**Sex Lessons for Six Naked Schoolgirls**

by[**MrsJ**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2902344&page=submissions)©

'Welcome girls to our Medical Practice. Please follow me,' Dr John suggested. And six girls in their final year of high school followed him, like a line of ducklings follow their mother.

John, an athletic-looking man in his late 20s, closed the door as they all took a place sitting on the floor of the largest of the consulting rooms.

'I think it is wonderful that your school has organised this 'life' day. I understand other groups are with people such as social workers, in the hospital, at the ambulance station, with clergymen, with the police, and lots of other places to learn a little more about life. And here you are with a doctor -- probably the most boring of all the options you were given!' John said.

'My name is John. Please just call me John today. And if you could each take one of these name tags and write your first name on it, then I'll know exactly who you are.'

'And, so I can appreciate who I am dealing with, I'd like you to take this little piece of paper and answer just one question -- with a simple Y for Yes, or N for No.'

'And the question is 'Are you a virgin? And if you write N, for No, would you please also add a number after the N indicating how many boys or men have had intercourse with you. Not the number of times, but how many different men and boys.'

He collected the papers, and quickly glanced at them. Four Ys, one N1, and one N7. 'So we have four virgins, one who has probably surrendered her virginity quite recently, and one nymphomaniac or one slut,' he thought to himself.

'O.K., rules for today. This is a unique opportunity for you to ask anything -- absolutely anything -- about life...and please remember doctors spend as much time being advisors as they do diagnosing and treating illnesses.'

'The second rule is that we are all in this together. If there is anything we discuss or do, or there is anything you are not comfortable discussing or doing, then just say so and we'll all stop that conversation...or, alternatively, you can leave the room. There is huge pile of magazines in the waiting room which you can read until you return...or I don't even mind if you head to the shops and do some shopping while the rest of us talk!'

'And because you are going to ask about absolutely everything, you must not feel embarrassed in any way. If you have a question about something, it is likely one, two... or five others will also be wondering about the same thing.'

'And just like doctors, you must also promise not to repeat anything you hear today or see today...or even go away and discuss among yourselves what you heard, saw or did while you were here. I don't want to learn via the grapevine that Cassie has a freckle on her boobs, or that Amy is worried that she might be masturbating too much, or that I have three balls -- which, incidentally, I don't. So is that an agreement?'

John noted six heads were nodding.

'We are supposed to be talking about life today,' John continued. 'So let's start with the area of your body that you should be the most proud of, that you should be paying the most attention to...the area that really best represents 'life'. And of course, I'm referring to that area between your legs.'

'What do girls, or you girls, call it?' he asked.

'My vagina... my pussy... my lady parts... down there... muff... snatch... box... cooch... flower... garden... private parts... fanny... front bum... sweet girl... twat... tweenie,' they answered.

'Oh, I like that one -- tweenie.' John said

'And what do guys call this area?' he then asked.

'Cunt,' was the immediate reply from six girls, almost in unison.

'But guys also call it our clam... hole... hot box... snatch... gash... cock pocket... honey pot... penis fly trap... tampon tunnel... downstairs... the grandest tunnel,' among other suggestions.

'And what do you call a man's sexual organ?' John asked.

'His penis... manhood...erection...pecker... willy... cock... dick... joystick... deep-V-diver... shaft... heat-seeking moisture-missile... plug,' the girls volunteered.

'And when he is inserting his heat-seeking moisture-missile into your penis fly trap, what is he doing?'

'Fucking... having sex... making love... sleeping with me... doing it... copulating... laying me... shagging... poking... giving bone... fooling around... going all the way... getting lucky... humping... hiding the salami... screwing... scoring a home run.'

The girls were starting to think this 'life' session might be really fun.

John thought to himself that perhaps he should start collecting as many words or phrases as possible that meant 'fucking'. There must be hundreds of them.

And then he remembered an Australian tourist, who he met a few years back, who was joyfully wearing a t-shirt from the Canadian apparel retailer Roots that read 'Give Roots This Christmas' because in her home country 'having a good root' was exactly the same as 'having a good fuck.'

And he wondered how many extra Christmas presents she received that year!

'So you girls -- like all girls of your age - are thinking about having sex. That's good. It's quite natural,' John continued.

'But if you have sex, it's also a natural consequence that you could become pregnant. And you shouldn't want that to happen yet...and I certainly don't. So I'm a firm supporter of young girls from your age having some form of contraception, like taking The Pill BEFORE you start to have sex. And that's before you have ANY sex.'

'So I'm giving all of you an open invitation to make an appointment to come back to see me at any time should you need a script, or perhaps a contraceptive implant, or some other alternative form of contraception.'

'And that is the only serious medical advice I plan to give you all morning!'

'Now, how about questions from you?'

'Do girls have wet dreams?' Debbie asked.

'Absolutely,' John replied. 'Wet dreams are nature's way of saying - to both boys and girls - you are physically ready to start having sex, and I guess it is nature's way of saying 'get on with it' because girls, especially, only have a limited number of years when they can fall pregnant.'

'When boys have an orgasm, it is obvious. Their cum shoots straight out of their penises. So when they have a wet dream, they wet their bed sheets.'

'You girls are luckier. You can orgasm and nothing may be obvious. You might be a little -- or a lot -- wetter between your legs, but the moisture will often stay inside your vagina.'

'I suspect most of you have had what we call a sleep-gasm -- an orgasm when you have been asleep. And, until you start having regular sex, they probably will continue.'

'There is nothing you can do to stop them...so please just enjoy them...and I hope you have hundreds of them!'

'So have I given you enough information, or too much, about wet dreams?'

The girls all seemed satisfied.

'So the next question, please,' John asked.

Sally raised her hand. 'Yes Sally?'

'I was just wondering what a girl's genitals should look like?'

'What a good question. Thank you for asking it,' John replied

'There is no ideal, and women's pudenda - as they are known - are as varied as every other part of the female body. Some are tiny, some are fat, some look good, some are ugly, some are hairy, some are as bare as a baby's bottom.'

'Men get to see one another's penises when they visit public lavatories, but women don't. So probably most of you have never or rarely seen another girl's pudenda.'

He saw some heads nodding in agreement.

'So how about we all do so now? - which will show you a little sample of the variation that women have.'

'Will you all agree to take off your skirts or pants, and drop your panties, so you are able to see what is between each other's legs?...and, if you are doing so, it will only be fair that I do so too...although, I promise, you won't find a penis fly-trap between my legs!'

'And, I know one or two of you might be having your periods and wearing tampons, so please don't worry because all your classmates here -- as well as me - appreciate that this is just a natural consequence of being a young girl.'

The girls all looked at one another nervously...each hoping some other girl would raise her hand and say 'No'...all too timid to do so themselves.

Then they had no choice.

It was one-in, all-in and the skirts, pants and nickers began to be removed.

All were amazed to discover the variation in what was normally hidden away between their legs.

'You should consider your vagina and the area around your vagina to be your very best friend,' John suggested.

'Now before we have a good look at one another's tweenies, I'll get you to have a look at my penis.'

'You'll see it is starting to get bigger and stiffer. That is quite natural and unavoidable, because I have six pretty little cunnies staring at me, completely naked, and my brain is saying 'six pretty little cunnies are wanting you inside them, so you had better get ready mister.'

"And mister doesn't know that there is no way that will happen this morning. So bad luck, mister!'

'And to make matters worse, I now know several or all of you are virgins...and my little mister is hoping 'those nubile virgins may want their first fucking today'.'

'He's delusional!' Amy suggested.

John was about to respond that it was fine for girls to have sex at any time of the month -- even whilst menstruating. But he thought better of it; that would probably just embarrass Amy.

'You'll probably also notice at some time that a few little drops of liquid may appear on the tip of my penis. Well that's called pre-cum. Some boys will try to convince you that it is alright to have sex with them and will tell they won't ejaculate -- but they may leave some of that pre-cum inside your vagina and it can certainly make you pregnant. So that's why I'm recommending YOU start using a reliable contraceptive before you start having sex. And I emphasise you, not the boy.'

'Now let's have a look at those tweenies,' John suggested.

Amy's tweenie was the most average -- if there is such a thing as an 'average' female pussy. But visible between her labial flaps was a cotton thread -- so she was obviously having her period.

John wished he could have just taken that thread and pulled her tampon from her hole -- that was something that males, even male doctors, never have the opportunity to do...and it would have been an equally new, if possibly messy, experience for Amy!

Sally was slightly more solid that the other girls, had full labial flaps and displayed a much more naturally-hairy cunnie than the others. John wondered if she might be one of a small number of women who also did not shave their armpits -- but he couldn't tell, considering the blouse she was wearing.

Rebecca was trim and athletic-looking, with not-unusual labia which were slightly parted. Her pubic hair had obviously been trimmed -- but not terribly well.

Debbie had more-pronounced labia and appeared to have a larger-than-usual, but not oversize, clitoris hidden below. John had to ask her for a closer look, which confirmed his suspicions.

Cassie's labia were a little thinner than usual, which gave them a longer-than- usual look. Her pubic mound was well-forested but did not give the appearance of being overgrown. She also seemed to be a year or two older than the others -- and was - the result of having a more-fractured education because her Dad had accepted several work transfers.

Grace was the prettiest of the girls -- slightly shorter than the others and with a vaguely Asian look. John thought that perhaps one of her grandparents or great-grandparents might have been Japanese or Chinese.

She had the most unusual pudendum...and the most sexually enticing.

But he wasn't about to tell her -- or the other girls -- that!

The skin on each side of her labia - which were almost totally hidden under her skin - extended across to be almost touching. It was as if a sheet of her skin had been pulled tightly up from near her anal hole to her stomach, and a scalpel had then been used to cut her feminine slash, with the sides of this cut then being tucked over slightly into the resulting hole. And she had a comparatively small slash -- not much more than was necessary to take a man's engorged penis.

John found her anatomically interesting...and sexually VERY appealing.

Immediately he decided he would love to have the opportunity of filling her tiny hole. He imagined this might be a bit of a challenge -- and she might well bleed and scream as he did so.

Her pubic mound was well-covered in dark hair, which John felt looked a little 'heavy' compared to her small, very attractive body.

John pointed out some of the obvious differences between the six cunnies to the girls. He then suggested to the girls that they have a close look at each and - with each owner's permission - touch and feel around each, before then seeking out and having a tiny feel of each of their different-sized clitorises.

This kept the girls totally occupied for 10 or 15 minutes. It was a very unusual experience for them all. One that really excited them!

Predictably, Amy received slightly fewer 'feels' and slightly less intrusive 'feels' than did the other girls.

John was intrigued when he observed how the girls reacted differently to the others invading their 'private space' -- some girls, for example, were more-than-happy to allow another girl to freely rummage around her privates; others, more conservatively, would part their labia and just allow the other girl's fingers to have the briefest of touches in her clitoral area.

Cassie, appearing to be a slightly older girl, seemed to be the most comfortable sharing her snatch with the others.

Meanwhile, John mentally rated each girl on the male 'fuckability index.'

Grace was a 10+, Rebecca was a 7, Debbie a 6 (her clit earning her an extra point!) and the other girls 5 or less. But John would have been happy to fuck any of them...or all of them!

He wondered who were the two who had lost their virginities. He could, of course, not tell by simply looking at them -- but thought that Cassie might be one...and, equally, he was almost certain that Grace had a virgin hole.

He wondered whether he might ever know for sure.

Having played with each other for a while, the girls' conversation then moved on.

'A lot is written in magazines about g-spots. Can you show us exactly where it is?' Debbie asked.

'Ah, you are making it very hard for me,' John said. And little did he know true those words would soon be -- because the girls would soon make it VERY hard for him...even if that was to be in a very different way!!

'Some girls have g-spots, some don't...and it's often very hard to find exactly where a girl's g-spot may be, even if she does have one,' John continued.

'So hop up on the examination table, and we'll see what we can find,' John suggested.

'Now lie down and put your middle finger up your vagina...and bend your finger up towards your stomach and see if you can touch the walls of your vagina, not too far down from the entrance to your vagina. You might feel a few ridges there, which are usually around your g-spot. Give them a bit of a tickle!' John advised.

Debbie was soon indicating that she thought she had successfully located her g-spot.

She obviously had...she had to be coaxed off the examination table!

'O.K., does anyone else want to see if they can find their g-spot?' John asked

Sally did... but was soon indicating to John that she was having trouble finding it.

'Let me see if I can help,' John suggested, wiping a little lubricating gel onto his finger -- not that he thought it would really be needed.

And he carefully pushed his finger into Sally's slash and wiggled it around a bit.

And moved it around a bit more...and then kept feeling...trying to locate her hidden jewel.

This was a very unusual sight -- five schoolgirls watching him...willing him...to find another girl's most sensitive and most sexually-responsive spot.

'I think it might be just there - can you feel that?' John asked.

'Yesss!' Sally replied, obviously very elated and very relieved.

'Tell me when to stop,' John suggested.

'No, just kidding -- if I keep going, you could well disgrace yourself...and I certainly don't want anyone doing that this morning!' he said. 'What would you think? What would your school think? What would your parents think if you did?'...

'John, I've never seen cum. What does it look like?' Rebecca asked.

'Another very good question, Rebecca. How about I show you...sorry, I mean, let you find out? And to do so, I'll need you and another volunteer -- preferably one of you girls who has never sucked cock before.'

Debbie tentatively raised her hand.

'Thanks Debbie. What I am going to ask Rebecca to do is to stiffen my cock using her hand, then I'll get you to give it a suck, before Rebecca squeezes it some more to make me cum. And we'll collect the cum in this specimen jar.'

'Now Debbie and Rebecca, what you will be doing with your hands and mouth will be making me feel as though I am pushing my erection into your love tunnel...where you'd normally react by squeezing it with your vaginal muscles, which would help me to ejaculate inside you.'

'So, Rebecca, what you have to do is squeeze my cock quite hard...then, whilst holding it not quite so hard, run your hand up and down my shaft -- taking your hand as far down the shaft as possible and then up past the ridge where the knob at the end joins my shaft -- and repeat this a few times...then run your finger along this ridge (John lifted his penis and showed the six very attentive girls the ridge that ran underside and the length of his penis) and around the ridge at the base of my knob, because they are two particularly sensitive parts on my penis ...do you understand?...and then when Debbie takes over to give my shaft a suck, I'll get you to put a few drops of this lubricating gel on your hand before you take the shaft back. Then just rub it up and down, up and down -- just as if I was thrusting in and out of your vagina - until I cum.'

'And Debbie, your job when you take my shaft into your mouth, is to take it in as far as you can, and to suck it really hard -- just as if your vaginal muscles were pulling it right down into your vagina and they were holding it really hard whilst it was inside you. And I'll pull it back and forth - again as if I was thrusting in and out of your tight little vagina. O.K.?'

John wondered whether either, or both, girls had given a man a blow-job before.

After a slightly tentative start from Rebecca, both girls performed magnificently -- cheered on by their classmates -- until John felt a satisfying woosh as his cum shot into the specimen jar.

The six girls got really excited, as their whoops and giggles showed. This was undoubtedly the most interesting experience they had ever had at school!

'Keep going Rebecca,' John urged. 'Keep going until you can get absolutely no more!'

He wished he had been shooting his cum into one of the four virgin holes that were so plainly visible in front of him...each of which was clearly pleading 'me, please...me, please'.

By now, the six little cunnies in that room were aroused with an expectation that -- perhaps -- they would soon be tightening around John's still visibly-erect manhood.

But those six little cunnies hadn't yet realised that their owners had already been told that this would not be happening this morning!

'Now you have to show us how to REALLY have sex.' Rebecca suggested cheekily. 'You've seen all our tweenies, so which one will you choose?'

'Sorry,' said John. 'You'd have to come back after five o'clock for that to happen. We have a strict 'no sex during consultation hours' rule here!'

He was sure he heard one of the girls whisper 'Well, I'll see you at five.'

John handed the specimen jar around. 'Have a bit of a smell of it, and if you'd like, put a little on your finger and have a taste of it,' he suggested.

'Then we had all better get dressed and go and grab a cup of coffee.'...

And, give my little man a chance to recover, he thought to himself!

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During the coffee break Cassie took John aside and asked if she could come back one afternoon to see him. She explained she was living alone with her Dad, a widower, that they were not terribly well-off and that her Dad had been offering her to other men as a way of earning a little extra money...and she now wanted to end this practice.

'So she was neither a nymphomaniac nor a slut!' thought John.

John enquired whether she was yet 18 years old.

'Yes,' she replied. 'I'm over 18.'

'That's good, because my legal obligations regarding an 18 year old are totally different to those had you been under 18. Make the last appointment of the day with me, for as soon as you can, and together we'll work out the best way to handle this situation.'

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After the coffee break Amy said she had noticed that Rebecca had trimmed her pussy and then asked what John thought girls of their age should be doing.

John sought guidance from the group and none of them had any strong opinions, but most thought that at some time -- probably sooner rather than later - their pussy would receive a haircut of some sort.

John indicated, from a hygiene point of view, some pussy trimming was desirable. 'But it is really up to each girl as to what she wants.'

'Guys would probably prefer you to trim or completely remove your pubic hair for a couple of reasons. They don't want to get a mouthful of hairy pussy when kissing or licking you down there, and many simply prefer a neatly trimmed patch.'

'In fact, most guys would prefer you had a completely bald pubic mound because pre-pubescent girls, or baldies, are invariably virgins...and deflowering a virgin is every guy's fantasy... so when they imagine that you -- having a completely bald pubic mound -- are a virgin, they are turned-on more intensely.'

'But having hair down there, of course, lets you play games. I've seen pubes shaved into some very feminine heart shapes...but the trimming I've liked the best was simply a cross. I'm not sure if X meant 'No Way' or whether 'X marked the spot' of her buried treasure - and she was indicating where he should sink a shaft to discover what was down there. I kind of hope it was the latter.'

The girls giggled.

The girls' interest in their pubes continued for some time, so John finally suggested that perhaps one of them would like him to shave hers completely and another might like to receive a Brazilian. Then they could all see for themselves the difference between a 'before' and an 'after.'

Rebecca immediately volunteered to have a full trim and Grace, not quite so quickly, indicated she was happy to acquire a neat landing-strip.

'Actually, Grace, I feel your tweenie is not enhanced at all by your pubic hair,' John suggested, 'and you will look your sexiest if you are a total baldie.'

All the other girls agreed.

'I actually loved having pubes because they made me feel a little grown up, less like a little china doll,' Grace admitted. 'But after what you have said this morning and what you have just suggested, I'm happy to have it all off. And, after all, if I don't like it that way, I can always let it grow back again.'

So Cassie volunteered to be the one to have her pubes trimmed to a landing strip.

'OK gang,' John said. "We have three girls about to bare their bottoms again... so, as we agreed earlier, all of us will also now have to do so.'

So six pairs of panties and one pair of underpants ended up on the floor.

Rebecca was first on the table, legs spread, having her pubic hair removed. It didn't take John long...and he ended by running his hand up and down her now-bare mound to check there was no stubble.

'When you get home Rebecca, treat this area a good massage using your fingers and rub in some moisturiser,' John advised.

Then he bent over and placed a kiss on her bare mound.

'Oooh!' the other girls cheered in support.

Grace was next on the table.

John had to spread her legs a little before moving the trimmer up, and up again, and up again...

