**Caroline and Mr. White - Part One**

My name is Caroline and I am an exhibitionist. Well, I don’t know if there is a technical definition and if I qualify under that definition, but I know that I get very excited whenever I am accidentally or purposely exposed to men or women. I think I discovered flashing, and how much I enjoyed doing it, when I was in high school. I used to sit in the library during study hall and Arnold would sometimes sit across from me at the same table I did. There were about twenty tables, each only large enough for four people to sit, two on one side of the table and two on the other. I really didn’t know Arnold at all except to see at study hall. He never seemed to notice me and I don’t know that I would have cared if he did. This was soon to change.  
  
One day at school I was wearing a light blue dress with a square cut neckline with white silk embroidery. It wasn't low cut at all, so I was sure that it was a very decent dress, the kind my mom and dad thoroughly approved of. I had a lot of Latin homework that day and spent more than two hours getting it all done. When I finished studying for algebra and history, I stood up and then bent over the table to pick up my books. I hadn’t realized it but the neckline must have fallen away from my body and some of my breasts were exposed. I happened to glance over at Arnold and saw that his eyes were looking down my dress and were wide open. I looked down my front and saw that, actually, quite a lot of my breasts were exposed. I had an old bra on that wasn't quite big enough for the amount my breasts had grown since I had gotten it. It covered my nipples and a bit more, but not a lot more. The rest of my breasts were spilling out and it looked as if my nipples might pop out at any time. I glanced back over at Arnold. Just then Arnold's eyes looked up and saw mine looking at him. He turned bright, bright red.  
  
At first I was angry at him for looking down the front of my dress. Then I realized it had made me feel very excited knowing that he had been able to see my breasts. And that he wanted to do so. In fact, I was quite wet on my walk home after leaving the library while thinking about Arnold staring at my breasts. After that I tried to wear dresses with scoop necks as often as I could. While in them, I would sometimes be "careless" about bending over. Not just in the library across from Arnold, but in some of my regular classes as well. I always made it seem as if I didn't know that any part of my breasts were showing, but of course I was fully aware of what I was doing, and I was very aroused by doing it.  
  
Then one day in the library Arnold dropped his pencil and bent under the desk to retrieve it. I had never paid much attention to how my legs were positioned when they were under a table. I realized while Arnold’s head was under the table that my legs were wide open. Arnold must have gotten a pretty good glimpse of my panties. That excited me even more and opened up new possibilities for me. After that, Arnold began dropping his pencil quite a lot, and I made sure to spread my legs whenever he did so.   
  
Next I bought a pair of see through panties at the mall. I didn't let my mother see them because she always bought me white cotton panties, which she thought were what “nice” girls should wear. I couldn't wait to get to the library for study hall the first day that I wore my new panties. I was hoping as hard as I could that Arnold would be there. I was elated to see when I got inside that he was there, in his regular seat across from where I normally sat. And that “my” chair was vacant. My heart was really pounding. I had worn a frilly white skirt which was a little shorter than I usually wore. I wanted to be sure he would get a really good look. Before too long I hear Arnold say, “Oops, dropped my darn pencil.” As he started to bend down, I opened my legs really wide. I could actually hear him gasp as he saw for the first time the dark blonde hair covering my pussy. The panties were so clear it was almost like not having any on. I was more than excited; I was thrilled.   
  
So was Arnold. I knew he was, and so did everybody else, because just then the fire alarm bell went off and we all had to get up and leave the library to go outside. Arnold tried to put his books in front of him but before he could do so I saw, and the other girls at the tables around me saw, that he had an erection sticking straight out in front of his baggy pants. We all started giggling and then filed out.  
  
On the following Friday I went over to my friend Jennie White’s house to study after school. There were a few light snow flurries but I didn’t think anything of it. We were having a big English history exam the following week and really needed to study hard for it. Jennie and I wanted to go to the same universities and we knew we needed to have really good grades to get accepted to any of them. We spent several hours quizzing each other on dates and battles and kings and that sort of thing in Jennie’s bedroom before her mother came in to ask if we had looked outside lately. We hadn’t. When we did, we saw that a huge amount of snow had fallen without us even noticing.   
  
Jennie’s mom said that it would be too dangerous for me to try to go home before the roads got plowed. She said that she would call my mom and see if it would be okay for me to spend the night with them. I protested that I didn’t want to be a bother and that I didn’t have any pajamas. Jennie’s mom said I wouldn’t be a bother and that I could borrow one of her nightgowns (Jennie was a lot smaller than I was, especially in the breasts, while her mom was rather larger than I was). She said that as Jennie’s dad traveled a lot he had several of those goodie bags that airlines give out containing tooth brushes and tooth paste and stuff like that. My mom thanked Jennie’s mom and told her that of course it would be all right for me to spend the night with them.  
  
Jennie and I studied for another hour and then her mom called us in to dinner. After eating with her mom and dad (who was in his early forties, was very good looking and was in excellent shape from all the workouts he did with the equipment in their rec room) and some more studying, we got ready for bed. Jennie kept her panties on under her nightgown but I have never liked to sleep in my panties so I was naked under her mom’s rather large cotton flannel nightgown. It had thin straps holding up a shapeless sort of gown. It was a bit low cut, but definitely not enough so to be considered sexy by anybody but a flannel freak.   
  
Jennie and I walked out to the living room to say good night to her parents. Her mom kissed me on the cheek and I walked over to her dad to kiss him on the cheek. He was sitting down in his easy chair so I had to bend over to reach his cheek. As I did so, the left strap of the too large nightgown slipped off my shoulder and my entire left breast became bare. Jennie’s dad looked directly at my nipple, which was rapidly becoming erect and his eyes widened. I quickly pulled the gown back up and gave him a little kiss on the cheek. He seemed to be looking at me differently from the way he had always looked at me before. No one except him had seen the nightgown slip off my breast.  
  
I was so excited at the thought that Jennie’s dad had seen my breast, and had appeared excited at the sight of it, that I could barely sleep. Jennie had twin beds separated by a night stand so I very quietly played with my pussy and my nipples for quite a while before falling asleep.  
  
In the morning, Jennie and I went out to breakfast still wearing our nightgowns. I saw Jennie’s dad looking at me speculatively. I thought he might be wondering whether the nightgown might slip down off my shoulder again. I didn’t want to disappoint him, though I knew I would have to be careful so that neither Jennie nor her mom would see. When both of them had gone into the kitchen to get the breakfast dishes and bring them into the dining room, I managed to drop one of my hair ribbons onto the floor and, in order to get Jennie’s dad’s attention, I said, “Oh darn, I dropped it.”   
  
I bent down to pick it up, with my back to the kitchen and my front facing Jennie’s dad. As I had hoped, and with only a little help from me squeezing in my shoulders as I had practiced in the bathroom that morning, the night gown slipped off again. Only this time both my breasts were bared. And Jennie’s dad stared directly at my breasts. I waited a few seconds and then, as if I had only just noticed that my breasts were exposed, I excused myself and pulled the gown back up. Jennie’s dad said that that was okay, that the nightgown seemed a bit large for me. He didn’t mention having looked at my breasts. I was so excited that I had been able to turn on a good looking older man that I could barely get any oatmeal down.  
  
Having discovered how exciting flashing could be for me, as well as for the man who saw me, it quickly became second nature for me to flash whenever I got the opportunity. I began practicing on the buses in town. The first two seats on the municipal buses faced towards the rear of the bus. The rest of the seats faced toward the front. Most people don’t like to ride backwards so the first two seats were always the last ones taken. I started sitting in those seats whenever possible. If a man was sitting across from me, or across the aisle from me, I would take out a book to read and then, as if unconsciously, let my legs gradually spread a little bit apart. My legs aren’t skinny at all, but they definitely aren’t thick, so with my knees spread even a little bit apart, and with the right sort of skirt on, anyone sitting across from me could see all the way up to my panties. I found that I really enjoyed seeing men’s eyes riveted between my legs. It was very exciting and gave me a sense of power at the same time.  
  
A few weeks after I had stayed over at Jennie’s because of the snow I visited Jennie again. This time we had arranged with our parents for me to stay overnight at Jennie’s so I brought things to change into for sleeping and for the next day. Jennie’s dad seemed very pleased to see me. Her mom, too, but her dad in a different way. I hoped he wouldn’t be disappointed.   
  
After dinner and studying Jennie and I changed into our bed clothes. Jennie wore the same nightgown she had worn previously and again wore her panties under her nightgown. Her panties were the same white cottons my mom always bought for me. I wore a very short white night gown of a diaphanous material. You couldn’t quite see through it but you almost could. When I looked in the mirror I could see a slight darkness where my nipples were and a definite darkness where the hair covering my pussy was. I tried to strain my neck backwards to see if I could see the crack of my ass but I only ended up hurting my neck and I didn’t want to ask Jennie to check. In any case, I knew that with sunlight behind me you definitely could see through the nightgown in some detail. It had a fairly low vee neckline which showed a lot of the swell of my breasts. I had practiced bending over in front of the mirror at home and I knew that from the right angle you could see all of my breasts and my nipples and even the dark triangle of hair covering my pussy. (I hadn’t started shaving or even trimming there yet). I had been a little worried that Jennie might think my nightgown was too sexy but since she couldn’t think of her parents looking at her in a manner that would acknowledge that she was becoming a woman, neither could she imagine them looking at me like that.  
  
Jennie and I went out to kiss her parents good night. I was pleased to see that her mom was still sitting on one of their two couches in the living room while her dad was sitting on the other one which was parallel to the first with a low glass top coffee table in between. As we walked in I saw her dad quickly glance up at me. I could tell that he had been interested to see what kind of nightgown I would be wearing. I was thrilled that he cared. His eyes seemed to narrow a bit as he was trying to make out whether he could actually see through the material of my gown or not. I hoped he would keep looking at me.   
  
Jennie kissed her mom first and then began to walk over to kiss her dad, who still had his eyes on me. I turned my back to Jennie’s dad and bent over from the waist to give her mom a kiss while I said, “Good night, Mrs. White.” As I did so, and as had happened when I had practiced before the mirror in the bathroom for the week before going to Jennie’s, I could feel the hem of my nightgown pulling up over the cheeks of my bottom, leaving most of my ass, and my pussy, exposed to his view. As Jennie was walking away from me and looking at her dad, I knew that she wouldn’t be able to see how much of me her dad was able to see. Even so, I didn’t dare stay in this position for too long in case Jennie should glance back at her mom and me.   
  
When I stood up and turned toward Jennie’s dad, I could tell that he had definitely been looking at me. I glanced down toward his lap to see if what had happened to Arnold had happened to him as well. It wasn’t sticking straight out in front of him as Arnold’s had been, but I could tell for sure that he had an erection. And I was so happy that I was the cause of it.  
  
But I had a problem. I wanted Jennie’s dad to be able to look down the front of my nightgown and see my naked breasts and my nipples and my pussy when I bent over to give him a kiss. But I certainly didn’t want Jennie’s mom to see my naked ass. So on my way between the two couches I turned to Jennie’s mom and asked, “Could Jennie and I please have some warm milk before we go to sleep?”   
  
“Of course, dear, I’m sure that will help you to sleep.” As I had hoped, she stood up immediately to go into the kitchen. Even better, Jennie said, “I’ll help, mom,” and she went into the kitchen as well. I walked over to where Mr. White was sitting. As I bent over in front of Jennie’s dad I put my hand on my shoulder strap, which I knew would cause him to look in that direction, and said in a low tone of voice, “I hope I don’t fall out of this nightgown, too, Mr. White, I wouldn’t want to embarrass you again.”   
  
He laughed while looking down the front of my nightgown where I wanted him to and said, “I wasn’t embarrassed, Caroline, you have become a very pretty young lady.”   
  
“Do you really mean it?” I asked.   
  
“Of course I do. And I must say this nightgown looks a lot prettier on you than my wife’s did.” I thanked him, gave him a peck on the cheek and finally stood up just before Jennie and Mrs. White came in with the warm milk. I despise warm milk and would never drink it at home but it had been the only thing I could think of that would get Mrs. White out of the way for a moment. Jennie and I took the milk into the bedroom. I forced myself to drink it and then went to bed, where I played with myself for a very long time; especially after I could tell from Jennie’s regular breathing that she had fallen fast asleep. Finally, very contentedly, I fell asleep too with my right hand still between my legs and my fingers in my warm wetness.  
  
The next morning, as usual, I woke up early. Jennie was still fast asleep but I could hear someone out in the kitchen moving around. Then I remembered that Mr. White had said that he had an early indoor tennis game. I hopped into the bathroom, peed, washed my hands, brushed my teeth and ran a brush though my short dark blond hair. I quickly massaged my nipples and was very pleased to see that their stiffness was quite visible through the thin material of my nightgown. As always, I didn’t have any panties on under the nightgown. I went out into the kitchen, closing the bedroom door quietly so as not to awaken Jennie, while hoping the door wouldn’t squeak as it usually did. To my great delight it was Mr. White in the kitchen and not Jennie’s mom up early to fix breakfast for her husband.   
  
