

Virgin Gold

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If anyone were trying to sleep just after midnight in Samantha's corridor at the university college block where she stayed, they would have been cursing her and her friends as they rolled in drunk and noisy after their evening in the college bar. There was Samantha with, of course, her best friend Eliza, Edward the Engineering student, and Sylvia and her fiancé Neil who both studied Information Technology. And they were giggling and shrieking and hooting and stumbling as they struggled up the narrow stair well and staggered down the corridor past Samantha's sleeping neighbours. Not that Samantha really gave a monkey's at that moment. A few beers and she was well past caring.

“Jeez! I'm bursting!” Edward moaned, grabbing his stomach.

“Flipping heck!” Samantha shouted back. “You can keep it in. I've held back too.”

“And so have I!” yelled Eliza who was having some difficulty walking in a straight line.

“We've all been holding back, Eddie. You don't want to spoil the fun, do you, by peeing down your pants?” Sylvia remarked, squeezing Neil's hand.

“Cripes! Don't give me grief! I was just saying...” Edward replied defensively.

“Anyway, the waiting'll soon be over,” Samantha remarked. “Look here we are!” She stood outside the door of the room she shared with Eliza and fumbled in the pockets of her jeans for her keys. The door was decorated by a cute poster of a cat and a few pages torn out of a movie magazine of some of the male film stars that had taken the fancy of either of the two roommates. Samantha liked her men to be tall and

handsome. Well, they had to be tall. She didn't want to have to look down on them. Eliza, who was in comparison, let's be kind, a little vertically challenged, was rather less bothered about height. She liked her men to be cute.

Samantha pushed open the door to reveal a very tidy room with Physics and Mathematics textbooks stacked up on the two desks and, on the walls, an array of posters of more film stars, a couple of the better kempt pop stars and a selection of adorable puppies and pussy cats.

"I'll get the plastic sheets!" Eliza volunteered, running towards the wardrobe. "Unless you want to use the shower room."

"You got *en suite*?" asked a visibly impressed Sylvia. "What I wouldn't give for *en suite*!"

"I'll put on a video," volunteered Samantha. "Get us in the mood. What do you want?" She knelt down in front of the DVD player and portable TV where there was an orderly array of titles. "We've got 'Yellow Tears', 'Golden Show Time', 'Puddles in the Staff Room', 'Smelly Dinner', ..."

"I don't fancy the last," Edward chuckled. "That's a scat title isn't it? That's a step too far for me. You're not into that scene are you, Sammie?"

Samantha smiled. "Bit too much cleaning up afterwards for me. No, if you can't drink it then it's no good. This vid came free with 'Lady in a Damp Dress'. We've only ever watched it once. But it made Lizzie ever *so* hot!"

"I wasn't!" denied Eliza, laying the plastic sheet over the two single beds that the two girls habitually pushed together. "But it wasn't all scat."

“Well, as long as it didn’t have penetration or sperm, that’s all right,” remarked Sylvia. “I wouldn’t want to see that kind of filth. Not, that is,” she continued with a smile towards Neil who was pulling down his trousers and underpants to disclose a limp penis surrounded by a thick bush of black pubic hair, “until Neil and I are married.”

“When’ll that be?” wondered Samantha, pulling off her sweat shirt with the number ‘12’ stitched in the fabric to reveal the full round breasts of which she was so proud. She was pleased to see Edward’s eyes light up at the sight of them. He could lick them all night long if he wanted to.

“We’ve booked a date for the Summer Vacation,” Neil explained. “It’ll be a proper church wedding and our families are coming down from all over. We’re really looking forward to it.”

“And I bet you’re looking forward to the night after,” continued the now naked Samantha who was slipping in a DVD with the evocative title ‘Yellow Rain and Golden Drizzle’.

“Absolutely!” Sylvia agreed. “After holding out so long, we just hope it’s worth it.”

“I’m sure it will be,” continued Samantha, running the DVD forward past all the credits and trailers. “The waiting’ll make it all the better. You don’t want to lose your virginity before you’re married do you? That wouldn’t be right at all! What do you think, Lizzie?”

