Self Discovery

By Woman

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Sometimes the newest experience is the most forbidden

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Chapter One

They say that university is the place you go to discover who you are. To experiment with life to see what you like, what you don't, your tastes, your desires, what you have a flair for or just an inclination for. Well, let me tell you. Experimenting? I thought I'd been there, tried that; got the proverbial t-shirt. I did the drug thing and discovered it just wasn't my thing. I even did the fun stuff in the bedroom. The bondage. The costumes. The rough. The wild. The teasing. The kinky and the so called naughty. The toys and the boys. But it was always men. Mmmm….. men. Morning wood. Stubble. Hands. Power. Mmmm….. men.

My personality back then had always been one of pushing the limits, testing the waters so to speak. Even at a young age; for I am older now and when I look back on all the fun and shiny events of my youth; maybe I am just glorifying my memories and all, making them seem more one sided. Ahhh… what can I say. I was young and I was stupid and I experimented a lot. But I had to actually know from experience before I could actually say, "I don't like such and such" or "I really love it when this happens". But then again, that is how I discovered I enjoyed anal play, Tequila. Hard and rough sex. Knitting. Needle point. Travelling. Nipple clamps. Baking... You know what I mean. But I did discover that I am a really good cook. And one of the fastest ways to a man's cock, is through his sense of taste and smell.

So it was a few years ago (ok; who the fuck am I kidding? Many, many years ago…) and I was dating this one yahoo of a guy... And to be honest I'd not call it really dating but more my boy toy play time. Let's just call all the men in my life during my university days "John Doe". Keep their identities a secret, and fitting. I just wanted sex with no string attached.

Let me tell you about the John Doe's of my uni days.

The John Smith’s of my youth were... ahhh... bores to be honest (and thank goodness as I aged, my tastes in men got better I’ll have you know. They became more interesting, more adventurous, more wanting to please me not just themselves). And yes. At that point in my life, it was all about sexual discovery. I wanted sex. I wanted to discover the fun of sex. I wanted to fight then have make-up sex. I wanted to be tied up and be used. I wanted to get on my knees and have his hands in my hair pulling me harder onto his cock. I wanted him to come upon me in the kitchen, just growl in my ear and tear my pants from me push me over the table and take me. AND this was just some of what I wanted him to do to me. And then? And then what I wanted to do to the man occupying my bed was a whole different story. But very rarely did I had a John Doe occupy my bed who gave me what I wanted.

STOP!!! Ok.I need to stop that train of thought before I lack the will power to share this tale with you, I am quite...er... well... wet at the moment thinking back to this point in my life and wanting to take matters into my own hands with that new vibrator I bought last night…. But no!!! This story shall be told first. Then I will take matters into my own hands while I make that new man in my life watch.

Back then, what I did not want was a relationship. And I always made sure I made that perfectly clear. I’ve grown up some since then, and am in a healthy, mutually beneficial relationship. In and out of the bedroom mind you.

Now this is not a straight story , and it is not even a proper lesbian story. It is more a story of a woman looking back and trying to explain how I once made choices wanting to know more of who I was. A self discovery story? A tempt of fate maybe? Who really knows.I just like talking about me; like any woman does. It is just another chapter from my life like every other time I've put pen to paper to put my memories on paper. Only this time, it is not a tale of travelling like most of my other journals, this is one of lust and temptation. Of experimenting.

But the biggest difference is, I don't want my potential children or family to ever see these chapters.

So enough with the back story clap trap, or do you need some more explaining? Perhaps not. You are smarter than you know and can probably put yourself in my canoes of shoes anyways. For after all; everyone at some point in their lives has a tale that they must share. Mine just happens to be of a sexual nature!!!

So it all took place during my second year of university, and I was sitting in on an intro to aerodynamics’ class with a Professor Quinn. She looked to be about middle ageish and your typical physics looking teacher. Mousey hair piled in a bun on her head, thick glasses that made her eyes look buggy when she looked at you, and she always wore business suits- the skirt kind mind you.

Some flowing, some tight and every single time we did wind tunnel experiments in the lab- a lab coat.

I remember I didn't think much of her the first time I sat down in her class. She looked boring and while she was talking to her TA, she just sounded dead. She was one of those teachers you just knew her class was going to be harder than ever just to stay awake.

Taking a seat at the back of the hall, Professor Quinn took her place at the front of the class behind the wooden podium thingie and cleared her throat.

"Many new faces in the Aviation Program I see. If you don't know my name by now, you are going to fail this course as you have yet the ability to read. I am not your friend and I don't like students." Not once had she looked up at the shocked faces of the hall. "It is my job to fail you and it is your job to not fail." Like clock work her TA's started passing out the course syllabus. A thick package.

"Read this. Know this. Do it. Let's get started."

Turning and reaching for the bottom of the chalkboard to pull it up to display the board beneath it was the first time I caught a view of her ass.

And what an ass it was. It was the kind of buttocks that haunts you.

It was perfect. Her poly blend knee high tight skirt hugged the shape of her ass just

perfectly. It was the most amazing ass I had ever seen. The way the material formed to her thighs as she stepped from one side of the board to the other. When she reached up during the lecture to write on the board, the material stretching over her perfect heart shaped bottom…. I just couldn’t close my mouth. I was starring at a thing of beauty.

And this was the first time I had ever looked at a woman with these kinds of thoughts. I mean the kind of thoughts that make your mouth fall to the floor, your tongue hangs out like a drool hound, and just that thought of spanking that delectable ass, watching the flesh redden beneath my fingers then kissing it. Bending her over and then letting my teeth sink in. Oh god have mercy.

My first lesson with Professor Quinn ended, and I lusted after her for the rest of term. For the next… oh I don’t know how many months, in every lesson I had with Professor Quinn, all I could think of was what colour knickers was she wearing under those skirts? She invaded my thoughts, she took over my dreams and no matter how many times I had climaxed with the boy toy flavour of the day/week/month… I would just cum again so hard- where my body felt like it had just exploded and then come back together… When by chance my thoughts went to Professor Quinn, if it is possible; I

got hornier than I was the moment before.

I had no idea what it was about this teacher. She wasn't anything to look at really. Her personality was dry and icy cold. And anyone else who I asked said she just had a nice ass not a perfect one. Yet in my mind, I just couldn't stop thinking about her. And I remember the day when my imagination went from just simple fantasy to a desire to master her.

It was a month or so into the second term, and all the students who had passed her Intro class were in the lab that day and I was running late. I had to literally sprint down the hall and made it to the door just as she was closing it. And it was the first time *ever* that I could recall by that point, that she looked directly at me or had even spoken to me in real life. 'Cause in my fantasies? She had spoken to me often of all the things I so really wanted to hear her to say.

After rebuking me for being late, her face softened and she gave me a glimpse of a smile that at first, I had thought I just imagined. And maybe even to this day it might have just been imaginary.

Stumbling over to my wind tunnel on a cloud of euphoria, I had calibrated the computer for the variables from the text book then I sat down after putting on my lab coat and waited for the machine to warm up.

It was surprising this Thursday afternoon. Rather than sitting down and just working on her lap top and ignoring the class while her TA's circled us like hawks, their prying fingers sliding over a girls hands or over our backs as they moved past us or brushing 'innocently' against us pressing their cocks- well into my ass as I was taller than most of them but into the small of the girls backs. Professor Quinn circulated around the room.

Pilots maybe gods of the sky; air traffic controllers may control the heavens. Trust me. Most women flunk out as they don't have the same egos as men do and aviation management was no different. We *owned* them all. And we have egoes bigger than the pilots or the ATC'ers; put together. And with the little boys club that formed in this program? Most women just flunked out or changed their majors refusing to give into that much competition. Just didn't have it in them. Those of us rare few women who were still left by this point, were hesitant acquaintances. Trust me; I would have clawed Michael's eyes out with the pen in my hair if it meant that I could get ahead of her. Don't judge me, if I had had a steady boyfriend that I actually cared for, she would have slept with him and told me all about it in the hopes that it would distract me from getting to the top.

Competition. God I loved it back then!!!! I thrived upon it!!!

Enough of that I said no more back story!!! Let us continue. And I shall try to refrain from the back

story… but no promises!!!

My wind tunnel had started to squeal as if the fan had caught some FOD or something and as I without thinking about it went to reach for the grate protecting the fan, I felt a pair of breasts against my upper arm and then a warm hand cover mine.

“Don’t forget to turn the machine off Charlie, before you go playing with the fan or else you will loose your fingers.” Professor Quinn whispered in my ear before quickly turning and walking away to look at another student’s tunnel.

