

Goldilocks - the sexy version

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A tale of one girl, three beers and a very big cock

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It was a crisp winter's day and Danielle was on her way to see a friend to try out her new double-ender. It was quite a walk, circumnavigating the big wood between their villages. Her Mum had always said to never go through the wood. There were tales of wolves and tigers, waiting in the deepest, darkest parts of the forest. Danielle thought this somewhat unlikely, being in West Yorkshire, but it still made her a bit weary. Danielle was known to all her friends as Goldilocks, on account of her very long, blonde hair. She had been out the night before, clubbing till the early hours and really couldn't face the long walk to Ashlie's house. She would go through the wood. Danielle climbed over a little stile, catching her new dress on a piece of bramble. "Ah bum! My new dress!" She said, looking at the ragged piece of yellow and red cotton on the hem. Danielle proceeded carefully following the path into the wood. She had been walking some little way, when the path divided into two. "Ooh bugger!" Thought Danielle. She looked round and then realised the path had already bisected and even if she turned back she might end up going the wrong way. Then she had an idea. Thinking back to her time in the Senior Girl Guides, she took off her panties and hung them on the end of an old tree branch. That way when she came back, she would know which way to go. Feeling more confident and using her watch as a compass she took the left hand path. Eventually the way led into a clearing and at one end was a pile of logs and a tumble down cottage, with thatched roof and a smoking chimney. 'Ah maybe they can give me directions,' thought Danielle. So, Goldilocks or Danielle tapped on the door and waited patiently. Then she knocked again. "Hmmm... that's odd," she said. She tried the door and finding it unlocked, she entered the little kitchen. There was a big wooden table and chair in the middle. The kitchen had an old, but comforting feel to it. In the middle of the table Danielle noticed that there were three bottles of beer. After her walk she was quite thirsty and looked through all the drawers for a bottle opener. She found one, which had a picture of Blackpool tower at one end. Taking the first bottle, she looked at the label. "Hmmm... Kentucky Root Beer, I wonder what that's like." Danielle opened the bottle, the top pinging on the table and she took a swig of the beer. "Sssssppppppptttttthhhhhhhhhhh!" A spray of beer spurted out of her mouth as she wretched in

disgust. “Urgh! That tastes like shit!” Her thirst unquenched she looked at the second bottle. It was called Hobgoblin’s Old Falling Down Water or something like that and was 9.5% abv. She took her bottle opener and again pinged off the top. Then she put the bottle to her lips for a slug.

“Hmmpmpnhg!” Danielle swallowed a mouthful but a disgusted look spread across her face. “Fuck! Who drinks this stuff, it’s like medicine!” Said Danielle, in disbelief. Hoping that the third bottle would be half drinkable she perused the label. This one was Stella Artois Special Export. She removed the top and took a long draught of the cool continental lager. She made a loud sigh of satisfaction and then took two more, long thirst-busting drinks. “Ah that’s better,” said Danielle. Now feeling slightly peckish, she rooted through the cupboards and found a packet of rich tea biscuits. “Hmph! I suppose they’ll have to do,” she said, as she bit into the cardboard-tasting biscuits. However, Danielle ate a couple and finished off the rest of the lager. Afterwards, she began to feel a bit sleepy. Her all night clubbing and the long walk had begun to catch up on her and what with the beer, she needed a snooze. ‘I don’t suppose they’ll mind if I have a kip,’ thought Danielle and went up the rickety staircase and found a nice bedroom with a bed and a big, soft duvet. Danielle lifted the covers and plumped up the pillow. She had been asleep for 10 minutes when Buz the wood-cutter returned from his morning in the woods. He had been gathering wood for his kindle and winter BBQ and now wanted to satisfy his raging thirst. “Hmmm... that’s funny, I could have sworn I’d left the door shut,” said Buz, as he arrived home. Entering his kitchen his eyes went immediately to the three bottles, all minus their tops and the opener discarded on the table. “Who’s been drinking my beer?!” He said, irately. “Ah well at least they’ve left the Hobgoblin.” Buz picked up the bottle of real ale and polished it off in a few deep slugs. “Aaaaaaaaahhh! I needed that.” Apparently unconcerned that he had been broken into, Buz began to feel horny. Beer did that to him and he went upstairs with the intention of knocking one out over his favourite wank story. Buz went into his bedroom and was about to fire up his laptop when he noticed the shapely form under his duvet. Tiptoeing closer he saw the oceans of beautiful blonde hair spread across the pillow. He peeled the duvet back and saw the gorgeous, blonde girl in his bed. Her red and yellow dress had ridden up, revealing her toned, white legs. It also didn’t take a massive leap of the imagination to see that she was well stacked. Buz immediately began to get aroused. He did think about giving her a crafty fumble, but as she was asleep he thought that would be unethical. Instead, he touched her shoulder and woke her gently. “Ummm... hello, I think you got the wrong house,” he said. Danielle woke with a start. At first, she wondered where she was and then remembered the forest and the beer. “Oh...erm..yes, sorry,” she said. “It’s OK, are you all right?” Asked Buz. “Yes, I got lost and I was going to ask directions and then I got thirsty.” Buz couldn’t help but let his eyes wander over Danielle’s body as she spoke. Danielle noticed his slightly dewy-eyed look. Buz had lovely toned arms and definition in his biceps from hours of chopping wood. She could see his pecs were developed through his thick check shirt. Danielle looked at the light stubble of his beard as Buz stroked her legs softly. Danielle shivered. He had such a soft but manly touch and she began to tingle and remembered she wasn’t wearing any panties. Danielle smiled sweetly, her blue eyes sparkling as Buz stood up and unfastened his jeans. A large bulge had begun to develop in them and seeing it, Danielle gulped. She was now beginning to get properly horny

