

Naked Compromise

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It was obvious to Siobhan that Niall was only partly interested in the relative merits of Milton and Dante but the subject gave him something neutral to discuss as they walked away from the professor's study where they'd just been attending a seminar. She was amused to see Niall avert his gaze so studiously from her body to her face. This was one of the most fun aspects of being a naturist. Not that she was a naturist because she was in some sense an exhibitionist (although there must be an element of that in all naturists). It was her views and beliefs that had convinced her to eschew the tyranny of clothing. Textiles always had difficulty addressing naturists, but at least Niall was trying. And he was so sweet, too. In the seminars, she'd often observed him discreetly scrutinising her naked body. It especially amused her when she crossed and uncrossed her legs. That hilarious expression on his face!

Of course, there were other people in the seminars. And not all of them were as circumspect as Niall. The professor had initially been quite reluctant to allow Siobhan to attend her seminars in the nude, but as Siobhan reminded her, she didn't seem to have any problem with the male naturists, of which there were two in Seventeenth Century Literature.

"But it's different for a woman..." the professor had objected.

Siobhan was sure that if she'd been a lot less attractive or a man (particularly ones as scrawny as Seamus and Rory), there'd have been no problem. It was funny that the more attractive a person was, the more their nudity seemed to be a dilemma. Siobhan didn't care. She was a naturist. And always had been. Well. Since Sixth Form anyway.

“I’m sorry,” Siobhan remarked to Niall as they stood outside the Junior Common Room where she could see some of her friends sitting around a table, “I just don’t agree that Milton shared the same view of the cosmos as Dante at all. After all, he was some kind of protestant.” She smiled. “Anyway! I have to be going! I’ll see you at the next seminar.”

“Or perhaps before?” asked Niall in a hopeful voice.

God! This textile was trying to hit on her. Siobhan was partly flattered, but she had to be sensible. Niall was at least as different in his lifestyle to her as a prod from an RC. What would her friends say if they saw her with a textile?

“Well, maybe at the lecture,” replied Siobhan diplomatically, as she pushed open the door of the JCR and pointedly waved at her friends.

Niall was clearly put out by Siobhan’s evasiveness. He hovered for a few moments at the door, clasping his folders and course-books to his chest, while Siobhan strode past the tables and chairs towards where her friends were sitting. As she walked by, wearing only sandals and carrying her satchel over her shoulder, she was sensitive to the eyes of all the textiles she passed by. They caressed her with their gaze, making her feel both self-conscious and proud. No doubt they were trying to spot a glimpse of labia in the bush of her pubic hairs or otherwise trying to satisfy their voyeurism. Why should she care? Everyone should be naked. Then nobody would ever feel ashamed of their bodies. Except fat people. Or old ones. Well, almost everyone anyway.

“Hiya Sian!” greeted Siobhan as she sat down next to her friend who was sitting opposite Patrick and Sean. All of them naturists, of course, and quite happy to

be sitting apart from all the textiles in the room, who never seemed to take their eyes off them. Patrick glanced up at her and smiled, his puffy blue cheeks straining from the energy, and then returned his attention to Sean who was his usual tense and wiry self, unable to do more than nod his head at her before returning to his earnest conversation.

“Hiya Siobhan!” responded Sian, who Siobhan could see was heartily bored with her friends’ conversation. “You heard about Eamonn?”

“Eamonn? Why should I care about him?” Eamonn was Siobhan’s last boyfriend. He had been such a disappointment. Not that he wasn’t that bad looking. Well, better looking than Sean, and his emaciated body, with his skin’s tendency to erupt in boils and zits. And nowhere near as fat as Patrick. Why did fat people insist on becoming naturists? Was it because they couldn’t find any clothes to fit? In bed, though, Eamonn was such a drag. Good the first few times, but then the sex got briefer and less frequent. And sometimes he couldn’t get it up at all. That was no fucking good. And as the sex got worse, Siobhan couldn’t really see what else she’d liked so much in him. Although he had attractive limpid blue eyes. And his teeth were remarkably regular.

