**Sex Lessons for Six Naked Schoolgirls Pt. 06**

Debbie is not the prettiest girl on the block. She's not ugly...just plain. A fairly ordinary brunette with unremarkable shoulder-length hair. Unfortunately, she is also a bit overweight -- well, let's be frank, fat! Not obese -- but those extra pounds she is carrying are not doing her man-appeal any favors at all.  
  
But she has a big clitoris.  
  
An unusually big clitoris!  
  
One that's like a mini-penis, peeping out prominently from between her labia. Permanently. Presumably looking to be loved!  
  
And Debbie is still a virgin, as I had recently discovered.  
  
What a waste, I had thought. Young ladies' cunnies are made to be shared with guys!  
  
She has a clitoris -- a sizeable clitoris many other girls would surely 'die' to have -- one that's just made to be fingered, sucked, stimulated. I believe she has a g-spot (I'd helped her, as a schoolgirl, locate it when she was lying, pantie-less, on the examination table in my surgery)...a vagina that, I imagine, would enjoy being repeatedly penetrated...and she would probably delight in the experience of being filled with cum.  
  
She is female, after all!  
  
She should no longer be a virgin. Debbie should be sharing her body, in the same way as most other girls of her age are doing. She should be enjoying twenty-something's female sexual pleasure to the max.  
  
Debbie, of course, recognizes this. That's why she was in my surgery that day having her second contraceptive implant inserted.  
  
I again asked her why she was still a virgin, considering that she has visited me some years earlier to receive her first contraceptive implant. I had expected she would have lost her virginity soon after that visit to my surgery.  
  
Her response will, I am sure, resonate with many other young girls.  
  
Debbie acknowledged she was not the most attractive girl available. But she had received attention from a young man -- who she knew was no virgin, because he had apparently previously shafted one of Debbie's girlfriends.  
  
Debbie had allowed his fingers to play inside her panties on numerous occasions, she had sucked his cock, and -"YUK!"- had even accepted a mouthful of his cum.  
  
She desperately wanted to be "one of the girls" at that time and lose her virginity...but on her terms, and on an occasion that suited her.  
  
And this had led to her seeking that original contraceptive implant, as she then had the intention of soon surrendering her virginity to that young man.  
  
She admitted that, perhaps, she too-romantically expected her defloration would be a fairy-tale event and that, perhaps, she had said 'not today' to this young man on a few too many occasions.  
  
Anyway, one night he became insistent and when Debbie, again, suggested 'not tonight' he suggested to her that 'I'm getting the distinct feeling you are frigid, and you are just a shitty prick-tease,' before he then stormed out on her.  
  
Being accused of being 'frigid' really cut Debbie to the core.  
  
There-and-then she decided that, if the young man felt she was 'frigid,' he could never be the man to pop her cherry. And, no other young man had shown similar interest in her since that time.  
  
She even subsequently wondered if that guy had said derogatory things about her to his mates, contributing to the lack of attention she had then received from other local men!  
  
So, quite simply, she had remained a virgin.  
  
But now, not for much longer!  
  
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When Debbie arrived at my home that evening I checked that she was intending to spend the night in my bed. And we got talking, over a glass of wine -- mainly about her, as I wanted Debbie to feel I was interested in more than just the opportunity that her little hole between her legs was offering to me.  
  
I'd wondered how it must feel for a young girl to go to a guy's home -- to see a guy who she barely knew, and in this case a significantly older guy -- with the sole purpose of allowing him to take her virginity. Perhaps it was like going to a hospital for an operation -- hoping that all would go well, expecting pain and discomfort, leaving 'cured.'  
  
"You must feel a little like a bitch on heat tonight," I suggested to Debbie. "Eagerly willing to accept whatever is offered?"  
  
She smiled. "Not exactly," she revealed. "I'm feeling a bit relieved, a bit apprehensive, and quite elated."  
  
Her anxieties were normal. Will I have any troubles entering her? How exactly will it feel? Will my penis be too big for her vaginal cavity? Will she bleed? If so, how much? How painful will it all be? Would she enjoy it? Might she even orgasm?  
  
I assured her that she probably would experience pain -- most girls do. Some girls experience just a little, a few find their 'first time' an excruciating experience. And there was no way to know in advance how she would react to that first penetration.  
  
But, surprisingly, even if they felt they had been torn apart and had bled, girls -- all girls -- rapidly bounced back, just wanting and seeking 'more'!  
  
Debbie reminded me that she had sucked my engorged penis during that excursion to my surgery as a schoolgirl and remembered it as being 'huge'.  
  
She was not wrong. My erection is a little longer, a little wider than perhaps three-quarters of other men's. So she would most certainly feel it whilst losing her virginity!  
  
"Well, your job tonight will be to get it very much bigger, much more erect than that - so it can penetrate you deep, deep down, as far inside, as possible!" I kidded her.  
  
I then told Debbie I needed to take a shower, and invited her to join me. I hoped it might be a bit of fun, hoping it would help relax her, before the serious business of -- perhaps forceably -- expanding the diameter of her virgin love tunnel.  
  
"It will give me the chance to have a good look -- and a good feel -- of your entire body, and you'll be able to see and touch all of me," I promised.  
  
In general, her body didn't turn me on. But I played with her nipples, squeezed her butt, ran my fingers down the length of her ass-cleavage (and elicited a bit of a 'don't you dare go there' reaction!), paid specific attention to her pudendum...and, planted a big kiss -- and I mean a real kiss! -- on her lips and mouth. And soaped her up, from head to toe!  
  
I think she enjoyed feeling my 'little man' -- perhaps apprehensively knowing what he would soon be up to!  
  
Debbie had shaved her pubes for the occasion. All she now had was a neatly trimmed patch that sat above her pubic bone -- which I actually enjoyed rubbing with my fingers. She, quite obviously, had prepared for tonight.  
  
But her clit intrigued me.  
  
I so wanted to play with it. I so wanted to suck it. I so wanted to see if I could engorge it to become as stiff my little man would be when he brushed down the side of her clit and travelled down her love tunnel.  
  
My interest in physiology overcame me. Once on the bed, and having sucked and fondled her clit for a bit, I asked Deb to show me what she did with her clit whenever she masturbated. "It's so I can ensure I pleasure you properly," I explained.  
  
Deb then admitted she wasn't a big masturbator. She was still suffering from having been told, as a very young girl, 'don't do that,' and, even more, from crazy religious teachings that it was somehow morally wrong to pleasure yourself sexually.  
  
"Poor girl," I thought. "She really does now need to be given a really good screw!"  
  
But still, she showed me how she would occasionally tap her clitoris, rub it, stroke it in an upwards direction, stroke it sideways, and told me how she would push it hard against things like the back of her hairbrush. And how she derived some pleasure from this.  
  
So I spent time playing with it, as I simultaneously inserted a finger to find her g-spot.  
  
Needless to say, whilst doing this I developed a significant hard-on...and started to think that it was time this lady underwent her long-overdue defloration.  
  
And, I too, started to wonder how difficult the task was likely to be, whether she would bleed, how much pain she would have to endure.  
  
Of course, it's every man's dream to be giving a young lady her very first fuck. I knew I was up to the task! And Debbie certainly wasn't the first girl I would be deflowering -- or even the first girl in her school class that I was to deflower! Not that she realised that!!  
  
I'd explained to Debbie that I would act slowly and be as gentle as possible getting the head of my erection into her vagina. I'd probably then push down reasonable quickly and thrust as deeply as possible into her, before withdrawing and repeating entry and deep penetration several more times to ensure that she was 'fully opened'. Then we'd try to make love to ensure she received her first-ever deposit -- and a good generous deposit -- of cum.  
  
Debbie knew what to do. She submissively lay on her back and spread her legs.  
  
Allowing me to climb on top.  
  
By now she was very wet inside, obviously quite eager (if very apprehensive) to receive her first prick.  
  
She helped position the tip of my now well-engorged shaft at the entrance to her love tunnel...and I started, ever so slowly, to push it down.  
  
I could feel her tensing. She let out the slightest of yelps. Debbie was obviously feeling something!  
  
I dropped myself a little further. "Aah!' she responded.  
  
I reassured her that she was doing well, and in seconds would no longer be a young virgin.  
  
I withdrew my erection a millimetre or two then pushed it down slightly. Again, I could feel her tensing and she yelped some more. So I held everything steady for a few seconds.  
  
Then I drove my shaft rapidly downwards...and pushed down hard on the entrance to her love tunnel.  
  
I was fully in...  
  
And, for the first time ever, I felt what can only have been her clitoris pushing against my groin just above the base of my penis. How unusual that felt.  
  
But how refreshingly erotic it felt!  
  
As I held my erection deep down inside Debbie (suddenly realising the Doctor had just Done Debbie!), I fleetingly wondered if Debbie would, whenever she would be having sex, receive a little 'something extra' from having been blessed with that oversize clitoris.  
  