Crap on a friggen stick! I have to tell you some back story. This being term two of year two and we had proven our worth to be in the program to her, but she still didn’t want to learn our names. So she just took the phonetic alphabet and named us. I pity Jorge. Even fifteen years later he still has the nick name “Bravo”. “Charlie” is at least somewhat fun. Imagine all twenty-six of us at the bar and shouts of “Hey Zulu! Get me a fucking drink!” to a tall wirey Irish guy or even “Kilo! How many kilo’s do you weigh?” to the chubby girl in the class. Most people never got it and thought we were being insulting. But even today, I still think it is hilarious.

My heart was pounding in my chest after feeling her hard nipples against my arm, the feeling of her warm moist breath in my ear and her touch feather light on my hand.

I was frozen. I couldn’t move. I just wanted to her to come back over and press against me once more.

But my body on the other hand was instantly awake. My nipples turned so hard I could have cut diamonds with them. My skin tightened and I became aware of every stitch of clothing I was wearing; and I wanted out of those flipping boybriefs that had ridden up a little too high almost giving me a wedgie. And I was all too aware of my drenched pussy.

If Professor Quinn had stood there any longer than the spilt second she did, I would have cummed right then and there in the classroom from her touch alone saying fuck to the world at the consequences of just pushing her body up against the plastic of the tunnel and tearing her clothes from her feasting upon her nipples while my hands explored that fabulous rump of hers.

But she had moved. And had walked off before I could think of anything to say or think of pressing my body against hers.

And again. Deep in my mind I knew I had to have her. In some way shape or form.

You know, even to this day I had no idea if she was married, divorced, straight, bi, a full fledged lesbian or even a man dressed in drag. And to be totally honest? I don't ever want to know. Especially if she was a man in woman's clothing. But that could have been fun too.

It was a day in April, just after midterms but before our Easter holiday, when my life changed forever. The Aerodynamic TA's were handing back our mid terms when I saw the yellow sticky note attached to mine; "See me at 3pm this afternoon." There was no grade on my paper. There were no markings on my paper. Just a summons. *Fuck.* I remember worrying I had just failed and would be booted from the course and therefore booted from the program and if I were to be kicked out of this course, I'd fail university. Professor Quinn being the only teacher who taught Aerodynamics. And not allowing make-ups or repeats for failed students. And aerodynamics being a course needed to graduate… I saw my future flash before my eyes. Welfare. Student loans up to here. Soup kitchens. And worse.

Sometimes it really does suck to have an imagination.

Chapter Two

I arrived early to her office. And thank god I did. Just as I went to knock on her door, it opened and out walked a younger version of Professor Quinn. A younger; more smiling version of Professor Quinn that is.

This younger version stuck out her hand and winked. "Hi. I am Anna. You must be Charlie." She said with a disarming smile.

Dumbly, I shook her hand and just nodded.

"I will be with you in a moment Charlie, please sit down." Said Professor Quinn without even raising her head from within the office.

"Yes, Professor." I took a spare chair and sat in it, a nervous wreck, along with being quite turned on at the thought of my stern and strict Professor and the younger smiling, friendlier version of her talk and banter. I must admit I got… oh so very wet at the thought of them.

While Anna and her mother continued to converse for a few more minutes, Professor Quinn never once looking up at me, but Anna looking up and winking over her mothers head, and me just sitting there turning quite red at the attention of just a pair of haunting honey coloured eyes.

Anna would stand and rest her hands on the edge of the desk and push her perfect breasts together and slightly lean forward. I could see down; right between the valley of her breasts. Her mint green,

low v-neck t-shirt, her yellow bra underneath, her honey brown skin, sandy blonde hair… I could have seen all the way down to her navel if I sat up a little. Which of course I did. I felt like a horny teenager again. And I liked it!!!

What was it with these women who just the sight of them drove me wild? To this day I still cannot put my finger on it.

They continued their conversation, talking about something or other about dinner or some other inane conversation. I just sat there with thoughts of Anna. My mind never again thought of Professor Quinn or her ass. Anna. It was all Anna. It was the mother who sparked my curiosity in bisexuality. But it was the daughter who added the accelerant to that fire and blew it all up.

Her short white cut off jean skirt, her long legs, her thong sandals; I just wanted to taste her. I wanted to get close enough to smell her hair. I had to know if she was shaved or trimmed.

Was I a lesbian? Was I bi? Was I curious? Was I just having fun? Was this just my way of exploring more of life's pleasure?

Fucked if I knew. Even now. Fucked if I really care. Even today looking back all these years later, I still enjoy the occasional woman, the occasional fantasy of an orgy of women, threesomes…let me tell you. Don't you bother trying to fit me into a label or to make a label just to fit me. I am just me. And I still like sex. Just to set the record straight.

And there was Anna, perched on the end of her mothers desk, Professor Quinn looking up at her stunning daughter, smiled this soft and mother-like smile at her daughter before turning to me. That stern look back on her face.

Professor Quinn finally looked up. "Charlie. This is my daughter Anna."

I looked into Anna's eyes, blushing as she slowly licked her lower lip then bit it. Just a nod and a slight smile at her mothers words.

"I asked you to come here today to do me a great personal favour. I will pay you for your time of course, but Anna is not doing too well in her freshman year here at the university. She is studying General Arts and Sciences as she is intellectually lazy and not certain what she wants to do just yet other than party and have a good time." She looked up at her daughter perched on the edge of the desk. Anna just shrugged and between inspecting her nails and making knowing looks at me.

I wasn't really paying attention to what Professor Quinn was saying, I needed to know about my

paper. That. That was even more pressing than that throb in my clit. “But Professor Quinn, my paper did not have a grade on it. It just had a note. Did I pass?” my words were as nervous as could be with my entire future riding on this paper. Again my thoughts went quickly to the welfare line with my eyes moving to Anna’s legs crossing. When her legs parted I could see right up her inner thigh. I felt my nipples harden and all blood drain from my brain to my face as it felt brilliantly hot but my thoughts empty.

Professor Quinn actually chuckled. “Of course you passed. If you were not a hard working student I’d never be asking you to tutor my only child. You got a 92% on your paper, not the best work you have ever done but it came in fifth after Echo, Alpha, Sierra, Yankee. Your thoughts were clearly laid out, and creative in discussing Bernoulli’s principles of pressure in relation with Newton’s First Law.” Pushing herself back, crossing her legs under her skirt.

What is it with these women and skirts? Have they never heard of pants???? I could feel my inner pervert drooling, and my pussy was just working over time thinking of tongues and fingers, and toys… *Anna just winked at me!*

“Will you tutor my daughter in her classes? Perhaps the way you think and the way you explain things will help her to understand what is being taught to her. And have her more enthused about her classes.”

Looking at Anna. Looking at Professor Quinn. Over and over. Back and forth. Their faces so similar. Their features almost identical. That gentle angle of the jaw line and the kink in the lobe of their ears. *I really do not think I should. This should just be a fantasy thing for me and not a reality thing for me. I can’t do this. I shouldn’t do this. I need to back off. But then again it would be wild fun to see what it would be like to seduce Anna. Then that would be like well… never mind I don’t need to continue that thought But I’d still like to have her legs wrapped around my head while my tongue tastes her .Oh my god that would be heavenly!! I’d die and go to heaven! Fuck! Pay attention woman! Their lips are moving and you aren’t listening!*

“So, then. I will let you two go and discuss the details.” Professor Quinn’s hands return to shuffling papers, and picking up her read pen, buries her head back into her marking, dismissing us without further discussion.

I remember sitting there stunned and shocked and not certain what to do. Had I just agreed to be Anna’s tutor? How would I tutor her if I had the hots for her? If I wanted just slide my hands up her legs and feel her innermost self? To wrap her hair around my hands and fill her mouth with my breasts which were are the moment painful and aching. My nipples were so hard and just needing to be bitten.

I have no idea how it happened, but suddenly Anna was whispering into my ear, “Come on Charlie. Let’s get out of here.” Taking me by the hand, and leading me from the office.

We made our way to the coffee shop across the street from the main campus entrance, where we grab one of the cushiony booths in the back with the low table. Quickly she removed her sandals and sat down cross legged. I stupidly slid into the booth and just sat there as dumb as a tree.

“Well, we’re alone now. I can say this freely.” She smiled, her eyes bright, her hands fixing her shirt, and of course my eyes followed her hands. “You are beautiful.” Her fingers tracing over the swell of her breast. “And I wouldn’t mind seeing you naked spread over this table on display for me.” Her free hand fell between her crossed legs. “While I eat my fruit salad from your pussy.” She winked and flagged over the waitress.

“Hi! My name is Susie! Can I take your order?” says the perky ill timed waitress.

“I’ll take a mango smoothie and a fruit salad with blue berry yoghurt. She’ll take an Irish coffee. She just received some shocking news.” Anna turned her gaze from the perky waitress with fake sad eyes looked at me and grinned mischievously. Again with the bloody wink in my direction acting as if nothing inappropriate was said in public.

