The School Part Three

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Six males and six females learn of sex in all its form.

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The School. Part Three.

“For today,” Penny said, “it will be anal and oral sex, and for obvious reasons it will be the girls to be the recipients of both. There are condoms by the sides of each futon and they must be used at all times when anal intercourse is being done. The cream is to be used for ease of entry, and don’t be shy in using plenty of it if it is needed. There are tissues and towels for the removal of the condoms afterwards and for cleaning yourselves up. We’ve already mentioned the sphincter muscle during the erogenous period, but now you’ve got to learn how to properly relax this muscle for penile penetration. Now for today’s pairings they are the following. Ann and Martin.”

Again I felt that stab in the heart as her name was called out for this act, so I now hated Martin as well as David.

“Kathy and Will,” and I shot a look across at Kathy and received that inscrutable smile. “Connie and David, Debbie and Ralph, Chris and Carol and lastly Leslie and Zac. Now off to your futons and boys, please remember to take it slow on entry. The inside tissue is much more fragile than that of the vagina, so gentleness is what is required.”

Kathy was already standing up when I reached her and taking her hand, led her to a futon. She was much shorter than I, but that wouldn’t make any difference I hoped.

“Thank you Will,” she said as I handed her down to the futon. We took off our sarongs and I liked the look of the trim little bush between her thighs and already I had started to come erect. She was kneeling there before me so I kneeled down and faced her, my full erection now pointing straight at her navel.

“Would you like me to put the condom on for you?” she asked with that sweet secretive smile. I must have looked a little startled because she added, ‘I have done this before, the putting on of the condom.’

“Have you done this other thing as well?” I asked, being curious.

“Yes,” she replied, “I am half Chinese.” As if that explained it all. She unwrapped the foil and pulled out the little rolled up rubber. She made sure it was the right way round and then placed it on the top of my cock and expertly rolled it right down. Her hand then grasped my sheathed tool and gently rocked it up and down for a moment.

“I like the size of you Will. It’s bigger than I’ve had before and I think I am going to like it.” She said this with a bright smile, her almost almond shaped eyes were alight with expectation and she ran the tip of her pink tongue across her lovely small white teeth. Kathy’s small body was beautifully proportioned and shone with a soft glow of her golden brown colouring. Her breasts, though small, fitted her perfectly with the aureoles only slightly darker in colour with little buttons for nipples.

She then put some cream on the top of the condom, smearing it a little, and then some on her finger which disappeared behind her as she applied it to herself.

“We are ready now,” she said, giving me that smile again as she turned round on her knees on the futon, showing me that pert bum with a smear of cream indicating the target. With one hand on her hip, I held my erection with the other and guided it at the blob of cream. This was my first time at doing this, so I took it slow.

I nuzzled the head of my cock at this crack between her cheeks and gently pushed forward. There was resistance at first and then I felt her relax under my hand and then the head of my cock suddenly slipped inside to be suddenly gripped by the strong sphincter muscle.

“Push now Will,” I heard her say, so I moved and my length slid into her until my thighs were touching the cheeks of her bum. It was tighter than any vagina but not unpleasantly so. In fact it was a nice fit all the way round the whole length of my shaft.

Back and forward, in and out I went, my balls gently slapping her bum each time. She helped by also moving, pushing back as I pushed forward and increasing the rhythm with every thrust. A quick glance round the room showed that I was the only one so far to be doing it. We moved faster, my balls now making large slapping sounds as they whacked her bum, my hands holding her hips tighter. Then I started to come, holding her rear tight to me as only my hips were now moving, trying to force more of myself into her. I heard her give out a little cry as I pulled really hard at her and so started to ease off, but she said to be harder and squeeze her tighter, so I did as I came in shuddering jerks into the condom that was inside her. She gave out a whimper as I slowly pulled back from her, the sphincter muscle holding me tight as I withdrew and my covered cock came out with a large sucking

noise.

Her bum was still in the air and her head was resting on her forearms as I sat back onto my heels, panting a little. I could see the tight little hole that I had been fucking slowly puckering up and closing. Then Kathy roused herself and turned round, still on her knees and picked up some tissues and removed the condom from my still erect prick. Putting the tissue aside, she leaned forward and took me into the other tight hole of her mouth and sucked and licked till I was clean and dry.