Eliza blushed. Her short, slightly dumpy body was now completely unclothed

and she hovered by the bedsheets while everyone else was divesting the last of their clothes. She had famously once succumbed to a boy while still at school, and hadn't been able to live it down. What was more serious, she was now damaged goods and her prospects, never that shining to start off with, were now substantially tarnished. And, as Samantha often reminded her when her fingers slid inside her broken crotch, she'd confessed she'd not even enjoyed it very much. Samantha was adamant she'd never ever ever make the same mistake as her best friend. The boys would just have to wait until Mr Right came along.

And then onto the bed, protected as always by the plastic sheet. Five naked bodies, all bursting with the excesses of alcohol and all ready to rip. To ensure that the flow would go on for more than a few minutes, Eliza cracked open a few extra cans of weak beer she'd selected from the small fridge and laid them out on the bedside cabinets. As always, it was Samantha who let forth first. She straddled the bed, her knees indenting the plastic sheet, her breasts free and swaying heavily, her fingers on either side of her trim crotch as she directed the flow of urine directly into Edward's face.

Everyone laughed, even Edward, as the hot, steaming piss splattered his nose, screwed up his eyes, dampened his fringe and streamed into his open mouth. Samantha was renowned as being able to keep the flow going for many minutes: something she'd gained from years of practise. It came out in bursts of five or ten seconds, trailing down Edward's chin, onto the scattered hairs of his chest and onto his own limp penis.

But Samantha had to be careful. This kind of fun could finish ever so quickly if you weren't. As it was, it was a good day if you could keep a session going for more than quarter of an hour. And everyone was ready to go.

It all became very confusing, as it usually did after a night out on the piss. Edward urinated on Eliza's face while she was letting loose her punctuated flow on Samantha's breasts, where they streamed over her full nipples and cascaded onto her belly. Eliza, as always, tried to get as much urine into her mouth as possible. She'd heard that it was good for you, and, although it had taken some time, she had acquired taste for it. Rather like blue cheese, bitter ale and fine wine. Indeed, people did have different tasting urine, and she fancied that she could tell male urine apart from the female equivalent.

And, of course, she had the opportunity to test her theory, as she and Neil put their heads close together to take the stream of piss to which Sylvia eventually gave vent. Not as voluminous as Edward's, but it lasted just as long. That was the thing about men. Lots of volume but not necessarily any better quality. Her hair was soaking from piss, as was Samantha's, but with her best friend's blonde hair being so much longer, right over her shoulders, it would take a lot longer for her to wash the smell out of it. But that was one of the penalties of an active social life.

Urine coursed down the legs, the arms and the breasts of the five friends. It drenched the pubic hairs, it streamed flat the hairs on Edward's chest and the even scantier ones on Neil's chest. Edward opened his mouth and drooled out a mixture of Eliza's and Samantha's urine down his cheek. Just as he never inhaled cigarette

smoke, neither did he swallow the fruits of his passion. The five of them collapsed on the sheets, a mass of naked, stinking damp bodies, slightly chilled by the plastic underneath and clinging to each other for the warmth of their bodies, shivering from the cooling urine.

Samantha did what she could to keep it going a bit longer. She passed around the beers and the friends settled together, cross-legged or on top of each other, drinking quickly and making incoherent conversation. As always, Eliza rested her face on Samantha's damp bare thighs, while her best friend stroked her sodden dark brown hair. She smiled silently and contentedly. She dearly loved her best friend. Not the love she would feel for a man of course. That is, when the right man came along. One who would forgive her for her trespass into premarital sex and would understand that virginity wasn't everything. But until then she had her best friend, Samantha. So beautiful. So smart. Although this didn't necessarily reflect itself in the results of her Maths tests. She was so fortunate to count Samantha as her best friend. They went everywhere together. And whatever Samantha did, Eliza did too.

Finally, the beer top up did the job, and there was a brief reprise in the friends' fun. This hardly lasted more than five minutes, and Neil couldn't be persuaded to pee at all. But Eliza got to taste Samantha's pee again, as did Sylvia, while Edward contributed a spare and unremarkable trickle of his own. Eliza peed on Sylvia's breasts and Neil's penis, which he held up between the two small but perky mounds. The urine trickled down the canal in the bosom and over Neil's hairy, perhaps slightly tumescent, penis, his long foreskin still covering its end, and dampened the garden

patch of Sylvia's crotch and gathered in a small pool in Sylvia's navel.

