**The Homecoming Dance**

by BobDogwood ©

I don’t what the girls wore to the big dances at your college or even if

you went to college, but at our university they wore these very long tight

gowns that resembled nothing less than a cross between a cotillion gown

and a lounge singer’s outfit.

Mwahaha! And besides appearing tacky as all get out, they were no good to

dance in, not even a slow dance, because of the aforementioned tightness

or they were too big around. Remember that black dress I wore way back at

my birthday party? Well, that’s what I wore. Of course, since I had grown

a little taller since my birthday and weighed more (in proportion to my

height), the dress was shorter and tighter and, of course, it goes without

saying that I looked very hot in it.

I actually shouldn’t have been allowed to attend, since it was an

unwritten rule at our university that freshmen didn’t appear at any of the

formal dances. By the way, when I successfully ran for the office of

senior class president, somebody wanted me to write down all the unwritten

rules for him. I told him if I did that, then they wouldn’t be unwritten.

He didn’t get it. Mwahaha! What a dummy. Anyway that’s a story for another

time. As I was saying, I shouldn’t have been allowed to attend the dance

although, with the power that Eric had, he was able to swing it quite

easily.

I think the homecoming dance began at eight o’clock and we arrived a

little before nine. You know us, fashionably late – haha! Actually I had a

difficult time getting ready, due to our activities of the afternoon.

Eric’s such a sweetheart, he just waited patiently downstairs letting my

father bore him to death. Of course, look at his payoff – me!

We finally get there and get inside the gym. Romantic, ain’t it? Big dance

in the gym, where you still smell the left over body odors from years

past. It was of course supposed to be held in a different hall built for

dances, but it was under some sort of construction. By the way, for all

you people who don’t understand what a homecoming dance is – tough shit!

Of course, as soon as Eric walks in, the whole place stops drop dead still

and then explodes in a cacophony of applause, screaming, and shouting for

the win over our bitterest rivals. I’ll tell ya this too, Eric was ‘so’

cool. He just played it off, as if it were all a minor annoyance. Although

I realized that inside he was digging the shit out of it.

In the midst of it, he leaned over to me so I could hear him, because it

had remained very noisy and declared in his most sincere voice, “They’re

wrong, you know. You’re the real hero of the game, we wouldn’t have won it

without you.”

I know, I know, I’m an idiot, but it made me tingle all the way down to

the soles of my feet when he said that.

When things began to return to normal, I realized they once again had

hired a lame-o band for the dance. I don’t what kind of bands your college

hired for dances, but ours always hired some group of old guys from

someplace like the Elks, or tigers or some animal. And they always had

some guy that played the accordion. Can you believe it? The accordion! And

they always thought they were ‘so’ hip, if they played something like

‘Raindrops keep falling on my head.’ Mwahaha! Lame, I’m telling ya.

Eric, of course, had to make his little rounds of saying hello to certain

people, starting with the coaches and their wives, some of the alumni, and

such and therefore had to leave me on my own for a little while. Normally

that would be fine, because a lot of guys would use the opportunity to hit

on me or I would spend the time talking with my friends, but this dance

was different. All the guys had dates and they dare not leave their side

to go rap with me and I didn’t know most of the girls there, because they

were all upperclassmen.

I was just standing there by the sidelines, minding my own business, and

waiting for Eric, when I suddenly hear spoken in a very snotty tone,

“Well, if it isn’t ‘little’ Sara. What are ‘you’ doing here, Sara?”

I turned in the semi-darkness and glimpsed my accuser. It was Muffy

Hamilton, or Misty, or Missy; you know one of the M names, whose fathers’

are always attorneys, or doctors, or CPA’s, or CEO’s.

I answered, “I’m attending the dance, M----, the same as you.” I always

slurred her name, so as to not be caught out that I didn’t remember it.

She became very snotty, if she discovered you didn’t remember her name,

and personally I wasn’t looking for any trouble – not on tonight of all

nights.

She then answered me, “You may be here at the dance, but you’re certainly

‘not’ the same as I.”

‘Thank God for small favors,’ I thought to myself. She then turned to her

little entourage of sycophants that followed her everywhere the way feeder

fish follow sharks and they appropriately tittered at her latest lame

attempt at a witticism.

Muffy, Misty, or Missy returned her attention to me and, as she looked my

outfit up and down, I thought, ‘Oh Christ, here it comes!’

Now you have to understand right off, her gown was one of most horrific

formal gowns I had even seen. It was some kind of horrid shade of pink,

that combined with her long red hair, was completely wrong for her. That

pink bounced off her skin tones making it look, as if she were going to

stroke out at any second, although maybe she was going to, I don’t know.

The top of the gown looked like the top of a ballet outfit and had

sparkles on it. Haha! Honest to God, it had sparkles all over it, and the

bottom of the gown flared way out, as though it had a bustle beneath it.

It didn’t as it turned out, but I’m getting ahead of myself.

Muffy, Misty, or Missy announces for all in the vicinity to hear, “It’s

‘too’ bad Sara, that you couldn’t afford anything to wear to the dance.”

Ok, that did it, as far as I was concerned! It was ok to dis my dress, but

not to indicate that I was some kind of poor urchin child for all to hear.

Consequently I responded, “Oh M---, how lucky you are. Did they have a

sale of some of the outfits used in ‘Gone with the Wind?’ Mwahaha!”

‘That ought to fix her,’ I thought.

She turned bright red from anger and glared at her companions, when the

empty headed twits got confused and tittered at the wrong time. Losing her

thin veneer of civilized behavior altogether, she snapped at me, “Listen

here you little cunt. I’ll wipe the floor with that rag you’re wearing.”

Luckily before I could respond, Eric magically appeared at my elbow;

apparently drawn by the negative vibrations that were being emanated.

“Good evening, Ms. Hamilton,” Eric suavely intoned, while slightly bowing.

Goddamn it! He didn’t use her first name. I still didn’t know what it was.

The bitch actually blushed at my lover’s attention to her. ‘Aha!’ I

thought. ‘Hands off, bitch!’

“We’ll just be going,” Eric explained, as he took me by the elbow and

steered me away from the dangerous reef I had almost rammed myself on.

“Sara, what the heck are you doing?” he whispered to me, as we moved out

on to the dance floor.

That was Eric’s version of confronting me. He was ‘so’ sweet. I said in a

totally innocent voice, “What do you mean, lover?”

He wasn’t falling for that, but he knew better than to argue with me. I’m

like a dog with a bone in an argument. I just won’t let go, haha. Eric led

me out on to the dance floor and we began slow dancing to the band’s

version of – get this – ‘Roll Me Over in the Clover.” Pathetic, but I

could have used a roll from my lover just about then, let me tell you. The

next thing I know somebody had asked Muffy, Misty, and Missy to dance and

they’re out there too.

