**The Headmaster's Office 03: Ingenious Toys**

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Last week was the final hot week of an Indian summer that stretched all the way into April. The still, humid air made the school week hell, especially in the un-air-conditioned classrooms of the old wing. You go to a posh private boarding school and you'd think the expensive fees would stretch at least as far as air conditioning, but Mr Gallows (headmaster and ... secret boyfriend?) has been trying to get the Trustees to fund a refurbishment of the old wing for years.

By the time the weekend came, Rupali (roommate and ... secret girlfriend?) and I had had enough. We got day passes from the Boarding House Mistress for Saturday and planned to head to Bondi to cool down and let off some steam. But first we needed to go shopping; I hadn't been to the beach all summer and my only bikini pre-dates the miraculous and belated maturing of my breasts over the Christmas break. The old 6AA bikini top would now barely cover my nipples and my generous new 8C rack would spill out the sides. I suppose it would probably fit right in at Bondi, but it's just not my look.

The shopping trip was a perfect opportunity to test-drive Ike and Mike: an invention of Mr Gallows. Before I can describe Ike and Mike, I need to rewind and explain Earnest and my discovery of Mr Gallows ingenious mad-inventor streak.

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If you read my earlier stories, you will remember that I masterminded the fulfilment of Mr Gallows' and Rupali's sexual fantasies. Rupali still doesn't know the owner of the nine inch cock that brought her to her first orgasm with a man ... and I'm going to keep it that way! Those two are way too compatible and I want to keep them both to myself.

On the same occasion I discovered – and fulfilled - my own desire for Rupali and we have been lovers and roommates ever since. Strangely, I don't think of our relationship as lesbian or bi-sexual. We use tongues and strap-on dildos to do to each other the same things men would do, only better in many ways because we know what girls like. In almost every way it seems to me that sex with Rupali is completely hetero-sexual.

The night after that adventure I was alone in our room with a vibrator that I had liberated from the dorm toy box and was disgusted to find that the batteries had died and hadn't been replaced. There's a code of honour covering batteries: 'S*he who dries em, buys em'*. I didn't have spares and was about to march back out to the toy box to pilfer replacements when a text came through from Mr Gallows:

*"Owe you a gift for last night. Any requests? In teachers' lounge if you are free."*

Super! Who needs a vibrator when there's nine inches of real cock downstairs? Not missing an opportunity for a gift, I rifled through the toy box and pulled out 3 more dead vibrators; Mr Grateful could buy me batteries! Not even bothering to put panties on, I ran downstairs in my nightie and burst into the teachers' lounge. He was standing, so I vaulted from the coffee table into his arms, my own arms and legs locking around his slim, powerful body and planted a long, hungry kiss on his lips while I ground my naked pussy into his six-pack stomach. He was a bit surprised to see me so ready; if his text had come 10 minutes earlier or later then I might have been a little less desperate. He returned my kiss and then prised me loose, lowering my feet gently to the floor.

"What's in your hand?" he asked, looking at the vibes. "Mine not enough for you anymore?"

"Yours is plenty ... when it's around," I pouted. "When it's not I have these, but I need batteries. That can be your payment for fantasies fulfilled."

"Well, I was kind of hoping to pay in services rendered. But if you want batteries more than this," he said with a touch of sarcasm, rubbing a growing bulge in his trousers, "then I am your humble servant."

"Don't be a dick. I want your dick *and* I want your batteries," I shot back, smiling. "Unless you think a balls-deep sex-with-a-stranger fantasy three-way isn't worth it?"

"Touché," he conceded. "What do we have there?"

I handed over the four dead vibes. Three of them took normal AAA batteries so no problem there. The last one was Earnest, which I grabbed on a whim. Earnest is an ancient gold vibrator that we give to new girls – mostly virgins – who have never used a toy. He is only as thick as a lipstick and takes three little watch batteries. Mr Gallows put the others aside, seemingly uninterested, but was studying Earnest with a curious expression.

"Where did you get this one?" he asked.

"Who knows? It's been in the boarding house longer than I've been alive. It was probably bequeathed by one of those tight old bitches on your Board of Trustees when she was a boarder," I joked.

He smiled briefly and then shuddered at a mental image that I'm glad is in his head and not mine.

"It's just ... very strange ...," he trailed off. He rummaged through a drawer and pulled out a small screw-driver. Removing the screw at the base of the battery compartment, he slid the innards out of the barrel and started mentally cataloguing the parts. "There's no motor in here," he said – hopefully to himself because I have no idea about mechanical gizmos. "But this thing looks like a tiny ... Van de Graaff generator? Are you sure this is a vibrator?"

"Search me. It's a dildo as far as I'm concerned. It's never worked because we've never had batteries. That's where you come in," I hinted.

"May I take it for a few days?" he asked. "I want to do some more research."

"Sure, knock yourself out." I was getting impatient and sat on the coffee table to unbuckle his trousers. He was still staring at it and turning it over in his hands when I took him into my mouth; but I got his attention soon enough.

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We met again after lights-out the following week and he presented me with Earnest 2.0. Now there was a thin black wire plugged into the base with a little vinyl and velcro loop at the other end, and Mr Gallows was wearing a big goofy grin as he held it out to me.

"You've given it a ... carry-handle?" I asked, feeling and sounding a bit underwhelmed.

"It's not a carry-handle," he sounded hurt. "It's a pressure-sensitive remote control."

"Huh? Translation?" I asked, one eyebrow raised.

"It's the cuff from an infant sphygmomanometer and ...," he started. My eyebrow hadn't moved. He got the message and started dumbing it down. "It's the cuff from a blood-pressure machine for babies. It's sensitive to pressure and it can be used to send signals down the wire ... like a remote control."

"Soooo," I began slowly, thinking it through, "if I had a baby I could get it to remotely control my vibrator?"

"The cuff doesn't go on a baby's arm, it goes on me."

"But it's too little for you ... Ohhhhh!" I brightened, suddenly catching up. "It doesn't go on your arm!"

"Very astute," he mocked gently.

"But I still don't get it. If the cuff goes on you ... and you go in me ... where does Earnest go?"

He didn't answer, but looked at me waiting to see if I would work it out. Then the light-bulb went on in my head and I turned on him with feral light in my eyes. "Not on your life! My puckered little back door is strictly one way, buddy." I sounded angry, but there was that little tingle of curiosity as well. A cock deep in my pussy and a vibrator buzzing in my asshole ... what would that feel like? I didn't think I could feel fuller than when his long, hard shaft was buried deep in my vagina, but with a vibrator next door ... it had possibilities. He kept silent, probably watching a bunch of different emotions wash across my face.

"But why a remote control," I said finally. "Wouldn't you just leave it running to vibrate while you fuck?"

"It's not a vibrator," he said cryptically.

"Then what the fuck is it? A stick-blender?"

"Do you want to keep asking questions, or do you want to try it out?" he asked. He reckoned he had me hooked and the big goofy grin was back.

"Will I like it?" I asked.

"Yes," he said unequivocally. I was a bit worried; but now I was *lot* interested.

I was in. I came over to him and started running my hands over the muscles of his chest. "OK Edison, so what do we do?"

"Well, I need to be hard first ...," he offered.

I slid my hands down over his pecs, his hard stomach, and then on to the growing bulge in his pants. I followed its length through his trousers back to the root and massaged it there with my fingertips. It pulsed and throbbed under my touch; already wood and forging quickly towards iron.

I was wearing my short satin nightie without panties or bra and he put Earnest on the coffee table so that he could explore my body through the slippery, sheer fabric. He stroked the undersides of my breasts, gently applying pressure and feeling their weight; his fingertips moving in circles and working their way up to my nipples.

I loosened his trousers and dropped them around his ankles. His cock was at its full nine inches and tucked down the tight leg of his lycra trunks. I closed my hand around the shaft through the fabric and as I gave him a firm squeeze, his cock strained back against my grip, bulging and resisting the pressure just like it does inside me. I could feel my heart speed up with excitement and anticipation. I always got nervous and fluttery when I felt his cock; he was so big and I could feel my pussy clenching with anticipation as if it knew it was too small to tame this throbbing tool. I reached into is trunks, grabbed a handful at the base and stroked back towards me, his skin flowing like quicksilver over the hard flesh underneath. Wanking his giant shaft up and down with one hand, I dropped his trunks with the other and he kicked them away along with his pants.

He had been pinching and rubbing my nipples to hardness and had them firing off little sparks of pleasure through my breasts, but then he relented for a moment to remove his shirt. He was now completely naked (if you don't count my hand stroking his throbbing cock) and I was still in my nightie; he hadn't tried to remove it yet because I think he likes the mystery of reaching underneath to feel my wetness with his fingers before he can see it with his eyes. I never let him down either; holding and feeling his massive length gets me soaking wet and steaming hot, anticipating the spasms and contractions as I stretch my tiny pussy around his girth.

I also think he likes to cheat himself, stealing peeks at my pussy under the nightie, trying to see whether my inner folds have opened up yet. Usually I stay wet but closed and then open up like a flower at his first touch. If I'm watching his cock I always see it pulse when he watches my pussy open, knowing that it was his touch that made it happen. But if he peeks under my dress and sees my glistening lips wide open and inviting him in, his cock leaps and bucks like a wild animal, as if it knows it's been wasting time when it should have been inside my tight, wet embrace.

Giving him a show, I stood up on the sofa and – holding the back for balance – I spread my legs and slowly bent over, back arched so that my bottom stuck out further, until the hem of my nightie was right at the level of my pussy. I was looking over my shoulder to watch him; he wasn't peeking, he was openly *staring* at the tips of my outer labia visible under the hem of the nightie. He couldn't yet see how ready I was – and I was! My pussy was gaping wide open and casting out heat like an open furnace door. Watching him closely, I bent lower, raising my bottom just a bit higher. As my steaming entrance moved into his field of view, his cock throbbed and the knob turned an angry purple and doubled in size. I've seen it before, but it always surprises me and I think he is going to cum even though he never does; not until he is deep inside me, at least.

He moved towards me and I hoped he would slide that beautiful shaft into my steaming canal; but instead he knelt down and bought his lips to my entrance. He kissed my labia with an open mouth, using the lightest contact to transfer moisture to his lips where he could taste me without using his tongue directly. I wanted him to go fast and hard but he kept titillating me with his lips, slowly increasing the intensity and sucking my inner folds into his mouth. Still he hadn't used his tongue or touched my clitoris and I was dying for him to do both, moaning with desire and frustration and pushing back against his face.

With a final deep, searching kiss of my pussy he broke contact; but before I could complain he slithered between my legs and sat on the couch with me standing over him. He pulled my nightie over my head and dropped it on the floor. Now I was completely naked, standing over his giant erection, breasts heaving with excitement and bobbing just a few inches from his face. For a moment I thought he was going to shift focus to them and I briefly flirted with the idea of unlocking my knees and impaling myself on his shaft before he had the chance to stop me. Instead he closed his giant hands around my hips and buttocks and lifted me off my feet. I let out a little shriek of fright, thinking I was going to topple over, but he held me so powerfully and firmly that I only needed to keep my hands on the back of the couch to balance my upper body.

He brought me to his mouth with both hands like he was drinking from a sacred chalice. I opened my thighs to him and extended my legs over his shoulders, now holding his head for balance and leaning back to open up my centre to his lips and tongue. He kissed and sucked at my labia like before, this time drawing my clitoris into his mouth and applying deep suction. He released the suction and brought his tongue to the bottom-most point of my vagina right near the anus. He tickled the sensitive skin there, making me squirm; I wanted to push harder into his face but held in the air as I was, I had nothing to brace against. Then with one long lick he ran his tongue up my slit, pressing deeper as he reached my entrance before continuing up to my clit, circling it a few times then sucking it between his lips and flicking it hard with the tip of his tongue.