I just sat there. My mouth opening and closing. I must have looked like a fish. Stupid me. But in my defense. I’ve never been seduced by a woman before. Especially one as free spirited acting as Anna. I only wished I could be as open about sex and displaying my sexuality as Anna. Fuck having a passion for something in a male dominated field. Display you like sex, you are then automatically fucking your way to the top. No more respect, but contempt glances. I learnt young to remove my sexuality from my general appearance to try to be treated as an equal. It was refreshing to see a woman so comfortable. It was part of her charm.

“Ok, I’ll be right back!” perky Susie said and bounced away, pony tail swinging.

“Don’t look so shocked. You must be used to men fawning over you. You with your exotic style eyes and amazing cheek bones. And your breasts are quite lovely even if you are wearing frumpy clothes.”

Dumbly, I looked down. I was not used to being complemented while at school.

“Well I mean, if we are going to hook up and be seen together, you need to wear some colours. And actually look like a woman, and loosen up. What do you have? A pickle up your arse? ”

“I am wearing purple.” I said dumbly looking down.

“Dark purple and it is summer. You need to wear bright colours and not get lost.” Raising a brow as she criticises and tisks at my wardrobe. “I think we need to go shopping over the next week.”

We sat there in silence for a few minutes, just sipping our beverages. Anna staring at me over her mango smoothie, nibbling on her straw. My coffee cup clattered on the table as I set it down.

“What does your mother want me to do with you exactly?” I questioned her to break the silence.

“Oh I know all that they are teaching us, but find it as boring as god in a lion cloth on a pogo stick. So to spice it up a little, I fail all the assignments and the mini assignments which are only worth like 10% of my final mark, and ace the exam. And this allows me to get great grades, stay at my 90% average, and play the campus and explore.”

“Explore what?”

“Freedom! What else?” leaning forward, whispering, “Because you seem to be nervous and embarrassed, I’ll whisper. “I like sex. And with freedom, comes sex. Just how it is.” Shrugging she continued, “I love sex. And sex with a man and another woman? Or two men and me? Or a group? Mucho fun. And since I saw you today? I wouldn’t mind having sex with you. I think you’d be a wild woman between the sheets.” Licking her pink lips, then rolling her tongue around her straw while she looked at me. “Just call me a sexbot.”

Swallowing hard, my coffee stuck in my throat. Coughing to clear my embarrassment. chug back the rest of my coffee. My awkwardness was so apparent that day. I used to dress quite fashionably back when I was younger. But that morning, I realized I had no more clean clothes and all I had left was my winter house clothes., and now I had just spilt coffee down my front!!! I hated being caught in these clothes. The coffee cup clattered to the table and Anna stands as I do. I felt frumpy. I felt old.

“Shall we?” she grins getting up.

“What?”

“Go shopping of course! I think a girls afternoon out is in order. Besides, you are getting paid to spend time with me. And if you don’t spend time with me, my mother will think you don’t like and respect her. And if you make me unhappy, I’ll tell her that you just don’t like me without even trying and then it’ll make your life miserable.

What a manipulative bitch! But…. it could be fun!!! I am just basically going to be a whore. A prostitute. So what's the big deal? Spending time with her while she just wants and excuse. What the fuck am I saying!?!?!? I'd love to taste Professor Quinn's daughter! I can just imagine the look on Zulu's face or the expression on John Doe's face when I tell him!!!

"I do need a new swim suit…." I look into her eyes and smile.

She winks in return; "Now you're thinking."

Chapter Three

The current John Doe flavour of the month threw me on the bed. His hands on my hips tearing at my pants trying to get them off. Lifting my hands to my breasts, squeezing my nipples between the material, my back arching hard thinking, *Please god let him last!*

John Doe was snarling as he nipped at my inner thigh after throwing my pants to the floor, "You bitch. You had better let me watch if you fuck that chick. I wanna see how you part her knees wide n' hard and eat her cunt." He plunged two fingers deep within me making causing me to gasp before biting my mound.

My hands hard over his head forcing him harder to me, the occasional word barely audible over the lapping of my wet pussy. "Hot… fucking…. women… pussy to pussy…." Kneeling between my parted thighs, now three fingers deep in my bald pussy. His thumb pressing so hard over my clit, driving me wild while his other hand pinched and pulled hard on my nipples forcing me to squirm under him. *God yes I am sooooo close!!!* My hand reaching to his, and ramming him harder into me. Wanting him to fill me.

My moans, mixed with his daydream of me fucking Anna. Hand on his wrist, wanting him harder. Feeling his cock twitch against my leg while his mind wandered to his thoughts that he just had to share, "You rocking over her face, your clit dragging over her chin, she eating you out as you cum over her face, me fucking the shit outta her watching her tits fly and your hands pulling at your nipple clamps." He grunts and he rises up to his knees, his cock in his hands pumping it hard.

Laying there, my hands massaging my breasts, thighs wide apart. John Doe is there, on his knees stroking his cock fast and hard. That pained expression on his face that all men get, "Oh fuck Charlie I'm gonna cum!!!" rising up on my elbows, just watching him as his cock explodes and his cum lands on my tummy. I watch his cock now limp swinging between his thighs as he falls like a dead weight upon me.

Laying beneath him totally unstatisfied. And my temper very much rising.

Getting up on one elbow, looking down at me, he brings his hand to his mouth to lick first before offering it to me.

It was only then he really saw me. “Did you cum baby?” he says like an eager puppy after taking a shit for the first time on the paper.

“No you fucking moron I didn’t cum.” I said with exaggerated patience. “You didn’t give me any chance, you twat!” I growled heaving him off of me. Sitting up in my bed, I continued. “I told you about making out with Anna in the change rooms while trying on bathing suits and you basically forced yourself on me without a second thought. It was fun to start, but you came within seconds of starting. You weak. Bastard. Fucker.”

“Babe? What the fuck?” he rolled over to his side, looking up at me.

“I’ve told you thousands of times. Do. Not. Call. Me. Babe.” Grunting between clenched teeth. “This is not the first time you’ve cum and have expected me to finish on my own. I am not a fucking hole for you and on the RARE times you actually do put your rinky dink tiny pecker in me you limp dick bastard ya do just that!!!! Limpy!” My face must have been a brilliant shade of red at this point, but had one more point to make. “And I am not here to take you bullshit either.”

“You cold, frigid bitch!! Ya just don’t know how to cum with a real man. Probably never have! You just want a plaything to warm your fucking bed and be at your ready. Well I hate to tell you, you fucking cunt,” John Doe was standing in anger, his finger pointing straight at me, “ya ain’t that good either.”

I threw my head back and just laughed at him. One of those deep seeded belly laughs. Where you were serious one moment then falling over laughing at hearing something utterly hilarious. Wheezing, trying to catch my breath before I continued, my eyes cold and hard as I met his shocked expression. “You’ve hardly ever been able to keep your cock hard enough to actually fuck me. At least last night you actually got me somewhat turned on before you came, rolled over and went to sleep!” I was up on my knees, my sheet wrapped around my breasts. “Then! Then!! When I turned on my vibrator you bitched about the noise!” Throwing my hands up in the air, “And yesterday morning? When you woke me by presenting me with your bright and shiny hard cock like a child with a gold star and begging me to help you out? You wanted me to let you feel how wet I was? I thought maybe you’d actually give me an orgasm and not make me fuck myself yet- again.”

John Doe was standing there with his hands locked in fists beside him, I could see that his face was an ugly shade of red. If I were closer, if things were different, and if I were to have touched him, I

swear I probably could have felt how tight I had him wound up right now. I just wanted him out of my house.

He was already out of my bed, yanking his pants on. His mutters of, “Fucking cunt,” Dragging his shirt on (backwards if I might add), he continued, “You selfish, cold hearted frigid bitch! You. Who is the ice queen, the one who is a sex crazed lunatic!” Hopping around as he pulled on his sneakers.

“Just get the fuck out of my house John.” Looking at him with clear eyes. “And don’t ever come back.”

And I couldn’t care less. I knew I was not frigid. I just liked sex with no strings. Was it my fault men were ruled by their emotions? Was it my fault that they all wanted a woman as a fuck friend, then they are the ones who got attached? Telling me that they loved me? Jackwagons the whole lot of them.

I just wanted sex. I wanted a release. I wanted no attachments. I just wanted a mindless fuck a few times a day to take the edge off, to deal with the stress. What was so bad with that?

Anna.

My mind snapped back to visions of her lips on my body. Her body arching filling my mouth more with her pussy. Her softness. The way her body responded to mine. The way that my body responded to hers.

I didn’t want complications in my life. But Anna Quinn… now she… was a complication.

With my mind now drifting to the memory of earlier that day in the change room, my body again awoke with a vengeance.

