

Sea Girls Part Three

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Two young men meet at college and fall in love and have a wild adventure.

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Sea Girls. Part Three. It was on the following Thursday evening that we all gathered together in the lounge and that included the first year students, to hear how us second year ones had got on with our exams. This was what we, Rosie and I, missed out the previous year for we had gone to bed early with it being our last night before the holiday. By the time Mr. Thompson, the senior teacher got his notes together, Rosie and I were sucking on each other's cocks, making pigs of ourselves in having this form of sex. Mr. Thompson, flanked by the other three teachers, gave out a cough and called for our attention. 'We are pleased to announce that all of our second year students passed the exam with flying colours.' There were smiles all round amongst our twenty. 'But this year we do not have a clear winning student. Not two, but three of you received the same number of points,' and we all started to look at each other and all had looks of hope on their faces. 'With the top scoring points it would have been one hundred and four which has never yet been attained, but this year's have now risen to the top since we opened this college by all three scoring one hundred and one. The others varying from one hundred down to eighty five which still earns them their diploma. But these have not yet been sorted out because we feel that it would be a letdown for that particular person to be credited with being the Tail end of this year's class. So will the three winners come forward and receive their diplomas first and for the rest of you, it will be in alphabetical order. So please, Nicholas Craig, Diane Lowe and Georges Roznoir, come forward.' I'm sure my face was as red as both Diane's and Rosie's as our names had been read out, and now we went forward and shook hands with the teachers, getting their congratulations and we were handed our diplomas. There was much clapping of hands from all the others as we did so and went back into the crowd as it were, as the others all received theirs too. Us second year students then got a free drink at the bar where Rosie and I both opted to have a vodka and tonic, which became our usual tippie later. The bar also stayed open till eleven that night, to which we stayed until it closed before saying our goodnights and going up to our room. In the bedroom, we went and stood under the now sorry looking sprig of mistletoe and kissed each other in the joy of both of us coming an equal first. 'I think,' said Rosie, looking up as we still had our arms around each other, 'that the mistletoe there has brought, not only us together, but brought us luck at the same time. I'm never going to forget this.' 'Neither am I,' I replied. 'I'm glad that I went and hung it there, and that's where it's staying and I hope it brings the next occupants the same luck that it has

given us.' 'Do you think that they will fall in love too?' Rosie asked. 'I don't think lightning strikes twice in the same place, but they will be damned lucky if it happens,' I said, pulling Rosie close again to kiss. It was with undue haste that we quickly took our clothes off, throwing them in the direction of our chairs, both of us sporting fine looking erections. 'God I love this,' said Rosie as he went down onto his knees in front of me, holding my erection and taking the head into his opening mouth, his tongue pushing the foreskin right back. I gave out a groan as his lips closed round it and felt his tongue weaving across the bare flesh as my hands gently rested on his bobbing head. 'Not too much Rosie for I'd rather fuck you with it,' I gasped. 'I want you to too,' he said releasing me and it almost looked as if the head of my cock was steaming. 'And without a condom,' he said as he quickly got onto the bed on his knees, leaning forward so that his backside was high up. We didn't need any cream for the head was coated in his saliva and it bobbed about as I got onto the bed behind him. In between his knees, I stroked the cheeks of his bum first before bending my head down and giving each one a kiss before straightening up and place the head of my really throbbing cock to his back passage entrance. What a lovely sensation it is to see and feel the head of your cock slowly disappear into the tightness of his backside and feel the heat from his body as well as the muscle there, flexing away as the shaft filled him too. With my thighs up tight to the cheeks of his bum, I gave my cock a twitch to make him give out a groan and also made him gasp and give out a shiver as I ran my fingernails up and down the sides of his chest. Then holding his hips loosely with my hands, began to move myself in and out of that tight passage, loving the thrill of having a glorious fuck of the man I was now really in love with. I didn't last long and was soon holding his hips tighter as I pulled him backwards to my forward thrusts, grunting now as I forcefully rammed myself up into him, my swinging balls slapping against his lower bum cheeks. It was with more grunts and heaves. Almost lifting him up from the bed as I held him tight as my hips pumped away, letting my seed shoot out into his lovely backside. 'Oh God I love this when I feel you come inside me,' he gasped as I slowly came to a stop, panting heavily, now leaning over his rear end. 'If only it could last longer.' 