

Nice
Girls
Being
Naughty
An Erotic Anthology

J. A. Smith



Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

Nice Girls Being Naughty
An Erotic Anthology

By

J. A. Smith

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to all the Naughty Girls in the world that make all the naughty boys and other naughty girls happy.

Introduction

Nice Girls Being Naughty Stories

The stories in this book are generally fiction. However, many are from real life events and real life places. Even though this is mostly fiction, the characters are loosely based on real people. This basis is only skin-deep. The wild goings on in this book is mostly fiction and not necessarily based on real people.

Places are 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.

Many of these stories are from books published by Pink Flamingo Media.

Chapter One

First Times

These are the stories of love and attraction. They involve two people that care for each other and feel comfortable enough to be intimate for the first time. They are all nice stories of nice people making love.

Christine Meets Eric

Christine and Eric are in her bedroom. She has on a sheer dress; she stands before him. Her titties push against the fabric of the dress with her hardening nipples evident. Eric and Christine are facing each other a few feet apart. He is tall and handsome. Although Eric is fully dressed, Christine checks him out, head to toe, in anticipation of what is to come.

Christine has only known Eric a couple hours. She had gone to a favorite bar with a couple of her girlfriends. They were not looking to pick up guys; it was more of an end of day, wind down drink.

Christine was not even looking around the room; she looked up and he was standing at the bar looking at her. She quickly looked away, remembering the lesson on *The Look*, she got from Joann, years ago at the County Fair. When she looked back, he was looking at her, but now, he was smiling.

He pointed at her, then to himself. He put out his left arm and bent his right arm in the position of dancing. He wiggled a little as a pretend dance. Christine got it; he is asking, in sign language, to dance. Six dances and another drink later, she invited him home with her. This is not a normal behavior for Christine; she was just so comfortable with him. Christine is very happy their eyes happened to meet earlier in the evening.

In her bedroom, Eric makes the first move, removing his shirt. He is a few years older than Christine...in his late-twenties. He is nicely built and obviously hits the gym regularly. Christine watches closely. He unbuckles his belt and unbuttons the top button of his pants. He slides the

zipper down and slowly drops his pants passed his hips. He steps out of them; he stands before her only wearing his underwear. Christine's pussy is responding by getting wet in anticipation. There is a large bulge in his shorts. She cannot wait to see his cock.

It is now Christine's turn. She brushes back the long blond hair that has moved near her left eye. She has two pieces of clothing on...it will not take long. Her sheer dress comes over her head in a single move. Her titties are visible to Eric. She is down to her thong panties. The bulge in his shorts gets bigger.

They move closer together. He brushes her hair back, holds her tight, and kisses her. He can feel her titties against his chest; she can feel his hardness on her abdomen. Still holding her, he lets one hand drop to caress her smooth ass cheeks. He thinks he is in danger of his hard cock ripping a hole in the front of his underwear.

Christine backs up a little; she places her thumbs into the waistband of his shorts. To prolong the anticipation, she slowly lowers them. His shorts have difficulty getting passed his hard-on. When she gets them down far enough, his cock springs out to greet her. Eric loves this part when the girl sees his cock for the first time. Christine removes his shorts and looks at his package. He has a great set of full balls; his cock is long and thick. It is one of the largest cocks she has ever seen. It stands at ridged attention before her.

Christine drops to her knees; she takes Eric's cock into her mouth. Her lips slide over the head and down the shaft. She cups his balls, while she sucks his cock. Her mouth moves slowly up and down. She softly touches his cock with her lips. When she gets to the head of his cock, she lets her tongue slide over the end. Eric is having trouble keeping his balance, as she pleasures him with her mouth and tongue. He has to stop her before he shoots off his cum too quickly.

Christine still has on her thong panties. She did not want to remove them right away; she wanted Eric to have to wait

to see her pussy. She gets on the bed. Lying on her back, she lets Eric remove her panties. He slides them off; he can finally see all of her. Christine enjoys guys looking at her pussy. Once the panties are off, Christine spreads her legs wide. He can see all of her pussy and asshole. It is a huge turn on for Eric too. He is looking at her moist opening, knowing he will be entering her soon.

