

TROPIC HOLIDAY

It was one of those skin-blistering days in the tropics when the thermometer is reading 90 to 95 degrees in the shade. It was in one of the hell-holes in the West Indies, "Port of Spain, Trinidad". After roaming all over my hotel in search of a cool spot. I decided to go down to the beach. I got up and started going up St. Vincent Street. When I was half way up the block opposite a lunch room, a young woman stopped me and asked for a cigarette. I took out my case and held it open for her. She was undoubtedly a very pretty girl, symmetrically shaped, a typical brown beauty one finds in the West Indies. While taking the cigarette, she suddenly looked up into my face. She doubtlessly observed a tremor in my hands. What caused that I don't know, maybe it was the heat or her prominent breasts that stood out like two horizontal pyramids.

"Where you from, Mister?"

"U.S.A."

"What you're doing in Trinidad connected with the oilfields?"

I told her I was touring the West Indies and how I felt the heat oppressive, and was looking for the beach.

"If you care to come, I can carry you to a cool spot where you can get some entertainment besides," she said.

Well, as I were out for some sight-seeing, amusement, and a cool spot, I accepted the invitation, and we started up the street; she took me thru some different streets and we eventually came out near the race-course at Wood-brook. I asked her a few questions about herself while we were on our way. In reply she told me her name was Maria Alfonzo, mother and father died in a revolution in Venezuela, she was just in her twentieth year, 'twas just seven years since she came to the Island and was living together with two other women of Venezuelan origin also. She had that sweet accent one finds in the Spanish Senoritas when they talk English. I could also see that ancient Spanish grace and beauty in her make up.

We passed the race-course, going north a bit, then suddenly we came upon a drab looking building of the Castillian style standing all alone. We passed thru an old iron gate and entered the yard, passing West of the house to the stairs. It was a two flat building, a very unusual thing for such a locality. We climbed the stairs together and entered the house, there was a hundred to one contrast between the exterior and interior. We entered a lower balcony spotlessly clean with polished floor and some antique furniture. Then into a spacious hall luxuriously furnished; this room would have comforted the heart of any multi-millionaire.

She took my hat and escorted me to a beautiful plush covered couch, told me to wait, and she was off. I then commenced to observe my surroundings.

Chapter 2. A SUMPTUOUS HOME

It was a beautifully stained hall, luxuriously decorated, with ancient etchings of early Spanish art, the tapestry hangings of a rich Nile and pea green lustre, blending harmoniously with the stained walls and polished floor! With all of this was the most modern and up-to-date furniture cushions, rugs, carpets and so forth most soothing and pleasing to the most fastidious person. The lights were set and shaded with beautiful and up-to-the-minute designs.

Just as I were contemplating all this luxury set in such an insignificant looking house on the outside, I heard steps to my right, and on looking that way I saw Maria and another girl (for girls I may call them) just about her age and size coming towards me. (Let me mention it here and now; Maria is a girl with an education of fair average.) They came up to me and she said "Mr. Hammer let me introduce you to my friend, one of whom we all live here together." (The name Dick Hammer was really an adopted one.) Then she said, "Mr. Hammer, Senorita Castello." I took the introduction in our usual way, "Delighted to meet you Senorita Castello," came my reply. "I am pleased to meet you Senor Hammer." I told her I was Dick, Dick Hammer; she said she was Virginia Castello. While going over our introduction, the third dame stepped up; and boy wasn't she another beauty! We were introduced. Her name was Agnez Fernandez. Neither Agnez nor Virginia could have spoken English as fluently as Maria, but it was delightful to hear them speak. Vergie as she was usually was asking me a few things about myself when Maria proposed the upper Balcony as it was much cooler up there. We accepted the proposal and retired to the balcony; here also was a wonderful display of costly lounges, chairs, settles, Tea and Card tables and so forth. This Balcony was delightfully cool, and it afforded a clear view of the whole open space ahead called the 'Savanah'.

