**Nothing So Spectacular**

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

There is nothing so spectacular in this world as a gorgeous eighteen-year old high school girl taking off her school uniform piece by piece. All the way. Until she is nude. The transformation is remarkable. In the process she moves from a naive and innocent youth to a supple, functioning woman.  
  
And I mean a real high school girl, not just dress up. One that is in final year, one that is meant to be at school, but instead took a bus to your house to undress and crawl into your bed. Early morning sunshine, early morning glory. Tight, silky, wet, young, clumsy, laying on top, experimenting with the cock inside her. Kissing.  
  
Ones like Jodie Basset.  
  
We met on a train, of all places. She was with friends on the way home from school, one of two in the group that were gorgeous; yet they all seemed equal socially. There was no pretentiousness in Jodie's beauty. Brown wavy hair, bright eyes, nice smile. Noticeable breasts, not large but certainly present. Slight, square shoulders, elegant hands. She wasn't the leader, but neither was she led.  
  
When the girls got off the train, I watched them pass the window down the platform. It was a happy group.  
  
"Ah," I yelled out through the glass, unsuccessfully. A maroon school jacket was left on the seat where the girls had stood. I grabbed it and jumped through the doors, off the train just in time. I half-ran down the platform after them until I noticed one girl doing the same toward me. It was Jodie.  
  
As she rushed alongside the moving train I yelled out.  
  
"Miss! Are you looking for this?"  
  
Jodie turned and looked.  
  
"Oh my god. I am. Thank you! How did you know?"  
  
"I was near your group and saw it left behind."  
  
"Is this your stop?" she asked politely.  
  
"No. No, I'm a ways down the line."  
  
"Oh my god. I'm so sorry. That's so kind of you. I don't know what I'd do with my mother if I lost another one of these."  
  
I laughed empathetically.  
  
"You've such a beautiful voice," I blurted unconsciously.  
  
"Oh," she blushed.  
  
"Sorry, I don't mean to embarrass you."  
  
"No, no, it's okay. I'm...okay."  
  
There was a funny little silence. Slightly awkward.  
  
"Shall we go?" I asked, turning to go down the platform.  
  
"Your train?"  
  
"Next is thirty minutes."  
  
"I am so, so sorry," she said again. "You are super kind to do that."  
  
"Hey. Enough. I'll get an Uber, will be quicker than the train anyway."  
  
We walked down the platform and up, out of the station. I felt comfortable, and I sensed she did, too.  
  
"Where are your friends?"  
  
"Don't know. Gone I suppose."  
  
"You live near?"  
  
"I catch a bus. Over there."  
  
"Can I buy you a coffee? Do you have time?"  
  
"Hot chocolate?" she countered.  
  
It took a few streets and turns before we found a Starbucks, and a quiet table at the back in a corner. We each did our duty, explaining ourselves.  
  
She was Jodie Basset, just eighteen, last year of high school. She had applied to all the tertiary architecture and design courses she could locally, but exams were still a way off. Older brother, younger sister, the quintessential forgotten middle child. Strict parents. No boyfriends, no parties until after exams were done.  
  
I was Mike Clover, thirty-two years old, management consultant. Single. Own my own house, but rent two of the bedrooms to boarders, two university students, Bill and Ben.  
  
"Is that their real name?" Jodie laughed.  
  
"No," I admitted, "it's just what I call them. They turned up to move in with a flowerpot each under their arm."  
  
"You serious?"  
  
"I am."  
  
We talked for an hour. It felt slightly odd at my age to be socializing publicly with a uniformed school girl, I was conscious of some odd looks - but it was a wonderful experience. Jodie was a delight.  
  
When we left, the weather outside had turned bad. As we walked along the street, rain began to pour down. Big heavy drops, freezing cold. We dove into a deep sheltered alcove in front of a doorway. Alone and shivering, we moved in close. I held her to keep her warm. And we kissed. It just happened. Neither of us thought, we just did. A long, warm, loving kiss. Swept away, I ran my hand up the back of her bare leg and under her skirt. I pushed my hands into the back of her pants, holding her warm bare skin. Her ass felt wonderful. Jodie kept kissing, letting me feel her up; gripping, holding, caressing her ass.  
  
When I reached down behind, between her legs, she whimpered into the kiss. He slit was soaked. I ran my fingers through it. Jodie gripped tightly and kissed harder. I squelched her flaps as we put tongues in each other's mouths.  
  
"Have you ever been fucked?" I asked her, breathless.  
  
"No."  
  
"Can we do it?"  
  
The spell that rode over me was washing over Jodie too.  
  
"If you want."  
  
I took my hand out the back of her pants, putting it in the front. We looked into each other's eyes as I put a finger at her entrance, then pushed in.  
  
"Can I put my cock in there?" I whispered.  
  
Jodie didn't answer, her eyes glazed over. I was stroking her insides, searching and perhaps finding her sweet spot. I gripped her mound as I fingered her. Jodie's mouth was open, looking at me, astonished. I was an older guy, I knew what to do, she ceded control.  
  
I took my finger out, knelt before her and pulled her pants slowly down her thighs. Splashings from the pouring rain blew in and hit my cheek. Over her knees, calves, ankles, her pants came down and off. I threw them into the corner of the alcove as I would toss away waste.  
  
Standing, I kissed her neck and moved under her school skirt again. I struck a finger back into her vagina. Jodie held me warmly in the cold rain, groaning as my hand ground between her bare thighs.  
  
"You sure you're okay to fuck?"  
  
Jodie nodded; unexpected bliss and lust had landed squarely on her.  
  
"I don't mind. You can. If you want to."  
  
"I don't have a condom," I told her, then turned her to face the wall. I flicked her skirt up and tucked it into its hem. Her bare ass was divine. I ran my hands over it, then between her thighs. He pussy squelched at the touch. She may not have had cock in her before, but her vagina was as ready as it could be. I pulled her hips back, bending her further over. I pushed two fingers in and pumped until she was perfectly ready. The rain poured near me and a shiver went up my spine. I undid my belt. Jodie's ass was covered in goosebumps as she waited for me to pull down my pants and give her cock.  
  
"What the fuck!! Get the fuck out of here!"  
  
An old man with a drenched umbrella dashed into the alcove with us. Jodie stood straight immediately but her ass remained exposed.  
  
"Take your whore somewhere else!"  
  
The old guy wanted to squeeze past to his door. And he wanted us out of the way.  
  
I picked up Jodie's jacket and bag. She turned away to hide her bare ass, desperately trying to untangle the back of her dress.  
  
"Out!"  
  
We got out, as fast as we could. Running through the pouring rain Jodie struggled but finally untangled her skirt. A dozen people gasped at the sight of her bare ass. We kept running until we reached her bus stop shelter. Shivering from fear, excitement and cold, we kissed warmly again. People waiting for their bus looked at a guy my age kissing a girl in school uniform and frowned. It didn't matter. I felt connected with Jodie. It wasn't just my interest in her vagina; there was a proper spark that had been lit in us.  
  
"My pants are still back there," she said suddenly.  
  
"Gone now," I said, simply. "What's your number?"  
  
"Are you going to call me?"  
  
"Call you. Then fuck you."  
  
"Oh."  
  
"Can you come to my place tomorrow?"  
  
"Is it far?"  
  
"Doesn't matter, can you?"  
  
Jodie nodded. "After school. Yes."  
  
"And you'll let me fuck you?"  
  
Jodie bit her lip, then kissed my mouth. She nodded. "If you want."  
  
"Cool. Give me your phone. I'll put my address and number."  
  
The bus came and whisked Jodie away. She waved through the window like a school kid. Instinctively I smelled my finger. There was a freshness to her scent. A remarkable day.  
  
Sometimes on a Friday, instead of catching the bus to the train station then school, Jodie caught the bus to my house. I gave her a key, she let herself in. She walked shoeless through the house in her uniform, bag on her shoulder, out the back to my room. I have an en-suite room where the bedroom and bathroom open out to the garden, it's a great living space.  
  
"You're still in bed," Jodie smiled one morning.  
  
"No point to get out and come back," I grinned at her.  
  
Jodie opened her bag and took out her books one by one.  
  
"Math. English. Physics. If I'm going to skip school, I need to do homework."  
  
"Fair enough. And your lunch box. I can't believe your mom still packs your lunch."  
  
"She's going to miss me not going to school next year."  
  
Jodie took off her light summer blazer, and sat on my desk chair to take off her little white socks. She stood tall to unhitch her skirt and let it fall. Her pants hit the ground on top of it.  
  
"Does anyone know that you shave your pussy now?"  
  
"Oh god, the girls at gym. They saw. They guessed I'm fucking some guy. They tease me endlessly. Keep asking me if I'm pregnant, if I can still do gym in my 'condition'. They don't let up."  
  
"Well, just keep taking that little pill baby. You'll be fine."  
  
"I'm the only girl in high school on the pill already," she told me, coming over to climb into the bed. I lifted the covers and she sat her shaved vagina onto the side of my shaft as I lay back. Her shirt fell over our pelvis, covering the sight of her bare slit.  
  
"You can't be the only girl taking cock, surely?"  
  
"I don't know. But maybe the only one being cum in."  
  
"You love it inside you," I smiled.  
  
"I do," Jodie smiled warmly back at me.  
  
"I can't believe you still wear a school tie in this weather."  
  
"I'm a prefect. Other kids don't."  
  
"Off. And shirt off. I want your tits."  
  
Jodie pulled at her tie, then undid it, tossing it to the floor. She undid her shirt buttons carefully. Without taking her shirt off, she unsnapped her bra at front, pulling the sides back to show me her glorious, wonderful tits. Imagine a high school girl type breasts; perky, great size, hold shape at any angle. Nipples that go rock hard at a touch.  
  
"Huh, that's new. Opens at the front?"  
  
"I ordered some online. Girls with boyfriends use them," she blushed.  
  
"Your boyfriend approves!" I said, gripping her tits. "But we're not in the back seat right now. Everything off! I'm going to fuck you naked, baby."  
  
Jodie smiled and complied. She had learned to enjoy having her naked body fucked.  
  
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The very first day Jodie came over was wet and stormy, as the day before had been. She had managed to escape school an hour early to reduce the chance of being caught home late by her parents. Her hair was wet, both ends. The rain had soaked her head, and the excitement of the visit had soaked her underwear.  
  
Both my boarders were home. The four of us had beers in the kitchen first, chatting. One Corona was enough to make Jodie dizzy. She blushed red but didn't stop me from kissing her and feeling her up. Behind the kitchen counter I pulled her pants down and off. I put them on the counter, which got Bill and Ben all excited. After two beers, Jodie let me stand behind her and take off her tie. I undid the buttons of her shirt, pulling the tails out of her skirt. I pulled it wide and gripped breasts through her bra.  
  
"Great tits," the boys wha-hooed.  
  
"It's time," I said in Jodie's ear. "Are you ready?"  
  
For a moment she lost balance, but managed to mumble, "Yes."  
  
"Leave your clothes here."  
  
For Jodie, it was a blur. I pulled the shirt from her shoulders and placed it on the counter. I undid her bra and pulled the straps down her arms. As dizzy as she was, instinctively Jodie crossed her arms over her bare breasts. I struggled with the strange latch on her skirt, Jodie had to use both hands to help, granting Bill and Ben another 'wha-hoo' at her brilliant bare breasts.  
  
Skirt off, I took Jodie by the hand and led her around the counter, past the boys and through the living room. We paused to get rid of her socks. Bill and Ben followed at close distance, Bill trying to hide that his phone was recording. I walked her naked out of the living room and down the hall to my room.  
  
In my room, I locked the door. I held Jodie face to face and we kissed; her fully naked and myself fully dressed. It was a long wonderful kiss. Jodie was drunk, her passion heightened. I asked her over and over if she wanted to be fucked in the cunt; she said yes.  
  
I walked her back to the bed, putting her on her back, standing over.  
  
I took off my jeans and boxers. My cock stood well to attention.  
  
"Have you had one of these at all? In your hand? In your mouth? Anyone, ever?"  
  
Jodie nodded.  
  
"You know how to suck cock?" I asked. Jodie flushed red and didn't answer. I let it go, stripping off my top and kneeling. I pushed Jodie's legs open and sucked on her inside thigh. Her head went back and she groaned. I sucked her legs and mound before burying my face in her tiny covering of hair. Liquid poured from her as I tongued. One finger, then two; they slid into her like oiled silk. She was tight, but slippery. I sucked and fingered her hole and clit. Jodie gripped the sheets and screamed out. She was scared and excited.  
  
When I climbed up and kissed her lips, Jodie squirmed at the flavors rubbing off my face into her mouth.  
  
"That's the taste of cunt, baby," I smiled. "You'll need to get used to that."  
  
I kissed her ears, her neck, down to her breasts. Jodie squealed as I sucked them. Without thinking she reached out and grasped my cock, squeezing and gripping painfully.  
  
"Hey," I smiled. "There's some practice we need to do..."  
  
"Okay," Jodie panted.  
  
"You're not going to let go, huh?"  
  
Jodie held onto my cock for dear life.  
  
"You want it in your mouth?" I asked.  
  
"I'll try."  
  
I stood back up. I had Jodie sit on the side of the bed. She tried her best, but it was a calamitous attempt at a blow job.  
  
"Okay, okay, the other end," I laughed. "Time to put it in the other end."  
  
I pushed Jodie back and pulled her legs apart.  
  
"You okay with this?" I asked.  
  
Jodie bit her lip and nodded.  
  
"You sure."  
  
She nodded again. It was enough. We began.  
  
I lay over her.  
  
Kissed.  
  
My cock tip pushed into her flaps.  
  
Jodie groaned, a small tear.  
  
My cock found her door.  
  
I pushed a quarter inch in.  
  
Her pussy wet a cock for the first time in her life.  
  
"It's starting."  
  
She nodded.  
  
"Say 'I want cock'".  
  
"I want cock."  
  
"I give you my cunt. Fuck it."  
  
"I give you my cunt. Fuck it," Jodie repeated.  
  
"Say it over and over."  
  
Jodie said it over and over, "I give you my cunt. Fuck it. I give you my cunt, fuck it..."  
  
I fucked it.  
  
Slowly.  
  
Both of us took turns holding my cock in place as she helped force it in.  
  
It took at least ten minutes to split her open entirely.  
  
"It hurts. It hurts so much."  
  
I wasn't being ruthless, but there was only one way to break in a tight cunt.  
  
I fucked it.  
  
Once I'd forced all of me in once, I fucked it.  
  
Poor Jodie was learning a new language, trying her best to hold on and keep up.  
  
I fucked her.  
  
Properly fucked her.  
  
I didn't hold back.  
  
Jodie screamed in shock and fear.  
  
I didn't stop.  
  
There was only one way.  
  
Forward.  
  
Deep.  
  
Fast.  
  
Her cunt would learn to be a cunt.  
  
Quickly.  
  
Screaming.  
  
More screaming.  
  
Tears.  
  
Crying.  
  
Bawling.  
  
I dint stop.  
  
I fucked her.  
  
And fucked her.  
  
"Jodie."  
  
"Ah?"  
  
"Jodie."  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"Kiss me."  
  
We kissed.  
  
I slowed my attack on her vagina.  
  
I held deep inside her.  
  
We kissed.  
  
"Jodie."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"Are you with me?"  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"How's your cunt?"  
  
"Broken," she said, surprisingly.  
  
"Broken in," I replied.  
  
"It hurts."  
  
I shrugged.  
  
"That's normal. You look good with cock in you."  
  
"Is it always like this?"  
  
"Like what?"  
  
"Hurts so bad."  
  
"No."  
  
Awkwardly, I rolled Jodie up top.  
  
"How do you feel?"  
  
"Like you are in me."  
  
"I am in you," I smiled.  
  
We kissed.  
  
Naked.  
  
Cock in cunt.  
  
I held her ass in one hand.  
  
I held her head with my other.  
  
"Jodie."  
  
"Mmmm."  
  
"Your first cock."  
  
"Mmmm."  
  
"You glad you did it?"  
  
She nodded, kissing me.  
  
"Why?"  
  
"I love you."  
  
I sighed.  
  
"If that were only half true, I would be the luckiest man that lived. You are gorgeous."  
  
Jodie looked at me.  
  
She began to cry.  
  
Happy cry.  
  
"Am I pregnant?"  
  
"Not yet," I grinned. "But not far off. Where do you want me to cum?"  
  
"Cum?"  
  
"Sperm. Semen. Ejaculation. If not in your cunt, then where?"  
  
"I don't know," she said honestly.  
  
"On your tits?" I suggested.  
  
"Okay," she shrugged.  
  
We kissed.  
  
I held her hips.  
  
I fucked her slowly.  
  
"Roll back over," I told her.  
  
Back on top, I tongued her ear as I humped her.  
  
We could hear her slop.  
  
Slop.  
  
Squelch.  
  
"That's embarrassing," she whispered.  
  
"How's it feel though? How's your cunt?"  
  
"Better."  
  
"Better?"  
  
"Good."  
  
"Good?"  
  
"Nice."  
  
"Really? You like cock in there?"  
  
"I like yours."  
  
I smiled. Being the first guy to nail her pussy, it was special.  
  