'Well see if you can go longer,' I said as I began to pull out of him. 'Noooo!' he cried at my withdrawal, knowing the sensation he was getting at feeling it being removed from his backside, but it came free and bounced about as I got off the bed and staggered through to the bathroom to wash myself. He was lying there on his back when I returned, his full erection lying there up on his stomach and I watched it twitch as I got back onto the bed. 'This is a lovely cock that you've got,' I said as I lifted it up and opened my mouth as I bent my head and took the head of it into my mouth and did the same to him as he had done to me. Pushing the foreskin back down so that I could tease him with both tongue and teeth, also coating it with saliva. God, I loved his cock and couldn't wait to have it being pushed up into me and so quickly released him and moved over and up onto my knees in the same position to receive that wonderful tool that he had. What a thrill it gave me to feel the head slowly enlarging the entrance to my canal and then have the soothing massage as he slid fully inside my backside, trying to give him pleasure by using my sphincter muscle in a flexing mode on it as he entered me. I was in heaven at feeling his hands holding my hips as his cock moved back and forth inside me, making me gurgle with delight and hoping against hope that he would indeed last longer than me in this fucking mode. But he didn't, for

he was soon holding me tight in his grip as he began to reach his peak, thrusting away as hard as he could, trying to get more of himself inside me and gave me the joy of feeling his sperm splash the insides, making me drool at the pleasure I was getting from his fucking of me. I also loved having his weight bearing down on my lower back as he panted, feeling his cock still twitching away inside me, but I also cried out when he started to pull out. What an incredible feeling of loss that runs through the body at the feel of that wonderful tool of pleasure being removed making one cry out. That is the worse part of this sexual act, the removal of the toy if I can call it that, feeling like a small boy that's been deprived of his favourite plaything. But one still holds that wonderful glow in ones belly and heart from the pleasure that has been given to you. So it was with open arms that I welcomed him back onto the bed when he returned from washing his prick, now looking on the limp side as it swung about as he came into my arms for a kiss. We later went down on each other to suck and chew on our respective cock heads and even later, fucked one another again and it must have been well after four in the morning before we fell asleep, both sucking on each other like babies with dummies in their mouths. Both bleary eyed in the morning, trying to revive ourselves under the shower before getting dressed for helping down in the kitchen after breakfast in the preparing of our last lunch at the college for we would be leaving just after this. It didn't take long to pack our few things away and spent longer in the saying of our goodbye to each other under the mistletoe. We'd already noted each other's phone number and I promised to ring and tell him when to arrive at my home for my birthday party on the following day. We said our goodbyes to the teachers and thanked them and so, with our diplomas safely tucked away in our suitcases, we left Derwent College for the last time to go home, looking forward to a good future. * Mum and dad were at home when I arrived, their school year having just finished too. They were over the moon at me telling them that I came joint first in our year and this pleased them no end and thought that the cost of the past two years well worth the fee paid. Along with the diploma there was a letter that roughly said that I showed enormous talent and flair for cooking and achieving one of the highest points in my subsequent examination, which would be good as a reference as one could get for obtaining a job. Mum insisted that she cook dinner that night and so it made a change to relax in her doing this once again. It was over the meal that I was asked the question of where did I think of applying for a job? Now Rosie and I had discussed this in depth and it was what we had come up with that I now told my parents. I told them more in depth of the person I had shared a room with at the college, calling Rosie by his proper name, Georges, saying that he was half French and that his surname was Roznoir which mother picked up on straight away. 'Roznoir! Rose black, the black rose,' she said, turning to dad for his benefit. 'Yes. That's as far as his family could trace him back. To Agincourt where he was a knight with that on his shield,' I told them. 'Well, he and I would like to stay and work together but to start with an agency rather than tie ourselves to one particular hotel or restaurant. It would give us time to see exactly how hotel kitchens were run before making any final decision. It would mean us moving closer into London to be able to get to any hotel or other place in quick time to act as a replacement or something along those lines.' 'Aiming higher than an hotel or restaurant here in Harrow then?' my dad asked, in not a really well concealed touch of sarcasm. 'With all due respect to what there is in Harrow, I know that I can prepare meals

