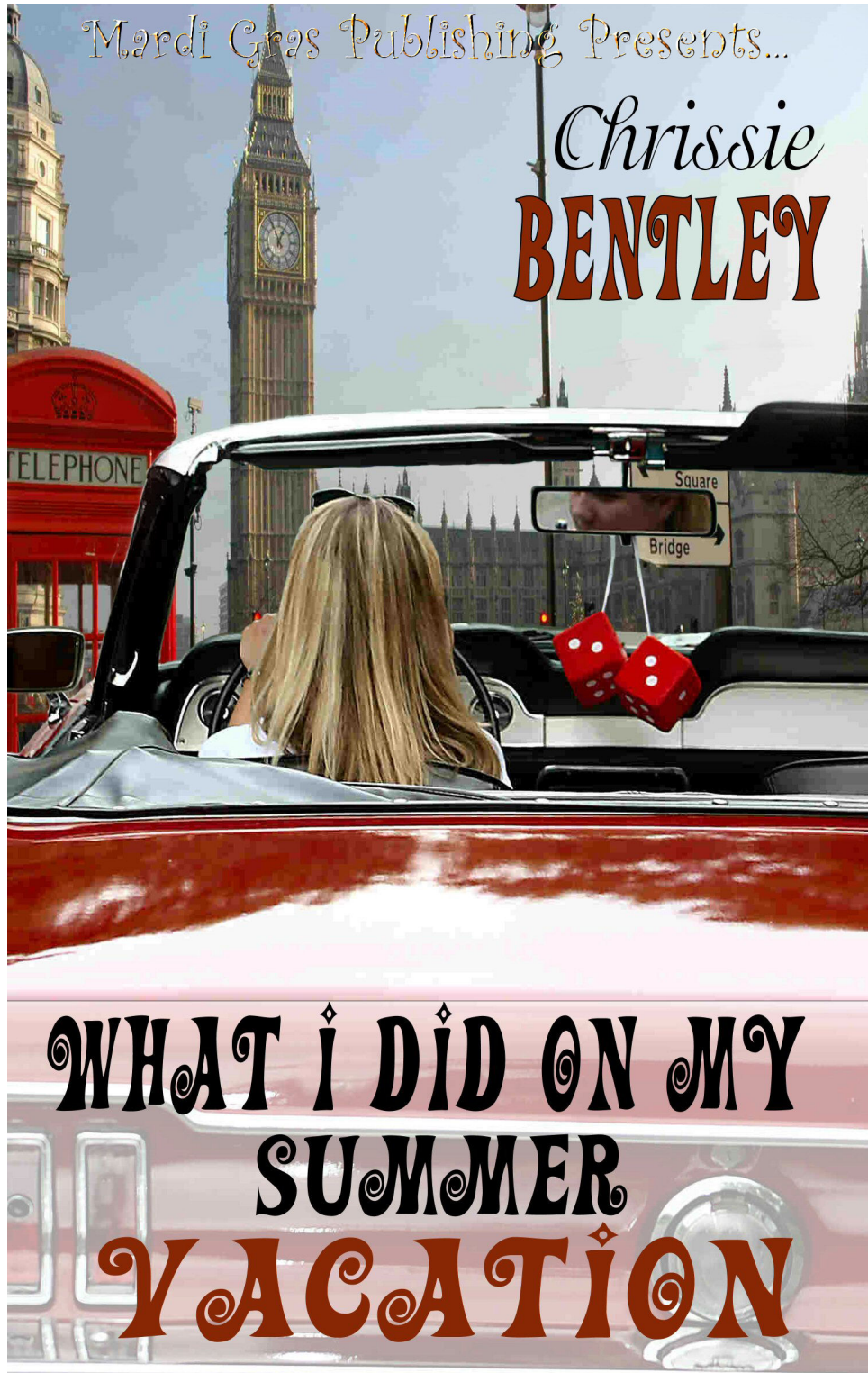


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*Chrissie*  
**BENTLEY**



**WHAT I DID ON MY  
SUMMER  
VACATION**

**Mardi Gras Publishing, LLC**

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WHAT I DID ON MY SUMMER  
VACATION

By

Chrissie Bentley



## Prologue

Three things stick in my mind about Back to School time. The first is the smell of the new plastic pencil cases we'd excitedly tote to class on the first morning and had either lost, or traded by the end of the day. The second was getting together with my friends in the bathroom to catch up on all the latest gossip. And the third was the interminable effort of writing the inevitable essay, "What I did on my summer vacation."

It's my High School reunion this fall. I'll be bringing my laptop, and I've e-mailed a few friends to make sure they'll be there as well. Now all I need to do is write that essay...

## Chapter One

"Breakfast, ma'am?"

I awoke with a start. Through the black fabric eye mask, I could tell the cabin lights were still dimmed, but the in-flight movie was over and the rising hum of voices told me my fellow passengers were beginning to stir. We must be close to landing.

I opened my mouth to speak, and instead felt something fat and fleshy thrust itself in. So thick I thought my jaw might dislocate; so hard I feared it might dislodge my teeth. I reached up, and touched a handful of warm skin and wiry hair from which a massive shaft extended to push against the back of my throat, forcing me back against the headrest of my seat.

"My God," I thought. *"If this is how they treat you in First Class, imagine what happens in coach."*

"Ma'am? Breakfast?"

My brain jarred back to reality, I pulled off the eye mask and looked at the steward standing beside me with a silver tray in one hand, and a coffee pot in the other. His fly was securely zipped.

"Sorry...thanks." I took the tray and leaned back in my seat. Dreams like those I can do without. At least until I'm awake enough to enjoy them.

I have to confess, when my boss announced he was sending me to England twice in the next three weeks it was difficult to suppress a yelp of delight. I majored in English Lit at college. I have been working in the New York office of a London company for

almost five years, and I have never once crossed the Atlantic. My only request, as he outlined my duties was instead of flying back in-between trips, I take a week of my vacation time, and spend it there.

"Exactly what I was going to suggest," he puffed proudly. "Talk to Travel, they'll get you fixed up."

And so, ten days later...

We landed, passed through the queues of lurking officialdom, and out onto the concourse where I scoured the crowd for my ride, and the chauffeur who should be waiting with my name on a handwritten placard,

"Bentley" *Ah, there he...oh, she...is.* I stepped forward. "Hi, Chrissie Bentley."

The short, plump but pretty girl smiled.

"Melissa Bishop." And when she saw my look of surprise added, "it's okay, I've not been demoted. I just thought you could do with a friendly voice after your flight." Melissa was my opposite number in the London office, the one I dealt with more often than not, and who was responsible for organizing our booth at the trade fair. "Plus, all our other drivers are booked up"

She nodded to a tall guy in full uniform shepherding a party of Japanese towards the escalators. "We've got people coming in from all over the world."

"Damn, and I thought I was special," I pouted.

"Well, you're the only American woman on the roster," she replied. "Which should count for something"

I knew exactly what she meant when we arrived at my hotel. The lobby was packed, wall-to-wall suits spilling out of the bar and restaurant area, and maybe 20 pairs of eyes swiveling to fix on us as we trailed the bellhop to the reception desk. As I checked in I heard a voice behind me say, "Told you so, there's the Yank chick. A bit of alright, isn't she?"

I turned, a small knot of middle-aged salesmen raised their glasses to me, already drunk and reverting to type. I smiled, thinking a few years back; these exact same men would have been touring the country in a battered car, selling kitchen appliances out of

a tattered old suitcase. Traveling salesmen. Then along came the 90s, the Internet and globalization, and now they were all Mobile Retail Representatives or some such nonsense. However, they remained a bunch of unctuous creeps.

Melissa faded into the crowd with a cheery wave, and I turned towards the elevator. My room was on the 15<sup>th</sup> floor, gazing out across a cityscape, which might once have taken my breath away, now just made me sad.

If I crane my neck out the window to the left, I can see the dome of St Paul's peeping around a skyscraper. Strain to the right, and Westminster Abbey, I think, rose up among the office blocks.

Watch enough old movies on cable TV, and you go through life believing London's a forest of living history, church spires and turrets pointing skywards all over. But framed from the window of my hotel, I could have been in any city in America.

I hoped it might look better from street level.

I unpacked, then stepped into the shower. *No, I'll have a bath instead.* I filled the tub, sank down into the water, and felt the stench of the flight finally float from my pores. I reached for my book, and a phone rang in my ear. There was an extension on the wall right above me! Wow, these Brits must enjoy their bath-time!

"Hello?"

"Chrissie, it's Melissa. I'm on my way up with some papers I need you to look over. Just wanted to make sure you weren't sleeping."

"Actually, I'm..." Oh, shit. It is a workday. "Just give me five minutes, I'm in the bath."

"S'okay, just wrap up in a towel or something. I'll only be a few minutes and you can jump straight back in." She hung up.

I dried off, and taking her advice, cocooned myself in the massive, fluffy robe I found hanging on the back of the door.

Moments later, Melissa tapped on my door.

"Sorry, I would have waited, but we have to get all our delegates' signatures into security before 2. And, I thought, while I was here, we could have a quick look at



these..." She handed me a few papers. I reached for them and my robe tipped open, spilling one breast into view. Melissa laughed. "Oops. Happens to me all the time." She laid a hand on her own breast, compared to mine, she had a vast bosom. "With calamitous results."

