

# Training Charlie



**Robin Wild**

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Jill's legs drifted apart. She let them drift farther to feel the water seeping in. Intrigued by the thought of a million sperm streaming out and swarming to oblivion in the depths of the river, she smiled. Except for the breeze in the trees, the water whispering through the reeds, and a solitary magpie warbling, there was no sound.

She rolled onto her back to float with the current. Now the only noise came from within: magnified respiration, stomach murmurings and blood pulsing in

her ears. Her body felt weightless, less than weightless, it seemed to be falling up to the sky, into its blueness.

Jill urinated. The burbling warmth felt soothing. To her submerged ears the golden crest breaking the surface sounded like tinkling bells.

"Hey. That's fucking unreal!" Charlie duck-dived nearby, upsetting her buoyancy. Jill glimpsed his sleek buttocks, worshipped the beauty of them curving out of the water then under again. He disappeared for a moment before coming up beneath her and lifting her in his arms.

"Charlie, please don't trivialise a beautiful thing like that."

"What, pissing?"

"No, fucking."

He laughed. "It's just I've never seen a chick pissing before, that's all. Can I watch again?"

"Of course, why not?"

"I mean close up."

"As close as you like."

They dried each other then sat on the grassy river bank. Charlie pulled on his socks. Jill fell back in the grass and rolled onto her stomach. "Let's go around in the nuddy all day."

"What for?"

"Because it feels good."

"Okay - cool."

Charlie removed his socks. Jill could not help smiling. He was doing his best to be nonchalant, but while they were swimming he had kept his shorts within reach on the bank. His eyes scanned the countryside. "Any prick comes snooping, I'll tell 'em to fuck off."

"Charlie!"

"What?"

"Please expand your vocabulary."

"Anyhow, this place is so far from everything, no cunt's likely to be coming around here."

"Except one."

"Who?" Charlie laughed. "Oh, yeah, cool."

Jill inhaled deeply, savouring the aroma of the warm grass. Her body seemed fused to the solid earth below and at one with the universe itself. When Charlie lay down on his back beside her, she reached out and held his soft penis. Her fingers fondled. Her thoughts drifted ...

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They were in Jill's office on Albert Road. Charlie sat slouched in the chair as though he owned the place. It was easy to see that he knew something was wrong. The more threatened he felt, the more 'macho' he tried to be.

"Want to talk about it, Charlie?"

"About what?"

"About whatever's causing you to mess up your work. This press release should have been embargoed until Thursday."

"Should I be sorry?"

"Now the merger will be splashed all over the morning papers. By lunch time everyone in Melbourne will know about it. I've just phoned Silverstone. He'll have to re-schedule everything. This is your third major foul-up in as many weeks."

"Shit happens."

"Silverstone says Pearce and Partners is a public relations firm he can do without - unless we can do without you."

Charlie sat upright. "Shit!"

"Whenever I hear that word, Charlie, I picture the said substance, sometimes even smell it. That's why I refuse to watch TV any more. Don't people know any nicer expletives?"

He fell back in the chair again. "But can't you - ?"

"It's not my decision. And as your supervisor, I'm in a very touchy situation, too."

"Fucking cunts!"

"That's the real problem, isn't it?"

He stared at her blankly.

"Isn't that what you need?"

During the next few hours Jill learned a lot about Charlie, not the least of which was what his muscular build, bronze eyes and gravelly voice could do to a woman no longer bound by workplace ethics.

After he had emptied his desk they went for a drink. His 'macho' shield remained firmly in place, but the beer made it more transparent. Jill soon learned that his total sexual experience consisted of guilt-ridden masturbation and a few quick encounters with guilt-ridden girls. Charlie believed those girls had made a big sacrifice and had done him a favour. He and his current girlfriend,

Regina, planned to marry, but until then she was 'saving' herself.

Jill found some amusement in that, but it explained his sloppy work. With the wedding date more than six months away, Charlie did not think he could wait. To make matters worse, Regina was holidaying in Bali and trying to decide if parting really did make the heart grow fonder.

"Your fiancé has every right to do what she likes with her body, Charlie. It may be she just doesn't need you in the same way you need her."

"But isn't there some way to make her hot for me?"

"Believe me, she probably already is. But some people can't admit to their true sexual urges, even to themselves. Why don't you find a girl who's comfortable about her sexuality and likes sex for it's own sake?"

"Because I love Regina. And I'm not saying she's not sexy. Sometimes we nearly go all the way. She just doesn't want me to screw her until we're married, that's all. When we tie the knot it'll be cool.

"Screwing's something you do with a screwdriver, Charlie, not with a woman. And tying the knot doesn't change people's character. Talk to a few middle-aged men; half of them have mistresses or go to prostitutes because their wives don't give them what they want. And it's not much that a man wants is it?"

