs into her anus and stirring her until

she moans a soft "Oh yeees" several times. Dr Hans turns Jenny on her side and

lifts one leg over his shoulder as Paul massages her breasts while he runs his

hands down the insides of her thighs from the front position but stops just

short of touching her pussy. She presents a glorious site in this position,

watching Paul tweak her nipples so they stand out like little horns.

Paul splashes baby oil around her breasts and across her stomach right to the

top of her pussy and gently massages it into her skin until it is just shiny

damp while Dr Hans reciprocates by rubbing the oil around her robust cheeks and

between her legs from the back, but just stopping at the edge of her vagina now

dripping inside from anticipation.

Her beautiful satin smooth body glistens from the oil, her full lips pouting as

if she is kissing thin air while she revels in the pleasure they are giving her

from all angles. Both men then lift her upside down so her elbows are on Dr

Felicity's bed, her forehead resting on the sheets as they push her legs apart

and Dr Hans takes first turn at licking her pussy from this position. Jenny

moans louder and more urgently as he buries his head right between her thighs

and laps into her lubricating secretions. They lift her higher so she is almost

standing on her head so he can get his tongue around the full length of her

clitoris and suck it up and dance his tongue around it in his mouth.

The teenager is at their mercy so completely relaxed from the full body arousal

and Paul takes his turn on her clitoris, sucking it adventurously up into his

mouth, stretching the whole clitoral hood up as far as he can and holding it

between his teeth. He does this over and over and then massages her erect clit

with his fingers bringing her close to orgasm.

They lay her on her back and her head moves from side to side, emitting

continual moans, every single one of them on Dr Hans "mood meter" recorder. Her

fingers instinctively go to her clit, their work bringing her into the right

mood to get her nasty. This is what they are all about, preparing her so she

will cum more easily, more often and more powerfully in full bodied sex.

They watch and caress the insides of her upper thighs and lower abdomen as her

rhythmic fingers on her clit soon make her cum with a loud cry that makes both

men look at each other and wink.Dr Hans and his assistant see the serenity in

her face, flushed with excitement and satisfaction, a look of total peace.

He allows her to enjoy the afterglow of her first orgasm but intends to give her

multiple orgasms by inserting his fingers into her vagina while she is so hot.

He delves in with three fingers, the back of his hand resting against her body

and probes for the spongy erective tissues just a few inches inside on the roof

of her vagina and just under the clitoris.

He no sooner hits the spot when Jenny lets out a loud cry than turns into a

lingering but loud moaning session so he continues to keep pressing gently on

the spot to stimulate her g-spot more and more as his patient squirms on the

bed. Jenny is literally beside herself, Dr Hans in particular enjoying the

action. He is so happy Jenny's father needs to know if his daughter is a normal

healthy teenager with a high libido or bordering on nymphomania and a fixation

on dressing provocatively to tease men.

Paul, the lesser experienced of the two doctors, is greatly impressed but Dr

Hans is only starting. His fingers inside her move with the precision of a

skilled surgeon in micro surgery. He knows his way around. It is just a minute

before she cums again. The first sign is her short sharp breathing and as she

turns her head from side to side, feeling it coming. Leaning into her upper arm

she clenches her teeth into the smooth and lightly oiled skin, leaving teeth

marks by the intensity of the rising climax. Then, with a wonderful sound that

only a woman can make when she is at the peak of sexual release, she arches her

head right back, so her neck is pointing to the ceiling, eyes shut tight and

mouth wide open while waves of pleasure run through the thousands of nerve

endings in her sexual regions.

The afterglow is always beautiful and both men bask in it with her as she

gradually descends from the peak of the highest mountain to the valley of

serenity and calm, a loving look in her eyes at both men like a baby in the arms

of its mother.

"How do you feel Jenny?" he asks to break the sudden silence.

"Oh my God, That was so nice. So nice. It was so beautiful. I've never cum like

that before." He smiles at her like a bedside doctor of days gone by.

"Perhaps that's because no one has ever taken more time to get you in the right

mood to completely give yourself to them in utter surrender. There is a

difference you know, young lady, in being lubricated for sex in the vagina but

unless the mind works in unison the best orgasm goes missing. And that requires

you to be totally relaxed and ready to trust the giver to take control of your

body so you have no control over yourself."

Paul strokes the side of her face. "You are hearing this from the professor of

sex, Jenny, did you notice the difference?"

"Oh yes, it was fantastic, thank you so much."

Dr Hans chuckles. "Well, we're are not finished yet Jenny, we've got two more

things to do before we make out your report card. Now be a good girl and let the

professor go back to work on you, and then my macho young assistant here can do

the final stage."

She shuts her eyes wondering what else they could possibly do to be better than

her last orgasm. She quickly feels the older man's fingers entering her vagina

again. More of the same? she wonders. Dr Hans estimates she will cum again with

just a few minutes if he gets it right, only the next one will be the most

riveting she's ever experienced.

His fingers delve expertly into her saturated pussy and glide to her cervix. He

knows that some women have their most explicit orgasms by stimulating the cervix

carefully with pressure against it. He also knows some women cannot stand it.

Some faint from sheer ecstasy, while some recoil from discomfort. He is unsure

about Jenny so continues to explore and once his fingers are in the best

position he applies his skilled knowledge and luckily, the teen obliges with the

responses he wants to hear.

She has never felt anything like this before. She gives a sudden "ooooh" sound

so he whispers to her "More?" Jenny's eyes are quite glazed from being on Cloud

Nine so long but this is also heaven to her. "Yes! Oooooh" she moans. Dr Hans

maintains his pressure against it, her legs wide apart as Paul sucks on her

nipples. Jenny is jiggling her bum about on the bed and saying some very rude

things.

Dr Hans is carefully stimulating the highly sensitive nerve endings at the

bottom part of the cervix that he hopes will send Jenny to a place she's never

been before. He watches her face for progress. The sounds are extremely

encouraging and as he continues to work on the spot her changing expressions

confirm his course of action.

She is not moaning, she is groaning and thrusting her hips up at him faster and

faster. She seems like an animal on heat as sexual tension overtakes mind

control, her face like a boiler about to explode.

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! She shouts, puffing and panting. He keeps

going relentlessly, her face contorted and looking up at him scowling, teeth

gritted and making deep groaning noises. She feels the intense spasms and grabs

his wrist to try to pull it away from inside her but it's too late. She shouts

at him "Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!" But he just smiles.

Her body shakes, back arched off the bed as the cervical orgasm comes with a

shattering crescendo that seems to reach all points of her body but nowhere in

particular. Her long loud cry sounds guttural from deep within and then her body

goes limp, her face turned sideways eyes shut as if she's passed out. He puts

his hands on each side of her perspiring breasts and watches carefully. Then she

moves her head again from side to side, eyes half open in glazed expression. He

lets her gradually come down to earth from heaven before speaking.

"How was it?"

"My God, I nearly passed out," she mutters feebly. "You've made me cum time and

time again but this was unbelievable. How did you that?"

"As I said before Jenny, by preparing you for orgasms and making sure I gave you

a nice clitoral orgasm first before giving you vaginal orgasms. It is quite

simple. One will follow the other if you do it right but sadly, many men don't."

"My stepfather is very experienced and so were the other men who did it to me

but they were not that good. Why?"

"Maybe because they wanted to have intercourse with you so much they didn't have the patience to get you fully prepared for the better wow factor. Also, don't

forget a lot of women can't wait for it either but powerful vaginal orgasms are

the responsibility of both the woman and the man. It's not a his or her fault,

it's shared responsibility although mostly men take the blame." She wipes her

brow and grins. "I think I got the wow factor. But why was that so different?"

He laughs lightly. "I was just playing around inside your perfect pussy young

lady. You know, you have a few sensitive spots in there you can have a lot of

fun with once your man knows where to find them and it isn't all that hard. "Now

that orgasm is what we call a cervical orgasm and it is a very sensitive part of

your pussy that some women don't like touched. You are lucky, like the many who

can handle it.

"Now the final part of our examination has something to do with your love of a

big cock and don't jump to conclusions about this. Paul for example has a very

big cock and let's agree that 10 inches is a big cock and just to see it turns

the girls on big time. They love to suck on it and feel it when he does his

girls' only parties. Some even like to get it inside them."

She grins. "Well I must be honest it does turn me on. I like to feel a big one

inside me. "

"Well that's nice Jenny but what's most important? Having a real good orgasm or

just feeling stuffed?"

Paul asks Jenny to be patient. "Size does matter, yet it doesn't," he says.

"Many women love big cocks like many men like buxom women compared to small

breasts. But are large breasts more sensitive than small ones? No. Some women

cum when a man is in them long enough with a thicker rather than a longer penis.

Some do like the extra length but good lovers with big dicks don't use the whole

length to get her to cum. Yes, the feel of it stuffing her is an emotional ride

and some cum, some just pretend to so they don't upset their lover."

"Why are you telling me this?" she asks.

"Because it seems from the answers you gave me yesterday and your interest in

the size of Paul indicates to us that if man's less than eight inches you could

consider that he can't satisfy you. Dr Hans just a short while ago gave you two

very strong orgasms just with his fingers, what about five inches long?