She twisted her torso from side to side. Even fully clothed, her breasts swung with a mind of their own.

I laughed, even as I felt a pang of envy. I was well aware from other friends just what a burden big breasts could be. Besides, I am quite content with my own slightly-more-than-a-handfuls. However, there have been times when I wished--and now was not the time to be thinking about it. I tucked my escapee back under cover, and sat carefully down on the bed, making sure I did not give Melissa another unexpected show.

Although something in the way she looked at me, or rather, the way she shyly didn't look at me, suggested she wouldn't object if I did.

Melissa was right. The papers only took a few minutes to go through. She rose to leave, and then stopped. "Dinner tonight? Do you have plans?"

"Nothing yet. To be honest, you're the only person I know in this entire country."

"I wasn't sure if you maybe wanted to mingle with the others this evening? Or if you want to meet up later and get away from the crowd?"

"That sounds great." We arranged for her to meet me in the lobby at seven.

I returned to my tub.

\* \* \* \*

She was on time, and she was dressed to kill. But kill whom?

Plump she may have been, but she carried her weight with a style and confidence a lot of other women could learn from. She chose clothes to accentuate the color of her eyes, green, the shade of her hair, blonde, and she was armed with a body a less weight-obsessed era would describe as curved in all the right places.

I felt like a stick alongside her, and a not a particularly well-dressed one. I wish I had thought to pack some clothes which weren't either super-business-like, or ultra-comfortable. Of course I planned on shopping for some inbetweens before the week was up, but it would have been smart to pack something hot just in case.

Never mind.

We caught a cab, ate Italian, then moved on to a nearby pub, which was busy enough we weren't the sole focus of attention for all the men who lined the bar and the tables, but quiet enough a handful, at least, spent most of the evening staring at us.

"Hey luv, you American?" A spotty youth swaggered over to our table, while three of his mates watched open-mouthed from the bar, all of them struggling to suppress their laughter.

I nodded.

"You look like someone I know. Do you have any English in you?"

"No."

"Well, would you like some?" He lost the rest of his punch line, *English in you*, in a snorting laugh, blushed bright red, then retreated to his choking chums.

Melissa smiled sympathetically. "You're going to get a lot of those over the next few weeks I think," she warned me. "But it was funny the first time I heard it. On a Thin Lizzy record -except it was Irish, then."

The barman called last orders. We walked out onto the street, looking around for a cab.

"I can have him drop you at your hotel, then carry on to my place," Melissa explained.

"Unless you want to hit the hotel bar with me?" I suggested. "I think it's open till late and, if it's not, there's always room service." Looking back, it really does sound like I was making a pass at her, but I wasn't, well, not completely anyway. Rather, I didn't feel like sleeping yet, and I wasn't ready to brave the salesmen alone. She agreed and, maybe it was all in my mind again, but I think she eyed me.

The bar was packed, and the desk clerk told us there was a half-hour delay in room service

"It's a busy night," he smiled apologetically.

*No problem.* Grabbing my arm, Melissa threaded us through the crowd, out onto the street again, and then down the road to a late night convenience store where we stocked up on some bottles of wine. "This should keep us going for a while."

Then it was back upstairs to my room, a grand uncorking and, after half an hour or so of chatter, "So, is there a Mister Chrissie Bentley anywhere on the horizon?"

"Oh, I expect so." I chose my words carefully. "But so many of my friends, people I was at school and college with, are already divorced, separated or miserable that I really don't see the hurry."

Melissa nodded. "My mother once told me, and I was really rather shocked when she said it, because you don't want to think of your mother, never mind. Anyway, she said you are not looking for someone you want to spend the rest of your life with. You need someone you want to spend the rest of your life having sex with. Because, it doesn't matter what else you have going for you, sex is the glue that holds a relationship together."

"You have a wise mother," I told her.

"Not really," Melissa laughed. "She's onto her third husband already. Nevertheless, the theory is sound. Plus, you can have a lot of fun looking." Her bright, questioning eyes seemed to seek out mine. I felt myself flush. She saw it, too.

"So, no boyfriend?" she asked.

"No."

"Girlfriend?"

"No."

"Never? Or just not at the moment?"

Ah. I wasn't sure how to respond to that one, or whether I even wanted to answer honestly.

“Never,” had a finality to it which might easily force her to change the subject, “not at the moment” suggested a depth of experience that might lead her equally astray. I really wasn’t certain which I wanted to happen, an uncertainty she seemed to pick up on immediately.

“It’s all right; you don’t have to answer if you don’t want to.”

I reached out a hand and touched hers. “It’s not because I don’t want to, I’m just not sure what the answer is. In my entire life, I could count on two fingers the number of women I have “been with” and, on both occasions, there was someone else in the room with us.”

“Wow, you’ve had a threesome?” Melissa actually sounded rather impressed, even after I detailed the extent of my experiences, once with a friend where it didn’t really get started; and once with a pair of handcuffs. Still Melissa chuckled. “Doesn’t sound so bad to me. The best I can manage is, a girlfriend and I played Blind Man occasionally—you know, where someone blindfolds you, then touches you in different places, and you can only wonder what they’re touching you with?”

I thought of the dream I had on the plane and rummaged in my purse for the airline eye mask. “Would this work?”

She reached for me then, pulling me towards her and kissing me gently on the mouth. My arms went to her waist, a hand touched bare skin as her blouse untucked and rode up a little. Her soft, plentiful flesh yielding to my touch sent a hot surge through me. Her tongue flickered into my mouth, met mine and tussled for a moment, as her hand fell onto my breast.

“Now,” she whispered. “Put on the blindfold, and then, I don’t want you to make any move, unless I ask you to.”

In darkness, I sat stock still as I felt her fingers unbutton my blouse, before reaching around to unclip my bra. She slipped the bra off me, then pushed me lightly backwards onto the bed, while one hand undid the last button on my shirt. My tights and panties came down, and I lay there naked before her.

For a moment, nothing happened. I could still feel her weight on the mattress beside me, and imagined her looking my body up and down. Then there was a slight breeze and a tickling sensation on my breasts, a thousand breathy wisps teased my skin with wicked insistence. I tried to squint under the blindfold, but saw nothing.

Only as the sensation grew heavier and thicker, and I arched into a warm, wet nuzzle on one of my nipples, did I realize it was her long hair I felt, deliberately dancing across my flesh. I reached out a hand to touch her, but she firmly pressed it back down. "I told you, no moving unless I ask you to."

There was a rustling sound as she undressed quickly. Then there was a thump as she settled back on the bed. I didn't need my eyes to know she was straddling my body, although there was no skin contact whatsoever. I tried to visualize her nakedness, wondered where those massive breasts might be hanging in relation to mine, and whether her nipples were sized accordingly. The unmoving silence remained unbroken until, something brushed my lip, a slow left-to-right motion I chased with my tongue, but it was too fast for me.

There was a pause before it swept back in the other direction. Once, twice, three times, and then it halted, heavy on my bottom lip. I tipped out my tongue to touch...her pinkie.

I kissed it before she withdrew again, and then she commenced the slow, sensual sweeping again, one, two, three, stop. Only this time, when I tasted, it was not a finger. I opened my mouth and nuzzled a nipple for the brief moment before she moved gently out of reach. Then I waited for the motion to begin again.

There was a scent in my nostrils, which I recognized immediately. I enfolded my lips over the light touch on my lip...a finger again...and tasted a teasing drip of puss. I raised my head a little, sucked and the digit slid in to the knuckle, as her other hand fell between my legs, teasing my outer lips, oiling itself on the juice that was flooding me.

The hand left. I heard a slight slurp, and imagined Melissa licking me off her fingers. Then the weight around me lifted and shuddered, as she inched her body up

mine, still not actually touching me, but sufficiently close I could feel the warmth of her sex as it trekked up my belly, across one breast.

She wriggled a little, lowering herself until my nut-hard nipple grazed her sex, then lower still. The sensation was incredible, I had to ask her afterwards exactly what she was doing, then demand a demonstration I could actually watch. As she spread her lips wide with her fingers, as wide as she possibly could, then placed her gaping snatch over my breast, until her clit collided with my nipple. The two super-sensitive nubs rubbing together for a few exquisite moments. That was what I felt in the darkness that was what I was still feeling as her loins continued their upward journey... and, when they reached their next destination, I had no need at all to ask what she'd done.

I lost myself in her flavor and scent, my tongue darting, drilling, dancing across her hot wetness until, with her hands in my hair, tugging and twirling, my blindfold flew off and my eyes. I could feast upon the vision hanging above me, the thick crotch beneath the expansive belly, grinding itself into my mouth and the pendulous breasts brushing my forehead, with nipples like Hershey's Kisses. Melissa was still crying the last of her orgasm as I pulled one to my mouth and began suckling her. When she came again, my hand buried deep inside her snatch, her breast filling my mouth, I felt my own massive orgasm building up within me.

Melissa shifted and her tongue was in my ear. "Not yet."

Her hand slowed its pounding, and withdrew from its slippery nest. "I want to feel you cum. And I want my face in your fanny when it happens."

I gasped. She began kissing her way down my body, pausing every few seconds to resume her description of all she wanted to do; the depths to which her tongue yearned to probe, the swirling and sucking my own body now ached to experience. With the exception of the occasional finger and, once, the very tip of a dick, I had never...my heart was pounding as I helpfully rolled over, my ass in the air.