I completely withdrew from her love tunnel and, unnecessarily, announced "well, your virginity has gone!"  
  
A glance down at my erection revealed some blood. Not much blood. Just a trace.  
  
"And you've bled, which is good," I whispered to Debbie.  
  
I'm not sure why I had added that 'which is good' bit -- other than to confirm to myself that I had -- without any doubt whatsoever -- just stripped another young girl of her virginity.  
  
I thought about wiping the trace of blood onto the sheet...and then, in a traditional manner, hanging the sheet out for the neighbors to view. But I didn't, thinking to myself that displaying bloody sheets after one's wedding night was really an outdated cruel practice -- surely, for the young women involved, a psychological trauma equivalent to the physical trauma of being subjected to something like a ritual infibulation.  
  
"I'm coming back in again," I quickly informed Debbie. "Ready?"  
  
She was. Her legs were still well-spread, she was willing to guide my erection back to the entrance to her vagina. And she seemed happier this time as my erection penetrated her still-taut tunnel.  
  
Thrusting followed. Quite a bit of thrusting, as I was determined to hold my ejaculation until I was well-and-truly satisfied that Debbie had received a 'really good first fuck.'  
  
There is no way Debbie could have come away from that first fuck not appreciating what it feels like to be inseminated. I absolutely exploded inside her -- uncontrollably squirting, squirting, squirting cum where nature intends it to be deposited, and undoubtedly leaving Debbie with that wet feeling that females, I am told, so enjoy.  
  
So Debbie must have been a reasonable fuck. But, there again, to any guy, deflowering a young virgin is always the most enjoyable of pursuits!  
  
As we lay in my bed afterwards, I gave Debbie a huge hug. Partly for allowing me to be the one who had bled her, partly because I felt sorry for what had happened to her in her past.  
  
I also asked her if she was sore between her legs. "Not really sore, but I can feel something down there," she replied.  
  
"That's probably the muscles around your vagina that have been stretched for the first time trying to relax again," I advised. "Like all muscles in your body they should be regularly exercised, so my suggestion to you is that you now try to work them as often as possible...if you know what I mean. And I suspect you'll really enjoy that!"  
  
Debbie had promised me that she would rapidly follow her sexual initiation with a session in bed with some other young man. So I suggested that, before dawn, she practice on me what she would be saying to that young man: "I need you to do a favor for me. Please, will you give this girl a fuck!"  
  
She didn't quite say that. "John, I'm ready for more," were her actual words!  
  
Once again she lay on the bed in submissive pose, legs splayed.  
  
I had to explain that it didn't quite work like that. She would first have to help transform my little man into a stiff, much bigger man...and together we would have to ensure she was made really wet from the anticipation of what she was about to receive.  
  
I suggested that perhaps both of us should engage in a little oral. So she gave my symbol of manhood a good sucking while I took her most feminine part into my mouth and did what I could to pleasure it with my tongue.  
  
As my entering her did not have the same urgency as it had had earlier in the night, I also played with her clitoris and fingered her g-spot for some time.  
  
I started with her clitoris which, after a short while, I could distinctly feel had significantly engorged. I had been taught the name for this aroused condition is priapism, that in some women it can occasionally persist -- painfully -- for some days, and, had light been available to me at the time, I should have also noticed a darkening of Debbie's labia and clit, and an engorgement of her labia.  
  
"Your coochie is a lot bigger than it was, as I hope you can feel," I remarked. Her response was a simple "Mmm!"  
  
And, as her clit was engorging and erecting, I imagined Debbie -- or should I say a very much lither model of Debbie -- walking towards the female dressing room of a swimming pool in one of those wet, sheer, body-hugging swimming costumes with the outline of her priapismic clitoris clearly evident through the just-wide-enough strip of fabric that runs down between her legs. What a contrast (and an eye-attracting contrast!) this would have been to the other nubile girls whose swimsuits down there usually give just a hint (an attractive hint, I must admit!) of their varying sized female slashes and labia.  
  
I thought that, at some later time, I should ask Debbie if she felt there were disadvantages of having an obviously oversized clit.  
  
I particularly enjoy engorging girls' Skene's Glands by simultaneously providing clitoral and vaginal stimulation, and then squeezing the fluid that has accumulated out and into them -- helping fill the girls with additional warm wetness as a prelude to penetration. So I continued my play inside her, around there.  
  
Debbie was fairly quiet as I fingered her. There were no "ooh, that's nice" or "keep going" types of comments from her. But she did, involuntarily, buck and twitch a little as I stimulated her, making me wonder at one point whether I had actually brought her to orgasm or, if not, how close she had actually come to experiencing one.  
  
Having got her really wet again, it was time to re-enter Debbie.  
  
I again positioned myself above her, and she helped direct my now very-erect penis into the entrance of her love tunnel.  
  
Debbie was still tight, but the passage in was very much easier...and, quite obviously, very much more pleasant for her.  
  
Again, I could feel her clitoris connecting with my body just above my penis, so I tried pushing hard against it as I completed each downwards thrust into her vagina. She didn't object and, from what I could tell, seemed to enjoy the added stimulation she received from this whilst we were coupled.  
  
Then, for the second time that night, I gave it to her: a good, deep load of cum.  
  
Debbie seemed satisfied, and particularly satisfied that she had, at long last, lost her virginity. And she told me she was pleased with this...and, that her first experience of sexual intercourse had been "not too bad."  
  
I'd been pleased, as guys' put it, that Debbie had now been 'cured' of her virginity. And, ego-wise, I was delighted that I had been asked to do the deed.  
  
But, to be quite honest, I'd much preferred the 'popping her cherry' experience I had much earlier had with Debbie's classmate Grace...and, as far as enjoyable fucks are concerned, I've yet to find a more satisfying fuck than those now provided by Rebecca, another of Debbie's schoolmates.  
  
And, strangely, there was something else I couldn't get from Debbie because of her protruding clitoris.  
  
I really enjoy the experience of being able to cup my hand over a girl's pudenda, just to feel the completely smooth but taught skin that runs down between her legs, and being able to rest the palm of my hand there for a few short seconds, in a way that sort of shields or traps her little box...and, then, following this by slowly retracting my hand upwards towards her belly button having first dropped my middle finger slightly into her clitoral cleavage. This is a real turn-on because, as you've probably guessed, the silky smooth, yet tautness, of a girl's skin in that area and the gentle gradual feminine curves in that area down between her legs is, to me, the most enticing, the sexiest area of a girl's anatomy. And, as a result, I 've certainly had Grace and Rebecca's twats cupped in the palm of my hand, and the areas up to their clitoral hoods being slightly stretched by my middle finger, on many an occasion!  
  
Had Debbie been a little more sexually appealing to me, I might have suggested we re-engage regularly, and that I become her sex tutor to ensure she became more sexually proficient and be introduced to some other different ways of receiving 'it'. But she had (or I hoped had) a date with another guy -- so there was really no reason at all for me to currently pursue that possible opportunity.  
  
We ended the night having a shower together, giving me the opportunity to once again fondle and gently squeeze her unusually prominent little 'female erection'...the one thing that will remain as my most vivid memory of that one-night stand, during which 'unremarkable' Debbie had sought - and accepted - her very first fuck.  
  
Debbie, though, might not have been so pleased that I would most remember her because of her distinctive box!!  
  
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But talking of dear Grace, as I was. A few days later I received a phone call from her. Could she come around on my birthday (in a couple of weeks' time) to help me to celebrate? After a lot of thought and research, she had decided to share something very special with me - as this year's birthday treat - that I had been asking her for, for quite some time. I immediately said "yes!" And I'm presuming it will not be a birthday cake with a cherry on top!!

**Sex Lessons for Six Naked Schoolgirls Pt. 07**

"Happy Birthday, John," Grace announced as she arrived at my home and handed me a neatly wrapped, beribboned package.  
  
I had not expected a present such as this.  
  
I had expected Grace to come empty-handed.  
  
"I've given your birthday present a lot of thought, and I hope you like it," she continued. "I know it's something you've been wanting for a long time."  
  
I had to be gracious. I instinctively embraced Grace and hugged and kissed her.  
  
"I'm sure I will," I replied.  
  
She must have detected some disappointment in my voice, so after our hug she continued by asking "Well, aren't you going to open it?"  
  
"Of course," I replied. "And thank you for being so kind and so thoughtful."  
  
I then proceeded to unwrap the package. I was sure I was going to be disappointed.  
  
Inside were two tubes of KY gel and a packet of condoms.  
  
I was relieved. Grace WAS obviously going to surrender her anal virginity to me as a birthday gift, as I had a sneaking suspicion she would.  
  
"Grace," I responded. "Come to bed with me now and let's enjoy some vaginal before we have some dinner and start to think about anything else," I suggested.  
  
I knew that Grace would accept that suggestion because, hidden somewhere inside her exceptionally attractive exterior, she has a seemingly-insatiable capacity for taking my erections -- an ever-willing desire that it seems I had identified, and suddenly 'switched on' in her, some years ago.  
  
