

The Geezer, Part 2-Teaching Rachel Suzy



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Published on Lush Stories on 03 Jan 2011

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The Geezer teaches Rachel and her friend Suzy all about sex

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Intro: This is a continuation of The Geezer Makes Out . It takes place after their first weekend together. Reading that story first will help make it easier to understand what happens here. I hope you enjoy it. Chapter 1 I figured that if I ever tried to describe the events of the previous 72 hours, people would surely think me delusional. Maybe I'd spent too much time in the sun (although it was winter) or fallen and hit my head (but I had no cuts, bumps, or bruises). It was real all right, so very real! It was also exciting, exhilarating... and... extremely exhausting. We never slept too long. We'd finish fucking or some other group activity and fall asleep. A few hours later I would wake feeling a hand or mouth on my cock or wetness on my face. I looked up one time to find Rachel straddling my head. I could see her smile between her firm breasts. "I'll give you reason to smile," I whispered. I licked her labia, and fucked her with my tongue. I could taste the remnants of our last session, a combination of my cum and her secretions. When I had brought her to orgasm she squirted delightfully all over my face. I looked over to see Becky taking it all in. She smiled at me as Rachel crawled off. She climbed over me, placing her mouth over my once-again erect penis and her cunt directly in front of my mouth. I leaned forward and tasted her for what seemed the twentieth time. That was ok, though, I couldn't get enough. I licked her with zeal. She was my oasis; I was a thirst-crazed desert wanderer who wanted nothing more than to drink from her well. It had all started Friday afternoon when Rachel seduced me in the school parking lot, and then the following day when her mom, Becky, invited me to dinner. Now it was Tuesday evening, the end of our four-day weekend. I had to go home; I had things to do. Rachel pleaded with me to stay over one more night, but I begged off. My cock felt like it was going to fall off and my ass ached from the four (or was it five?) sensational reamings I had received from Becky and her magical strap-on. "I can't, my poor penis is sore from everything you guys did to it over the past three days." Rachel gave her mom that look I'd come to recognize so well. "I think we need to kiss it and make it better, don't you, Mom?" she said as she dropped to her knees and started to

remove my pants. She'd learned a lot since Friday, and this was clearly something she could now handle with expertise. Becky joined her once my pants were down. They could see all the rub marks and hickeys on my hurting cock. They kissed them tenderly but I wasn't fooled. This was just a prelude to some serious cock sucking and I wasn't getting away until I blew my load. The sight of these two gorgeous women on either side of my cock made me weak in the knees. I staggered to a kitchen chair to steady myself and steeled myself for what was to come. After a while—a long long while—I released into their welcoming mouths. Once they had licked me clean I was able to go—barely. We had a lull Monday afternoon when Rachel said that she needed a shower, “Look at me, I'm covered in cum and pussy juice. I'm sticky all over.” While she showered Becky and I talked. Of course, we didn't waste the opportunity to play with each other, just to keep the heat going between us. I fingered her wet cunt; she stroked my cock, taking time to lick it while I was speaking. We talked about how Rachel was growing into womanhood. Becky then told me about two problem areas—Rachel's hair (she'd worn the ponytail since she was four) and her kiddy underwear. “Sounds like we need a good old-fashioned burning,” I replied. “A what?” she asked with a perplexed expression on her face. “We need to burn all the kiddy stuff, sort of a rite of passage. We can do it Saturday morning. Then I'll take you to Victoria's Secret for replacements. We can go out to lunch, maybe at the country club, and then how about Chez Paul to get her hair done?” “Michael, that's a wonderful idea, but I can't afford all new underwear, especially at Victoria's and Chez Paul? The most expensive beauty parlor in the area is out of the question, even if we could get an appointment on such short notice.” “Leave everything to me. It'll be my pleasure to pay for all of it and don't worry about an appointment. Paul owes me—big time. He's a good friend and he was my neighbor for nine years before I sold my home at the country club.” So I called Paul during my short drive home. The phone rang twice. Marti, Paul's wife answered. “Michael, how are you? Where are you? Paul tried calling you all day Sunday about playing golf and all he got was your answering machine.” “Uh, sorry about that, I was tied up all weekend.” “Well, I'll forgive you, but only if you promise to come to dinner Friday. Paul's sister has a good friend who is just dying to meet you.” “Sorry, Marti, it's too late. That's why I was busy all weekend. I met someone and spent the weekend with her.” “Wow, she must be pretty special to get you for the whole weekend. I hope, at least, you got laid for your efforts.” “Marti, you know a gentleman never tells; but... yes... and more than once to be honest.” “Way to go!” she said. “It's been too long for you. Oh, here comes Paul.” Then, to her husband, “Paul, it's Michael. He met someone, and guess what? He got laid...more than once” “Hey, G-man, nice going! It's about fucking time!” It was Paul. “So, you going to tell me all about it? What's she like?” “Actually, Paul, it's two she's, not one--a mother and daughter, and, uh... they're really...uh... nice.” “Holy shit, G-man, two, huh? So, uh, how old is the mom?” he whispered into the phone. “Thirty-three.” “Michael, your phone must be breaking up. I could have sworn you said she was thirty-three,” said Paul. “Nothing wrong with my phone, Paul, I did say thirty-three.” “Holy fucking shit, how old is the daughter? Then to his wife, “Marti, you aren't going to believe this. You'd better pick up the extension.” “Actually, Paul, the daughter's sixteen. “ Then I proceeded to tell them how Rachel had flashed me in class and seduced me, leading eventually to the three-day orgy. All Paul could say was, “Holy shit! Holy shit.” I

left out all the details. I wasn't bragging and they probably wouldn't believe me anyway. Finally, I told him I needed an appointment at Chez Paul for both Becky and Rachel Saturday afternoon. "Michael, Michael! You must be kidding. First, you know I always close at two on Saturdays and I'm booked solid, as usual. I could probably get you an appointment in about a month." "Paul, I need it for Saturday. I hate to remind you, but you owe me... really...really big. Remember about a month ago... when you and Marti wanted to get away for that long romantic weekend... and your Mom had to cancel at the last minute? Remember that, Paul? Now what were your exact words? Oh yeah... 'Michael, I will do ANYTHING...ANYTHING if you will just watch the kids.' Does that sound remotely familiar to you?" Marti spoke first, "I do remember that, Paul, you did promise him. Just have them come in around two. You can come home late. It'll be ok, we don't have any plans." "Ok, you win, Michael. I hope these two are at least good looking." "Well...uh...yeah, Paul... I guess you could say they're ok. See you at two on Saturday." I hung up before he could respond. Chapter 2 Wednesday morning I was back in school. Steve Jackson, the principal, stopped me on the way in. Mrs. Peterson, the teacher I was subbing for had her baby and had told him that she would come back to work in about six weeks. That was ok with me; I figured to quit so I could spend more time with Rachel and Becky. I was very pleased when I took attendance in third period. Rachel was, for the first time in about three weeks, wearing panties. She saw me checking and gave me a big wink. The day was uneventful until dismissal when I heard a voice at my door. "Mr. G, I could use some extra help. Can I stay tonight?" It was Rachel. We had planned to get together again Friday evening so I wasn't expecting her. When I walked to the door I realized her words were for snooty, nosy Mrs. Collins, the teacher in the room across the hall. She was always minding everyone's business with her holier-than-thou attitude. As Rachel walked into my room, Mrs. Collins commented, "Well! I wonder why an "A" student needs extra help!" "Probably to get an "A+," I replied turning my back to her. Neither of us knew, but her comeuppance was just around the corner. Once in the room I motioned Rachel to my prep closet. "I can help you but I also have to prep for tomorrow's class," I said for snooty Mrs. Collins' benefit. Once in the prep room she moved into my welcoming arms. She looked into my eyes, closed hers and kissed me, putting one hand on my crotch and the other on my butt so she could pull me close to her. While we kissed she unzipped my pants and pulled out my strengthening cock. "I've been waiting all day for this. I need you now," she whispered. With that she slowly knelt before me, licked the tip and all around the head, then up and down the bottom of my shaft. She had really improved since Friday. Was it only five days since she first hesitatingly sucked and licked me? I bent over, cupped her breasts and rubbed her nipples, causing her to moan. Fortunately my cock muffled her sounds but her moans caused vibrations which added wonderfully to the sensations I was feeling. I moved her up to the counter of the prep sink and spread her legs. I hooked my finger under her panties, releasing her womanly scent. Then I licked her all the way from her ass to her clit. I had to cover her mouth with my hand to keep the noise down. I repeatedly shoved my tongue into her now dripping cunt, soon bringing her to orgasm. She leaned into me while she recovered. I held her close then kissed her before we left and headed home. Once again, I was glad she used no makeup or lipstick; I didn't want evidence of our tryst for all the teachers to see. She showed up again on