“Now it’s my time,” Kathy said with a nice smile, sitting back and leaning on her elbows and opening her legs for me to have a good view before lying fully back with them wide apart. Another glance round the room and I could see four of the boys up on their knees and three of them were pushing away into the female below them, but I couldn’t tell which one was Martin. I was just about to lay down with Kathy when a voice called out to Peter.

I saw that it was Chris who had called out and Peter made his way over and knelt down so that Chris could speak quietly to him. Peter then looked around the room and said a few words to Chris before standing up and moving away. He took some time before starting to speak and it became obvious that he was waiting for Zac to finish what he was doing to the rear end of Leslie. When he was done and cleaned up, Peter then cleared his throat and asked for everybody’s attention as he moved back towards Chris.

“Now gather round please,” he said, so we all shuffled forward and knelt and sat in a circle around an abashed Chris and a crimson faced Carol. “Now we have a case of the sphincter muscle not being able to be relaxed to allow entry. If you wouldn’t mind Carol,” and he whispered into her ear for a few minutes and she nodded and then rose up onto her hands and knees. Peter dropped his sarong to reveal an erection onto which he quickly put on a condom, and with a smear of cream to the head and another daub to Carol’s rear. He placed himself behind and between her legs and placed the head of his cock at the entrance of her anus. He then leaned forward and put his hands round her waist and up to her groin, his body weight keeping his cock in position. Peter then, using a finger of each hand, gently pressed into her groin and suddenly his cock slid straight up into her and Carol gave a gasp as his length filled her. Now without moving his body or hands, called out, “Now gentlemen, one at a time if you please. I would like you to feel exactly where my fingers are pressing.”

So each of us in turn placed our fingers round Carol’s groin and over those of Peter’s to see the trick of opening the muscle. As I gave way for one of the others to feel, I caught Ann’s eye and was rewarded, if you could call it that, by a sick looking smile. I tried to give her back a smile that was meant to be reassuring, but I don’t think it really helped.

“That gentlemen is where the pressure points are to make the sphincter muscle relax.”

“Does that also apply to the male?” Ralph asked.

“Yes it does. So try it next time. Lesson over so it’s back to your own futons now if you please. Sorry my dear,” Peter said, leaning forward, talking to Carol, “I’ll pull out now,” and he pulled back and let his erection slide out from the anus of Carol and she slipped forward to lay face down on the futon. Peter then used some tissues and pulled off his condom, putting it to one side and wrapped his sarong around himself as he stood up.

“Now try that yourself,” Peter said, addressing Chris. He watched as Chris put fresh cream on himself and whispered a few words of encouragement to Carol who slowly rose back up onto her knees again and waited for Chris to try again. I watched from my futon as Chris did as Peter had done, and then watched him suddenly slide inside Carol, whose face, though partly covered by her hair, was still a very red colour.

A little hand tugged at mine and I turned and smiled down at Kathy before laying down alongside her. She was a wild little animal when she got going. Her legs might have been small and slender, but they were very powerful. The grip was almost strangling as I ploughed her furrow with my tongue and teeth. I think I could have lifted her up off the futon just by her legs that were tight around my neck whilst she was having her orgasm.

We lay together for the rest of the morning, talking and stroking each other. I liked those tight small breasts and was surprised at how firm they were. I was able to get the nipples to rise till they were nearly double in size and were nice to nibble as I squeezed her tits.

We both rose and put on our sarongs when it was announced that the session was over. At the bar, Chris was ribbed about not being able to get it in, and Chris saying that he felt sorry for Carol being in that position, which brought laughs from the others. I found myself next to Martin and I had to force myself to keep my voice normal.

“How are you finding Ann, you know she was with me for the first day?”

“Okay I suppose as girls go. Not very responsive, but otherwise okay.”

I left it at that, not wanting for the others to find out that I was really interested in her. I got asked about the morning’s episode of coming into the dormitory with four girls following me. I laughed and said that I couldn’t explain it. They were in the gym the same time as I was, and that was that.

I got later from Kathy about how mortified Carol had felt, being the subject of attention whilst being fucked up the arse. Kathy also said that the other three girls who I had yet to be with, were asking her questions about me. She then teased me my by saying that she wouldn't divulge what she had replied until we were having our lunch.