Moving his tongue back to my entrance he pushed it deep inside my vagina, flicking and licking, tasting and teasing, all the while rubbing my clitoris with the tip of his nose. I crossed my ankles behind his head and dragged him deeper, crushing his face into my pussy, my moans of pleasure joining to a single, extended ululation. He must have run out of breath because he withdrew his tongue and pushed me firmly away from his mouth. Would it be unfair to ask him to get a tracheotomy so he could breathe through a hole in his neck while I came on his face? I don't think that's too much to ask.

He lowered me back down and I unfolded my legs from behind him so I could kneel on the couch, straddling him with the base of his erection pressing against my aching slit. I pumped my hips, sliding my soaking lips along his cock and lubricating his length with my juices. He reached behind me to collect Earnest the gold not-a-vibrator with its umbilical sphygmomanometer pressure-cuff. This bit looked like fun: I took the little pressure cuff and slipped it over the head of his penis, sliding it all the way to the bottom, not missing the opportunity to stroke and squeeze along the way, feeling it flex and throb involuntarily under my touch. He took over and tightened the velco fastener – tighter than I would have – so that his cock bulged around it, the veins now standing out clearly. It only covered the bottom two inches of his cock, but those two inches don't fit in my pussy anyway so I guessed I wouldn't miss them.

He followed the wire to Earnest's narrow shaft and held it in front of me, silently asking for permission to insert it in my virgin asshole.

Now that the moment of truth had arrived I was having misgivings. I could feel nervous tremors in my thighs and tummy; I didn't know what was going to happen and I was frightened.

"What does it do?" I had to know.

"Sure you want to know?" he asked.

I nodded. I could feel tears welling in my eyes now and blinked them back.

"What you gave me was an electrical anal stimulator; a zapper," he said.

"What the fuck?" I blurted. "What kind of perv would zap their asshole?"

"Mostly gay men," he laughed. "But I modified it. I've dropped the voltage and made it release a series of micro shocks rather than one big one."

"Will it hurt?" *Please say no please say no please say no.*

"Not really," he said, "it just makes all of the local muscles contract until the pulse ends. It's a bit like flexing yourself, but stronger and involuntary." I still looked confused. "Have you seen those gadgets on late night TV ads," he tried, "where you attach electrodes to your stomach and then sit back and relax while it flexes your abs until your flab turns into a six-pack?" I nodded. "Same idea, except this one works."

"What? I stick it up my ass and I get washboard abs?" Now I was even more interested.

"No. It *will* constrict your muscles, but it *won't* give you washboard abs. That takes real work." He smiled at me, hoping the Q&A was over.

I looked at him menacingly – or at least as menacingly as a 40kg, 4'11" and three-quarter naked schoolgirl can possibly look – and threatened "If this hurts, I'll ram it up your ass and rip out the cord."

"Deal," he said, then held his cock steady. "Hop on."

It was so long I had to shuffle backwards just to get the tip into my vagina. I seated his knob in my entrance, took a deep breath and then slid forward, impaling myself on the first five inches of his dick. I normally go much slower, but I was so hot and so wet that I couldn't wait. There was an explosion of exquisite pain as my vagina stretched wide to envelop the unyielding hardness of his erection, my muscles spasming in an impossible effort to eject this massive incursion into my tiny hole. I held my ground until the contractions subsided and then experimentally pumped my hips to make sure my vagina would release him enough to slide in and out of my tunnel. My juices were dribbling down his shaft, lubricating the remainder of his cock so I started pumping deeper, taking in more, bit by bit stretching my pussy until finally I was pressed up against the pressure cuff.

Now fully impaled, I could kneel over him again, so I moved in close and rubbed my breasts against his hard chest. My mouth found his and we kissed deeply, our tongues locked together in mortal combat as our lips ground hungrily against each other.

He broke off first and whispered breathlessly in my ear: "Ready?"

I nodded, not game to speak in case he heard the fear in my voice. He dribbled saliva onto his fingers and coated Earnest's shaft. Then with the remaining saliva, he reached behind me and lubricated around the edge of my anus. With his giant cock filling my pussy, the feel of fingers exploring at the entrance of my ass was ticklish but really erotic. I was surprised at how much it was turning me on and was clenching with anticipation.

"Try to relax your muscles," he whispered. Shutting my eyes, I drew a deep breath and let it out slowly, imagining I was blowing out all of the tightness, relaxing my stomach, my vagina, my thighs and finally my anus. His probing fingers felt the change and he pressed more insistently until one fingertip slid tightly into my back door. I clenched down on it involuntarily, but he held it there until I relaxed and then worked it in and out with short movements, lubricating and desensitising me to the foreign touch.

With his other hand he brought Earnest around and in one smooth movement he slid his finger out and Earnest in. Earnest was a bit thicker than his finger but my anus quickly stretched to accommodate. Mr Gallows kept working it in and out, deeper and deeper until it was all the way in; now with seven inches of cock in my pussy and five inches of Earnest in my no-longer-virgin asshole, I felt as though someone had slipped a balloon into me and blown it up. I was chockers! I tried experimenting with a contraction; squeezing my pelvic floor and anus together. The feeling was intense; the pressing feel of fullness became explosive and I felt the flutter of orgasmic contractions begin in my thighs. Releasing my hold I puffed out some quick breaths, fanning my breasts with my hands trying to chase the orgasm away. I opened my eyes and saw Mr Gallows biting his lip and taking shallow breaths, trying to forestall his own climax. I relaxed and didn't move a muscle, waiting for him to regain control and praying he wouldn't come.

"Ready?" I asked.

He nodded and reached behind me again. I felt pressure against my anus and heard the click as he flicked the switch on.

"I don't feel anything," I said.

"It's pressure sensitive; it doesn't go off until I flex my dick," he explained.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and pressed my lips up to his ear. "So what are you waiting for?" I breathed.

That was all he needed. For a moment I felt his cock bulge inside me, and then an explosion of pure ecstasy as my loins, pelvic floor, abdominals and asshole clamped down in a vice-like grip, squeezing both shafts like a boa constrictor. *It was a fucking remote control orgasm*. One moment I was hot and wet but in control; the next I was coming like runaway train. My breath blasted out of me in a high-pitched squeal, right next to his ear. He jumped in fright and tried to pull out of me but I was clamped down so tight he couldn't lift me off. He released the flex of his penis and the orgasmic sensation disappeared as quickly as it arrived.

I dug my nails into his shoulders. "More!" I yelled, shaking him. "Do it again!"

Just for a moment I felt his dick throb and then the orgasm smashed into me again, delivering crushing pressure around his cock. I was out of control; I screamed, back arching and hips thrashing into his stomach. I writhed and ground against him, twisting and pulling and trying to move his cock against the crushing friction I was delivering. The orgasm ripped through me in waves, each one more powerful than the last. I was gasping for breath, tears streaming down my face when the most powerful wave hit me, bucking my hips as the dam burst and I ejaculated all over his cock and balls.

He dug his fingers into my buttocks, straining with the effort to hold the flex of his cock. He grunted as it became too much to hold and my muscles released him when he finally lost the battle. I was floating down from my orgasm, rotating my hips, using his cock to stir my juices deep inside. The friction of this last movement finished him. He thrust his hips and pumped his cock, my muscles clamping down again as his balls tried to pump cum through the constricting grip of my pussy. It increased the pressure of his ejaculation and I felt cum jetting into me, threatening to blast me off his shaft like a bottle rocket. With each pump, my pussy released him and then constricted down again tighter than before, each contraction squirting his cum back out my entrance and washing over his balls to pool with my own juices.

When he was spent and my muscles had released him, I reached back and pulled Earnest out of my ass then fell forwards on his chest, exhausted.

"You created an instant orgasm machine," I marvelled. Did you know it would do that?"

"If I'm truthful," he panted, "it worked a little better than I planned."

"How did you know how to make it? Are you some kind of closet nutty professor?"

"With degrees in Electrical and Mechanical Engineering and an insatiable eighteen year old sex goddess lover, it would be weird if I didn't build sex toys, don't you think?"

I felt a little pride at the sex-goddess reference. "Eighteen? I skipped Grade 3; I'm sixteen," I said. He jumped like a dog bit him on the ass. "Relax. I'm fucking with you," I laughed. "I was eighteen long before you defiled me." He breathed a sigh of relief.

"I didn't know you were an engineer," I said seriously. "Why did you become a teacher?"

"I didn't like serious engineering; I just like tinkering with gadgets," he explained. "Small appliances have the most ingenious little parts that can be combined in ways the manufacturer never dreamed of."

"You've got more ideas?" I asked

"A couple. Why?"

My eyes lit up. "Make me something! A surprise! Call it payment for the three-way stranger fantasy."

"I thought *this* was payment for the three-way stranger fantasy."

"Don't be stupid. You'll be paying that off for the rest of your life."

"God, I hope so," he smiled.

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And that brings us to Ike and Mike. A few weeks after the episode with Earnest 2.0, I was just about to sneak back into the senior girls' dorm after sex with Mr Gallows when he stopped me.

"I have a present for you," he smiled, holding out a wooden box about the size of a book.

"Oooh, goody. Is it like your last present?"

"Different," he said, as if that answered my question. "Open it."

I opened the box. Inside, nestled in red velvet were two flesh coloured sex toys. One was about six inches long and an inch in diameter; the other one was four inches long and a bit narrower. In every other respect they were identical. The business end was bullet-nosed and the widest point in the shaft. From there is tapered gradually to a narrow waist at the base and finished with a saddle shape that looked like it would fit snugly against the vagina entrance. I recognised them as vaginal plugs – you slip them in, put your clothes back on and then go about your business. I could see a touch-sensitive button on the base, so these were probably vibrating plugs.

"Why two?" I asked.

"Unless I'm mistaken, you and your roommate seem to share more than just a room," he replied, smiling at the recollection of Rupali blindfolded and tonguing my pussy while he fucked her doggy-style to her first orgasm with a man.

Hmmm. Hers-and-hers vaginal plugs, we could wear them at school – might make it harder to concentrate on the teacher, but I was game if Rupali was.

I picked up the little one – presumably mine – and studied it; it looked completely normal. I looked up at him. "So what did you do to them?" I was almost afraid to ask.

"Switch it on." He was teasing me, drawing out the discovery.

I touched the switch and it buzzed in my hand – almost completely silent – then tapered off. Five seconds later it gave another small buzz; obviously this was a low setting. I touched the button again and the vibration was a little stronger; but then it died away to almost nothing before building back up. Medium, I guessed. I was expecting a high setting next and I wasn't disappointed. I touched the button again and the vibrations went through my hand and buzzed all the way up to my elbow. I almost dropped it in surprise. It was powerful, but no more so than some of the new vibrators in the dorm toy box. It was much quieter though, as a plug should be if you take it out in public; they were obviously top quality and probably very expensive. I tapped it again and it switched off.

I looked back up at Mr Gallows, he was smiling cryptically. I must have missed something because I couldn't see any modifications at all. "Feels like a normal vibe," I said. "It's a nice one; don't get me wrong – I'm very grateful. Did you modify it?"

"Maybe it's broken, try the other one." He moved his hand over his mouth in a vain attempt to hide a big grin. He was fucking with me and I knew it.

I was wary. "Is the other one the same? It's not going to electric shock me or anything?"

"*Exactly* the same," he said, emphasising the first word.

