**A Few Good Girls Ch. 04**

by [little\_asian\_cherry](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1112657&page=submissions)©

**A Few Good Girls Ch. 04-01**

**Part 1**
I woke up with my arm laying across Jess's tanned stomach. During the night we must have thrown off the blankets, because we were now laying on the hide-away bed without anything to cover our nakedness. I was on my side with my leg over one of Jess's, and Jess was on her back, legs apart. I lay there for a moment, gently pulling her blond hair out of her face, her thigh pressed up against the quickly warming space between my legs.

I hesitantly climbed off the futon, cinching my straight, black, Asian hair behind my ears and smiled as I noticed that she still had the vibrator laying between her open thighs. I put on Wanda's bathrobe, letting it hang open around my C-cups, and went into the bathroom to brush my teeth. After that, I headed into the kitchen. Jess was still sleeping, her smooth-shaven, 18 year old crotch well exposed to me as I passed.

Wanda was waiting there, already dressed. She was wearing the button-up top and pants we'd bought yesterday, only with underwear this time. The top had been too tight for her large D cups when we got it, and now the neck was missing buttons down to just past her bra. I glanced toward her room for John and she caught my inquisitive look.

"John already left. I thought he said bye to you guys when he went to the bathroom." She raised her eyebrows, moving a few wayward strands of red hair out of her face. Of course he went in there. That's probably how we actually lost our blanket. At least he had plenty to look at.

"I guess we didn't notice him," I looked back toward the living room as Jess came into the kitchen, still naked. She yawned and stretched, her tan nipples little more than subtle circles on her sexy little A cups.

"Ahhh. Morning!" She smiled at us and crossed to the sink, looking out the window as she opened cupboards likely in search of an empty glass.

"What do you guys wanna do for breakfast?" Wanda asked as I sat down across from her at the table.

"Gosh, I don't know... Oh, hello there!" Jess paused her search to start waving at someone out the window. Wanda coughed and I started laughing.

"Uh, Jess, you know you're naked, right?" Wanda pointed out, helpfully.

"Oh, I'm sure he doesn't mind!" She glanced over at Wanda and smiled out the window, waving some more. "Come wave, Cindy."

"Uh, does that guy look in your windows a lot?" I looked at Wanda.

"Well, sure, I know him," Wanda shrugged, "I usually wave too, to be honest. I'm not typically naked, though."

"Does he ever, like, look in at night?" I looked toward the living room.

"You mean like last night..." Wanda trailed off and got up. She waved out the window in a neighborly fashion and then glared at Jess. "Jeez, he's grinning and giving me a thumbs up. He can definitely see in the livingroom window, too, you know. Okay, you guys go get dressed. I'll fix breakfast." Wanda tried to shoo Jess and I into the bedroom, but Jess ignored her after she happened to glance up at the last cupboard she'd opened.

"Whoa, Wanda, where was this last night?" I'd been heading to get dressed as Jess said this and looked in the cupboard now to find a healthy stash of booze. A very healthy stash. "Last night coulda been much more fun if you'da said something!" Jess added.

"Oh, you two had plenty of fun last night without any liquid courage, now go get dressed!" Wanda shut the door to the liquor and gave Jess a shove out of the view of the window.

"Okay, okay, I'm going..." Jess scooted into the bedroom and I followed after her.

I slid out of the bathrobe and tossed it on the bed. "I can't believe that guy saw us last night." I searched through our clothes, which were still on the floor.

"Oh, he prolly didn't see much," Jess dismissed my concern, "Can't see through that window very well, I'm sure. Prolly just some perfectly sober, scantily clad Wii." She was sitting cross-legged on Wanda's bed, watching me toss aside clothes, comfortable in her total nudity. I guess I was naked too, and I was pretty comfortable. Jess has that effect.

"The fact that you stroked off her boyfriend lends her argument a certain credence, you know." I paused and she seemed to ignore me. "Anywho, I guess I'll wear these daisy dukes we bought." I picked them up and went to paw through Wanda's underwear drawer. "I don't really wanna wear those bikini bottoms, though, they kinda ride up if you know what I mean."

Jess nodded. "Go without. You did yesterday," She smiled devilishly at this. I shrugged and shimmied into the tiny shorts, leaving the fly casually open.

"It looks much better without the girl fur poking out," Jess commented as she hopped off the bed and picked her dress up off the floor.

"Well, thank you," I smiled at her, "I think it's actually a lot more... un-slutty if I don't have anything showing out of my way-too-low shorts, almost as though they aren't way-too-low! I guess panty-free is the new prudish..." My rationalization seemed to work on a conscious level, but somewhere under that I was already starting to feel that today would end up a lot like yesterday. Of course, that wasn't a bad thing.

I picked up the bikini top we'd also gotten the day before and put it on, tying it on backwards and spinning it around to face the right way. I found the tube top from the rest of the clothes on the floor and pulled it over my head. By the time I'd gotten it to fit right around my boobs, you know, not showing too much skin or too terrible a line from the bikini top, Jess was already dressed.

"That was quick." I scanned her for bra and panty lines, which were suspiciously absent. The dress wasn't sheer enough to tell if she was wearing anything under it, and with her tan nipples and shaved crotch it would be really hard to tell anyway.

"Dresses are much less annoying to put on than tube tops," Jess headed back to the kitchen and I followed.

"I've decided we're going out to eat. And for leaving our clothes at the theme park, you're buying," Wanda glared at Jess, "There's a great little bagel shop a few blocks away. We can go there."

"I'm fine with that," Jess smiled, "On one condition: we play the game."

"I'm down for it," I nodded, looking at Wanda.

"Well, if you two want to, I guess I can," She shrugged, letting a slim smile escape. Maybe she enjoyed yesterday's fun more than she wanted to admit to us? "We should prolly even up on clothing here before we head out, ya? I've got four things on... Um, I may be in the lead there."

"Ya, I don't got four, just three," I patted meaningfully at my bare crotch, a little startled by just how bare it really was as my fingers made contact with the soft flesh just above the top of my slit. I looked over at Jess, who nodded with me.

"I don't have four either, looks like you're losing something. I'd go with the bra," Wanda's bra was fairly uncovered with that shirt on, and taking it off would not only expose most of her tits, but give them good opportunity to escape altogether. "But that's just me."

"Ya, that's just you. Psh," Wanda shimmied out of her jeans, then slid off her panties after them, "Commando it is." Wanda tossed the panties into the bedroom and stepped back into her jeans. Her large chest swayed rather ponderously as she tugged them back on, but her bra managed to keep the rest of her buttons safe for now. She grabbed her purse, and nodded toward the door. We followed behind her as she headed out.

"Hey, ya know what? Now we're all going commando!" Jess casually lifted the front of her dress, revealing her panty-free, clean-shaven crotch.

"Geez, Jess, go put some underwear on." Wanda rolled her eyes, pushing Jess back in the door.

"Okay, okay." She went back in while Wanda and I waited outside the apartment.

"So, now that we're playing again, who gets to go first?" I turned to Wanda.

"I think it's my turn to go first." Wanda smiled at me.

"Oh ya?" I raised an eyebrow at her.

"Ya. Let's see how easy you can flash your tits in that tubetop," Wanda nodded at my chest.

"What? Here? In this totally empty hallway?" This was pretty tame, even for Wanda.

"Ya, sure, why not. Might as well, while we're waiting," Wanda shrugged.

I looked down the vacant hall and reached under my tits for the edge of my tubetop. It popped over easily, taking the bikini top with it. My tits bounced slightly, my dark nipples poking out in the surprising chill of the hall.

"Nice!" Jess said, closing the apartment door behind her, and smiling at my tits. "Starting without me, I see."

"Yes, we decided it was Wanda's turn first this time." I started to stuff my tits back into my bikini top when Jess grabbed me with one arm, holding out a large, clear plastic water bottle with the other.

"Wait! I thought of a new, uh... dynamic!" She smiled as I took the water bottle, which was oddly room temperature, and left my bare tits on display. It felt bigger than it looked at first, and was surprisingly heavy. "We hafta take a drink while we're doing, you know, whatever we hafta do." She nodded.

"Like, it's important to stay hydrated kinda thing?" Wanda looked dubious, and I shrugged, screwing off the bottle cap.

"Just a mouthful will suffice, it'll hafta last for the whole game, right?" Jess grinned as I lifted the bottle and took a drink.

"Ack!" I coughed at the unexpected burn of liquor against the back of my throat, "Fuck, Jess!" I wiped a dribble of the harsh liquid from the corner of my mouth, before screwing back on the cap and handing the hefty bottle of booze back to her. "What is this? Vodka?"

Just for some quick context here, I'm not a terribly experienced drinker. I've had a beer here or there, and some banana rum once, but this was much stronger than either. Much, much stronger. Like, if Jess's tits were a beer, this stuff woulda made Wanda look flat.

"You know, I though 190 was illegal in this state, Wanda." Jess grinned pointedly at our friend as I just felt more confused.

"Aw, Jess, I hadta drive super far for that." Wanda's dismayed look was belied by her utter lack of protective action toward preserving the bottle.

"So it's good you're finally getting some use out of it!" Jess grinned.

I slid on the bikini and tube top as Wanda locked up. We headed over to the elevator while I fixed the annoying tube top properly around my tits again. I choked a little on the strong flavor still in my mouth, and realized that the process of fixing my top was only going to get harder as the morning progressed.

"Well, how are you going to get her back?" Jess asked, pressing the down button.

"I think I'd like to see Wanda show us how easily she can flash her tits." I smiled at Wanda, who rolled her eyes.

"Ya, right, this is gonna work." She started pulling the bottom of her shirt up, but it was too tight to fit over her rather large breasts without overly straining the buttons. She also tried pulling it open more at the neck and gave up. "I'm prolly just gonna hafta unbutton the whole damn thing."

"What is that now, like, two buttons?" Jess laughed as we stepped into the elevator, Wanda casually undoing the bottom half of her shirt front.

The door closed and I pressed the ground floor button, standing back to watch Wanda. She had gotten all the buttons apart and was just about to pull her bra down to pop her tits out when the elevator stopped on the second floor.

"Oh crap!" She said, pulling the front of her shirt together.

The door opened and a cute looking guy walked in with a little dog on a leash.

"Uh, hi Rich." Wanda smiled at the guy, who was surprisingly nonchalant about her attire.

"Hey there Wanda, having troubles?" He smiled back, his eyes only briefly darting to her chest.

"Um, just a little... Have you met my friends?" She gestured at me, then Jess, who was behind him now. "That's Cindy, and Jess."

"Hey there." We exchanged smiles and he turned around to face Jess. I looked meaningfully at Wanda and mouthed "Do it now!"

"Nice to meet you, Dick." Jess shook his hand, keeping his back to Wanda. "Can I call you Dick? I just love 'Dick.'" Wanda slipped her tits over the top of her bra and quickly pushed them back in as Rich stepped back into a corner of the elevator. The dog followed.

Jess shook her head and held out the bottle. Wanda gave a strained look, but Jess won out and she snatched the booze.

"Uh, that'd be fine, Jess was it?" Rich nodded, watching Wanda take the bottle and unscrew it as she stood with her shirt front dangling open.

"So, Rich, we were just headed out to get some bagels, what're you up to?" I stepped over next to Jess as I talked, trying to draw his eyes away from Wanda.

"Oh, you should join us, Dick!" Jess jumped forward at this, "It would be so much fun to have Dick for breakfast!" She smiled and Rich turned slightly away from Wanda, who popped down her bra with surprising deftness and took a hearty swig from the bottle. Her eyes drew wide as she struggled to slide her tits back in before coughing loudly.

"You okay, Wanda?" Rich looked back at her as she screwed the top back on the plastic bottle.

"Ya..." She wheezed, handing the 'water' to Jess and starting to redo her buttons. "The water's just... really good." She coughed hollowly and gave him a sheepish grin. "So, are you going to join us?"

"Actually, I've got to walk the dog, sorry girls." Rich stepped out first as the elevator opened on the ground floor. I grinned over at Jess and raised my eyebrows, gesturing toward Rich. His ass was spectacular. Almost as awesome as mine!

"That's a real shame," I said, Jess nodding in agreement, as I caught up to him as he stepped outside and casually ran my fingers down his arm, "Jess is buying, you know."

"I really can't," He turned down the sidewalk, "Maybe next time."

Wanda turned the other way. "I guess we'll be seeing you, Rich." She waved as we started walking off.

"We'll definitely have to see some more Dick later..." Jess whispered to me, smiling sweetly at him and waving. I cracked up a little at this, turning away from him to laugh.

"See ya." He raised a hand to us as he walked off with his dog.

"I guess it's my turn now, right?" Jess asked.

"Well, it's your turn to do what I say, if that's what you mean." I looked sidelong at her, wise to her tricks.

"Of course," She smiled coyly.

"What have you got for Jess?" Wanda asked, "Wanna see her tits too?"

"Sure," Now I smiled, though less than coy, "Let's see you open the top three buttons on that dress, Jess."

"That seems reasonable," She nodded as we stopped at a Don't Walk sign. Tucking our water under an arm, she popped open the buttons. It brought the neck of her dress down to just below her breasts, like Wanda's. Even with her small tits, her cleavage was a sight to see. If she leaned forward and let her dress go slack in front, her tits would probably be pretty plainly visible.

"No bra, I see," Wanda raised her eyebrows as Jess casually took a swig from the bottle, her utter lack of reaction to the liquid a clear testament to her years as a cheerleader, "Did you atleast go get panties?"

"Maybe," Jess started into the crosswalk as the light changed, "You'll just hafta wait and see."

"You know, if you lean forward too much, I can totally see your tits, like, super easy." I kept looking over at her chest as we walked, enjoying the sexy peeks at her little nipples.

"Ya, well, there's not much to see," Jess stuck out her tongue, "You guys both have way bigger tits. I'm so tiny," She frowned.

"Don't worry, when you hit puberty, they'll grow," Wanda laughed.

"Oh haha." Jess looked over at Wanda's tits. "You know what, let's show off some post-pubescent tits then. Unbutton that shirt the rest of the way and tie it in front instead. Oh, and you hafta drink while it's still unbuttoned. Before you tie it."

"Post-pubescent? That's a big word for such a young lady." Wanda smiled. She was definitely enjoying this already, or maybe that one little swig was as strong to her as it was to me. "Anyway, you gotta do Cindy first," Wanda pointed at me as I tried to act like I hadn't noticed her mistake.

"Okay, Cindy then." Jess looked at my tits, "Well, I guess you can fold your top in half. That'll look good." She nodded.

"Uh, what?" I furrowed my eyebrows, "It barely covers my tits as it is."

"You could always take it off. You're wearing that bikini top under it, right?" Wanda suggested.

"Ya, and you could take your top off too," I thought about it, "I guess it's better than just the bikini top." I played with the fabric around my breasts for a second before deciding how to fold it. I pulled the top hem down to meet the bottom and suddenly it slipped right off under my tits.

My heart jumped, but fortunately my bikini top stayed in place, so I was fine. I felt much more naked than with the tube top on, though. I pulled it back up and centered it over my bikini so it wasn't showing at the edges, my heart still racing slightly.

The tubetop didn't reach down to my ribs now, so not only did I have pretty wild cleavage above, but I had a bit of cleavage from below too. It was kind of fun to show this much skin out on the street. I mean, the tube top didn't really cover a lot more than the bikini, but it just felt safer. I was safe to show some skin in it. And, of course, the daisy dukes weren't covering much at all, but they barely crossed my mind.

"Okay, I think I'm good like this," I inadvertently took an overly large swig from the water and passed the open bottle back to Jess, coughing lightly. I grinned at Wanda, "Your turn."

"I still gotta tie the front of my shirt together?" She frowned.

"Nah, just lose the bra," Jess suggested.

"I think this top is a bit thin for that." Wanda stopped and faced a wall as she unbuttoned the bottom half of her shirt front.

"I dunno, you went without yesterday." I looked around, but no one seemed to notice the girl trying to discreetly undo her top. "It looked pretty awesome."

"I am, like, super jealous of your tits, Wanda," Jess agreed as Wanda finished unbuttoning her shirt and took a drink from Jess's bottle. Passing it back with a deep exhale, she tied it tightly across her tits.

"Okay, let's go in." Apparently we'd stopped just out of eyesight of the inside of the cafe. Wanda turned and went in.

"What, we're already there?" I asked, following her.

"Ya, well, I wasn't about to do that inside the cafe." She looked over to Jess, "Ha! You know what? It's my turn now! Get us some bagels, the ones on the bottom. Take advantage of your neckline and show off to the bagel guy a bit."

"Oooh, like I wouldn't have done that without you telling me to," Jess rolled her eyes and went over to the counter as I followed Wanda to a tall table in the corner, over by the front window.

Wanda sat with her back to the wall, and I took the seat mostly across from her, with my back partly facing the window. Jess would have to sit facing the glass storefront. In the barstool-style seats, she'd have a hard time keeping her legs together. Of course, Jess has always had a hard time doing that anyway.

I looked around the cafe as Jess flirted with the clerk, taking a casual sip from the bottle as she leaned over. Some older guy was reading a newspaper, maybe a professor from the college. Unfortunately for him, his paper blocked his view of Jess's current antics. Some grungy looking guy, prolly a student from the same school, was working on a laptop with his back to her and was sadly missing out too.

Wanda pointed and I looked at Jess, who was bent over almost double now. The hem of her dress had ridden halfway up her tight little ass, and her bare pussy lips were showing to anyone in the cafe who happened to look, which was just Wanda and me right now.

She kept pointing at different kinds of bagels on the bottom, while the bagel dude tried desperately not to stare down her dress as she bounced back and forth. She played with her open neckline, likely to give him a better view, prompting him to stare down her dress for nearly a minute. When she took another swig from the bottle, she tilted her head back and thrust her chest out, making the clerk lick his lips. It also made the back of her dress ride up just a notch higher, well past the point of unquestionable inappropriateness.

I smiled as he handed her three bagels and she whipped around without paying, coming over to us. He almost made to stop her, but instead just stared at her still-exposed ass as she walked across the cafe, the hem of her dress still resting up where it'd ridden. She passed the laptop guy, who took a double take and also watched her bare ass as she made her way over to us.

She set down the water and the three plain bagels she'd gotten, and fixed the back of her dress before sitting across from the front window. "I didn't know the bagels here were free!" She smiled, munching on hers.

"Normally, they aren't." Wanda smiled too, starting in on one.