Maria touched a bell and a fine coffee brown dame appeared. She was also an eye-ful for she had that real something in her looks, symmetry and gait that must start something in any live vital man! Maria ordered tea which was served in a couple of minutes, after which cognac was served, and this very plentiful, then vermouth. We kept up an ordinary conversation while the glass was going around. This continued for about half an hour. Of course everybody commenced feeling merry. I know you will wonder why I kept so reserved all that long! It was because I was

feeling out things. It wasn't very easy to place these girls with their smooth lady-like grace and action. That didn't mean I wasn't playing for an opening. Agnez said something to the girls in Spanish; then they asked for an excuse and all three left.

Chapter 3. UNCONTROLLABLE

Alone, I started thinking why I am here, what I must and mustn't do, who and what are these girls. I would like to know more about them, especially Maria with her streamlined hips and plump caressable breasts and kissable lips! Oh, but why think of Maria alone, what of Agnez and Virgie, are they not as buxom, charming and luscious looking too? Even that brown wench, the maid is a beautiful eyeful. I don't know if it was the liqueur, the nearness of the girls, or what it was, but my mind just kept racing on in this trend. I were all wrapped in thoughts and lost in dreams. I think I had my eyes closed for I did not know of the presence of anyone near me until I felt a light touch on my cheek and, behold standing around me, were the three dames, but boy! how I blinked. For there they were, standing, before me three nymphs. They were robed in the thinnest silk whiffs I have ever seen with nothing under it but their peach coloured flesh. And oh, how these light dark spots stood out under the gauze! I just stared, as dumb as Dora. Then presto and something popped in me, I leapt from the settle straight on to Agnez, caught her in my arms, when I touched her wet luscious lips I went blind to everything else.

Suddenly, she stiffened up, started fighting, pushed me off and stood away. I moved to go at her again. She raised her hand in a gesture to stop me, then said in that beautiful accent, "Nu, nu Mister Dick to doo that you must be like us." Then I heard Maria's voice saying, "Of course, you can't be all dressed up as you are in this Bacchanal. You will have to be like us." It's only then, when I heard Maria's voice that I came back to earth and remembered that I was in the company of the three girls.

I said, "Well! what's the game?" She said, "Well you have already played the game, only you can't continue it as you are, so get out of your rags."

During this time my coque stood up so hard it hurt. I still hesitated in shedding my gears, when Maria said, "If you don't want to take the trouble we can do it for you." And with the word, the three were on me. Like a flash I was thrown on to the settle and with all my resistance (of course a weak one) they soon had me nude. They leaped off of me, stepped back, dropped off their gauze gowns, and there we were back in Eden.

All I did, I couldn't make my coque go down. There he

stood proud and majestic fully nine inches long, the [body] trying to burst from the head. “Maria,” Virgie said, touching my dick, “He’s a beauty.” “He sure is!” was Maria’s reply, then bent and kissed it all over, which gave me new pains but pleasant ones. Agnez then got up, went behind the couch, leant over me, threw her hands over my shoulders, and started to play with my breast nipple, taking the tip of my ear in her mouth sucking it. Virgie took hold of my coque, pumping it smoothly up and down. Maria passed her hand under my legs, took hold of my balls massaging them gently. Oh! it was a glorious experience, the sensation was enthralling. In three minutes I was gone, I discharged in Virgie’s hand! She shouted, “Maria, Maria, luke luke eet he waste eet.” And with that I was thrown back on the couch. Virgie straddled me and brought her cunt down on my wet and still stiff prick. Oh what ecstasy it was when I felt my coque ascending into her warm cunt. Agnez bent over me and commenced to suck the nipple of my breast while Maria tickled my arse-hole with her finger, I just lay quietly while Virgie worked herself slowly up and down on my stiff prick and in five minutes more. I felt I was coming. I grabbed Virgie by the cheeks of her arse with both hands. She was on the point of discharging, she came down flat on me, glued her lips to mine, forced her tongue into my mouth, wrapping me tight. We had one heavenly thrill spent together.