“He’s only gone and started going out with Sheila!” Sian explained, grinning in anticipation of Siobhan’s response.

“Holy Mother of God! That English bitch!” exclaimed Siobhan angrily. Once upon a time, Sheila and Siobhan had been really close friends. At least, in the first couple of terms of the first year. They went everywhere together. In fact, Sheila had

been Siobhan's first friend at university, when she had arrived there, far from home, lonely and anxious. It wasn't easy being a naturist amongst all these strange textiles, and she didn't feel like getting to know any men quite so soon. Even naturist ones. And then she met Sheila, sitting alone and uncomfortable in the corner of the JCR, with a copy of 'Crime and Punishment' to keep her attention off other people's attention. And from then on, she and Siobhan spent almost all their waking time together. That is, when they weren't studying or going to lectures and seminars. And she soon got used to Sheila's funny English accent, which she was sure was posher than it needed to be coming from Sutton, in Greater London.

"And what's more, Siobhan," continued Sian, enjoying her friend's discomfort, but placing a reassuring hand on Siobhan's bare knee, "Sheila's persuaded Eamonn to go smooth."

"Smooth! Sweet Jesus! You're kidding me. Eamonn would never go smooth. He was so sound."

"I swear on the Holy Bible, Siobhan. Anyway, it's not something he can keep hidden is it? It's all shaved off. All round the pubes." Sian instinctively placed a hand on her own unshaven crotch, the reddish brown hair curling around her vagina, but succeeding rather less well than Siobhan's in disguising what was hidden beneath.

"And under his armpits too?"

Sian laughed. "Simon Peter wept! Siobhan! Not everyone's as purist as you. Smoothies don't shave everything off. Bejasus! It's not like a religion or anything. It's just how they want to be. Seems a lot of hassle to me shaving down there. But even

amongst those of us who're not smoothies might want to shave their legs or under the armpits, you know."

"Naturism isn't just about not wearing clothes!" huffed Siobhan. "It's a whole natural philosophy. And that goes for shaving as much as anything else."

Sian stroked the hairs on Siobhan's thighs. "Well, you can get away with it, Siobhan. Your hair isn't all curly and wild. I shave my legs, as you know, and I don't think that makes me any less of a naturist than you!"

"Pooh!" responded Siobhan. "It's the principle that matters. Vanity shouldn't come into it at all! So. Sheila and Eamonn are an item. And Eamonn's gone smooth. Just like Sheila."

The cow! Siobhan remembered when she first saw Sheila's shaven pubes. It wasn't long after she'd started shaving under the arms and on her legs. Things she'd never have done when she and Siobhan were best friends. That was almost the last straw. It was like a betrayal of everything that was dear to Siobhan in their friendship. At least they were proper principled naturists. Not just people who didn't wear clothes. Siobhan had such dear memories of Sheila's pubes. She remembered when they pressed tight against each other. They were both much the same slim build and height, and the pubic hairs would tangle together, Siobhan's dark brown pubic hair, so much a part of her as the dark freckles on her face and shoulders and breasts, and Sheila's thick bush of light brown hair, ever so slightly darker than the hair on her head. And although she'd definitely not gone as far as shaving off her head, (That'd be too kinky by far!), she no longer had the waist length tresses she loved running her

fingers through. Now it was styled and cut level to her chin. In fact, if you put clothes on Sheila, you couldn't guess she was a naturist at all!

"I'm sorry it had to be me to tell you about Eamonn," remarked Sian, clasping Siobhan's hand in hers. "But I guess someone had to. You're not upset are you?"

It was obvious to Sian that she was, but Siobhan shook her head. She wasn't sure what upset her the most. That her old boyfriend was seeing someone else. That he was seeing her old best friend. Or that, like Sheila, he'd shaved off his pubic hair. Siobhan thought that shaved crotches were undignified at best on a woman, but on a man? Merciful Father! That hairless cock and balls. Christ in Heaven! And would he shave his chest as well or just down by his pubes? The whole idea was disgusting. Gross, in fact! Siobhan would never ever compromise her naturist beliefs in such unnatural ways!