Each time the trimmer moved up, it pulled Grace's labials upwards, elongating and tightening her hidden labial flaps...and slightly closing her already-tiny vaginal hole...then left a tuft of dark hair on her skin just below her stomach.

'What a satisfyingly erotic sight', John unconsciously thought to himself...as his manhood stiffened in agreement. 'Push the trimmer up, pull her labia up, tighten her hole...push the trimmer up, pull her labia up, tighten her hole.'

When Grace had finally lost all her pubes, John brushed the hair off her stomach and ran his hand up and down her now-bare mound. It felt really soft.

'How's that?' he asked. Grace checked the area between her legs and the area where her pubic hair had once sprouted.

'I'm a baldie, again!' she said happily.

And John planted a couple of soft kisses on her attractive little mound.

'Oooh!' the girls again murmured.

When Grace returned to her feet, the other girls confirmed that being a baldie suited her body shape much better than did having any pubic hair.

Sculpting Cassie's pubes took a little longer. John wanted to ensure that her landing strip was totally neat and that the remaining hair was just the right length.

'Happy?' he finally asked -- and Cassie indicated she was very impressed.

'Now just one more thing,' John said. "I just want to show you all that a full mound of hair can be just as enticing...so, Sally, would you mind stepping into your knickers again.'

John then took his comb, gave her pubic hairs a comb, then parted them along a line that was, in effect, an extension of her slash. He then combed the hairs on both sides out as far as they would reach...lifted her panties... and folded the strip of fabric that went between her legs and lay over her pubic mound so that it was as narrow as possible...then carefully lifted her panties so that her pubes clearly spilled out on either side.

'If you walked into my kitchen wearing a tiny pair of lace panties with your pubes peeking out each side like that, you would really turn me on,' John said. 'In fact, I'd probably just grab your panties and have them off you, before you realised what I had done.'

'Oooh!' was once again the girls' reaction.

And John sensed from her smile that Sally had quite warmed to that idea.

'O.K., ladies. Time to get dressed -- my little man cannot take the view of your six beautiful cunnies anymore.'

'But before you hide them away again, all of you should give your pussies some really good pats - because they have been really good little girls this morning,' John suggested.

'That's what we'll tell our parents!' one girl suggested.

What a fabulous finale it was for John! For a few short seconds watching his sextet of naked, nubile nymphs tapping their twats, playing their privates - as uninhibitedly, as enthusiastically, as a Caribbean calypso combo bangs their bongos.

The group spent the rest of the morning talking about a whole range of issues... STDs... thrush...masturbation... pregnancy... childbirth... why some people (other than every young guy!) feel it was acceptable for girls of their age to be sexually active, whilst other positively discourage and condemn it... their highs and lows... alcohol... the demands of female fashion... how 'forward' a girl could be in her relationships with boys... everything practical about 'life'.

The six girls all agreed that it had been an incredibly instructive...and unusually exciting...morning. All agreed that they would tell their teachers that other girls in their year should be given the opportunity to participate in a similar session with Dr. John.

And before farewelling them, John gave each girl a small kiss on her cheek, thanked her for her participation that morning, and wished her a full and exciting life. He also reminded the group that what had been said, what had occurred this morning, must forever be known only to the seven of them.

...The morning had been so successful and rewarding for John that he rang the school Principal and suggested that all the other final-year girls should also spend a morning with him.

And he decided he would suggest to a young female colleague that she offer similar sessions to final year schoolboys...although he wondered what might happen when six testosterone-filled erections were faced with the unexpected sight of her bare little cunnie and a pair of bouncing boobs.

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As John walked into the waiting room to greet his 4.45pm patient -- and his last scheduled patient of the day -- he was surprised to discover that Rebecca was also there.

'I've come for our 5pm appointment,' she announced.

'I won't keep you waiting long,' John replied, if a little puzzled...

Twenty minutes later, having farewelled the patient, said 'goodnight' to his receptionist and then locked the clinic door, John ushered Rebecca into his room.

'Ever since I had him in my hands, I've been busting to get that impressive cock of yours up my love tunnel,' Rebecca said. 'So I've accepted your invitation to come back to see you at 5pm. I hope you don't mind -- and you DID say this morning that girls shouldn't be afraid to ask a man for a fuck!'

John mind?

This was not one of the 'services' he usually provided...but neither had been the session he had run that morning. And he knew exactly what Rebecca was able to offer him...or, at least, what he might expect to encounter when he again saw the outside of her tweenie.

'She has taken the trouble to come, so I probably should now also take the trouble to come,' John chuckled mentally to himself.

He checked that she was over 18 years of age, that she had not had - and did not think she might have - a venereal disease, and that she had some form of contraceptive protection. He also then enquired whether she was a virgin.

'No, my answer this morning was N1,' she revealed.

...Which immediately told John that Debbie had a virgin hole, Sally had a virgin hole, Amy had a virgin hole and Grace DID HAVE a virgin hole! -- a tiny, alluring, and no-doubt extremely tight virgin hole that John now, again, so-wished he could fill.

'Maybe I'll be given that chance another day - soon,' he wished to himself.

He also secured an undertaking from Rebecca that she would never tell anyone anything about what was soon to happen.

Rebecca stripped down, exposing her now-bare mound, her slightly-parted slit...and revealing to John, for the first time, a pair of 'quite cute' petite breasts, each one surmounted by tiny and obviously tight nipples.

'Obviously in want of immediate attention!' John thought to himself...and immediately took them into his mouth.

The fondling, caressing, sucking of her teenage breasts and nipples continued for some minutes, until John checked that she would be comfortable making love on the floor...which John then covered with several layers of absorbent paper that he usually used on his examination table.

John figured he would be able to penetrate her harder, and perhaps a little further, if she was spreadeagled on the floor.

And, he figured, she probably deserved a rougher-than-normal pounding as she had come -- unannounced - just to receive a fucking.

Rebecca undid his pants...and his shirt...and for the third time that day had his hard-on firmly in her hand.

Now it was her turn to take it into her mouth!

And to taste exactly what Debbie had tasted.

And how sweet it tasted.

'Fucking Debbie. If I'd only known how good it tasted, I would have immediately swapped jobs with her,' she thought.

Now Rebecca realised why Debbie had closed her eyes and seemed to be so blissfully happy with John's cock in her mouth, sucking it as though it was her favourite lollypop.

John soon had Rebecca on the floor, frantically pushing into her -- as if he only had seconds left to live.

She felt tight -- very tight.

John didn't know whether it was because she previously had had little sex, or whether she was naturally tight. He suspected the latter - because she seemed to be quite fit and athletic.

But he enjoyed what she was giving him. And, because he had already shot his cum earlier in the day, he was able to hold his fire for longer than usual...and totally enjoy what he was feeling.

But eventually he came...and filled her with exactly what she had wanted.

John felt that Rebecca was 'an extraordinarily good screw' -- particularly considering her age and her limited sexual experience. He decided, then and there, he would want more of her...perhaps, if he even had to share her as she developed sexually.

Maybe, with some new exercises, that cunt would become a whole lot tighter...and he would have even more difficulty plumbing her depths.

'Rebecca,' he asked, whilst the two were still cuddling on the floor. 'I'm presuming you didn't come just then, and I'm also assuming you have never had a female ejaculation...which is something like pissing uncontrollably. I'm told that this is THE most intense natural experience a girl can ever have.'

'How about we try to get you there tonight?'

'That would be wonderful, John. Just go for it.'

'Again, let me first explain what we need to do together,' John said, feeling as if he was giving some medical advice.

'I'm going to kiss and rub your clit...and, simultaneously, I'm going to insert two fingers into your love tunnel and try to stimulate your g-spot. And I'm told that could be a bit uncomfortable for you, stretching you a bit...but we have to keep it up for quite a long time, building you up until you are well past an ordinary orgasm...And, if we're successful, you'll certainly feel like pissing...but you should try to hold back that urge for as long as you can until you...absolutely explode.'

'I'm hoping you'll just focus on what is happening...and if I am not giving you maximum pleasure, then please use your fingers or hands, or whatever else you need to use, to help.'

'You may also feel you want to play with your tits, or smack your little cunt or clit...well, all that will be just fine. So please don't just rely on me to ultimately get you there.'

'Sounds interesting,' Rebecca replied.

And they started.

Lots of licking and sucking...lots of gentle rubbing...Rebecca moved John's fingers to slightly more responsive areas...she squeezed her nipples and then her clit...his two finger tips that were rubbing her g-spot ridges were working overtime...she felt for her breasts and squeezed her nipples...

Then suddenly...

'Aaaaahhh!' she yelled

Rebecca couldn't control herself. She was definitely ejaculating...just like a man!...five or six distinct squirts, each one progressively less powerful than the one before ...

The first arced from her cunnie to drop on the floor near her knees, splashing her legs...then John placed his hand several inches above her opening and directed the second squirt onto her tummy and bare pubic mound...then he held his hand tightly around her cunnie, hoping to trap the warm liquid from the next ejaculation in her vagina and force it right up her inside, to mix with his cum...and he tried to catch some of the fourth squirt in his mouth. He just wanted a taste of it!

He could see her thigh muscles involuntarily contracting and relaxing... so something wonderful was happening 'down there.'

Her ejaculant went everywhere! An absolute mess -- all very unfeminine!

She didn't care. This was the most amazing feeling she had ever had...and she hoped it would never stop!

John had been right. It WAS the most natural, intense experience a girl could ever have...and she was really enjoying it.

John then started rubbing the warm liquid into her tummy, into her tweenie, on to her thighs.

And John was right! She had not been pissing...because now she needed to visit the bathroom...urgently!

He handed her some paper towel so she could dry herself sufficiently, then she headed for the bathroom where she had a long, satisfying pee.

Oh, how lucky she had been to meet John this morning -- whilst just a young schoolkid on, of all things, a school excursion!

'We should have a lot more school excursions like this -- every day!' she concluded.

And how lucky she had been to meet a man who knew exactly what a young girl needed.

If only the other girls knew how good he was...if only the other girls had seen what had happened...they too would have insisted he shave their pussies...they too would have wanted to come along tonight...they too would have had his fingers down between their legs...they too would have been ejaculating in absolute ecstasy...

Oh, the joys of being female!

Eventually Rebecca calmed down...and John faced the reality that his consultation room must be fully cleaned so that his patients tomorrow would have no idea of what had occurred there that night...

And John realised he didn't even know Rebecca's surname!

He desperately hoped that her Mother or Father were not his patients. And did she have any brothers or sisters?

Yes, she had a sister...in the next year of high school...who he would probably meet in similar circumstances in just a year...and, if not, probably before then - should he be lucky enough to have it off with Rebecca again. Which, hopefully, would not just be again...but again and again.

How he wished that would occur.

So he took Rebecca's phone number and email address...and promised to contact her again... soon...very soon.

She had just one more question for him, before she left: 'John, apart from me, how many of the other girls have lost their virginity?'

'I'm sorry, Rebecca, but we all agreed that we wouldn't discuss what happened earlier today -- even among ourselves...so, if you really want to know, you are going to have to ask each of the other girls whether they still have their virginity.'

And he fanaticised some more... Rebecca's sister... Grace... he was taking both of their virginities... screaming... then screaming some more, but this time in ecstasy... perhaps making a similar mess all over his floor.

He had just one problem. How to get Grace to approach him and beg to be fucked?

He couldn't approach her now she had been to his surgery, and he desperately hoped she wouldn't come to his surgery seeking a contraceptive -- the former would be unethical, the latter would automatically preclude him from being able to ask her for sex.

He'd have to think of some other way of passing the message to her that she should approach him - somewhere else, at some other time.

Maybe Rebecca might be able to help.

\* \* \* \* \*

...A week or so later, Cassie arrived for her appointment.

'Cassie, go right back to the start and tell me how it all began,' John suggested

'Mum died a few years ago and I've been living with Dad ever since. I know that my developing body has really teased him over the years -- because he told me so on several occasions. I really love him and I have been very grateful for what he has had to do for me -- things like helping me through my first period, helping me buy bras and bikinis, which are tasks that Dads usually don't have to handle.'

'He turned forty a couple of years ago, so I decided I'd offer him the chance to have sex with me and to be the one to take my virginity - as a very special one-off birthday treat for him.'

'He asked whether I was absolutely sure and I told him I would not have made the offer if I wasn't. I also didn't have to worry about becoming pregnant because another of Dad's tasks, a few years before, had been to take me to the doctor so I could go on The Pill because I was having ongoing menstrual problems.'

'So...he took my virginity on his 40th birthday.'

'Then a few months later his boss indicated he might have to let Dad go, but he told Dad would put another man off if Dad could arrange for him 'to screw me', as he put it.'

'It seems that Dad had told some of the guys at work, without naming who had actually done it, that I had recently been bled.'

'I thought about it for while, decided both Dad and I both needed Dad to have that job, that I had already lost my virginity, and there was no chance of my becoming pregnant -- so I told Dad to bring his boss around.'

'Probably predictably, six months later, Dad was again threatened he would lose his job and was told I could keep it for him if the boss visited me again. And then it happened again a third time, not so long ago.'

'And the word seems to have spread that I was 'available.' Over the past year I have been visited by five other men, each of whom paid Dad something for being allowed to give me a screw.'

'I now think enough is enough, and I hope you might be able to suggest how I should handle this with Dad, without hurting him.'

'Well Cassie, I have a suggestion for you -- but first I'd just like to check a few things. Can you tell me how you felt about losing your virginity to your Dad?'

'I know it may be a bit weird, but I felt I owed it to him, and I was quite prepared to do so. I think it may have been quite different had he put the hard word on me, and asked me to surrender my virginity to him.'

'And tell me exactly what happened that night?' John asked.

'We had dinner -- which I had specially prepared -- and we did the wash up together. I then went and had a shower, and came out wearing just my short pyjama top -- no bra and no knickers. I told him I was going to his bed, and looked forward to seeing him soon.'

'He had a shower and emerged totally naked, and jumped into bed beside me.'

'He, of course, knew exactly what to do and he is a very gentle man, so he tried to look after me as much as possible. So we kissed...he played with my breasts and between my legs...he put his fingers right into my vagina and played in there for a while...he mouthed me down there...then he started to put his cock inside.'

'I felt tight, and he really had to push to get it right in...it hurt me quite a bit...and I bled a little...'

'And then he continued pushing it in and pulling it out, pushing it in and pulling it out...until he came...and suddenly I was very wet.'

'Overall, it was quite a reasonable experience...much more pleasant that I had imagined it might be...and I was left with the feeling that I had done exactly the right thing for Dad.'

'And how about your experiences with Dad's boss and the other men?' John asked.

'Dad's boss is not too bad, and the other men varied quite a bit. Several of them were quite good at it, and in a funny way I quite enjoyed having sex with most of them. I think that what you said the other morning about women and girls enjoying sex must certainly be true for me.'

'But one guy was really rough -- he made no attempt at all to ensure I was lubricated and he just drove his penis into my vagina as hard and as fast as he could. I just had the feeling he wanted to fuck me real hard and, if that meant I bled or screamed, then so much the better.'

'Apart from that experience with the last guy you described, that all sounds very positive to me. I think you have handled it as well as could be expected,' John added.

'Who else, apart from your Dad and the other men who had sex with you, know that this has happened?'

'No one,' Cassie replied.

"Are you sure? You haven't told anyone else you have lost your virginity?'

'No, I've never mentioned it to anyone.'

'Well, that's very good,' said John. 'Now tell me this -- and you'll realise why I am asking in a minute -- how prepared would you be to have sex on one more occasion with your Dad?

'I'd actually secretly love to,' Cassie replied.

'We actually have a VERY serious situation here,' John continued. 'We could report this to the authorities and your Dad could be charged with incest, possibly having sex with a minor, procuring a girl for sex, acting as a pimp for a prostitute, and a whole lot of other things. And your Dad's boss and all the other men could similarly be charged, and could end up being sent to jail.'

'But I get the impression you don't want that to happen. You just want to let what happened in the past, stay in the past...and you just want to now have the normal life of a grown-up teenager. Am I right?'

'Yes, absolutely. And I certainly don't want to get Dad into any trouble -- after all, it was me -- not him -- who initiated things that evening when I lost my virginity,' Cassie replied.

"Well, what I suggest is this. You ring your Dad and ask him to come down in 15 minutes to drive you home. I'll have a talk to him alone, whilst you sit in the waiting room. I'll explain to him that very serious offences have occurred, but you are mature enough not to wish to take any further action.'

'I'll tell him that absolutely no more men are to be offered the opportunity of sleeping with you.'

'And I'll suggest that he tell his boss that he has had a conversation with Cassie's doctor, which was prompted because Cassie thought she might have a sexually transmitted disease -- which thankfully she does not have -- but which required her to reveal all. And that the last visit he had to you would be his last...and that the doctor fully intends to report his illegal sexual demands to the authorities if he discovers that your Dad loses his job at any time in the future.'

'Now, your Dad will probably feel very embarrassed that he has hurt you...so I suggest you give him a huge hug when he has finished talking to me, and tell him you love him.'

'I'll let him know you plan to have a little talk to him when you get home, and he should probably accept whatever you suggest.'

'I won't let your Dad know that you told me you have had sex with him and, if you are asked, you probably don't need to admit to him that you told me. I can see no reason for embarrassing him for simply accepting your very thoughtful, very generous birthday present.

Then when you get home you might consider telling him again how much you love him - so much that you want to take him to bed with you one last time. And you would also then be giving him the added thrill of seeing your brand-new landing strip!'

'But, please don't interpret this as my supporting incest, because I don't. But I'm realistic enough to know that it does happen -- probably more often that we'd care to admit - and I am only suggesting this to you if you are TOTALLY comfortable with the suggestion, and if you initiate the possible liaison...and I am only suggesting it if you promise yourself that this will be the very last time you and your Dad go to bed together.'

'Or alternatively, and perhaps an even better suggestion, simply offer to help him cum by giving him a blow job. You know what that is?'

She nodded.

'And, sometime soon after that, I suggest you ask a nice young man who is about your own age to join you in bed, and that you treat him as your 'first'. You are now obviously ready for that.'

'I'd also suggest you re-set your counter of men who have had sex with you to zero, so that if you are ever asked again how many men have made love to you, you'll just forget about the older men who have been involved up until now.'

'How does that all sound?' John asked.

'Great!' replied Cassie.

'Well, get on the phone and ring your Dad. And then I'd better examine you to just make sure everything is OK. So if you would't mind then taking off all your clothes and hopping up on the examination table...and I'll write you a referral for a blood test, just to be doubly sure you haven't contracted any sexually transmittable disease. If you have, I'll give you a ring...and if you haven't, you won't hear from me.'

Cassie let John check her boobs and nipples, then have a good look and feel between her legs.

He probably let his fingers spend a little longer than usual down there...and visit some places he would not normally go -- but, in the circumstances, John felt sure that Cassie wouldn't mind.

John glanced up at Cassie's face and their eyes met.

Her look of contentment and pleasure transformed to a big smile.

He had obviously reached exactly the right spot...and that smile, somehow, gave him the feeling that her Dad would get lucky later that evening.

'And would you like me to just trim up that landing strip for you, while you are lying there?' John asked, transferring his attention back down to her tweenie.

She did. And her Brazilian then looked at its very best for its likely unveiling to her Dad later that night.

'Now turn over onto your stomach,' he said.

He parted her buttocks and ran his finger up her crack...had a good look at her virgin hole... then gave each of her buttocks a parting slap with his hand.