Charlie did not answer. Jill fixed her eyes on his. "He wants to fuck with the lights on. He wants his wife to adore his cock. He wants to see her fingers folded around it. He wants her to caress it and suck it and crave to have it inside her at every opportunity. He wants to come in her mouth. He wants to see his semen dribbling down her chin; to see her

licking it off, swallowing, and loving it. He wants to adore his wife's cunt. He wants to look at it, sniff it, suck it, taste it, drink its juices. He wants to fuck in the shower, in the garden, on the kitchen table. He wants his wife to do the seducing now and then. He wants her to get on top and fuck him until she's crazy with pleasure."

Obviously, Charlie had never heard a woman talking like that. He did not seem to know how to respond, but Jill knew the response in his pants would be substantial. She reached under the table. Her fingers stroked, then squeezed firmly. "That is what a man wants, isn't it?"

He nodded.

"Then why settle for anything less? You know the saddest part? Many women want exactly the same things. But most people only admit to what society says is acceptable. They're worried about being seen as perverted. They don't ask for what

they want because they think they'd lose respect. They think their partner would reject them, so they ask someone else. They have secret affairs, or the men buy sex and the women live their lives through TV soaps.

"If Regina appreciated her own sexuality and yours, you'd be having all the sex you need. If she thinks she has to save herself now, she'll always be saving herself. She's afraid to let go. When she does let you fuck her it'll be just that - she'll be letting you. Just like with those other girls, you'll feel like Regina's doing you a favour. And she'll think she's doing you a favour, too. Favours aren't gifts, Charlie. Favours have to be repaid.

"People who fuck as a favour are whores because that's using sex as a currency. 'I give you sex; you give me love, loyalty, security.' It's prostitution. Not that I've got anything against

professional prostitutes. For them I have a lot of respect."

Charlie did not seem to hear most of that. He still claimed the girl loved him, and insisted there must be some secret key that would unlock her passion.

"There is, Charlie. Don't you get it? She thinks it's all about love, but it's really about security. Her cunt is her greatest asset, a valuable commodity. You have to earn your way into it by committing your life to her. But that's just the start, afterwards she'll keep inventing other ways for you to earn it."

"Isn't there anything I can do?"

"Other men could, yes. Anyone but you."

"Why! What's wrong with me!"

"Nothing. Other men can come and go, but Regina's chosen you for life. She's made a big investment. If she weakens, all of that training goes to waste."

"Training?"

Poor boy. He insisted Regina's attitude would change if only he were more experienced. And so Jill offered to share with him everything she knew about pleasing a woman sexually. There was only one condition:

"I can't just tell you, Charlie. I'll have to show you."

His face turned red. "You mean - cheat on her?"

"Cheat?" Jill laughed. "Give me an Americanism; I'll give you a misnomer." The boy, had no idea what she was talking about.

"Clichés like that are charged with prejudice, Charlie. How can you cheat someone out of something they say they don't want? Regina's torturing you and she calls it love. I'm thirty, happily married. You're nineteen. I'd love to fuck you, that's all."

Charlie did not speak for a moment. He began perspiring very heavily. "If I do it, can I have my job back?"

"Your job's gone, Charlie. I'd be crazy to suggest this if you still worked with Pearce and Partners."

It was just a few days until the Australia Day long weekend. Jill's husband had to work through, but if she went away for a few days he would not go sexless; he would have a good time with Evie.

Hearing this, Charlie first looked confused then astonished.

"It's okay. Evie's in the same boat as you. She adores sex, but the man she's about to marry rates it somewhere below horse racing, soccer and alcohol - all sex substitutes. Evie's smart enough to know her shyness isn't helping. After a weekend with Allan, she'll know how to take what she wants. That should widen the young man's horizons. If not, Evie'll be looking

for someone more suited. Allan and I like to help young people get off to a good start."

After a few more drinks and a few more under-the-table squeezes, Charlie had convinced himself that if he were to spend the weekend with Jill it would be as much for Regina's good as his. He also decided that what she did not know would not hurt her.

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Early on Saturday morning they loaded Charlie's old Monaro with camping gear and set off along the Hume Highway. Just east of Echuca they stopped for lunch. Afterwards, when they were filling up with petrol, a leathery faced farmer overheard them asking the attendant about good camping sites in the area. The farmer offered to let them drive through

his property and set up camp on the bank of the river.

Several kilometres from the farm house they found a secluded spot: a grassy gully surrounded by shoulder high blackberries and bracken ferns, and shaded by knurled old River gums.

Before they even got around to pitching the tent, Jill peeled off Charlie's clothes and her own. She spread out in the grass and summoned him to her.

"Can I just look first? I've never seen a cunt close up."

