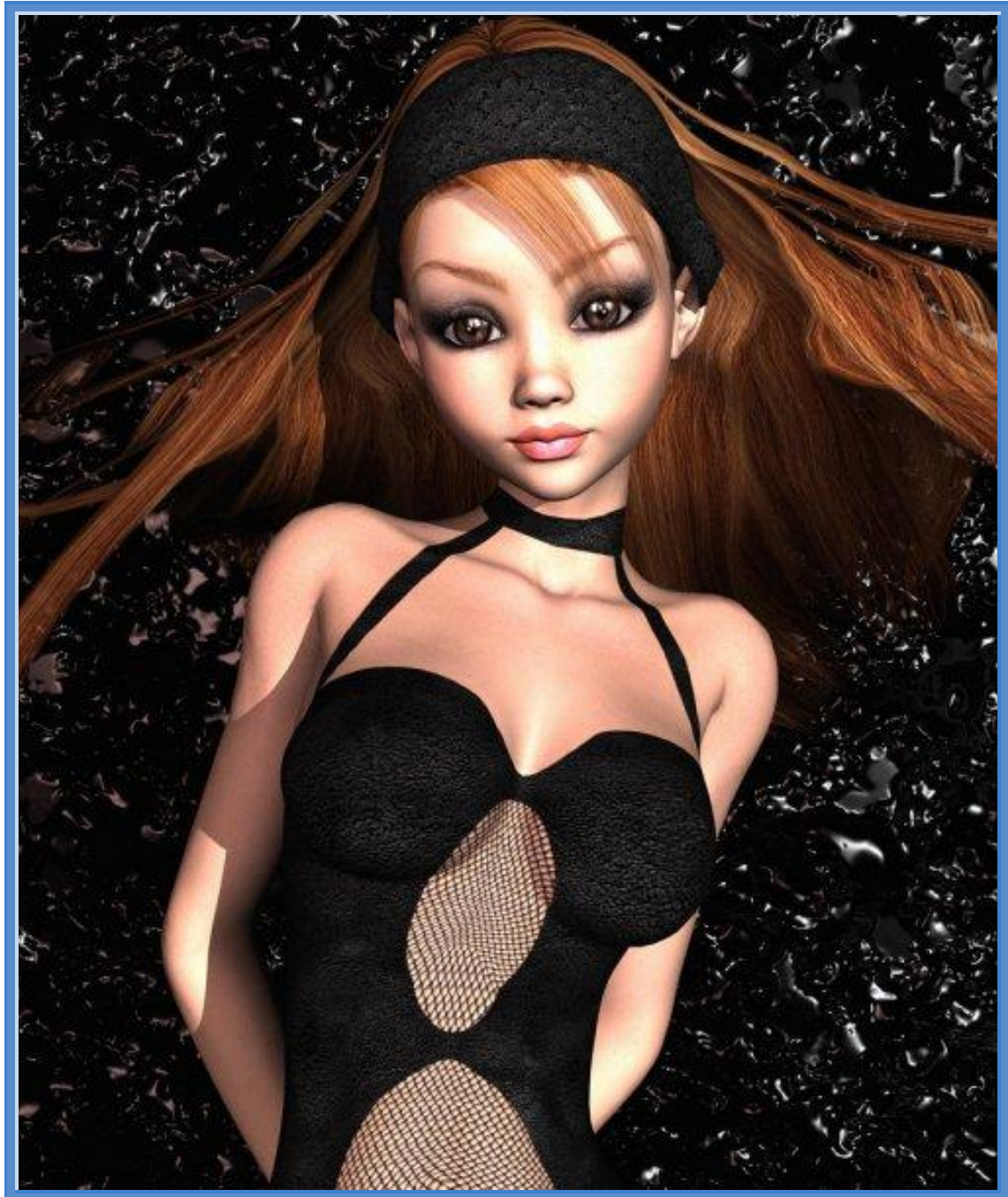


The Coming of Age

Bradley Stoke



Zoot was so excited. At last, after all these years, she was at that age, that special age, that coming of age, where she could drink, take drugs and have sex. Now, she could share the physical love, which until now she could only practise on herself. She hoped that all her practising had prepared her well for her new life, where her vagina could at last be penetrated. Her mother marked the day, as was the custom, by shaving off the hairs that had grown so wild and full in these years of waiting. Zoot stood there, wearing nothing, her hair short and shaved on the sides and back, longer and full and permed on top, while her mother carefully ran the laser shaver over her crotch, only the short stubble left to remove. In the cane seat in the corner of the room, was Aghana, her mother's partner, watching the ceremonial shaving with concern while tenderly worrying the golden ring in her own shaven crotch.

This was how Zoot would always be from now on, now that she had come of age. And soon, if she ever chose to take a partner, she too would have a ring pierced through the folds of her vagina or even her clitoris. Her mother wiped her freshly shaven crotch with a towel and then splashed some sharp sweet smelling perfume on it, which smart ever so slightly and made Zoot gasp.

"There! It's done!" Zoot's mother exclaimed. "Now everyone will know that you've come of age." She ran her palm over her daughter's smooth crotch, admiring her handiwork and the beauty of her offspring. "Now, you'll be able to enjoy the pleasures of love. Now you'll be able to do whatever you like."

Zoot's mother lowered her face between Zoot's thighs, as she stood against the large windows that opened into the garden and the huge elm trees that towered high

above the house. She let her tongue slip through her lips and lovingly licked her daughter's crotch, while Zoot gave vent to another gasp. So, this is what it's like! Zoot thought to herself. She'd so often watched her mother and Aghana making love, their tongues on each other, their fingers inside each other's smooth and shiny orifices. And now, while Aghana smiled approvingly, she could feel another woman's tongue on her. The tongue slid over the smooth mound of her crotch, and then worried itself into the folds of her vagina and then ooh! her teeth nibbled gently on her clitoris. Zoot felt a warm, slightly troubling, sensation burn from down there, while she looked down on her mother's short-cropped head between her legs.