She stopped her kissing, her voice a morass of confusion and hurt. "What...don't you want me to?"

I froze. "More than anything."

“So why...” And then we broke down laughing as we explained what we thought the other one meant. We discovered what we Americans call the fanny, the Brits think of as the ass (sorry; arse) and what they call the fanny...

I rolled back onto my back and spread my legs, as her fingers pulled apart my pussy lips, and her hot tongue scalded the innermost flesh, sought out my clit, winking it free of its tight little hood and sucked hard on the surrounding flesh.

*Eek!* Every nerve in my body seemed to flock to the same tiny spot, each one jostled for the flood of exquisite pressure leaving me on the edge of paralysis, but only the edge. My hips bucked, my hands gripped her head, and I came with such force I had to twist my face into the pillow, simply to stifle the scream.

Melissa wasn't finished. Rather, she flipped me over and, as though there'd been no misunderstanding whatsoever, she parted my butt cheeks and her tongue began sweeping from the base of my spine, all the way down, pausing while two fingers spread my anus wide. Then I could feel her tongue enter me, push its way in, wriggling as it edged deeper, forcing the muscles to relax around it. It was like nothing I had ever felt. In a way, it wasn't even a sexual sensation, though my pussy still throbbed from the force of my orgasm, this was so different, so gentle, so exquisitely beautiful, as though she'd discovered a whole new way of making love, and all I had to do was lie there and enjoy every moment of it.

Then her fingers were on my clit again, teasing, tweezing, convulsing me with shivers that bordered so close to pain I finally had to place my own hand on her wrist, slow her movements, and redirect her attentions elsewhere deep inside my vagina.

When I came again, it was in a squirting torrent that left Melissa squealing with delight, and reduced me to an exhausted puddle of jelly, flat on my back, unable to move a muscle.

Melissa lay with me while I recovered. We kissed, cuddled, and whispered new secrets, but our night together was drawing to a close. We both had an early start in the morning; the trade fair began at ten. The flight and excitement of the day was catching up with me.

She left around three, and we both apologized in advance for the fact we might not be able to get so close again all week.

However, we both knew we would find a way.



## Chapter Two

Charles Dickens was frowning from his painted perch above the fireplace. Little Nell was gazing down with wide, frightened eyes from an antique print on one wall, sundry souls from “Pickwick Papers” were scampering around in their frames on the other. I was lying on a four-poster bed, in a four star English hotel, holding the first uncut penis I had ever seen.

I hadn’t noticed it at first...the fact it was uncut, that is. After all, we had already made love once, and it didn’t feel any different than any other cock I’d had inside me. Moreover, when Martin stepped...or, more accurately, leaped...out of his trousers once we got up to my room, I really didn’t feel the need to study it.

It was only as he moved up my body, his face glistening with pussy juice and my heart still hammering from the orgasm he sent shimmering through me, only as I reached between his legs to pull him up further, as I smiled at his galloping return to semi-stiffness, did I notice a difference. A little extra “give” in the way it felt. On the other hand, it could have been the thin flap of skin clinging stubbornly to the fat purple helmet, a network of tiny veins dark against its opaque sheen.

I held him in one hand, gently massaging his shaft, while I wondered how to phrase my next question. In the end, the silence and stillness felt embarrassing. “Okay, I’m sorry, but... is it meant to do that?”

Martin glanced down with a little more panic in his eyes than he realized. “Do what?”

“Um, I’ve never seen...” I indicated the bridge of skin. “What is it?”

“My foreskin?” He sounded confused for a moment. And then, “Is it true about American guys, then? They’re all circumcised?”

“Well, I don’t know about all of them, but most, are I think.”

“Not over here, luv. We like to keep our men intact. After all, you never know when you’re going to wake up in a blackberry bush.”

*Eh?* I wasn’t quite sure what he meant by that. (I figured it out later... don’t bother asking). “But does it stay like that?”

Again, I touched the curious flap, and then let out a little “oh” as it slowly retracted onto his shaft.

“Just gets a bit sticky, I guess,” he concluded, and I stroked some more, watching in fascination as a thick wave of skin coiled up with my fist, to tap the rim of his helmet.

I looked up at him, he was watching me curiously. “It’s alright, isn’t it? You don’t mind?”

“Of course I don’t mind. I’ve just never seen one before.” Then, to shatter the growing awareness of the fact I was treating him like a laboratory specimen, I leaned my head forward and let my mouth slip over his helmet. He sighed and an inexplicable sense of relief washed over me. *Well, at least that’s the same.*

His foreskin continued to fascinate me. His prick was thick, his helmet thicker. However, when I rolled the extra layer of skin up over it, it became thicker still, my lips strained to engulf it. The taste changed, too; sharp and salty when I pulled his skin back, markedly less so as I drew it forward. I loved the contrast, loved the sensation of the flesh folding back against my lips, and then rudely bumping them on its way forward...back and forth, back and forth.

He gasped. “Please, don’t wank me so fast.”

“I’m sorry?”

“Don’t wank me so fast. There’s a lot of spunk down there.”

*What?* I have heard of packing phrasebooks when you travel abroad, but even after my linguistic mix-up with Melissa last week, going to bed with someone never struck me as an occasion when you would need one. Still jerking him, I asked, "What's wank?"

"It's what you're doing now."

*Oh, right.* My hand stopped moving. "And spunk?"

I knew he didn't mean courage. "That's what'll happen if you don't stop the wanking." He smiled. "Sorry, I forgot you don't speak English."

I pulled his skin back as far as I could and licked hard up his shaft, following the thick vein running its full length. "No, I speak in tongues."

Holding him upright with just two fingers, I twirled and swirled across his flesh, streams of saliva flowing down his length, to disappear into his pubes. I snatched one testicle between my lips and sucked it into my mouth as far as I could, released it, then repeated the trick with the other one.

Kneeling over me, Martin's head was pressing against the wall, his hands gripping the headboard of the bed. The headboard swayed as I returned his cock to my mouth and his hips began gently to move. There was a tap-tap as it touched the wall. I clamped my hands on his hips, rocking them in a slow rhythm. He started moving with me, sliding his length in and out of my mouth, then picked up speed on his own accord. The headboard began banging hard.

I wondered who was in the room next to us, and what effect the sound of our lovemaking might be having on them. Raising my eyes to glance at him, there was no mistaking the effect it was having on Martin. His eyes were closed tightly, his face screwed up with effort, and his prick slamming into me, harder, faster...suddenly he cried out. At the same moment, he whipped himself out of my mouth, as a hot fountain of cum...or spunk as he called it... splashed against my lips, my cheek. Warm liquid reached as far as my ear.

I licked my lips...he tasted sweet enough I really would not have objected to a mouthful. Nevertheless, as he cradled my head in his arms, still poised above me, I was happy to have shared this much with a stranger. Three thousand miles was a long way

to go to give a blowjob. But I'd probably learned as many new words, new sensations, in one evening than I've picked up in a long time back home. If I don't have sex again all vacation, tonight made it worthwhile regardless.

\* \* \* \*

I have been in England a week, and I've finally escaped the stifling capital, to the country town of Rochester where I am staying at a postcard perfect hotel in the shadow of the castle. After the mess of modernity, I discovered scarring London; this place looked practically prehistoric to me.

Why Rochester? Because I love Charles Dickens.

He lived much of his life here, wrote a lot of his books here, and set even more of them in the surrounding countryside. Besides, with my trusty guidebook "*Visiting Dickens-Land*," of course and a rented car, I'm going to visit every stop on the map! Just as soon as I get the hang of driving on the wrong side of the road that is.

Although most of the roads I'm intending to take are apparently so narrow it probably won't make much difference.

I checked in at two this afternoon. It was raining then, and it was still coming down at five when, emboldened by an early dinner, I set out for a village called Cooling. Where I discovered was another castle, a tiny church and, if you've read *Great Expectations*, the cemetery where Pip goes to visit the graves of his family. What a perfect moment this is. The rain begins to let up as I get there, to be replaced by a billowing fog. All I need now is for the escaped convict to rise up from behind one of the other tombstones.

"Excuse me."

I almost shrieked in fright! Instead, clutching my purse tightly to my chest, I turned around to see a man standing three or four feet away from me, in a mist so thick I hadn't even heard his footsteps on the gravel path. "Hello?"

"I'm sorry, but the graveyard is closed."

"Really?" I don't think I've ever heard of a graveyard actually closing "I'm sorry, I didn't realize."

"You're American." It was a statement, not a question, and I nodded. Then, remembering he wouldn't be able to see me any better than I could see him, I answered "Yes. I wanted to come out to see Pip's folk."

"Well, there they are." He gestured towards the row of stone lozenges lying at my feet. "Or rather, they're not, but," he stepped forward and saw my guidebook. "You probably know that already."

"Yes. It's just such a thrill to know I'm standing in the same place Dickens stood when he was writing..." I shut up. I was beginning to feel like a giddy schoolgirl, tracking the footsteps of some pop music idol. I'd be asking if I could take home some of the grass next, in case the Great One once stepped on it.

"Are you staying locally?"

"Rochester. Maybe I should come back in the daylight."

"No, it's okay. If you want to look around you can, although the church is already locked for the night."

A sad sign of the times, I thought. "Do you work here?"