"Jodie."  
  
"What?" she asked anxiously.  
  
"Thank you."  
  
"Thank me?"  
  
"It's a privilege."  
  
"Privilege?"  
  
"Your first fuck."  
  
"Oh."  
  
"You're going to have dozens of cocks in your life. But I'm the first. I'm the one that started it."  
  
"Dozens?"  
  
I looked down at Jodie's body.  
  
"Guys are gonna wanna fuck you."  
  
"Can't I just stay with you?"  
  
I kissed her mouth passionately.  
  
"Of course you can. As long as you want."  
  
"I want."  
  
"You like it?"  
  
"I like this."  
  
"You okay those guys saw you naked? Bill and Ben."  
  
"It's embarrassing."  
  
"You're okay, though?"  
  
Jodie smiled and grinned.  
  
"I need to cum," I said.  
  
"Don't get me pregnant. Please."  
  
I fucked her.  
  
More wickedly than a virgin should be.  
  
I meant to put it on her tits.  
  
But it shot up to her face.  
  
Over her mouth.  
  
Lips.  
  
Cheeks.  
  
Eyes.  
  
Jodie froze, covered in semen.  
  
I got off the bed.  
  
Took tissues.  
  
And my phone.  
  
I took photos.  
  
Gave her the tissue box.  
  
I showed her the photos.  
  
I sent them to her.  
  
I rubbed the cum on her lips into her mouth.  
  
"How's it taste?"  
  
"Okay," she admitted.  
  
"You'll need to like it. That and your cunt."  
  
"Okay."  
  
I kissed her naked tits.  
  
Her neck.  
  
Her ears.  
  
Her mouth.  
  
We tongued like lovers.  
  
We were lovers.  
  
After the fuck I took Jodie into the shower. I opened up the doors to the garden. As if nature was in tune with Jodie's life-change, the rain had stopped and sunshine poured in. Bill and Ben of course noticed and brought chairs around to sit and watch.  
  
"Do they have to?" Jodie complained.  
  
"What's it matter? They've seen you naked already, right?"  
  
Jodie pouted, but let the boys watch. I soaped her all over and massaged shampoo into her hair. She washed my cock as asked. We kissed and made out.  
  
"Fuck her," the boys called out.  
  
"If I do, you can only ever watch. Okay? You can never touch her. She has to feel safe in this house. You got it?"  
  
"Got it!"  
  
"If you ever touch her, you're out!"  
  
"Got it!"  
  
"Okay. Jodie, turn around and bend over."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Let the boy's see me fuck you."  
  
"Seriously?"  
  
"Bend over."  
  
I pushed her forward, pulling her ass back. I reached between her legs and lined my cock to the spot.  
  
Thrusting, my cock sunk to her depths instantly.  
  
"Holy shit, that was easy," I said surprised.  
  
"Wow," Jodie said, too.  
  
"You're broken in already. That was quick."  
  
Jodie didn't reply. She leaned forward and pushed back. Holy shit, she was already getting off on cock. Amazing. My pelvis slapped against her ass as I fucked her. Jodie held her breasts to stop them from snapping back and forth. Bill and Ben wha-hooed through all of it.

When I pulled out and came on her back, they cheered. When I spun Jodie around to show them her naked front, they cheered. When I shut the outside shutters, they booed.  
  
Drying each other, we touched and kissed intimately. Lovingly.  
  
"I love you," she said, arms round my neck, naked body pushed to mine.  
  
"Jodie..."  
  
"It's okay," she said. "You don't have to say it. Not til you mean it."  
  
I smiled.  
  
"You are genuinely wonderful. I suspect that won't be far off," I said honestly.  
  
"I know," she said cheekily.  
  
"Do you want dinner?"  
  
"I cannot miss dinner at home. I need to go."  
  
"I'll get you a car."  
  
"Can you? Is that okay? It can't stop at my house though. Better take me to the bus stop."  
  
"Okay."  
  
It took ten minutes to get out of the room, it was hard to stop touching and kissing such a young, naked thing. It took another ten minutes to get her clothes out of the grip of Bill and Ben. They delighted in seeing Jodie moving around our house naked.  
  
"Come on you guys. I've got to go. I've got homework to hand in tomorrow, I haven't done it yet."  
  
"Enough," I said eventually. "She'll be late home."  
  
It was disappointing to see her put her body back into her uniform. The car arrived and we kissed goodbye.  
  
"You are amazing," I said genuinely.  
  
"Can I come over tomorrow?" Jodie smiled in return.  
  
"You wanna get fucked again?"  
  
Jodie nodded and kissed me.  
  
Then she went.  
  
Jodie kept me secret from her parents. She wasn't supposed to date during high school. Even if she was, I was closer to her mum's age than hers. How would any parent feel about a thirty-two-year-old guy nailing their eighteen-year-old daughter when she was supposed to be in class?  
  
"I get more work done here than there," Jodie defended herself, sitting naked on my desk chair doing an English book review. Sperm bubbled out from her vagina onto the wood; she left a snail trail on the seat every time she stood. "Ever since I met you, my grades have skyrocketed. My mum is stupidly happy with me."  
  
"You must be the only girl in the world that got better grades after taking a lover."  
  
"At school we muck around too much. Weekends we go out. Now all I do is be naked, which means staying home, which means study."  
  
"And fuck."  
  
"And fuck."  
  
With my job, I could work from home but still needed to deliver project work. If I got behind, I would have home working revoked. So, the days Jodie cut school and came over, it was a cycle of intensive sex followed by intensive work. Jodie naturally fell in sync. She began using the excuse of study group to spend time with me on weekends, and given her great school results, her parents were literally pushing her out the door to go.  
  
"Where are you?" I called to ask one morning Jodie was coming over.  
  
"I'm coming, I'm coming. I'm on the bus. You need it so badly?" she teased me.  
  
"It's okay. I'll pick you up at the bus stop. How long?"  
  
"Huh? We're going somewhere? I'm in my uniform."  
  
"Don't worry. I'll see you there. How long?"  
  
"Fifteen."  
  
I took everything from home that we needed for the day. I opened the creaky garage door and dusted cobwebs off my old Merc. I was going to take the roof off, but thought about Jodie in school uniform; better to stay discrete. The old girl grumbled to a start, reliable as ever. It was a bugger to drive, it cornered like a tank, but it was stylish as all hell.  
  
"Wow, you brought out Bertha?" Jodie smiled.  
  
"Don't call it that," I frowned.  
  
"It's what Bill and Ben call it," she teased, getting in.  
  
"Yeah, well, don't listen to them. You should hear what they call you when you're not around."  
  
Jodie could imagine. She had become used to sitting around the house naked, even if they were there.  
  
"Where are we going?"  
  
"Beach."  
  
"Beach?"  
  
"First day this weather's hit this hot properly, gotta take advantage."  
  
"I can't go to a beach like this," Jodie said, pulling at her school skirt.  
  
"You won't."  
  
"You brought some clothes for me?"  
  
"Nope."  
  
"Then what? What does that mean?"  
  
"The Flats."  
  
"The Flats?" Jodie repeated, eyes wide.  
  
"The Flats," I said again, grinning at her.  
  
"No way. I couldn't."  
  
"Yes you could."  
  
"I can't undress outside...with a bunch of men."  
  
"Yes you can. You show Bill and Ben all the time. They watch you fuck, even."  
  
"That's different!"  
  
"How?"  
  
"Their your housemates. It's like family. It's inside. It's not outside showing whoever wants. What if I get caught?"  
  
"Who the hell do you know that would be in a place like the Flats?"  
  
" I don't know! That's the point! I don't wanna find out!"  
  
"One time. If you don't like it, we won't go again."  
  
Jodie could tell that I was determined. There was no budging.  
  
"If I do this, you owe me," she grumbled.  
  
"Fair enough," I smiled, happy that she had conceded.  
  
The rest of the trip was in silence. I didn't push the conversation. She would do it. It was enough. No point to labor the topic.  
  
A schoolgirl taking her clothes off piece by piece in your bedroom is remarkable. But on a public beach, with a hundred guys watching intently; it is an event.  
  
I undressed first.  
  
I had to.  
  
Otherwise no chance Jodie would start.  
  
Tie first.  
  
Tossed onto the towel.  
  
Guys around us were literally wanking themselves watching.  
  
Jodie wasn't looking.  
  
Thankfully.  
  
Shirt next.  
  
Standing in her little bra and skirt.  
  
Pants off from under.  
  
Still standing in bra and skirt.  
  
Bra off.  
  
Wow.  
  
Tits.  
  
Sunlight on her tits.  
  
Public beach sunlight.  
  
So white.  
  
The guys that were wanking, they tugged faster on themselves.  
  
"Do I really have to?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"Skirt off. Show it."  
  
Jodie took her skirt off.  
  
She showed it.  
  
Shaved cunt.  
  
Bare.  
  
One voyeur ejaculated onto the sand.  
  
"I feel naked," Jodie said. "They're staring at me."  
  
"Yeah. No shit. How often you think a school kid comes down here and takes her uniform off?"  
  
"Is that guy masturbating?"  
  
"Possibly. Take it as a compliment."  
  
"Ewww."  
  
"Come on. We'll go out into the water."  
  
If any of you know The Flats, going to the water is no simple thing. Even when the tide is in, the water is at your knees for about a hundred and twenty yards. Jodie's nude body was on parade. So was mine, of course, but no one paid me any mind. Jodie was the center of attention.  
  
"Stunning," people said. Guys with phones hanging round their neck said, "Can we have a photo together?"  
  
Jodie flushed red. She was not an exhibitionist. She was not one to be the center of attention. Jodie was embarrassed that her pussy was entirely shaved.  
  
"You're humiliating me. On purpose."  
  
"No I'm not," I smiled. "I'm showing you off."  
  
"I don't want to be shown off."  
  
"Oh," I shrugged. "Too late."  
  
"All these guys...they're staring."  
  
"Well...your body is amazing. These guys don't see a schoolgirl offer up her cunt very often. Let them look."  
  
Jodie took a deep breath.  
  
"Fine," she conceded. I was right, it was too late now anyway. We shuffled in knee-deep water for the length of the beach, then back along the white sand to our gear. I could see guys secretly using their phones to take photos and videos. Jodie's cunt would likely be online later that night. I didn't tell her, lest she freaked out.  
  
"I'm burning," she said, dabbing her skin.  
  
"I have sunscreen. So how do you feel?"  
  
"Feel?"  
  
"About all this."  
  
"This is not what I expected to be doing today. Or ever."  
  
"You never fantasized about coming to a nude beach."  
  
"No."  
  
"Never?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Don't you feel it's even just a little bit fun, showing off your tits?"  
  
"Not just my tits. It's everything. And I'm shaved. Can see all of me. Clearly."  
  
"Hey. You've got a nice cunt. Let people see."  
  
Jodie sighed.  
  
"I never knew one day be one of those girls."  
  
"What girls?"  
  
"Girls who strip in public. Let any old guy perve on their body."  
  
"Well...you are one. Do you feel different? Any cataclysmic change? Anything bad happened?"  
  
"No," Jodie smiled. "I guess not. Just feel embarrassed."  
  
I laughed.  
  
"It's ironic, isn't it? Ninety percent of people here should feel embarrassed about their bodies but don't, but the one gorgeous girl that should feel proud of her body, she feels embarrassed."  
  
"I won't always look like this," Jodie warned.  
  
"You will for the rest of today," I assured her.  
  
We sat, then lay on the big beach rug I brought. After a time, I opened an umbrella, the sun was getting hot in the late morning. Laying on her front in the shade gave Jodie a sense of reprieve. Her ass was divine, but less stressful than parading her front.  
  
"I need to pee," Jodie told me after a time. "Where are the toilets?"  
  
"Out there," I calmly replied.  
  
"What?"  
  
"Out in the ocean."  
  
"I can't do that."  
  
"Why not? A billion fish pee and poo in it every day. It's that, or up behind the bushes out back."  
  
Jodie sighed and knelt up, shaking bits of sand off.  
  
"Which way you gonna go?" I asked.  
  
"Out there," Jodie sighed.  
  
"You want me to come?"  
  
"No! Don't do that, it's yucky."  
  
"Okay," I shrugged. "I'll wait here."  
  
Jodie oiled up with sunscreen, then walked away from me toward the water. I sat up to watch. A hundred guys to my left and right did the same. Jodie's body was slight and perfectly shaped. Her ass was gorgeous, her legs straight and elegant. If I wasn't fucking her, I would be praying that I could fuck her - along with every other guy who had their eyes glued as she made the long walk to water deep enough for purpose.  
  
In the distance, when the water was almost her knees, Jodie sat. She leaned back on her arms, her tits above the waterline. I wondered if people knew what she was doing.  
  
Being as far out as she was, I could see the shifting position of a number of individual men. The pattern of movement would not have been out of place in a nature documentary. The nubile, mate-worthy female was in the open, glorious plumage shining in the sun. There were multiple suitors. Six were in range. Conscious of each other they edged forward slowly, indirectly, determining between them who was willing to vie for Alpha. In the end it was two that made it to the prize first, one standing each side of Jodie. She sat, unable to hide her body in the shallow clear water. Two penises drooped directly at her. It was far, but neither guy seemed to be erect. Good for them, I mused, to have such control.  
  
Jodie tried not to look at the elephant trunks on display for her. She tried to look into the distance, as a contemplative, relaxed beachgoer. But she was too polite not to turn and look at a person speaking with her. Too polite to not speak when spoken with. And too inexperienced in adult confrontation to know how to move them on without a fuss.  
  
Eventually one chap sat, quite close to her shoulder. The other followed suit, in front near her feet. It was impossible to know what was being said, I could only guess from the body language. The one by her shoulder pointed to her breasts above the waterline. Jodie looked down to brush something away. She opened her thighs as the one by her feet tapped her knee. Were they talking about her shaved pussy? The two guys were smiling. Both began subtle touching; her hair, her calf, her shoulder. I was contemplating running out and charging through, like a dog would do seagulls. But then I noticed a slight change in body language of the trio. Both men backed slightly off. Conversation continued, but Jodie was talking more. It looked like the discussion had become more normal than predatory. Eventually Jodie stood. The chap by her shoulder politely helped, and they all walked slowly together toward shore, Jodie in the middle. I could see guys near me secretly filming on their phones as Jodie got closer. She was beautiful, walking casually in shallow water, the sun's sparkling reflection and seawater splashing on her gorgeous nude body. I wanted to film it too, resisting only to pretend I was above that level of smuttiness.  
  
As the trio closed, the two boys stopped and Jodie continued toward me, sitting in close, kissing my lips.  
  
"All sorted?" I asked. "Feel better now?"  
  
"Yes thank you," she smiled.  
  
"How did you get rid of your suitors, I thought you might need rescuing? But they backed off."  
  
"Not easy," Jodie admitted. "I told them I was here with my boyfriend, but they said he mustn't care too much to leave me alone like that."  
  
"Oh yeah? Good for them. So what happened, why'd they give up?"  
  
"I said I was fifteen. Said I was trying to dodge the truant officer that usually found me at your place. We figured the guy would never come to a nude beach."  
  
"Holy shit. You have talent."  
  
"Creative writing. I've been very good at it this year."  
  
"Though I don't think truant officers go after fifteen year olds do they? Aren't you allowed to leave school at fifteen?"  
  
"I don't know," Jodie shrugged. "It worked."  
  
"Wow, they must think you're pretty hot for your age."  
  
"I know, right? Anyway, it terrified them."  
  
We lay back on the beach rug in the shade, holding each other, touching intimately. Jodie didn't flinch when I gently started kissing her salty breast, my finger slowly circling her clit.  
  
"You seem more relaxed," I said.  
  
"Feels nice," Jodie purred. "Will we get in trouble if you fuck me here?"  
  
"Wow. You really are more comfortable. Can't do it here. Not fully."  
  
"Let's go home then? I want you in me."  
  
I smiled at her. "I love that you love cock so much."  
  
"You did it to me. Turned on a switch."  
  
"Well...let's go for a final walk to the end and back first. Let all these guys get a final look at the only high school girl they'll likely see for a while."  
  
"I've seen some taking photos," Jodie told me. "You don't think they'll go on the internet, do you?"  
  
I shrugged.  
  
"I don't know. It's a public beach. I'm not sure if you can post them or not."  
  
Regardless, we slowly walked the length of the beach one more time. Jodie tried to avoid looking at anyone filming, but I played up; holding her, kissing her, squeezing her ass and breasts so the cameras could see.  
  
Jodie gripped my semi-wood, making it harder.  
  
"Are you meant to do this here? Isn't that rude?" she teased.  
  
"Okay, okay, let's go," I agreed.  
  
The men around us shook their head to see Jodie put her school skirt and shirt back on; underwear in her school bag. I wasn't sure if they were disappointed to see her get dressed, or amazed that a school girl would skip classes to come show them her shaved pussy. I guess they wouldn't think she was eighteen, either. I almost wanted to yell it out, so they didn't think I was having sex with a minor. I didn't though, we simply walked up to the car and left.  
  
Jodie had her clothes off in the foyer of my house, running to the shower. Within a minute my cock was buried safely in her pussy from behind, water pouring over us.  
  