And then it was over. The five friends sat back on the damp, cold plastic sheet watching 'Yellow Rain and Golden Drizzle' on the small screen of Samantha's TV. They were soon more concerned with the mechanics of what they were seeing rather than the plot, which was characteristically rudimentary and predictable. The only thrills in this 'erotic thriller' were those when the cast pulled off their clothes and aimed their crotches at each other.

"I don't know why we watch this rubbish," commented Edward with a sniff. "The acting's dreadful. The plots are risible. And you know exactly when they're going to start peeing on each other. It's so flipping predictable!"

"But that's *why* we watch it," argued Neil. "It's to see how other people do it. Otherwise, we wouldn't know."

"But, I mean, does everyone pee on each other in real life?" Edward wondered. "I mean, when you're married, do you still pee on the other person? Or do you, you know, do the other things you're so supposed to do? You know, with stiffies and rubbing the privates together."

"We'll soon be finding out what it's like for married people ourselves," remarked Sylvia smugly.

"And anyway, they can't very well show *that* sort of stuff on film, can they?" snorted Samantha. "You've got to draw the line somewhere. I think that all the peeing is used as a sort of metaphor or something when you've got married people in a film. There'd be uproar if you were able to watch people, like, 'doing' it. It's private. And

in any case, it'd be absolutely *gross*! I wouldn't want to see that sort of thing.”

Eventually, when the film had finished after the inevitable scene where all the stars had gathered together to urinate on each other, Edward, Sylvia and Neil announced that they were tired and left. Eliza and Samantha tidied away the plastic sheet, which they let soak in the shower, while they washed themselves and their hair before getting into bed together. Eliza enjoyed the intimacy of washing Samantha in the shower rather more than the fun they'd had as a fivesome. Somehow, the time she spent alone with Samantha was worth more than the time spent together with all their friends. She sometimes wished that Samantha saw it that way.

The soap slid over Samantha's smooth skin, down the muscles of her thighs, around her rounded knees and with extra special attention to her breasts and vagina. This last took Eliza much longer to clean, longer than Samantha ever spent on Eliza's, as she fully lathered it up, washed it away, and then cleaned out every bit of it with her tongue. She loved the recesses and folds of Samantha's vagina. Somehow better in Eliza's eyes than Sylvia's or that of any other girl she'd ever washed or licked. She was *so* lucky to have a best friend like Samantha, she thought, as she briskly rubbed the towel over the bush of Samantha's pubic hair.

And then the two slipped under the sheets and duvet of their shared beds, Samantha's arm around Eliza's shoulders, and the only light coming in from the single lamp post in the quad outside. Eliza nuzzled her nose between one of Samantha's breasts and her arm. She sighed. She was *so* happy.

“I'm not going to the student bar with you, tomorrow,” remarked Samantha

dozily, breaking into Eliza's reverie. "I'm going out with a boy tomorrow night. A date, you know."

"A date? A boy?" wondered Eliza, horribly conscious of a feeling of jealousy. But she knew this was misplaced. The two girls often talked about boys together, comparing their qualities and discussing whom they'd go steady with. Samantha had had a couple of boyfriends at uni, although none had lasted more than a few weeks. Eliza hadn't had any boyfriends. In fact, she sometimes wondered whether there was something wrong with her. Or perhaps she was frightened about what a boy would think if he knew that she wasn't a virgin.

"Yes. A sweet boy. Navin he's called. It's a foreign name. Like 'Gavin' with an 'N'. He's a foreign student. But he's not got much of an accent at all."

"Which country does he come from?"

"I dunno. Somewhere hot, I guess. He's got brown skin, so I guess it must be warm. Though you never know. Maybe he's just got brown skin and it doesn't mean anything. But, yeah. Navin. He's very sweet. I'm sure you'll like him."