"If we do, will you be up to popping my anal cherry later?" Grace then enquired.  
  
"Have I ever not been up to meeting your needs several times a night?" I replied.  
  
So, without further discussion about what was to happen later that evening, Grace and I moved to my bed.  
  
Grace and I had sexually joined hundreds of times before. Or, to put it more crudely, I'd fucked her hundreds of times before. I'd enjoyed every encounter. I assume Grace had done so too.  
  
This afternoon was to be no different.  
  
But I was unusually eager to get into her pants. Perhaps because I'd not been in them for some weeks.  
  
First to again have a really good feel of her cunny -- to have my hand slowly feel her oh-so-taut box, feel her oh-so-smooth box, feel her totally hair-free box, feel her oh-so-seductively rounded, so absolutely feminine box...to let a finger slowly feel its way up her vaginal canyon to finally lift and stretch her clitoral hood...to then have several fingers gently feel her oh-so-receptive clitoral knob, to gradually increase the sexually excitement that Grace was feeling and (if it is possible!) to make her even more sexually eager...to have a finger or two dive down into her vagina to feel her g-spot and then to feel her little love tunnel progressively become wetter and wetter.  
  
And then, to follow this, to with a really good rogering.  
  
I desperately needed to screw Grace that day. It had been weeks since she and I had last been in bed together. And, as you know, she has always provided me with a naturally tight, really satisfying screw, so -- whatever else might happen later that day -- I was determined that her visit was going to start with both of us naked in bed together, as physically close as we could possibly be, simply enjoying 'a damn good fuck'.  
  
I knew that Grace would expect me to run my hands all over her body. To feel my tongue and lips make contact with her most female of erogenous zones. For me to feel her clit....to play with her tiniest of tits...to run my fingers along the length of her anal cleavage and then touch, just so gently touch, the entrance to her 'no, don't go there!' ass hole. For my fingers to dive inside her vagina and find and stimulate her g-spot -- hopefully bringing her to orgasm before I had given any thought to penile penetration.  
  
...And for the palm of my hand and my fingers to simply cup her box, allowing me to again savour the tautness, the silky smoothness of that very special area of her body...an area that, quite simply, totally captivates and excites me.  
  
I was only too aware that afternoon that, if I let my fingers travel just a little further around her crotch, they'd be on or be in the virgin hole that Grace would soon be allowing me to fill.  
  
I knew that I would eventually feel Grace's tiny hands reach for my balls and for my male member, eager to ensure I had a totally stiff erection.  
  
If I was lucky (as I was that day!), she would take my erection into her mouth and pleasure it by sucking, sucking, and by then sexually teasing me by repeatedly running her tongue along that oh-so responsive ridge that runs up the underside of my penis.  
  
And then -- somehow knowing I was very close to involuntarily ejaculating -- she would ask "what are you waiting for?" and move so that her cunt was obviously ready to be entered. To be fucked, fucked, fucked...to, ultimately, be rewarded with generously wet spurts of jism that would be deposited somewhere deep inside her receptive little body.  
  
Sometimes she would be lying on her back to receive her penetration. Sometimes on her haunches in doggy position. Sometimes with her back to me, waiting to be entered from the side. Occasionally with her legs dangling over the end of the bed, craving an unusually hard fuck. And, once in a while, she would even move out of the bed and stand up against a wall with one leg pointing skywards offering me a clear, unobstructed passage into her tight little love tunnel.  
  
Over the years this little lady, with her tight little cunt, had worked out how to add regular variation to our love-making. Which both of us absolutely loved!  
  
That afternoon she elected to be penetrated in the simple Missionary Position...her legs splayed and pointing heavenward. And she ended up wet...and satisfied...and I ended up (as usual) exhausted!  
  
I had given her, she had accepted, a 'damn good' - an 'unusually damn good' -- screw. So, for a short while, we both just needed to lie together, simply savouring what each other had offered.  
  
Eventually we thought about dinner. But before we left the bed I cheekily asked Grace to spread her legs again so I could just look at and appreciate the enticing, thoroughly feminine landscape that was usually hidden away between her legs.  
  
Grace, being Grace, was not going to refuse this simple request...and I was not going to take any advantage of her then-submissive situation by trying to finger her or even trying to kiss her.  
  
So I just looked at -- and thoroughly enjoyed looking at -- all this beautiful lady now willingly presented to my gaze.  
  
And 'down there' she was visibly very moist.  
  
Mmmm.  
  
Grace followed my 'viewing' by indicating she wanted to have a serious talk about what was likely to happen next.  
  
"You ARE going to pop my anal cherry tonight," she announced. "I've absolutely decided that, but I want to talk to you in detail about it first," she said as we headed to the shower to rinse ourselves off.  
  
Showers with Grace (and also with Rebecca!) are always special. They are fun, they are intimate. We do things, playing with one another, in the shower that we didn't do in bed. And, not infrequently, I have Grace pinned up against the shower wall, or bent over, or bent over backwards, receiving yet another damn good fuck.  
  
And, invariably, whenever we had showered together of a morning at the time she was living with me, I'd be late to work.  
  
If my receptionists had kept a diary of my late days, they'd now have a diary of the days that Grace had started her day cosseting my sperm!  
  
There was to be no sex in the shower that afternoon...but it was fun and I sensed, somehow, it was unusually intimate.  
  
Especially as Grace allowed me to run my fingers up and down her buttock cleavage for longer that I had ever done before and, with a dab or two of KY Gel on my fingertips, allowed me to run my finger around and over her ripe cherry-coloured anal opening.  
  
It was taut.  
  
"You'll have to relax your bum hole," I advised. "If you are ever going to get the head of my man through your anal sphincter I'll need a wide-open hole down there, not something that's closed up. So, give it a go."  
  
She relaxed it a bit, but as soon as I touched her down there again, she would tense up.  
  
"Just relax, relax," I further advised. "You must absolutely relax and enjoy what's happening to you down there, because if you don't you'll be screaming in pain as I try to push my erection inside."  
  
I think she got the message, but I still felt that convincing her to relax to dilate her anal opening was going to be something of an ongoing challenge.  
  
This was the first time I'd really had a close look at Grace's little rear entrance.  
  
It was cute. Really cute! Seemingly made to be fingered! Not to be unnaturally stretched and opened up -- even by me!!  
  
Especially by me, with my size L or OS cock!!  
  
Having dried ourselves and -- sort of -- dressed, we moved to the lounge room. Grace detoured by the refrigerator and poured both of us a glass of wine, before snuggling up to me on the sofa.  
  
"John," she started "I love you. I really love you."  
  
"And I only wish you had been inside my head over the past few weeks because I've really wrestled over what is about to happen and what I'm about to say."  
  
I was a bit taken aback. This was Grace being very serious. I knew I just had to listen.  
  
"John, I love you. If I really didn't love you there is absolutely no way I'd be here now, allowing you...wanting you to give me anal."  
  
"And, John, I've decided over the past few weeks, while thinking about things, that I really want to move back in with you. Not on a temporary basis but permanently. Because you are the most gorgeous, most caring, most loving person I have ever met."  
  
"Thank you, darling" I replied. "I'd love to have you move back in, but you are asking us both to make a huge commitment, so perhaps we could talk about that in some detail tomorrow, or even the next day."  
  
"Let's just focus right now on what's about to happen. You've obviously been thinking deeply about that too, and I'd like to hear how you're feeling about it."  
  
Grace had obviously done a lot of research. She started by saying that she had moved from viewing anal sex as an unnatural act to looking on it as something that was perfectly natural and something that, she understood, could be intensely satisfying to both parties...and something that, essentially, demonstrated a couple's trust and love for one another. And the more that she had read about it, the more convinced she had become that anal was something she wanted to be able to enjoy and to share with me.  
  
Grace also knew it involved risks. Significant risks. There was the possibility of contacting AIDS or HIV (although she thought the chances of contracting either from me was virtually zero) and there was a real chance of her tearing or puncturing something on the outside of her anus, or even internally -- and that would then become really serious. She also knew that having repeated anal sex could weaken the muscles around her anal sphincter, which definitely would not be a good look for her! But, she realised, perhaps the greatest risk was that fecal germs could make her really sick -- especially if they were carelessly transmitted from her ass hole into her vaginal area.  
  
She knew the precautions she should take, and she suggested how we should proceed: she would toilet, she would have a very warm bath, she would be lubed up and I would then start by inserting one and then two fingers into her anal cavity to dilate it as much as possible. After scrubbing my hands, we would both work to ensure my penis was fully erect and I'd put on a condom. There would be more lubing of both her back entrance and my condomed erection before I would lie on my back, erection pointing upwards and she would position herself on top of this and slowly lower herself until my erection was fully inside her. I had to promise there would be no thrusting until I had fully penetrated her and she was comfortable having my erection inside. And I had to be extra careful to keep my fingers, which should ultimately be providing her with vaginal and clitoral stimulation, well clear of her rear entrance.  
  