'Good girl, there is nothing there I am worried about. So, thank you ever so much for coming and seeking my help. It's been an absolute pleasure seeing you and being able to help.'

'And have a truly wonderful sex life from now on!...And, please, let me know how you are getting on, every now and then.'

Cassie gave John a big hug as she left to meet her Dad in the car...and bring him into meet John - who was about to give him some VERY pointed advice.

**Sex Lessons for Six Naked Schoolgirls Pt. 02**

A few weeks after Dr John had spent the morning with the six schoolgirls he received a phone call from the school. At first he thought this meant trouble – that someone had lodged a complaint about the session.

But, to his delight, it was simply a call from someone who he had not previously spoken to, thanking him for making his time available and enquiring whether he might run a similar session with a group of girls the next year. Naturally, he said 'yes'!

The school had debriefed all of the groups that participated in their 'life' excursions. They had discovered that the visit to Dr John's was rated the most highly – by a very large margin. And the girls had reported it was probably the most interesting, the most potentially useful session they had experienced in their entire school life.

So John started to look forward to the day the next group of girls would arrive – pleased that he might be able to help them, hoping that he would get to see as much, and experience as much, with the next group of girls as he had with the last. There was no denying that he had enjoyed that!

And, following that visit he had had from Rebecca, John desperately hoped that her younger sister would not be one of that next group. He certainly did not need her asking Rebecca what had happened when Rebecca's group visited him!

But, meanwhile, he had the previous six girls to contend with.

\* \* \* \* \*

He rang Rebecca the following day, thanked her for coming around and suggested they might get-together again in a couple of weeks' time. Perhaps she might come around to his unit and they could share a pizza, or a Chinese meal or some fried chicken together.

'I can't wait,' was her response.

..."Hi," said John as he answered the door. "I'm so pleased you could come tonight."

"I'm thrilled to be here," Rebecca replied as she stepped forward, put her arms around him and gave him a kiss. A real kiss – she obviously meant business!

"You must have found it somewhat strange that all I wanted the last time we met, the first time we'd been together, was to have sex," she continued.

"Well it was unexpected, but was I complaining? In fact, I wish every young girl I met socially was to greet me in the same way with open legs!" John replied.

Rebecca laughed.

"I have a confession," she said. "From the moment I first saw your shaft, I have wanted it. And I mean really wanted it. I was so jealous of Debbie having it in her mouth – which is really why I came around that afternoon. And ever since then I've been hoping that you and I might have oral again tonight."

"But," she continued, 'today I have just ached to have that shaft, your shaft, in my love tunnel again...so, if it is O.K. with you, could we start tonight that way?"

John said nothing. He just gave her a hug, gave her a kiss and led her by the hand to his bedroom.

Rebecca immediately realised that he too had expected to have sex. Fresh sheets were clearly visible on the bed and a bath towel had been placed on his bedside table.

Rebecca lifted her T-shirt dress over her head.

"Surprise," she shouted. "I've come fully prepared tonight – no bra, no knickers!"

John was astounded. He had never met someone as brazen as that before – but everything she was doing was being done in good humour...and at least he now knew that she had no hang-ups with her body or with her femininity.

He stood there and admired her body for as long as he felt it was reasonable for him to do so. She certainly had all the curves in the right areas...and especially so in that area between her legs!

John had previously given her a 7 on his (crude, male-assessed) scale of fuckability...but this wily seductress - his wily seductress! - had just earned herself an instant upgrade to an 8½.

It took John a little longer to undress – he was wearing a few more items of clothing than Rebecca had been wearing!

"Just get him in," Rebecca pleaded as they flopped on the bed.

"Not so fast, young lady," John replied. "The rest of your pretty body deserves some attention... and we've got a bit of a job to do to ensure my little man is fully erect."

He started by running his hands, ever so gently, over her body – starting from her neck and slowly moving down to her womanhood...before his fingers started flicking her clit and probing the depths of her vagina. She responded by squeezing his 'little man'.

And they kissed. Passionately.

It was not long before his manhood was completely stiff, so he entered her...thrusting, thrusting, thrusting...until he emptied a huge load of cum into her by-now well lubricated vagina.

He collapsed on the bed beside her...and she relaxed, satisfied by what she had just received.

John wondered where this relationship might be heading. On the two occasions they had been together, all they had done so far was to fuck!

"You know," John volunteered, "And if you don't mind me saying so, Rebecca, you are a really good fuck."

"Thank you," Rebecca replied. "Those are words I am sure every girl loves to hear... and, I can tell you, that what you have put between my legs is pretty good too!...I really enjoy the feel of your jism, and I'm sure I'll be asking for more soon."

"You must think I am a nymphomaniac, or something," Rebecca continued a few moments later. "...But I'm not. I've only ever felt so really, really sexed since that first meeting when I saw your dick for the first time."

"I hope I didn't have the same effect on the other girls who were there that morning!" John joked.

"...No, sorry, I DO hope I had the same effect on the other girls I met that morning!!" he quickly added.

"I'll ask them if you like," Rebecca retorted.

"Don't you dare!" John replied.

They lay together a while longer, then John finally asked "how about dinner? What do you feel like?"

"You mentioned pizza, and that would be fine," Rebecca replied.

"Well, I'll order it, and while I do maybe you might like to have a quick shower. I'll join you there as soon as the order is placed."

That was the best shower that John had ever had! He discovered it was a great way to quickly become very familiar with a young lady...and he certainly didn't mind that Rebecca had concentrated on soaping just one area of his body. John's manhood ended up being the cleanest it had ever been – which also suited Rebecca, knowing it would not be too long before she had it in her mouth again.

Rebecca 'dressed' for dinner – she HAD brought some panties and a lacy bra, and wore them under her t-shirt dress.

But she planned to have them off again before too long!

Over dinner, John got to know Rebecca for the first time. Of course they talked sex...they talked about the morning session at his clinic - and he pretended he needed to get some feedback from some of the other girls who had participated, to help him plan future activities.

"How friendly are you with Grace?" he asked at one stage.

"We're friends, but she is not in my closest group of friends," Rebecca replied.

"Friendly enough to have her phone number?" John asked.

"Yes," Rebecca volunteered, without realising that she had just pushed Grace one giant step closer to the moment she would be surrendering her virginity.

John also told Rebecca a new Park Run group had formed nearby. He was planning to join and he wondered if she might also like to join. "I could pick you up and drive you there, then afterwards we might be able to have a coffee together, or perhaps grab some lunch...after, of course, first having a shower back here!" he suggested playfully.

Rebecca agreed without any hesitation.

John realised he quite liked Rebecca – and it seemed the feeling was mutual. Only time would reveal how much they really liked one another...or how much of that attraction was simply sexual.

As an 'after dinner treat,' Rebecca eagerly took John's engorged cock into her mouth...and then into her vagina again – before she ultimately left with a smile on her face...along with that satisfyingly-damp feeling between her legs that she had discovered she so enjoyed.

And John collapsed into his bed exhausted...reflecting on how lucky he had been to have met Rebecca and wondering what might happen between them on future Sunday mornings.

The regular Park Run gave them a great way of continuing and gradually developing their relationship. It was followed each week with either 'coffee or crumpet' (as Rebecca christened it), with each of them taking it in turns to decide whether they would enjoy 'coffee' or 'crumpet' that week...and, at the end of the run, surprising the other with the choice they had made.

Predictably, 'crumpet' was far more popular with both of them than 'coffee'...and, on a number of occasions when someone suggested 'coffee,' the other person convinced them to change their mind and instead enjoy 'crumpet.'

So, most Sunday mornings ended with them having a romp in the cot together.

As the weeks passed, this became more exciting. Both were young, both were adventurous, both were fun-loving, so the Missionary Position was rarely re-visited.

And their shower together always extended the fun. The confined space meant there was lots of touchy-feely action...lots of spontaneous kissing and cuddling...fingers going where fingers like to go...and Rebecca found that she was always rewarded with a kiss whenever she grabbed his manhood (which, when John was showering with Rebecca, was usually partly erect – if not fully erect!) and pulled it towards her.

Occasionally she would find it had somehow ended up inside her again...to deliver a bonus shot of cum.

Or that John's manhood was suddenly moving up and down that valley between her buttocks – a feeling Rebecca discovered she really enjoyed.

In fact, Rebecca was sure it would not be too long before she invited John to see how easily and how far his manhood was able to penetrate her 'love tunnel no. 2'.

One morning after the Park Run, John gave Rebecca a copy of '100 Sex Challenges for Jenny.' "A friend alerted me to this on the Incest/Taboo stories section of the Literotica website," he told her. "And I thought you might be interested."

The following week Rebecca commented to him that "those 100 sex challenges are fabulous and I've decided I should see how many of them I can achieve."

"But, John, I've amended the first challenge to read 'have sex with the second guy you ever had sex with, on each anniversary of that occasion,' so I now have the first commitment for next year inked into my diary! So you, also, had better now mark it in your diary!" And she reminded him of the date.

"And I have also added an extra personal challenge - 'to have creative sex with John on each of at least seven days in a row' - so perhaps you had better start thinking of taking me on a holiday, and I'll start thinking about what 'creative' really means," she said cheekily.

John immediately decided that he would give her a copy of the '365 Sex Positions' book for her 19th birthday – which was now just weeks away.

He thought that perhaps, in return, she might allow him to photograph her slim, agile, athletic nakedness in a few of those erotic positions – just as a personal 'keepsake'...until he remembered that one of the few warnings included in the list of 100 sex challenges was 'never allow a man to photograph you in the nude' – and he knew she would heed that advice!

But their continuing relationship suited them both. John was getting what he wanted...regularly! Rebecca was delighted to be sexually active and to be constantly discovering new things, thanks to 'her man' – a wonderful man who was 'all hers.'

\* \* \* \* \*

Grace agreed to meet John over coffee. He had rung her and asked her to meet him to provide some feedback about the morning she and her classmates had visited his surgery. "The school has asked me to suggest how we could offer the experience to a greater number of students," he schemingly suggested.

"I certainly had not expected to be taking down my panties when I went in that morning," Grace had explained when they met. "Nor had I expected to leave without any pubic hair...but, on reflection, it was one of the best, most instructive mornings of my life."

"In fact, as a result of what happened that morning, I've now decided it's time I became sexually active. And I was about to make an appointment with you to get the Pill."

John was thrilled.

"Can I be totally frank with you Grace, and make a suggestion or two that you might not like? Not that I am wishing to scare you away," John replied in a hushed tone.

"Sure," she said with some surprise.

"You might have noticed, when looking at the other girls' pudenda that you have a fairly small entrance to your vagina. I'm not totally sure about my assessment, because I haven't had any opportunity to examine you properly, and I've only based this on what I noticed when I was shaving off your pubic hair that morning. But, if I am correct, you might experience some difficulty the first few times you try to have intercourse and I would be recommending that you think seriously about having your first intercourse with an experienced man who can ensure your first time is as enjoyable for you as possible."

"And - let me say this as a friend and not as a doctor - from the little I have seen of you so far, could I just suggest I would like to see a lot more of you...and possibly even suggest that I might ultimately like to be that man who takes your virginity. Do you understand what I am saying?"

"Yes," she replied "You've got the hots for me!! ...But there is a possibility I might agree to you helping me lose my virginity."

"Well," John replied "If that is the case, I would be more comfortable professionally if I was not the one who initially prescribes the Pill or provides you with an initial contraceptive implant, just in case you do decide to take me to bed with you. So I'd be happier if you sought the Pill or contraceptive implant from someone like my colleague Dr Helen...even if, after that, you then choose to become my patient."

"And, because of my personal - and not professional - feelings towards you, I am happy to gift you the money to pay for that initial consultation and for your initial contraceptive implant or whatever. There is no obligation. I'd like to see contraception freely available to every young woman, without them having to worry about the cost – and, after you have seen Dr Helen or another doctor, if you choose to never see me again, then I will understand...but if you do call me again, I'll be thrilled."

...Six weeks later Grace called Dr John on the private cell phone number that he had given her. She explained she wanted to meet him again, privately. He asked whether she might be happy to have dinner with him at his home. She indicated she was.

...She arrived and greeted him with the broadest possible smile. John asked whether he could give her a hug and a small kiss, to which she replied "If you don't, I'll leave!'

Grace explained she now had contraceptive protection and asked John if he might examine her to see if his initial thoughts were confirmed.

After checking that she would have no objection if he inserted a finger or two into her vagina, he led her to the bedroom, asked her to remove her panties and asked her to lie on the bed.

He was delighted to see she still had no pubic hair...and that she, in fact, had recently waxed the area to remove any stubble.

John again thought how enticingly beautiful her quite unusual slash was, with her labia largely tucked away and hidden beneath her skin...and he could understand why many girls thought their privates looked quite ugly – which they were, if he was to be totally truthful, when compared to Grace's.

He ran his hand down from her navel to the bottom of her slit. He could only think how wonderful that felt.

And he could also feel something swelling in his underpants. John wished that it was somewhere else – deep inside Grace – rather than being at the point of almost-ejaculating in his pants...and, if that were to happen, it would not be a good look!

He then probed for her clit. It was there alright, if a tiny bit difficult to immediately locate. He ran his finger gently over and around it for several seconds before asking Grace how it felt.

"Fabulous,' she said "You can keep going if you like,'

But he had other things to check. Specifically, her love tunnel.

He had little difficulty inserting one finger, but when he tried using two fingers he found she was unusually tight – and it was obvious from the changed expression on her face that she was experiencing some pain. He withdrew his fingers before delivering his prognosis.

"There is some good news for you, and some less good news for you. First, you appear to have a tighter love tunnel than average, which probably means you will be likely to experience some pain on the first, or possibly the first few, occasions you have intercourse."

"And the length of your slit – from the top near your clitoris to the bottom of your vaginal opening – is also less than the average, which will probably mean you may experience problems if you try to give birth naturally. So, when the time comes, you will more than likely require a caesarean. But that is not a real problem and certainly is not something you should worry about now."

"I'd suggest to you again that when you have sex for the first time, you do it with someone who is sexually experienced and who can help ensure it is as pleasant for you as possible – so a guy who is also a virgin will probably not be your best choice of first partner."

"The really good news for you, though, is that you have one of the most attractive and appealing areas down there, and any girl would be really envious of it. And that's why I suggested to you that you would be doing yourself a favour if you removed all your pubic hair completely, because you look much better when it's bare. And I am extremely pleased to see that you have accepted that suggestion."

"And I think you will always have a fairly tight love tunnel – which I can assure you would make you especially popular with the guys, if only they knew. Every man's dream is to have a girl with a tight twat."

"Thank you for confirming your earlier suspicions," Grace replied.

"Over the past month I've really thought about things and decided, if you are agreeable, I'd like you to be the man who takes my virginity. And, as I really don't want to think any more about the possible pain, I really would like you to take it tonight," she continued.

John lifted Grace off the bed and gave her a hug. "I'd be honoured," he said. "So the decision you now have to make is whether we make love immediately, or we leave it until after dinner."

"What do you think?" Grace asked.

"I'd prefer to try now. Then, if we have trouble, we can try again after dinner... and if we are successful we might even think about making love again a second time after dinner. And that would mean you can go home feeling quite happy about the whole experience."

So Grace agreed.

But she was still a bit concerned. "I hear that many girls bleed the first time they have sex and that it can be quite painful. So, John, do you think I will bleed, and how painful is it likely to be?" she asked.

"I really can't answer either question definitively," John replied. "If you have any bleeding, I don't think there will be much – and, even if you do, it's not something you should worry about at all. And, as I've suggested before, my aim will be to make the experience as pleasurable for you as possible, so, if there is any pain, we'll try to ensure it is minimal."

"And I want everything to be as natural as possible – so for me to be acting like a lover, not as a doctor. So, let's take our time doing it ...and so I hope you are not yet too hungry!" John suggested.

"Let me undress you now and get you to undress me. And then, before things really start, I'll let you know how I envisage things will happen, so nothing comes as a surprise to you. Is that O.K. Grace?"

Grace hugged him and gave him the most passionate kiss he had yet received from her.

John removed Grace's bra. She was finally standing in front of him naked – and she looked the most enticing young lady he had ever seen.

His penis agreed...immediately re-engorging visibly.

Her breasts were smallish – certainly not tiny, tiny – and were just the right size and shape to complement the nubile curves of her body, her shapely legs...and that 'perfect' pudendum.

He instinctively kissed each of her tits.

She seemed to like this – she didn't recoil in any way.

John then explained he had two options – to place his penis into her opening and then forceably and quickly thrust down. This, for her, was likely to be the more unpleasant option.

Or they both could work to dilate her vagina...to open up her love tunnel...to ensure it became a tiny bit wider than his manhood before he attempted penile penetration. He gave her an overview of how this might be achieved.

There is no one 'right' way to expand the diameter of her love tunnel, John explained. John had a thought about the best way of doing so...but it was really a 'try and see' situation.

And he assured her, even if the worst happened - and irrespective of whatever she might be thinking or feeling - there was absolutely no possibility she could be ripped apart or have her genitals seriously damaged whilst they were having sex.

Before John started hugging, stroking, kissing, licking, caressing Grace, he smeared a liberal amount of lubricating gel around the entrance to her vagina and as far inside as one finger would reach. And he explained he was likely to add more gel to her cunnie as the evening progressed.

Grace responded to his affection and attention instinctively – even if John could sense she – understandably - remained somewhat tense.

He then concentrated on her cunnie – first, for a fairly lengthy time, by playing with her clit, and then by starting to work one finger in and out of her vagina, occasionally probing the area where he might find her g-spot. She seemed to be well-lubricated and he felt that she was become more lubricated from the attention she was receiving.

Grace was actually quite enjoying what was happening to her.

John then tried inserting his middle finger and index finger together. For a while he thought he was achieving the desired effect, but certainly it was still not wide enough to ensure his manhood would enter freely. So he reached for a couple of zucchini which he had bought, explaining to Grace that this might feel a more natural option than using his medical vaginal dilators.

He had no trouble inserting, withdrawing, inserting, withdrawing the narrower zucchini. But now, with the second thicker zucchini, 'crunch time' had arrived.

John started by slowly, steadily inserting the zucchini. Even with a reasonable amount of pressure it was still meeting resistance. So John advised Grace that it would be best if he now gave it a few sharp thrusts.

This worked – as Grace's equally sharp yelps indicated.

Once he had pushed the zucchini as far as he could, and withdrawn it a little, he asked Grace to withdraw it and to insert it as far as she could, a number of times.

"The first time you've had a dildo down there," John joked.

Grace smiled.

When the zucchini finally emerged from Grace's love tunnel, John checked there were no signs of blood. And, thankfully, there were none.

So it was so-far so-good for Grace.

"It's now time to say bye-bye to your virginity - your ever-constant, faithful companion for the past 18 years," John suggested as he lay back down next to Grace and gave her another long hug.

If he had noticed, John would have seen Grace gently nodding.

He added a little extra gel to her vaginal opening.

"And please just try to relax...and just enjoy it. I think you will now be surprised how great it feels. And I'm certainly going to enjoy things as you and I now get to know one another intimately."

He positioned himself so he was lying on Grace, her legs well-spread ready to accept his very-erect penis into her well-lubricated love tunnel.

And then slowly lowered himself, so his shaft started to enter her virginal valley.

She instinctively knew what to do, and guided his manhood into position.

As slowly and as steadily he could, John pushed his shaft downwards.