"Oh, that's better," Jodie groaned.  
  
"Unbelievable how fucking wet you get," I panted, astounded at the silkiness of Jodie's cunt despite how tight it still was. I still struggled to get three fingers in her usually.  
  
"I'm burned," she said in reply. "The water stings."  
  
"Me too, a bit. And I'm hungry."  
  
"Ooh," Jodie pouted, "Fuck me properly first."  
  
I grinned at how sexual my young girlfriend had become. And I fucked her properly.  
  
"You walking funny because of the sunburn or the sex?"  
  
"The sex! It still hurts afterward when you fuck me that hard."  
  
Bill and Ben groaned. We were all in the kitchen making lunch, cold Peroni in hand. I was the chef. I tossed a bottle of aloe-vera to Bill.  
  
"One time offer. Rub that into her body, yeah? She's burned."  
  
"Rub everywhere?" he asked, eyes open.  
  
"Especially everywhere," I confirmed.  
  
Jodie sat on a kitchen stool. She flinched at Bill's first touch, but groaned sweetly as he politely massaged her shoulders and back until she became used to his hands. Eventually she stood and leaned on the counter to allow him to run the lotion over her ass and the back of her thighs. Ben couldn't spectate any longer. He took the bottle and started on her neck. They both reached her breasts at the same time, one either side.  
  
I prepped salad and cold cuts and watched. Jodie looked at me uncertainly. She had been naked around these guys for weeks; they watched sometimes when we had sex. But they'd never joined in. They'd never touched her like they were now. Everywhere.  
  
Jodie gasped when a finger struck up her from behind and frigged. She looked at me, wondering what to do. Jodie loved having my fingers in her, but these were not my fingers. I let them take turns feeling her insides a few minutes each, before saying, "Okay. Enough. Food is almost ready. Let's eat out back."  
  
Jodie was left panting on the counter as us three guys took everything out, more cold drinks included.  
  
"You okay?" I asked when it was just us.  
  
"Are those two going to fuck me?" Jodie asked, quietly.  
  
I stood her and pulled her to me, arms over my shoulders, my hands on her bare ass. I kissed her lips.  
  
"If you want them to."  
  
"You don't mind?" she asked, surprised.  
  
"Hey. You're eighteen. You're not going to go through life with just my cock in your cunt, right? You're going to be fucked by a lot of guys."  
  
"Not at the same time though?" she fretted. I laughed.  
  
"Well, that's up to you, true. I don't mind if you do it. It wouldn't be very fair for a guy fourteen years older than you demand that you keep your pussy exclusively to me. I'd feel guilty. Like I'm robbing your youth away."  
  
Jodie kissed me fiercely, like an inexperienced teenager would.  
  
"I don't wanna fuck those two."  
  
"Okay. You don't have to. But don't stop because of me."  
  
"I can sleep with other guys if you want me to. But not the guys you live with. Some other friends maybe?"  
  
"Okay, okay. Married ones are alright? You okay to fuck a guy that's married?"  
  
Jodie shrugged.  
  
"I'm not going to date them, right? I'm dating you."  
  
"That's right. It's just sex."  
  
I think in the back of Jodie's mind, it was just talk. She had avoided going to bed with Bill or Ben, that was foremost on her mind. Having to fuck any of my other friends was a problem for later; one that would never actually happen.  
  
Except for it did.  
  
Jodie had come over early on a Saturday. Bill and Ben undressed her as I made breakfast for all of us. They touched, fingered, kissed her breasts; the extent of their permissions. Those two both had to go early; they had a job as stagehands for the week, setting up and helping out with a series of heavy metal concerts.  
  
Jodie sat on me on the sofa, cunt full of cock.  
  
"Jodie, you understand what will happen today, right?"  
  
"Does it have to?" she moaned.  
  
"They are coming," I assured her.  
  
Three friends. All married. Barbecue lunch. A few beers and bubbly. Then they would take turns with Jodie in the guest bedroom.  
  
"You can't just have one cock in you in your teen years. You need to make the most of your youth."  
  
"By letting your friends get off on me?"  
  
"Let's see how you feel afterward. My prediction is you'll adore it. These guys aren't kids. They'll do you really well. You'll love the fucking you get."  
  
"Sigh."  
  
"If I'm wrong, no more, yeah? Try once. If you don't like it, no more. Okay?"  
  
"Okay. I'll try."  
  
"Good. Me first though. Do your thing baby," I smiled, leaning back on the sofa and watching Jodie hump her best on my cock. She was getting really good; learning to work magic with her cunt.  
  
Jodie wore a conservative summer dress for the barbecue, although she was nude underneath. The conversation with my friends was polite and friendly. We drank and ate normally. Talked. Laughed. Told jokes. Lamented politics. Learned about high school life in the new age. Found out the rules for dating amongst teens these days. We were a big friendly, happy group of individuals. Anyone watching would not have a clue of the plan for after lunch.

My buddy Mike won the draw and went first. Without any fuss or affection, he took Jodie's hand and led her inside and down the hall. We saw him walk her into the guest room.  
  
For fifty-five minutes myself and the other two sat outside drinking, wondering how those two were doing.  
  
When they came out, Jodie was disheveled and her dress not fully buttoned. She looked to me for solace, but Carlos was next. He wasn't in the mood to wait. Like Mike before him he took her by hand and led her inside to the bedroom.  
  
"Well?" Danny asked, third in line.  
  
"Buddy. I tell you. That girl is sweet. You never said she was shaved. Or on the pill. It's been fifteen years since I blew my load into a teenager."  
  
"She did alright?" I smiled.  
  
"Buddy. There is not an ounce of fat on that girl. She is all fuck-toy. How did you bag this chic?"  
  
"She left her jacket on the train. I ran after her."  
  
"And she dropped her pants for you, just like that?"  
  
"Pretty much," I shrugged.  
  
"Fucking lucky son of a bitch is what you are. I haven't dropped a load in a body like that for years."  
  
"Years?" I challenged. "Ever!"  
  
"Yeah, well maybe you're right. Unbelievable how wet that girl's pussy gets. Like she's got a tap down there."  
  
Danny started tapping his feet impatiently, annoyed he drew last turn. He was looking forward to sucking a teenage cunt, but not if these guys were blowing a load in her before he had his turn.  
  
"You didn't tire her out?" he asked, his tone anxious.  
  
Mike shrugged. "I fucked the shit out of her. Who wouldn't? She's a complete babe. But she looks like she can take it. Depends on how Carlos does. He brought his gel, you know he's got a thing for fisting girls, right?"  
  
"Fuck," Danny muttered, shaking his head.  
  
"Don't worry so much. Fuck her in the ass if her pussy is done for the day."  
  
Danny shook his head even harder.  
  
"I'm not fucking a girl's poo."  
  
"She doesn't do that anyway," I chimed in. We tried it once. I got all in, but she screamed like a stuck pig; it took an age to withdraw. Her pussy purrs, but her ass grates. That was the end of that type of sex.  
  
We tried to distract Danny as best we could with stories of beer and fishing and golf; but even I was getting stressed at how long Carlos was in with Jodie. Well over an hour.  
  
When he finally came out, he was by himself. He warned Danny to give Jodie some time to recover before having his turn. Without comment I went inside and down the hall to see how she was. Jodie was lying on her side on the bed. She was naked and had hickeys all over her breasts and neck. Grimacing, both hands gripped her pussy as if holding it together.  
  
"What's up?" I asked casually. "You hurt?"  
  
Jodie nodded.  
  
"He got his hand in you?" I asked.  
  
Jodie nodded again.  
  
"The whole thing?"  
  
"Yes," she flinched.  
  
"Wow. That's pretty impressive," I said genuinely. "Did you like it?"  
  
"At the start...it was okay. But went for too long."  
  
"Did he cum in you?"  
  
"No. On here," she said, taking a hand away to scrape white flakes from her small, tight breasts.  
  
"Do you need some time? Danny is still out there, waiting his turn."  
  
"Do I have to?"  
  
"One more," I shrugged.  
  
Jodie came up and hugged me.  
  
"Can't I just stay with you?"  
  
"One more. Then I'll kick them out and you and I will have a long slow shower."  
  
"I wanna suck your cock," Jodie whispered.  
  
"Okay," I smiled. "One more guy to fuck, then we'll have a relaxing debrief in the shower."  
  
I pulled Jodie up and walked her naked down to the back of the house.  
  
"Danny. She's all good. Your turn."  
  
Danny came over less than enthusiastically.  
  
"She looks used," he complained, pointing at her hickeys and dried white gunk on her tits.  
  
"That's because she has been used," I stated the obvious. "What do you expect?"  
  
Danny ignored me.  
  
"Honey, does your pussy hurt?" he asked Jodie.  
  
"It stings," she admitted, holding and rubbing her hairless mound.  
  
"Danny, come on!" I groaned. "Do you wanna fuck her or not?"  
  
"Of course I do. She's a complete babe. But not in this condition. I'll come back later."  
  
"Danny, there may not be a 'later'. We're not sure if Jodie will want to keep sleeping with other guys after this."  
  
"Hey. I've got one in credit. Even if you stop whoring her out, I've still got a credit."  
  
"I'm not whoring her out," I frowned. "You paid nothing. I fed you. You're drinking my beer!"  
  
"Okay, okay, sorry. That was the wrong way of saying it. But I have a credit. Okay?" he asked Jodie.  
  
She shrugged and nodded. She would have agreed anything to give her vagina a rest.  
  
"Cool. It's settled. Now come drink some beers."  
  
Danny brought her out into the sun. He sat her on his lap and felt her up as we continued drinking. Jodie had always been a cheap drunk. After two beers she kissed Danny passionately as he held her ass and breasts. They ended up in the bedroom after all, but like two virgins they lay naked, kissing without having intercourse.  
  
"I'll do you when you're clean," he told her as he sucked her ear delicately, "When your cunt doesn't hurt. Then I can fuck the shit out of you."  
  
"Okay," Jodie agreed. She adored having her ears and neck kissed.  
  
After they all left, Jodie and I were in a long steamy shower. I asked her which guy was the best.  
  
"Danny."  
  
"But he didn't fuck you."  
  
"I know. But it was nice. Laying naked. Touching, kissing, enjoying being nude with each other. No pressure to be fucked."  
  
"Okay," I shrugged, "We can do that."  
  
Jodie grinned and kissed me, arms around my neck. She shook her head.  
  
"I don't think so. You like fucking me too much. And my cunt likes your cock too much. I'll kiss those other boys, but I'll fuck you," Jodie growled sexily.  
  
"They're hardly boys. Mike is over forty. Same age as your dad."  
  
"Well, then I'll find some other boys. My age. Then I'll kiss them and fuck you. Is that better?"  
  
"Can you now? Are you too sore?"  
  
Jodie turned and faced the tiles, sticking her ass at my crotch.  
  
"You can try," she said, biting her bottom lip like a...like a school kid. As I pushed up into her cunt, I still couldn't believe I was having sex with a high school girl. It was a remarkable experience.  
  
The following Friday Jodie skipped school again, catching the bus to my place. Bill and Ben were both out, which was nice. Jodie and I were due some time alone. She wriggled out of her school skirt, but left her school shirt and tie. This time the shirt had no tails, leaving her cunt and ass wonderfully on show. She no longer wore a bra or any other underwear on the days she visited, so I could reach under and hold bare tit.  
  
"It's nice to fuck you in your uniform. I love your school tie," I said as she sat on me on the sofa and worked her cunt on my cock.  
  
"You like fucking little schoolgirls?" Jodie teased.  
  
"This one I do."  
  
"Are you disappointed I'm eighteen? Would you prefer I was seventeen still? Or even sixteen?" she purred, wriggling her hips making slopping sounds with her cunt. "Can you imagine?"  
  
"Best not. You'll do just fine. I don't feel guilty about our age difference if you're eighteen. But if we were both two years younger, even if the difference was the same, I'd feel like I was taking advantage. But you're officially an adult. I can treat you like a person, not a kid. I'm not doing anything wrong. I'm just fucking a babe."  
  
"A babe who is cutting class to sit on your cock...in her school uniform."  
  
"Half her school uniform," I corrected. "Hey, better than shagging your gym teacher. By doing it with me, keeps you out of trouble too!"  
  
"Mr. Smitham? Eek. No thank you."  
  
"So...we didn't talk properly about you putting out to my buddies last weekend. How do you feel now you've had a chance to think about it?"  
  
"It was actually only one more cock."  
  
"Seriously? Carlos didn't fuck you?"  
  
Jodie shook her head.  
  
"He just wanted to use his hand."  
  
"The whole time? He was in there for an hour and a half!"  
  
"I felt like I was giving birth."  
  
"Did he really get his whole hand in you?"  
  
"It took forever, but yeah."  
  
"Up to where? How deep?" I asked, holding up my hand. Jodie circled her fingers around where my watch normally sat.  
  
"Holy shit. No wonder you feel so loose now."  
  
"I know. I know. I can feel it's bigger, too."  
  
"It's like fucking a bucket," I teased.  
  
"Oh please," Jodie begged, "Don't say things like that."  
  
"So what about Mike then, the first one? If he's the only guy that actually fucked you, how was that?"  
  
"Oh, he was like you said would happen."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"That guy was experienced at sex."  
  
"Oh yeah?"  
  
"He got me wet. Like you do! Knows how to finger me, amazingly. Sucks tit amazingly. Fucks amazingly."  
  
"Okay, so at least you had one good experience?"  
  
"His cock is adorable."  
  
"So you'd fuck that one again?"  
  
"Maybe," Jodie grinned, grinding her cunt up and down my shaft. "Maybe you two can do me together?"  
  
I flushed red with excitement. Jodie was coming along. Nicely. We talked a little bit more about having had sex with my friends. A week had passed; Jodie felt more comfortable, especially since it hadn't changed how we felt about each other. She was more experienced, but no less loved. I told her so.  
  
"I thought you were never going to say that?" Jodie teased, pausing, her cunt lips wrapped around my base.  
  
"I never said never," I said truthfully.  
  
"So what happens to us?" Jodie asked. "We're in love. And it's been weeks we've been doing this. When are you going to meet any of my friends? Or my parents? We have to do it eventually."  
  
"Your parents still have no clue about me? Even after finding your contraceptive pills?"  
  
Jodie shuddered. That had been a difficult moment.  
  
"I told them it was a guy from school, that he wanted to fuck me but I wouldn't until I was safely on the pill."  
  
"Really? You didn't tell me you told them that."  
  
"I think they think I lost my virginity last weekend. After coming home from here I was having trouble walking around the house that night, my pussy ached so much."  
  
"Yeah, sorry, we got a bit carried away, I should have let you rest after those guys left."  
  
"I'm okay now," Jodie sighed. "I'm just re-sized. A bucket? Is that what you said?"  
  
"Well...some sort of large vase, is that more elegant?"  
  
I was about to get a playful slapping when the doorbell rang.  
  
"Bill and or Ben. No keys again," I groaned. Jodie lifted her cunt off my cock, standing and walking to the front door. She opened it without thought, then stood stunned as two young male police officers looked onto her; school shirt and tie, and nude from the waist down. Her thighs glistened from leaked pussy juice, and she reeked of sex. The two young gentlemen tried not to stare at her bare slit.  
  
"Ma'am, may we ask some questions? Perhaps inside," one of them suggested, conscious of anyone in the street that might peer in at Jodie's state of dress.  
  
"Yes," she said, stunned. They followed her bare ass into the living room where I was mindlessly stroking my sticky wet hard-on, waiting for my girlfriend to come back and sit on it. Instead I got the shock of my life to see two uniforms follow Jodie around the corner. After a brief, stunned hesitation I reached for the only cushion and covered up. Jodie stood where she was, uncertain of what to do.  
  
"Ma'am, is your underwear nearby? Do you want to put it on?"  
  
"Umm. I didn't...bring any...I didn't wear any underwear...here today."  
  
"A skirt? Pants?"  
  
Jodie nodded.  
  
"Do you want to get it ma'am?"  
  
"What's wrong? Why are you here?" Jodie asked instead, confused.  
  
"Neighbors have reported a minor entering this house on a number of weekdays, including today. I'm guessing that would be you?"  
  
Jodie nodded.  
  
"Are there any other people at the house at this moment sir?"  
  
"No. Just us," I stammered.  
  
"Is this your house sir?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"You live here alone?"  
  
"I have two boarders. They rent a room each."  
  
"Is she one of you boarders?" the policeman pointed at Jodie.  
  
"No sir. Two male college students. Both out of the house this morning."  
  
The policeman nodded, casting an eye around the room.  
  
"Do your parents think you are at school today young lady?"  
  
"Yes," Jodie said going red.  
  
"How old are you, miss?"  
  
"Eighteen."  
  
The policeman frowned at her disbelievingly.  
  
"You don't look eighteen to me, miss."  
  
"I am. It's just shaved...I have hair...we took it off, him and I. I'm not a kid. "  
  
The policeman sniggered.  
  
"I'm not talking about that miss. I can tell you are shaved. Do you have some ID for me please?"  
  
Jodie racked her brain. Did she? Was there anything in her bag that showed her age? She wasn't expecting to go anywhere that she would be ID'd that day, especially in my living room.  
  