And, I should never expect anal to become an everyday part of our lovemaking. It was to be an occasional 'special treat' to reduce the likelihood of gradually weakening her anal muscles.  
  
I thought she had a pretty good checklist of what should happen that evening. It sounded clinical -- but the reality is that the process of giving or receiving a first fuck, be it anal or vaginal, is a somewhat necessarily clinical undertaking.  
  
And I, rather than Grace, was more likely to enjoy this once-in-a-lifetime experience upon which she was about to embark.  
  
I told Grace there was just one thing I would add to her timetable. Once she has finished her bath I would separate her buttocks as widely as possible and, with gaffer tape, try to ensure they were kept spread well apart. This would help to provide unimpeded access to her tiny target hole.  
  
And I cautioned her to act slowly, and be prepared to do things differently if, at first, she experienced difficulties or unbearable pain.  
  
After a few more hugs and kisses, Grace told me she would skip dinner and "get it over with." She suggested that I grab something to eat while she was soaking in the bath.  
  
So the countdown to Grace's anal defloration had begun.  
  
Grace is petite. She knows I prefer her to appear to pre-pubescent, virgin-like and have no pubic hair. So there is nothing but skin (and that barest glimpse of labia!) below her bikini line.  
  
In the bath, therefore, Grace has all the appearance of an innocent baby. Tiny tits and THE smoothest, THE most appealing 'come hither and give me a feel' crotch.  
  
And a perpetual smile that was certainly not going to deter me from doing just that!  
  
"Roll over and let me see how ready your beautiful ass-hole is now," I suggested to her, before plunging my hand into the warm water and giving her an unsolicited feel, even trying to insert a finger.  
  
"Darling you must relax. You've got to allow that hole to open right up, to become totally receptive. And you know how wide that has to become, because you know exactly what it has to accommodate," I continued.  
  
"Hop out of the bath and let's see if the lube will help," I then suggested.  
  
After towelling Grace off, I had her lie on the bed face-down. First to tape her up, then to begin lubricating her ass-hole, then to see how easily I could slide my fingers into her virgin hole. I guessed this would probably be the most traumatic part of the evening for her -- but, nonetheless, possibly the most important if her defloration was to be reasonably comfortable for her.  
  
I succeeded in getting two fingers inserted. But barely!  
  
It was evident that what must now follow was going to be painful to her. And that's not surprising, because Grace is small!  
  
She had some time to adjust as she sucked and squeezed my cock to help bring it to full erection, and watched while I rolled the condom down the length of my shaft.  
  
We then lubed one another. Liberally. Very liberally.  
  
I ensured that the much of contents of one tube were squeezed into her still-virgin hole and were liberally distributed around the rim of her anal sphincter...and that she felt totally wet and slippery to the touch.  
  
Oh, how much I (and my erection) now just wanted to get inside that still-virgin hole!  
  
It was a quick dash to the bathroom to wash my hands before I returned to lie on the bed, face (and erection!) up. "Are you O.K. to go?" I enquired.  
  
Grace said nothing. She just positioned herself astride of me, facing away from me so I could not easily observe her facial reactions to what was to follow. I helped guide my manhood to the entrance of her hole and then moved my hands to gently hold her waist.  
  
She lowered herself a little. A little more...and then let out an obviously painful "HOLY SHIT!"  
  
"Take your time," I suggested. "And try to relax some more down there."  
  
She tried twice more. I had the feeling we were making some progress, but very slow progress.  
  
Grace was obviously hurting.  
  
"I'm going to suggest you now lower yourself forceably and rapidly to get the head of my erection through that gate -- just like I had to do when I popped your vaginal cherry," I suggested. "If you want me to help, I'll try pulling you down," I added.  
  
Grace indicated she wanted to try it first by herself.  
  
Many seconds elapsed before Grace did so. She was probably steeling herself for the pain she would receive, and she was probably trying to relax her anal muscles.  
  
But she succeeded -- if accompanied by a loud, obviously-painful 'aaarrhhh.'  
  
But at last the head of my engorged penis was inside. And I imagined I heard a muted 'pop'!  
  
I was not yet deep inside Grace...but I was inside.  
  
With a bit of wriggling by both of us, the head of my shaft gradually worked its way in as far as it was likely to travel.  
  
So success! Grace's anal cherry had finally been popped.  
  
"How are you feeling? O.K.?" I enquired.  
  
"Sore, but I think I'm alright," she replied, almost in exasperation.  
  
I then suggested Grace allow me to totally withdraw from her anal canal and that we try penetration for a second time, after which she should allow me to engage in some thrusting that might ultimately lead to my ejaculating.  
  
That happened -- a lot more easily, a lot more pleasantly for us both.  
  
I even got to insert a finger into Grace's vagina and started fingering her there while she 'rode' me. Grace was, I think, relieved to discover that anal was likely to be a more intense, a more rewarding, experience than even the best vaginal had ever been for her.  
  
My erection had become quite flaccid by the time we eventually uncoupled...and I was surprised that the ever-thoughtful Grace had even supplied a sanitary bag into which I could pop the now very-wet condom.  
  
I instinctively wanted to grab Grace's ass and run my finger down to her newly-penetrated hole. "No, not until after I've had a shower," I was sternly informed.  
  
Neither of us slept well that night. I kept re-living what had just happened, wondering how much pain I had inflicted on Grace. And I was eager to again re-enter her behind.  
  
I was also thinking how should I respond to Grace's wish to move in with me permanently. When should I change my status from 'single' to 'in a relationship?' Should I ask her to marry me -- immediately, some time later? Should I buy her a ring when she moved in, or should I mark the event in some other way (apart from giving her a loving, 'welcome' anal fuck!)? Presumably, if she was moving in permanently, at some time she would want me to father her child, so should we be thinking about moving to a bigger house? How might she re-decorate 'our' house? Would 'my' guest house discipline rules now become 'our' house discipline rules?  
  
(Which, as an aside, perhaps I should explain to you! Grace now well knows that when she is asked to be 'very, very good' she will shortly be sucking cock, or exposing her tiny titties and cunny to a really good sucking. And if she is 'bad' [or, occasionally, 'not bad enough'!] she will find her pants and panties are being removed for her so-cute little bottom to be warmed and reddened by a few well-directed smacks. And on the rare occasion that Grace becomes enraged, she will be firmly instructed to 'stop...strip...then place your hands on your head...and just stand there while you cool down and I am able to keep an eye on you.' Which, of course, I will do -- very, very closely! -- until her feelings of anger become supplanted by a self-conscious feeling of naked immodesty.)  
  
And how was I going to cope with now not being able to provide as much practical sexual assistance to that stream of appealing young schoolgirls (all, coincidentally, from just the one high school!) who regularly provide me with opportunities to educate them and to, simultaneously, meet some of their most basic, most natural female needs? That was going to be (almost!) the hardest question for me to answer.

The greatest challenge, however, would surely come if Grace was ever to discover that I had recently started providing generous vaginal fills to her enticingly attractive (and equally sexually satisfying!) younger sister...who had shown me, just as Grace had done some years earlier, that she also has an exceptionally appealing, very taut, eagerly welcoming, little cunny!

**Sex Lessons for Six Naked Schoolgirls Pt. 08**

I was home on my rostered day off. My personal cell phone rang. It was Grace's sister, Stephanie... enquiring whether I might meet with her, take her to bed, and then take her virginity.  
  
I encouraged her to immediately come to my home.  
  
Thirty minutes later a pretty, nubile young lady was at my door.  
  
Nubile in the medical sense of having fully and relatively-recently become sexually mature.  
  
Nubile in the traditional sense of being 'ideally ripe' for marriage.  
  
Nubile in the street sense of being youthful...sexually-appealing...virginal...fuckable...and, of course, potentially available!  
  
Like Grace, Stephanie was slightly Asian in appearance -- with attractive, alluring eyes; that most appealing East Asian skin tone; a well-proportioned '10/10' body shape; breasts that appeared to be teenage-firm, well-rounded and slightly fuller than Grace's; lithe legs that suggested she was athletic and active; a firm, very 'pattable' backside; and an engaging face with a soft, petite nose atop fullish 'very kissable' lips; all surmounted and framed by shimmering dark black straight hair that fell to half way down her back...and her most immediately attractive feature - a broad, friendly smile that exposed a set of gleaming, perfectly white teeth.  
  
Stephanie, though, was not just extraordinarily pretty. She quickly demonstrated she had a personality to match.  
  
She immediately established eye contact with me and maintained it throughout our several hours-long meeting; within seconds I had the feeling she was comfortable (indeed, perhaps over-comfortable) being with me... and she was not just there because, perhaps, I could help solve her (perceived) problem; she quickly gave me the distinct impression she wanted us to be a close friends; and she was articulate and soon revealed she had a somewhat mischievous sense of humour.  
  