And to my even greater delight, it was a very sunny day, even if it was still cold outside and there was snow on the ground. The Whites had a large picture window in the kitchen which gave them a lovely view of their garden. It also allowed the sun to stream in. I said a cheery good morning to Mr. White who smiled happily as if he was genuinely glad to see me. He was already dressed in his tennis shorts and had his tennis cover-ups in his arm. I quickly walked around so that the morning sun was behind me shining through my nightgown. I followed Mr. Gibbon’s eyes as they moved down to the area between my legs, which I had conveniently set fairly wide apart. His eyes widened as he could now see my pubic hair almost as if I didn’t have a nightgown on. I stayed in that position for a couple of minutes while we were talking about his tennis match and then turned sideways. While we were talking my nipples had hardened even more and now they were very noticeably erect, and completely perceptible to his eyes because of the sun shining through the material. My pubic hair, which I had fluffed up in the bathroom before coming out, was also evident from this new view. Mr. White seemed to stammer just a bit as we talked.   
  
This was very exciting to me but I wanted Mr. White to see more of me and I had the feeling that he did as well. Then I remembered from when I had visited them in the snow storm that Mrs. White kept the orange juice on the bottom shelf in the refrigerator. I quickly moved to open the refrigerator door while still talking to Mr. White and then, standing with my legs as straight as possible, bent over totally from my waist to search for the orange juice.   
  
This time I could feel the hem of my nightgown slide all the way up my bottom so that it was completely bare. I moved my legs a little further apart as if to provide a better balance for my search and managed to push my ass a little backward and upward to ensure that my pussy was totally in view. I could feel it getting wet but somehow I didn’t think that Mr. White would mind. I pretended that I couldn’t find the orange juice and after searching for several minutes while carrying on a running, if somewhat disjointed, conversation, called out to Mr. White. “I’m sorry, Mr. White, I can’t find the orange juice. Can you help me look for it?”   
  
They had a Cold Storage refrigerator which was very large so there was plenty of room for both of us to rummage through the refrigerator. Mr. White came up behind me but although there was room for him to be beside me he remained with half of his body behind my right side. A delicious shiver went down me as I could feel his bare left leg lightly and then more firmly pressing against the back of my bare right leg. We stayed in this position for several long thrilling seconds. Then Mr. White reached across me and said, “Maybe it is over to your left, Caroline.”   
  
And with that his left leg, as if by accident, slid to my left and nestled itself firmly against my naked pussy and ass.   
  
I gasped, but immediately pushed back against him. Mr. White understood this to be the invitation that it was. He put his hands around my waist and pulled me even more firmly back against his leg. Then he moved to his left and I could feel his erection, through his tennis shorts which I wished so much he hadn’t had on, pushing against my pussy. He dipped and then raised his knees repeatedly as he slid his erect but cloth covered cock back and forth up my pussy to my ass and back. I was in heaven. Heaven became even better in just another minute or two when Mr. White, with his cock still firmly pressed against my pussy, bent further over me and moved his hands to cup my breasts through my nightgown. His fingers quickly found my stiff nipples and caressed them. In another minute, the nightgown wasn’t covering them any longer. Mr. White pulled my straps down and bared my breasts, as I hadn’t even dared hope he might do. I couldn’t believe how wonderful it was to feel his firm but gentle fingers caressing my nipples. I moved my bottom from side to side against his erection, enjoying the different feelings of having it pressed more against my right cheek or my left cheek or squarely in the middle.  
  
My breaths were coming in shorter and shorter gasps as the sensations shooting from my nipples to my pussy continued to intensify. Just when I thought I was about to burst with pleasure we heard the squeak of Jennie’s bedroom door. Mr. White quickly jumped back. I stood up with the orange juice in one hand while with my other hand I pulled up my nightgown and adjusted the straps. I put the orange juice down on the table and moved so that I would be away from the window and its stream of light. Jennie padded into the kitchen and said, “Good morning, dad, morning Caroline.” Then she glanced down at her dad’s front and said, “Oh, daddy, you’ve spilled some tea or coffee on your tennis shorts.”   
  
I looked where Jennie’s eyes were looking and saw that there was indeed a wet spot where the head of his then erect penis had been a couple of minutes ago. He still had an erection but it was rapidly subsiding, something Jennie didn’t seem to have noticed. “Oh, you’re right,” he said. “How clumsy of me. I had better go change quickly or I will be late.”  
  
Jennie and I had orange juice, cereal and tea and then went back to her bedroom to change for the day. If she noticed the aroma of my arousal she didn’t mention it. I hoped there would be another occasion to come visit her soon. An opportunity arose about a month later, but not exactly to visit Jennie. It was our spring vacation. Jennie and her mom were taking a trip to visit some of the colleges that Jennie thought she might be interested in. Since we were both interested in the same schools she asked if I would like to come along but I had already signed up for the girls’ track team and there were going to be practices throughout the vacation. Jennie said how sorry she was that I couldn’t go with her, and I was too, but Jennie promised she would tell me about each of the schools in great detail.  
  
On the evening of the second day of the vacation I called Jennie’s house and introduced myself on the phone when Jennie’s dad answered. “I’m sorry, Caroline, Jennie and her mom have gone on a trip. Didn’t she tell you?”  
  
“Yes, she did, Mr. White. I know this is presumptuous but I was wondering if I could come over and use some of the equipment in your gym. It obviously has worked wonders with you as you’re in really good shape and I want to get in as good shape as I can for the track season.”  
  
“Why thank you, Caroline, that’s a very nice thing to say. Of course you can come over any time I’m home. When would you like to come?”  
  
“Would tomorrow be okay? Around seven?”  
  
“Sure, I’ll look forward to seeing you then.”  
  
“Oh, and Mr. White, if you have time could you please show me how to work some of the equipment? I’m not sure I know how to use it all and I want to be certain to use it correctly.”  
  
“Of course, I’ll be happy to.”  
  
I was thrilled. In bed that night I came twice before I could fall asleep. Early the next evening I packed a gym bag with my purple thong leotard, blue shorts, sweat socks and my tennis shoes. My plan was to wear just the leotard but I brought the shorts in case Mr. White would object when he saw my bare bottom in the leotard. I had already told my mom the day before that I was going to use Mr. White’s gym equipment and she had complimented me for wanting so much to get into shape as quickly as I could. Just before leaving home I put on my shortest skirt over my transparent panties that my mom still didn’t know I had, and a scoop neck blouse. For a bra I chose the one that Arnold had first seen me in which I knew would show a lot of my breasts if I had an opportunity to bend over.  
  
I rang the doorbell promptly at seven. Mr. White must have been waiting at the door because it opened immediately. “Good evening, Mr. White, thank you so much for letting me use your equipment.”  
  
I didn’t know the term double-entendre at the time but Mr. White obviously knew one when he heard one. He laughed and said, “You’re welcome. You can use my equipment any time you want to, Caroline.”  
  
“Is there some place I can change into my gym stuff?”  
  
“Sure, there’s a bathroom just off the exercise room. You can change there.”  
  
We went downstairs to the finished basement and into the exercise room. I was very impressed. All four walls were lined with mirrors which made an already very large room seem enormous. Mr. White had almost as much equipment as the fitness center I sometimes used. Not as many of each kind, of course, but as much variety. There was a Universal Fitness Station, an In Flight Multi Lat Arm Machine, a Maximus Abdominal/Back Machine, a Maximus Fitness Bench and Shoulder Press, a Precor Adductor, a Tunturi Rower, a Matrix Upright Bike, a Noramco Super Treadmill, several racks of free weights and a floor mat. Almost all of this equipment had model numbers but it was all I could do to memorize the brand names so I could tell my mom what kind of equipment there was. I don’t know how good the equipment was but it certainly looked expensive. Jennie had told me that her dad spent a lot on his exercise equipment and I could believe her. It certainly looked like first rate stuff.   
  
I told Mr. White how impressed I was with his exercise room and then said that I doubted I would ever be able to learn how to use it all.  
  
“Nonsense, Caroline. You’re a very intelligent young lady. I’ll show you how to use each piece of equipment and stay here while you use it long enough to be sure you’ve got it down pat before we move on to the next piece of equipment. You don’t mind my remaining here to see how you’re progressing, do you?”  
  
“No, not at all. I would really appreciate it so I can be sure to do the exercises the right way.”  
  
“Why don’t you go on in there and get changed?”  
  
I looked to where Mr. White was pointing. There were two swinging doors like in an old time Western saloon. The top of the doors was at my shoulders and the bottom just above my knees. The doors weren’t solid but rather were stationary slats positioned at a very slight vertical angle. The slats didn’t overlap so there were spaces in between each slat. From where I was standing I could see right through them to the sink, the toilet and the shower stall. Mr. White saw the look of slight consternation on my face.  
  
“I hope that will be all right. You can use the bathroom upstairs if you would rather.”  
  
I gulped slightly, “No, I’m sure this will be fine. See you in a couple of minutes.”  
  
I walked through the swinging doors into the bathroom. I had never seen anyone put swinging doors on a bathroom before. I couldn’t imagine anyone actually, well, you know, going to the toilet in a major way in a bathroom with doors like these. Fortunately, I didn’t have to. I just needed to get changed. Well, I thought, this is what I wanted; it is just a little sooner than I thought would be the case. At least now I knew for sure I wouldn’t need to bother with the gym shorts. There was a mirror alongside the wall where the sink was. The toilet was at the far end of the room away from the swinging doors and the shower was on the opposite side of the white painted bathroom from the sink. I closed the lid of the toilet to make a surface on which to put my clothes. I turned toward the mirror behind the sink and pulled my blouse up and over my head. I thought I detected a slight intake of breath from out in the exercise room but I couldn’t be sure. I quickly unhooked my bra and took it off. I looked at myself in the mirror and saw my nipples beginning to become erect. They looked very pretty to me. They were light pink surrounded by slightly darker areolas. I didn’t know if my breasts had finished growing or not but I knew that I needed a 35C bra.  
  
I finally realized that I was standing there mesmerized while admiring my breasts and if Mr. White actually was watching he must be concluding that I was pretty strange. I quickly unbuttoned and unzipped my skirt and stepped out of it. I tried to think of a good reason to turn full frontal toward the swinging doors so that Mr. White could see how totally transparent my panties were but I couldn’t think of a single one so I simply pulled them down and stepped out of them. Now I did turn toward the door. I stepped to it and opened it a bit, knowing that this would expose at least half of my body to Mr. White.  
  
“Oh Mr. White. I’m sorry but I forgot to bring my gym bag in here with me. Could you bring it to me, please?”  
  
“Of course. Oh, I see it. It’s over by the door. Just a minute.”  
  
I watched as Mr. White walked over to the door to retrieve my gym bag. I wished that I could say that I had been clever enough to deliberately forget to bring it into the bathroom with me but the truth is I was so excited at the thought of getting undressed where I knew he could watch that I simply forgot it. Mr. White brought the bag over, looking at me, though not at my eyes, the whole time.  
  
“Here you are.”  
  
“Thanks, I’ll only be another minute or two.”  
  
“Take your time, it’s early and I don’t have anything planned for this evening.”  
  
His eyes seemed to be boring a hole in my pussy, which was rapidly becoming moist. As I closed the swinging door another thought hit me. What if I made a big wet spot on my leotard? Oh, how embarrassing that would be. But on the other hand, would that actually upset Mr. White? With that happy thought I opened the gym bag and began to put on my leotard. Then I thought better of that and took out my sweat socks and tennis shoes. I walked over to the toilet, moved my clothes slightly aside and sat down. Then I leisurely put on one sock and then the other. As I put on each sock I put my leg up over my knee. I knew that Mr. White, if he was looking, could see right into my pussy, the lips of which had now parted, as they always did when I became sexually excited.  
  
Once I had my socks on I stood back up and put my leotard on. I turned around so that my back was to the swinging doors and so that Mr. White could see that it was a thong and that all of my bottom was bare as the thong strap was very thin and had disappeared into the crevice between my cheeks. I picked up my tennis shoes, then turned back around, sat down and put them on. Now I was ready.  
  
I walked out through the swinging doors and into the exercise room. Mr. White smiled broadly.  
  
“That’s a very pretty leotard, Caroline, it really becomes you.”  
  
“Thanks Mr. White. This is the first time I have worn it. I hope it will be okay.”  
  
“Oh, I’m sure it will. Why don’t we start with the treadmill? I always do ten minutes or so on the treadmill and then another ten minutes on the stationary bike or the rower before using the other equipment.”  
  
“Okay. I’ve used a lot of treadmills but never one quite like this. It looks really nice.”  
  
I walked past Mr. White to the treadmill. I heard him gasp, then try to cover it up with a cough. I guess he hadn’t been watching me put my leotard on and hadn’t realized that it was a thong and that my entire bottom would be essentially naked. I tingled with excitement. Mr. White followed me over to the treadmill and explained the various settings to me. There were a lot of different programs that could be selected and he explained what each was. There was also a manual setting which left the speed to the walker’s control. I started out with that and gradually increased the speed until I was jogging and finally running as hard as I could. I didn’t do a full ten minutes because I wanted to have time to try all the other equipment, but I learned how to use the machine.  
  