"I think you broke him." I grabbed my bagel and glanced over at the clerk, who kept looking at us now. I flashed him a smile and he looked away.

"I try," Jess nodded, eating her bagel, "What've you got for Cindy?"

"Well, she's got the safe seat, with her back to the window..." Wanda thought for a second. "Oh, hey, how about you slide your short shorts down to show off that nice ass you're so proud of to any passersby?"

"Just for a minute?" I looked out the window, the street was empty right now.

"No, until we leave." Wanda took a big bite.

"Ooh, that's good," Jess smiled, "Do it!"

"Erm." I looked out the window. It still seemed fairly bare. It wasn't worth losing a piece of clothing to hide from no one. Just imagine what Jess might have in store later that I might need protection from! "Ya, okay..."

I lifted my butt off the seat and tugged my shorts over my ass, leaving them at the very top of my thighs. It covered me up just fine if you were in front of me and didn't look too close. I felt a shiver up my spine as I sat my bare skin on the seat. It was less than surprisingly enjoyable to have that little tingle dance through my body...

It was fun having the attention of that clerk, too. I glanced over at him again as I took my swig, and noticed the laptop guy look away to his screen as my head turned. We clearly had two attentive audience members.

"Well, now for you," I munched a bite of bagel as I thought about Wanda, "Let's see your cute little red landing strip! Undo the front of those pants and show it off!" With her back to the wall, she was facing both the clerk and the laptop guy, and they'd both get a good view.

"Until we make it back to the apartment," Jess added.

"Yes. It's tight enough around your butt that you should be fine," I agreed, "Definitely until we get back."

"Uh," Wanda glanced nervously at the two guys. Apparently she had noticed our audience as well. "How about not." Jess started to say something but Wanda cut her off. "I know, I know. I'll just go take off my bra," She stood up to go to the bathroom.

"Wait, where are you going?" Jess stopped her, "Take it off here."

"What? We took stuff off in the bathroom yesterday," Wanda whined, not sitting back down.

"Ya, but just for the first part. This is different, you know," I backed Jess up, "Take it off here."

"Okay, I'll undo my pants," She went for her pants button.

"Whoa there, missy," Jess stopped her again, "Not this time. You turned down the offer. Let's have the bra."

"Definitely. No backsies," I nodded and took a bite of my bagel.

"You guys are super lame," Wanda sat back down, glowering. She looked over at the clerk, who was pretending to clean something, and reached back to undo her bra. She slid the straps down her shoulders and over her arms, only moderately disturbing her tied-together shirt front.

She pulled the bra down and off, tucking it into her purse, and tucking her shirt back around her breasts. "At least I won't be forgetting this anywhere..." She shifted her now bra-less tits in her top and glanced back at the two watchers, who quickly pretended to not be watching.

"And two drinks." Jess gestured at the bottle.

"Oh, what ever." Wanda grabbed the liquor and took a swig, letting her face screw up in response before she took a second with a similar reaction.

"You better have something awesome for Jess," Wanda grumpily bit into the last of her bagel.

"Well, I suppose the obvious thing would be having your legs kept open out the window," I thought aloud.

"Great idea. Already doing it." She casually gulped a mouthful from the water, her nonchalance almost making me forget the burning sensation still in the back of my throat. "Now, I've got something really awesome for you!" Jess grinned.

"Wait, no, that wasn't my thing, you can't..." I looked over at Wanda, who glared at me, bra-less. "Uh, okay, right." I had already lost this argument. I didn't have any good ideas anyways.

"Okay, I want you to take your shorts off, put them on the table here, take a drink, then put them back on like they are now as fast as you can!" Jess was obviously very pleased with that one. For some reason, I was not.

"That's a terrible idea!" I knew I should be shocked. I mean, my bare ass mostly hidden by my chair was one thing, but I felt that this one should seem totally crazy. The problem was that it didn't. Still, I felt I should err on the side of caution. "You can't do that," I shook my head, but inside I puzzled over why.

"Let's have your bikini top, then." Wanda stuck out her tongue.

"Jeez, what you had to do wasn't even nearly that bad," It was my turn to glare at her.

"Well then, this'll make us even," Wanda offered, finishing off her bagel.

"Ya, okay, whatever. I'll just, um, I'll lose the tube-top then." I slid it hastily down to my waist and blinked at my bare chest as the bikini top went with it. I grinned a little in surprise and tugged up on the bikini, but as I did I felt the straps fall loose in back. I tried vainly to retie it around my tits, but couldn't work my hands through my own giggling. I grinned and tossed the bikini top on the table, tugging the tubetop back over my bared chest.

"There. We're even, right?" I smiled and pulled the bottle over for an unexpectedly unsteady swig as Wanda picked up the bikini top and stuffed it into her purse.

"Yes, I think that makes me feel much better." Wanda smiled at me now, and I gave her a dirty look which rapidly faded into another unexpected giggle. She stared at my giggling, then smiled across at Jess, who raised her eyebrows.

"My nipples aren't visible through this tubetop, are they?" I strained to see my chest, pulling the fabric tight against my nipples, then looked up at Jess and Wanda. "Cuz, you know, they're so dark and all..."

"Nah, you're fine." Jess probably wasn't lying. At least, it didn't seem that way. "Now, if we want to talk visible nipples..." She looked over at Wanda's chest.

"Oh crap." Now Wanda strained to look at her tits. "Ug, they're really really easy to see, aren't they?" She looked up at us, distraught. "I shouldn't have tied it so tight."

"Well, I'll give you a hand. For your thing, just let me retie your top to hide your nipples." Jess was being awfully generous after what she'd asked me to do. I wouldn't've trusted her, but Wanda kinda didn't have any more clothes to lose at this point.

"Uh, well, you'll hafta cover them up more, right? That's what I'm agreeing to here?" Jess nodded reassuringly. "Um, ya, sure, you know what? Go ahead." Wanda turned toward Jess, which also faced her more directly toward our two attentive audience members. "Besides, what am I gonna do, take off my pants?"

"Great!" Jess smiled. I shifted my bare butt on the smooth seat and pulled the water bottle to my lips, taking a drink without thinking and staring at the bottle in blinking surprise.

Jess pulled at the knot Wanda had tied in her shirt, untangling it in just a few tugs and exposing Wanda's tits. The healthy D cups were totally free now, blocked from view only to people with large newspapers in front of their face. Jess pushed the open sides of Wanda's shirt well out of the way.

"Uh, do you mind?" Wanda covered her boobs with her hands, frowning.

"Yes, I do." Jess swatted at Wanda's hands. "You need to take a drink." Hesitating, Wanda took her hands away, looking around the cafe at our audience members and smiling nervously. She took the open bottle from me and swallowed a mouthful, again followed by a long exhale before setting down the bottle of clear liquid.

"Tie it." Wanda sputtered as the strong liquor caught up to her. Jess tugged at the bottom of the shirt, then fumbled slightly with the corners. "Uh, Jess?" Wanda looked down quizzically.

"Haha, just having a little more trouble tying knots than normal..." She tugged at the shirt again, and tied a slim knot just below Wanda's breasts. It left the fabric loose across her chest, and it might have been the booze talking, but it actually looked pretty good. Not terribly secure, but really very nice. Provocative-like, but not slutty. Okay, maybe a little slutty.

"You know, I actually like it." Wanda nodded, setting down the bottle and picking up the last of her bagel to finish it off.

"Once more, I am awesome. And even when I'm a leetle tipsy!" Jess grinned, glancing over her shoulder at our audience to gage their impressions. I looked up, and they certainly seemed... impressed. "Now, let's see your vengeance!" Her happy grin met Wanda's appraising gaze as Wanda scrunched up her face thinking of a good idea.

"Well, no one's walked past, so I guess I'm going to ruin the thing Cindy made you do. How about you show off your ass to our friends here." Wanda nodded to the three guys in the cafe, and the clerk nodded back before looking suddenly embarrassed. I giggled. "Just bunch the front of yer dress up between your legs or something and keep it up in back."

"You know, you're really right that, like, no one has walked by to see my little show." She nodded as she casually lifted her feet onto the seat of her chair, my eyes scanning down to her bared pussy as I caught myself liking my lips. I shook my head and grabbed the bottle, taking another unnecessary swig of the strong liquor. But I still couldn't help but stare. Who could?

"But, you know, I think I can do both!" With her feet on the seat, she lifted her butt a few inches up and pulled her dress back and up, now totally baring herself from the waist down. She dropped her legs now, still casually splayed toward the window, and messed with the material for a long minute until she got it to stay. I think the clerk dropped something right when she started, but he didn't seem to want to bend down to pick it up.

"Well, you know, I guess that'll work too." Wanda shrugged and Jess took the bottle from me, downing another deep, yet totally nonchalant swig. "Now, for Cindy, let's see those shorts on this table!" Wanda said rather loudly, smiling over at me as Jess set down the bottle and grinned.

"You know what's gonna happen to you now, don't you?" I tried to raise an angry eyebrow, but my excited smirk betrayed my true reaction.

"Oh, I'm not worried." Wanda smirked back, almost laughing. "They've already seen plenty of me. Heck, they've seen more of both of us than you, really."

"What, they've seen Jess's butt? Don't be stupid, I'm showing more skin than you two combined." I furrowed my eyebrows honestly this time, glancing between their two relatively well-covered bodies.

"Well, they're about to see some more. Either strip off your shorts and put'em on the table long enough to take a drink, or strip'em off and give'em to Wanda until we get back," Jess said.

"Oh, don't worry, I'm strippin'," I said a little more loudly and inexactly than I'd meant to, "And, uh, puttin'em back on, too." I corrected.

My shorts were already off my ass, so I scooted my chair back with a few noisy scrapes that sounded loudly through the room and lifted my knees to my chest. Angled precariously with my bare skin on the edge of my seat, I pulled my shorts up in front of me, down my thighs. Unfortunately, the awkward angle and my (very) slight intoxication caused me to fumble with them and fall forward, catching myself on the table as my shorts dropped down from my knees and onto the floor.

"There!" I said after a pause, "My shorts are off. Gimme a drink!" I smiled and leaned forward, spreading my legs wide for balance as I reached for the bottle from Jess. She was protecting it during my endeavor, and passed it across the table now, twisting off the cap. I pulled it to my lips with my right hand and threw my head back to take a big gulp, leaning slightly forward on my left hand, which was propped on the chair between my legs.

The sharp liquid caught in my throat and I coughed loudly as my mouth filled, causing it to spill down my front. I quickly pulled the bottle away and upright, handing it back to Jess as she scrambled to take it from me before I spilled it. Laughing at myself, I wiped the cool fluid running down my front with my hands, finding the trail reached from the corners of my mouth all the way to my tube top, which now had rather significant wet areas.

I patted at the dampness on my breasts, causing them to bounce rather significantly against the abrupt motions of my hands, and giggled. I looked up at Jess and Wanda, who grinned at me as I looked past them and saw I had the unabashed attention of all three men in the shop now. The newspaper guy, who had until this point been seemingly oblivious to our little show had set his paper down and was smiling at me jovially. I returned the grin awkwardly and looked down at the floor for my shorts.

I slipped off the chair, stumbling slightly on my uncooperative, and totally bare, legs. I bent forward, keeping my legs together and my ass to the window as I grabbed my shorts and stepped in to pull them on. I pulled them up to my thighs, the bald front of my admittedly very hot and very wet pussy still showing to everyone inside and my bare ass to everyone outside and looked up at Jess.

"Table!" I shouted, pulling them back down quickly and reaching up to set them on the tabletop.

"And you hafta drink again while they're on the table, too." Wanda added generously. I nodded, taking the bottle again from Jess. Standing bottomless in only a tight, slightly damp tube top in front of three staring men I downed a mouthful of the formerly-caustic stuff surprisingly easily before handing the bottle back to Jess.

"Tada!" I grinned at the store in general, holding my arms wide before reaching over and grabbing the tiny shorts. I fumbled slightly pulling them on, taking a few stumbling steps sideways toward the middle of the shop. I pulled them up to my thighs again, pausing once more with my bald pussy and bare ass on display, and looking up at Wanda.

"Do I hafta sit the same again?" I asked, pointing to my bared skin.

"Yes. In fact, you should keep your shorts down at your knees now." Wanda smiled, and Jess nodded in rapid agreement.

"Oh, yes, that only makes sense." I furrowed my brow, slightly befuddled, but shrugged and sat down. I slipped my skimpy shorts down to my knees, where they only felt prepared to rest momentarily, and shifted in my seat, my eyes wide as I took a deep breath against the rising heady sensation clouding my consciousness.

"Hooo..." I shook it off and looked up at Wanda. "Okay!" I grinned, "I think you should wear your pants like I've got my shorts!" I smiled, glancing at Jess, who beamed at my suggestion. Wanda looked over at our captive audience and then down at her pants.

"You know what?" She smiled up at me, "Why the fuck not?" She grinned as she grabbed the bottle and took a healthy swig, letting it drain down her throat slowly before setting down the bottle to undo her pants. As she lifted her butt and tugged them down her thighs to let her bare flesh hit the seat of her chair, I looked over at our audience. They were most definitely still engaged. I couldn't see around the table, but I figured they could probably see her fiery little landing strip now, too. Well, maybe only Jess could see that. But skin-equity was getting better!

"Okay, now take your drink." Jess said, holding up the bottle for Wanda once she'd finished.

"But, Jess," Wanda smiled over at me like Jess was crazy, "I, uh, just did."

"No, you drank before you did your thing. You hafta drink while exposed, it's the rule." She held the bottle in front of Wanda, "Drink up!"

"Oooh, she's right!" I grinned at her as she reluctantly took the bottle and knocked back another mouthful that she let settle into a long, slow drink. After a deep breath, she grinned, opening her eyes wide and looking at Jess. "Ho-okay, then. Let's see what drunk Cindy has in store for you!"

I put the last piece of my bagel into my mouth and chewed it slowly. I swallowed, nodding. "Ya, okay. I got somethin'." I grinned. This one was good.

"Let's hear it." Jess certainly wouldn't back down to a challenge. Plus, you know, she'd lose her dress if she refused.

"You hafta do like mine, right?" My eyes went a little blurry as I pointed at her chest, and it occurred to me I was speaking much more loudly than normal. I blinked and shook it off, continuing, "Okay, you hafta do like I did, like takin' off my shorts and settin'em on the table. Only with your dress." I grinned as Jess looked back at me, a little surprised.

"Wow, Cindy, that's..." Jess smiled at me, "Awesome! Nice!" She grabbed the bottle and took a swig, knocking it back quickly with a grin.

"Hey! That doesn't count!" Wanda chastised.

"I know. I'm just, uh, steeling myself, you know?" She slipped off the stool, her dress still folded up around her waist. Her bare ass to us, and her bare beaver to the three men, she face our audience and cleared her throat.

"Ahem!" I don't really know why she cleared her throat, she already had their attention. "In the words of my favorite squirrel, 'And now, here's something we hope you'll really like!'" She reached down and pulled the slightly-stretchy fabric up her body, slipping it over her head with an ease of experience and total nonchalance imbued only in part by the booze. She turned her back to them and tried to casually set the dress on the table, stumbling slightly sideways in the process. She steadied herself and picked up the now almost half-empty bottle, taking a hearty drink.

Setting it down, she picked her dress back up and turned back around, giving our audience another long look at her front as she clumsily worked back into the dress. She let it rest bundled around her neck as she worked her arms in and pulled her hair out, leaving her tan little breasts and the rest of her likewise totally-tan-line-free, smooth-shaven body uncovered. She finally dropped it down and looked at it for a moment.

"This is inside out!" She pulled it back off over her head again, and turned her naked form only a little sideways to keep in sight of the cafe members as she held the dress in front of her and oriented it properly. She slipped it on again, this time right over her shoulders to bunch up around her waist, and wound her arms out. She left it bunched up, still totally bare below the waist, and sat back down.

"I think," She said, pausing to quickly chew on the remaining bite of her bagel, "I think that we should prolly get going soon." She tilted her head at the guy with the laptop, who'd turned it around. I squinted at the screen and the little video that appeared to be playing looked suspiciously like a webcam recording us.

"I think you're right." I nodded, looking over at Wanda, "Ready?"

"Sure, let's get moving. I'm happy to pull my pants up, at least." Wanda agreed, standing and holding up her pants at her thighs with her finger and her thumb, turning rather blatantly to give the webcam a good shot of her carefully manicured landing strip.

"Nah, you should walk back like that." Jess smiled, slipping off her chair as Wanda looked over her back to check out her bare ass.

"You think I could?" She twisted, still occupied with her own bared behind. Jess grinned over at me deviously and reached for Wanda's pants. Wanda wasn't really looking and certainly wasn't holding them up very well, so when Jess tugged at them, they came down easily.

"Oh psh." Wanda turned quickly forward and glowered at Jess. "Har dee har har." Her anger quickly faded to a grin as she crouched to pull the pants back up, popping them over her butt but leaving the zipper down, stealing a glance to make certain the webcam had caught her. Wanda smiled up at us as Jess grabbed the booze.

I twisted off my own chair to follow, stumbling as I remembered the shorts around my knees. I straightened my knees and bent to get them, losing my balance as they fell to my ankles and I fell on my wrists, my bared butt up in the air. The sudden motion caused my breasts to jostle rather unhappily against their meager bonds.

"Ack!" I cried, spreading my stance by stepping out of the shorts. I'd spun toward the window with the fall, and my ass was pointed at our three friends and the webcam. With the angle of my hips and the spread of my legs, it briefly occurred to me just how good a shot that camera probably had of my recently-shaven snatch.

I dropped my knees and pulled myself back up as Wanda and Jess stood out of the way of the camera, giggling quietly at my drunken stumblings. I turned toward the camera to avoid another spectacular angle and stepped back into my shorts, bending down to pull them up.

"Fuck." I pulled and they wedged at my thighs as I realized they were backwards. I wriggled back out of them, my breasts swaying awkwardly with the motion. A little more awkwardly than they should have. I looked down and realized that when they'd jostled against their bonds during my fall, their escape attempt had apparently succeeded.

I squinted at my bared tits, standing sullen and feeling a little defeated for a moment. I looked up at the laptop and realized I'd drunkenly stumbled into a pretty decent spot for the apparently high-definition camera to capture me in incredible detail. Then, holding my shorts in one hand, the other on my naked hip, and my breasts still totally exposed, I laughed inwardly and smiled up at Jess. "I suppose I should take a drink, eh?" I grinned. She laughed, handing me the bottle.

