**Playing the Game**

by harry lime

Julie knew the nasty boy sitting several rows below her on the steeply angled football stands was looking directly up at her legs with the impassioned look of a totally obsessed stalker. One of the reasons why she liked to sit in the top row of the metal stands was because that private feminine expanse of “beneath the skirt territory” was displayed “innocently” to interested male parties sitting immediately below her almost close enough to reach out and touch her forbidden zone with their “boy in a candy store” greedy fingers.

She remembered this wide-eyed boy from the party at her sorority house that first weekend at the academically respected coeducational academy of higher learning for students seriously interested in the field of animal husbandry. It seemed so funny how some folks would talk about the simple act of farming in such high-faluting terms like it was some sort of scientific endeavor.

Julie was just a plain and simple farmer’s daughter and she was there to learn some of the new modern techniques that might help make her family’s farm a bit more profitable without losing the connection to the basic need for well-grounded old fashioned hard work that helped make any farm a success.

She had always liked living on a farm because she got to see at a very early age the way the domesticated animals procreated with gusto and very little consideration for their partner’s comfort or approval. In a way, it was almost like an instinct that pushed their internal pleasure buttons and she wondered if she would react the same way when some boy would get her into the proper position at some dreamy and hopefully not too distant point in time. The thought of taking it from behind had haunted her nocturnal twisting and turning for some time now and she knew it was only a matter of time before she simply had to “have it” or die from boredom and lack of sleep.

Julie remembered the boy’s silly name was Danny and she wondered if he might be interested in using his pretty mouth to make her feel real good before he gave it to her in a way that meant she had to keep her mouth shut and just follow orders. She didn’t mind taking it that way because romance was never one of her “things”. She was more concerned with basics like size and stiffness of her partner’s business instead of sweet nothings whispered in her ear to make her spread her knees a bit wider for easy entry.

In all honesty, she had to admit that she was not all that interested in the outcome of the game being played on the field below. Her primary concern was that she had at least one interested boy watching her play her own little game of allowing peeks at her partially exposed but somewhat inexperienced snatch. She was wearing her thong style bikini bottom with the delicate lace on the edges to make her pussy look all soft and inviting to perverted male eyes.

As she slyly scanned the rows below her, she saw that in addition to the fully erect Danny, watching her puffy panty-line with resolute intensity; the newly arrived professor of farming ethics, Doctor Hardcastle was staring with obvious pleasure at the presentation of her barely covered feminine folds carefully concealing his interest in student affairs from his bored spouse seated beside him with a supposed soft drink in her hand that was really a gin and tonic in an oversized container. The wife was not that unattractive in Julie’s opinion and still had a certain glow of youthful appeal that drew horny football players to her like bees to blossoms. Heaven only knew why the Doctor had lost his interest in pounding her heart-shaped bottom in nocturnal bliss. Her constant barrage of derision and accusatory sarcasm had insulated him from any thought of conjugal interaction with a person he now considered “the enemy”.

Professor Hardcastle had a reputation of giving out inflated grades to the female students in his class whenever they rewarded him with their personal favors without hesitation and constant verbal stroking of his ego with squeals of pretended delight. She looked down on his early balding head and his macho moustache that promised a tickle in the right place at the right time during nocturnal exercises. His suit jacket hid his groin from her view but she speculated that he was sporting a raging hard-on from the way he was ogling her slit with great delight.

That very thought forced her to squirm this way and that on the hard metal bench and her cheeks spread open in anticipation of probable stretching soon to come. Fortunately, his silly spouse was locked into watching the young men bent over in a huddle with their nicely toned buttocks framed like powerful drills of manly pride working their depraved way into her secret places. She had never had more than one male at a time despite her penchant for experimenting with multiple cocks working her nubile body in unison. Her husband had no idea of her deviant desire to be done by a pair or even a trio of young men at the same time in a way that left her no feminine dignity at all, but that was primarily because they certainly didn’t discuss such matters over a cup of tea.

Agnes Hardcastle did her best to hide her lust-ridden face from her husband knowing he would read her sinfulness with utter accuracy and would make her lie face down on the bed to receive her well-deserved punishment for depraved thoughts. He did not service her the way she had gotten accustomed to in recent years, but his “corrections” never slacked off no matter how circumspect her spousal behavior.