Touching and probing, sniffing and tasting, he examined every fold and furrow, then while he watched, she masturbated to orgasm. Following her directions, he gave her another orgasm with his fingers and mouth. He did very nicely until penetration, then he rammed away as though he would never get another chance. He seemed terrified that Jill might change her mind and leave him

on the brink. Girls had done that to him before, more than once.

It was all over in a minute or two. Charlie came with a grunt, stood up and reached for his shorts.

"Hey. Where are your manners?"

"What?"

"Do you leave the table while everyone else is still eating?"

Jill spent the next few hours teaching Charlie to be sensual as well as sexual, then at about three in the afternoon they went for a swim.

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More magpies had joined the first but their warbling was not intrusive. Jill sat up and stretched luxuriously. The sky was still the deepest blue. Her breasts and stomach bore the imprint of criss-crossed grass stems. She leant over Charlie, deliberately letting one nipple hang close

to his lips. He flicked his tongue around it. Jill let him suckle for a while, then she stood up and walked a few steps along the river bank.

"Come over here. I've got something to show you."

When he joined her, Jill splayed her knees, then with both hands, she held her pubic lips open and urinated.

"Fucking unreal! Hey, it's getting all over your legs. Aren't you supposed to squat down or something?"

"This is more fun."

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In her hotel room at the Bali Hilton, Regina lay on her back on the bed. She glanced at the clock on the wall. It was 8.45am. Her breasts and stomach glistened with sweat. A pillow elevated her hips. The dark-haired American, whom she had first met beside the pool

less than an hour before, knelt gasping between her legs. Carefully, he slipped the condom off, tied a neat knot and threw it into the waste bin beneath the writing desk.

He came from Colorado and his name was Calvin. She knew nothing more about him except that he had a lovely penis and knew how to use it. He sat down beside her. "So, what part of England did you say you're from?"

"Not England, Australia. Melbourne."

"How's your boyfriend feel about you coming up here alone?"

"I didn't say I had one."

"Is he a good lay?"

"I wouldn't know."

The American laughed. "You're gonna marry the guy, and you don't know!"

"Who said anything about marrying anyone?"

"I've been here three weeks, babe. I can pick 'em."

Regina's cheeks burned. "We're waiting, all right! Charles and I want our wedding night to be special."

Calvin chuckled, then he kept staring at her with an annoying grin. Regina's eyes avoided his; she pushed the pillow aside and closed her legs. "This is different."

"But it's what you came here for, isn't it?"

"It's really none of your business."

"I've watched you score a different stud every day, sometimes two. And Friday you had two together. Oh, man, that must be something! How's it feel to have one up your ass and one up your cunt?"

"Male fantasies are disgusting."

"Artie and Jay are my buddies, babe. You picked them up. And you begged for it, remember?"

"In their dreams."

"How about it, tonight, want to try three?"

"No thanks."

"Poor old Chuck."

"I've got needs."

"Course you have."

"But I can't let him think he can have my favours whenever he likes."

"Favours, hm. 'Course not. So, join me for breakfast?"

"No. Please leave."

"Lunch?"

"No!"

Calvin slipped on his shorts. He leant down and kissed her thighs. "This is for you and Charlie, a wedding present."

Regina's legs fell apart.

The American left her on the edge of orgasm. As the door clicked shut she looked down and, there, sticking out of her vagina, was a fifty dollar banknote.

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On Sunday morning Jill and Charlie massaged each other with baby oil. They spent a long time rubbing each others shoulders and buttocks and chests and thighs, then more time pampering each others genitals. Whenever the pleasure became too intense, they eased off or stopped altogether.

Jill suggested a walk along the river bank. Every time she bent over to admire a native flower, Charlie helped himself from behind. Whenever Jill felt like it, she knelt and sucked. Their explorations did not take them far from camp. They would walk for only a few minutes before Jill would take him standing, her arms hooked around his neck, or he would sit and she would squat astride his hips or stand moving on his mouth, or he would take her crouched with bottom raised and breasts swinging in the grass, or draped

on her back over a mossy log or grassy knoll.

They brought themselves to the brink again and again but stopped each time without coming. By midday, after being constantly aroused for more than four hours, Charlie had learned that the prospect of orgasm became all the sweeter from waiting.

While they sat on the rug preparing lunch, Charlie picked up a banana. He did not peel it. Jill noticed him smoothing off the end with a knife. She stared at the banana then glanced at his penis. It began stirring again; expanding in little jerks. She watched it creeping up his thigh until it was big and hard and pointing skyward. Her clitoris twitched and tingled. Her vagina opened and closed and salivated. It was a beautifully big banana, smooth and long and thick. Charlie watched her eyes.

"Charlie, are you thinking what I think you're thinking?"

"Have you ever - ?"

"Any woman who says she hasn't is probably lying."

"Well, you said I should be more imaginative."

Jill had been slicing a tomato. She put it aside, lay back in the grass and opened her legs.