Remembering her soft hands as they ran over my naked shoulders adjusting the straps of the bikini I was trying on, her finger as it slid up over the low bow tie of the bottoms. And most especially remembering the way my body responded to hers and how wet I had gotten at the touch of a woman. A woman.

My hands roamed my body as I remembered her lips as Anna whispered in my ear about how amazing my hard nipples looked in the mirror, her lips on my ear lobe and my body melting into hers with her hands circled my naked waist and sliding them down over my electric blue lycra covered mound. Her teeth nibbling upon my ear lobe, sighing when she spoke to me about wanting to know if I was waxed, shaved, trimmed or had a bush. Her hot moist breath over my ear, her hands toying with those bows on the bottoms; where just one tug would have them falling from my body and have

my naked pussy on display for in the mirror. I'd be standing there in just a bikini top with hard nipples poking. I so wanted to be naked at that moment.

Without a warning, her lips had found my neck, I felt her teeth upon my flesh. With each nibble she took of my neck, goose flesh spread further over my body and I melted all the more into Anna. I couldn't help myself.

My hands while I lay there in my bed, were pinching and twisting my nipples, and I could feel my pussy tighten and my juices leak from my hole towards my ass. Moving my hands to push my breasts together, my knees bent and spread wide, my pussy lips I could feel them part while my hips squirmed.

My mind whirling with the memory of earlier today, my body with its pent up frustration of being played with in the change room with no release and the current John Doe flavour being a dick… my body was on fire. I needed to cum. I wanted to cum. Hard.

Remembering the feel of her hands as she touched my hot pussy through the tight electric blue lycra of the bikini bottoms, I could feel her nipples press into my back when my hips thrust into her hand. Her fingers through the material, long and hard sliding over my slit. My pussy over her finger, so wet, my hands fell to my hips and began to tug at the ties holding the material together.

She felt the shift in my body, the urgency of wanting her, my moans increasing demanding more.

My hands slipped from my breasts while my hips rose off the bed forcing my pussy higher, reaching for my lips, needing to feel their wet silk, needing that electricity to jolt through my body. Sliding my finger along my slit, teasing my lips with a finger nail before letting just the knuckle slip past my folds while I continued to think about earlier that day.

My hands pulled on that skimpy little blue string holding the bottoms of my bikini together. Yanking the ends they came undone and I watched Anna in the mirror of that changing room. Her eyes locked on that blue**r** material that fell open over her hand, whilst her fingers still played over my lips. My bald mound coming into sight, the material sliding off my mound like a petal of a flower exposing the next beneath it. Anns's lips on my neck, her fingers pushing the material up into me, my soft moans echoing through the small room… I almost came right then and there from excitement.

Anna's hands moved from my pussy and pulling the material away left me standing there from chest down bare.

"My god you are stunning." she said huskily looking over my body once more in the mirror.

My breasts heaving, I just wanted to take her hand and ride her fingers till I came hard, screaming. Turning in her arms, shuffling towards her, I pushed her up against the back of the change room. My body pressed hard up against hers, feeling her every curve, her long thigh muscles quiver, her nipples hard against my own, moving slowly over her, my hands slipping down her arms till her hands were in mine. Raising our hands till they were above her head against the wall, thrusting my naked pussy hard against hers still covered by her skirt.

Holding her hands with just one of my own, the other sliding down the warm flesh of her arms, my thumb playing over her nipple before moving lower over her stomach. Reaching lower to the frayed hem of her jean skirt, my hand flat on her thigh reaching higher. Up higher, till I just barely touched the waist band on her knickers. Using that as a guide my hand found its way to her panty covered mound. Feeling her heat, her warmth, her wetness through those soaked panties. Another woman's juicy wet velvet lips in my hand. Another woman's lips pressed against my own as my lips crushed hers, the taste of both our lip glosses making a slippery smooth motions while our tongues danced.

Moving her knickers to feel her wetness…. It was so much different than feeling my own wet lips while masturbating, or feeling a man's hard cock in my hands. She was softer. She felt so different. She was so wet. She felt good. Her moans softer and lighter vibrating over my tongue drove me wild, it was like listening to myself after recording myself masturbating. It just drove me further, made my hunger more.

Fingers digging into my own sopping pussy, feeling my own heat remembering Anna's. Remembering how it felt to touch her, to feel another woman's clit between my fingers, to feel another woman's lips drenched with her own juices, drove me mad. That feeling of her muscles quivering under my fingers, I couldn't help from thrusting my fingers deeper and harder adding another finger, filling me. My thumb pressing hard over my clit, my other hand gripping my breast, pulling my fingers back until just my nipple was between them. Twisting it and pulling it, my hips bucking, my fingers slamming into me, the sounds of my fingers thrusting deep against my wetness. Feeling my juices slip past my fingers, trickling down.

Our bodies meeting, my flesh against her clothes, my body pushing hers into the wall, that thumping sound ringing out around our ears mixed with our moans. My body pressed hard against hers, my hand literally dripping with her juices.

Anna breaking our kiss, huskily saying, "Taste me."

My fingers still in her pussy, thrusting, curling, my thumb playing over her clit the same way I play over mine the countless times I've masturbated, tapping it, tracing my thumb nail over it, feeling her

body quiver in my hands. Her lips against my ear, whispering, demanding me to taste her. Over and over again she chants it as my fingers thrust. Feeling the elastic of her panties against my hand, the sounds of my fingers thrusting into her hot, tight pussy before suddenly pulling my hand back.

Bringing my fingers to my mouth… both in my mind and on my bed… tasting my own cream, its milky translucence trickling down my fingers, smiling while I coat my lips with it. Thinking how my own nectar is not as cream coloured as Anna's. Noticing how I taste stronger than she did earlier today. More musky, more womanly and less sweet, while letting my tongue trace along my lips then over my fingers. Dragging my teeth over my knuckle sucking hard to get every droplet.

Tentatively, I brought my finger covered with her to my lips. My body stooping over hers. If she tasted as good as she did while kissed her, while I was licking her, I knew what would happen next. Smelling my finger, her sweet essence filled my nostrils as I inhaled. I could feel my nipples harden even more under the bikini top. Letting my hand drop from holding her arms up against the wall, I licked.

The flavour of her burst my senses. My fingers disappeared in my mouth, my tongue flying over them, my cheeks inhaling while I sucked her from them.

While I stood there like a greedy idiot sucking her off my fingers, savoring her flavours, Anna, breathing heavily with a sly smile on her face pulling up her skirt, hooking her thumbs into the waist band of her navy blue cotton thong, pushing the flimsy material down over her hips, to her knees where she just then let them fall around her feet.

Still sucking and licking my fingers clean, licking my lips, inspecting my fingers to ensure that I got everything before finally raising my eyes to her.

Anna was leaning with her upper body against the wall, her feet about a foot away from the wall. Her skirt was pulled up around her hips and her fingers were toying with her pussy. Flashes of the smoothest mound was all I saw as her finger nails dragged over her mound. She pushed her hips up while her fingers parted her lips, the light catching on her sweet nectar, her juices covering her inner thighs. I couldn't help but to stare.

I laid there still on my bed, sucking my fingers while my free hand stroked my slit, teased my lips some more, I thought of her beautiful pussy. The way she had a sun tan tattoo of a bottle of booze just up and to the right of the of the V of her slit. Like a welcome mat on a door, "Drink me". The contrast of the white of the bottle, and the honey coloured skin of the rest of her body… I took my finger and slid it through my slit before sucking on my juices once again.

Her waxed mound, the smoothness of it, her lips while she teased me with them, opening them her

fingers playing with her juices then covering her mound with them. Rubbing it in like a lotion.

Whimpering that she was wasting her juices on her skin, when all I wanted to do was to kneel at her feet and lick and suck and drink her. I wanted to taste how her essence changed as she cums over my face. I could picture it in my head so clearly.

Anna cracked open her eyes slightly, the corners of her mouth rising to a knowing grin. “Eat me. I want to ride your tongue and cum over your face. I want to see my cum slide down your neck so I can then lick you clean.” As she spoke she shuffled her feet apart further as I literally dove between her legs.

For the life of me, even till this day years later, I still cannot remember how I moved. I still have the carpet burn scar on my left knee from that day.

My face pressed hard into her snatch, licking her from the bottom of her slit to her clit, not taking my time, but just feasting on her. Lapping at her cunt, swallowing all I could of her. My fingers rising to part her lips so I could suck on her folds and pull them into my mouth.

Her gasps, her body shaking with each lick, with each suck her moans filled my ears. My face covered in her juices while I just let myself get carried away.

I reached over to my night stand and pulled out my favourite toy. With my thumb turning it on, I was so wet, so ready, it just slid to its hilt within me. Turning it up to make the vibrator hum, I could feel the pulse of it through my body. My thighs began to quiver, my nipple in my hand savagely twisting it, not moving my toy, but letting my hips ride it. Its ridges a god send over my g- spot, with each rock, the hilt hit my clit and pulsed over it. Withering, moaning, turning it up another level.

