



Wendy's
STORY

J.A.SMITH

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Wendy's Story

by J. A. Smith

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Dedication

These friends are the inspiration to write this book. They provided the character ideas to make this book realistic. Their help is greatly appreciated. This book is dedicated to them.

Billy, Darlene, Donna, Emma, Michelle, Nancy, Pixie, Rick,
and Sue

Introduction

Nice Girls Being Naughty Stories

This story is fiction. Any similarity to persons or places is purely possible. Even though this is entirely fiction, the characters are loosely based on real people. This basis is only skin-deep. The wild goings on in this book is pure fiction and not based on the real characters in any way.

Places are depicted close to reality. Cities, businesses, bars, and restaurants are, many times, actual places. Bars and restaurants have all been given fictional names. In some cases features of two or more establishments have been combined into a single bar or restaurant. A few times an actual restaurant is depicted in a different city than it is in real life.

This is all done, not to confuse the reader, but to enhance the story by keeping it real...real fiction. Chapter One

Reminiscing

Wendy Beanblossom watches from the front window of her house as her best friend, Kelly, walks to her car. Kelly is going to meet up with Dave, her boyfriend. Kelly finally realizes she loves him; she is on her way to tell him. Kelly came to Wendy for advice. As a good friend, Wendy got Kelly's brain straightened out about guys in general and Dave in particular.

Wendy only told her the obvious. "Dave loves you, and you love him. Now get your ass over to his place and seal the deal."

Everyone knew Dave was in love with Kelly, except Kelly of course. Wendy got that fixed. Wendy and Kelly have been close friends for more than four years. It started back when Wendy did nails at the local beauty shop. She and Kelly would chat about boyfriends and naughty adventures they had. It was not long before they became playmates, pleasuring each other with fingers, vibrators, and tongues. Together they enjoyed several sexy adventures seducing and sharing guys.

Wendy is a pretty, twenty-eight years old. Her nice figure and large titties catch the eye of guys often. She is on the shorter side at five-foot-four. She wears her hair short and often has a weird hair-do or a wild, colorful wig of some sorts. If that were not enough to get guy's attention, her smile would make a monk think about turning in his robe.

Wendy has always been able to take care of herself and is a confident female. She is smart and full of the family values instilled into her by her parents. Her dad was a career Air Force officer. He passed on his toughness and love of country to Wendy. With a last name of *Beanblossom*, she learned to put up with teasing at a young age. She actually did not put up with much teasing; she bonked the little brat who made fun of her in the first grade. His bloody nose discouraged any other dumb remarks from her classmates.

Wendy is still watching out the front window, as Kelly gets into her car and drives off. Two of her closest friends, Amber and now Kelly, have found their perfect guys. Wendy wants to find her perfect guy too. She has had plenty of guys to amuse her, but none she considers a possibility of a lifelong relationship. Wendy is happy with her life. Sure, she wants a husband and all the trimmings someday, but she knows she still has plenty of time. At least she hopes she does.

Wendy has not done great at making lasting relationships with guys. She is an expert at picking up guys for one-night stands. She met Scott three years ago. They have enjoyed each other many times. Scott is handsome, easy going, in shape, and has a large cock. They have coffee or lunch together often, but they have never been in an exclusive relationship. She does like him a lot.

Friends looking at them from the outside would probably say Scott is the guy for her. To them it is as clear as the south end of a northbound baboon. From Wendy's point of view, it is not so obvious. She has been single so long; she is paranoid about making a romantic mistake. Her life is fine, with plenty of excitement, pussy, and cock. Even at twenty-eight, she is not about to be locked into a relationship she is not sure is right.

A second possibility is a guy named John. He was one of Kelly's boyfriends at one time. With Kelly's permission, Wendy and John had a few dates. They got along very well. Now that Kelly is out of the picture with John, Wendy is free to become more serious with him, if she wants. This dating with John has only been going on a short time. Wendy likes him too.

She thinks about these two guys that are important to her. Scott is earthy and easy going. He works as a driver, delivering trucks and RVs for a big southern California company. He is kind of a beer type guy. John is more

sophisticated and educated. He is a doctor working in the children's hospital. John is more of a champagne type guy.

Through Kelly, Wendy has met several other people. Cindy is a masseuse that works their clits and pussies, as well as their sore muscles. Cindy is an attractive, sexy friend, just right for getting off with.