"Well?" I demanded as we started to eat, and she picked delicately at her food before answering.

"Well, Ann and Debbie think that you're the best thing since sliced bread, whatever that means, and what did I think, they asked. Well I told them that I couldn't really say as you'd only been up my arse so far." She choked on her own laughter as she said this last bit. "Further than any man I've had before that way," laughing again. "But we will have it the other way before morning, won't we Will?" she asked, suddenly serious now. "I've got to be able to hold my head up with them. It's a matter of face." I covered her hand with mine.

"Of course we will Kathy," I said, giving her my grin, "did you think I didn't want to? I've wanted you since the first time we met in the lounge, so if we can't sneak one in this afternoon, we'll still have all night to try."

Back in the classroom we lay down on our futon as did the others.

"I am the boss man today, yes?" asked Kathy.

"Yes," I agreed, resisting the urge to mimic her by using pidgin English, "you are the boss and I am your willing slave." The pun being lost on her. "What would you like me to do?"

"Kiss and suck me down here and then fuck me!"

"Front or rear? This is supposed to be an anal session."

"Can't you do both?"

"Not at the same time I can't," I laughed, "and I don't think we have long enough for me to regain my strength to do it twice in what's left of the afternoon. Let's leave the front way till tonight. I should be alright by then."

"Okay," she said sulkily, "but can't you put it in without coming?"

"I could if you promise not to muck about," I said grinning.

“Hokay! First lick and suck, then dick and fuck, eh?” I had to laugh at her sudden lapse from English into pidgin and agreed to what she wanted.

She opened her legs and down I went, giving her as good head as I could so that she could boast about it afterwards. Again she nearly throttled me with her thighs as she had two orgasms, one after the other. When released, I looked up at her sweat covered body, the speckles of sweat twinkling with light as her small breasts heaved to her heavy breathing.

“Now! Now! Put it in,” she said urgently, pounding on my head with her fists, the intensity of her demand showing on her face. I shuffled up the futon and covered her small body with mine and pushed my erection in as hard and as fast as I could. She gave out a scream as she lifted her legs high into the air to give the maximum of room for our groins to meld together. I held her tight, grinding my pelvic bone against hers, feeling her vaginal muscles contracting in spasms to feel and hold me inside.

We lay like this for several minutes till she relented and with a big sigh, let me pull out of her. She rolled me over and took me into her mouth again, sucking her own juices off me. I had to push her head away because I was starting to boil up on my own.

Then we lay in each other’s arms until our breathing had returned to normal, my erection still hard and laying on my stomach. Kathy sat up and put another condom on me and with her applying cream to the top of it and herself, announced that she was ready as she went onto her knees and rested her head on her arms again, that pert arse sticking up for me to plunder.

I got up onto my own knees and for the second time that day, gently eased my cock into that tight hole. I must admit that I liked this way of having a fuck, the tightness giving me more feeling along the whole length of my shaft as compared to the softness of the vagina. After glancing around, I was the only one doing what we were supposed to be doing in this lesson.

I stroked the small cheeks of her bum as I slowly moved in and out of her, savouring the tightness and even fingered her at the same time. But like King Canute, I couldn’t stop the tide of my own passion and built up speed as I felt the surge and held her tight as I emptied myself into the condom.

We spent the rest of the afternoon as we did that morning by kissing and fondling each other, watching some of the other couples and almost cheered as Chris made a successful breach of Carol this time using the technique shown by Peter. When the class finished, Kathy and I were the first up into the showers and I made a point for the first time to look at the tackle that the other men had between their legs.

Kathy didn’t understand why I stayed so long under the water, but I had seen what I wanted and now understood that my equipment was above average basing it on what I had observed. Ann didn’t look at me when she came in for her afternoon shower and that she didn’t really speak to Martin whilst they were washing themselves.

Down at the bar, I tried to break up what was becoming a bad habit to my way of thinking. I got my beer and went and sat down with three of the girls, Kathy being one of them. Ann hesitated in the doorway when she saw me sitting at a table instead of standing at the bar. Connie waved her over to join us, and Martin spoke to her and she nodded and came over and sat down. We nodded to each other but didn’t have a chance to speak. Martin got the drinks for Ann and himself and also joined the group.