There was a pause while Eliza absorbed the news. Part of her was already actively hoping that this relationship would be as short lived as the one Samantha had had with Eric. Not that there was anything that wrong about Eric, but he was some kind of French Literature student. They weren't like Science and Engineering students. "Is he tall and handsome?" she asked.

Samantha smiled. "Tall, *Dark* and Handsome! Just as they're supposed to be."

Eliza got to see Navin briefly the following evening, when he came round to

their room to pick up Samantha, who had gone as far as putting on a skirt and blouse just to look a bit smarter. He was dressed quite smartly too. Proper trousers. Not jeans. He had conservatively styled jet-black hair and a very broad white smile. And yes, he was brown. Eliza hadn't met many brown or black people before, so she wasn't sure what was the right thing to say. And yes, he was quite tall, though no taller than Samantha, and pretty handsome. Perhaps even a bit cute. Lucky Samantha!

After a quite lonely evening which Eliza spent watching a movie on TV, Samantha came in not long after midnight looking a little subdued. Eliza was disappointed. She'd hoped that Samantha might have persuaded Navin to come back so they could get the plastic sheet out and have a threesome on the bed. She'd even put out the provocatively entitled DVD 'It Began with a P' in case there was some action.

"How'd it go, Sammie?" Eliza asked while Samantha pulled off her clothes and slipped under the sheets next to her friend.

"Don't ask," Samantha sighed, lying flat on her back.

Eliza knew she'd find out soon enough, so she didn't ask. She cuddled up against Samantha, feeling the warmth of her bare skin radiating onto her own naked flesh.

Sure enough, Samantha couldn't hold out for long. "He doesn't like peeing."

"Peeing? Has he got a medical problem or something?"

"No. Not as far as I know. No, he just doesn't like doing it with other people. He says it's filthy and unhygienic and disgusting. Apparently, they don't do things like

that in his country.”

“So, what *do* they do?”

“Well, not that. Though they let you, you know, do ‘it’ before marriage. In his country. It’s normal apparently. They even have movies where people ‘do’ it, although he says it’s mostly faked. I suggested coming back here and getting out the plastic sheet. I thought he might enjoy having fun with you as well. But, he was dead set against it. In fact, it was almost as if I’d insulted him or something. I just don’t really understand anything. They’ve just got a different way of doing things where he comes from.”

More cultural differences became apparent over the next few weeks as Samantha and Navin continued going out together. Eliza could see their relationship was getting quite serious, but she could also see that Samantha wasn’t happy about how it was progressing. Samantha was desperate that her relationship with Navin should become more physical, but so far the furthest they had got was to snogging each other. They had not even taken their clothes off together, let alone shared a bed. This was because the two lovers had very different ideas of what a physical relationship should entail. Samantha wasn’t going to lose her virginity to anyone. And neither did Navin want to urinate on anyone. Nor did he want to be urinated on himself.

“Are you sure you can’t get more physical without, you know, ‘doing’ it?” wondered Eliza. “You know, cuddle up and things like we do.”

“That wouldn’t be the same, would it?” sniffed Samantha. “And anyway if it’s

what two best friends do, it can't be what a boyfriend and girlfriend do." Eliza couldn't argue with the logic of that. "No, Navin wants sex. He's done it before as well. Not once, like you, but several times. And with different people!"

"Jeez! How disgusting!" Eliza snorted. "But I suppose it's alright for men, isn't it? When they lose their virginity, they don't bleed or anything. Do they?"

"I don't think so. But it's not hypocrisy. Not the way Navin describes it. Girls in his country do it as well. In fact, it's almost more unusual for someone to be a virgin when they marry."

"That sounds like the wrong way round to me. Surely it's wrong to lose your virginity to anyone except your husband."

Samantha laughed, despite herself. Eliza loved it when she did that. It lightened her up so much. "You can talk, Lizzie! Apparently not where Navin comes from. Just a different culture. He says it's because they have arranged marriages. People don't marry there because they love each other. Not like they do in this country. They marry whoever their parents decide they should. So, it's expected that people have sex before they marry. It's the only way they can be sure of ever having sex with someone they actually love. And even after marriage. It's not considered odd to have sex with someone you're not married to."