Eric's cock is dripping pre-cum. He moves between her legs. He gently licks the inside of her thighs. Christine wants his mouth and tongue on her pussy. He wants it as much as she does, but he moves slowly...making her wait for it.

When his tongue finally touches her pussy, she puts her head back and shudders. His tongue is gentle and soft; sometimes it is so soft, she is not sure he is licking her. The feeling is terrific. Eric licks all around the opening. He pushes the lips apart with the tip of his tongue, to probe her inner wetness. He moves a finger to touch her pussy lips while his tongue is on her clit.

Usually, guys will lick her a short time, then want their cock in her. Eric is different; he licks her slowly, as she squirms on the bed. Christine wants to be fucked, but she does not want him to stop licking her right now. Eric occasionally lets his tongue drift lower, licking her asshole opening. This is the first time Christine has been licked back there. It is so naughty but feels so nice. Eric works mostly on her pussy; he does lick her rear hole a few times.

Christine is moaning. She pushes her pussy into his mouth. "Eric, that is really good." She feels her pussy moving toward orgasm. "I want your gorgeous cock in my cunt! I want you to fuck me." Christine usually does not talk this nasty. Eric has turned her into a cock-craving, horny woman.

Eric moves between her legs. His large thick cock is at maximum hardness. It is purple and glistening. The tip of it touches her soaking wet opening. He is very gentle making sure it is not too thick for her. He slowly works it in with

small strokes at first, getting slowly deeper in her. Soon, she has all of it; his balls are hitting her asshole. He varies the depth and speed. Sometimes only using the head of his cock, other times burying it in her.

Christine is lost in passion. Her pussy is in control of her entire body. This is about her and her pussy. She whimpers and moans, as Eric's cock pounds her in long deep strokes. "Don't stop," she begs. "Please don't stop!" Her pussy explodes into orgasm.

The contractions of her pussy on his cock are more than Eric can take. They push him into shooting his cum deep into her. He keeps the strokes going as long as he can, before stopping and lying on top of her.

It takes Eric and Christine several minutes to return to planet earth. When Eric removes his cock from her, a little of his cum mixed with her pussy juices drip out of her. Christine can feel the wetness running down over her butt hole.

Christine has classes in the morning; they need to call it a night. He gets dressed, hugs Christine, and gives her a soft kiss on the cheek. "That was wonderful Christine." He is smiling at her. "I went to the bar tonight to get a beer. I lucked out meeting you." He gives her another hug, then leaves.

When Christine is lying in her bed afterwards, she reminisces back on the unexpected, erotic evening. She does not usually pick up guys this quickly. Her slinky body and attractive looks has always gotten guys to notice her. This night things just fell into place. She likes Eric and hopes this is not going to be a one-nightstand.

The next morning there is an email from Eric.

Megan Meets Steve

A few months after Megan and Christine met Jon and Alison, at the San Francisco swing club, they attend a summer party at Jon and Alison's home. The invitation

stated there would be other singles there as well as twenty, or more, couples.

Megan and Christine wear pretty dresses that are a little on the conservative side. They arrive, at the party, about dinnertime. Jon and Alison's home is a beautiful, large Victorian with plenty of room for a big party.

After the dinner, Jon turns on a projection TV. He pulls down a screen. The huge screen is filled with porn. The end of the big room where the screen is located, is full of mats... covered in sheets. There are a few chairs around the mats and one gigantic sofa facing the screen. This place is set up for a fuck party. There is room for Jon, Alison, and fifty of their closest friends.

Christine goes off with the couple she met at the San Francisco swing club. Megan sees them getting undressed along with at least a dozen other couples. People are pairing off and shedding clothing. In a matter of a few minutes, half the people at the party have taken off everything.

Megan does not know anyone except Christine and the host couple. She goes to the bar to get a glass of wine. A guy at the bar is also still dressed. He is a little taller than Megan, nice looking, and probably in his forties.

The guy at the bar sees Megan coming and turns toward her. "I guess you didn't get the undressed memo either."