Chapter 4. THE TRIO’S ADVENTURES

When I came out of my trance Agnez was over me with a damp towel sponging my moist and flaccid coque, after which she brought a bottle of “Rose Lotion” and sprayed my parts all over. During this process Maria was also methodically sponging Virgie with a sweet scented lotion. After this, deserts were served. While eating, Maria asked, “Well Dick, are you enjoying yourself?” “Exceedingly,” I said. “Only I have been taken by surprise.” “You have not seen all the surprises yet,” she said. “How long will you be in Trinidad?” she asked. “I have eight days more after which I’ll be leaving for British Guiana,” was my answer. “Oh,” she said, “I see, then we can have you for at least four days or more. You can be assured of the most enjoyable time in our company.” She continued, “You see Mr. Hammer, I’ll make a confession to you and I will be speaking for my friends also.”

We are three girls living in this house, of the same age, and were thrown together by the same circumstances. Our parents were killed in the revolution over there. We were all neighbours and grew up together as very close friends. When the revolution started, our parents buried all their treasure together in one spot one

spot. We were kids then, just ten years old. We remained until things quieted down, living together in Agnez's home, as mine and Virgie's were burnt down. We were taken care of by a Granny who was with my mother many years. The maid you see here is her grand-daughter. After things got quiet we planned to get away from the country, that was three later. We arranged, Granny being an English Subject, it would be easy for her to leave the country without much suspicion. We decided to let her take most of the money and treasures along with her, and we will just travel with enough to tide us thru.

So went Granny and Bertha, her grand-child, to La Guaira for ship to Trinidad, and we started overland for Kuriapp on the Oronocco.

We took train inland from Caracas, stopped at La Pleno, secured four mules and a guide. Two days after we reached La Pleno, we started on our long journey. About six hundred miles thru forest, hill and dale with an occasional village, town, ranch, or Pabelung estate. I said a very hazardous journey and eventfull, she rejoined and continued. "Our guide was the essence of respect, kindness and full of valour. The second evening of our journey we passed thru a village and camped about ten miles outside of it. We had just finished taking supper when a man rode up out of the gloom, instantly a dread came over me. He was about five feet eight inches in height but very broad and stockily built. He asked where we were going; we replied and Pedro, our guide, told him we were going to Kuriap. He sat down and said something about long journey, asking questions where were we from, and why we are going to Kuriap and so forth. I answered giving a plausible story. He tried to get fresh. Pedro stopped him, for that he was insulting to Pedro, and high words followed until it came to a fight. Pedro was both strong and artful, gave him a blow and he went down like a leg. We were by a stream; Pedro brought water and dashed it in his face. He revived and sat up blinking. Pedro pulled him up by the collar and made him beg us pardon, after that he ordered him to get out as fast as he could. He mounted his pony and when he was moving off, he said to Pedro, "We'll meet again senioritas."

Chapter 5. MURDER IN THE FOREST

At dawn the next morning we were up and started on our journey. We travelled for about four hours when the pack mule shyed and run into the high bushes; Pedro started off after him. About ten minutes after he was gone we heard a report as if from a rifle, and five minutes after the shot to our disgust, fear and anger,

our visitor of the night before appeared with the pack mule. He came up to us in his suave, polished manner doffed his hat. "Your mule, Senioritas."

I asked, "Where is Pedro?" "Back there," he said, "Not coming anymore; he has commissioned me to take you to your destination." "That's not true," I said, and started in the direction Pedro went. He stepped in my path, and very politely said, "You can't go Seniorita. I have told you the truth; Pedro is gone he won't be coming back." "Yes, I understand now," I retorted, "I heard the shot, you killed him, you're a murderer." "Seniorita I will not argue with you, your accusations are monstrous. I am now your guide, let's proceed," suiting his action by taking Agnez's mule by the bridle leading the way."