The next thing I know that bitch is giving me the hip, as they swirled by

us. She knocked me into Eric, who recognizing what happened, suggested,

“Just let it go, Sara. We don’t need any trouble.”

And he steered us away from them, or so he thought, but a minute later she

did it again. Eric could see me becoming flush from anger, and he

suggested we sit this one out. But you know – the best laid plans and mice

and men, etc.

As we were crossing the floor to leave, she (lets just call her Muffy)

bumped into me one more time and this one was the worst. It sent me

sprawling onto my face on the gym floor with my entire bare backside on

display, as my short dress had flown up. As my legs were laying sprawled

my entire pussy was on display from behind.

“Mwa ha!” Muffy laughed her big horse laugh. “The dumb bitch can’t afford

underwear.”

Now Eric had more than enough sense to back away, because he realized he

wasn’t going to talk me out of this one. I slowly regained my feet, giving

myself time to get my breath back and to calm down a little. It really

doesn’t do to enter a fight too over amped with anger.

The dancers in the immediate vicinity had cleared a large circle. Nobody

else was paying the slightest bit of attention to us. They probably

thought it was a special kind of dance. It was in a way, because I stared

at Muffy with my most menacing look and declared, “Let’s dance.”

I’ll say this for her; she was game to go, but then again she probably did

think she could whip my ass. She stood at least four inches taller then me

and had an extra twenty pounds weight advantage. But she was wearing her

high heels, while I had already kicked mine off to the side.

Muffy replied, “I’m gonna kill ya, you cunt.”

“Come on,” I indicated, motioning with my hands.

Muffy was indeed smarter than most of the girls I fought. She did nothing

risky and moved slowly, but purposely; although it didn’t matter in the

long run, because I was just so much faster than she was. She stepped

inside and attempted to grab me in a headlock, which, I’m sure with her

height and strength, she could have inflicted great pain on me with.

I slipped it easily and reached down and clutched the waistband of her

full skirt and pulled it down and off her in one sweep. Man, you should

have heard her scream then. I assumed she would be wearing about twenty

petticoats, but no way. All she was wearing below the waist beneath her

gown was a very thin thong. And guess what? She had a hot figure, I was

amazed and she had a few random strands of red pubic hair peeking out from

the thong. I loved that!

Of course, once I ripped off the bottom half of her gown, Muffy became

completely insane and lost all emotional and physical balance. She started

screaming at me, while she insanely charged me.

I sidestepped her the way a matador would a bull and whipped off her top

as she ran by. And that’s when I got my second surprise. She was wearing

some weird sort of wrap around her breasts, which almost flattened them

completely. Apparently she had huge breasts and wasn’t happy with them or

something. I don’t know, some chicks are strange like that.

When I pulled her top off her, she stumbled and fell hard on to the gym

floor. I quickly leaned down and relieved her of the rest of her clothing,

including her high heel shoes! When she pulled herself to her feet and

realized she was standing stark naked at the home coming dance, I think

her mind snapped. She began screaming at the top of her lungs and ran off

wildly out of the gym and into the hallway.

‘Oh no, you don’t,’ I thought. ‘You’re not getting off that easily.’

And I took off sprinting after her. Once I reached the corridor, I saw her

already at the far end and still running wildly. I realized I would never

catch her in the tight dress I was wearing, so I whipped it off. I took

off after her again, this time I was totally naked and able to run much

faster.

I fully expected about half the dance crowd to be following us soon, but

what happened was Eric stopped them by blocking the door and quietly

suggesting to let us work it out for ourselves. What a man my lover was;

the quarterback for the unbeaten football team, a straight A student, that

he earned with hard work and study, the respect of his peers and of course

– me!

As I pounded along behind Muffy, I suddenly realized that I had been

fooled by her traveling with her little group of stooges into not

realizing she hadn’t come with a date. No one had asked her! Of course I

immediately felt sorry for her and, as is my way, my anger just evaporated

as water returns to the sky. I continued to run after her, but I had a

different agenda in mind now.

Muffy suddenly veered right into the coach’s lounge, I was uncertain as to

why. I didn’t know if she was hoping to fool me, just couldn’t run any

further or was just ready to fight. I followed right behind her and there

she stood waiting for me – legs spread wide and her hands on her hips! She

looked gorgeous. Gasping for breath, flushed with her recent efforts, she

had huge breasts, a narrow waist and her red haired pubic thatch looked

wild and overgrown. Muffy, indeed!

Muffy exclaimed with some shock in her voice, “Sara, where are your

clothes?”

“Right here,” I explained, as I threw my dress over on a table.

I advanced on her as Muffy attempted to take on a fighting stance, but she

appeared just too exhausted to fight anymore. That was good as far as I

was concerned. I stepped up and embraced her firmly pressing our naked

bodies together. “You’re beautiful,” I murmured to her.

“No, I’m not!” exclaimed the young woman emphatically and she attempted to

push me away, but I hung on as if for dear life and it might have been so

– hers.

“Yes, you’re are,” I reaffirmed, while reaching down with my left hand and

pressing on her clit. “But why do you try to hide your breasts so?”

“I’m not pretty,” Muffy insisted, while squirming to my ministrations to

her clit. “I’m ugly.”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” I demanded, while reaching behind

and pressing her even closer to me.

“I’m ugly! My father has told me that every day of my life. My breasts

offend him. He wanted a son, so I try to be his son.”

“Oh my Gawd,” I complained, “I’ve heard some happy horsecock in my life,

but that takes the cake. Your father needs to be stripped naked on cable

TV and flogged with a whip until he is bloody and near dead.

Muffy giggled. I think her nerves had been stretched so thin, between me

and being stripped naked and now this, that she had finally cracked. Her

giggles turned into guffaws and she laughed and laughed. I took this

opportunity to lead her over to the couch in the coach’s lounge and lay

her on it, in more ways than one.

I lay down on top of her beautiful body, while continuing to push on her

love button and I also began to passionately kiss her snaking my tongue

into her beautiful mouth. Muffy finally decided to get into the spirit of

the occasion and she returned my kisses, while moving her hand behind and,

locating my labia, she stuck three fingers into my distended pussy. Oh

God, now this felt good. We were both moaning and writhing on the couch.

Muffy asked, “Sara, would you call me a name?”

“Sure,” I groaned, thinking she wanted me to call her something dirty or

maybe I was finally gonna learn her real name. “What is it?” I asked,

while continuing to move her clitoris.