Thursday afternoon. This time I positioned her on the counter, fingering her pussy to get it good and wet. I dropped my pants and eased into her now familiar velvet tunnel. I held my finger up to her lips to remind her to keep quiet, so she kissed me while we fucked. Her pussy made a slurping sound as I drove my cock deep into her. She used her vaginal muscles to clamp my cock, greatly increasing my pleasure. Suddenly she moved her legs up over my shoulders forcing me out of her pussy. Her eyes said it all—"Fuck me! Fuck my ass!" My cock was already lubed with her pussy juice so I aimed carefully and entered her needy sphincter. She moved forward forcing me deeper into her bowel. We kissed again as we rocked together. Soon we were ready. We came and collapsed into each other. I loved cumming with her; she drained me dry every single time. I used the sink to clean up before we left. I drove her home and when we got there Becky was waiting. "I see you two are up to it again, aren't you?" We just smiled. "Good." Then, "I'm glad you're here, Michael. I got Saturday off from the ER but I'm going to have to work Friday night and Saturday night, the 4 to 12 shift." She smiled, "I'm sure you won't mind being here alone with Rachel both nights, will you? Just make sure you're in my bed when I get home. I'll probably need some relief after the stress of the ER; God, the things that happen over the weekends!" I smiled, "Were you referring to the ER?" Rachel and I just laughed while Becky frowned at my lame joke. We welcomed the chance to be alone both nights and I'd love to welcome Becky back home. It would be the best of both worlds. On the way home I called a friend and we decided to eat at the club. It proved a momentous decision. It was very late when I got home from the country club. I never did get to eat so I was really hungry in the morning and I had a lot to do. When I left for school I was all prepared for the weekend. I had packed a small bag with my clothes, toiletries, and meds. I had a small brazier in the trunk with some kindling and lighter fluid. One thing missing—pajamas; I was sure I wouldn't need them. I saw my "friend" Mrs. Collins while I was opening my classroom door. "Is that little tart going to stop by again this afternoon?" It was more a comment than a question. I was tired of her shit. I couldn't wait until tomorrow when I knew she'd get hers in spades, but I just said, "What's wrong with trying to improve your self? If more students worked as hard as she does our jobs would be a hell of a lot easier." "Well, she's always sticking her boobs out at everyone and her mother is no better. I understand that she doesn't even know who the father is." "That's pretty low, even for you, PENELOPE!" I responded, knowing she hated her name. "You know, a little kindness would go a long way." "Well, I never.... You've got some nerve!" "That's right, I do. It's about time someone stood up to you. Who the hell do you think you are? You're no better than anyone else around here, and, frankly, not as good as most. One of these days you're going to find that out. When you do I hope people will show you a little compassion. That'd be a lot more than you've ever done." I turned into my classroom to prepare for the day. D-day for her was only a little more than twenty-four hours away. I was on my way back from lunch when Principal Jackson stopped me. I could see the hand of that bitch Penelope Collins in this. "I understand you've been seeing a lot of Rachel Foster lately," he said. "Yup," I wasn't volunteering anything. "May I ask why?" he continued. "Well, for one thing she's one of my students. For another, she's been coming in for some extra help recently. And finally, not that it's any of Penelope Collins' business or yours either, but I'm seeing her mother, so naturally I'm also seeing a lot of Rachel, too. Any more

questions? “Listen, I know she can be a royal pain in the ass, but when someone suggests possible wrongdoing I have to look into it. You can understand that, can’t you?” “What I understand is that it’s always a good idea to consider the source. She’s a no-good busybody who thinks she’s better than everyone else. However, that’s about to change,” I replied. “What do you mean?” he asked. “You’ll find out. Just wait and see.” I returned to class just as the passing bell rang. Chapter 3 I met Rachel in the parking lot as planned. We didn’t kiss but I did open the car door for her as we headed home for another great weekend. Becky was still home when we got there but she needed to leave in a few minutes to make her shift. She kissed Rachel on the cheek and me on the mouth. “Have fun, you two!” And to me, “Just be sure to save a little for me.” Once in the house Rachel wanted to get right to it. She threw her books on a chair and started to strip. But I stopped her from going any further. “Do you remember telling me you wanted me to teach you everything?” I asked. “Yes, and I want you to. Will you?” “I’ll teach you a lot, but not everything,” I replied. “Why not?” “Because, Rachel, I believe that sex is an important part of love, a gift from God. But there are some practices that I don’t consider loving. In fact, they are humiliating. I won’t have anything to do with things like that.” “I’m not sure what you’re trying to tell me, G.” “Let me give you some examples, Rachel. Do you know what water sports are? And I’m not referring to water skiing, or snorkeling. Some people think it’s a turn-on to pee on their partner. Then there’s ‘femdom’ where women punish their male partners, and ‘bondage and discipline’ and ‘S & M,’ in which people like to inflict pain. I’m not talking about a little nibbling or even spanking. I’m talking about real pain. Is all that part of love? I don’t think so. So don’t expect me to teach you about them. If you want you can read about them on the internet. But... I will teach you everything I know about loving sex.” “Does that mean that you love me, G... and Mom?” “Yes, Rachel, I do love you and Becky. Not quite the same way, but, yes, I do love you very much.” “Oh, I’m so glad, G,” she squealed, “because I love you, too.” “I’m glad, too. Now, let’s decide what we want to do for dinner. Shall we go out or bring in?” We eventually agreed to bring in Chinese. I showed Rachel how to use chopsticks. We laughed at her ineptitude. When we were finished I told her, “Ok, now we need a shower.” “G, I just took one after P.E. class. Honest, I’m already clean.” “Rachel, I didn’t say YOU need a shower. I said WE need a shower—there’s a big difference.” She was hesitant but went ahead into the bathroom, removing her clothes as she went. She turned on the water and, when it was hot, stepped into the shower. She seemed quite surprised when I stepped in behind her. She looked at me questioningly until I smiled and said, “Remember, Sweetie, I said WE needed a shower.” We shared the soap. I went first, soaping her back from her shoulders down her spine to the crack between her glorious firm buttocks, then down the back of her thighs and calves to her feet. I was very careful not to touch her sex; that would come later. When I finished I gave her the soap and turned around. Now she used the soap on me. Her sudsy touch was silky and slick. Her hands glided over my skin. Now it was time to rinse. I knelt when I rinsed her butt and leaned in to lick her anus. “OOOOOH!” she squealed. I thought she would jump through the ceiling. I continued, and when she started to moan nonstop I pushed my tongue into her forbidden hole. We’d had anal several times so I knew she loved it but this was the first time my tongue was in there. She reached behind her and pulled my head forward, forcing my tongue deeper into her ass. I reached into her slit