"I'm a little nervous; this is my first time here." Megan holds out her hand. "Hi, I'm Megan."

"It's a pleasure, I'm Steve." Steve releases her hand. "Can I get you something to drink?"

"A glass of white wine would be terrific. I think I would be less conspicuous with a glass in my hand." Megan smiles and giggles a little.

"I don't think there is any way you are going to become less noticeable. I spotted you the minute I got here." He smiles also. Steve gets them a glass of white wine in real crystal stemware. "It's quiet on the patio." He holds out his

hand to her; she takes it. They find a spot at a table on the patio.

“How come you are not out in the pile of naked bodies?” Megan sips her wine.

“I’m new at this too. I’m here with a girl who is recently divorced. She knows everyone and is off fooling around with someone. She will be looking for me when she runs out of partners.” Steve goes on to tell Megan this was only the third swing party he had been to. He thinks swinging is mind-boggling. He tells her he needs a little more experience, so he will be less nervous.

They finish their wine talking about themselves and getting to know one another. Steve suggests they go inside and find a safe place to watch the naughtiness. In the big room, they find seats on the sofa. It is right on the edge of the play area. They have a front row seat to the large screen porn and about thirty people having an orgy. It is an amazing, erotic scene. Megan and Steve are getting turned on from all the open sexuality.

Steve turns toward her. “I really like your dress, Megan; there’s only one way your dress could look better.”

Megan is surprised that Steve does not think her dress is perfect. “Really? how?”

“It would look better if it were draped over the back of that chair...over there.” Steve points to a chair in the corner of the big room.

Megan looks at the chair, then back at Steve. “I thought you were inexperienced?”

“I am inexperienced, but I have found dumb humor goes a long way.” Steve has a very nice smile.

Megan stands up and takes his hand. She leads him to the chair he had pointed out. She tells him, “I’ll take my clothes off, if you will.”

In record time, Steve pulls his shirt off, kicks his shoes off, gets his pants down, and stands with only a designer pair of thong underwear on. His hard cock has distorted the

front of the thong. The room is still full of people fucking and having other forms of sex. Megan and Steve do not even know they are there any longer.

Megan looks at the bulge in his tiny shorts. "It looks like you dressed properly for a swinger's party." She slips her dress over her head and carefully places it on the back of the chair. "Is that better?"

"Yes, it is!"

Megan has nothing on under. She walks the couple of steps between them and puts her arms around him. She kisses him while she pushes her titties into his chest and rubs his back with her hands. Her hands drop down to his exposed ass cheeks.

She backs up a step. "I love your underwear." She pauses a second. "There is only one way they could look better."

Steve does not say anything. A small grin starts on his face.

"If they were draped over my dress on the chair." Megan is in full smile, as she puts her thumbs through the waistband of his shorts, pulls them down, and puts them on the chair. Steve's cock is pointed right at her.

They embrace and kiss again. Steve takes her hand and leads her to an open spot in the corner of the play area. Megan kneels down; Steve does also. They kiss again while still on their knees. One more kiss, and he lays her back. Megan is so at ease with him; all the nervousness is long gone. She spreads her legs wide.

Steve is still on his knees between her legs. He bends forward and puts his tongue right on her pussy. Megan flinches at the touch. He gently licks her pussy lips and clit. He lets the tip of his tongue slip between the lips occasionally. Megan cannot remember a guy licking her pussy this softly and putting just the right amount of pressure on her clit. Megan is thinking, *this guy licks pussy as good as a girl.*

If he kept going with his tongue on her pussy, she would have an orgasm. Steve stops licking her pussy. He reaches over for some nearby lube. He puts some on her pussy lips and some on his cock. Megan knows what is coming; she cannot wait. Steve moves up her body until his tongue is on her neck, and his cock is at her pussy. Megan feels his cock pushing against her opening and his lips nibbling at her neck.

Steve moves his mouth to kiss her. As she kisses him, she feels his cock pushing more firmly against her pussy. She is wet enough for him. She feels the head of his cock slip in. He is still kissing her and moving his hips. His cock slides in farther. Steve does not rush it, a little more cock on each soft stroke. Megan is breathing fast and shallow. His cock feels great. It is moving her pussy toward orgasm. She can feel herself getting closer to coming.