"Azini! Enough!" said Aghana, with a chuckle. "Your daughter needs to be ready for her party this evening. Not exhausted." She brushed the long single strand of hair off her face. The only strand which survived her brutal daily shaving, and emerged from above her forehead and curled around over her cheek and shoulder.

"You're right, lover!" laughed Zoot's mother. "It's just that I've looked forward to tasting Zoot's little clitty for so long. And now of course I can." She stood up, standing slightly taller than Zoot, her large artificially enhanced breasts on a line with Zoot's shoulder, a dress open at the front and down over her buttocks and revealing her own shaved crotch from which dangled a long chain which would slap against her inner thighs when she walked.

"Oh, Mum!" exclaimed Zoot, disappointed. She'd so often looked forward to the moment when she could share the conjugal bed with her mother and Aghana.

Her mother kissed Zoot gently on the lips, not able to resist the temptation of

running her slightly sour tasting tongue over their reddened sheen. “Don’t worry, sweetest! There’ll be plenty of opportunity in the future. You’ve come of age, you know. There’s no law in the solar system that can stop us now.”

“But you promised, Mum...” began Zoot, regarding her mother’s huge breasts which seemed out of proportion to her lithe slender body.

“Don’t forget your promises,” agreed Aghana, who was naked as always except for the chains she had dangling from her own much smaller, pointed breasts.

Zoot’s mother nodded, and let her daughter take her breasts in her mouth, supporting their full round glory in her palms, while nibbling and licking the nipples, which like her Zoot’s own clitoris, had become stiff and rigid. Zoot had not tasted them since she was just a baby, and she’d never tasted anyone’s flesh except her own. It was so warm, and soft, but resisting. And those nipples, which filled Zoot’s mouth tasted so sweet. Her saliva dribbled down her mother’s breast, while she gripped her now smooth crotch in a hand, feeling that unfamiliar hairlessness, and masturbating herself with a long finger.