He desperately didn't want to prematurely ejaculate, and thought that was unlikely. After all, he had recently been enjoying regular 'workouts' with Rebecca - so he should have been in 'great sexual condition.'

He continued to move slowly down...

Until he was sure the tip of his penis had emerged from her tight little tunnel into a much wider area.

He lifted himself a little, then thrust down with a little more force.

And he was in.

In fully!

"That was easier than I had thought it was going to be...she's still very tight...but then it felt almost as if she had been shafted before," John thought to himself.

He held his erection there.

Grace gave a tiny moan.

"Darling, you're a woman now," he whispered...then slightly withdrew his penis before thrusting down again.

Grace had been forewarned about what would happen next.

She knew that John's manhood would be ensuring her love tunnel was becoming rapidly, repeatedly intimately acquainted with the entire length of his engorged cock...and that within seconds or minutes she would feel the indescribable elation of being filled, for the very first time, with a man's warm jism...squirting, squirting, squirting, squirting into her.

John felt he should ejaculate as quickly as possible, on this, Grace's first time.

But he found it somewhat strange that had to focus on things that would cause him to cum because, normally, he would be trying to hold his ejaculation for as long as he could.

And then it happened!

WOW!

Truly, she was now a woman. And the experience had not been as bad as she had imagined. But...she was relieved it was over, and now she could – maybe – relax.

"How does that feel, baby?' John asked.

"Fabulous," Grace replied. "Thankyou ever so much...I'll remember this day, and I promise I'll remember you forever."

"Well, the expression is "I've popped your cherry.' But now, how about we instead pop a bottle of champagne to celebrate...and wish my gorgeous Grace an active, enjoyable, adventurous...and extremely long life full of sexual satisfaction?"

They then dined and wined together. It was probably not a meal to remember – but that didn't matter. Grace was visibly much more relaxed.

John had found a tiny card for Grace. It simply read: 'I don't want to feel I am losing something when I lose my virginity. I want to feel that I am finding something – life altering, wonderful, amazing sex.' He opened it up and wrote 'Thank you Grace for a night I will remember forever. Love. John' and he added the date.

He handed it to her and simply said "And I truly mean it."

John suspected the card would never be displayed on Grace's desk at home...unless she was at home alone.

After dinner, John suggested they visit the bed again...just to relax. But it was to be anything but that...Grace was eager to explore what 'sex' really meant and John was eager to discover what Grace could really offer.

Neither was to be disappointed...and it was many hours before Grace thought that perhaps she should be heading home.

Before she left, John 'became a doctor again' for a few seconds. He recommended to Grace that she visit him again at his home 'for a routine check-up to ensure that all is well' in a week's time.

And she did... enjoying an even more-memorable, sexually–active evening alone with John!

Grace also let John know that she realised she now had a lot to learn, a lot to try, before she could really be considered 'sexually experienced'. And – possibly because John had already indicated a number of times to her that 'he had the hots for her' (as Grace had put it) – she just assumed he would become her tutor and, in the weeks and months ahead, they would be spending quite a bit of time together.

"I owe you so much," she said when she was about to leave. "So how about I treat you to yum-cha for lunch on Sunday week..."

\* \* \* \* \*

Cassie contacted John again. She wanted to thank him for what he had done and let him know what had happened since.

They met at a café.

Cassie told John she could not thank him enough for his practical advice. She had offered her Dad a final night together in bed and he had accepted...but – very sensibly – he asked that they defer the occasion until the next night to enable him to fully savour the prospect of what was to come.

As usual, Dad was a gentle and considerate lover – so when Cassie left his bed, she was happy, and he was totally happy...if with the knowledge that he could never be as intimate with his daughter again.

And the approaches from other men had completely stopped – which pleased Cassie, because she had never been really comfortable having their hard-ons between her legs, just to help her Dad.

She reported that, thanks to John's suggestions, Dad felt his job was now secure...but he had decided it was time to move on and so was on the lookout for a new position. That might mean he would again leave town – and perhaps she might initially go with him.

And then Cassie dropped a totally unexpected bombshell.

She indicated she felt so indebted to John for what he had done that she just wanted to take him to bed to thank him in the only appropriate way possible. She also dearly wanted John to be the man who would be her 'first' – 'taking her virginity' as she embarked on a new sexual life of her own, with men more of her own age, with men entirely of her own choosing.

John could not...did not...want to say no.

He admired Cassie for her unselfishness, so he suggested they 'start things properly' as she embarked on her totally new journey. They would both go to a show in town and then spend the night together in a top-class hotel – where she could display her gratitude to John in the way she wanted to do so.

...That night John gave her a feminine silk nighty, even though he knew it would spend most of the night on the floor...which, of course, it did.

And, ultimately, when they left the hotel the next morning, both were feeling 'totally fulfilled'!

John left in the knowledge there were some very lucky guys out there who would soon be sampling Cassie's considerable sexual allure...and with the satisfaction that he had been able to help Cassie in all of the ways that he had.

\* \* \* \* \*

The only other girl from the group of six who subsequently visited John was Debbie. She came to ask for a prescription for The Pill but, on John's recommendation, left with a contraceptive implant...plus with his wishes that she have an active and satisfying sex life.

He was pleased she had visited. He had wanted to be reassured that she was totally comfortable with having been asked to take his engorged manhood into her mouth in front of five of her schoolmates.

She told him she had enjoyed the experience, but she imagined she probably would have enjoyed it more if it had led to them 'going the whole way'.

John joked that the strict 'no sex before 5pm' rule of the practice, of course, made that an impossibility.

\* \* \* \* \*

The morning that John had spent with the six schoolgirls had been inordinately successful...and subsequently having his manhood up THREE of their taught teenage love canals was certainly an exciting if unexpected bonus for him!

But a surprise he was to receive when the next group of girls visited a year later was to be far more astonishing – one he would never have foreseen, even in a hundred years...

**Sex Lessons for Six Naked Schoolgirls Pt. 03**

The group that arrived this year appeared to be less homogenous than last year's group.

Two girls stood out.

Minoo was tall, slim, very dark and quite obviously north African. 'Elegant' was perhaps the word that best described her. She spoke impeccable English and was obviously popular with her peers. John suspected she was quite sporty.

Ruth was a stunning redhead. She was slightly shorter than average, had paler skin than the others - but it was absolutely flawless - had an engaging smile, and seemed to have a quirky sense of humour.

For some reason John thought she should have been christened Frieda, after the cute little redhead from 'Peanuts' who was so proud of her 'awesome responsibility' for having naturally curly hair.

John was instinctively tempted to ask her to 'show us what's hiding in your panties.' But he knew she would often have been asked exactly that by the boys...and, anyway, he didn't need to ask knowing it was likely that very soon he would get of a glimpse of what was there.

No, not just a glimpse -- a really good look.

He hoped that she hadn't shaved her pubes at all. He expected he would be more excited if he discovered a display of thick, naturally-red bush.

Gayle was a brunette. Slightly overweight. Average looks.

Annie was an attractive blonde with her long hair tied neatly at the back of her head and then falling half way down her back. Her breasts appeared to be well-formed teenage mounds. She also had a cheerful smile.

John hoped she would reveal her pubes to be blonde and whispy...but he thought they were likely to be slightly darker, matching her eyebrows. Again, he knew he would soon find out.

Viv was another brunette, slightly shorter than the others with a clear olive complexion. Quite an appealing-looking girl. He looked forward to discovering what was hidden between her legs.

Laura was probably the most 'average' of them. There was nothing distinctive about her face or body, she was of average height and average weight-for-age (which probably meant she could happily shed a few kilos), and she seemed to be the most reserved of the six.

John started by welcoming the girls and outlining the ground rules: no topic was 'off limits'; anyone was free to leave at any time; otherwise it was 'one in, all in'; and everything said, anything that happened, was to remain strictly in the room -- there was to be no subsequent discussion of it, even between themselves.

Then he gave each girl a slip of paper and a pencil and asked them to write a Y on it if they were a virgin, an N if they were not, and a number indicating the number of men or boys with whom they had had intercourse.

He quickly looked at their responses.

Y, N1, Y, Y, N1, and N3. Probably about what he would have expected.

John wondered how soon he would be able to identify the 'N' girls. On the last occasion it had been fairly quickly.

Asking the girls to volunteer words to describe female genitals, male genitals and having intercourse had worked very well previously -- even if it focussed much of the later discussion on sex and sex-related topics. So John introduced that topic and found it was just as enthusiastically received.

The rest of the pre-coffee break session was taken up by the predictable topics of concern to girls and to adolescents.

It was obvious to John that the major topics that the girls wanted to discuss were love (as distinct from sex) and being in a relationship, but he couldn't immediately think how to cover these topic in an interesting, general way. He'd think about it more before the next group arrived -- perhaps a discussion on what girls really wanted from a man and what a man really wanted from a girl was one possibility, but he concluded he would need to ensure the male perspective didn't simply reflect his own personal feelings.

The group was particularly surprised to discover that John recommended that 18 year-old girls should seriously consider getting a contraceptive implant and that he felt they should definitely feel free to start enjoying sex.

"Sex is a very natural thing to want, a very natural thing to do, and having sex is fun -- much more fun, and much safer than taking any form of drug," he suggested.

They were also surprised to learn that if he had a daughter he would strongly recommend to her that she consider getting a contraceptive implant, that he would give her a double bed for her 18th birthday, and would welcome her regularly taking male friends into her room to enjoy some good sex.

"And, if there was a sex education course available -- one that included tips on having great sex -- I would enrol her without hesitation," he added.

"Can I become your daughter?" Annie asked.

"And me too?" several others immediately responded.

"Well, I haven't quite finalised the application form yet," John joked. "You'll have to convince me you are a non-smoker, do not take drugs, and...perhaps I should the ask your Mums what other things I should ask -- do you keep your room tidy?...how much time do you spend on the phone or texting?...are you argumentative?...do you help with the cooking and housework?..."

"How loud do you play your music?" one girl added. "And how long do you spend in the bathroom?" another suggested.

"Are you any good in bed?" a voice cheekily volunteered.

"I don't think I need to know if my daughter is good in bed," John instantly replied. "...But that might be on the application form for a wife!"

"And you'd probably ask her to sit an oral!" one voice contributed.

"You mean kneel an oral, don't you!" another quickly added.

Whilst he enjoyed this harmless banter, John thought this could easily get out of hand, so he called the coffee break.

...After the break John indicated he was delighted that so many of those present wanted to become his adoptive daughter, and asked how many of them might instead ask their parents to provide the same benefits -- a contraceptive implant, a double bed, unlimited visiting rights to suitable males, and enrolment at a 'teach me how to have great sex' school.

None thought they would be willing to do so. "Then, we have a long way to go with women's liberation," John observed.

"And if they had been asked, how many of your parents might agree to provide these benefits?" John enquired.

A couple of girls thought it might be a possibility -- but it would require some protracted, serious negotiation.

John responded by saying that perhaps some of those here today were underestimating the support they would receive from their parents - especially from their mothers who would have gladly enjoyed and benefitted from a much greater sexual freedom than they had been allowed when they had been in their late teens.

He thought that many parents were reluctant to give their daughters the freedoms that they (they parents) really felt their daughters should have, simply for fear of receiving criticism from less-enlightened parents.

And he suggested that if just a few parents started offering their daughters the sort of benefits that he was suggesting then, suddenly, others would soon follow...and perhaps all girls would ultimately find they were provided with double beds and would have far more interesting, satisfying and natural sex lives.

"So I guess you're not a supporter of the 'no sex before marriage' push," Ruth observed.

"No," John replied. "My feeling is that that thinking is now outdated. It made sense when we didn't have an effective contraceptive for women and there was a high chance of getting pregnant if you had sex, but today very effective contraceptives are available that have dramatically reduced the chances of a girl getting pregnant."

"And there is another reason I don't support the idea. And that is because most girls eventually 'settle down' with a partner and become monogamous -- maybe because they agree 'thou shalt not commit adultery', or perhaps because they respect and love their partners. This means that there is a very short time, probably just 10 or 15 years, between the time a girl ideally might first become sexually active and the time she settles down, and my belief is during those few short years every girl should feel comfortable 'playing the field' and sampling the range of sexual experiences that are available to them."

"I'd much prefer we were giving girls -- and boys as well - the messages 'no drugs before marriage' and 'no smoking before marriage' rather than restricting something as natural as having sex with the 'no sex before marriage' message."

The girls gave him a brief round of applause.

"John, along the same lines, if you had a wife and a teenage daughter and your daughter asked if she could watch you and your wife having sex, what would reaction be?" Gayle asked. "Because, as you might guess, I've never seen anyone else having sex -- except in the movies. And, perhaps it would be instructive if I was able to see what others were doing."

John thought for a moment. "I'd probably have to say yes, although she would probably find it was extremely unexciting just sitting there watching...and I might challenge her by asking if, in return, my wife and I could come along as observers one day when she was in bed with a boyfriend! You know, we'd probably learn just as much, if not more, from her too."

"But seriously," John added, "it's really sad that we are still so coy about something as basic, as natural and as fun as having sex."

"And talking about things that we sometimes still think to be taboo, Ruth asked me something whilst we were having coffee. Ruth?"

"I've repeatedly heard that it's bad for girls and guys to masturbate, and just wondered what John thought about this."

"A very good question, Ruth," John replied. 'Medically there is no evidence that masturbation is bad for you...and very little evidence that it could be good for you -- except that there is, for example, some evidence that some cancers might be less common in men who regularly ejaculate, either by masturbating or by having sexual intercourse."

"So, by taking the same man to bed regularly you may be doing him an extra favour!" John joked.

"My personal view is that we have been blessed with the opportunity to masturbate and enjoy ourselves -- for example, our arms are long enough for our hands to reach down between our legs, so we can easily play in those areas that really liked to be stimulated -- and I can see no reason why we should not then be doing so."

"Can you give us some tips about where and how to most effectively masturbate?" Viv asked.

"That's probably a better question to ask a sex therapist than a doctor, but I'll try," John replied.

"First, you'll want to be in the mood for it and be good and relaxed."

"I'd suggest that what you should aim to do, at least initially, is to really get to know your body -- from the top of your head to the very tip of your toes, because you may find there are some areas that are surprisingly responsive to touch. For example, some people find the area behind their knees or on the soles of their feet really love to be touched."

"The amount of touch and how you touch different places also can make a difference -- so try touching, stroking, pushing, pulling, flicking places all over your body to see how they react. And, I understand, different people have different reactions when masturbating standing up, sitting down, lying down, in the shower, in the bath. So really, getting to know your body will take you some time."

"You'll probably find your breasts, and particularly around your nipples, the area between your labia where your clitoris is located, and the area inside your love tunnel, especially where your g-spot is located, are the most responsive."

"You can just use your hands, or a finger or two - especially when you start getting inside your love tunnel - or you might find some other things help. I understand, for example, that many women who have flexible shower heads like the feel of the water being squirted up between their legs, and others use a string of beads to rub up and down from the small of their back, down between their legs, and all the way around to their belly button."

"And there is no reason why we shouldn't use many of the sex aids that are available today, especially if they can make our sex lives more interesting or more enjoyable."

"Does that answer the question adequately, girls?" John asked.

There was a chorus of 'yeses' and a good-natured 'no, more information please' from Ruth.

"I wonder how many of you girls have ever seen, or perhaps ever used, a vibrator, or a dildo, or some other sex toy?" John asked, quickly changing the topic slightly.

There was silence.

"Well how about you do so today? And if one or two of you are game, I'll even let you try out the vibrator."

He could see some distinct smiles.

"And, simultaneously, I'm going to suggest something that has been proven to be very popular with a number of the other groups who have come here previously."

"And that is to suggest you have a look at one another's cunnies -- the area between your legs -- simply because most girls don't get to see too many other mature girls' female parts. And when you see the variation, you'll understand there is no such thing as a 'normal' labia or a 'normal' vagina...and this variation is something which, I can tell you as a male, contributes to the excitement of having sex...so each of you should really be quite happy with what you've got down there."

"And, similarly, you'll probably find in the future that no two men's penises are the same, and different ones will excite you in different ways. So we males should also be happy with what we have to offer."

"So I'm now going to suggest we all drop our panties so you will be able to see what the other girls -- and I - have hidden between our legs. I think you might be surprised."

"John would you excuse me for just one minute," Annie asked. "I've just finished my period and would like to like to remove the tampon I've been wearing 'just in case'."

"I'll give you two minutes," John responded. "Tampons are designed to absorb all the moisture down there, so you will probably now be a lot drier than the other girls." He handed her a tube of gel and suggested "if you feel you need to, just smear a tiny bit of this between your labia and into your vagina, to ensure you are as comfortable as the rest of us."

John had feared for a few seconds that Laura, the quietest one, was about to ask to sit out this activity, but she didn't. Perhaps, if she had doubts, she had been swayed by not wanting to be seen as 'the odd man out' of the group.

"And, John, whilst Annie is away, may I have a word with you in private?" Minoo asked.

John took her to the end of the corridor outside of their meeting room.

"I just wanted to let you know that I have had a clitoridectomy," she announced.

"Oh," said John "I certainly wasn't expecting anything like that."

"It happened when I was a young girl in Sudan, and it was a social thing."

"Would you prefer to sit out this session?" John enquired.

"Hell no," Minoo replied.

"Would you be prepared to share this information with the other girls if I explained to them what has happened to you and ask them to treat the information confidentially?"

"Yes, that would be wonderful," she replied.

"That's very brave of you, Minoo. Now one last thing, I understand that girls who have a female circumcision could have any of a whole range of things done to them. Would you mind just telling me how much of a circumcision you received."

"I simply had the part of my clitoris that was above the surrounding tissue cut off. So it wasn't just a ceremonial nick...but neither did I have my labia stitched together, as happens to many other girls."

'You are absolutely sure you're comfortable showing your female parts to the other girls?" John checked.

"Yes, absolutely," Minoo replied.

..."Now girls, are we all ready to take our panties off?" John enquired.

Again there was a nervous no-reply.

"Before we do so, Minoo has just told me something that's very interesting. Minoo..."

"I don't have a clitoris like you other girls, because when I was very young I was given a clitoridectomy," Minoo said.

John then explained this was a cultural practice and not something that Minoo had decided for herself. He then asked them to absolutely respect and cherish Minoo's decision to share this knowledge with them...and suggested that, whilst they inspected each other's genitalia, that they didn't ask Minoo about the experience. They would do that as a group later.

He also explained that what had happened to Minoo was also commonly described as female circumcision, infibulation, and female genital mutilation...and it was a totally illegal practice in this country.

John then dropped his pants and his undies. The girls all did the same.

Like the previous group of girls, this group was intrigued with what they discovered was hidden between their schoolmate's legs and were excited by being able to see and touch John's impressive, involuntary erection.

The activity continued for quite some time.

John remembered Rebecca's comment about the effect that seeing his erection for the first time had on her...and wondered whether any of the girls today would be similarly excited. Secretly he hoped so.

And he again mentally played his 'ratings' game:

Ruth did not disappoint. She had a fiery ginger pussy. She was a true ginger midge, in the very best sense of that description! And it completely covered her mound -- in a light, feminine sort of way. In fact, John thought she (or perhaps someone else!) may have earlier trimmed it to a Brazilian and allowed it to regrow because the central strip running down towards her slash seemed to be slightly thicker than the remainder.