Julie is a tall, trim blond with perfect titties. She is about eighty percent lesbian. She does have male friends to provide a hard cock now and then, but she is usually in the mood to play with pussy.

Kelly, Cindy, Julie, and Wendy have played together in an all-female foursome. The four girls get together occasionally to pleasure each other's pussies. These pussy parties of drinks, dinner, and playing do not happen often enough to suit them. They do the best they can with their four busy schedules.

Kelly also introduced Wendy to Brian, a young guy who works in Kelly's real estate office. He is immature, simple, and has a hard cock. He is always horny and ready to do whatever the girls want. Brian is about average height, on the skinny side, and cute. Wendy has only played with Brian a few times. He can be depended upon to provide a nice boner on short notice.

The first time Wendy played with Brian, it was a threesome with Kelly. They made him be the submissive, and the girls told him what they wanted him to do. Brian was required to follow their directions. Ever since, Brian has always been the submissive and does whatever is asked of him.

Wendy thinks back on the last time she took advantage of Brian's cock. It was a couple months back. She invited him over for pizza and beer. He was more than happy to come over, probably knowing Wendy wanted his cock. Brian

had never been with either Kelly or Wendy when he did not provide cock for one or both of them to enjoy.

Wendy was in the mood for cock and Brian is easy. He shows up on time, as usual. Brian is the same age as Wendy but looks much younger. She has a beer ready when he arrives. Right off, she tells him she cleaned the living room furniture, and she does not want his worn pants on it. She tells him to strip naked to protect her furniture. (It does not have to make any sense to Brian. If he is getting his cock out...it's Ok.)

Wendy puts a couple towels on her sofa. Then she slowly strips in front of him. His hard cock got a little harder watching Wendy take her clothes off. She sits on the sofa with her pussy at the edge of the cushion. "Get on your knees, Brian. I want your tongue on my pussy."

"Yes ma'am." Brian kneels in front of her. He immediately starts licking the lips of her pussy.

"If you lick my pussy off, I will suck you off too." Wendy has her eyes closed. She is enjoying the feeling of his tongue on her.

Brian runs his tongue between her pussy lips and over her clit. He lets his tongue drift a little lower than her pussy, toward her ass. He cannot lick there the way she is sitting on the sofa. He remembers the first time he played with Kelly and Wendy; they *made* him lick each of their assholes. He wants to give Wendy that same sensation tonight.

Wendy is whimpering from Brian's tongue. He has become a much better pussy licker from the training she and Kelly have given him. She feels his tongue below her pussy opening; she knows he is thinking of licking her butt hole.

"I think you need to run that tongue of yours over my asshole." Wendy lifts her ass up off the sofa a little, making it easier for Brian to lick her ass.

Brian immediately goes to work...licking her asshole.

Wendy has begun rubbing her clit as he sticks his tongue in her butt hole. "That's good Brian. Fuck my ass with your tongue."

Brian has his tongue up her ass and can feel the contractions of her orgasm. It is beyond naughty with his tongue up her butt as she gets off.

After she rests a short time, they swap positions with Brian sitting on the sofa. Wendy is kneeling in front of his rock hard cock. She begins sucking him slowly at first, making sure her lips glide over the head of his cock. He is throbbing and his cock is dark in color. He pushes his cock at her. She slides her mouth the length of him, taking as much cock into her mouth as possible.

Wendy grasps his nuts in one hand as she sucks his cock. She pulls them a little and squeezes them. Not too hard at first, but as he gets more excited, she holds his balls tight. Brian is quivering and moaning. Wendy squeezes his balls. She concentrates her sucking to the head of his cock... moving faster. Brian pushes his cock into her face; he shoots spurt after spurt into her mouth.

"Very nice Brian, now I want you to kiss me." Wendy has much of his cum still in her mouth. She plans to make him taste it.

Brian leans forward and kisses her, putting his tongue in her mouth. He knows what she has in there. He is fine with her sharing it with him. They kiss with their tongues going back and forth. By the time the kissing is done, the cum that was in Wendy's mouth is gone.

Wendy is so glad she met Brian. He is always fun, always does whatever she asks, and always shoot a big load.

Later that evening, Wendy lies on her bed with her favorite vibrator. She is still reminiscing about the twists and turns her life has taken. She spreads her legs and moves the big vibrator to her pussy. She thinks about Ryan, the boy she knew as a senior in high school.