However, it wasn't long until Siobhan got to meet Eamonn in his new smooth guise. She'd gone to the student bar, the Michael Collins, with Sian and Liam, Sian's boyfriend, and there was Eamonn sitting at the table the naturist students usually monopolised, all by himself, except for a pint of Stout and a newspaper. While Sian and Liam got the drinks, Siobhan went over to sit next to Eamonn.

"So, is it true, what I've been told? You've gone all smooth?" she asked sitting right next to him and glancing down at his crotch.

"Well, it's true, it is," admitted Eamonn, indicating the slightly blue stubble around his pubes. "And the chest and legs as well, you know."

"It's down here that I'm interested, Eamonn," continued Siobhan, but

nonetheless aware that his hairlessness stretched from his chin to his toes. Mary Mother of God. What was wrong with hair? “In other respects you might want to look like a professional cyclist, but here, between your legs, you’re something different again.” She put a hand on Eamonn’s groin, under the table, while Sian and Liam were chatting to the garrulous barman. It felt very strange. Slightly clammy, in fact. And it looked even stranger. That length of white flesh dangling down with not a hair on it. And even the balls. Siobhan put her hand underneath them and felt how smooth and hairless they were. She also noticed with some satisfaction that Eamonn’s penis was beginning to awaken and become more erect.

“Jesus, Siobhan! What are you doing? What would Sheila think if she saw you?”

Siobhan smiled. That would be interesting. “How do you get the hair off your scrotum? You don’t shave that, do you?”

“Not shave exactly. Sheila plucked them out with tweezers. But Siobhan... Take your hands off!”

Siobhan ignored him. She seized the stiffening penis in her hand under the table and vigorously tugged at it. “Well, Sheila’s not taken any life out of it, has she? I suppose now it’s smooth it can slip in the back way more easily. Or doesn’t Sheila let you do that?”

“Not yet she doesn’t. But we’ve only been together for... But Sweet Jesus! Can’t you stop?” Eamonn’s penis was now fully erect under the table as Siobhan tugged at it with one hand while stroking his testicles with the other. It was nice to feel

a man's stiff cock again, even if it was claimed by someone else.

"You obviously like it, Eamonn."

"That as may be, but ... eurggh! You've not been showing much interest since we... since we... ahh! Since we split. And now. Just when I'm getting it together with Sheila and... And... Here's Sian and Liam."

Siobhan smiled and turned round to face her friends as they sat opposite, but kept one hand on Eamonn's erect cock while the other hand was free to hold her glass of lager shandy. Neither Sian nor Liam could actually see Siobhan yanking at Eamonn's cock, though they may have suspected something from his expression and his relative incoherence. Siobhan wasn't sure how long she could keep masturbating her ex, but she was amused by the situation and, despite himself, Eamonn was clearly aroused by it.

And then she knew for sure, as her hand and wrist were splattered by damp warm gobbets of sperm and, like a deflated balloon, Eamonn's cock shrunk in her fist. Sweet Mary! No wonder she'd dumped him. Eamonn had no fucking stamina!

Liam and Sian were too enrapt in each other to notice the peculiar sight opposite them, as Eamonn wiped off the sperm from his thigh and crotch with the back of a hand that hadn't been shaved like the rest of him, and Siobhan rubbed her hand against her own thigh underneath the table. Although making sperm was sort of the point of it all, Siobhan was never too sure what to do with the stuff when it had come out.

There was then a nervousness between Eamonn and Siobhan as they sat next to

each other, not sure what to say and showing rather more interest in their respective drinks than normally. Siobhan hoped she could somehow break into Sian and Liam's conversation, but their self-absorption that had been so helpful earlier now seemed like an exclusion zone. But just before Siobhan felt able to re-establish conversation with Eamonn on a more neutral tone, Sheila entered the bar and strode straight towards the group. Seeing Eamonn and Siobhan sitting so close together, she immediately sat between them in the space that Eamonn willingly made for her.