She was quite happy -- and even seemed proud - displaying her natural very-feminine features to John. Once again he thought she really should have been christened Frieda as both of them shared so many of the same traits.

And the panties she had just removed were exactly the same colour and shade as her pubes -- absolutely, exactly, the same!! This girl either had a great sense of self-deprecation or style...or both.

When Ruth turned around, John had no other choice but to appreciate her tight toned butt. Wouldn't he love to do something with that! But, whatever he may have had in mind, unfortunately it was currently 'strictly off limits' to him.

But he could always dream.

John concluded she would be a really good fuck and was pretty sure she was one of the three girls who had already lost her virginity. He thought he would have no hesitation flattening her bush, if the opportunity arose. He immediately gave her an 8½ on his fuckability index.

When it was his turn to have a closer look between her legs, John made the comment to her that "redheads are a little more exotic than the more-common blondes or brunettes, and over the years I guess lots of guys have asked you to let them have a look down there."

"Yes, and I'm really over it," she replied. "I can't even go to the beach by myself without some jerk asking me if I would drop my bikini bottom and show him what is there."

"And how many of them do you disappoint?"

"All of them. If wanting a look is the best they can offer me, then they are not trying. They'd probably have more success if they just asked me for a fuck!"

Annie's pubes, in contrast to Ruth's, were a disappointment. They were the same darker colour as her eyebrows. But they had been trimmed neatly and ran down in a line to her very enticing slash, her not-unattractive labia parting to give a slight hint of the hole that lay beneath. She was a 7½.

John was not sure how to rate Minoo. Her appearance suggested an 8 but, knowing she had been circumcised, he wondered if that meant the job of sexually arousing her would now be more difficult...or maybe it just meant that more attention would have to be given to finding her g-spot. He would love to know the answer.

ohn asked her to hop up on his examination table so he could more closely examine the area between her labia. She was happy to agree to his request.

She had a nice compact mound of pubic hair atop her mons -- also best described as 'elegant' John thought. And in her pudendal cleft some scarring from her circumcision was evident. "It's certainly not something doctors see every day," he told Minoo.

Viv's pubic hair was, of course, quite dark. It was all still 'natural' -- with John thinking it could do with a little tidying-up around the edges. She was given a 7.

Gayle and Laura were both rated around a 5. In keeping with their outward appearances, they had nothing spectacular to show between their legs.

Except that Gayle had a stud half way down her labia majora. He later asked her why, to discover it had occurred as a result of a drunken bet.

"And what do your parents think about it?" John enquired, to which she replied "I haven't shown them, and I'm not intending to let me know I have it."

John indicated it didn't appeal to him and that she perhaps could have done something far more creative and enticing by simply styling her pubic hair in some way. He suggested, as one possibility, that she could have shaved an x, as in box, in her pubic hair.

After all the girls had inspected one another's tweenies and John's erect male member, John brought out a vibrator and a dildo. He explained that these were just two of a whole range of different styles of vibrator and dildo and suggested that for many females they were their 'best friends,' providing enjoyment that was unavailable from men, or enjoyment to supplement that provided by men.

He called for a volunteer to 'test run' the vibrator. Three hands immediately shot up.

John selected Viv, and suggested she lie on the examination table and try to run it up and down over her clitoris.

The girls' were mesmerised watching her moving the vibrator along the area between her labia. Whilst doing so, she had closed her eyes - so was obviously focussing on enjoying the new experience. The girls noticed she -- perhaps involuntarily or unconsciously -- very slightly moved her pelvis from side to side a couple of times as she sought to maximise the pleasure she was receiving from the 'toy'.

And, all the while, the girls hoped she would end her 'test run' by making the vibrator disappear down into her love tunnel.

"Yo, it's sick," Viv suddenly announced, and John suggested it was time that she stopped. He didn't feel it appropriate that a schoolgirl should bring herself to orgasm in his consulting room, watched by a group of her classmates...whilst on a school activity.

But, he thought, she surely wouldn't be the first schoolgirl to -- perhaps silently, discretely -- bring herself to orgasm during some boring school class.

And he remembered the story -- perhaps a schoolboy myth -- about the girl who was pleasuring herself with a test tube during a chemistry class, until it shattered inside and she had to be taken to hospital to have the glass fragments carefully removed. How embarrassing!

John apologised that time would not allow all of them to try the vibrator immediately, so suggested they take the vibrator and dildo away so that each of them in turn could try them both. He explained the necessity to thoroughly clean and disinfect each before they were passed on to the next girl, and reminded them if they trialled either in their anal passage that they must ensure it was first given a liberal coat of lubricating gel.

"It should be my turn first," Viv suggested, almost grabbing the paper bag containing the vibrator and dildo from the grasp of her peers.

John arranged for Minoo to be the one who returned both 'toys' to him.

"While I still have my pants off, could you show me exactly where my g-spot is?" Ruth asked.

"I'll let you, and any others who want to try it for themselves, see if you can find it," John replied.

He then told the girls they should insert one or two fingers into their love tunnels, point the tips of their fingers back and upwards towards their clitoris and feel for an area that felt spongy and had some tiny ridges.

It was fun watching the girls -- or most of them - try. Faye simply sat there tightly holding her crotch, and did not seem inclined to let her fingers explore what was really hidden between her legs.

The other five schoolgirls, naked from the waist down, happily sat or lay on the floor with their fingers fondling their femininities. And the girls seemed to be enjoying 'the lesson'...especially-so Ruth, who looked as if she was determined to have an orgasm and whose distinctive ginger pubic hairs were being rapidly moved in all directions -- much to John's delight as he watched.

He was even more convinced now that she was the most sexually active of the group. Those three lucky guys who had previously fucked her some time!

But John was puzzled why she had asked about where to find her g-spot. He had a very strong suspicion that she already knew.

John wondered whether he should volunteer that they were playing in the area which, with more attention, might lead to them 'squirting', or having a female ejaculation...but he thought it was not something they needed to immediately discover.

John then suggested each girl 'reward' her private parts, for having been such a willing participant, with a few gentle rubs or strokes or pats...and then 'hide them away again until later in the day' under their panties and other clothes.

Ruth made no attempt to be modest as she pulled her distinctive ginger bikini panties up over her clearly-displayed slash and pubes, and then wriggled seductively into her skin-tight jeans.

John realised, at last, that she was nothing other than an 18-year-old sexual tease -- and that she was deliberately targeting him.

And he now knew exactly what he would love to do to that cute little arse.

He would have loved to have immediately bent Ruth over his knee, taken down those panties and then used the palm of his hand to give her bare little schoolgirl-bottom the really good smacking it no-doubt deserved.

And he would have ensured it was a real buttocks-reddening, tear-inducing smack -- not just something like the playful 'discipline' he had recently been 'forced' to administer to Rebecca's attractive little arse for some trivial transgression.

Had he humiliated Ruth by taking down her panties, the other girls would no-doubt have wet themselves laughing!

"Now finally," said John "As I indicated earlier, I'm going to ask Minoo if she could tell us what she remembers about having her clitoridectomy and what her feelings are now about having had that clitoridectomy. I suspect you would all like to know this."

"I was given my cut by a traditional village circumciser called a Guddaay when I was about six years old," Minoo began. "It was a social thing -- there was a general belief that uncut girls are impure and unmarriageable, and there is a belief that the area down there on a girl or a woman is more attractive when it has been circumcised than if it is left uncut."

"I was given a cut called a sunna. This was relatively small procedure, because many girls have a lot more of their genital area removed than I did, when they are cut. Basically, what happened was the visible part of my clitoris was cut off."

"It happened at my home, and it happened to three or four other girls at the same time. From what I remember, some of the other mothers from the area came to our house that day for a sort of party."

"I hadn't been told what was to happen. But I remember one or two of the other girls screaming and crying before it happened to me."

"I was held down by my mother and two other mothers whilst my clitoris was cut off with a knife. I remember it was very, very painful, because I was not given any anaesthetic, and there was a lot of blood. And I think I had been promised some sort of treat once it had been performed."

"It was not something I had chosen, and I think I was told it was just something that happened to all girls. My parents seemed quite pleased that I had finally been cut in this way."

"And what do you think about it now?" John asked.

"I'm not happy it was done, and it's not something I tell people about," Minoo replied. "But, I guess what happened to me is a little like what happens to some women who get breast cancer and need to have a breast removed. It's not what you want -- but what happens, just happens."

"I guess I'm now a little less feminine..." Minoo started.

"No," said John, "I'm sorry to interrupt. You may be a tiny, tiny bit less physically female, but it's unlikely to have affected your femininity...and as far as I can see, you appear to be completely 100% feminine."

The other girls agreed.

"What reaction has this had, or do you think you will receive, from guys you get involved with?" Viv asked.

John responded quickly, fearing that this question may force Minoo to admit that she had been, or had not yet been, sexually active. "That's a good question, which probably should be answered by a guy," he said.

"Minoo will probably have to tell any guys she gets seriously involved with what has occurred because they are likely, sooner or later, to discover that something tiny is missing from down there. And then they will be intrigued -- just as much as you have been today. And then they will, in all likelihood, accept her for who she is...and as a couple they will just be able to do all the things that couples normally do, because all her other usual female parts are still there...and Minoo will probably be able to enjoy her sex life as much as any other girl enjoys hers. And it will certainly have no effect on her ability to have babies."

The time available to John and the girls had run out, so he wished them all well and issued an invitation for any of them to call him again should they need any help or if they wanted to talk more about the things they had discussed that morning.

Again, he gave each of the girls a kiss on their cheek as they left his room.

Predictably, Ruth was the one girl who was brazen enough to give him a kiss in return.

"Don't forget to send me the application form to become your daughter, when it's finalised," Annie joked as she left.

"O.K.," said John, knowing there was little chance of that happening because Rebecca was moving into his only spare bedroom in several months' time, when college resumed after the long summer vacation.

(John anticipated his second 'bedroom' would soon simply become her study, and he wondered how long it would take the two of them to have tried all of the 365 Sex Positions described in her book. He was also looking forward to their 'first anniversary' celebration in a few days' time, with Rebecca having told him she would meet him at 5pm at his surgery and 'take him for a trip down memory lane.'

And, after that, he had several months to figure out some new arrangement with Grace. Over the past six months or so, she had become a regular 'occasional visitor' and seemed to be greatly enjoying his company as they shared a meal together - before she invariably then received a very-welcome 'little extra' present from him, which was always delivered 'with love' way, way down inside her still-taught, cute little cunnie.)

And John hoped that when she returned the vibrator and dildo, he might be able to question Minoo a little more about how her circumcision had affected her sexually.

\* \* \* \* \*

At 5 minutes to 5pm John took a phone call. It was from Laura.

"Dr John, I would just like to thank you for an absolutely fascinating morning. It was really great to meet someone who suggests that we girls can, and possibly should, enjoy sex from about the time we are finishing school."

"However, I personally haven't felt that way at all about having sex and I wonder if I ever will. And so I am ringing you, hoping I might be able to talk to you a little more about how I feel."

"I'd be pleased to do so, Laura," John replied. "How about tomorrow afternoon at 5pm?"

... "As I explained to you on the phone, I'm not at all enthusiastic about having sex, and wonder if I ever will be. And, possibly because of this, I've never had a boyfriend," Laura explained the next afternoon.

"Do you have any idea why this might be?" John asked.

"It's probably because I was raped by my brother when I was 13," Laura replied.

"Well that explains why Laura was so reluctant to join in some of the activities yesterday," John thought to himself.

"Oh!" said John. "That's not good at all. Would you mind telling me exactly what happened and if it was a one-off occurrence."

"No, I was raped twice," Laura responded. "The first time was one evening when my parents were out. I had had a bath and was in my pyjamas about to go to bed when Ian, my brother, followed me to my room. He had my cat, Blackie, in one arm and his penknife in his other hand. He told me that the whole family had noticed I had grown taller and developed boobs, and they all knew I would now have hair between my legs...and he asked me to show him my boobs and my cunt. I refused."

"He then told me that Blackie would be killed if I didn't do as he had asked."

"Foolishly, I then agreed and took off my PJs."

"He then pushed me onto my bed and said he could see I was clearly old enough to have my first screw, which was something all girls really looked forward to...and, even though I objected by saying 'no' to him, and I tried to keep my legs together, and I told him I was frightened I might get pregnant, he forced my legs apart and ultimately he rammed his cock into my vagina."

"It hurt a lot, and I think I might have bled a bit," Laura added.

"Oh, that's not good," John said. "I presume from what you've just said that you had passed puberty when this happened."

"Yes, I probably had already had 10 or 12 periods when this happened."

"And how old was your brother?" John asked.

"He's three years older than me, so I guess he must have been 16 or 17 when it happened."

"And, if you wouldn't mind, can you tell me about the second time."

"It happened several months later. I came home from school and was getting changed out of my school clothes when Ian unexpectedly came into my room. Again he had Blackie and his penknife, and again he threatened to kill Blackie if I didn't let him screw me again. I again said no and told him I didn't want to get pregnant."

" 'But you can't get pregnant when you are having your period,' he replied. "And somehow he knew I was. He made me remove my tampon and then again forced his cock into me and thrust hard until he came. Again, it hurt me a lot -- probably because the tampon had made me quite dry. I should have struggled more, or tried to escape, or something. But I was so terrified at the time, and really didn't want Blackie to be harmed."

"A few days later I confronted him and told him that if he ever touched me again I would tell Mum and Dad and report him to the police. He just laughed and I can still remember him saying to me 'You don't need to worry about that happening because you are really just a fucking aweful fuck'."

"Laura, did you ever tell your Mum or Dad?"

"No," Laura replied. "I've never told anyone. You are the first person I've ever told about it," she sobbed.

"Laura, you are a wonderfully brave girl telling me. But can you tell me why you didn't tell your Mum, for example?"

"I was too embarrassed to do so, and I guess I didn't want to admit that I had allowed it to happen. And I really thought Ian would kill Blackie, which he had threatened to do, if I ever told anyone about what had occurred."

"O.K.," said John "There are a number of things I'd like to share with you."

"The first is, it should not have happened to you and I'm very sorry that it did. And I can fully understand why your outlook on sex and attitude to boys might have been affected."

"The second thing is that you must realise, and you must now accept, what happened WAS NOT YOUR FAULT. And, I must emphasise, it was not your fault in any way. Once you accept this, you'll be in a position to really move rapidly down the road to becoming a well-adjusted young lady with a 'normal' desire for sex and for male companionship."

"And the third thing is that you have done exactly the right thing telling me that it happened. Keeping this information all to yourself has not been the ideal thing, and I commend you for sharing the information with me for the first time. In fact, you'll probably find that a huge weight has been lifted from your shoulders now you have shared the information with someone else."

"The next thing you should know is that you are not alone. Not alone for having been treated this way by your brother, and not alone as far as getting help and now moving forward is concerned. Statistics would indicate there are probably one or two or three other girls in your class who have, tragically, been similarly treated something like this by a relative -- perhaps by their father, or a brother, or an uncle, or a cousin -- and, of course, you'll never know who those other girls are because, like you have found, they understandably don't want to talk about it."

"And the final thing is that you can move forward to have normal relationships and a normal desire for sex. You might currently have a little catching-up to do with other girls of your age, but that doesn't matter and maybe it will now be fun for you doing so, and you may benefit from getting some professional help -- some of which I am happy to give you -- if you feel you might need it."

"I doubt that you are a 'fucking aweful fuck' at all, but I can assure you that there is no reason why you cannot now become a fucking awesome fuck...and that you'll discover having good sex will also give you a fucking fabulous feeling."

"I hope some of this makes sense to you," John said.

"Thankyou, it does," Laura replied.

"Would you like me to make some suggestions about what you should do next?" John asked.

"Yes, please," Laura replied with a slight smile of relief on her face.

"I know it's going to be a bit hard for you at first, but I'd suggest you now really should try to get to know your own body, as I suggested yesterday morning. Particularly look for the pleasurable things it has to offer and at some time -- not at first -- start to imagine that it's not your hands, not your fingers, that are doing the pleasuring but that they are those of an appealing young man."

"And when it's your turn to try the vibrator and the dildo that I gave to Viv, please see if you can get an hour or so at home alone with them and really see what you can make them do. Hopefully you'll start to see how much fun you can have and you'll start to develop a different view about your likely future attitude to sex."

"You've taken the first step, by being here today and talking to me, towards becoming a new you, so might I suggest you mark this milestone in some additional way?"

"Yesterday you might have noticed that one of the other girls had a Brazilian, so you might also consider getting one to remind yourself it's the 'new you' every time you now look down that way when you are in the shower or when you are sitting on the toilet."

"That's a good idea," Laura replied.

"I'm not sure I can help you attract boyfriends, but let me say you must give signs to them that you are interested in them. For example, you have quite a pretty face that unfortunately is currently probably saying you have been hurt, and you should try to change this so your face is saying to potential boyfriends 'I'm happy and I'm perhaps interested in you'. And you can do this by doing something as simple as deliberately looking them in the eye and smiling at them occasionally."

"It takes a bit of work -- a smile for 5 different guys this week, perhaps 7 different guys next week, 10 the week after, even if you are just passing them when walking along the footpath. You'll be amazed what a difference that simple smile can make."

"And how about coming back to see me again in several weeks' time and we'll have another chat -- perhaps some time after you've discovered how well you've gotten along with your friends the dildo and the vibrator."

...A few weeks' later Laura returned. She looked John in the eye and smiled. Obviously she had taken some notice of his suggestions.

"How are you feeling and how is getting to know your body?' John enquired.

"Fine, in both cases," Laura replied. "I even gave myself an orgasm with your vibrator!" she gleefully added.

"That's great," John replied. "Was it from stimulating your clitoris?"

"Yes," was her answer.

"Well next time you can look forward to having a vaginal and g-spot orgasm, and later perhaps even work on trying to get one by playing around with your nipples and boobs," John said jocularly.

The two talked for a while about what had happened over the preceding few weeks and about the challenges that Laura still had ahead of her. John was pleased that she was feeling more comfortable about herself and that she seemed to be facing her future with more optimism.

"And did you give yourself that Brazilian?" he eventually enquired.

"I'm going to, but I haven't done so yet," she replied.

"Well, what would you think about getting one right now -- so you have that one more sign that the new Laura really has arrived."

She was a bit startled with the suggestion, but rapidly agreed. She removed her jeans and panties and climbed on the examination table while John fetched his electric clippers.

And soon her 'au natural' pubes were transformed into a neatly trimmed Brazilian.

"How does that feel?" John asked when he had finished.

Laura ran her hand down between her legs and replied "Great".

"Would you mind if I had a feel too?" John asked.

"Please go right ahead," she said.

He did so... slowly...letting his fingers stray down over and slightly between her labia.

"And how about you let me be the first man to touch your clit?" John suggested.

She agreed to his suggestion, so John advised her to close her eyes and just relax.

John parted her labia and ran his finger gently back up her teenage valley and then lightly rubbed and circled her clit for a few -- quite a few - seconds.

"Feel good?" he enquired.

"Yes, really good," she replied. And she smiled.

"Well that's another wonderful first for you today," John said.

John had been very tempted to then ask if he might insert a couple of his fingers into her love tunnel to check whether she similarly enjoyed having her g-spot gently stroked, but he decided that would be going a little too far -- at least today!

But he did volunteer to give her a free contraceptive implant, so she would have the freedom to become sexually active at any time, and then extracted a promise from her that she would contact him again 'very soon after you have lost your virginity to the man of your choice...which I hope, and expect, will occur within the next 12 months.'