I picked up the larger one and touched the switch. "Holy crap!" I squeaked in surprise as BOTH of them started on low setting in my hand. I thought I must have touched both buttons accidentally; I swapped the small one to my left hand and touched the button on the larger one. Both of them changed up to medium. My eyes boggled, I couldn't believe it. I touched the button on the small one this time and both flipped to high; another touch and they both switched off.

"Jesus Christ!" I stared at him in amazement. "Psychic vibrators!"

He cracked up laughing. "Not actually psychic, just linked by RF transmitters."

"Huh?"

"You know those luggage tags you use at the airport and if anyone tries to make off with your bag then an alarm goes off on your key ring?" he asked. I nodded. "I wired in the chips from two of them so that when you trigger #1 it also sends out a signal to trigger #2 and vice versa."

"Incredible," I marvelled, still cycling through the settings and feeling both change in my hands. I held them at arm's length and they still worked. "How close do they need to be?"

"Operating range is about three metres," he said.

I gave him the small one and walked across the room with the big one. Suddenly it came on in my hand. "Did you do that?"

"No, it's a glitch," he explained. "Because I used the anti-theft luggage tags, when they get separated they both send out a radio blast and switch each other to the next setting."

I cycled mine back to off. "Is yours still running?"

"Yep, they're out of range now so they act independently."

I walked back over and took the toy from him; it was still on low. I touched it three times to switch it off and mine cycled up to high. "Now what do I do?"

"I managed to solve that one," he said. "The luggage tags had an override off-switch and so did the vibrators so I wired them together. Just touch and hold for three seconds and it switches both off." I tried it and it switched off without starting the other one again.

I stood up on tip-toes to kiss him but I was still over a foot away, so he leaned down to me and I wrapped my arms around his neck, kissing and squeezing him. "Thank you. They're amazing. *You're* amazing."

"You're welcome. I look forward to hearing about how they go," he smiled.

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I showed them to Rupali the following day, she was really excited and christened them Ike and Mike (*Ike and Mike, they look – and think! – alike*).

"The big one is 'Mike', because 'Mike' is 33% longer then 'Ike'," she reasoned.

We tried them out that night, lying in our own beds and unable to sleep from the excitement of having the plugs in our pussies; every few minutes one of us would touch the button to set both buzzing lightly and we'd peel off into giggles for a little while until one of us held down the button to switch them off. *Good night, Rupali; good night, Belinda*; and a few minutes later it would happen all over again. I was getting pretty wet and hot, squirming my thighs together to rub the saddle against my clitoris; I was going to have to come otherwise I'd never get to sleep.

I touched the button at exactly the same time Rupali touched hers and they both switched straight to medium, buzzing up to a strong vibration and then dying away almost to nothing. We both yelped with surprise, then realised what we'd done and began giggling again. The sensation was much more intense on medium, but I was so horny I wasn't going to switch it off. My giggles died away and turned into moans of pleasure and sexual frustration; I could hear similar sounds coming from the other bed. I wanted to reach down and grab the plug to fuck myself with it, but it's not made for that; it sits flush against the vagina and almost any touch will set off the button. I had to satisfy myself with squirming and squeezing my thighs together.

I heard the covers move on Rupali's bed and the whisper of satin as her nightie slipped down her body to the floor. Then she was in bed beside me, peeling off my nightie, kissing me and pressing her naked body into mine. I returned her kiss hungrily, my tongue probing forward and finding hers, they locked together in mutual desperation and need. I wrapped my arms around her long, lean body, kneading her bottom and grinding our hips and breasts together in time with the cycle of pleasure the plugs simultaneously delivered to our pussies.

Rupali reached a long arm behind my bottom and I felt her fingers probing between my upper thighs. I opened my legs a little to give her access and quick as a snake her fingers darted in and touched the button on Ike, sending both plugs into a frenzy of buzzing, drawing simultaneous shrieks of pleasure. My thighs crashed back together as the muscles contracted and I felt the orgasm building inside me. Rupali was close as well; she bucked her hips into mine and squeezed my backside with her long, strong fingers; the nails trimmed mercifully short for netball. My entire world contracted down to a single point four inches inside my pussy where the relentlessly buzzing Ike delivered his unforgiving brand of ecstasy. For a moment that single point winked out of existence as my mind and body overloaded with the intensity, then the orgasm exploded outwards, a mushroom cloud of pleasure flowing through my pussy, my thighs, my stomach, breasts, and outwards down my arms and legs. Rupali was coming too, our muscles straining as we locked our bodies together, grinding, writhing and squeezing and trying not to scream.

As the orgasm floated away, the buzzing in my pussy became too intense and I softened against Rupali. She was still coming in spasms so I just opened my legs to relieve the pressure and waited for her. When her contractions finally weakened; I kissed her beautiful mouth, tasting the sweat standing out on her lips as she gradually regained control and reached down to deactivate Mike, switching Ike off at the same time. She kissed me back softly and ran her hands slowly over my breasts and bottom in silent thanks for the shared experience. We lay together for a while, relishing each other's warmth and the scent of our combined sex. Finally I reached down and pinched Mike front and back between my thumb and forefinger, taking care not to touch either his button or Rupali's, and pulled him reluctantly from her pussy. I did the same with Ike, slipped back into my nightie and then went to the communal bathroom to wash them. Rupali was asleep in my bed when I got back – I swear she's part male – so I spooned in next to her was asleep myself in a few minutes.

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That was last weekend. The school week that followed was so hot and humid I didn't have sex with Mr Gallows or Rupali; Ike and Mike just stayed in their box. By the time Saturday finally came I was incredibly randy so I suggested to Rupali that we take Ike and Mike shopping before we went to the beach. She agreed pretty quickly, probably feeling some sexual frustration of her own.

Rupali wore a high-cut hot pink bikini that showed off her long legs all the way up to her hips. The light colour captured every shadow and accentuated every curve of her full breasts, firm bottom and the mound of her mons pubis. Over the top she expertly wrapped a beautiful yellow silk sarong into a long, slinky dress; it contrasted exotically with her glossy, long black hair and coffee and cream skin.

She wore all of this over the top of Mike, meaning she would have to hike up the sarong and shove her hand down her bikini to switch him on. Or off!

What a beginner; she would be at my mercy. Since I wouldn't have a bikini until we got to the shopping mall, I wore a nude bra, a loose, knee-length white calico beach dress and no panties. I would only need a moment to snake a hand under and set Ike going ... and Mike.

We set off arm in arm and got to the mall at 9am - right as it opened - and we were the first customers in the nail salon. Rupali had two weeks off netball – one on rotation and one bye – so she decided this was going to be her last opportunity to have long, sexy nails all year. Ten nail extensions for her and a French manicure for me. I was careful to get adjacent chairs; it was my plan to make her forget Mike – as much as you *can* forget a six inch plug in your pussy – and get her when she least expected it.

Rupali's nails were still drying when I was all done – this was my big chance. I leaned over and kissed her on the cheek. "I'll be in the surf shop, babe. Give me a buzz when you're done."

"I won't be long," she said kissing me back. "See you in 10."

I turned on my heel and swept out in a swish of white cotton, hiding the mischievous grin on my face. Just as I got to the door, Ike gave a little buzz in my pussy and I heard Rupali gasp in surprise behind me.

"You'll pay for this, Belinda," she yelled after me.

I stole a quick look over my shoulder. She had her knees pressed together and both hands powerless to do anything under the dryers. I thought she might be angry but her eyes were sparkling with merriment; the game was on. The light buzzing in my pussy was wonderful so I let it run for a few minutes as I made my way to the surf shop and found the bikinis. I moved behind a rack of t-shirts, quickly whipped up my dress and held Ike's button until he switched off.

Looking back at the bikinis I was a bit underwhelmed; there were no Rip Curl or Billabong costumes, just cheap Chinese knock-offs. There was a Quiksilver store at the mall where I could get a nice Roxy bikini, but not for under $100; the manicure was unplanned so now I didn't have that kind of cash to spare. I sullenly flicked through the range looking for just about anything that would fit my size 6 bottom and 8C bust, but pickings were slim. I was sizing up the bottom half of the only 8C in the range and had just decided that it was too loose and would look like I had crapped myself, when a pair of long brown arms slipped around my waist from behind and a moist kiss landed on my earlobe. *Uh oh, payback?* One hand with long pink nails slithered up to cup a breast and my earlobe disappeared between her lips causing a tingle of excitement to rush through me. I gasped and placed my own hand over the one on my breast – I'm not sure whether I was trying to remove it, cover it from view or encourage it to do more. While I was distracted Rupali's other hand stole downwards and before I knew what she was up to it was under my dress and pressed into my pussy ... using Ike's button to switch Mike off.

I turned around into her embrace, all hands moving to more appropriate locations for a public place.

"That didn't take long," I giggled.

She ignored me and breathed in my ear. "Did you bring a strap-on? I need you in the dressing room. Now!"

"What? No!" I said, surprised at how horny she was. Then more softly: "We're in public. Get a grip. I'm not fucking you in the dressing room. Save it 'til we get home."

She looked a bit hurt, but pulled herself together quickly. "Have you bought anything yet? You're not getting that one are you? It'll look like a nappy on you."

"No," I said, disappointed. "There's nothing here. I'll have to get a one-piece."

We looked though the one-piece costumes and Rupali dug out a misplaced powder-blue, string bikini ... 6C. $25. Perfect! I grabbed it and turned for the dressing room.

"Uh uh!" Rupali said, stopping me. "You're not leaving my side. I come too"

Fair enough. I took her hand and we went in together. Rupali sat on the chair while I lifted my dress over my head and unclasped my bra. I tied the neck halter first; the ties were really dodgy, very elastic, coarse, ribbed fabric. I slipped the halter over my head and reached behind to tie the back. Looking in the mirror, my full, firm breasts – about the size of oranges – were mostly covered by the bikini top; they swelled out the sides a bit, but my nipples were well covered. I looked down in the mirror and saw Ike's head sitting flush at my shaved entrance. I considered taking him out to try on the bottom half, but he hardly changed my shape at all so I dismissed the idea.

Rupali helped tie one side of the bottom while I tied the other side. I inspected myself in the mirror; it was a lot sexier than what I was used to, just three small blue triangles covering my breasts and pussy. Side-on I looked essentially naked except for the bow tied at my hip and the thin string over my rib cage. The fabric was tight and sensual, clinging to the curves of my breasts and my labia, which by-the-way were bulging a little wider to accommodate Ike's head.

"What do you think?" I asked.

"Winner. Buy it and lets' go," she said.

"I'll have to take it off first, otherwise they'll have to pass my tits and twat over the scanner – it might set Ike off," I joked.

I reached behind my neck and pulled the string on the halter; it stretched, started to undo and then got stuck. I tried the back instead: same. *What the fuck*? I pulled one of the bows on the bottom and I could see the problem: the stretchy ties were elastic on the inside and cheap stretchy fabric on the outside. They stretched and then as the coarse, ribbed fabric pulled through the knot, it bunched and got caught. Same thing on the other side – *I was trapped in a trick bikini!*

"Little help untying these?" I asked.

Rupali wiggled her long false nails at me and smiled at my predicament. "Can't sweetie, sorry." She leaped up and peeked out the door. "I'll get help," she said.

"Stay in range, remember. I'm the one with button access." She closed the door but I could see her feet just under the partition.

I heard her voice: "Hi sweetie, show me your nails ... perfect. Come in here; my friend needs your help."

The door opened again and Rupali marched in with .... A GUY! I got a sudden attack of modesty and instinctively wrapped one arm around my breasts and the other in front of what now felt like my barely concealed pussy.