She has all of him. Steve is fucking Megan is full deep strokes. They have completely forgotten the mob of people near them. This is only the two of them...no one else exists. A few more strokes and Megan begins to climax. It is a strong orgasm. A few seconds later Steve moans and shoots cum deep into her. They rock in passion a minute or more, before collapsing together on the mat. The people near them had stopped what they were doing to watch them.

Megan tells him, "I hope I didn't squirt too much. Sorry, I never got around to warning you."

"I love it. It means you had a good time." Steve waits a second then adds, "That was fantastic Megan."

"Fantastic is an understatement." Megan sits up. "It was the best...ever."

Megan and Steve spent the rest of the evening together. They talked, laughed, had wine, and fucked again. Megan has had many male friends and lovers, but this was different. She wondered, *could this be the guy?* Megan was not sure if Steve was the right guy for her. She was totally sure she wanted to get to know him better.

When Christine finally met up with Megan, late in the evening, Christine looked at her. "You Ok Megan, you look all glassy eyed...something wrong?"

Megan just smiled.

Amber At Matt's For Dinner

Amber has known Matt almost a month when he calls and invites her to his place for dinner. They have not even come close to any intimacies yet, but they have had good times together. She thinks his place for dinner, with a little wine, would be an ideal set up to get to know each other sexually. She does not want to push it and does not get her expectation above reality. Still, just in case, she plans to wear a frilly pair of sexy panties and forget the bra.

When she arrives, he has an apron on and he is working in the kitchen. There are pots and bowls all over the place. It looks like he is cooking for a dozen people, instead of only the two of them. He apologizes for the messy kitchen. "I'm used to cooking in the fire station, and I had a hard time coming up with the right size pot."

"Not to worry, I will be your bull cook and help you with dishes."

"How do you know what a bull cook is?"

"Remember my grandpa was a fireman, he always used that term when he messed up the kitchen. Claiming he needed a bull cook to pick up after him." She smiles at the memory.

Matt smiles too. He opens a bottle of wine, pours two glasses, and takes a little break from his kitchen duties. They sit on the bar stools in the kitchen sipping the wine and making small talk.

"So what's on the dinner menu?" Amber asks

"Well Amber, I am treating you to basic firehouse food. We start with a healthy salad and sourdough bread. Then tonight's main entrée, roast beef, mashed potatoes, gravy, and a veggie. Then a dessert to be divulged later."

She is hoping the dessert, he is planning, is him. “Sounds great, and the company is perfect.” She clinks her glass to his in a simulated toast.

Together they finish the preparation of the meal. He slices the fresh baked bread and the roast. She dishes up the salad and vegetable.

They eat the meal with beautiful dinner music playing. It is very comfortable. They continue the small talk while eating. By the time dinner is finished, they have had a couple glasses of wine and are feeling mellow. They do the dishes and clean up, joking more about the number of pots and other utensils he used.

Finally, the kitchen is back to normal, the aprons are stowed, and they can relax on the sofa with another glass of wine. They kick off their shoes. Amber moves closer to him. There is not much talk, as they sip the wine and enjoy the closeness of each other. This is already the most intimate they have been. Matt puts his arm around Amber’s shoulders; he is looking right at her. It is almost as if in slow motion...their lips move toward each other. They both want it. Matt moves his hand to behind her head and cradles her neck, as he kisses her gently.

Amber kisses him back; they begin to kiss passionately. She lets her tongue lightly touch his lips. He moves his tongue to touch hers. Their lips and tongues are softly caressing each other. Amber knows her pussy is getting wet; she hopes Matt is getting hard. As they kiss, she reaches over and grasps Matt’s hand—moving it to her breast. He touches both of her breasts through the sheer fabric. The kissing intensifies. Amber is not wearing a bra and Matt can feel the softness of her.

Matt moves his hand under her top to feel her bare titties. Amber’s pussy is definitely getting wetter. She is light headed from his touch. She wants more; she wants him. The kissing is more passionate. Matt is all over her titties. He

tries to unbutton her blouse but needs help from Amber. Her top is soon discarded.