“That’ll be enough, dear!” said Zoot’s mother, clearly reluctantly, after a few minutes. “You’ve got your party this evening to look forward to. You don’t want to be worn out before then, do you?”

Zoot let herself be eased off, and stood silhouetted against the windows, still rubbing her crotch, wondering to herself whether she wanted to rub herself off in front of her mother. Somehow, this act still seemed too private to do so publicly, even though her mother had so often encouraged her to do so when she was watching sex

films with her partner and her. However, her mother and Aghana made the decision for her, leaving arm-in-arm, clearly quite excited, and probably off to make love together, while Zoot collapsed onto the full sofa, which engulfed her, while she pushed and thrust her fingers into her crotch. As she gasped and sweated, her fingers aching from the effort, she thought ahead to her party, the first one, of course, she was ever able to go to, and naturally so because her own had to come first before she was of age to go to any other.

As her fingers probed and explored her now strangely smooth crotch, she reminded herself of the stories Alifa, her best and closest friend, had told her about her own coming of age party, not so many months earlier. Now, she too could have sex with as many people, and as often, as she liked. And tonight, she knew, she would lose her virginity.

At long last, after all the presents were unwrapped and later discarded, it was the time for Zoot to enter her own party. As tradition required, the other guests had already arrived and were massing together in the vast hallway in her mother's home. Zoot sat impatiently in her room unable to concentrate on anything. Zoot wasn't really watching the holographic porn video that was playing in the background, nor was she really that interested any more in her view of herself in the long mirror at the end of her bed. She was dressed in a long red velvet cloak that came down to her bejewelled ankles, which parted at the front to display her pert young breasts and her recently re-shaven crotch. Delicate booties raised her heel high off the floor and there was a small jewel-encrusted crown pinned into her hair. Who would be the lucky one tonight to

snatch her of her maidenhead?

She could hear the sounds of computer-generated music fill the rooms and hallways beyond her own: the melodies and harmonies chosen to fit and change with the ambience and mood of the room in which there were any listeners. And then, with a broad grin, her mother opened the door. She strode up to her daughter and kissed her on the mouth. Zoot responded with passion and for a few moments, mother and daughter kissed, their tongues battling amongst the teeth and through the lips. Zoot placed her hand on her mother's crotch and was delighted to find that it was as moist and hot as her own groin most certainly was.

Zoot's mother gently pushed her daughter off her. "It's true that I've waited so many years for the pleasure of your body, but not now. You have a party to go to and a virginity to lose. Come now. The guests are all waiting for you."

"Is Alifa here?"

"Is she to be the lucky one? Oh! Sweetest! You choose so well. But savour first. And there's much to savour. Yes. Alifa is here. And all your friends. Except Omeg and Inzoince. They, of course, haven't yet come of age. But worry not, you'll have your chance with them on their coming of age parties."

Zoot's door slid open and she and her mother ventured onto the huge balcony. Her mother hadn't lied. Everyone was there. Everyone she knew. And plenty others beside. An exotic gathering of beautiful young women, with a few older ones amongst them. The household's music system responded to their entry with a loud fanfare of celestial choirs and trumpets. The lights arced and swivelled to highlight Zoot against

the top of the stairs as she strode down on their dark red velvet carpet, the rest of the house dimming so that she was undoubtedly the centre of attraction. And then everyone cheered her; while the celestial chorus built up to a crescendo of celebration, and garlands, flowers, butterflies and confetti fell onto the heads of her waiting guests from above.

Zoot strode regally down the stairs, her mother behind her. Her cloak shimmered in the slight breeze generated by the house's climate control system, occasionally parting to show not only her smooth groin but her pert expectant breasts and the small gold chain that dangled over her hips. And soon she was at the foot of the stairs and engulfed in a sea of welcoming guests. Her body was caressed and stroked by others dressed in their own tastefully chosen clothes, all discreetly arranged so that for most of the time their bare crotches could be seen.