"Oh don't be such a drama queen, Belinda," she admonished. You were going to parade that tight little body up and down Bondi all afternoon. I don't think showing it off to one hot guy in a dressing room is going to damage your modesty." Rupali was horny and in a playful mood. Normally she wouldn't talk like this, but it looked like she was going to make me pay for my earlier stunt.

On second glance, she was right: this guy *was* hot; smoking hot. He was shorter than Rupali – about 5'9" - had thick, sun-bleached brown hair, square jaw, cute dimples, a deep tan, and pale blue eyes that matched my bikini. He was wearing boardies and a surf singlet with deep arm holes and I could see the hard curves of the muscles on his broad chest and shoulders.

"This is Belinda. As sexy as she looks in this tiny bikini, all of us would much prefer to see her out of it. Don't you agree? But there's a problem." Rupali reached out and yanked the bow on my left hip. "See?"

"Rupali!" I reflexively shot out the hand covering my breasts to the knot on my hip, which had mercifully jammed. I felt a flush of embarrassment rising on my face and my heart was beating faster.

"Now, introductions: Belinda, this is ...," Rupali began, and then reached out a hand to the shop assistant's chest, ostensibly to hold his nametag to the light with thumb and forefinger but the other three fingers didn't miss the opportunity to touch and linger on his chest. I also noticed that she was a very slow reader. She turned to me with a huge smile and flashing eyes. "Belinda, this is Spike. Five letters and 25% bigger than 'Mike'. Spike, meet Belinda."

"Hi," said Spike. He was looking straight into my eyes; given the competition I was providing for viewing material, it showed a good deal of restraint. I actually found this really sexy and part of me perversely wanted to test him. "What's the problem?" he asked.

"Well, I ...," I began, before Rupali butted in.

"All of the knots are stuck and Belinda was hoping you could use those strong fingers to help her out of this bikini."

"Rupali!"

Spike smiled and looked heaven-ward. "Lord, I swear I will never bitch about this shitty job ever again."

It broke the tension for me and I smiled back, moving my hands to my sides, no longer trying to hide my near-nakedness. I was getting a fluttery feeling thinking about standing helplessly in front him while he unknotted the bikini. "Would you mind?" I asked.

"No probs," he said. Then holding his hands up in front of me: "May I?"

I turned around to face the mirror and presented my back to Spike, touching the knot on the halter. "Here, try this one first. I don't think Rupali's yanked it yet."

I watched him in the mirror stepping in behind me then felt his gentle touch on my neck as he took the knot between his fingers and started working on it. His eyes were on the job at hand, but my eyes were on him. He was about a head taller than me and his broad, brown shoulders were an arm wider than mine. I got a mental image of those Russian dolls where each doll fits perfectly inside a larger one; then my mind naturally turned to what it would feel like to spoon my little body into his.

My eyes flicked to Rupali. She had been watching me, watching him. She raised her eyebrows at me and smiled. "Sweetie, I'm going to look at the beach dresses. Sing out if Spike gets grabby." Spike smiled but said nothing.

"Stay close," I reminded her.

"Of course, sweetie, they're right here," her voice came from just outside the dressing room. "Ooooh, look at those ones over there."

"Rupali! Don't!" I called out, but it was too late, Ike started up on low setting, buzzing sweetly deep inside my pussy. I looked up at Spike's reflection; he caught the movement and looked up too, smiling as our eyes met, his cheeks dimpling sexily. The depth of my predicament became clear: I was alone and almost naked with a hot guy trying to remove my bikini (at my request) while I steadily got hotter and hornier with a vibrator buzzing every five seconds in my pussy. And I didn't know what else Rupali had in store for me. I briefly considered asking Spike to stop and leave me, but his touch on the back of my neck was setting off little electric sparks of excitement and I couldn't bear for him to stop now.

"Sooooo ... off to Bondi, huh?" Spike said, starting up a conversation

"Sure," I replied. "If I can find something to wear."

"Mmmm, you're a challenging size to fit."

"Yeah, small," I said – story of my life.

"Hmmmm, yeah ... mostly," he said. So he had been checking me out! I felt my cheeks flush again – equal parts excitement and embarrassment.

"Good luck getting a park," he said, changing the subject away from my rack, which he was still dutifully trying to uncover.

"We'll be fine," I said. "We're taking the bus."

"Ouch. It's supposed to get up to 38 degrees today." I couldn't agree more. I'm exactly arm-pit high against the average bus traveller; standing on a crowded bus in summer is not one of my favourite things.

"Think I've got this one," he said, pulling one cord of the halter strap through the knot. He held both ends free now but didn't let go, which would have caused the flimsy cups to flop down, exposing my breasts. I took the ends from him and held them up to maintain coverage while Spike started on the knot between my shoulder blades. It was a bit low for him to see comfortably so he pulled over the chair and sat down.

I couldn't see his face now and as far as I knew he could be checking out my bottom. The thought sent a shiver through me and goose-bumps broke out on my skin.

"Cold?" he asked?

"No, you just tickled me," I lied.

"Oh, sorry," he apologised and pulled the knot away from my back so that he wouldn't touch my skin.

"That's OK," I said. Then, as it seemed I needed to say something else to cover up the lie, I blurted "Actually it felt nice." *Holy crap, Belinda! Are you flirting with the hot guy trying to undress you?* He didn't say anything but I felt his fingers return to my back, maybe touching a little more than they were before. Between Ike buzzing softly in my pussy and Spike's delicate touch on my back, I was getting really hot. I squeezed my thighs together and felt Ike vibrate more intensely at the change of pressure.

Spike pulled the cord through the knot on my back. "That's two," he said. "Want me to keep going?"

"Yes *please*," I sighed. God! *That sounded sexier than I intended.*

He looked around from behind me, holding up the loose ends of the bikini. "Want me to let go of these?"

"Just a sec." I cupped a hand over each breast, holding the blue triangles of the bikini in place. "Go for it." He let go of the back straps and they fell away, just as the halter straps slithered over my shoulders and hung over my hands. Now I looked completely naked from the waist up except for four blue cords dangling from my hands.

Spike took a shuddering breath; was I finally breaking his resolve? And was that a good thing? "Uhhh," he said with a bit of a break in his voice that he covered with a cough. "Could you turn side on, please?"

I turned to face one hip towards him just as Ruplai peeked in the door. "Good, I see you've both still got your hands full," she joked. "If you're going to be a bit longer I'll try on one of these dresses."

"What's it like?" I asked. "Show me."

She smiled mischievously at me. "It's still on the rack. I'll go get it."

"NO! Rupali!" I yelled at her, but she was relishing her revenge. Ike kicked up a gear, causing me to jump and I heard Rupali squawk as Mike must have done the same. Spike's hands were working at the knot on my hip just a few inches away from the exquisite buzzing in my pussy; I wonder if he could feel the vibrations through my hips?

Ike was cycling up and down every five seconds or so and as each cycle reached its peak I had to hold my breath to avoid voicing my desire. I wanted nothing more than to reach down and rub my burning clitoris – except maybe for Spike to rub it for me ... maybe with his tongue – but had to satisfy myself with slipping my thumbs underneath the fabric of the bikini top and squeezing my hard nipples.

I could hear Rupali in the next dressing room humming to herself, or maybe trying to mask her own moaning. Mike was giving her the same treatment as Ike was delivering to me. I remembered that she was desperate for release when she walked into the shop; she was probably going to play this out until she came.

Spike was just pulling the cord through to undo the knot on my hip when the door opened again. Rupali came in with a feverish look in her eyes – I could see she was getting close, so was I. She was wearing a white calico dress a bit longer than mine. "How do I look, Spike?" she asked breathlessly, giving the dress a twirl. "Can you tell I'm not wearing panties?"

I could make out the lines of her brown skin beneath the dress and the hot pink of her bikini top, but the curvy lines of her hips were an unbroken shadow through the almost sheer fabric. She looked breathtaking. I think Spike agreed because he jumped in his chair and dropped the cords of my bikini bottom, the front and back of which fell away exposing my bottom and shaved mons pubis. It would have fallen away completely if I hadn't been clenching my thighs together. I squawked in surprise and immediately dropped one hand to cover my pussy while I swapped breasts with the other hand, covering the exposed one with the crook of my elbow and losing my grip on the bikini top altogether.

I don't think Spike saw any of this; he was still looking up at Rupali with his mouth open, probably wondering whether any of this was real. Rupali made a disappointed face, "Oh, it's a bit see-through, is it? I'll try a darker colour." She looked me in the eye meaningfully. "I can see you're almost done there sweetie. I'm going back to the racks one more time, but then I'll be right next door, you'll probably hear me. You sing out when you're finished, OK?" The double-entendre was clear: she would switch off Ike and Mike, but only after I had come.

There was no point negotiating with her. She wanted to come and she wanted me to come in front of Spike as payback for leaving her in the nail salon with Mike buzzing in her pussy. Part of me thought this was unfair, but another part really wanted to come with Spike's face just inches from my vagina. I nodded at Rupali in agreement. She nodded back towards my backside, "Your bottom's showing, you know?"

My hands were full: one covering my breasts and the other over my pussy, vainly trying to get the little triangle of fabric into its rightful place. Spike considerately reached a hand to either side and plucked the loose strings away from my thighs, bringing them back around to my hip and covering my bottom again. I gratefully removed the hand from my pussy, took the cords from him and turned around to present him with the last knot.

"You sure you don't want me to leave?" he asked, a little reluctantly I thought.

I looked at Rupali and she shook her head. I looked back at Spike. "No, finish me, uh, *it*. Finish it, please," I said.

Rupali ducked out again and I as heard her footsteps move away, Ike kicked into high gear inside me. Somehow I managed not to let out a shriek as the fierce vibrations ripped through my centre. Spike's fingers were back on my other hip; how could he not feel this? I heard Rupali's running footsteps returning and the frantic slam of the dressing room next door and I jealously imagined her in there peeling off her dress and rubbing her nipples and clitoris as the orgasm mounted. I began pinching and squeezing a nipple with one hand and rearranged the other over my pussy so that I was still holding the bikini cords. Pretending to be modestly covering my pubic region in case the other side of the bikini fell away, I opened my thighs just enough to slip my middle finger between them and used it to press the furiously buzzing Ike into my clitoris.

Next door I heard the low sounds of Rupali whimpering and the squeaking of the chair as she writhed quietly through the throws of her orgasm. Listening to her come and the effort of trying not to let Spike know what was going on was magnifying my own pleasure. I could feel all of the muscles bunching in my mid-section, building up to a climax. My arm tightened around my breasts and – slick with sweat – the one tucked into the crook of my elbow popped like a champagne cork. I could feel the orgasm coming, now only seconds away and I couldn't care less about the exposed breast. I glanced down and Spike was still looking dutifully at the knot ... and maybe my bottom. I could see he was loosening it and knew it was going to be close, I might finish before him, but I might not. I don't know why, but I wanted him there when I came, touching me.

Just as I passed that critical moment – the one where you know the process of orgasm has begun, but you haven't yet reached the climax – Spike pulled the knot free. He held the cords together and stood up saying, "Right, all d..." and then stopped mid sentence, looking past my exposed breast and into my feverish eyes. I had stopped breathing altogether. I couldn't stand there almost naked with him watching me come, so in desperation I threw my arms around his chest and squeezed as the orgasm flooded through me. I felt his erection against my stomach – it seems he was only a gentleman with his eyes – his cock had its own ideas. I was coming and coming; trying to hold it all in made me feel like I would explode. Normally when I come it's a single explosion of pleasure followed by a glorious floating euphoria, but the intense vibrations from Ike and my inability to let myself go took me to the peak of the climax and held me there, unable to breathe, unable to move. I wanted to press my vagina into Spike's thigh, but if he hadn't already worked out what was going on then feeling Ike's pussy-shattering vibrations against his leg would certainly give the game away. Holding my groin away from him, the bikini bottom fell away and I was left completely naked, wrapped around his powerful torso, squeezing him as I climaxed.