"No, but my father's in the choir. I was just heading down to the pub" The way he said it suggested it was the only one for miles. "If you want me to wait while you look around, maybe you'd like a drink?"

Again, I had to bite my tongue, and suppress an excited squeal. After a week in London, my long-held visions of an English pub had been rudely shattered by a succession of characterless plastic bars, festooned with Budweiser posters and jukeboxes filled with Spice Girls and rap. Nevertheless, the countryside would surely be different. "Actually, it's getting a little damp and chilly out here. Is it far? My car's over there."

"It's just around the corner. This way." He motioned with his head.

He took my hand to guide me round gravestones already lost in the fog, caught my arm as I tripped on the decorative white chain strung ankle-high on the edge of the

path, then released me once we were on the open road where I couldn't blunder into any more obstacles. The ideal gentleman.

The pub was small, noisy, smoky – and perfect. When he offered me a drink, I let him recommend me an ale I'd never heard of. When he found us a table, it was beneath a pair of local prints, which looked as though they'd hung there forever. I checked the index in my guidebook. Yes, the pub was listed. I folded over the corner of the page, to read when I got back to my hotel. There was so much more to look at here, after all, beginning with my host, no, my escaped convict.

"I'm Chrissie," I introduced myself. He was Martin and, when he said it, I had to smirk. When he ordered our drinks, I discovered the barmaid's name was Nancy. Within moments he'd already said "hi" to his friends, David and Jacob. No Ebenezer, though. "Is everybody round here named for characters out of Dickens?"

"Oh you know, it's good for the tourist trade." He slipped into what I imagined was some kind of local accent. "An' oi be your guide 'ere in Dickens country," he laughed. "Chuzzlewit boi name, but not boi nature."

"I'm sorry, you must get it all the time." I patted his arm, and he placed his other hand on mine. "It's okay. If I didn't like it, I'd move, or change my name to Magwitch. Sorry if I startled you back there."

"You did a little." Magwitch was the convict who appeared to Pip in the graveyard, escaping from one of the old prison ships that used to be moored on the river. "I don't suppose the ships are still there?"

I asked hopefully. He shook his head. "No. But I was serious, if you do need a guide this weekend..."

"I'd love one," I said, "but I'd better be getting back. One beer is more than enough for someone who's still not used to driving in this country." We arranged to meet up the following lunchtime at the pub, and I headed back into Rochester, up to my room to sleep like the dead.

The following morning, a Sunday, dawned brilliantly bright and sunny. It was as though the last evening's rain never happened. My drive out to Cooling was the same

as before, but this time I couldn't help but marvel at the beauty of the Kentish countryside. At the same time, I was flinching in horror from the signs of "progress" littering the roads and lanes. It was a relief to pull up at the pub, to find myself surrounded by a landscape that probably had not changed in a couple of centuries.

Martin was waiting for me with his own handful of maps and guides. "There's a few interesting things around here. They don't get onto the usual routes," he explained.

I found myself thinking I was standing in front of one of them right now. A good head taller than me, he was at least six foot three inches tall. He had a head of blonde hair that mashed curls with flyaway straggles. A build hanging on the skinny side of muscular, a face, which placed him somewhere around his mid-twenties, and of course, an accent to die for.

The afternoon flew past.

My head was spinning with forts and churches, islets and mud flats. The iron carcasses of wartime submarines left to rot in the inlets, the island where victims of one plague or another were buried, places even Martin had not visited in years.

Now we sat on a deserted towpath, the scent of the River Medway heavy in our nostrils, the hum of passing insects loud in our ears, the sun beating down. It was the most natural thing in the world when Martin's arm folded around my waist, and I leaned into his chest.

"Thanks for a wonderful afternoon," I told him, and his other arm came up to hold me to him.

"Pleased you enjoyed it." I lifted my head to graze his lips with mine. "I'd never have seen any of this without you." I kissed him again, and his lips parted a little, his tongue flicking out to tease the tip of mine.

"Do you have to be getting back any time soon?" he asked.

"Not..." I paused and raised my head, looked around. "Not if this place really is as deserted as it looks."

He pressed his weight against me, pushing me back onto the carpet of clover. I lay back, parting my legs so his body fell between them, the weight of his loins pressing

against mine, as his kisses grew more urgent. He raised himself slightly, leaned on one arm so his other hand could take possession of my breast, squeezing it through my T-shirt, edging the nipple over the half-cup of my bra, brushing it with the base of his palm.

My hands, far up inside his own T, massaged their way across his broad back, paused to scrape the sides of his abdomen, scratched harder as a flick of his thumb gave my nipple an extra tingle, and he began tugging at my shirt, raising it over my chest and lowering his head to touch his tongue to my flesh.

“Hold on, let me get out of this thing,” I murmured, sitting up and unhooking my bra. It fell away and his mouth fastened firmly over my tit, sucking both the nipple and a good proportion of the surrounding flesh into his mouth.

I wriggled, trying to pull my shirt off altogether, but succeeded only in raising it further, but it was enough to remind him I had two breasts, and the other one was getting jealous. He transferred his attentions, compensating the abandoned orb with his firm hand. I pressed my palms to the back of his head, encouraging him to suck harder, and wondered just how much further we could go. It was broad daylight, a public place and, though there wasn't a soul in sight, I could hear the light chug of a barge coming down the river.

He felt me tense.

“It's okay, they won't see us,” he whispered, as his hand began scraping across my stomach, nudging the waistband of my skirt, then bypassing it completely, to clamp around my thigh. I wriggled a little, nudged my crotch closer to his fingers, wondered if he could feel the wetness sopping into my tights. He could. Raising his hand while his eyes fixed onto mine, he ran his thumb beneath his nose, then licked it slowly. I replied with my own hand, laying it over the front of his jeans, my fingers squeezing the width of the wedge I discovered there.

His hand was down the front of my tights, one finger burrowing firmly into my vagina. It felt good, but I wanted more. I wanted to feel my lips stretch around something thicker than a single finger. Moving his hand, I squirmed out of my



underwear. Then, unbuttoning his trousers and tugging them down just enough, I guided his cock inside me. I bucked against the hard ground to draw him in all the way, then bolted my legs around his waist, my pussy spread wide against his spiky pubes, his balls heavy against me.

He moved slowly, his grinding hips doing more work than his penis, as though he was content simply burying himself deep inside me. I had no complaints. The lush pressure was sending the most heavenly shudders through my body, while his very weight, pushing me into the unyielding earth, so restricted my own movements I could do little more than lie there, feeling his thickness pushing deeper as those drawn-out grinding motions perceptibly slowed.

He spoke. "I'm sorry. I think I'm going to cum any minute now."

"What are you sorry for? I thought that was the idea." I held him tight, waiting. Then, whispering deep into his ear, I said, "come on, let it go."

He replied with a grunt, a swift withdrawal, an almost violent plunge forward, and exploded, a superheated slap of wet against my vagina walls.

I flexed my muscles, wringing the last drops out of him as he shuddered to a halt, and bit his ear gently. "That was fantastic."

"Sorry it didn't last any longer."

"It lasted as long as it needed to," I reassured him. Why do men always think every time has to go on for hours and be accompanied by fireworks? Some times it's the mood, not the motion that matters the most. Flat on my back beneath a blue English sky, hearing the waves on the river and the birds overhead—the mood was perfect. Besides, with luck, there would be plenty of time later.

We lay silently for a while. Then I asked, "are you hungry?"

He nodded. "Getting there."

"Well, if you've not got plans for this evening, I'd like to buy you dinner as a thank you for driving me round all day."

Which kind of brings me back to where I came in. I dropped him back at his place. He had a few things he needed to do. I drove back to the hotel to change and bathe

before he came to pick me up. And, back here, after we'd eaten, it was time for afters, or as he, very Englishly, might have put it, "pudding".

Hmmm, no, I think this is one occasion when I prefer the American term.

Now, I was lying with my head propped on the pillows, the last flecks of his ejaculation drying on my cheek while he hung drained above me, his sweat dripping into my face. His thighs still clamped tight around my chest, his softening cock—he called it his pecker--relaxing into its foreskin just a few inches from my face. "Hey up there?"

He breathed an exhausted "yeah?"

"Look, I know I promised not to get all touristy, and start quoting Charles Dickens at you, but I'll never forgive myself if I don't say it."

He groaned aloud. "Go on, then."

I pulled a line from *Oliver Twist* of course. "Please sir, can I have some more?"

He flopped onto the mattress beside me. "Sorry, Chrissie, but that isn't going to work. After all, I'm hardly going to say no, am I?"

## Chapter Three

I am 200 feet above the ground, on the top of a fortress that's a thousand years old, clasping a rusty iron railing no higher than my waist. A half moon stares shyly down, and the sound of the midnight traffic is barely audible above the wind. And I am cumming so hard that, if Graham wasn't holding on to my breasts, I'd be somersaulting over the precipice, and I wouldn't even notice.

Graham is not what you'd call your typical tour guide. For a start, he looks too young to even know half the history he so assuredly recites every day, and he's certainly too cute to be in working at an ancient monument. Aren't those people supposed to be as dry, old and wrinkly as the buildings they supervise? But, from the moment I joined his tour group, I might have been the only person in attendance. He took my arm to guide me up the worn steps, held my purse when I stopped to take photographs, and steadied me when I stepped to the edge of a shaft, to gaze down a bottomless medieval garbage chute. So, when the tour was over and I was still hanging round, browsing the booklets for sale at the souvenir stand, it was inevitable he'd ask if he could take me to dinner. And inevitable I'd say yes.