Chris came in with Carol and she immediately came over and joined our group, sitting between Ann and Connie and then promptly burst into tears. Both Ann and Connie put their arms around her shoulders, whispering and trying to console her. Chris came over with drinks in his hand and put a glass down before Carol and stood there looking somewhat bewildered and didn’t quite know what to do with himself. I asked Kathy to excuse me for a moment and I got up and went and spoke to him for a few minutes. He nodded his understanding and then I resumed my seat again. He went to the bar and I think it was a large brandy that he got and knocked it straight back before moving out into the centre of the floor. I could see that he was having an inner struggle and hoped he wouldn’t fluff it, but he seemed to straighten himself up and start to speak.

“Ladies and gentlemen, listen up please, I have something important to say. I am standing here before you to apologise to a fine and lovely lady. To you Carol, I beg you most humbly to forgive me for causing so much distress today in the classroom. I should have realised that by calling out to Peter of our problem, I brought you only distress and heartache when the real problem was mine. I should have kept quiet and sought out advice in private and not to have put you in that embarrassing situation. Please forgive me and I hope that all of you here will forgive me too.”

He stood there looking so forlorn after that little speech that I could do no more than stand up and start to clap. Then they all started clapping and Carol held out her arms to him and he quickly moved over and cuddled her to him and kissed away at her tears.

“Three cheers for Carol and Chris,” someone cried out, and we all did so heartily. Then Ann, to my surprise, with tears in her eyes, leaned over and touched me on the knee.

“You told him to say that, didn’t you?” she asked in a low voice so that only I could hear. “I saw you say something to him just beforehand.”

“Me?” I said, trying to put a surprised tone into my voice, “why would I do such a thing?”

“Because you’re a romantic that’s why,” and sat back in her seat and silently mouthed the words “I love you.”

“I love you too,” I mimed back and it gave my heart a wrench when she gave me that special little smile again.

‘I caught part of that,” Kathy said into my ear. “Did you tell him to?”

“Well…sort of,” I stammered.

Carol was all smiles now and it appeared that she had forgiven Chris and that was what it was really all about. From that night on, there was no group of boys at the bar or a covey of girls huddled round a table; we were mixing as a group as we should have been doing from the very outset.

It wasn’t till after our candle lit dinner, which again I must say was superb and that I went up to the bar for my nightly brandy and Peter served me and leant over the bar in a very conspiratorial way.

“I saw what you did, and I believe it was you who put the words into the mouth of Chris.” I started to deny this, but he held up his hand to silence me. “I have been watching you and I have seen the ladies start to follow you into the gym in the mornings. You came into the bar tonight and deliberately broke up the gathering of girls. Then you spoke to Chris who then had to have a large brandy for Dutch courage to say what I believe you told him to say. I also know that you have broken the first rule we told you, about making attachments, but Penny saw that it was love from the very beginning, and so far, the two of you have behaved impeccably. You would do well in this line of work because you have created and moulded a group together, and I thank you for it. This brandy is on the house.” He gave me a smile and turned away to start wiping up glasses.

Blast, I thought to myself, I have always tried to stay back from the crowd. Any crowd that is, I don’t just mean these other people here, but in all things that I do and have done. I’d rather merge into the landscape, but it looked as if I had failed in this case. I stood there musing and sipping my brandy when I felt my sarong being tugged.

“I’m still here,” Kathy said simply. “I heard what Peter said and I’m so proud of you,” and she gave me a big kiss on the lips. She had to stand on tip toes to do this. “Now come into the classroom and really make love to me.” I finished my brandy in one swallow and followed her out of the bar.

The classroom was with its dimmed lights again, but this time we were the only pair there. We went to

the futon that we had used during the day and standing upon it, kissed and let loose the sarongs from our bodies. She seemed to melt in my arms as our bodies touched and the heat from her body roused me mightily. I held her tight as we slowly sank down and lay together on the mattress.

We touched each other with our fingertips, delighting in the responses as we each found the zones, slowly bringing ourselves up to a higher plane. My erection was hurting me and the foreskin didn't seem big enough to contain the blood filled head of my penis. It throbbed in time to my heartbeat making me groan from the agony of self containment. Kathy too was going through something similar, because she too groaned and started to squeeze her thighs together, and when I put my hand down there I felt her juice already flowing and oozing down her inner thighs.