By the time I got off the treadmill I had worked up quite a sweat. The moisture was seeping through the leotard and turning it dark around my breasts and my waist. I hoped my deodorant would prove strong enough as I knew I would just die if I began reeking of body odor. We went over to the stationary bike, which I said I preferred to the rower. It was the most complicated one I had ever seen. It had a large screen which changed with the selections that you made. As Mr. White began to explain all the alternatives to him he placed his hand on the small of my back. After he had finished I climbed onto the bike. As I did so, I felt his hand slip down from the small of my back to my bare bottom. It lingered there for just a minute or two before sliding off. Now my pussy began adding a lot of its own moisture to the sweat that was already seeping through my leotard.  
  
I spent several minutes on the bike, during which I became significantly sweatier. Now the whole top of the leotard had turned dark with sweat. The wetness against my nipples in the air conditioned room had made them turn into little rocks. I have always been thrilled that when erect they become almost an inch long, but now I was embarrassed that they were sticking out so far and that Mr. White was staring straight at them.  
  
He guided me over to another machine, managing to stay behind me with his hand on my back just above my ass as we walked. I wasn’t sure exactly how to even get onto this machine so Mr. White positioned me properly, in the process holding onto both cheeks of my ass. He was pretending that this was all in the nature of showing me how to use the machine and I was pretending that I wasn’t getting a wonderful sexual thrill from the feel of his hands on my bare skin.  
  
After spending a few minutes familiarizing myself with the machine we repeated the process with the one next to it. Mr. White again needed to move my body into the right position. This time his hands lingered for quite a while on my ass. And even seemed to caress it just for a tiny bit. I enjoyed that a lot. And wanted more of it. I climbed off the machine and then climbed back on, but not the right way.  
  
“Oh dear, I’m sure this isn’t right. I’m sorry Mr. White. Could you show me the correct position again? I’ll really try to remember it this time.”  
  
“Of course. Here, let me help you.”  
  
I think he was getting the message I was trying to convey. This time he firmly grasped my buttocks and then slid his fingers into the crack between them. He massaged me there for a couple of minutes before positioning me correctly. I was loving it. Then I had a small inspiration. I reached up and began rubbing my shoulder around the strap of my leotard.  
  
“What’s the matter, Caroline?”  
  
“My leotard is chafing my skin. I’m not sure why but it is very uncomfortable,” I complained as I rubbed my shoulder more vigorously. After a couple of minutes of rubbing I turned my attention to the machine and concentrated on learning how to use it. When I got off that machine, though, I tugged at the crotch area of my leotard. Naturally Mr. White’s eyes immediately went to that area.   
  
“What is it?”  
  
“I’m really sorry, Mr. White. Now it is chafing down here, too. You can’t actually exercise when you are trying these things on in the store so there was no way to know it would hurt me so much.”  
  
“Would you like to stop now? Even though you haven’t learned how to use the rest of the equipment?”  
  
“No, I really want to learn. I need to get in shape as soon as I can and I know these machines will help me a lot.”  
  
“Well, I hate for you to be in so much discomfort. Do you have anything else you could change into tonight?”  
  
“No, I didn’t bring anything, darn it. But, well,…..”  
  
“Yes, Caroline?”  
  
“Well, I know you have already as much as seen me naked when I was here the last time so there’s really need for false modesty. Would it embarrass you too much if I took my leotard off and exercised without it?”  
  
“Why, uh, no, Caroline. I’m pretty sure I could handle that. Are you sure you really want to?”  
  
“Oh yes, Mr. White, I really want to win the hurdles this year and I would like to be in good enough shape to win the first meet which is only a few weeks away. It would be great if I could win big so that my opponents will be afraid of me for the rest of the season.”  
  
“Well, it’s fine with me if you don’t have a problem with being naked in front of an old man.”  
  
“You’re not an old man, Mr. White. And you’re in really great shape.”  
  
“Why thank you, Caroline. On both counts.”  
  
Without waiting for Mr. White to change his mind I pulled the straps off my shoulders and down over my breasts. My nipples were still very erect and became even a little more so as Mr. White stared at them. I massaged my shoulders and then my breasts and let my fingers play over my nipples.  
  
“It feels so good to get that leotard off my shoulders, Mr. White. I can’t tell you how much it was hurting.”  
  
He seemed to try to say something but nothing came out. I then tugged the leotard down over my hips and felt the rush of cool air on my pussy as it emerged into view. I knew that Mr. White’s eyes had moved down from my nipples to my pussy, which is where I wanted them to be. The leotard was quite wet so I actually had to struggle to get it down over my hips and onto the floor. I stepped out of it, bent over from my waist to pick it up with my ass sticking straight up at Mr. White, and carried it into the bathroom where I hung it over the shower curtain. I walked back out and saw Mr. White devouring my body with each step that I took. My pussy lips and my pubic hair were glistening with moisture, which I’m certain Mr. White could see. I glanced down at his trousers. He must have repositioned his cock because I hadn’t been able to see if he had an erection before but now it was pointing up at his waist and was very prominent. I thought of how much I would like to see it outside of his trousers and became even moister.  
  
Mr. White brought me over to the next machine, the Precor Adductor, and then I realized that maybe I should have waited until after that machine to take my leotard off. It was a leg spreader where you put your knees outside of the pads and then close your legs against the resistance of the weights and then reopen them, slowly. And then repeat the process for twenty or thirty or more times. I knew that my pussy lips would spread wide open in the process of doing this. I was so embarrassed, but so excited. I willingly let Mr. White help position me in the machine and even pretended that I was getting it wrong so that he had to lift my legs and put them in the right places on the pads. When he did so his hands slid down from my ankles over my calves, past my knees, and up my thighs, stopping just before he reached my very wet and very open pussy.  
  
“Ouch, I think I got a cramp in my thigh.”  
  
“Would you like for me to massage it?”  
  
“Yes, would you please? Ooh, it really hurts.”  
  
It didn’t of course, but I had really liked the feel of his hands near my pussy. He moved both hands to my upper thigh and began to massage. “Is this where the cramp is?”  
  
“Almost. It’s actually a little higher up. Is that okay?”  
  
“Oh sure, I know how difficult it can be to massage your own cramp. It works much better if someone else does it for you.”  
  
“Thank you so much, Mr. White, you’re a life saver.”  
  
He moved his hands higher on my thigh. Both of his index fingers were pressing lightly against my pussy lips, and getting wet in the process.  
  
“I’m so sorry, Mr. White, I’m afraid I really perspire a lot when I exercise.”  
  
“That’s okay, Caroline, all good athletes do, males and females alike.”  
  
I’m sure they do, but male perspiration doesn’t smell like vaginal excretions and neither does female perspiration but that was what was making his hands wet. He didn’t seem to mind at all and in fact began massaging more vigorously. His hands moved ever more firmly up against my pussy lips. Then his thumbs began to move up and down my slit with each upward thrust of his hands. My clit popped out and pretty soon his thumbs found that as well. My breathing was becoming heavier and heavier.  
  
“Are you okay, Caroline?”  
  
“Oh yes, but please keep going, the pain is almost gone.”  
  
Mr. White did keep going and the heat in my vagina kept increasing. His hands and thumbs were getting soaked and I was totally losing control. After a few more minutes I arched my back and thrust my hips up into his hands and had a powerful orgasm, clenching my teeth to keep from crying out. It took a few minutes before I could breathe normally again.  
  
“That felt really good, Mr. White. Now the cramp is all gone.”  
  
“I’m glad, Caroline, should I kiss it and make it well.”  
  
“Yes please, that always helped when I was little.”  
  
Mr. White bent down and kissed my upper thigh, then moved his head up and kissed my pussy. He slid his tongue up my slit until he found my clit. Then he did something wonderful with his tongue, moving it very fast all around my clit. I had never had a tongue on my clit before. The sensation was almost indescribable. It was the most wonderful thing I had ever felt. I thought I was going to have another orgasm at any moment. Then Mr. White sucked my clit into his mouth and began sucking on it like a baby with a nipple. And that is when I came again. This time my clenched teeth did no good and I made an embarrassing amount of noise as I thrashed around with his lips firmly clenched to and sucking on my clit and my hands clutched to his head holding him tightly against my pussy. It took several minutes for my spasms to subside.  
  
When I could finally talk I said, “I think the cramp is all gone now, Mr. White. Thank you so much.”   
  
His lips finally let go of my clit and he lifted his head. “Yes, you seem much better now. I’m glad that helped. Are you ready to try the exercises now?”  
  
I nodded, put my legs in the proper position, which I could feel opened my pussy lips extremely wide and slowly pressed my knees together. Then I let the pressure of the machine slowly spread them again. I repeated this twenty times, with my pussy lips opening and closing each time. Mr. White stood at my feet, gazing raptly at my pussy. Or really, inside my pussy as I’m sure he could see at least several inches into me. I had never seen myself that intimately and I was dying to know what I looked like there but I didn’t dare ask.  
  
I glanced down again at his trousers. The head of his penis was clearly visible, as was his entire cock. It had grown so much that it was almost pushing out of the waist band of his trousers. If he hadn’t had a belt on I’m sure it would have been. I thought about how it would feel inside me and almost had another orgasm all on my own. I was wondering how I could get him to take off his trousers when the phone rang upstairs. At first he continued standing there staring at my open vagina but on the third ring he spoke.  
  
“I had better go get that. It is probably my wife or Jennie calling to let me know how they are.”  
  
“Of course. You can say hello to Jennie for me if you want.”  
  
“I’m not sure that would be a really good idea, Caroline. Perhaps we should just keep your workout between ourselves.”  
  
“Okay, Mr. White, whatever you say.”  
  
He walked upstairs and I heard him answer the phone. He was right. It was his wife. I followed up the stairs, still naked, and walked over to where Mr. White was sitting on the couch and talking on the phone.   
  
I mouthed, “Can I get some water?”  
  
He nodded and I walked into the kitchen and poured myself a glass of water, being careful not to make too much noise while doing so. Then I walked back and stood in front of Mr. White, with my still very moist pussy about a foot from his eyes. I slowly drank the water while he talked to his wife on the phone. In a moment his spare hand reached out and caressed my thigh. I took it and moved it up to my pussy. He looked up at me quizzically.  
  
“Please,” I whispered.  
  
He complied and his fingers explored my vagina and my clit while he continued to talk on the phone. I looked down to stare at his hand as it buried itself into my vagina. Then I saw his watch and to my horror realized that it was past ten o’clock and I had told my mom I would be home by ten at the latest. I tapped his watch and whispered, “I have to go.”  
  
I pulled myself off his hand, which made a little slurping sound as it came out of me – I hoped his wife couldn’t hear it. I whispered, “Tomorrow night?”  
  
He nodded his head up and down. I turned and almost raced down to the basement. I quickly washed my pubic area and got dressed. Then, hearing Mr. White still talking to his wife, I let myself out and ran all the way home. I apologized to my mom and told her that Mr. White’s equipment was wonderful but more complicated than I had realized and I hadn’t even finished learning how to use all the machines. I told her that he had invited me back for the following evening and my mom said that that would be fine but to try a little harder to get home by ten as it was, after all, a school night. Then she suggested in her very nice way that I could do the family a favor by taking a shower. I laughed and told her that I had planned to take one at Jennie’s house but when I realized how late it was I didn’t want to be even later so I threw my clothes on and hurried home.  
  
I went upstairs, took a shower, said good night to everybody and went to bed. There I re-lived the memory of Mr. White’s hands on my ass, and on my thighs and on and then in my pussy where my hand now was. And especially of his lips and his tongue on my aroused clit. And I also thought of the outline of his firm cock straining against his trousers trying to get free. It didn’t take long for me to bring myself to orgasm with visions of Mr. White in my head. Then I fell into a deep, restful sleep thinking about the next night.  
  
When I arrived at his home the next evening Mr. White greeted me wearing a bath robe. I didn’t know what he might have on beneath it. I know what I hoped he had on.  
  
“Good evening. Sorry I’m not dressed. I had to work a bit late at the office and when I got home I thought I really needed to get a shower. I’ll go get changed.”  
  
“Do you think it would be okay if we got started first, Mr. White? There are still several of the machines that I don’t know how to use. If possible, I would like to learn about them and then do some routines to be certain that I remember how to use the others before I run out of time like I did last night.”  
  
“Oh. Well, sure I guess. Come then, let’s go straight down to the exercise room.”  
  
I followed him down the stairs and into the room. I had brought my gym bag with me with a thin tee shirt that came down to just below my breasts (my mom had never seen this tee shirt and I didn’t plan to show it to her) and loose fitting shorts in it. My plan had been to dispense with my bra and panties and exercise in just the tee shirt and shorts, which I knew would expose a lot of me if Mr. White cared to look. And of course I hoped that he would.  
  
“Uh, Caroline.”  
  
“Yes?”  
  
“You uh, you don’t really have to put anything on you know. Unless you really want to, of course,” he hastened to add.  
  
“Really? It was so much fun exercising in the nude last night. Nothing chafing at my skin. If you really wouldn’t mind I’ll do it again tonight.”  
  
“Not at all, be my guest.”  
  