"Oh Zoot! I'm so happy for you!" said Alifa who placed a hand on Zoot's crotch. "Please let me be the one. Say that it'll be me."

"I'll make my decision later," Zoot replied coyly, but nonetheless taking the opportunity to place her mouth full on her best friend's. For several minutes, the two of them sunk their tongues into each other's mouth, the taste of her mother's saliva still distinct amongst the tastes of Alifa's wine-soaked breath. Zoot had almost already decided that it would be Alifa who would plunge the golden phallus inside her unbroken cunt. She loved Alifa to distraction as she had for the many years from earliest childhood that they had known each other.

Alifa was wearing a golden and silver waistcoat, opened at the front, and had

titanium rings pierced through her nipples. She was bare from the waist down except for some gauze like shimmering cloth strapped around her legs just below the knees and flaring out to her dainty azure slippers. Her hair was long and straight, shaved at the front, as were her eyebrows to give the semblance of an impossibly high forehead. She put an arm around her friend's waist and the two of them wended their way through the welcoming guests, exchanging kisses, strokes, caresses and probes of an intimate and sensual nature. The flame in Zoot's crotch her mother had lit that morning was fanned by all this attention to burn even brighter. She could barely wait until the moment of penetration would occur.

She let one hand probe down to Alifa's crotch and pinched and squeezed her friend's vaginal lips. She bent down on her knees, and in the middle of a group of admiring friends, she placed a finger below Alifa's clitoris and licked and teased it with her tongue. It smelt so strange. Not like a smell she'd ever smelt before, even from herself. So rich! So appetising! So sweet!

"Come, Zoot!" said Alifa putting her hands on her friend's ears and pushing her gently off. "Time for that later. Now is the time you shall taste wine and plenty." She eased Zoot up by her hands beneath her armpits and nodded to Elise, another friend of hers, who was proffering a goblet of sparkling clear wine. Zoot took the glass and savoured another delight that until now she had been too young to legally enjoy. It was a strange taste. Sweet but also slightly sour. And the bubbles tickled her nose. She wasn't sure whether it was the party atmosphere or the alcohol, but she almost immediately felt intoxicated.

From thence, her memories of the party were scattered and uncertain. She drifted amongst her guests, wandering from room to room, savouring on the way other previously forbidden delights. Some you drank. Some you inhaled. Some you sniffed. And always around her the presence of naked or near-naked flesh, feeling her skin against theirs and their skin against hers. And soon she was lying on the grass on the lawn under the artificial night of their artificial world, looking up at the stars beyond the great transparent dome and the massive glory of the nearby gas giant, Uranus, shining almost as brightly as the distant Sun itself.

She was with Elise and Alifa. Their three bodies were entwined and naked. Somewhere in the party she had left her gown behind, surely now in the possession of one the household's domestic robots to be returned to her whenever she would require it again. Elise had a bob of light green and purple hair that covered her eyes and went round the same length to her shaved neck. She was slim with breasts almost hardly formed at all. Indeed they were almost all nipple. And after having admired those nipples for so long, Zoot had now had the pleasure of their taste.

Zoot had learnt a lot already, though how much was promoted by the hallucinogens, the alcohol or the serotonin she couldn't be sure. She had learnt just how different people smelt and tasted. And how each person had different smells and tastes all over the body. Although she dearly loved Alifa, it was Elise whose taste and smell was somehow the richest and most enticing. She smiled at her lover, and kissed her on her full purple lips. Perhaps Elise would be the one. In fact, the way she was feeling at the moment she wished it was Elise now. The golden phallus between her

slim, angular hips thrusting back and forth while she kissed her best friend, Alifa, whilst her mother and all her guests would stand around admiring and cheering them on.

