**Nude Therapy - Girls’ Naked Sports**

by luv2custrip

**Nude Therapy - Girls’ Naked Sports Pt. 03**

*Coach April continues our tale of nudity and sex.*

(Now, Coach April Leski concludes our story)

I cleared my throat.

"Okay... just like our first girl, if you two could bring your clothes over here-- make separate piles-- great! Stay nude for now and we will bring you all back soon. Just ummm... send in any girls out there who still have their clothes on and... we will rectify that situation! And seriously: thank you-- that was... you were... amazing!"

I watched the two naked coeds walking away. Such sweet, bouncy, perfectly round little bottoms... nothing else like it!

Oh my: were these feelings really coming back after all these years, or had I only been suppressing them by pretending to be devoted to a love for girls' sports-- and not really a love for the girls themselves?

Coach Rob walked over and stood next to me, joining me in watching those two nude college girls retreating until they were finally out the door.

He sighed.

I looked up at him. For once his thoughts were on those two young gorgeous nudes and not on my very own older naked body. We had just made both of those girls cum... we had just gone down on both of them.

Holy crap: how had I gone so far so fast?!

Now he was looking down on me, smiling with his eyes as well as his mouth.

Coach Rob Whyte wasn't a bad-looking guy. I don't mean to damn him with that faint praise: he had been a track star in college and he still had a nice set of long muscular legs. He had just let himself go a bit: one could definitely see he was trying to hide his belly under a slightly too-large 'Goodview Girls' t-shirt.

What I really liked was his face: his blue eyes always a little too wide and glassy-- the look of someone still not used to contacts-- and that unruly mop of brown hair.

Was he deliberately going for the absent-minded professor look? A guy so busy he rolls out of bed, and runs his hand through his hair 'cause he can't find his comb?

I didn't like him that much until I saw him in action: getting three blushing college girls to strip naked for us, pose naughtily for us, and even let us go down on two of them.

Now that he was looking down so adoringly upon my own naked body-- now, I was getting more than impressed.

"If you'd like, we have a brief moment to try out some sexual handling," I told him.

Now those eyes were goofy cartoon character wide.

"Are you sure?" he gasped out, "the next girls..."

He kept looking back at the thick double doors some twenty feet away.

"We have a little time," I said, "unless you don't want to..."

"Breasts?" he asked, suddenly all in.

I leaned back as far as I could in the padded metal chair.

"How about belly to breasts; I like that a lot."

Now he was grinning as he squatted next to me. Having long strong legs does come in handy. He lightly stroked me with his right hand, from my belly button on up to circling each breast, then just teasing each hardening nipple with his fingers. His left hand was squeezing my right shoulder.

"Hmmm," I said. "You do have a nice, gentle touch."

Then the doors opened.

"Shit!" he hissed. He stood up and looked down. We both focused on the same area. There was definitely something about him that would be awfully hard to hide.

But then the last two female candidates for our girls' naked sports program walked in-- already totally naked.

I glanced at Rob who was shaking his head in disbelief: very pleased disbelief, no doubt.

Time for true confessions: I had more than sort of arranged the sequence of these events, as well as the increasing lack of clothing on our pretty female candidates that morning.

First off, Ashley was my special girl, my very own golf pro. She was running our girls' golf team practically on her own. And I did ask her to have a little chat with Brooke and make their entrance "just a little more sexy." They obviously did get together and walked out barefoot wearing nothing but our t-shirts and their very own little panties-- the way that Coach liked his own girls. (See Pt. 02.)

Cassie however I had no control over. I guessed that she would be slightly shy-- but not all that shy-- if she was already swimming naked in front of her own impromptu male fan club in our brand new pool every chance she had-- so I had her go first. (See Pt. 01.)

But now here were Jess and Lissa: naked and smiling. How did this happen, you ask?

I was Jess's faculty advisor. As a senior, she signed up for a program to take an incoming freshgirl under her wing: that was Lissa.

As a senior, Jess was a budding tennis star; she just needed more commitment to her sport to consider going the pro circuit after she graduated. She was tall -- 5' 9 1/2" -- with an athletic figure of 34A - 25 - 34. She had straight, richly brunette hair down to her shoulder blades, a cute girlish face, and she still had those long skinny teenager legs that looked knobby until she moved-- and then they looked wonderful.