better than what they offer. Yes, I am aiming higher but not as high as the Ritz or Savoy as yet, but have other ideas along with Ro....Georges. We want to work together and save up enough to start our own restaurant, somewhere in London where the money is. We're both good chefs and just know that we would make a success of it.' I flopped back in my chair having said my piece and waited for the inevitable come-backs which weren't long in coming, mostly from my dad. These I fielded as best I could and waited until he'd come to a halt. 'Look! It's my twenty first in two weeks time and I have invited Georges to come and celebrate with us and I'll get him to see to our Sunday dinner and you can then see that he is as good as I am in this line of work.' There was more but I waited until I knew that mum was on my side before bringing up the subject of being lent enough money to be able to pay three months rent on a flat somewhere in South London. 'Okay,' from dad. 'When you've paid back the loan for this rent, how will you save enough for a restaurant?' was his reply 'Well it's obvious that we will eat where we work and then only have to pay the rent and electric. We will survive and will save the wages paid to us, that I can assure you,' I said, and then the subject was dropped and not brought up again until Rosie was with us. The fortnight flew by and a table had been reserved at the best restaurant that Harrow could provide and I'd already phoned Rosie and agreed to meet him at Harrow station on the Friday afternoon. I was there on time and didn't mind that he was fifteen minutes late for it's difficult to be precise with the underground's timetables. We both smiled as he came through and I could see in his eyes that he would have liked to kiss me as much as I had wanted to, but we settled for a hug in our greeting. There were always two taxis waiting outside of the station and so it wasn't long before we were at my home and led him inside. 'Mum, dad, meet Georges, my roommate at the college.' 'Welcome to our home Georges,' mum said and was flattered when he took her hand and kissed it in the Gaelic fashion and thanked her for the welcome in French. I'd already told him that she was a French teacher at her school as well as being French herself, and I saw that it went down rather well and that drew her closer to my side in the argument about me moving into a flat with him. He shook dad's hand and thanked him in English before I said that I would show him where his room was. This I did and couldn't wait until we were inside. 'This is the welcome I wanted to give you at the station,' I said as I took him into my arms and we kissed. Rather a long one and it nearly drove me mad for I wanted to there and then, strip off his clothes and have sex, but held back. I showed him where the bathroom and toilet were and which was my room, but whispered that it would be in his that I would spend the nights. Mum helped me prepare the dinner for that evening, leaving Rosie alone with dad for him to question Rosie about that I had stated what the pair of us wanted for our future. Mum was now definitely on my side and now it was up to Rosie to get dad in coming over as it were. This wasn't apparent until the following day. Dinner was great that evening and it wasn't long before Rosie tried to hide a fake yawn that I jumped in and apologised for talking too much and said that it was time for bed. We said our goodnights and upstairs, I whispered to Rosie that I would have to wait until my parents had settled down before going to his room which he accepted. It was close on an hour before I could slip out of bed and put on a dressing gown and go along to where Rosie was. He was awake and threw back the bed covers as I dropped my dressing gown and got into bed and into his arms for a welcome kiss. Boy, did we suck and fuck that night?

Not half, and I didn't dare go to sleep in his bed as it was close on three o'clock and it wouldn't look good if I was seen in the morning, coming out of his room, so at least I got a few hours sleep in my own room. 'Many Happy Returns of the Day!' was the greeting I got from the three when I turned up downstairs in the morning for it was now the 12th of August. I sat down to breakfast and opened my cards and thanked them and it was with a shy smile that Rosie pushed a small wrapped gift across to me. I opened it and saw that he had given me a lovely silver bracelet with Nicky inscribed on it, the name we only used in bed when we were together. I thanked him and then noticed that it was also inscribed on the inside which I didn't show my parents for it read, With love, Rosie. I would loved to have kissed him, but patted his hand instead as I thanked him. I then looked expectantly at mum and dad, waiting to see what they had bought me for my birthday. Dad gave a little cough and then passed across to me, an envelope. 