And how sweet did Elise's vagina smell! Sweeter even than her mother's. And such perfect, unbroken folds. Such a firm and proud clitoris. Zoot grabbed Elise by the back of her neck and thrust her face against her own for a long slobbery wine-tinged kiss, while a languorous Alifa ran her fingers idly up and down Zoot's thighs and stroked her vagina. A cloud passed overhead between the top of the trees and the light from the nearby planet, and there was a flutter of bats near the eaves of her mother's grand house. Surely this was heaven. And perhaps now was the time. The time that would truly mark her transition into adulthood.

However, Zoot felt she ought to see more of the party before she made her decision. She disentangled herself from Elise and Alifa, who moaned softly but remained entwined together. She crawled forward on her hands and knees, and then stood up naked under the stars, the grass pleasantly brushing against the soles of her feet and through the gaps between her toes. She wandered back towards the house, past other naked bodies, many of which coupling with vigour, but mostly relaxing in the warmth of the night. She climbed up the steps to the long balcony that went around her house. Through the windows she could see guests making love or just having conversations with each other. In the large hallway she could see a number of guests dancing to the heavy percussive sounds of electronic dance music. Should she join them? She decided not to. She was slightly tired from her own lovemaking and

her narcotic infusion.

She walked along the balcony to the point at the furthest end, which looked over to the hills and parks near the small sea. This had always been her favourite place to stand and relax. Sometimes in the distance, you could see the planetary cruisers as they darted across between the many settlements and artificial worlds surrounding Uranus. She put her hands on the wall around the balcony and leaned forward, feeling the slight breeze on her breasts and on her bare crotch.

But she wasn't alone. Another girl was standing at the balcony also watching the view. And not a girl she'd ever met before. She was also naked except for short puffed blue velvet sleeves that covered her from her elbows to her shoulders. She had long braided hair trailing down her back cascading from a topknot in the centre of her otherwise shaven head. Unusually, however, she was totally black. In the modern world most racial distinction had disappeared after the many years of interbreeding. Most people were various shades of brown. Very few were especially pale or especially dark. What dedicated single-mindedness over the generations had led to such racial purity?

"It's a very warm night," the girl commented with a broad smile from between thick reddened lips, a flash of white from her eyes and teeth startlingly distinct against her black skin. "And such a beautiful view!"

"It is, isn't it?" agreed Zoot. "Look at the lights shimmer on the sea from the planet's reflection. I often stand here and admire this view. Sometimes, you see the moons reflected as well."

“You often enjoy this view? You must live here? Are you Zoot? The girl whose coming of age it is?”

“Yes, the same,” Zoot smiled. “Is it a long time since your coming of age?”

The black girl smiled in return. Such beautiful strong teeth! “Not long ago, really. Less than six months, I think. I’m still getting used to all the freedom I can enjoy. It’s so liberating, but also quite daunting. Look, we’re not introduced. I’m Lamentha. I came here with Agnatha. I’ve really enjoyed your party.”

Zoot put an arm around Lamentha’s waist and the two of them stood at the balcony edge looking out at the dark shadows and the distant lights. Lamentha leaned her head over and kissed Zoot tenderly on the cheek. Despite all the physical attention she’d received all night, somehow this kiss imprinted itself more firmly in Zoot’s mind than all the probing and sweaty groping she’d enjoyed up till then. She turned her face around away from the starlit view and gazed deeply into Lamentha’s eyes.

“I don’t really know you. Perhaps we shouldn’t...” she commented.

Lamentha grinned. “This is your coming of age, Zoot. From now on, it doesn’t matter whether or how well you know anyone. If you want to, you can just do what you like. Come on, girl. I’ve heard so much about you this evening from your friends. Let’s see what you feel like.”

The black girl put her hands around the back of Zoot’s neck and pulled her forward onto her large welcoming lips. Still shy, despite her relative intoxication, Zoot was uneasy with getting to know Lamentha so physically so soon, but as their lips conjoined and she tasted Lamentha’s tongue on her own tongue, she felt her

reservations fly. She put her own arms around Lamentha's hips and pulled the slim naked body towards her. She had such full breasts, and not ones artificially enhanced like her mother's. And those buttocks! How could an arse be so warm and inviting and full? And the taste and scent and colour and flavour of Lamentha's skin. It was so warm, inviting and arousing.