"Drink up!" She smiled as I did, handing it back and wiping my mouth. I grinned at the camera, shivering a little with the strength of the booze. Dropping the shorts at my feet, I reached up and fidgeted with my top. I was too drunk to even stand steadily, and it was proving more than a little difficult to get the tube top to stay on happily while folded in half. I managed it, but it felt... precarious. Very precarious.

Then I turned my back, intentionally this time, and stepped into the shorts the right way front. I bent down as straight legged as I could, which was less straight than I'd wanted, and pulled them up to my thighs, just low enough to provide one more spectacular shot.

Perhaps it was the booze, perhaps it was the rather entertaining morning we'd been having. Perhaps it was the camera pointed straight at my bare ass. I don't know. I do know that I cocked my hips to a wide stance against the tension of my shorts and smoothly and almost irresistibly slid my hand between my legs, spreading my hungry pussy lips with two fingers.

"Mmm..." I sighed inwardly, surprised at the heat, and pressed a single finger into my flesh. It slipped in without resistance, and I gasped both at the sensation and at the unexpected amount of wetness. I sighed again and the cafe fell away as I stood there in that awkward position, sliding my finger in and out of myself with increasing vigor, falling forward onto my other hand, but keeping my legs locked to stay in the shot.

"Time to go, Cindy." Wanda's voice came to me from far away and I stopped, biting my lip as I pulled my finger out of my pounding pussy. I whined softly, aching for more as I stood up. I looked at the three men, who stared at me and my still-bare butt, then I looked down at the camera. I smiled, my pussy still tightening, hopeful for more, and licked the dripping wetness from my finger.

I finally looked over at Jess, who clapped. I giggled and popped my shorts back over my butt, walking over to her as she started cracking up too.

"It's kind of a shame, but I think your web spectacular has to be over." Jess grinned at me. Wanda shook her head.

"Well, this one is!" I said, making Wanda crack a smile.

"Let's just hope we can make it home without Cindy ending up totally naked." Wanda said, her tone a little more playful than usual.

"I think," Jess replied, "that she was just seizing an opportunity." She smiled at me, "Is that right?"

"Well," I smiled back into the cafe at the three men and the camera, and stepped out the door after Jess, "Maybe I was simply converting a crisis into something better."

**A Few Good Girls Ch. 04-02**

**Part 2**
We came out of the bagel shop after an interesting breakfast and turned toward the street corner to see Laura waiting for the light to change. In her running shorts and tank top, she was practically more covered up than Wanda, Jess and I combined.

You see, we'd come out to get bagels while playing a ridiculous game Jess had invented the day before. At this point in the game, Wanda had lost her bra and had her tight button-up top tied in front of her, while her pants zipper was down showing off her fiery red landing strip and her total lack of panties.

I was wearing skimpy daisy dukes with nothing underneath and the front of my shorts was fully open by this point, just like Wanda. I was also wearing my new tube top, only folded in half with nothing under it now, giving me cleavage both above and below my perky C-cups.

Jess was atypically dressed the most conservatively of our trio, still wearing the only piece of clothing she'd started with, a seemingly modest button-up dress. A discerning eye on her open neckline easily picked out glimpses of her bare A-cups under it. It was still unbuttoned all the way past her well-tanned breasts from the walk out. At least it wasn't still rolled up above her waist!

The real winners in this game were clearly the guys in the bagel shop. And anyone who gets to see that video of me...

"Hey there, Laura!" Jess waved as we all came up to the Don't Walk sign.

"Oh hey!" She waved, a few beads of sweat on her forehead in the warm morning sun. "What're you guys up to?" She smiled in a friendly way as her eyes clearly caught the less-than-subtle clues in our attire that suggested we weren't just out for a leisurely stroll.

"Oh, I'd say tops, probably, eh Jess?" I grinned, sliding my arm around Laura's waist and playing absent-mindedly with the elastic of her shorts. She was wearing a loose tank top, the sports bra securing her large D breasts showing through clearly underneath. As I slid my fingers in her shorts I found what felt like plain cotton panties.

"Heh, ya. I think we're about done with undies. Hand'em over, Wanda." Jess held out her hand and Wanda pulled out the scant two items of underwear the three of us had left with this morning. "Yup, here's Wanda's bra and Cindy's bikini top. I, of course, have no such unnecessary garments!" Jess grinned, pulling on her unbuttoned neckline to briefly bare one of those well-tanned breasts to Laura and the street in general.

Laura raised an eyebrow. "I imagine the strong odor coming from Cindy's rather crooked tube top has played a role in this?"

I pouted. "Jess! She thinks I'm skanky!" I didn't take my arm from around her, though, and by this time my fingers had found their way to rest nicely inside the hip of her panties, with my thumb hooked out over her waistband.

"Oh Cindy, today we're all a little skanky, aren't we Wanda?" Jess smiled back toward her as the light changed and we headed across the street.

"Well, some more than others, but yes." Wanda nodded, reluctantly conceding skankhood, "Of course, the way these pants are acting I feel a little more so than I might care to..." She grumbled as we walked.

"You could just take them off." Jess suggested, helpfully.

"Riding up?" Laura asked, looking over to Wanda. "My shorts always ride up when I run and I get just a super-annoying camel-toe wedgie going on."

I looked down and laughed at the tight fabric betraying the slit between her thighs. "I hadn't even noticed!" I slid my free hand down and ran my fingers over it, tracing the slit. Laura looked quizzically at Jess.

"Don't mind her; she's just a little... frisky." Jess grinned and I laughed, pulling my hand away from Laura's crotch.

"Maybe just a teensy bit..." I smiled as my other hand pulled Laura's shorts and panties down about an inch to better squeeze her butt.

"So, what prompted all of you to spontaneously shed your underwear?" Laura placed a hand firmly on mine to keep her shorts from dropping any lower. "... As little as there apparently was..."

"We had to, them's the rules." I smiled, happy to be helpful.

"Sounds like interesting rules." She smiled back at me.

"Oh, Jess, we should let her play!" I finally pulled away from Laura and grabbed Jess's arm, making my most pitiful puppy-dog eyes.

"You know, why not?" Jess shrugged and looked over at Wanda.

"Seems reasonable to me." She tugged on her pants again.

Laura looked at us suspiciously, "I don't imagine I get a say in this, do I?"

"No, don't be silly!" I grinned.

"Oh well, I was tired of running anyways." She smiled, glancing across at Jess's hand holding the bottle and the bras. "Think I can get a drink?" I giggled. She clearly hadn't put two and two together between the smell of my top and the bottle of "water."

"Drink up! It's important to stay hydrated." Jess handed the bottle across to her and she opened it and tipped it back without so much as taking a whiff.

After a sputtering cough, she looked across at Jess, wide-eyed. "Jesus, Jess, I actually though this was water!" She glanced at me and continued, "Of course, I don't know why."

"Still, you have some catching up to do. Drink!" Jess nodded at her and Wanda shook her head.

"I'm not really much of a drinker, but, you know what?" She smiled at me, "Why the hell not?" She exhaled before tilting the bottle back again. She downed about a third of the remainder, which was no small feat, before pulling it away.

"Whoa..." She shook her head, holding out the bottle, which Jess snatched along with the cap. "Whoa..." She stopped and took a few deep breaths. "Maybe doing that immediately after a run wasn't a great idea..."

"We can hang out her for a minute if you need a break." There was a bench for a bus stop nearby and Wanda sat down, "I'm tired of holding my pants up anyways. Plus, the busses don't run this early Sunday mornings."

"Well, I think I'll be okay, but I do need to stretch." She nodded and walked up to the bus stop sign and started stretching her calves against it.

"I'm almost positive alcohol is significantly less effective when you're dehydrated." Jess offered as Laura lifted her leg behind her for her quads.

"Right, I'm so sure." Wanda rolled her eyes. "Anywho, Laura, if you're going to play, we should probably explain how."

"Why? It'd be so funny to play if she didn't know!" I grinned as Laura bent forward for her hamstrings. I had the sudden compulsion to walk over and grab her butt, but shook it off.

"Well, I think she should at least lose two pieces of clothing." Jess suggested. "You know, to catch up."

"Nah, she should just go once for each of us first, by then she'll probably be caught up." Wanda said.

"Her very admirable drinking should count for something." I bit my lip and walked over behind her. She was still bending down, this time for her ITB.

"Hi." Laura looked up at me around her twisted legs. I smiled back and gave a little wave.

"Ya, okay, but what if she does what we say in order to teach her the game then, how's that?" Jess said.

"I presume I have to do whatever you day?" She said, looking back at my nod before standing up, "Then I think you all should do whatever I say after that."

"Sounds perfect!" I grinned and Jess nodded.

"Alright then, Wanda," Jess gestured toward our sitting friend as we all stood around her. "What should Laura do first?"

"I think she should start with what we all started with today." Wanda smiled, getting up. "Let's see those tits!"

"What?" Laura frowned, "That's stupid. Like, right here on the street? No!" She shook her head, walking off as we followed.

"Great!" Jess smiled at me as I giggled, "Let's have your shirt!"

Laura stopped. I giggled again. "She's learn-ding!" Wanda even cracked a giggle at the look on Laura's face.

"Oh." Laura nodded. "Well then." She frowned for a moment.

"It'll be fu-un!" I grinned at her and she bit her lip.

"I am still wearing a sports bra..." She looked up. "And I get to do the same to you guys?" We nodded and, after a final hesitation, she pulled off her shirt. Her healthy bosom bouncing only slightly as she jostled her sports bra, she handed the top to Jess who wrapped the other bras up in it. "What next?" She smiled.

"I still want to see her tits." I said, with an abruptness that startled even me.

"Alrighty then," Jess smiled at me, "I guess that's Cindy's thing for you." Jess looked at Laura expectantly. Laura bit her lip, then grinned.

"Seriously?" She sighed. "What have I agreed to... Okay..." She dug her fingers under her sports bra and looked up and down the bare street. She bit her lip again and lifted, flashing her quarter-size, light-pink nipples for the briefest moment before covering them back up.

"Oh no, Laura, that's much too quick." I shook my head at her. "It's gotta be more like this." I popped my top down easily off my tits, baring my breasts to the street without hesitation.

"And you hafta drink!" Wanda pointed out helpfully.

"Oh, ya, you hafta drink while you're still doing the thing." I nodded as Jess held out the opened booze. I blinked at it and shrugged, grabbing it and taking a healthy drink. I handed it back and tugged up my top. "Now, you get a free retry." I smiled at Laura and she bit her lip.

"Hmm..." She slid her thumbs under the bottom of her sports bra and tugged it up, popping out her pink nipples again. "Alright then, gimme the drink!" She grinned at me and I grinned back.

"It seems to be stuck..." Jess frowned, twisting her arm around the cap. "I can't get it!" She handed the bottle to me, "You try."

I grabbed it and it spun easily and I smiled. "Ya, it's on tight, how'd you put this on here? Jeez!" I mocked straining against it, handing it to Wanda with a knowing glance.

"Um, guys, can I cover up now?" Laura furrowed her brow at me.

"No! You know the rules now, cover up and you lose something else." I glared at her and she sighed, looking down at her still bare chest, then worriedly down the luckily still bare street. "Looking good, though!" I smiled.

"You guys are jerks, here you go Laura," Wanda handed the open bottle to our captive and Laura returned my glare. I giggled.

"Hoo, this stuff is working quick..." She stumbled slightly and Jess deftly grabbed the bottle from her hand as she outstretched it for balance.

"You okay?" I caught her as she stumbled toward me, my hands hungrily groping at her bare breasts almost of their own accord.

"Ya, I'm good!" She smiled at me, standing fine on her own, my hands still on her breasts. I squeezed and she giggled. "Stop that!" She batted at me playfully, tugging down her sports bra.

"Aw, they're so fun!" I pouted, grinning.

"I'm glad to see the booze is having the same effect on you as it has on Cindy here." Wanda raised her eyebrows, "Though, rather rapidly."

"Ya, you prolly shouldn't drink quite that much right after a run, with your heart pumping and already dehydrated and all..." Jess nodded. "You live, you learn, eh?" She smiled. "Now, whose turn is it, then?"

"Hey now, wait a sec." Wanda shakes her head. "I don't think that particular baring of breasts should actually count." She stopped walking, and we stopped with her.

"Don't I get to judge that?" I looked at her quizzically.

"I dunno, you did just repeat Wanda's thing. She should definitely get to judge it too." Jess nodded.

"I never realized showing my tits was so... complex!" Laura's face was a picture of genuine surprise. I couldn't help but giggle.

"She needs to shake'em. Here, I'll demonstrate it properly." Wanda verbally italicized the 'properly' as she popped up her tied-together shirt front, baring her large, D cup breasts. She shook rapidly side to side, causing her hefty bosom to sway with a soft, liquid jiggle. "It's all in the shake, see?" She took the bottle Jess offered and downed a quick swig, breasts swaying all the while. "It's the jiggle that counts!" She jiggled a second longer as a final demonstration before tugging the shirt back over them.

"I see!" Laura nodded, readily pulling up on her sports bra this time, "Like this?" She bounced up and down slightly, causing her breasts to repeat the motion.

"No, I think the side to side is really important, like, for making it last." I shook my head, "Here, let me help." I reached over and pushed gently but forcefully on the side of her left breast, knocking it against her right. "Like Newton's Pendulum!" I grinned.

"Oh Cindy, you're such a nerd!" Jess laughed, "How's that, Wanda?"

"While drinking!" Wanda held her finger up pointedly.

"Oh ya!" Laura took the bottle from Jess and attempted to knock back a swig while shaking her chest side to side. She certainly got the movement down, but she seemed to have some trouble with the booze. She wiped the stray liquid from her neck with her free hand as she passed back the bottle. "There." She grinned at us and turned to start walking a crooked line. We exchanged a few glances and followed.

After a short pause, Wanda kindly mentioned: "You know, you can cover back up any time."

"Oh, crap!" Laura looked down and laughed, tugging the sports bra roughly back over her bared chest. "Haha, this drink seems to be working!" She grinned. "Now what do I do? Jess's turn, right?"

"Yes, yes it is." Jess smiled as we came around the last corner to the apartment. "I know you already stretched and all, but you didn't really show off one of your very nicest features!"

"My butt!" Laura blurted, causing Wanda and me to laugh.

"Yes!" Jess grinned. "So, I say, let's see that hamstring stretch again, only with some more skin this time!"

"Or, at least, the important bits of skin." Laura nodded, agreeing. "Okay, I think I can do this one properly the first time!" She grinned and turned around to face us. Standing there in plain view of the street, she shimmied down her shorts and panties before bending forward, a sharp thong tan-line drawing an arrow down to the very tip of her smooth-shaven slit.

Jess circled around behind her a looked down appraisingly. Head upside down, Laura stared back at her, hopeful.

"Well, it's pretty nice, but I'm not sure this is quite what I had in mind..." Jess shook her head and Laura visibly slumped, still hanging there. "What do you think, Cindy?"

I crossed around behind Laura and licked my lips at her sexy round butt with its thin thong tan line across the top. I reached over and gently ran my fingers along the smooth skin, tracing along her sexy curves with a feather-light touch, causing Laura to visibly shiver. "It's definitely nice." I smiled, squeezing the firm flesh gently. "But I think you need to show her the proper, cheerleader method of the hamstring stretch!" I grinned at Jess, who beamed back at me.

"I think that's exactly what I should do!" She placed her hand on the top of Laura's bared ass and looked at me seriously. "Cindy, you are not to let Laura up until she's showing as much as or more than I am, is that understood?"

"What if she passes out from hanging upside down forever?" I gave my most worried look, which at this point was a passing car away from uncontrollable laughter.

"Then take her clothes and let her sleep." Jess grinned and I giggled. She turned and stepped next to Laura, bending down knees locked, still easily touching the sidewalk with her fingertips. With the motion, her dress naturally lifted up, totally baring her tight, well-tanned and well-toned ass. Her feet start working apart until her palms rested flat on the sidewalk and her bare, bald beaver was easily seen from behind.

I sighed inwardly, my eyes locked on the soft flesh, only realizing I was already gently running my hand over her supple skin when Wanda coughed loudly. I froze, my fingers just inches from the tantalizingly warm space between her thighs.

"I just thought you were the judge here, Cindy?" Wanda raised her eyebrows.

"Well, in that case..." I let my other hand rest gently on Laura's bared ass, giving both her and Jess a friendly squeeze. I grinned and Laura giggled.

"Am I showing enough yet?" I hadn't even looked at her after Jess had bent down, but I when I did I saw that she'd spread her legs as far as the shorts at her thighs would allow, giving me just a peak at her bald little pussy.

"Hey, Wanda, since Cindy's the judge, you should get down here and do this too, so she has a good baseline for Laura's performance!" Jess looked up at Wanda where she stood in front of us, tilting back slightly against my hand as she did.

"I'm fairly certain my pants would fall off entirely if I let go of them for something like this." She shook her head, content just to watch me fondle Jess and Laura.

"That's a great idea!" Jess said, deftly swinging upright, stepping away from my hand. I pouted, but she continued, "Pull your legs back together!" She said to Laura, who readily complied, her bared butt still pointed at the air. Jess tugged down her shorts and panties to her ankles, pulling up on her calves. Laura stepped out of the bottoms, still bent over double, but now totally naked save for a sports bra, out here on the sidewalk.

Her sleek runner's legs completely bare, she shifted her stance wide, "That's a great idea!" She said, spreading still wider, her hips lowering down as she did. Her clean-shaven pussy came readily into view, and more so as her back arched and she continued to drop. I bit my lip, holding back the urge to run my fingers along hers. I watched them split gently as she dropped low enough for her palms to lie flat.

"Gosh, I certainly had to drop farther than I expected!" She smiled up at Jess and I, looking back between her legs, under her bared, open, glistening pussy. I bit my lip again.

"Oh, hey Dick." Wanda said almost completely casually, looking behind Jess and I. I looked back, stepping to the side and totally exposing Laura's compromised position to Dick. Our apartment-mate from one floor down was apparently taking his little dog for a walk. Notably, Dick was a guy I wanted desperately to fuck.

I glanced back at Laura's bare pussy as she smiled up at Dick from underneath it. I ran up to him and gave him the kind of friendly hug that presses your tits so hard into a guy you're certain your nipples left an indent. My arm still wrapped around him, I cuddled in close, turning to grin at Laura.