with my fingers and started to fuck her fast and hard. She came almost immediately. We turned to face each other; she was still gasping. I grabbed the soap starting at her neck and working my way down. I rubbed the foamy soap all over her breasts, paying extra attention to her areolas and nipples. Then I moved on to her hard stomach and flat abs. I gently licked her navel, treating her to a new sensation. I transferred my ministrations to her vulva, slit, and, eventually to her legs. I gave her the soap and she mimicked my actions. She had to reach up to do my neck but when she got to my chest she paid extra attention to my nipples, squeezing and pinching. She had already learned that what was good for the goose was often just as good for the gander. She washed my stomach and moved quickly to my penis and balls. I had started the shower semi-hard but after all that had happened it felt like it was made of stone. She got the jump on me as we rinsed, kneeling so she could impale her mouth on my cock. I was so hot I felt like it was longer and thicker than it had been in years. But I didn't want to cum—not yet, anyway. I pulled her up and turned her around. Soaping my cock and her butt simultaneously, I bent her forward so I could fuck her ass. Rachel wanted to learn, and now she learned what a great lube soap and water could be. There was only the slightest resistance before my cock head slid past her sphincter. Now I was able to fuck her hot ass with ease. The sight of her bending before me, her hips and oh-so-firm ass staring me in the face, combined with her sphincter's unyielding pressure on my dick was as much as I could bear. I put two fingers into her pussy. Damn, she was dripping wet. I couldn't decide if I should move my fingers and cock into her together or if I should alternate—fingers in, cock out, and vice versa. So I let her decide. I tried both and worked off her reactions. She seemed to like the alternating motion best so that's what I did, but not too long. I felt my balls clench as my stream started its journey up and through my cock just as I felt her ass and pussy tighten. Her orgasm rolled through her body just as I exploded into her ass. We fell to our knees exhausted as the water streamed over us. Unfortunately, we ran out of hot water, ending our reverie. We toweled each other until we were dry. She still had to blow dry her hair so we took a couple of towels with us as we dragged ourselves to Becky's bed. "I really love it when you fuck my ass, G. I didn't think I would, but I do. Do you like it when Mom does it to you?" "Rachel, men have the same anatomy there that women have. It's only logical that I would have the same feelings in my ass that you have in yours. So, yes, I do enjoy it when Becky does it to me." Rachel closed her eyes and leaned in close to me. "Hmmm... hmmm, she said. I could tell she was thinking, and that usually meant something good for me. I put my arms around her, and glanced at the clock—it was only 8:30. The night was still young. We fell asleep in each other's arms. I woke when I heard Becky's car in the driveway. The clock said 12:25. I got up and dressed—ok, not really dressed. I put on my shirt and my pants, but nothing else. I sat in one of the living room chairs just as she entered. "I wasn't expecting you to be up," she said. "How was your evening?" I just smiled, "It was great. We had Chinese and took a shower." "Somehow I think there was more to it than just getting clean," she said as a smirk came to her face. So I gave her the blow by blow description. After all, she is Rachel's mother. "You know, I think I could use a shower right now myself," she said as she rose from the couch. "That's nice. I'll be here when you're finished." "That's what you think, buster! If you can do it to my daughter, you can do it to me. Get out of those clothes and give me what I need. Now!" "I guess

I was destined to be really, really clean. Ok, let's go." Rising from the chair I dropped my pants and shrugged off my shirt. It was only a few steps to the bathroom. I passed Becky as she was ripping off her nurse's duds. I warmed the water and we entered the shower. We kissed immediately, our tongues dancing as the water ran over us. It was a very sensual experience. Becky pulled me close; her hand found my cock and balls; she massaged my balls before starting a rhythm stroking me to erection. I put my left hand on her neck, leaving my right hand free to explore her pussy, but, once my hand was lubed with her juices, I ran it around her rosebud before entering her ass. She moaned in ecstasy as I finger fucked her tight anus. "Oh, yes, Michael. Fuck my ass. Stick your cock in it. I need it so badly. I've been dreaming about this all week." I grabbed the soap, rubbed it all over her butt and up and down my rigid cock. I turned her around and bent her over, elevating the angle of her ass to my dick. I lunged forward, meeting only token resistance before plunging deep into her.

"OOOOOH...MY...GOD! That is so fucking good! Fuck me hard, Michael! Fuck my so very, very hard!" She wanted it hard and who was I to deny her, so I did. I held her hip with my left hand and inserted two fingers into her soaking cunt. "Oooohhhh...I'm going to cum and it's going to be a really...really... BIG...ONE!"she screamed. She shuddered over and over again as her orgasm subsided. We stood there exhausted as the hot water poured over us. She turned, "Oh, Michael, I'm drained. I need to go to bed. Will you help me? Please?" I turned the shower off. We got out; she barely made it. I toweled her first before drying myself. I put my arm around her and we staggered to bed. After sleeping alone for so many months I really enjoyed being squeezed and warmed by two lush and loving bodies. We fell asleep immediately.

Chapter 4 I was semi-conscious when I heard some whispering and felt weight on my arms. I opened my eyes; it was light so it must have been morning. I looked right and saw beautiful Rachel weighing down my arm with her two large firm breasts. When I looked left there was Becky with her even larger breasts on my left arm. "You don't have to restrain me, I'll go willingly," I said with a smile. "I'm glad we woke you," it was Becky speaking. "I was just telling Rachel we should try a daisy chain with you." "You two are probably going to kill me with all your loving. Just point me in the right direction and tell me what to do." "Ok," Becky said. "Roll over here and face Rachel. Rachel, you get the best part first. Put your head down by Michael's...well, you know where to put it. We need to make a triangle. I'll be the last side, eating your pussy, while Michael eats mine. When I tell you to move, shift around 180 degrees. Ok, let's start. I have to admit it was both hot and fun. I was eating Becky, she was eating Rachel, and Rachel was sucking away at my cock. Rachel was doing wonders with me—licking, sucking, and applying pressure on me. I rimmed Becky's ass before licking her labia, sucking her clit and tongue fucking her with abandon. I assume she was doing a good job with Rachel who was moaning nonstop. Then Becky called the move. Now, I was on Rachel, Rachel on Becky, and Becky started in on me. Rachel was dripping wet when I moved my face into her. I was rewarded at once when I went for her clit. I sucked and gnawed at it. I sucked so hard the whole clit was in my mouth where I could both suck and lick simultaneously. She erupted into my mouth. Meanwhile, Becky was giving me something I'd never experienced. She held my dick in her hand and, like a vacuum cleaner, sucked it past her lips into her mouth. It felt like a human penis pump and I responded accordingly. My already stiff erection