"On the grass. Come on!" Zoot whispered through long deep breaths. "Together. Stretched out."

"Yes. It's. Nicer. On the grass," gasped Lamentha as short of breath through the haze of passion as Zoot.

It was an ache for their bodies to separate, as they strode hand in hand down the steps which led from the balcony to the lawn which stretched for so many hectares out into the distance. One thing was for sure, out here in the outer suburbs of the solar system, space was very cheap. Zoot had heard that it was so much more crowded and expensive the closer you got to the Sun. The two girls lay down on the short soft grass, Zoot below and Lamentha above. And their lovemaking became more passionate and free the more they got to know and be familiar with each other's odours and tastes.

Lamentha was so different to Alifa and Elise. Those beautiful soft breasts, crowned by those proud long nipples. That slender, slighter muscular waist. The beautiful, smooth skin towards her vagina, with lips that pursed together so perfectly and exactly. And when Zoot parted those lips, the dark skin against her own pales fingers and her sparkling silver nails, there was such a pink looking clitoris and the

flesh inside was also pink, perhaps even slightly yellowish. Zoot couldn't help it. She let her tongue lap up and down Lamentha's vertical smile, enjoying the rich smell and the slight sourness of the juices freed from within Lamentha's innermost recesses. And while she probed and licked and kissed and nibbled, Lamentha stroked her hair and shoulders and her own pert hardened nipples.

A groan startled Zoot, but she looked up at Lamentha's face and saw that it was she who was groaning. The passion was released by a moaning, sighing cry. Zoot became belatedly aware that she too had been vocal in her passion, but as nothing to Lamentha, who gave so freely of her emotions.

As the two girls caressed and their bodies slid so easily over each other, there were other noises to be heard. The cicadas in the trees. The rustle of the mild breeze through the trees. And also the grunting and groaning of other guests. Soon enough, Lamentha and she were sufficiently sated that they could lie back, their sweating damp bodies on each other, Zoot's chin on Lamentha's breast, her black lover's arms around her shoulders, and their legs and feet intertwined. And now Zoot could more clearly see the source of the other noises.

One particularly loud set of groans and cries came from over where Zoot had left Elise and Alifa. Zoot smiled. Her friends had clearly resumed their lovemaking. She peered more closely. There were three, no four, figures silhouetted against the distant trees and bushes. There was Elise and Alifa. She could still recognise her friends even in shadow form. But there was another woman who was thrusting in and out of Alifa's cunt with a monstrous dildo, while Alifa herself was thrusting her dildo

into Elise's cunt. And around them, encouraging and licking and teasing, was Aghana, a dildo clearly silhouetted against the grass. They were really making more noise than any set of lovers. And now that she had noticed them, more than anything other than the thumping dance music that was seeping out of the house.

Zoot knew that she should feel happy that her best friends, and her mother, and her mother's lover, should be getting on so famously and enjoying each other's company so much. But a more selfish part of her was less than pleased. After all, it was *her* party. *Her* coming of age. And if anyone should be getting or giving special treatment, it should be Zoot herself. Not those who just happened to be closest to her.

She ran her fingers over Lamentha's vagina, which still felt warm and liquid. There was a clear, oozing juice smeared over her lips, which was just too viscous to be sweat. "Lamentha. It's my coming of age. And I can choose whoever I like to break me in."

"I remember my coming of age. I chose my best friend, Agnatha, but she wasn't really the best. I didn't know it at the time. But there are girls who fuck a lot better than she did. Or does."

"Well. Anyway. I've chosen who I want to take my maidenhead. And I've decided that it's not going to be *my* best friend."