"Would you think a cock of about six inches or a bit less even as many are could

so the same? Yes, if the man knew where to put it and its places such as the

g-spot, the cervix and a couple of other parts just inside the vagina that can

produce great orgasms with a smaller penis. Why can smaller footballers out

manoeuvre bigger footballers on the field? Because they can twist and turn

faster and so it is with a man's best friend."

"What are you getting at? I've never met a man yet with one smaller than eight

inches."

Dr Hans laughs. "Well lucky for you since size turns you on but remember that

unless a man with a big one can get a woman in the right frame of mind size

won't matter. Let me ask you this: do you like the look and size of Paul's

erection?"

"Yes of course, you must know that. But it doesn't make me a nymphomaniac. Lots

of girls would say the same, the younger ones like me especially."

"Okay, now put your hand around it and feel how thick it is when it's rock hard,

look at the sexy head of his weapon and slide your hand up and down the shaft.

Yes, like that. How does it feel?"

"It feels quite sexy actually. Very manly. Very solid and like it's really hot

and I've got to have it."

"Would it feel good inside you?"

"Ha, what a silly question. Of course. Well, I think it would,"

"Okay Jenny, Paul is going to demonstrate how you can have multiple orgasms with

just half that length of cock and the whole length and just because you've been

a really good patient, we should at least let you enjoy the last part of our

assessments."

"Paul is going to put that in me?"

"Yes. But in about six different positions and you will probably have another

two, three or four orgasms in the next 30 minutes. Now is the time to do it

after giving you those clitoris and vaginal orgasms with just fingers."

"My God, are you serious? I suppose it would be nice to feel what he's like

since your receptionist Alison says the hen's party girls rave about him."

Dr Hans beckons her to lie back on the bed while his assistant stands ready with

a throbbing edifice hungry for pussy."I will watch you merely as a spectator my

dear as my part of this is all done. I'm still recording the music, arr, I

should say the sounds you make so I can compile the total tape back at my studio

from all our sessions today."

Paul pushes her lightly on the shoulders and as she lies back, he opens her legs

to freshen her wetness with his tongue. They enjoy the mutual pleasure for

several minutes and then she lifts her head to see his huge manhood aiming for

her pristine honey pot.He intends to vary the positions several times without

either of them hardly getting a chance to catch their breath. Jenny is about to

enjoy the fuck of her life.

The only words he speaks are just as he sinks it into her in the missionary

position, on her back, her legs outstretched either side of him in an almost

horizontal position. He looks down as his erection digs into her moist vagina

lips and slowly slides into the love pit.

"God, you are really tight Jenny," he exclaims as he guides his missile deeper.

She gasps as she feels its thick pliable shape pushing her vagina wider. "I was

17 until a few months ago Paul, and this is still fairly new to me."

"Don't worry, you are handling a big one pretty well for a newcomer. The whole

10-inch shaft buries into her until his lower abdomen is pressed hard against

her pubic bone. "Jenny keep telling yourself you have 10 inches of thick man

cock inside you; not a vibrator but the real thing. Ten inches of it throbbing

inside you as far as it can go. Enjoy!" What he says is meant to turn her

imagination on as many women fantasise at the thought of a really macho cock

inside them.

The extensive foreplay has her more than ready and willing to let go in gay

abandon and as she feels it moving in and out she gives a loud gasp. "Ohhh

that's what I like Paul, it feels so good." It's the only real conversation that

makes any sense from her for the next 30 minutes.

None of the men who she's had sex with before are near as fit as this young man

with the all-over suntanned body, tight buttocks and blonde hair to his

shoulders. He doesn't look like a sex therapist but he sure knows how to make a

young woman get breathless quickly as he thrusts rapidly into her with

unexpected speed that catches Jenny unprepared for the sudden savage drilling.

She can only quickly think how it must be like for the young women who ask him

to put it in them at the hen's parties. They must go off their head. He is just

warming her up until now and really steps into her, his hands go under her knees

to lift her legs to 90-degree angle bend at the knees, her body jerking back and

forth, breasts heaving, hair bouncing about as he pummels her relentlessly. His

eyes never leave her face, reading every emotion written in her expressions, her

eyes shutting tight, biting her lip mouth closed then open and closing as she

swings from one high to another, wailing, shouting "fuck me" over and over in

fast rising passion. And he is fucking her over and over.

He can tell she will peak any minute after ten minutes of good thrusting. She is

stretching her whole body and trying to thrust back into him, her head pushed

back, chin facing the ceiling, her arms arched backwards so her hands are flat

on the bed as if she were trying push ups from an upside down position elbows

pointing up in unison. But he suddenly thrusts faster than anything she's ever

felt before and she tries to lift her shoulders off the bed to look at him with

a shocked look on her face but only gets a split second glance at him before

throwing herself backwards screaming "I'm going to cum! I'm going to cum again!"

He keep fucking her relentlessly in a machine-like pussy thrashing as he takes

her through the major shockwaves of her orgasm, making it even stronger as she

throws her head from side to side in noisy ecstasy. If Jenny's sounds are music

to Dr Hans' ears then he's now got the full orchestra. When he senses her sexual

earthquake loses intensity and she goes through the next stage of riding out the

afterglow of fulfilment he slows his massages her vagina with his rod in ever-

slowing strokes to help calm her, but his cock stays hard inside her.

Just as Jenny thinks he will stop so she can recover he grabs her around the

shoulders and pulls her into him in a sitting position, her face almost touching

his, with her legs dangling loosely behind him, both feet bouncing about as he

starts another fast thrusting session that catches her by surprise. The

exhilaration of the first orgasm is still rampant inside her and the hot

thickness of his plunging cock is keeping the internal eruptions going.

Her head sways loosely about on her shoulders and he can see she is in another

world and knows she has cum again, so he changes her position, lifting both legs

up high and swings her on her side without removing his hardness from inside

her. She is pushed on to her left hip and she soon finds out why she should try

this angle more often. This time Paul lets fly with much shorter penetrating

strokes, but extremely fast, angling towards her cervix. Only just over half of

his long schlong is needed but to good effect.

Her moans are loud and strong as he throws one leg across his shoulder to

support it with thighs of her other leg flat on the corner of the bed, her feet

doing a dance of love in mid air. His face is a study of concentration on her

expressions as if he's a rally driver reading every bump, twist and turn on a

narrow gravel country road at breakneck speed. He steers her closer and closer

to the brink and his mouth tightens as he see it in her face.

Reaching under her cervix at such speed requires directional control and Paul

may as well be a rally driver sliding the back end out and straightening up for

the finish line where Dr Hans waits inwardly cheering. "I'm gonna cum again, I'm

gonna cum, she shrieks." As she does, it's the sweet sound of success that makes

Dr Hans pat his younger associate on the back.

He lets her ride this orgasm out and to get her breath back then orders her to

get on top as he switches positions so she can mount him. There is no let-up for

Jenny as she squats over his trunk-like organ and impales her pussy on it until

she feels it deep inside again. She faces him and leans over with her hands

spread out wide just behind his shoulders on the bed. She is completely

oblivious to Dr Hans capturing prized images of her facial expressions and full

on position pictures on his digital video recorder. Once she feels the huge dick

inside again nothing else is important.

The way the two therapists prepared her in their extended foreplay session and

the way Paul is taking her from mountain peak to another in different positions

without let-up is a new experience. She hardly subsides from one orgasm to

another and they seem to just roll on through her in varying intensities.Yet he

continues like a well oiled drilling machine.

This time though the young filly is the workhorse, riding his cock in a sitting

up squatting position, but her movements are slow as she is almost wrecked from

riding the emotional roller coaster so he pulls her down towards his face so her

breasts are just touching his chest and he commences to pummel her tail end in

rapid fashion. It's a position many women find gratifying and soon she is making

all the sounds of urgency and erotic exclamations on her way to probably a

fourth orgasm in 15 minutes.

She has hardly recovered and seems too bewildered to speak as he orders her to

stand up and put her head down to the mattress, spread her legs for balance and

get her arse up in the air. He enters her from behind, holding her around the

hips as she grabs her ankles for support and her head jerks back and forth by

the force of his hard thrusts. Dr Hans is the only spectator but he's got the

grandstand seat to enjoy the action. Thinking himself lucky he hasn't got to

work as hard as this.

Oh to be 10 years younger again, he muses to himself as he watches Paul's

projectile plunging into the teen to find her g-spot again. He knows by her

sounds that her sexual tension is about to explode and it does, heralded by loud

Ohhhhh Ohhhhh Ohhhhh cries. Doggy is most often a girl's favourite position but

Jenny just enjoyed one of the lesser used rear end styles of sexual penetration.

He lets Jenny flop on the bed face down puffing and panting. "Oh my God, Oh my

God," she keeps saying. The two men look to each other and smile. He gives her

no more than a minute's rest before deciding to wind up the session by doing her

in the wheelbarrow position.