There was nothing left, but to resign ourselves to whatever fate lay before us. We travelled in silence until near sunset when he bade us to stop for camp. I noticed for some time our new guide took us deep into what appeared to be virgin forest, avoiding all lines, roads, or beaten tracks. We camped at the foot of a hill. He unpacked and unharnessed the mules, and started preparing supper. During all these hours no word was exchanged between any of us. He went about his work in perfect silence. All that I was hoping for, and they told me the same thing after was that some one could come along, that we may appeal to.

When he was finished preparing the supper he brought it up. "Senioritas, your supper" in his usual polite manner, which made us dread him all the more. We were too filled with fear and sorrow to eat. I drank one small cup of tea. We spoke between ourselves in whispers asking each other what we should do. By this time it was dark. We huddled together in our tent like a brood of frightened chickens, every minute expecting to see him enter, until a fitful sleep overtook us.

When we awoke it was daylight. We peeked out of the tent and saw him preparing tea. We came out, went down to the stream and commenced washing our faces. He came behind us. "Good morning Senioritas, feeling alright now? I hope you had a comfortable rest." We murmured a tremulous yes. "I'm glad" he said, "coffee is ready. I made you some pancakes too. I hope you enjoy them." With that he turned away.

We started to wonder between ourselves about him, if he wasn't telling the truth about Pedro, and he appears to be honest, can he really be a bad man, a murderer? he is so polite! After finishing tea, he came up to us. "Senioritas," he said, "You better not let us travel today." "Why?" I said. "You see my animal is a little bit tired and we are in a very good spot for grazing. Other spots like this is a long way off, so if our mules get a day's rest with good grazing they will be able to stand up to the meagre

ground ahead.” We sat down and Agnez who was a very shy girl then, asked him what’s his name. He said Richardo De Soto, and then enquired of each of us our name in turn. We went on talking when he suddenly said, “Maria, come sit near me.” I shrunk. “Are you afraid? Come on,” polite but firm. I got up, went trembling and stood up. He said “Sit down here,” pointing to his side. I sat. “Why are you afraid of me? Do you think I’ll hurt you?” He put his hand under my chin and tilted back my head saying, “You are a pretty girl.” Removing his hand he dropped them on my little breasts which were just peeping out. I shrunk away. He pulled me back, and started kissing me. I fought, kicked, scratched, bit and everything possible. I bit him on his cheek and he let me go. I started running, he ran and caught me. Agnez and Virgie were paralysed with fear. He brought me back, went to his pack, took out a coil of strong cord, threw me on the ground, tied one end of the cord to my ankle passed it up and around my waist, then down to the next ankle, took me to a nearby tree, and secured me to it. After securing me to the tree, he then took Agnez and Virgie and tied them up in the same manner. Then he came back and untied me, but before doing that he spread out his cabi on the ground, carried me to it and made me sit. He then unbuttoned my shirt and unhooked my belt and riding pants, took off my vest and panties, and I was nude. Thru all this I fought like a wild cat, but to no avail. When the last piece was off, I hid my face. He took the cord. (I ceased fighting and resigned myself) and tied one end to each of my wrists, cut the cord, and tied an end to each of my ankle. Having now four pieces of cord tied to each my hands and feet, he proceeded to lay me out as if for a sacrifice, by tying each end of the cord to a tree. When he was finished I was in the shape of a cross with the bottom split in two, because my two legs were wide apart. Honestly I thought he was going to kill me, so I was praying all the time. I wasn’t anymore afraid. From my position I could have seen Agnez and Vergie, because they were in front of me. They were sitting on the ground, deadly pale. I pitied them more than I did myself. On completing his tying, he stood with his hands a-kimbo feasting his eyes on my body. “Well Maria, you are going to have your baptism of sex today. You are afraid, and you hate me now, but before long, you will be enjoying it, and you will always remember me.”