"Uh, hi. What's up?" He managed, tearing his eyes away from Laura long enough to realize she wasn't the only one whose clothes were in some measure of disarray.

"Mostly just Laura's ass right now." Jess grinned, gently patting it.

"Ooh, I think that's all the bending over I can handle..." Laura slipped forward onto her knees before standing up, her cute butt well complimented by the motion.

"Booze!" Jess and I both yelled as Laura gasped.

"Dangit!" She sighed, turning around and showing her smooth-shaven, bare pussy to Dick as she stood there, giving him a much more conservative angle on it than when he first came up. "Well, I guess I failed anyway, huh?" She shook her head. "You'll just hafta keep my shorts, then." Jess handed her the panties and she awkwardly tried to push her feet into them, stumbling into Wanda with the effort.

"Do you girls often remove your underwear outdoors?" Dick asked Jess and I as Wanda helped Laura into her panties. Jess held up the bras.

"The bikini top is mine." I grinned up at him and his eyes flashed to my poorly affixed tube top. The hand around his waist gently worked its fingers into the loose band of his shorts, slipping as easily into his boxers as they had Laura's panties.

"What, you didn't lose your panties?" He raised an eyebrow at me as my fingers squeezed his tight butt, my thumb still resting on his waistband. I grinned up at him.

"Oh, Laura here is the only one with any panties." Jess said, nodding to the smiling, drunken girl standing in her underwear. "And we're working to fix that!"

"Oh, ho ho, not just yet!" She grinned, holding up a finger, "Now... now it's my turn!"

"Turn?" Dick looked over at Jess, reining in gently on his dog's leash.

"That was Jess's turn, that's why you got such a spectacular view of my vag just now." She nodded.

"Ah, so this is why Wanda was having those... uh, issues with her shirt this morning." He nodded knowingly.

"Yes, but you very sadly missed her wonderful tits." Jess gave him a forlorn look, and glanced expectantly at Laura.

"Oh noes! You missed Wanda's tits! And she's the tits expert!" Laura turned suddenly toward Wanda, who cracked a smile. "You simply must show him the proper form!"

Wanda laughed, "I must, must I?" She turned to Dick and, grinning, lifted up her top, swaying her breasts skillfully side to side, giving them that subtle jostle characteristic her ample bosom so perfectly captures. She dropped her shirt-front back down and turned to the door, "Shall we head in?"

"Wait a second, wait a second." Dick shook his head. "Now, I think you forgot something there, Wanda!"

"Oh did I?" She smiled back at him, glancing curiously at me.

"Oh my gosh, you did!" Laura pointed accusingly, "You didn't drink!"

"Off with her shirt!" Jess joined in, and I laughed, my thumb slipping off Dick's waistband, and my hand dropping entirely into the backside of his boxers to give his butt another ever-enjoyable squeeze. He failed entirely to complain.

"Well," She hesitated, looking at her chest. "Darn." She reached down and pulled the shirt over her head with some effort, tossing it to Jess and stepping inside the apartment building. Jess caught it deftly and followed after her.

"Aw, I have two more of you to do before we reach the second floor!" Laura complained, following after. I slipped my hand out of Dick's pants and stepped in next, looking back to conspicuously eye his rather evident erection. I giggled as he caught me looking and we followed the others over to the elevator.

"I'm surprised you didn't notice Cindy's outfit this morning," Wanda said, one arm modestly across her chest as we waited. "It has been, until now, easily the most revealing."

"Oh, I did." Dick nodded, smiling. "I particularly like the shorts!"

"Not her tits? Her tits look great!" Laura asked with the kind of nonchalant honesty that made me feel kinda really good about my rack.

"I dunno about her tits, I haven't had the opportunity to see them just yet," Dick shrugged and Laura giggled.

"Oh, you will." Jess grinned at me, and I licked my lips at Dick's similarly conspicuous downward gaze.

"Yes, you really ought to have a chance." Laura grinned. "Cindy, take your top off for a moment for our friend here!" She smiled at me and I smiled back as the elevator opened.

"That seems reasonable." I grinned as we started filing into the elevator. I stumbled behind, pulling my tube top over my head and tripping into Dick as I stepped into the elevator. I dropped my top and Jess quickly snatched it up.

"Maybe you should take a drink?" Dick smiled down at me, his eyes darting to my bare chest.

"Maybe I should forget to." I smiled back up at him, then turned around and took the bottle from Jess. I took a swig, leaning back against him, his stiff cock pressing against me. I licked my lips, handing the mostly empty bottle back to Jess. "You know, we're going to the beach later, if you like, you can come with. This can be my bikini..." I grinned as I felt his cock twitch against my back.

"I think you'd look great wet." He smiled as I took my top back from Jess.

"Oh, don't worry, she already is." Jess grinned and I kicked her.

I fumbled with the tube top, having unexpected difficulty finding an opening in the simple loop of cloth before tossing it back to Jess and leaning against Dick. "So?" I asked hopefully as Jess caught the tube top and proceeded to toss Wanda's bra, both my tops and Laura's shirt and shorts in a heap on the floor with a shrug.

"I'm sorry, but I really can't come this afternoon." He frowned down at me as I worked my hands behind my back to grip his stiff erection through his clothes. It was hard, but it certainly wasn't difficult... "Maybe some other time?"

"I should make you come..." I said, lifting one hand up and sliding it easily inside his boxers.

"You haven't yet?" Jess laughed, and I kicked out at her again, keeping my back pressed against Dick as my hand slowly sought out his cock.

I smiled as I grabbed the hot, smooth, hard flesh, licking my lips. I looked over at Laura. "Well, Laura, you've gotten both me and Wanda topless for Dick here, what do you have for Jess, then?"

"I think Jess should do the same as you, and show Dick her tits." Laura nodded, "There's just enough left in the bottle for her to drink it while I hold onto her dress for her."

I grinned as Jess nodded, agreeing. "That seems perfectly reasonable."

Jess reached down to the hem of her dress for another of her fantastic reveals when the elevator came to a stop. With my fingertips ever-so-slowly massaging the head of his cock, Dick must have forgotten about his dog, because it darted out of the elevator and down the hall as soon as the door opened.

"Oh crap!" He stepped out from behind me, Jess eyeing my hand slip out of his pants as he ran off.

"I'll see you around, girls!" He smiled back as he chased after the dog and the elevator doors closed.

"Cindy!" Jess glared at me, pulling off her dress, "You distracted him and he didn't get a chance to see my tits! Now I hafta lose my dress." She gulped down the last of the bottle, a playful smirk passing quickly across her face at me, but turning back into glare before Laura noticed. "I demand vengeance!"

"Oh no, Jess demands vengeance!" I say, very pointedly looking over at Wanda, who takes the hint and keeps her mouth shut. "You should explain how that particular rule works to Laura here."

"Yes, of course!" Jess's eyes darted from me to Laura, her face briefly a mask before popping into an abrupt grin as she started explaining this clearly brand new rule, "If a person doing a thing for another person fails because of a third person, they can accept the failure and demand vengeance in the form of..." Jess paused, thinking hastily.

"In the form of one piece of clothing from the third person!" I finished as Laura started to look suspicious.

"Right." Jess nodded. "And a thing to be done by the original asker for the avenged." She added.

"So I lose my shorts!" I smiled, popping them readily over my round little butt and kicking them into the growing pile that just gained Jess's dress.

"Why don't we all just get nekkid?" Wanda rolled her eyes as Jess snatched my shorts from the pile.

"In a moment." Jess nodded. "First, here's your thing to do for me." Jess handed my shorts to Laura, "Run down to Dick's apartment, via the stairs, and give him Cindy's shorts."

"That's it?" Laura shrugged.

"No. You hafta do it with only one piece of clothing." Jess added, and Laura nodded.

"I guess I'll lose my panties." Laura shrugged, slipping them off easily and tossing them with the rest of the clothes.

"And you should tell Dick that Cindy's not allowed to wear them for now, and he should hang onto them for her." Jess nodded as the elevator slowed. "Of course, this is just part of the longer term plan to get his cock into something of Cindy's other than just her hand." I smiled at this. She's such a sweetie sometimes!

The elevator stopped and the door opened to our floor. At this point, Wanda was topless, her large tits bared right down to their cute puffy pink nipples, her fiery red landing strip still showing out of her unzipped pants. Laura was bottomless in just a sports bra, her smooth, very wet little pussy totally bared, and Jess and I were completely, utterly naked, standing nonchalantly facing the door as it opened.

So when Ross saw us appear in front of him while stood there waiting for Laura, he was understandably surprised.

"Oh, Ross, there you are!" Laura smiled amicably at her mate. "Do you mind keeping my friends company while I run Cindy's shorts down to Dick?" She started off toward the stairs.

"Laura!" Jess called after her and she stopped, turning around. "I said only one piece of clothing!"

"I've only got one piece of clothing..." She looked back quizzically, "Or do my shoes count?"

"No, your shoes don't, but Cindy's shorts sure do!" Jess grinned and I laughed. I looked over at Ross, and he was still frozen, staring at our totally naked bodies. I'm not sure he even noticed me eying his tented erection.

"Nicely played!" Laura laughed, pulling the sports bra over her head and tossing it back at us. "Be right back! Do be a dear, Ross, and pick up our clothes for them. Thanks, sweetie!" She turned and headed for the stairs, her nice, bare, round butt looking spectacular as she did.

"So, Ross, what do you do for a living?" Jess casually slipped into small talk as he went into the elevator to pick up our clothes, bending over his erection as he gawked at our naked bodies.

"I, uh," He paused, barely managing to grab the pile without taking his eyes off us, "I work the register at a local specialty shop..." He managed.

"Do you get many totally naked customers?" I asked, gingerly gripping one encumbered arm as Jess took up the other.

"Well, actually, not..." He started.

"You'll be at work tomorrow, then?" Jess interrupted, "And where exactly is that?" She smiled sweetly, her eyes shooting me a sneaky flash.

"I, uh, I have tomorrow off..." He mumbled before Jess's suggestion sunk in. His eyes went wide. "Were you girls shopping like this?"

"Oh, no, don't be absurd." Jess shook her head, seriously. "We were eating out." She smiled as he stumbled slightly.

"Yup, eating out." I nodded, "I love to eat out. Had to take off my panties for that, though, haha!"

"Yes, Cindy was only bottomless while we were eating out... The getting naked was really a spur-of-the moment thing in the elevator."

"Except for Wanda?" Ross asked, glancing at her drooping pants.

"Oh Jesus Christ." She stopped in front of her door and shoved the jeans off, stepping out of them angrily and kicking them backward. "There. Now we're all totally naked. I hope you're happy, Jess."

"I am." Jess grinned as we all walked in, "Just toss those clothes on the floor in the living room here. I'm sure Laura will be back any moment. Have a seat." Jess pointed to the middle cushion of the couch. He discarded the clothes in the recliner and sat. Of course, rather noticeable parts of him were still standing up.

I sat to one side, and Wanda sat on the other. Jess just stood there in front of us, the clothes occupying the only other seat. After an awkward silence of him staring at the three naked girls surrounding him, he decided to try and make it more awkward.

"So, you all shave too, then?" His eyes moved directly from one crotch to the next, without bothering with such silly things as faces.

"Oh yes, and I'm quite good at it. Here, feel, I'll bet it's the softest, smoothest pussy you've ever laid your fingers in!" Jess grinned, lifting one leg onto the couch between Ross's knees, sliding it gently up between his thighs.

"Erm, on..." Ross mumbled as she took his hand and guided it to her crotch.

"Don't be silly, Jess." I grinned, turning toward him and lifting one leg up in front of me. I leaned back, raising my foot onto the back of the couch, spreading my thighs and baring my own crotch for him, "My shave is far smoother!" I reached for his other hand and guided it in. "See?"

"Well..." His fingers ran deftly and gently along the edge of my smooth-shaved lips, my wet pussy aching for him to push in. "I dunno, I think Cindy is a little smoother..."

I bit my lip and happened to glance across at Wanda, who was staring unashamedly at Ross's clear erection. "How about Wanda?" I asked, knowing he would have to pull away from Jess, keeping his fingers on my own pussy.

Wanda glanced at me and smiled. She pulled a leg up, and Ross pulled his hand of Jess and slid it up Wanda's thigh, gently stroking the smooth shaven sides of her crotch. I shivered as his other fingers still ran gently along my slit.

"Ya, I think you're smoother than her, too." Ross nodded, his fingers not leaving our eager beavers.

"This is totally unfair. We need an internal comparison!" Jess said.

"Yes!" I blurted, startling him, causing his finger to dip momentarily into my burning, wet slit. I gasped. "Yes... definitely."

"Whacha doin', Ross?" Laura said, her voice just above my head. I open my eyes, moaning in complaint as his fingers darted away from my hungry crotch.

"Oh, we were just killing time, is all. Keeping your man entertained." Jess smiled, her leg still propped between Ross's knees, her toes working their way up to the base of his little tent.

"He was appraising our pussies." I smiled up at her naked body, and she smiled down at mine.

"So I see. I think you and I should get back to our apartment, Ross." Laura smiled, seemingly only slightly perturbed by Ross's actions.

"Well, we were just about to do the internal analysis..." He started.

"Oh, yes, please, Laura, please let him do the internal analysis!" I gave her my best puppy dog eyes, but she was immune.

"And we haven't even discussed the criteria for the taste testing..." Jess added, plainly.

"I think..." Laura pushed Jess out from in front of Ross, dragging him off the couch by tugging down the front of his shorts and grabbing his very hard cock. "I think this needs to do an internal analysis on my vag." She turned and Ross closely followed the naked woman with a death grip on his cock to the door, wincing as she spun back around.

"Oh, hey, you know, this was awesome!" She beamed at us, and I noticed her hand gently bouncing on the hard cock sticking out of his shorts. "We have to do it again. Soon!"

"Oh, I'll be sure to invite you!" Jess smiled back.

"We'll go see a movie!" Laura suggested, waving with her free hand before heading out.

As the door closed behind them, Jess slouched onto the couch between Wanda and me. I wrapped my legs around her and her naked body fell casually onto mine, her head resting between my breasts. With one arm trapped under her, her free fingers began running little circles around the breast in front of her face. Though she acted more out of boredom than anything, she still sent shivers all down my spine.

Wanda sat and stared as Jess's finger swirled in slowly tightening arcs, approaching my oh-so-sensitive nipple. A slight look of shock had come over her face as what had just transpired started seeping into the still-sober portions of her brain.

Jess sighed, shifting slightly, her buried hand resting between my thighs. A soft, sharp intake of breath as her fingers slipped across the tip of my sensitive nipple caused her to look up at me and grin.

She licked her fingers and brought them back to the dark circle at the peak of my breast, still miraculously perky as I lay back. The wet digits skillfully teased the tender tip and I gasped again, louder this time.

"We should go for bagels every day." I mumbled. Wanda and Jess only laughed in reply.

**A Few Good Girls Ch. 05-01**

**Part 1**
"Well, as much as I'd love to watch you two have wild, kinky lesbian sex," Wanda said, pulling her naked body up off the couch, her large breasts swaying significantly with the motion, "It's about time we headed to the beach."

Jess, also naked, was sitting in the middle of the couch, and I, naked of course, was laying back with my legs wrapped around her. She was leaning over me, her blonde head resting between my presently very sensitive C-cups, and her spit-slick fingers working at my even-more-sensitive nipple.

We'd gone out for breakfast and one thing led to another and, naturally, we were all totally naked and I was incredibly horny. Of course, I'm often incredibly horny, but I think the booze somehow significantly amplified the effect! Heck, just having Jess's hand under her so near my already wet pussy was causing me no end of ache. And her free hand playfully fondling my nipple certainly didn't help.

"Are you good to drive?" Jess asked, pulling herself upright, abandoning my breast, her tan-line free little A-cups springing as she rose. I whimpered lightly and she glanced back down at me with a smile.

"Ya, I'm fine. I had less than you two. A lot less than Cindy." Wanda raised an eyebrow at me and shook her head, walking out and toward her bedroom. "Come on, let's get dressed."

"Let's go, Cindy." Jess said, her hand sliding up my thigh, toward my wet, hungry, waiting slit, "There'll be plenty of time for this... " She paused pointedly as she easily slid a single finger, still slick with her spit from teasing my nipple, fully into me, causing me to gasp at her touch once more, " ...later." She grinned, pulling it out as she stood and followed after Wanda.

I lay for a moment on the couch, still heady both from Jess's deft hands and the earlier booze, and seriously considered the prospect of just getting myself off real quick. I could slide a few fingers in so easily, and back out, and across my aching clit, and in and...

"Cindy, stop playing with yourself and get dressed." Jess rolled her eyes at me as she walked back into the living room and over to the recliner. After a second of digging through our discarded clothes from this morning, she threw my bikini top to me. "Come on!"

I held onto the top as she pulled me up off the couch. Following her still-naked body into Wanda's room, where our new clothes were stashed from yesterday's trip to the mall, I wiped my wet fingers on my leg, suddenly worried. It hadn't even occured to me I was actually doing that... Going to the beach in a skimpy bikini was clearly not going to end well...

"Jesus, you two, get dressed already." Wanda had her bottoms on and was messing with the straps of her top. As I looked at her, she seemed to be spilling out of the top somewhat significantly. And even in the relatively dim light of the bedroom, her fiery red landing strip shone easily through her bottoms, right above the somewhat pointed camel toe.

"Uh, Wanda, about your bikini..." I started, putting my top around my chest as Jess rooted through the bags for her own swim wear. Wanda had tossed them in the closet and Jess seemed to be getting frustrated at the clothes hanging in her way. She pulled out my bottoms and tossed them onto the bed.

"Ya, ya, ya, I know, it's riding up in my crotch and in my ass, and my stupid hair is obvious and the stupid top is too small." She sighed. "This is what I get for letting Jess convince me to rush out of there..."

"Ya, you're the one who really got the sucky end of that trip..." I glared over at Jess, now holding her own bikini in one hand, but still just standing there naked, looking at a short black skirt hanging with a white blouse.

"Can I wear this?" She grinned over at Wanda, "It'd be so... school girl-y!" Wanda rolled her eyes.

"No, you cannot wear my work clothes to the beach. Get dressed already!" Wanda roughly slid the closet closed, forcing Jess back.