“Little Bit,” was her surprising answer. I am almost laughed right in her

face, until I realized it was probably her childhood name and remembered

that my name from my childhood was Bubblegom. I was awfully glad I hadn’t

laughed, when she froze me with her next words. “My daddy used to call me

Little Bit, back when he loved me.”

And then she began to sob uncontrollably. I began to tear up myself. I

can’t stand to hear someone else cry, it always make me cry also. I

stopped what I was doing and reached up and just hugged her to me and even

rocked her a little, as she continued to cry. Finally she began to gain

some control over her sobbing.

“I’m so sorry,” she sniffled.

“Nothing to apologize for,” I told her. Suddenly I understand it all – her

way of dressing, her lack of boyfriends, and her snotty attitude. It was

all protection from being treated like a young woman. Actually she was a

sad little girl. After my rocking had induced her to a near drowsy state

and she appeared happier, I whirled around on the couch and stuck my cunt

up into her face, while I was left facing her labia for some 69 action.

“What’s this?” Little Bit asked surprised.

“That’s my pussy,” I giggled.

“Well, I know that. What’s it’s doing here?”

“It’s just hanging around?”

We both start laughing after that. She took my hint, after I began to lap

her open labia, while manipulating her clit with my hand. I have no idea

to this day what she was doing back there, but good grief, whatever it was

felt heavenly. I don’t know if she had stuck her nose up me, or a

zucchini, or her whole damn hand, but whatever it was she kept thrusting

it into me again and again until the cum cascaded from me. It felt so

fuckin’ good.

Suddenly Little Bit was moving around so much it was difficult for me to

stay on her and her body started twitching and writhing and finally it was

as if she experienced a death spasm, which it in a way it was, since it

was death to the old her and birth to the new Little Bit and her orgasm

came flowing out of her.

“Fuck you daddy!” she screamed.

I reversed my position once again, and lay cuddled with her for a few

minutes, while we intermittedly kissed. “That was wonderful, Sara,”

declared Little Bit. “I would like to do that again sometime.”

“I think that can be arranged.” I smiled at the young beauty.

Suddenly I heard Eric clear his throat in a stage cough and then he

stepped into the room, carrying Little Bit’s outfit. “I hope I’m not

interrupting anything.

I offered Eric my best smile. “Hi lover,” I called out. “No, we’re

finished.”

At that statement, I couldn’t help but notice that my new friend blushed

deeply and I giggled at her. My main squeeze handed Little Bit her outfit

and then gallantly turned his head while she donned her attire, even

though he had certainly been looking at her nakedness the entire time. I

used this opportunity to also dress. We all walked out of the college

gymnasium building together; Little Bit having decided she had no further

interest in returning to the dance. She told me later that she flew home

the next day, stood in front of her father as he sat in his easy chair

reading the newspaper as he did every evening and stripped off completely

stark naked and yelled, “Look at me, daddy! I’m your daughter, not your

son!”

Good for her, I say.

Later we were parked in Eric’s driveway and rutting like wild animals in

the back of his SUV. We were both stark naked and Eric was hunched over my

behind plunging into me dog style, when he suddenly spoke, “You know, Sara

I was there the whole time you were with Little Bit.”

“Little Bit!” I exclaimed. “You heard all that?”

“Uh huh,” Eric smiled. “And I just wanna tell you – you’re something

else.”

“Oh yeah,” I responded. “Well, I’m a lot more than that and don’t you

forget it!

The End

The Cheerleader Tryouts

by BobDogwood ©

As the time went by in the early fall that year, Eric and I went out

several times. Each time we would do something different; the first time

we went out we made love, the second time we fucked, and the third time we

screwed our little brains out.

I began to learn the intricacies of football, as we would be laying

together somewhere; both of us stone cold stark naked and Eric would

lightly diagram certain game situations and/or specific plays with a red

magic marker.

For instance, if the offensive team had the football at my navel and was

headed downwards, Eric might diagram a play in which the quarterback would

step back two steps, stop, look around quickly, fake a pass by pumping

once, but not following through, faking a handoff to the back crashing by

him and then turning and following the back into the four hole and

hopefully running safely behind him and scoring a touchdown at my pussy!

More often than not these skull sessions would be interrupted by something

large moving and becoming wedged in my endzone!

Quite naturally after a few of these sessions, I decided I wanted to be a

cheerleader and I was bright red from my tits to my cunt from the magic

marker. Haha! Just kidding, but not about wanting to be a cheerleader.

Now, of course I couldn’t be a varsity cheerleader, because I was only a

freshman. Although I was allowed to go out for the varsity, Eric advised

me that I should stick with the freshman team.

When I mentioned it to Kristine and Nicole, they said they wanted to do it

too. I thought that was way cool, so we went out for cheerleader tryouts

together.

The university freshman football schedule began later, because no one knew

who the frosh team would consist of until the semster started, when both

the beginning students would come out for tryouts and it became clear

which freshmen weren’t ready to play on the varsity.

The varsity had already won its first two games by lopsided scores by the

time the freshman football team would be officially formed.

Now of course you have to understand that up until a certain point I had

nothing to do with this one. This particular incident was actually caused

by Kristine and Nicole, who thought they were protecting me. I think it

turned out they were incorrect in their assumptions, but their hearts were

in the right place, at least. In my case, my everything is in the right

place!

We already had realized we were going to be chosen for the squad just for

the reason that Eric had mentioned and there was another girl, who I

thought was certain to be chosen also. Kristine and Nicole strongly

disliked her, and said they thought she was a hoity-toity stuck-up bitch,

but I strongly disagreed with that.

I explained to them that I thought she was just shy and didn’t know

anybody in the school and acted that way, because she was attempting to

keep others at arms’ length to protect herself. Maybe she had had some bad

experiences while in high school school.

Her name was Rebecca and I later found out she was a year older than me.

That was another thing she felt badly about. She thought if people knew

she was a year older, they’d think she had failed because she was stupid,

but that wasn’t the case. It was just when she was young her family had

moved so much she ended up losing a year.

She was very, very pretty with light brunette hair streaked with blonde

highlights, blue eyes, and fair skin. She was between five feet, three and

five feet, four inches tall and appeared to have a figure beneath her

clothing that promised earthly delights, if you know what I mean; just the

kind of firmness that most young men love – me too! Mwahaha.

Apparently in this particular case, it didn’t matter to Kristine and

Nicole what I thought about it, because they just went about their evil

machinations in secret. My good friends would seem to have a promising

future in wardrobe design for a major movie studio, as they waited one day

for Rebecca to leave, while I was still back in the shower room

masturbating.

That was another thing that put my friends off about the young woman. They

insisted, since she never showered after practice, that there was

something hideously wrong with her or even – gasp – she was really a boy!