With no more ado, I parted her legs and pushed myself into her and lay half way across her small body, keeping most of my weight on my elbows. It was with a huge sigh she gave as she sucked me inside till our pubes met. Then with a slow deliberation I would pull back until just my tip remained inside her before stopping and then pushing myself back in again. I could feel the muscles inside tremble and contract against my shaft as we slowly made love. I held out for nearly fifteen minutes before I then started to plunge and ravage her. Ramming in and out as fast as I could because the pressure in me was such that I came in a veritable flood of sperm. Her legs were tight around my hips as she bucked and thrashed beneath me, crying out as she came for the second time, and swore to me later that she had felt every ounce of my hot semen spray her insides.

We lay there for nearly half an hour, joined at the hips until I was only half erect and began to slide out of her. She was quickly round on the futon to take my semi limp prick into her mouth and suck and suck as though her life depended on it. When she was satisfied that it was clean, nestled into my arms and said that she could now tell the others that she has finally had a real man and that she loved me as Ann did. This jolted me.

"What do you know about Ann?" I demanded, coming up onto an elbow and looking down at her.

"I am a woman. Women see things that men can't. Don't forget that I am half Chinese, and I believe in the ancient mysteries of my half country." She arched up her neck for a kiss, which I obliged her with and sank back down onto the futon again.

"Before I came on this course, I visited an old woman who could see into the future. I know that you Westerners do not believe in such things, but I am superstitious so I do. She told me that I would meet a tall well endowed man that I would fall in love with, but couldn't have because his heart will be for another. She would be younger than me and have a name of only three letters. That means Ann, and she is one year younger than I am. So you see, the old lady was right." She finished with a catch in her throat that made me turn my head to look at her.

I could see the silent tears flowing from those almond eyes and it almost broke my heart to see her cry without a sound. I rolled over onto my side and held her tight to me as the silence broke and she began to sob. I kept kissing her face, trying to wipe away the tears with my lips, and I heard her whisper that it was karma. We only just made it in time for dinner.

We went upstairs and after a quick shower, she was gone. I finished off alone, and when I entered the dorm, the lights were out and I could see a form sitting on Ann's bed. My heart leapt into my mouth and then sank to my stomach as I saw that it was Kathy who was sitting there, talking to Ann. I got onto my bed and watched the two of them talking, and then Kathy eventually got up and moved across to her own bed.

I lay there in silence for half an hour and many things passed through my mind in that time. It would be volumes if I tried to put them down on paper, then they would be worthless, because I would then counter everything and be back to square one. It took a few moments for the hissing noise to penetrate my brain. The quiet hiss, hiss sound was coming from Ann's bed and I could see her arm and hand beckoning me. I rose up and went and sat on the edge of her bed.

"Kathy's been speaking to me," she said in a whisper.

"I know, I saw her," whispering back.

"She has told me that it was foreseen that you and I would fall in love, and that she would too, but would be the one to lose out."

"Ann," I said, reaching out my hand for her.

"No! Don't touch me. We mustn't touch. I dare not touch you because I wouldn't know where to stop if I did. It's true what she said. I do love you, and…and because I do, I…I…oh I can't help it," and she started to sob quietly. I made to move towards her, but she held up her hand. "No Will, you mustn't. I want to but we can't. Not here, so just listen to what I have to say. Talking to Kathy has made me realise that I am being selfish, not wanting to share you with the others."

"I feel the same," I burst out.

"But listen!" she whispered fiercely. "Things could be worse if I tried to stop you. I've come to realise that all the girls want you. I cannot stop that, but if I knew you were coming back to me…"

"How do you think I feel?" I answered just as fiercely as she had spoken. "To think of you being

pawed at by the others and having their cocks shoved up….” I couldn’t speak the words I was shaking so much. She surprised me then by touching my hand.

“Will, listen. Go to Kathy’s bed and to that of the others as the days go on as long as you promise that at the end of the course that you will come back to mine.”

“I’d rather come into yours now and stay there for the rest of the time.”

“We can’t. We’d have to leave and I don’t want you to do that, in fact I forbid you to. You have so much love to give and I am willing to sacrifice these few weeks for the other girl’s sakes. I’m proud of what I hear, if not more than I do at this moment.”

