

Wednesday 14.00 - The Doctor is driving

Patrick should have known better.

He should have paid a lot more attention to the rather dreamy look that he received from the Principal of Silverdale, Gayle Fox, when he walked into her office at the beginning of November last year.

He had read online that Silverdale Academy was planning to open, having purchased the land and buildings of the failed ZoZo Buddhist Retreat, which had closed during the 2020-22 pandemic and had been abandoned for over 10 years.

Other than that, he knew nothing about Silverdale, until he received a text message one day in the Fall from his admin, saying that a Gayle Fox had called wanting to set up an appointment with him. “She does not want to be a patient, she said it is totally different to that”.

Patrick was at a crossroads in his career at the time. He was fed up of the daily grind of being a PCP - the constant battles with health care providers and insurers, and the increasingly shrill and uninformed demands from many of his patients, who would march into consultations utterly convinced that the latest drug they just read about online or in some charlatan’s Youtube feed would cure all of their maladies. However, it was a relatively comfortable way to make a living.

So, after validating that it was indeed Silverdale Academy, and not some fly-by-night collection of flakes or charlatans, he drove his AV up into the hills to the Silverdale site. Lots of building activity in late stages of completion around the new school. When he was led into her spacious office, airy, with power mahogany desk, not an item out of place, and shook hands with Gayle, and, in addition to the dreamy look on her face, he detected a slight stroking motion with her thumb and index finger on his index finger, he still had not even begun to figure out the dots, much less join them.

However, when Gayle explained that Silverdale College needed a trusted medical practitioner to be on call to consult and treat both students and staff, and it would be a part-time role, his “I want to do something different in my life” antennae twitched. When she said “how does \$15,000 a month sound?”, when he asked about how much the salary might be, he had to restrain a sudden primeval urge to leap across the mahogany desk and kiss her.

Further conversation about how the role might work showed that Gayle had no idea of the practicalities of running medical support for a school. Fortunately, he had experience, having spent time as a resident covering a high school. He was impressed that Gayle listened and seemed to agree with all of his suggestions about having a medical center, and hiring a nurse practitioner.

And, in 20:20 hindsight mode, Patrick now understood that when Gayle stood up and removed her crisp, navy blue tailored blazer jacket, and sat back down in her chair, revealing a semi-see-through white top, under which a very large pair of broad breasts seemed to have been waiting, in hiding, but barely contained in a thin bra, she was also sending a non-verbal signal. And he noticed that when he excused himself to visit the restroom, and returned into the office, Gayle was clearly eyeing him up and down.

However, in the week following the interview, when he was offered a 2 year contract to be the part-time medical director for Silverdale, at a monthly salary of \$20k, with traveling expenses from his home reimbursed at a generous rate, Patrick suddenly was high as a kite on the new career direction that seemingly had fallen into his lap. Because this was a new school, and a very different one, an exclusive small-group college with only 120 students, he ran the contract past a lawyer to see what his legal situation would be if the school went out of business. The lawyer advised him that he would be an unsecured creditor, but absent a breach of contract from him, he could claim all of the money due under the contract.

He decided to keep his PCP practice, but hired a new graduate to look after most of the patients, with him keeping some of the patients with whom he had a good relationship.

His financial position was improved, which was needed, since his marriage had collapsed due to his

wife having mental issues, triggered by postpartum depression after the birth of their second child, from which she had not recovered. He was still having to pay some spousal support, even though she was from a wealthy Bay Area family and had moved back to the Bay Area with their children, both in high school.

The contract with Silverdale was unusual in that it did not reduce his involvement during vacations. When he asked why he was still needed when the school was closed, Gayle explained that many of the teachers were resident due to the distance of Silverdale from Monterey and Carmel. They agreed that he would have a month of downtime in the Summer. He did insist on every other weekend off so that he could have visitation with his children.

The contract took effect on 10th January, the start of the Spring semester at Silverdale.

The hidden reality of what he was signing up to suddenly moved from “have you not understood all of those damn dots yet?” to “join the dots, you dolt”, when he was invited to a Meet the Medical Director party at Silverdale in the first week of January.

When he arrived, he found most of the staff, one or two spouses (not common after the Pandemic), and the new Nursing Director, a 50-something lady named Shelley, who he and Gayle had interviewed for the job, a catered evening meal, and all manner of drinks.

Gayle attached herself to Patrick, wearing a black pants suit, with a black tunic, and proceeded to tour him around the staff. Patrick soon became aware of a subtle yet intoxicating perfume wafting from her body.

He soon noticed that almost all of the staff were female. This kind of made sense, since Silverdale was a girls college.

Gayle also seemed to have invited several other women, around her age, who she introduced as “friends”. They certainly seemed very friendly. One lady, Elizabeth, kissed him on the lips and said “I have heard a lot about you Patrick”. Hmmmm. What was that about? (That was another dot).

As the party wound down, with most of the guests departing, Gayle turned to him and said “I hope you weren’t planning to drive home, Patrick.”

Patrick had been thinking about that. He had drunk one too many cocktails, and was significantly buzzed. He had been wondering if he should take a rideshare home.

She fixed him with a deep gaze, while moving closer to him on his left side.