"Okay, okay..." Jess wrapped the top around her, tying it quickly before bending down to slip into the bottoms, "I guess my bikini looks pretty awesome, anyways." She tugged the plain white bottoms skillfully into her butt, giving her a perfect little wedgie to show off its shape. The hastily tied matching top looked surprisingly securely strapped for something she'd wear, but I wasn't certain exactly how clingy the fabric might get when wet.

I picked up the eensy little g-string I'd ended up with and managed to twist it in every conceivable way, except the proper one, trying to get it on. I futzed with it until Jess took pity and easily fixed it, pulling the back up and into my butt crack with a grin.

"Well, that'll hafta do." Wanda shrugged and shooed us out of the bedroom. "Can you grab us some towels, Jess?" She said before correcting herself, "No, I'll grab them." She went into the bathroom and came back with a pile, which she handed to me. "Knowing Jess, she'd've come back naked with two hand towels and we'd've never noticed until we were halfway there."

Jess shrugged like we'd missed our chance and we all headed out and down to the car.

"I think you just date John for his nifty private beach." I said as we piled in. Wanda was of course driving, and I managed shotgun for a change. Jess sat in the back and leaned up between the seats.

"Well, we do fuck there a lot, it's true." Wanda said, pulling out of the garage.

"The sand doesn't bother you?" I shifted, the seat uncomfortable on my effectively bare butt.

"Nah, it's actually kinda comfy, molds to you, you know?" Jess said from the back seat, "Perhaps Wanda and John will give us a demonstration!" She grinned.

"Ya fucking right." Wanda stuck out her tongue. "Besides, John is bringing his buddy Nick, some surfer guy. Maybe he can help Cindy see it for herself!"

"Um, ya, I dunno about that one." I raised my eyebrow. The scratchy seat had been doing plenty to bring me down from my earlier state, but now my still-tipsy mind couldn't help picturing getting pounded by random-surfer-dude. I shifted again and the tiny bottoms slipped up my slit, roughly prying my lips apart. I swallowed hard, my eyes flickering. I had to stop squirming, this was bad.

I reached down, tugging the fabric out, my fingers hesitating as they brushed against my hot, wet flesh. I fought the urge and just pulled the bottoms back into place, bringing my hand back out to a safe distance as quickly as I could.

"I'll take him if Cindy's not interested!" Jess offered.

"No." Wanda replied abruptly, "He's for Cindy."

"What?" I looked over quizzically, mental picture still pounding.

Jess pouted. "Well, then I'll be lonely. Give me your phone and I'll call Dave."

Wanda grabbed her phone from the pocket in the door and handed it back. "Dave?"

"From the theme park." She sat back and started dialing.

"You mean that guy with the Chester the Molester mustache?" I looked back at her and she had the phone to her ear. Damnit, now it was Dave pounding the imaginary me. How could that ever be a turn on?

"Hey, I didn't hear you guys complain when you licked his cum off my tits! Oh, hi Dave, didn't realize you'd answered!" She smiled at me, "No, we're not talking about you." Pause. "Ya, they lick cum off my tits alllll the time." Pause, and my mental picture shifted to Jess's chest. I shook off another flicker as I pulled my sneaky hand out from between my legs. The beach was certainly going to be fun. "I do, I do... Hey, wanna come at the beach with us?" Pause. "No, I'm pretty sure I mean 'at'..."

It sounded like he was somewhat unsurprisingly interested in coming. She gave him the details, a few more lines of "Oh, you don't need to bring anything, I'm sure we can find something to stuff our faces with..." then hung up the phone and handed it forward. "He says he'll be there in an hour. He's gotta take the bus."

"What, is his super sweet moped in the shop?" Wanda glanced back at her, pulling over.

"We're already here?" I asked as Wanda turned off the car.

"Ya, and John and Nick won't be showing up for another hour either, so we've got the place to ourselves for a bit."

We weren't really parked at the beach. I mean, it's a bit cliffy in this area, so we were up from the beach, which wasn't exactly a beach, really, more like a small wedge of sand nested between two cliffs. It was a short walk through the trees to the path down, and the walk down was half a climb, but it really was nice one you got to the water. And it made it, you know, 'secluded.'

"Well, with an hour to go, I think I will work on my tan lines." Jess said, plopping her towel down on a large rock at the end of the path and deftly removing her seemingly secure, plain white top to bare her totally tan-line-free breasts. She dropped the top on her towel and her bottoms shortly followed. "Or my lack thereof, as the case may be."

I shrugged. I've always had something of a noticeable farmer's tan from always wearing t-shirts, a pretty clear line on my upper arm where the skin changes shades. Even though my skimpy bikini wouldn't really leave any lines more visible than that, I followed suit, smiling as I pulled that string out of my butt, sending a kind of surprising shiver up my spine. The darn thing got horribly twisted up in the process, but I just shrugged. "You know what, why not? We've got an hour, right?"

"Right!" Jess smiled as I popped off my top. I left my top and the twisted mess of my bottoms next to Jess's outfit and followed her down the beach toward the fire pit to go lay naked in the sun.

"Care to join us?" Jess looked back at Wanda, who was unrolling her towel between me and one of the logs around the fire pit.

"Nah, John likes tan lines." She said, laying down next to me.

"Then you should try to always tan in the same outfit. It makes'em sharper." Jess offered, to which Wanda gave a verbal shrug.

After a while, I got bored. I don't know why, but laying there, naked on my back on the beach wasn't terribly interesting. So my mind wandered. As I lay back, I pulled up my knees, spreading them out a little. Then I tried lifting them up and onto my chest.

"Ya, I can see getting fucked like this." I broke the silence, spreading my knees apart above me as I pictured the pounding again.

"I think someone needs to go for a nice, brisk swim!" Jess laughed and I glanced down at the water.

"We still got half an hour, go for it." Wanda caught my inquiring look.

"Skinny dipping it is!" I smiled, heading down the beach. I walked out there to find that brisk was certainly the word. The water gave me a chill as it sucked my feet into the sand, but it definitely wasn't too cold to swim. I made it out about thigh height when I glanced back.

Jess had gotten up and was putting on her bikini. I shrugged and kept heading out until I reached waist depth. The waves crashed against my stomach, and the splash of the surf felt great on the hot skin of my bare breasts. I dove forward and under the water, pushing out deeper with a few easy strokes.

I looked back again and Jess was gone. I frowned, curious, and swam lazily back toward the shore. Making the short trek up to Wanda, the hot sun felt so good on my wet, naked body as the cool water dripped off me, even though my hair was clinging annoyingly to my bare skin. I walked just past her, but didn't see Jess anywhere on the beach. Turning back toward Wanda, I cocked my head and my hips to the side and looked down at her quizzically, trying to gather up my disobient hair to wring it out.

"Where'd she go?" I asked.

"Oh, you're back? My phone rang and she went up to the road. Why?" Wanda didn't even open her eyes as she lay there, soaking in the heat.

"Geez, Cindy, just gotta show off, don'tcha?" I heard Jess behind me and turned, my hands still wringing out my wet hair. She was standing next to Dave, staring, wearing his trunks and a sleeveless white under shirt, at me, wearing nothing at all. The towels and my outfit were up at the head of the beach, well behind the two of them. My eyes widened at Jess, and my hands flew in front of me, covering my suddenly increasingly wet, clean-shaven crotch and my dark nipples, hardening in what was obviously just the chill from having my back to the sun.

"Jesus, Jess!" I gaped at her and Dave, his eyes scanning my barely-covered figure.

"As you can see, Dave, Cindy is now all clean-shaven, just like you!" I glanced down at the clear buldge in his shorts as they walked down to me. Jess giggled when she caught my eyes, pointing at his face, "Up here, cutie!" His goofy mustache was gone.

"Ah, so I see." I glanced back down at his buldge as the hand between my thighs felt the hot, slippery wetness along the edge of my lips. My head was pounding. Well, that is to say, there was some pounding happening, and, much to my dismay, it was all in my head.

"At least, I think that's all..." Jess looked at Dave's trunks suspiciously as the two of them walekd up uncomfortably close to poor, naked me. She reached out, slipping her hand down the front of his shorts. She looked thoughtfully into space as she groped around with unnecessary inefficiency then nodded at me, "Ya, just the face." She wholy neglected to slip her hand back out.

"Great to see you again!" He held out his hand.

My eyes moved from Jess resting calmly in his shorts to his outstretched hand. Jess rolled her eyes. "Come on, Cindy. He literally just saw everything. Why even cover up?"

I bit my lip. It really was no worse than what he'd seen yesterday. But still. I hadn't been shaved yesterday. I pulled my arm off my chest, hesitantly, and smiled, taking his hand. "Nice to see you again." I shook it firmly, his eyes darting between my bare chest and the hand I hadn't moved. "I suppose I ought to get dressed." I nodded toward my swimsuit sitting on the rock up the beach.

"No rush." Jess smiled, her hand still shamelessly checking his shave as I shook my head and walked around them. I hastily made my way to my swimwear and picked up the tiny bottoms, still twisted and tangled. I started unwinding them, my bald little beaver hidden with my back turned to Dave.

"I woulda started with the towel." Jess commented as they came up behind me, watching me grow increasingly frustrated with the thin, knotted piece of fabric.

"Oh ya, huh?" I accidently dropped the tangled bottoms and quickly bent over to grab them. I paused as I realized that, with my feet apart and my legs mostly straight, Dave just got a peak at the one thing I'd been mostly able to hide. I tried to shake the pounding out of my head, but that just made me stand there longer. Which just made the pounding worse. I was a deer in headlights.

I opened my eyes and looked back between my legs, my face peering through just below my well-exposed, hungry little pussy, and looked at Jess. "That's why you were fully dressed when he showed up and I was naked, right?" I felt a shiver, frozen in place with my hands resting on the bikini bottoms.

"You want me to strip?" Jess cocked her head at me. "Oh, I'll take it all off right now." She ripped her hand from Dave's trunks, the waist snapping back with the head of his very hard cock peaking out. She hooked her thumbs into her own bottoms and tugged emphatically down an inch or two, just a hair above baring herself.

"No, I wouldn't want you to be embarrased about your inferior shave." I looked down at the thong, just then noticing that I had my back very steeply arched, and that I was twisting my hips back, too. I hadn't even realized how hard my body was working to point my rapacious little pussy right at Dave. I made the clearly wise decision to keep it that way for as long as possible and started untangling the thong while still bent over.

"Hey, Ross said mine was smoother." Jess scoffed.

"That's not what I remember." I got the bottoms righted, stepped into them and straightening up. "Maybe we should ask for verification?" I grabbed the top and hesitated. With that self-same presence of mind and clearly deliberate modesty, I whipped around, smiling at Dave peaking out his shorts, who was smiling back at my bared chest. My heart was racing.

"We should!" Jess nodded agreeably. "Dave?" She pulled her bottoms down another inch and her clean-shaven slit came into view. She grabbed his hand and led it between her thighs, but even with Jess's softness to play with he seemed barely able to tear his eyes from my chest.

I pulled the top around my tits, struggling to tie it in back, and he finally looked down. "You know, I think my freshly-shaven lip is smoother." He smiled. "We should try rubbing them together."

Jess laughed, "You'll hafta compare to Cindy, too!" She grinned at him, then frowned at me as I sighed, fumbling with my top still. "Here, sweetie, let me." She offered, pulling Dave out from between her thighs. She tugged up her bottoms and stepped around me. "I guess we've oogled you enough already, I'll just go ahead and help put this on properly for you..." She said, deftly tying my top snugly around my chest.

"So I take it the busses are running a little early?" I said, finally dressed.

"No, it was actually a little late?" He shook his head, looking sidelong at Jess.

"Um, no? You weren't supposed to show up for another..." Now I looked sidelong Jess.

"Oops?" She grinned, spinning around and heading over to Wanda, who was still laying in the sun down the beach.

"I presume the nudity was her idea?" Dave smiled apologetically, casually shuffling himself back into his trunks as he turned after her.

"She certainly didn't stop me." We headed down the beach.

Jess patted a spot on the log next to Wanda and Dave sat down. Jess sat in the sand by his foot, barely fitting between Wanda's legs and the log. I plopped down on the other side of Wanda, my knees up in front of me as I sat my nearly effectively butt in the sand.

"So, I can see Wanda isn't as clean-shaven as the rest of us, eh?" Dave smiled. Wanda glowered.

"So, what did you bring for our picnic, Dave?"

"Um, Jess said..." He started, looking down at Jess.

"You brought everything I wanted." She grinned and lifted an arm up under his thigh to pointedly pat him on his still-prominent erection. She let her hand rest on his leg, pulling it gently over to her shoulder.

"And now you get to mooch just like these two." Wanda smiled slightly.

"And what did you bring?" I poked her arm accusingly.

"Apparently I brought the entertainment." She pulled up onto her elbows and nodded at Jess, whose hand, so casually resting on Dave's thigh only a second ago, had already worked its way up his baggy trunks. Jess just grinned.

"So, uh, when's everyone else showin' up?" Dave asked, his voice cracking as Jess's fingers plainly wrapped around his cock inside his shorts.

"Oh, this is it. Just you and us girls." She grinned, her hand pulling down on his very stiff shaft. As she bent it outward I raised my eyebrows as its size became apparent. It looked ready to more than just peak out the top of his trunks.

He, too, raised his eyebrows as her hand slowly began to slide up and down. "Uh..." He started, causing Jess to giggle.

"Oh, hush, my boyfriend will be along shortly with a buddy of his." Wanda shook her head, looking up the beach. "And speak of the devil." She nodded toward the path, sitting up the rest of the way.

"Aw." Jess stood, stroking her hand up Dave's cock one last time before deftly slipping its head back out the top of his shorts as she wriggled her arm out the bottom. I looked pointedly down at the flesh peeking out from the bottom of his plain, sleeveless white undershirt and he huffed, tucking himself back in once more.

I turned to see John and his surfer friend Nick come down the beach, each carrying a surfboard. John also had a shopping bag, presumably full of food and supplies to make lunch. As the only one not in swimwear, John had on some regular shorts and an open flannel shirt.

Nick was in nothing but a speedo.

Let me tell you, of the very few people in the world who deserve to wear a speedo, this guy ranked quite well. His legs and abs were tight and smooth without being too defined, and his tan skin was ever-so-slightly darker than his goofy beach-bum hair. There was a pounding in my head once more. I glanced over at Jess she just grinned at me.

"Hey guys!" Wanda waved as she got up, and Nick waved back. John raised the bag at us amiably.

"Dogs sound good?" He asked, walking up to the logs around the fire pit.

"Sound great!" Jess grinned, turning to Dave, "By the way, this is Dave, he will be hanging out on your beach and eating your food with absolutely no shame!"

"Uh, ya, nice to meet you." John set down the shopping bag and surfboard. "This is Nick. Oh, ya, and I'm sorry, but we'll hafta leave before too long, we've both got a licensing exam today."

"On Sunday?" Wanda look questioningly at him.

"They're always on the weekends. Apparently, some people work during the week. Who knew?" Nick grinned.

"So, surfboards?" I smiled up at Nick and dropped my knees to the side, my heart fluttering with the gentle tease of my thighs brushing together as I moved, and glanced back at the water. "Don't those need, like, surf?"

"Well, ya, but, you know, Wanda said you girls weren't much for surfing, and, you know, I figure, you can learn the basics better on calmer water, get a handle on things." He smiled at me.

"Cindy would love to get a handle on things out there." Jess said, assuringly.

"Oh ya? You want me to give you some knowledge?" Nick looked at me, and I smiled sweetly back. I fought my legs as they tried to squirm again, aching for a touch, any touch. Pounding, indeed.

"Oh ya!" Jess nodded. "You should definitely give it to her!"

"Let's do it!" Nick picked up a board under his free arm and headed toward the water. I looked over at Jess, who pointed after him. I bit my lip as I noticed the back of his speedo looked just as good as the front, but that observation just made the front that much more... appetizing.

I caught up to Nick as he stepped out into the water, dropping the board and nudging it over to me. I glanced back. The other four were now sitting around the empty fire pit, paying no attention to the two of us.

"So you don't know how to surf?" He asked, leading me out deeper. I was hunched over slightly to push the surfboard along. My hair was still wet and clung to my back, freeing up a rather flattering shot of my cleavage, which is just where I caught his eyes as I looked up at him.

"Uh, no, I'm not, like, a water person so much..." I smiled as his gaze darted up. We were about waist deep as he came to a stop.

"Oh ya? Can you, like, swim okay?" He asked, sounding worried.

"Ya, I'm fine with that, just, like, I dunno." I paused, screwing up my face. "So, like, how do I get on this thing?"

"It's easy. You just... like... get on..." He looked at the board quizzically and I started to doubt his teaching credentials. "Like... climb on, I mean..." He continued to stare for a moment, then looked up at me. "You know?"

"Ya, okay..." I pulled it around sideways to try. I looked down and began to stare at it too. It wasn't working.

"Go ahead." He smiled at me and I frowned. Some teacher.

I pulled the board sideways in front of me, reaching across and laying my weight on it. My breasts, warmed and dried from the sun and kept back out of the water until now, pressed against the hard surface as the board tilted, a gush of shockingly cool water shooting up my front and a tingle of shivers shooting down my spine.

It tipped further as I heaved up on it, and as I hurriedly and haphazardly scooted along to get stable I felt my strapless top roll right down off my tits. I lifted my chest quickly, nearly upsetting myself, and hesitated for the briefest second before hastily pulling the strip of fabric back into place, tugging it around my dark nipples. Dave may have seen plenty just moments ago, but I wasn't quite ready to just start baring it all to every guy I met, regardless of how good he may look in a speedo!

Nick smiled at me. "Nicely done. You should always do it that way." He grinned. "So, uh, can you, you know, turn forward?"

I glared up, only slightly annoyed at his uselessness, then pushed myself around on the board. I roughly jerked it with my arms, swinging my legs up and spreading them to straddle the board in one quick motion. In response, the darn thing all but capsized, prompting Nick to catch me with one hand on my shoulder and the other firmly on my mostly-bare ass. "Thanks..." I smiled at him as he helped steady me.

"No problem. That's what I'm here for!" He smiled back, his hand sliding down my backside and resting on the board behind me just so close that his fingertips could remain quite obviously on my crack. It was all I could do not to smile.

"Now what?" I looked out at calm waters.

"Well, I guess you should try paddling, ya?" He nodded, frowning at the lack of waves. "Just, you know, lean forward and paddle with your arms. I can, uh, keep you stable, I suppose."