Lamentha sighed. It was as if she'd been expecting Zoot to announce that she would be leaving her for her ceremony at any moment, and that she'd preferred that they just stay together. She made an attempt to look enthusiastic. "Who's it going to be? Your mother? She clearly knows how to fuck. Or her partner? She doesn't look at

all bad for an older woman.”

“No. Not Aghana. And not my Mum, either. No. I’ve chosen *you!*”

“*Me?*” replied Lamentha, but clearly looking delighted. She could barely contain the pleasure in her voice. “But we’ve only just met.”

“And I hope we’ll meet again. No. It’s you. It’s you I want. I want you to take the golden phallus and fuck me. I want you to fuck me like you’ve never fucked anyone before. I want to be fucked to the heights of ecstasy.”

Even through her dark skin, Zoot could see that Lamentha was blushing. “I just hope I’m able to satisfy you.”

And so, Zoot introduced Lamentha to her mother, Aghana, and her best friends. It was obvious to her that both Elise and Alifa were upset that she’d chosen a strange woman to do the deed, and not one of them. Alifa was the most clearly disappointed. She must have always believed that the moment was meant for her and no one else. But she gamely congratulated Zoot.

“Where are you two going to do it?” she asked.

“By the swimming pool,” Zoot announced. “If it gets too hot we can easily cool off!”

Everyone laughed, Elise and Alifa the least convincingly, as Zoot and Lamentha wrapped their arms around each other, feeling excited at the prospect. At last, thought Zoot, she would be a proper woman. And although the first time was always special, she’d do her best to make it up to her best friends. And she could see a residual disappointment in her mother, who’d perhaps hoped that tradition and custom

would have given way to familial passion.

And so the party gathered, a couple of hours to daybreak, under Uranus's comforting green glow, by the huge irregularly shaped swimming pool. Everyone was there. The domestic robots had ensured that. And many guests had even put back on their clothes, including Zoot's mother, who wore a dress parted at the front for her enormous breasts, and, of course, her vagina, and belted tightly around her waist. Zoot was feeling increasingly nervous, despite all the drugs and drink and sex. Had she made the right decision?

She watched Lamentha who was being prepared by Aghana. She was cleaned with glistening oils and the golden phallus was secured to her waist. It was not the largest dildo there is, but for the first time it was more than adequate: nearly 20 centimetres in length. It shone a golden metallic hue, but was flexible and solid, fully able to do the task in hand. Beneath it were two golden testicles, whose presence was a distant memory of an earlier age when there was another now superfluous gender. Lamentha was so beautiful. How could a woman be so beautiful? And Zoot felt so grateful that it was Lamentha who would be the one for her.

The sound systems emanated a discreet ambient sound as Lamentha strode towards Zoot under the appreciative gaze of her guests. Zoot felt even more nervous, although it was Lamentha whose performance would be the most open to scrutiny and criticism. Zoot had heard stories of ceremonies like this, which, despite the best intentions of everyone concerned, had not really matched expectations.

The two girls lay on the soft luxurious mattress the domestic robots had

prepared, their eyes gazing at each other, and their hands touching the other. And then encouraged by the changing tempo of the sound system, they became more adventurous with each other, recapturing those delicious moments they had enjoyed alone together on the lawn. The lights were turned down, so only the mattress was lit and that very dimly. Zoot could still see faces in the dusk, including Alifa who had her arm around Elise's waist. But it was on Lamentha she concentrated her attention. Her tongue and lips explored her shaved vagina, while above her Lamentha had her face in her own crotch, where with her fingers and saliva she was lubricating Zoot's already wet and willing sexual centre. Lamentha's phallus was pressed against her face, and she alternately licked and chewed at that. It oozed its own sleek coating which tasted so sweet and ever so slightly sickly. It was shaped quite strangely. Not only were there those peculiar testicles, surely too large to function efficiently as a control system, but also a shape that was unlike anything Zoot had ever seen so close before. It had a strange nobbled head, a bit like a shoe's heel and coloured slightly darker than the rest of the phallus. Stranger still were the strange raised lines along it, which resembled the veins on her hands or her neck. All the while, her own crotch felt like it was dripping and there was a strange tightness in her belly like, but not like, that she felt when she'd left it too long before she'd gone to the toilet.