I could only thank God that Stephanie had decided that, for whatever the reason, I should lay her...and, specifically, be the one to end her virginity.  
  
After a long discussion, it was apparent that Stephanie was more-than-ready to lose her virginity (she had, for example, sometime earlier organised to go on The Pill), she was EXTREMELY worried that she might physically have those same challenges 'down there' as her sister had when experiencing her first penile penetration, and she had been impressed that Grace found her first experience with me to be 'very much better than any girl could reasonably expect'.  
  
I remained somewhat unnerved that she was asking me - a stranger - to take her virginity. So I doubly resolved that, if she really was determined that I deflower her, I would do so in as natural and as loving way as possible.  
  
I therefore suggested she inform her sister and parents she was spending the weekend with an old schoolfriend, whilst I organised a weekend for us that was far enough away from the city for us to be assured of complete privacy...to enable her to comfortably surrender her virginity.  
  
Before she left, I suggested Stephanie give me a look at 'what I would be faced with on our weekend away'...and then suggested that it would be even more valuable to me if she was to let me have a quick look at her whole body. Without hesitation, she agreed.  
  
Unclothed, her body was as I had imagined it to be -- very attractive breasts, an almost irresistible bum, great looking legs, a waist just begging to be squeezed...and a well-tended Brazilian that directed my eye downwards towards her slit.  
  
She had an extremely attractive taut covering of skin that ran from below her belly-button down to between her legs (a typically recently-pubescent female feature - that ultra-smooth skin that guys simply love to feel as they run their hands down between any willing girl's legs), sensuously bisected by her lady slash. Her, not unattractive, labia were more pronounced and more immediately visible that are Grace's.  
  
I asked if she might climb on my bed and allow me to more closely examine her 'female bits'. She seemed to expect that I would do this.  
  
I gently parted her labia, starting from the bottom end and gradually worked my way up towards her clitoral hood. I did so very slowly -- I knew that when I was to take her virginity would not be an appropriate time to closely examine her 'pink bits', so this was really my only chance to appreciate and savour exactly what nature had attempted to hide away between the legs of this very lovely lady.  
  
I didn't want Stephanie to feel I was simply giving her a clinical examination so, at several points I gently squeezed her labia, simultaneously watching her facial expression. It was unmistakably a "I know what you're up to" smile that she returned!  
  
Her clitoris was slightly more accessible and slightly larger than Grace's clitoris.  
  
I gave it three or four gentle strokes with my finger. She again responded to this by giving me the same 'You naughty boy!' smile.  
  
I refrained from asking whether she was enjoying that liberty I had just taken, but she quickly asked "Do you like it?"  
  
"Not just like it, I love it," was my lame reply.  
  
"I can see that from the bulge in your pants!" she informed me.  
  
"Do you mind if I just pop a finger into your vagina?" I then asked.  
  
"Please go right ahead," she responded.  
  
She was sufficiently damp that I didn't need to fetch any lubricant. So, I slowly, gently, inserted and withdrew my middle finger three times. I then immediately looked at her face -- she gave me reassuring smile.  
  
"Well," I announced. "Everything seems normal down there. You probably have a vagina that is slightly narrower or constricted than do most virgin girls, but that should not present any particular problem to you. And, if anything, the man who is lucky enough to be first inside will enjoy the experience a lot more because of this."  
  
"So, my advice to you is to just relax and become sexually active whenever you are ready to do so."  
  
"I definitely want you to be the man," she unhesitatingly responded. "...And on a weekend away sounds like a great idea...and, please, soon."  
  
"Are you completely sure?" I checked...  
  
I felt it only fair that she got to inspect my man bits, so I then undid my belt and dropped my pants and undies.  
  
My penis, as you would expect, was by now quite engorged. I was therefore presenting Stephanie with a realistic idea of what would soon be inside her.  
  
"Oh, wow!" she said, her voice suggesting that she was -- perhaps - a little taken-aback at what was on show.  
  
"Are you going to have a play with him?" I enquired, encouraging her to become a little more intimate. She didn't need a second invitation, clasping my member reasonably tightly and slowly moving it up my shaft -- starting at the very bottom and working upwards to the very tip of my penis.  
  
Had my penis been any stiffer, she surely would have caused some of my pre-cum to have wet her hand.  
  
"And, Stephanie, do you know what's his most sensitive area?" I enquired, expecting 'no' for an answer.  
  
She immediately ran her finger right up the ridge on its underside. So, she was not totally sexually naive!  
  
"And how about my balls? They need a gentle squeeze," I then suggested....  
  
That morning meeting ended with a very close embrace and a prolonged, intimate kiss. It was obvious our weekend away was likely to be great fun for both of us.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
By the time I collected Stephanie the next Friday afternoon, my balls and my dick had been aching all morning -- fully appreciating what they would be receiving later that evening. I drove a short but respectable distance before stopping and asking her if we could start our weekend with an appropriate cuddle and kiss. She was more than receptive to this idea.  
  
The drive to our weekend rooms provided an opportunity for us to really get to know one another and, indeed, bond. Understandably, some of the talk was about what was likely to occur that weekend, with Steph admitting she was apprehensive but "eager to get it (her defloration) over with". I cautioned her that it might not happen until an hour or two after we went to bed, and suggested she might expect it to be a more pleasurable experience than she was imagining.  
  
And during the drive she gradually, emotionally, revealed more details about why she had called me, requesting I take her virginity: most of her same-age friends had lost the virginities and were enjoying regular intercourse, so there was considerable peer pressure for her to do the same; she was sick of her sister enthusing about the pleasurable occasions she was having in the bed with me and, given the opportunity, wanted to also sample whatever it was that I was providing to Grace; she could not nominate any other guy who she loved or respected enough to be the one who must take her virginity but, again through her sister, believed I had the experience and would be sympathetic enough to make that potentially-frightening first sexual experience tolerably enjoyable; she did not want the shame of appearing to be sexually inexperienced when she did start welcoming other guys into her bed; and, because she had left becoming sexually active for so long, she was now in serious danger of being considered a serial 'prick tease', or be given that most-dreaded of labels - 'frigid.'  
  
Stephanie's prolonged virginity until now, her now-pressing desire to become sexually active, her mounting fears about possible 'first time' pain or trauma, her feeling a little 'inadequate' about having to ask me (her sister's 'man', after all!...and someone who had not even previously dated her) to be her 'first-time' man, and even a feeling she was having to secretly 'escape' to 'do the deed', had become overwhelming to her...and she shed significant tears while we were talking. I felt sorry for her, convinced she was being very hard on herself, so did my best to reassure her that there was nothing abnormal about her or about her feelings...and suggested, in an hour or to, she'd surely have a totally new, wonderfully positive, outlook on life.  
  
And I just prayed she WOULD experience little pain and no problems taking my hard-on and all it would deliver.  
  
So, the evening, naturally, started with more -- prolonged - kisses and cuddles. Steph was willing to partake, I was enjoying her now seemingly-natural willingness to do so.  
  
I wanted to make the weekend as informal as possible, as un-clinical as possible, and for Steph as un-confronting as possible, so I followed our cuddles and kisses by announcing I was going to take a shower. I suggested to Steph that she'd be most welcome to join me.  
  
I then undressed in the room, in full sight of Steph -- to make it appear that it was the most natural thing in the world to do - grabbed the two guest towels from off the bed, walked slowly to the bathroom and, without attempting to close the door, ran the shower. I hoped that Steph might then undress, without feeling she had preying eyes watching her do so, and follow me.  
  
I was not to be disappointed.  
  
"It's my job to soap you, your job to soap me," I announced as she stepped into the shower -- eagerly anticipating that I'd soon be having an unconstrained, 'socially acceptable' opportunity to have a good feel of her breasts, play with her bum, and run a finger or two up along her clitoral cleavage.  
  
Steph didn't seem to be fazed when this occurred, responding by eagerly soaping my shaft and balls, my rear-end, and elsewhere.  
  
This, of course, was the first time I had been able to rub her breasts, so they perhaps received a little more soaping than was absolutely necessary. She has extremely 'sexy' breasts -- teenage-firm and pert, soft to the touch, with prominent nipples that just scream 'suck me'. I kissed one, I took the other into my mouth.  
  
Our playfulness continued once we stepped from the shower, happily drying each other's body -- including each other's most intimate of areas. Steph's breasts each received several, slightly longer sucks (Steph certainly didn't object to that!)...and I - feigning ignorance - asked Steph to show me how much and how deeply I needed to dry her clitoral cleavage.  
  
I suspect that a suggestion I had earlier made had paved the way for us to act, so early in our relationship, in such an uninhibited way. I'd explained to Steph that, to enjoy great sex, both partners needed to have complete trust in one another, to completely shed their modesties, to completely shed their inhibitions, and just savour whatever pleasures their own body and their partner were able to deliver, and whatever pleasures they, themselves, were able to offer their partner. She obviously understood this.  
  