Jenny is still taking deep breaths when he grabs her around her parted legs by

the knees and drags her butt to the edge of the bed. He knows in this

'wheelbarrow' position he will give her very deep direct penetration yet Jenny

will feel she is floating on air as he takes all the weight off her body. It is

also a position Paul likes as he can look down and see his thick shaft

pummelling her pussy. Jenny can't see a thing and for her the excitement

increases tenfold as she feels so helpless and unable to move. He might as well

be raping her as she is in such a subservient position while he can enjoy

watching between her legs and the sexy sight of the tight cheeks of her arse.

He starts slowly deliberately to hear Jenny's response. He is sliding it in all

the way and almost withdrawing completely and repeating the process for a few

minutes as Jenny moans and keeps saying, "Yes, nice and slowly, nice and slowly.

I like that. Nice and slowly." Paul lets her enjoy her nice and slow pattern for

just another minute and asks her what's he doing. "You're fucking me, fuck you,"

she moans. "Where am I fucking you?" Another drawling moan as if she's half

asleep. "Where am I fucking you girl?" he asks again.

"Fucking me from behind," comes the defeated answer. "Yes but where is my cock

girl?" Another sleepy sounding moan. "In my wet cunt."

"That's better, I thought so too and now I'm going to fuck the daylights out of

you like you are the Playboy centrefold and I'm just a street tramp getting

something I've been denied all my life. Have you ever been raped?"

"No, but I want you to rape me. Take me. Do it. I want it. Make me cum again

Make me cum. I love your cock so much." Jenny is so worked up the very thought

of someone taking her from behind as if she's helpless but feeling so sexed up

plucks all her emotional strings and making her think and talk dirty. Is this

the card Dr Hans kept up his sleeve to draw Jenny out, making out she can act

like she can enjoy being raped after such a torrid build up to this stage? Dr

Hans is making notes. Perhaps Paul has done the trick.

"Get your head down and take this," Paul shouts at her in a different kind of

voice nothing like the nice young sex therapist she met earlier in the evening.

But unlike Jenny, who's certainly not acting, Paul is giving an Oscar

performance and it's working Jenny up to feel she's enjoying some rough sex and

that's new to her.

He thrusts deeply into her with his body slapping against her butt as

perspiration and body contact react to his full-on pussy assault from her upside

down position. She moans loudly and he slows to a very slow pace and almost

withdraws. He wants to push boundaries to see how far she'll go and if she's not

really in control of her better judgement, her responses now gripped by dark

passion she's never felt before.

"Do you want my cock?" he yells at her. "Yes!" she answers. "Do you like a man

up inside you when you can't move?" he demands.

"I love it. I love a big cock." He slides it in again, but slowly.

You fuck like a slut don't you? Come on, admit it." She moans more and more but

doesn't answer. "Jenny if you are a good slut you will ask me to keep fucking

you and make you cum so Dr Hans can hear you beg for it. Now beg for my 10

inches or I'll take it away from you."

"No no!" she cries. "I want it. I want it all the way. Put it right inside me I

can feel how big it is, it is so big."

"Jenny, you like the cock so much I bet you'd give your stepfather a blowjob

anytime to get him to fuck you. Tell me the truth."

"Yes. Yes. I will. Please make me cum again."

Paul looks at Dr Hans and he signals they have gone far enough and now he must

finish the job and give her what she wants. He's build up her desire to almost

breaking point in the wheelbarrow position and now he is thrusting deep inside

to his entire length with such force she imagines she's being raped. Jenny gets

deep vaginal orgasms when she feels a cock right up and deep inside her, and

when it's as thick as young Paul's, it's even more emotionally stirring. And he

knows the angles of her pussy like the back of his hand to give it to her good

and proper.

He's experienced at holding himself back until the female cums and he can then

deliver it on her face as he invariably does at the hen's parties and other 18's

plus girls' disco dances. He's already hoping the clinic's young receptionist

Alison could line up for him next week.

He has to forget what he's doing or risk ejaculating inside Jenny as he

increases his strokes so his penis is going into her like pistons on a machine.

The sexual tension he's accumulated inside her is intolerable as she imagines

Paul is doing this to her, helpless, in front of an audience of sexy turned on

women at the hen's party she wants to attend with receptionist Alison. She is

completely beyond herself and as he holds her horizontally face down just above

her knees her increasingly urgent sounds reach high pitch and the climax is

coming like a bang of cymbals in the orchestra.

Jenny lets out a yet another garbled long cry as passion turns to an avalanche

of emotions running from the top of her head to her loins. Her legs go stiff in

his hands and she shrieks again but not as loud and shouts out, "Oh my God, oh

my God, oh my God, oh my God" over and over.

He keeps fucking her but keeps slowing down as he watches her body start to

relax after the powerful orgasm and the fierce, feisty little fucker become the

sweet young lady again. He takes his hands from her legs and turns her over in a

sitting up position. He doesn't have to give any orders this time, even still

slightly out of breath and soaking up the afterglow of a massive pounding and

climax, she instinctively leans her face into his hovering erection as he

masturbates rapidly to cum on her face. Her stunned expression shows she's still

getting over the last orgasm as she takes wad after wad of his cum across her

face and in her open mouth making her tongue white from his fortified energy

juice.

She looks up at him and gulps several times, swallowing his load and wiping the

rest from around her mouth with her fingers and sucking them dry before taking

the sensitive head of his penis in her mouth, sucking out the last of it still

inside then trawling her tongue up and around the shaft to clean up any lose

dobs. She loves the taste and hates to let it go to waste.

Dr Hans applauds her attention to detail by clapping his hands as the sole

spectator to her having sex. "Jenny, that was quite marvellous to see you do

that and I've added the images to the end of my review report records. It's a

healthy sign when a woman enjoys it so much she likes to finish off like that."

She looks up at him, still kneeling in front of Paul. "Oh that's because when I

started high school as a new teen some of the older girls were telling us

younger ones that a man's cum is really good for a girl's skin or is that an old

wives' tale?"

"No it's not," he says as she stands up in her goddess-like raw beauty, "what

you just swallowed has a whole range of healthy ingredients and as I told you

once before there are parts of the ejaculate which somehow help produce a

calming effect on women and I kid you not."

"Well I'm glad I'm hearing it from a sex therapist because I asked the girls at

school how come they know so much when they are not exactly out in the world

yet. One of them piped up that her uncle told her why it was good for her."

"The funny thing is Jenny that only about 1 % of a man's ejaculate is the actual

sperm that is nature's vehicle to fertilise a woman when she is ready to produce

and in that say, tablespoon of total ejaculate that 1% of the total content

carries up to half a trillion little swimmers when only just one is required to

make the female pregnant. See what safe sex is all about?"

"Gee, I didn't know a man's sperm had so many of those tadpole things wanting to

swim up the vagina," she laughs.

"Well that's because they are microscopic in size and the human eye can't detect

that."

"What's the rest of cum consist of then if 99% is something other than sperm? I

thought it was all the same?

"Ha, I thought you ask that. Anyway all the rest is just a protein water-based

mixture containing lots of healthy nutritional things like sugar in the form of

fructose, Vitamin C, zinc, citric acid, phosphate and other enzymes. The good

part for women though is that this shot of goodies like you just received from

Paul has an average of only 15 calories and that's a tablespoon size quantity.

"Some men produce less, some more, depending on age, present energy levels,

general health and so on. Of course if a man has ejaculated more than once in

say half an hour the big dose is always the first, and while men can cum more

they won't smother you in it unless like certain hot women they like several men

doing it at the same time. Most of these are done just for movies of course to

act out fantasies some people have about giving a girl a facial."

Jenny dresses as they continue to talk but is still in bra and panties, almost

as though she wants to linger looking sexy while the subject is about a man's

penis. "So what you say it's really good for a girl if she acquires the taste?"

"Yes, exactly. But regard cum as a healthy additive, not an essential part of

your diet. Like, don't give up on taking Vitamin C, and those minerals if you

are short of them as the quantities in those deposits are not mega doses by any

means. Besides it doesn't mean every female is going to be like you. And now,

let's get back to you. Firstly, how was that? I believe I saw and heard some

nice orgasms in those 30 minutes of non-stop action by Paul?"

"Oh that was incredible. I must have cum at least five or six times. It seemed

to be happening non-stop."

"Jenny that's great. Now I've come to the conclusion that you don't have

abnormal sexual concerns such as bordering on nymphomania. Your stepfather will

be greatly relieved, and judging by the way you cleaned up Paul when he finished

ejaculating on your face I'm sure you can make sure your dear stepfather stays

greatly relieved too.

"Now I can assure you from all the tests we did and your response that you are

indeed just a very healthy young lady at 18, admittedly with a very strong

libido and quite an imagination to go with it. That's all in your favour of

course.

"You must know that I've recorded all our physical assessments today for part of

my work in studying how women respond to certain situations. Of course this is

only for my own purpose, not to be given out elsewhere as patient

confidentiality is critically important. However, having this allows me to study

the video film and when I mix the sound in I can take notes of certain things

for part of my research work in human response factors. I'm sure you will agree

that this education session is going to allow us to help other women in the

future.

"We sex therapists often receive visits from frustrated women who either have a

sexual hang-up or as often the case, can't understand why they don't achieve

orgasms during partner sex. We educate them so they can achieve their due

satisfaction and the videos and sounds you helped me with will go a long way in

my studies. Are you happy with that and do I have your permission to retain this

for research purposes provided no identity is ever revealed?"