I just couldn't stop coming; trying to ride it out, I tucked my head in under his chin and pressed my cheek against his hard pectoral muscles. "Hold me!" I croaked and exchanged a shuddering breath as my lungs screamed for air. Spike tentatively put his arms around my nakedness, unsure of where to put his hands and settling for one on my shoulder and the other at my waist. I pulled even tighter against him; his erection throbbed and heaved against my stomach, sending my orgasm to fresh heights.

Finally the climax started to subside and I just floated, relishing the feeling of Spike's hands against my bare skin, his chest against my naked breasts and his hard cock against my belly. I risked another breath and whispered, "Tell Rupali we're done."

"Rupali," he called. "We're finished. I think Belinda needs you."

There was no answer, but in a few seconds Ike finally fell silent inside my poor punished pussy and I loosened my hold on Spike as I regained complete control. He loosened his arms in response and made as if to let me go. "Hold me a little longer," I whispered. I thought some kind of explanation was in order – as if any of this could possibly be explained. "I just had a ... an anxiety attack ... I was feeling vulnerable ... just hold me until Rupali gets here."

He didn't say anything; he just held me close, moving one hand up from my shoulder to my hair, stroking it and resting his cheek against the top of my head. We stood that way for a minute or more before Rupali finally slipped through the door. My back was to her, but Spike must have given her a look. "Sweetie, are you OK. Here, give her to me," she said with genuine care in her voice, inserting her body between the two of us. "Thank you, Spike. We'll see you outside."

Spike looked confused and mortified. "I'm sorry ... I didn't ...."

"I know. It's OK," soothed Rupali. "I've got this."

Spike left and then the tears came. The emotions and release and the sweet cuddle afterwards had all caught up with me. I pressed my face into her breasts, hitching sobs and staining the navy blue calico dress she had changed into. "Shhhh. Shhhh," she soothed me. "I'm sorry sweetie, I went too far, didn't I."

I took another shuddering breath. "No. It was ...," I hiccupped with the sobbing, "... wonderful!"

"Oh you slut!" she said gleefully. "You came on him, didn't you? I saw his shorts as he hobbled out of here. Did I interrupt a hand job?"

"No!" I said indignantly, "Geez Rupali, you're gross." Then a few moments later, "I wanted to give him a blow job. Poor guy deserved some reward for what I put him through."

The emotional outburst over, she held me at arm's length and looked down into my face. "Are we OK?"

"More than OK. This was ...," I shook my head; I didn't have a word for it, "... incredible."

"Good," she said, reaching down and deftly plucking Ike from my pussy. She wiped it with a tissue and put it in her purse. "Now get dressed and let's find you a bikini that you can get out of without crippling a guy with blue balls."

I put on my bra and dress and watched Rupali wrap herself back up in her sarong, then we went back out into the shop to find Spike behind the counter; mostly recovered and looking even sexier if that was possible. We hung around and chatted to him in between serving customers for about half an hour. He was 19, he finished school last year and was surfing his way around Australia. He was staying in Sydney for a few months to build up a cash stockpile that would get him through the New South Wales north coast beaches and up to the Gold Coast in Queensland, where he would look for another job. His grand plan was to settle in Torquay in Victoria; maybe work for Rip Curl for a while and try to get an apprenticeship with a small surfboard maker.

As we talked I was fiddling with my phone, hoping he would notice and ask for my number. He didn't, but every time he looked at me he smiled and held my gaze so I was pretty sure he fancied me.

It was past 11am and I still didn't have anything to wear at the beach. Spike caught me looking at the time. "Are you girls still going to Bondi?"

"I hope so," I said. "I still don't have a bikini and I'm not inclined to buy the blue one because I'd need to take you with me to get it off every time I wore it." *Did I really say that? God, I was so into him!*

"I could actually put up with an arrangement like that," he joked. *Was it joking? Holy crap, I was blushing*. "Check out Quiksilver though," he said, "this is the last of the hot weather and they're having a sale."

"Thank you," I smiled, flashing goo-goo eyes at him. *God, I'm so ashamed of myself.*

"Hey look," he said, if you're not married to the idea of Bondi, I get off at lunch time and I'm heading straight for Coogee. The surf is crap today and it won't be so crowded there. I could give you a lift in the Kombi."

Rupali and I looked at each other, both of us with *PleasePleasePleasePleasePlease* in our eyes. So she was into Spike too. That was OK with me; we share everything and it's not like he was boyfriend material, but I did want to spend time with him. I could still remember the feel of his erection against my stomach and if I'm honest with myself, what I actually wanted to do was to fuck him. I pretty much *always* want to fuck Rupali and I didn't see why these two things should be mutually exclusive.

"Yes!" we said together and then started giggling.

"Cool," he said. "Go find yourself a well-behaved bikini and meet me here at twelve-thirty."

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Spike was right, Quiksilver were having a sale and I picked up a beautiful low-cut embroidered white bikini for $40 ... and it was the right size! We stopped for lunch to fill in time and managed to chit-chat without the subject of Spike coming up. I'm naturally a little shy around boys – I wait for them to make the first move – so I needed Rupali's brazenness if I wanted any chance of getting into his pants today.

"Rupali, about Spike," I began.

"Yes sweetie," she smiled at me in a way that made me think she knew what was coming but was going to make me say it anyway.

"I want to ...," *gulp*.

"You want to fuck him," she guessed.

"Yes. No! I want to ... *share* him," I said.

"I know," she said.

"I think he likes me."

"I know."

"I think he likes you, too."

"I know."

"Then why didn't you tell me?" I asked.

"I thought you already knew!" she said. "That's what that whole production in the dressing room was about, wasn't it? Laying the groundwork for a three-way?"

"I hadn't thought that far ahead," I replied, a little amazed that she *had*.

"God, it's a wonder you get any at all," she marvelled. "If I ever find out the identity of your well-hung mystery man, you'll be having three-ways 'til you beg for mercy."

"That's tempting. Show me what you can do with Spike, first."

"That," she flashed her dark eyes at me, "will be my pleasure."

**The Headmaster's Office 04: Dirty Talk**

**Earlier Today...**

Mr Gallows, headmaster of my boarding school and also my secret boyfriend, turns out to be a mad inventor of sex toys. He modified a pair of vaginal plugs with radio controllers so that they turn on and off together. Rupali and I (Rupali is my sexy room-mate and secret girlfriend; she named the plugs Ike and Mike) wore them this morning on a shopping trip and – to cut a long story short – she conspired to have me alone in a store dressing room with Spike the hot shop assistant trying to free me from a faulty knotted bikini while she switched on the vibrator remotely, bringing me to an embarrassing but silent orgasm in Spike's arms. I forgave her; aren't I a great friend?

Although we were planning to take the bus to Bondi Beach, Spike has offered to drive us to Coogee in his Kombi van. Rupali and I agreed immediately and spent lunchtime working out how to lure Spike into a three-way.

The 'Kombi' of course was a VW Transporter, but not one of the 1960's chartreuse microbuses you might be imagining. The only similarity that it bore to one of those countless hippie/surfer vans circling the country was an airbrush mural on the side; a surfer shooting through a pipeline and running his fingers through the wall of water that threatened to crash down on top of him. Far from being a "fried out Kombi" like in the *Men At Work* song, this one was a current model van with leather seats, air conditioning, and about a dozen surfboards of all shapes and sizes in the back.

I saw that it had only one set of doors and as soon as I worked out that there was no back seat, I called "middle" so that I could sit next to Spike ... only to discover that the driver had a separate bucket seat and the twin passenger seat was on the other side of the handbrake. My sexy visions of squashing up against his leg and having his elbow brush my breast every time he changed gear were dashed.

Oblivious of my little competitive streak, Rupali had other ideas; she was stage managing this whole affair to culminate in a three-way; and to that end she cuddled up close to me in an effort to establish our girl-on-girl credentials. Sitting so that our legs touched, she unsuccessfully tried to close the split up the leg of her sarong and then, giving up, she placed a slim brown hand on my knee. I saw a momentary flick of Spike's head and knew that he was watching in his peripheral vision, so I parted my legs a few inches and smiled as Rupali's fingers predictably slithered into the gap. As Spike turned a corner, she slid it further up – bringing my dress along for the ride – and began stroking my inner thigh in a circular motion with the tip of her middle finger, the sexy look of her long, curved, pink nails between my legs giving me a little shiver.

Spike wasn't watching us directly but he *was* shifting in his seat and adjusting his board shorts a fair bit, so I was pretty sure he knew exactly where Rupali's hand was and he had also probably figured out where it was headed. When we stopped at a traffic light and Spike was in no danger of crashing the van, I took a big deep breath, puffing out my breasts and then released it again with just a touch of a moan, opening my legs a little wider at the same time. Rupali's hand worked to the top of my thigh, hiking up my dress even further until her little finger made contact with my crotch, then she flicked it back and forth over my bikini bottom, titillating my pussy lips.

It was all for show, of course, and not really getting me hot ... well, not *very* hot ... but I loved the effect it was having on Spike as he missed the light turning green and was honked by the car behind. I turned to Rupali as he got the Kombi under way again and gave her a "cool it" look, so she moved her hand back down to my knee but left the dress pulled up to my crotch so that Spike would have something to look at if he decided to sneak a peek. I don't know whether he did or not, but I didn't catch him.

We found a good park right near the beach and hopped out into the searing Sydney heat while Spike spent a few extra seconds in the privacy outside the driver's door adjusting his erection before grabbing his towel and a bag from the back.

"Are you surfing," I asked.

"No, the surf's rubbish today," he complained. "It's too still. I might get a board out later, but if you girls want company ...?"

"What do you think, Belinda?" Rupali asked, winking at me. "He's pretty cute. Will you get mad if I'm flirting with him instead of you?"

"But you'll still flirt with me a bit, right," I pouted.

"Of course sweetie," she leaned down and kissed me on the lips.

"And I can flirt with him, too?" I asked.

"Sure sweetie," she reassured me. "Just keep a lid on it; he's already seen you naked and I don't want him thinking you're easy."

"OK, then," I smiled.

Poor Spike, he was following us back and forth like a tennis match; his eyes getting wider with each exchange.

Rupali turned to him. "Good news, Spike: you've got two hotties competing for your attention today."

We each took an arm and walked him down to the beach. I pulled the arm I was holding and pressed it to my breast; this was going to be a good day.

We found a patch of sand to ourselves and Rupali immediately dropped her beach bag, peeled off her sarong and ran for the water, calling back "Last one in is rubbing Reef Oil into me when we get out." Spike pulled his singlet over his head, revealing a lean waist that was tanned and muscled to match his chest and arms. He looked at me, wondering whether he should conspire to be last in the water.

"Go on," I told him. "I need to screen up or I'll be a lobster in ten minutes flat." At times like these I envied Rupali's brown skin; my milky complexion required SPF30+ even in winter sunshine. I watched Spike ran after Rupali and then screened my face, shoulders, arms, and the tops of my breasts; the rest could wait until I got out of the water.

I ran down the beach and found them just out beyond the breaking waves, bobbing with each swell as it passed. The tide was in and it got deep quickly; I was still several metres away from them when I got out of my depth and had to swim, ducking under the waves as they broke over me. When I got out to them I couldn't touch the bottom at all; Spike was up to his neck, but at 6'1" the water came only just past the top of Rupali's pink bikini. With each trough that preceded a wave, her full breasts bobbed tantalizingly on top of the water.