Chapter 5. THE BAPTISM

With that he dropped on his hands between my legs (all this time I’m peeking at him thru my eyelids) fastened his mouth to my vagina and started working his tongue into it. I screeled from the

suddenness of the attack. Richardo continued to penetrate his tongue into my cunt, when suddenly I was seized by an indescrivable sensation! I felt a sudden breaking up of my entire nervous system, a dark spell coming to my eyes, I became a whiff and was sailing in space. Then I dropped back to earth and something popped inside me. It was a something which I never knew, which I never thought I had in me. I lay still, and suddenly found myself moving my hips and buttocks in accordance with the sensations his tongue was giving me. Yes! The sex in me was awakened. Oh the thrill of those first moments! Yes, he was right. It was my baptism, I can never forget.

Richardo saw my response, he got up, sat betwixt my legs with his legs under mine. He then took his stiff penis in his hand and started rubbing its head smoothly between the outer lips of my vagina. That in itself was heaven. Richardo was looking down into my eyes (for I had opened them) and he doubtless saw all the emotions that was passing thru me. He bent and kissed me ejecting the tip of his tongue between my lips. I did not move my head then. I felt a thrill went thru and thru me! yes it was my first amorous kiss. After kissing me, Richardo changed his position, laying then, flat on me: but he did not enter his coque, he gently inserted his finger instead. He placed his mouth on mine and introduced his tongue while he worked his finger into my little pussie. I vigorously responded to his finger pistoning in my vagina up to his hand, until his finger was far inside. I felt beautiful enthralling sensation all over me then I went limp. When I opened my eyes again, he started untying me and pulled me up saying, "Come on darling. Will you move away from me now?" I softly answered "No." "I thought so," he said. "You see you were afraid of me, you thought I was going to hurt you, but instead I gave you unknown pleasure" He left me abruptly, went to the pack, took out the stove and started preparing some preserved food for lunch. He did not release Agnez and Vergie, but I was free to go where I liked. I went to Agnez after putting on my clothes. She asked me what was he doing to me. I tried to explain what he did, and what were my feelings during the process, but it was in such a confused manner, that she scarcely understood me. She was wondering if he was going to do the same things to her and Vergie. I told her we'll have to wait and see. I went over to Vergie who was anxiously waiting to find out also what was happening to me. I tried to explain to her as I did to Agnez. They were both torn between fear and curiosity after my explanation to them, to have some of the experiences I had.

Chapter 6. THE PENETRATION

Richardo finished preparing lunch and served it up, then he got up and stood before Agnez saying, "Well Agnez, are you ready to be initiated?" She did not answer. He walked up to her holding his coque which was stiff and hard in his hand, saying, "Don't be afraid darling, feel it, it would not hurt you." How wonderful that coque looked to me then! It was a medium size coque, and beautifully shaped. He started unbuttoning her shirt, then her belt and pants, her vest and panties followed. She did not resist. He tied her with the four pieces of cord in the same position as I was tied, and commenced to initiate her as he called it. He did to her all the things he had done to me, with the addition of sucking her nipple, as she had more of that than I had. She wriggled and squirmed thru the process just as I did, which told me she was enjoying it. After about an hour, he got up and untied her. She looked a perfect rose pink in her cheeks, which proved the fire that was burning inside her. After she was released he queried at her, "Like it?" She sheepishly shook her head in the affirmative. He took Virgie and put her thru the initiation in the same way; but when he got up, we thought he was done with her. He did not release her. He went to his pack, took out a feather and returned. Richardo got between her legs, again inserted the feather between the lips of Virgie's vagina, and commenced twirling it in there. She wriggled, twisted, murmured and breathed so hard that we heard her from where we were, about twenty feet away. She couldn't bear the excitement in silence anymore. She shouted, "Oh, Richardo, stop it, you are setting me crazy. Oh-Oh-Oh." He stopped and took it out. She cried out, "Oh No-No Richardo, put it back." She was mad with excitement. He did not put back the feather, but took Agnez, laid her down and commenced tickling her with the feather. She murmured all sorts of incoherent phrases from joy. When she had spent about twice, he stopped the feather and got on her, then called me and told me to sit behind and between his and Virgie's legs. He raised up on one hand, took saliva with the other and saturated his coque all over, then entered it between the lips of Virgie's cunt. He went flat down on her again directing me to massage his balls with one hand, and tickle Vergie's arse hole with the feather in the other hand. He lay still on her. I kept massaging his balls and running up and down the vein at the bottom of his coque. He at the same time, kept Vergie's tits twirling between his fingers. Virgie started a slow movement when she felt the thrills coming from all around. By her movement, the coque was gradually disappearing into her cunt. While looking at the operation from the back, and massaging Richardo's balls, I discharged twice. When the whole of that