She whispered in his left ear. “Elizabeth and I are going to my apartment for a nightcap. Why don’t you join us”.

At this point, Patrick suddenly had that odd feeling in his stomach area, a peculiar mixture of trepidation, the old sinking feeling, and excitement. He had joined enough dots to realize that he was in a situation over which he would shortly have no control.

Gayle took his left hand in her right hand, and Patrick felt her loop two of her fingers around his index finger and run them up and down several times. At the same time, Elizabeth, wearing an open collarless jacket under which she seemed to have an even larger female frontage, reached over and took his right hand in her hand. She also made the same movements with her fingers.

The sinking feeling was prophetic. His dot joining was complete.

Patrick reached home at 9.15am the next morning, with his cock exhausted and his mind blown.

Now Patrick is sitting behind the wheel of his AV, which has reverted to Manual mode on the winding country road up to Silverdale. One day the AV database will be detailed enough for auto drive to Silverdale, but that day is still out in the future.

Today’s afternoon visit is for two reasons. Two students have been diagnosed with pelvic strains. And Gayle Fox needs a tonic.

Both of those reported symptoms, in common with most of the reasons given by Silverdale for Patrick to be called out, are lies.

Whoppers, the size of a Great White.

“Pelvic strain” is code for “these sluts need some Daddy cock”. He suspects that Shelley, the nurse practitioner and Female Studies teacher, will be supervising the appointments if she does not have a class. Her supervision often consists of her standing behind him, naked, with her arms around him, telling him to punish the girls harder. Occasionally she feels it necessary to work his cock hard until he moans loudly and shoots ropes of cum into mouths or over faces. According to Shelley, he is a roper.

There are apparently, according to Shelley, who seems to know a lot of things that he never learned in medical school, different types of ejaculations. Ropers. Showerers. Shooters. And Damp Squibs, who are apparently only good for casting into the wilderness. (Gayle's words).

"Tonic". Ah yes. That is code for "Gayle needs Patrick to put it to her hard and fill her pussy or mouth".

Whether Gayle will call in another female member of staff...well, who knows? Gayle lost no time in introducing him to the other female staff members at the party and on the initial walkabouts, and then, on later onsite days, she has been summoning him to her apartment, where, lounging in the California King bed, another woman is sometimes already waiting, ready for her "tonic". At this point, Gayle's hidden dom side sometimes surfaces, as she commands both Patrick and the other woman in the bedroom. Some afternoons Gayle wants her friend to get the cum, some afternoons she makes it clear that she is going to get the cum. Sometimes she tells Patrick that he has to decide. Patrick is still worried about that. Is it a test? Will he fail?

The really interesting part of all of this very different medical job, is that Gayle's husband appears to know about all of the shenanigans, and cares not one jot about them. One one occasion, as Patrick was leaving Gayle's apartment after another "tonic" session, her phone rang. She answered it "hey honey", and after a short conversation handed it to Patrick, saying "Anthony wants a word with you".

Patrick then found himself with Gayle's husband, who in a cheery voice said "how has my bad woman been treating you?" and when he hesitated, not knowing how to reply to a leading question like that from a virtual stranger, Anthony responded "It's OK, she says you rise to the occasion every time. This is good." After mumbling a few platitudes, Patrick handed the phone back to Gayle, his mind once again slightly blown.

Patrick, as he soon realized, was, and is, in over his head. Post-divorce, he had been leading a pretty monastic existence. The split from his ex had been predictably contentious, with her hiring and firing no fewer than three sets of lawyers due to her mental instability, and making a whole host of cuckoo demands, most of which his lawyer swatted away, but at a cost. That will depress any man's libido.

His only occasional sex was a hookup with a Mexican dental tech who he met at a local hospital conference, and would see every two or three weeks. She loved what she called his "dad bod", which did not look bad in the mirror, but there were signs of some additional baggage, and also told him that he was the best ever pussy eater.

When Patrick looked in the mirror, he saw a mid-40s guy with short graying hair, a slightly flabby body, and not much else. He did have a nice cock, but it was out of practice. No double chin, yet. He probably needed to join a gym, but that always seemed to be a "later" activity in his life.

That was then, this is now. His onsite visits to Silverdale comprise about 10% medicine and 90% working hard to satisfy a combination of girl students wanting Daddy dick, and rapacious women in their 50s with large bouncing chests and libidos to match. This is a whole different level of sex, and he is having to adjust.

This coming Saturday, an off week for the kids, he has been invited to dinner with Gayle, her husband and two of her lady friends, Tara and Daisy. The two women are now on his patient list, when Gayle told him that he needed to attend to their lack of libido. Patrick ended up arranging for hormone implants for both ladies. Patrick does not know exactly what is going to happen, but he already suspects that dessert will comprise a combination of him eating one or more pussies and then sliding his cock into said pussies, especially since Gayle texted him last week saying "Lunch with T and D. Implants are working. They are champing at the bit".

Patrick glides to a stop at the front security gate of Silverdale. The barrier is down, but his car ID tag soon kicks in, as the striped pole and fence lift up, clearing the road.