swelled in her mouth. I didn't think it could get any bigger without breaking. It was exquisite agony. I knew I couldn't hold out long, and why would I want to? I splurged into her mouth over and over until my cock went dry. She drank every drop. I hoped it was early because there was no way I could get up now, or any time soon. We collapsed back into bed, one arm around each of my wonderful lovers. Thank God, it was only 6:00. I needed to sleep. I woke again around eight. No sex this time, thank God. I can normally cum maybe twice in a week and so far this weekend I'd made it three times. I loved it but there are limits. Becky was making a quick breakfast when Rachel came in. "Mom, I can't find any underwear, even in the wash. What happened to it? I need to get dressed." "Well, my young and beautiful darling," I stated, kissing both cheeks, "Your undies are in this brown paper bag. I am about to start a small fire and we will have a ceremonial burning of your unmentionables." "Huh? What am I going to wear?" "Rachel, you didn't let me finish. After everything is suitably destroyed, we are all going to Victoria's Secret for some more appropriately adult garments. And if your mom behaves herself we may find something for her, too." Becky laughed and came close to spilling the eggs on the floor. Fortunately, she made it all the way to the table and we started our breakfast. While we ate I told them that I had made a reservation for lunch at the country club. "Wear something hot and slinky. I want to show you off. I want to see all those other geezers drool." I left the table early to get the brazier from my trunk. I placed it in the back yard, lit the kindling, and waited until the fire was roaring. Then Becky led Rachel out of the doublewide. Together we lay the underwear on the fire. It charred rather than burned but the effect was the same—no more kiddy underwear. I doused the fire while they made for the SUV, the site of my initial escapade with Rachel. We arrived at Victoria's just as it was opening. I had Becky on one arm and Rachel on the other. They looked more like twins than mother and daughter. They had selected skin-tight black Capri pants and thin short sleeved pullovers, also very tight—so tight it looked like their breasts were struggling to escape. We walked right up to the cashier's station. I told the saleswoman I wanted fourteen matching sets of bras and panties each for both Rachel and Becky. "And I want them measured. I read that most women wear the wrong size bra." I found a chair near the dressing rooms and a three-month old copy of Sports Illustrated. I was on page 11 when I heard a "Psssst!" I looked up; Becky was modeling a lacy bra and matching thong just inside the doorway. When I smiled and nodded my approval she was replaced by Rachel. I never did get to page 12. They also selected some really sexy nighties so I knew I was in for another good time before the weekend ended. Rachel moved close on the way out and whispered, "They measured me, G. I'm a C+ almost a D." Becky, not to be outdone whispered, "I'm a D+, not quite a double D." Then they both kissed me. It was a great way to say thanks. We walked into the country club dining room at 11:55. We were seated by the picture window overlooking the eighteenth green. I gave them the view. What I wanted to see would be inside. Sure enough, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Collins (I know what you're thinking—"Tom Collins!" What are some parents thinking of when they name their children?) entered for their weekly appearance. They seemed somewhat miffed to be at the back of the room. It wasn't long before George Martin and Bob Cleary, the president and secretary of the club, asked to speak with Tom. They went into the bar for just a moment. When Tom returned he was fuming. He grabbed his wife by the arm and pulled her out of the chair. "What are

you doing? I haven't even ordered yet." I heard her say. "Let's go, we're out of here!" he practically screamed. Naturally, everyone in the room noticed. They were all shocked except for George, Bob, and me. I had known all about it since Thursday evening when I called George to fill him in on what I had seen. We had a truly enjoyable lunch. Rachel had the cheeseburger and fries; Becky and I had the chef's salad. Becky and Rachel loved the club and, from all the attention they received, it was obvious that the members appreciated them--the male members anyway. Our next stop was Chez Paul, the real reason I had asked my girls to dress provocatively. When we walked through the door Paul's eyes jumped out of their sockets. He was definitely lusting. Wait until I tell Marti! "Hi, Paul, I want to introduce Becky and her daughter Rachel." It was one of the rare times Paul was speechless. Eventually, he motioned to his assistant, "Uh...uh...Loretta, let's have a wash for these ladies. I'll be outside, I need a quick smoke." Then he grabbed my arm and pulled me along with him. "You son-of-a-bitch! You lying scumbag!" "What?" I feigned innocence. "Oh...uh...I guess they're ok," he imitated me. "Yeah, right! You lied to me, you rat, you lucky, lucky rat! I haven't seen women like that in the salon in years." "Gee, Paul, maybe you would if you didn't charge so freaking much. Who can afford you? Only old biddies—old, fat biddies." He grinned and we both laughed. I confessed that I had them dress especially for him. "Thanks, now I'm going to go home this afternoon and fuck Marti silly, thanks to you." "Tell Marti I said she's welcome," I said and we laughed some more. Then we went back into the "salon." Paul is a genius when it comes to hair. He couldn't do anything with mine—nobody can. But he turned Becky's short do into something very chic and very sexy. She was hot before; now she was smoking. He cut Rachel's hair into an uneven shag, shorter in the front and longer toward the back, that emphasized her high cheekbones and made her look about twenty-two. Think of Rod Stewart with great boobs and a hot ass. All the guys at school would be falling all over her come Monday morning, not that it would do them any good. We got home around 3:40. Becky had to get ready for her shift so Rachel hugged and kissed me, thanking me for the new and sexy lingerie. She then treated me to an up-close show, one that was certain to arouse the sleeping tiger in my pants. After Becky left Rachel asked if we could have another shower. "I really like taking a shower with you. I even have a new bar of soap. C'mon, G. C'mon!" As we entered the shower I said, "Something new today." I showed her the razor and shaving soap. "We can shave each other," I explained. "I'll go first. I knelt in the steamy water, shaking the aerosol. I shot a bit onto my hand and smoothed it onto her lower abdomen and around her pussy. Carefully, I shaved all around her cunt. Soon she was baby smooth. "Now, its your turn," I said, handing her the razor and soap. I stood with one leg on the side of the tub, holding the door frame so I wouldn't fall. I laughed as I said, "For God's sake-- not to mention mine-- don't slip!" She grinned, but said, "Don't worry. I have plans for this so I need it in working order." She applied the soap. Then, stretching my scrotum, she drew the skin taut and slowly pulled the razor toward my cock. Then she shaved a circle all the way around it. "This is great, G. No hairs in my mouth. This is such fun. Now let's put these things to use. As long as I'm down here...." She never finished that sentence. It was lost when my cock plugged her throat. She was making me hard and hot. I could probably have cum right there in her mouth, but I knew where she wanted it—right in her ass. I pulled her up, spun her around, and bent her over. She held her ankles with her

hands making her ass totally accessible to my throbbing dick. I soaped her hole, inside and out, and moved effortlessly into her. Soon, I was humping away and she was meeting my thrusts. She returned as good as she got—better. She worked her ass and my cock felt like it would explode. Then, it did, soaking her bowels with my semen. Shortly after, her orgasm shook her from head to toe. She collapsed in the shower and, because my cock was still in her, I fell on top of her.