I tried, while Stephanie was completely naked at this early stage of the evening, to kiss every part of her body excepting her clit (which was the one part of her very appealing body that I REALLY yearned to kiss and caress!): her thighs, her neck, her forehead, her cheeks, her lips (naturally!), her breasts and nipples (again), her tummy, the skin around her Brazilian, her feet...and even her very appealing, firm, feminine buttocks.  
  
She was certainly not objecting to the attention I was giving her...and, may even have been somewhat surprised that I seemed intent on 'wooing' her before proceeding to lay her.  
  
Once on the bed, things became far more intimate, with me determined to run my hands over every square centimetre of her naked body and -- as the expression goes -- with no holes barred!  
  
I suspect that she was certainly not expecting that I would even part her butt cheeks and run my finger gently down her anal cleavage, finally gently circling her cute little rear door. (It was very tempting indeed, I must confess, to let one of my fingers stray in through that door. But I resisted the temptation, at least for the moment!)  
  
Her breasts, her nipples received particular attention, with her nipples responding by engorging and becoming noticeably more erect. Steph responded positively when I repeatedly flicked them with my tongue.  
  
My fingers could not keep away from her clitoris for long -- and soon it, too, seemed to have engorged.  
  
Steph's soft murmurs of pleasurable delight encouraged me to prolong my fingering and licking around this luscious lady's little love-bud.  
  
This was followed by my lips and tongue exploring the area around her pussy -- the opening to her vagina, her labia, her clitoral hood and, of course, especially that head of her clitoris.  
  
For a young lady who was in bed with me for the first time, for a young lady who was, understandably, apprehensive about the impending experience of having her vagina penetrated for the first time, Steph seemed remarkably relaxed...and also seemed remarkably responsive to the foreplay she was receiving.  
  
This was evident by how quickly and how noticeably damp her vagina had become.  
  
But getting a taste of the female juices she was producing around her increasingly-beckoning love-tunnel had now become an absolutely essential.  
  
I quietly informed Steph that she was about to feel more of my tongue in and around the entrance to her vaginal canal, and suggested that she might simultaneously take my now-engorging penis into her mouth and give it a wee suck. She obliged, and I could certainly feel my cock stiffening noticeably.  
  
The flow of her vaginal juices continued unabated...and...wow...how much I enjoyed the tastes they delivered!  
  
Regrettably, I could not forever continue to lap up these love-tunnel treats that she was, uncontrollably, copiously, serving up. Clearly, the time had arrived for her to have something more than my tongue between her legs...  
  
Initially, a finger to see if I could locate and then gently feel her g-spot.  
  
After warning Steph of what she would soon be feeling, I inserted my middle finger into her vagina and pushed my hand down as far as I could against her the entrance to her hole.  
  
How damp was she down there!  
  
But she was soon to get much wetter because, having located her g-spot and then given Steph a generous taste of how that area could be caressed to turn her on, I was delighted to discover that she possessed a reasonable-sized Skene's Gland just above her g-spot. By gently pushing on it, I was able to empty the juices it contained into her vaginal canal, ensuring she was extremely well lubricated for what was to follow.  
  
"This lucky girl," I thought to myself, as I continued to alternately rub her clitoris and to push down on her repeatedly engorging Skene's Gland. "She has an already well-developed and easily-locatable gland that I imagine - with just a little more sexual experience - could well be induced to involuntarily and uncontrollably squirt -- delivering her the intense orgasmic-like feeling that usually accompanies female 'ejaculation'."  
  
One finger in her love tunnel was obviously providing considerable pleasure to Steph, so I decided to test her reaction to having two fingers inside.  
  
"No!," was her emphatic response. "That's really uncomfortable."  
  
I didn't have the heart to tell her that the engorged penis she was about to take was significantly wider than my two fingers...or that her vagina could comfortably (well, perhaps uncomfortably, considering her then sexual inexperience!!) accommodate something the width of a Coke can.  
  
At this stage I concluded that Steph was now appropriately primed to experience - for the very first time - the feeling of a man's shaft as it travelled down her love tunnel...and the euphoria, or the pain, (or both!) of farewelling her virginity.  
  
"It's time...are you ready?" I enquired as I mounted her before giving her a passionate kiss -- a kiss that essentially doubled as a 'farewell' salute to her virginity.  
  
There was no answer.  
  
But I could feel her tensing up.  
  
"Please just relax, darling," I suggested. "Just help position him so he has a direct path in, and let me know if you want me to stop or go slower."  
  
I needn't have added that last bit, as Steph had previously been instructed about what was expected of her as I (and any future male, for that matter) pushed my erection into and down her love tunnel.  
  
I soon had the head of my shaft at the entrance to her vagina. I pushed very gently and slightly. I could feel it had just entered.  
  
Stephanie had no discernible reaction.  
  
So I pushed a little way further. My lips were, at that stage, resting on hers and I could feel her lips purse a little. She had again tensed up in anticipation of what might follow...but she gave no other reaction.  
  
She was obviously ready 'to be opened'.  
  
Things all seemed to have progressed just too easily, so I decided there must now be no turning back for her...  
  
And, I delivered one mighty shove downwards.  
  
"Aaah!" Stephanie yelled -- not overly loudly, but obviously after having experienced some pain.  
  
"Not so hard," she then suggested.  
  
I gently pushed down again, to confirm that the head of my penis had fully penetrated.  
  
Steph's virginity was now a thing of the past, and she could now consider herself to be a fully sexually active female.  
  
"That's it," I announced. "My penis is all the way down your vagina. I'll now withdraw it a little and push it down a few times, and in a second or two you'll discover you have millions of sperm inside you, all hoping to loocate a receptive egg."  
  
I remained motionless for a short while, to enable Steph to perhaps savour the moment, then commenced thrusting -- occasionally just a little, sometimes by withdrawing significantlly further, but always culminating as far inside her as I could push. Several times I completely withdrew and immediately re-inserted my hard-on before pushing it deep down -- to, as I had previously explained to Steph, 'ensure she was opened up fully, from her entrance to the very end of her vaginal canal.'  
  
And I came -- delivering Steph with a seemingly-huge load of cum.

I shuddered as I did so -- Steph had turned out to be 'an amazingly good fuck' and I was filled with the elation that inevitably comes from having just 'bled' an attractive young virgin.  
  
And talking of having bled. We lay together for some time, the palm of my hand and my fingers covering her most female parts, briefly providing a 'man hole cover' to the opening of the passageway that I'd just been privileged to be the first to (as speleologists call it when they are the first to enter a new cave passageway) 'push'.  
  
Then, as I had advised her to do (to minimise the chances of subsequently contracting 'honeymooners' disease'), Steph visited the bathroom to pee. While the room light was on, I quickly checked the bed sheet and my now-flaccid penis. There was a slight but discernible trace of blood.  
  
Stephanie HAD bled.  
  
I was delighted. At least I and she were assured -- in the most traditional of ways - that, that evening, she came to bed a virgin, but left no longer being a virgin!!  
  
And having bled, immediately became doubly appropriate for us. I had purchased, and when she returned to our bed, I presented her with, a tiny teardrop blood-red ruby on a necklace -- a small keepsake from a very grateful guy for having enjoyed a very special, unforgettable experience with an absolutely wonderful lady...  
  
It was near dawn. Stephanie was obviously partly awake. I was ready and eager to enter her again.  
  
"How are you feeling?" I asked.  
  
"Relieved, and OK," she responded.  
  
"How are your lady bits, down there?" I then enquired.  
  
"They're fine, they're not aching or hurting. But, as you predicted, I can feel something has happened to me." (I'd previously warned Stephanie that she might feel a little vaginal discomfort for hours, days or even weeks -- which was normal because my penile penetration had stretched and rearranged her vaginal muscles that, after all, had lain largely undisturbed for twenty years, and which were now just attempting to return to their old 'comfortable' position).  
  
With those 'essential preliminary preparations' having been satisfactorily completed by Steph and I the night before, the two of us were able to enjoy a much more romantic, much more satisfying session of intimacy and lovemaking that morning...as we did again that evening...and again on the Sunday morning.  
  
Stephanie indicated to me on each occasion, as we just lay there together hugging, that she was really loving 'being loved', and suggested it was likely that from now-on she would have a 'very full' (how appropriate a description!) sex life.  
  
Our bathroom intimacy was also replicated on several occasions and, between those showers and our sessions in bed, we were certainly 'playful' with one another -- kissing, hugging, patting, squeezing, occasionally groping, even partly undressing, each other, as if we were a pair of sexually out-of-control young lovers.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
The conversation on the drive home was, once again, extremely interesting.  
  
At one point I asked Stephanie what her future plans were, now that she had been sexually activated. She admitted she had no immediate plans and asked me what I thought she should now do, as a young lady.  
  
I asked her, first, to consider visiting my bed again twice over the coming fortnight. "That's a given," she indicated.  
  