As Patrick passes through the entrance onto the gravel drive, he passes the tall blonde-haired figure of Lance, the Security Manager, who is bending over, in a high-vis yellow jacket, working to plant Spring flowers in the flower beds adjacent to the drive. Lance has his back to Patrick as his car glides past.

Of course, the Security Manager job is not what it seems. This is Silverdale. Nurse assistant Shelley, in her very nice, slightly husky "Sweet Summer Child, let me set you straight" voice, explained to him in his first week on the job that Lance's evening amusement is intercepting girl students either engaging in forbidden activities in their rooms such as smoking weed or drinking alcohol, or, less frequently, breaking

curfew, by sneaking out from open windows in the dorm block to another track leading through the forest down to the metaled road, where they jump into a car that a friend happened to drive there, and head down to the main highway, often to the infamous Sea Otter bar, where a lot of meeting action takes place. Of course, they have to return at some point, and Lance either patrols the forest track in person, or simply watches surveillance cameras in his room, and snaps into action to suddenly appear in the dorm building to greet the miscreants as they try to sneak back indoors.

“It’s like shooting fish in a barrel”, as Shelley observes.

The official punishment for breaching curfew is loss of weekend roaming privileges, where the students are allowed out all day on Saturday and Sunday to visit Big Sur, Little Sur and Carmel.

The unofficial, and rather common punishment for breaking curfew and for ingesting forbidden substances is for the offending girls to be taken to Lance’s room, where they usually have to begin by kneeling. To pay their respects to 8 and a half inches of straight, hard, fuck pole. Thereafter the punishment is...whatever Lance deems appropriate.

Sometimes, if there are too many miscreants, Lance asks one or two of the male staff to assist.

The girls get punished severely, and Lance likes to end the punishment session by having the students take his cumshot on their breasts or faces. Lance, in addition to being suitably aggressive with his punishments, is a big shooter.

The problem, as Shelley explained, is that some of the girls are now sneaking out of the building with no intention of actually leaving for the evening. They are simply trying to get caught. Gayle and the staff are still trying to work out what to do about that. The obvious solution is to punish those girls according to the official rule book. However, that requires additional supervision to make sure that they do not abscond at the weekend, and that may require more punishment...you get the picture.

Patrick’s car stops in the VIP parking slot next to the front entrance of Silverdale. He opens the door, slides out from behind the wheel, and pulls his suit jacket out from the back carrier hook. No old-style doctor’s bag for him. Everything he needs for medical treatment is in the medical room in the new wing. Anything more serious will generate a call to CareFlite to helicopter the patient to a hospital in Monterey.

And everything he probably needs for this afternoon’s treatment of pelvic strains is resting, twitching slightly, under his boxers.

As he walks up to the front entrance, the door opens, and Gayle is standing there, in one of her usual crisp career woman dark gray woolen two piece suits. Black sling-back shoes. Graying hair in her usual immaculate bob .

No matter how she tries to hide the scenery, the large swooping curves are visible.

She kisses him briefly on the lips as he stands in the doorway, then lets the door close behind him.

They both walk into the entrance hall, with the California sunshine raying down from the large roof windows.

“So what is your agenda today, apart from our tonic?” She asks with a smile as they stand in the Sun.

Our tonic. Uh oh.

OK. This is a pacing afternoon.

“Well, two girls have pelvic strains”.

“Ah”. She nods and smiles, like the Cheshire cat. “Well, they probably just need some... manipulation”.

“Yes, indeed” says Patrick, trying to channel his inner Patrick MacNee. You know. Deadpan. Unflappable.

He can feel more twitching Down There.

Gayle turns back towards the Admin block corridor. She walks one step, then turns around again.

“Make sure you are not tired out when you get to my office”. She has a subtle tone, that Patrick now recognizes, the tone of “I would hate for you to have insufficient cum left for me and my friends”.

“Indeed”. He nods his head. She turns and begins to walk towards the admin corridor, the Gayle military walk, definite, “I’m in charge”.

Patrick turns left towards the new wing. Time to find these students with their “pelvic strains”. He should be OK. He did eat a big portion of oatmeal this morning, and drank lots of pineapple juice.

The sudden thought crosses his mind that there must be something in the water supply at this school.

Replacing Keiran

AAAAA and Jeff satisfy all ages

“Yeah....give it to her” snarls the new Virow as she kneels next to AAAAA. She lets her huge tanned breasts drop, and runs her hand down AAAAA’s chest, as he holds her friend’s hips firmly in his hands. He slams his cock deep into the squelching wet dark pussy of the 37 year old Venezuelan office manager. The woman’s large breasts are swinging underneath her as she moans and pushes back on his cock. AAAAA can smell the pussy aroma.

In front of them, the new math teacher is standing on the pool deck next to the mattress. He has his hand on the head of a 40-something woman with a deep tan, shoulder length wavy swept back dark brown hair, and a huge pair of bouncy breasts that she is frantically massaging as she sucks deeply on the teacher’s long cock.

Standing either side of the math teacher are the woman’s two friends. One woman is a bleach-blonde, short with powerful legs, the remains of a bikini tan, and a large high round pair of veneers. The other woman is a mixed race beauty from South America, with long dark legs, a flat wide stomach adorned by a silver belly chain and a diamond navel stud, and a very large pair of broad deeply tanned breasts. Both women have their arms around the man’s back.