"My school bag is in the kitchen," she pointed.  
  
The policeman nodded to his younger partner to follow Jodie to where her bag was. I could tell he was checking out her bare ass as they went. It took some time, she had actually left it in my room.  
  
"Do you want to put something on?" the young policeman had asked her as they moved about the house, unable to divert his eyes from her young, bare-shaved vagina. Jodie was starting to get frustrated.  
  
"I'm eighteen. I'm in my boyfriend's house. This is how I dress here," she snapped, eventually finding the bag and bringing it to the living room. Inelegantly she squatted at the bag frantically looking for anything that showed her age. All of us three blushed as her legs parted, pussy lips wide open as she pulled everything from her bag. A My Little Pony lunchbox didn't help her cause.  
  
"It's nostalgic," she growled, before holding up a card she found in the side pocket. "Here."  
  
Her library card had her photo and her date of birth. She turned eighteen three months earlier. The policeman seemed surprised by the result.  
  
"How long have you been having sexual intercourse with this young lady?" he asked me. I knew what he was getting at. He had no right to ask that question, but it was easier just to close this out and get rid of them.  
  
"Seven weeks," I said.  
  
The policeman nodded.  
  
"Okay. Sorry to have interrupted. But you can understand how it looks to the neighbors, right? Perhaps you'd better not wear school uniform when you cut class to come here on your booty call."  
  
Neither of us answered, what was there to say? Jodie saw them out, then came back to the sofa. Finally the moment got to her, she burst into tears. I held her as she sobbed.  
  
"I'm at my boyfriend's house. What right do they have? It's my boyfriend's house. My boyfriend," she sobbed. I don't think she was angry with the police as much as the neighbors. "I've every right to be here. Whenever I want!"  
  
I held her tightly and pulled her back up top, onto my lap. I moved my cock to her hole and pushed in.  
  
"I'm eighteen. I've had sex with six guys. I've been to a nude beach," she sobbed.  
  
"Three times."  
  
"Three times," she repeated. "Three hundred guys have seen me naked."  
  
I almost contradicted her; it was probably the same hundred guys each time, but decided to let it go. And only two of the six guys had actually put their cock in her cunt - though that opens up the age-old debate of what constitutes 'sex'. If a guy sucks her breasts, is that 'sex'?  
  
I fucked Jodie until she felt relatively normal again. To defy the world and empower her, I took Jodie out for a white-tablecloth romantic lunch, school uniform and all (minus underwear). Perhaps at the beginning the waiters and other customers thought I might be a fatherly relative, until Jodie insisted on kissing each time anyone looked at us wondering. We had some bubbly, too much for Jodie, who insisted I finger her in the taxi home. Lucky the guy didn't mind.  
  
On Saturday Jodie had an all-day event at school. She begged me to come, but I wasn't ready to be stared at disapprovingly by an entire community. I asked her to come crawl into bed with me Sunday morning, then I'd take her to lunch and the nude beach. Begrudgingly she agreed.  
  
But by noon on Sunday, nothing. I rang and left messages, with no reply. It wasn't until nearly two in the afternoon I got a message saying, sorry, late, coming now.  
  
"What happened?" I asked as she came through the front door looking tired.  
  
"I'll tell you in bed," she said, peeling off her clothes and leaving them where they fell in the hall. "Tired!"  
  
"What happened?" I asked again in my room. Jodie crawled naked into my covers. "Are those fresh hickeys on your tits?"  
  
"I fucked your friend Danny last night."  
  
"What?" I said in disbelief.  
  
"Your friend Danny. He found me."  
  
"What? How?"  
  
"He turned up at my school festival."  
  
"How would he even know to do that?"  
  
"When we were naked, in the guest room, we talked about school."  
  
"And he just turned up?"  
  
"Said he hoped to see me."  
  
"And he fucked you?"  
  
"Not straight away. We were at school for a few hours. Then we had dinner with some of my friends. Then he took me to the Mandarin."  
  
"Oriental?"  
  
"Hmm. He got us a room. My friends came at first, drank all his drinks, but he kicked them all out so he could fuck me."  
  
I sat on the floor. Staggered.  
  
"So now all my friends think he's the older guy I've been secretly sleeping with."  
  
"What time did you get home?"  
  
"Not til this morning. Cherrie covered for me; said I was at her place."  
  
"You spent the whole night with Danny?"  
  
"Yes. Can I sleep a little while? He fucked me til dawn. Wouldn't let me sleep at all. I think he takes some sort of drugs."  
  
I'm not a kid anymore. I've been around. I've had my share of kicks in the teeth, but nothing like I felt at that moment. I had utterly and entirely been betrayed. By both of them. And now she was asleep, naked in my bed.  
  
Remarkable.  
  
I went out back and beered myself up. How could such a thing happen?  
  
Easy, I told myself.  
  
You did it.  
  
You pushed her to fuck your friends.  
  
You knew Danny was 'owed' one, Jodie had agreed.  
  
You said 'no' to her invite to the school event, sheer cowardice.  
  
You had never once encouraged her to find a way to stay overnight, she must have been dying to spend the night in bed with a man.  
  
There was only one thing for it.  
  
Reclaim my goods.  
  
I sent a message to Danny. 'That's the one you were owed, fair play. Never again without my permission.'  
  
I undressed and crawled into bed with my girlfriend. Yes, my girlfriend. I stuck my cock at her from behind as she slept. Jodie woke with a start.  
  
"Oh, god, it hurts," she moaned as I slowly pushed fully in, bump by bump.  
  
"Please. Don't move. Leave it still. It hurts so much."  
  
"He fucked you that much?"  
  
Jodie nodded.  
  
"I've never had cock for that long," she shuddered.  
  
"Well, you're back here with me now, right?"  
  
"Of course," Jodie turned to say. "I love you. You're my boyfriend."  
  
"And you're my girlfriend," I returned, wrapping my arms around and grabbing a breast.  
  
"You mean it?"  
  
"Next weekend, invite your friends for a barbecue. Then the following weekend your parents," I committed.  
  
Jodie held my arms tightly around her nude body, smiling.  
  
"I'd like that."  
  
"Then you shall have it."  
  
"Cum in me?" she asked, "Then we can sleep?"  
  
"Did Danny cum in you?"  
  
Jodie nodded.  
  
"Okay, I guess there'll be a fight going in inside you," I joked, humping at her from behind.  
  
"I like it," she moaned as she felt me squirt in her depths. "I like when you guys lose control inside me. Makes me feel good."  
  
The following weekend there were five girls in my house. Boisterous, crazy. And a little juvenile for my liking, I had to admit. Not all of the girls had their eighteenth birthday, Jodie told me, and one girl was a year below and only sixteen. I wasn't sure which was which, but I kept the beers away and dispelled any thoughts I'd secretly harbored of Strip Poker. Jodie was both amorous and possessive. No flirting with me allowed, except from her. All in all, it was a 'sweet' afternoon. They all went to karaoke after. I offered to go, too, having resolved to be more participative in Jodie's social life. But it was her who said no. She told her friends she had been a week without sex and she shuffled them out the door at five. She was undressing even before the door was closed.

"So. I met your friends," I said proudly.  
  
"You are a great host," Jodie said, getting rid of her top, bra and jeans. "Those skewers were divine."  
  
"Marinade," I shrugged.  
  
Wearing just a thong, Jodie knelt on the floor in the front hall and blew me passionately.  
  
"You like sucking cock, huh?"  
  
"I love it."  
  
The door suddenly opened and a girl called Alice ducked her head back in.  
  
"Sorry. Forgot my sunglasses."  
  
Jodie didn't get up or let go of my cock. She took it out of her mouth for long enough to say, "Go look for them," then put it back in, shamelessly bobbing her head as Alice walked past.  
  
Moments later Alice silently returned holding up her glasses to me. 'Found,' she mouthed noiselessly. Without Jodie knowing, she watched. Voyeured.  
  
Alice started signaling me, miming.  
  
Did she say 'I want that'?  
  
I shrugged as discretely as I could. Alice ducked back to my kitchen, returning after a minute with a message written with pen on paper towel.  
  
'Be home Wednesday. My turn.'  
  
My eyes went wide. No way. I carefully pointed at my girlfriend, sucking my cock. Alice put a finger to her lips.  
  
'Shh,' she silently signaled. Alice was tall and dark with cat-like eyes, maybe even a hint Asian. She had jeans to her calves, boat shoes and a black buttoned shirt. Buttons that she began to undo.  
  
I shook my head, then looked down. Jodie was absorbed in the cock in her mouth. I looked back at Alice. Three buttons undone, she pulled back her shirt and her bra.  
  
Holy shit.  
  
A breast for the ages.  
  
Bigger than Jodie, but just as tight, bursting at the seams. She held up the note again. Conceding, I nodded.  
  
Alice put herself away, the came to stand next to me. With a hand on my shoulder, she watched her topless friend suck my cock, smiling at her audacity.  
  
"Enjoy," she grinned. "I'll see you later."  
  
I knew what she meant and sighed. Wednesday. Jodie never came on a Wednesday. Did Alice know that?  
  
Jodie stopped enough to say goodbye.  
  
Alice went, Jodie came. Several times. She was at her wettest. She had learned to let go of her inhibitions. She fucked to bring herself off. It was wonderful to watch.  
  
"I'm 'staying with Cherrie' again next Friday night," Jodie said into my mouth when we eventually kissed goodbye.  
  
"Oh yeah?" I grinned. "Are we meant to do something with your folks next weekend?"  
  
"That can wait another couple of weeks."  
  
"Okay," I shrugged.  
  
"So where you gonna take me Friday night?" she asked, smiling.  
  
"To bed. Then breakfast. Let me think about where."  
  
"Okay. Thank you for today. It's nice to be able to talk about you with them finally."  
  
"You going to come over to fuck tomorrow?"  
  
"You want my pussy again?" she beamed.  
  
"Need to keep it full of sperm. Don't want you going dry."  
  
"Okay," she smiled. "I'll take what you have. Have to be morning, though. My cousins are arriving after lunch."  
  
"Morning fuck is fine."  
  
"Okay. See ya."  
  
Wednesday. I both dreaded and looked forward to it. I kicked Bill and Ben out early, then sat watching sports replays like a nervous kid.  
  
A knock came at nine-thirty.  
  
Alice.  
  
In uniform, of course.  
  
"Hi."  
  
"Hi."  
  
"Can I come in?"  
  
"Well, that depends," I said as calmly as I could. "Things happen to girls in this house."  
  
"Yeah?" she asked sheepishly.  
  
"Come in."  
  
Alice walked in and stood in the living room.  
  
"You're tall, huh?" I remarked passing her, directing her through to the kitchen. "Where are you from?"  
  
"My dad was a Chinese basketball player. My mom Italian."  
  
"Wow, no wonder you're so beautiful."  
  
"Thank you."  
  
"You don't worry Jodie will get upset you're here?"  
  
"Not if you don't tell her."  
  
I made coffees and set Alice's on the table. I stood in front of her and held her face. I kissed her. It perhaps wasn't something Alice thought would happen so quickly, but she kissed back. Oh, what a kiss. She tasted wonderful.  
  
"You don't mind I'm in my school clothes?" she asked between kisses. "My mom drove me to school this morning, I had to sneak out the back sports field gate."  
  
"Depends. Are you eighteen?" I asked her.  
  
"Of course."  
  
"Are you going to take that uniform off?"  
  
Alice kissed nervously, not answering.  
  
"What happens if I do?"  
  
"If you do? I'm going to fuck you," I warned her.  
  
"Do you fuck Jodie?" she asked. The question took me aback. Did she really not know the answer to that?  
  
"I do. Have you had cock in you before?" I suddenly thought.  
  
"Only my mouth."  
  
"Okay," I said, taking a deep breath. She was a virgin. I hadn't expected it, given how forward she had been. "What time you need to leave?"  
  
"Nothing specific."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"My parents work late."  
  
"Okay. Let's see how things go," I smiled. Oh, Alice could kiss. She was very nearly my height, quite a change from Jodie. And despite inviting herself over, I could sense the anxiety behind her bravado. She jumped as I held her ass under her skirt. She flinched when I stopped to take off her school tie then undo the buttons on her shirt; her face looked like she'd made a mistake. As I peeled the shirt off her shoulders and dropped it to the floor, tears formed in her eyes. As I pulled the straps off her shoulders and released her bra clasp and her tits, drops rolled down her cheeks.  
  
"I'm so sorry," she sobbed as I squeezed and thumbed her magnificent young breasts. "I thought I could do this."  
  
"You are doing it," I shrugged as I moved a mouth to her nipple and sucked.  
  
"I'm so sorry," she cried out loud, tears streaming. I wasn't entirely sure if she wanted me to stop. I wasn't going to give up easy, Alice had the most magnificent breasts I'd had the honor of holding. Almost big. Solid as could be. Nipples that went rock hard at the touch.  
  
I led her to the big sofa in the living room. I pulled my own shirt off and sat, pulling Alice down to me. With our bottoms still on, it was relatively safe for her; not easy to remove any more clothing from either of us sitting that way. I held her close, chest to chest, letting her cry. I ran my hands gently over her naked back and through her hair. I made sure she felt good. As Alice calmed, we kissed. The wetness from her face smudged over me.  
  
"What you crying for?" I asked gently.  
  
"I'm sorry. I thought I could do this."  
  
"Do what? Get undressed? Have sex?"  
  
Alice nodded.  
  
"Jodie looked so confident. I was jealous. I wanted to do it too. I thought I could tempt you away from her."  
  
"Well, you did that," I smiled. "One look at this did that."  
  
I held and squeezed the breast she had showed me on the weekend. I spent time sucking it, putting as much as I could in my mouth.  
  
"These are fucking great tits".  
  
Alice tried to laugh.  
  
"You're being nice."  
  
"Hey, you're being nice to let me undress you."  
  
Alice kissed me gently. I ran my hands over her legs and up the back of her skirt. I pushed my hands into the legs of her panties, holding her ass. She started crying again.  
  
"I don't think I can," she sobbed.  
  
"You are," I told her.  
  
I flipped us around, laying her on her back on the sofa. I took her panties in hand and pulled down. For a moment there was a wordless battle. Alice held on to her underwear as long as she could; I fought hard to prize them off without ripping. It wasn't easy. I had to pull back each of her fingers. I won in the end, throwing her pants safely behind the sofa. Pushing her legs apart at the knees, I buried my face into her pussy. Alice had only a light covering of hair: I could feel the skin of her flaps on my lips. I lapped at her slit. I sucked on her clit. I fingered her hole. It was wondrous. Delightful. Delicious.  
  
Alice had her face in her hands, crying. I reached up and squeezed a breast as I sucked and fingered her. Her cunt was as sopping wet, but so was her face. Alice was scared and uncertain.  
  
I stood and took my pants off. I was nude; my erection pointing at her fiercely. Alice still had her school skirt around her waist. From Jodie's, I knew how to unhitch it and pulled it down and off.  
  
"Are you really going to do it to me?" Alice sobbed.  
  
"Absolutely," I said, crawling on top of her nude body. I worked my way between her legs and my cock struck at her wetness.  
  
"I'm not on the pill," she gasped.  
  
"Worry about that later. Kiss me," I told her.  
  
Squeamishly Alice kissed. I stank of pussy; it wasn't easy for her.  
  
"Open your legs more," I asked.  
  
"Oh god. I'm not sure I'm ready..."  
  
"Open. Wider."  
  
Alice spread her thighs. I reached between us, putting my cock in the right place. I dipped the tip into her wetness, then put my cock head into her.  
  
"That's the spot," I told her.  
  
Alice was begging me not to get her pregnant. I responded by kissing her lips and pushing slowly into her virginity.  
  
"Can you feel that?" I asked her, looking into her red eyes. Alice nodded. "That's the first of all the cocks you'll have in you. Don't feel bad, you have to start somewhere. You'll crave it soon."  
  
Alice grimaced as I pushed further in. It wasn't easy. I had to go out and back each time just to gain a little ground.  
  
"Please. Don't get me pregnant," she sniffled over and again.  
  
"Don't worry, we'll just fuck you, not mate you," I smiled. It was super hard going, though. My cock actually hurt from trying to force her open. Eventually I gave up on the sofa, I couldn't get the right leverage.  
  
"Come. Let's try somewhere else."  
  
Awkwardly we both stood. Alice wanted to pick up her clothes.  
  
"Leave them there," I said calmly, holding her hand and pulling her through the dining room toward the kitchen. One wall was mirrored. I held us in front of it, my arms around her from behind.  
  
"Look at us naked. You are truly beautiful."  
  
Alice blushed.  
  
"You feel better now?"  
  
"I don't know."  
  
"Glad to finally have your pants off with a guy?"  
  
"It's scary."  
  
"You'll get used to it. Come on, I'll get some oil. It will make it easier to fuck you."  
  
"I'm not sure I wanna keep doing it. Haven't I lost my virginity already?"  
  
"Just that little bit? Come on. Let's do it properly."  
  
"But you've been in me already."  
  
"Ha! That's just the head. Come on. You need to feel the whole thing."  
  
I covered my cock in cooking oil and had Alice grip the breakfast bar. Coming at her from behind, oiled up, it worked much better. Inch by inch her vagina opened up around my cock. Alice cried. She squealed at each step forward.  
  