I picked up her hand and kissed it before I left her bed to go and climb in that of Kathy’s. I felt a heel as I did so. Kathy cried and hugged me as I got in beside her and it was a passionate fuck that we had before falling asleep in each other’s arms.

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I was pooped out the next morning as I dragged myself out of Kathy’s bed. I went for my pee and saw that it was my normal time for going down to the gym. I looked at my bed and thought of climbing on it and going back to sleep, but then I thought of the other three girls. If they turned up and I didn’t, that would be like a smack in the face for them. So slinging my sarong around my neck, I walked naked down the stairs, thinking that Peter was right that too much sex can be worse than not having enough. I opened the door to the gym and was not surprised to see Leslie and Carol already on the machines, tits bouncing away in that lovely fashion.

“Where’s Connie?” I asked, and then jumped as I was goosed from behind.

“Here you hunk of a man. When’s it my turn?” Connie with her big tits quivering asked.

“When Peter or Penny say so you gorgeous beauty,” I replied, reaching out my hand towards those lovely swinging orbs.

“Uh uh,” she uttered, skipping back a step, those orbs bouncing as she did so. “As much as I want you, you can look but not touch till you’re told you can. Have we touched you yet?”

“No, more’s the pity. I wonder if I can last out the week,” I said sitting down, “you girls are killing me.”

“Well don’t die till after my turn,” said Leslie, resuming her pedalling and Carol restarting her running

machine.

“Come on Connie, get those tits of yours bouncing and see if that old man sitting there can still get it up.” They all laughed and I had to join in as Connie got on a machine and started it. Well it was enough! Though there were only six titties left bouncing in a row, parodying the song of the green bottles, I still reacted and got an erection.

I didn’t really have the energy for a work out as it was exhausting enough just sitting there using up what strength I had left in me to make the old todger stand up. That was what they had come down to see, so I had to oblige.

I dragged my heels going back upstairs and this time I followed the girls through the dorm, but that looked just as bad, following behind them with my erection sticking out with their swaying bums preceding me towards the showers. The cold water I used, frightened the girls away but revived me as well as dealing with my tumescence.

Kathy clung to my arm as we went downstairs to breakfast and wasn’t ashamed to cry when she had to leave me to get her meal, which I noticed she only picked at. I had to eat well to keep up my energy level for the forth coming battle with one of the three left that I hadn’t been with as yet.

Before we were paired in the classroom, Penny and Peter said that they would demonstrate most of the positions for sexual intercourse. They took off their sarongs and started to show us. Flat on her back with Peter between her knees was the most common and known as the missionary position. That was so named because priests of a long time ago dissuaded people from doing it like animals and what we call doggie fashion as Penny on her hands and knees had Peter pressed up tight to her rear.

This was also used for anal intercourse with another variation which was the same as the missionary but with a large cushion or pillow under the hips to lift the bum higher up for an almost straight entry, though the legs do get tired and in the way she remarked as an aside. Then came the lap positions and many more, including all those relating to oral sex as well.

“You can collect some of these print outs and bone up on the book in the library,” she paused, “You’re supposed to laugh at that pun!” Which we dutifully did. “The most famous of these books being the Karma Sutra, of which there are several copies. Now to today’s pairings. Will and Leslie.” Leslie shot up and collected the printed sheets and had a triumphant smile on her face as she looked at Connie and Carol, and then collected this lethargic set of bones off the floor to select a futon. We went to the furthest one away and I moved slowly, straining to catch the rest of the pairings.

“Martin with Connie, Ann with Zac,” my heart bounced down, knowing that it would have to be eventually, the boisterous noisiest one of the lot. “David and Carol, Debbie and Chris leaving you Ralph, with Kathy.”

“Well it’s us at last,” Leslie said, already breathing heavily, her breasts going up and down like demented elevators.

“Not quite the last. There’s still two more to go,” I said thinking that I still had Connie and Carol to contend with, “and who have you got left?”

“David and Chris. Not much to choose between either of them is there?” I shrugged my shoulders at that. “You’re the one that I wanted,” she burbled on as all I wanted to do was go to sleep. Even though my name had been called out first, I let her take charge. I could see that she wanted to dictate to play so I let her get on with it.