My body was sent into that state where I could just hold off my orgasm for as long as I wanted too just to have that wickedly powerful climax where it makes my clit so sensitive and ride those mini’s for a while passing out in a glowing and sweaty haze or cum now.

My tongue slipping into her hole, pushing my chin into her perineum, my nose hard against her clit, my face pushing up into her pussy, burying my tongue deep within her. Curling my tongue inside of her, pulling it back into my mouth covered with her, then against thrusting hard and as deep as I could. Painting Anna’s g-spot with the tip of my tongue, tasting her, her body began to shake. Bringing my fingers up, slipping a finger into her, before sliding it over her ass.

Anna’s body began to shake, grinding her pussy over my face. I could feel her cunt tighten around my tongue, and that sent my tongue working harder. Taking her clit between my teeth nibbling it, my

lips feeling the spasms beneath the surface of her flesh, my hands on the cheeks of her ass kneading them. My tongue flicking over her clit between my teeth, she grunted, her hands in my hair pushing my face harder into her, her elixir coming down my chin, tiny dribbles of it over my throat.

While Anna collapsed back against the wall, my face still buried in her snatch licking her clean, her body jerking every so often when my tongue touched her in just the right places.

With her hands in my hair, pulling me up slightly, I stood before her. My face covered in her, she wraps her arms around me, kissing me soundly. Pulling her head back, licking her lips, her eyes still slightly closed, “Wow Charlie! I mean it wow!!” Kissing my chin, my neck, lickng her from me, telling me, “I loved the way I could see your ass in the mirror as you tongue fucked me.” Kissing the soft spot just under my ear lobe, “Watching your hands rise to touch me just drove me wild.” Her hands slid down from my shoulders to cup my breasts. Her fingers toying with my nipples.

Screaming out whatever it is as I cum, I cum so hard around my toy, my body shaking, my hips bucking riding that purple toy. My body on fire finally having its release that I’ve waited so long for. Spent, laying there on the bed, clumps of hair plastered to my face, sweat pooling between my breasts, turning the vibe down while just slowly rocking it. My breasts heaving, the cool air of the room causing them to harden even further. Coating my fingers in my cum, idly massaging my juices into my nipples.

Just as Anna’s fingers found my slit once more, there was a knock.

“Are you alright in there?”

Literally, I jump from Anna’s arms, and cover my body with my shirt. Anna giggles in a euphoric way, before grabbing a bikini top and bottom from the bench, pushing her skirt down, opening the door a crack, handing them out. “Yes, we need this in one size smaller please!!”

Closing the door before anything else could be said, she turns to look at me, and grins mischievously. “I think I like what you are wearing now!!!”

Chapter Four

Looking into Anna’s cool honey eyes, hesitatingly smiling. “Are you sure this is something we should be doing?”

“Oh fuck yes. This is something every woman should do.” She replied as she put down the eye shadow brush on the vanity.

“I’ve never done this before. I mean man me man yes, but never another girl and a strange man.”

Smirking slightly, “It is euphoric. A uber sense of power!!!!” Anna was literally glowing. “And every man’s wildest fantasy. Don’t worry Charlie,” she grinned and giggles, “I’ll still talk to you in the morning.” As she kissed me right between the eyes.

“Thank god for small mercies!” bending down to fix the top of my opaque coloured thigh high stockings, turning to look at myself in the mirror. Admiring the hardness of my calves with the aid of the strappy crimson sandals. “And John Doe?” I stood there looking from leg to leg. Before twisting to see my ass in the mirror. My lacey boybriefs accenting that crease at the top of my thigh where it meets the swell of my ass.

Fluffing up her breasts, pushing them up higher, finally letting her hands rest just below her breasts, her fingers digging into the satin of her deep purple corset. “What about John Doe?” cocking her brow as she answers.

I couldn’t help but stare at her. Her long freshly dyed blonde hair pulled up tight into a French braid that started at the crown of her head and pulled over her shoulder nestling between her breasts. Her crotchless dark pink lace panties, emphasizing the size of her lips, pushing them together more than usual, her arousal was unmistakable. Licking my lips, staring, just taking in the sight of her pussy lips and the tops of her sheer black stockings. Her corset pushing her breasts up sky high, the pink of her areoles just barely visable. She looked good enough to eat.

Her clack click tattoo, the sound of her heels against the wooden floor echoed through the room as she strode over to where I was standing. Taking my chin in her hands, “Charlie. Hun. If you don’t want to, you know you don’t have too fuck him. I just wanna be stuffed by a throbbing hard cock and you know I love your hands on my body, I wanna feel his strong rough hands on me. Don’t tell me you don’t miss a man’s force?”

Shrugging a little, feeling my breasts jiggle in what Anna called a ‘shelf bra’. A bra that’s sole purpose is to push my full breasts up so high, but not cover my nipples. Looking down, and not for the first time either, admiring how huge my girls looked in this red bra. My pinky brown nipples slightly hardened. With small faint purplish finger bruises starting to show. Smiling at them, then grinning at Anna, “Time will tell.”

“More gloss for you and more mascara for me. I’m to look like the girl next door and you the slut.” Giggling, “Although, come to think of it, after last night? You could pull of the tramp too.”

My hand stopping in mid air, just before the brush touched my full lips. Raising my eyebrow, raising the corner of my mouth in a seductive smirk remembering how she took me hard with a strap on bent over her mother's home office desk, arms tied and pulled tight above my head, my ankles far apart tied to the legs of the desk. I was face up and all I could do was squirm and moan hard while my pussy convulsed and spasmed around that hard vibrating toy with each thrust she took, my pussy took it. And her hands on my nipples twisting and pulling them, putting her full weight on my tits while she pounded me. Smiling from ear to ear while I got even wetter, I remembered screaming so loud and bucking as I came over and over. And then? I begged for more.

My face on fire as I looked in the mirror, applying more lip gloss over my already red stained lips. "Holy fuck Anna! My lips were big already, they look friggen massive now!!"

"All the better to drive John Doe over the edge!" Smoothing the straps of my bra, her hands sliding down my back fixing my boy shorts over the swell of my ass. "Now my darling if you are ready? Remember to try to keep the shorts on for as long as possible."

Click clacking my way to the door, my body shivering in anticipation. In uncertainity. In not know what is going to happen. Well, knowing what is going to happen, but not certain how it is going to start. Or how to just let go with feeling so nervous. The butterflies in my belly going crazy as she opened the door, holding it open for Anna who stopped and picked up a riding crop. "Don't forget…" she started before turning to face me. "We are doing this to have fun!!!"

All I could do was smile.

The pair of us giggling, Anna with anticipation and me with nerves, as we walked down the hallway, our hands never far from the other, a soft caress here, a nipple tweak there, a hand grazing over a curve… till finally we were in the master bedroom of Professor Quinn's house. Professor Quinn was away for the weekend, and when Anna found out about that, made these plans to introduce me to the ways of a girl on girl threesome with a man. What a surprise!!!!!

"Fuck you two girls are hot!!" John Doe finally said once he recovered from his initial shock. Standing as we entered, his eyes wandering up and down our bodies taking use both in. Anna blonde and fairer, me the darker. Anna smacking the crop against her hand, looking at him like a hungry animal biting her lip.

"Bend over and grab your ankles." Anna practically growled at him as soon as he started to pull his t-shirt up out of pants.

He grinned and did as he was asked.

WHACK!

“FUCK!” he yelped his hands moving to his ass.

“Do not, I repeat, do not touch yourself unless either I or Charlie have given you the ok to do so.” She said letting the crop trace over his back, down over his ass before rubbing it between his legs making him gasp. “You may stand now.” Anna said keeping the crop between his legs pulling it up against him harder and slowly sliding it back and forth. “Do you understand?”

I was standing before him, I could see his cock tenting his trousers. I could see the gleam in his eyes of anticipation. I could see the want. I could also see the uncertainty as he gulped, the surprise at having a woman issue him orders. “Yes Anna.”

Anna walked around from behind him, moving to me, standing there with her legs parted, her riding crop rising to my shoulder. Letting it slide down the fullness of my breast before tapping my exposed nipple softly.

“I do love the way your nipples harden as soon as they are touched.” She said softly licking her lip.

I just stood there entranced by her control over the whole situation. With her free hand she tweaked my other nipple roughly forcing my knees to tremble, and without loosing a beat, lowered her head to the nipple she just tapped. My head fell back and from all the waiting desire for this moment; giving myself over to the excitement, the arousal, seeing Anna in these clothes and being on such a display for this man… I almost came right then and there.