I didn’t bother to go into the bathroom. I quickly took off my blouse and then my skirt, putting them neatly on a chair. I was wearing a very pretty lime green matching bra and panty set that a somewhat lascivious uncle had given me for Christmas. My mom hadn’t been pleased but she hadn’t said that I couldn’t wear them.  
  
“You look really pretty, Caroline.”  
  
“Why thank you, Mr. White. I hoped you would like this outfit.”  
  
“I do, but I liked the outfit you exercised in last night even better.”  
  
“Then I’ll hurry and get changed into that outfit.”  
  
I reached my hands behind me and unhooked my bra. I lifted it over my breasts and over my head. I put it on top of my skirt and turned my attention to my panties. I slipped them down as gracefully as I could and stepped out of them making sure that my foot slid them slightly behind me. I turned around, bent over and picked them up. Or rather, tried to. I managed to drop them in the process and had to bend back down to pick them up again. I knew that Mr. White was memorizing my ass and my pussy, which I was pretty sure he had a very clear view of.  
  
Standing up I announced, “Okay, I’m ready to begin.”  
  
“Good, let’s start with this one.”  
  
Mr. White showed me where to put my feet and then helped to get me properly seated. To do this he placed one hand on my ass and the other between my legs at the top of my thighs, pressing against my already moistening pussy.  
  
“Perspiring already, Caroline?”  
  
“Well, it’s not exactly perspiration, Mr. White,” I responded as the blush spread down from my face across my chest all the way to my nipples.  
  
He laughed and showed me how to use that machine and the two remaining ones, with his hand frequently managing to touch my ass or my pussy. His cock had become quite erect and was pushing strongly against his robe. I had hoped that it would slip out between the folds of the robe but it was a Japanese kimono similar in a way to a double breasted suit. Because of all the exercise, I really did begin perspiring but I had also become very wet for other reasons. When we finished the last machine Mr. White said, “That was very good, Caroline. There are a couple of exercises I can show you on the floor mat that are very good for track.”   
  
“Okay,” I said as I wondered what they might be but hoping they would involve my becoming spread eagled.  
  
Mr. White told me to lie on my back. “Now lift your legs about six inches off the floor, while pressing the small of your back down to the floor mat. Good. Now slowly spread your legs out as far as they will go, hold it for a slow count of five and then, also slowly, bring your legs back together. Yes, like that. That was fine. Now repeat that twenty times. You can put your feet back down on the floor for a count of fifteen after the tenth repetition.”  
  
This exercise spread my pussy lips even more than the machine had done. Mr. White never took his eyes, which previously had moved back and forth from my pussy to my erect nipples and back again, from my wide open pussy. I could feel the juices almost pouring out of me and wondered how Mr. White would explain the stains on the mat to his wife and Jennie.  
  
“Maybe we should put a towel under me, Mr. White. I seem to be, um, perspiring quite a lot this evening.”  
  
“Don’t worry, Caroline. The cover on the mat unzips and I will wash it before the girls return home tomorrow. Keep going. You’re doing this exercise just fine.”  
  
“Okay, but it is really straining my stomach and thigh muscles. I may need another massage.”  
  
“Well, I’m your man for that. I love to give massages.”  
  
“And you do it very well, Mr. White. The one last night really felt nice. I think it was the nicest massage I have ever had.”  
  
I completed the final five scissors movements, consciously striving to open my pussy lips as wide as I could with each outward movement of my legs. Mr. White never let his eyes waver from my opening and closing pussy lips so I spent my time looking at the lovely bulge of his cock pushing the thin silk of his kimono. As I finished the last movement I cried out in pain. “Ooh, I’m afraid I’ve done it again. Oh, it really hurts.”  
  
Mr. White immediately rushed the few steps to me and knelt down. He took my leg in his hands and said, “Is this the one that hurts?”  
  
“I think I got cramps in both thighs tonight, Mr. White.”  
  
“Okay, let’s work on them both then.”  
  
He pushed deeply into the muscles of one thigh and then the other with an upward motion. With each thrust his hand brushed more and strongly against my pussy lips. He kept alternating from one leg to the other but never missed touching my pubic hair and my pussy, which I’m sure was drenching his hands with my moisture. As he was working on my leg, and my pussy, his hair fell down over his eyes. He lifted his hands momentarily to his face to push his hair back out of the way. Then he brought his hands back to his nose. “You smell delicious, Caroline.”  
  
“Oh, Mr. White, I’m so embarrassed. I didn’t mean for, well, you know.”  
  
“To get aroused? Don’t be embarrassed it is very natural.”  
  
“Do you get aroused, too, Mr. White?”  
  
“I think you can see that I do, Caroline. It is pretty difficult for a man to hide that fact.”  
  
“Could I see it, please Mr. White? Please?”  
  
“Well, sure, why not? Let me just undo my robe.”  
  
Mr. White began working on the knot he had tied his sash into. He must have wanted to be very certain that his kimono wouldn’t accidentally come undone because he was having a lot of difficulty with the knot. Just then we heard a car pull up in the drive way and stop. Mr. White leaped up.  
  
“I don’t know who it is but it might be your folks. It is only nine but maybe they need you at home. Quick, get dressed. I’ll go up the back way and throw some clothes on.”  
  
I raced into my panties. I tried to put on my bra but my fingers were too shaky and I couldn’t get it hooked. I quickly put it into my gym bag and put on my blouse and my skirt. I used the mirror in the bathroom to be certain that I wasn’t too disheveled. My face was flushed and I was breathing rapidly and my heart was beating a mile a minute but other than that I was okay. I walked a couple of steps to see if my breasts jiggled too much under my blouse but they seemed okay. Then I quickly went up the steps to the living room as I heard car doors slamming.  
  
I had just got into the living room and was joined by Mr. White when the front door opened and in walked Mrs. White and Jennie.  
  
“Hi, darling, we decided to surprise you and take an earlier flight instead of staying over one more night.”  
  
“What a wonderful surprise. I’m glad you did. Look who’s here. Caroline just came over to ask if we would mind if she joined Jennie in some work outs down stairs to help get ready for track season. I know Jennie hasn’t signed up yet but Caroline said she will try to talk her into it.”  
  
“Why of course she can. You didn’t need to come all the way over, Caroline. You could have just called or talked to Jennie in school.”  
  
“On, I didn’t make a special trip, Mrs. White. I was just coming home from the library and thought I would pop in on the off chance that Mr. White would be here. Did you have a nice time on your trip? I’m dying to talk to Jennie about all the schools that you visited.”  
  
“I’m sure you are dear, but it’s almost nine thirty now and I’ll bet your mom wants you home by ten.”  
  
“You’re right, she does. I’ll see you in school tomorrow, Jen. Maybe we can talk in study hall or after school. I’ll get home now and let you all catch up on things. Good night.”  
  
And off I went. I played with my nipples all the way home thinking of how wonderful it had felt to have Mr. White’s hands on me and in me. And wishing I had been able to hold his cock. I hadn’t seen very many erections but his looked to be far and away the largest I had seen. I almost had an orgasm as I was walking. And I did as soon as I got into bed and played with myself. I fell asleep wondering how I could get any more such wonderful opportunities to have Mr. White alone with me. And thinking that if I did, I wouldn’t waste any time before getting his clothes off and getting his cock into me.

Top of Form

# Caroline's Further Adventures with Mr. white

Almost getting caught by Jennie and her mom when they came home a day early from their trip was an exhilarating experience for me. If anything, it made flashing a far more exciting activity for me than I had realized that it could be. Of course, if we had been caught, especially if we had actually been making love when they came in the door, both of our lives would have been drastically, and certainly for Mr. White, irreparably altered. But I had come so close to being able to see his cock, and to feel it in me. I was very anxious to lose my virginity and I truly wanted my first time to be with Mr. White. I knew he wanted to make love to me. It was just a matter of finding the right time and place.  
  
Thereafter I regularly exercised in their rec room, only with somewhat more clothing on than I had worn with just Mr. White. Oh yes, and I did win the hurdles event at our first track meet of the season. The coach said an early meet like this one only showed which athletes were in the best condition, but I wanted to send a message to my competition and, fortunately, I won by an even wider margin than I had been hoping for. I knew the other girls would get into better shape in the coming weeks but I hoped that I had planted a seed of doubt in their minds that they would ever be able to overcome that much of a victory margin.  
  
Mr. White usually dropped in to check on Jennie and me while we were working out to see if we needed any help with any of the equipment. I always tried to dream up something that he could help me with that would require him to touch me in the process. On one occasion just after he came in to see how we were doing the telephone rang. Jennie’s mom answered and then called downstairs to let us know that it was for Jennie. She stopped the treadmill and got off to go up to take the phone call. Her mom had said that it was from Freddie, a guy that Jennie liked and that I was pretty sure she would spend quite a while talking to. I also knew that Jennie, although she only weighed a little over a hundred pounds, managed to sound like a herd of wild elephants when she scampered up or down the stairs. I was wearing a tee shirt and, in deference to Jennie, a bra. But after changing in front of Jennie I had pretended to need to use the bathroom and had slipped out of my panties and was wearing only a baggy, but minuscule pair of bright yellow shorts.  
  
“Mr. White, I’m afraid I’ve forgotten the correct technique for the leg spreader machine. I really don’t want to risk getting an injury before the track meet this Saturday. Could you please help me with it?”  
  
“Of course, Caroline, you know I’m always happy to help you and Jennie.”  
  
As Mr. White helped me into the correct position, I could feel my shorts gaping open at the tops of my thighs. Mr. White noticed it, too. “Those are very attractive shorts, Caroline. Yellow really suits you.”  
  
“Thank you, Mr. White. You don’t think they are too short, do you?”  
  
“Why no. I would say they are just about perfect.”  
  
As he said that, Mr. White slid his hands up both of my legs over my knees and onto my lower and then my upper thighs.  
  
“I’ve really been working hard at developing my thigh muscles, Mr. White, so that I can get over the hurdles more easily and faster. Do they feel firmer to you?”  
  
“I think so, Caroline, but let me just check to be certain.”  
  
“Oh, thanks. I’ve been exercising so hard on your equipment. I really hope it is paying off.”  
  
“I’m sure it is. Yes, I can feel a big improvement.”  
  
“I think I have strengthened my lower stomach muscles a lot, too. Perhaps if you slide your hands a little further up you can check those muscles as well.”  
  
Mr. White looked nervously at the door. “Jennie might come back at any second, Caroline.”  
  
“Yes, but have you ever heard her come down the steps quietly? You can hear her a mile away.”  
  
“You’re right, of course. You really are a very intelligent young woman, Caroline.”  
  
“I don’t know about intelligent but thanks for the compliment, Mr. White,” I said as I reached down and pulled his hands to the tops of my thighs and into my already very moist pussy. “See how much I’ve been perspiring, Mr. White? I’ve really been getting a good work out.”  
  
“I’m sure you have, Caroline. And yes, I can definitely tell that your stomach muscles have firmed up considerably.”  
  
Looking pointedly at the erection that Mr. White now had pressing against his trousers, I said, “You’ve firmed up a lot too, Mr. White. You look very nice.”  
  
His fingers found my clit, which wasn’t hard to do as it had become so large, and tickled and tweaked and stroked and caressed it as I began breathing more and more heavily. I let myself go and gave in to the orgasm that had built up like a crescendo through my body. I’m afraid I also cried out a bit. While I was still trying to compose myself we heard Jennie galloping down the stairs. Mr. White immediately pulled his hands out from under my shorts. His fingers were glistening with my moisture and he quickly licked them.  
  
“Are you all right, Caroline?”  
  
“I’m fine, Jennie, I just pulled a little muscle in my thigh on this machine, so your dad is helping me to be sure that I use it correctly. I thought I was positive that I had remembered exactly how to use it but I was mistaken. “  
  
“I think you’ve got it right now, Caroline. Let me just wash my hands and I will leave you girls in peace unless either of you needs me for something.”  
  
We both assured him that we were fine but that if we needed any more help we would shout. Then Jennie got back on the treadmill and quickly got it back up to running speed while excitedly telling me about her conversation with Freddie, who had asked her to the dance on Saturday after the track meet. “That is going to be so much fun, Caroline. I just can’t wait to melt into his arms. He’s so strong and romantic, and terrifically good looking.”  
  
“Yes he is, Jennie. One of the best looking guys in school, I’d say. I’m really glad for you. I just wish someone like Freddie would fall for me.”  
  
“Oh, Caroline. You could have any boy in school. You’re so pretty and talented, and really smart.”  
  
“Stop, stop, Jennie. You’re making me blush and I need to concentrate on toning my thighs on this infernal machine.”  
  
“It really is embarrassing to use, isn’t it? I’d never dare use it when any boys were around. And I’m even uncomfortable using it with my dad here.”  
  
“You can’t be, Jennie. He’s so nice, and he thinks we’re just kids. He wouldn’t even notice anything.”  
  
“Well, maybe, but I’d still rather use that thing when you’re the only one here.”  
  
“How do you know I wouldn’t get excited watching you?”  
  
“Caroline! Don’t you even joke about things like that. You couldn’t be a , a , well, you know, one of those, even if you tried.”  
  
“Yes, I know Jennie. I was just kidding you.”  
  
“Oh. Well, then that’s okay. Do you thank we can beat Dominican in the meet on Saturday?”  
  