“What position shall we do first, or should we start at the top and work down?”

“Leslie, if I had to cum with every position, we’d be here for a fortnight!”

“I don’t mind if you don’t,” she gave me a grin that turned a bit sour as I took off my sarong. “It’s not even hard yet!”

“That’s where you come into the equation,” I replied.

“Well let’s play around a bit and see what crops up,” she laughed at the old joke she had cracked. So we settled on the sixty-nine to start and go on from there. I didn’t really fancy starting out by licking a woman so close after breakfast, but it looked that after building up a certain reputation, I must do my best to uphold it. Mind you she did well. It only took her a few minutes to get me as hard as a rock. Now if only I can keep it that way, I said to myself.

We went through quite a lot of positions which she revelled in. My cock staying hard enough for her to get two orgasms that morning without me coming once. I don’t think there was any spunk left in me really. I went through all the right motions and really gave her a good rogering, enough for her to brag about later.

After lunch, she said that there was one position not on the sheet and when I asked what it was, she said it was the tit roll and one that she liked.

“I like to feel the hardness between my tits and watch the head poking out and the eye open as it

shoots out, trying to catch in my mouth what does come. Is that why it's called cum?"

"I don't really know," I laughed, "but it sounds about right." I was glad now that I hadn't been able to spend my load that morning otherwise she would have been very disappointed.

She duly roused me and then lay flat on her back for me to get astride her stomach. I shuffled about a bit so that when she pushed up her breasts from the sides, my erection was trapped in between the two mounds of flesh with just the head of my cock peeping out before her face.

"Let's do it then," she said, her face flushed not only from the lunch time wine, but with the prospect of seeing my sperm shoot out all over her face. Leaning forward with my arms rigid and straight down well past her head, I started to move. She squeezed her breasts hard to hold my cock tight in their embrace and at every forward thrust, my foreskin moved back to expose the fiery head. I moved faster as I felt myself about to come and warned her of it.

"Come on," she urged, and I could see a sheen of perspiration on her forehead down below me, "come on," and lifted her head up as high as she could. Her mouth opened wide as the first stream shot out and caught her on the cheek. Her head moved a fraction as she tilted a tit as the next lot came out from my throbbing piece, half going into her mouth and the rest onto her upper lip. Her tongue was frantically trying to lick herself and be ready to catch the next burst. Bull's eye, I cried to myself as the third lot went in. The next few were more like pellets as opposed to a slug of the junk before, but she was satisfied to catch most of them, swallowing and licking her lips.

Fortunately, there was still some more down in the factory for us to get into another position and bring her to another orgasm and for me to come as well. For some reason, the session finished early, and I managed to persuade Leslie that she had been so good that she had worn me out and if she wanted another session that night, she'd better let me have an hour's kip. She agreed as long as I slept on her bed and as I dropped off to sleep I realised that by my sleeping on her bed put a feather in her cap in the eyes of the other girls. I got two hours sleep, dead to the world before being gently woken up to be told that it was time for a shower before pre dinner drinks.

Ann gave me a bright smile as I walked into the bar with Leslie. I gave her a quizzical look as I glanced towards Zac at the bar and she made a grimace of a face that made me laugh, and it pleased me to see her smile again. She then gave me the same look back as she looked at Leslie and I think the horror showed on my face because she choked on her drink and Carol had to give her a hard pat on the back, but the smile came back when she finished coughing.

By now, it was a large circle of chairs and we each sat with our day's partner as we chatted over what we had been learning. I could still not get over seeing all these naked breasts, especially in a bar.

After that good sleep, I was raring to go again and Leslie noticed the erection underneath my sarong and gave it a playful tap, telling me to wait till after dinner.

So it came about with her virtually dragging me into the classroom after dinner, and I still had my brandy glass in my hand as she pulled off my sarong and went down on her knees to take me into her mouth.

Like a limpet she hung on to it, and she took some prising to get her off me so that I could put down my brandy glass and get on the futon with her. Her mouth never stopped moving over my body, nipping with her teeth, kissing with her lips and washing me with her tongue. The movements of her tits were mesmerising, swinging first one way and then the other, bouncing, trembling and heaving. The nipples came out hard and firm which I rolled between my fingertips when I got the chance.