On the other side of the math teacher, Jeff is busy, lying on the other mattress, his hands around the hips of another virow, a woman in her 50s with short bleach blonde hair, as he tongues and works her clit. The woman is moaning loudly and grabbing at the mattress sheet with her hands, as her massive breasts bounce and undulate. She stops grabbing the sheet and begins to massage and work the huge pillows, pinching the nipples.

To Jeff’s right, Lance, the security manager, is lying on one of the luxury loungers, his legs either side of the end of the lounger. He has two women kneeling over his legs, their large breasts smushed on top of his thighs. The women are sisters from Mexico, with long dark straight hair matted to their backs and shoulders. One of the women runs her tongue up Lance’s cock before sinking her mouth over it and sucking on it greedily, working the base with her right hand. Then she lifts her head off the cock and pushes it towards her sister, who sinks her mouth over it and begins to suck it.

On the next lounger, Carl is lying on his back with his legs over the end of the lounger. A woman in her 40s is riding his cock, her feet planted on the ground either side of Carl’s legs as she slides up and down on his cock. She is a deeply tanned blonde, with a gold belly chain, and a huge pair of deep brown breasts that are bouncing and swaying as she rides and falls on the cock. She begins to grind her hips on the cock, pushing down on Carl’s thighs with her hands, the massive breasts bouncing as she searches for her climax. She slams down on the cock again, and utters several curse words.

Watching along the edge of the pool are a number of other women ranging in age from early 30s to late 50s. They are all unofficial members of the Monday Afternoon club, where they rotate around subdivisions, and, in private back yards, with no prying eyes, they get to sample the best cocks and cum in the area, arranged for them by their secretary.

The men are chosen for their carnal skills, especially their ability to full pussies, mouths or splatter faces with cum.

The best time of the afternoon for some women is the early part or the late part. For some women, the early part is where they get to suck on and work cocks until they explode cum over their faces. For other women, the end of the afternoon, where they gather round the men in groups to drain them or be showered, is the highlight.

Today’s yard has what is fast becoming an essential fashion accessory for SoCal Virows - two palm trees at the edge of the pool deck. Later in the afternoon, groups of women will take one of the men to the tree, back him up against it, and command him to splatter them with cum. Some men shoot a shower, with the women catching it in their mouths and on their faces. Some men shoot massive ropes, sometimes leaving one or more women gasping, with faces coated in cum, with cum dripping off their

chins. Some men shoot spurts, filling multiple mouths. Some of the more aggressive men like to jam their cum-soaked dripping cock into the mouths of the women, making them slurp, swallow and gag on the hot sticky pole.

Sometimes, in a subtle code, the host of the party signals to some of the women that the event will continue into the evening. Sometimes one or two new men show up, and the close friends of the hostess get sloppy seconds by the pool or in the bedrooms. Sometimes more women show up, eager for a good railing over a poolside furniture item or in a bedroom.

From an initial 12 women, this Monday party is close to getting out of hand. Today there are over 20 women in total. The men will be hard pushed to cope and provide. They may have to find more men. Maybe two or three more Silverdale teachers, if the Principal agrees. She has her own pick of the Silverdale male staff, inviting them to her living quarters to serve her and her fellow teachers and lady friends. Last night, Carl was busy on her master bed, with one of the principal's new lady friends from Carmel by the Sea moaning and cursing, writhing on Carl's cock, as the principal and her other friend knelt on the bed, playing with their breasts and fingering their pussies, watching and waiting their turn to ride the fuck pole.

Some of the women in the pool are ready. Revved from seeing cocks sliding into mouths or pussies, they begin walking out up the center steps of the pool. Two more exotic women in their 30s with curly thick black hair walk up the steps hand in hand, water running off their massive broad breasts, past their thick silver belly chains and down their tanned legs. They walk across the deck and sink to their knees on the mattress either side of Jeff, who has a bucking bronco on his hands as his mouth, furiously working the twitching clit, with the woman arching her back and moaning loudly, as she frantically tries to corral her massive undulating breasts.

Two more blonde women are climbing the ladder at the end of the pool, water cascading off their curvy tanned bodies. They step onto the pool deck, and head towards the lounge, where the woman riding Carl is climaxing, her enormous breasts swaying and bouncing as she grinds and drives onto his cock. She utters a loud cry and grabs at her pillows as her hips shudder and twitch. Then she squirts all over his cock and balls, fluid spraying onto the grass in front of the lounge.

June Jizz

Jay Drops In

Gayle Awakes Jay

Gayle watches Jay

The New Society

Play Period

Licker Twins and the Bi Girls

Summer Speedos - Birthday Girl surprise

Part 1

Marcella clicks on the phone. The screen flicks to Lindsey, sitting poolside, wearing one of her trademark sarongs knotted around her veneers.

“Hey” says Lindsey in her voice, which sounds a little hoarse, “guess where WE went last night”.

Marcella sighs. Lindsey is wild when the mood takes her.

“We went to the *Sea Otter*”.

“The pick-your-own joint?”

“The very same”.