But then she fell hard for sweet Lissa.

Lissa was a Japanese-American girl with ass-length very dark brown hair and such a cuddly shape: 32C - 24 - 34 and only 5' 4". At the tender age of eighteen, Lissa was a natural nude volleyball player and she definitely had that bouncy look that all of the uncensored sports channels covering naked girl sports were looking for-- including, as we would all find out-- a thick, dark, curly mass of pubic hair.

Back then, Jess came to me, in tears. She thought I would be so angry about what happened; she was supposed to take Lissa under her wing, not into her bed! Instead, I told her it was okay. I told her all about my plans to take our school Full Female Nude: a new world in which we'd all be naked together and all be loving one another without recriminations.

We spent some private time, hugging each other, wiping away our tears with soft kisses-- just until she finally calmed down. What a sweetheart! Jess told me that she and Lissa loved each other so much but knew that they were still very young, so they had an open relationship. They could see other girls and guys as long as they talked about it together.

Jess reminded me of me at her age. But I had fallen hard for an older woman-- a tennis pro who was going to take me all the way. And then she broke my heart with another girl...

Sorry-- I had to stop for a moment. Enough of my story; this should be the story of these two sweet and very brave girls who agreed to walk into the gym naked-- and get Coach Rob ready for some Phase Two Intimacy.

Rob turned to me.

"Why do I get the feeling that you're not surprised; that you had something to do with all of this?"

I think I was actually blushing for the first time since I had stripped naked. I covered myself by looking at my watch-- one of the few things I was still wearing besides a plain gold necklace and my tennis shoes-- and some little white socks.

"We only have about twenty minutes or so until the first Phys Ed class takes over the gym; why don't we move over to some mats-- there are some just outside your office. We really need to get totally familiar with these girls-- as well as with every part of their bodies. We are all in Rob... are you?"

He looked at me, he looked over at Jess and Lissa who were trying so hard to be brave-- biting and licking their lips but still tightly holding hands.

Big sigh.

"I am all in, Coach Leski."

We made quite the team: crossing the big, empty and somewhat drafty gymnasium, three of us stark naked-- or almost.

I had to run back and grab the Certified Nude tote I had brought along; quickly stuffing my clothes inside. I reminded myself to take off my silly shoes and socks once we got to the mat. I know some men are very turned on by naked ladies wearing nothing but little white socks, but I had to be one with my very bare and barefoot girls.

We passed a motley assemblage of barbells and other exercise equipment, then we reached the big mat. After some shy maneuvering and a few giggles from the girls, we plopped ourselves down.

I noted that curvy cutie Lissa had plopped closest to Coach Rob; leggy athletic Jess was closest to me.

Then it happened again: all three of us naked ladies looked to Rob for instructions. I didn't feel that we were being deliberately subservient to him at all; I felt instead that he was still the one outsider who had to be slowly let in. Catering to him-- for now-- was a way of gaining his trust.

Until we took over-- ha!

"Okay... well." He looked at the two naked newcomers. I could see he was desperately trying to maintain eye contact; the girls were rather casually sprawled out and I'm sure he had a particularly good view of everything that Nature had gifted Goodview girl Lissa with.

"I really want to get to know you both better-- I mean aside from spending all my time checking out your naked bodies! Jess: tell me why you want to lead our girls' tennis team into the nude."

And she did. Jess was a very good, very natural speaker; I suddenly saw her as an excellent speaker in fact. Once she got more focused-- and got college out of the way-- I could see her giving nude lessons and even making naked instructional videos. I was her faculty advisor and I had to tell her that.

Then we moved on to Lissa. God: everything about her, including her voice and her mannerisms was cute and cuddly. I could see her very easily as a nude volleyball star-- bouncing around along with those pink-tipped mounds during the game, then giving breathlessly sweaty interviews with her clothes still happily off. Guys and girls were going to love her.

Our interviews over and Rob Whyte was silent. Now the intimate part of insuring that each young lady was comfortable exposing every part of her nude body had to begin.

And: I had to take the lead.

"Lissa: since we're all already on this mat, why don't you just lie down... ummm... about here; yeah... about in the center. Good! Now, start spreading those pretty legs of yours. Whoa: I can see you're not shy!