"Thanks..." I leaned forward, my butt sliding along his fingertips. Shivers tickled along my spine as he brushed along my crack, my cheeks tightening around his fingertips in an unwanted, involuntary response. I glanced back, shy at my obvious reaction to his touch. He'd clearly noticed. "Um... I just do it like this, then?" Bending forward with my legs spread wide across the board and his hand still resting on my bare skin, I reached into the water and paddled, barely moving. Oops, my hands were inadvertantly sideways... that didn't work at all...

"Hmm, that's odd. Maybe you should lean down more?" Nick looked confused as my repeated strokes failed to pull me away from his hand. "I usually lay flat on the board." He shrugged.

"Like this?" I asked, pressing my belly down, rotating my hips to draw his fingertips along the last of my crack, making soft but definite contact with fabric that likely would have been damp even if I wasn't out in the water. I shivered, partly from my chest pressing once more into the cold board, but mostly from his fingers tracing delicately along the subtle crease in that tiny triangle of cltoh between my thighs.

"Um, ya, try it now." His eyes couldn't tear themselves away from my ass.

"Enough time left for me to learn some too before you've gotta go?" Jess smiled, cruising up on the other board, lifting her chest to expose the utter and complete transparency of her wet top. Being so tan all the time, her nipples are unusually subtle when she's topless. The thin, sheer fabric of the bikini top clung to that skin slightly differently than the rest of her skin, though, and the light bounced in a slightly different way, and they seemed to stand out much, much more than if she was topless.

Nick managed to draw his eyes from my ass to her chest, stepping back from my board, but still not taking his hand away. I looked down at him and sadly couldn't see much through the water, but I figured something was definitely going on in that speedo.

"Oh, sure, ya, we've got plenty of time. Hey, the more the merrier, you know?" He smiled at her, and she smiled at me. "You seem to be doing fine on the board so far... Jess, right?" Jess nodded with an mm-hmm, and he looked out at the water. "There's a ship going by, so we should at least have some little bumpy waves soon. I guess you could both try standing?"

"Alright!" Jess grinned, pulling her legs up. "Let's do it!" She made it halfway to standing before the board flew out in front of her and she flew backwards into the water.

"Um, here, let me help." He slipped off me and got her up, following her out to her board. I watched as she took another dive, pushing her board out further. It didn't take much for it to get pretty far out from me, and Nick along with her.

I sighed and lay flat on my board, watching her direct his hands to the ideal spots for him to grip to help hold her up. One hand between her thighs and the other squarely on her ass. And I thought she was going to let me have him. I glanced behind me at the shore where Dave was talking to Wanda and John.

As I looked back, Wanda suddenly undid her top, dropping it off her large D-cups and baring her chest directly to Dave. I raised an eyebrow at first, but then figured she was showing off her tan. She talks about her "tan lines" but they're really not very sharp. Maybe Jess was right about always trying to wear the same outfit.

Of course, Dave didn't seem to have any major problems with them. And it seemed like John was perfectly happy showing off his girlfriend's tits to a total stranger, too. They were just sitting there talking, and John kept pointing at what I figured were the tan lines. I think maybe Dave was having trouble seeing them. I looked back out at Nick and Jess.

Jess was doing pretty good now, which meant that Nick was actually taking his hands off her. He glanced back at me and motioned for me to get up. I figured, what the hell, and pushed up, pulling my feet under me. I felt the board want to slip, but I knew I could manage to keep my balance on it as long as I stayed all squished up like I was. It just took smooth action to stay up, not, like, overreaction.

Of course, my bottoms had slid up with my feet. As I tried to pull my knees forward to stand, the already tight little triangle pulled forward, too, drawing the string pressed between my cheeks along with a wonderfully tingly tickle until I felt the bottom-most tip of the triangle pressing between my lips. I paused, my feet not even forward enough to stand and my pussy already popping out of these bottoms, my heart fluttering at the tightness pressing into me.

I reached a hand over, awkward and slow, trying to keep my balance while I attempted to pull the tiny piece of cloth out of my sensitive slit. I slid my fingers under the string, pulling it out and pushing them into my wet little pussy, sending a little shiver up my spine. I slid them up my slit easily, my fingers teasing the smooth, slick skin. I sighed as my fingertip pressed softly against my aching clit, lurching suddenly as I almost lost my balance on the tipsy surf board.

I shook my head, snapping my hand away from the nearly irresistible temptation, trying desperately to ignore the little tringle of cloth that was now actually much more definitely spreading my lips open wide. I pushed my knees up until I was my feet, but still squated down. In my brief absence of mind, the board had spun slowly to leave me facing the shore. I breathed out, trying to settle the fluttering in my chest, trying to chase away the pounding in my head, and stretched out my arms for balance. I began to rise, smoothly, my tiny bottoms working themselves ever tighter into my hungry slit as if it was gobbling them up.

Beneath it all, I actually felt kind of proud of myself of making it to standing as I slowly made it upright, albeit still a little shaky. I smiled and looked behind me just in time to see Jess toppled by a surprisingly large wave crest.

It reached me a second later, sucking the board right out from under me and throwing me down knees-first into the water. My chest slapped against the surface, hard and stinging, and I groped for air for a few seconds before I remembered just how far out I wasn't and stood up, feeling stupid.

Pulling the hair out of my eyes, I found my board drifting off toward Nick and Jess and I headed out after it. The cold spray of the still rolling waves against my numbly tingling breasts sent chills down my spine as I plodded slowly along, and my ever-more-tightly twisted bottoms sent those chills right back up with every step. Nick was headed out after Jess's board, and Jess was grinning at me as I slowly chased after mine.

"Well, darn, Cindy!" Jess yelled loudly over to me as I reached my board, the waves still rocking it, but gentler now, "I knew I shouldn't've just used a slip knot for yer top!"

Confused, I looked down at my chest, my eyes going wide as I found my numb and tingling perky C-cups were totally bare, my dark nipples standing out hard. That explained the chill of the spray. I looked back up to see Nick staring at me as he pulled in Jess's board. I quickly placed one arm across my chest, the other still gripping my board.

I don't know if it was the tiny thong pressing so enjoyably uncomfortably into me, or the pounding in my head, or maybe the speedo, but when my hand slapped across my chest to cover my breast, it was all I could do to keep it from teasing at my painfully sensitive nipple.

"Jess..." I held onto my board, my disobedient thumb ever so gently sliding along the top of my nipple, and looked vainly around for my top. "Why does this always happen to me?" I caught sight of Nick's eyes, the speedo popped into my head and I had to get my hand away from anything it could touch. I pulled it off my chest, reaching it across the board and quickly pulling my elbows in over my nipples to keep from baring myself to Nick as he came up alongside us.

**A Few Good Girls Ch. 05-02**

**Part 2**
"Don't worry, Cindy, this kind of thing happens all the time." Nick reassured me, his eyes trying to stare right through my arms.

"I bet you get to see a lot of nice titties surfing, huh?" Jess said, leaning casually on one end of my board as Nick brought the other one around next to it. She leaned a little harder, causing the board to tilt and me to lose my grip. I quickly reached out and grabbed it, baring my tits again. Jess smiled.

"Well, no, not really." His eyes were locked on my chest as I draped one arm back across myself, concentrating on not moving my fingers. "I was just being nice. Normally people are very good about tying their stuff on tight."

"I guess they don't have Jess tying their knots." I frowned at Jess and she grinned back.

"Relax, sweetie, Nick's seen plenty of tits before." Jess gently pushed my arm away from my chest, and I almost lacked the will to resist. At this point, I probably almost lacked the will to resist anything she wanted. "And he saw already yours just now. Just, you know, go with it!"

"What?" I looked over at Nick, his eyes on my chest, barely covered by my arms, then back at her, "Go with it?"

"Ya, just go topless. Who cares? We're all adults here!" Jess smiled a big, friendly grin at Nick, who nodded agreably. "And, like I said, we've all seen'em. Nick saw'em just now, John saw'em last night, Dave saw plenty more than that not half an hour ago!"

"I dunno, Jess..." I looked back to shore as Jess's recount of my recent exposure piled up more readily than I'd've liked. I looked up at Nick boring his hole through my arms, then down as my mind decided to bore a similar hole in his board. The booze was wearing thinner, though, and, as much as my tight little thong was winding me up, I wasn't anywhere ready to try out the form-fitting nature of sand.

"C'mon, you were practically spreading your pussy for Dave earlier!" Jess looked up at Nick, "Oh! You shoulda seen her this morning at the cafe! She was -"

"Shut up, Jess!" I shoved the board into her and she coughed. Nick caught my glare at her and swallowed loudly.

"I could just get a shirt from shore." Nick offered, instantly receiving a dirty look from Jess.

"Sure..." I almost hesitated, and had been seriously considering going without until Jess started on about this morning. And he really did just see them. That was kinda always Jess's excuse, but it was always a kinda good one.

"I'll be right back." He smiled at me and passed his board over to Jess, charging inland.

"Party pooper." Jess stuck her tongue out at me, leaning across the other board now. "And after you let him put his hands all over you."

"Me? I saw him helping you stand up! Besides, it's not my fault he wants to help me cover up." I let my elbows drift out now as I leaned on my board.

"Haha, you shoulda seen me 'grasping for a hold' under the water when he came over after I fell!" She grinned at me, "It's a shame that speedo is so tight, or you wouldn't be the only one missing clothing!"

"Well, okay, that is something I'd certainly want to see. And touch. And taste." I grinned and Jess smiled, looking behind me.

"Ah, so you're ready for it then?" Nick said as he set down Dave's t-shirt on my board, the gentle rocking of the waves instantly soaking it.

"She's dying for it." Jess smiled as my eyes widened, "She just wants to stuff her face, you know?" I looked at Nick, licking my lips and smiling shyly, my face turning red as I unthinkingly neglected to cover my chest as Jess went on, "I think I do too, really."

"There's plenty to go around." Nick nodded. "I think John brought more than enough dogs for everyone."

I coughed, laughing. "Hot dogs! Yes! Of course!" I hurriedly picked up the shirt and turned away from Nick, struggling to pull the wet, sleeveless cotton over my bare skin.

"What ever do you mean 'Of course?'" Jess mocked as I pulled on my shirt, "What else would you want to stuff into your mouth, Cindy?"

"Thanks, Nick..." I turn back, looking down to verify that, yes, I was effectively just as topless as before. Gentlemanly as ever, Nick entirely refrained from looking anywhere but at my chest.

"Don't mention it!" As he smiled at my breasts, I started to draw an arm across them, but the tiny bikini spreading things between my legs sent horrible thoughts into my head and, my heart fluttering, I decided instead to act like I thought I was covered. It almost seemed to mezmerize him more than just being topless. "You look great!" He grinned.

"Definitely." Jess nodded as I smiled worriedly at her. We pushed the boards along and headed up to shore, Nick's eyes constantly darting to my chest. Every step twisted my bottoms, sending more shivers up to convince me the shirt was plenty of coverage. I reached down, tugging roughly at the bottoms, pulling the naughty thing out of me. My fingers threatened to linger too long when Jess shot me a grin, glancing down at where my hand was, and I pulled it back up out of the water.

"My shirt fits okay?" Dave asked, smiling amicably at my tits as we came up to the lit fire pit and deposited our boards in the sand.

"It's a bit tight in the chest." Jess replied, "But she'll live."

"Hush, you." I glanced over at her as I sat down. All male eyes instantly became glued to my chest.

"Here you go, dogs are already mostly done." John handed around hot dogs on buns as he cooked the last two for himself. "Nick and I should head out after we eat." He added.

Jess grabbed the mayo as she took hers and sat down, but I generally prefer mine plain.

"Well done, John." Nick said, chowing down across from me on a log next to Dave.

"No dirty jokes, Jess?" Wanda asked, leaning out to look across me to Jess.

"The hot dog penis analogy is too easy." Jess shook her head, swallowing a bite. She'd set her plate on the sand, giving her an easy excuse to spread her legs wide while she ate. I spied a rather pointed camel toe between her thighs, but a quick survey suggested all eyes still tended to stray to my chest whenever they had the chance to stray. That wouldn't last long, though. As small as the fire looked in the bright, midday sun, it was drying the shirt off quickly. I looked down to see all-but-opaque dry patches in several places, which just reinforced how transparent it was in the spots still clinging tightly to me.

"Ya, Jess usually goes for the hard sell on that kinda thing." Dave agreed, "You want a dirty joke from her, you need to have something totally inapplicable, like a phone or something."

"Haha, touch screens... 'I'm trying to get it going, but I just keep stroking it up and down and up and down and it just won't come!'" Jess laughed to a nod of approval from most of the males. All eyes finally on her, she took a big, sloppy bite of her hot dog, forcing a glob of mayo to spill out the other end and fall onto her stomach just above her bikini bottoms.

"Oops!" She said, scooping it up by sliding a finger along under the thin fabric of her suit. Lifting it gingerly, she ran her tongue up her finger, snagging the glob on the tip of her tongue. She grinned, her tongue out, and the gooey blob fell again, dropping right into the crease of her camel-toe. "Oh no!"

"Oops again, huh?" Wanda raised an eyebrow as Jess ran a finger along the already well-defined slit in her bottoms, spreading the mayo around and pushing the thin fabric deeper between her lips, all under the guise of wiping it up.

"This was clearly accidental!" Jess looked around, grinning through her would-be shock, her legs wide as she continued to run her finger up and down her little slit.

"Obviously!" I smiled, a little ambivalent over her ostentation, but more relieved than dissappointed that all eyes were no longer glued to my chest.

"You know, the best thing to keep food stains from setting is enzymes. They breaks stuff down for you." Nick smirked. "Saliva is a great source for enzymes."

"That's a great idea! Do you mind?" Jess twisted her open thighs toward Nick, gesturing where everyone was already staring, just in case anyone had missed it.

"No problem!" Nick stood up immediately, his speedo entirely failing to cover his enthusiam.

Wanda coughed hackingly, choking on her hot dog. "No! Absolutely not!" Wanda shouted as she managed to swallow her bite. She waved toward the water. "Go, go wash off, no eating out Jess while I'm eating my food. Her and Cindy did enough of that nonsense earlier."

Jess smiled as she rose, turning and walking to the water. Even though Jess had walked off, Wanda's comment failed entirely to shift any male attention to me once Jess stopped only a few steps away from the group and bent down, knees locked, and slid her bottoms off. She twirled them on her finger as every eye watched her walk out to the water bottomless.

Once she got out about knee deep she bent over, straight legged as before, and cleaned off the bikini. With her legs spread slightly, her tight little ass and bald beaver were plainly visible even from our distance. The guys were staring at her unashamedly, and between the food filling me up, the sun drying me out and this morning's drinking finally wearing thin, I was feeling more and more relieved to not be the center of attention.

"Oops!" She said, raising empty hands in the air, sounding much less than panicked. "Where did it go?" She plainly made a show of groping in the water for her bottoms, accomplishing little more than showing off her bare ass a bit longer.

"Seriously?" Wanda groaned, John's eyes glued to Jess's lower half as she trekked back inland. I spotted her biting her lip when her own eyes landed on John's quite apparent erection, though.

"Seriously." I nodded, finishing off my hot dog.

"Well, darn, guys. Looks like I lost my bottoms!" Jess smiled and shrugged, sitting beside me and reaching down to pick up the remainder of her own hot dog, her legs just as widely spread as when she'd still had some semblance of being covered.

"I suppose you'll be wanting Dave's shorts off now?" Wanda smiled as Jess finished off her hotdog, her legs splayed wide the whole while.

"Nah, her mouth is full." I smiled, and Jess choked a laugh through a mouthful of food.

"Actually, I suppose I actually need to be dressed, now." Dave said, obviously attempting to sneakily shift his very stiff cock as he stood up. "I gotta go catch my bus, it's the last one to come out this way today." He looked over at me expectantly.

"What?" I looked quizzically back up at him.

"He needs his shirt back, sweetie." Jess said, plucking at the nearly dry fabric. Normally, I'd be embarrased just to walk around the house in something so thin, but it felt as protective as a thick jacket compared to earlier. Now I had to give it up.

"Oh." I frowned. "Um, ya, sure, sorry." I sighed, standing up and hesitating slightly before crossing my arms in front of me and tugging off the shirt, the slightly damp cloth still sticking softly as I pulled it across my skin. I saw Wanda's eyes on John's lap again once I came free, his own eyes locked back on my chest along with the other two guys.

The hot sun felt much warmer on my bare chest than the damp cotton, but with only the tiny g-string bottoms on I was practically naked now. Of course, Jess was next to me with her pussy literally wide open and her top nearly transparent, so I guess I was hardly out of place. Nevertheless, I quickly crossed an arm againt my breasts. At least my fingers were being more well-behaved by now.

"Have a, uh, good one." Dave said, staring at my chest as he pulled on his shirt. I glanced at Jess and she almost looked hurt by his lack of attention to her and her spread legs.

"So long, Dave!" Jess waved as he turned and headed up the beach. After a short second of John and Nick staring silently at our nakedness, she shouted after him "Sorry you didn't get a chance to watch Wanda and Cindy lick your cum off my tits this time!"

"Oh my god, Jess, bring that up again why don't you?" I shook my head, smiling embarrasedly at Nick and John as Wanda coughed loudly to hide her grin. Nick shifted in his seat and I darted my eyes down to his speedo, smiling up at him as he caught my gaze. He looked down, inexplicably shy at having such an obvious hard-on with two mostly naked girls exposing themselves directly in front of him.

"I just wanted to let Nick know what your favorite food was." Jess grinned, then frowned, "Oh, we're done eating..." She stood up. "Do you guys have to leave now?"

"Oh, ya, actually -" John started to stand before Wanda put her hand on his shoulder and cut him off.

"Why don't you three go hit the waves for a bit while we clean up? Theres no rush." She smiled at us and Nick shrugged, nodding.

"Sounds like a plan." Nick got up, and I shot Wanda a quizzical look. She gave me back a glare.

Jess and I went and picked up our boards, Jess with the usual flair she has when she's bottomless and me fumbling with one hand stupidly across my chest. We started back down the beach one more time.

"Maybe we'll even lose the rest of our suits!" Jess beamed excitedly as we waded about knee deep into the water.

"I notice you are, well, shall I say, hydrodynamically groomed." Nick smiled, his eyes darting to her bare crotch.

"What, this?" She stopped, sliding her free hand between her thighs, running her fingers along her bald pussy lips. "Hmm, admittedly less 'hydrodynamic' than a few days ago."