The *Sea Otter* is a bar off of Highway 1 in Little Sur, notorious for being a place where women desiring a quick hook up can find a Drone Boy or a Buck. Men who are looking for action show up, and are usually snagged quickly by desperate women.

The problem is that many of the men are cruising for a reason. They are usually poor performers.

“So was he any good?”

“Actually, yes, for a random pick-up. We liked his approach. He was a bit domineering, but you know that Abbie likes that”.

Indeed. Abbie is a natural submissive. At Marcella’s last pool party, Marcella and Lindsey got to watch Abbie on her knees, by the pool deck, begging for a face splattering from one of the Fountains. And she got it, as the guy unloaded on her face and into her mouth, leaving her gasping and swallowing and blinking, cum dripping off her chin onto her large veneered breasts.

“So did you save him for later?”

“The details he gave us were false. So no dice.”

“Bummer”.

“Yeah, it happens. Hey, it’s Carrie’s birthday next week. What should we do for her?”

Ah yes, Carrie. A new neighbor, another Virow, but a shy woman. Carrie came to the pool party, but did not cum at the pool party. She sat in a corner, left part-way through, and later said “it was all too much”.

Marcella is thinking when Lindsey interrupts.

“I know! Speedos!”

Speedos? What is this?

“Explain.”

“Well, Abbie and I were talking about this the other day. We have SOL everywhere, but one of the things that guys used to wear in the early 70’s were Speedos. You know, like, who was that American swimmer?”

“Mark Spitz?”

“Yeah Mark Spitz, but you know, tight Speedos. With easy viewing of the assets. We should find some guys for Carrie and have them wear Speedos poolside so that she can, you know, inspect the wares and make a selection. You and I and the other girls can take the rejects”.

“And who do we ask to model Speedos?”

“Well, Mark and Carl for starters. Surely we can whistle up 4 or 5 guys?”

Marcella smiles. Mark and Carl, what a surprise. They are big hits with Lindsey, in fact Lindsey whistled them up for her own birthday, taking them both to bed the morning of the birthday party before any guests had arrived. Sneaky.

“Mark and Carl huh? No surprise there”.

“Well you know, I like generous men. But seriously, we need to do this, to get Carrie out of her shell.”

“OK, your place or mine?”

“Yours. You have that nice set of steps and the deck. And the tree.”

This is true. When Marcella bought the house in the subdivision, not only did she find a house with a pool, it has a semi-circular set of walk-out steps and a long pool deck edge, where men can pose for the women. It has already been used for that purpose at a couple of other birthday parties.

“OK let me see who I can whistle up. Who else should we invite?”

“Brenda, Ariel and Itzel for sure.”

Brenda is an obvious one, she is bi with great fingers and language skills. Ariel and Itzel are the exotic women in the social circle, both of them possessed of massive curves, and libidos to match.

“OK, let me see what I can organize”.

“Splendid. “

The image disappears.

Marcella hits the image of Carl on the phone. Time to see if he and some of his friends can be enticed to please The Shy Woman.

Marcella sits back on the chaise longue, sipping her Colombian, wrapped in a white towelling robe. She is still wet from her mid-morning swim in the pool.

The deed is done. The party is arranged.

Carrie, as everybody suspected, took some persuading. She initially responded “I don’t think I’m up for that” when Marcella texted her to tell her that they had a surprise package of men for her for her birthday, and that they would be wearing Speedos. Eventually, after a long call from Lindsey, Carrie agreed to come to the event, on the basis that she would select one of the Speedo men and go into the house with him for some private time.

Whatever. That will give the rest of the women the chance to sample the other guys by the pool. In any case, Marcella is confident that given enough LindseyRitas, Carrie will loosen up.

LindseyRitas are the secret weapon. Made from freshly squeezed lime juice, Cointreau and a mix of Anejo and Reposado tequilas, the LindseyRita is a subtle but highly effective party facilitation device, smooth, very drinkable, and rapidly intoxicating. Marcella has seen and felt the effects close up. One of the local subdivision women, a newly arrived Virow, after knocking back 3 LindseyRitas in quick succession, suddenly morphed from a wallflower into a demanding, sweat-soaked slut at the Big Pool Party. Marcella remembers her, on her knees, her body wet with water and sweat droplets, tugging furiously on the cock of one of the Fountains, with the business end pointed at the open mouths of several SOL teenagers, snarling “you are going to get it - open wide” to the young girls. By that time, she had already sampled the wares and cum of two other Fountains.

In addition to the Birthday Girl, herself and Lindsey, Brenda, Blake, Ariel and Itzel are coming and will be cumming. Brenda is a bi woman, who likes cock and pussy equally, and whose fingers have already caused Marcella and Lindsey to suffer several loud orgasms on the poolside loungers at Lindsey’s house.

Ariel is a classically curvy Caribbean woman from up the valley, with one of the great high round butts, and a massive pair of bouncing swinging breasts that men cannot get enough of, and that Brenda loves to play with. Ariel grew up in Barbados, and, despite being part-British, has the patois of the island, especially when she drops into sex mode, when her Barbadian accent appears in foreground and takes over. Marcella likes to hear her talk dirty during play, with her signature line being “make dat ting spurt”, said in a commanding tone, as she urges men on while they are fucking other girls or women, or when she is working a cock for her own enjoyment.