Coach Rob: take a look and tell us how she's doing."

I had to get him intimately involved with each girl-- he had already handled two naked girls with surprising ease-- maybe he was getting overwhelmed? I just could not allow him to start getting shy, not after we'd come this far.

He licked his lips and just scooted over for a between-the-legs view.

"Ummm..." he mumbled, just glancing at her wide open pussy, her thick dark hair already matted with glistening strands of milky-white liquid-- "she looks great!"

"Coach," I said, "what is it? After all we've gone through?" I started rubbing his back.

"I just like her so much!" he burst out. "Oh my god; I'm sorry girls, you're all incredible-- but Lissa-- you are so beautiful to me!"

Now we all kind of said "Awww..."

Jess had Lissa sit up.

"Do you like him too?" Jess asked her. "It's okay if you do: he's a good guy."

Now Lissa was actually blushing.

"He is so cute-- those big blue eyes-- I just wanna eat him up!"

"You guys want to kiss, hug?" I asked. "If that's okay with everyone?"

Jess smiled.

"It's always okay with me when my love-girl is happy! She has so much love to give: I would never keep her all to myself."

They leaned toward each other and kissed. Two beautiful women leaning naked over a mat.

Wow.

Rob and Lissa looked around in astonishment for about two seconds-- then they were wrapped around each other.

Well. This was an unexpected development-- but not unwelcome. I took the opportunity afforded to finally get my shoes and socks off. Then I pointed to Coach Rob's feet. Jess grinned and we went to work-- untying Coach Rob's shoes.

He finally broke off, mid-kiss:

"What are you two doing?"

"We have to get your shoes off before the rest of your clothes," I answered.

We kept untying. Two shoes off; now we were going for the socks.

"But-- but--" the man was sputtering. "Get my clothes off?? What if someone comes in??"

Jess and I had to smile at the absurdity of his concern; there were three totally naked babes sprawled out on a gym mat-- and he was worried someone would be looking at him?!

Naturally, at that moment, the heavy dual doors burst open. Rob, to his credit, jumped up immediately and tried to shield our nakedness from view. That was such an old-fashioned, gentlemanly gesture, that I just had to like this sweet, somewhat befuddled cutie even more.

It was only Cassie, Ashley and Brooke: our first three still-naked victims, coming in to collect their clothing. My girl Ashley looked around, spotted us and waved. I waved back-- I looked at my watch.

"This is our ten minute warning: I told Ashley that, if we were still in here at 8:50, to just have everyone get their clothes and get dressed," I explained.

"First Phys Ed class doesn't officially start until 9, but some students always show up early."

"Wait!" Rob held up his hand. "You mean they're leaving; I won't get my nude lineup?"

I turned to Rob and started to say something but I just gave up. I stood and did the big "all of you" arm motion. The girls looked confused: this wasn't part of the plan-- but they all came over.

Brooke was carrying two additional totes. She put them next to Jess and Lissa, saying:

"Your clothing, m'ladies,"

And then she did a pretty good curtsy.

God: a naked girl curtsying really did open things up. We all paused to take in the view.

Rob scooted to the edge of the mat and knelt up straight. He motioned for the three naked coeds to turn away from him. They were already standing in a giggly sort of naked line. He looked them over for a while, hand on his chin.

"Okay: let's have you three girls in height order-- Cassie, then Brooke, then Ashley."

Oh, what a sweet, sensuous tableau they made; three sets of adorably curvy buttocks, all lined up for our viewing pleasure.

Still kneeling, Rob ran his hands over each girl's sweet cheeks; from Ashley to Brooke down to Cassie. Then he announced:

"I have six special kisses for you; can you guess where they're going?"

I could see the girls either openly giggling or trying to suppress their giggles. Rob kissed Cassie's left ass cheek, her right ass cheek, Brooke's left ass cheek, her right ass check, and then finished with Ashley's left and right cheeks.

Then Coach stood and hugged each naked girl in reverse order, arms wrapped their bodies, hands on their soft tummies, whispering in their ears.

When he got to Cassie I caught what he was whispering:

"You're my sweet girl; you'll always be special to me."

Then he gave each of his sweet girls a slap on their butts.