And John reminded Laura that it was now equally acceptable for women to ask for sex as it was for men to do so, telling her that if there was a man she fancied and she felt like a fuck, she should not hesitate in inviting him to bed. In fact, he said, few women ever get a knock-back if they offer a man sex, whereas men unfortunately still ran a high chance of being rebuffed when they asked a girl to bed -- so a girl always had something of an advantage over a man when it came to suggesting they have their first fuck.

Before she left, John again volunteered to help Laura "in any way, at any time. Please consider me as someone who is always available to provide whatever help you may need."

And he wondered how soon it would be before he would again be looking at her neatly trimmed Brazilian...and how soon it would be before he was able to conclusively identify the other two girls who had already lost their virginities.

John had also thought more about Ruth - a lot more! He decided he was dead-wrong thinking about taking down her panties and walloping her enticing derierre (even though this would have been an exciting erection-inducing experience for him!).

She was obviously very intelligent, very playful and extremely sexually confident and sexually comfortable. So a lot of the talk yesterday could well have been far, far too basic for her.

Instead of thinking of removing her undies to give her a hiding, John thought he should have invited her back to his surgery after 5pm for a personalised, more-advanced tutorial at which he might give her the extra information she wanted about masturbation, ensure that she knew exactly how to maximise the pleasure available from her g-spot...and teach her whatever else she wanted to learn. She would, of course, have her pants down again -- and that might be fun. Yes, maybe he would (somehow) contact her to let her know the offer was available, any time she was.

**Sex Lessons for Six Naked Schoolgirls Pt. 04**

John rang Ruth shortly after she and her five schoolmates had visited his surgery. He spun a tale to her that he was doing some research on relationships and, after their previous meeting, felt she could be of great assistance to him. Would she mind coming back to his surgery one afternoon at 5pm to help him with his research?

Naturally she was pleased to do so.

John fanaticised about what might happen that afternoon.

He really wanted to get into her pants and, knowing that three other guys had previously fucked her, he decided he would ask her if she would agree to the pleasure of having his manhood up her posterior love tunnel.

No doubt it would be a new experience for her. Even he himself had only experienced the pleasure of anal sex a couple of times when Rebecca had finally plucked up enough courage to say 'yes' to his repeated requests to enter her from behind.

He was sure that Ruth's gorgeous little bottom would be delighted to receive something similar to what its neighbouring vaginal area was so enjoying.

John thought he would ask Rebecca on Sunday to again accept anal. This would give him just that little-more rear-end practice prior to Ruth's arrival the next day.

And he would ask Rebecca to instruct him in how to maximise her pleasure whilst receiving his erection up her 'love tunnel no. 2'. He would then be able to ensure that Ruth would leave the next day feeling totally elated - and not just with a slightly sore first-timers' anus.

If only Rebecca realised how valuable she was to John! Not only was she allowing him to give her a weekly fuck (which, in a few months' time, was likely to become a much more frequent - perhaps even nightly - fuck), but she had allowed him to deflower her anally, and she had given him the vital information that ultimately enabled him to take Grace's virginity, ...and now she would be unwittingly instructing him on the best way to most pleasurably anally dilate Ruth!

'Rebecca, you're a gem,' he thought.

...When Ruth arrived at 5pm on Monday, John lied to her again: 'I've had a shit of a day. Would you mind if we went back to my apartment and talked there, so I can have a beer? It's just a 3 minute walk down the road.'

...John helped himself to the beer and Ruth accepted a glass of white wine. John left the opened bottle nearby so she could refresh her glass whilst they talked and she relaxed.

The first half hour was spent 'helping' John with his 'research.' John actually found it quite interesting as Ruth provided a female perspective about some things that John had not previously considered.

He was particularly interested to learn how teenage girls - or at least one teenage girl - thought about sex. Yes, it was an integral part of being in a relationship, or was likely to become an integral part of a developing relationship, but it was also something that girls themselves obviously enjoyed - and wanted to enjoy - in its own right, and something they enjoyed sharing with guys...and they used it to 'reward' guys for paying them appropriate attention.

John was pleased that girls were now taking advantage of the freedoms that contraception provided, but couldn't help wondering why so many girls still had unprotected sex only to discover they had become pregnant...too often leading to the acute psychological trauma that resulted from having a termination or having to resort to the 'morning after' pill. He again wished he could offer every 18 year-old girl a free contraceptive implant.

John hadn't realised how crucially important it was for a girl to be in a relationship until he had the conversation with Ruth that afternoon...and how being an active, integral member of a female group served as a 'surrogate relationship' when a girl wasn't currently in an active relationship with a guy (or, for some, another girl).

And suddenly he realised how much more impactful it was for a girl to be 'dumped' after a relationship - bringing back memories to him of how he had simply 'dumped' two girlfriends without any explanation when he felt their relationships had run their course.

When asked, Ruth divulged that she was not in a current relationship...and, although there was no immediate prospect of acquiring a new boyfriend, Ruth indicated that she hoped that situation would not last long. This confirmed to John the importance to females of being in a relationship.

The conversation then turned to masturbation.

Ruth had been masturbating regularly since at least puberty. And she really enjoyed it - frequently bringing herself to orgasm.

She told John that she had been advised that masturbation was something that was not good for her, and this attitude may have even been impressed on her since early childhood when her mother and father had told her to 'stop touching yourself, stop playing with yourself down there.'

But from around puberty she had ignored the advice - the pleasure was too great to ignore! - and she now wondered why so many girls and women apparently still did not masturbate.

John asked Ruth to describe how she masturbated or, if she was willing, to show him exactly how she masturbated.

She agreed, and they moved to the bedroom where she climbed onto the bed, having removed her jeans and panties - exactly the same ginger panties she had worn when on that school visit to his surgery!

This was one sexually comfortable, sexually confident young lady, he again thought.

Once again, John could barely take his gaze away from those attractive, whispy, ginger pubes and that come-hither female valley that ran down between her legs.

Ruth moved her hand to between her legs - then suddenly sat up and unbuttoned her top before removing it and then removing her bra. She dropped both onto John's floor.

Now John had something extra to attract his attention. A pair of pert, well-rounded teenage boobs each surmounted by a darker, taught, tender bud.

They were VERY enticing. Ooh, how John wished he might caress them between his lips...or, at the very least, be fingering each of them.

But John was distracted. He could feel something becoming very erect between his legs!

He wondered if he should drop his pants so that both he and Ruth were similarly attired. But he wasn't immediately given any time to do so.

'Sorry,' Ruth said. 'If I'm going to try to come to orgasm I'll need to involve my tits. I usually find it helps if I give them a bit of a pat before I start playing with my clit. So they needed to be freed from my bra.'

Ruth lay down again and closed her eyes. John decided he would just watch...still thinking he might have an ejaculation, thereby wetting his pants.

So he quietly undid his pants, letting them drop to the floor and then, quickly, pulled off his undies. A hand towel was conveniently close at hand, should it be needed!

He was amazed at how erect his penis had already become.

Ruth began by cupping both her breasts and visibly squeezed them gently down against her chest a few times. She was enjoying the feeling of how soft and smooth her tender young mounds actually were, whilst imagining that John would soon be tempted to continue their massage for her.

Then her fingers fondled her now-erect nipples, occasionally pinching and pulling them and twisting them between her thumb and her forefinger. How good that felt!

It was not long before Ruth slowly moved her right hand down between her legs. The fingers on her left hand continued to arouse her left nipple.

John noticed that Ruth's index and middle fingers immediately disappeared into her love tunnel - he thought perhaps to sample its wetness, but actually it was to retrieve some of her natural lubricant - before both emerged and moved up the length of her clitoral slit, moistening it as they did so, before they began circling her love bud.

John was amazed how rhythmically, how long Ruth worked this area. She just kept circling her clitoris, circling her clitoris with her fingertips.

Occasionally she ran her fingers over her clit or gave it a slight flick - as if instructing it to 'stand up straight...be a good girl.'

And she seemed to be doing it ever so gently...and enjoying every minute of what was happening.

Then, quite suddenly, her left hand left her breast and two fingers were plunged into her hole. They were soon working with a different, increasing urgency...helping things happen as Ruth willed herself to a climax.

A soft, satisfied moan from Ruth was the first indication to John that this had been reached.

Ruth then tilted her head back on the pillow and relaxed, her eyes still closed, clearly just savouring a diminishing sensation...and thinking she could lie there for hours alternately relaxing and masturbating. For Ruth had just brought herself to a particularly intense and enjoyable orgasm!

'It's easy when you know how,' John had thought. And Ruth certainly DID know how - probably aided on this occasion with the knowledge she was being watched!

John had never watched a young girl masturbate before - other, of course, than having briefly witnessed those twelve visiting schoolgirls fondling their very-female areas which were normally hidden under their panties and between their legs.

He was fascinated. And he was unbelievably close to ejaculating!

John would undoubtedly now ask Rebecca to masturbate for him one evening after she had moved in. She had never masturbated in front of him before, but John was sure she would happily agree to do so.

'Oh My God,' Ruth said when at last she opened her eyes and finally became aware of John's hard-on.

'That's the most impressive erection I have ever seen. And it's just from watching me? You surely must be about to cum.'

'I am,' replied John.

'You've watched me bring myself to orgasm, so now it's my turn to watch you cum,' Ruth suggested.

She moved over on the bed, allowing John to lie down - his erect member pointing skywards. He had grabbed the hand towel as he did so.

John moved his left hand to cup his balls, then gave his right hand a good lick and clasped his penis with it.

His hand moved rapidly up and down, up and down the length of his shaft. Ruth could see he was also squeezing his erection...until he came.

It had taken longer than John thought it would for him to finally cum. So obviously he was in top physical condition sexually.

Most of his cum was captured in the towel.

But he had held the towel a few centimetres above the tip of his penis so that Ruth could witness each involuntary ejaculation. So a few white droplets fell down onto his pubic hairs and onto his stomach.

Ruth saw this and moved across to playfully massage them into John's stomach region.

And then she popped her middle and index fingers into her mouth, sucking on them as though she was enjoying a cooling icy pole.

'Another man I've tasted,' she remarked.

This prompted John to ask Ruth about having oral sex.

Ruth told him that guys just expected girls to give them blow jobs and girls usually obliged. Ruth also revealed she sometimes swallowed the cum (not always out of choice) and that, whilst she did not particularly like this, 'it was simply a part of what we just have to do for you guys.'

'And do you accept oral from guys?' John enquired.

'Oh, yes, I've had a few come and dine at the Y,' she replied. 'Which would be all right if they just tongued me, but they often also get a bit rough with their fingers down there, so it's not always that satisfying.'

'Frankly, I get far more satisfaction from masturbating myself than having them play down there...and I'm also not pressured into then having to hoover them because they think I owe them something in return for their having pleasured me by playing with my vagina.'

'And how about purely vaginal masturbation?' John enquired.

Ruth explained that she masturbated vaginally less frequently - probably because she was still receiving so much satisfaction from her clitoral masturbation and because she felt it was slightly less messy.

But she revealed she really did know where to find her g-spot (this was no surprise to John!)...and received considerable satisfaction playing down there.

'Have you ever squirted, had an ejaculation?' John then asked.

'No,' she replied.

'Would you like to see if you can have one now?' John enquired. 'I'm told by girls who have squirted that it's much, much more satisfying than simply having an orgasm.'

'I've heard the same,' Ruth replied. 'So, of course I'd love to give it a try...particularly if you can show me how.'

John explained that he had helped other girls to squirt, but he could give no guarantees of success. He also explained to Ruth that it was not something she was likely to achieve immediately, and that she could expect to feel a little vaginal discomfort as she moved towards ejaculation.

They then adjourned to the dining area with its parquetry floor. 'It's much easier to clean your ejaculate from there, because it may go everywhere, than from off my bedroom carpet,' John explained. And he removed his shirt, anticipating he might also cop the spray from between Ruth's legs.

Ruth was soon lying flat on her back on some beach towels that John had positioned on the floor, her legs again spread apart, with two of John's fingers well inside her love tunnel. They had moved to her g-spot area and were gently, rhythmically rubbing over the ridges that they had located there.

John knew that inducing Ruth to squirt would take time. So he had coated his fingers liberally with gel. He wondered whether she would squirt first or whether his fingers would simply become too tired to continue. After all, bringing a girl to ejaculation was something he had only done twice and both times he had discovered it was hard work - much harder than simply filling a girl with his cum.

And it did take some time. John just continually massaged her g-spot with those two fingers and stroked her clit with the fingers of his other hand. Ruth simply focussed on the sensation and tried to avoid having an early orgasm.

But they finally achieved what they wanted - with Ruth squirting a huge spray of ejaculate well into the air between her legs...and experiencing the most mind-blowing feeling of euphoria.

When she eventually recovered, Ruth could not thank John enough for what he had just done...but John knew he had now put her into a position whereby she would feel she 'owed him a favour.'

Even though John was thrilled that Ruth had orgasmed and Ruth had ejaculated, this was not what John had planned would happen this evening.

Simply, he had just wanted to take her anal virginity.

So he moved their conversation slightly - to her defloration.

'You are a very open, very honest young lady and what you have told me has been very helpful. I wonder, therefore, if you might now also tell me briefly about losing your virginity - what you thought about it, what sort of memories you now have about the occasion?'

'John, I hate to tell you, but I'm still a virgin,' Ruth replied.

'I've been ready to lose my virginity for some time and I've done things like get on The Pill in preparation, but somehow it's just never happened.'

John was astounded.

He could hardly believe what Ruth had just said.

It took him some time to respond.

'Oh, fuck me, if you'll excuse the French,' John said. 'I'm sorry for assuming you are no longer a virgin. I'm really embarrassed.'

'The other day one or more girls indicated they had lost their virginity and I somehow assumed you were the most likely to have done so. And there was nothing in what you have said to me today about relationships, about masturbating and about giving oral sex that made me think otherwise.'

'I'm really just so sorry because suggesting to a girl that she is sexually active, when she isn't, must be one of the worst things anyone can say to a girl. I'm just glad I said it to you alone, and didn't suggest it in front of someone else, or say it to someone else - not that I would ever think of discussing your sexuality with anyone else. Ruth, I'm really sorry, I'm really embarrassed and I do apologise.'

'John, it's no big deal and there is no necessity for you to apologise,' Ruth replied. 'I had intended to have lost my virginity by now, and as I explained to you I have taken steps like getting a contraceptive with the intention of doing so. But it just hasn't happened.'

'If anything, what you have just assumed, and what you just said to me, will now give me a hurry-along. I suspect many others also think I have already lost my virginity and am now enjoying an active sex life...as are many other girls of my age.'

'So much for the idea of having my hard-on right up her sweet little virginal arsehole tonight!!' John thought to himself.

John was thankful, though, that he had had that experience with Rebecca the previous day.

Rebecca's 'love tunnel no. 2' was certainly not as naturally accessible as her 'love tunnel no. 1,' but the extra effort it took to get in, right in, had been well-rewarded yesterday when she had bucked a little as she achieved orgasm.

And that was Rebecca's first anally-induced orgasm...an orgasm so pleasurable that Rebecca immediately indicated to him that she would probably now want to accept his manhood in her rear hole more frequently.

John looked forward to that.

And he wondered if Rebecca might one day agree to be made airtight. THAT would be a REAL experience!

'But if Ruth agrees to what I am about to suggest, I'm sure it will only be a few weeks until she also discovers what it feels like having her first full-anal dilation and what it feels like receiving her first load of cum well inside her rear passage,' he thought to himself.

'I'll give her what she immediately wants - her first fuck - and, once she is satisfied with having received that, I'll follow it with the offer of the rear-end penile insertion. And then I'll work on her, like I did on Rebecca, until she is pleading for more. More anal, that is!'

'I don't want to seem crass or be prying, Ruth, but how soon would you ideally like to lose your virginity?' John asked.

Ruth was a bit puzzled. "Why do you ask?' she enquired.

'Well,' said John. 'If you had said very quickly, and you were willing to do it with a slightly older man, then I might say there is a bed available in the room over there and there is a little man, who you have already seen and you have had some contact with, who just might be able to grant your wishes.'

Ruth thought for a moment. The few seconds pause simply teased John - would she, or wouldn't she?

John knew what HE wanted - and it wasn't just to be given another look at her magnificent ginger muff!

'Yes, I'll say "very quickly",' she finally said with a smile. 'But, if you don't mind, not right now because you have left me a little sore down there - not that I'm complaining at all!'

'So how about Wednesday or Thursday?' she suggested.

John's manhood already had a firm appointment to be inside Grace again on Thursday afternoon (and there was no way he was re-scheduling that!) so he and Ruth agreed to meet again at his unit at 5.30pm on Wednesday.

'I promise you, I'll have a permanent hard-on until then,' John added.

'And I think, considering how much you have masturbated and what I have felt with my fingers down there today, you will find losing your virginity next Wednesday will be extremely pleasurable. I'd be most surprised if you experience any of the pain or any of the bleeding that some girls get the first time they have intercourse.'

'And no masturbating between now and then!' John added with a chuckle.

It was turning out to be a busy sexual week for John: anal with Rebecca on Sunday, multiple erections and masturbation with Ruth on Monday, Ruth's defloration on Wednesday, Grace's regular romp (definitely vaginal!) on Thursday, who-knows-what with Rebecca on Sunday (maybe vaginal, maybe anal, maybe oral, or maybe she would ask for all three!)...plus perhaps another visit from Ruth, who would probably want to quickly confirm to herself that Wednesday was not just a one-night stand with some opportunistic male bastard.

John fleetingly wondered whether he would still have enough energy to run his clinic! And then he wondered whether he was imagining that he was being asked by a growing number of young girls to provide them with contraceptive protection. He would have to ask one of the nurses in the practice to do a statistical analysis for him.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Ruth arrived, John checked that she was planning to stay for a while and that she was in no particular hurry to adjourn to the bed. She indicated she had intended to accept his invitation to stay for dinner and that losing her virginity was not a super-urgent necessity.

The two agreed that dinner would be an appropriate opportunity to celebrate Ruth's major transition-in-life which would, by then, have just occurred.

After some general chit-chat, John described the effect that her pubes-on-display was having on him. He explained that he felt they were certainly the most attractive pubes he had even seen and that their uncommon colour just mesmerised him.

'In fact, I love you for them - if for nothing else,' he said. 'I think you are a very lucky girl who will be able to irresistibly attract any man who sees them - in something like the way the mythical Greek Sirens attracted sailors onto nearby rocks with their alluring music and singing.'

'Oh,' she responded. 'They're not that good. They're just there!'

'I wouldn't bet,' John quickly replied, knowing full-well that Ruth knew exactly what she possessed...and knew exactly how to use them to tease men.

'Would you mind if we both now dropped our pants?' he then asked. 'So I can again be teased what you have and, in return, you will be able to savour what will soon be filling that enticing little hole between your legs.'

She didn't object. Soon both of them were sitting there naked from the waist down...each eyeing what the other had on display.

John told Ruth that she had an unusual but very-commendable attitude towards her body and a refreshingly-positive attitude towards things sexual. He asked if she knew why.

'Oh yes,' she replied. 'It all came from my Uncle Peter. He had come on holidays with us a few years ago and, one afternoon, the two of us went fishing together. Somehow, the conversation got around to how a young lady should behave.'