'Your mother and I spoke last night and having now met Georges, thought that this would suffice as your birthday present.' I looked at mum who nodded with a big smile on her face as I then opened the envelope and took out a cheque and gasped, for it was made out to me for five thousand pounds. I jumped up as I passed cheque across to Rosie and gave first mum a kiss and then dad, it being down in the Gaelic fashion by being on both cheeks as I thanked them. Rosie was all smiles as he handed the cheque back to me, now knowing that I had got half of the rent money and it was now up to him to get the other half. It was a gay day and the dinner that night was good though both of us knew that we could turn out a better meal, but as we hadn't had to cook it, it passed muster. It was good that we had taken a taxi there for we were quite in our cups when it was time to leave having consumed quite a bit of alcohol. It didn't stop me from later going off to Rosie's room for him to give me another present and had to laugh when he pulled the covers off of himself to find that he'd tied a big red ribbon round the base of his erection. I loved both the thought and his cock which he then served up to me and I thoroughly enjoyed being given this big present. I only stayed there long enough to give him the same back, loving to fuck this love of mine in my own home and couldn't really wait until we had a place of our own to make love whenever we felt like it. Rosie showed his expertise in giving us a lovely lunch the following day, it being now Sunday and thanked him for being a proper gentleman while in my home and we again fucked each other with me not leaving his room until the early hours of the morning. He thanked mum and dad the following morning and said that he had never had such a lovely weekend and I saw him off at the station and promised to be at his home in a fortnight's time. * When it came round, it was almost a replica of the time he stayed at my home, convincing his father about how we would work together and achieve our aim of getting our own restaurant. I said replica because I too passed across a gift that was a silver bracelet too with Georges inscribed on the outside and Love from Nicky on the inside. With him telling his parents of how I had received a cheque for five thousand pounds as my birthday gift, he too received the same as he was wished a Happy Birthday. I think it's pointless for me to say that it was him that came to my room on those three nights for us to make love to each other in the only way two males can, by the sucking of each other's organ before having said organ thrust up into our back passage to give us both the thrill in the giving and receiving of such a wonderful weapon. Farewells were said on the Monday morning but instead of him seeing me off at the station, joined me as we now were out

hunting for a flat that we would call our home to live, sleep and make love in. We left our suitcases in luggage lockers at Waterloo station and went flat hunting without seeing one that we liked on that first day. So we spent the night in a small hotel that wasn't very good but at least it had a bed to which we fell into and spent our first night away from anybody else and made pigs of ourselves in having sex both in the bed, on the floor and even having each other next morning in the bath. We had to have a place quite close to the station for us to get around or across London quite quickly and it wasn't until the afternoon and with a different estate agent, found one that suited us in both location, size and rental costs. It was a two bedroom flat, furnished and ready for occupancy and so we agreed, and back at the agency, signed the agreement form and paid three months rent in advance and moved in that evening. It was by then, getting late and so we went and bought a Chinese take-away and ate our first meal in our new home, together. Though it had two bedrooms, we would only be using one of them unless we had visitors and then we would have to make the other look as though it was in use. So it was into what would be our room and it was almost a tease parade as we slowly undressed to show bare flesh as if for the first time to each other. He thought it amusing when I turned him round and went down on my knees and kissed both cheeks of his bum but not when I went and stuck a finger up his arse. That made him jump and quickly turn round which was what I wanted for I now had his erection in front of my eyes and just ready for me to take into my mouth. Which I did and got a big sigh from him. 'Not too much Nicky,' he said. 'Let's put it where it likes to go.' Well it was where I wanted it to go too, so I let his throbbing cock slip out of my mouth and quickly got onto the bed, unmade as yet, and went up onto my knees as I felt him get on the bed behind me. Oh what bliss it was to feel his cock head touch my entrance before he pushed his way inside me. Having it once again, pulsating inside as he soothed and smoothed the wrinkles out of, not only the canal, but my mind as well. I loved this man behind me and giving me the thrill of his moving hard piece of flesh as he fucked me till he came, filling my backside with his semen. I gave out the usual cry at the loss I felt with him pulling out to go and wash himself for we hadn't even stopped to unpack our suitcases to find the condoms there. He gave me a kiss on the lips first before moving down and taking the head of my, now really paining cock head, into his mouth to give me some sucks and also to help in the lubrication before letting me go and assuming the right position for me to now fuck him. How lovely to feel the inner heat of his body as my cock slid into his backside, having it compressed to feel it being gripped all round as I slowly began to move myself in our fucking mode. But this time, I leaned heavily on his rear end and made him collapse onto the bed so that I could lay my full weight on his back. He gave out a grunt as I landed on him and got my hands up under his armpits to grasp his shoulders and this was to give me grip as I began to ram myself up into him. God it was lovely to hear him grunting at every forward push into him and then to get his squeals of delight as he felt my sperm shoot up into him. We lay joined together like this for several minutes with us trying to get more breath back into our bodies, both of us sweating with the exertions and made him cry out as he felt me pulling myself out of his backside. Instead, after staggering to the bathroom, of using the wash basin, got into the shower and washed myself there and he had to wait until I'd finished before he could have a shower too. Dried, but still naked, I went out of the bathroom and looked in various