"Now; get out of here before someone catches me with six naked girls!"

They all giggled. I think some of them were wiping away tears. I know I was.

I sighed and watched our first three nude contestants leaving. Cassie stopped to get dressed, but then Brooke said something and put her hand on her back and led her out, still nude.

Three sets of bouncy bare asses; we all stopped what we were doing until they were all out the door.

"That was beautiful," I said. "Now, that's what this whole nudity thing is all about. I know men think 'Whoa! Naked girls! Sex orgies!': hell no! It's about you men finally showing how much you adore each and every one of us.

"And-- those girls were gorgeous. But imagine a plain girl, a chubby woman, an older lady whose husband ignores her. They're standing naked in front of a man-- shy, blushing, hands covering what they shouldn't cover-- and they are told how much they're appreciated, now that they're naked-- how special they are to each man who watches them running around naked all day long. That's all we want."

"Okay! Enough speeches!" I got up, hoping my movements masked me still wiping my eyes, followed by Jess and Lissa. We turned and headed toward Coach Whyte's office. We stopped at the door-- Coach Rob Whyte was still frozen over the mat.

"Are you joining us," I queried. "We're gonna have company soon, so we need to take this private."

He walked over so slowly... poor guy: the three remaining gorgeous naked ladies asking to go into his office with him.

Such reluctance... jeesh!

Rob unlocked his office door, still in slo-mo.

"What-- what are we doing, once we get inside?"

I think he knew the answer already.

"We're going to try out Phase Two Intimacy. You're gonna get naked; then, each of us will take turns, lowering ourselves onto your hopefully erect penis."

The three girls walked inside. He was still out.

"Are you joining us?" I asked, "or do you want us to start without you?"

Rob rather hastily came in and locked the door.

Rob had a worn but still comfortable sofa along one wall. He was still in an eroticized daze, so I rolled over his office chair to face the sofa. There were two more of those ubiquitous folding metal chairs against another wall; thankfully, these had padded seats for naked bottoms. Jess and Lissa set up those chairs too, forming an oval around the sofa.

We stood, leaning on each chair, waiting for Rob.

"While you undress, I'll bring everybody up to speed on the whole Full Female Nudity phenomenon," I started.

Rob sat down on the sofa and began the slowest male striptease I had ever seen-- not that I had seen that many.

But I went over it all:

It was a year ago that the Nude Therapy fad gripped the country. Certain women insisted on being allowed to come to work naked for just one day-- all part of some mysterious therapy they were undergoing. And many companies-- afraid of lawsuits-- complied.

That turned out to be a trial balloon for the Nudity Project: how did people react to Full Female Nudity at work?

It was a surprising success. Companies soon started "naked lady days:" once a year, once a quarter, once a month. When things seemed to become official with "Nude Mondays," it was clear something was up-- while clothes kept coming off.

It was the Nudity Project, a group of powerful women from the worlds of business, politics and entertainment. They announced that they were simply making "each woman's naked body her new work uniform."

Companies would sign a contract with the Project: they would immediately create more female executive positions, and put in a plan to equalize women's pay with men. In return, female employees would agree to work nude-- even subjecting themselves to brief, scheduled groping sessions to deal with the ever-present libidinous male desires.

And-- once an organization had advanced far enough into this brave nude world-- Phase Two Intimacy would be introduced. Every Friday afternoon, for forty-five minutes, all female employees would take turns lowering themselves onto participating male employees' penises.

This sounded shocking, but then, in the bold words of the Project: "all Nudity isn't about Sex-- and all Sex isn't about Fucking."

No-- Intimate Fridays were supposed to be just that-- a chance for women and men to be intimate with each other in private, and to sweetly express their genuine love and admiration for each other.

"And that's where we are today," I concluded. "And Rob: you still have your boxers on."

He stared.

"I'm... obviously I'm excited!"

I sighed. "You've seen all of us; all of our most intimate parts that we normally only show our doctors and our lovers.

We are all trying to get everyone on board with this new reality-- women and men alike.

I thought you were ready, Rob."

He stood up.

"Sorry--"

Lissa came around the chair she was leaning on, stood in front of Coach Rob, then knelt in front of him.

"Let me undress you," she said.

"Oh god!" he stared down at her. "Now I'll be REALLY excited!"