She thinks of the video her boss did of her playing dirty in his office and she

agreed to that and it had nothing to do with medical research of benefit to

anyone but her raunchy boss, so she thinks at least this request is more

credible. "I suppose so and if you think it will help you I guess I don't mind.

But don't show it to anyone."

"Don't worry Jenny, it goes to my private study for personal analysis. It's in

good hands with Dr Hans.

"Now there is only one concern I found about you and it's up to you whether you

want to do anything about it."

"Are you referring to me enjoying sex with another woman?"

"No, not that."

"Oh, well it must be you think I am infatuated with much older men."

"No, that isn't it either. It's a trend you began from a young age when you used

to show off in front of your stepfather because you wanted him to admire your

new found beauty, your sexuality as you discovered yourself arr, shall we say

suddenly growing up.

"Now much of that father adulation can be quite normal and harmless but while

most girls grow out of it, you are one of those that didn't. To this very day,

age 18, you are really an exhibitionist type personality and that's why your

stepfather shows such concern for you.

"I know you will say there is a growing trend today among young women,

especially teens through to mid 20s to go out in skirts without any panties on,

to wear really tight shorts without underwear to emphasise the shape of their

pussy, to not wear a bra, to wear see-through shirts and all that as some form

of signal that they are truly liberated from past era convention but you seem to

depend on it as essential to your satisfaction."

" Dr Hans I know I've been like that and yes, I deliberately try to turn my boss

on because he's a handsome man like my stepfather but he does reward me well so

I think the fun is worth it even if the other women in the office hate me. Look,

that's how I got my BMW and other things. I can't imagine it being bad because I

bet other females do it somehow."

"Okay then, but if you ever want to do something about it I gave you a card

yesterday with the contact details of a man taking on hypnotherapy and I am sure

he could assist you in that regard.

"He is not yet fully qualified to operate clinically for hypnosis but that's

only because he has to sit final exams at the end of the year, but he is in a

position to hypnotise you and turn your thinking around. I've known him for

years that's why I mention him to you. Really I can't change your state of mind

but perhaps he can.

"He won't charge you because he is not allowed to take fees yet until he's

accredited but meanwhile he needs to practice on people -- most of them are his

friends --to round off any areas he needs to sharpen up on. You'd be doing him a

favour as well as having him help you."

Jenny just nods. "If I change my mind maybe I can look him up but as long as he

doesn't try to put me under to do silly things like you see on television." Dr

Hans chuckles at the thought. "Jenny, it would be in the privacy of his

residence, not on television and he's not an entertainer. It's about

professional assistance, not entertainment."

Jenny is not so sure. "Yes, professional like my body piercer, the

physiotherapist attending my knee and you Dr Hans as a sex therapist. All the

professional people I seem to go to seem to find a way of undressing me." "Have

you forgotten what I said a few minutes ago Jenny? Perhaps it's not them, it's

more likely you. When you walk through their door what do they see? A sexy young

woman dressed as though she wants to be undressed. Get the picture? Perhaps your body language signals to them you really want to show them more."

"She shrugs her shoulders. Well if I did go to him I'll wear something that

covers me from my neck to my ankles. Anyway I want to thank you for going to so

much trouble over me. I only came here expecting to be interviewed but yesterday

and today is something to remember. Thanks Paul for showing what it's like in

some positions I've never tried before."

"Don't thank ,me Jenny, thank Dr Hans, it was his idea. But will you still come

to the all-girls disco male stripper party where I do my thing on Saturday night

week?"

"I'd like to if your receptionist Alison comes with me. She's been there before

as you know but says she was just an onlooker but very wide-eyed I believe. .

She'd holding the passes you gave to her for us so we could get in without

paying so unless she changes her mind we'll be there. I'll do coffee with her

meantime as she knows by the appointment book I have seen you now."

Continuing: In Chapter 12 Jenny is tickled pink in a rather erotic way and is

lit erotically on Cloud Nine at 70,000 feet flying out on a jumbo jet with her

boss on a business trip. She returns in time to talk to Alison about the

upcoming all girls' male stripper party they'll attend together.

Manipulating Jenny Ch. 12

She's sweet 18, scrumptious and a cock loving office prick teaser.

After visiting two opportunistic sex therapists Jenny's convinced more than ever

she's simply a sexy exhibitionist with stunning looks and a gorgeous body who

loves to tease. She's turned on by turning on anyone who'd love to have her, but

can't. Sometimes they can but only after she makes out she's innocent and they

have to really work for it.

The personal assistant to a wealthy businessman is not your average girl next

door. She's got the cover girl looks for a glossy quality magazine with big

brown bedroom eyes and long eyelashes, shiny long jet black that falls halfway

down her back in a pony tail, a booty that's taught, tight and tantalising and

firm 38-20-34 inch vital statistics featuring fulsome firm breasts capped by

erotic looking two-inch high puffy nipples. She makes men's mouth water for good

reason. Standing 5 feet 8 inches in bare feet, her full lips give her mouth a

sensuous appeal, her Latina tanned look skin and miniskirts fall just three

inches from her crotch giving her a sex goddess appearance.

She knows she looks hot and thrives on the attention. She's no one's slut. She's

all style and her own gal.

Jenny's on her way have lunch with the sex therapist's new receptionist Alison

and they plan to attend together the upcoming women's only male stripper rock

disco at an underground club that attracts on average 80 chicks a time, most of

them horny singes 18- 25 letting their hair down (and some other things as well)

or just there to perv on the studs' tight butts and thick dicks as well as

swigging the cheap bubbly and dancing the night away to the non-stop thumping

music.

Alison got two tickets from the sex therapist's assistant Paul, a handsome guy

with shoulder length blonde hair in his mid 20s and an Adonis-like body. He does

the females only strip club shows part time just so he can show off his

nine-inch cannon.

Alison's only spoken to Jenny on the phone when she booked her in for her late

appointment and once again since so having lunch together will bring them face

to face. Alison, who only started work at the therapist's clinic two weeks' ago,

is naturally curious but can't ask questions unless something is spoken first,

and Jenny can't wait to tell her about something she saw in a private room at

the back of the clinic.

After Jenny makes contact by phone to check the restaurant they'll meet at they

describe what they're wearing so they instantly recognise each other. Jenny's in

a striking one-piece red dress that comes just four inches below her crotch and

sporting a deep V cleavage with her breasts filling the space but held up tight

without the need of a bra. Alison, just three months younger than Jenny at 18.3

years, is a 5ft 6in honey blonde in tight curls to her shoulders with 34-19-34

inch measurements wearing a white satin blouse, pleated navy blue skirt midway

to her knees, pale blue nylons and navy high heel shoes.

They greet each other with a big smile as Alison, already seated, gets up to

wave her to where she's sitting. "Nice to meet you after talking twice on the

phone," ventures Jenny as they sit. "Me too, it's good to put a face to a name."

Both women do small talk about their jobs for the first 10 minutes as they start

to feel positive vibes about each other, ordering their meal and sharing bottle

of white wine. They complement each other on how they look in more small talk

until Jenny opens the door to more personal things.

"You know I must apologise for sounding rude to you when I rang the clinic and

asked to see the regular therapist, Felicity, arguing that I didn't want to see

a male sex therapist. I never envisaged needing two appointments and his

assistant Paul at the second visit."

"Yes, but isn't Paul gorgeous. I thought to myself you'd get a surprise as he's

quite a hunk. I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw just how much of a hunk he

really is down below when I accepted the ticket to the rock disco last week.

Wow! I thought to myself he can put his shoes under my bed anytime."

"Alison! I'm surprised at you. They were saying to me what a quiet, shy young

woman you are."

"Yes but that's at work you know. That's different."

"Well Alison I must confess I'm me all the time. I go to the office intending to

make my boss get a horn every time he sees me. I have him like putty in my

hands. He can't resist having a perv on me. That's how I got my BMW sports car."

"You're joking! Really?"

"Downright sure, he's quite wealthy and single again so he shows his

appreciation in a big way."

"That's unreal! Just for showing some leg and what? Panties too?"

Laughing as she says it, but not too loud, Jenny confesses. "Come on Alison,

even a dumb wealthy guy is not that dumb. Of course he wanted more than a street type flash. He wanted a good 60- minute long voyeuristic session after hours

with me in his office so he could video me for his home entertainment.

He said I get the showroom Beamer all running expenses paid by his business if I

come to work wearing high heels, stockings and garter belt, a teeny thong and

half cup lace bra in a business type suit and stay back so I could do a strip

act in his office and use a vibrator on me that he'd bring along. I've got to

admit, just knowing how it turned him on just put me on a real high." (Ch 4)

"The two big things I got out of it for being so adventurous were being made his

personal assistant or PA not long after joining his firm and getting the flashy

red Beamer. The older women there hate me. "

"Eh? He made you his personal assistant after just joining his firm as a junior?

Does he own the business or is he a CEO of a big company?"

"Na, it's his own firm and he runs it like he's a Robbie Williams running a rock

concert. He rocks! For an old guy at 50 he's built like a stud and rather

handsome frankly in a sexy sort of way.