What wasn't inevitable was that we'd come back to the castle after dark, unlock a small door underneath the main entrance and, armed with the flashlight he retrieved from his locker, head cautiously back to the battlements. We stared down at the town as it slept; the silver ribbon of river flowing below the castle walls, the blank darkness spreading over the marshes, the twinkling flares of the oil refineries two counties over.

In every direction, past met present in one breathless rush of vertigo and exhilaration, sensations which were amplified a thousand fold as our hungry kisses grew even hungrier. His hands struggled to pull down my panties, as I freed his stiffness from his uniform pants. Then turning to face out over the void, I reached my hand between my legs to guide him inside me, and gasped as my puss stretched to the breaking point, to accommodate a dick as thick as it was long.

I winced as he pushed himself in. It would take a few more thrusts before my body relaxed around his girth, and I braced myself against the hand-railing, fixing my eyes on a street light across the river. Terrified of the precipitous drop before me, half-remembered words of wisdom echoed in my head. "Don't look down, don't look down. Whatever you do, don't look down." So, of course, that's exactly what I had to do, and I felt my stomach flip with fear, just as his dick pushed in to catch it.

Fighting the urge to scream and flee, I tried to balance my fear with the thumping thrill thrusting up inside me; forcing the weakness in my knees and the dizziness of my mind to swirl together, until everything was jumbled and tossed within the sliding, plunging, thrusting motion of the cock driving inside me. It sort of worked. I was still petrified with fear, but I could feel it getting better, from the ground floor – my cunny – on up.

Graham's one hand was on my breast, pawing roughly under my shirt; the other fumbled between my legs, rubbing around in search of my clit. But there was no need. Fear is a powerful aphrodisiac, after all, and I was going to cum whatever he did. Closing my eyes and throwing my head back, forgetting my panic and the world all around me, and barely registering the grunt that spelled out his orgasm, I loosed a shriek that drowned out everything. Then, as he relaxed his hold on me, I slipped to my knees, my hands still weakly gripping the handrail.

"Can we go downstairs, please?" I asked. "I hate heights."

"And there I was thinking you were worried about the ghosts," he teased me. One of his favorite routines as he led the tourists around was to rattle off a list of the hauntings the castle was host to, including the spectral Noblewoman who walked the

very same battlements where we were just screwing. “No,” I joked back. “If anything, I like to think we put on a show for them.”

He walked me back to my hotel, but I didn’t invite him in. It was my last night in Rochester, and I wanted to spend it alone, lying in the dark with the city’s other ghosts, absorbing the history and mystery that still lived in the corners where the tourists never looked. I took the same feeling away from New Orleans when I was there, the sense of a city that exists in neither one world nor the other, but which gives the visitor whatever she wants, regardless. And I had a lot to carry with me.

I rolled over and dialed Martin’s number. I’d not seen him since my first night in town. Work had flooded his week with overtime, but he’d called me a couple of times and we exchanged the sort of sentiments former lovers always swap when they know they’ll never meet again. I knew he wouldn’t answer, he was only halfway through his work shift, but I whispered a few sweet nothings regardless, then slept.

Back in London, back to the same hotel (a different room, but it looked just the same), I wondered what sort of reception to expect from Melissa. We did try spending a second night together, the last night of the trade fair, but things went sour when she produced a huge rubber dildo, and asked me to use it on her. I’ve never been big on sex toys (hell, I don’t even own a vibrator!), but I was willing to give it a go for her sake, until she asked me to strap it on and “use her like a man would.”

That was when I cracked up laughing. I couldn’t help myself. Nor could I resist remarking that, if I knew a man with a penis this big, the only thing I’d let him use it for was a table leg. She gathered up her clothes, dressed and walked out, and I was leaving London first thing the next day. I did leave a message on her machine saying sorry, but I didn’t leave a number where she could call back. She might have been fine, but she might still have been pissed, and I really didn’t want her temper clouding my vacation.

I needn’t have worried. There were two messages waiting when I checked in, happy, chatty, neutral notes even the desk-clerk, with all his years of deciphering hidden meanings in his hotel guests’ missives, could not raise a prudish eyebrow over. I

rushed upstairs, threw my bags on the bed and called her. We agreed to meet for dinner, and I wondered just how many of my adventures I ought to recount.

As it turned out, it didn't look like I'd get to tell her any of them. I arrived at the restaurant to find her already seated, deep in conversation with the cutest little blonde thing, their hands entwined on Melissa's lap, and just one disapproving glance from the maitre'd away from locking lips there and then. She looked up as I reached the table. "Hi Chrissie, this is Sal. I told you about her, remember?"

Ah yes, Sal, the heartless bitch who'd walked out on Melissa a few weeks earlier, because she "needed to explore her options." Guess she'd finished exploring them. I smiled hello; hoped they'd eat their meal before they started eating each other, and spent a charming evening listening to them discussing their plans for their renewed life together. If it hadn't been for the guy at the table next to us, smiling sympathetically at me from the depths of his own private hell, a nagging wife and the mother-in-law she'd learned it all from, I don't know what I'd have done.

Instead, I sat daydreaming about what I'd like to be doing. Things like crawling across the restaurant floor on my hands and knees. Squeezing between his two tormentors to duck unseen beneath his tablecloth. Unzipping his pants, letting out his dick. How shriveled and sad it would be, having to put up with such a barrage every minute of the day. How dynamically I would bring it back to life, fill it with my breath, blow it up to bursting point and then, with the deft aim of a master sharpshooter, send his cum spurting out to spatter on his wife's tightly-crossed legs.

Our eyes met. He smiled and – did he lick his lips? Or just moisten them? I smiled back, and thought of the restaurant scenes you see in movies, where the heroine leans forward to reach for a suddenly phallic breadstick, and the camera closes in on her cleavage. He was out of luck there. I was wearing a roll neck sweater. But I raised my hand to my chin and, turning profile to listen to something Melissa was saying, something absolutely fascinating about Kismet (or maybe Ikea; I'd long since lost the track of the conversation) I touched a finger lightly to my lip; let the tip slip into my

mouth for a second, and then snuck a glance round at my audience. He was, as I confidently expected to discover, spellbound.

This was fun. His tormentors had their backs to me, while mine were so engrossed in one another that I could have had him on the table and they'd probably not have noticed. Instead, I shifted in my chair, and raised one foot up onto the seat. He should have caught at least a flash of thigh. Then, checking to make sure no-one else was watching, I let my own hand dawdle on my knee, before dropping down... where?

He smiled again and, feeling even bolder, I raised my index finger to my chin and enfolded it in a fist; made a quick jerking motion, as my eyes drifted towards his lap.

Then I licked my lips, slowly and deliberately.

His eyes were wild now, his face a flushed red. I heard the wife snap, "what's wrong? Are you sick?" And the mother-in-law follows through with "I told him not to eat the veal." He stood, his eyes desperately signaling to me even as he stared down the two bats before him. "I just need some fresh air..."

I stood up too, excused myself to Melissa and Sal, and walked past him towards the restrooms. I heard him correct himself - "I have to run to the loo." - and we walked the twenty feet or so to the corridor, certain that every eye in the place was on us.

Of course they weren't, and there was nobody in the corridor either. "Christ, you almost killed me back there," he gasped as he took me in his arms. He wasn't even pressing his body against me, and I could feel the tap of his tool against my leg. I looked around. "Come on, in here"; pulled him through the nearest door, the men's room, and shoved him into the first stall.

He unzipped his pants; I started climbing out of my panties, but his hand fell onto my wrist. "No," he breathed. "Put it in your mouth. She won't."

I knelt before him and angled his penis towards my lips. "Better make it fast," I said. "My two won't be timing me, but I bet yours' will."

"Don't worry," he gasped. "Not after the show you put on." He was silent for a moment, and then, "Oh fuck, I'm going to cum. Right now." And he did, a blazing blast of sperm that slashed out of him, over my lips and against my teeth, a hot splash that

dribbled and dripped down my chin, to pool on the red tiled floor. He reared back, now jerking himself, still spurting; another jet shot forth, and then a third.

I took him back inside my mouth, and sucked deeply. My hands were on his buttocks to hold him steady as the cum continued welling up from within. It was incredible, it was unstoppable. Surely nobody has ever pumped out so much cream in one go? I felt it drying crusty on my face, I tasted it sweet and sticky on my tongue; and, though I sucked hard, still one last defiant droplet dripped out as he fell back against the wall, softening fast, but breathing faster.

Wiping myself down with toilet paper, we buttoned up quickly. He left first to check the coast was clear, then ushered me out. I was just stepping towards the Ladies Room when Melissa came around the corner. She took in the situation in a glance, and smiled broadly. "Wow that was quick!" He blushed and continued walking. I pushed Melissa into the restroom, and kissed her on the mouth.

"I know you're out of bounds now, but that's my way of saying sorry for last week."

She kissed me back. "It all worked out for the best. And you don't look like you're exactly pining for more pussy." She dabbed a finger to my chin, pulled away a fleck of sticky off-white, and smiled. "Oh, you've already had dessert."