"You're being fucked, baby," I grunted. "Finally your body is being used for what it's made for."  
  
"It hurts."  
  
"Not for long," I said, pushing on. Alice was sobbing. I bent her further toward for the final push.  
  
"That's your cunt full," I announced.  
  
"It stings. It hurts."  
  
"You'll get used to it," I promised. "We'll break it in."  
  
I held her hips. Alice gripped the counter and I fucked her. In and out, pelvis slapping ass. Her cunt was ready to be used as intended. Alice's soul had some catching up to do, though.  
  
"Please. Is it enough now?"  
  
"Enough for what?"  
  
"Ah. We've had sex. Can we stop?"  
  
"Got to get you used to it. No point to stop now."  
  
I pushed in as far as I could go and held.  
  
"Can you feel that?" I asked.  
  
"Yes!" Alice screamed out.  
  
"That's what you came here for, right? To feel what that's like."  
  
Alice nodded.  
  
"So what do you think?"  
  
"Can we stop? It stings. Is that normal? I worry you're damaging it."  
  
I laughed. She didn't look in too bad condition physically, but definitely fragile emotionally.  
  
"Go to get past that hump," I said genuinely. "We'll stop after it starts to feel good. We can take a break, though. If you like."  
  
"Please," Alice grimaced.  
  
I pulled out slowly, bit by bit. When I plopped out my cock was a mess. She had been a virgin for sure. I wiped myself clean before she saw it.  
  
"Come. Hold me. Kiss me."  
  
I sat on a stool. Alice came in close between my legs and hugged me tightly, like a woman who just lost her virginity. She needed some emotional grounding. I gave it to her, albeit whilst holding her naked ass in my hands.  
  
"Alice you are a beautiful woman. I feel a great privilege to be naked with you. I feel a great privilege to fuck your cunt. I hope this won't be the only time. I hope you'll let me keep seeing you. I adore you."  
  
I was being genuine. All those things were true. Alice was possibly the most perfect body I'd been naked with. Beautiful face, Eurasian as she was.  
  
"I have a boyfriend," she whispered.  
  
"Oh. It was his cock? You said you had one in your mouth?"  
  
"No. No. That was at a party. Someone else."  
  
"Okay," I shrugged, "But why me? Why not your boyfriend?"  
  
"I don't know," Alice said, sadly. "You're a man. He's just a boy. If I'd hesitated like I did earlier he would have stopped. You got me through it."  
  
"Are you glad?"  
  
"Yes," she grinned, embarrassed. "I wanted to lose my virginity."  
  
Alice kissed me, holding me tightly. Her breasts pushed into me. Those beautiful gorgeous breasts. She kissed my face, my ears and neck. She reached between us to grip my balls.  
  
"Nothing came out of here, I hope," Alice asked nervously.  
  
"I hope not," I said truthfully, hoping that my own nervousness wasn't coming through in my voice. You never knew, right?  
  
"I can't believe I actually did it," she said, reaching up to grip my erection. "I can't believe that all of this thing actually fit inside me."  
  
"I loved it," I smiled, "You have a great cunt."  
  
"Thank you," she said. "I wanted to. But I was scared. You got me through it."  
  
Alice kissed my mouth again. A long, passionate kiss. One that you'd expect from a teenager, more emotion than skill.  
  
"How old is your boyfriend?" I asked her.  
  
"He's a little bit younger," she said between kisses.  
  
"What?!"  
  
"Only a few months."  
  
"How old?" I asked, almost shaking at the situation.  
  
"He's eighteen in two weeks," she said calmly, still kissing me.  
  
"You're already eighteen though, right?" I double-confirmed, better safe that not.  
  
"Yes. Why? Are you disappointed? You were hoping I was younger?"  
  
"Not at all," I said calmly and truthfully. "Not at all."  
  
I kissed her as passionately and emotionally as she had been kissing me.  
  
"So what are we going to do about your cunt?" I asked.  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Are you going to take it back to practice on your boyfriend, or are we going to share, or will it be exclusively mine?"  
  
"I don't know," she smiled. "I guess I need to let my boyfriend have it. For his birthday maybe. But, yeah, I can share. If you want?"  
  
"Are you happy for me to keep fucking you? Behind his back? Behind Jodie's back?"  
  
Alice nodded. I was hard as a rock at the thought.  
  
"Okay! Let's start now."  
  
Alice stayed til late. At first I bedded her in my bed. She was still outrageously tight. It took some time to get back up her, but once I was in, she flowed nicely.  
  
"I've not been in a man's sheets before," Alice whispered as she lay on me under the covers.  
  
"You like being on a guy like this?" I asked, gently holding her ass.  
  
Alice nodded.  
  
"Can you do it a bit harder?"  
  
"Do you think you are ready?" I checked.  
  
"You can try."  
  
I tried. Relentlessly. I fucked the shit out of her. It was a hell of a first time. I screwed her in bed, I had her over the dining room table, I nailed her in the shower. She was truly beautiful, and the way she came along through the day was noble. In the end there was more groaning than grimacing. She was a wonderful, gorgeous, passionate fuck.  
  
Alice wasn't as comfortable as Jodie was when Bill and Ben came home and hovered, but I held her with me on the sofa. It turned into a lovely evening. Lots of kissing, lots of sex, all with our audience of two. Alice was super embarrassed, but they got some nice photos of us together. They coaxed her number out of her and sent the cock-in-cunt ones to her phone.  
  
Before she dressed, Alice thanked me. She let both Bill and Ben take photos with her, cheekily holding her breasts from behind.  
  
I told her before she went that I needed to cum. Like a darling she offered her cunt to put it in.  
  
"You wanna do it in my vagina, right?"  
  
"No, let's not have a baby just yet," I suggested. "Open your mouth."  
  
Poor Alice, she struggled. My cock was filthy from fucking her, gunk all over. But she took it. She choked and retched when huge ropes of semen squirted and poured into her mouth - but to her credit she didn't spit. It stayed in her mouth for the longest time, like a kid who couldn't bear to swallow their broccoli. She opened to let Bill take photos, white muck caked on her tongue, stringing down from her teeth.  
  
"Geez, that's a lot!" he laughed.  
  
Eventually Alice did the right thing and swallowed, though I let her have a lemonade chaser to rinse her mouth and keep it down.  
  
"That will take some getting used to," Alice panted afterward.  
  
"Good start, though," I assured her.  
  
We posed for more photos, dressed her, kissed and thanked each other for a wonderful day.  
  
That was the first and last sex we had.  
  
Alice and I never managed to get a schedule to suit where she could come safely and sneakily to my house. True to her word, Alice took her pants off and sat on her boyfriend's lap on his birthday (told to me in 'secret' by Jodie). That was the end of her need for me.  
  
C'est la vie.  
  
Alice was not mine.  
  
Jodie was, and we were going strongly.  
  
Right up until we weren't.  
  
Older guys like me serve a purpose. Younger girls look up to us with mystery and awe. The sex is mature and experienced. We instill them with confidence and skill. Then, they return to apply it to their natural circle.  
  
Jodie told me about the date before it happened. She said her ex-schoolmate, a guy a year older had asked her to a drive-in movie night. She wasn't sure if she should go. I insisted she took the chance.  
  
His name was Wayne. He picked her up from her house. He met Jodie's parents straight away, something I'd not done once, despite my promise. They looked at him as if they'd finally found out who their daughter was taking the pill for. Neither mom or dad disapproved as much as they had planned. Wayne was wholesome, handsome, polite, considerate. Not at all the typical young ruffian boy they worried about. He didn't show any inappropriate behavior at all. If anything, he seemed nervous near Jodie.  
  
"Have a good evening," they had said genuinely, surprising themselves.  
  
The drive-in had a double feature. Comedy, then Horror. Wayne had his dad's four-wheel drive. They pulled up backward. Wayne had fold-up chairs to sit on in front of the vehicle. There were blankets to wrap up if it got cold under the cloudless sky. Kids ran about as families tried to get them to sit still, the movie was going to start.  
  
"Can't we just lay in the back of the car?" Jodie suggested.  
  
"Ah? If you want. We can."  
  
Wayne pushed the middle row seats down to make the rear flat. Jodie climbed up and in.  
  
"The view is good from here. Pass the blankets. Make it comfortable."  
  
It wasn't cold yet, they lay on their tummy; all the blankets stacked on each other. The movie was fun, the humor clean. Those two in the back of the car closed in, shoulder to shoulder. Wayne dared a kiss. Jodie rolled to her back to make it easier for him. Wayne was in heaven, kissing the mouth and neck of the girl he had adored at a distance for years. A kiss was something to dare for at goodnight; so laying down and kissing from the start of the first movie was beyond unbelievable. Especially on a first date. The movie and background laughter dulled. Wayne had entirely absorbed into Jodie. Dare he touch a breast?  
  
As soon as Jodie felt a hand on her t-shirt, she broke the kiss. Wayne was about to apologize when Jodie lifted her t-shirt up and over her head. She rolled to her side to unhook her bra, taking it off. She lay back down, topless. If someone wanted, they could see in and catch a view of her tits, but mostly people were watching the movie.

Jodie pulled Wayne's mouth to her breasts and ooh-ed as he sucked them. Her nipples went rock hard; his tongue rolling over them. Emboldened, Wayne's hand went up her thigh as he mouthed her tits. Jodie interrupted again. She undid her jeans, pulling them off. Then her panties. She lay in Wayne's car entirely naked. He was entirely dressed. They kissed like that for an age, his hand roaming where it liked. Her body came alive to his touch. Jodie writhed and opened her legs as his hand dared near her pussy, encouraging him to play with it.  
  
"You have no hair," he said, cupping her mound.  
  
Jodie didn't reply. She kissed his mouth and groaned demonstrably as his finger went in. There was no doubt she wanted it.  
  
"Can I take my top off?" Wayne panted, worried that undressing would scare her.  
  
"You can take it all off," Jodie said simply.  
  
"Are you sure?" Wayne asked, stunned at how superb the evening had turned out.  
  
Jodie nodded.  
  
He pulled one blanket up from underneath to cover yhem. It was dark out, but he was afraid to be exposed. He took his clothes off carefully under the rug. Naked together, they kissed. Jodie grabbed his balls and tugged his cock furiously. It was the first young-man cock she'd held. It was outrageously hard. That must hurt him, to have it tucked into his pants, surely? It also had a hair trigger. Wayne was completely embarrassed, mortified to have sprayed cum all over her and the blankets so quickly.  
  
"I'm so sorry," he said over and over. "So pathetic."  
  
Jodie said nothing. She kissed him passionately and squeezed the rest of his cum out of him into her hand. She used her panties to wipe the semen from her body, then his. The final wipe she did with her t-shirt, hanging the wet clothes over the seat in front of the car.  
  
"I'm so sorry," he said again.  
  
"I love that I make you cum so easy. You must like me naked, huh?"  
  
"Jodie, it's a dream come true."  
  
"Then come lay on me. Kiss me."  
  
Wayne did, blissfully. For the rest of the first movie they rolled around the back of the car, touching, kissing, massaging, fingering, sucking. When the lights came on between features Jodie sat up and looked around. The blanket she held to her front covered her breasts but her shoulders, back and ass were bare. It was obvious to people walking past that she was undressed. A few guys gave Wayne the thumbs-up, making him turn red. At least the cars with families were all packed up and driving out, not hanging around for the creepy second movie.  
  
"I wanna get a snack," Jodie said, "But I don't wanna get dressed."  
  
Wayne nodded. He didn't want her to get dressed either.  
  
"I'll get them," he volunteered.  
  
"Can't we drive over there?"  
  
"We might lose this spot. I like this spot," he smiled.  
  
"Okay, you go," Jodie batted her eyelids, "I'll stay here naked, like a good girlfriend, and keep my pussy warm for my man's brave return."  
  
"This will not take long," Wayne assured her. He dressed and fairly sprinted to the shop and back. Jodie, as promised was naked and ready when he returned; two of his fingers glided easily inside her. She sat naked sideways on his lap, arms around his neck, kissing his ear. Wayne rolled his finger around her vaginal walls.  
  
"What did you get me?" Jodie moaned.  
  
"I wasn't sure what you wanted. Your body is so fit, I wasn't sure if you ate candy and popcorn or not, so I got some of that, but also got an apple and a banana. And water. One sparking, one still. I'm okay with either."  
  
Jodie picked up the banana. It was long, thick and straight. Slightly green.  
  
"I've never tried this before."  
  
Naively, Wayne was clueless to her meaning.  
  
"Jodie. It's a banana. Can you not see it?"  
  
"I know. But I've never tried one."  
  
"Tried?"  
  
Jodie took it and put it sideways between her legs, rubbing her clit.  
  
"Tried. Can you help?"  
  
"Help?"  
  
"Put it in me."  
  
"In you?"  
  
"Please. I wanna try."  
  
Jodie opened her legs and brought the tip down to her entrance, pushing the first part in.  
  
"Please. Can you do it?"  
  
Wayne was clothed. Jodie was naked, sitting sideways on him with the tip of a banana in her vagina. The blanket was off her. Outside was dark but the lights still strong. Ads played on the big screen.  
  
"Try?" she asked politely.  
  
"Okay," Wayne gulped. Why was she shaved? Why did the banana sink into her so effortlessly? The whole thing disappeared inside her pussy like it was nothing.  
  
"How does that all fit?" He accidentally said out loud.  
  
"Fuck me," Jodie whispered.  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"Fuck me with it. Please?"  
  
"Okay," Wayne exhaled.  
  
He pumped Jodie gently at first but she whispered he should go deeper and harder and faster, Wayne went deeper and harder and faster. The sound and smell of her slopping was remarkable. Jodie's nipples were rock hard. Her mouth open. Her eyes closed. The longer it went, the more her hips rolled in his lap. Even to a rookie like Wayne, it was clear this girl was getting close to cumming. On a banana!  
  
"Fuck me with it. Please. Fuck me," Jodie squealed, digging her nails into the skin of his neck.  
  
"Like that. Like that. More. More. More. Oh...shit...," Jodie screamed. Her body convulsed. Twitched. It shook and snapped. She gasped for air. In his arms, Wayne watched Jodie orgasm on a fucking banana. He drove it harder and deeper into her. The orgasm rolled on. He'd never seen anything like it. He'd never heard of anything like it. If he hadn't been part of it, he would never believe it could happen.  
  
"Don't take it out," Jodie begged as her convulsions died down and sweat appeared in her bow. "Don't take it out. Please. It feels so good."  
  
Jodie kissed his ears, neck and lips passionately. She hugged him and thanked him.  
  
"I've never done that," she said, kissing his face all over. "Thank you."  
  
"You really want to leave it in there?" Wayne asked, confused as to what to do next. What could follow an event like that? Nobody stopped to watch, but surely some people must have seen? Or heard? Wayne did as asked, holding it inside his date. He forced it upward. Jodie lay back to straighten her body for it.  
  
"Jodie. The whole thing. It's all in you."  
  
Only a tiny part of the stem was poking out. Jodie brought her own hands down to feel it.  
  
"Okay. Better take it out. See if it's broken."  
  
The banana popped out easily enough. Jodie's cunt was running like a river.  
  
"Not broken," he said.  
  
"That's good," she whispered. "Can you get undressed?"  
  
Wayne did as asked. The new movie started as Jodie came up and sat on his lap, facing him. Reaching between, she took his cock and held it straight. Her vagina slid over the entire shaft and sunk to its depth without resistance.  
  
"Oh, that feels nice," Jodie squealed. "You are so hard. Doesn't it hurt?"  
  
Wayne didn't answer. He was in la-la land. He'd previously dared hope for a kiss goodnight. Instead,  
  
Jodie's pussy was wrapped around his bare cock. Sitting up. In public. He couldn't see anyone watching, but if they weren't it was sheer luck.  
  
Jodie humped gently, getting herself off on a new cock. Wayne was amazed at how comfortable she felt. He himself was dizzy with excitement.  
  
"Jodie. How often have you done this?"  
  
"First time."  
  
"First time?" he asked incredulously.  
  
"At a drive-in," she corrected. "It's my first time in a car at the drive-in."  
  
"Okay. But it's not your first time, you know, ever?"  
  
"I have a boyfriend," she said straight. "He's older. He fucks me."  
  
"You have a boyfriend now? Still?"  
  
"Uh-huh," Jodie groaned, grinding her hips, biting her lip.  
  
"He doesn't mind? That you do this with me?"  
  
"He doesn't know," she said, doing her best to hump his erection despite the distraction of conversation. "Well, he knows I went out with you tonight. But he doesn't think we would have sex."  
  
"Either did I," Wayne admitted.  
  
Jodie ignored him, kissing his lips to keep him quiet. Wayne fell down to his back, Jodie on top using all her experience to bring herself off.  
  
"You're cock is so hard," she panted.  
  
"Jodie, if you keep doing that I'm going to cum," he warned her.  
  
"You can."  
  
"I'll get you pregnant."  
  
"No you won't. You can't."  
  
"Huh? Why?" Wayne groaned, seriously close to losing it.  
  