Her eyes are closed; the vibrator begins to work its magic. Ryan was the first guy she was intimate with. She loves to think about his cock in her again. She liked him, and she always enjoyed being with him. In her fantasy, they are in the front seat of his old car. They are both completely naked. They actually never got completely naked in his old car, but she wants to speed things up before her vibrator makes her come.

She touches his hard cock; he fingers her clit. They are both turned on, and both want the other. Wendy moans a little in her fantasy and also in real life on her bed. Ryan moves between her legs, as he did when they first became intimate.

The hum of the vibrator mixes with the sounds of her moans. Ryan's cock enters her. She imagines the feel of his shaft in her and his balls against her butt. She begins her orgasm, holding her vibrator against her pussy.

After her pussy calms down from her climax, she again thinks back on her time as a young woman, meeting Ryan, school, and college. Those early times, and the many adventures she has experienced since then, have formed her character, personality, and education. She is happy with all of it.

She has a master's degree, owns her own home, has plenty of friends, and plenty of naughty opportunities. She is attractive and shapely. Her life is on course. All is as it should be except for one obvious exception. She does not have a man to share the rest of her life with. She knows she still has plenty of time and is not in a rush.

None of the many guys, she has met over the years, were ever considered marriage possibilities. Maybe it was because of her career military father. He is handsome, tough, and fair. There was never any doubt where he stood on an issue. It would be difficult for an ordinary guy to

measure up to Wendy's polished dad. Family was always special to her...

Chapter Two

Back to the Past

Wendy was the first child of Lewis and Laura Beanblossom. Lewis Beanblossom was a Lieutenant in the United States Air Force at the time of Wendy's birth. Having a last name of Beanblossom may have made Lewis tough. Pity the poor fool, growing up with him, that made fun of the name. Lewis excelled at everything. He would retire from the Air Force as a full Colonel when Wendy was twenty-four.

Late in 1986, Wendy was born healthy and happy. Her parents, Lieutenant and Laura Beanblossom, were young and proud. They were beaming at the birth of their daughter.

Years later, it was reported that when she was born she only had hair on one side of her head; that hair was bright blue. Those reports were never substantiated, and no photographic record exists showing her hair color at birth. Wendy was always her own person and would develop into a charming, pretty woman. She did occasionally wear her hair blue but only on one side of her head.

When Wendy was three years old, her baby brother, Jimmy, was born. She actually could remember the birth, even though she was so young. She remembers seeing him the first time and thinking, *how can I play with that?* Wendy, her parents, and her younger brother would become a very close family.

Her growing up years were much like any another child, except for her father's frequent reassignments. She bounced from city to city and school to school. The down side of a military family was their constant moving. Wendy was proud of her dad, and she did adapt well to the moving, changing of schools, and making new friends. Wendy was self-reliant and confident, which she attributed to her life in a military family. These frequent changes were a part of her family that she dealt with. They all dealt with it.

As a close family, holidays are always important. Thanksgiving and Christmas are big deals. Because of her dad's assignments, they were not able to be with aunts, uncles, and cousins every year. Even if it was only the four of them, they celebrated these major holidays with decorations and big dinners. It would be an extra special time when they could be with other members of the family.

The Fourth of July and Veteran's day are a bigger deal for them than many families. There are always military events and parades associated with these holidays. The air force would provide flyovers in major cities as part of the celebration. Some years there was an open house at her dad's Air Force base. The Fourth of July is Wendy's dad's favorite holiday.

Wendy has a few dates in high school but nothing romantic. These dates are mostly with friends to a football game or a dance. Up until Wendy was sixteen, she was a little pudgy. She was never fat but did struggle, a little, keeping her weight in check. It is never a big deal, and by the time she is eighteen, and a senior, she is trim and shapely with nice boobs. She has become a pretty, young woman.

Like girls her age, she attends school dances with her girlfriends, rather than with guys. Boys ask her to dance often, at these school functions. The boys she dances with always made sure her tits are against their chests. Some of the guys call her *Bumper Cars*, because of her big boobs. She is never called that to her face; the guys giggle amongst themselves at the silly term. One time a guy is dancing so close, her titties are hard against him. He holds her so tight, she thinks she feels a roll of Lifesavers in his pants pocket.

Another time one of the jocks from the football team is holding her so tight at the dance, she thinks he has a

cucumber in his pocket. Her girlfriends laugh at her when she tells them about it.