I laughed aloud, ducked into a stall to complete my clean-up, then stood fixing my make-up while I waited for Melissa to re-emerge. "I'll tell you one thing. I've seen more dicks this week than I've had in a year." When Sal walked in about ten minutes later, "to see what's keeping you - they're closing the restaurant," all Melissa did was hush her, as I finished recounting my trip up to the castle.

The restaurant was almost empty when we finally emerged. I felt a pang of regret when I saw the table next to us had already been cleared. If nothing else, I'd hoped to catch a glimpse of a credit-card receipt, so I could at least put a name to my fleeting liaison, but there was nothing. We paid our bills and left, Melissa and Sal on foot in one direction, myself in a cab in the other. When I got back to the hotel, there was a message



waiting for me from Martin. He'd be in London Friday evening. If I didn't have anything planned, would I get back to him as soon as I could?

A little surprised by my own eagerness, I phoned him the moment I returned to my room.

## Chapter Four

Standing dripping from a hot, fast shower, I stood with a towel wrapped around myself, and wondered what to wear. My first thought was to simply answer the door as I was. It wasn't as if I expected either of us to keep our clothes on for long, once Martin got here. You can look too eager, though. I decided to keep it respectable but simple, and try out some of the things I'd bought over the past week. A tight top, with no bra; new heels, no tights, a long skirt and my one deliberate concession to the thoughts that gamboled around my skull all day, no panties. Then, if Martin did insist on going out any place, I could wait until we were some place where he couldn't do a thing about it, and then drop the fact into the conversation.

The phone rang dead on 6pm. "I'm in the lobby."

"I'm just finishing getting ready. Come on up." I gave him my room number, used the bathroom quickly, a swift swish of lipstick... knock-knock... come in... and "oh, hi. Both of you."

He wasn't alone. "This is my mate Bill." Then, because I obviously looked completely stunned, "from work." Bill stepped forward and, very formally, shook my hand. "Pleased to meet you." He did not, thankfully, add that he'd heard a lot about me. Any descriptions supplied by Martin would certainly leave someone with completely the wrong impression.

I fought to collect my thoughts, dredged out a few sparkling nuggets of small talk, and then picked up my purse. "So, are we going to hit the bright lights?"

Martin nodded, Bill overflowed. "I thought we could head down to Piccadilly Circus. There's meant to be tons of great stuff to do down there." I groaned inwardly. I'd made the same assumption in my first week in town, and plowed through an awful lot of energy for very little gain. But he rattled on, all the things he'd read about in the guides and brochures, how this was his first time in London since he was a kid, on and on and on until it was difficult not to get caught up by his enthusiasm. Plus, he was an extraordinarily observant kind of guy. I mean, we were barely two blocks from the hotel, when he took my arm gently and stammered, bright red with embarrassment, "you may want to do something with your skirt. It's kind of sticking to you in places. It looks really weird from behind." Shit. Panties.

I thanked him; stopped walking and made a show of looking in my bag for something, which, I loudly announced, I'd left behind in my room. "You two hold on here, I'm just going to run back." And, praying Bill was gentleman enough not to explain (or, hopefully, even realize) what had happened, I fled back to my room, snatched up a pair of panties and, just for good measure, threw a bra on as well. If I was doomed to spend my evening playing tourist-a-go-go, I was damn certain no-one was going to grab a free feel of anything.

Martin explained while we walked. After eleven days without a break, he and Bill had gotten the weekend off work. He mentioned he was thinking of going up to London, Bill said he could get tickets for a soccer game. And, before Martin realized what he'd agreed to, everything was planned.

I asked where they were staying the night. Martin said they were going to look for a cheap Bed & Breakfast. I thought for a moment; and then, "well, if you don't mind fighting one another for the sofa, my room's big enough for three."

"Are you sure?"

"No problem." Plus, if Bill's a heavy enough sleeper, the night needn't be quite the wash-out I was thinking it might be.

By the time we finally returned to the hotel, however, it was fairly obvious Bill had no intention of sleeping. A quick drink had turned into several and we rolled into my

room arm in arm, the two of them taking turns to press wet beery lips to mine. I wasn't sure whose hand was on my ass, but when it was joined by another, both of them jabbing little strokes towards my pussy, it didn't really matter who started it.

We collapsed onto the bed, Martin on one side of me, Bill on the other, and all four of their hands now tugging at my clothing. I leaned towards Bill and began unfastening his shirt, as I felt Martin lift my ass and whip my panties down. I turned in his direction and unclasped his belt, while he pulled his T-shirt over his head. Now Bill was between my legs, his finger pushing between my lips, then forcing itself in; I caught my breath, surprised by the brusqueness of his movement, but my puss was slicking up and his fumbling thrusts quickly took on a crude rhythm.

I had Martin's pants open and dragged them down, clasped his still semi-soft cock in my hand, then rolled back to Bill, to find his own jeans were already on the floor, and his dick was standing proud beneath his underpants. I leaned forward a little and let my teeth stray to the tip, biting it through the fabric, and felt Martin's give an answering twitch. I peeled back Bill's jockeys; he wasn't as big as his buddy, but his helmet was as meaty as any I'd ever seen. I kissed it, then, in case Martin was feeling left out, turned back and gave his a lingering suck.

Okay, how was this going to work? My only past experience of threesomes have been with another couple, boy-girl, with my own curiosity (among other things) filling in the gaps. Two guys, on the other hand, was unknown territory for me and, I presumed, for them. I knew they were friends, but how friendly could they bring themselves to be with one another? I'd already noticed the distance they were keeping from one another's body, and I couldn't pull any clues from the fact they watched, and clearly enjoyed it, as I touched the other one. The straightest guy in the world will stare at another man's penis, so long as there's a girl on the end of it.

I didn't want them to take turns with me, while the other sat back and enjoyed the view. I wanted them both together, with no shyness, no weirdness and no... in the morning, once they'd sobered up... regrets. I slipped to my knees on the floor, took a

cock in each hand and started slowly jerking them. Bill lay back on the bed, his eyes closed. Martin sat forward, his eyes fixed on his own tool. Time for a different attack.

I scrambled back onto the bed, crouching between them, and touched my tongue to one dick, then the other, then back across, and back again, three or four times, building up a tease I knew they would not be able to resist.

Martin cracked first, rolling onto his side, bringing his dick a little closer to me. I rewarded him with another hard suck and, as he groaned aloud, I felt Bill move nearer, as though to ask "hey, what about me?" I turned and treated him to the same firm tasting, and then resumed my swift movements.

Again, both shifted forward. Tip to tip, there were no more than three or four inches between them. I put out my tongue and shook my head, flashing roughly across both helmets, pausing occasionally to give one a more lasting kiss. The boys shifted again and touched, end to end, crest to crest. I wonder. Pulling on both, I tried to roll their foreskins up, wondering if one might fit over the other. Of course it didn't work (but you can't blame a girl for trying. So instead I began to gently rub the two heads together, oiling their friction with spit and my tongue, buffing them to a slick shine. Then I pressed both to the sides of my open mouth, till they pulled my lips tight over my teeth, and it hurt to even tense my tongue.

"I want you both inside me," I breathed. "I want to taste you together." I lay back on the bed, watched as both men rose above me, guiding their cocks towards my open mouth. I flinched a little as both tried to force their way in at the same time, then flicked out my tongue to encourage them. They were never both going to fit in at once, and there was a moment of struggle as each jostled for supremacy.

Bill was jerking himself; Martin was tugging back his foreskin as far as he could. I reached up and took their wrists, forced them to release their hold on their own dicks, then crossed their arms, closed their fingers, and now they were holding each other's. Then, before either could react, I swamped each cock head in turn with my mouth.(.) My head darting from one to the other to suck, and my eyes wide watching(.) Then, slowly at first, but then faster and harder, they began pulling on one another, each

feeling the same mad rush of pleasure as their tight fists drew their pricks towards orgasm.

It was amazing to watch. Their strokes were identical, each rubbing the other in time to his own desires, until those desires themselves merged into one. Harder, faster, and though I still sucked, I sat back as well, fascinated by the rough pumping....

Martin came first, and I whipped my head around to catch the creamy spray in my mouth. Moments later, Bill, too, exploded, and I caught his as well. I sat there for a moment, with two men's' cum congealing on my tongue. There was too much to swallow. If I tried, I knew I'd probably choke. I leaned forward to the softening cocks, made to suck one and spat sperm instead, drenching its head and the slowly shifting foreskin; took the other and did the same thing, and then lay back down, smiling. Now it was my turn.

Martin made the first move, kissing me hard before sinking to my breast. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see Bill weighing his options. I got the feeling that, despite everything, the events of the evening left him feeling a little uncomfortable, but I took his hand and placed it back on my pussy. I was soaking now, and two fingers, maybe three, shimmied effortlessly in. I opened my legs wider, then reached out and stroked his neck, exerting just enough pressure to direct the rest of his attentions down there.

Martin's mouth was all over my boobs. Now Bill's was on my thighs, lapping around my groin, my belly and then, finally, my labia. His fingers spread me wide, his tongue leaped in, licking with more enthusiasm than experience, but that didn't bother me. Martin had backed off a little, and was watching Bill's head bobbing between my legs. His eyes met mine and I nodded. He kissed down my stomach; Bill didn't even know he was there until their heads touched; I raised my right leg, felt Martin slip under it, so he crouched cheek to cheek with Bill. I felt his tongue snake out, wet in my groin as it wormed towards the spot where Bill was working. Suddenly, a jolt of electricity blasted through my cunt as two tongue tips met at my clitoris... and, better still, stayed there, French Kissing one another as they drove into my nerve center.