"But Jenny, how could an office junior suddenly become a personal assistant to a

businessman that age and know how to do the confidential business stuff, take

shorthand or whatever. You need real experience for that and you were new there.

Was he that crazy over you?"

"Ha, I thought you'd ask that. It's exactly what I thought. But he said he had

another dumpy senior lady to do all the serious stuff like that as his secretary

but I was his personal assistant for things more private to him. I think he

liked the sound of personal.

"What turns me on though apart from his money and his appreciation of my looks

is his confidence and power. He's quite influential. I've heard him on the

phone. That Friday I tripped in the stairwell and hurt my knee going home to

avoid the women from our office at the elevator I hobbled back to thankfully

find everyone gone and poured my woes on to the boss. He got on the phone

immediately and told this masseur guy upstairs in our tower to fix me up

straight away and send him the bill on Monday no expense spared as I was an

important person in his office. Actually I was still the office junior at that

time but I think he made out I was a senior person to make sure the guy see me

straight away. "

"And did he see you straight away?"

"Yeah, did he ever!

"This old guy got me on my back turning my legs this way and that, even up

behind my head one each side. My panties gave up being see-through after half an

hour of this. They ended up slipping to one side of my pussy so he got the 100%

Jenny bare beaver right under his nose. He could have come in his pants for all

I know, but he just kept going as if nothing was any different." (Ch 1)

"Actually it so happened on the Monday at the end of the day the boss called me

in to see how I got on with the masseur fixing my knee just after 6 on the

Friday. He got the bill that morning and was quite surprised to see no charge.

"That raised his eyebrows and he wondered why no charge when it was an after-

hours emergency type call. He said at the time the guy is very expensive so he

wanted to know exactly how he went about looking at my skinned and bruised knee

to see if he was taking advantage of me. He asked what kind of underwear I wore

on Friday under my mini skirt as that day he didn't get to find out. When I told

him skin colour see-through silk ones he just groaned like he was real jealous.

I didn't know when I put them on Friday morning I'd be lying on my back on a

massage table getting my knee treated before I got home. I wear that stuff to

turn my boss on.

"Yes, Raymond was sure jealous I could tell. So he asked me to show exactly what

happened up there. He cleared his desk and asked me to lie down and go through

the Friday thing step by step so he could decide if the masseur was acting

improperly. (Ch 2)

"He wanted to be the judge on whether the guy upstairs had a loan of me. Imagine

my boss pretending he was the expert on everything but I still had to go through

it all over again, step by step, describing what he did with my legs and all

that. Raymond could see I was quite raunchy in that helpless situation. After

all, the masseur got a treat with a busty long legged shapely 18 year-old

turning up for massage treatment to her knee wearing a short mini skirt and

see-through thong. It must have made his day but I had no choice as my knee was

hurting and it was after work on a Friday. As for my boss, was it jealousy or

just another opportunity?"

Alison seems turned on trying to imagine it.

"Ooh, it does seem pretty saucy. Did you get turned on by the masseur when you

went there on Friday with the crook knee knowing you were on your back in such a

revealing way? I mean, you must have been feeling embarrassed or turned on."

"I sure did feel helpless. My panties, being see-through, were very thin and he

could tell I was wet. I saw him looking between my legs most of the time. That's

why he dragged the treatment out for ages."

"So what was the outcome with your boss? Was he angry about the man?

"Well for a start, because it was already after 5.30 and the office was locked,

it took about an hour and a quarter to go through all the same motions as each

and every one of them took a fair bit of time. For example, when he had both my

legs stretched back behind my head and my bum in the air, my panties soaking wet

dragged to the side of my pussy he held me there like that for what must have

been five minutes. Everything was stretch and hold for ages.

"I felt so helpless and vulnerable as though he was having me for dinner. So

Raymond did much the same, enjoying the perv of his lifetime I'm sure, but what

could I say? I'm his office junior and I want to get up the ladder so I put up

with it knowing in the long run I'll get rewarded somehow. I was thinking while

this dragged on that maybe he could become like a sugar daddy.

"In the end Raymond believed the old guy did not take advantage of me at all. He

said that's what you've got to expect in these situations and it was a pity it

was embarrassing for me having such provocative gear on at the time. I still

think he was glad I did."

"Yes, I bet he did Jenny. Aren't all men the same though?"

"Right on, but what about you Alison, I've been telling you about myself and

you're 18 like me, so anything sexy to tell me that will make me go mmmmm?"

"Compared to what you just told me I'm pretty ordinary. I think I hide my real

feelings pretty much."

"Okay then Alison, when's the first time you went down on a guy? You must have

done that before you left school. Was it a boyfriend, a teacher maybe? Hmmm?

"Ha, wishful thinking! I'm embarrassed to say nothing like that."

"Oh come on, tell me the first time you tasted a man's cum. No cheating!"

"No I never have. Truly. I want to though. All through school some of the kids

bragged about getting facials as if it's a status symbol and I always felt out

of the circle. I was adopted when I was a baby and my foster father never once

showed me although one day in sheer frustration I went close to asking him, He's

too strict though with me and he'd be horrified if I even thought about it?"

"He sounds like my step daddy. So close and yet so far. But he's not your

natural father anyway so you asking isn't that bad," Jenny suggests in the hope

there was a breakthrough. "Well Jenny that may be all right to say that now I'm

18 and it's fair crack of the whip but not the same in my early teens."

"Yeah, I guess you're right. That's the trouble with mixing with kids at school;

there are always some of them travelling way ahead of the pack when it comes to

finding out what goes on. What about any pats on the bum, kisses on the mouth,

anything at all sexy that doesn't involve the serious stuff? Come on, there must

be something you've done once or twice in the past 10 years to make me want to

think of it and get turned on with myself!"

The blonde with the tight curls suddenly grins. "Well...."

"Well what? Come on Alison be good and don't hold back now. No one else will

know."

"Okay then, but it's a private thing really, nothing to do with sex."

Jenny's face drops. "Well, tell me anyway."

"Okay, the closest thing I ever got being sort of personal with pop was when I

sunbaked on our back deck. It's a very private yard and perfect for getting the

sun without any clothes." Jenny is all ears again.

"Okay Alison so what's the big deal about sunbaking in the nude? Girls do it

nearly everywhere in virtual or complete nudity on less busy beaches"

"Well, let me finish pop always rubbed the sunscreen oil on me."

Jenny likes the sound of that. "Really? That's cool. Was your mom there?"

"Oh yes, most times she was right there but head in a book at the other end of

the deck in the shade right through all the summers and that's why I've got such

a good brown tan. Pop always insisted I protect my skin or I wasn't allowed to

do it."

"And you took everything off?"

"Yeah, sure. There was no sex involved in anything, Even though pop was really

strict ever since I was a kid he didn't do anything wrong. I was their only

child and they both doted on me. They encouraged free expression in our home,

but not in public. Pop always said there is nothing more innocent and naturally

beautiful as the naked body of a young girl growing up. Mom said it was as close

to purity you can get provided the freedom of free expression wasn't abused. Pop

always said a pristine nubile female nude is the epitome of erotica and much

more so when younger because of the innocence factor.

"You know Jenny, most young girls, especially when you get to about eight, like

to show off as we are proud of our figures and why not? Usually they are

immaculate and as pop used to say, a treasure God made for mankind to behold and

enjoy. Pop encouraged me to feel free in the home to dress as I like and right

through the years never batted an eyelid when I'd get about in nothing or just

panties.

"Even now at 18 when I get home I'm into something like my silk thong and

slippers only. Pop always compliments me on looking after myself. Mind you,

having an all-over tan makes me want to parade in the home if only to please

him, but I'm not one for showing off anywhere in public."

"I agree with you Alison about the growing up bit as I was a real wag that age.

But coming back to a girl's favourite subject, a man's cock and cum, are you

saying despite that freedom at home you never even once got the chance?

"Gee Jen, I'm sure I got the chance but didn't. And my pop never tried."

"He sounds like my daddy. Every chance but little Jenny has to wait. So you've

got an all-over tan, that's great. Is it really all-over though? I mean, you

know what I mean?"

"Yes, it's every inch. Pop said from day one if I want to look beautiful I must

protect my skin and he made it his responsibility to ensure I didn't forget by

putting the suntan oil on me, back and front. Mind you, mom was there much of

the time her head in a book. She's a real bookworm."

"You're making me jealous now Alison. What a wonderful feeling to have cool

hands moving all over your hot body while you lie there starkers eye shut

enjoying the pampering. It is pampering you know, that would really turn me on

if my daddy did it. So how long have you enjoyed this? One summer, two, three?

"Wait for it, for the past nine years."

"Tell me you are joking, you're making this up to impress me."

"No way. It's true. After I turned nine I asked mom and pop could I get a suntan

on our back deck? I had a nice olive complexion but it was not a tanned look and

I saw pictures of these kids modelling stuff in a fashion magazine mum brought

home and they had great tans. I wanted to be like them.

"Naturally my folks spoilt me as their only but they were also very strict about

boys and things like that. I never heard a swear word from them and they never

once had to even shout at me. I was a good kid.