I attempted to explain again to them that this fit my theory that she was

just shy and non-trusting, but they just didn’t want to hear it.

To return to the day in question, immediately after Rebecca left to go

home, Kristine and Nicole popped open her locker easy as pie despite it

being secured with a combination lock. I had shown them how to do that.

Oh, bad me! – slaps self.

They substituted her cheer leaders’ uniform with another one they had

doctored. I don’t know exactly what they did, but apparently they had

loosened some threads here and loosened some threads there. They removed

entire sections by taking the threads out and then refastening them very

weakly.

We had matching cotton knickers and a bra that went with the uniform and

they had even ‘fixed’ those. Placing the substituted uniform and underwear

into Rebecca’s locker, Kristine fastened the combination lock and no one

was the wiser.

At least I certainly wasn’t when I finally came out of the locker room,

and Kristine and Nicole started kidding me about why did it take me so

long to shower. I did notice on the way home that, at certain times, they

would shoot looks at each other and giggle. But you know young women, if

you worried every time they did something like that you’d end up a

blithering idiot. I mean more than you are now – Mwahaha!

After classes the next day we all went down to the locker room as usual to

dress out for cheerleader tryouts. When we arrived I noticed that Rebecca

must have rushed from her last class and came straight to the locker room

to undress in privacy.

I casually mentioned that as we were changing and Kristine shot another

pointed glance at Nicole. At the time, I really didn’t think much about

it, but later I remembered it.

We left the locker room and went outside to the athletic field, where the

varsity, and freshman teams were all practicing at different ends of the

field. Our cheerleader tryouts happened to be held that day on the

sideline where the varsity was practicing.

I really dug that because every once in a while I could see Eric and he

would wave at me when the coaches weren’t watching.

The woman, who was in charge of our tryouts, finally came out. Naturally

enough she is not a physical ed teacher, because all of them are involved

with coaching various sports. She was one of those cutesy drama

instructors, who was a cheerleader in high school and she thought she was

so precious.

You know the type, I’m sure. Her name was Ms. Lyons but she insisted we

call her Bettina, when we weren’t in class with her. I guess if I were a

guy I wouldn’t have minded jumping her bones some because she was very

cute, but she didn’t turn me on at all. I couldn’t stand her personally

and she was very small standing about five foot. That was way too small as

far as I’m concerned. It’d be like fucking a child.

Bettina had us do some basic warmup exercises, nothing very strenuous –

just something designed to stretch the muscles out some before starting

the actual drills. She had us do this in order to help avoid such things

as hamstring pulls, and turned ankles and such.

Then Bettina clapped her hands in an over exuberant manner calling us to

begin our drills. She shouted out the first exercise, which involved two

of the participants providing a base for the third participant to climb

up, so the actual cheer involves the third person having one leg on each

of the two girls she is standing between. I know you’ve seen something

like this before.

Anyway unluckily for Rebecca, she was the middle participant between

Nicole and Kristine. I’m positive, although they never would admit it,

that as soon as Rebecca began climbing up on them, not being content with

knowing that her uniform would quickly fall apart from the areas they had

loosened on it, Kristine and Nicole began to ‘help’ by grabbing at certain

threads while they were helping her up.

By the time Rebecca had achieved the top height of standing with one leg

on each of their shoulders, her entire uniform including her underwear had

just seemed to melt away with pieces of it tumbling everywhere.

Rebecca did the worst possible thing she could have done upon discovering

that she was now standing stark naked almost five and half feet off the

ground. She began to scream calling attention to herself from all over the

field. And as luck would have the varsity was on a short water break, so

she got all of their undivided attention too.

It used to be in football that the coaches thought it was bad to give

water breaks, but since all those athletes have dropped dead down here in

this hellish Florida heat, a player only has to look slightly hot and he

can get some water.

The guys were whistling and hollering and I’d agree it was with good

cause. Rebecca was every bit as beautiful beneath her clothing as I’d

thought she’d be; nice high firm breasts with luscious appearing nipples,

a figure that went down to a narrow waist and then flared out nicely at

the hips, fine looking legs, and beautiful pubic hair that was blonde

streaked that matched the hair on her head.

The totally naked girl continued to scream completely out of control, as

Kristine and Nicole were holding her legs in a manner that prevented her

from jumping to the ground. Before I could reach their side to convince

them to lower her, Bettina became involved and ordered them in no

uncertain terms to allow the now crying girl to jump down.

As soon as they acquiesced to the teacher’s order, Rebecca raced toward

the girls’ dressing room and soon had disappeared into the building.

Stopping to give my friends a substantial angry stare, I then informed

Bettina that I would go talk to the hysterical student. Bettina

immediately appeared grateful and thanked me. I don’t know what they teach

these people in college, but it sure isn’t anything about how to help a

student. I hurried after Rebecca into the school.

I went straight to the women’s locker room, because I assumed she wouldn’t

have headed anywhere else in the school since she wasn’t dressed. Upon

entering the locker room, I initially didn’t observe her anywhere, but

then I heard her weeping. I finally located her back in the shower room.

I’m not sure what led her back there, but I was thinking she probably just

instinctively went as far away from others as she could. She was slumped

on the floor in the corner of the shower room.

I didn’t want to scare her, so upon entering the room, I spoke, “Rebecca?”

“Go away.”

I treaded my way to where I was standing directly behind her. I placed my

hand on her bare back. I felt a distinct shudder run through her and she

attempted to pull away. “Go away,” she repeated.

“Rebecca,” I began, “it’s not the end of the world. It’ll be alright.”

“They all saw me naked!” the young woman wailed and began loud weeping

again. So far I wasn’t doing very well with this crisis counseling

bullshit.

“So what?” I rejoined. “I’ve been naked in public hundred of times.”

“Yeah,” Rebecca replied bitterly, “I’ve heard about you, you’re crazy.”

Actually I wanted to laugh and agree with her, but I realized that

wouldn’t help her. I attempted a different tack. “Rebecca, do you like

men?” I asked.

The very attractive young woman stopped crying and half turned her head

peering at me with a sudden quizzical expression across her facial

features. “Of course,” she replied tentatively.

“Well, then,” I responded, knowing I was beginning to get to her. “You’ll

have plenty of requests for dates this afternoon. Wait until Kristine and

Nicole see how they actually helped you. Man, will they be pissed. And

look at this way – you’ve now entered legendary status in the history of

our university. In three short weeks you’ve managed to accomplish

something that will be remembered fondly forever.”

Luckily enough for me and I guess for Rebecca in the long run, she had a

good sense of humor and began to see the absurdity in the whole thing from

what had happened to her to my own rather insane blathering and she began

to giggle.