We went into the sixty-nine position and she almost got choked by trying to take in too much of my erection, but I still got her to have an orgasm just mouthing on it. When the bucking stopped and I got my half chewed cock free and swung round and tried to mount her, but she wiggled out from under and sat up. Her hair was all over the place and those lovely breasts were heaving up and down with her panting.

“Doggie fashion! I want it that way,” she said, rolling over onto her stomach and then raised herself up onto her knees, legs apart. I watched those breasts swing as she readied herself, and moved in behind her. With her back arched downwards, I could clearly see the swollen wet lips of her vagina and they parted as the tip of my prick nosed its way in. Then I was fully inside her and she met my forward thrusts by pushing her rear towards me, and it didn’t take long for her to orgasm and me to send my seed into her warm insides.

There was a repeat performance three hours later in her bed and it must have been the nosiest bed in the dormitory. I’m surprised that Peter or Penny didn’t appear to complain about the noise, and I was thankful when we’d finished and she fell asleep, letting me get some much needed sleep too.

As I suspected next morning, Connie and Carol were waiting for me down in the gym and just a few minutes of watching them I was hard as a rock and my friend down there was raring to go again. Connie was my chosen partner for the day and she nearly killed me and I’ve never been slapped round the face by a woman’s tits before. It was glorious day, but exhausting and I was glad when she finally went to sleep on me, at least I’d lived up to her expectations.

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My inner alarm clock went off and I got out of Connie’s bed and was soon leaving the dormitory

bound for the gym. I mounted a bicycle for a change and was pedalling away when the door opened and Carol walked in.

“Good morning Carol, I’ve been expecting you. All alone this morning?” I asked with lifted eyebrows.

“Good morning Will,” she said coming over and giving me a kiss on the cheek. “Of course I’m on my own, the other girls are too exhausted, or were you expecting the boys to follow me down and start queuing up? Aren’t you pleased to see me?” she asked, taking my hand off the bar and placing it on one of her breasts, rubbing it against it. That was enough for my genes to start bubbling and for the old boy to rise up at the fleshy contact, and I had to stop pedalling. I sat back properly on the saddle with my erection sticking right out like a flag pole.

“Well someone is pleased to see me, and my oh my, I do believe he winked at me.” I had to laugh and get off the machine.

“No peace for the wicked,” I said taking Carol’s arm and we left the gym to go upstairs.

How right that statement was we found out that afternoon, but we had to get through the morning first. Breakfast was its usual noisy affair and the couples had already sorted themselves out by the process of elimination. So Carol and I sat together, David and Leslie and so on. The only thing to be determined was who was to be named as the boss. I was again, but being a gentleman, let Carol dictate the order of play for the day. She wanted to try as many of the positions of the Karma Sutra as possible without me shooting my load and losing my erection.

“I want to keep it as hard as possible for as long as possible,” she said as we sat on the futon, her holding my cock in her hand, “and if what I’ve heard the other girl’s say is true, we’ll have sex all day long and well into the night.”

“Exaggerations and untruths,” I laughed, giving her nipple a tweak. “Now what about what I’ve heard that you can do….” I left the sentence unfinished.

“Tell me, tell me! What do they say?” she squeezed my cock very hard.

“Easy,” I begged, ‘take it easy,’ pulling her hand free from my rod, “they say…absolutely…nothing. We don’t kiss and tell.”

“You beast!” she said with a laugh, pounding me on the chest, and then picked up a sheet of positions for us to start. The first one was with the male and female facing each other, legs astride and being sexual enjoined. Like when two people have it in the bath, where usually it is the female

who has to sit at the plug end.

She had three orgasms before I finally got my release, nearly blowing her brains out when I did come, and shortly after that it was lunchtime. We resumed afterwards and had to endure some penis twisting contortions and I’m sure that when I did at last shoot some more sperm into her, it went in like a spiral. I was pleased and thankful when Peter announced that the session was over and would we all gather and sit round the podium.

“Now I’ve cut this afternoon short and the bar will be open an hour earlier than usual. You’ve all now had a day with each other. That is as boys and girls. Tomorrow starts with girls with girls and boys with boys.” A general hubbub started at this announcement. Even I looked up sharply at Carol and then tried to seek out Ann eyes. Peter held up his hands again for silence.

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