"So my pop's been rubbing the cream all over ever since, every summer, every

year right to now and did it last Saturday again. You're right Jenny, it's so

exhilarating lying there eyes shut relaxing while you feel these hands spreading

oils and creams all over and then gently massaging it into the pores of the skin

until it's just shiny damp."

"Alison, if my daddy was rubbing me all over with sunscreen oil right through

every summer for the past nine years I'd be off my nana by now wanting it. I'd

cum for sure a long time ago, too.

"Do you realise that's nine years to 18 now with say, 25 weeks of summer season

two-day sunshine each weekend, making it more than 450 times your pop massaged

suntan creams all over your naked body. Gosh! That makes my little story of the

masseur look pretty ordinary doesn't it?

"How exciting and you say you're pretty ordinary! I can agree with the part that

you must hide your feelings. Oh my gawd!"

"But Jenny it wasn't two days every weekends. Sometimes it rained but I guess

three quarters of the whole time you mentioned would be right. Anyway, it wasn't

about sex. That's the last thing on pop's mind. If it was about sex he had

countless opportunities to hop on board but never took advantage of me. He's

just wonderful to me and I love him as if he's my real father whoever that

person was."

"Okay then, just take any one year, say the halfway mark between nine and 18 you

are say, 13 something. How far does he rub the sunscreen oil into you?

"All the way of course"

"No I mean, what parts does he skip over? I suppose he does your chest but

surely not your pussy? "

"Of course, he always did and still does."

"What? Jeez Alison, your pop must be the horniest unsatisfied man around. Look

at those lovely big breasts for example. I suppose you shave your pussy too?"

"Yeah, been there, done that and I keep it that way. It's easier. It was pop's

idea.It was easier to keep things clean from the very start. He did it the first

time to show me and then it's up to me to keep it spotless. Mom bought these

expensive essential oils to rub into my pubis area to keep the skin supple and

fresh looking. They really do go out of their way to make sure I take care of

myself."

"Well I can agree with that. But you're giving me ideas Alison. You must invite

me over one weekend and let me join you. He can do me too."

"Are you serious? You'd like that? My pop?

"Yeah, why not, I'm 18 now and he can't get into trouble. He might like a bit of

fun in his life as where you can't, or maybe you can but won't, I can grab his

hand and push his fingers in to let me know he can go further. Hey, maybe then

he will do it for you especially now you're old enough."

"Oh shit! Jenny, you are incredible. You have such imagination. Do you really

mean that?

"Of course I do. Consider this Alison: you dear foster pop's been treating you

like a Greek goddess for the past nine years. His hands have been all over your

body maybe more than 400 times top to bottom side to side and don't you think

now you're sweet 18 and looking even sexier, that just once even, maybe even

just once when he rubs the oil over your pussy and sees it glisten in the

sunlight, your clit standing up and your vagina lips shifting about under the

pressure of his fingers that he'd love to fuck you?"

"Oh shit Jen, you make it sound so erotic like a scene from Emmanuelle. I never

even thought of that but I suppose you're right. After all, I said it didn't I?

All men are the same when it comes to pussy.

I'll tell you what, if you do invite me to your place to sun bake, I'll invite

you to my home and coerce my step daddy to do the same with you."

"Hey, that sounds fun but let's wait a couple of weeks because mom is going to

stay with an old lady for a few weeks while her husband goes into hospital.

Mom's going to look after things as the other old dear is not that well either.

Anyway pop and I will be on our own for those three weekends so let's do it on

the first week she's away. Then she won't know about it."

"Good idea Alison and here's something else to think about. If your pop gets

turned on by massaging both of us, when he finishes let's get his pants off and

I'll work on him on your behalf. It could be the turning point in his life so

after I've gone home you can bank on a fuck followed by a facial anytime you

desire while your mom's away. This guy wants it, he needs it. Give it to him!

"Think about the times he massages you. Is it bland or exciting? Do you get any

signals?"

"I dunno Jen, every time he got to the spot he covered it entirely and made sure

the cream was rubbed in by squeezing it around and pushing my clitoris up and

making it stick out of the hood but he's really done it that way pretty well

from day one.

"But did he ever play with your clit?"

"Naturally! But it wasn't to make me sexy. He has to rub over it of course and

rub the oily cream it in properly so sure, my clit always got erect. Sure he

could see it like that but never said anything."

"What about inside?"

"No he never went there. That might look like sex to him. The closest thing to

that was running his fingers up my slit just to rub the oils in. My pussy was

wet on the outside and just as wet inside. And yeah, I did feel rather sexy. I

don't think there ever was an occasion I didn't get turned on but tried to hide

it by turning my little radio up so the music drowned out the way I was moaning.

"How hilarious Jenny. Pop must have heard me. God, my bum twitches when I'm

facing up and I'm twice as bad when I'm laying face down legs spread feeling his

hands over my pussy from the back."

"Gosh. Was it always that obvious? "

"Yes, pretty much but in different ways right from the start."

"Anyway Alison stop! You're making me wet and I don't want to leave marks on

these seat covers."

The two women finish eating their sundae and look for the drink waiter before

ordering coffee.

"Jenny, to be honest I'm glad you're coming to Paul's male stripper show with me

next week. It's my best chance to step out and do something I've wanted to, but

was afraid to ask for. Yes, I want a facial.

"I stood back when I went the first time on Paul's free ticket as I was a bit

shy of the whole thing but lots of the girls were rubbing their hands over the

guys' tight butts and their muscled shoulders. I mean they were real spunks!

Gosh, everyone of them had a big dick, I guess they wouldn't be there otherwise.

"So I'm watching this and geez one chick goes down on the guy sucking him right

alongside me. Then it seemed to be happening all through the five hours the show

was on. The girls made it look as though they hadn't seen one before and these

were women aged 18 to about 25 mostly. The later it got the more drink the girls

consumed, the more daring they got, the more they wanted it. In the last two

hours I saw several girls take the guy's cum on their face and at least two

looked like they took it straight on the tongue and that's just the ones I

noticed. There must have been lots I didn't see from where I parked my booty.

"After one of the main studs does a show on the long catwalk between rows of

tables he joins several other hunky studs moving around among the chicks topping

up their drinks or just being friendly. The guys were chatting to the girls on

the edge of the dance area and everyone was in a real great happy mood, they

were lifting their tops up and squeezing their breasts, kissing their nipples

and even being fingered up their skirts. It was real debauchery. I was soaked in

my pants but I wasn't game to get in any closer. Maybe with you with me I'll see

if I can do any good."

"Jenny girls were dropping their pants here and there lying on their back,

taking it doggy. As a party time it was real hardcore but totally impromptu. One

funny incident was when this blonde was on her hands and knees beside the dance

floor and the stripper was really whacking it into her just near when I was

standing when all of a sudden two of the girls swinging about on the dance floor

overbalanced and fell on top of her.

"It was hilarious but she just got up and pulled her jeans back on end of fuck.

None of the girls seem to care who looked at what they were doing and quite a

few times I saw two and even three hovering on their knees sharing a big dick

with another chick wrapping herself around his body feeling his muscles.

"I asked Paul later were any of those women porn babes to make it look good for

the amateurs and he said absolutely not. He said they get a big roll up because

the girls know they are among people like themselves and everybody pays to get

in. Chicks who love to see a man in the raw with a big erection. That's the key

to it he says."

"Jenny, have you ever had any body piercing done, like your navel, nipples or

pussy? I've been considering it for a while now as it's supposed to be sexually

stimulating at different times in different ways but I can't seem to run into

anyone who's done it. It's pretty hard to come straight out and ask someone."

"Well Alison you're lucky because I have. These days at 18 I get my kicks going

to places where I can act innocent and places I couldn't go on my own when

younger like to a masseur for a full body massage. I wanted to get my pussy

pierced when I was 16 knowing it would be a sexy thing happening with my legs

open but had to wait until only three weeks ago. The guy who did it is very good

and it's one experience I won't forget.

"If you really want to have yours done I'll give you his address. He's done

heaps of them and he's got albums full of sample pictures of his work, a picture

of the chick's face and close ups of the before and after pussy. Now I'm in his

collection.

"He told me he goes through these albums at night remembering all his customers.

They range from 15 to 40 but as you'd imagine, 90% are about our age. Do you

want me to come with you? He can put a bar in one or both of my nipples, I've

heard they sex you up under your clothes and my nipples are always sensitive."

"Hey that would be great because I'm still a bit shy and innocent even though

underneath I'm as horny as the devil... Let's do it after we get Paul's party

thing out of the way."

They get another glass of wine and giggle a bit, clinking the glasses in a toast

to good times ahead. Sometimes girls just want to have fun.

"Jen, how did you get on the other day at our clinic?

"No worries. I saw your therapist Dr Hans and Felicity's spunky new assistant

Paul and they were very thorough. I only went there to please my step daddy.

He's just worried I'm becoming far too sexy for my age and it's something he's

always on about since he raised me from eight on his own."

"Why, did your parents break up?"

"No, mom died when she was hit by a car crossing the road. The drunk driver was

jailed but it didn't bring mom back and my biological father left mom two years

earlier for another woman he worked with. My foster daddy was fantastic putting

up with me as I was really naughty."