'And I remember just sitting in his car for about half an hour listening to what he suggested I should know. I think you would have found his views to be very much like your own.'

'He told me that women had been created to be attractive to men, that we should not be ashamed of this, and that in fact we should be pleased to be offering all sorts of pleasures to men - even if that pleasure for them was just being able to admire a very attractive young lady.'

'He explained to me that girls were at their most attractive from about age 16 to about age 25, and he suggested I should not try to hide my beauty or anything else I had to offer during those years.'

'And in fact, he was the one who suggested to me that I should masturbate; he was the one who encouraged me to be a bit of a tease; and he was the one who suggested I keep an eye out for some matching red panties if I had red pubic hair, which he strongly suspected I did.'

'He never once tried to touch me, or grope me, or suggest we do anything sexual together, so I quickly decided that he was not a dirty old man, but was really giving me some very sound advice...and I gradually took it on board.'

'I've often thought that it's actually a pity more girls don't have a similar Uncle Peter, and that it's a pity we are not taught things like he told me in sex-ed in school,' she added.

John thought that if he ever met Peter he would thank him for having being responsible, ultimately, for his niece being here today; for indicating to her that it was O.K. for her to drop her panties and flaunt her ginger pubes; and for having contributed to her willingness to receive her first throbbing cock way up her sweet little vagina at a still relatively-young age.

'Have you ever thanked Uncle Peter for the advice?' John enquired.

'No,' she replied.

'Well maybe some time you should let him know how valuable his suggestions were to you...and you should perhaps give him a glimpse of 'his' panties that you wear...and, if you really want to be a tease, even show him that he was correct thinking that you had scarlet pubes.'

'Next you'll be suggesting I offer him a screw,' Ruth replied cheekily.

'If you want, then go for it girl,' John retorted.

'But that's incest,' Ruth said.

'And also fun,' John replied.

John then explained that he had no issue with an uncle-niece liaison, as long as it was totally initiated by the niece, it was initiated without it being in any sense a repayment of some obligation, and it was initiated when the girl was age 18 years or older.

He also explained that he would have held a totally different view in earlier times, when female contraception had not been as readily available.

Ruth was later to think that John held some refreshingly liberal views and perhaps would agree with many feminist ideals. At least, if he didn't, he had some very sexually-liberating ideas.

She even felt he might make a very good husband - and by the time she was thinking this she had, of course, sampled how well he had performed in bed. She even fleetingly thought her mother would approve of him...and, if her mother was ever to know, would even be pleased that he was the man who had taken her daughter's virginity.

But that was not what Ruth was thinking right now. She was completely focused on what would very soon be between her legs.

And it appeared to be huge! Much bigger than she had remembered it to be, even just a few minutes earlier.

Ruth wondered if it would ever fit...after all, she was not exactly the biggest kid on the block! She again feared that it would be a painful experience. She even, momentarily, wondered if she was adequately prepared.

But, she concluded, there was now no going back.

And yes, John's manhood had become quite erect. Very erect - perhaps even with a hint of pre-cum now visible.

And Ruth, unconsciously, had moved her knees apart exposing more of her private parts to John's gaze.

Both were obviously ready for what was to follow.

John topped-up her glass and then moved onto the lounge beside her. There were hugs, kisses, hands that were starting to explore each other's bodies.

John quietly asked Ruth to describe to him what she thought she would feel.

'Something different, something quite big inside...completely filling me, perhaps feeling too big to me...something quite different to my fingers or to your fingers being up there...squirts of cum...and I'm really wondering how that will feel and how far inside I'll be able to feel your cum...you thrusting...I'd thought maybe some pain and bleeding, but I'm relieved to know that you think these are unlikely...I really don't know...'

It was not long before John had removed Ruth's top and unclipped her bra.

Ruth quickly responded by unbuttoning and removing his shirt.

The only thing that now remained in place was Ruth's virginity.

And John knew he'd be taking that from Ruth very, very soon.

So John led her to the bedroom.

He said nothing. She knew exactly what was to happen - finally!

She lay down on the bed, face up. Her legs moved apart, indicating to John that she was ready to accept his manhood.

He climbed onto the bed next to her, her taut round breasts diverting his gaze from those ginger pubes that he so loved to admire. He noted that her nipples were already erect - hopefully not from being exposed to the air, but as an indication that she was already extremely aroused.

He took each of her erect nips between his thumbs and forefingers, gave each an almost-imperceptible squeeze and then gently moved his fingers back and forth, just tweaking both of her appealing, yet-to-be-employed baby pacifiers.

He then placed the palms of his hands over her breasts and - again very gently -depressed them several times before letting one of his hands move into her barely-discernable cleavage, then travel slowly downwards over her stomach, around and around her navel, and down to her bikini line.

He just had to mess that beautiful ginger hair! So he ran his fingers around her pubic mound and frizzed-up her whispy soft hair. What a great feeling!

John could have quite happily spent an hour allowing Ruth's soft, ginger pubes to run between his fingers...but, had he thought about it, that would have just exacerbated the almost-overwhelming desire that had been progressively building in Ruth's vagina for its first-ever feel of engorged manhood.

So, for John's fingers, it was move on down to her clitoral slit.

John immediately felt her dampness. And then he could feel her getting a lot damper from the gentle stimulation that he gave to her clitoral nib, before he slowly plunged his middle finger into her vaginal canal.

He felt for her g-spot and let his finger work there for a while. And he could feel her Skene's Gland had engorged...ready for something!

He moved on top of her and she helped position his now very-erect manhood to the entrance to her virgin love tunnel.

He dropped himself down very, very gradually.

There was, as he had predicted, little resistance. And he was able to get right in without causing Ruth any pain.

He sensed that Ruth realised she had just lost her virginity, and he thought he could feel her relax slightly.

He slowly lifted his penis up and dropped it back down a number of times so that Ruth could experience the full exquisite feeling of it along the whole length of her vagina...and then he thrust, thrust, thrust, thrust...until the wad of cum shot deep, deep down inside of her.

He delivered a number of squirts of cum before his penis lost some of its stiffness.

John just lay there, holding Ruth...still saying nothing. His manhood still inside her now even-more wet love tunnel. He had enjoyed the experience. She had loved the experience.

Once he had withdrawn his penis and moved back onto the bed beside Ruth, John broke their silence.

'Tell me how that felt,' John whispered to her.

'Wet...and fantastic,' Ruth replied. She was still savouring the moment, so wasn't about to give John a clinical description of what had just happened. In any case, he wouldn't understand; as a male he couldn't understand.

Ruth just felt there was something indescribably personal about what she had just experienced. And, for now at least, that's how it would remain.

There was one thing, though, she thought.

She certainly would not become one of those who seemed to incessantly urge young girls to 'keep themselves nice' and 'save your virginity until you marry that one special man'. She had just become a convert to the cause that all 18-year-olds should feel free to lose their virginity and enjoy the delights that nature had gifted them!

Dinner included a mock 'wake' to Ruth's virginity and a discussion about what might happen next. John suggested two things - an immediate sexual goal might be for her to orgasm simultaneously with her man's cumming (something which John admitted he had not yet accomplished), and then she should seriously think about losing her anal virginity.

And he intimated he would be the appropriate man to provide the pain, and subsequent overwhelming pleasure, to her when she did so!

Before Ruth left for the evening, John gave her a pair of undies - plain white, feminine undies with a small bow stitched just below the band of elastic around the waist.

'It's just something small for you to remember the occasion,' he said. 'I do love your undies that match your unique, magnificent pubic display, but I thought virginal white would also suit you.'

'I thought that maybe you could wear these whenever you felt like a fuck and your other ones whenever you just wanted to tease.'

'But I'm not a tease!' Ruth replied cheekily. 'And John, as I hope you'll soon discover, from today I'll often be wearing 'virginal white' to cover-up my no-longer virginal parts!'

And, as if to emphasise that she wasn't a tease, Ruth removed her pants and panties and climbed into the knickers that John had just given her!

She was about to pull up her jeans when John exclaimed 'Not so fast young lady. You've got to show me how they look,'

So Ruth took her feet out of her jeans, hoisted her shirt to above her belly-button and stood there smiling at John with her feet half a metre apart. The pure white panties were the perfect fit, disappearing tautly between her legs and presenting just a hint of her clitoral cleavage...enough for John to feel his penis again starting to engorge.

'O.K., turn around and let me see how they look from behind,' he instructed after having spent an unacceptably long time focussing his gaze on her crotch.

The tease did as she had been asked.

'Beautiful, very sexy,' he said. 'You know, I feel like immediately pulling them down,' he added jocularly.

'You can if you want," she replied. 'And I hope you will be doing so again in a few days' time, now that I'm "sexually active" as you describe it.'

And she moved over to John to give him a hug and a long, passionate kiss.

As she did so, she pulled the top of her panties out with her left hand and seductively slid her right hand down into the void that had just been created, over her now-hidden pubes, to then track the course of her clitoral cleavage down between her legs, to the point where it disappeared. And she simultaneously gave John a quick, wonderfully-cheeky smile.

He'd understood this unmistakable 'thank you, see you again soon' message!

John hoped Ruth really did appreciate those pure white panties. He saw many women in panties at his surgery and he had often wondered whether any of them

had any idea how much more alluring they would be if they had just worn simple 'virginal white' undies. But girls rarely came to his surgery to flaunt their sexuality!

And, he thought that if he was organising a Victoria's Secrets parade, he'd ditch all that unappealing, unwearable fantasy wear and just 'dress' all those gorgeous nubile nymphs in tiny, plain white panties and (if necessary!) the skimpiest of bikini tops. Surely sales would then skyrocket!

As John had suspected, Ruth had every intention of visiting him again very soon. 'Friday night perhaps?' she asked.

\* \* \* \* \*

A month or so later John had another phone call from Laura.

'John,' she said. 'I really think I'm ready to take a man to bed but I just can't bring myself to doing so. I wonder if you might be good enough to have another talk with me.'

John made a 5pm appointment with her.

...When Laura arrived, John again pretended he had had a shit of a day and needed a beer.

They walked to his apartment where he grabbed a beer for himself and she also accepted one.

She explained that she was convinced it was time she started having sex - but two things were standing in the way. She was not confident about what would happen and she was worried that she really might be a 'fucking aweful fuck'.

She also indicated that she really didn't have anywhere available to take a man to bed. She didn't want to 'do it' on the back seat of a car and she also didn't want to 'do it' somewhere like in a park.

John laughed. 'I bet in a couple of years' time you'll want to try doing it in a park and you'll secretly hope that a passer-by will notice what you're up to,' he said.

John then assured her that he doubted she would be a 'fucking aweful fuck' and said that he wouldn't expect her, or any other girl, to give her best-ever sexual performance on her first occasion. He also told her that it was very normal for a girl to be worried about what would happen on that first occasion.

He indicated he had two choices - he could either refer her to a psychologist for professional help (which he felt she really didn't need, and which would cost money, which she might need to borrow from her parents - which would probably mean she would then need to tell them why she was visiting the psychologist) or he himself could try to help her a little more.

She accepted John's latter offer.

After some more talking, John said he felt she just needed some pushing to have that first experience. 'Again, there are two options - I can push you to organising the date with an appealing young guy, or I could offer to be the one who takes you to bed.'

'Really?' she said. 'You'd be willing to come to bed with me?'

'Absolutely,' John replied. 'And I'd be doing it as a friend, not as a doctor because it's not one of the services that I offer to my patients,' he added.

Actually he didn't really want to become sexually involved with Laura. After all, he was now getting more than enough to satisfy him from Rebecca, Grace and Ruth.

However, Laura was not the prettiest girl in town, which meant she was unlikely to receive many approaches from men, and John felt a lot of sympathy for what had happened a few years earlier to Laura and for what her brother had then said to her. Both had, quite obviously, deeply affected her.

John asked whether she had her eye on another young man who she might invite to bed. She did. 'And is he a virgin?' John asked.

'I don't know,' Laura replied.

'Well if he is, you'll at least be experienced enough to teach him something - for which, I'm sure, he'll forever silently thank you,' John said.

'I'll make a deal with you,' John suggested. 'I'll be your first and you can then borrow this apartment to take your young man to bed, but you'll have to promise me that within a week you'll have asked him to come to bed with you here.'

He hoped that the young man would then tell his mates that he had layed Laura. That might attract some suitors seeking sex from her - and that would undoubtedly be a huge boost to her self-esteem...as well as to her sex life!

'O.K., it's a deal,' she said. 'So when should you and I think about having sex?'

'Right now,' John said.

'But I can't. I'm too scared,' Laura replied.

'No you're not. You're just procrastinating.'

And John stood up, took Laura's hand and led her to the bedroom.

He then stripped the doona off his bed and told Laura that, when he returned in a minute, he expected to find her lying on the bed in all her naked glory, proudly displaying all her very best feminine bits.

He went back to the living room where he too stripped naked.

'Wow, you've got a great pair of tits,' John exclaimed when he returned. 'I'm delighted that you've decided to share them with me.'

Dear reader, I'll leave it to you to imagine what happened next to Laura - suffice it to say that John paid considerable attention to those enticing tits, spent time playing with her clitoris, felt for her g-spot and, when she was well-lubricated, slipped his manhood (with some guidance from Laura) down into her love tunnel.

She was a little tight - not overly tight - and was noticeably tense. But he had no real trouble getting right in. And, of course, with some thrusting he finally deposited a generous load of cum well inside her cunnie.

'How was that?' John finally asked.

'Fabulous,' she replied. 'Much easier than I had expected and a lot more pleasurable than I ever thought it would be. I really don't know how to thank you.'

'Well, you'll have another chance to experience that same pleasure in a week or so,' John observed. 'And, you know Laura, you are actually very good in bed...and with a little more practice I'd imagine you will be absolutely fabulous. So thank you for allowing me to sample what you have to offer.'

After they had both dressed, John again praised Laura for coming to him to seek help.

There was one other thing, though, he still needed to check.

'Apart from Ian, do you have any brothers or sisters?' he asked.

'Yes, I have a sister who is about 18 months older than I am,' Laura replied.

'Is she at all like you?'

'Yes, she's very like me...or I'm very much like her,' Laura volunteered.

'Do you think there is any chance that she may also have been molested by Ian when she was younger?' John then enquired.

'I have no idea. I've never thought about it.'

Laura paused and John said nothing 'But, like me, she really hasn't had any boyfriends and she's never expressed to me any interest in having sex. Do you really think that Ian may have raped her too?' Laura asked.

'It's a possibility. I'd love to find out,' John replied.

John thought for a while. He couldn't approach Laura's sister, Laura really couldn't ask her directly, and they couldn't ask someone else to raise John's suspicion with her.

'The only thing I can suggest,' said John, 'is that you tell her some time that you've just lost your virginity and see what her reaction is. She might say she wished she had lost hers, or indicate she had lost hers some years ago, or make some other comment that will give you a clue - and then you'll be able to broach the subject with her in some way by, for example, simply saying "Ian?" But then you'd need to admit to her that you had been molested. So there are considerable risks in even raising the subject with her.'

\* \* \* \* \*

A couple of months later John received yet another phone call from Laura. She explained that his suspicion that her sister, Kate, may have also been raped by Ian was correct.

Laura explained that she had suggested to Kate that she contact John, because talking to him might really be of help to her.

Kate had been much braver than Laura. She had initially decided to report what Ian had done, but then confronted him and said she would not do so if he told her exactly why he had done this to her. She simply needed to understand precisely why it had happened. And he had confessed everything - well, almost everything.

Ian's story was that the sex education he had received from his Dad - who was definitely a man's man - had been that women absolutely loved being fucked, but never admitted it. Playing hard-to-get was just part of the sexual game, so 'no' usually meant 'yes please.' Ian had also been told that women didn't mind sex being rough and many actually dreamed about being forced to submit to men's advances.

He had also been told that it was a young man's obligation to introduce young girls to sex, and so his Dad had encouraged Ian to start 'sowing his wild oats.'

Unbelievably, their father had even suggested to him, to quote Kate, 'there are two virgin holes in the room next door to yours that are just aching to receive what your now-mature, manly cock can deliver.'

So he raped Kate, and seemingly raped Laura soon after.

Unfortunately Kate got pregnant, so both she and Ian had to tell Dad so they could get the money for Kate to have an abortion which, unbeknown to Laura, she had.

Dad's reaction was to tell Ian a little more about the facts of life, which included that women can't get pregnant whilst having their periods. He evidently even suggested to Ian that it was easy to tell when a girl was having her period - you simply counted the tampons in the drawer of her dresser each day. 'So that's how he knew when I was having my period that second time he raped me,' Laura said.

'Kate had also asked Ian if he had ever molested me and he denied that anything had ever happened. Kate told him that if anything did happen to me, she would immediately go to the authorities.'

'So, until just now, I had no idea she had been raped and she had no idea that I had been raped.'

John checked whether either she or Kate now wanted to take any action against Ian. 'No,' was her reply. And had she ever been molested by her Father, or did she think Kate had ever been molested by him? 'No.' Had she told Kate that he and she had had sex together? 'No, and I will never tell anybody else that. I simply told Kate that you had given me some advice on how to better connect with guys and this had eventually led to me having had sex with one of the guys I knew.'

John thanked Laura for her call and for the additional information. He asked her how she was travelling, to which she indicated that she considered herself to be currently sexually active, before John again wished her well for the future and indicated he would be very happy to try to help Kate, if that was her wish.

**Sex Lessons for Six Naked Schoolgirls Pt. 05**

There is something perverse about my enduring memories of that morning when the first group of young schoolgirls visited my surgery.

Dropping their panties. Fingering their twats. Letting each of the other girls – and me! – have a good look (and a 'little' feel) of their private parts.

It's something that I realise would normally never occur...probably should never have occurred – but it did!

And, perhaps not surprisingly, the girls seemed to love every minute of it!

I can remember that morning as if it was just yesterday. And I often wonder what effect that morning had on each of the girls, and what sort of sex lives they are enjoying today.

My curiosity finally got the better of me. Or, to be totally honest, my perverted desire to see each of those six little cunnies again got the better of me!

So a reunion was called-for.

Organising it was easy. I'd would take them all to dinner – so, for the girls, it would be something of a reunion. And 'in the interest of research' I'd interview each of the girls individually earlier in the day to hear their reactions to, and learn of the longer-term effect that the school excursion had on their attitudes towards sex.

After all, every year since, I have been asked to conduct a similar tutorial with other final-year girls at the school and I want those who will participate in the future to all feel they have significantly benefited from the experience, so it's only reasonable that I ask the first group of girls what long-term effect that school excursion had on their lives.

And dear Grace arranged it all for me!

Grace also agreed to be the first girl to re-visit me. A year or so back she had lived with me for more than a year and, for most of that time, we had shared a bed together. I was very familiar with her taught little twat and, I guess, my manhood had shafted her love tunnel on 300 or 400 different occasions – loving every minute, every time, my hard-on opened up and stretched her vaginal muscles...before, invariably, leaving Grace very wet with a generous shot or two of cum!

She never once complained...and was always back in my bed the very next night, naked, her legs spread to the 'yes, now' position, ready to receive...

I had set myself a goal for the reunion: to convince all six girls to again undress and again allow me to have a good look their pudenda. If some girls offered a little more than that...well, so be it!

I'd figured that Grace would be a lay down misere for a fuck.

She was. She arrived, and very shortly thereafter she lay down on my bed and, like a dirty rat up a drainpipe, my super-engorged manhood was well inside her - ensuring that her tight little tunnel was both well-lubed and given (in my opinion!) a well-overdue re-bore.