Once Amber is bare on the top, she tells Matt, "Now it's your turn." She unbuttons his shirt and removes it.

His hands are touching her legs through her pants; he passes his hand over the top snap but does not stop. He teases her a couple more times, then puts his finger right on the button to her pants. He looks at her for her approval. She slides her hand up his leg to the bulge in his jeans. They both smile as he unbuttons her pants...together they pull them down. She is left with only her frilly panties still on.

Matt stands up and removes his pants in front of her. He is down to his underwear; there is a large bulge in the front. Amber slowly lowers her panties, standing a couple feet away and right in front of him. She is completely naked, steps forward to feel his hard cock, and slowly pulls his underwear down. As his underwear slips lower, his cock flops out. It is long, quite thick, and has a large bulb head on it. It is growing and getting harder, as she watches and touches it.

Matt takes her hand and leads her into his bedroom. Matt would love to lick Amber with his tongue, but he has waited for this moment to join with her. They are both ready for this. He puts Amber on her back and slides between her legs. Matt does slow his eagerness to fuck her by teasing her pussy lips with the head of his cock. Amber does not want to wait; she pulls him up and reaches down with her hand to guide his cock into her.

Matt so wants this and slides his cock, in deep strokes, until his balls touch her ass. He cannot remember ever being this hard before. As his cock moves back and forth in her pussy, she rubs her clit. They are both so horny they cannot last long. Soon he fills her with cum, as her pussy contracts in orgasm, at the same time.

It is fairly mild intercourse by most standards, but it was very erotic and very satisfying for them both. When they

shower afterwards, Matt notices the tattoo on her butt. "I like your little yellow rose Amber."

"Kelly, my roommate, made me do it."

"Well, it looks cute back there." Matt gets a robe for each of them. Then they head to the TV, where he has a romantic video ready to go. Sitting on the sofa, he has his arm around her watching the video. After a little while, he pauses the video while he gets them a dessert of strawberries and champagne. Later, he pauses the show again, to make popcorn.

They are both touched by the romantic happy ending to the video. He offers for her to spend the night, but she feels she needs to go home. She dresses, they hug, he kisses her, and it is over. It was a wonderful evening and a wonderful first intimacy between them.

Julie And Mark

On Saturday evening, Mark picks up Julie at her home. He is wearing slacks and a sport coat...no tie. Mark told Julie to wear a nice dress because he is taking her to a fancy restaurant. Julie wears one of her slinky but conservative dresses. This time she does not wear a bra or panties...just in case.

When they arrive at the restaurant, Julie recognizes the place. It is the restaurant of the senior ball. Mark also took her here on the last date they had before he went off to college. Like the previous dinners here, they enjoy the food and one another. The only difference this time, they are old enough to order a bottle of wine...easily old enough. The dinner is wonderful. At the end, they are full and do not order dessert.

Walking from the restaurant to Mark's car, he puts his arm around her. The evening has cooled off. Mark comments, "It's getting cold again, wouldn't it be fun to be sitting in front of a warm fireplace?"

"I have a fireplace." Julie quickly answers.

Mark continues, "Drinking an after dinner liquor."

“I have that too.”

“Do you have an extra toothbrush and a pair of pajamas?”

Julie smiles and tells him, “I have an extra toothbrush; you won’t be needing any pajamas.”

They are kidding about the toothbrush and the pajamas. They wish the other were not kidding.

“Really?” Mark tries to suppress a grin. “We didn’t have any dessert at dinner, do you have dessert too?”

Julie sheepishly grins. “Maybe.”

When they get to his car, Mark opens her door. On the drive to Julie’s house, they are both not sure, if the little bantering about the drinks and fireplace was kidding or not. Mark does not want to seem too pushy and hopes Julie will invite him in. Julie does not want to seem too pushy either, even though she has already decided she is going to invite him in. This is too much of an opportunity to pass up.