“Remember , G, when I said you were really heavy?” she giggled. “Yeah, but you pulled me down with you. You could hurt an old geezer like me doing stuff like that.” “Well, you may be an old geezer but you fuck just great! I want to do it over and over with you. You can do my pussy, and my ass, and my mouth, whatever you want.” “Just keep in mind that you have THREE holes; I only have ONE cock. You’re going to wear it out. And if you don’t, then Becky will, for sure.” I couldn’t stop smiling. Soon we were rolling in the tub in uncontrolled laughter. We spent all day Sunday hugging, kissing, and, especially, loving—sharing all our body parts with each other. I hated to leave Sunday night.

Chapter 5 Monday morning I got to school early. I went in to Jackson’s office. “I need to see you,” I stated in my most authoritative voice. “Can’t it wait? I’m kinda busy,” he replied. “No, I’m afraid not,” as I closed the office door. “I’m pretty sure you’re going to have the press here today, and maybe the cops, and you are going to need a plan.” “What the hell are you talking about?” So I told him,

“Thursday evening I went to dinner at the country club. I met Morton Jeffers there. We always go in through the locker room entrance. We heard some muffled sounds coming from the men’s lockers. When I opened the door we saw Tom Collins with his pants around his ankles, fucking one of the Irish waiters. He turned as we entered. I finally realized why he was so obnoxious and pushy—he only has a three-inch cock. Anyway, there is going to be a huge scandal. He has been kicked out of the club. Sex, even consensual sex, with an employee is forbidden in the by-laws. And homosexual behavior ? Well, you can imagine the reaction from that ultra-conservative group. I’ll bet Penelope has no idea, but I’m sure she’ll find out soon enough. You just can’t keep something like that quiet too long. You might want to call the superintendent and I bet you’ll need to cover her classes when she finds out.” I didn’t have to wait long for Mrs. Collins. She hadn’t even reached her classroom when she started her diatribe, “I can’t believe you brought those two sluts to the club Saturday. I certainly hope I won’t have to witness a repeat of that.” “Well, Penelope, I do plan on taking them there a lot but since you won’t be there it shouldn’t be a problem.” “What do you mean? You know that Tom and I always have lunch there on Saturdays and I don’t want a repeat of THEM.” “I’m sorry, Penelope. I had hoped that Tom had told you. But since he didn’t, I will. Your membership has been revoked. You’ve been thrown out. That’s why he was so pissed off Saturday.” “I don’t believe you. Why would they do that?” “I hate to be the one to tell you but I guess I have no choice. . I went to dinner Thursday night with a friend and we caught him in the men’s locker room fucking one of the waiters. He was having unprotected homosexual sex, and from what I understand it wasn’t the first time.” “I don’t believe you. You don’t like me so you’re making this up. You and one of your stumblebum drunken friends. Nobody will believe you.” “Penelope,” I said softly, “the friend was Morton...Morton Jeffers.” She went pale. There was no more respected man in the community than Morton, or should I say Rev. Morton Jeffers. I continued, “You’re right Penelope, I never liked you and I still don’t, but even you don’t deserve this.”

Just then the bell rang and the students rushed into the building. Our conversation was over. I had been looking forward to knocking her down a peg or two, but now that it had happened I didn't feel very good about it. The scandal became public knowledge very shortly thereafter. There were lots of questions, of course, from the kids and later from the press. They were easy to deal with. "No comment. That's all I have to say—no comment." The kids were harder. They couldn't be put off. When they asked about Mrs. Collins I reminded them that she was a victim, too. That afternoon Rachel stopped by for some more "extra help" and after the day I had I could use some of her help, too. At least we didn't have to worry about Mrs. Collins snooping around. She left right after our talk, apparently too embarrassed to face everyone. It was a lesson for Rachel—not the kind we'd been having, but a lesson all the same. "Rachel, I don't want to do anything here. Let me take you home where we can be free to love each other completely and openly." So we left the school and drove to her home. Becky was there. She rushed out to meet us. "I heard at the market and again at the gas station. How terrible for you, Michael to have walked in on something like that. I have a feeling you are going to need us as much as we've needed you in the past weeks. Let's go in." We walked straight to the bedroom. When we got there Becky and Rachel quickly disposed of my clothes. I lay on the bed while they disrobed. "Lie still," said Becky. "Let us do all the work." They started by massaging my body; Becky on one side, Rachel on the other. Starting at my feet and legs, they slowly worked up to my buttocks and back, kneading the soreness and fatigue out of me. It was clear that Becky had done this before, maybe during her tenure as a nurse. When they finished with my back, they kissed me from head to toe, and rolled me over, now using different techniques on the front of my body. They limited the massage to a few select parts of my body. Rachel rubbed my chest and twisted my nipples until they hardened. Becky spread my legs so she could handle my balls more effectively. She rubbed and rolled them, starting my erection. When she licked them, moving her tongue in concentric circles, my cock responded, doubling in size. I lay there, eyes closed, totally in their control. When my cock had reached its maximum size Rachel climbed onto the bed. She straddled my face bringing her sweet yummy cunt in contact with my mouth. Leaning forward she swallowed my cock, licking it while she moved it into and out of her mouth. Becky then put my balls into her mouth. She sucked them lovingly, pulling on my scrotum and licking vigorously. When she stopped, she removed Rachel's mouth from my dick and replaced it with her pussy. She rocked back and forth, rubbing her clit against me. Soon my cock was coated with her secretions. She lifted her body and repositioned so her ass was perfectly located over me. She slowly lowered herself onto my erection. The natural lube she had provided made my entry easy. She knew what to expect so she was relaxed and that made it easier, too. Rachel was watching incredulously. Becky was giving her a valuable lesson, one she would try with me very soon. My resistance in that unyielding cavern dissipated rapidly. I could feel my orgasm coming, and coming strong. Becky leaned forward and kissed me as I shot my load deep into her bowel. "Thanks," I could barely whisper, "I needed that." "Me, too," replied Becky and Rachel simultaneously. We all laughed and slipped under the blankets while I recovered. Chapter 6 Rachel and I fell into a rhythm for the remainder of my time in school. We had to be careful; we were almost caught by a custodian cleaning my classroom one day. If