"You really are one horny bitch."

"Charlie! You really must watch your tongue."

"Oh, cool! Your cunt's all open and juicy - Is cunt okay?"

"Cunt's nice."

Charlie tickled her anus and licked her vulva. He began sliding the banana between her pubic lips, then, while sucking her clitoris, he worked it in slowly, a little at a time.

Jill closed her eyes, savouring the stretching sensations. It felt even bigger than it looked. Much bigger.

"Charlie - ?"

"Don't look yet."

Much, much bigger!

"Charlie, no! That's for the salad!"

It was not painful. It was not even uncomfortable. She had tried a cucumber before, but never one as fat as this. It had twice the girth of Charlie's penis and the amount of it inside her felt half as long again. Her groin made a mountain around it. She watched the lips stretching like rubber bands, making her clitoris press down against the top surface. Charlie started to slip it out, but Jill's pelvis rose with it. He hesitated. "Are you sure?"

"Yes!"

He withdrew it completely.

"No - " Her vagina felt desolate. "No, just for a minute, leave it in."

Jill spread her legs wider and planted her feet in the grass. Charlie pushed the cucumber back in. Her hips rocked up and down while he slid it in and out. The surface felt smooth, with tiny bumps and

undulations. Her clitoris responded as each one slid under it. Jill heard herself crying out for more.

Charlie laughed. "How about the big end?"

She had to laugh, too. Even in the midst of her rapture, she knew he was joking. She hoped he was joking. She hoped he meant it.

Her clitoris pulsed hotter and hotter. Her body began convulsing and pitching. The ebbing of one surge of pleasure rose immediately to the peak of another. Somewhere in the middle of it all Charlie changed the cucumber for the banana. Jill protested but by then she did not really mind. While the banana slipped in and out he suckled at her clitoris, exactly the way she had taught him.

After twenty minutes, her thighs ached from being spread for so long. She needed to rest but was not fully sated. While she lay flat on her back catching her breath,

Charlie peeled the banana and took a small bite. Jill watched wistfully.

Suddenly, his eyes lit up. "Oh, yeah."

He pushed her legs apart and shoved the banana back in, but he soon found that a banana can take only so much bucking and squirming and squeezing. When it broke into mushy pieces he slurped them out of her.

While Charlie poured them both a drink, Jill lay in a daze, fondling her clitoris with one hand, examining her vagina with the other. It felt very, very open, and very empty.

"Is it okay?"

"Pretty hot."

Charlie's eyes lit up again; she knew what he was thinking.

"Charlie?"

"Imagination, remember?"

The bottle hovered above her vagina, then tilted. The iced water seemed to seep

all the way into Jill's stomach. She almost came again.

Later, while they ate their salad, Charlie was too busy enjoying the cucumber to notice where Jill's gaze was aimed. Giggling, she grabbed his penis, stretched it towards her until he had to follow, then stuffed it into a wide-necked fruit juice bottle. The shaft promptly stiffened until the rim of the bottle hugged tightly.

"Fuck! How are you going to get that off?"

"Easy."

She worked the bottle back and forth. The partial vacuum created with each backstroke made the captured portion of Charlie's penis grow even bigger and the fit of the bottle even tighter.

"It's not working." There was a shade of panic in his voice. Obviously the stimulation was not enough to give him an orgasm.

"You'll just have to keep it on until it goes down by itself ... or we'll just have to - "

"No way! We're not smashing it."

Jill reached for the drink cooler and scooped up a handful of ice. That did the trick, then she rolled the cold shaft between her palms.

"Poor little thing. We better warm it up a bit."

She tore the top off a container of strawberry yoghurt. Serving as a spoon, his penis proved quite inefficient. However, once erect again, it performed far more effectively.

Jill ate painstakingly slowly, licking and sucking every bit of yoghurt from the trembling tip. She made sure that Charlie did not have a full ejaculation, but the last of the yoghurt was garnished with swirls of pearly white.

He seemed a little embarrassed when she dipped her finger in and gave him a

taste, too. Then she crouched between his legs and flicked her tongue around and around until he could stand it no longer. Charlie pushed her onto her back and shoved into her roughly. Jill rolled him over and knelt upright. He had been such a good student she thought he deserved a very special serving of 'woman on top'.

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When Regina arrived home from Bali, her heart had grown fonder but Charlie's had not. She soon found herself a new fiancé and set about saving herself for him.

Charlie found a new job and set about practising his new-found skills with Evie, the girl who Jill's husband had helped while they were away. Evie had overcome her sexual shyness, but her ex-boyfriend still preferred soccer and beer.

One day, Jill phoned Charlie to invite him and Evie to dinner. When she asked Charlie which vegetables Evie liked most, he thought for a moment, then laughed. "Cucumber. She goes fucking crazy about cucumber."

END.