"Why do you think?" she panted, humping frenetically  
  
"Shit! Are you already pregnant?"  
  
"What?"  
  
"I can't get you pregnant because you already are. From your boyfriend."  
  
Jodie ignored him.  
  
"Cum in me. Quickly. I'm there," she shrieked. "Do it in me!"  
  
Both of them shook. It's rare that two people have a cum connection, let alone first try. Wayne learned a lesson at that moment, one he wouldn't appreciate until years later - to spray sperm inside a girl you adore is unparalleled happiness; alternatively, to cum in one you don't is bitterly deflating. At that moment, with his adored Jodie joined to him, it was bliss of the first order. He grunted his semen emphatically into her. They kissed like lovers as they came down over the rise.  
  
"Jodie, I love you."  
  
"You do?" she kissed.  
  
"I always have. Ever since I knew you."  
  
"Really?" she smiled in the low light of the big movie screen.  
  
"This is a dream come true."  
  
"To fuck me?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"You wanna keep fucking me? After tonight?"  
  
"Of course!"  
  
"Your cock is so hard. Even after you cum. I love it," Jodie admitted.  
  
"What about your boyfriend?"  
  
"We don't tell him."  
  
"You gonna sleep with two different guys? Date both of us?"  
  
"Yeah. Why not? My cunt can take it."  
  
"What about the baby?"  
  
"Baby?"  
  
"You gonna keep it?"  
  
"What baby?"  
  
"You're pregnant," Wayne said.  
  
"No I'm not! Why you think I'm pregnant?"  
  
"Because you said I couldn't get you pregnant because you already are pregnant"  
  
"I didn't say that. You said that. I'm on the pill you duffer, that's why you can't get me pregnant."  
  
"Oh," Wayne said, blushing in the dark.  
  
They sat back up, Jodie still with his cock up her, amazed this young guy could keep stiff after losing his sperm twice. She was keen to spend more time with it in her.  
  
"So hard still. Like rock," she said, impressed.  
  
"I love you," Wayne said to her ear.  
  
"Are you two done?" a voice came from behind. A man in his twenties was standing outside their open back door. "We can't hear the movie with you two doing that."  
  
"Sorry!" Jodie said genuinely, slowly pulling off Wayne's cock and turning toward the voice. She crawled to the opening of the door to grab the ends of the blanket, kneeling, letting the guy see her entire post-fucked body. She paused to let him take it in. He seemed stunned to see her pussy shaved bare. Jodie took the blanket and curled it up as she shuffled back between Wayne's legs, leaning on him. The blanket was long enough to hide her pelvis if she stuck her legs out the side, but her small hard tits remained exposed.  
  
"We'll be quiet," she promised.  
  
The guy shook his head and walked back to his car. Jodie took Wayne's hands and brought them to hold her breasts.  
  
"I like guys holding my tits," she groaned as he gripped and flicked her nipples.  
  
"Can I really keep seeing you?" Wayne checked again.  
  
"Of course. You can fuck me all you want."  
  
"But you'll have sex with your boyfriend, too?"  
  
"He's my boyfriend. Of course. He adores my cunt."  
  
"Can I be your boyfriend?"  
  
"Instead of him?"  
  
"Uh-huh."  
  
"You really want that?"  
  
"I love you."  
  
There was something moving about Wayne telling her that.  
  
"He lets me fuck his friends," Jodie told him quietly. "It's nice to experience other guys, you know? You're not going to like that right?"  
  
Wayne sighed.  
  
"I don't know. I don't own you, I know, but people usually just stay with one person, right?"  
  
"If that was true, I wouldn't be here now. You're glad I took my pants off for you, right? Gave you my cunt?"  
  
"Yes," Wayne admitted.  
  
"Let's just do that for a while," Jodie suggested. "Take me on dates, and see what happens? Can we do that as a first step? You can fuck me, I promise."  
  
"Okay," Wayne said, not entirely sure if he was okay sharing her. "When's the next time we can? Tomorrow?"  
  
"Afternoon maybe. Sunday mornings I spend with my boyfriend."  
  
"Church?" Wayne teased, half hoping.  
  
"Bed," Jodie laughed. "Sorry. He likes fucking me and sex-toys and stuff on Sunday morning. But this time of year, in the afternoon he goes to sport with his friends. So, we could do something then."  
  
"Won't you be tired?"  
  
"Don't worry," Jodie assured him. "My cunt can take it. I'll give you good sex. Speaking of which..."  
  
Jodie moved to lay face down on the car floor, legs open, ass lifted. Wayne sunk into her from behind, and they broke Jodie's promise to be quiet.  
  
"Jodie, can we talk?" her parents asked.  
  
"Ah, sure."  
  
She was about to come over to my place on a Saturday. Her mother was sharp enough to know her daughter's dress was too smooth to be wearing panties. She was clearly heading out to cough up her pussy.  
  
"Honey, you know we like Wayne, right?"  
  
"Yes," Jodie shrugged.  
  
"His parents are lovely, he's so well brought up. Hard to believe he does what he does to you," his mother couldn't help but dig. Her no-dating rule had crumbled terribly.  
  
"Mom!"  
  
"Anyway," her father moved on, "We've spoken to his parents and we agree we would rather you two were spending time somewhere safe."  
  
"Which means what?" Jodie frowned.  
  
"Wayne has permission to stay overnight."  
  
"Here?" Jodie gasped.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"In my room?"  
  
"Yes," her mother sighed. "If you two are doing it anyway, we'd rather you were home and safe, not in some smutty backroad somewhere in that car of his dad's."  
  
"Oh. Does Wayne know?"  
  
"Only if his parents told him."  
  
"Are you sure about this?" Jodie checked, entirely surprised.  
  
"There are rules," her mother stressed. "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday are homework nights."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"And I don't want that boy to be anything but fully dressed outside your room. I'm not having him here wandering our house in his boxer shorts."  
  
"Her wears briefs," Jodie corrected her. Her mother shuddered.  
  
"You got the message?"  
  
"Got it," Jodie nodded. Her room had its own shower and toilet, so it should be okay. She left for her date with me astounded by the Great Leap Forward at home.  
  
The end came quicker and less tumultuously than I thought. Our last couple of months together I knew she had a young boyfriend she was sleeping with. We didn't talk about it, but the hickeys on her neck and breast were growing. She was increasingly sore when we had sex. There were some Fridays and Saturdays I sensed she had fresh sperm gurgling in her when she undressed. It was like she had come from a night in his bed to have sex with me.  
  
"Jodie, I release you."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"You have no obligation to come here, or open your legs."  
  
"Huh?" she said again, grimacing as she pushed onto my cock.  
  
"It hurts right?"  
  
"Uh-huh," Jodie conceded.  
  
"You don't have to do it. You don't owe me anything."  
  
"But you made me. My cunt is yours...I have to give it to you," she said, fucking gingerly.  
  
"I release you."  
  
Just like that, my days of fucking schoolgirls were over. Both Jodie and Alice had recoiled back to people their own age. Social norms prevailed. Bill and Ben seemed to pine more than me, so I gave them all the videos I filmed. For me, it was the circle of life.  
  
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Eight years later I saw Jodie again. Entirely coincidentally. On the other side of the world. I'd been on a trip to Koh Tao in Thailand for diving. The guys I traveled with went back early. I stayed in at Koh Phangan to take classes in Muay Thai boxing. I was staying in Haad Rin. As I walked down the center of the narrow Main Street, I saw Jodie going in to a clothes shop. She was older, but it was Jodie without a doubt. I felt goosebumps rise all over, despite the glorious sun. Discretely I followed at distance. She was with two girlfriends that I didn't recognize. They were all dressed scantily in miniskirts and tied bikini tops. One had a straw hat. After a time, I waited on the road outside the latest shop they were in.  
  
"Jodie."  
  
She turned and looked and her eyes lit up immediately.  
  
"Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!" she yelled, running at me, jumping into my arms. For the longest time she kissed me wildly on the lips. It was more than I had expected. Her friends were clearly shocked.  
  
"What are you doing here?" she screamed, not letting me go.  
  
"Learning boxing."  
  
"Wow."  
  
"You?"  
  
Jodie's friend chipped in. "She's getting married. Least, she was..."  
  
"We're on a girl's trip. Hen's trip. Bachelorette holiday. Last stand," Jodie explained.  
  
"You're getting married?"  
  
"Yep." She showed me her modest diamond ring.  
  
"Congratulations."  
  
"Thank you," she said, then kissed me fiercely again. "I missed you so much."  
  
"Oh yeah?" I said. "Didn't seem so!"  
  
"I'm so sorry. I was young. Too young for what you were doing to me!"  
  
"No. Just old enough," I clarified.  
  
"Ladies, this is the brute who took my virginity," she said, turning and introducing us. Jane and Song. Jodie didn't let go of me all through the niceties. "I've got some making up to do. I treated him awfully."  
  
"Where are you staying?" I asked.  
  
"Seaview Sunrise. On the beach."  
  
"What's it like?"  
  
"A bit so-so. But location is amazing."  
  
"When did you arrive?"  
  
"Yesterday."  
  
"Til..."  
  
"Why?" Jodie grinned. "You worried you'll lose me again?"  
  
I smiled and said nothing. Yes. I missed her too. Deeper than I thought.  
  
"Come on. Let's have a drink. I wanna try that One Love bar we saw."  
  
"I know that place," I laughed.  
  
"Is it okay?"  
  
"It's the best," I nodded. "You'll need underwear, though. The seats are a bit splintery."  
  
"We have underwear," Jodie assured me.  
  
"Really? You never used to."  
  
"Yeah, well, I didn't know you were going to be here. When you're not around, I wear pants!"  
  
"Does she?" I asked the two others.  
  
"Come on, let's go," Jane simply said.  
  
For the walk, Jane and Song went ahead; Jodie and I walked behind like a couple. We held each other tightly, kissing, smiling.  
  
"It's so nice to see you," Jodie said with feeling. "Amazing. So unbelievably lucky."  
  
She sat on my lap in the bar, arms tightly around my neck, kissing me like I was a returned sailor. Her friends shook their heads, but Jodie insisted this was a girls-gone-wild trip and they could all do whatever they wanted.  
  
If, by the way, you ever find the One Love bar in Haad Rin, you are a lucky soul. It is a tiny, triangular, mostly outdoor and wonderfully eclectic bar. The guy who runs it is a delight. We four sat until past sunset, drinking beers and cocktails. Jodie and I touched like we had in the old days. It was a seamless regression. My hand spent its time inside her bikini top holding bare breast, or inside her pants holding (disappointingly hairy) pussy. It was like we hadn't parted. Eight years fell away.  
  
"Your body is still small and tight. Well done," I said genuinely, clinking glasses.  
  
"You are still handsome, too."  
  
"I heard you had a boyfriend called Wayne. Is that who you are marrying?"  
  
"Oh my god, no! That finished years ago."  
  
"So who is the guy?" I asked.  
  
"Can we not talk about that? Can you just take me somewhere and fuck me?" she replied.  
  
I laughed.  
  
"I'll do that, don't worry. Come and stay at my hotel."  
  
"Where are you?"  
  
"On the other beach. The sunset beach."  
  
"We can walk there?"  
  
"Can."  
  
I had Jodie's bikini pulled aside, the barman trying not to stare at her gorgeous little breast.  
  
"Girls, let's go for beer, food, then sex. Are you coming?" Jodie slurred.  
  
"God! Yes!" they said, ignoring the comment on sex. It was almost completely dark, they were starved.  
  
We helped the two girls back to the hotel. They were wasted by the time we finished drinking at dinner. Jodie and I walked all the way to the western beach to where my room was.

"Coconut," she said, squinting to read the resort sign after the drinks we had. I laughed.  
  
"It's not Coconut. Try again tomorrow."  
  
I had a villa with a courtyard and plunge pool. As soon as we were in the gate, we dropped Jodie's clothes. I sat on the step to my room, Jodie came and sat on me. Her pussy was no smaller than before, she sunk easily onto my cock. It was a remarkable and unexpected homecoming.  
  
"I should have told you I loved you more," I said, leaning back, watching that magnificent woman fuck my cock.  
  
"You should have," she agreed. "I know you did, but you couldn't say it."  
  
"Are you really going to get married?" I asked holding her hand, fingering the engagement ring.  
  
"Why? You gonna stop me?"  
  
"I always worried about the fourteen years difference."  
  
"I know," Jodie conceded, coming in close to hold me. "We could have a lifelong affair?"  
  
"Ha. I'm not sure how much good that would do either of us."  
  
"Could try?"  
  
"Maybe. For a while," I smiled.  
  
"This week for sure!" Jodie kissed my mouth. "This week you're not leaving my sight. And I'm not going to wear pants anymore."  
  
"Here til when?"  
  
"Five more nights after this. Shall I check out of my room, come stay here?"  
  
"What about your girlfriends?"  
  
"This is a big place, they could stay too?"  
  
"Your cunt needs shaving."  
  
"Yes, sir!"  
  
We spent the night rekindling a strong flame. Her breasts in my mouth were wonderful. I'd forgotten how good Jodie was at sucking cock. And ever since my buddy fisted her, she loved multiple fingers tickling her insides. Taken from behind she would scream out without inhibition. There would be little doubt from our neighbors that a girl was getting nailed in my hut. Both of us fought off sleep as long as we could, but it was nice to close our eyes together and spend the night; that didn't happen often before.  
  
I woke late morning. Jodie was standing naked by the door looking out to my patio. She was on the phone, doing FaceTime. I couldn't see the guy talking, but I could hear him. He was asking why she was topless outside. Jodie explained that she found a better place to stay, with a private patio. She showed the plunge pool and around my room, avoiding the bed with me in it.  
  
"Where are the girls?" the voice asked.  
  
"In bed."  
  
"Show me."  
  
"No. They're naked. We all are."  
  
"Baby, tell me you're not having sex with that Chinese girl again. You promised that you wouldn't."  
  
"Song. Her name is Song. It was once. We were just trying it out. I told you, I like cock. You know that."  
  
"A week holed up in a New York hotel with a Chinese chic is not once. I don't like you sucking pussy."  
  
"Her name is Song. So, you are okay me finding a cock to suck on?"  
  
Keeping the camera carefully discrete, Jodie came near and reached out for my waking-wood. She tugged gently, giving me a sly smile.  
  
"Looking. No touching," came the reply from the phone. Too late for that, I thought.  
  
"This is my Bachelorette party. I can do what I want," Jodie grinned defiantly.  
  
"Whatever," sighed the man on the phone. "Show me your friends if they're all naked."  
  
Jodie turned to me.  
  
"You wanna show your naked ass to my fiancée?"  
  
I nodded silently and turned over.  
  
"They said no, sorry!" Jodie laughed.  
  
"Fine. Go. Enjoy your day."  
  
"I will. Love you," Jodie signed off.  
  
"Love you, too baby."  
  
The phone turned off, Jodie dropped her mouth to my cock to make sure it was hard enough, and climbed up over me. Holding my cock upright, she dropped her body, engulfing my erection with her cunt.  
  
"Fuck me," Jodie whispered, biting her lip, "Like you used to."  
  
I was feeling strong. Jodie's pussy got smashed.  
  
"I love it," she yelled out. "More!"  
  
"Oh, I missed you," I groaned truthfully.  
  
Jane and Song came over to my room just before lunch, called over by Jodie. They chastised me for making their friend cheat on her fiancé just weeks before her wedding. I didn't care. I just shrugged and held Jodie's naked ass close to me, kissing.  
  
"We're four instead of three now are we?" Jane asked at lunch. Jodie had her small bikini top and short skirt from the night before, but we had trashed her panties.  
  
"You can find boys, too," Jodie defended. "Girls week away means getting laid, right?"  
  
"Us. Not you!" Song mused.  
  
After lunch we picked up the girl's bags and checked them out of their accommodation. Jodie wanted to be with me, but wasn't going to dump her friends. Jane and Song would sleep on the sofa bed, myself and Jodie in the big bed. There was no privacy, no separate rooms.  
  
We went back in to town together afterward. We found a place to wax Jodie's pussy clean. Song shrugged and joined in. Jane shook her head, laughing at them for wanting to look like little girls.  
  
"Try it," Jodie said. "The sex is much better. Especially if his face is shaved, too."  
  
Jane didn't. We left those two and went into the shops nearby. Jane and I didn't know each other at all, yet we would be bunking in the same room for the best part of a week. I held up a white mesh see-through dress. It was ankle-length and loose fitting, super stylish and sexy.  
  
"You'd look good in this?" I suggested, testing the water.  
  
Jane sighed.  
  
"You wanna see me naked, right?"  
  
"We're sharing a room. Might be an idea to warm into it."  
  
"Gee," she shook her head. "Let's give this over with. Come on."  
  
Jane led me to the change rooms at the back. No one was around. Being alone, she undid her bikini top and let it drop. She took her pants off under the skirt before letting the skirt fall to the ground. Turning to me, she said, "Okay?"  
  
"Turn? Slowly?" I requested.  
  
Jane did as asked.  
  
"Unbelievable," I said, amazed at such beauty. "You are stunning."  
  
I undid my belt and jeans shorts. My erection popped free.  
  
"Are we just looking at each other, right?" Jane asked.  
  