anyone suspected what was happening they kept their opinions to themselves. Soon enough, I was once again retired. Now Rachel came to my condo after school. I gave her a key, just in case I wasn't there when she arrived. On one such occasion I opened the door to find her reading something I had left out for her—The Kama Sutra. "This is really neat, G. Can we try all these positions?" This was when I learned that Rachel had taken dance and gymnastics lessons when she was younger. Not only was she lithe and limber, she could do all kinds of splits and hand stands. One afternoon, while we were running through the Kama Sutra positions, she told me that she had made up her own exotic ways to couple. First she tried "Plowing the Field." She balanced on her hands opening her legs; I held them around my waist, positioning her at about a 45-degree angle. When I entered her it was like using a plow—very interesting and HOT! Better though, was what she called "Drinking from the Fountain." For this she did a hand stand up against a wall and a split, exposing her tasty slit for me to sample. My name for this was the "Lickety Split." The only problem—when she turned on she tended to shake and fall. We'd wind up in a heap on the floor. One Friday night there was a movie Rachel wanted to see. "Will you take us?" Rachel pleaded. "Hmmm," I answered, "Tell you what. I'll take you both, but there is a condition. You have to wear skirts and leave the undies at home." "Oooh, G, that sounds like such fun. Can we do that, Mom? Please?" Rachel pleaded. I was sure Becky would agree. She was always up for a good time and having one in public just made it more enjoyable. "Ok, sounds like it might be entertaining," said Becky. "G, can we get popcorn and soda, too?" "Sure," I replied, "but you'll have to feed me. I think my hands will be occupied." We may live in a small town but we do have our own multiplex. We found the right theater and moved to the back row. Naturally, I sat in the middle. Rachel had the popcorn; we all had sodas; Becky was holding mine. "I don't want anything to get in your way, Michael." When the theater darkened there were maybe forty people there, just enough for what we were about to do to be daring. I pulled each of the skirts up toward their waists and pushed their legs apart. I moved my hands right down to their respective pussies. I rubbed their outer lips causing them to swell. Just a light touch of their clits was all that was necessary to make them gasp. I was wondering what the other viewers thought about the inappropriate noises coming from our row, mostly at inappropriate times. I rubbed each pussy up and down. Soon they were dripping wet so I inserted my middle finger into each hot tunnel. Once they were lubed enough it was time for a second finger. Now I finger fucked them, slowly at first, then faster and faster. Becky was able to maintain her silence (mostly), but Rachel's moaning drew a few looks from others in the theater. I whispered to her, "Eat some popcorn, and I'd like some, too." When she looked at me I kissed her hard. Of course, she kissed me back—just as hard. Once I had some popcorn I moved right to their clits. Some gentle circular rubbing was all that was necessary to bring them over the top. We definitely got some glances then. Now I was able to help myself to popcorn. "Um, gee," I whispered to Rachel, "this seems to have some special flavor I just can't place." "I can place it, G," she whispered back. "It's from right between my legs," I was done for a while, so I settled back to watch the movie. When I thought we were about fifteen minutes from the end I went back to work. "Oh, Michael," Becky cooed, "Again?" "Oh, yes! And wait until we get home." We got some really strange looks when we exited the theater arm in arm. Rachel and Becky had to stop by the

ladies' room to wipe the drippings from their legs before we headed home for some more hot sex. Going to the movies became a real favorite for us. Sometimes we actually watched the movie.

Chapter 7 One afternoon, as I was expecting Rachel, the door bell rang. When I answered it I was surprised to see Rachel—and another girl I recognized as Suzy from one of my classes. “Hi, Rachel. Hello, Suzy. C'mon in.” “G, don't be angry with me. Suzy's my best friend. I told her all about us. She's a virgin and she wants to have sex. She doesn't know what to do.” Suzy was a real contrast to Rachel. Next to her Suzy appeared immature. She was shorter, about five feet two and really thin—maybe 85-90 pounds at most. Her chest was barely developed, an A-cup at most. She was cute in her own way, even with the pigtails. I could hardly believe she was actually older than Rachel. “Tell me yourself, Suzy. What do you want me to do?” “Oh, Mr G. Rachel has told me how you've made love to her. You know, how you fucked her pussy, and how you licked her...uh, well you know, and how she sucked on your...um, your...uh, penis, and how you fucked her in her...rear end. I'm almost seventeen and I'm still a virgin. At the rate I'm going I'll probably be forty before it finally happens. I don't want to be a virgin. I want to be a real woman. Will you help me, please?” “Suzy, I'm willing, but you have to do something first.” “What, Mr. G?” she replied. “I'll do anything...anything.” “You have to talk to your mom and have her call me. I don't want you sneaking around behind her back. I'm sure you know that Rachel's mom enlisted me to teach her. It helps a lot that I do love Rachel, and Becky, too. I want your mom to know where you are and what you're doing. If you're old enough to have sex, you're mature enough to discuss it with your mom. Here's my cell number. She can call it anytime.” Then Suzy left. “Do you think she'll talk to her mom?” I asked Rachel. “I think so, G. She's really horny and she definitely wants to fuck. It's all she talks about. I'm sorry I told her. It was the only thing I could think of.” “Don't worry about it. We're not exactly sneaking around back alleys ourselves. People have seen us around town and, of course, Becky knows what we're doing. Hell, she's doing it with us. If people find out and don't like it, that's their problem.” After Rachel and I had an interesting session interpreting the Kama Sutra, I left the condo en route to the country club for dinner. I was surprised when my cell rang. I didn't recognize the number but I answered it anyway. “Mr. G? Hi, it's Barbara Stone, Suzy's mom. I'm not sure why I called except that Suzy begged me to. I can't say that I approve of what she suggested.” “Barbara, I want you to understand, it doesn't make any difference to me what your decision is in regard to Suzy. I'm sure she told you I am involved with Rachel.” “I can't say I approve of that, either; a man your age chasing after a sixteen-year-old. Really!” I explained to her exactly how everything had occurred, including how Becky had helped Rachel plan it all. Then I said, “Barbara, in my experience, when a girl wants to lose her virginity, she's going to. The only questions are—with whom, under what circumstances, and with what consequences?” “I see what you mean. I certainly wouldn't want her hurt or to contract some disease. And, I definitely don't want her to become pregnant. I have to agree with Becky on that. I have to think about it. How will I let you know my decision?” “Well, you could call me again, or if Suzy shows up with Rachel after school some day I'll assume she has your approval. Ok with you?” “Yes, thank you. I must say you're not at all what I envisioned when Suzy spoke to me this afternoon. Thank you for that, too.” We said our good-byes and I headed out to the club. There was one more call I needed to

make—Becky. I was falling in love with her and I wasn't going to cheat, even with one of Rachel's friends. Understandably, she agreed right away. Chapter 8 I wasn't surprised when Rachel showed up the following afternoon, but I was surprised to see Suzy. "Hi, Mr. G," she said. "My mom said it was ok. I can't wait. Can we do it now? Please?" "Is that ok with you, Rachel?" "Sure, that's why I brought her to you. Can I help?" I led them into the bedroom. Sitting on the bed I took Suzy's hands in mine. "Have you ever kissed a boy?" She looked down and shook her head. "Well, that's the first thing we'll change." I said as I pulled her to me. She stood between my legs as I tenderly held her head and moved it to mine. Our lips touched gently, then with more force. Tentatively, she opened her mouth just a little. My tongue moved forward and made contact with hers. I could feel her react. She opened her mouth further and wrapped her tongue around mine. She was obviously very hungry and very ready for what was to come. I lifted her easily to the bed and began to unbutton her blouse. Once off, her bra was next. She had only small mounds on her chest but her nipples were almost as big as Rachel's. Maybe that meant good things were going to happen to her. I lowered my head to suckle her, taking the nipple into my mouth and biting so very carefully. She responded immediately, arching her back, which forced her tit deeper into my mouth. She started moaning and she didn't stop. I removed her slacks and panties. She had shaved and I'd have bet it was the first time today. There was a little razor rash on her abdomen. I licked her slit several times. I guess she enjoyed it; she writhed all around and humped my mouth. I stood up, moving her hands to my belt buckle. She looked at Rachel, already naked, who nodded her approval. She unbuckled and opened my pants. I slid them down and removed my shorts. My cock was ready. I took her hand, placed it on the shaft and showed her how to stroke it. "Suzy," it was Rachel. "Lick the tip and around the head. You'll like it, believe me." Overcoming her shyness and uncertainty, she moved her head to my cock then started to slowly lick it. Gradually, she became bolder and took it partially into her mouth. She looked at me for reassurance. "You're doing great, Suzy, really great. I think you have a natural talent. You'll make some guy really happy one of these days." "Yeah," she said, trying to talk with my cock in her mouth, "if someone ever gives me the chance." "Don't worry. I'll show you how to attract boys. By the time I finish with you, you'll be beating them off with a stick. Now, take it all into your mouth and move up and down. That's it... good...good." I was standing and she was on the bed. It was easy for me to reach her cunt. Not surprisingly it was soaking wet. I slid a finger into her to get her ready for my cock. I gave Rachel a glance and she nodded. She knew what was next so she moved next to Suzy. I climbed on top of her and positioned my wet cock head just above her tunnel. I rubbed it over her slit several times before initiating my entry. Suzy looked into my eyes and I returned her stare then moved down to kiss her again. She was a tiny girl so I expected her to be really tight. She was, but she was so wet I had no trouble penetrating her. I put it in about an inch. Carefully, I pushed a little farther. I expected to meet her hymen's resistance and was surprised when there was none. It was only a second before I was in all the way, enveloped in her vise-like tunnel. "I should have told you...I broke my cherry horseback riding last year. I had blood all over my panties. Mom took me to the doctor and that's what he said." "Good, Suzy, now relax and try to move with me. That's it. You're doing great...really, really great." We humped wildly, faster and faster. If I didn't know better I would