"Hiya Siobhan!" Sheila greeted, smiling at her in a way that really seemed more gloating than friendly. "So you've heard. Me and Eamonn are an item!" She squeezed her boyfriend's bare thigh. "What do you think?"

Jesus! What in sweet heaven should she think? "I see you made him go smooth."

"Smooth? Bloody Hell! Always the politically correct. So what if he is? What difference does it make?"

Siobhan looked Sheila up and down, from her hair, now cut around the ears and showing off her array of earrings, down to her knees under the table. All bare. Not a bit of hair. Not under her arms. Not on her legs. And not at all on her crotch. Sweet Jesus! You could see the lips of her vagina as clear as the red lipsticked ones on her face.

"It's just not natural. Naturism isn't just about nudity."

"Shit! The same old record. Naturism's what you make it. Look! If it troubles you so much, feel my crotch. See how nice and smooth it is. See how much better it is

than having all those long curling strands you're so fond of."

"No thank you, Sheila! What do you think I am?" gasped Siobhan, rather disguising the fact that she actually quite wanted to feel what it felt like. She still had a memory of running her fingers through Sheila's pubic hair when she had some, and of feeling the labial lips and clitoris beneath. How different would it be without hair?

"I've got a thirst on me another drink would really help quench!" remarked Eamonn, perhaps more to diffuse the bitchiness than because he was truly thirsty. "What shall I get you, Sheila? And you too, Siobhan?"

"No. I'll get them in," volunteered Siobhan, more to get away than because she was feeling especially generous. "What about you two?" she asked Liam and Sian.

And so she was soon at the bar: self-conscious in her nakedness, surrounded by textiles, and wishing the barman wasn't so bloody chatty with his other customers. And every now and then glancing back at Eamonn and Sheila, who were holding each other's hands and gazing into each other's eyes. Siobhan was hating Sheila at that moment. Smoothie bastard! Taking her ex and making him go shaven! Had the girl no sense of common decency? She studied Sheila's long back from her long thin neck down to her arse, slightly obscured by the edge of the table, and her slightly upturned breasts with their small button-like nipples. Even now, she couldn't deny that Sheila was pretty good looking. Not that that made her feel any the better.

"Hello, Siobhan. How are you?" suddenly asked Niall, who appeared beside her, with a note in his hand and a slightly shy smile on his face. "Is this the bar you usually go to? You don't go to the pubs in town?"

“Hiya Niall! No, the pubs aren’t often so sympathetic to naturists as the Michael Collins. How are you?”

“I’m here with my pals,” Niall explained, indicating his textile friends, sitting at a table, all male and all rather noisy. Not company towards which Siobhan felt especially attracted. What would they think about a naturist? “Normally we go to the Shamrock in town, but it was Ewan’s birthday so we thought we’d stay at the college.”

“Ewan?”

“He lives on campus.”

“Oh!” said Siobhan, not at all interested.

“You can sit with us if you like. We’re a friendly crowd.”

Siobhan wasn’t at all tempted, even though she was rather dreading spending the rest of the evening with Sheila going all goo over Eamonn. Wait till he goes off the boil, then she’ll know better. “I’m sure you are. But I’m with my friends.”

“Well, at least let me buy you a drink.”

Siobhan hesitated, but then perhaps against her better instincts accepted. But she made sure that Niall bought drinks for Sheila and Eamonn as well.

As the two students stood by the bar watching the barman chatting about the racing while he slowly poured a round of beers, Niall regarded Siobhan nervously. He smiled. Siobhan smiled back. She was still amused by his shyness and his not knowing where to direct his eyes when confronted by a naked woman, but she fancied that his slight awkwardness came from a desire to show the proper respect rather than any

disapproval.

“There’s a new Yves Irac film at the Playhouse,” remarked Niall. “It’s set in Nineteenth Century France during the time of Napoleon the Third. I think it might be based on a novel by Emile Zola.”

“Oh, you mean ‘*L’Assomoir*’? That’s got some good reviews.”

“It’s subtitled though.”

“I prefer that. You don’t want the mouths moving one way and some American voice over the top.”

“Do you want to see it? I mean, we can go together. Any day you like. I’m sure we don’t need to book seats or anything. Would you like that?”