"That's the idea," she stated. Lissa reached up for the waistband of his plaid boxers and slowly lowered them.

Wow. I was so excited to get my first look at his penis, you would think that it was my very first. I turned to Jess and we caught each other's eyes. We nearly collapsed trying to suppress our laughter but it felt so good. I was no longer the old lady in the room at thirty-eight; I was just a giggly-naked girl, waiting to see some bare cock.

Then Lissa's slow unveiling bore fruit-- and then some-- in the form of a beautiful, fully-hard penis brazenly springing out into our world.

"Wow!" all three of us exclaimed at the very same time, and now we did erupt in delightful laughter. It wasn't derisive laughter, and Coach Rob knew it. He put his hands on his hips and, although he was blushing sweaty-hot, he endeavored to thrust out his erection at us even more.

I had to be the spokeswoman as Lissa pulled his boxers totally off and tossed them in the air.

"I think I speak for all of us in saying that, not only are we quite impressed, but why in hell were you so reluctant to release that gorgeous beast?!

I mean... my god Rob. Are you... you've got to be at seven inches and counting already!"

Rob was licking his lips and grinning. Men do lose whatever ridiculous shyness they profess to have when a pretty naked girl compliments their equipment.

"It... gets to almost eight inches; as far as I know. I mean... all guys measure it, you know, when we're young."

"You are going to do just fine, now--"

We all heard the whistles outside that meant that the first Phys Ed class was starting. I motioned with my head to Jess who made sure that the door was indeed locked.

Rob had some windows along one side of his door, but these had been long-since been plastered over with posters of female track-and-field stars and handouts for Goodview College's various girls' sports events.

No one would be able to see in, which was a good thing.

Now everyone was looking to me for direction. I was obviously the expert in Phase Two Intimacy.

I went to Coach's desk and found one of those round pen and pencil holders. I dumped everything out and then selected three pens.

"Okay. Putting three pens back in. One's short, one's medium length, one's a long fancy one. We'll say the short one is Lissa, medium is me, and Jess is long and fancy."

That got smiles from everyone but I could feel the nervousness building. This was it; Coach Rob was going to pick the order of the three women who would take turns riding him cowgirl style.

I strode up to Rob. I tilted the holder until all three pens were against my hand. There was no way he could tell which pen was which.

"Close your eyes and draw," I commanded.

He smiled.

"I don't know how long I can stand closing my eyes to all of your beauty."

He closed his eyes anyway. He pulled out the first pen.

Midsized. That was me. I was still going to be the leader, including leading in this morning's penile penetration session.

Second pen: long and fancy. Well now we also knew who the third girl would be. Not to minimize Jess's attraction: tall and leggy, she would fulfill Rob's dreams of feeling a girl all the way up her body-- and then all the way deep inside her body.

But how appropriate for Lissa to be the third girl. The Nudity Project promoted romanticized stories of men who could take on up to five girl-riders without cumming. But everyone knew about "third-girl syndrome." Most normal human males couldn't last beyond three.

Rob had been-- as far as we knew-- happily making love to one and only one woman for at least ten years. The Project went out of their way to reframe penetration-only sex as "not sex"-- but we all knew that it was.

Rob was entering a new world in which he would have to personally revise his own rules about what constituted cheating. No wonder the guy was getting cold feet.

Deep sigh for me as I bent over-- deliberately not lady-like-- and pulled out three foil-wrapped packets out of my tote. I dragged Rob's small trash can over.

"I will put this on you, if you like. Each girl is supposed to make sure you're sufficiently hard for intimacy... then... you'll get to check her out."

Now I squatted in front of him as he sat back down. His circumcised penis was leaking from his hole. I took one finger and rubbed his natural lubricant all over; then I worked on slipping on the condom.

"God," he sighed. "God: you mean some guys can't get hard-- with all this?!"

"You're a special case: you have three beautiful girls naked for you. In fact: Jess and Lissa? It was silly to put up chairs; sit on either side of the man, get close, cuddle and kiss him."

More soft giggles as the girls did my bidding. Oh god: he was so hard now, I wondered if he would be able to hold off from exploding inside me.

Coach Rob leaned back as the two naked coeds cuddled and touched and rubbed and tickled and kissed him all over.