Blake and Itzel are the exotic pair of ladies who Marcella first met at one of the boring weekend pool parties at the subdivision pool. Fortunately, Itzel soon cut through the social nicety-nicety by whispering to Lindsey “is there any real action here?” as Lindsey stood next to Marcella’s table, and both women later attended the first Big Party at Marcella’s, and were soon introduced to Carl’s 9 inches of fuck steel, which they liked very much.

Blake and Itzel tend to hunt as a pack. They already knew about *The Sea Otter* when Marcella deepened the conversation, showing that they are ladies with a roving eye and libidos to match.

Marcella thinks they lucked in with the men. Mark and Carl were supposed to be taking part in a Virow porn shoot in Hawaii, but the funding did not come through, so they were available, for a price. The girls, told that Mark and Carl were potentially available, swiftly ponied up from the FISH fund. It

helped that the payment will be in that most useful of financial instruments, Cold Hard Cash. Not a word to the taxmen.

Carl is a Shooter, but also an excellent Feeder, who can, at the start of a play session, fill the mouths of 4 or more women. Mark is more of a Roper, but both are experienced Fountain Groupers, and tick all of the boxes. In a few years' time they will be DILFS, and at some point probably each become a Houser. Most Fountains and Fountain Groupers transition to being Housers in their 40s, in order to get out of the rat-race of having to satisfy demanding women on play dates.

When Marcella mentioned the Carrie party to her friend Susan in passing, Susan seemed to just go "uh huh", seemingly not at all interested. However, the next day, Susan IM'd her and said "I have an idea". Then she sent Marcella an image of a very good-looking man, with exotic European male model looks, wearing riding gear, with a note saying "this is Henri. He has a fine weapon and knows how to use it. How about him?"

Marcella phoned up Susan, and Susan proceeded to tell her that if they moved the party from the Sunday to the Monday, she could supply 3 of the instructors from EVEAC. "I can personally vouch for them" said Susan. No surprise there. Henri, a riding instructor, Kerry, the diving and scuba instructor, and a server named Gilberto, who according to Susan, serves generous portions. "Generous portions", Marcella knows, is Susan's way of saying "this man explodes cum everywhere".

When she mentioned that to Lindsey, Lindsey laughed out loud and said "bring him to me!". Lindsey is what is now known in the New Society as a Facer - a woman who likes to either swallow cum or have it splattering her face and body.

She inquired as to the men's specialties and was told that Henri is a splatterer, which means that he will fit in nicely with Carl being a Shooter and Mark being a Roper. The girls will have all of the different types of cum.

After some rapid-fire phone calls, the party was shifted to the Monday afternoon at Marcella's. When informed of the arrangements, Lindsey immediately texted back saying "you and I need to get first dibs on Carl, maybe we can tree him like last time".

Being treed is a ritual that only the very best Fountain Groupers qualify for. Marcella has a tall palm tree growing halfway down the side of the pool. Treeing began early this Summer, at The Big Party, when Lindsey, Ariel, Blake, Itzel and her backed Carl up against the trunk of the palm tree, and took it in turns to suck and work his cock until, as the Sun moved down to the house line, he moaned, his hips twitched, and he exploded cum over their faces and into their mouths. By that time, the air around the pool was thick with what Marcella now calls The Smell, the mixture of orchid aroma, flowering shrub aroma, pussies and cum.

Marcella wishes she had videoed the event, since it would have made a perfect promo for her Big Parties. She plans to try to re-enact it soon for the next promo. She mentioned the experience to Susan and her hippy friend Melanie in Big Sur, both of whom promptly said "we will have to try that if we find a big Fountain". Both women have palm trees around their pool areas. Treeing does require a proper Fountain, not a Drip.

Marcella picks up the phone and sends a group text.

"Monday 17th at 2.00pm. Speedo beauty contest. Be there or be square".

She puts down the phone and gets up from the table. Time to get showered and head out for lunch with two of Susan's friends from EVEAC. She wants to catch up on the gossip and scandal from the club. There always seems to be something going on, usually involving wealthy valley Virows and one or more men. Susan has some video from one of the recent pool parties, which made her toes curl and her pussy twitch more than usual.

It was very fortuitous that Susan dropped into EVEAC for one of the pre-opening sales pitches 2 years ago, since she met Deana, who is one of the shareholders in EVEAC, and rapidly wormed her way into the inner circle. Susan now gets to test-drive some of the male candidates for instructor positions at EVEAC, sometimes solo, sometimes with Deana or another inner circle member.

Marcella wants that job too. And Lindsey, and Ariel, and Itzel...

Part 2

Marcella steps onto the pool deck. The poolside clock has just moved past 3.00 in the afternoon.

It is a typical late Summer Monterey afternoon. Low 80s, mares' tails in the sky. A solitary gull is soaring above the subdivision, surfing the sea breeze.

The shrubs are especially aromatic this afternoon. Marcella takes a deep inhale, a hit of nature.

Carrie, Lindsey, Ariel, Brenda, Itzel and Blake are all splashing about in the pool. The LindseyRitas have been doing their job. They managed to feed Carrie two extra large Ritas already, and she is showing signs of loosening up, even remarking to Lindsey "I hope they are all nice and hard" at one point.