herself. The situation, stealing into his house and sneaking up stairs was so naughty. She liked the fact that she had been caught. It was a bit risky really, but Buz was nice. He was quite young and good looking, but had that rugged look of the man who lived off the land. Danielle sat up on the bed and slowly lifted up her dress. Buz wouldn't expect that she had gone commando. He was expecting to see a nice pair of panties, instead she was treated to something better. Danielle's pussy lips were already inflamed. Her labia were pink and her slit nice and neat with a little blonde landing strip guiding his eyes down to her quim. Buz dropped his trousers and then rolled down his boxers. His cock was truly enormous. It was thick and long and had to be seven and a half inches in Danielle's opinion. She continued to lift up her dress, pulling it up over her head and laying it on the bed. She was now fully naked. Her pussy wet and ready and her breasts heaving as her heart pounded. Buz looked at her beautiful areola and nipples. Her boobs were perfect. She was perfect and his cock was hard. He stepped a little nearer and Danielle opened her mouth as Buz shoved his manhood into her face. His cock was hot and throbbing and she stroked his shaft as she sucked him. Buz held her blonde hair in two bunches, making it into two pig tails as he fucked her mouth. Danielle breathed down her nose as she took more and more of his huge cock. She was so turned on, and her right hand almost instinctively went for her little clit as her head bobbed up and down. She toyed as she sucked him. Buz was groaning from her superb head-giving skills and could feel the very beginnings of his orgasm begin to build. Danielle looked up at him, as her tongue rolled round and round the most sensitive part of his purple head, the fingers of her left hand tickling his balls. Buz could only take so much. He needed her to bend over for him now. Danielle got the message and gripped his headboard as Buz rubbed his rock hard dick against her pussy lips. As he began to sink his manhood into her swollen wet pussy, he fondled and jiggled her boobs in his hands. As he began to fuck her Danielle whimpered. Breaking in had made her feel like a naughty girl and now she was being punished, except this was a lovely punishment. Buz thrust his cock in and out, almost going ball deep. At the same time he weighed her tits in his hands, bouncing them in rhythm to his thrusts. He could barely believe the weight of her super, firm but squishy boobs. Danielle could only moan. The sensations and tingles in her pussy were fantastic. She couldn't remember the last time she had been fucked this good, maybe she never had! "Ooh baby! That's so good! I love how your sweet ass quivers when I pound you!" Said Buz. "Hmmm...ooh yes! So good! So fucking good! Don't stop... you'll make me cum!" Buz took a nice handful of Danielle's ample ass cheeks and had to grit his teeth as her whimpers grew louder and louder. His own moans of pleasure were growing in intensity. The bed was beginning to squeak and the headboard was now tapping on the wall. Buz could feel himself cumming as Danielle's cries of delight filled his ears. Her pussy became suddenly tighter and then her cum juices were on him. Buz could feel her wetness oozing around the base of his dick. He wanted to cum... he could cum now. He had held back just long enough for Danielle to have her orgasm and now it was his turn. Buz pulled out at the last minute. Danielle knew what he wanted. She turned round as Buz pulled on his dick. She looked up at him as he stood on the bed, his pupils were dilated and his face etched with the edge of delirium. "Ooh baby! I'm cumming! I'm cumming!!!" Danielle closed her eyes and felt his hot sticky mess splatter over her face. She could feel spurt after spurt

covering her lips until it began to drip off her chin and roll down between her boobs. -----
“Danielle.” “Danielle!” “Danielle, wake up baby, it’s nearly 10 o’clock!” “Laura!” “Not like you to sleep in
this late babe!” “I know! But I just had the best dream ever!” The End.