"Is that so?" Nick raised his eyebrows.

"Now Cindy, well, she's very recently switched to the 'hydrodynamic' style." Jess gestured to my crotch, quite plainly shaved bare, the tiny bikini hiding nothing at all. "She was telling Dave that she was smoother than I am, but Dave is hardly an expert in... hydrodynamics." She paused, "You're a surfer! You'd be a great judge!"

Jess followed that comment with a "Here, look!" and grabbed for the front of my suit. I saw it coming well before she'd had her 'great idea' and darted backward as soon as she darted forward. Awkwardly carrying the board in one hand with my other across my chest, I just coudln't move quick enough and she managed to hook her fingers into the front of my bottoms.

That would've really been fine, because I didn't dart back that far, and the bottoms have a fair amount of give. I mean, he could've looked in now, but, like I said, the bottoms were pretty much hiding nothing at all. Unfortunately, I darted back pretty darn top heavy carrying that surfboard, and in knee-deep water. My feet darted back significantly less far than the rest of me. My fall paused only briefly as my bikini strings gave way. My board went flying out of my hands and cruising off to sea as I collapsed backwards into the water.

I landed firmly in the soft sand on my now-totally-bare butt (which felt no different than if Jess hadn't just torn off my bottoms, really). Nick darted after the board, and Jess just laughed, holding up the dangling strings and tiny triangle of cloth.

"Awesome!" She grinned, looking at the shredded remains of my very last piece of clothing. "We didn't even make it onto our boards yet!" She tossed the bikini out into the water, where it promptly sank. Why do they always float on TV?

"Thanks, Jess, now I'm completely naked. This is great." I splashed the water with my hands, my tits bouyed up at the waterline as I sat there. I really didn't want to pull my totally naked body out of its moderate seclusion under the waves. I mean, that tiny bikini bottom wasn't much, but it made a very significant difference to me. Especially after already losing my top. A skimpy bikini is one thing, but totally buck naked is totally buck naked.

"Haha, no fucking way!" Jess laughed, looking inland. "You know, maybe you can have John's shorts." She smirked. "He doesn't seem to be exactly using them, per se." She nodded pointedly and I looked up at Wanda and John. That is to say, I looked up to see John's half-bared ass pointed straight at us, completely failing to hide that Wanda was on her knees in front of him.

"I see why she didn't want him to hurry." I laughed a little too as Nick came up with the board.

"What? What's going on?" Nick looked at the two of us, and then at the shore. "Wow. I didn't even notice."

"Nick, be a dear and see if we can borrow John's shorts. It's not like he's using them." Jess smiled sweetly, "I don't mind guys oogling my privates, seeing as they're all over the internet, but Cindy here's feeling a little shy, and it's much harder to keep covered up when you have nothing on at all."

"He seems a little... preoccupied." Nick raised his eyebrow at his friend on shore.

"Here, I'll come with." Jess started brazenly inland, and Nick followed along after her bare buns. "I don't mind interrupting." She shouted back at us.

I realized my heart was fluttering as I watched Jess and Nick walk up to the shore. I tried to breath softly as I sat, naked, my eyes darting from Nick's tight speedo to Jess's bare ass, and to John's, rocking as Wanda plainly sucked him off.

I realized my hand had wandered down between my thighs at about the time Nick and Jess reached the sand, and, biting my lip, I left it there, gently sliding along my slit, my juices keeping it slick even under the cool water.

I watched, each breath a little deeper than the last, as Jess motioned for Nick to keep quiet. She set down her board gently and he did the same with mine, the two of them literally tiptoeing up the beach.

John must've heard something because he turned his head and jumped, hastily pulling up his shorts and stepping away from the kneeling Wanda, his dick bouncing sharply as it yanked out of her mouth. I sighed, my finger rocking my aching little nub in a gentle circle. With everyone on shore, the soft moan betrayed my actions to no one.

I could hear Jess laughing, but all I could see with my eyes closed was that speedo. After a few more guilty seconds, I openned my eyes and looked fearfully inland to see if I'd been caught. I hadn't, but for some reason Wanda was now stripping off her top. Jess took it as Nick eyed Wanda's healthy D-cups. Still kneeling, she motioned John back in front of her as Nick and Jess turned to me. The hand between my legs shot out as they did, and I quickly splashed the other down into the water as I realized that it had found its way to my dark, sensitive nipple.

Wanda, much more brazen than I, didn't even wait until Nick and Jess were to the water to pull John's shorts down to his ankles and start in again.

"Wanda says you can have her top! Here you go!" Jess shouted to me as the two of them came up to where their boards lay at the water's edge, well away from where I sat in the water. I look at her confusedly, my breathing still noticeably deep. Then she hefted the bikini top out to me, across the water.

She must have balled it better than she expected, because it kept its shape and actually sailed out just far enough to reach me. Too bad it went in entirely the wrong direction, splashing in the water about twenty feet away. Or, rather, perhaps I should say: she balled it tightly and intentionally tossed it well out of my reach to spur me into a fruitless, totally naked search for the now-lost bikini top that totally wouldn't fit me at all anyways.

I fell for it, of course, and flew onto my feet as soon as the top came toward me. Hey, it was clothes, and I was naked. And honestly, if nothing else, having something on would let me keep my hands away. I pressed through the resistance of the water to where I thought it should be and searched below the surface, trudging back and forth looking for it, constantly conscious all the while that Nick and Jess were watching my naked body splashing back and forth. Of course, it was no where to be found. Even if it was there, I'd mixed up the water too much to see anything. I turned back to shore in defeat only to find Jess and Nick right beside me.

"Oh!" I blinked at Nick, standing in front of him totally exposed in thigh-deep water only moments after my fingers had slipped so greedily between my thighs. The object of that fantasy was plainly erect in it's tight, stretchy coverings, now only inches from me. His eyes were making an effort to look at my face. Failing, but clearly trying. Of course, I must admit to similar difficulties.

"Shall we?" He offered me the board and I took it, holding it across my chest with both arms. It was uncomfortably awkward being utterly unable to cover my now-bare crotch, which was kept feeling hotter and wetter as I dripped dry in the warm sun.

"Hey, you know, Dave was nice enough to lend Cindy his shirt when she lost her top." Jess smiled as she set her board on the water and straddled it, her thighs wider than ever. She leaned back, her smooth lips spreading, catching Nick's gaze. Heck, with her tight, taut little body and that totally transparent top, the unspeakable acts I couldn't keep from running through my head were having a hard time picking a star between the two of them.

Why pick just one?

"I, uh..." I licked my lips, giving in once again, "I think that's just, you know... A really good point." I raised an eyebrow at him, "And now... Well, you see, now, we've both lost our bottoms, instead of just me and my top. That shirt was just great for my boobs and all, but, well, I think, maybe..." I eyed his crotch, and as little as that speedo left to the imagination, it couldn't hurt to fill in the blanks... "Maybe there's, um, something you might possibly have, something to help us down there, all wet and, you know, lonely without bottoms to cover up?"

"Well, I..." He started, looking down at the prominent buldge the two of us were both eyeing.

"Yo, Nick, we gotta go! We were supposed to leave fifteen minutes ago!" John shouted from the beach, a topless Wanda reclining behind him.

"Oh, I'm sure you can stay just a few more minutes..." Jess smiled up at Nick more coyly than a bottomless girl straddling a surfboard should be able to. "I mean, we were clearly waiting out here for Wanda to finish sucking John off. You know, he can wait just the same as you did..."

"Ya, I don't think there's too much need to rush..." He nodded, looking down at his watch. "Oh fuck, we are late! Goddamnit!" He looked first at my naked body, still partially occluded by a surfboard, then down at Jess's spread and eager puss. He groaned. "Fu-uck. I gotta go."

"Darn, what a shame." Jess slipped deftly off the surfboard, picking it up as I held mine tight to my chest, my mind entirely elsewhere. "Give it up Cindy, he has to go."

I frowned. "Oh..." I sighed as she handed him her board. He held up his free arm for mine. I bit my lip, as much as I'd bared myself already today, my heart was racing again at the thought of baring my body once more. This time not only to the speedo-clad surfer, but to Wanda's boyfriend back up on shore. Worse, if I let go of the surfboard, what would keep my hands occupied?

"So, Nick, about the cafe this morning." Jess smiled at Nick.

"Oh my gosh, Jess, don't tell him these things!" I glared at her from behind my board.

"Oh, psh, it's not like he can't google it. Anyways, Cindy was, like, crazy horny, right? And, like, I dunno, she just couldn't stop herself and she started -"

"Here." I held it out, "Have it." I pushed my arms awkwardly to my sides, terrified about that same utter lack of self-control taking over again. At least I was sober now.

"I'm surprised she isn't going at it right now, actually." Jess looked at me, "Just how horny are you? Your cute little pussy has just got to be aching for it."

"Dude! C'mon!" John shouted from shore, causing Nick to whine.

"Fuck. I gotta go." He took one last look at the two of us before turning inland.

She looked at me for a moment as Nick walked away and grinned. "Lets go see about those shorts..." She walked after Nick, coming up beside him and placed her hand firmly on the ass of his speedo. "Oooh, it's so soft!" She shouted back, squeezing his butt. "Silky!"

"Is that so?" I bit my lip and chased after, coming up on Nick's other side. His hands full with the two boards, he didn't have one free to push us away. Not that I can imagine he'd want to. So, taking advantage of this limited time opportunity before Nick and his cock went away, I decided to make my own appraisal.

"I dunno," I said, as I reached my free hand over the board in front of him and grasped his very stiff erection through the thin material. "Feels pretty hard to me..." I ran my fingers roughly along his rigid member through the shorts as we walked, Jess bottomless and grabbing his ass on one side and me totally naked on the other, teasing his cock through the thin stretchy fabric. My other hand slid along the front of my hip and down between my thighs, softly caressing along the ridge of my lips. I sighed. I was just covering myself up. Being modest. Yup.

"Okay now, Cindy, I have to call you on that one!" Jess said, pulling her hand away and laughing at me. "I was just considering our missed opportunity to wear comfortable attire." She reached in front now, reaching her hand between his legs and gently grabbing his balls as I continued to run my fingers up and down the very hard erection on the inside of his speedo. "You just wanted to grab his cock!"

"Oh, is that so?" I pulled my hand off and she slid right up into my position, pressing her thumb up and down along the tip. "Because grabbing his ass was completely legit!" I planted my hand square on his firm checks and squeezed. "And I certainly wouldn't have called this soft either." I tried to hide a grin as my other fingers, my modest fingers, my fingers so obviously just covering me up, pressed in gently, spreading my lips. I could feel my breath quickening with my heartbeat.

"She's just mad because she missed the opportunity to learn how to properly suck a dick." Jess explained to Nick as she continued to finger the head of his erection, the two of them totally unaware of the wonderful little tingles of electricity I was sending up through my spine.

I shook my head. I had to stop. This was insane. I tried to think. What did Jess just say? Say something. Anything. You're paying attention. And you're just being modest.

"I suck dick just fine!" I blurted, suddenly confused at my own statement, "In fact, I love to suck dick." My mind raced, trying to defend my insanity. I impulsively reached in front of Nick and rolled his cock over to my side of his shorts, out from under her fingers, and started stroking it again through the thin fabric. "Delicious."

"Like that cum you licked off Jess's tits?" Nick said and I stopped my hand, looking up at him, my face tight. Here I was, naked, pretty much fingering myself, stroking a guy who was a total stranger not an hour ago, all while bragging about my cock sucking abilities? And now he was reminding me that I'd licked cum off Jess's tits. The only thing I could think about was the fact that both my hands were now sliding along in unison.

"Very nice!" Jess grinned, sliding her hand down into the front of Nick's speedo and slipping her fingers around his cock, pulling it back out from under my grip, "Do you see how he took your claim of blowjob mastery and turned it into just plain sloppy seconds on my expertise?"

I racked my brain, trying to recover from the mess I'd made. "That's not the only cum I've had." I swallowed hard. I'm clearly not very good under pressure.

"Seems to me that's the only cum you've been anywhere near recently." She grinned, her hand pumping along inside Nick's speedo. "And boy did it have an effect on her, Nick. Not only did she lick it off my tits like she was starving for it, but that sticky cream made little Cindy here so unbearably hot and her tight, little, hungry pussy so achingly wet that she was fingering herself practically all the way home, just like she's doing now!"

I stumbled as we came out of the water, snapping my hand out from between my thighs, baring myself to John and Wanda on the beach. Jess took her own hand out of Nick's shorts, although only after a dirty look from Wanda.

"Looks like you've spilled some mayo too!" Jess raised her eyebrows at Wanda's bare chest, dribbled with gooey white globs.

"Oh, gosh, so I did!" She looked down, mocking surprise, "I don't suppose you could help me clean that up, could you?"

"You two should definitely help her out." Nick nodded.

"We seriously don't have time for this." John shook his head, the bagged up miscellanea of the cookout in hand, and turned up the beach.

Jess unhesitatingly stepped up to Wanda, swiping a gooey fingerful before speeding after John. "Mmm..." She sighed, coming up next to him, sucking his cum wetly off her finger. Wanda followed after her, pushing up between the two. "Oh, Cindy, this is delightful, you must have some!" She said back to me.

"Well?" Nick said, stepping forward. I bit my lip as he quickly started up the beach and I followed after, my breasts rocking, my arms at my sides, too fearful of my own touch to even hold them down.

"Here you go, sweetie!" Jess had scooped off another taste for me by the time I came up between her and Nick. Walking beside her, I leaned in, sloppily sucking it off her finger as we walked.

"Mmm..." It wasn't the same as before, but it kinda felt the same. It tasted plainly different, but the little shivers of something terrible that it sent down my spine were becoming ever-increasingly familiar. I wrapped my fingers together behind me, leaving my naked body utterly bared, but keeping my hands from chasing those terrible things that were racing down my spine. Between Wanda's large, cum-covered breasts and Jess wearing nothing but that transparent top, my nakedness was hardly out of place, but with my heart racing and my burning little pussy aching like it was, baring myself wasn't what I was specifically worried about.

"You like it, then?" Jess grinned at me.

"It's definitely not the same as off your nipples." I muttered. The taste really was suprisingly different.

Nick stumbled as I'd said that. "You licked cum off Jess's nipples, even?" He managed. "I was just picturing, like, cleavage..."

"I have to admit," Jess grinned over at him, then she looked over at John, "When Cindy's tongue lingered on my nipple, mmm, it just sent shivers all the way down my spine, down between my thighs, into my already-dripping-wet slit... mmm..."

"There wasn't any cum on your nipples..." Wanda looked at Jess, then raised an eyebrow at me. I tried to stare blankly back, but Wanda was making a face.

"You girls certainly are a hoot." John shook his head as we reached the end of the beach, more irritated than enticed by our shenanigans.

"I definitely remember, that cum didn't even go down to the top of your dress." Wanda said. She was really sticking to this...

"Oh my god, please just let it go..." I frowned.

"You didn't happen to take any pictures we could reference to be certain, did you?" Nick asked, smiling.

"I'm certain Cindy was just being thorough." Jess grinned. "Isn't that right, Cindy?"

Now I blushed. The nakedness hadn't done it, and stroking Nick hadn't. Heck, not even being caught fingering myself had. It was being caught for licking Jess's nipple that made me blush. Running my tongue over her sensitive skin for no good reason other than wanting to, and getting caught at it. I tried to casually purse my lips and shrug, my hands still firmly behind my back, my bare breasts jostling briefly with the motion, but my bright red face was giving me away.

"Oh, hun." Jess suddenly smiled more sweetly than she had ever smiled at Nick's cock. She paused, and eyed my red face. "I'm certain we'll be able to make time tonight to figure that one out."

"As much as I would love to know how this turns out, we are, in fact, going to be very, very late." John said, turning and starting briskly up the path to the road. "C'mon, let's go."

"Are you sure you've got to leave?" Jess stepped up to Nick as he started after John, turning him to face her so that her hand could run lightly along the front of his speedo. Then she turned around, her bare buns brushing against the prominent buldge before she bent down and let him slide into her crack as she leaned into Wanda's chest. Her tongue slid along Wanda's breast as she rose back up, deftly lapping up a strand of sticky goodness that had dribbled down the side of Wanda's nipple.

I caught her push the dribble against the corner of her mouth before turning back to Nick, a would-be stray glob expertly placed just for his benefit. "We'd love you to stay. There just isn't enough to fill us up." Her hand back on his crotch, she slipped out her tongue and expertly failed to lick the cum off the corner of her mouth, instead smearing it with a giggle.

"Leaving." John hollared from the road.

"Right..." Nick licked his lips, his eyes tearing from Jess's show to dart along my trim, bare figure once more, then over at Wanda's large, exposed breasts, most of John's cum still splattered across them. "Fuck." He sighed, then turned, heading up after John.

"Well." Wanda turned back down the beach, heading toward the three towels that, along with Jess's top and Wanda's bottoms, were all that remained of what we'd brought with us. "Seeing as none of us can really go anywhere in public now, I guess it's about time to head home." She swiped an open palm across her chest, and tried to flick the cum away, "Damn sticky crap." She muttered.

"Hey, we were eating that!" Jess laughed, coming up alongside her.

"Oh, sorry." Wanda shoved both hands against Jess's chest, roughly wiping John's stickiness off her hands and onto Jess's breasts, displacing Jess's top in the process. "There you go, Cindy." She smirked back at me, following behind them, and I blushed once more.

Jess just smiled, and I smiled at her. She tugged her top back in place, the smeary globs mostly covered by the thin cloth. "So, you got the chance to suck John off while we were out there," Jess said as we came to the towels, wiping up the one stray strand of his goo that her top hadn't covered. Wanda picked up the towels and distributed them around. "On top of showing off to Dave, too."

"Well, I had to do something to John before you did." She smirked, licking her lips, and Jess laughed. "As for Dave, I dunno what you're talking about, I was simply seeing if he thought my tan lines were well defined." She rubbed the towel on her chest before wrapping it around her, fitting it snuggly under her arms. It handily covered up her very ample breasts, but the small cut of it still bared her flat tummy and the light bottoms that showed off her fiery red landing strip. "I can't help it if they're more distinct for my bottoms than for my top."

"And here I thought you'd only shown Dave your tits." I saidly plainly, frowning at my towel as Jess easily wrapped hers around her waist and cinched it in place. "And, you know, you could have at least waited to make John cum until after we'd gotten Nick's shorts off."