“I’m sure you will do well in the long jump. Unless their number one has improved a lot in practice, if you do as well as you’ve been doing lately you should win easily. I think I’ve got a good chance in the hurdles for the same reason. We ought to win all the shorter dashes but they have some of the best in the state for the distance events. So it could be pretty close. I guess we’ll just have to hope that all of us are at our very best on Saturday. And that’s why we should keep working with your dad’s equipment.”  
  
We worked out for another hour before it was time for me to go. We went upstairs to say goodnight and goodbye to her parents. I gave both Mr. and Mrs. White a very daughterly peck on the cheek, wishing that I could do a whole lot more with Mr. White.  
  
We did win the meet, but only barely. Jennie and I both won our events easily even though the Dominican girls had improved over their best performances in previous meets, but several of our girls really had to struggle. We both went to the dance that evening. My date was a senior, Brad Thompson. He was a nice guy, but I would really have liked to have gone with Mr. White. During the slow dances Brad almost always got an erection which I could feel pushing against me. I should have been insulted, I know, but I didn’t really mind because I imagined that it was Mr. White’s erection that I was feeling getting larger and larger against my pussy and up my tummy. In fact, I even pressed closer against Brad. But when he took my hand and tried to put it on his erection I jerked it away and left him standing there on the dance floor as I walked, maybe stalked would be the better word, back to our table.  
  
He apologized profusely, of course, and said that he never meant to hurt me or to disrespect me; it was just that he loved me so much he really wanted me to touch him. I managed, but only barely, to keep from laughing in his face. I pretended to relent and told him I would give him one last chance. He looked at me like a grateful puppy and thanked me over and over again and promised never to do anything like that again. The truth is, his erection wasn’t nearly as big or as firm as Mr. White’s was, and even if it had been, Brad was so immature that I couldn’t imagine he could be very experienced or good at making love. And I really wanted my first time to be with a man who I truly liked and who knew what he was doing. In short, Mr. White.  
  
Jennie and I continued to work out in her dad’s gym almost every night and we did well at each of our remaining track meets. Our school did as well but we just missed out on winning the district championships which would have sent us to the regionals and possibly to the state championships. But it was a good season and almost all of us achieved new personal bests. At least we knew we had done the best we could, which isn’t as good as winning but is better than knowing that with a little more training and a little more effort we could have won it all.  
  
A week after the end of the school year we had a very hot spell. Jennie and I went to the local swimming pool every day but so did every body else in town. It was extremely crowded and was situated in a slight depression that breezes never seemed able to find. We weren’t able to obtain much relief from the heat. I was delighted, therefore, when Jennie’s mom called my mom and said they would like me to come with them for a weekend at the beach, about two hours drive away. She said that they had rented a bungalow cottage and that Jennie and I could share a bedroom there. My mom asked her to hold for a second while she checked with me while saying that it would be fine with her. When she told me what the call was about I shrieked and said that I would love to go.   
  
The arrangements were made and Mr. and Mrs. White picked me up early Friday evening. We were going to be at the beach all day Saturday and Sunday, returning fairly late Sunday evening. I had packed the briefest bikinis that my mom would let me buy and what I thought was a very pretty, and very short, completely transparent nightgown. I also packed a totally see through, very light robe to go over it in case Mrs. White or Jennie thought the nightgown was too indecent. My plan was, if anyone objected, to say that it had been so hot and I had forgotten to ask if the bungalow had air conditioning so I wanted to stay as cool as possible. And if nothing else, Mr. White would get to see me at least once in just the nightgown. I thought that if I timed things right I could walk into the living room when only Mr. White was there and then be sitting down by the time Mrs. White and Jennie came into the room so it wouldn’t be so apparent that you could see my breasts and my nipples, as well as pretty much every hair on my pussy, through the very thin, very transparent material.  
  
We arrived at the bungalow a couple of hours later. We put our bags into the two bedrooms and I was delighted to discover that there was no air conditioning, only large ceiling fans, which we turned on. We also opened all the windows to get a breeze into the place. Then we went out to dinner at a local fish restaurant. I had crab cakes which tasted delicious to me. It wasn’t a very posh restaurant but the food was very nice and the service was friendly. By the time we finished eating it was almost eleven. We drove home and Jennie and I began to get ready for bed. I was feeling a little bit naughty so while Jennie was unpacking her bag and putting away her clothes I began to get undressed. I kept up a steady stream of chatter with Jennie the entire time, mostly asking her questions about her relationship with Freddie and how it was developing. Things we didn’t want to talk about in front of her parents. As I took off my blouse and, as always, very short skirt, she told me that she and Freddie had gone out the night before. Normally Jennie, like me, wasn’t allowed to go on dates on week nights but now that school was out the rules had been relaxed.  
  
She looked over at me as she said this and seemed surprised that I was getting undressed but didn’t actually comment on it. “Where did you and Freddie go?”  
  
“To the movies, the art film place. We saw a Japanese film from the 1950’s about Samurai. I think it was called Yojimbo.”  
  
“Did you and Freddie like it?”  
  
“Well, it was kind of interesting, but it was in Japanese with sub-titles and I never much care for sub-titles. I find them very distracting.”  
  
“But wasn’t Freddie being distracting?” I asked as I unhooked and took off my bra.  
  
“Well, yeah. At first we just held hands. Then he put his arm around my shoulder.”  
  
“Yes, and?”  
  
“Next he began to massage my arm with his hand that was around my shoulder. He was tracing little circles on my arm, working his hand closer and closer to my breast.”  
  
I felt my nipples beginning to tingle as she was saying this. When I glanced down at them I saw that they were becoming quite erect. I wondered if I should be embarrassed but I decided just to enjoy it. “Well, come on, Jennie. Did he get there?”  
  
“Yes. It took him several minutes, though. I even shifted positions slightly in my chair so that my breast would be closer to my arm. Sort of to ease the transition for him. He was funny, though. First just one finger was touching my breast, very lightly, while his other fingers were still massaging my arm. I’m sure he was waiting to see if I was going to stop him. I think he even stopped breathing for a minute or so when his finger first made contact with my breast. After another minute or so I felt another finger move from my arm to my breast.”  
  
“Wait a minute, Jennie. I forgot to ask you what you were wearing.”  
  
“Oh, I had a sleeveless button down the front blouse on and a skirt like the one you just took off.”  
  
“And your bra, of course.”  
  
“Well of course, Caroline. You don’t think I would go out braless do you?”  
  
“No, but you really don’t need to wear one, Jennie. You have beautiful breasts and they are very firm. I’m sure they don’t actually need any support from a bra.”  
  
“Thanks, Caroline, but I wish they were as nice as yours.”   
  
She looked down at my nipples and I could feel them trying to become even more erect than they already were.  
  
“Caroline! Are you getting excited by hearing about me and Freddie?”  
  
“Of course, silly. Who wouldn’t be? But go on, tell me more.” And with that I pulled down my panties and stepped out of them. Jennie seemed more surprised but again didn’t say anything about it. Rather than put on my nighty, I carefully folded my blouse and hung it and my skirt on a hanger while Jennie resumed her story.  
  
“The cinema was very dark and fairly empty. There was nobody sitting around us, so I wasn’t too worried that anyone would see what we were doing. And there were only real old people there. At least as old as my mom and dad.”  
  
I thought about protesting that her dad wasn’t old but stopped myself just in time.   
  
“It took several more minutes before Freddie finally managed to move all of his hand off my arm and onto my breast.”  
  
“Had your nipple become erect?”  
  
“Oh, yes. It felt so delicious having Freddie’s fingers gently running circles over my breast and edging closer and closer to my nipple. When he got there at last my nipple felt huge to me. I hope it did to Freddie, too.”  
  
“Did you say anything to him about what he was doing?”  
  
“No, but I did do something.”  
  
“Well, what? Come on Jennie, you have me on pins and needles. Look, I’m even getting wet down there.”  
  
Jennie, who had been trying to avoid looking at my pussy as I had been walking around the room unpacking and putting my things away, was forced to look at my pussy, which really was getting quite moist. Only partly because of her story, though. The rest was because it excited me enormously to be walking around the room totally naked while she was still fully clothed and watching me.  
  
“Oh Caroline, aren’t you going to put anything on?”  
  
“Of course, Jennie, but I don’t need to yet when you and I are the only ones in the room. We’ve been in the showers together every day after track. It would be a little late for me to suddenly become shy at being naked around you. And don’t forget, you have been naked in front of me every day as well. So it shouldn’t be a big deal to be naked in front of each other here in the bedroom.”  
  
“I guess you’re right. It just feels different somehow. Anyway, to get on with my story, what I did was, and I hope you won’t think I was being too forward, I put my hand very lightly on top of Freddie’s hand that was on my breast. Sort of to encourage him to keep doing what he was doing. Then I unbuttoned two of the buttons on my blouse. And there were only five altogether so my blouse fell open so that almost my whole bra and breasts were uncovered. Then I took a deep breath and put my other hand on Freddie’s upper thigh and began massaging his leg.”  
  
“Golly, Jennie, now I really am getting excited.”  
  
“Freddie seemed very surprised that I not only wasn’t stopping his advances but was encouraging him. He moved his free hand to my leg and began massaging it, too. Quite high up on my leg, if you know what I mean.”  
  
I reached down with my hand and touched my leg just above my knee as I looked questioningly at Jennie.  
  
“No, higher than that.”  
  
I slid my hand over my naked flesh up to about mid-thigh. “This high?”  
  
“No, still higher Caroline.”  
  
I moved my hand still higher up my leg, almost to the intersection of my thigh and my pussy. “All the way up to here?”  
  
“Yes, at least that is where he began. But his hand didn’t stay there.”  
  
“You mean, it moved over to here?” I asked as I moved my fingers right over my pubic hair, which was actually quite moist from my secretions, which I hoped weren’t running down my leg.  
  
“Yes, Caroline. I thought I was in heaven. But it got even better than that.”  
  
“It did? My goodness, Jennie, what did Freddie do?”  
  
“Well, I told you that I had unbuttoned two of the buttons on my blouse. Freddie moved his hand that was on my breast over into the opening and put his hand right on top of my bra. And then he proceeded to massage my nipple through my bra. Thank goodness it was a nice bra, and pretty thin.”  
  
I moved my other hand up to my right breast and began to caress it and then to tweak my nipple. “Did he do it like this?”  
  
“Not at first. He began just by massaging my nipple. Then he pulled his hand away and I was afraid that he was going to stop.”  
  
“What did he do, Jennie?”  
  
“He slid his fingers under my bra and tried to move them down to my nipple.”  
  
“Wow, how fun for you. Did he succeed?” I asked as I continued to massage both my pussy and my nipple right in front of Jennie. My legs were beginning to feel weak so I sat on the bed with my legs spread wide enough that I could easily continue to play with my pussy, which was loving the attention that it was receiving.  
  
“No, the bra was too tight.”  
  
“What a shame. What did you do?”  
  
Jennie smiled at me. “I had deliberately worn a bra that unhooks in front, just in case. So I took my hand off Freddie’s thigh and unhooked it. When I put my hand back on his leg I accidentally put it a little too far over and it was on his penis.”  
  
“Was it big?”  
  
“It was pretty big, but I left my hand there and it seemed to grow larger under my hand, so I began to massage it. I loved the way it felt, and the way it kept getting bigger and bigger.”  
  
“I’ll bet you did. If Freddie wasn’t your boyfriend I would have loved to feel that, too. What did Freddie do?”  
  
“He slid my bra right off my breasts with one hand and began caressing first one, then the other. I can’t tell you how much I loved the feel of his fingers on my nipples. And his other hand he put back down on my leg but not on my pussy. Instead he slid it under my skirt and before I could do anything he had slid it right up my leg and onto my panties. And of course they were wet because I was so excited. He massaged my pussy through my panties while he was caressing my nipples with his other hand. Neither of us were even pretending to pay any attention to the movie by that time. In fact we must have looked like contortionists all twisted around. I turned my head toward Freddie and we kissed while we were both touching each other. As we did so, Freddie slid my blouse right off my breasts, so they were naked in front of anybody who might have turned around and looked. I would have protested but it felt so good to kiss Freddie. He has the nicest lips and then his tongue slid into my mouth and found mine and I didn’t care what he did to me. I think he could have undressed me on the stage in front of everybody and I wouldn’t have minded.”  
  
“Jennie, that is so exciting. How marvelous for you.”  
  
“But wait, Caroline. There’s more.”  
  
“More? Really? Well keep talking, I want to hear all about it.”   
  
With that I changed my position and lay down on the bed. And then I looked over at Jennie and I inserted my index finger right into me. Jennie looked shocked but I didn’t care. It was her fault for exciting me so.  
  
“When we finished our kiss,” Jennie continued, “Freddie lowered his head and actually took my nipple into his mouth. He kissed it and then began sucking on it. I thought I had died and gone to heaven it felt so good. And as he was doing that he slid his other hand inside my panties and moved his finger into me the way yours is in you now.”  
  
“Did it feel as good as mine is feeling to me now?”  
  