"Are we going to stay out this deep?" I asked. "Cos I'll last about two more minutes treading water and getting dunked by the swells."

Spike looked concerned. "If we go closer in we'll be under the break," he said. "I can take it, but I don't think Rupali's bikini top can." He smiled. "Just so we're clear, I'm all in favour of moving closer in."

"That's OK," I said, reaching up and holding Rupali's shoulder. "You'll hold me up, won't you babe? Duck down so I don't have to reach, will you."

"I don't want your drowning corpse taking me down too. Hold onto Spike; he's getting flirty and needs a distraction."

I paddled over to Spike and put one hand on the slope of his muscular shoulder. "OK?" I asked.

"Very OK," he said, and I felt a warm tingle even through the cold water.

As the next swell passed through, Spike had to jump to stay above it. I pushed down on his shoulder to keep my head above water and ended up pushing him back under. He came back up spluttering but laughing. "Don't worry," I smiled. "I didn't get dunked."

"What a relief," he said ironically, spitting out water. "How about you hold on a bit tighter so that when I jump, you come with me?"

That sounded like an invitation; I didn't need a second one. I pulled in close and clung to him like a baby on her mother's hip; my arms around his shoulders and my legs around his waist. I was slightly front-on with a breast either side of his pectoral muscle and my vagina settled onto the point of his hip bone. Happy, happy girl. I smiled at him, our faces now just a few inches apart.

I looked over at Rupali. She was still smiling – not jealous – all was going to plan as far as she was concerned. "Missing me?" I asked.

"On the contrary," she said, walking over to us. "Now whenever I want you I have you right here." She leaned in placed a hand on Spike's chest as she kissed me, passionately and open mouthed. "You don't mind, do you Spike?"

He shook his head. "All good."

"Excellent!" said Rupali, planting a short, sweet kiss on Spike's lips.

He looked at me, confused and wondering what sort of jealous fight he might have got in the middle of. I leaned in and gave him a little kiss too. "Just roll with it, Spike." Another swell was right on top of us. "Wave!" I said, giving Spike a squeeze.

He jumped a bit late but kept our heads above water, his hip grinding painfully into my labia. I had to wriggle against him to open up my pussy under my bikini so that my entrance settled on his hip rather than my labia. Comfortable again, I looked back at his face, but he had his eyes closed and was taking a deep breath. Poor Spike. I gave him a cuddle to make him feel better.

We stayed out for nearly two hours, playing, splashing and chatting. Rupali wanted to go and lie in the sun and if I wasn't there she was going to oil that long gorgeous body on her own. I gave Spike another little kiss and hopped off his hip. "You coming in?"

"Soon," he said. "I'm going to body-surf a few waves." *And maybe wait for that that bludgeon in your shorts to go down,* I thought.

Back on the beach, Rupali towelled her long hair dry while I watched Spike expertly swim onto the crest of a small wave and ride it into the shallows. "Did I overdo it?" I asked.

"No, you were perfect sweetie. God, you were so hot and vulnerable *I* wanted to fuck you."

"You say the sweetest things, babe."

"My turn though," she said, throwing me her SPF0 Reef Oil. "When you see him coming in, start oiling me and see if you can get him to take over."

She twisted her long hair and tied it in a knot on her head, then lay face down on her towel. A couple of waves later Spike came running out of the surf, so I poured some Reef Oil onto Rupali's shoulders and started rubbing it in. "How can you stand this stuff?" I asked. "You know there's no UV protection, right? Why don't you just baste yourself in butter and climb into an oven?"

"A billion Indians with no skin cancer say you're wrong – I've got genetics on my side."

I started massaging the oil into her shoulders as Spike came up to us and towelled his hard, tanned body dry. I looked up at him and put a finger to my lips, telling him to be quiet, and then beckoned him over beside me. I squirted more oil on Rupali's back below the strap of her bikini, and then I took Spike's wrists and brought them down to Rupali's back. He looked at me questioningly: *should I?* I nodded encouragement so he leaned over and experimentally spread the oil with his fingertips.

With her face in the towel, Rupali said "Rub it properly, Belinda, otherwise I'll sack you and appoint Spike chief masseur when he comes in." Emboldened, Spike started spreading the oil slowly with both palms. I silently moved out of his way and began applying sunscreen – real sunscreen - to my own body. It wasn't an onerous task; at 4'11'' and three-quarters and weighing in at around 40 kilos (88 lbs), there's not much of me to cover so I'm pretty cheap to keep in sunscreen. Spike kneeled closer, applying pressure and earning a low moan from Rupali.

"Mmmm. That's nice, sweetie. Unhook my top and get under the strap, will you?"

He undid the clasp and laid the ends of the straps out to the side. Rupali's breasts were pressed into the towel and now bulged out either side of her chest. Spike massaged up and down her long back, working the oil into her skin, which was now glistening and smelling sweetly of coconut. He had his thumbs facing together over her spine with fingers splayed out wide; they curled around her narrow waist but on each upward stroke he pulled them in, not quite daring to touch the sides of her breasts.

"Oooooh babe," she moaned. "You have magic hands. There are still some dry patches. Make sure you get everywhere."

Spike put more oil on his hands and shaped them around Rupali's waist. He stroked upwards over her ribs and the side-swells of her breasts, all the way to her armpits and then back down again, lingering at her breasts and moving his fingers in circles, feeling the pliant firmness of her flesh.

Rupali moaned in fresh encouragement. "Ooo you dirty girl, Belinda!" Spike quickly moved his hand away and Rupali complained: "Oh, you tease! Go back." Spike brought both hands back up to her breasts and slowly massaged the sides, his fingers slipping into the gap underneath to stroke the undersides. Rupali was purring with delight and encouraging him on. She rolled her back slightly towards him, raising one breast a little higher to improve his access, just enough to expose the edge of a brown nipple. Spike rubbed oil over the exposed flesh, lingering and cupping the underside, brushing a finger over the edge of the nipple. Rupali moaned and arched her back under his touch, encouraging him to explore further. Spike pressed more firmly , lifting the nipple off the towel and allowing him to run his fingertips over its full surface. Rupali shivered and the point stiffened under his touch; circling, stroking, gently pinching and squeezing.

Spike moved his hands to Rupali's lower back, rubbing and kneading and sliding his thumb tips beneath the top edge of her bikini bottom. "Fold it down a little if you like, Blinny," she said. Spike hooked his fingers under the fabric and folded it back, revealing a few of inches of bottom cleavage. Rupali's narrow, high-cut briefs were now narrow and *very* low cut. Spike applied more oil and reversed the direction of his massage from bottom-up to top-down, thumbs pointing inwards and fingers forwards, he stroked firmly from the middle of Ruapli's back down to her bottom, fingers disappearing to the third knuckle into her very truncated bikini briefs. He held his hands there, cupping her buttocks and spreading oil over them, fingertips exploring the edges of the cleft in between.

Rupali's breathing began to speed up. "That's wonderful, sweetie. More of that."

Spike rubbed back up her back, lingering around her breasts, again sliding the tips of his middle fingers into the hollows and teasing the sensitive undersides, then in one fluid movement he swept downwards, his hard hands ploughing through her flesh, over the tops of her buttocks and deep beneath her bikini bottom, thumbs drawing her cheeks apart and index finders diving into the void, barely an inch or so from her moist centre. She arched her bottom up into his hands, moaning "Oh, yes. Please ... a little more."

This was getting a bit heavy for a public beach, so I got Spike's attention and gestured to her long, shapely legs; suggesting that he would be remiss not to explore their lean curves. I was feeling a bit breathless watching them, and if he didn't rub her legs then I would.

He moved around closer to her calves and adjusted what looked like a very uncomfortable erection. Using more oil he massaged each leg in turn starting at the ankle and working upwards, pressing his thumbs into her hard calves, passing gently over the sensitive backs of her knees, and closing his strong hands around her lower thighs. When both legs were glistening with oil from mid-thigh down, he wrapped his hands around the closest calf and slowly worked upwards, kneading the backs of her legs with his thumbs but keeping the fingertips wrapped all the way around to the towel. Her thighs were touching just above the knee but instead of stopping when he reached that junction, he gently pressed upwards signalling his intention and Rupali's thighs parted like the petals of an exotic flower.

I could see the hot pink fabric of her bikini tapering down her bottom to a sheer two-inch strip as it dived between her open legs, barely covering her sex. It moulded over the curves of her labia and dimpled in the middle where her entrance sat wantonly open, wishing for something to plunge into the hot, silky depths within.

Rupali was panting now, her breasts swelling and heaving beneath her. She tilted her bottom upwards, changing the angle of her vagina so that it was directly in the path of Spike's approaching hands. Slowly he kneaded the long muscle of her thigh, each contraction of his hands bringing his fingers an inch closer to the tiny strip of pink fabric, the only barrier between his searching digits and the warmth and wetness that awaited them. His final stroke brought his thumbs to the edge of her bikini on the back of her thigh, the index finger of the hand between her legs almost brushing the thin covering protecting her womanhood. And there they stopped.

Rupali moaned in frustration between gasps of passion as she pumped her hips, trying to encourage his fingers to complete their journey. "Please, sweetie. Please," she begged. Spike looked over at me, his eyes feverish with passion, asking my permission to go further. I motioned for him to wait, but not to stop. I moved opposite to him and leaned close so that I could talk to Rupali in a low voice that only she and Spike could hear.

"Rupali, you don't really want me to rub your pussy, do you?"

"Yes, I do. Please," she moaned.

"Well I'm sorry, it's too late," I said in a sexy, husky voice. "Spike is coming up from the beach now; he's going to interrupt us."

"Oh no!" she sounded disappointed.

"Oh, you should see him, Rupali," I went on in the sexy voice. "The water is beading on his muscles and his shorts are soaking wet and clinging to his skin. I can see the contours of his cock, it looks hard; I think it's hard for you Rupali. He's looking between your open legs and – oh my goodness – there's a split in your bikini! He can see right through it to your pussy! I can see it too, you dirty girl! It's open and it's wet and I think Spike wants it – I know I do – I can see it in his eyes."

I could hear Rupali's rapid breathing and every few breaths she vocalised a moan as the heat and tension built up inside her. Spike was looking at me wide eyed; the fact that his fingers were just a heartbeat from Rupali's wet entrance momentarily forgotten as he listened to me talking dirty.

"Oh my God, Rupali, he's pulling down his shorts. Oh holy ... his cock is ... oh it's ... Jesus ... it's beautiful, it's perfect. He's still looking at you – so open and so ready – and now he's kneeling down between your legs. He's stroking that perfect cock, pumping it, imagining how it will feel sliding deep inside you, pumping you until you come, ramming it all the way home until you beg him to stop."

"His cock is poised now," I continued. "It's just outside your hot, wet entrance. But Spike doesn't look sure any more; he doesn't know whether you want it."

"I do! I do want it," she affirmed.

"He doesn't understand, Rupali," I said. "What do you want? What do you want him to do you?"

"I want his cock inside me. I want him to slide it all the way in. I want him to fuck me. I want him to pump me full of cum," she said, her voice breaking and hitching with emotion. "God, make him do it, Belinda. Make him fuck me. Grab his cock and put it in me."

"I think he's going to. Hang on, I'll see if he's ready. Oh Christ, I'm wrapping my hand around it and I can't touch my thumb. It's the hardest thing I've ever felt, it's like iron. It's so hot too; I can feel the heat baking into my hand. Now I'm bringing the tip of it to your pussy." I nodded at Spike. "Can you feel me putting it into your pussy?" Spike lifted his finger and touched it against the dimple outlining Rupali's open labia. He pressed in gently against the pink fabric and moved his finger in circles sliding the lining against her lubricating juices.