"Turn around and bend over," I told her.  
  
"I'm not fucking you," Jane said calmly.  
  
"Turn around. Bend over. In and out, just once."  
  
"You can't do just once," she laughed.  
  
"Try me," I said resolutely.  
  
"One stroke?" Jane clarified. "In and out."  
  
"Yes."  
  
"If you can't do it just once, I'll tell Jodie you forced me. You know that, right?"  
  
"Fair enough."  
  
I took Jane's bare hips and spun her around to lean on the mirror on the wall. I pushed her head down and pulled her hips back. I reached between us; lining myself up by hand, I pushed slowly into the depths of her cunt.  
  
"You feel great," I moaned appreciatively, looking at her face in the mirror. "You like it too, right?"  
  
Jane nodded. "It's big."  
  
I held her hips and pushed in as far as I could. Jane pushed back at me to help. I didn't hump her, I just held deep in her pussy.  
  
"Give me your tits," I said reaching around and pulling her to stand. She watched me grasp her breasts in the mirror in front of us. I kissed her ear and neck.  
  
"Fuck me," Jane whispered.  
  
"One stroke," I reminded her.  
  
"I don't care about that. Fuck me," she said, wriggling her hips.  
  
"No," I said, pulling slowly back, eventually popping out of her saturated cunt.  
  
"Oh, you bastard. You're a tease," she complained.  
  
"I don't want you later saying I've done more than we agreed," I said. I put my cock away and zipped up.  
  
I held out the mesh dress. Jane put it on.  
  
"Looks good," I said, whistling.  
  
"You can see everything," Jane complained, turning to look at her ass.  
  
"So what? It's not that easy to see. Come on, leave it on. I'll pay."  
  
"You should have waxed," Jodie said, looking at Jane approach.  
  
"You can tell I've got nothing under?"  
  
"Only from up close."  
  
"Gorgeous dress, though," Song chipped in. "Where did you get it?"  
  
"That one," Jane pointed at the store over the side-road, acting as best she could like she'd not just had cock in her.  
  
Jodie came and held me close. I put my hand under her skirt at front.  
  
"Just like old times," I smiled, cupping her bare mound.  
  
"Careful," she grinned. "Sensitive. Give it an hour or two before you..."  
  
"Do that?" I asked, pushing a finger up and in.  
  
"Yes. Before you do that."  
  
We walked through the shops and stopped at some bars for one drink in each before moving on. The girls were gorgeous and partially nude, and so was everyone else walking around. There were some seriously hot women with low inhibitions, so no one paid us particular attention. We walked along the main beach before going back to my resort. It was late afternoon and warm. We lay on the beach in front of my hut. There were a number of topless girls dotted along the sand.  
  
"I didn't think you were allowed to be nude in Thailand?" Song asked.  
  
"You can't," Jane confirmed. "There are no nude beaches here."  
  
"Except for one. In all the country, there is one," I corrected them.  
  
"Where?"  
  
"It's called Leela Beach."  
  
"Where's that?"  
  
"You're on it."  
  
"No way!" Jane said.  
  
"It's true. I saw it online, so I rang the resort, asked if girls could get undressed on their beach. Resort said it was fine. There're only these hotels along here. No houses. No public. Do what you like."  
  
"So you stayed here, so you could look at naked girls?"  
  
I didn't answer for a moment. Truth was I invited a girl to come. We broke up once she knew I planned to get her naked for other guys to look at. There had been a heavily emotional debate on the merits of a boyfriend that would ask such a thing of her.  
  
"Next thing you'll be wanting me to do is fuck your buddies!" she had screamed.  
  
Guilty. I probably would have. She was hot as hell one-on-one, fucked like a bunny. But she was not an exhibitionist and definitely not one for sharing.  
  
"Well, I got you girls here for that now."  
  
"And all those down there," Jodie correctly pointed out. "Though their pants are still on."  
  
"Yours don't have to be," I said calmly. "May as well show off your new haircut."  
  
Jodie grinned and took off her bikini top and skirt. The other two girls teased me about the boner tenting my shorts.  
  
"Come on you two. Get undressed," Jodie pressured them.  
  
Song gave in, taking off her top and bottom, laying her clothes next to Jodie's. Over on the edge, Jane would only give us her tits.  
  
"I don't think my husband would want me to take my pants off if there is a guy around."  
  
I chuckled. Was she trying to cover for herself, to make sure those two didn't suspect I'd fucked her already; albeit briefly?  
  
"But he's okay with you showing me your tits?" I asked.  
  
"No. Probably not," Jane admitted, leaning back on her elbows.  
  
We all talked for a time about the wedding, their flights and trip so far, who had been to Thailand before and other places. Song was well travelled, her father had worked for a Chinese tech company, they lived in a half dozen places in Asia and the West. She was only a little younger than the other two but her slender Asian body looked much younger; especially with her pussy waxed bare. Her tits were great, though.  
  
"Come on Song, come swimming with me."  
  
Jane and I weren't invited. We sat and watched those two slender ladies walk naked down the beach toward the water. The body types were so different, yet both gorgeous in their own way.  
  
"What's with those two? Why didn't they ask us to go with them? Something going on?"  
  
"On and off. Jodie's fiancé doesn't like her kissing girls. She promised she would stop. But..."  
  
"But?"  
  
"Song coming on this trip was under protest from him but Song doesn't know that. We've been getting her to take photos of us two so she's not in them too much."  
  
"Girls are so catty."  
  
"Hey. We're trying to be nice is all. Not hurt her feelings."  
  
"Are you really going to keep your pants on if they are around?" I asked, changing topic. Jane smiled.  
  
"I don't mind. I just didn't want to seem like I was rushing to show myself to you."  
  
"They're not going to think we've had sex. Not that quickly."  
  
"No one would be that easy," Jane smiled.  
  
"Exactly. Especially someone married. I'm sorry. I didn't notice the ring before."  
  
"Concentrating on other things?"  
  
"Well. You got undressed pretty quick. You gave up your cunt easier than most married chics."  
  
"Look at this place. People everywhere half undressed. Everyone's young, all in party mode. Kind of normal to feel like having sex, right?"  
  
"How long you been married?"  
  
"Almost a year."  
  
"Your husband okay with you giving your cunt to other guys?"  
  
"Absolutely not. He is completely possessive. Won't even let me go to work with cleavage. Thinks some guy is going to hit on me."  
  
"So he's not going to like it here. Topless beach."  
  
"Ha. Never."  
  
"Have you screwed other guys since you've been married?"  
  
"No, of course not! Well, no strangers. My ex-boyfriend is still, you know, around some times. Travels in for work. Stays in nice hotels. But that's not really cheating, right?"  
  
"How is that not cheating?" I laughed.  
  
"He's already been in me, before I met my husband. It's just the same guy, not some new one."  
  
"I don't think your husband would agree," I said calmly. "Anyway, take your pants off."  
  
Jane sighed and took of her bottoms, but then rolled over on her front to cover up.  
  
"That's a great ass," I told her. "Do you fuck with it?"  
  
"In my ass? No! Don't even think of it. That's disgusting."  
  
"Okay."  
  
For a time we sat quietly. I watched Jodie and Song out in the water, leaning against each other. I'd not had much experience of gay women. It was an interesting observation. Those two were more intimate than sexual. They were both nude, but more like close friends than amorous. They were holding hands. A guy would have been holding something else.  
  
"Have you ever done it?" I asked Jane, looking out at the water.  
  
"Done what?"  
  
"That. Been with a girl?"  
  
"Once. When I was young."  
  
"Didn't like it?"  
  
"Maybe it was just that girl. I really liked her, but the taste. Eww. I can still remember how bad it was."  
  
"You don't like pussy juice? You don't suck your man's cock after he's fucked you?"  
  
"Mines okay. I don't mind tasting my own. Just other girls. Don't wanna do that again."  
  
"You don't mind if those two do?"  
  
"Of course not. Each person can choose for themself."  
  
"So maybe I should sleep in the bed with you, let those two have the big bed?"  
  
"You wanna give her up, for me?" Jane laughed.  
  
"I like sleeping with married girls. I like the naughtiness of it."  
  
"She's almost married."  
  
"Not the same, though."  
  
"No."  
  
Jodie and Song eventually came back in, holding hands. I couldn't help but use my phone to take a photo, it was a remarkable shot. Both so different, yet gorgeous. And both waxed clean. It suited them well.  
  
We went into the private patio of my villa. The girls rinsed off in the plunge pool, all three naked. Jodie had me fuck her from behind as she held the back of a chair on the deck. I thought Song might be jealous, but she looked interested rather than sad. Jane went inside, not watching. I was pretty sure she wanted more than the one stroke she had.  
  
I didn't want to cum, I wanted to stay horny through the evening, but Jodie got me. The minx. That girl could roll her hips on a cock like no other. She fairly milked the cum from me.  
  
"Damn!" I yelled out in frustration as I blew. At forty I knew my body; it would be a few hours before I'd be ready again.  
  
"You don't like?" Jodie purred, standing, pulling my hands around to grip her breasts.  
  
"I like too much."  
  
"Hmmm. Lucky we've got the rest of the week."  
  
"What about them?" I whispered at her ear.  
  
"You wanna fuck my friends?"  
  
"Do you mind?"  
  
"How can I mind? You let me sleep with your friends."  
  
"Do they want to?"  
  
"Song loves cock as much as she loves pussy. But Jane is married, I don't think you'll convince her."  
  
I smiled. Jodie was unaware that dried pussy juice from Jane had probably rubbed off my cock, and was mixing around inside her cunt.  
  
"But if I can...?" I asked.  
  
"Can I watch?"  
  
"Of course."  
  
"Then fine. Are you getting hard again? My god, just thinking of fucking my friends brings you back so quickly?"  
  
"Right now, that's good for you!" I grunted, giving her ten minutes of encore.  
  
We went out for dinner then drinks, the girls fabulously underdressed. Koh Phangan is a relatively tame and chill place - no whore bars, thank goodness - but there were some bars on an alley to the main beach that had music and life until late. There were just enough single boys to keep the girls preening their feathers on the dance floor. I wondered if we might lose one or two to a stranger's bedroom during the evening, those guys were kissing and feeling up all three at various stages. But when the bar finally called for closing, all four of us were together. Jodie and Song were in the worst condition. The last hundred yards over the hump of rough track to the resort was tough going. I was virtually carrying both of them. Jane and I stripped the hairless two naked and I put them in the sofa bed.  
  
"It's all they deserve," Jane said, panting from the effort.  
  
Then we kissed. And fucked. Jane was completely ready to be nailed. I'd had enough drink to be in control of my cum; she'd had enough drink to lose control of her cum. It was a remarkable combination. My jaw ached from how hard she kissed me. Her cunt flowed a river of juice, I couldn't recall a woman as outrageously wet as Jane was. My pubic hair was saturated in it. Above, under, bent over, there was no stopping her delight in being fucked senseless.  
  
Occasionally the glint of her wedding ring would catch some light, reminding me I was screwing some other man's wife. I adore nailing attached women; wickedly, wantonly, violently, in a way their husbands would never dare. It kept me hard. And Jane kept kissing, tongue roaming the inside of my mouth as my cock did the same to her cunt.  
  
She finally crashed asleep on top of me as the sun rose, my cock still up her. I was a wonderful way to finish a brilliantnight.  
  
I woke just before midday. Jane was still asleep, and Jodie had crawled into our bed, too. I wondered if she realized Jane was on my other side. I managed to slink down to the foot of the bed between the two of them and out to the bathroom. I was so tired I sat to pee.  
  
Song came in as I flushed.  
  
"Are you okay?" I asked her. She grunted and turned on the shower. It was big enough for two so I followed her in. Song gave no resistance. She turned, grabbed my cock and kissed my mouth.  
  
"Jodie is taken," she said quietly. "You should only fuck me from now on."  
  
"Ah. Really? Are you good at it?"  
  
"I'm Asian," she said sleepily, "What do you think?"  
  
Song washed my cock with soap and a face-towel before dropping to her knees and rinsing me off.  
  
"Holy shit," I said as her lips reached the base of my cock. "How...?"  
  
I'd never seen a girl take a dick all the way into her throat. Not my dick anyway. Song didn't just hold there, she drew back and forth, in and out of her throat.  
  
"Okay, your mouth is good," I groaned, ticking off an imaginary check-box. After a wonderful long blow, Song stood.  
  
"Do you want a girl who can do that?"  
  
"Yes," I said firmly. "Do you fuck well, too?"  
  
I thought she might turn around and bend over, but instead Song pushed me to the floor and sat on my crotch. She was as wet as Jane, but tiny. I couldn't remember a cunt as tight as hers. The hold she had on my cock was unbelievable. At every thrust her vagina gripped my shaft with pressure. Yet she was smooth and silken.  
  
"You like it?" she whispered.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Good. I'm your girlfriend now."  
  
"Ah, okay," I replied, amazed at myself for agreeing. "But can I fuck those other girls still?"  
  
Song came down to kiss me.  
  
"Only this week. When we get home, just me. No more Jodie."  
  
"Jane?"  
  
"She's not going to fuck you. She's married."  
  
"She's already done it. Twice."

"Back home she won't," Song clarified, "Not with her husband around. He is the jealous type, usually can't let her out of his sight."  
  
Except for her ex-boyfriend, I thought.  
  
"I better give her a good shagging, then. And it's your last chance to get between Jodie's legs, right?"  
  
Song smiled and nodded.  
  
"But I like cock more. When we get back, I'm staying at your place. No bag. No clothes. Just me and my body. Do whatever you want to me, then I'll cook you dinner. Is that okay? Do you live alone?"  
  
"Yes." It had been years since Bill and Ben finally graduated. I didn't take anyone on after them.  
  
"Good. Now you can cum in me."  
  
"Are you... on the pill?"  
  
Song shook her head.  
  
"I can't have kids. I'm just for fucking," she said, pulling her cunt sensually up and down my erection.  
  
"You've had a lot of cock, then?" I asked.  
  
Song nodded. "Do you mind?"  
  
"Not at all. I like girls that are easy. Your cunt hasn't stretched, though. You are seriously tight."  
  
"All of me is small," she said, kissing.  
  
"Decent tits, though," I defended her. "Good size for an Asian girl."  
  
"I'm bigger than my Chinese friends, but not compared to Western girls."  
  
"Not small either."  
  
"Cum," I was told, Song changing topic. "Fuck me. Cum in me."  
  
I fucked her. I came in her.  
  
The day was mostly a write off. Song and I went back to the beds we had slept in. I picked Jodie up and put her in with Song again. Neither Jodie nor Jane were aware of the pact or the connection Song and I had made. I openly fondled and kissed Jane. Song openly fondled and kissed Jodie.  
  
"You need to call your husband?" I whispered as I fingered her from behind. The sheets were off, the others could see my hand inside her.  
  
"Ah. Later," she said quietly, vagina slopping noisily.  
  
"You don't miss him?"  
  
Jane turned her head back to kiss me.  
  
"More," she whispered at me.  
  
"More what? More fingers?"  
  
Jane nodded, eyes glazing over. Falling face-down on the sheets, Jane stuck her ass up slightly to help. You'd think I might be hurting her, but as I forced more of my hand into her cunt, the crazier she got. Jane gripped the sheets and groaned, pushing back to help me open her up.  
  
"Oh shit!" she yelled out as my knuckles slipped past and my whole hand fell inside her. I kept pushing. I wriggled my fingers at the top of her insides, flicking parts of her which had never been touched. The orgasm belted through her. She rolled her hips, her cunt lips wrapped around my wrist. I looked over at the other two girls. They were sucking each other's cunt, not paying attention to Jane.  
  
"Fuck me," Jane growled.  
  
I wasn't sure what she meant. With my hand?  
  
It seemed hard work, pumping a whole hand in and out, traversing the hump of my knuckles in and out; a gasp each time the fat part pushed through her entrance.  
  
"Are you okay?" I checked as I drove my hand in and out. Jane had slim hips; she didn't seem a likely girl to take a fisting so well. She nodded furiously, gripping the bed tightly and squealing. I was staggered by the wetness. Her entire pussy was pouring liquid. As long as it flowed, I kept pumping. And she kept wailing.  
  
When I felt things getting gluggy I stopped and slowly pulled out. My hand was filthy from cunt. Her hole gaped open. I had a mind to fuck it, just to see how big she must have become, but Jane looked exhausted. Propping she turned to her side, then back further to kiss my face.  
  
"Are you okay?"  
  
Jane looked at me with amazed satisfaction.  
  
"No one ever...," she tried to say.  
  
"Fisted you?"  
  
"No," she panted, shaking her head.  
  
"Are you okay?" I asked again.  
  
"You have to stay with me. In this bed. Forever," Jane kissed fiercely.  
  
"Okay. Can. But food first?"  
  
I held her face with my dirty hand. When I brought it to her mouth, she sucked her gunk off it. This wasn't the normal light covering of clear, smooth pussy juice, this was grime from the deep. No way she liked it; I could tell. He face screwed up at the taste of her own sticky, chunky slime. But she was in the mood to acquiesce. I had done her a huge, orgasmic service. She would do anything for me just then.  
  
"When we go home, can we still do this?" Jane whispered.  
  
"You're married."  
  