So, I suggested that, on the first of these visits, she should be given her first taste of rough sex. "That sounds interesting," she replied - so I asked her to arrive wearing her oldest pair of undies, to bring a spare paid of undies with her, to buy some lubricating gel, and to lubricate herself generously just before she arrived.  
  
I was then able to mount one of my own hobby-horses, to espouse some beliefs that I accept many will vehemently disagree with.  
  
I suggested to Steph that her body and mind had been hard-wired to enjoy sex, and she should therefore accept this and now embrace every opportunity to enjoy herself. This is particularly important at this stage of her life, when she has no responsibilities for raising kids or ministering to the needs of a husband.  
  
She indicated that she suspected I was right.  
  
I pointed out that different guys would have different approaches to having sex with her, and would each deliver different pleasures to her, so I encouraged her to also embrace this and to therefore 'play the field'.  
  
And I suggested that I would not consider it unreasonable if, over the next 12 months, she was to take 5, 10, perhaps even more different guys into her bed. I did, however, advise that, because she was so attractive, she was in a position to very carefully avoid contracting any STD, and that she should perhaps be very discriminating about which guys she invited to her bed: so any guys associated in any way with drugs, any man who had visited a prostitute, anyone who clearly was promiscuous should be excluded. I also suggested she should, at some appropriate time, take a virgin guy to bed to enjoy the experience of 'deflowering' him (and, perhaps, simultaneously educate him a little more about life).  
  
She -- very surprisingly! - asked my views about perhaps inviting another girl to share her bed. My response was that, if she was completely comfortable with that, and the girl could provide her with at least as much pleasure as would a man, there was no reason why she should not also sample the experience.  
  
I then asked he if she had been approached by other girls to have a sexual relationship with them. "Naturally," she replied, as if I was totally stupid.  
  
"And how likely are you to end up in bed with another girl?" I asked.  
  
"Not any time soon," she informed me.  
  
Our secret weekend away ultimately ended the way it had started -- beside the road, a discreet distance from home, passionately kissing whilst engaging in a long, loving embrace.  
  
And, that weekend, I hadn't once inadvertently called Stephanie, 'Grace'.  
  
I arrived home elated.  
  
\* \* \* \* \*  
  
Yes, I bedded Stephanie twice over the following fortnight. The 'rough sex' encounter was particularly fun and just demonstrated how wonderfully loving and sexually receptive Stephanie is -- but that's a whole other story!  
  
And, then, for a period, Stephanie stepped out of my life -- but certainly never out of my dreams!

**Sex Lessons for Six Naked Schoolgirls Pt. 09**

When Stephanie arrived to sample some rough sex, she could not have missed seeing the implements I had deliberately laid out on the table – a scalpel...a large pair of scissors...a small pair of scissors...electric clippers...a hand razor...gauze dressing...Elastoplast...and - something every lady just loves to see!- a metal duck-billed vaginal speculum.  
  
They were there to make her ponder exactly what I had in store for her that day... to remind her this would be anything but an ordinary session of love-making.  
  
Not that she was expecting anything different.  
  
Our recent weekend together had focussed on her vagina. First, opening it up and letting it have its first experience of being penetrated, screwed, drilled, fucked, dilated – or whatever the appropriate word is. And our subsequent sojourns in bed with her legs apart were primarily intended to ensure her now 'receptive' slippery slide was adequately conditioned to accept whatever penile penetration might then come her way.  
  
But her experience on this next occasion was intended to be totally different.  
  
When she rang me to confirm our meeting, I checked with her that there was no lingering 'just been opened up' feeling in or around her twat, checked that she was still happy to now sample something a little rougher, promised her that she would suffer nothing extreme or of lasting physical damage, secured a promise from her that – no matter what happened on this occasion – she would welcome me to dive into her fun hatch again the following week...and I reiterated she should arrive well-lubed, wearing an old pair of panties, and that she should bring along a spare pair of panties and her tube of vaginal lubricant.  
  
And, most importantly, we agreed on a safe word: Grace!  
  
We started that morning with a substantial embrace and some passionate kissing...then, sparked by my again thanking her for the previous wonderfully warm and intimate weekend, chatted briefly about her feelings now that she had surrendered her virginity. She indicated she was now planning to be, and looking forward to being, sexually 'active'.  
  
A further hug, some more kissing, then gave way to a far less-romantic conversation:  
  
M (for Master): So, welcome now to the most unpleasant couple of hours of your life.  
  
My role this morning is to ensure you experience sexual pain and distress, something I'm sure you'll remember for some time...but I suspect you may very well also quite enjoy!  
  
We have some rules, so listen VERY carefully:  
  
I am your master...you are my submissive slave.  
  
I demand respect, absolute respect. So, every answer you give me to any question will be followed by 'sir'. So, it's "yes, sir,", "no, sir," or "three bags full, SIR".  
  
And you will only do EXACTLY what I instruct you to do. If I ask you to kiss me, you'll kiss me. You won't also attempt to hug me.  
  
And, to most questions, you should only answer "yes" or "no". I'm not seeking any further unsolicited explanations from you.  
  
And, you'll be punished for every transgression...with that punishment becoming progressively more painful.  
  
Do I make myself clear?  
  
S (for Slave): Yes, sir.  
  
M: Well, let's see how much attention you've been paying. If you want to give an affirmative answer to a question that I ask, what do you say?  
  
S: Yes, sir.  
  
M: BEND OVER!  
  
(Whack!)  
  
M: Think again. What do you say?  
  
(pause)  
  
S: 'Yes, sir', sir.  
  
M: That's better. But why have you stood up? – I haven't asked you to stand up, so bend over again.  
  
(Whack!)  
  
M: Now stand up straight. Remove your top...(pause)...  
  
Remove your bra...(long, long pause)...  
  
Master is now going to enjoy a little feel and have a little suck of those very attractive, very enticing tits. I'm certain you won't mind.  
  
S: No, sir.  
  
(Long pause...Sucking sounds)  
  
M: Now remove your pants...(pause)...  
  
Bend over. I didn't instruct you to remove your panties.  
  
(Whack!, Whack!)  
  
You lubricated yourself before you came?  
  
S: Yes sir.  
  
M: Right up your cock squeezer?  
  
S: (pause)...Yes, sir.  
  
M: Let me check how good a job you did.  
  
(pause)  
  
Oh, you ARE damp down there...you ARE enticingly warm down there...I can tell you ARE well prepared for all you are about to receive...And I bet this is the first time you've arrived on a date fully prepared and expecting to have your tight little cock pocket immediately stretched and distended.  
  
S: Yes, sir.  
  
M: Well, bad news for you - you'll just have to wait a while for that!...  
  
Stand up...Replace your panties...(pause)...  
  
Now, go to the shower...(pause)...  
  
Squat...(pause)...  
  
Pee...(long pause)...  
  
I said PEE...  
  
S: I can't...sir.  
  
M: You haven't tried. We'll wait all day if necessary. PEE...  
  
(Pause, droplets fall on the tiles in the shower)  
  
That's better.  
  
Now good girls don't pee their panties, do they?  
  
S: No, sir.  
  
M: Well, remove your panties and step out here...(pause)...bend over.  
  
(Whack! Whack! Whack!)  
  
M: Now stand up... Shower.  
  
(long pause)  
  
M: You don't appear to be doing a very thorough job, you little slut. Move over and let me in...And I'll start by giving those tits of yours a really thorough clean.  
  
(pause)  
  
S: Yow!  
  
M: Don't like having your little tits pulled?  
  
S: No, sir  
  
M: Well you'd better get used to it, because you'll soon be experiencing a lot more pain than this.  
  
S: Yow!...Yow!  
  
M: Turn around little slut and let me wash that bum of yours...bend over...oooh, nice little asshole!... Very tempting, VERY tempting, VERY, VERY tempting...But I'll have pity on you just now, and leave that for a later time – but I know you'll be extremely disappointed that it's not being filled right now. Am I right?  
  
S: (unconvincingly) Yes, sir.  
  
M: Straighten up, turn around...your cunt, though, is not going to be similarly disappointed.  
  
(pause)  
  
S: Yow!  
  
M: What's the problem. You've obviously deliberately left a little strip of fondling fluff down there – don't you like me doing that to you?  
  
S: It hurts when you pull it like that, sir.  
  
M: Well, why have you bothered at all to leave that pubic strip there? I can only think it is for men to play with. In any case, you'd be much more attractive, you'd be much sexier, if you just got rid of it and just went back to being a complete baldie.  
  
S: Yes sir.  
  
Yow! Yow!  
  
M: Now I'm going to have a little feel of you all over down there, starting right here at your belly button.  
  
(pause)  
  
M: Oh, that's beautiful. That's one of the most enticing parts of the female anatomy – and I can't fathom why girls always feel they must keep it hidden away.  
  
(long pause)  
  
M: So, it likes having a finger up there, does it?  
  
S: Yes, sir – especially when your finger does what it's just been doing.  
  