“Oh, yes. I loved it. This was the first time he had ever even touched my breasts, let alone down there. I was so totally excited, Caroline. I never knew it could feel that good. I mean, I had done to myself what you are doing to yourself, but I had never had a boy do it. At least, not like that. Just on the outside of my clothes and that didn’t feel nearly as nice as this did. Then I did something really naughty. I unzipped Freddie’s trousers and reached inside. And I felt his bare penis. At first I thought he hadn’t put on any underwear but then I realized that he had on boxer shorts and when he became erect it must have slid through the opening. So I took it out of his pants. It was huge, and so beautiful. All glistening and really, really hard. I didn’t know they could get so hard.”  
  
“Jennie, you’re making me so excited, I think I’m going to have an orgasm. Do you mind?”  
  
“No, I think I will, too, I’m getting so excited from telling you about what happened.”  
  
“So, what happened next?”  
  
“Well, there was more of the same for quite some time. I was caressing Freddie’s erection while he was kissing first one nipple and then the other and moving his fingers into and out of me, you know, down there.”  
  
“Yes, I know, Jennie, just like I’m doing to myself,” I said as my hand moved faster and faster into my pussy and then onto my clit, which had become really enlarged.  
  
“And then, Caroline, just as I was building up my courage to take Freddie’s penis into my mouth…”  
  
“Really, you were going to give him a blow job?”  
  
“I suppose that’s what it is called. I don’t really know how to do that but I was going to try.”  
  
“And did you?”  
  
“No, I couldn’t. The movie got over and the lights came up. By the time Freddie and I realized the lights were on people were getting up and beginning to leave. And looking at us. Freddie immediately took his lips off my nipple and moved his head. But that left my breasts exposed to everyone in the theater. I was so embarrassed. Thank God there wasn’t anyone there that knows me. I quickly let go of Freddie’s erection and closed my blouse. There was no time to re-hook my bra. Freddie stuffed his penis, which was very rapidly becoming a lot smaller and less firm, into his pants and zipped them up. Fortunately I still had my panties and my skirt on so I just smoothed it down. I don’t know how many people saw us before we were able to cover up.”  
  
“Was that exciting for you, to know that people had seen your naked breasts?”  
  
“You know, it really was. Now I get very excited remembering it. At the time I was so scared and so embarrassed but the truth is it was also very arousing. Do you think I’m a pervert?”  
  
“Of course not, Jennie,” I laughed. “I feel exactly the same.”  
  
And I told her the story about Arnold and how I had first discovered that being seen by others was so totally thrilling to me. I didn’t tell her, though, about how I deliberately created opportunities for strangers to catch glimpses of me. That might have been too much for her and I really liked Jennie and wanted to keep her as a friend. Then Jennie told me that when she and Freddie left the theater they both stopped in the washrooms and adjusted their clothing. After that Freddie brought her home.  
  
“And then I did to myself just what you are doing, Caroline, while I thought about how wonderful it had been. I can’t wait to see Freddie again.”  
  
“Do you think you will, you know, go all the way with him?”  
  
“I don’t know. I think I’m still too young, and I would just die if I got pregnant.”  
  
“You mean you’re not on the pill?”  
  
“Of course not,” Jennie indignantly replied. “You mean you are?”  
  
“Yes, Jennie, for the last year or so. My mother took me to the gynecologist. She said that I was of an age where sometimes girls get carried away with their emotions and they shouldn’t have to spend the rest of their lives living with their mistakes. We may be too young to ought to have sex but not to actually have sex, she said, so she had the doctor prescribe birth control pills for me.”  
  
“But have you actually done it with anybody?”  
  
“No,” I laughed, “but it is comforting to know that if the opportunity presented itself and it seemed right to me, that I wouldn’t have to worry about becoming pregnant. I’m sure I will want babies some day, but definitely not while I’m still in high school. Or even college or for some years thereafter. I want to be able to do things and have experiences. And having a child is one of those experiences, but you can’t have the others once you have a child whereas you can have the child after you have had the others. But enough of preaching. I should put my nightgown on so we can go say goodnight to your parents. Oh,” I said, putting the hand that had been in my pussy close to my nose, “I think I should wash my hands first as well.”  
  
“Okay, Caroline. When you have finished with the bathroom I’ll get changed.”  
  
“You really are shy, aren’t you Jennie? Here I’ve been not only totally nude in front of you but playing with myself as well, which I never thought I would ever do in front of another person. And you’re embarrassed about getting undressed in front of a person that you have been nude in front of almost every afternoon for the last several months.”  
  
“I know, it seems silly, and maybe someday I will get over it, just not quite yet.”  
  
“It’s all right Jennie. Everybody is different, and I believe that we should only do things we feel comfortable doing.”  
  
I climbed off the bed and put on my nighty, hoping that Jenny wouldn’t make any comment about how thin the material was. I suppose that Jennie must have become somewhat inured after seeing me totally naked in front of her because she didn’t say a word. I went into the bathroom, which I wished had been down the hallway rather than attached to the room because the trip to it could have offered some interesting possibilities. I washed my hands and brushed my teeth and checked that my hair looked okay – it is pretty difficult to go wrong in pigtails – and came back into the room to wait for Jennie.  
  
When she went in to the bathroom, though, I thought that this might be a good opportunity to walk on into the living room and hope that Mr. White was sitting there by himself. So I called in to Jennie and told her that I was going to go out and begin saying goodnight to her folks and would see her there in a few minutes. My nipples were already erect but I pinched them gently a few times anyway before opening the door and walking out to the living room. When I walked in I saw Mr. White sitting in an easy chair and reading. He was alone in the room. Good. He looked up as I came in, then looked down at what I was wearing. And smiled very broadly.  
  
“Caroline, you have such wonderful taste in night gowns.”  
  
“Why thank you Mr. White, I’m very glad that you like it. I was hoping that you would and I wore it especially for you.”  
  
“Then I’m the one who should thank you. You look lovely.”  
  
“Jennie will be out in a minute. She’s getting changed now. I came to say goodnight to Mrs. White and to you.”  
  
“She’s getting changed too and should be out in a bit. We could chat for a few minutes while we’re waiting. That is, if you would like to.”  
  
“Of course. Actually, I was hoping that you would be alone. I was afraid that your wife would think that my nightgown is a little risqué and want me to put a robe on over it.”  
  
“I don’t think so. She doesn’t seem to notice very much after she takes her contacts out while getting ready for bed.”  
  
“I didn’t even know she wore contacts, Mr. White.”  
  
“Yes, she has done for several years now. And she refuses to wear her glasses when she takes the contacts out. I’m a little surprised that I don’t need glasses as well, now that I am getting on in years.”  
  
I knew that statement called for a rapid response on my part so I quickly said, “You’re not getting old, Mr. White. You’re the most virile man I know. And the best looking, too.”  
  
“Why, why thank you, Caroline. But I think you just haven’t met very many men yet.”  
  
“It’s true that I haven’t known any men, if that’s what you mean. But I’ve met you and would love to get to know you.”  
  
I tried to put extra emphasis on the word, “know” and trusted that Mr. White would understand exactly what I meant.  
  
“Do you really mean that, Caroline?”  
  
“Of course, Mr. White. I’ve been in love with you for the longest time, now. I think ever since that first time that I stayed overnight with Jennie because of the snow storm. The way that you looked at me made me very excited. And I have remained excited ever since.”  
  
Mr. White was about to respond when we heard a door close. I quickly sat down, hoping that the shortness of my nightgown might not be quite so apparent. I wished I had asked Mr. White whether his wife put her contacts in before making breakfast but it was too late now. It turned out to be Jennie who came in, but her mom followed a couple of minutes later. Neither Jennie nor her mom commented on my attire and I breathed a small sigh of relief. I thought that now it would be a little difficult for either of them to say something in the morning or the next evening when I wore the same nightgown again. And it made me feel so deliciously sinful, knowing that Mr. White who, unlike his wife without her contacts, really did notice these things, had liked what he had seen.  
  
And I didn’t even need to dream up any reasons for Mrs. White to leave the room temporarily. She came right over to me, bent down and kissed my cheek.  
  
“Good night, dear. I was up quite early this morning and really feel tired. I’ll see you in the morning.”  
  
Then she turned to Jennie and said, “Why don’t you give your dad a kiss good night and come talk to me for a couple of minutes.”  
  
“Ok, mom. Good night, Caroline, I’ll see you in a few minutes.”  
  
“Yes, I’ll just keep your dad company for a little bit and then I’ll be right in.”  
  
Jennie gave her dad a daughterly peck on the cheek and said good night to him. As she and her mom left the room Mr. White called out after them, “If either of you two need anything, just holler. I’ll be happy to bring it to you.”  
  
“Why thank you, dear, that is so thoughtful. Good night.”  
  
“Thanks, daddy. Good night.”  
  
After I heard the door close to the bedroom I said, “I really wish you had some exercise equipment here that you could show me how to use. You did such a good job of it in your gym.”  
  
“I’m sorry, too, Caroline. It was a pleasure to help you. You are a very apt pupil. But you’re not really dressed for working out tonight.”  
  
“I have more on tonight than I did on two occasions, Mr. White,” I protested.  
  
“That’s just what I mean, Caroline. You’re over dressed.”  
  
“I’d be happy to take this off,” I said, lifting the hems of my nightgown up to my breasts, “but I’m afraid we might be interrupted.”  
  
“And that is a very valid concern. No, you better remain dressed just as you are. But the way you are is very nice indeed.”  
  
“I’m really glad you think so.”  
  
Then I had a thought.   
  
“But you know, I pulled a muscle in track a few weeks ago and it still hurts. If I came over there do you think you could massage it for me?”  
  
“Why of course. What muscle did you pull?”  
  
“My groin muscle, I’m afraid. It gets a lot of stress going over those hurdles.”  
  
“I’ll bet it does. Well come on over and I’ll see if I can help.”  
  
I walked over to the chair in which he was sitting and made sure to stand on the side that would leave Mr. White an unobstructed view of the doorway in case Mrs. White or Jennie should return to the living room. On the way, though, I first checked the hallway and saw the light on under the door of the master bedroom where Mr. and Mrs. White would be sleeping and from where I heard Jennie’s voice talking to her mom.  
  
Mr. White placed a hand fairly high up on my left thigh. “Is it on this side.”  
  
“No the other,” I replied, choosing the side that I thought his right hand could most easily massage.  
  
He moved his hand to my other leg. I was tingling with excitement already. I think he was as well because Mr. White took his hand off my leg and rearranged himself inside his trousers.  
  
“I just want to give it a bit more room. You’re a very exciting woman, Caroline.”  
  
I was thrilled that he called me a woman and not a girl. And more thrilled a minute later when his hand slid up my upper leg and found my warm moistness. Mr. White looked up at me, surprise written on his face.  
  
“What can I say, Mr. White? You do that to me. I always get wet when I am around you, even when all I get to do is to look at you and thrill to the sound of your voice.”  
  
I really meant it, too, but then I realized that he might be alarmed at the depth of my feelings and worry that I would assume the Glenn Close role in “Fatal Attraction.”  
  
“Oh, please don’t worry, Mr. White. I know that you are happily married and that you love your wife and Jennie and would never want to hurt them. I just hope that maybe you can find a little time for me as well.”  
  
“I wasn’t worried, Caroline.”  
  
He really did look relieved, however, so I decided to play down my feelings for him and mention only sexual, not emotional, feelings. I guess he must have been satisfied because the next thing I knew, Mr. White had placed both of his hands on my upper legs and was sliding them up and under my nightgown. Suspecting that Mr. White might be as visually oriented as many men are, and even though I was pretty certain that he could see more than just the outline of my pussy through the almost (but not quite) sheer fabric of my nightgown, I said, “Let me get this out of your way, Mr. White,” and I used both of my hands to lift it up to just above my tummy.  
  
“Oh yes, Caroline, that is much better. It is just amazing how even a little bit of thin cloth can interfere with a good massage.”  
  
“Yes, isn’t it?”  
  
Then we both laughed, but not very loud as we needed to be able to hear the bedroom door if it opened. It took very little time before Mr. White finished exploring my upper thighs and my tummy. With one hand he concentrated on exploring, in considerable depth, my clit and my vagina while the other played with my bottom and teased my anus. While in the bathroom before coming out I had made a point of washing that area very thoroughly, just in case. I was very glad now that I had done so as Mr. White left almost nothing of that part of me uncharted. It was almost as if his hands and fingers were attempting to memorize the texture of my skin, every fold of my pussy, the length and breadth of my clit, which seemed to offer a little more length and breadth the longer his talented fingers examined it. And every nook and cranny of my ass, which he kept telling me was perfectly formed and velvety to his touch and all the kinds of things that make us melt in men’s arms. His teasing of my anus felt so good to me that I knew I wanted his finger inside me there, something I had never done before. I let go of one side of my nightgown to moisten my fingers in my pussy, where my fingers and his briefly met and caressed, then I took his hand from my ass and dampened his fingers with my pussy juices before moving his fingers back to my anus.  
  
“Please Mr. White, can you put a finger into me there? I’ve never done that before so it may be very tight, but I would really like for you to do it.”  
  
“If you’re sure,” he began.  
  
“Oh, yes, I’m very sure.”  
  