He was in heaven. He closed his eyes.

"O woman! lovely woman!" he started. He opened his eyes and gazed into mine.

So I finished:

"Nature made thee

To temper man: we had been brutes without you.

Angels are painted fair, to look like you:

There's in you all that we believe of heaven,--

Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,

Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

"Thomas Otway," I concluded.

Lissa was rubbing and tickling and kissing Rob's admittedly overly-soft belly.

"They're still professors-- even when they're naked and getting ready to do it-- they're still fucking professors!" she said.

We all laughed. We needed that. We needed each other.

Jess found my eyes and nodded. She was playing with and tugging on Coach's pubic hair. He was so ready.

I knelt up on that battered sofa over him. Jess helpfully put a small, cushiony side-pillow behind Rob's back to steady him. As I lowered myself, she reached under me-- her strong hand supporting my bare thigh.

"You forgot to let Coach Rob check you out... let me."

Jess ran one long finger along the crease of my outer lips and my inner thighs. As she withdrew it, she showed me. Her finger was wet.

She let Rob taste her wet finger.

"Oh god," he said. "Tangy... salt and the earth. I need more!"

"Once we're done," I promised him, "I will lie next to you and you can scoop up my juices with your fingers!"

Even Jess looked shocked. She stared. I never talk that way: not as a coach or a teacher or as a friend. But I had that itch; a need for something deep inside of me.

Jess gave me the slightest nod. This time it was: yes: I understand. I have that need too. And we will make love together. We should have done it when we were holding each other; kissing each other's tears away.

Now I had to bite my lip and concentrate on Rob-- the man of the hour.

"It's really best if I just reach down and put you inside me. It's not the romantic image the Project projects... but it is the most practical."

"I am so ready to be inside you April. When you feel me inside, that's it. That's all of my admiration for you and all of the attraction I feel for you. I need to be deep inside of you now!"

I grabbed him by feel, staring into those goddamn beautiful blue eyes the whole time. I squatted all the way down.

I sucked in my breath as he suddenly filled me. His hard cock was filling a warm and a wet yet lonely place deep inside my yearning body.

"Okay girls," I sighed. "If you could stop rubbing your tits on Coach's chest for a moment and pay attention..."

The girls lay back, smiling, still stroking Rob's body. They were so fucking naked beautiful!

"All you want to do at this point is keep your guy hard. Right now I'm squeezing him just a little from the inside; a nice gentle squeeze then let go. If you feel you're losing your guy, move your body up and down slowly. Time your sweet ride with your breathing: breathe in, ride up; breathe out, ride down."

"Oh god you're so beautiful April. Oh my sweet lady; you're not losing me. You make me so hard... loving your sweet tight cunt!"

I had to lean down. This wonderful man deserved a sloppy wet kiss. He pushed himself up and we met halfway and our tongues said "hi" inside each others mouths.

"I can't--" he gasped once we cleared lips.

"I know," I said. I leaned back.

"Girls? You'll know when the time comes to ease yourself off. You may not want to-- I don't want to!-- but you'll know."

Why did I have tears in my eyes again? All I was doing was lifting my body up and off him.

Because I wanted to make love. He was a little befuddled, a little out of shape, he wasn't really "my type"-- but oh my god I just wanted to fuck his brains out!

I stood up and turned around. Jess was suddenly next to me, hugging me.

"Are you okay?"

I hugged her back so tight.

"You'll see what it's like," I whispered. "How are we supposed to control ourselves?! Not just our bodies-- how are supposed to not fall in love with every one of these sweet, fucking, adorable idiots?!"

Jess grabbed me and turned me to face her.

"I love you April and we will make love. I promise!" she whispered fiercely.

We just kind of fell naked into each other's arms.

"Ummm..." Rob ummmed quietly.

"I know: I'm next." Jess went over to Rob's desk and grabbed some tissues for our weepy eyes. Now we were both laughing at what silly, over-emotional girlie-girls we all were.

"That was beautiful," Rob said. He pulled off his condom; Lissa grabbed it and made a three-pointer into the trash can. "You are all so beautiful to me," he said. "And now, I do want all of the ladies: young and old, skinny and fat... I want all of them lined up naked outside my door. I never realized how much I loved all women until now."