When Julie looked at Danny again, it seemed like he was almost bouncing in his seat in excitement over a long pass that brought his team close to the opponent’s goalposts. Actually, he was in the process of “rubbing out” a wet dream of navigating up Julie’s tight vaginal channel whilst looking deep into her ever-so-close soft hazel eyes brimming with tears of joy.

She was pleasantly surprised that Danny came up to her after the completion of the game and suggested they check out the food-court for left-over goodies usually sold at discount when the game was finished. They munched on the delicious hot dogs and Julie let Danny see her with her lips pressed tightly around the thick long shaft of the hot dog knowing he would fanaticize about her same lips holding his family jewels in open surrender. That thought was enough to convince her to act dumb when he asked her to turn around and bend over when they were out of sight under the grandstand. His hands pushed her skirt up high over her hips and he simply pushed her thin thong to the side before sliding deep inside her fundament with his ardent member. His frenzy in pounding her with youthful enthusiasm was just the thing she needed to cement her loss of virginity and she did her level best to keep her shouts of happiness low enough to avoid embarrassment at being discovered in such a delicate position.

Just as she was about to announce in no uncertain terms that she was on her way to feminine fulfillment, he groaned like a man tormented by demons and loosed his love spray inside her baby-maker with little regard for the risk of creating an unwanted family. She was in such a paradise of lust that she voiced no objection and simply tightened her outer folds to keep his deposit inside until she was able to cleanse her cavity with a thought to stay unfettered by such mundane thoughts of disaster. Her mother had given her a supply of morning-after pills to release her from such unnecessary worries in the midst of her happiest years. They were both good Catholics but when push came to shove in such personal matters as pregnancy and premature families, common sense trumped church rulings.

Just as she had expected, the satisfied Danny was all pumped up with his sexual ego after draining his manhood into her carnal core. It really didn’t bother her because in all honesty, she was quite happy with his selfish performance after the fact. She was almost purring with a sense of sperm-filled energy that restored her self-confidence battery to full capacity. Danny kissed her on the cheek and promised to “call her” and she believed him because she knew he would be back for more after tasting the tightness of her almost virginal passageway of lust.

When she came out of the shower, Julie heard her cell phone ringing to let her know a call was coming in. She didn’t even look at the screen and picked up the thing standing completely naked in the center of the bathroom floor. She liked the way her breasts were all tingly and aroused just thinking about her shameless behavior under the grandstand.

“Hello, Julie here!”

There was a short moment of silence and then the cautious voice of Doctor Hardcastle at the other end of the line made her tremble a bit knowing he would love to see her standing naked like this in a video call that shared her physical secrets with the calling party. She knew all she had to do was to push a certain button and her naked glory would be exposed for his perverted urges to sample young flesh with obedient attitudes and not one of his assigned students under his guidance in the school system. She knew that was a big plus in his estimation and he was probably a cautious individual when it came to such considerations.

“Miss Brown, my name is Earnest Hardcastle, Doctor Hardcastle, that is. I am giving special classes for student body members with an interest in commercial uses of natural manure for crop fertilizer. Would you be interested in joining my group this evening for an open discussion?”

Julie let her fingers drift down to her nicely trimmed landing strip and watched her sensuous play spread her feminine folds for new games in the game of love.

“Thank you so much, Doctor, I would be delighted to join you. Is there any dress code for attendance?”

The older man chuckled at the other end of the line and Julie let her finger move dangerously close to the video cam button ready to send a quick sext to the Doctor to show him what she was ready to discuss.

“No, my dear, one of your short skirts is perfectly fine and if you want to be more comfortable, a bra is not necessary because I want my students to feel at ease at one of my sessions. I am certain you will find something nice to fit right into the group.”

Julie hung up and almost danced to the kitchen still totally naked and not caring that the front blinds were still up all the way to the top. The lawn-care man across the street paused to wipe his brow and get a good look at Julie’s bare bottom as she bent over to put some milk in the kitten’s bowl. She made certain it took a long time because she didn’t want to curtail the poor man’s enjoyment of the interlude in a hard day’s work to peruse the female anatomy from a close up and personal point of view. His resulting bulge was reward enough for her efforts and the tiny kitten curled about her bare ankles with appreciation for her thoughtful dispensing of delicious milk like manna from heaven. His pink tongue lapped it up with steady rhythm that delighted Julie’s sense of accepting male need for submission and her inate desire for oral adoration at her altar of lust.