"Yes, it's right there. I feel it," she moaned.

"I'm going to try putting it all the way in now. Ready? One, two ...," I let out a deep moan as I got carried away with my own fantasy. Spike pressed down harder onto the bikini gusset and rotated his fingers in wide circles, stretching her lips and opening her up wider. I reached down and closed my hand over his, guiding his fingers with a pressure and motion that I know Rupali likes.

"Oh Christ, Rupali. His cock just went all the way in your pussy, his balls are pressed up against you," I said, pressing Spike's fingers around her labia. "Can you feel them grinding into you?" She moaned that yes, she could feel it. "He wants to go even deeper but you've taken everything already. Now he's fucking you; long slow strokes, all the way out and then in again, all the way up to his balls. Uh ... oh ... yes ... uh huh," I grunted in time with Spike's fingers palpating her steaming vagina.

"Oh, man, I think he's getting ready to cum," I started picking up the tempo with my voice as I moved Spike's fingers up to her clitoris, feeling for it myself through the bikini and then placing his fingers, first right on top of it so he knew where it was, then circling and rubbing. "He's pumping you now, Rupali. He's slamming his dick all the way in, deeper and deeper, slapping his groin against your ass as he tries to get every bit of himself inside your pussy." I could feel Rupali start to shake with the beginnings of an orgasm. Her bottom and thighs went rock hard, all the muscles along her back bunched and glistened with oil. I increased the pressure on Spike's fingers, pressing them hard into Rupali's clitoris, not circling any more but rubbing mercilessly back and forth over the top. I felt the change in her body as she came, quietly crying out for Spike to cum in her pussy.

"Oh my goodness! I'm holding his balls and they're swelling in my hand," I said, bringing Spike to an imaginary orgasm to rival Rupali's real one. "He's about to cum, hold on sweetie, here it comes; he's going to pump his load into you. Oh fuck! Oh Jesus! I'm coming too. I'm coming everywhere, I just can't watch. Cum is pumping out of his balls, I'm squeezing them and it's rushing through my fingers and down his long, long cock and into you. He's bursting inside you, cumming, filling you up until you overflow. Oh, now it's running out your pussy and over his balls, over my hand. Hang on, I need to ...," I made a slurping noise – this was probably taking it too far – but I was immersed in the moment and saying what I wanted to do, maybe not what she wanted to hear, "... oh babe, it tastes divine. Sweet and salty. It's running down my chin and I'm trying to lick up every drop." Rupali's spasms tapered off and now she was just lying flat and spent. I stopped Spike's fingers and returned them to a gentle massage of her labia. "He's finished now, sweetie. He's pulling his cock out of you ... there, it's out. I'm taking him down to the water now and wash off. You just lie there and relax."

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I took Spike's hand and led him silently away. When we were out of earshot he said "That was incredible. I shut my eyes for a minute and I thought I was really was going to cum. It felt so real."

"It was real," I said. "Rupali really came."

"God, I know," he marvelled. "I want to do it again. How do you know how to talk dirty like that?"

We splashed into the water and waded out to the break. "I don't know," I said. "It's a gift. I guess I've just got a dirty mind."

We ducked under a wave and came up the other side out of my depth. I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him, opening my mouth and finding his tongue, the salt water mixing with our saliva. I felt his thick, hard cock pressing into me and broke away. "Oh you poor thing," I said, reaching down and rubbing his erection through his shorts. "How long has it been like that?"

"Pretty much since I saw you in that blue bikini this morning," he said shyly, gasping as I squeezed him.

I put my lips next to his ear. "Would you like me to fix it?" I whispered.

He nodded. I reached into his shorts and wrapped my fingers around his pole. It felt every bit as perfect as I had described it to Rupali; about seven inches (perfect) and a nice handful around the middle (perfect again), although he was thicker at the base; *much* thicker, at the very bottom I couldn't even close my hand around it. I shivered as my tiny, tight pussy clenched involuntarily, imagining this wonderful cock opening me up gently at first but then splitting me apart. "Pull your shorts down," I breathed in his ear. He did. I sat on his hip again like earlier and reached under my leg to grasp his shaft.

I started stroking his cock, gripping tightly at the base and pulling, releasing the pressure as I stroked to the tip. I could feel his dick throbbing in my hand, his hip pressing into my open pussy lips, and realised with surprise that I needed relief every bit as much as he did.

With the next passing swell I pretended to lose my grip on his shoulder and washed away from him with the wave. Under water, I quickly slid my bikini off and tucked it into the rear strap of my top, taking care not to let Spike see it as I swam back over to him.

"You need to hold on tighter," I pouted, taking his hands and closing them around my narrow waist – his thumbs and fingers very nearly meeting in the middle. I reached down and took his dick in both hands – one closed around the tip and the other holding as much of the other end as I could manage. I wrapped my legs around his hips again, but this time I was front-on rather than sitting on his hip, holding his throbbing cock just before the entrance to my womanhood – invisible beneath the rippling water. Still under the illusion that he was to be getting a hand-job, his body quivered nonetheless at this much more overt sexual position.

"Now I've got you where I want you," I purred. "If you want me to keep going, I want to hear a dirty story about you and me."

"Huh?" Surprise lit his face as he realised this wasn't going to be a free ride. "But I'm no good at it. I'll just turn you off."

"All the more reason for you to try hard," I grinned, squeezing his tool with both hands. "Go on," I urged. "I'm getting bored and I might give up and swim back to the beach."

"Right ... Hang on ... OK ... I'm on a surfboard ... we're both on it," he began quickly. "And we're fucking ..."

"Stop!" I interrupted. "You can't start fucking me right at the beginning of the story. I'm a lady," I grinned, batting my eyelashes. "I need to be wooed."

"OK. How's this ... I'm rescuing you on my board," he smiled.

"Why do I need rescuing?" I teased. "I'm a good swimmer."

"You fell off your jet-ski and bumped your head," he said. "You were way out behind the break and by the time I got there you were unconscious and almost drowning."

"OK, that's plausible," I said, rewarding him with some slow strokes of his erection, still holding the tip near my pussy and stroking the other hand towards me. "Keep going."

"Right, so I check you're still breathing – and you are – so I lift you onto the board and start swimming you back to shore."

"This is going to get good soon, right?" I asked suspiciously, holding his cock loosely to let him know he needed to sharpen up his act.

"Sure. So I try to swim in, pulling you on the board, but you keep sliding off because you're covered in Reef Oil."

"Is this story about me or Rupali?" I laughed.

"Shush. Just go with me here," he grinned.

"Right. Shushing. Go ahead, Shakespeare," I giggled. His swollen knob brushed against my open slit, causing me to squeak with surprise and close both hands in a death grip. I don't think he noticed, or if he did he would have thought he had brushed against my bikini. Either way, his tool bulged under my fingers and it was all I could do not to just feed it straight into my hungry pussy.

"So anyway," he said. "I've hauled you back up onto the board for about the tenth time and now I'm exhausted, so I rest holding the board, but that drags it lower in the water and the swells are washing over your face."

"Glub, glub, glub," I chirped, miming drowning.

"Exactly! So thinking quickly, I pull off my shorts and ..."

"Oh, this sounds chivalrous," I giggled.

"Shush! ... and I bunch them up under your head to keep it above the water," he finished.

"Ohhh!" I apologised. "How thoughtful; that *was* chivalrous! But now you're naked, right?" My eyes flashed excitement. "But I'm still in my bikini."

"Ah yes," he beamed. "But I just noticed a cut on your arm from the jet-ski. It's bleeding and I'm worried it'll attract sharks."

"Uh oh! I hate sharks!" I stroked his cock some more, encouraging him. With each upward stroke I opened my top hand a little touched the tip to my open pussy lips, sending little sparks of excitement outwards through my tummy and down my open legs.

He continued, probably (hopefully!) thinking that the feather touches of my pussy were just my fingers or bikini. "So thinking quickly again, I pulled off your bikini bottom and tied it around the wound, stopping the flow of blood."

"That *was* quick thinking," I laughed, gliding the tip of his cock along my slit and rubbing it gently around my clitoris. "If you'd thought any slower you might have used my bikini top instead of the bottom!"

"Ah, but you're wrong!" He smiled back. "Your bikini top was torn free in the accident and I couldn't find it."

"So I've been topless this whole time?" I goggled at him in mock surprise.

"Yep."

"And you haven't once stopped to cop a feel?" I teased.

"Not once ... well maybe I accidently brushed a hand over one getting you back onto the board," he smiled. "But that's because I was trying not to look."

"Trying?" I giggled. "Such a gentleman! Well, since you've been so well behaved, I give fantasy-you permission to lick my nipples ... just to try to wake me up, you understand"

"Of course! That's what I was going to do next anyway ... just to try to wake you up, you understand."

Gently squeezing the base of his cock with my left hand to distract him, I guided the tip into my vagina with my right, the lips closing down over his knob to replace the pressure of my palm as I lifted it away. My thumb and fore-finger still circled the top of the shaft - stopping him from sliding deeper inside me - and I watched him carefully to see if he had worked out what I was up to. Incredibly, he was too wrapped up in the story to notice he was now fucking me.

"OK, so now with my eyes closed so I don't gawk at your breasts, I lean in and kiss one softly, but you don't respond."

"How do you know you got my breast if you weren't looking?" I teased.

"I had a quick peek to line it up, but then I shut them again," he flipped back.

"Sensible," I smiled. "But no response, right? You'd better try harder or I might slip into a coma."

"Good idea. So I line up and kiss it again," the real Spike shut his eyes for effect. "I open my mouth and close my lips over your nipple, running my tongue over the tip and biting it gently until it hardens."

"Oh, God, that feels wonderful," I moaned, shutting my own eyes. I stroked my finger and thumb over his knob, working it in and out of my pussy, all the while pretending that it was still my palm closed over the end of his manhood.

"Well I wouldn't know anything about that," he laughed. "I was just trying to wake you up. But I'm encouraged by the reflex response, so I reach across and stroke the other breast and that nipple hardens under my fingers."

"But you're still kissing the first one, right," I sighed, eyes still shut and now sliding a little more of his cock - about two or three inches – into my pussy, setting off a contraction as my tiny opening stretched taut around his thickness. I squeezed with my circled thumb and finger to match the grip of my vagina and reached down with my other hand to cup his balls, lightly squeezing to distract attention from the other end.

"Sure, I'm still kissing the first one; I don't want you to slip into a coma, do I?" he hitched a breath on the last two words as my fingers closed around his balls. Meanwhile, at the other end of his cock, the muscle spasm was still rippling up and down the walls of my pussy and I thought for moment I was about to come. I recited the names of the seven dwarves in my head until I had control again. Picking up confidence, I voluntarily flexed my pelvic wall, squeezing him and relishing the hardness of his manhood inside me, pressing back against me as I moaned and bit down on my lower lip.

I noticed that he had been quiet for a few seconds and opened my eyes to see his nostrils flaring and eyes pinched shut – not in pleasure though – my grip on his balls had tightened while I suppressed my orgasm, so I hurriedly released him and moved that hand back to the base of his erection.

"Oops, sorry," I apologised sheepishly. I squeezed his cock at both ends and leaned forward to place a small kiss on his lips. "Keep going, you're good at this."

He opened his eyes and kissed me back, lips open and panting with the pleasure of what he thought must have been the world's best hand-job.