"It all sounds like a recipe for chaos," sighed Eliza. "What's marriage for if you can have sex with anyone you like?"

"So, I just don't know what to do. Navin won't play by my rules. And I'm definitely not going to sacrifice my virginity to him."

“But can’t you marry him? And then you can.”

“Arranged marriages apply to Navin as well. There’s a girl back in his country waiting for him. She works as a secretary. And she’s got a boyfriend of her own as well. And Navin says she’ll probably continue having sex with this boyfriend after he and she get married, as well.”

Eliza shook her head. She was genuinely shocked. How could customs be *so* different? she wondered. How could it be that one country does one thing one way and another does it another? She couldn’t imagine a social life that didn’t include urination. And perhaps there were people in another culture who couldn’t imagine why people found it so much fun to pee on each other.

Samantha got more and more depressed by it all. She dearly loved Navin, and indeed the most fun she and Eliza had together in bed was when Eliza agreed to pretend to be Navin and the two stroked, cuddled and licked each other in guilty role play. She would sometimes look away from Eliza, even while her best friend was still licking her vagina, and stare wistfully in the distance as she thought about Navin.

“There may be a solution to the problem,” remarked Eliza, looking up from between Samantha’s legs where she had been licking her best friend’s crotch and her fingers were probing in the folds of her vagina. “A way that you and Navin can have what you both want without compromising too much.”

“What do you mean? How can we compromise on something as fundamental as not having sex?”

Eliza let a flow of saliva drip from her mouth and allowed it to trickle down to

Samantha's crotch and below. She then eased her forefinger, gently and tenderly, into the small puckered hole of Samantha's anus. "There's this hole here, Samantha. If Navin put his penis in there it wouldn't take your virginity, but it would still be like what he wants to do."

"Can you do that?" wondered Samantha. The idea of anal penetration had quite simply never crossed her mind before. "I'd have thought it'd be the wrong shape, wouldn't it? And isn't it all a bit dirty?"

"I'm sure it can be cleaned thoroughly. And anyway, judging from the size of the things that come out, I'm sure it can take quite a lot going in."

"Are you sure? It sounds pretty strange to me. If it was so simple, why hasn't anyone ever mentioned it before?"

"I don't know. Shall I see how far I can get my fingers in?"

"Yes, Lizzie," sighed Samantha. "If it can take your fingers, I'm sure it could take Navin's penis. Though they get pretty big when they're excited, don't they? I've seen Edward's when he gets excited. Though he tries to hide it."

"They don't get much bigger than Edward's. However excited!" remarked Eliza, on the basis of her own rather limited knowledge. "They just get big and then when they stick it in you, it sort of spurts all over the place. Only it's not pee that comes out, but funny creamy looking stuff. A bit like what you get when you burst a spot. Like pus. Only a lot more of it. A great deal more!"

"Uhhh! That sounds horrible! Perhaps the best place for it to go is in the back way where it's already a bit filthy."

Eliza and Samantha experimented not only on Samantha's anus but also on Eliza's. The more they studied the option the more they couldn't work out why something so obvious hadn't occurred to them before. There was no hymen to tear and you couldn't get pregnant from it. Samantha tried to reason why more people didn't do it.

"I suppose there's a number of reasons," she mused, as she pushed three of her fingers as deeply into Eliza's arse as she could. "It's a lot tighter at first. You have to sort of spit on it and things. Or use margarine or Vaseline or something. But it gets easier with practise."

Eliza nodded in agreement. The first few times they'd hardly been able to get even one finger all the way up, but now it was getting a lot easier. Especially now that they were making allowances for it not getting juicy like the front hole.

"Then there's the fact that men have them as well as women. Maybe if men thought about it they'd think they wouldn't need women at all and would just do it with each other. Then they wouldn't get married. And then the human race would just come to an end."

"I'm sure men like women for other reasons than just having something to put their pricks into," protested Eliza.

"I'm not so sure," mused Samantha. "I sometimes think that's all they want. Maybe their bottoms are tighter than a woman's."

"I don't think so. The same size things come out of a man's bottom as from a woman's," Eliza said. "I think the reason is that it's better at the front. It's more

sensitive. We've got this funny nobbly thing that gets excited. And there's all that juice as well. And it's a lot easier to get things inside."