coque disappeared inside Vergie she made three vigorous lunges with her arse, neighed like a horse, and went out like a candle. She had her first taste of a coque. Virgie had lost her maiden head without pain or one drop of blood. Richardo withdrew his coque from Virgie. I was so heated and sexually excited that I flung myself flat, spreading my legs wide apart, shouting, "Richardo give me now, me now." He came over me, but with his feet to my head, put his dick in my mouth telling me suck, while he fixed his head to my puss and started sucking. I discharged, and he too, jetting it far into my throat, I swallowed and went to sleep.

It's funny how after a man has had sexual intercourse with a girl, she becomes familiar. Next day we all got nude, and we girls instead, were calling on Richardo to fuck us. He began with me. He got his feather and tickled my puss until I was going insane from the sweet sensation. I begged, I cried, I pleaded for him to stop. Yet when he stopped, I wanted more. He got on me, lying quietly with his coque between the outer lips of my vagina, with Agnez tickling my arse-hole with the feather and massaging his balls. Oh! the sensation of that feather and his coque resting between me. I was in heaven. I was unconsciously moving up to the coque for suddenly I realized it was all in me pitted tight. Then I felt something coming from the base of my neck, travelling all thru my nervous system until it reached inside my vagina. I made some ferocious plunges and lunges. I screeled, threw my legs into the air, [w]rapped them around Richardo's waist, stretched as if I were dying, then I went limp. I had lost my virginity as Vergie did, without pain or blood.

After breakfast Richardo said, "Well girls, I think our animals are sufficiently rested for us to travel today; but I'll give each of you a starter, before we start." Of course just at that time, after we had tasted the forbidden fruit, we did not care if we had to live in that wilderness for years once we had Richardo.

After packing, Richardo commenced fulfilling his promise, by taking Vergie and putting her in a stooping position with her elbows resting across a leg. He then got behind her on his knees, and commenced sucking and tickling her cunt with his tongue. During which time he made me get behind him and gently pump his coque. Agnez got in the same position behind me and frigged me with her finger. Oh it was a wonderful time! I felt all the thrills of the universe passing thru me, as I held Richardo's majestic coque in my hand, and Agnez pushed her finger deep into my cunt. Oh it was delightful! I saw Vergie twisting her arse restlessly as she got that delightful sucking from Richardo. He then rested both his hands on Virgie's buttocks, expanding them as wide as they could possibly go. I was able to see inside Vergie's pussie. It was as red as a glowing coal, and was pulsating.

Richardo then told me to enter his prick into her. His slippery coque glided like an eel into her cunt. When it was all inside she commenced a vigorous pushing-back movement. At this juncture, Richardo removed one hand from her buttocks, saliva his finger, and entered it gently into her arse-hole, which was opening and closing at the time. With this new entry, Vergie went wild from delight. She started murmuring incoherent words, suddenly she exclaimed, "Oh-Oh ie-Ah Richy! P-P-Push it I-Nnn De-De-De-Deeper, Deeeper Ie-T-s S-W-S-W-SW-eet! Oh dear Ie Am D-D-Dying." Then went down limp with her belly on the log.

I was next in turn. Richardo fucked me the same way. I then sympathised with Vergie, for I got an indescribable sweetness which moved all thru my system, sending sparks of ecstatic joy to my brain. I behaved worse than Vergie. Oh! it was heavenly.