have sworn she was much more experienced than she was. It didn't take long before I sensed her orgasm coming. That's one of the great things about being a beginner—it's so easy to cum, and did she ever! When it hit she bucked at least eight inches into the air driving me all the way into her womb. I could feel her cervix clamp around my cock head. Then she repeated again and again. Finally, she collapsed beneath me. "OOOH...MR. G! I... can't... believe... it... was... so... wonderful," she panted. "It was so much better than I thought it would be...so... much... better! Rachel, I'm really jealous of you. I wish I could get it all the time like you do." "Trust me, Suzy," I whispered. "You are going to get lots and lots of sex. You just need to use the right approach, and advertise your assets. Lots of guys love your look and because you're small you're really, really tight down there. Guys love that. Too bad I'm taken. I'd be chasing you all over town." That remark got me a playful jab in the arm from Rachel. "Just don't forget you're ARE taken, G," she kidded. So began my tutelage of Suzy. I taught her all the nuances of fucking and sucking; of giving and receiving pleasure. We did all the standard positions and some from the Kama Sutra. She watched me with Rachel and then wanted to try it herself. So it was that she was introduced to anal. Imagine the three of us in the shower. Rachel and I were old hands by now but it was all new to Suzy. "Watch this, Suzy. It's my favorite trick," Rachel told her. Then I soaped her butt and my cock. Suzy was amazed when it disappeared all the way into Rachel's ass. "Doesn't that hurt, Rachel?" she asked. "It can hurt a little at first, but you get used to it. Believe me, it feels great and the orgasms are just incredible. Watch G, he'll put some fingers into my pussy and fuck me in both places. I'm not kidding; it drives me crazy. You should try it, Suzy. G will be really gentle with you, won't you, G." "Of course. Sex is for enjoying, not hurting. Hurting isn't much fun. We can try it if you want, but I won't force you. Maybe you should watch Rachel so you know what to expect." At that point I started to finger Rachel's cunt. The sensations took over her body causing her to hump and grind me wildly. She was literally screaming, right up until her orgasm gripped her entire body. As usual, she collapsed in a heap, but this time I was able to remove my cock before she fell. "Rachel, are you ok?" Suzy seemed worried. "Trust me, Suzy. I have never... ever... felt better. It's something you have to experience to understand. My mom loves it, too. But, I get to do it more than she does 'cause she has to work." "I think I'd like to try it, Mr.G, but I don't want it to hurt." "Suzy, I'll go very slowly with you. Rachel is used to it so I could go faster with her. But with you, it will take time for your muscles to adjust to having something, in this case one or two fingers, in there. I'll use lots of lube, not just soap, ok?" She stood in front of me and turned around. By now Rachel had regained enough strength to move out of the way. I took some KY from the shower shelf and applied it to my finger. I carefully daubed it onto her anus. Then, carefully, I pushed inside. There was lots of lube so there was no pain. I moved my digit in and out, finger fucking that tight hole. She started to relax. "Wow, Mr. G. that feels pretty good. In fact I like it...a lot." "Ok, Suzy, I'm going to put in another finger. That'll help stretch and relax your anal muscles and prep them for my cock." I lubed my middle finger and glided it into her. She handled it well. I rotated my fingers to evenly stretch her. When I thought she was ready I lubed my cock. "Ok, Suzy, here we go. Ready?" "Oh yes, Mr. G. I trust you. Go ahead." I pressed my cock against her. There was some resistance, but I slowly penetrated her sphincter. Once my cock head

popped into her I said, “How are you doing, Suzy? That’s the hardest part. Now relax and enjoy. I’m going to start moving it in and out.” I gently pushed all the way in and unhurriedly pulled it back out, but only about three-fourths of the way. I did it again and again. She started to move with me, gyrating her ass around my dick. She was relaxing now so I moved forward, inserting a finger into her dripping cunt. She loved the alternating action I used with Rachel. Soon her whole body was trembling with delight. Her legs collapsed when her orgasm hit. I had to hold her up so she wouldn’t hit her head on the tub. “Well, what did I tell you, Suzy? Wasn’t that fucking incredible?” Rachel asked her. “I never experienced anything like that in my life. I can’t wait to do it again. But, not today, Mr. G; I don’t think I could handle it again today. In fact, I don’t think I could handle anything else today.” I’d had many phone conversations with her mom. She called me after Suzy had gone home that first day. “Mr. G,” she said, “I haven’t seen Suzy look like this in years. She is absolutely glowing and seems so self-confident, so I guess everything went ok, then.” I reassured her and told her I’d be glad to give her progress reports. “I don’t know. I don’t want it to look like I’m prying into her business.” “This is an important time to maintain open lines of communication. Be reassuring and non-judgmental and everything will turn out fine. Trust me.” That’s what she had done. I asked Suzy every day how things were going with her mom and she told me she couldn’t wait to get home and share everything with her. I wish more moms had that kind of relationship with their daughters. I taught her self-confidence in her sexuality. That’s all she really needed. Like Rachel, she was an avid student. It took less than a month until she was ready. One Friday the high school had a half-day session. Rachel and I borrowed her mom’s SUV and took Suzy to see my buddy Paul. I told Paul to make her look really hot. He cut her hair very short. It was cute and adult at the same time, and, best of all, it made her body look more mature. He showed her how to use just a little makeup to accent the lines of her face and helped her select just the right shade of lip gloss. Then we went to what women call a boutique and I call a clothing store for a few new sexy outfits. We finished up at Victoria’s Secret. She was definitely ready. We don’t have a local mall so we decided to go bowling --Suzy, Rachel, and me. A lot of kids hang out there on weekends. We were bowling, having a good time, when a group of high school boys walked by. Suzy was on the lane, facing away from us. She was wearing a pair of Capri slacks that were so tight they looked like a second skin, really showing off her round butt in the back and camel toe in the front. One of them looked our way, did a double take, and walked over. “Hi, Mr. G. Hi, Rachel, uh...who’s your cute friend?” “You know her, Brian. She goes to school with us.” “I think I know all the cute girls in school, Rachel. I’m sure I’d remember someone who looked like that.” Just then Suzy finished her frame and turned around. “Hi, Brian.” “Suzy?” he gulped. “Yup, what do you think? Pretty neat, huh?” She pirouetted to give him the full effect. “I’ll say,” said Brian, unable to take his eyes from Suzy’s crotch and ass. “Hey, I have a great idea,” I said. “Why don’t you join us? We could have teams—say, you and Suzy against Rachel and me.” “Really? I’ll be right back. I just need to get some shoes and a ball,” he yelled as he hurried away. “Thanks, Mr. G,” Suzy whispered as she hugged me. “I’ve always thought Brian was a real hunk. Maybe he’ll be my hunk.” “He’s a damned fool if he’s not. Just remember—no sex without...” “I remember,” she interrupted. “I have them in my purse. Let’s hope I get to use one.” Brian returned quickly and we started our