This could have gone on forever. In fact, Zoot almost wished it did. But there was a job to be done. Lamentha judged that all was well. Her lips left Zoot's crotch and she swivelled around on the mattress to kiss and lick Zoot's face.

“Are you ready?” she whispered.

Zoot nodded, and the household's system must have recognised the signal changing into a rhythmic thrusting tempo that assisted the two in progressing to the next stage. Lamentha sat up on her knees, with the phallus pointing out in front of her and glistening in the dim house lights. Zoot lay on her back, gazing up at her black lover's serious face, screwed up with concentration. She parted her legs as she'd seen her mother when Aghana used a similar dildo on her. Or more normally, a rather larger one.

And then, penetration. Slowly and timorously at first, eased in through the parting vulva, through the vaginal lips, and then into the main passage that had only been explored and penetrated by fingers before. And then, bit by bit, thrust by thrust, the phallus entered her to a depth greater than any finger could reach. And it was so much wider and thicker and more solid. How could a girl's vagina take in so much? And, yes, it did hurt. A stinging, tearing pain. But not one she'd not been repeatedly warned about.

Lamentha leaned down on Zoot, her long black arms supporting her weight with her hands on either side of Zoot's bare breasts. Her buttocks were jerking backwards and forwards, both facilitating the entrance and lubricating Zoot's vagina with their delicious thrusts. The pain sharpened and then lessened, but Zoot was becoming increasingly immersed in the lovemaking and almost wished the pains were sharper and more painful. She so liked the physicality of it. So this was what it was all about. And Lamentha was evidently well experienced. She thrust back and forth, in and out, the phallus occasionally pulled almost all the way out so that Zoot could feel

its touch again on her lips and clitoris and then back in again. Thrust after thrust. The sweat poured down Zoot's neck and onto her breasts and belly, but her feelings were focused beneath her on Lamentha's thrusting.

She soon gave vent to louder and louder cries of passion and ecstasy, reciprocated by Lamentha's own as she collapsed onto Zoot's bosom, the phallus deep inside, thrusting away, harder and harder, faster and faster.

It was up to Lamentha to decide when to finish. Zoot was lost in spasms of liquid explosion, which came from just above the phallus's deepest entry and somewhere below her stomach. This was a new sensation. Very physical. So much more vital and powerful than the feelings she'd enjoyed all evening from Elise, Alifa and even her mother. And, she didn't know how, but each climax, which shivered and shook her body and left her gasping, was to be followed by another which seemed somehow greater, more wet, more powerful than the one before.

And then, the spasms lessened in intensity and Lamentha's thrusts became correspondingly less urgent, and the two were close on top of each other, the phallus still inside, and still as big, but somehow less needed.

When Lamentha eventually withdrew the phallus under the watchful gaze of both Zoot and her guests, there was indeed a dark red dripping on the golden sheen. This bloodletting was what Zoot had expected, although her imagination had made it less of a drip and more of a flood. Perhaps it was a little more than the blood she lost in her menstrual cycle, but it was so mixed with vaginal fluids that it seemed lessened and diluted.

Zoot smiled as Lamentha stood up and removed the phallus and handed it back to Aghana. Her guests then erupted into applause. And Zoot grinned broadly. She needn't have worried. It had been perfect.

She smiled at Lamentha, desiring her still and willing her black body back onto her. Not only had the lovemaking been perfect, she reflected, but the perpetrator of her lost virginity had been perfect too. Zoot gazed beyond Lamentha to her mother, her friends, her guests, her home and the looming glow of the planet beyond. She was such a lucky girl. To have such a loving parent. To live in such a beautiful place. And now to have the most gorgeous lover she could ever imagine.

This was certainly a coming of age she would always remember fondly.