My hands did what they do best and moved directly to her shaven mound. Running my fingers along her slick slit, I felt her moan while she sucked upon my nipple bringing it even deeper within her mouth. I was ready.

Grunting, pushing her back with my free hand, my nipple popping as it was freed from her hot mouth. My other covered with her juices, I then coated my nipple with her essence. I looked at her. “Suck your juices from me.”

Oh my god. Did she ever!!

Her mouth latched tight like a seal around my nipple, inhaling it deep into her mouth. Her mouth latched tightly around my nipple forming a seal against my firm breast, she sucked harder and harder as I gasped feeling my teat lengthen from the suction alone. Her tongue flicked lightly within her

mouth against the distended flesh.Her arms wrapped themselves around my waist and pulled me closer to her.

She continued to feast upon her nectar, sucking and flicking at times nibbling till there was no more Back and forth her head went from nipple to nipple. Sometimes sucking. Sometimes just flicking them with her tongue. And all the time I was getting closer and closer. Her arms about my waist, pulling me to her. My thigh between her legs, her pussy dripping wet against the lace of my thigh highs.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw John Doe standing there his fingers playing with his cock through his trousers. Cocking my brow at him and smiling he stopped.

I could play good cop for a while .

He dropped his hands to his sides with a pained expression on his face. His agony so very apparent.

Pushing Anna back, standing there, my hands on my hips, my chest heaving. I just wanted to cum. I needed to cum. But… I also wanted to feel more of this power thing. Sauntering over to him till I stood eye to eye with him. I could feel his cock straining through his trousers.

I stood before John Doe. The corners of my mouth curling up as I looked into his brown eyes, my fingers playing over his nipple, making it stiffen. Taking it between my lips, through his shirt my tongue pressing against the head of it. Meanwhile, Anna got on her knees behind me and started to just nibble on the swell of my ass as her hands came up between my thighs and toyed with his cock. Nibbling on his nipple, seesawing it between my teeth, my hands thrust into his trousers to dig my nails into his ass. Anna’s hot wet mouth licking and nibbling sending me closer still to the edge.

His groaning getting louder, my moans mixed with his. Anna’s husky voice repeating, “Fuck me Charlie you taste so fucking good.” While she thrust her tongue against the lace of my boybriefs trying to plunge it into my pussy.

Anna’s hands starting at my ankles, sliding up over my inner thighs, over my ass as she stood behind me. Her hands never leaving my body she ran them up over my tummy before sliding them up to cup my breasts. Pulling my body hard back into hers. Feeling her chest swell with every intake of breath she took, watching John Doe moan watching my body arch into hers.

Her hands pushing my breasts closer together, grabbing them then dragging her hands down over my belly before sliding them into my shorts. John Doe’s eyes watching her fingers through the lace of my shorts. Fingers spreading my lips and sliding along my slit. Bringing my juices to my lips, I was amazed at how amazing I tasted tonight as I sucked on her fingers. My hands on hers keeping her

fingers in my mouth wanting every last drop of me I could get.

Straightening before Anna, her fingers pinching and pulling my nipples, I looked at John Doe. “Sit. There now. Do not touch yourself. Do not do anything unless we have given you permission. If you don’t obey, then you’ll not be allowed to dip your cock from one dripping hot cunt to the other or ...” Anna took this moment to squeeze my nipples between her fingers hard. My body started to shake, to tighten and I could feel that amazing bolt of electricity begin to pulsate through my body.

Before I got to ride it to my very first climax of the night, she stopped. I was riding the excitement. That power.

Gasping for breath, my chest heaving, her fingers just dancing over my stomach. I look again at John Doe, my desires plain on my face. “Strip then sit down. Don’t touch yourself and you will wait for one of us to give you permission or else.” I gave him the most serious look I could muster right at that moment.

Not waiting to see if he did what was asked of him, I spun and wrapped my arms around Anna, pinning her to me and kissing her deeply thrusting my tongue within her mouth. Guiding her body back onto the bed with mine landing on top of her. My knees on either side of her hips, looking down at her while she shuffled further up the bed. Positioning myself between her knees, my hands guiding her knees up before pushing them apart. Her crotchless panties… her inner folds peeking out from her lips, the material tight, making her lips look fat and delicious. I licked my lips and buried my face in her snatch, my tongue thrust between her folds licking her from base to clit and trying to savour each taste.

Anna took her knees in her hands, gasping. Her body trembling with each long lingering lick I took. Her whimpers of “Oh fuck yes!!!” while her hot juices smeared over my face. I refused to be clean at a time like this.

Using my fingers to further part her lips, her inner folds glistening in the soft light of her mother’s bedroom. Sucking in her folds, taking them as far as they would stretch into my mouth, feeling her wither and moan while I gently pulled them between my teeth.

“Fucking hell!!!” I heard John Doe gasp from across the room.

Her hands behind her knees, pushing them harder up to her chest. Looking down at her, her juices coating my chin, my lips shining in the dim light through the room, licking all I could from my around my mouth. Turning and winking at John Doe, who was sitting there naked watching us, all the while chanting, “Please… please… please…” Seeing his anguish, his knuckles white clenching the arms of

the chair, the tendons in his neck pronounced, his cock pointing sky high. Nice and thick. His pre-cum dripping down his length. He whimpered loudly while I licked my lips. I took a moments pity on as I felt that empowerment that Anna said I'd feel, before I returned to my feasting upon Anna's sweet pussy.

But that changed nothing.

My tongue swirling over Anna's clit, tracing out the alphabet, two fingers curling as deep as I could get them in her pulsating pussy. My moans of the delight mixed with her whimpers. I kept on at her. Teasing her. Bringing her closer and closer to the edge. Nibbling on her clit, see-sawing it with my teeth, her body convulsing and I knew without a doubt she was ready.

I had the power. I was in charge.

I refused to allow her to cum. I sat back on my heels and looked down at her withering on the bed. Her body a contrast to the soft green toned sheets. I don't know what I felt for her at this point in time, I just knew I loved what I was going on. What I was doing. What we were doing.

Pushing her hands away from her knees, they fell to the bed, her chest heaving, her breath heavy as my hands covered her breasts still in the corset. My full weight upon them, I leaned down and kissed her. Her lips hungrily sucked on mine, drinking in her juices.

"FUCK!!!! You bitches are hot!" I knew John Doe was speaking loud but all I heard was the faintest of whispers.

Breaking off the kiss with Anna, saying firmly and clearly, "I want you to ride my face and watch while I fuck myself with that thick glass dildo."

Before I had even finished speaking Anna had rolled out from underneath me and was eagerly pushing me to the bed.

"Oh fucking god… please… please… please… my cock is going to fuckin' burst!"

Laying flat on the bed, Anna took no time to straddle my face, her knees locked tight against my shoulders, the material of her panties against my forehead, my tongue all the way out to taste her as she lowered her body onto it.

She began to rock, I could feel her clit slide over my chin each time she moved. Her hands on my nipples pinching and squeezing them.

“Don’t just sit there you idiot! Get Charlie the glass toy on the table!” Anna barked her orders at John Doe.

The next thing I knew, there was a toy in my hand. My fingers curled around it, my tongue curling in this delectable pussy. My hand reached between my thighs while I brought them up so I was flat footed on the bed. My thighs parted wide, I wanted her to be able to watch as the dildo disappeared inch by inch into me.

Her whimpers of, “Fuck yourself Charlie…. Fuck your cunt so fucking hard… fuck yes!” while she continued to ride my face.

I did. I slammed my dildo so fucking hard into me I screamed as I did, my head coming up hard off the bed. My body convulsing as I came.

My hands left the toy to grab Anna’s hips as I pulled her harder down onto my face drinking and lapping at her cum as she came. My pussy clenching so hard that dildo slid from within me landing about a foot away from my pussy.

John Doe standing there grunting as his cock erupted and his load landed on my belly. His grunts of, “So fucking hot… so FUCKING hot!”

Anna’s hands clenching my breasts, her nails digging in, I wasn’t aware of the pain as we both rode out our orgasms.

She fell forward, her hands beside my hips and I could feel her hot, breath coming in pants as her lips found my mound.

I was there, gasping for breath, kissing her pussy and whispering, “That was so fucking good.”

Anna swung her body around to kneel between my knees. Her long and delicate fingers pushing the dildo back into me and holding it. Her fingers found my ass and started to play with my tight hole and my perineum. I saw her blond head disappear between my thighs and felt her tongue lap at my juices around the dildo.

I just lay there. I couldn’t do more than that.

Slowly she twisted the toy, my body shook, those bumps and ridges hitting me in all the right places.

“Charlie? Baby? Move a little, just let your head hang over the edge of the bed.”

In between blinks I could see John Doe standing there panting, sweat over his chest and brow. I shuffled to how Anna wanted me. My feet flat on the bed I pushed up as she shoved some pillows under my hips. My head hanging over the edge of the bed.