I clamped my hands down, one on each head, imploring neither to move an inch. My hips were bucking against their faces; I ground my cunt into them. One of them slid a finger inside me; the other, not to be done, jabbed a finger up my ass. They were fucking me, they were sucking me, and I was cum-m-m-m-m-m-ing!

Bill was already hard again. Their eyes connected briefly and Martin nodded, then Bill thrust himself inside me. He fucked me hard and fast... the boy was like a sewing machine, and I knew he wasn't going to last long. I bent my head back to where Martin was standing, jerking himself over our writhing bodies; reached up, stretched to touch his wrist and hold it still for a moment. - Then, as Bill came inside me, I heaved him off me and drew Martin down.

For a moment he seemed unsure. I'm not certain what he thought. Maybe I wanted him to lick another man's cum from inside me? The idea had certainly flashed through my mind, with a flush of excitement that made my heart leap out of my chest. But I wasn't going to force him, and ... he didn't do it. Instead, he slipped his dick in, and began moving slowly, letting the mass of juices swirling within me slick his prick, luxuriating in the soft, creamy mess squelching between my legs. And, when he came, just moments after I shuddered to another fiery climax, he remained inside me as he softened, until he slipped out with an audible plop.

We slept hard, woke up late and kissed goodbye. I wished we'd had time for a repeat performance, but I was leaving London tonight and needed to pack (and do some more shopping). Besides, in the cold and sober light of day, I wasn't sure whether either of my gallant lads would be quite as willing to throw all their inhibitions to the wind once more.

I had other regrets as well. I wished I could have seen them taste each other, sucking on the cocks they'd jerked with such beautiful choreography, and transcending, if just for one night, the sexual conditioning that insists on putting a name - straight, gay, hetero, queer - on everything we do, until they simply took pleasure from pleasuring another human being. But it was too late for might-have-beens, could-have-happeneds and whatever. I finished my shopping and my packing. The cab picked me

up and whisked me off to the airport. Check in, have a snack, browse the stores, out to my gate, wait for boarding. I slung my carry-on over my shoulder, marched down the companionway and stood in line to board the jet. The end of a vacation. Another five or six hours and I'd be arriving at Newark; two hours later, I'd be home. I nodded to the stewardess who was welcoming us onto the plane, glanced at the chief steward beside her... and then did a double take, as his eyes flashed recognition back at me.

It was him, the guy from the restaurant. We stood and simply stared at one another, until the stewardess touched my arm. "Ma'am. To your left." I shook myself, apologized for blocking the aisle, and turned into the cabin. He followed me.

"I didn't think... I never got the chance..."

"I didn't even catch your name," I said, and looked at the name-tag on his jacket. "Christopher." I reached out a hand. "Pleased to meet you. Again."

"I wanted to thank you": I hushed him. "The only thanks I need will be a comfortable flight, a lot of alcohol, and maybe a phone call once I'm over the jet-lag."

"Well, I think I can guarantee the phone call, if you give me your number. Look, I need to get back up front, but I'll be stretching my legs a few times during the flight. I'll come out and join you, if you like?"

"I like." I smiled, and sat down, made myself comfortable in the surprisingly squashy seats – ah, the joys of First Class travel – and watched as my fellow passengers inched onto the plane. My compartment was surprisingly empty, there were maybe four other people in the entire section. A wicked thought crossed my mind, but I chased it away and closed my eyes, dozing through the safety demonstration, lulled by the engines as they roared into life, felt the jet edge dreamily away from the terminal.

There was a bright "ding"-ing sound, and the captain's voice crackled through my daze. "I've just turned on the seatbelts sign... please return.... Buckle up... turbulence ahead." I shifted in my seat, felt my head droop down. There was a body beside me, a lap, a rustle of clothes and the sharp ripple of a zip. My mouth closed over a hard, hot cock, as the plane leaped a little; I sucked and there was another jolt, I locked my teeth and the aircraft plunged.



In the back of my mind, a memory stirred, hung tantalizingly behind me, a dream within a dream... a truck, an SUV, bumpy roads.... I couldn't quite reach it, so I stopped trying. The airframe was vibrating now; I didn't even need to move my head and the cock was driving in and out of me, each jarring motion setting my clit ablaze. Any minute now I'm going to cum... I wrapped my hands around that length of hot meat, began jerking it roughly. I wanted his moment and mine to explode together. Here it comes.

"Hi Chrissie?"

I sat up. Christopher stood before me, a glass of wine in one hand, a bottle of mineral water in the other. He handed me the wine. "I've got a break, so I thought I'd join you."

"Hi. Er... yeah, great. I'm sorry, I was dreaming...."

"Nothing bad, I hope?"

"Oh God, no. A car trip I took a couple of years ago with a friend. Except it wasn't a car, it was a plane. We ran into some turbulence, and I...."

"Don't like the bumps?"

A tingle ratcheted down my spine. "No, I love them. In fact, I was just wondering, with all the lights dimmed and the cabin staff resting..." My hand was on his arm, but as the plane gave another lurch, it dropped into his lap. I could feel him stiffening through the tight cloth of his trousers. I squeezed the building bulge. "We were so rushed last time we met. It would be nice to maybe take things a little more luxuriously."

I pushed up the armrest between our seats and lay my head on his lap, unzipping his pants as he placed a blanket over us. Then I closed my mouth over his cock and waited for the turbulence to pick up again.

I was not waiting long.

## Chapter Five

"Okay, that's the touristy business out of the way. Now where's the real stuff?"

I'd been home a week and my friend Lisa came over to look through the photos I'd taken, oohing and aahing in all the right places, admiring the castles and the old timbered houses, but clearly itching for a change in the scenery.

I looked at her blankly. "What real stuff?"

"Chrissie Bentley. Are you honestly trying to tell me you spent three weeks in England, sleeping your way through every cute accent you met, and you didn't take one picture for your hungry friends back home?"

"Well, there may be one or two on my digital. I don't know if they even came out, though."

"I'll be the judge of that. Fork it over."

I got up and retrieved the camera from the cupboard I'd unpacked it into. By the time I turned back, Lisa had already fired the computer up and was impatiently twirling the USB cable. She snatched the camera from me and began downloading.

"One or two?" she asked, as the egg timer lazily revolved. "This thing is stuffed." Then, as the thumbnails arranged themselves on the screen, "it looks like you were as well." She scrolled through the first few pictures with a broad smile on her face. "They weren't all me," I protested.

"Really?" Lisa changed to full screen, and my monitor flashed a close-up blow-up of a gaping, red pussy, a great glob of bubbly white oozing out from within. "So who are they then?"

"I mean... they're all me. And him. But I didn't take them all. In fact, I didn't know he did, either."

"And which one was he?" she asked, as she continued browsing, and then froze again on one particular shot. "Wow. Now there's a photograph. Just look at the expression on your face. You're really beautiful."

I shot her a "what-do-you-mean-by-that?" glance, but I could see what she intended. It was another close-up, only this time I was looking up, a little away from the camera, towards the ramrod-straight penis suspended just above me. My eyes were bright, my mouth was smiling, my teeth white behind my parted lips, my tongue tipping out just a little. A shiver of saliva glistened on the lower lip. Beautiful and... "and so sexy! *Portrait of a Young Lady Before a Blow Job*. Put it on a billboard, and you could sell fellatio to a convent. Mind if I e-mail it to myself?"

"You are not e-mailing it to anyone," I scolded. "Just save it to my hard-drive. You can visit."

"Spoilsport," Lisa hissed. And then, "so which one of your conquests is this mysterious photographer?"

"I'm not sure I actually told you about him," I said. "You said you only wanted the steamy stuff." She clicked through a few more pictures, then halted at another, an aerial view of my ass being spread, and the head of a penis disappearing within, its helmet distended by my tightness. "This looks pretty steamy to me," she replied. "Come on, spill the beans."

His name was Andy. It was my third day in Rochester. Or was it the fourth? I'd crossed the river again to poke around a few of the other villages Dickens frequented, and wound up in Cobham, where he died. I was having lunch in the pub just across from his old house. The Leather Bottle.

"Yes, I saw the photos." Lisa sounded impatient. "Now get on with it."

I took a breath. "I was changing the film in my camera, using my jacket to block out the light..." ...when a shadow fell over me. "I've got a bag in the car if you want to do that properly."

I looked up. I'd seen him in the park across the way, setting up a tripod and a camera worth more than I earn in a year. He looked like a professional, probably taking pictures for postcards, I decided, and I hurried off, so he couldn't laugh at my little 35 mil. "Thanks, I think I've got it."

He gestured to the chair opposite. "May I?"

"Sure."

I was right, he was a professional, but he was scouting locations for a TV documentary. "I come out here, take photos of the places I think we'll be filming, to make sure there's nothing we wouldn't want in the shot. Ugly power lines, plastic litterbins, that sort of thing. And you?"

I held up my camera. "Vacation. Tourist. Holiday snaps. Lots of thumbs and strangers with no heads."

He laughed. "Ah, but think of all the memories. To be honest, I don't even take my camera when I go on holiday; I'd think I was still at work."