Soon she was laughing uproarishly and I joined in. As soon as I thought it

was safe, I reached down and helped her off the shower room floor and just

held her in my arms as one would hold a small child. I had no sexual

thoughts at that particular moment, which was highly unusual for me.

Finally stepping back, Rebecca was able to offer me a small smile and she

murmured thank you. I of course told her that anytime I could help I would

be glad to. As I started to turn away, Rebecca asked, “Are you bi?”

That question caught me a bit by surprise, but I answered, “Why, yes. Are

you?”

“No, I don’t think so,” the naked beauty replied. “At least I never have

been, but I wondered if you would like me to kiss you one time as a way of

thanking you for your kindness.”

I certainly knew a come-on line when I heard one, so I stepped forward and

wrapped my arms around her in an embrace holding her close to my body. She

was shaking slightly and I don’t think it was because she was cold.

Rebecca was slightly taller than me and I looked up into her winsome face

and murmured, “You are so beautiful and feel so good. I could stay like

this for hours.” The young woman flushed and didn’t say anything, but

neither did she complain or pull away.

Finally I began to kiss her on the lips; gently at first until I could

tell she was somewhat comfortable with it and then I began to kiss her

more passionately. As Rebecca began to respond in like kind she slightly

opened her mouth and I pushed my tongue in.

She moaned and put her hands under my cheerleader sweater and rubbed them

all over my back. I lowered my hand and cupped her breast. It was fulsome

and firm. She gasped when I lowered my head and began to suckle her nipple

and then she began to squirm. I don’t believe anyone had ever done that

for her.

When I moved my mouth to her other nipple, Rebecca reached down and

grasped the bottom of my sweater and pulled it completely over my head and

then down my arms and off my body. Again the good looking young woman

gasped; this time when she became cognizant of my bare breasts. She hadn’t

realized that I hadn’t been wearing the standard issued cheerleading bra.

I lowered my right hand down to her pussy and stuck my middle finger in

and began probing with it. Again Rebecca began moaning and writhing

against me.

She whispered, “I’m a virgin.”

I whispered in return, “Well love, I don’t have the physical equipment to

remedy that particular problem,” causing her to giggle. When I moved my

hand against her clit feeling it grow hard, she pushed my short skirt to

the floor.

“My God!” she exclaimed. “You weren’t wearing any knickers either!”

“I never wear underwear,” I explained. “I like to always be ready for

action.”

As Rebecca was thinking about that, I lowered to my knees and began to

thrust my tongue hard against her clitoris again and again harder and

harder. She was tearing at my hair with her hands while moaning and

arching her back. It was getting hard for me to control her and I had to

pull her closer by placing my hands on her beautiful bottom. I could tell

she was getting very close and I went at her clitoris even harder and was

pulling her pussy right up into my face.

Suddenly Rebecca cried out, “Oh Sara! I’m cuuuummming!” And she did. All

over my face.

Later, after Kristine and Nicole came in and finally apologized to Rebecca

after I glared at them long enough and she was kind enough to forgive

them, we all left together; another member having been added to our group.

Mwahaha!

The End

Kidnapped

by BobDogwood ©

I don't know if you have read any of my earlier reminisces, so I will risk

offending some of my older readers by offering a certain immodest

description of myself. I am a five feet, two inch tall young woman and

have shoulder length blonde hair and blue eyes. I wear a 34C cup, have a

twenty-four inch waist and had a tiny bit of a bubble butt. All in all,

I'm pretty hot and have no difficulties at all attracting boys and, in

some cases, grown men.

Well, I would 'visit' with Mr. Boyd, the boy's high school gym teacher,

two or three times a week, and I would 'see' Thad, our assistant minister,

on Tuesday evenings after choir practice and on Sundays after the service,

so you can see I was definitely sexually satisfied during that period.

Haha!

In fact, I was helping to raise our national orgasm index quotient. That's

an important stat, you know – the higher the orgasm index quotient is, the

lower the homicide rate is. Honest to God, that's because there is more

coming than going. Mwahaha!

By this time it was nearing the end of May and the school year was going

to end soon. I don't know about where you grew up, but in Florida we got

out of school about the first of June. But we have to start school before

Labor Day and, of course, we don't get any snow days, so it all balances

out in the long run. I had just had my nineteenth birthday and I had one

heckuva of a birthday party, but I'll tell you about that another time.

I think because the school year was drawing to a close and Mr. Boyd hadn't

been able to figure out one way that he would be able to see me over the

summer, he became super horny and was banging me all the time. But I had

no complaints, I loved it and it was helping the country too, you know –

haha!

On Thursday afternoon in the last week of May, Mr. Boyd had to go to a

special teacher's meeting at four o'clock concerning graduation

ceremonies, so after we had finished fucking I felt at loose ends. Not

having anything better to do, I decided I would walk down to the mall. I

would probably run into some of my friends there.

As I left the school property and started walking down beside the busy

thoroughfare that led to the mall, I had the strangest feeling that I was

being followed. When I turned around to look, I only saw a young woman

wearing a baseball cap and sunglasses, who was driving some kind of a late

model Pontiac. I don't know very much about cars. It just looked as if she

were stuck in bumper to bumper traffic and was condemned to creep along

behind me. I figured that was probably the reason I felt as though I was

being followed.

I went down a ways further and the traffic had started to loosen up, but

this woman was still behind me. I was beginning to get pretty paranoid

about the whole thing, but I told myself I was acting like a nit wit.

Well, guess what – I should have listened to myself, because myself was

right! Mwahaha!

Right then the Pontiac swooped into the curb and, just as I was walking by

the car, the woman threw her door wide open knocking me ass over tea

kettle onto the sidewalk. She jumped out of the car lickety split, opened

up the rear door of the auto, and threw me in to the back seat quickly.

The young woman took out a huge roll of duct tape and yanked my arms

behind my back and ran that roll around my wrists five or six times and

then tore it with her teeth. Honest to God! This woman was crazed! She

tore the duct tape roll with her teeth! I was beginning to get a glimmer

of understanding who this might be, but I was hoping I was wrong.

She then wrapped the roll of duct tape around my mouth and cut off my

means of communication. Lucky I wasn't asthmatic – it might have killed

me. I bet that dumb bitch didn't even consider that.

The crazy lady then jumped back into the driver's seat and we took off

like a rocket to Mars or something – Vroom! Apparently she didn't care if

I saw where we went or not, because she didn't cover my eyes or anything,

but it didn't matter anyhow. I had no idea where we were after awhile. It

was somewhere that I wasn't familiar with. Finally we arrived at our

destination and she opened up her garage door with one of those garage

door openers that you use from your car. Those are very convenient when

you're abducting someone. Mwahaha!