cupboards until I found the bed linen and took this back to the bedroom as he came out from his shower. On seeing me still naked, stayed the same and between us, made up the bed properly before emptying our suitcases and putting the things away before getting into the bed proper to kiss and cuddle before falling asleep. * We were hungry when we woke up and it wasn't for sex but food. A Chinese meal is filling at the time of eating but it doesn't really last and as we hadn't as yet laid in any supplies, we quickly did our morning things before getting dressed and going out to find a cafe of sorts for us to have breakfast. This we did not far from Waterloo station, after which, we found a small supermarket and bought enough food for a few days, well all that we could carry in their plastic bags without them splitting. We also bought a local newspaper which we devoured in looking at the job vacancies in the area. But there was nothing of note or worthy for our talents, besides, we still had to register at a Job Centre to get our National Insurance number. It was in the afternoon that we found the local one and after an hour or so, we both had our numbers, having carried our birth certificates with us and gave the flat as our address. We also got addresses of some catering agencies for this was what we had decided to do to start with. We thought it prudent to start with an agency so that we could, hopefully, get to work together in a few different hotels and restaurants to see just how things went on in these places rather than jump into a full time job and then hate the place. Mind you, we both could have got jobs straight away from the Job Centre, but this was the way we were going to try first. We spent the following morning at an Internet café and spoke to several agencies before we made a move for we had enough money for another three months rent and food too for this period, but to cut to the chase as it were, we finally got accepted at one such agency that was quite pleased at seeing that we had just come from Derwent College and having been shown our letters and diplomas. The only drawback to this was that it was unlikely for us to both get work at the same place at the same time, except when there was a special party being laid on and the agency was asked to do the catering. But it was all a learning curve and it was an eye opener as regarding the different set ups each place had, the hotels being the worse in their pecking order in the kitchens. Also the manner of speaking like when you spoke to the chef or answer him, it had to be "Yes chef," "No chef." We were also looked upon as being interlopers even though we were only there to help them when they were short handed. The restaurants were better and it wasn't long before we began to get asked for by name at the agency which boosted our spirits up, but it took a few months before that started to happen. At wherever we worked, it would usually be for a week or two for other staff to have their holiday or someone had gone off sick. If we both got jobs at hotels, we would normally finish around the same time and get home at the same time. If a restaurant, we could be working later in the evening, but we did learn an awful lot with this moving around. There were some days and nights that we didn't have to work and on these, we would quite often go out and have some drinks at either a club or bar which gave us another insight as to how they worked their staff. While working, our sex life was somewhat curtailed, especially when we finished at different hours, but it didn't diminish our love for each other and we always made up for lost time when we weren't working. We also found that there were many men like us in this industry, rather having sex with another male than a woman. We both got hit on at various jobs with the usual approach, like are you married, have you got a girl

friend? I made no bones about that I was living with another male which led them on to ask at how long had I been with my other partner. It appeared that when saying over two years now, it would lead to the question if I would like to have a change? This was in a restaurant called Cavalleros and it then clicked as to what this place was about for it seemed to be always populated by male couples. The name was a joke for in the Spanish language, a B is almost the same sounding as a V and the word caballero in English is gentleman. It was a restaurant for gays which I should now really say that both Rosie and myself were of this ilk as we had male sex together. Anyway, this other cook, for that is what he was for he was nowhere near being able to be called a chef, came onto me. Saying that I looked like a strong man and he would like to see if I was big in the right department and eventually got round to saying that he would like to suck on my cock. This was during the afternoon when the place was closed and we were preparing food for the evening dinners when I eventually said yes. We went into the storeroom and there I leaned up against the door and he had a big smile on his face as I pulled my erection out of my trousers and his smile got bigger as he saw it, and licking his lips, went down onto his knees and took me into his mouth. Christ, I learned then how to really give head for he was doing a better job on me than Rosie had ever done and I gave out a loving groan as his tongue and teeth teased the bare flesh of my cock as his head went back and forth on me. Such was his expertise in this that I was soon holding his head between my hands as I face fucked him, coming with quite some vigour. His eyes were twinkling as he looked up at me as I finished coming and could see him then swallowing my outburst before he then sucked and licked me clean. 