"I guess I have to bow to your greater experience in these matters, Lizzie," laughed Samantha, making Eliza blush. She didn't want to disillusion Samantha, but she also thought that it didn't matter so much which hole was used, however appropriate for the purposes, but how much love went with it. She had enjoyed many more orgasms with Samantha than she'd ever had with a man. In fact, even one orgasm with Samantha would have been an improvement on the none at all she'd experienced when she was torn apart that traumatic day. Indeed, she sometimes wondered whether she could *ever* experience more orgasms with a man than she'd enjoyed with Samantha.

Navin wasn't quite as enthusiastic about having anal intercourse with Samantha as she and Eliza had expected. In fact, he'd even already done it. That came as a surprise. Samantha had never supposed that anyone else would have thought of it. He said that it was a bit tight, but Samantha told him that however tight it might be, it would be the only one of her two orifices that she'd let him enter. He was also not that keen that Eliza should be involved.

"Why not? She's my best friend. We do everything together."

"But it's you I love. Not your best friend."

"Well, we've got to see that it works OK. Eliza's not a virgin, so it doesn't matter if it goes wrong in some way."

"What on earth do you mean?"

Samantha wasn't sure. But when you implemented software, you always tried it out on a test harness before you did it for real. Samantha and Eliza had assumed that this was just the right way to do things. However, Samantha didn't want to betray her ignorance by answering Navin's question. "And anyway she can be sure that you don't put it in the wrong hole. And she can help in other ways too."

Despite his reservations, which Samantha guessed was to do with his contempt for virginity, Navin agreed to come back to the room she shared with Eliza to enjoy some anal fun. She and Eliza had had a happy time in the chemists and supermarket, buying Vaseline, oil and margarine, which they thought might help to lubricate their arses. When Samantha and Navin came in, Eliza was already naked on the bed watching a DVD to help her get in the mood. She was very nervous. She hoped she wouldn't let her friend down in any way.

"Off with your clothes, Navvie! Let's see what you've got to offer!" commanded Samantha, pulling off her sweater and slacks in a few practised movements. She stood by the bedside table in only her socks, her breasts free and heavy, while Eliza pressed her face against her waist.

Navin sighed. Eliza was really nowhere near as attractive to him as Samantha. Small, pudgy and her breasts were really nothing special. But he unbuttoned and pulled off his shirt, and then did the same thing with his chinos. He stood there in just his boxers.

"Come on, Navvie! Yours won't be the first prick I'll ever have seen."

Navin obeyed Samantha with a smile, although it was Eliza rather than

Samantha who was making him feel abashed. However, both girls took a sharp, deep intake of breath as they saw what Navin had to expose.

“Jeez!” exclaimed Samantha. “That’s the biggest prick I’ve ever seen! And it’s not even stiff! Are they all like that in your country?”

Navin smiled. “I don’t know. I don’t think so.”

His penis certainly was large. Even drooping down, it was as big as the fully erect penis Eliza remembered entering her all those years ago. Cripes! What would it be like erect? Was this such a good idea? Why had she volunteered to go first? What would it do to her arse?

“Well, let’s get it stiff and into Eliza,” Samantha remarked in a matter-of-fact way, but the breathiness of her voice betrayed her excitement and anticipation.

“Eliza?” wondered Navin.

“Well, of course. We’ve got to be sure that it’ll work properly.”

“I really don’t see how...”

“Oh come on, Navin. How else are we going to test it? Eliza’s not a virgin. So it doesn’t matter as much. Come on. That’s common sense.”

Navin wasn’t going to argue at this stage, so he clambered onto the bed with the two girls and watched while Samantha lovingly applied Vaseline and margarine and saliva to Eliza’s anus. His own penis twitched with excitement. He’d never seen girls touching each other’s intimate parts before.

“I’ll do Navin’s penis,” volunteered Eliza. “It’s better that he’s lubricated as well.”

“That’s a good idea,” agreed Samantha. “I hadn’t thought about that. And. Oh my gosh! Look at the size of it! Do you think you can get it all in?”