Siobhan smiled. Niall was so sweet. Glancing back at Sheila and Eamonn, whose tongues were battling together, and no doubt Sheila’s hand was stroking Eamonn’s cock just like she had, Siobhan felt like a break from her usual friends. Even if it was with a textile. And Niall seemed pretty genuine. It almost certainly wasn’t just to win some kind of bet with his friends, like some textile bastards who thought all naturists were easy lays.

“Yeah. Why not? Tomorrow night?”

Niall was clearly rather startled by Siobhan’s favourable response. “Yes. That’d be good. Tomorrow night. Yes. We must. You say when and where.”

Siobhan almost immediately regretted her acceptance after she’d accepted the drinks from Niall, and he went to join his friends and she joined hers. What sort of idiot was she, going out with a textile? But she chose not to stand him up, although he’d

scarcely have been the first one to receive that treatment. But when she arrived at the JCR where they'd agreed to meet, she was not pleased to see that he had chosen to wear clothes. In fact, not just any clothes, but he'd obviously put some thought into putting on rather smarter clothes than he usually wore. No jeans. No sweatshirt. No trainers. He was even wearing a jacket with lapels, over his shirt and trousers. Jesus! The only thing missing was a tie!

Siobhan chose not to upbraid him quite so soon. She didn't want to start the evening off on the wrong foot. But surely he might have had some idea how embarrassing it was for her as a naturist, wearing only her sandals and carrying an ethnic cloth bag, to be escorted by someone wearing clothes. What would people think? In fact, Siobhan rather fancied he was somewhat surprised that she chose to extend her principles beyond the campus. But, of course she would. It wasn't exactly illegal, even if there were still the odd places that wouldn't allow naturists on the premises. She vaguely understood when churches and cathedrals took such an attitude. After all, some quite old people went there and they had some pretty strange ideas about nudity. But also some shops, pubs and restaurants were rather restrictive. But a trendy place like the Playhouse? No problem. She'd been there plenty of times before, though admittedly not with a textile.

As Siobhan and Niall walked away from the bus stop along the slightly damp streets towards the theatre, Siobhan felt quite uncomfortable at the stares that were directed at her. Normally when she was with friends, the stare was distributed amongst her company, so she didn't feel singled out, but here, with a textile, she felt strangely

naked and unclothed, even though that was what she obviously was, as she walked by Niall in his jacket and trousers and who was still studiously keeping his eyes off her naked freckled skin and on her face and eyes.

“You’re looking a bit uncomfortable,” Niall remarked after one of a series of comments about modern French cinema went unanswered. “What’s the problem?”

Siobhan couldn’t hold back any longer. “You are!” she answered abruptly.

“Me?” answered Niall, looking genuinely upset. “Why? What have I done? I mean. I’m sorry if... I don’t know... But what...?”

Did he have no idea? “Didn’t you think that it might embarrass me to be walking along with someone wearing clothes? Don’t you think people looking at us might not think we’re a bit kinky or something? You wearing clothes and me not?”

“But I didn’t realise you wouldn’t be wearing... you know... that you would...”

“What do you think I am? Some kind of part-time naturist? Do you think I’m only naked at college? Do you think I only take my clothes off for seminars and lectures?”

“Should I have...? Should I be... not wear anything? Be like a nudist like you?”

“Well, of course. What do you think? If any of my friends saw us together, I don’t know what they’d say. It’s really really awkward for me to be walking around with someone with clothes on. I really thought you could have made the effort.”

Niall stopped in his tracks, clearly distressed, pressing a palm against his temple

and scrunching up his mouth. “I’m sorry. I just didn’t... I just don’t know anything about nudists...I thought that it made no difference...”

“Well it does! And, Mother of God, stop saying ‘nudist’. I’m a naturist. Don’t you even know the difference between nudists and naturists?”

“Well no. I didn’t. I just didn’t think it mattered. So. Should I take my clothes off and go round nude like you?”

“What good would that be? The damage is done now. And besides where would you put your clothes? You’ve got nothing to carry them in.”