“John Doe? If you can do it I want you to fuck Charlie’s throat while I eat her cunt.” I was proud at that moment. I’d never cum so hard in my life and I could hardly believe how spent I was. But I wanted more.

I felt John Doe’s cock at my lips, and I let my tongue slide over his head tasting his salty cum. Licking my lips I opened my mouth a little to take in his cock while I felt Anna’s tongue lap around the dildo still buried deep.

My eyes were open and all I could see was John Doe’s sac. My hands reached up, my finger nails digging into his ass.

He was hard as a steel rod in an instant. I opened my mouth wider to take him.

I felt a hard vibrating toy at the entrance to my ass. I gasped and John Doe took that moment to plunge deep into my throat. My throat closing around his head when my gag reflex took over. Over and over he drilled my throat. His muffled sounds of, “Take me all that’s it baby…. Fuck ‘er hard Anna.”

Anna feed that toy into my ass till I was stretched at its widest point. She pushed it a little more and it was in me. It was then I almost came again when her fingers took the glass dildo and slowly pulled it from within me. I sucked at that moment so hard on his cock that John Doe shuddered and stumbled. His hands landing on my breasts, my hard nipples against his palms as his fingers dug into my soft flesh. I wrapped my teeth in my lips and bite down somewhat as he continued to thrust. When my hands found his sac, I tugged, I pulled, I dragged my thumb nail over them.

Those ridges rubbing over that soft flesh that separates my ass from my pussy, drove me wild. My hips bucked and Anna’s soft coos of trying to get my body to settle down before her mouth clamped over my clit and sucked hard once again.

His hands reaching below the shelf bra, pulling at the material wanting nothing to keep my body from him. He pulled at it and tore it free. I felt the clasps break, I knew I was going to be bruised tomorrow. He must of thrown the bra away, that flimsy material. His hands back on my breasts, kneading my flesh.

Anna pulled back and slammed the dildo back into me as she shouted at John Doe, “Do not cum. You are going to fuck her first!”

“YESSSSSSSSS!” I heard that loud and clear as my fingers squeezed his sac hard and I felt his balls tighten in my hands with my tongue pressing up along that throbbing vein of his cock.

That damn fucking bitch took this moment in time to pull out the dildo and replace it deep and hard with a vibrator.

My screams as I came muffled by his cock in my mouth.

I felt like it would last forever.

Those stars behind my eye lids.

My body so tight and hard.

My pussy dripping with my cum.

The next thing I knew, my mouth was free of John Doe’s cock and he was turning my body so I was on my knees. I had no energy but to obey.

Where did Anna come from? Her pussy was now in front of my face, her hands in my hair bringing my lips to her snatch. John Doe’s hands pushing my shoulders down till my lips found her lips and I licked. I found some energy there on that bed, I remember that now, I couldn’t stop my tongue from lapping at her drenched pussy.

I felt the head of John Doe’s cock against the entrance of my aching pussy.

“I’ve never fucked a woman before with a butt plug… this will be new!”

He eased in and slowly he took me. He filled me. He stretched me. His thick, hot and so fucking hard cock… I thrust my tongue into her pussy wanting to fill Anna as I was being filled.

He plunged deep and my body moved forward, my face buried deep in her snatch.

Over and over again, every time he thrusted, my tongue went deeper. Anna’s juices splashed over my nose and chin, her hand in my hair guiding me to her while John Doe’s godlike cock rode me.

On my knees, in front of John Doe, his cock drilling deep, eating out Anna.

Again and again he thrusted and my mouth went harder into Anna's flesh. My hands supporting my weight, my pussy clenching.

I felt a change in Anna as she watched John Doe take me. She was close. I didn't need her screams of, "I am going to cum!!!" to tell me that.

Her screams mixed with John Doe's grunts, I knew that I was hooked. And wanted to do this again. That was my last thought before I gave my body over again to another orgasm.

I sucked at Anna's clit and she came almost instantly covering my chin, John Doe thrusted once more before he exploded deep within me. I felt his throbbing cock, he pulled out and plunged again. And again. I felt our cum mix and coat my inner thighs.

He collapsed on top of me, and I just lay there under him, his body heavy covering mine. I felt his sweat mix with mine.

Looking up, I watched as he brought his fingers up to Anna's pussy, covering his finger in her juices. He brought it to his lips, tasting her.

"I so wanna fuck you too hun, but I need to recuperate first!"

Chapter Five

I woke the next morning with just a sheet covering me to the sounds of John Doe and Anna fucking. I didn't know if I was pissed off or just annoyed with every grunt he made or every stifled moan she made.

The sun was over the trees I saw before I slammed my lids closed, and tried to tune them out.

It wasn't supposed to be like that. We had agreed that the only time we'd have a man is if we are both involved. I couldn't believe it that cheating bitch!!! But… was it cheating? Cause I was right there? Should I say something? Should I join in? Did they want me to?

But I didn't want to have anything to with Anna right now.

I knew Anna was close with her trying to stifle her grunts of, "Fuck god yes…fuck me harder! Faster you bastard!" And John Doe, I could hear the sound of his cock ramming her, his thighs slapping

against hers. For Christ sakes; I could even smell them. The bastards.

I let my anger soothe me as I tried to pretend to sleep.

* * *

“Charlie you don’t own me!!!” Anna tied the belt of her purple robe tighter around her as she went to sit down with her cup of coffee. Her mascara caked and decorating her lids.

Slamming my hands on the counter top of the breakfast nook, “No I don’t own you Anna, but I would hope for some bit of respect from you! You dragged me into this-“

Her eyes narrowed and glared at me as she interrupted me, “You were a willing participant if I remember correctly.”

“Willing yes, but with the hope of some human decency! We agreed no outside partner of any sexes unless both were there.”

“You were there!”

“Sleeping? Doesn’t count!”

“Yes!”

“I heard you both. You didn’t sound like you wanted any interruptions.”

“You were awake?” she gulped.

“You were like a bitch n’ heat on all fours with him drilling you from behind!”

“Why didn’t you join in then if you heard and evidently saw it all?”

“Cause he was to have left after we had our fun last night. NOT to have slept over!”

“Charlie loosen up! Plans change! Get used to it! For fuck sakes woman! For the past few months I’ve started to work that fuckin’ huge pickle outta your ass and you have loosened up. But what the fuck? We agreed to keep it lite and simple. Without labels.” She held up her hand to stop me from speaking. “You are wanting a label, and I can’t give it to ya. You know this. You knew this from the beginning.”

I had to take a deep breath to calm my temper. I knew my face was a deep shade of red. I was livid! We'd been spending almost all of our free time together since almost that first day months ago. She had become my drug of choice by then. I went into this- whatever it was we had, not wanting something; just wanting fun, but now I just wanted more.

"Sweetie, you want something more from me don't you?"

Like the fool I was back then, I nodded. She didn't say it. She didn't have too. Her whole body said it for her. *Ahhhh… snukums!!!*

"It happens to most with their first woman. It'll pass, trust me. You're good. Great in fact when it comes to pleasing a man or a woman. You are a natural at it. But I am just here for fun and sex. I told you, I like women and I like men. I love a throbbing cock just as much as I love the softness of a woman."

"I know and so do I."

"So what the fuck is the big deal?"

I stood there with my hands planted on the counter top, my lime green bathrobe partially undone, my chest had finally stopping its heaving.

It was then John doe choose to make his appearance down the back stairs whistling as he entered the kitchen. Naked I must add, and water droplets still on his body from his shower.

"Morning you fabulous women!!!! I need a cup of coffee!!" And he then started looking about for a mug, opening and closing the cupboard doors till he finds one and grins, pours himself some coffee and groans while scratching his cock.

Anna and I just look at each other and raise our eyebrows in wonder, passing a, "What the fuck?" grin. All anger had faded.

"Last night was unbelievable!" he winked at me, "And this morning was great too! Can't wait to do it again!"

Anna continued to sit there and sip her coffee, her blonde hair messed and looking very much the bed headed vixen she was. And I probably looked just as bad if not worse. My body ached. I had bruises of bite marks. I had bruises of finger prints. I had a hickey on my mound. My pussy felt like it

had been abused; which it was I'll admit to it now, but the good kind- the self wanting kind. I just ached.

I wanted a shower.

And I just really wanted to take Anna with me.

I mumbled good morning over my cup of coffee while I watched Anna in that morning light.

"Not feeling so hot this morning Charlie?" he asked.

"Just a little worn out. Nothing that a shower can't fix John. I didn't have the luxury of morning exercise." I said with a little edge in my voice.

It wasn't like me back then to be bitter. Really it wasn't. But I was a little hurt. I was really hoping to have woken up and had that blissful morning sex, where you are still half sleeping, maybe have woken Anna up with my mouth about her nipple, my tongue flicking over it, and my hand petting her pussy before letting my finger massage her hole. Or just maybe the other way around.