M: Well, let's try to double the effect for you, with two fingers!...Ooo, you really do have a tight little cunt!  
  
S: (softly) Yow.  
  
M: Enjoying that?  
  
S: Not particularly, sir.  
  
M: That's good...so how about three fingers?  
  
S: Please no, sir...YOW!  
  
M: That didn't really hurt, did it?  
  
(pause)  
  
M: I asked you a question...bend over.  
  
(Whack! Whack! Whack!)  
  
M: What are you crying for?  
  
S: I'm sorry, sir. It hurt, sir.  
  
M: Stand up and look at me. Three fingers really didn't hurt, did they?  
  
S: They did, sir. And so did your hitting me...sir.  
  
M: Good...Now, step out of the shower and Master will dry you.  
  
(long pause)  
  
M: Ooh...nice firm little tits, just aching for another suck, no doubt.  
  
S: Yes, sir  
  
(long pause...sucking noises)  
  
M: Ooh, and the pink bits in that cute little cunnie look to me that they also need to be sucked.  
  
(long pause...sucking noises...slight moans indicating pleasure)  
  
M: Now, wash your panties in the basin, then hang them on the rail there to dry...and if you ever pee in your pants again, I 'll use some of that tape outside to ensure all your holes are taped tightly shut, absolutely watertight. Do you understand?  
  
S: Yes, sir.  
  
(long pause)  
  
M: Now, you young slut, you do realise, don't you, that you've sexually excited Master...and he now desperately needs relief?  
  
S: Yes, sir  
  
M: Well, give Master the sort of sucking he now deserves...until he comes...and make sure you swallow his cum – all of it! We don't want to leave any mess.  
  
S: Yes, sir.  
  
(long pause – sucking sounds)  
  
M: That's a good girl. And Master likes that. And that wasn't too bad, was it?  
  
S: No, sir  
  
M: You must be quite sexually aroused by now?  
  
S: Yes, sir.  
  
M: Well, let me check how damp you are now between your legs.  
  
(long pause)  
  
M: You definitely need re-lubricating. Did you bring the lubricating gel, as instructed?  
  
S: Yes, sir.  
  
M: Then fetch it and give it to me.  
  
(pause)  
  
M: Legs a bit further apart, so I can reach everything...(pause)...no, that's no good, you need a lot more gel...right up your tight little slippery slide...(pause)...Ah, that's better, you're well prepared now.  
  
On the bed...on your back...legs to their 'ready to receive' position.  
  
(pause)  
  
M: Do you masturbate?  
  
S: Occasionally, sir.  
  
M: Do you orgasm as a result?  
  
S: Occasionally, sir.  
  
M: How long does it take?  
  
S: It varies, sir. Sometimes not long, sometimes quite a while...sir.  
  
M: Have you masturbated today?  
  
S: No, sir.  
  
M: Masturbation should be part of your everyday routine – just as you must exercise your vagina every day to tighten the muscles down there... And you do know what's the best way to exercise your vaginal muscles?  
  
S: No, sir.  
  
M: Having sex!...And what's the next best way of exercising your vaginal muscles?  
  
S: I don't know sir.  
  
M: Having an orgasm!...  
  
So let's get you started right now. Masturbate!...you're clearly in need of an orgasm!  
  
(long pause)  
  
M: Perhaps I should give you a hand...or at least a finger! (chuckles)...or a really good screw...yes, a really good screw is probably exactly what you need...so get those legs apart.  
  
(long pause. Noise increasing – some probably indicating pleasure, some probably indicating pain)  
  
S: Not so hard, please...sir.  
  
M: I'm not doing this for your pleasure! You should be begging me to bang you harder – much harder - and to get in deeper.  
  
S: Yes, sir.  
  
S: Aah...aah.  
  
M: Are you coming?  
  
S: No sir, it's hurting.  
  
M: Good...squeeze my erection as hard as you can.  
  
(Long pause...a variety of grunts and moans)  
  
M: Oh, that's better!...much better!!...  
  
You're actually a really good fuck, you little slut.  
  
(Pause)  
  
Back in the shower...just cold water this time...let's get those nipples really standing to attention, so they can also be given a bit of a workout.  
  
S: Yes, sir.  
  
(long pause)  
  
M: O.K. step out. Master will dry you again.  
  
(long pause)  
  
M: Come with me (M grabs S's hair, causing S to stagger backwards into the bedroom)...  
  
Now for some fun...Hands behind your back...Head up...Chest out...Eyes closed... time for some very serious nip flicking and clit flicking.  
  
(M rhythmically flicks S's nipples with his fingers for an extended period)  
  
S: Yow...yow!  
  
M: Oh, I'd forgotten. You don't like having your little tits pulled!...  
  
Well, let's move on then – hands around the front and spread your labia to give me the best possible access to your little clit...And eyes closed again.  
  
(S's clit receives multiple flicks from M's finger)  
  
S: Yow!  
  
M: And you don't like having your clitoris squeezed either?  
  
S: No sir, not that hard, sir.  
  
M: Well let's try something different...put your middle finger up your slippery slide...RIGHT UP your slippery slide, please...and hold it there until I tell you otherwise.  
  
Turn around...face the wall.  
  
(M pushes S heavily against the wall – first in her back, squeezing her boobs against the wall, then with both hands against her bottom, pushing her hand firmly into her clitoral cleavage. He then slaps each of her buttocks hard, several times...then spreads her butt cheeks.)  
  
M: That nice little ass hole of yours is clearly just begging to be filled, and I guess that is not surprising. After all, your mouth has had its fill today, your penis pocket has also had a fill today...so, just wait there a moment while I get that tube of lubricating gel, so the last of your man holes won't feel it has missed out.  
  
S: No, sir...no...Grace, Grace!  
  
Stephanie: I'm sorry, John – I'm not ready for that yet, and certainly not when it's part of a morning of rough sex. Perhaps another time might be a possibility – but please not next week when you'd promised to help me experience how fabulous sex can really be for a young girl.  
  
We embraced.  
  
We passionately kissed.  
  
I hadn't really given Stephanie a sampling of genuinely rough sex. I couldn't – knowing she was then so sexually inexperienced.  
  
And from the moment when she removed her bra and stood in front of me topless – revealing, no displaying (seemingly proudly displaying), and un-self-consciously exhibiting, her youthful 'innocent' little titties – I was absolutely convinced that this sweet young (then topless!) thing, with those gorgeous little tits, absolutely must not have any real pain inflicted on her.  
  
So, she just had to settle for a nimimal sampling of suffering, a little humiliation and degradation, and a demand she be submissive. She accepted them all with remarkably good grace – confirming to me that this was one exceptional young lady! I sensed, also, that she would likely, rapidly, become an uncommonly sexually adventurous young lady.  
  
I reiterated to her that she had again demonstrated that she was already an exceptionally good fuck and, while my immediate wish for her was that she should now take a few other young men to her bed, she would be very welcome to share my bed at any future time...and I was REALLY looking forward to bedding her that next week!  
  
I then asked Steph if she was in any hurry to leave. She wasn't...so I laid her gently on the bed...and, not long after that, my wandering finger confirmed she was exceptionally damp down there...enticingly warm down there...  
  
Eventually...eventually, we left the bed and showered. I then asked Steph for one last favour – to pull on her pants, but to leave her top uncovered and to 'make herself at home' for a short while.  
  
I promised that, this once, I'd be a 'good boy' and 'just look, not touch'. I needed to be teased one more time by a few more glimpses of her exceptional, enticingly-attractive, firm little tits – but with them to be on display to me 'au naturelle'.  
  
Postscript: Our subsequent session in bed, for Stephanie to 'experience how fabulous sex can really be for a young girl', was loving and very intimate. We didn't have any 'necessary' job to complete, we weren't aiming to expand the range of Stephanie's sexual experiences.  
  
We just 'made love'.  
  
Satisfyingly - for both of us - Stephanie enjoyed her first-ever orgasm whilst in bed with a guy.  
  
But from just those few very intimate occasions we'd enjoyed, the two of us developed a very special bond – a bond that, perhaps, would have become stronger if Steph had not been concerned that I was 'Grace's man' and, in some way, felt it was inappropriate that she should therefore form any sort of ongoing relationship with me. (And, at that time, this probably didn't matter – Steph had other younger men she could invite who might satisfy her sexually...and I was encouraging her to now happily take some of their penises into her tight, little slippery slide.)  
  
But I knew she retained a special fondness for me.  
  
So, it was probably not surprising that, some weeks later, I received a parcel in the mail.  
  
It was a framed selfie of Steph – topless (except for a small ruby pendant hanging from around her neck!). And it was accompanied by a card that simply read: "Remember me? - your little slut!"  
  
She could not have sent me a more cherished gift. That framed photograph now normally sits atop my bedroom chest of drawers, 'teasing' me every time I look at those attractive little titties...except, that is, whenever Grace calls by, when it is secreted away, well out of sight!