After a few minutes of silent pacing down the streets, lit by the early evening sun, the two of them arrived at the Playhouse. Fortunately, the outburst was soon forgotten after a couple of drinks in the Playhouse bar, both before and after the screening of *‘L’Assomoir’*. The two conversed about areas of mutual interest, of which Siobhan found she had a remarkable number in common with Niall. They both enjoyed Nineteenth and early Twentieth Century Russian and French novels. They both watched the same television documentaries on history and archaeology. They both had a guilty fondness for quite cheesy dance music. Soon Siobhan was laughing more freely and more happily than she had for a long time. Who could have imagined that a textile could have made her feel more free than any of her naturist friends?

As they wandered back from the Playhouse towards the area of town where Siobhan rented digs in a large Victorian building, Niall broached the very subject that had caused their dispute in the first place.

“Do you forgive me now for, you know, not being... you know, for wearing

clothes and so on...?”

Siobhan wasn't that easily mollified. "As long as you don't make the same mistake next time."

Niall looked suddenly discomfited. "You mean, if I'm to see you again I've got to be... I've got to go around naked like you?"

"Well, of course!"

Niall frowned. "I don't think I can really do that."

Siobhan stopped walking and looked at him. She was torn between her uncompromising views and her new affection for Niall. So far, he was a lot better than Eamonn. And even further ahead than Sean or Patrick or Liam. Or any of her other boyfriends or conquests. But it went against the grain to be seen with a textile. "I'm not sure I can accept that, Niall. Give me one good reason why you wouldn't take your clothes off for me? It's not a problem for me. Why should it be a problem for you?"

"I'm not a nudist. Sorry. Naturist. It's just not something I believe in. Any more than I'm a vegetarian or a protestant or an anarchist. And besides, I'd be really embarrassed. I wouldn't want people looking at me. I don't want people looking at my cock ... genitals."

"Mary Mother of God! I'm sure your cock's no different to any other cock that anyone's ever seen. If I had that attitude about my cunt... Or my tits. Well, it's just not right. Nudity is the natural state. That's why I'm a naturist. If you can't be a naturist, I just don't know if we can see each other again."

Niall seemed quite crestfallen by Siobhan's uncompromising stand, but he sighed and directed the subject elsewhere. While Niall discussed the subject of alcohol abuse in the Nineteenth Century as portrayed by Emile Zola, Siobhan was still inwardly fuming. She'd more or less decided that if Niall wasn't going to take his clothes off, at least when he was with her, then, well, then that was that. And there was nothing more to say. And they might as well call it a day. But at least she'd show smoothies like Sheila who had the right principles. And Eamonn, of course. She'd show him too.

But when they arrived at Siobhan's digs, it didn't quite go as planned. As she stood at the doorway, hand in hand with Niall, about to say goodbye, or, as Siobhan had planned, '*au revoir*' in keeping with the French film they'd just seen, somehow the words dissolved into nothing and they were wrapped arm in arm in the shadow of the porch, lit up only indistinctly by a street lamp. As Niall's tongue grappled with hers, and her bare skin pressed against his trousers, which were so obviously bulging with his desire, and she felt the indentations of his shirt buttons against her breasts, it became obvious that this evening wasn't going to end quite so soon.

"So? Do you want some coffee? You know, before you go back?"

This was Niall's opportunity to say he had to catch the last bus back to his own digs, which were on quite the other side of the city, but when he assented it was obvious to Siobhan what would be happening next.

And indeed that's exactly as it was, when the two of them entered Siobhan's small bedsit on the second floor, past the bedrooms of all the other students, some of whom were still awake, and all thoughts of coffee were forgotten as the two of them

resumed the cuddling and intimacy they'd started outside the building. Soon, Siobhan knew all the fillings in Niall's mouth, as his hands traversed up and down her naked back, and he pressed his body against her front. And Siobhan was strangely conscious of his erect penis under his trousers, which she could feel even though her hands were elsewhere. This was something she wanted to find out more about.