Well, I was speechless. I sank into the still-warm spot on the sofa vacated by Jess. I snuggled up naked into Rob's hot body. He put his arm around me and kissed me.

And I watched Jess take over.

I loved her.

Jess stood in front of Rob. He was taking in the sight of her like a thirsty man staring at a long, tall, cool drink of water.

"Isn't this what you always wanted from your track girls?" Jess had her hands on her hips and her long legs open. "Didn't you want them naked for you so you could feel them all the way up?" She opened her legs even more.

"Feel me; feel me all the way up."

Rob didn't need an invitation: this was his dream. He started with Jess's feet; he had her "stand on your tippy-toes"; he felt his way up to her thighs.

Lissa for some reason decided she was the condom controller. While Rob was distracted with Jess she opened the next packet and carefully held on to Coach's hardened penis as she rolled the latex down.

I was watching her; I don't think Rob even noticed.

His hands were on Jess's upper thighs.

"Open your pretty legs wider for me," Rob asked.

"I'm gonna fall over," she laughed.

"As long as you fall onto me!"

Jess did the best she could. She was getting breathless and almost giggling and blushing and even lightly sweating all over-- all at the same time.

Rob's hands were on the junction of her uppermost thighs and the lowermost folds of her outer lips, just below her vaginal opening.

"Kneel up over me." He held out his hands and helped her up.

"Closer to me. Open yourself up: I want to see inside you."

"Oh god," Jess was murmuring. "Oh god."

We all could see inside her; her vaginal walls bright pink and oozing wet. There were lines of sticky love juices dribbling out and her vag appeared to be pulsing.

"Please! I want you inside me; please please please!

Jess didn't wait for an answer. She moved down over him. She grabbed his cock. I looked at her face and I don't think I have ever seen a woman in such utter need.

Jess lowered herself onto Rob's penis and began moving up and down.

"Jess..." I hissed. I slid off the couch and got behind her.

"You've got to slow down sweetheart; remember you've got to give Lissa her turn."

I think she was trying to understand what I was saying, but she was in such heat.

"Wait," Rob said. "Jess: get yourself way up and grab me... let me slip out... use my head. I won't cum; I'm not used to being wrapped up in all this rubber. "

She did her best. Jess grabbed Rob and was using his penis like a dildo on her cuntal opening.

"That's it," he said. "Even move that body more; rub my cock on your clit."

We all watched in amazement. No one expected this guy to have so much control over himself. Thank goodness Jess had such athletic legs.

Now she was bouncing against him, holding on to him hard, rubbing herself against his penis from her vagina on up to between her inners all the way to her poked-out little clit.

"Cumming cumming CUMMING!!" she shouted.

We all heard the whistles outside as she came. Gym class was over as Jess threw back her head, thrust out her breasts, and then reached down between her legs to finish herself off.

She was lucky I was still behind her; I practically caught her as she nearly fell off the sofa against me.

I helped Jess stand up. I had my arms wrapped around her, pressing myself against her warm body from behind; hands on her tummy.

Her long legs were wobbly.

"Wow," she said. "Wow wow wow."

"You're welcome," Rob said and we all laughed.

I helped Jess over to the desk for cleanup. Lissa was already getting things warmed up for her ride; rubbing her hard-nippled tits on Rob's chest and sliding her smooth legs against his hairy ones.

We had the usual paper towels and hand sanitizer for cleanup. I thought I saw Jess grab something off the desk and hide it behind her, but I dismissed that thought-- how could a naked girl hide anything?

I clearly wasn't thinking.

"If you girls are done over there, can you keep Coach warmed up? Now I need to find something."

Lissa was suddenly behind us, stretching out her naked self from her toes on up, looking absolutely fucking edible.

"Come on girls. I know you love me, but the poor guy's getting cold!" Lissa teased.

"I am," Rob agreed. He patted the sofa on the two sides of him. "These spots are still warm if you hurry."

We ran over, both of us all bouncy and giggly now. I had never felt so young or so alive as I did then, cuddled naked next to this silly, grinning guy, kissing him all over and even trying to rub my wet pubes into his left hip.

Then cuddly naked Lissa was standing in front of us. She was holding a jar of Vaseline she had scrounged from somewhere in Rob's desk-- and she was blushing all over.