Jenny, her closest friend at school, tells her, "That's not a roll of Lifesavers or a cucumber. It's his boner."

"Boner?"

"His hard dick! You got him so excited he got hard."

Wendy loves the idea of getting boys so excited they got a boner from her. From then on, she would always push her titties into her dance partner. She knew, from her mom and the sex education class, what a hard dick is used for, but she could not imagine doing it. Still, she would love to see and touch a boner sometime.

In high school, she does have some actual dates with a boy named Larry. Her dad insists on meeting him. Larry is scared to death at the once over by the then Lieutenant Colonel. Wendy goes to a couple movies with Larry, and he is her date to her prom.

Wendy's prom in high school is the first formal date in her life. Her mom took her to buy a dress and new shoes. The night of the prom, Wendy looks beautiful. Larry had rented a tuxedo with a light blue coat and gray cummerbund. Wendy has never seen a cummerbund before and is amazed how grown up Larry looks. He brings her a corsage for her wrist. They are an attractive looking couple. Wendy's mom takes pictures and cries after they left for the dance.

The junior prom is like Cinderella going to the ball. Wendy is beautiful and Larry is handsome. When he brings Wendy home, at the time her father had specified, he walks her to the front door. "Thanks Wendy, for a fantastic time."

"This was the nicest date I have ever had." Wendy is beaming.

There is a short pause, as they faced each other. He moves forward a little, and she moves toward him. Wendy has never kissed a boy and figures this is the time to start. The space between them disappears. His lips touch hers in a

soft kiss. He begins to pull away but returns to add another tiny kiss. They do not speak. Wendy hugs him then goes into the house.

Wendy will think about this first kiss a long time. It made her feel all tingly. She will never forget Larry and this kiss.

Part way into her senior years in high school, her father is reassigned to the bay area of California. It will be tough moving for her senior year. Her friends from her old school would have to be left behind. It is something that has occurred often in her life and is always a challenge. Larry and her other friends from the old school, will fade into a pleasant memory.

Wendy enters her new high school without knowing a single person there. Her experience changing schools does make it a little easier. From necessity, she has become good at chatting and making new friends. Wendy would have preferred it different. She knows this is how it has always been, and she accepts it.

Wendy has only been at Jefferson High School a week. It is lunchtime; she is in the cafeteria. She is walking, carrying her tray of food. Looking for a place to sit, she sees an open seat at a table full of kids. They all seem to know one another.

A boy at the end of the table, across from the open seat, sees her. "You can sit here if you want."

"Thanks!" Wendy takes the empty seat and puts her tray down. She is a little uncomfortable in the middle of a group of obvious friends.

"You new here?" the boy asks.

"Yeah, my dad got transferred here last summer."

"Army brat?"

"Air Force."

The boy smiles, "My dad is a captain in the army. I transferred here last year. I'm Ryan."

"Nice to meet you Ryan, I'm Wendy."

Ryan introduces Wendy to his friends at the table. Within a short time, Wendy is part of their group. Life got better for her. They are not really girlfriends and boyfriends; they enjoy doing things together. The small group of five or six might go to a football game or even miniature golf. Depending on their classes, they do homework together sometimes.

Math was always Wendy's best subject in school. Numbers come easy for her. She never knew why. Her brain is wired the same as a calculator. Wendy used to race her younger brother with math problems. He used a calculator; she did the calculations in her head. She did not win all the time but enough to be impressive.

High school classes in chemistry and physics are also easy because of her mathematics abilities. She likes history and does well at most of her other classes.

English and spelling are an entirely different matter. As much as her brain is wired for math, it is totally short-circuited when it comes to words. Grammar rules and spelling do not stick in her head. Wendy has to work hard to get an acceptable grade in her English class.

Wendy and Ryan become friends and begin going on dates with just the two of them. He asked her to a movie twice. He has an older car that is a family hand-me-down. An ugly sedan, but at least he has wheels.

On their third date, Wendy's dad wants to meet Ryan. Ryan shows up looking terrific and ready for inspection...he is used to military protocol. Ryan is nice, and he is polite. Wendy's dad likes him. No threats were actually made, but Ryan figures he would be killed if he got caught taking any liberties with Wendy. Still, the thought of touching her soft titties would outweigh the fear of death in his young man's mind.