As, of course, she did. "Come on, Niall! Off with your clothes! I should have told you. There's a rule in this place. And that rule is: 'No clothes'. Especially not if you're a man and so really really hot!"

It was only after Niall had finally divested all his clothes, which he did in a strangely awkward manner, that Siobhan saw one very good reason why he might be a little bit embarrassed to be seen in the nude. Niall's penis! Well, the Devil be Damned! Niall's penis was by far the largest Siobhan had ever seen. OK. So, it was fully erect. And that meant it was going to be pretty big anyway. But this monster was as long as her forearm. Almost. Or perhaps it was. Long and stiff and round and swelling. The veins blue and throbbing. The glans proud and hooded. Would it even fit inside her?

It didn't quite fit in Siobhan's mouth. At least not that easily. But she gave it as good as she could. The huge glans pressed against her tonsils as she ran her lips up and down and up and down its length. It was hot and strong smelling. But, unlike Eamonn, Niall's penis didn't lose its way too soon. It stayed as hard and stiff, if not stiffer, while her saliva dribbled down its length, as it had before she'd touched it. The strong odour blew out of her nostrils. Niall, meanwhile, had swivelled his body around so that his tongue was at her clitoris and he was licking at her labia and within the vaginal folds,

through the thicket of hair, not perhaps as expertly as some of her lovers, but with plenty of concern and attention for her own sexual pleasure.

And it worked. Which surprised Siobhan. She wasn't normally a girl who came especially easily. A flash of blood darkened her vision, as she let the erotic moment sweep through her and let loose a cry she heard only indistinctly. As she did later, a whole series of cries and yelps and whoops and gasps to which she let vent as Niall's penis found its way into her cunt and he thrust away at her.

Although she was wet (and, God in Heaven, she was wet!), even that didn't soften too much the pressure as Niall's penis bit by bit, centimetre by centimetre, inch by inch, slowly made its way deeper and deeper into her vagina, pressing against her stomach, stretching the walls of her vaginal cavity. And thrusting in and out, in and out. But Siobhan was only partly conscious of the fucking. She lay on her back. The fucking missionary position. When was the last time she'd been as unadventurous as that? And he pushed in and out, in and out, as she squirmed and writhed and wriggled, his buttocks pistoning above her crotch, his mouth sometimes on her ears, sometimes on her mouth, sometimes high above her, as he arched upwards.

And although she came and came and came, perspiration streaming down her flesh, a pool gathering on her chest, on her cheeks, underneath her buttocks and back, sliding and slipping against the long red hairs on Niall's chest, she was almost not aware of where she was and what she was doing. She was lost in a whirlwind of pleasure, somehow centred on her crotch, as Niall thrust again and again into her. And still he hadn't come. How was this possible? How could it be that Niall could keep

going so long, whereas Eamonn would have long since squirted out his little drip, and they'd be lying on the bed, thoughts of sex almost forgotten in some discussion on naturism and the law.

Finally, Niall did come. And he came with an explosion of semen, that squirted into the deepest recesses of Siobhan's cunt, and soon found its way out onto the sheets, onto her thighs, and dripped down from the huge knuckle sized glans in a long sticky trail to Siobhan's knee. Warm. Hot. And so much of it!

As Siobhan lay there, Niall above her, his penis twitching and slowly deflating as further goblets of semen eased out and fell onto her stomach, she thought about seeing Niall again. Could she compromise on her naturism? Would she contemplate going out with him even if he chose to wear clothes? And having seen the packet he was storing away, she wasn't sure she wanted the world to be tempted by what he had on offer. She glanced up at Niall, who was exercising his penis with the palm of his hand. Jesus Christ! It was getting stiff again! The man had more sperm and energy to come!

She pulled herself up onto his chest, a hand taking the weight of his massive hairy testicles, giving the signal that, yes, she wanted more. Blessed Mary! She wanted as much more as she could. It felt *so* fucking good!

Would she see him again even if he chose to wear clothes? Christ! She'd even compromise to the extent of wearing clothes herself, if that was the only way she'd be sure of seeing him again. And, of course, to see and feel that fabulous cock of his.