So she pulls the car into the garage closing the door behind us. She

hustles me out the back seat and she's none too gentle about either. The

young woman was throwing me around, as if I were a rag doll. She was

considerable taller than me and didn't have any difficulty at all making

me do whatever she wanted.

Stepping into the house, we started down some basement steps. Now in

Florida, most houses don't have basements, because the entire state is a

dredge area. That's right, the entire state is dredged sand from the

bottom of the ocean, but some of the older houses do have basements.

After reaching the basement floor, the crazy woman pushed me to the very

back. It was fairly dark naturally and she was becoming quite irritated

with me, as she was banging me into various things, such as, old

furniture, and boxes of long unwanted items.

Finally something inside of me snapped and my mouth overcame my common

sense and, despite still having my mouth covered with tape, I exclaimed,

"Hey! Lighten up, bitch!"

I guess she could understand the gist of what I said despite it being

muffled, because the words were barely out of my mouth, when the insane

acting female smacked me hard across the back of my head!

"Ow!" I complained.

She snarled, "Shut up before I really hurt you."

We reached the very back part of the basement and she pushed me against

the wall and knelt down and duct taped my ankles together. I'd always

wished I'd used that opportunity to slam my knee up against her temple,

but even if I had – what would I have done then? My arms were taped behind

my back and my lips were sealed, so to speak. I had no idea where I was. I

would have had a very difficult time just opening an unlocked door!

The woman stepped away from me, leaving me slumped against the back wall..

She took off her sunglasses and baseball cap. She lay her sunglasses down

and she shook out her long brunette hair.

The woman was quite attractive. She had an oval face, a classical nose and

a wide mouth and was wearing a quite short brown dress. Judging from what

I could see from the plunging neckline of her dress, her breasts were

substantial. But then she had been quite good looking the last time I saw

her, also. You see, I knew who she was. She was Mr. Boyd's girlfriend! I

remember him introducing her as Catherine.

She declared, "I think I observe just a modicum of intelligence in your

eyes and you have remembered where you know me from."

The attractive woman stepped forward and grabbed the bottom of my chin in

a vise like grip. "You stay away from my boyfriend or I will fuck you up!

You are going to ruin his life, cause him to lose his teaching license and

possibly go to prison. Now I am going to remove the gag for a minute. I

want to hear your answer."

Man, when she ripped that duct tape off my mouth, that smartened me up a

little, whew! Catherine asked, "Are you going to stay away from him?"

I don't know what gets into me at times like that, but I always get

rebellious. Plus I didn't know what the crazy lady's hidden agenda was,

but I doubted she was just going to let me go if I told her I'd stay away

from Mr. Boyd.

"Well," she demanded.

"Fuck you!" I suggested.

I'll have to hand it to her. I thought she would go off half-cocked and

start yelling at me and beating at me, but she didn't. Catherine stood for

a moment, and then almost musingly said, "Fuck me? No, I don't think so,

dear. Fuck you!" the crazed woman exclaimed, while slapping me hard across

my face.

When she pulled her hand back for another swipe, I was ready and, this

time when she brought it down across my face, I bit it and hung on for the

ride!

"Ow!" she screamed.

Catherine naturally attempted to yank her hand from my mouth to no avail.

It turned out later I had bitten her almost down to the bone and human

bites can be quite nasty and become easily infected. When she couldn't

obtain the use of her hand again, she attempted to convince me in another

manner. The crazed woman reached out with her left hand and pulled my

short skirt off in one swipe. I wasn't wearing any underwear, as usual. I

guess she thought that was going to embarrass me or something.

After pulling my skirt off didn't have any affect, Catherine grabbed my

blouse at the top button and pulled down, opening it for a full view of my

bare breasts The blouse couldn't fall off because of arms being held

behind my back. That, of course, didn't stop me either.

The brunette woman reached down with her left hand and began to manipulate

my clit. Now that did give me pause – let me tell you. The more she pushed

on my 'love button,' the more my grip with my mouth on her hand lessened

until she finally just lifted her hand from my mouth.

Instead of stopping what she was doing to hit me, Catherine lowered to her

knees in front of me and replaced her finger with her tongue. Now this is

what I was talking about when I referred to a hidden agenda. Whether she

was aware of it or not, this is what the young woman wanted to do to me

the entire time.

She reached up and manipulated my nipples, which were already erect, but

making them harder while she continued to lap at my pussy, sending waves

of ecstasy cascading through my body. Suddenly my orgasm hit with my cum

flowing out of me. Catherine seemed intent on drinking down every drop.

When I had finished, the woman looked up at me with her lips glistening

and smiled.

And that's all there was to it. Catherine agreed to take me home on her

way to the emergency room to have her hand looked at. It surely needed

some stitches. Mwahaha!

But she had her revenge on me big time. The pretty woman just threw me in

the car, as is and dropped me on the sidewalk in front of my house. As she

sped away, I glanced around my suburban neighborhood at dusk and noticed I

was quite the spectacle standing there stark naked with my ankles bound

and my hands tied behind my back!

People were out mowing their lawns, working on their cars, playing catch

with their kids, and gossiping with their neighbors. Naturally when they

caught a glimpse of my stark naked beauty all activity ceased and they all

stood and stared; except for the mothers. They were rushing around

attempting to protect their children from what they already knew – that

people were naked beneath their clothing! Oh lord, people are funny about

the human body.

Of course not one of them came over to discover if they could help out so

I hopped on up to the front door and somehow managed to finally get it

open. You should have seen how my family looked when I came in. They were

seated at the dinner table. They, of course, bombarded me with questions,

but, as usual, I only gave them my name, rank, and serial number.

I turned and hopped on up the stairs to my room. Later my younger sister

came and released me from the binds of the duct tape. I slipped under the

covers and went right to sleep. After all, it had been an exhausting day!

Sara Gets Shaved

by BobDogwood ©

Well, that had certainly turned out to be a rather weird start to the

week, didn't it? We remained in Eric's bedroom for hours and continued our

initial sexual foray. I switched between Erica and Eric the entire time.

And no you perv, we didn't do any threesomes of me and the brother and

sister act. Although personally, I would have been up for it. Hell, she

ain't my sister. Mwahaha! You know what they say about that particular

family situation, so I'm not gonna repeat it for you. First Christa had to

go home at supper time, and then Krista had to go home in the early

evening. I stayed all night, because Erica called my house and spoke to my

mother and acted, as though she was Eric's mom and said that they just

adored me so much. She asked if I could be allowed to stay there all

night; she would make sure I got off to class in the morning. Of course my

mother gave her permission.