Samantha stared at Navin’s penis with fascination. It was pretty long. Much bigger than she thought a man’s penis should get when stiff. And it pulled so tight! The purple glans at the tip straining free of the foreskin and stretching the whole flesh of the penis, with its throbbing veins, to pull taut the scrotal sac where two egg-shaped, egg-sized testicles were held. So different to how it normally was with boys with their damp penises dangling down. And then the tip of Navin’s penis disappeared into Eliza’s mouth as she moistened it with the saliva of her mouth and licked it with her tongue. Even with the whole of Eliza’s mouth over it, there was more length of penis that couldn’t fit in.

Then Eliza exercised Navin’s penis with her fingers as she plastered on thick coatings of Vaseline. His penis was so warm. And stiff. And hot. It was like a very strange kind of meat, but one that was alive and throbbing. And as she ran her fingers up and down its length, it was pulsing in excitement.

“Are you ready yet?” wondered Samantha, three fingers deep in Eliza’s anus, margarine and Vaseline coating her fingers to the knuckles, and feeling quite sore from the effort. But she could feel that Eliza was good and loose. In fact, more loose than she’d ever been. She lovingly caressed the folds of Eliza’s vagina. As always, it was juicy and wet. When was it otherwise with Eliza? But clear juice was streaming out of her like it had never done before. However ready her arse was, her vagina was more than ready.

But was it ready enough? As Navin pushed the head of his penis into Eliza's anus, which Samantha kept open as wide as she could with her fingers, it seemed at first that it just wouldn't get in. Indeed, it slid all around the place. The slipperiness of oil and grease and vaginal juices while facilitating entry were also making guidance more difficult. For one awful moment, it looked as if it was about to enter Eliza's vagina. That would never do! Samantha carefully pushed it up and then guided it into her best friend's open hole. As she gripped his penis, she was impressed by how hot and throbbing it was. So different to the limp and damp penises she usually played with. She could hardly wait until she was married and she could take one of those in her front entrance.

It didn't fit that easily into Eliza's arse. The entry was quite slow and for Eliza quite painful. But bit by bit, as Navin thrust backwards and forwards, his own buttocks taut and trembling from the exertion, it went in deeper and deeper. And as he did so, Eliza gasped and shrieked in a way that rather frightened Samantha. At first, she thought it was pain alone that made her yelp, but she got underneath Eliza, and licked and stroked her best friend's vagina to keep it loose and juicy, and became aware that the larger part of her cries were from pleasure. Rather like the ones they'd shared together when they pretended to be like a boy and a girl. Her buttocks shivered and shook and trembled with the same motion as Navin's thrusts, sweat cascaded down her face, as it contorted into an expression of agony. Samantha even noticed that her eyes were full of tears.

Samantha took a vantage position beneath Eliza who was knelt forward, her

arse out towards Navin, her arms supporting her weight, her face creased up and her vagina in Samantha's face. But it became clear that this was a dangerous place to stay. Eliza was in clear danger of collapsing from the impact of Navin's thrusts. And this anal intercourse was going on for ever such a long time. Clearly, the emissions from an erect penis took longer to work their way loose than they did from a full bladder. She repositioned herself, no longer guarding the entrance to Eliza's vagina, and held her best friend in her arms, while Navin pounded away behind.

Samantha could see that Navin's face had changed totally now that he was thrusting. He'd mutated into some kind of sex machine. An automaton that just kept thrusting away. Samantha could see now how very dangerous this was. It would be so easy for Navin to transfer his penis into Eliza's vagina. And then... Who knows what might happen? What if Eliza got pregnant? The thought was dampening her ardour.

Eliza's face was screwed up and her teeth were clenched together. Then she opened her mouth and gasped out a choking cry. Repeated by another choking cry. And then another. And another. And all the while she was jolted back and forth by Navin's thrusts, as he pushed harder and faster inside her. Perspiration poured out from the roots of her hair, tangled in her eyebrows and eyelashes and mingled with her tears over her cheeks. Snot poured from her nose. Her eyes were twisted in some crazy fashion. Samantha was genuinely scared. This wasn't at all what she thought ecstasy should be like. She scattered Eliza's cheeks with kisses and tasted the salt of her emissions.