Marcella walks over to the Buddhist wind chime hanging from one of the deciduous trees, and hits it hard with the clapper, twice. She turns to the pool.

"Everybody on your loungers. The men are coming."

Itzel lets out a whoop. The women start to move towards the steps, and begin to climb out. Itzel is wearing a black one-piece swimsuit. Lindsey is wearing a white bikini, with the top struggling to contain her large swaying breasts. Ariel is wearing a fuschia one-piece swimsuit, with her massive cleavage dominating her upper body, and water being launched into the air over her high round ass as she walks up the steps. Carrie is next, wearing a blue bikini with her newly tanned body. Carrie is not a Veneer, unlike most of the women these days. Her natural breasts are more droopy than the veneers, but still a pleasing size. She has been visiting the tanning world, her normal pale color is gone, replaced by a significant all-over tan.

Blake brings up the rear, she is already topless, having discarded her top somewhere, her large broad breasts sway and her gold belly chain catches the sun as she almost runs up the steps, water running down her deeply tanned belly and legs. Her gold snake amulets, which she always wears on her upper arms for outdoor fun, glint in the sun.

All of the women grab towels from the pile next to the mattresses. As is normal for the outdoor events, Marcella has put out two California King mattresses, one each side of the pool deck in front of the loungers. While Carrie plays with her chosen man, everybody else will take care of the remaining 4 guys.

Marcella looks over to the loungers. Carrie is already on one of the loungers, sitting bolt upright, her legs either side on the deck. She looks excited and nervous. The other women are laying back at various angles. Blake is now totally nude, her new SOL fur dominating the area between her legs. Many women are going SOL this year, and not shaving is suddenly the new In Thing. Blake looks like she will have a pubic bush for the ages very soon. Lindsey is topless, and Ariel is peeling off her swimsuit, her breasts swinging as she steps out of it and sits down on the lounge.

Juanita, a serving lady borrowed by Marcella from the subdivision pool center, walks out onto the deck, holding another tray of LindseyRitas in her hands. She begins to walk along the front of the loungers, all of the women except Blake take another one of the drinks. Juanita is dressed in the subdivision server uniform, which is duller than dishwater. Her long dark brown hair is tied back behind her head in a red bow.

Juanita walks over to Marcella, and stops in front of her. Marcella bangs the wind chime four times.

This is the signal for the men to walk in.

She turns to Juanita and takes a LindseyRita off the tray. She smiles at Juanita.

"Gracias". She pauses. "Juanita, would you like to join us for our party?"

Juanita looks surprised.

"You have men." She breaks eye contact.

"Yes, we do, but please feel free to join us".

"Gracias Miss Marcella". She suddenly smiles, a broad smile that Marcella has never seen before.". Then she looks serious again. "Do I need a suit?"

Marcella smiles back.

“Yes, you do need a suit. Wait until you hear some noise, then come out here in your birthday suit.”

Juanita smiles again.

“Gracias” she whispers. She turns away, just as Itzel exclaims “Yessss!” loudly.

There is a splash, followed by several more, as the Speedo men dive into the pool, having come through the side entrance under the Bougainvillea arch.

Marcella turns away from the wind chime. It’s mission is complete for today. She moves towards one of the loungers, next to Carrie, who is still sitting upright, still looking nervous.

Marcella has told the girls that Carrie will have the opportunity to inspect each man and feel them up, then after she makes her selection, it is time for all hell to break loose.

She just knows that at some point her and Lindsey will be taking Carl in hand. The man has... charisma.

Juanita watches

Hidden by the shadows of the palm tree, under the entrance from the house, Juanita is watching. She has drunk 2 LindseyRitas already, draining the 2 left on the tray after she brought the drinks out to the women.

Juanita is revved. She has been keeping quiet about it, but she was a voyeur at Marcella's private party at the Subdivision pool a few months ago. Despite being dismissed from party duty early along with the other servers, as Marcella went into lockdown for the carnality to begin, Juanita walked out of the building with the other servers, then suddenly realized that she had "forgot something" and snuck back into the building just before the alarms kicked in. She spent some time hiding in one of the upstairs massage rooms, surreptitiously observing the poolside mayhem, slowly becoming wet, her hips and pussy twitching, as she watched hard cocks slamming into wet pussies, women cursing as they slammed down and writhed on long fuck poles, and she got to see several men, surrounded by two or more women, splattering faces and bodies and filling mouths with massive showers and ropes of cum, as other men continued to fuck young girls and older women along the pool deck and on loungers by the pool.

As another one of Marcella's Fountains moaned loudly and soaked three young girls' faces with his cum shower, Juanita, shuddering and biting her lip, tweaking her left nipple with one hand and fingering herself with the other hand, had a body-shaking, massive climax, squirting her panties full of liquid, which ran down her legs. Then, as the poolside mayhem continued, she slipped out of the building, driving home in a pool of liquid, only to slam her favorite toy into her pussy several more times that evening, as she replayed the events in her brain, and imagined being bent over a lounge and fucked senseless, then told to kneel in front of one of the men and be given her just desserts.