Not that 'making love' was unusual whenever we now met. Our now-occasional meetings usually started with or ended with (or both!) a steamy session in the cot, and this always reminded me of just how tight, how delectable, her tiny female fuck funnel is...and how much I really love this amazingly different little lady.

Perhaps this time, though, I went a little overboard again and slightly dampened the loving atmosphere of the moment when I (not for the first time) suggested it was time she also allowed my manhood to take its first trip down her, obviously still-virgin, Hershey Highway.

She just responded with her usual "I'll think about it"...which didn't satisfy me!

I will keep asking her, though, and I'm sure one day my manhood will in effect butt-plug her...and, with some simultaneous fingering of her No. 1 love tunnel, she will experience an orgasm that is so intense that she'll regret having just 'thought about it' for too long.

But, until then, I'll just have to remain content by imagining I'm spreading her taught butt cheeks and she's yelping from the initial pain of the experience. Just like she did when, as a virgin, she 'was bled.'

Grace did, though, happily admit to me that morning that she had 'entertained' a few other guys in the time since she had been my 'house guest', and that she did not have a man in her life at this particular point in time – so perhaps that possibility of my manhood dilating her rear entrance in the near future still remains. And she certainly did not object when I asked her to roll over so I could again appreciate her nicely-rounded, quite firm, little bum...and was able to visually map the way into that all-too-enticing No. 2 hole.

Grace also told me that she had allowed her pubes to re-grow but, "knowing how much you prefer me to be a baldie, and to allow you to fanaticise that you are screwing a young virgin baldie," she had shaved herself bare before coming around that morning. I thanked her and suggested that, next time she was 'with bush' and coming around to see me, she only had to remind me to have my clippers at the ready so I could shave pussy before giving her clit that first lick which it so-obviously enjoyed.

My short time with Grace didn't advance my 'research' very much. I was just too pre-occupied playing with her breasts, playing 'down there' and 'in there', kissing her, hugging her, filling her...and re-charging my brain with sexual fantasies involving her that I would surely retrieve in my dreams in the days, weeks, months ahead!

Amy's 'interview', however, proved more productive for my research.

I learned that she had been somewhat taken-aback when it was suggested that she, and the other girls, remove their panties. She almost refused to do so...but she did not wish to appear to be prudish in front of her classmates, so had said nothing at that time.

Most of the other girls indicated to me later that day that they, too, had similar reactions and responses when asked to bare their 'front bottoms.'

So peer pressure is obviously hard-wired in teenage girls' behaviour! Not that I am complaining!!

But, having accepted the request that she undress, Amy (and the others, as I was subsequently to discover) found the session was extremely instructive and quite fun.

And she felt the challenge had made her more open about sex, more comfortable with her own body, more comfortable about the prospect of having – and offering – sex.

"So, you're no longer a virgin," I observed.

Which led Amy to give me a brief run-down of her sex life – from a somewhat painful popping of her cherry to several more recent, more pleasurable experiences.

I was interested that she had attended a couple of sessions of Orgasmic Meditation, which Amy described as 'expensive' and 'not as good as having real sex, or even masturbating' but was, however, 'probably a valuable way for young guys to learn something about how a lady likes to be pleasured'.

This gave me the perfect excuse to ask her to undress again for me.

"Would you be kind enough to show me how it's done?" I asked.

She was.

So we moved to my second (currently unoccupied) bedroom.

Amy now had a very neatly-trimmed Brazilian. And a surprisingly enticing pudendum and (because she was not having a period on this occasion, as she had been experiencing when she visited my surgery as a schoolgirl) she now seemed quite prepared for me to finger it.

So I had probably been a little unfair some years ago giving her that '5 or less' on my female fuckability index!

And, after having liberally lubed her clitoral area and lubed my fingers, she showed me how to gently, repetitively stroke her clitoris with one finger whilst raising her clitoral hood with another – and then just maintain that rhythm so she could fully enjoy whatever response it generated.

As my efforts did not seem to induce any particularly noticeable responses – other than my underpants becoming noticeably damp! - I eventually asked Amy if I could see how her g-spot might react to the same gentle fingering.

Again she was agreeable.

So in went the finger and had a little feel around searching for Amy's g-spot. Once it was located, I gave it a few (quite a few!) gentle strokes – eliciting a 'you obviously know what you are doing' reaction from Amy. That pleased me...but I thought I wouldn't push my luck any further that morning...and certainly, if she had been willing, I didn't now have the time to give her a full, really satisfying, screw.

As she was leaving Amy said "I've been totally honest with you, so I hope you will be totally honest with me. Several of the girls who visited your surgery a few years back indicated they would love to take you to bed, so I'm just wondering if any of my classmates actually did get into bed with you?"

I explained to Amy that, unfortunately I couldn't give her an answer to that question because, if I had been to bed with any of them, they would probably be upset that I had divulged that information to her...as, no doubt, she would if I was to tell any of them that I had been to bed with her.

"Well, would you take one of us to bed if one of us had suggested you should do so?" she continued.

"Of course," I replied. "I'm a man, and men rarely let the opportunity of an available fuck...sorry, an opportunity of making love...pass them by. As long as I was asked as a man, and not as a doctor, in all likelihood I would," I replied.

"That's interesting," she responded, before giving me a kiss. She left saying "I'll see you at dinner tonight. I'm really looking forward to it."

The other interesting thing that I learned from Amy was that she never talked about what had happened that morning when she, and the other girls, had first visited my surgery. This surprised me a bit because girls do talk – and, not uncommonly, even share details with one another about who is fucking them! And what Amy revealed to me turned out to be the same story from each of the other five girls.

So no-one had 'reported' me to their school, nobody had shared – or even thought of sharing – any of the details of that morning with their parents. That was some relief to me!

Next in line for her 'interview' was Rebecca, who cheekily greeted me with "Hi, so you've invited me over for lunch."

"As long as you don't mind if it's an American breakfast!" I retorted.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Honey roll-over and lettuce on top!" I replied.

"So you want a fuck?" she enquired.

"I know how very good you are in bed, so I'd never say 'no'," was my response.

"But I've got a man at the moment," she continued.

"So?" I replied. "I won't tell him...and I suspect neither would you. And I know only too-well that you can handle having a hard-on inside you more than once in a day," I suggested.

Rebecca was either convinced, or knew she was not going to win that argument...or she was just horny! I suspect it was the latter.

So it was not long before the two of us headed to the bedroom.

Rebecca was as fit, as tight, as she had been the last time I had penetrated her. If anything, her vaginal muscles were now slightly tauter and could hold my erection even tighter than she had been able to do on our last post-Park Run 'recovery session.'

Oh, the benefits to a man of a lady keeping her pelvic floor well exercised!

This was the first time I had fucked both Rebecca and Grace so soon after one another, so comparing the experiences was inevitable. Being up Grace's naturally tiny, naturally taut passage v having my cock wrapped and trapped in Rebecca's well-exercised love tunnel.

I gave it to Rebecca in a (a-hum!) tight contest because fucking her provided more variation and more surprises than did laying Grace.

But I'd willingly take either girl to bed anytime.

Debbie was my next interviewee.

I recalled I had rated her a 6/10 because of her unusually big clit on that previous visit to my surgery, and she had allowed me to finger her internally to locate for her the precise location of her g-spot. So she had not been unresponsive to my examining her or touching her 'down there'!

I was, therefore, absolutely astounded to discover that she was still virgin. Especially as she had re-visited my surgery after that initial school excursion and I had fitted her with a contraceptive implant. I had assumed that soon thereafter she would have surrendered her virginity. But evidently not.

"That's tragic!" I suggested.

To which she enquired "What do you mean by that?"

"Well," I responded. "Your body has been made to have sex, your hormones are probably urging you to have sex, so I'm surprised to learn you're still a virgin. I wonder whether you really know what you are missing...what you have been missing out on for the past few years...and whether you realise that you may have also, perhaps unintentionally, been depriving some guys of the pleasures that you - a not unattractive young girl - would normally have been sharing with them."

I obviously hit a very raw nerve.

Debbie burst into tears.

She obviously had been ready, was ready to have sex. But, for whatever reason, it just hadn't happened. And she was only too-aware that she was now 'far less sexually experienced' than other girls her age!

She had even thought that, after those earlier visits to my clinic some years back, she would be soon experiencing the sensation of a penis penetrating her vagina...but that just hadn't happened.

I kept my suspicions to myself and, instead, focussed on Debbie's future prospects.

"Well, what should we do about it?" I asked Debbie.

"What do you mean 'we'?" she replied, without really thinking.

And then she asked with detectable relief, "You'd take me to bed and you'd take my virginity?"

"It's an option," I replied.

We then came to an arrangement. Debbie was to come to my surgery one day soon and I was to give her another contraceptive implant – at no cost to her this time. Then, a week or so later, she would come to my home again and spend the night in my bed, feeling something thrust between her legs that she had never felt before. Then, within a month, she would invite a younger guy to lay her...which, presumably, would then be the start of a normal sexual life for a young girl of her age.

"I guess you'll want me to shave my pubes if we are to have sex," Debbie remarked as she stripped off her clothes. She was undressing because I had asked if I might be given another view of what was soon-to-be-offered to me, and because I had yet to see her tits.

Her mammaries were 'pretty ordinary'. Whilst Grace – and probably even Rebecca - really didn't need to wear a bra, Debbie certainly did. And whilst Grace's tiny tits were firm, erect and were just so-wanting to be sucked, Debbie's were (like the rest of her body) 'a little flabby.'

But I'd soon have them in my mouth, seeing how rigid I could cause her nipples to become, discovering how she reacted when they were being gently stroked and squeezed.

"You remember that conversation we had a few years ago about public hair? And us being there and watching Rebecca and Cassie have their pubes trimmed and, particularly, watching Grace lose all her pubic hair? That's probably the one thing that I now most remember about my high school days!" she said.

"And, you know, Grace was not at all happy that you shaved off all her pubic hair. She really only wanted to be given a little trim, because she felt that without some pubic bush she looks too much like a little China doll. She vowed to regrow her hair as quickly as she could...I'll have to ask her tonight how hairy she is down there now," Debbie suggested.

"Don't you dare!" I cautioned her.

Debbie had a hairy cunt...and I mean a very hairy cunt! I see lots of these when I examine women patients, and having a lot of hair down there doesn't turn me on at all. So I'm just pleased that more of the younger – and because of it, more attractive girls – are now often trimming that area of their bodies.

So some of Debbie's pubes had to go. "You realise you have been blessed with a larger-than-normal clitoris," I informed her, "which will be a real attraction to any guy lucky enough to see it. And I'll certainly want to give it quite a few sucks and licks when we're in bed together – and without also getting a mouthful of pubic hair!" I explained.

She then allowed me to rub and squeeze her 'little lady' gently between my fingers, eliciting something of an 'I like that' reaction from Debbie – which helped excite me a little. And I mention this because Debbie was, otherwise, somewhat overweight, not especially attractive, and – even if she was virgin - she certainly would not be rated in my list of the 'top 100 girls I would most like to fuck!'

But we had already agreed that she would soon be in my bed...and, I hoped, her performance there would be significantly more rewarding than was her initial appearance – even as a nubile virgin, standing there stark naked, legs slightly apart, begging to be bled...ready to be ravished.

Sally was next to see me for her 'follow up examination.' Like Debbie, I had previously rated her a '5 or less' on my fuckability index, assessing her as being a little overweight and not especially 'feminine.'

But she now had a boyfriend and was wary of my motives for wanting her to undress and again display her definitively female attributes.

So she presented something of a challenge. This was, perhaps, a little surprising since she had previously willingly allowed my fingers to get right inside her, in full view of (and to the apparent delight of) her classmates.

I'm sure Sally simply had a negative sexual self-image. She was still overweight, as it turned out she was still 'hairy' (compared to other girls who regularly kept themselves hair free or well-trimmed where it is most noticeable), she was probably quite unfit, she probably was attracting little interest from many men – so much so that she was probably unusually careful not to upset her current boyfriend, for fear of losing him, by attracting attention from other men.

"It's just an indication to me of how comfortable you are sexually," I suggested. "Girls who are willing to let others see what is normally hidden between their legs are usually more sexually active and more sexually adventurous than those who keep things hidden away...and, after willingly letting me touch you down there a few years ago, I'm a little surprised you're as coy as you are today."

That did it. She reluctantly agreed to let me have another look between her legs whilst pantie-less.

Not that that excited me at all!

It turned out that her boyfriend had taken her virginity and that he had the only hard-on she had ever experienced. She was significantly influenced by her Church which repeatedly suggested pre-marital sex was morally wrong, so she (and presumably also her boyfriend) was being wracked with guilt about having sex – and, I presume, also exposing her privates to men! And this was confirmed when she told me that she had felt much more at ease masturbating, which had largely kept her sexually satisfied up until recently.

I would love to have strongly argued that she should take no notice of what her Church was saying and that she just enjoy a natural sex life, as were most of her old classmates, but thought that would be wasting my breath. Instead I did gently suggest she might do herself a few favours, and the man and potential future men in her life, if she was to pay a little more attention to her body and to her grooming.

So, to me, Sally was a total disappointment...but I was soon restored to a much better frame of mind when Cassie arrived.

Dear Cassie. Fucked by her father, prostituted by her father...a beautiful girl who had rewarded me - in the best possible way - after I had intervened and told her Dad that Cassie's cunt was henceforth off limits to him and his mates.

I really wondered what had happened in her sex life since, and wondered whether she would still be willing to drop her pants and allow me to view that attractive area between her legs.

I needn't have worried!

She reassured me that the three occasions we had been together (the first with her schoolmates, one with her Dad, then one 'rewarding' me sexually) had made her realise that women were naturally programmed to have sex and to enjoy it, and that she now looked upon the unwanted sexual encounters with her Dad's mates as simply being 'practice' and 'giving her a sexual head start' (an entirely appropriate description, I thought!!) for what she was now enjoying. So, she was now making herself 'available' as often as she was inclined to be 'available'...and she was absolutely enjoying every minute of that!

'You can check out my body any time," she then advised me, as she slowly removed each of her layers of clothing...until she finally, very proudly, stood in front of me totally naked.

"I think it's alright. What do you think?" she enquired.

I checked it all over...even the little pink bits that are normally well-hidden!

Cassie didn't seem to mind that I was perhaps taking a few liberties. In fact, she seemed to enjoy receiving my 'professional touch.'

Cassie has a good body...an enticingly good body...which I was pleased to have learned she was now happy and willing and confident enough to share with young guys of her own age.

The more we talked, the more she revealed about herself. And it was not long before she confided in me that she had extended her sexual proclivities to embrace anal sex...and that she was enjoying that too!

"I find it's much more intense than vaginal, because you really feel every inch of his erection sliding in and out which you don't get with vaginal...and when coupled with clitoral or clitoral and vaginal stimulation it can be...WOW, just so good!" I was told.

"And, I guess," she added "it's got the added appeal of being something that's normally considered to be taboo...I guess anal has a little of the same sort of 'forbidden' feeling that I used to get whenever my Dad took me to bed!"

"I've never been given the opportunity to give anal to a woman," I lied, being quite certain that Cassie had absolutely no idea that Rebecca had previously – on several occasions! – felt my manhood well inside her shit shute.

"Then I'd be happy to come around one night and introduce you to that pleasure," she responded proudly.

I then asked her if she minded again removing her panties so I could immediately have a "wee look at your butt hole" and, while she was bent over, kidded her into tightening and relaxing the muscles around her anal sphincter.

OMG! I was soon going to experience a pleasure I was certain I would never forget.

"I bet you're developing an erection," Cassie laughed.

I was!

While Cassie was in an expansive mood and so-willing to talk about sex, I took the opportunity to ask her to describe her first-ever anal experience.

"It wasn't planned," she indicated. "I'd been out to dinner with this guy who I'd been dating on-and-off for a while, and who had taken me to bed a few times, and we had then returned to his apartment to round out a very pleasant evening with the usual bit of sex."

"He was actually quite good at it. He would make the effort to make me feel good before jumping in, and he was able to maintain his erection for longer than most other guys. So sex with him was really quite satisfying."

"On that particular night, foreplay had included him playing with my ass, and him tonguing a little bit around my asshole. I was, of course, sucking cock. We were really just fooling around a bit, really not too differently to what usually happened. I'd even allowed him to slap my ass a few times after he'd jokingly told me I was a 'bad bitch'."

"Eventually he had his cock well inside me and I was trying to hold it there...or, at least, give it some squeezes that he might appreciate. He had his hands on by bum, pulling me towards him, as guys do."

"Next thing I know I had a finger inside my backdoor, and it was getting a feel for the place. I didn't object, and it felt O.K. to me – so I thought 'why not – it's going to happen sooner or later'."

"So I asked him if he would like to try penetrating me there, which he indicated he would. So I then asked him to hold on while I lubed up and I greased his erection. I'd read that this is an absolute must when having anal."

"Next, I rolled over and tried to make my hole accessible to him, and asked him to proceed gently. We soon discovered it was not all that simple. For things to happen easily, you have to get your bum cheeks spread as far apart as possible...and I guess I was instinctively trying to keep my ass hole tightly closed, not really knowing what it was going to feel like as I took his fairly well-endowed shaft down inside that first time."

"After a bit of trying, he eventually got the head of his shaft into the entrance hole – which hurt like hell. And then he pushed down hard and started thrusting, which while it was not quite so painful, was still unpleasant."

"So not an altogether pleasant experience that first time?" I suggested.

"I realised that I had now been rectally 'opened', so I asked him a few days later, when we next had sex, to screw me there again. I tried to relax a lot more, so that he was given easier access into my anus, and I'd since discovered the secret to spreading your butt cheeks is to have them gaffer-taped well apart before you start...and I've also since discovered that the real trick to maximising pleasure from anal is having your clit and vagina stimulated at exactly the same time as you have his erection working up your bum."

"I'll show you all this in a few days' time, when I introduce you to anal," Cassie promised.

She was obviously better-practiced than she was admitting, and I could hardly wait!

\* \* \* \* \*

Dinner that night was interesting.

All the girls were dressed to impress – dressed to impress one another, rather than dressed to impress me, I suspect.

The first half of dinner was mostly catching-up time for the girls, with a lot of small-talk and jovial banter.

At some point I was asked by one of the girls if the meetings earlier in the day had provided what I had wanted. I dared not say that two fucks that morning, the promise of two more imminent fucks and, I suspect, the likelihood I'd be asked to fuck a fifth girl at some not-too-distant time was more than I had wanted!

Which then led to a lively discussion about sex education.

It was obvious that, before coming to my surgery some years ago, none of these girls had been given any meaningful (to them) sex education. O.K., they knew about the birds and the bees, but had never been taught anything about pleasuring and being pleasured. And they all regretted that.

I jokingly asked whether they would send their daughters (and sons!) along to my sex education classes when they were old enough, so they could really learn what sex was all about. "I'd come along too," one girl retorted – inducing a fit of the giggles from the others.

I left them to think about whether this could or should become a compulsory final-year high school class.

And I departed wishing just one thing – that all of these six nubile young ladies would discover they had inexplicably wet little cunnies as they slept in their beds that night.

Because I was certain that I would be dreaming that night of each girl, lying in her bed, legs apart, eagerly accepting what she needed to leave her totally sexually satiated!