Alison tops up their drinks. "That's sad about your mother. Now with your foster

dad were you giving cheek to him as you grew up?"

The remark makes Jenny laugh. "Well, not the sort of cheek you mean but the

cheeks of my bum. I used to cavort around with nothing on after I was nine and

wanted daddy to tell me how beautiful I was. Even when I got around in just my

panties I deliberately pulled them in to make a cameltoe every day no matter

where I was or where we went, even shopping. It seems my show-off traits back

that far stayed with me until now, only I'm doing things a lot more

sophisticated.

"All I know is that during that time growing up I craved for extra affection

losing mom so soon in life. Everything I can remember of her is that she was a

very sexy lady, very pretty with hair like mine and really sexy boobs. He says I

remind him of her in many ways. That only made me feel even stronger for him and I just wanted to be the love of his life as he didn't remarry. I was glad about

that because no other woman could replace my real mother.

"Trouble was though; I overdid it. I tried to dominate his attention and his

whole life. Then my attention getting ways with him escalated into a wider

habit. I got away with being naughty as anyone I showed off to saw it as simple

indiscretion, not deliberate. Like I'd see someone at a supermarket I fancied

teasing and my panties were always pulled up between my pussy lips and the

cheeks of my bum so when I'd bend over standing up to fix my shoelaces I knew

they'd see everything from behind because I practiced it in the mirror first.

"To me this was a real game I enjoyed for years and I never got into strife but

I'm sure a lot of older men and some younger ones sure got an eyeful. I did it

more for older guys though as they were more my father's age group, figuring

they must be out of touch with young pussies at their age and I'd give them a

cheap thrill no harm done."

"Jenny that's incredible you going to all that trouble. I never did anything

like that You really must like being an exhibitionist then. You don't do that

now, surely?"

Jenny laughs at the suggestion. "Oh no, I'm a lot more discreet now but even

though I still did some of that with my pussy shaved right through my teens The

last time I did those supermarket and bus station stunts I was 17 at the time

and I used to wear a tight thin sweater without my bra so my nipples stood out

and that made sure some eyes would follow me around the aisles.

"I always put on a very short mini skirt with a little thong under it and made

sure it slipped into the crack of my pussy so they'd see more than my bum. It

was really a repeat of what I did at first only as a schoolgirl teenager I had a

fatter pussy.I was turning men on and I'd get wet knowing it, not that I wanted

any of them of course. One man's wife caught him looking and I heard her giving

him an earful when I scooted off."

All this fascinates Alison as she was the opposite of Jenny in those same years.

Inquisitive about sex but never one to step out of line with her strict foster

parents after she was adopted by them as a baby.

"Tell me Jenny, what was it that made you get so interested so early. Maybe you

were born with that in you?"

"Alison I was a little devil in those early years. Daddy never knew but I used

to sneak along the hallway after they put me to bed and this was when I was only

turning eight and I'd listen to them making love from outside the door in the

dark.( Chapter 8) I didn't know what they were doing but I figured whatever it

was momma sure liked it and I knew my daddy was good to her and making her happy all those times."

"What? You did that more than once?

"Yes. I know it sounds very naughty of me but I was just very curious. You know

what girls are like at that age, well I could hardly ask any questions or they'd

know I was out of bed and spying on them. The only time I got a clue about

things when I heard mom say something about that's enough of the vibrator, put

it back in the drawer and let's do the real thing. I didn't know what a vibrator

was or even what the real thing was. Then another time I heard daddy say open

your legs wider. Well I knew what was between my legs so I guessed lovemaking

had something to do with him putting something in there. I'd go to my room and

pretend with myself.

"Tell you what Alison, daddy doesn't know to this very day and it was a really

big mystery to him but a few years later when I was 11 and was giving myself

those early orgasms I wanted something bigger and it occurred to me that maybe

daddy might still had mom's vibrator packed away. I waited until he went

shopping and said he'd be out for about two hours and I very carefully searched

through the drawers in mom's dressing table and wow, there it was in this box

wrapped in brown paper. I took it out and got the surprise of my life. I'd never

seen a vibrator and it seemed huge then as I was not even a teen so measuring

eight inches long and shaped like a man's cock I was trembling with excitement

and didn't know what to do. I didn't expect this. I didn't know what a vibrator

was supposed to look like. In fact, I thought all men's cocks must be like this.

I bet most men wish the same, too!"

So what did you do?"

"I put the box back empty and wrapped it up the same way and made sure

everything looked like I hadn't been to the drawer and took it to my room. I

knew daddy would be away for at least another hour and so I had a good look at

it and discovered it ran on batteries but when I tried to make it run the little

batteries were flat. Lucky for me daddy kept those things in the garage so I

raced out and found four that fitted. I made sure I bought some the same size

the next day and replaced them."

"And," says Alison, "now you've got me intrigued I hope it didn't stop there.

It's turning me on hearing this and to think I was filled with my early days

guilt playing with my clit so often and seeing how far I could feel inside me!"

Jenny laughs. "Well certainly not from what I found out since that but to finish

that story I went back and put it to work over my panties and it was so powerful

on my pussy I had to keep stopping."

"Did you come?"

"Oh yes, it was something like I never felt before. I had to keep putting it on

and switching it off as I was not used to a constant vibration like that on the

top of my pussy. I was doing it on and off and getting my breath back every

time; I mean I was really panting for breath when I got so worked up. I only

used to get a little out of breath having my clit orgasms before then but this

orgasm was out of this world for my tender body.

"My whole body seemed to rock when this incredible feeling came over me from

down below my stomach. It seemed to go right through me. My toes curled up tight

and a wonderful feeling went through my head. I cried out and it was so strong I

rolled over moaning and fell off the bed. I just lay there trying to get my

breath back. It's just as well I was on my own in the house at the time. Ever

since then I wanted to do it again and again as I realised it was mom's toy and

I so much wanted to be like her. I used it quite a lot right through my school

days."

"Good on you, and lucky you getting away with that. Did you put it in or just

hold it over your clit?"

"Alison, this is Jenny you are talking to. Of course I put it in me; well,

eventually but only a few inches or more for a while. That's all I ever needed

to go right off and at first I was real careful not to get too daring. I had two

orgasms when I did that the first time, but probably because in my mind I was so

excited. I was wheezing for breath at the end."

"How did you keep that a secret so long? Didn't he ever know you pinched it?"

"I don't know. But one day he was cursing out loud like he'd lost something and

when he came down the stairs I asked him what was wrong but he didn't want to

talk about it. I mean, I was hardly going to be asked if I'd taken his wife's

vibrator in case I hadn't, and then he'd know I'd go looking for it being the

little vamp I was.

"He ended up thinking he must have thrown some things into the garbage by

mistake one day when he was cleaning up some of mom's possessions nearly three

years after she died. But soon after that day I knew he went looking through my

room - the dresser drawers, my wardrobe and toy boxes. I think he must have

given up eventually really believing he threw it out because the memories were

too hurtful."

"Gee that's incredible Jenny, but where could you hide it all those years?"

"In my pillow case. My bed had several pillows and it was always my job to take

the covers off and put them in the washing machine so I made sure that one was

never uncovered. It was at the bottom and I made my own bed and daddy never came into my room except that day I think he was searching in desperation for the

vibrator. Mind you, I still went into his room in a saucy way but always got

ordered back to my room. I was a fair little devil. The poor man."

A sudden thought comes to her mind, something she's busting to tell Alison

knowing she's only just started working at Dr Felicity Feelgood's sex therapist

clinic.

"Listen to this. Did you know that Dr Felicity has a fucking machine in her

private room at the back of the clinic?"

"What? She's got a machine there? What sort of machine are you talking about?

"It's a fucking machine."

Alison thinks Jenny is getting loose with her speech after talking horny for too

long. "I've only just started working there Jenny and I know she's got a big

private area there as she once slept over and I think it's for when she works

late on private research and may even get changed or shower there. You know, but

apart from a coffee machine or something, what sort of machine are you talking

about?"

"I'm trying to tell you, it's a fucking machine"

Exasperated, Alison speaks more loudly. "Jenny in plain language, not the magic

word, what kind of machine does she have that's so important?"

"Alison it's a fucking machine. That's what's it called. I was like you when I

first saw it. I asked what it was and Dr Hans said exactly that and I thought he

was getting crude with me thinking I didn't care how he spoke as I consented to

be tested for orgasm responses. We had to unlock her private room to get access

to this big bed in there and there it was. Dr Hans said he didn't know she had

one either when I asked him what it was for.

"Anyway he ended up saying that it's a side of Dr Felicity's personality he

didn't know about and he's only a stand-by therapist but she might be bi or into

some levels of BDSM to have one of those. Apparently it's a fetish thing; the

woman is continually fucked by this dick shaped thing that can be regulated to

various speeds to suit from slow, medium, fast and extra fast. Actually and to

be honest, it made me think that I'd like to see how it goes and the only way is

to make an appointment with Felicity and make out I can't get orgasms unless I

get continual thrusting inside and no man can last long enough to satisfy me

before blowing. Then she might put me on the machine. I'm into anything daring

and different as long as it's not dangerous."