The fit guy that the birthday woman went upstairs with is standing close to her on the pool deck at the top of the steps out of the pool. He has two women kneeling in front of him. One of the women, the exotic lady, has the cock in her mouth and is working it, her head moving backwards and forwards. The other woman is looking up at the man, running her left hand up and down his leg.

Juanita recognizes the fit guy. He is one of the new diving and scuba instructors where she works, and rumor has it that he has "endurance". The diving classes have suddenly filled up. When a class at EVEAC fills up, it usually has something to do with the "charisma" of the instructor or instructors. Juanita has also seen the man obviously fighting off the attentions of several of the other women at EVEAC. Word gets around among the more forward of the lady members.

Something snaps in Juanita's head. She reaches round behind her back, unties her serving apron, and shrugs out of it. She kicks off her flat shoes, and reaches around behind her waist and unzips her dark green skirt, stepping out of it as it falls to the ground. W

She unbuttons her white blouse, and peels it off. Her nipples are already erect, poking at her flesh bra. She can feel her panties stuck to her pussy. Her pussy is awake and wants action.

She shrugs off her bra straps, and pulls the bra around from behind her body, locating the clasp, her breasts falling and bouncing.

She hears a snarl from a man, and looks out again. The fit guy now has his cock buried in the mouth of the other woman. The exotic lady is running her hand up and down the man's leg, with her other arm around the other woman as she sucks eagerly on the cock.

Juanita, still watching intently, unhooks her bra strap and drops the bra on the ground. She puts her thumbs into the band of her panties, and peels them down, pulling the wet area off of her pussy area. She smells the aroma of her own pussy, she pushes the panties down her legs with her feet, and steps out of them.

She massages her breasts, feeling the hard nipples. A jolt hits her body as she tweaks the nipples.

She looks over to her left. One of the men is slamming his cock into one of the women from

behind on the mattress, while another woman kneels next to them, with wet blonde hair, furiously playing with her large breasts. She hears the woman talking to the man....”Yeah...give it to her Mark...”.

To the left, another blonde haired woman is grinding on a dark-skinned man on the lounge, as he plays with her breasts. She leans forward to kiss him, and he grabs her hips with his hands and slams her down on his cock, Juanita hears her moaning loudly.

To the right, she can see another woman riding a man on a lounge, arching her back and moaning, while Henri, who is one of the riding instructors, also with full classes, is leaning over Marcella on the mattress, his arms locked straight, with his long cock sliding in and out of Marcella’s pussy. Marcella is arching her back and grabbing onto the man’s arms with her arms, she has droplets of water over her body. Marcella grabs at the sheets on the mattress with her arms, and cries out as the man’s cock slams into her pussy again.

Juanita swallows hard, and feels her tongue wanting something. She drops her hands off her breasts, and walks out onto the pool deck. She knows where she is going.

To fit guy, to see if she can have some of his cock in her mouth.

Thesaurus

| Term | Explanation |
|------------------|---|
| EVEAC | East Valley Equestrian and Athletic Club. An exclusive female-only membership equestrian and sport club in the South East of Carmel Valley. Many Virows are members |
| Virow | A wealthy woman widowed in the Great Pandemic. Many Virows have inherited their husbands' estates and businesses. |
| Fountain | A man who produces a lot of sperm |
| Fountain Grouper | A man who can perform with multiple women and who produces a lot of sperm |
| DILF | Dad I'd Like To Fuck |
| Houser | A man who lives with a woman (usually a Virow) as her sexual servant |
| Facer | A woman who likes to be splattered with a man's sperm on her face and in her mouth. There has been an upsurge of interest in being a Facer as part of the class system in the New Society in Cascadia. Being able to be a Facer implies access to Fountains, which demonstrates societal status. |
| Shooter | Man who can fire streams of cum |
| Roper | Man who fires ropes of cum |
| Splatterer | Man who fires showers of cum drops |
| Feeder | Man who can feed multiple women cum in succession as he shoots after climaxing. An essential skill for a good Fountain Grouper. |
| Drip | A man not capable of producing any significant amount of sperm when he climaxes |
| Drone Boy | A man, usually young, who is not smart enough or well-connected enough to rise in the male hierarchy |
| Buck | A young man, usually under 18 years of age, often used for temporary sexual gratification by one or more women. |
| SOL | Summer of Love. A new societal movement, which began after the New Monterey Pop Festival in 2032. SOL adherents do not shave armpit or public hair, tend to eat mostly unprocessed food, and form communal groups, sometimes living in physical communes. Polyamory and sexual fluidity are the norm. |

Transition

The New World of Shopping

Social Interaction

Short term impact

Evolution

Post-Pandemic

Deana organizes the Facer Club

The Buzz

Monday Fuck Club

Monday 1 - Face Time

Monday 3 - Afternoon pool fun

Spin-Offs

Family Fun 3

Day 0

Day 1

Day 2

ArmBoy

The Sea Otter

Friday is Lesbian night at the Sea Otter. All men are barred, and the bar staff is entirely Female. From the tradition of Lesbian Friday.

Saturday night is male stripper night, where men strip and perform for the women, and are then sold to the highest bidder, with the profits being split 33:33:33 between the men, the Sea Otter and a collection of local charities.