He continued: "But with all this effort to wake you, I hadn't noticed the current. We had drifted down past the beachfront and over the headland; if we tried to swim in from here we'd be crushed against the rocks. I tried to swim against the current to get us back to the beach, but I just ended up swallowing water and exhausting myself."

"Oh dear," I said, worry lining my face. "I hope you've saved some energy for me."

"Huh uh," he shook his head. "With the last of my strength I haul myself up onto the board – on top of you – and the last thing I remember as I pass out is your legs sliding apart as my body slips between them."

"So now we're both unconscious?"

"That's right," he confirmed.

"In missionary position?" I asked.

"Kind of, yeah," he smiled.

"And your cock is pressed up against my pussy?"

"Right again."

"And by now we're both covered in reef oil?"

"That sounds about right."

I used my secret muscles to massage the few inches of iron inside me as I bobbed weightlessly up and down on his tool. That floating sensation – the contrast between the cold water and the hard, hot flesh sliding effortlessly into the warm, softness of my love canal – it all felt so surreal. I was holding my orgasm at bay, but I could feel it right there, waiting to lift me up and sweep me away the moment I allowed myself to be completely impaled on his wonderful cock.

"Keep going," I whispered in his ear, my ragged breathing betraying the lie that I was still giving him a hand job.

"I don't know how long I was out," he resumed. "But I started to come-to with you moaning in my ear."

I leaned in and moaned for effect – it wasn't difficult - whimpering a little with the desperation to have more of him ... all of him.

"Your moaning has made me hard though. I'm still waking up and as it grows bigger it's pressing into your pussy, opening your lips and growing longer and harder still at finding you so wet and open and ready."

"Are you saying you were accidentally fucking me?" I giggled.

"Completely unintentional!" he exhorted. "I had no idea I was inside you until we woke together; our eyes met in shocked surprise and you reflexively clenched, squeezing my dick."

"Like this?" I asked, contracting my pelvic wall, pressing down against the delicious hardness inside me."

"Right," he sighed. "Except not with your hand."

I smiled. "No, of course not."

"I was stunned ... and mortified ... I quickly propped up on my elbows because I was crushing you, and you arched your back causing me to slip even further inside."

"Oh God," I moaned in a tiny, strained voice, my eyes shut. "It's like I can feel you inside me now." I allowed a tiny bit more of his thick, bulging manhood into my core, deeper than he been so far, but still only half of what he had to offer. Now I was all the way down to my left hand, which was still wrapped around the base, the thumb and middle finger not even close to meeting. I now had so much cock inside me that there was no room on his shaft for my other hand so I let go and used it rub my clitoris instead.

"Spike," I whimpered "I think I'm going to come. Please hurry, I want you to fuck me now."

Ever the gentleman, he assumed I meant the story and not the few remaining inches of cock, so thick at the base that I still wasn't completely sure I could fit it all in.

"Right. So I'm just about to pull out ..."

"Please, no," I whispered.

"... when a swell nearly pitches us over. I grab on tight to the board, forcing myself deeper inside you ..."

"But there's still more, right. I need more of your cock. I need all of it!" I was nearly out of control now. We had set up a rhythm where I tightened around him with my secret muscles and then he flexed his cock, the knob bulging, doubling in size and probing tantalizingly deeper as it opened me up. Each time I felt like he would explode with cum, pumping his load into me before I could get him all the way inside, pressed up against the rear wall of my vagina into that special place where jetting cum will sometimes trigger my own cataclysmic ejaculation.

"I have no time to react," he continued. "The next wave is right on top of us and it's a choice of either ride it or let it knock us over."

"I want to ride it," I husked in his ear, sliding the first three and a half inches of his shaft out almost to the point of my lips closing over the tip, and then ramming down onto it – again and again – my ankles locked behind his backside, driving me powerfully into the fisted hand that was the only thing preventing his complete conquest of my womanhood and the powerful orgasm that I felt was ready to engulf me. Did he really think this was still my hand; hot, soft and pliant, squeezing and enveloping three and half inches of thick cock so completely, causing it to buck and pulse against me, threatening to explode inside me at any moment? At this point I didn't really care. The game was secondary and all I wanted was the perfect moment to release myself and to let him have all of me.

"The wave is big, one and a half meters, easy," he was speaking in choppy sentences now; struggling for breath and trying to finish the story before he came. "I ride us up on top of it, your hard nipples pressing into my chest and pussy clamped around my cock in fear and excitement. We can't drop down the face of the wave – we'd be smashed – and now I can see the next beach – it's close – if I can only work us along the face of the wave we could get past the rocks and into the safety of the sand."

"Yes. Take us home," I breathed, my eyes shut now, imagining myself on top of the wave, crushed helplessly between his body and the surfboard with this thick cock pushing further into me, opening me up and threatening to fill me with his seed.

"I tip the board over the lip of the wave at the last moment, just as it's beginning to curl and we cruise perfectly halfway down the face, side on to the wall of water with the lip now curling over the top of us, closing us in and threatening to pound our naked bodies into the rocks. We shoot out the barrel of the wave but now we're going too fast. We're going to lose the curl and fly off the back where the next wave will crash on top of us. I have to wash off speed, so I grip the sides of board and lean us first into the face, climbing to the top, and then away and back down again before we shoot over the top. You lock your legs behind me, holding me tight, but with each turn I slide most of the way out and then back in again with the counter-turn. I'm trying to surf, but you're arching beneath me, pulling and straining to get me all the way in, to pin you to the board. I want to do it too, but controlling the board is taking everything I've got and I haven't got much left to give."

I had buried my face in the hollow between his neck and shoulder, timing my thrusts with the cadence of his story, straining to hold back the tide of my orgasm as each downward stroke opened me up anew, filling me with hot, hard flesh as if for the first time, slowly losing the battle as my ragged exhales began to take on volume, soft squeaks of delight at first, but now becoming louder cries of abandon that I vainly tried to stifle against the hard muscles of his shoulder.

"We're over the beach now, almost safe, and with the last of my strength I take us up the face one last time. But I've lost control; I try to turn us out – and we almost make it – but we launch off the lip and take to the air, facing away from the beach at first but coming about as we fly; the nose of the board dipping and angling back down into the face. We fall from two meters above the crest, dropping with a force that would crush you, except we dive straight through the curl and round out on the swell below. The G-forces are too much; I prop my elbows to stop from crushing you, but I can't control my hips, and as we shoot out in front of the crashing wave, finally gravity wins and I slide inexorably into you."

"That's the one. Thank you," I cried, finally releasing my left hand and plunging desperately downwards, engulfing four inches, five inches, six, before my tiny, punished pussy convulses with spasms again, opened mercilessly by his unyielding shaft, my lips yawning so wide and stretched so tightly around the thickest part of his cock.

"Holy Jesus H. mother-fucking Christ," he cried as my burning, straining, vagina engulfed all but the last of his seven inches of iron. "What the ...."

But I had no time to bring him up to speed. My orgasm was past the point of no return. Held at bay for so long I could feel it coming now, not to be turned back, not this time. My pussy was still contracting and I was powerless to move, clamped onto his pole with my muscles refusing to let go of their prize. But I didn't want to let it go, I wanted the rest of it inside me before I was finally swept away, to feel his pubis grinding into mine, to feel his full length probe my innermost depths and push beyond them, just like his girth had already stretched my gaping labia beyond their usual limits.

Through clenched teeth I cried "Push!" as I arched my back and strained with arms and legs to capture that last, thickest, inch of manhood. He released my waist and closed his hands over my little bottom. Powerful muscles bunching in his arms, he obeyed my command, pushing and breaking my crushing hold on his shaft as that final, wonderful inch ploughed into my molten core.

I was coming. Rocking my hips and grinding against him, moving his huge tool around inside me, trying to stretch me and touch me in every direction at once while powerful waves of ecstasy blasted though the pleasure centres of my womanhood.

With three quick, powerful thrusts he pulled out of me and then rammed his shaft back home. On the last thrust I felt him swell again, his cock bulging massively inside me even though I was full beyond capacity. Cum rushed through his cock, flooding into me, bulging that huge vein on the underside of his dick. The first pump was blocked by the back wall of my pussy, mercilessly crushed against the tip of his erection. I arched back, changing the angle a little as he pumped again, this time emptying a huge, powerful stream of beautiful cum into the tight confines of my pussy, swirling back around his shaft and spilling though the junction where our pubic bones ground into each other.

With every pump of his powerful cock, another load of cum emptied into me and another explosion of pleasure rocked my body, now exhausted from the orgasmic release as I slowly began to relax and soften against his hard muscles of his upper body. With his cock still deep inside me and weakly pumping a few final bursts of cum, I raised my head and drew his lips down onto mine, kissing, searching out his tongue and then twining it in mine, nibbling at his lower lip while tears ran from my eyes and I thanked him in incomprehensible, breathless sobs.

He kissed back, murmuring his own gratitude, holding me tight against his body with one arm around my waist as he ran the other hand through my hair, finally breaking away from my lips and kissing along my jaw, my neck, and finally stopping with my earlobe pressed between his lips.

He held me silently for a few more moments, his cock had finally stopped pumping and I could feel it begin to soften inside me, then he whispered: "And then we rode through the foam all the way to the beach. The end."

We both broke into laughter. "Hmmm," I chuckled. "Weak ending. It's lucky you delivered the goods in the accompanying actions."

"How long did you ...," he began, not really knowing how to say it. "You know, did you have me ... inside ..."

"Pretty much the whole time," I smiled, as I reached back to retrieve the bikini bottom tucked into my bra. "It was my hand at first. You couldn't tell?"

"I did think it was a pretty amazing hand-job ...," he laughed as we both slipped back in to our bathers.

Changing subject, I asked "What's all that white water out there?" pointing down the beach and out to sea maybe a kilometre.

"That's Wedding Cake Island," he said. "It's just a big rock formation a couple of metres above the water. Even with the small waves it's a bit of a washing machine at high tide, but it'll be really romantic later on."

"Why?" I asked. "Do the seals come in and fuck? Cos girls don't really find that stuff romantic."

"No, low tide is right on sunset tonight. Get it?" he said, as if that explained it.

"Is low tide especially romantic for surfers?" I probed further, eyebrows knotting.

"Low tide at sunset means full moon, right?" he said.

*Does it? How would I know?* "Right ..." I said, a little dubiously.

"And where does a full moon rise?" He was leading me to the answer, but I couldn't see it yet.

"In the sky?"

"In the east!" he explained. "And which way is the ocean in Sydney?"

"East!" I yelled, excited that I had finally answered one right. "So as the sun goes down over the city, the full moon will rise over the water, and we can watch it from the rocks of Wedding Cake Island because it's low tide." He smiled, proud that I had been listening, even if I hadn't worked any of it out for myself. "How do you know all this?"

"People think surfers are dumb," he said, "but if you want to be a professional surfer you need to be and amateur meteorologist and an amateur astronomer as well. And Wedding Cake is famous with surfers. It's ANZAC day in a couple of weeks and all the Coogee surf community goes out for a commemoration."

"Oh," I said, disappointed. "So there'll be a lot of surfers out there later?"

"Look around," he said. "The surf's terrible. There aren't any surfers here now and I don't think there will be later. Do you want to go out there?"

Me, Rupali and Spike; a secluded private island and the full moon rising over the ocean: oh yes, we were going out there. I leaned in close and whispered in his ear "I want you to *take me* out there."

His shorts now sitting comfortably for once, we left the water and went back up the beach. Rupali had put her top back on, rolled over, and smeared Reef Oil all over her front until she glowed. Her sarong covered her eyes, but a smile still curled at the corners of her mouth.