Mark holds Julie’s hand, while he walks her to the front door. He turns toward her as if he is expecting a good night kiss. She does not look at him. Instead, she takes out her keys, opens the door, grasps his hand, and leads him in. Mark does manage to suppress hollering “Yahoo!” but cannot stop a big smile.

Julie takes his coat; she hangs her and his in the entry coat closet. “I’ll get the liquor selection. You get the fireplace going”

Julie only has Amaretto and a peach brandy. Mark chooses the brandy; she has the Amaretto. Julie pours them each a small glass. They sit on the sofa, directly across from the fireplace. The fireplace produces more visual effect than actual heat. It is enough to feel. The warmth of Julie, sitting next to him, is more than enough for Mark.

They sit on the sofa, side by side, sipping their drinks, enjoying the fire.

Mark asks, “Have you ever wondered how amaretto and peach brandy tastes mixed together?”

“No! I haven’t, how does it taste?”

“There’s one way to find out.” He sets his glass on the coffee table and turns toward her; he kisses her. There is a slight mixing of the two drink flavors. Within a few seconds of their lips meeting, all curiosity of the liquor flavors is long gone. Their kisses become as passionate as they were in the front seat of his car. Julie is breathing shallow and fast. She feels a little light headed. Their tongues are making love.

Julie wants more; she grasps Mark’s hand and places it on her breast. Julie has rarely been this forward with a man and has never wanted a guy more. Mark feels her titties. He did not plan their first intimacy to be this quick, but all plans are out the window...he wants her.

Mark wishes he had told Julie to wear something with buttons, so he could get her titties out easier. Julie made the first naughty move; now, it is his turn. He takes her hand and puts it right on the hard bulge in his pants. He hopes he is not pushing this too far.

Julie feels his cock through his pants; it is cramped and hard. Their lips are still together kissing, as she tries to unbuckle his belt. His hands find hers and together his belt is undone. Down comes the zipper; his pants are gone. He takes off his shirt, while Julie feels his cock and balls...still in his underwear. She only waits until his shirt is off, then pulls down his shorts. Mark’s cock springs out at full attention. Julie looks at it and feels it. It is a very respectable size. She thinks it is the second biggest cock she has ever seen or felt.

Mark is completely bare; Julie is enjoying his nakedness. “I don’t think it’s fair. I’m naked, and you are still fully dressed.”

“Really? Haven’t you heard, all is *fair* in love and war?” She backs up, pulls her dress up over her head. Julie stands before him with no clothing to interfere with his view of her.

Mark looks at her a couple seconds; he likes what he sees. He moves to her and puts his arms around her. He

kisses her again. Their fronts are pressed together from their lips to their feet. He is as close to her as he can get without being inside of her...he wants that too. "Julie, I have wanted you a long time."

She takes his hand and leads him into the bedroom. She climbs up on the bed; he follows her. They are on their knees kissing. About the third kiss, Mark lays her back with his lips still on hers. She spreads her legs to give him access.

They are past the foreplay stages and ready for the main event. His cock is near her pussy and pointed right at it. Mark lies on her. He moves his cock to touch her opening. Julie is a little worried about it fitting in her. She does have lube in the nightstand drawer. She did not want Mark to think she gets fucked often, so she did not put it out. Julie knows she is wet; she hopes it will be enough.

She feels the head of his cock push against her pussy. Mark is careful and gentle. Julie puts a hand down there to open her pussy lips a little and try to guide him in. Mark goes back and forth slowly. The tip of his cock is in her. He does not want to hurt her and takes his time. Julie is delighted he has gotten it in this far. She is sure she has half of it...at least.

Her pussy is wet enough to allow Mark's cock to slide into her. He increases the strokes, both deeper and faster. Julie has never felt such a sensation in her pussy before. He is fucking her in full strokes. She is taking his cock...and loving it. Julie feels his balls hit her butt, and she knows she has it all. "Oh yeah, fuck me Mark. That's good." Julie feels her pussy moving toward orgasm. He is hitting her clit on every stroke.

Mark is getting close to shooting too. Julie's pussy is tight, warm, and slick; Mark is a goner. Julie begins the contractions of her climax, causing the walls of her pussy to squeeze against Mark's cock. He cannot take anymore.