Alison is stoked. "Jenny you really are amazing. I would never have thought of a

story like that but I honestly didn't know she was into that kind of thing. Wow,

she must be not as demure as I thought. Maybe we can go there at the same time

as I'd like to see how it works too, and I'm still a virgin."

"What? You'd get turned on watching that happen to me and you're still a virgin

after all those years of having your daddy massage you? "Jenny still can't

believe it and thinks Alison is foxing about fucking.

"Yeah, I'm sure I'd get the hots for you if I saw something like that happening.

It sounds pretty cool and you are a sexy chick you know. I can't take my eyes

off your lips when you talk." "Alison, don't tell me you're bi, I'd never have

guessed."

"Well not actually but I'm very curious and at times the thought of kissing

another chick my age does sort of turn me on. If I can arrange an appointment

for you with Dr Felicity and tell her why you need some special intensive

treatment for your supposed problem will you let me in on it?"

"How can you make that happen? It's meant to be a private consultation, even if

she agrees." "Well I'll tell her you are a very close friend of mine and we are,

you know, that way inclined to each other but as much as you need her help to

get orgasms with extended penetration you'll only agree to go there if I can be

there with you to give you more confidence. And anyway, I can say I have the

same problem so I might get a shot at the machine thing, too."

"Alison that's really clever. Okay, go for an appointment a week after we get

your pussy pierced. That should give her something extra to look at anyway. I'll

be at my best convincing Dr Felicity that I can't get orgasms unless I have lots

of extended penetration or if it's shorter time, really hard and fast stuff and

the men can't deliver it to my satisfaction. She should buy that and that I need

you like a comfort cushion so I'll go through with it. Let's face it, if Dr

Felicity is bi like Dr Hans suggests, she might like the idea of having two

chicks to have on hand. I mean literally have on hand."

"I can vouch for the fact she's a very attractive lady, and she's the one who

chose me for the job after interviewing quite a few applicants. Maybe she has

pretty good intuition about me being potentially both ways."

Alison's hand touches Jenny's for a moment but the elder teen doesn't flinch.

"Tell me, do you have a boyfriend?" the young curly hair blonde asks.

"Oh heavens no. I don't want a boyfriend at this stage. Too many options out

there to explore first. I've got my step daddy and my randy boss Raymond to keep

me occupied for now. My step daddy is as close as it gets to a boyfriend.

Remember what I told you how I wanted him to love me like he did mom when I was much younger? Well I'm old enough now and I can have my way at last. He's still just as handsome and sexy in my eyes and I love to taste his cum."

"Really? You mean you like the taste of that?"

"Sure. I'll have my tongue wagging out when we get to those hot strippers you

told me about and I expect you to not let me down by backing out and standing

back. I want to see it on your face. "But listen to this. This will tickle your

fancy.

"I came home from work early just two weeks ago and accidentally caught my

favourite man masturbating on the lounge with one of those silly imitation

pussies. I felt really sorry for him knowing how much he was missing out on

without a wife and me, his hot daughter, yearning for the past nine years to

suck his cock. He didn't know I was home as I came in quietly when I heard

voices. It was a woman's voice and I first thought he had female company. I got

instantly jealous.

"It turned out to be a porno movie. Thank God he was facing away from me and had the sound turned up so I sneaked out again and came home half an hour later."

"What happened?"

"First I sat in the car all that time. I got such a shock and suddenly it dawned

on me all the years he has missed what most men take for granted because he was

so caring about my welfare. I decided right there and then to put an end to his

misery and make him do it to me instead of some silly sex toy. Daddy used to

tell me over and over when I pestered him that when I turned 18 he would love me

like me loved my mom.

"I remember saying please make it in the same place momma used to lie with him

and show me what he did with her. He promised he would only when I turned 18.

"Do you think that's disgusting of me Alison to put it on him so long ago?"

"Not really. You were being normal not really knowing the pressure you put on

him. I think the message you were trying to get across to your stepfather was

that you felt such a strong and natural bond in family love that you wanted to

be as close as it can get. That meant to him, one day you wanted him inside you

or you wanted his cum on your face or your tongue as the nearest best thing once

you were old enough and so he couldn't get into trouble.

"He knew what you were getting at but he respected you and needed to protect you

when in his situation he could have weakened and then later on in your life

you'd blame him for taking your innocence despite how much you asked for it. I

think the man is incredibly responsible to knock back a hot thing like you even

that long ago.

"Sorry, I'm getting you off the track. I must know what happened. You came back

to the house so go on."

"That's right. Back on track now. This is me 18 and clean. So after parking

around the corner long enough to let him finish I returned to the house and

parked my Beamer and walked in as he was getting out of the shower with just a

towel around his waist. Ha, how convenient, I thought for what I had in mind.

"The towel came to the bottom of his cock as I could just see the tip of it

because I'm all eyes for his cock but he didn't know I saw even that little bit.

I begged him to stay right like he was I wanted to show him something I just

bought and made him sit on the lounge in just his bath towel. He's so sweet he

did just that for me and I raced in, got my gear off real quick and put on this

fantastic micro bikini that's the big rage in Europe right now, especially in

places where women can show off. I bought it to be deliberately provocative one

day in front of him to get him to want me but when I saw him putting that lovely

big cock in that sex toy that was it for me.

"He opened his eyes and there I was right in front of his face, all sweet 18 and

clean and he was looking straight at my cute pussy because these micro bikinis

hardly hide anything. At first he was horrified I could wear anything as brazen

as thing anywhere in public and then I made it worse saying I got it so I could

wear it to tease my boss when we go on an interstate trip soon."

Alison's got her head resting in her hand, elbow on the table, fascinated with

Jenny's audacity and sheer confidence in her. "You said he was horrified so how

did you get him to do anything after that?"

"Well first I wanted him to admit to me it was sexy as at first he said it was

disgustingly rude. I said in my sweet innocent voice like I was back in my

tweeny years."Daddy if you were at the beach lying on the sand and a nice

looking girl happened to stand near you in this kind of micro bikini showing

everything as you saw on me just now, tell me you would not look at her."

"Ha! "I got him. He admitted that he would look because it was an outrageous

thing for a girl to wear in public. Then I got him to say if he saw that he'd

think it's sexy, really sexy. So once he said that I got him to admit looking at

me in the exact same thing was sexy, too. Then to top it off I got him to admit

looking at me really did turn him on. Anyway, his cock was already erect; I

could see that under the towel. It was too big to hide so I trapped him one way

or the other. I knew this was my best chance to do something ever since I

hounded him all those years back.

"I said to stay where he was on the lounge as I had another surprise for him. I

raced into the kitchen because he's crazy about honey and I came back out with

nothing on at all, his eyes still shut and I lay at his feet and poured honey

over both my nipples. Then I cried out in my youngest sounding voice that I'd

spilt honey on me and quick daddy, lick it up.

"He opened his eyes and nearly fell over his tongue when he saw me lying there

nude on the floor. He jumped to my side and was lucky my tits like crazy to get

the honey off me. I think he knew this was my way of finally getting him to have

sex with me after all my years wanting to play with it, not just see it. While

he was doing such a good job and actually sucking my nipples quite hard I tipped

the jar over my pussy and screamed out again in my little girl voice to help me

clean it up.

"Oh boy, just watching him do that was worth waiting those nine years because my

pussy was saturated and he licked it feverishly all over until there was no sign

of any honey. But my honey pot was really ready for him."

Alison is agog. "Jenny, you're making me wet just imagining what it must have

been like. You are just incredible though. How did it finish up?"

"Oh ever so beautiful. I got my first orgasm with him right there without

getting up off the floor. Then he fucked me as well right where I wanted it on

mom's side of the bed. I come again-twice actually."

"Lucky girl," smiles Alison with a glint in her eyes for Jenny.

"Will you ever admit to stealing your mom's vibrator after all these years?"

"Maybe I should. I still use it. As you know, most girls our age have some kind

of vibrator in their bedroom now they're so easy to buy and there' it's not

taboo maybe like it was so many years ago so maybe what I could do is surprise

him one night. Just walk in his bedroom with it one night and ask him to show me

how he used it on mom.

"Hey look at the time Alison, we'd better get back to work in the next five

minutes."

"So what's on your plate this week Jen?

You don't have to go back to see Dr Hans as he's gone with Felicity back running

the clinic."

"He wants me to see this hypnotherapist fellow straight away saying he's the

only one who can instil in my mind some form of sexual moderation. I can't

imagine someone trying to hypnotise me with the strong mind I've got but I

suppose he can have a go. Dr Hans says my libido is exceptionally high so it's

up to me."

"So you'll go to him then? Alison smiles, already knowing the exhibitionist's

answer.

"Yes" when I get back to the office I'll book it in because if he's really good

I might come to my senses."

CONTINUING: In Chapter 13 (about July 30) Jenny puts a hypnotherapist in a real

trance and she joins the 18 year-old receptionist Alison in facing up to her

first facial at the underground all girls' male strippers rock disco where

anything goes. After that, in ch 14, Dr Felicity's fucking machine has two keen

teens lining up and the pussy piercer gets a sexy 18 year-old new customer.