I was more disappointed than hurt even. We agreed that John Doe would leave. He knew it. I knew it. Anna knew it.

I couldn't help but to feel a little insecure about it. And I hated to feel that. I hated being insecure.

I turned and walked up the stairs alone with my thoughts to the shower.

I hated feeling insecure then, and I hate it even now. I mean before Anna; my life was my own! I had vision! I had direction! I knew all the players in my field. I was driven! I had men for sex. I didn't want complications. And this *thing* what ever it was with Anna was becoming a complication.

A huge complication.

And one I didn't know if I could afford to spend the time needed to sort it all out. There was school. All the boys to compete with on a constant basis for labs, partners, grades…

This thing, whatever it was, was getting to messy. Feelings were now involved. And I let it get this far.

I stepped into the shower, and felt my worries fade away with the hot water running down my

colourful body. Lathering shampoo into my hair, feeling the suds fall over my breasts, my stomach, down over my thighs.

I almost jumped out of my skin when I heard Anna say, “You’ve made up your mind haven’t you?

Gasping like a fish for I had swallowed a bunch of shampoo suds when she spoke, I opened the door, and looked at her.

“How did you know?”

She smiled, “You always go silent, and I swear if you were a lab rat, you’d be running round in circles. Your hamster upstairs has been working over time.”

“Come on in.” I said softly.

She undid her robe and let it fall to the floor.

Backing up to the shower wall as she stepped under the hot water. Looking at her body, I realized it was just as colourful as mine. Echoes of finger prints, bite marks, hand prints…

She sighed softly as the water coated her stunning body. She opened her eyes. Her hair slick to her neck and back. “I asked John Doe to leave.”

“Did you?” I asked as I poured shampoo into my hands and brought them up to her hair.

“I just figured….” She raised her eyebrow.

“Oh.”

“Yeah. Oh.”

My fingers where digging into her scalp, massaging. The water was everywhere.

My nipples were hard. And so were Anna’s.

She looked at me. “Are you ok with it?”

My hands dropped from her head, still white and foamy to cup her face. “No.” I breathed deep. “But I will be.”

Anna leaned forward and so lightly kissed me. My hands sneaked behind her head and I pulled her in for a deeper kiss. My tongue slid over hers, my hard nipples pressed up against hers. Breast to breast we stood there kissing, with our arms moving about the others waists, pulling the other in.

After what seemed like ages, we broke off our kiss. We were both panting like we had just ran a marathon together. That hot water was still pouring about us, making our bodies slick.

I smiled into her honey brown eyes as she said;

“It really does suck when we both want the exact same thing huh?”

My smile got wider as I replied, “Complicated free sex with a hot and horny woman?”

She kissed me right where my neck met my chest, and chuckled, “That and more.”

“In another time and place then?”

“It is just not our time.”

“I did have a whirlwind of a fun time.”

“Do you mean you finally lost that pickle up your ass?” We both laughed at that familiar joke.

“Are you going to look for it if I say no?” I asked innocently.

“Is that an offer?”

“For you Anna? There will always be an offer.”

She closed her eyes and smile before lowering her head and kissing my nipple. Sighing at how tender her lips felt against my still painful nipples, my back against the wall of the shower.

Her hand on my hip came around slid down over my mound, a rouge finger pressing along the length of my slit. “Whaddya say Charlie? One more time?”

Breathing in deeply before I replied with, “I should say no.”

“But you should say yes.” Her finger had already passed my outer lips and I could feel her finger tip

pressing against the entrance to my pussy. My hips bucked. “You might say no. But you body is definitely saying yes.”

Opening my eyes just a crack to look at her, my chest heaving. “You know what they say.” I gasped when I felt her thumb press against my clit. “Mind…over… matter.”

Her teeth found my nipple and she bit ever so gently while her tongue flicked over it. Slowly she lowered her body till she was on her knees and her lips were against my mound.

My hands had found her head and I was struggling with my thoughts. Should I let her continue? Should I push her away? I mean this would be the last time we would have like this. Where we both wanted so much, but couldn’t give into ourselves.

Anna once again, made my mind up for me. She had taken my leg and put it over her shoulder, opening me up to her.

I really didn’t want to do this. My body was begging me to do this.

My hands were beside me against the shower wall, balled tight into fists while her tongue licked slowly, deliberately over my clit. Two of her fingers filled me, and she curled them along my g-spot.

I envisioned myself pushing her away, to stand my ground. For I was pretty certain if I continued along this path… ah hell. I’d probably be her little fuck buddy. I didn’t know if I would be strong enough to walk away after this. Not that I’d really mind. But then we’d be back in this same situation in a few months.

Her tongue like liquid chocolate along my inner folds, one set of fingers parting my lips, the other slow and deliberate thrusts.

My body squirming, my pussy hot. And fucking hell. Was I ever turned on.

Throwing caution into the wind, I gave into her.

As soon as she felt my hands touch her head, she came alive. Her fingers thrusted faster, her tongue danced and circled over my clit with more pressure. Her hand reaching up to maul my nipples.

I squeaked and moaned through the pain of her tweaking my nipple, but still I pulled her head in harder to me. My foot dangling down her back, my toes curling. I knew I was going to come soon. My skin was so sensitive that morning, each touch was like an electric shock straight to my clit. And with

her tongue pressing on it… I knew I'd not last long.

Anna pulled her head back, she looked up at me when my pussy contracted around her three fingers plunging into me. I looked into her eyes as I came. My body shaking with relief I didn't know I was holing onto. All those frustrations of the morning leaving me. All the answers I didn't know I had asked questions for.

I pulled Anna up to her feet and smiled at her, kissing her for the very last time, trying to tell her all I felt, all my thanks to her with just that kiss.

"Goodbye Anna."

Her stunned look of disbelief was one of the last looks I got from Anna as I opened the door to the shower, grabbed a towel and headed to the guest bedroom down the hall. Her shouts of insults echoed through the hallway as I got dressed and quietly left the house to the sounds of her sobbing.

Chapter Six

I still don't know why I decided to write this part of my life down on paper and I still don't know if I'll share it with anyone. Perhaps it's just something to remember that part of my life when I am old and loosing my marbles and wearing diapers. I don't know. A written memory of where I came from? Maybe. But who knows. I think I just needed to remember where I came from before I could move forward.

I still look back and remember that last day we spent together. I thought we had had an understanding. That *that* was it. It turns out, as much as I thought otherwise, that I was the stronger one.

About after I walked out on Anna, I had started to hear rumours that Anna enjoyed stringing men and women along and then when they lost that initial high and euphoria to basically tell them as such then have breakup sex. Which would then lead to them clinging on for more . Them just needing one more smile. One more kiss. One more caress. I seriously felt pity for the men and women she did this too. I didn't feel shame either that I was almost one of the many she did that too.

I just felt relief that I was free.

To be honest, I know it sounds kind of stupid and silly really to say this, but if I had been a weaker person, I'd have probably been in the same boat as those nameless people Anna had strung along. Thank god at that time in my life I remembered that it was all about me and not too heart and

emotionally driven. Fuck, how things have changed.

I did take what I could from my time with Anna and put it to good use too. It took a long while, but I finally loosened up quite a bit, and I did learn to take life with more of a smile and less seriously. She wasn't the only "thing" that helped me with that, many other people along the way taught me too. The sex she taught me, those mind blowing orgasms… well she helped to teach me about my own desires and body too. In some ways she woke me up to so many other things too.

About seventeen months ago, I got an offer to go back to the university to give a guest lecture about the new developments of runway construction. It was fun to get back to my old stomping grounds, to go back to the beginning in some ways. To where it all started.

It wasn't until I was talking to the new Dean where I learnt that Professor Quinn had died of a heart attack the year previously, and most of the teaching staff I had had, were gone onto greener pastures or had died of age.

After the lecture was over, I decided to take a stroll over to that coffee shop, where Anna and I had our first coffee together. That memory was fresh in my mind, all its quirks and my embarrassment, and my excitement. My hand was on the door to pull it open when I saw her in the reflection of the window.

That same sun kissed skin. Those same eyes. Still wearing that same style she had all those years ago and my heart skipped a beat.

It was then it hit me. She looked old.

They aren't kidding when you see someone from your past; years later and they look both as they did when you last saw them, and old at the same time. They seriously aren't kidding about that. It looked as if the life had been sucked out of her. Her hair has lost its luster, and just lay limp around her face. Gone was the fire in her honey coloured eyes to be replaced with what looked icy stones.

"Are you gonna move or stand there starring at me?" she barked.

"No… sorry. Here you go." I said as I pulled open the door and she just waltzed on in.

That was the last time I saw her.