I think I could be abducted by a molester and he could call my house and

say, hey I'm keeping Sara overnight and they'd said alright. Mwahaha. I

think my mom was just burned out about me and had let go emotionally,

which of course is horrible parenting skills, but I loved it! It fit all

my schemes exactly. By the way, speaking of molesters and I was, I

personally don't think there is anything childlike about me any longer,

but to a middle-aged child molester I might look like hot lunch to go.

Haha! I'll tell you what – he or she, whatever the case may be, had better

be one hundred percent super vigilant, because if they aren't and they let

down for one second, I won't be cringing and crying. Nope, I will attack

fully and attempt to cut out their genitals and stuff them in their

mouths. Mwahaha! There is absolutely no earthly excuse for such human

filth, as these pedophiliac exploiters of children. I personally know a

number of young women, who were sexually molested while growing up and I'm

here to tell you, they ended up plenty fucked up, emotionally and

physically and will stay that way, unless they make a decision to talk

about it; and talk about it a lot, and until they are able to work through

it and let go of it. As incredible as it might sound to some of you, the

young women themselves feel guilty and take responsibility for the

behavior that was inflicted upon them. Such is the twisted psyche of the

child, who has been abused.

Anyway, I slept all night sandwiched between Erica and Eric on Eric's bed.

I felt so safe and secure for a change. In the morning, I woke up first

and climbed up on Eric's early morning hard-on that young men are well

known for and began to plunge up and down on it. As I was riding him, Eric

opened his eyes at last from his deep sleep, smiled when he saw me up on

top of him and murmured, "Is this rape, Sara?"

"Mwahaha!" I laughed heartily. "You bet your ass it is!"

Erica woke up from all the noise we were making, smiled when she observed

us and wished us good morning. She then turned over on her side, propped

her head on her hand and turned our love making into a spectator sport,

while she worked her fingers in and out of her labia. As Eric's huge cock

continued to be plundered by my descending and ascending pussy, I was

experiencing a completely new set of feelings concerning getting up in the

morning. As precum moisture formed at the apex of my vagina, I realized I

was going to cum very soon, so I whispered to Eric to go for it.

Eric embraced me with his long arms and incredibly pulled himself up,

where he was facing me close enough to begin to passionately kiss me. I

heard Erica moaning, as she began to experience her orgasm by her own

hand, although she was certainly using us as visual stimulation. I wonder

which of us she was actually fucking in her mind?

Eric arched his back, threw his head back in ecstasy and literally howled

like a werewolf in London, as he shot his hot load of cum into my

beautiful young body, which triggered my own orgasm to come or, should I

say, cum cascading from me. God, it put a whole different slant on getting

up in the morning, believe you me.

Right then his mother knocked on the door and called out, "Eric, have you

gotten up yet?"

'Haha,' I thought. 'He certainly has!' I couldn't believe it, when he was

able to answer in his normal voice, "Yes, mom. I'm up." My lover was truly

incredible.

……….

Eric and I finally did get to class and we were actually on time, which

was a first for me in my freshman year. Mwahaha! I was always tardy, but I

always caused such hella situations in my classes, often by sitting at my

desk in a manner that flashed my pussy everywhere that my professors were

actually glad, when I was late and would never say anything about it.

Haha!

At lunch time, I ate lunch with Eric and Krista. It was one of the few

times that I could eat lunch with Eric, because usually the coaches wanted

the team to eat together. Some crap about team unity – you know, the team

that eats together, shits together or something like that. Mwahaha! I

think the coaches were away until later in the afternoon on some

recruiting assignments.

Whatever it was, Eric and I certainly took advantage of the opportunity

being offered to us. We sat on the far side of a table in the middle part

of the row with our backs facing a cafeteria wall, while Krista sat across

from us. No one could or would pass behind us. As Eric prompted Krista to

talk about how she was doing in her classes, I, very surreptitiously so as

to not attract Krista's attention or anybody else's for that matter,

slipped my right hand beneath the table and unbuttoned Eric's jeans and,

then while he acted as if he was just straightening up and changing his

seating arrangement in the chair, I pulled them and his underwear down to

the floor, leaving him basically sitting half naked in his chair in the

college cafeteria.

He then snaked his left hand down under the table and pulled my short

skirt from my waist and then allowed it to drop to the cafeteria floor. I

kicked the skirt off my feet, because it was preventing me from sitting

with my legs wide open. I then lowered myself just a tiny bit lower in my

chair and reached over to Eric with my right hand under the table and

began to stroke his prick, which had already begun to grow substantially,

since I first pulled his pants down. Eric sat with an idiot's grin pasted

on his face, as he stared at Krista. I made a mental note to ask Eric, who

he had been thinking of when I was stroking his giant pecker.

My lover now reached under the table to my lap with his left hand and he

began to roll my clit between two of his fingers, as though he had just

found a marble and was preparing to roll it on the floor. Oh my God!

Whatever he was doing to it felt so fucking good that it was all I could

do to not cry out in bliss. As it was, it was causing me to move around in

the chair in a rather peculiar manner and Krista had begun to immediately

look at me with suspicious eyes. I think she knew immediately what was

going on, but didn't know how to confront it.

The better I felt from my lover rolling my clit in his hand, the quicker I

stroked his penis under the table and visa versa. Both of us were egging

the other one on to further heights. When Eric and I began to moan lowly,

I'm sure the expressions on our faces were too much for Krista to bear and

she ducked her head under the table to confirm her suspicions, just as my

stud-bunny and I began to cum.

"Oh my God!" she cried out.

Even though my hips were twitching in my chair, because of the cum that

was forcing itself from my body, I still had the wherewithal to caution

Krista, "Shh! You wanna get us busted?"

"But this is so wrong," Krista remonstrated with us, "beating each other

off in public," although I noticed her head remained hidden beneath the

cafeteria table, as she watched every bit of the semen shoot out of my

lover's big prick.

When she finally resurfaced, her face was sweaty and quite flushed and she

was having difficulty with just sitting in her chair. Mwahaha! We quickly

readjusted our clothing, before somebody did see us. Eric was fortunate

compared to me. He had jockey shorts he could put on plus long pants. All

I had was the short skirt. Right, right, it's my fault I didn't wear any

knickers. Like I knew in advance in the morning that Eric and I were gonna

masturbate each other in the cafeteria during lunch. I pulled up my short

skirt and stood up. I swear I heard myself squishing down there and a few

drops of cum dripped out. I surely wanted to reach the girls' washroom and

get myself cleaned up before my next class.