After the movie, Ryan took her home and walked her to her front door. He has not attempted a good night kiss on their other dates. He does not know if Wendy is receptive. She has only had the one goodnight kiss from Larry, almost a year ago, and is long overdue for another. Ryan holds her hand on the way to her front door.

At the door, Wendy holds onto his hand and turns toward him. "Fun time Ryan." She can feel his hand tremble, ever so slightly. When he does not speak or move, she moves a couple inches closer to him.

Wendy's lips are only about half a foot from his lips, and her boobs are only about three inches from him. Ryan wants both and puts his arms around her. They move together until their lips touch in a gentle kiss, and her boobs touch his chest. Wendy cannot feel Lifesavers or a cucumber, but she is pretty sure she gave him a boner. She likes kissing Ryan. She got that tingly feeling again thinking about it in bed that night. Wendy does not know it, of course, but Ryan jacked off in his car on the way home.

Ryan is not a real boyfriend, but he is the closest thing to a boyfriend Wendy has. They still often hang out with the others in the original group. She and Ryan go to a movie occasionally, as well as other school dances and functions. After the first good night kiss, there is a kiss to end each of the next few dates. It is only a kiss so far.

They have a super time at the home coming football game and then at the local ice cream shop after. When they get back to her house, they talk in his car a while about the game and the evening. Ryan puts his arm around her; she snuggles close to him. A kiss follows. This kiss is much more than his usual good night kiss. There is no touching, only kissing, but Wendy is actually *making out* with a guy. She is so proud of herself. After that evening, all their dates end parked somewhere making out.

Wendy and Ryan do not share any classes together. It would have been nice if they had. Wendy thought about taking Drama in her last semester at high school because Ryan was in that class. Her councilor would not approve it instead of English class. Wendy wishes she had been better at English.

Math club is the only extra-curricular activity where she participates. She excels at sports but never had the desire to be on a school team. She always does well in her studies and is popular, getting along with everyone.

Wendy and Ryan continue to go out often to a school function or a movie. She does enjoy his company and likes their make out session in his car after a date. They are slow to move from kissing to being more sexual...but it does happen.

They had been making out about a month in his car after dates. Wendy enjoys it and always looks forward to parking in some dark spot and kissing him. Their kissing gets more passionate as time went on. After one date, when she is home, she found her panties are wet. Making out with Ryan is turning her on.

They had been on a date to a football game. On the way back home, Ryan parks in a dark place about a block from her home. They had parked here before for a kissing session; it is safe from anyone catching them. They slide next to each other and immediately start kissing. Wendy is not sure, but she thinks she feels Ryan's tongue touch her lips. That would be a first for her. Then she feels it again. She kisses him as passionately as she can. She lets the tip of her tongue slightly touch him. Wendy is sure her panties are getting wet.

The small brushing of the tips of their tongues increase to more, until their tongues are fully exploring each other. Wendy thinks it is very exciting. Feeling a boys tongue in her mouth makes her want more. She does not want to seem

too eager and wants Ryan to make the next move. She does moan and whimper as he kisses her, and she gives him all of her tongue.

While her tongue is in his mouth, she feels his hand on her breast. She is so glad he made the move. She wants him to feel her up. Wendy has never had a boy's hand on her titties before. With the next kiss, she moans loudly and squirms against him. He is running his hand all over both of her full tits. This is by far the most intimate they have been, but it is getting near the time her dad wants her home.

Wendy backs off a little. "I'm really enjoying this Ryan, but it's getting late. I need to get home by curfew time. Maybe next time we can have a shorter date and park earlier." She is over eighteen, but she still lives at home and feels she needs to observe her military dad's rules.

"I'm sorry I have to take you home. Parking earlier next time sounds great." He gets back on his side of the car and reluctantly drives her home. He walks her to the front door. Ryan gives her one last kiss for the evening. "Sleep well."

Ryan jacks off on the way home as he does on all their dates. When Wendy gets undressed, she finds her panties are wet in the crotch. She touches her pussy and it is soaking wet. She lies on her bed naked, softly touching her aroused pussy. She is so wet she can easily slide a finger into her opening. She fingers her pussy and clit a while, thinking about what might happen on her next date with Ryan...then drifts off to sleep.

Wendy had done well, scholastically, at school. She had taken several college prep classes in her senior year and planned to attend college. She does not have a university in mind. She is always thinking her dad might be transferred again. She does not want to make definite plans when they might be moving. There would be plenty of time to pick a college or university later.