competition. They beat us two straight games. I'm a really good bowler but it served my purpose to lose. Brian took every opportunity to hug Suzy. He had his arm around her while they were on the bench. When we were finished he tried to give me money for his games. "Why don't you keep it?" I suggested. "I'll bet Suzy would like an ice cream or piece of pizza after all that bowling." "Would you, I mean, like to get something, Suzy? I have my dad's car." "Sure, that sound like fun, Brian. Thanks, Mr. G. I loved the bowling, and everything else, too." They were holding hands as they left. Chapter 9

Of course, Rachel got the blow-by-blow (no pun intended) description the next morning. According to Suzy: "We drove a couple of blocks. I couldn't get too close because of the console between the seats. 'You know, Brian, I'm not really too hungry but I would like something else.' 'What, Suzy?' Brian replied. 'Do you think you can find someplace really quiet and private so we can get to know each other better?' He kinda gulped and drove us to the old Thompson farm, you know the one that's been deserted for years? He parked behind the barn. As soon as he turned off the engine I reached across and kissed him. Rachel, it was wonderful. He's a real good kisser. We made out like crazy for about ten minutes. Then I put his hand on my chest. He started to rub my nipple. It felt real good so I told him to unbutton my shirt. Then he played with both of my breasts. That was when I jumped up and sat on the console. Brian was right where I wanted him—between my legs. I reached down and put my hand on his crotch. I swear, Rachel, I thought he'd jump right through the roof! So I unbuckled his belt and opened his pants. Thank God, I practiced on Mr. G. I grabbed his cock and gave it a couple of quick strokes. Rachel, he was so hard! That's when I suggested we move to the back seat. It was one time I glad to be so tiny. I just slipped over the console but Brian had to open the door, hold up his pants, and walk around. While he was doing that I removed my slacks and panties. They were soaked. When he got back in I put his hand right on my pussy. 'Rub me, Brian,' I told him. 'Make me so hot!' While he was rubbing and fingering me I leaned over and sucked his cock just the way Mr. G taught me. He must be a great teacher because Brian came in my mouth almost immediately. We took a little rest then so he could recover. We still kissed and he was still fingering me. As soon as he got hard I slipped a condom on his dick, laid him on the seat, and climbed aboard. Can you believe—he told me he was a virgin? I had more experience than he did! I rocked back and forth rubbing my clit against him. After we both came he got rid of the condom. We kissed some more and then he took me home. When we got there he asked me out for tonight! Can you believe it? I have a real date!" I had called Mrs. Stone when Suzy left with Brian. "Suzy may be a little late getting home tonight," I said. "So, it worked? She met someone?" "Do you know Brian Hankins? I think he's a junior, too. He took one look at Suzy and flipped. They bowled a few games together and then I suggested he take her out for an ice cream or pizza." "If I know Suzy there'll be something else on the menu," she chuckled. "You've done wonders with her, Mr. G. I hope she remembered her condoms." "She did, and she promised me she would insist he use them. All the same, it would probably be best if she were on the pill." "I agree. I've already made the appointment with her doctor." Rachel told me that Brian was falling all over Suzy at school every day, and he wasn't the only one. It seems that Suzy was attracting a lot of attention from the boys. Good--mission accomplished! A few weeks later I answered the doorbell. It was Brian. "Hi, Brian, everything ok? You still good with Suzy?" "Yes, sir,

but, uh, I...uh.” “I think you’d better come in. You obviously have something on your mind.” Brian had a seat on the couch. “I don’t know where to begin.” “Try the beginning. And, Brian, just speak right up. There’s no reason to be afraid.” “Mr. G, Suzy’s had a lot more experience with...you know...than me. She told me that you two did it and a lot more. I don’t understand that.” “Ok, Brian. Rachel brought Suzy to me because she wanted to have sex but she didn’t know how to go about it and she couldn’t get anyone to notice her. I’m sure you’d seen her dozens of times and never even noticed, at least not until she packaged herself more attractively. Yes, I had sex with her—to teach her how to enjoy it and how to pleasure her partner. Her mom agreed that it was the best, and safest, way for Suzy to be introduced to sex. Now you’re reaping the benefits.” “Ok, but she’s ...uh.....” “I think the word you’re looking for is ‘insatiable.’ That’s how she was when she was here with Rachel and me.” “Yeah, she sure can wear me out. But, she wants me to do some other stuff, Mr. G. I want to do it right but I’m not sure how to begin.” “Brian, if I know Suzy, she wants oral, which is easy, and anal, which is a bit tougher to do right. She loves both-- especially anal! You can give her some super orgasms that way.” So I spent about half an hour explaining all about oral and then anal techniques. “Always remember, Brian,” I told him, “sex is about giving and receiving. If she is going to take care of you, then you have to take care of her. If you do that you’ll have a great relationship.” When he left I was sure that Suzy was in for a fantastic time. Chapter 10 Mrs. Collins, my “dear friend” Penelope, took a leave of absence and then resigned at the end of the school year. (I heard she couldn’t handle everyone knowing about Tom’s tiny three-inch dick. No wonder she was always so uptight. Of course, the humiliation of learning that your husband prefers guys didn’t help either.) The entire community sympathized with her on that, which was definitely more than she deserved considering how she had treated everyone for years. She divorced Tom and moved away. She didn’t deserve what happened to her, but I, for one, won’t miss her one bit. Brian and Suzy became steadies about a week after our discussion. Lucky Brian! Rachel told me that Suzy just couldn’t get it enough. She wanted it every day and usually more than once. I was pumping gas one afternoon when Brian drove into the station. Naturally, Suzy was next to him. When he stopped the car Suzy ran over to me, Brian’s class ring on a chain around her neck. “Thanks for everything you taught me, Mr. G. You really changed my life.” Then, kissing me on the cheek, she whispered, “And thanks, especially, for everything you taught Brian!” The country club has been around for generations. That’s probably why there’s a morals clause in the bylaws that calls for a forfeiture of the membership fee by anyone involved in immoral or illegal conduct. I guess that ass-fucking two employees on club grounds qualifies. Bottom line—the Collins’ \$200,000 stayed in the treasury. Both waiters were paid off and returned to Ireland before the summer season. I knew that, if I were lucky and smart, I’d be with Rachel and Becky for a long time. I wanted them both to have the best so I started a college fund for Rachel. I had plenty of money and now I had someone to spend it on. I knew that Becky had plenty of suitors over the years, but had turned all of them away. I learned and appreciated what the others had missed. The way to a man’s heart may be through his stomach, but the way to Becky’s heart was through her daughter. The closer Rachel and I became, the closer I got to Becky. It was time to move past just sex. It was time to become a family. But, that will have to wait for another story.