Just before we left the cafeteria, Krista asked me what I was doing after

classes. I answered, "Nothing, why?"

"Oh, I've just got some things I want to talk about," Krista explained,

attempting to sound nonchalant.

'Oh, hell!' I thought. 'She really is upset about this masturbation

thing.'

As if reading my mind, my beautiful friend laughed and explained, "It's

nothing bad, it's just some things I need to talk about with you."

"Ok, sure, I guess so," I agreed.

"Cool!" Krista responded. "I'll meet you out front, as soon as our final

class lets out."

Sure enough, my friend was a woman of her word and she was patiently

waiting for me outside, when I was finally finished for the day.

"Hey," I greeted my beautiful friend, while walking up to her.

"Hey, yourself," Krista laughed. She had such a wonderful laugh, all full

of ringing musical bells and singing canaries.

"Where we going?" I wondered.

"My mom's here to give me a ride home. Do you mind going home with me?"

Krista inquired.

"Hell no!" I exclaimed. "Let's ride, Clyde," and I took my friend by the

arm and escorted her to her mother's car.

Her mother was real nice and treated us more like fellow human beings

instead of small children, unlike my wacky mother, who thought I was a

very sexy five year old.

When we reached her home, we went upstairs but not to her room. Instead

Krista asked me if I minded joining her in the bathroom. I said, "Sure,"

but I guess my confusion was reflected on my face.

"You'll understand in a moment," the beautiful young woman assured me.

After we both were in the bathroom and Krista had locked the door with the

inside lock, she directed, "Sara, would you be so kind as to remove your

skirt?"

'Mwahaha!' I thought. 'Here we go,' and I quickly dropped my skirt on the

bathroom rug. I leaned forward to kiss Krista, only to have her point her

finger at my pussy and ask seriously, "What's that?"

"Your finger?"

"Very funny – NOT!" Krista retorted. "I'm being serious here, now what's

that?"

I suddenly felt an overwhelming need to please my new best friend, so I

wracked my brain to understand what she was attempting to show me. "My

pussy," I answered.

"No, no!" the young brunette beauty impatiently exclaimed. Krista began to

poke me just above my vagina with her finger for emphasis in her

frustration. "Now what's that?" she demanded.

"My pussy hair?" I attempted once more to appease her.

Krista's entire body appeared to momentarily relax and she breathed a sigh

of relief. "Close enough," she smiled. I swear I could hear birds sweetly

singing whenever Krista smiled at me.

"I actually meant your overgrown pubic hair," the young woman explained,

while straightening up.

"What about it?" I asked suspiciously.

"You certainly know it doesn't look good," Krista answered.

"I know no such thing," I answered, feeling extremely put out about all

this. 'What the fuck is her problem?' I thought. "Lots of guys say they

like it all wild like that," I further justified.

"You certainly realize it doesn't look sexy," my good friend persisted.

Oooh! Not sexy! That was hitting me where it hurts. "Ok, truth time," I

told Krista, causing her to breath another sigh of relief. I realized at

that time she had found this extremely difficult and had been worried

about how I would take it. That made me feel good to know that she cared

enough about me to confront me about an obviously sensitive subject.

"I tried to shave one time and I cut myself and I vowed that I would never

do that again." My words all came out in a rush, due to my embarrassment

and anxiety concerning this subject.

I could see the obvious sympathy in Krista's beautiful brown eyes. "Didn't

your mother show you the right way to go about it?" she asked.

"My mother! Mwahaha! I don't think she has any pubic hair and she had her

vagina sewed up immediately following my birth!"

My beautiful friend giggled and then replied, "I'll show you all you need

to know."

I spontaneously offered a hug to Krista and when I straightened back up, I

enthused, "I want mine shaved bald like yours."

She arched her eyebrow the way I love. "Are you sure?"

"Yep, yep, I'm positive. Yours' looks so hot!" I answered.

Krista just smiled, but I could tell I had really pleased her. "Okay, just

sit down there for a minute."

While I lowered the toilet cover, and sat down, my good friend bustled

around the small bathroom gathering up the shaving gel, her woman's safety

razor and a pair of small scissors. My pubic hair resembled nothing less

than a yard, which had grown unattended for years. Krista realized she

surely needed to first prune back most of the growth with the scissors

before beginning to shave me. She worked very slowly being extra careful

not to pull, pinch, or God forbid, cut me. The pretty young woman

understood if she hurt me in any manner that that would be the end of the

whole undertaking.

After Krista had cut my overgrown patch of pubic hair with the scissors as

short as she could, she applied the gel from the shaving cream can. It was

somewhat cold and caused me to squirm around a little. My friend glanced

up at me and smiled. "We're almost finished," she explained.

Krista was again as good as her word and, in a very few minutes, the area

surrounding my cunt was as bald as a baby's butt. Rubbing it with my hand,

I exclaimed, "That's the bomb, dog! It's looks great! Thank you so much,"

I gushed, as I once again spontaneously offered a hug to Krista.

This time the beautiful young woman returned my embrace, while reaching

down with her hand and running her finger along my pussy lips. Since I was

still sitting down, I reached up under Krista's skirt and pulled her

knickers down to her feet. I unfastened her skirt and placed it on the side

of the bathtub – remember, neatness always counts – and then buried my

face in her lusciously naked cunt hole.

"Oh God, Sara!" the young woman exclaimed, while running her hands wildly

through my hair.

Her labia quickly opened completely under the ministrations of my tongue

and Krista was beginning to thrust her hips in rhythm with my tonguing,

helping me to go even deeper. I was hotter than a firecracker myself with

some sexual fluid leaking from my completely distended vagina on to the

toilet seat.

I reached around the beautiful young woman with my right hand and pulled

her even closer to me. Then I placed my middle finger into her virginally

tight rectum and pushed it all the way inside of her and thrusted in and

out. "Oh Sara," Krista moaned, "Do me, do me!" Suddenly she arched her

back and twitched and quivered as the cum was forced from deep inside of

her. "Oh, oh!" Krista cried out. I drank down every drop and did not

remove my mouth from her glorious vagina, until she was completely spent.

I then pulled my girlfriend down on my lap and hugged her close to me.

That's right, I now considered her my girlfriend. I didn't tell her, I

didn't have to – she already knew. We sat like that for a number of

minutes, hugging and randomly kissing, until suddenly there was a knock on

the bathroom door.

"Krista, are you all ok? I thought I heard someone moaning," her mother

called out.

"No, mom. We're fine, but thanks for asking," answered Krista.

"Ok, dear. Well, let me know if there's anything I can do to help."

We listened quietly until we heard her mother walk away back downstairs. I

looked at my new love and exclaimed, "Mwahaha!"

The End