'That was just lovely Nick,' he said as he sat back on his heels, licking his lips again. 'Can I say thank you with a kiss?' he asked as he rose up as I put my now deflating cock away. 'I can only say yes Stephen, for that was bloody good,' I replied, letting him move into my arms for the kiss. And so for the two weeks that I worked there, he went down on me every afternoon. I didn't tell Rosie that I had let Stephen suck on me. Rosie too was being hit upon by the chef that he was working with in the Pendant Hotel where he was currently working. This he told me in bed the second night after he had started there. We had just been down on each other and he was pleased in the way that I had sucked and chewed on him. 'The chef at the hotel, he lives in, wants me to fuck him,' Rosie said as he stroked my chest. 'Well fuck him then,' I said. This made him sit up and look down at me. 'You'll let me do this? Fuck another man?' he asked somewhat astounded that I would say that he could. 'Yes,' I said as I pulled his head down and kissed him. 'As long as you don't fall in love with him and use a condom.' 'Fall in love with him? He's old enough to be my father. You... you wouldn't mind then?' 'No, as long as you use a condom and come back to me,' I said, giving him another kiss, 'for I love you so much that I say yes so that you'll appreciate what we both have now.' 'Oh Nicky,' he said, tears coming to his eyes. 'I do really, really love you and no other man could I love as I do you,' he said, the tears now running down his face and leaned over and kissed me with quite some passion which raised me up to a full erection. 'Make love to me Nicky. Fuck me without a rubber, for I like to feel you coming inside me.' This I then proceeded to do with him up on his knees and me behind him, loving the tightness of his backside as I moved my cock back and forth inside him with his muscle flexing away as I shafted him. We both crooned at the massage I was giving to his insides while he was giving me the pleasure of

fucking the man I loved. Mind you, I got as much pleasure when he was behind me with his prick doing the same to me and cried out when I felt his semen splash my insides as he came to much grunting on his part as he tried to stuff as much of himself into me at the same time. So the next day he went and fucked his chef while I was having my cock sucked at my work place. Rosie was home in bed before me and he quickly kissed me all over telling me that the chef was nothing like being in bed with me, crying as he said this. 'Though I enjoyed fucking him, I was thinking and wishing that it was you beneath my hands.' So I went beneath him once again for him to give us both pleasure in his fucking of me. It was when I was up behind and inside him that he spoke which gave me food for thought. 'Oh Nicky darling,' he gasped as I moved inside him. 'I do like being the female for you.' This reminded me of the pleasure I had got when I had put on my mother's underwear, the thrill of feeling the lace bra and the erotic sensations I got when I pulled on her nylon stockings to fix them to the belt. Christ, didn't I ram myself into him then with these memories running through my mind. What would Rosie think if he saw me dressed up in this fetish underwear? Would it turn him on as much as it did to me? Well there was only one way of finding this out, but left it until we both finished our stints at the present jobs and before the next one. I went out and into a department store and bought a complete set of lingerie and to top this off, I even bought a dress though I had to guess the size, and a pair of low heeled shoes to finish off the ensemble. I wouldn't let him see what I had bought when I got back to the flat and got him to go out to the shops to get some special delicacies for dinner that evening. This would give me enough time to surprise him when he returned. I had a quick shower and laid out what I had bought on the bed and sat down and pulled on the stockings first. Boy, didn't my cock rise up as the nylon whispered up my legs as I pulled them up before putting on the belt and standing up to fix the tops into the studs. Next came the bra which I had to fix from the front before twisting it round and putting my arms through the straps and fit them snugly over my shoulders. I used a pair of socks to pad out the cups and I knew that it looked good when I stood up and looked at myself in the dressing table mirror. I'd guessed the size of the dress correctly and it fitted nicely to my body after I had pulled it down over my head and hips, loving the feel as I smoothed down the sides. Next to see to was my hair which now hung down to just over my shoulders when I'd released it from the band that held it up in the fashion of a pony tail. I sat down at the dressing table that we had in our bedroom and brushed my