And then, Navin's face changed to something rather quite bestial and he

abruptly pulled his penis out of Eliza's arse. As he did so, a trail of semen came out with it, a long rope bridge between his glans and Eliza's puckered hole. This was the moment Samantha had been preparing herself for. She pulled out a towel and quickly rubbed off the semen from Eliza's buttocks and paid special attention to Eliza's vagina. This was quite difficult, as neither party had collapsed in a particularly helpful position. Navin had collapsed onto his back, spurts of semen emitting from his penis, which was only gradually getting more limp, but still releasing its potent drops. Eliza wasn't much help either. She had slumped helplessly onto the sheets, exhausted and buckled.

Samantha knew she had to help her friend. She eased a finger or two into her arse. They went in so incredibly easily now, and as she did so, a whole globule of sperm fell out which Samantha anxiously cleaned up, careful not to get any near her own vagina. Gosh! There was a lot of the stuff! And it wasn't like pus at all. It was like the cream of a milk bottle that had gone off. But it was still quite warm. And very sticky.

"Quick! In the shower!" she commanded Eliza. "We've got to clean you thoroughly. You don't want to get pregnant!"

The two of them left Navin on the bed, while they hastened to the shower, and Samantha cleaned Eliza more thoroughly than she'd ever done before. Her friend was in ever such a strange state. She could hardly speak. She clung to Samantha in a pathetic manner. And yes. She *was* weeping! Samantha looked out of the shower at Navin lying on his back, his penis drooping over his thigh, and arms against his sides.

“Are you all right, Lizzie dear?” she asked.

Eliza nodded weakly but clung to Samantha.

“Did it hurt?”

Eliza nodded again. “It still does. I don’t know whether I’ll *ever* be able to sit down again!”

Samantha frowned. “And there was ever such a lot of sperm. I didn’t know men could produce that much. It’s almost as much as a bladder-full of wee. It got everywhere! It seems risky to me. I hope none of it gets into your front.” Samantha pushed a finger up Eliza’s anus. “Jeez! There’s still more of this stuff inside you! It’s like a plague. Even one little bit of this and you’ll be pregnant!”

Eliza cried. “What would Mummy and Daddy say? I’d have a brown baby. Oh! This is horrible!”

“But did you enjoy it?”

Eliza mused. “Yes. Towards the end, especially. It got to hurt a lot less. Though it still hurt. But I dunno! All that sticky stuff! It didn’t hurt like this when I did it... when I lost my... my virginity. Or it was a different kind of pain. Sharp. Not so deep. Am I bleeding?”

“I don’t think so. I don’t think you’re supposed to bleed at the back.”

“I thought I was about to.”

“Do you think I should...? You know, should I? With Navin?” wondered an anxious Samantha.

“You don’t want to get pregnant. There’s too much of this sticky stuff! And it

hurts too! In fact, it's beginning to hurt more and more."

"Jeez! That does it! This was a *stupid* idea! I should just wait until I get married. My virginity is too precious to risk in this stupid way. Either Navin sees it our way or nothing. He's not going to stick his prick up *my* arse! Either we pee together or he goes back to his fiancée back home and that's it!"

"Are you sure, Sammie? I didn't mean to put you off!"

"Oh! Lizzie! You did the biggest favour a friend could do? You took the risk on my behalf. And now you've shown me the error of my ways. Marriage or nothing! No one's going to enter either of my orifices until the wedding bells have rung."

"Oh! Sammie! If you're sure! I love you so much!"

"And I love you, Lizzie!" Samantha replied, kissing her best friend full on the mouth, the stream of warm water from the shower trailing down their naked bodies. She glanced back at Navin, who was leaning up on one shoulder and looking towards the girls in the shower, his penis limp but still terrifying.

Eliza smiled at her friend. "So what are you going to tell Navin?"

Samantha kissed Eliza again. "It's pee or nothing. That's my ultimatum. Either he follows our customs or I never see him again. Nothing but nothing will tempt me now to treat the sanctity of marriage with anything less than proper respect!"