Agnez next had her share of the pie with the same glorious results. When Richardo was finished with Agnez, he fucked Vergie in her mouth. She told me after, when he discharged she felt it down to her tonsils. We had a wonderful time thru the balance of the journey, fucking at each meal, and thru half, and sometime two-thirds of the night. Of the fifth day, we reached the little raft town of Kuriap. The last night we spent together with Richardo, was what we call a real bacchanalian night. It was the most hectic night we had together. It was romance from dusk to dawn.

Richardo completed his tuition to us, by fucking us in thirty-two different styles. I remember all the styles, but not all the names. Some of them are the Cock-horse, the ride-in-the-valley, Baked-Grease, Roast-Fowl, the Cross-Scissors, Number 69, Arse-fucking, Bull foap, Roast-chicken, Side-crank, and many others, some of which I forget. The arse fucking is a specialty, when the man knows how, and he is gentle. Oh! it's heavenly.

Chapter 7 COOKIE LIKED IT

So much for the trio's adventures, I will now tell of my experience with Maria's Cook.

One night after lunch, Maria called in the cook, who was just leaving to go to her room. She was a thick, buxom, well-shaped, coffee-coloured dame, between twenty-eight to thirty. As she entered the room a little shy, Maria said, "Come on Llou, have some sport." The girls started ramping, tickling, and feeling each other. Maria paying special attention to Llou the cook. Every time Maria tickled her or made a grab at her fat puss under her dress, she would say, in a shy way, "No Miss Marie, the gentleman is looking at us."

Maria locked the hall door, and called the girls, including Bertha, the maid. They all fell on Llou, and in five minutes they had her nude. They let her go, and stood laughing at her trying to hide herself. I started pinching and spanking at the girls' arses and kept it up until every one of them was in full heat. After spanking Lloulou until she was like mad, I pulled her down straddled across me while I sat on a chair, and sent my coque home up into her fat cunt. After feeling my hard coque between her legs, she started moving. As it got sweeter, she became turbulent. She got so rash, that the chair upset with us backwards. We went down, Llou on top of me. We remained in the same position. Llou drew up her feet, sitting me like a jockey bending low in the saddle, and started to give me the works. I brought my head up, taking the nipple of her breast in my mouth. This brought her up to white heat. She twirled and hammered on me with such frenzy, that I thought she was going to break my dick in half. I passed my hand around her waist, gripping both jaws of her buttocks, expanding them, at the same time entering my middle finger in her arse. That gave her more thrills. She passed her hand under my head, wrapping me like a boa constrictor. It was glorious but I couldn't stand the pressure.

I turned Llou over, but did not let her remain on her back. I turned her belly down, and entered the coque from behind. While lying on her this way, I passed my right hand under her and back, catching up her mount of Venus in my palm; at the same time putting my left to her breast nipple, then I went ahead. Lloulou was oscillating like a vibrating coil. She saw the land of stars, she scented the sweet odor of Eden, she spake the language of Mars. She pulled herself up on her knees and elbows, wagging her buttocks with grace left and right. All this time she was speaking in dots and dashes. It's my delight to hear a woman speaking Scotch under me. It's reward for my labours, and brings out all my lascivious skill.

I removed my one hand from Lloulau's breast, and started tickling and entering my finger in her arsehole. She enjoyed it immensely. I withdrew my coque from her puss, gave it a thorough greasing with saliva, and entered it gently in her arse. She worked it in herself. It went gradually down to the hairs. Llou again went down flat. I stretched out on her back with my dick snug in her arse, like a nipple in a baby's mouth. By this time, I had betwixt Llou's legs perfectly lubricated, so I kept slipping the coque from her arse to her cunt, and back again.