hair forward to come from the back to fall down both sides of my face. It just reached my shoulders now and even without further brushing, it looked just right and looking at myself in the mirror, wondered what I would really look like if I used some cosmetics, like kohl on the eyelids and a light dusting of face powder. A light shade of lipstick would go well and tried to imagine at how it would change my looks. But as I didn't have any cosmetics, I shelved the idea for I wanted to see Rosie's reaction to seeing me dressed in this feminine way first. If he liked it, maybe we could take this a bit further in more ways than one. Satisfied as to how I looked, I stood up and automatically ran my hands down the sides of the dress to smooth it so no wrinkles showed and felt myself getting an erection with this simple action and had to really try and control this as I went out into our sitting room to wait for Rosie to come home, which wasn't long. 'It's me Nicky,' he called out as he entered the front door. 'I've got all that we wanted.' Him speaking as he came into the room and

his face was a picture when he saw me standing there, dressed as I was. 'Oh my God!' he exclaimed, dropping the two bags of shopping and putting his hand up to his mouth. 'Nicky darling! You look absolutely stunning!' he said, moving forward towards me. I now had a big smile on my face as he came into my open arms and gave me a lovely big kiss, pulling me tight to his body for me to feel the erection that he had suddenly acquired at seeing me like this. 'I just can't believe how gorgeous you look,' he exclaimed after breaking off the kiss and standing back to run his eyes up and down my body, still holding my arms. 'You like it?' I asked, breaking away from him and doing a quick spin round, making the dress flare out as I did so. 'Oh yes,' he breathed out, his eyes wide and shining. 'Oh yes.' 'Well wait until you see what's underneath,' I said, still with this smile on my face at seeing his facial expression when he first saw me. 'I know what's underneath,' he said with him still smiling. 'Apart from that,' I replied, knowing he was only referring to my body as I slipped the tops of the dress off my shoulders for it to slither down to the floor. His face was another picture and I wished I'd had a camera to catch his wide eyed expression as he saw the underwear. 'Oh my God,' he repeated, his voice a little hoarse as his eyes took in the padded bra, the brief panties that were restraining the erection inside, the suspender belt hold up the black stockings that I don't think he'd noticed earlier. 'Oh Nicky, how wonderful you look,' he said as he started to unzip his trousers and pulled out his erect and throbbing cock. 'I want you so much,' his voice tight and quavering as he moved towards me, his cock sticking out in front and I wanted what I could see too. I turned round and bent over the back of the armchair, feeling the side straps of the suspender belt sliding round my thighs as I did so. I knew that he liked the sight of the tight cheeks of my bum as he came behind me and stroked them as well as running his hand over the suspender straps and the tops of my stockings before pulling the panties aside. The head of his cock pushed in between the cheeks and I felt him start to enlarge the entrance to my backside and I began to drool as I felt him enter me, filling that vacant slot with his lovely hard tool. The soothing massage as he filled my channel until his trousered thighs came up to the bare cheeks of my bum. 'Oh Nicky,' he groaned, leaning over my rear end to run his hands up and down the sides of my chest before starting to move his throbbing erection inside me. Such was his ardour that it wasn't long of having him move in and out before held me tight and began to pump his seed up into me 'Darling, darling, my darling,' he crooned as he jerked off inside me, panting heavily as he finally came to a halt, his cock still throbbing away inside. That lovely weapon of his that had just smoothed out the wrinkles that had formed at my wanting of him where he was now. I couldn't help give out that little cry as I felt him pulling out and heard him move out of the sitting room to go and wash himself for having had me bareback. I now groaned at the loss as I felt my ring piece puckering back to close up as I straightened up and turned round and pulled my own erection out of the top of the panties as he came back with his cock now back inside his trousers. I leaned back against the armchair, holding my erection out for him to see. He smiled as he came towards me, licking his lips as he went down onto his knees before me and took my cock into his hand as I released it and took the head into his open mouth. He was getting better and better at this cocksucking as I gave out a groan at feeling his tongue and teeth attack the G string and it wasn't long before I was holding his head in my hands as I face fucked him, shooting out quite a quantity of