We talked easily and, when he asked me if I wanted to tag along as he did the rest of his rounds, I was more than happy. Most of his shoots were in places I intended visiting myself and, if we left my car in the parking lot here, I'd be saving myself a bundle of aggravation, negotiating the narrower lanes.

"Have you eaten?" We were back at the Leather Bottle as the light began to fade. "I've got a flat back in Chatham. If you don't mind stopping off there while I dump my stuff, I know a brilliant Indian restaurant." Sounds good. I followed his van in my rental, parked at my hotel and then hopped in with him, up the high street, over the hill and into a maze of residential streets, I hadn't known even existed. I was still wondering how people could live so close together, in these long brick terraces of tiny house after tiny house, when I remembered he'd said he had a flat... an apartment...

which must carve each of the houses into half at best. Wow, and people say New York City is cramped.

He had four rooms, although one, I think, was originally a hallway, and another was created by a piece of thin plywood with a doorway carved into it. He gestured around. "Bedroom, dark room, kitchen." "Bathroom?" I asked. "Upstairs. We share."

Yuk. I hoped I wouldn't have to use it, and turned my attention instead to the photographs hanging everywhere, pinned to the walls, dangling from a bird's nest of wires, tacked to the furniture. Portraits, performers, landscapes, store fronts... "a bit of everything," he told me when I asked if he had a specialty and, as I worked my way along the wall, I began to see what he meant, as I came face to face with a topless blonde, thrusting her breasts out with a come-hither look.

Andy saw where I was looking. "I'd stop there if I were you. They get a little saucier after that." I sneaked a peek and saw what he meant, blondie bending over, knickerless now, and sliding a finger... a dildo... a cell-phone (a cell-phone? Good Heavens) inside her. "I told you, a bit of everything. So long as it pays," he said. "And, talking of which..." he pulled out his wallet and flicked through a thick stash of credit cards. "Dinner time."

I knew he was going to make a pass at me, long before it happened. I could sense it coming from miles away and the only surprise was, how clumsy it was when it finally arrived, somewhere between the main course and the dessert.

"Have you ever done any modeling?"

I shook my head. "No."

"You should. A lot of girls have the body for it, but you have a certain extra spark."

"Sorry," I apologized, but he wasn't listening. "A lot of it's in the lighting. You catch the highlights - not just the tits and bum, but the shadows, the bone structure, the eyes... you've got incredible eyes."

"Thanks, but I'm still not interested."

"I know. I was just saying." He was silent for a moment, and then continued. "But I would like to show you what I mean."

I have to confess, I was intrigued, despite myself. "And how would you do that?"

"Look, come back to my place, I'll get out all the lights and filters. No cameras, I promise. And you can keep all your clothes on. How does that sound?"

Harmless enough. "You're on." We finished our meal. Did I eat a little faster than usual? Maybe, but we were back at his apartment in half an hour, and then I sat and watched the TV while he spent the next 40 minutes setting everything up. "Okay, come and look at this." I sat where he gestured, on a tall bar stool, and saw myself projected back in a small TV monitor.

"I thought you said no cameras," I protested.

"No camera. Or rather, no film. It's just a relay unit."

"Alright then." I looked again. Andy was right, I did look great. He stood behind me, mussed my hair with his hands, took a brush and some powder and dabbed my face. "I don't do make-up *per se*, but I know the rudiments." He stepped back, made a few adjustments. "What do you think?"

"I like it. No-one'll ever believe it's me, of course, but it's okay."

"Now, undo a couple of buttons." Without thinking, I did so, and leaned forward. He dusted my cleavage with the brush, adjusted the shape of my blouse. "Are you wearing a bra?"

"Er, no."

"Okay, we'll leave it there if you want."

I thought for a moment. "You're certain there's no film in that thing?" He shook his head. "Come on then, I'm curious." I unbuttoned the rest of my blouse and pulled it open. Andy stepped over, brushed, then leaned closer and blew lightly. His breath tapped my nipple and I felt a tiny pulse as it hardened. "Sorry," he said, then stepped back. "Could you..." he mimed a twist on my other nipple. "Even them up a little?"

I did so. "Perfect," he nodded. "But if you want to really...." His voice trailed off.

"Really what?" I asked, because I was really getting into this.

"Lick your finger, dab a little spit onto your nipples." I did so, as he tilted one of the lights. I saw the difference immediately, and leaned forward, parting my legs slightly.

He fiddled with the viewfinder, closed in on my breasts, and then panned slowly down towards my waist. "Do you want to see some more?" he asked.

I nodded. My mouth was dry as I fiddled with the button on my skirt. I asked for a drink of water and he disappeared into the kitchen, returning with a bottle of wine, by which time I was down to my panties. "Raise one leg..." he directed me through a series of poses, each one making me a little hotter as I saw them reflected back in the monitor. Every so often he would dart over to make an adjustment to my hair, to the hang of my blouse or my panties. Once, he wiped a fingertip of his own spit around the corona of one nipple.

Another close-up of my crotch. I could see my pubes thick and dark behind my white panties, and another darkness as my pussy moistened and sopped the fabric. The image tightened, closed in even further. I glanced at him; he nodded, and I pulled my panties off, then spread my lips with two fingers. "Hold it there," he breathed, but I'd had enough teasing. "No, I want to see what you look like under this lot." I gestured at the lamps, and then reached for my purse. "And you may not have any film handy, but I do." I pulled out the digital camera I'd been carrying everywhere, but had barely used all vacation.

Half-in, half-out of his trousers, Andy took the camera from me. "This should work nicely." He took a test shot, zooming in on my face and clicked. There was a flash, then a nod of approval. "These things will put me out of business one day," he tutted, then fired off a second shot of me, as he finished undressing.

I reached for him, but he stepped back. "You think I'm going to do this with you looking like that?" he chided; taking his powder and brush, he began dusting his own body, inspecting the results in the monitor, wiping some patches clean, laying it on thicker in others. He stepped over to a drawer and pulled out a small pot of gel. "Amazing stuff this." He smeared it over his stiffening penis, then handed the pot to me. "They use it in porn films. It absorbs some of the light, reflects the rest. It's for enhancing things like length and depth. And it's totally tasteless." I raised a finger to my lips, smelled it then touched it to my tongue. Another flash of my camera.

"Are you going to keep doing that?" I asked as I moved towards him.

"It's your camera. You tell me when to stop." He stooped to take one nipple in his mouth, while his finger stole into my puss. "And it's a wonderful lubricant as well. Although it's not like you seem to need one."

The evening passed in a blur of sensation and flesh, lit by the sometimes-stroboscopic flashing of my camera. I was glad I'd added an extra memory card, but I still wondered whether we'd run out of room before he ran out of tricks... and, I think, in the end, we did. Scrolling through the thumbnails after Lisa had gone home, with one finger flicking round my clit as I studied them, I was sure there was at least one more scene that hadn't been recorded, although that might have had nothing to do with running out of memory. Andy faithfully documented everything else, but even he could not have kept his mind on the job at the end.

I looked again at the shot of his cock as it pushed its way into my ass, and wondered how something that looked so uncomfortable for him could have felt so glorious to me. He'd slicked us both with a second glob of his miracle goo, and still the pressure was almost unbearable as my hole stretched wider and wider to accept him. The protest suddenly ceased as he slipped in, burying himself so deep inside he could have come out the other side.

I gripped the stool, almost toppled over as it swayed precariously, but then found my center of balance. His hand was gripping my stomach, his strong fingers and nails gouging into the flesh. I was aware of a couple more camera flashes. Then his other hand was on my shoulder, and he was pushing, grunting, even swearing as he pounded me.

The jolts shook my stomach and pounded my chest. If I looked down, I was sure I'd see my breasts bouncing from the force of his cock. If I tried to speak, my voice would be wobbling. I reached one hand down to my swimming pussy, circled my clit and began frigging furiously, then let go and curved my arm behind me, stretching to the limit, placed a finger in his ass and jammed it up there.



He came in seconds, his cum boiling up inside me and triggering my own massive orgasm. We collapsed onto the floor together, still linked by a prick that clung on inside me, as a cascade of cum slicked down to pool on his thigh and drip to the ground. "I hope you caught everything on film," I whispered, but he shook his head. "That's why you always need a reserve camera man on the set," he smiled. "In case one gets too carried away. And, I'm afraid, I always shoot solo."

"You shoot gallons, more like," I joked.

I stayed the night, and we made love once more, as the sun rose and blinded us through the wafer thin curtains strung above his bed. Then, as I prepared to leave after breakfast, and reached for my camera, he put his hand on my wrist. "Promise me something. Don't look at them yet. Save it. Wait till you're back in America and feeling lonely one night. Then e-mail me and let me know what you think. And, if you do want to try modeling, I can easily set you up with someone."

He handed me his business card and drove me back to my hotel. I packed the camera away in my luggage, and really didn't think about it again until this evening. I scrolled back through the pictures he'd taken. I really did look good. Sexy too. And the one that made Lisa speak so highly of me, the one with me licking my lips before sucking him. She was right, it was beautiful.

I signed on-line and brought up a letterbox, tapped in Andy's address, and then subject: Re Modeling.

"Hi Andy. Gave it some thought, and it really isn't me. But just so you know what the rest of the world is missing, here's your own private centerfold. Love, Chrissie."

I attached the picture, then clicked "send." And, if he posts it on the Internet, I'll rip his fucking balls off.