I were right then in my seventh heaven. Ah! but Llou, she was in one higher. She was sucking air between her teeth like a carburetor, when suddenly she blurted, "Oh!-Ohi Ahi-ha, Ahi T-T-Too swe-sw-sweet. Oh Mr. Dick! fuck me fu-fu-fu-fuck your

darling Lloulou.” This latter in a very pathetic tone. “Oh Mr. Dick! ho-ho-ho-how you can jaz eh? Who teach you to jaz eh? Oh gad, jaz me du-du jaz me, jaz me anywhere, jaz in de ass a-gen. Oh g-fuck your darling Lou you he’ah. Oh yes! put it back dey agen, aw Mr. Dick, when you finish fuck me in my mouth. Hi-hi-fuck, ow-fuck, in de ass an de cunt same time. OH L-A-U-D AH COME.” We both spent and were dead to the world.

Chapter 8. THE MAID’S MAIDENHEAD

I threw myself across the bed resting a bit. Vergie threw herself alongside of me and commenced kissing me and playing with my dick. She tickled my ear and all down my body with her tongue, until she reached down to my coque. She started working her tongue around the head, and all down its bottom to my balls, and back up again. It gave me a thrill that sent the blood racing thru my veins.

After a feed up, the girls soon got rampant again. I cornered Bertha the maid and pulled her to me and entered my finger in her tight little snatch. She started worming, and I continued to work her up. As I rolled on her Maria said to me, “Dick she still has her maiden head, go easy.” So I went extra smooth with Bertha. We played, we cuddled, we pet and did everything necessary for a seduction, until I rested on her with my dick just between the lips of her vagina, which had oosed enough moisture to assist penetration. I lay in this position for a while, then changed to a side one, after which I rolled under, pulling her on me. Then I entered dick’s head. That was all; she did the rest. Bertha seduced herself smoothly and enjoyably. This is always the best way to seduce a virgin, as she will be in the position to average for herself how much she can bear, and how far she could go. After the coque had passed the barrier and gone home, I smoothly turned her over, and gave her a delightful fucking. It was a heavenly sensation with my coque snugly held in that virgin cunt, throbbing and pulsating to every slight move. Bertha was gloriously responsive to my moves. She spoke languages, breathed deep, stuttered, stammered, undulated, oscilated and spent several times before I did. Then at least we both had one happy break, wrapped tight in each other’s arms. With my coque locked tight in her throbbing puss, I relaxed and went into a light sleep.

I awoke before the other. I found Llou near to me lying on her belly. When I looked at Lloulou’s fat buttocks, my coque instantaneously became rigid. I climbed on her, greasing my coque well and her arse also, I entered my coque in. Lying quietly on her, it was not until it had wormed its way smoothly and was all in,

before Llou knew. Under her drowsy spell she started an oscillation that surpassed everything I knew before. Oh! it was wonderfully glorious. It was only due to a powerful control that I did not shout during my discharge. Oh! it was heavenly. Try it my reader, and you'll agree.

After breakfast I got ready to leave, but could not do so before giving one last hearty fuck to that luscious puss of Bertha's, which was a maiden puss just couple hours before.

She was upstairs tidying the bedroom. I slipped up there and found her. I hugged her, kissed her, threw her across the bed, rolled her dress up, and took off her panties. I gave her a suck, then let her have one from my coque and entered the dick. Oh, that sweet lovely brown piece of a puss. It was delicious. I shot a jet of sperm far up into her cunt, I could feel it pumping out by thimble fulls and hitting the walls of her womb. I lay there dreaming and draining for about five minutes, then hugged and kissed her, and told her I will always remember her. "I will always remember you too," she replied softly.

I came downstairs, met the girls in the lower balcony, talked a while, then said goodbye. Llou cried. She said she thought I was staying forever. As this was the last time I gave Maria my coque to suck while I sucked Vergie, we all discharged together. Maria, sucking hard at the climax, pulled my coque far into her throat, then she swallowed.

Two days later, I sat in my lounge chair on the promenade deck of my ship, reflecting on my tropic holiday at Wood-Brook, of which I still felt the thrills.