sperm for him to swallow. He squeezed and sucked out what little remained inside before licking the exposed head clean before standing up and taking me into his arms for a long and amorous kiss. 'Nicky darling. That was a wonderful surprise,' he said when we broke apart. 'Do you have anymore?' 'Just one darling,' I said. 'What's that?' he asked, his eyes alight again. 'I want you to see the expression on my face when I can see you wearing these things,' I said with a smile at seeing his face as I said this. 'After dinner, you can put them on and I can then make love to you acting the part of the female. But as I'm almost naked now,' I carried on as I pushed my now deflating cock back inside the panties, 'you can get your clothes off and help me get dinner.' He quickly undressed and we took the two bags of groceries into the small kitchen where I got out a small pinny for him as I didn't want his front to get splashed, tying the ribbons at the back, stroking the cheeks of his bare bum as I did so. It didn't take long with us both preparing the meal and it was soon eaten and the things all washed up and put away, and now it was time for him to get dressed. With his pinny coming off, he was obviously looking forward to this for he already now had a massive erection that I longed to touch and stroke but held myself back. We went into our bedroom where I, with some loathing, took off my female garb and then lay down naked on the bed to watch him put on these things. I nearly laughed at him trying to attach the hooks of the suspender belt with them being behind his back and had to tell him to do it from the front first before turning it round. He didn't need to be told a second time when it came to putting on the bra. It was fun to see him struggling to get the studs of the suspender straps to fit properly when he'd pulled up the stockings. He tried to wear the panties but gave up as he couldn't fit his erection inside them, the head sticking out of the top. The putting on of the dress was easy enough and finally sat down at the dressing table and released his hair from the pony tail. His hair was as long as mine and he brushed it forward as I had done and he looked lovely when it was down, framing his face and tried to picture him with make-up on too. For when he stood up and turned round to me, it was as if I was really looking at a woman there dressed before me. 'Well?' he asked as his hands smoothed the sides of the dress and the only incongruity being that his erection was pushing out the front. 'Perfect. Just perfect,' I said in awe, seeing that he actually looked better than I did in the wearing of this dress and decided that I should get him one, plus the underwear so that we could both be dressed the same and have fun at acting the part of a woman. He gave a pout when I then told him to take the dress off but did so smiling for he could see that my cock was up and hard and wanting to fuck him. He wanted me too for he pulled it off quicker than he'd put it on and he looked gorgeous in just the underwear when it was revealed. Onto the bed he came and into my arms for a kiss and it felt strange to feel the two lumps of the bra up against my chest as we kissed, him lying half on top of me. But with two throbbing cocks getting squashed, we didn't want to lose the pleasure of the fucking we were about to have, so he soon moved off for me to rise up onto my knees and shuffle behind him as he assumed the normal position for our love making. I drooled at the sight before me as I moved in between his open legs. The suspender belt around his waist and the straps down by the side of his thighs holding up the tops of the stockings, and with the strap of the bra across his back really gave the impression that it was a woman kneeling there in front of me. The only difference being that I could only see the entrance to his backside between the

cheeks of his bum and not the aperture of a female below it. But a hole is a hole and I believed that his would be tighter than the right place of a woman, not yet having had the experience of fucking a woman. But with Rosie here looking just like a female, I didn't need or really have the desire of having one. I wasn't wearing a condom and just loved to see the head of my erection pushing slowly up into him, seeing it getting compressed as it moved in and loving the feel of the heat of his inner body as I moved even further inside until my thighs were hard up against the cheeks of his bum. We both let out a sigh when I was fully inside and could feel his muscle constantly squeezing me and holding his hips firmly, began to move myself in the process of fucking this man that I now really loved. He gave out a shiver when I raked my fingernails down the sides of his chest and gave out a low moan and began to move his body back onto me. It was a lovely fuck, holding him tight as I came, sending my seed deep up into him as he gave out little cries at feeling it hit his insides. He gave out another cry when I pulled out and got off the bed to go and wash myself and on returning, saw him lying on his back with a big smile on his face and having an erection himself now up and lying on his stomach. 'That was a lovely fuck Nicky and I'm up and ready to give the same again to you,' he said, stroking himself before moving his hand up and running his hand over a cup of the bra he was wearing. 'And I got a lovely feeling inside me when I put these things on.' 'Would you like us to go and buy you some?' I asked as I got onto the bed, him now moving up onto his knees, his cock waving about as he did so. 'Oooh yes Nicky darling. We can then be two girls together,' he said with a girlish giggle as I leaned forward and gave the head of his cock a suck to give it some lubrication. 'Okay,' I said, letting go of him and turning round on the bed. 'We'll go out after breakfast and get some for you.' So I had my girlfriend Rosie fuck me again and with him being so big and hard, it was pure joy having him back up inside me after so short a time when he last fucked me. *