He teased my anus just a little bit longer and then, very gently, began to insert one finger, probably his index finger but I couldn’t be certain, into me. Just the tiniest little bit initially, but after I was able to accommodate that, he gradually and quite carefully, moved it a little further in, then back out, then back to where it had got to and a little beyond that. I had never even experimented with putting my own finger there so I had no idea what it would feel like. Not surprisingly, it was a little uncomfortable, and especially mentally as I was petrified that I might have an accident, or that his finger would find material which he would wish he hadn’t. Fortunately, neither happened and I began to relax, at least a little. This seemed to make it easier for his finger to move more deeply into me, which felt better and better to me the more I was able to relax.  
  
At the same time, he was moving not just one finger but two into and out of my vagina. I don’t need to tell you how good this felt to me. And by now I had lifted my nightgown up and over my breasts so that Mr. White could look at them as well. Now I took my nightgown in just one hand and with the other caressed my breasts and my nipples. I also looked down at Mr. White’s pants, which had a tent pole trying to free itself from them. Seeing that made me even more excited than I already was. And then I felt the fingers on one of my wished for lover’s hands touching the finger of his other one through the thin membrane inside me. That did me in and I couldn’t hold back my orgasm any longer. I at least had the presence of mind to take my hand off my breasts and stuff it into my mouth as I shuddered in the most violent and long lasting contractions I had ever experienced. I was really afraid that I was going to collapse because my legs felt so weak. After several minutes I was finally beginning to come back to normal when we both heard the bedroom door open. Mr. White rapidly withdrew his hands from me. To my great relief, the finger that had been deep inside my ass was as clean as the proverbial whistle, though it did glisten. The two fingers that had been inside my vagina were drenched in my juices. Mr. White rapidly took a Kleenex out of his pocket and wiped them off while I, as silently as I could, raced into the kitchen and poured a glass of water. As the water was running I heard Jennie ask where I had got to. Her dad told her that I was just getting a glass of water before turning in for the night and that he would stay and read a little while longer.  
  
“I’ll go on to the bedroom, dad, and wait for Caroline there. Good night again. See you in the morning.”  
  
“Okay sweetie, have pleasant dreams.”  
  
“Oh, I will daddy, I will.”  
  
I waited another minute or two and then came out. I walked up to Mr. White, who drew me even closer to him, lifted my nightgown and then, to my amazement, put his tongue right into my pussy. He tongued me there for a few minutes and then moved his mouth up to my clit. I absolutely loved the feel of his tongue on my clit. And then he wrapped his lips around my clit and began to suck on it. I immediately had another orgasm. This was by far the best night of my life. And much better than winning the hurdles at the district meet, as nice as that had been. In another few minutes I had yet another orgasm. When I had recovered from this one and could stand without assistance again I gently pulled away from his mouth.  
  
“I really better go on to bed, Mr. White or Jennie will wonder what we’re doing out here.”  
  
“Yes, I’m sure you’re right. It is just that you feel and taste so very good, I could keep doing it all night.”  
  
“I really hope I get to experience that sometime, Mr. White.”  
  
Then I smiled, blew him a kiss and walked on into the bedroom.  
  
“You were a long time, Caroline.”  
  
I climbed into the queen size bed on the other side from Jennie and said, “I know, Jennie. Your dad was telling me about some of your adventures when you were little. He really loves you, you know.”  
  
“Yeah, he’s a great dad. I’m really lucky.”  
  
“I’ll say, and I have a great dad as well. Yours is so easy to be around. He doesn’t talk down to me like a lot of adults do. And he is always very helpful. But I don’t want to embarrass you and we really ought to be getting some sleep so we can have a great day at the beach tomorrow.”  
  
“Yeah, good night, Caroline.”  
  
“’night, Jennie.”  
  
I put two fingers into my pussy, very quietly, but was able to play with myself while thinking about where Mr. White had had his fingers just a few minutes before. I played with myself for only a very few minutes before falling into a deep, untroubled sleep.  
  
When I awakened the next morning I was surprised to find that there was a hand on my pussy. I remained stock still. It wasn’t moving, though, and I realized that Jennie must have put it there by accident in her sleep without meaning to. Still, it did feel surprisingly good to me so I didn’t remove her hand. Then I remembered reading once that some women could do amazing things with their muscles “down there.” I decided to experiment for a little bit. I had never even tried to control those muscles and didn’t have any real idea of what they were in any case. But I didn’t hear any sounds from the kitchen or living room so I figured Jennie’s folks were still sleep. And her hand actually did feel pretty good right where it was. My first few tries yielded nothing but a sore jaw from clenching so hard trying to make something happen. After a bit though I actually felt a muscle move. A little bit later I was able to do it again. And pretty soon I could make it move whenever I wanted to.  
  
What I hoped to be able to do was to literally suck on one or two of Jennie’s fingers with my pussy, and to draw it inside me. Her fingers weren’t positioned in the ideal manner for even attempting that and I didn’t want to actually touch her hand in case that woke her up. I suppose I could have pretended that I was moving it away from me rather than into a better position on me, but in any case I found that with just a little scooting of my bottom I was able to get her fingers into a better position. I then resumed my attempts at expanding and contracting the muscles controlling the opening and closing of my pussy lips. It took quite a while, but I was enjoying doing what I was doing so I didn’t mind. I was finally able to open my pussy lips enough so that one of Jennie’s fingers actually did slide a little into me. Then I contracted the muscles and closed my lips again, trapping her finger inside me. My nerve endings there must have become very sensitive because her inert finger there felt wonderful to me. Then I concentrated on opening and closing my lips to try to draw Jennie’s finger deeper into me. And I actually succeeded. I couldn’t get it into me nearly as deep as Jennie’s dad had put his fingers last night, but it was pretty far in. And certainly felt very nice there.  
  
Jenny began to stir so I quickly feigned sleep. Though I couldn’t stop myself from continuing to expand and contract the muscles opening and closing my pussy around Jennie’s finger.  
  
Then I heard a gasp and a little pop as Jennie withdrew her finger from me. I quickly opened my eyes as if I just awakened and said, “Jennie? What’s happening?”  
  
“Oh, Caroline, I’m so sorry. I just woke up and found my hand on your pussy and my finger was actually inside you. Please forgive me. I’m not a lesbian, I’m really not.”  
  
“Of course you aren’t, Jennie. It’s okay. Lots of girls experiment a little with other girls, even when they’re awake, and yet they really like boys. So, do I taste good?”  
  
“You want me to lick my finger? Really?”  
  
“Sure. I’ve tasted myself after masturbating, but no one else ever has. And I haven’t ever tasted anyone else so I don’t have any means for comparison.” Actually, Jennie’s dad had licked his fingers after having them in me but I could hardly tell Jennie about that.  
  
“Well, okay. But you have to taste me, too.”  
  
“Sure, but can I do it with my tongue rather than my finger?”  
  
“Your tongue? Well, I guess so, if you want to.”  
  
“That way I get your taste directly, rather than second hand, so to speak.”  
  
Jennie smiled at my intended pun and put her little finger into her mouth.  
  
“Not that finger, Jennie. The one that was actually inside me.”  
  
“Oh, right. Here goes.”  
  
This time she put what I thought was the correct finger in. She was clearly very dubious but after sucking on her finger for a couple of minutes, Jennie said, “Gosh, Caroline, you taste really good.”  
  
“Is it different from you?”  
  
“I don’t know. I’ve never tasted myself.”  
  
“Weren’t you ever curious?”  
  
“Of course, I was curious. But I was afraid it would mean I was a lesbian if I put my finger into my mouth after playing with myself.”  
  
“Well, it wouldn’t. It would only mean that you have a normal and very natural curiosity. And besides, Freddie put his tongue into you the other night. You should have some idea how you tasted to him. There are some things that can be done if the taste isn’t any good. You know, fishy or like that.”  
  
“I think that’s what I was afraid of, Caroline. That I would smell like fish like all the boys joke about all of us tasting like.”  
  
“That’s all the more reason to find out. It doesn’t have to taste like fish but you have to know if it isn’t, well, nice, in order to know that you should do something about it. Didn’t you and your mom ever talk about this stuff?”  
  
“Yeah, sort of. But not at this level of detail. I think my mom must be as embarrassed as I am about the whole subject.”  
  
“Look, Jennie. I don’t know a whole lot but I do know that ignorance on this subject is not good. The more we know about sex, how to give sexual pleasure and how to get it, the happier we are going to be.”  
  
“Okay, Caroline. No need to preach. And anyway, now it’s your turn.”  
  
“My turn?”  
  
“Yes, like you agreed. To taste me.”  
  
“Oh. Okay. This is a good time. Lie back down on your back.”  
  
Jennie did so. I pulled the light comforter off the bed and moved between Jennie’s legs, which I had to push open with my hands.  
  
“Come on, Jennie. I can’t taste you if I can’t even get close to you.”  
  
She relaxed and spread her legs. She still had her panties on as she always did, even for sleeping. I lifted Jennie’s nightgown and pulled it all the way up to her neck, uncovering her breasts. At least she didn’t sleep in a bra as well as her panties. I took my nightgown off so that I would be naked. I wanted to feel Jennie’s skin against mine, and my nipples on her.  
  
“What are you doing, Caroline? I thought you were just going to taste my pussy.”  
  
“I am, Jennie, but I have to get you excited first in order to be able to taste what Freddie was tasting. It wouldn’t do any good just to lick a dry pussy.”  
  
“Oh. I guess not. Okay, go ahead and do what you have to do.”  
  
“It isn’t torture, Jennie. Really it isn’t.”  
  
I pulled her panties down over her hips and all the way off her legs before dropping them on the floor. I decided not to give her my lecture about the evils of sleeping in panties. I was sure I had already given her that one on at least several occasions. I bent down over Jennie and moved my mouth to her breast. I gave her a series of little kisses all over her breast except for the nipple. Then I retraced my route with my tongue. This time I didn’t stop when I had made my circles smaller and smaller leading up to her nipple. I flicked it with my tongue several times before taking it completely into my mouth and sucking on it. I concentrated on that nipple for several moments as I felt the nipple grow firmer and firmer in my mouth. Then I moved to her other breast and repeated the procedure. Jennie tasted very nice to me. She had lovely breasts and I really enjoyed the feel of her nipples in my mouth. After both were nicely erect I moved back and forth between them, sucking on one and then the other. Jennie’s breathing grew more and more shallow and her hips began to move under me. She was clearly getting quite excited.  
  
I shifted down slightly on the bed and moved my mouth to her pussy. She was already quite moist but I ignored that and found her clit with my tongue, which I moved up and down and then all around on her clit. It, too, became nicely aroused, so I took it into my mouth to suck on it.  
  
“I don’t think you have to do that, Caroline, I’m sure I’m already moist.”  
  
I lifted my mouth from her clit and said, “Yes, but we should try to do this right to be certain that I’m getting the same degree of taste as Freddie did.”  
  
“Oh. Okay, I guess,” Jennie said rather doubtfully.  
  
I was really enjoying myself by now and had no intention of having this get over too soon. I was having all sorts of firsts this weekend and wanted to prolong the pleasure for as long as I could. I returned my mouth to Jennie’s clit and continued to suck on it. She clasped her legs around my head.  
  
“Caroline. This feels so good. I don’t care if it does make me a lesbian. Please don’t stop.”  
  
I wasn’t about to stop and instead redoubled my efforts. Then I moved my head back down on Jenny’s pussy and probed her vagina with my tongue. Actually I cheated and put my finger into her as well. But I’m not sure she even noticed as she was writhing about so much on the bed. I moved back and forth between her clit and her vagina, then sucked some more on her clit as she arched her back and came in an orgasm similar to the one I had experienced from her dad’s tongue last night. I kept my tongue in her until she quieted down and was able to lie still. Then I lifted my head and smiled at her.  
  
“Jennie, you taste delicious. Much better than I do. You have absolutely nothing to worry about. You should put your finger in your pussy and lick it so you will know that I’m telling you the truth.”  
  
I took her hand and gently but firmly drew it to her pussy. She was clearly reluctant, but finally she did put a finger into herself and then brought it to her mouth and sucked it clean.  
  
“I don’t think it is as good as you, Caroline, but it isn’t bad. Thank goodness. I had really been worried. That is such a relief to me. Thank you.”  
  
“You’re more than welcome, Jennie. It was torture for me, that’s true, but hey, that’s what friends are for.”  
  
Jennie laughed and claimed the first shower. But before going into the shower she turned back and said, “Caroline, I have a confession. When I woke up I realized my hand was in your, you know, down there.”  
  
“My pussy?”  
  
“Yes, your pussy. And when I felt your pussy moving I thought you might want to feel my finger inside you, so I waited a little bit and then gradually slid it into you. You felt really good to me. I hope you don’t mind.”  
  
I couldn’t help but laugh. “Jennie, I was so proud of myself. I thought I had trained the muscles in my pussy to be able to draw your hand right into me.”  
  
“Well, they did, I just helped them along a little.”  
  
Jennie went on into the shower and turned the water on. I still didn’t hear any sounds from the kitchen so I lay in bed and played with myself, very pleased with how things had turned out and looking forward to the beach in a few hours.  
  