"I want to try something different..."

"Uh-oh," Jess said. "Are you sure?"

Lissa stopped blushing but her body was covered in a sheen of sweat.

"No I'm not sure," she said, "but you know I always wanted to try it; and I trust him."

"Will someone let me in on..." Rob started. Lissa turned her back to him as she handed him the Vaseline jar. She spread her rear cheeks wide, her face and her whole upper body bright red again as she bent forward.

"Can you... lube me up a bit? But not too much. Your condom is already lubricated and I don't want you slipping out..."

"You are... amazing, to let me be the first one inside there." Rob leaned up and sweetly kissed each of her beautiful bare cheeks. "As long as you're sure, sweetheart, as long as you're sure."

There was no response. Lissa just kept holding her hot butt cheeks wide open. Rob sighed, opened the jar, and began spreading the glop lightly just inside.

"A little bit more deeper inside," Lissa directed from her bottoms-up position. "But not too much. Like I said, sometimes too much lube is... too much!"

Jess was taking charge of condom duties. Once Coach Rob was suitably wrapped up, she unexpectedly got up, walked around her naked lover (with a quick wet kiss) and was barely able to scrunch in to my left.

I turned to her.

"What are you doing?"

Jess reached behind her with a wicked grin and came up with one of those white plastic take-out meal spoons, still wrapped in plastic.

"I found it on Coach's desk. I'm gonna use it to scoop up your pussy juice and feed you to Coach Rob. Remember your promise?"

I was speechless so I just kissed her.

"Where were you hiding that-- oh my god: was it up your butt?!"

"No silly," Jess laughed. "Just held it between my sweet cheeks. My girl here--" she inclined her head toward Lissa who was getting into position-- "is fascinated with anal play. We have contests where we try to waddle around, holding bigger and bigger items back there. We thought of using a strap-on, but now..."

We watched breathless as Rob held his erect penis even more erect. Lissa gasped, still holding herself wide open and then first Rob's head, then half of his cock-shaft slid on in.

"Oh god oh god OH GOD!" Lissa remarked.

"We'd better get started," Jess observed. "I don't know how long these two will last."

She ripped the plastic off the spoon with her teeth. She bent down and pulled me open with her fingers. My pussy was always prominent; now I felt like my whole mound was quivering. Jess pressed in the spoon, curved side in, from my slit-like, pulsing wet vagina, to in between my messy, outrageously swollen inners, and up to where my seemingly never-hooded girl-cock was out and throbbing in its own juices.

She leaned over me, squeezing me unmercifully with her own hot naked body to give Rob a first taste.

He sucked that spoon greedily, never taking his eyes off Lissa's bouncing, cock-split ass.

"More!" he commanded.

Lissa played with me: first with her fingers, then with her tongue. I was so squished in between those two naked bodies that I couldn't move if I wanted to.

I didn't want to.

I could feel my vag opening and closing and squirting out gobs of stickiness. In fact, the next spoonful Jess offered Rob had an unbelievably long string of girly-goo still attached to somewhere between my soaking thighs.

It broke over my naked tits. As Rob slurped me up, Jess leaned in with her tongue and spread that stickiness over both nipples. She started sucking and biting as greedily as Rob.

"Oh god!" I shouted. "You're gonna make me come by biting my nips! Oh god oh god OH SWEET FUCK!!"

That broke the dam. Rob leaned back and straightened up his whole body, lifting his ass half a foot off the sofa. He reached around Lissa's body and was obviously pulling on her clit mercilessly as he pumped his full load up into her butt with thrust after thrust after thrust.

"Oh fuck no!" Lissa shouted and her body seemed to levitate at least another half-foot. It was unlikely I know, but it seemed as if her asshole had Rob's cock in so tight that she was stretching him out to way over his alleged eight-inch length.

Jess and I just held on to each other. We were crying, we were shaking, our hands were everywhere. I'm really not sure if it was my own fist shoved up inside my own cunt or up her cunt, but we made each other cum hard. I don't know if it was one continuous two-minute cum or an endless series of baby-soft cums.

All I know is, five minutes in, the room was silent. The only sounds were the sounds of four naked human bodies trying to learn how to breathe again.