"I don't care. I want you to fuck me."  
  
"I can," I said, careful Song didn't hear. "But no one can know. Song and Jodie said your husband is the jealous type. If I keep getting between your legs, they will be just as upset with me as him."  
  
"I won't tell anyone," Jane promised.  
  
"How?"  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"How? You're fucking some guy behind your husband's back and you'll tell no one? I don't think it's possible."  
  
"It is. I promise I won't tell anyone," Jane whispered. I struggled to believe. She told me about her ex-boyfriend, right? I didn't push the point.  
  
Our first proper meal for the day was dinner. Ridiculous, right? Jane had trouble walking over the track to town after her fisting; I stayed back to help her along. Song and Jodie went ahead.  
  
"I love you," Jane said, taking off her singlet, even though it wasn't quite dark. Her breasts bobbed as we walked. I stopped her to hold them and kiss.  
  
"Jane. I could love you. I could. But I don't want to take you from your husband, not forever. I'm just borrowing you."  
  
"But he can't make me crazy like that, between my legs. I love what you did. I've never been fucked like you did it."  
  
I kissed her, sucked her breasts. I put my hands up her skirt and held her bare ass. She flinched at I touched her pussy.  
  
"Ooh, careful," Jane said, kissing me.  
  
"Come on. Put your top on. Let's catch up."  
  
The other two girls were aware Jane and I had fucked and fooled around, but we successfully hid how attached she had become to the idea of continuing. We had dinner in a place with no walls. The beers went slowly, everyone was flat. We went for a long sleepy massage afterward. The girls were naked, with guys rubbing them. I had an elderly lady. Mostly it was well behaved. I saw Song grab her guy's wrist and quietly bring it between her legs but the other girls and I simply relaxed.  
  
We tried to get ourselves going in the quiet bar at the resort but gave up. We were too sleepy. Jane jumped into bed with me again before Jodie had the chance. Her pussy was still sore so I stayed up her from behind; not moving, just in her. We lay on our side and watched Song and Jodie kiss and have sex.  
  
"Don't wanna try again?" I asked.  
  
"No. I told you, I don't like the taste of other pussy."  
  
"You swallow cum?"  
  
"No."  
  
"You take it in the mouth?"  
  
"No."  
  
"You suck cock at all?"  
  
"Of course!"  
  
"But your husband and I can't cum in there?"  
  
"You can cum in my cunt."  
  
"Really? You on the pill?"  
  
Jane nodded.  
  
"Your husband fucks you a lot?" I asked.  
  
Again, she nodded.  
  
"He's a morning guy. He likes me to go to work with sperm in me."  
  
"You get fucked every morning?"  
  
"Uh-huh. Most."  
  
"How's he going to feel if I put sperm in you?"  
  
"Don't wanna think about it. He doesn't like me talking with other men. He's jealous, right?"  
  
"Not even talking to other guys?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Jeez. No talking. Wow."  
  
I held Jane's breast tightly and gave a push further into her vagina. I was hard at the thought of invading her husband's territory so comprehensively. And Jane wanted to keep going; she loved what I did for her, more than her husband.  
  
We watched the girls get each other off. It wasn't as wicked as the orgasm Jane had experienced, but was nice to see them both happy. Pressing against and into the naked body of another man's woman, I drifted off to sleep happily.  
  
The next few days were a rotation of the three girls in my bed. I tried and failed to get two of them into a threesome; even Song and Jodie wouldn't, which is weird, right? If they are bisexual, you'd think a threesome would be perfect. The closest I got was to have a finger up each of them standing at the quiet spot of a bar one evening. My connection to Jodie was tempered by the presence of Jane and Song, and that she talked about the wedding so much. Even as she sat on my cock, if one of the girls asked her about the dresses or the church or the reception, she would immediately divert her attention.  
  
"Excuse me? We're fucking," I would say. "Give that phone back."  
  
It wasn't much use. The girls would laugh, and carry on arguing the definition of baby blue, or optimum size of candles.  
  
The last evening together was treated as a party, not a separation. It was enough. We'd had a great time together, and it was time to do something else. Drunk, all three lay on the big bed in my cabin, pants off. I took turns dipping five strokes into each of them, round and round, over and over. It was fitting. I took a video on my phone. If you looked at it, you would think it was the coolest sex ever. It wasn't, though. In the end sharing doesn't satisfy. Five strokes were not enough to get the girls off, but none of them had the patience to wait longer for their turn.  
  
Jane stayed in my bed. The one on-one-sex we had in the morning was much better. Again, she asked me to fuck her back home. I said no. I love getting up married girls, and with Jane I'd done it. No need to keep doing it, right? Not unless you want to break them up. I didn't.  
  
Jodie didn't show surprise that Song elected to stay in one more week, and come home when I did. With me. I guess they must have already talked about it. We saw them off at the ferry to Koh Samui. Jodie and I had a quiet moment as Jane and Song sorted tickets.  
  
"Super nice to run into each other like this," she smiled with genuine feeling, holding me tightly. "I feel lucky to sleep with you again."  
  
"You've got a great cunt," I agreed. "I missed it. It was amazing to get in you again. I thought that was gone."  
  
"It's a much better goodbye this time," Jodie said, kissing my lips lovingly.  
  
"Completely," I agreed. We're were completed, it was true. Proper closure. I wished her well and I meant it.  
  
"Unless I run into you accidentally somewhere," she added cheekily as she left.  
  
Having Song by my side as the rickety old ferry rolled out and around the breakwater gave me no opportunity for self-pity or loss.  
  
"Come on," she said brightly. "Let's go and wash those other two off you. You've got one girlfriend now, so we can do proper couple things."  
  
The first couple act was to shower. Wash properly under the warm running water, then fuck the shit out of her.  
  
Then kiss.  
  
Dry each other off.  
  
Choose the other person's clothes.  
  
Hold hands walking through town.  
  
Table for two on the main beach for lunch.  
  
Hire a scooter, Song on the back holding me tightly.  
  
Wind in our hair as we drove around the island.  
  
Elephant ride.  
  
Sunset drinks in an unknown, undiscovered shanty bar.  
  
Dinner on the beach back at our resort  
  
Long slow kissing and fucking in clean sheets  
  
Falling asleep watching Netflix together, sperm gurgling out of Song, uncleaning the sheets.  
  
It was a remarkably enjoyable day. Song was small and elegant. Feminine. She didn't mind if strangers saw her body. She pulled her skirt up to sit on the bike. She never used the changeroom in clothes stores, she just undressed where she was. At bars and restaurants her shirt tops were entirely unbuttoned.  
  
"I like the way guys smile if they can see my tits," she admitted in a bar we were in after lunch. "Makes me feel good."  
  
"Attractive?"  
  
"Yeah. In a naughty way."  
  
"Hey," I shrugged, "I like you do that. I'm okay. I like having a girlfriend that likes showing herself to guys."  
  
Song kissed me lovingly.  
  
"I like being your girlfriend."  
  
"I like it too," I said truthfully. It was a weird turn of events. Song was filling the role of the girl I had originally planned to bring with me. Perfectly. Voluntarily. Brilliantly. I could hardly stop smiling. Song could tell I was happy with the way she was; she became even more cheeky, more daring. We were feeding well off each other's energy.  
  
I'd never had a relationship with an Asian girl before. It was nice. There was a casual ease with her sexuality. It was as if she knew the power of a woman was in her tits and pussy, and she was comfortable with it. Song felt empowered by exhibitionism, rather than degraded.  
  
"Ten years later you won't look like this," I teased her. "Then what are you going to do?"  
  
"Yes I will!" she laughed.  
  
"Okay, maybe you will. But thirty years later, then what?"  
  
"What do you care?" Song teased back. "You'll be eighty by then."  
  
"No I won't."  
  
"Seventy?"  
  
"Okay, okay, enough. Take your pants off, show those guys over there your cunt."  
  
We were in a swimwear and sarong store. Song took her pants off. She showed those guys over there her cunt. The way she did it was so sweet and sexy. It's 'incidental' nudity. She knows they are looking but pays them no heed. It's like she treats them as invisible onlookers. It's like we are the only two people in the store. She drops her pants and spins for me, parades for me, holds me close like a girlfriend would. Affectionate, intimate, and practical; trying on clothes, asking if I can tell if she's naked under, if her ass is hanging out behind, can I see her pussy if she bends over, are her nipples obvious through the material?  
  
"You're having fun," I accused her, running a finger between her legs. "You are sloppy wet."  
  
"Makes you just as hard," Song defended.  
  
"It does," I nodded, taking a breath as she gripped my cock through my pants. The small group of guys were trying to look away, but it was hard. Song's bare ass was stunning.  
  
"You wanna fuck me? And let them watch?" Song whispered.  
  
"Where?"  
  
"Come."  
  
Song left her denim skirt where it was on the floor and led me by hand to the change-room, a small alcove on the side of the shop. She left the curtain open. You could only see in from directly in front, which is where those guys drifted, following the sound of Song's groans and whimpers.  
  
Song was bent over, leaning on the wall, her ass back at me. I had hold of her hips, pumping. As soon as the audience was obvious, Song pulled off her unbuttoned shirt. She was naked, I was mostly dressed. When two of those guys started filming, Song turned toward them and lifted a leg, letting them see better. I pulled her hair back and helped hold up the leg. I guessed they could see the cock going in and out of her, and her tits snapping up and down.  
  
"You'll be on the internet tonight," I grunted a warning. Song didn't answer, too wrapped up by the sex. I could feel how wet she was. Guys watching undoubtedly turned her on. The noise of the slopping and the stench of her pussy was overwhelming.  
  
We kept at it until my back ached in the small space. Just as I was about to suggest a rest, our voyeurs suddenly scattered. Instinctively I reached out and closed the curtain.  
  
"Miss, are you okay? Is this yours?" a voice asked politely from the other side.  
  
Song was dizzy with excitement. I'd let go of her leg but my cock was still firmly inside her. I gave little, quiet pumps. Song groaned.  
  
The lady opened the curtain. It wasn't just the sight of Song naked, and being fucked, it was the overpowering smell. She apologized and left, dropping Song's tiny little denim skirt on the ground.  
  
I unsheathed and picked it up, along with her shirt. Song walked out into the store. The girl had disappeared, only the guys were still there. The two who had been filming started up again.  
  
"We better go," I said urgently. "That girl might have gone for help."  
  
Song put her skirt on, I held the shirt to put her arms in. She tied the tails together at the front, leaving her tits mostly bare but decent enough to quickly exit outside. Those guys followed a ways, until we jumped on the scooter and made our escape.  
  
As we drove, Song undid her shirt and let it flap in the wind.  
  
"You'll lose it," I warned her.  
  
Song being Song responded by taking it off entirely, holding her chest to my back to cover her tits from people driving and walking on the small roads.  
  
"Did you like that?" she asked over the wind and the motor. I didn't say anything. She knew the answer. I fucking loved it.  
  
That was our lot for the week, doing crazy things, having a lot of fun. My boxing went out the window. Song was big into being a couple, and I loved it. No matter how many guys she (we) teased, she only wanted my cock in her. The closest we got was in the corner of a dark bar one night, I was fucking her from behind but she let two guys have her front; kissing her lips, tonguing, and letting them suck her breasts as I pumped her cunt. One guy got his cock out. She held it and tugged him, but wouldn't give him a blowjob.  
  
"Only my boyfriend puts his cock in my mouth," she said very politely. It was an interesting line she had drawn. I was happy with it.  
  
We used the bike a lot, explored all corners of the island. Song got naked on more beaches than she ought, but we wouldn't stay long; quickly moving on if people seemed stressed by her nudity. We went a lot to One Love bar. The guy there didn't get stressed if she was topless drinking beer, as long as we were back inside the hut, out of view of the street. Him and other customers would take 'cheers' photos with Song and her breasts. They really were great tits for a girl so slight. As she had said at the beginning, they weren't big, but on her they were a good size. Looked fantastic. Guys that she let hold and suck them were grateful, and she stuck to her guns and never did anything but hold another cock. She'd do what she could to help a guy cum with her hands, but no sucking, no fucking. I liked it. Perfect balance for me.  
  
When it came time to go home, I was looking forward to the next step. Having Song in my house would brighten the place immeasurably.  
  
"I thought you were meant to be doing that?" Song asked, pointing at a Muay Thai boxing place as we caught a lift to the ferry.  
  
"I was," I said, thinking of the money I'd spent and not used. "Meant to be."  
  
"Was I a distraction?"  
  
"Yes. Yes, you were. But...I'm okay with that."  
  
"Good," she smiled, holding my arm.  
  
"You're going to stay with me, right? When we get back."  
  
"Can I?"  
  
"Song. Of course. You have to."  
  
"Okay," she was grinning. "You remember what I said, huh?"  
  
"Of course. No clothes, fuck you any way I want, then you'll cook dinner."  
  
"Good. You listen."  
  
"But where do you live now?" It was a question I should have asked before.  
  
"With my mother."  
  
"Huh?" I almost fell off the taxi bench. "You? With your mother?"  
  
"Of course. I'm Chinese."  
  
"She doesn't mind you...being who you are?"  
  
"What you mean? That I fuck so many guys?"  
  
"Well, yeah, that."  
  
"Of course, she doesn't know that! She thinks I am a virgin."  
  
"Geez. How the hell do you pull that off?"  
  
"I don't dress like this at home. Obviously!"  
  
Song's left breast was fully hanging out of her top.  
  
"But you stay outside. With guys. What does she think you are doing?"  
  
"You know I only fuck guys if they're my boyfriend, right? Or if I'm single. I don't want you to think that just because I've had lots of guys it means I cheat. I never cheat."  
  
"Hey. I believe you. I do. How many though? How many guys have fucked you?"  
  
"I don't know."  
  
"Best guess."  
  
"I don't know. Fifty maybe?"  
  
"Fifty?" I repeated, sucking in a breath.  
  
"Well, yeah. Some of the parties, when I've been single...might be a few guys had a turn in one night, you know?"  
  
"Okay," I sighed. How was her pussy so tight after so much cock?  
  
"Pussy?" I thought of suddenly. "How many of those have you had?"  
  
"What does 'had' mean?"  
  
"Sucked. Fingered."  
  
"Not so many."  
  
"How many?" I pressed.  
  
"I don't know. Seven. Eight."  
  
"Wow? You've sucked off so many girls?"  
  
Song shrugged.  
  
"Sometimes it's because the guys want to see you do it, right? And a couple of them I needed to use as an excuse for staying out. They are more likely to cover for you if you're sleeping with them."

"You would use some lesbian chic as an alibi for staying over with a guy?"  
  
"Uh-huh," Song nodded. "But sometimes in return you have to give the girl a piece too, otherwise what's the point for her to be your cover, right?"  
  
"Jodie was that?"  
  
"Not at all. No. Jodie and I like each other."  
  
"So what are you going to tell your mother if you come stay with me?"  
  
"How long am I staying?" she looked up and asked me.  
  
"Indefinitely."  
  
"Well, then I'm going to 'live with a girlfriend' for a while."  
  
"She doesn't come over? Visit? Expect to see your girlfriend?"  
  
"She won't come over, has never done that. I'll take one of my lesbian friends over to lunch sometimes to cover."  
  
"You've lived with guys before?" I deduced.  
  
Song smiled and nodded, offering no explanation. Fair enough, it wasn't my business.  
  
"Will you tell me about fucks you've had? From other guys?"  
  
"Why I should do that? You'd get off on that? Would get you hard hearing about times I've been screwed?"  
  
"Yes," I said honestly.  
  
"Sure," Song smiled, holding me tight. "I don't mind. I can tell you."  
  
"Okay. Go on."  
  
"Now?"  
  
"Why not?"  
  
"No time, la," Song laughed. "I'll tell you on the plane."  
  
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Song did tell me on the plane. Several stories. Wicked, hot stories of solos, gangbangs and even a couple of what might politely be termed reluctant fucks. All with her pants entirely off under the plane blanket. We didn't fuck, but my fingers got soaked. As I suspected, her presence lit up my house. With Song unable to have kids, the age gap seemed less a point of stress than with Jodie. I didn't have to worry about being an old dad.  
  
"You sure you don't mind, not having kids?" she asked me once Christmas approached. "All this family stuff everywhere."  
  
"I read something once which I totally agree with. It was an article about which was more environmentally sound; reusable nappies or disposable nappies. There is a big social media debate. Washing uses water and soaps, disposable creates landfill and all that. At the end of the big long article they came to a conclusion. If you care about the environment - don't have kids. At all. The impact of the nappies is insignificant next to the lifetime impact of the child. I have to say, it struck a chord."  
  
"You're okay not to have kids for environmental reasons??"  
  
"Yeah, save humanity by not making more humans."  
  
"You know you can fuck me as much as you want," Song promised, still feeling guilty.  
  
"I know, baby. I appreciate it."  
  
So, Song and I stuck. Nicely. We eventually told her mom; and learning from the Jodie experience, I took the first opportunity to meet her that I was given. We went through the Chinese wedding ceremony with her extended family, though we never actually signed the paperwork. Didn't need to. We had grown together organically. Neither of us could imagine not being together.  
  
What I eventually found with Song, I wish it upon all of you.