We both dressed before going out to breakfast. Tee shirts and short shorts were the order of the day. Jennie also put on her bra and some clean panties. I didn’t bother with the bra but did put on some panties. Jennie looked at my breasts under the tee shirt.  
  
“Are you sure you don’t want to put a bra on? I know your breasts don’t really need one, but even yours will jiggle a little bit and everyone will be able to tell you don’t have one on.”  
  
“Jennie, ‘everyone’ is only your mom and dad. And they’ve seen me in a lot less than this.”  
  
I knew that Jennie thought I meant that they had seen me in my almost transparent nightgowns and I did, but I also meant, at least with regard to Jennie’s dad, exercising in the nude in his gym while he watched and instructed me in how to use the equipment. I turned and led the way out of the bedroom.  
  
Jennie’s mom was in the kitchen and Mr. White was just coming in as well. Neither of them commented on my tee shirt but Mr. White did sneak a peek at my breasts and smiled approvingly. We ate breakfast and then piled into the car to head for the beach. I had assumed that there would be changing rooms at the beach. I was mistaken. Somehow I hadn’t noticed that Jennie had, sometime after breakfast, put her suit on under her clothes, as had her mom and dad. It wasn’t too difficult to put my top on under my tee shirt but I noticed that Mrs. White had politely turned her head away when she realized my predicament whereas Mr. White had not. I was quick to take advantage of this. I lifted my tee shirt more than necessary to slide the straps of my bikini up and over my arms. I knew that my nipples were peeking out for several seconds and that Mr. White was staring right at them. It was quite thrilling to me. Especially as I was aware that several other beach goers had noticed that I was changing on the beach and were also looking at me.  
  
My bikini bottom presented a greater difficulty. I only had short shorts on, which would be much easier than tight fitting jeans, but still would be impossible to remove without risking being seen. I wrapped a towel around my waist, above the waistband of my shorts. I deliberately didn’t make it too tight. I also deliberately didn’t overlap the two ends of the towel nearly as much as I could have. In case the towel didn’t fall off completely after I had removed my shorts and panties, I wanted there to be a chance that if a fortuitous breeze happened along, the towel would part and give Mr. White, and anyone else who happened to be looking, a view of my pussy, which was already becoming quite moist. But mostly I hoped that the towel would fall completely off, leaving all of my pussy and my ass on display as I pretended total embarrassment and fumbled for long minutes to get my towel back up and covering all of me.  
  
It worked almost as well as I had hoped it would. With the towel wrapped, very loosely, around my waist, I tugged my shorts down and stepped out of them. I could have taken off my panties at the same time but I thought it might be more interesting for the guys, and especially Mr. White, if I undressed in stages. I folded my shorts quite carefully before repeating the process with my panties. Instead of kicking them away, I leaned over to pull them off my ankles. As I did so, I scraped my elbow furiously, though I hoped surreptitiously, against my loosely wrapped towel. As I straightened up, and just as I had hoped, the towel became undone and fell to the ground, baring me to everyone at the beach. It was only a little after ten and the beach wasn’t really all that crowded, but it didn’t matter as Mr. White was the only one I really wanted to be looking at my nakedness. And he was, with eyes widened not just because of my nakedness but because of where we were, on a public beach with other people around.  
  
I quickly picked up my bikini bottoms but managed to struggle to pull them up past my knees and then, finally, up and over my pubic hair. I was facing Mr. White, and seven or eight teenagers and young men. I managed, without having to try very hard to do so, to blush a bright crimson red. I wasn’t embarrassed at all, of course, but it seemed preferable to appear to be so. I walked the few short steps over to Mr. White. “That was certainly embarrassing. Next time I’ll be sure to have my suit on under my clothes.”  
  
“Well, don’t do that on my account, Caroline. I thought you looked very pretty.”  
  
“Thank you. But I didn’t mean for there to be so very much of me for people to see. My bikini is small enough as it is.”  
  
And that last part was certainly true. I would never have dared to let my mom or dad see me in it. It wasn’t a thong, but the coverage of my bottom was, at best, miniscule. My pubic hair was covered in front, but only barely, with most of my legs and the area between them left bare. The top covered my nipples and the areolas but even a slight movement of my arms made it slip down a bit exposing the upper area of the areolas. Since they are pink, it would take a keen eyed viewer to see that there was a bit more of me on display than was supposed to be. But I suppose there were a few keen eyed viewers that day at the beach. Mr. White was certainly one of them.  
  
“It is small, as you say, Caroline, but very becoming. I really like the color.”   
  
It was a lime green which I thought went well with my blonde hair and my skin coloring. I had a bit of a tan but not a deep dark one. It was too early in the season for that.  
  
We set out our blankets and Jennie and I walked down to the water. It was a little cold, but definitely not icy. After a few minutes acclimating ourselves we were able to swim. I’m not a very good swimmer and neither was Jennie, but we had a nice time anyway. Several boys came over and tried to talk with us but I really wasn’t interested in teen age boys. I was thinking only about Mr. White. Jennie and I remained in the water for almost an hour until we saw Jennie’s mom beckoning us to come in. As we stepped out of the water and onto the beach my foot came down on something sharp. I yelled and saw blood gushing from my left foot. I looked down and the sand and saw that some jerk had left a beer bottle cap on the beach and I had stepped heavily onto it. I hobbled up to our towels, trying to keep the cut off the sand. I knew it wasn’t a serious cut but it certainly hurt a lot and I thought I should put some Polysporin on it. So did Mrs. White.  
  
“John, you should take Caroline back to the cabin and put something on her cut. Jennie and I will wait here until you return. And Caroline, dear, if you don’t feel up to walking, you can rest at the cabin if you prefer. Will you be all right by yourself?”  
  
“I’m sure I’ll be just fine, Mrs. White. I’ll come back with Mr. White but it probably is a good idea to put some Polysporin or something on the cut. I think I have some in my overnight bag. My mom won’t let me go anyplace without it, in case something just like this should happen.”  
  
Mr. White put his right arm around my waist and I put my left arm over his shoulder. The touch of his hand and his fingers on my bare skin above my bikini bottom almost made me forget the pain in my foot, around which Mrs. White had wrapped a small towel. Mr. White drove us the short way back to the cabin. I lay down on my bed as he looked for some ointment. Mrs. White had Polysporin, too, and Mr. White brought it and a warm wash cloth into the bedroom. He very gently washed my foot, which had stopped bleeding and put the cream onto it. Unlike iodine, Polysporin doesn’t usually sting, and that was the case this time. After putting the ointment on, Mr. White continued to hold my foot with his right hand while his left hand began to trace small circles on my calf. “That feels very nice, Mr. White.”  
  
“Does your foot hurt very much, Caroline?”  
  
“No, it hardly hurts at all now, Mr. White. You must have the magic touch.”  
  
That seemed to be all the encouragement he needed. He began using both hands to massage my leg, gradually moving his fingers higher and higher. I sighed in contentment and murmured that he was doing a wonderful job of easing my pain. When his hands moved above my knee to my upper thigh I could feel myself becoming moist. My breathing grew more and more erratic. Here we were, alone, in the bedroom. I had on only a very brief bikini and Mr. White wore just a tee shirt over his bathing suit. It wasn’t a Speedo but it was easy to see that Mr. White had become as excited as I was. When his fingers brushed against the bottom of my bikini he said, “Caroline, your suit is still wet. Isn’t that chafing you? Don’t you think it would be a good idea to take it off and put something dry on?”  
  
“I think the first part of your suggestion is a very good one, Mr. White, but I don’t see any need to put anything else on. We’re the only ones here and you drove me in the only car. Unless you would be embarrassed, of course.”  
  
“No, not at all, Caroline. I have always loved to look at you. You are a very lovely young woman. I just didn’t want you to think I was being forward.”  
  
“But Mr. White, you know, you must know, how much I have wanted you to make love to me.”  
  
“I didn’t dare let myself think that was the case, Caroline. I kept telling myself that you didn’t realize how excited you were making me. Let alone to believe, to really believe, that you would let me make love to you.”  
  
“Of course I would,” I said as I reached behind my back to undo my top. I dropped it on the floor and reached my arms up to Mr. White. He kissed me. A delicious, long, gentle and then more and more urgent kiss. I opened my mouth and moved my tongue to meet his. I could feel his erection pressing against my pussy and my tummy. A lot of my tummy, well up past my navel. When our lips broke apart I pushed Mr. White away.  
  
“I’m sorry, Caroline. Did I do something wrong?”  
  
“Oh, no, Mr. White. It is just that my wet bikini bottom truly is bothering me. I really think I should take it off. Could you remove it for me?”  
  
Mr. White put one hand on each side of my bikini and slowly peeled it off and down my legs, then dropped it on the floor with my top. And a few seconds later he added his own bathing suit and tee shirt to the pile. He bent his head down and kissed my pussy. I put my hands on his head and pulled him closer against me. He found me with his tongue and showed me why I knew I wanted a mature man to be the one to show me how to make love. He did things with his tongue on my clit and in my vagina and back up to my clit and all around my clit. And when he took my clit in his mouth and sucked on it I had an immediate orgasm, while clutching his head against me even more firmly. I wrapped my legs around his head to encourage him to keep doing what he was doing. His hands found my nipples and squeezed and massaged them while his tongue kept doing the delicious things it was doing to me. I had another orgasm, and didn’t even try not to make noise while doing so.  
  
After my third orgasm I pulled Mr. White’s face up to mine and kissed him. And then kissed him again. And then again. His lips felt so wonderful on mine. His tongue in my mouth was almost as good as it had been in my pussy and on my clit. I reached my hand down and found his erection. It felt enormous to me. And beautiful. So beautiful that I couldn’t resist moving my hand up and down on the whole glorious length and breadth of it. I couldn’t believe how firm it was, and how thick. I couldn’t even remember the name of the boy whose erection was the first I had ever touched. I could barely remember my own name my feelings were so inflamed.   
  
And I hadn’t even begun to feel as good as I was going to feel a few minutes later when Mr. White slowly pushed himself into me. I spread my legs as wide as I could to help draw him into me. He didn’t need my help but I reached both of my hands down to feel his erection as it slowly disappeared inside me. And filled me up. And then when Mr. White pulled it back out, extremely, beautifully slowly, I felt a whole new set of sensations. And then he thrust back into me and I could feel each inch of him as he penetrated me. I wrapped my legs around Mr. White and felt his strong muscles as he moved into and out of and then back into me. It was far and away the most wonderful sensation I had ever felt. Of their own accord my hips thrust upwards to meet his every downward push. The friction of his smooth firm erection against my clitoris was so pleasurable yet painful as the tension built to higher and higher levels as I desperately sought the release of my orgasm.   
  
When it came I screamed and thrashed about, enjoying every sensation of it as I clung to Mr. White’s strong thighs, trying to pull him even deeper into me. He kept his arms around me as he kissed my neck and my cheek and then, when I could breathe more easily, my lips, moving his tongue into my mouth to meet mine. And then he resumed his thrusts into me. The friction built even more rapidly this time and before I knew it I was having another orgasm, my whole body shaking and trembling. This time, as soon as I could, I pulled his head to mine and thrust my tongue into his mouth as his fingers caressed my nipples and his erection remained deeply imbedded in me. He had wonderful staying power although I didn’t realize at the time how much better he would prove to be than most of the boys and men I would later be with.  
  
When at last he came I had one final orgasm seconds later as I felt his penis twitching in its ejaculations into me. Afterwards we lay in each other’s arms as he kissed me and resumed caressing my nipples, my legs, my thighs, my hips and my pussy, now covered with the mixture of my own juices and his sperm as it slowly seeped out of me. I reached down, tentatively, and touched myself there. I brought my fingers to my mouth and tasted the mixture and was pleased, and relieved, to find that it tasted very good to me. He smiled at what I was doing. “Were we good together?”  
  
“Delicious, though your contribution is much nicer than mine.”  
  
“I’ll have to take your word for that, Caroline. I love the smell and the taste of your pussy but I’ve never had any desire to taste me.”  
  
I laughed and assured him that anyone who liked the taste of ejaculate would love his. We kissed for a few more minutes until I said that I thought we ought to get back to the beach before his wife and Jennie sent out a search party for us. We showered together and I loved putting soap all over his balls and his penis. When it began enlarging, which I loved to watch and to feel, Mr. White gently pushed my hand away. “If you keep doing that, Caroline, we’ll never make it back to the beach.”  
  
We finished showering and drying off and then, back in the bedroom I put a dry bikini on before putting my perfume on and managing to sprinkle a little around. Fortunately there was a very pleasant breeze blowing through the room which I hoped would remove the evidence of our love making. Mr. White checked for a wet spot and was relieved that there was none as neither of us knew whether there were any clean sheets we could have put on the bed. Finally Mr. White took me into his arms again and we kissed, deeply, one more time. Then we returned to the beach where Jennie and Mrs. White didn’t seem concerned by our long absence but only relieved that my cut wasn’t too bad and that I had been able to return to the beach. Jennie and I went back into the water near the group of teenage boys. I ignored them as I thought about how wonderful Mr. White had felt on me and under me and in me.  
  
There were more occasions with Mr. White but those are for another time.

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