"I was less concerned about getting to lick things off Jess's chest than you, I guess." She smirked again, my face still burning with every snide comment.

"Besides, Cindy, you must remember the definition of teamwork!" Jess grinned, knocking her legs apart into a cheering stance, the split of the towel baring skin up her thigh. "Teamwork is: three girls for every cock or three cocks for every girl!" As she chanted the words rather loudly, her arms mimed handling three men standing around her before she clapped twice and kicked her leg up. The kick, of course, dislodged her towel, which she caught with a laugh and recinched on. The two of them were dressed, after a fashion, and turned to watch me struggle with my own towel. "We'd be a pair of lips short out there..." She continued on, "On that note, there's three of us together now... who do you think we should team up on tonight, Cindy?"

"Hmm, I dunno, I think I might want to try out that other part of the definition first..." I licked my lips, my mind still on Nick's speedo as I finally decided on just how to wrap the utterly inadequate towel around my naked body. My large, dark nipples had to peak rather obviously over the top just to ensure it hung far enough down to cover the rest of me. I looked at the two of them, Wanda's tiny towels only barely covering their own half-nudity. My total nudity was plainly a lost cause. I shrugged. At least it was just a short ride in the car back to the apartment. It wouldn't be too bad.

**A Few Good Girls Ch. 06**

"I'm pretty sure there's one of those gas things back here." Wanda said, turning the key in the trunk lock and sliding her fingers back and forth above the license plate, searching for the latch. She found it, yanking the trunk open, her unsupported breasts jostling heartily in the skimpy towel around her chest. Her tight bikini bottoms dug into her butt as she bent over, moving junk out of the way in search of her gas can.

Jess stood on the road side toying with her dried out and no longer transparent bikini top, her towel slung around her waist, not even baring a hint of the totally bare flesh underneath as she stepped over and bent in to scan the cluttered, unlit trunk. "I don't see one... Oh ho, what's this?" She reached in and tugged at a clumped blanket in the back to dislodge a very generously molded vibrator, clicking it on with a buzz.

"Ah, there it is!" Wanda said as my eyes went from Jess's new toy to the now-uncovered gas can, on my side of the trunk. "Do you mind?" She looked at me.

"Oh hell no. I'm not reaching all the way in there." My towel being my only remaining piece of clothing, if you could call it that, I wasn't even able to keep both my dark nipples and my freshly-shaved and unprotected pussy covered simultaneously. I wasn't about to bend over and grab crap.

"I'll let you play with John Jr!" Jess waved Wanda's not-so-miniature boyfriend at me, the hot pink rubber waggling in her grip.

"Oh, whatever." Wanda reached in and around to the far corner on my side of the trunk and grabbed the gas can, letting out a sigh. "This certainly doesn't feel full of gas." She unscrewed the cap and frowned. "I guess you hafta fill these things up after you buy them, don't you."

"Awesome!" Jess laughed, still waggling the toy as Wanda slammed the trunk.

"Hey Jess!" I turned and saw Dave come around the corner. "Cindy, Wanda!" He waved and I grumpily smiled back.

"I told you that was him walking." Wanda frowned at Jess, whispering.

"What? Cindy was having too much fun in the back, I didn't want to interrupt her." Jess said loudly as Dave came up. He looked at me, eyebrows raised.

"Don't let me interrupt. Please, continue." He smiled amicably, his eyes scanning the dark circles peaking out the top of my towel. I tightened my grip.

"Hey, didn't you leave, like, forever ago?" Jess smiled, the vibrator held up accusingly, with her hips cocked and her towel dangling precariously on the verge of coming undone. There must have been a good six inches between the top of her towel and her belly button, too. It didn't need to move much to start showing something.

"The bus never showed, so, I dunno." He shrugged. "I've been walking."

"Ya, I've done that." I nodded in sympathy. Buses suck.

"So, Dave." Wanda held up the gas can. "Where to?"

"Well, I guess we should continue on this way, but, like." He shrugged. "I'm not really from this area, so I don't really know. I know there isn't one back that way." He gestured behind him and Wanda frowned. The road followed the coastline out here, and there weren't really any side roads to speak of.

"Super." Wanda snatched the vibrator from a pouty Jess and tossed it in the car before making certain all the doors were locked. We all started walking.

"Anyways, like I was saying, Cindy was totally getting off in the car, like, you know, really going at it." She paused. "With that hot pink vibrator back there!" Jess looked back at the car, "I should go get it and show you how it works! I can use Cindy to demonstrate!" Dave glanced back at me.

"I should just pull off her towel." I glared, whispering angrily to Wanda, who shook her head.

"Oh ya, like she wouldn't love that. And get you back for it." I nodded, agreeing with Wanda, as Jess went on in great detail about my favorite positions and started listing a variety of sex toys I apparently had a preference for. Or maybe she had. "Besides, she's showing off well enough on her own." Wanda pointed as Jess slipped her thumb into the side of her towel, shoving it down another half an inch. It draped low across her butt now. It probably wouldn't be on much longer.

I jumped as a car honked and spun around to see a muddy, raised pick-up zoom by, crunching to a halt on the gravel a ways ahead of us. As my eyes followed it, I walked right into a now-bottomless Jess, bent over double to retrieve her lost towel. The hand holding the bottom of my own towel pressed firmly into hot flesh between her thighs.

"Jess!" I smacked her in the butt, annoyed, and she jumped up, towel in hand. She turned to me and grinned.

"Cindy, that'll have to wait until later." She wrapped the cloth unhurriedly around her waist, Dave's eyes not leaving her bare flesh for a second as she casually tied the twisted corners in a knot at her side. "There, that should hold better." She smiled, the fabric now so wound up that it barely fell below her crotch. I could only imagine what showed behind her.

"Yo, Dave, is that you?" A heavy-set guy hopped out of the truck and headed toward us.

"Hey Jack, I thought that was your truck." Dave waved and smiled.

"Was that you guys' car back there?" Jack looked at the three of us, his eyes pausing on my half-bared nipples before deciding to come to rest on Jess's towel.

"Ya, we ran outta gas." Wanda held up the gas can. "Can you give us a ride?"

Jess grinned at Dave, "It might be a tight fit, but I'm sure we could all pile into that cab."

"Um, well, I only got seatbelts for one of you in the cab. The rest'll hafta ride in the bed." He shrugged.

"That makes no sense." I squinted at him.

"Hey, it's the law." He shrugged again. "Seriously."

"That's stupid."

"Well, you girls want a ride or not?" He scratched his head. "I guess I could just leave three of you here, if you prefer, just take one of you to get gas."

"What Cindy here means to say is that we very graciously accept your extremely generous offer. We would love nothing more than to climb into your bed." Jess smiled, holding our her hand. "I'm Jess. And this is Wanda and, of course, Cindy."

"Great. Let's go." He nodded amicably at Wanda and me, peaking briefly at my dark flesh peaking out at him before turning and heading toward his truck. Jess jabbed my shoulder as he turned.

"What? It is stupid." I shrugged and Wanda rolled her eyes as we walked up to Jack's pick up. It was raised up, so even after he pulled down the tailgate, it was still at my shoulder height. Dave scrambled up easily and I sighed. This was going to suck.

"So, who wants to ride up front with me?" Jack jerked his thumb up at the cab.

"I'll go." Wanda raised her hand, "Knowing these two, terrible things might happen to you otherwise."

Jack smiled, "Missed a bullet there, I'm sure." He turned to me and Jess, "Up you go."

"Okay then." Jess nodded, stepping up confidently to the high tailgate. She held on firmly and hopped, making it barely high enough to hook her small breasts over the edge, let alone climb up. She slid down, her top miraculously staying firmly in place, and frowned.

"You girls, uh, want a hand?" He cupped his fingers for her and she readily stepped on them. I wondered if he saw earlier when she'd fixed her towel. I figured he'd certainly see now if he hadn't, but Jess was just as able to surprise as always.

She hooked up the leg opposite Jack's face, instead of splitting her thighs directly in front of him. Not only that, but the loose corner of her towel, which sat high enough to bare considerable flesh behind her, somehow slid naturally into place between her thighs and exposed absolutely nothing. I sighed. My turn.

I licked my lips and stepped onto his fingers, keeping my hands tight on the top and bottom of my towel. He lifted roughly, and I tried to hook my knee onto the tailgate and scramble up without hands, but failed. My knee slipped out from under me and I landed roughly on the cold metal, knocking the wind out of me.

I coughed and looked back as I realized that I hadn't quite ended up with Jess's skillful placement. This time, Jack's face was inches from my bared, bikini-free ass. I let go of the bottom of my towel and pulled myself up, giving him a clear view of more than just my ass in the process.

"You sure you wouldn't want to give that another try?" Jack offered, his eyes scanning the other girls' towels with a new curiosity as I stood, my butt bared to him, my front bared to Dave and Jess. I struggled vainly to draw the now twisted and ruffled cloth in place around me without baring my chest. "Maybe you'll hook your leg next time! C'mon back down and we'll give'er another go!"

"I'm good." I nodded as I sat on the wheel well across from Jess and Dave, crossing my legs in frustration, the twisted towel split open well above my belly button, quite plainly baring my lap. "Thanks."

"Well, Dave, I can see why you got stranded with these girls." He grinned as he shoved the tailgate into place, giving Wanda a happy smile as he walked around to the cab. Wanda tossed the gas can in back next to me as she stepped up to the passenger door.

"They were actually stranded like this before I even showed up." Dave smiled at me and I stuck my tongue out at him, making Jess laugh.

"The next gas station is a few minutes down the road, it won't be too long." Jack slid open the rear window of the cab and started the truck. "Woulda been a bit of a walk, though." We pulled off the shoulder with another crunch of gravel.

As we picked up speed, the wind was awful. The chill was pretty bad, particularly with wet hair, but the worst was how it caught my towel. Wanda was chatting it up with Jack in the security of the cab, and Jess was literally sitting on her tightly-tied towel, but mine had too many free corners now to hold them all and half of it just billowed freely open beside me. I tugged at the secure side and shifted in my seat, the cold steel a sharp ache against my burning crotch with my legs crossed. The distraction just made it that much harder to hold the bucking towel over my breasts.

"Gosh, Cindy, I'm sorry. I didn't think the wind would be such a big problem." Dave frowned.

"Psh, Cindy's the only one with a problem." Jess smiled and I glared at her.

"Here, let me see if Jack can slow down for a bit, or pull over so you can fix your towel." Dave leaned into the cab and talked with Jack for a second. We pulled over and Dave sat back up.

"Go ahead." Jack looked back through the window to watch and I frowned at him. Wanda turned back too, pressing up against Jack to see through the small opening. I turned to face the side of the road, which was just trees here, and whipped open the front of my towel when the truck jumped forward with a lurch as we suddenly took off.

I caught myself hard but safely on the tailgate, the truck still moving. I'd dropped my towel into the truck bed. Naked, my ass in the air, I looked behind me and glared at Jess's laughter, catching Jack's glances back through the rear window as Wanda smacked him almost playfully.

I looked over at my towel and grabbed for it, picking it up to try and wrap it around me. Lifting it off the floor of the bed let the wind catch it and it flew up and off behind us before I even had a grip on it. My heart stopped and I froze.

"Fuck..." I whimpered, falling to my knees, my eyes wide with shock as I realized the only cover I had left was the sides of this truck. I rolled over to sit on the grungy bed, pulling my knees in front of me to cover myself. I looked up. Jess was laughing hysterically.

"You suck, Jess." I sighed. At least my heart had started again. I just wished it wouldn't beat so fast.

"Oh, Cindy, you're awesome." Jess wiped away tears and I looked up past a grinning Dave at Wanda and Jack, who was barely looking at the road anymore.

"Sorry, I need my towel to buy the gas." Wanda shouted through the rear window, twisting to face all the way back at us and thoughtfully blocking Jack's view in the process. "Why don't you ask Jess to share?" She even seemed to be holding Jack from turning around with one arm across his chest, which was nice.

"Heh, ya okay. Sure." Jess smiled, looking down at her knot, pulling her towel free. "Here you go." She held it out and I quickly rolled forward and up onto my knees, grabbing for it.

Jack, of course, managed to downshift just as I did and the truck lurched forward again, the wind sucking Jess's towel away too. It flew off to the side of the road behind us as she stumbled to keep her balance. I landed hard on my hands, Jess laughing uproariously and falling back onto the wheel well next to Dave, her own hands landing gingerly in his lap.

"With this truck jumping like that, I should really hang onto something nice and rigid." She said, gripping his clear erection through his shorts. "I wouldn't want to get hurt!"

"That sucks, Cindy." Wanda said as we slowed to a stop and I crouched there on my hands and knees, glaring up at the truck cab. "Cause we're about to pull in, too."

I whimpered and pulled over to the side of the bed, looking over the rail at a fairly desolate gas station by the side of a pretty lonely looking stretch of road. I cowered down, curling into a ball in the corner as we rolled in.

Wanda leaned back, and it looked like Jack was going to cover the gas, because he seemed to be ruffling through his pockets for money before they both hopped out of the cab. "Hand me the gas can." Jack climbed out and stepped up on the wheel well behind Jess and Dave. He smiled down at my naked self as Wanda walked around behind him.

The can was sitting next to me and I eyed it, balled up to cover myself as Jack eyed me.

"Jeez, Cindy." Jess rolled her eyes and stepped over, bending down with her back to Jack as she slid the can behind her to him. His eyes were glued to the crook of her unnecessarily straight legs as she casually paused there before standing back up.

"Thanks." Jack smiled as Jess slid back into her seat next to Dave. Jack dropped down and I peered over the edge. We were in a parking spot just across from the pumps. Wanda was walking over there to fill up her can.

"You know, Dave," Jess said, reaching over again to grab his plainly stiff cock through his shorts. "No one can really tell I'm bottomless, right?"

"Well, I dunno." He looked down at her lap, "Seems pretty obvious to me."

"No, I mean, like," She frowned, then smiled, spreading her legs, "Jack, can you see my pussy?"

"What?" Jack hopped up on the passenger-side wheel well opposite them, as Jess snapped her knees together with a grin.

"See?"

"Oh, ya, sure, okay." Dave nodded as Jack's frown turned into a smile again when he looked down to me from his perch on the wheel. "No one else can see, sure."

"Well, no one could tell if you were bottomless, too, right?" She said as she climbed down onto her knees in front of him. As she reached her fingers into the waist of his trunks and pulled them off, she leaned in close enough that his very hard cock practically smacked her in the face when it popped free.

Jack's eyes left my mostly-covered self to stare unashamedly at Jess's raised ass. I couldn't blame him, she really was doing that on purpose. She pulled the trunks around Dave's feet and sat down in the middle of the bed, Jack's oogling darting from her now-hidden ass to my largely-covered nakedness. I sighed.

"So you don't mind if Cindy borrows your shorts?" She smiled turning to me and holding out the shorts. I looked up at Jack then back at the shorts, snatching them from Jess and pulling them on, unfortunately having to bare my tits to Jack in the process.

"Thanks Jess." I smiled at her, dropping my legs more comfortably, siting indian-style, my arms across my chest.

"Don't thank me, thank Dave." She nodded, climbing back up next to him and crossing her legs.

"Thanks." I nodded at him, and Jess shook her head.

"No, I mean, you should show him your thanks." She grinned and hefted one bikini clad breast meaningfully.

"What, I don't get any thanks for giving you girls a ride?" Jack said.

"You have gotten plenty of thanks." Wanda frowned as she climbed up the driver's side wheel behind Jess and deposited the filled can in the bed. I heard a car pull into the station and Jack frowned too, looking worried. I peeked up over the side and saw a middle-aged man climb out of his car at the pump where Wanda had just filled the can.

"Ya, okay, sure." He shrugged, hopping down and climbing into the cab, sliding over to the steering wheel as Wanda hopped off and came up to his door. He opened it and she paused, then jumped up, climbing over him, her arm crossed stiffly against her towel as her chest pressed past his face. He was grinning when she finished crossing and he looked back through the window. "But I still think Dave should get a little somethin'." He started up the truck.

"C'mon, Cindy," Jess was calmly stroking Dave's stiff, exposed member as she spoke, "Dave needs a little more, you know, stimulation. Let's see something!" I felt my face turn red. I peaked up over the side again to see the middle-aged man staring right at me with a quizzical look. I turned redder.

"Can we just go?" I sighed, scrunching up low, hiding from the man.

"Not until Dave gets his thanks." Jack grinned through the rear window as the engine shut back off.

"Jesus, Jess, just drag Cindy over and make her suck him off already so we can get going." Wanda pressed against Jack to look through the rear window too.

"Whoa, so not what we were saying." Jess actually looked surprised at Wanda, then nodded, an appreciative grin crossing her face. "But definitely better!" She stood up and stepped over to me, her bare crotch in plain view of the man over at the pump. She grabbed my arm and pulled me up, dragging me to Dave. I crossed my free arm hard against my bare chest and looked out over at our audience. The man grinned and tipped his ball cap at me, no longer quizzical.

"Okay, just... just go." I yanked my arm free from Jess and she sat back down. I stepped in front of Dave and sunk to my knees, his cock at attention directly in front of me. "You guys suck." I glared at Wanda who, as much as she'd inadvertently doomed me, appeared to be the only one trying to help my situation at all by pushing Jack back from the window.

Jack started up the truck a moment later and we started moving. Jess tried to pull the arm off my chest to make me grab Dave's large erection, which was less than a foot in front of my face now. I batted her away with my free hand, and sighed, grabbing Dave's cock haphazardly and stroking it.

There I was, wearing only a pair of borrowed swim trunks that were much too large, kneeling in front of the bottomless guy who gave them to me. I had one arm across my chest and my other hand was pumping at his cock. And as much as Jack had gunned it earlier to make me lose my towel, he was cruising well under the speed limit now to extend the trip back to our car.

And god, what made me really angry was how unbearably turned on I was...

"Dave looks a bit bigger than John..." Wanda commented from the cab, barely needing to shout over the slight wind. I looked up at her, pressed against the rear window like before, her arm still across Jack's chest, her shoulder moving slightly. Was he trying to look back at me and she was stopping him?

"He is." Jess replied a little too confidently, "I can't believe I fit the whole thing in my mouth!" She grinned, my eyes wide at the thought of doing the same, my legs shifting unconsciously as my thighs responded to the thought as well.

"There's no way I could do that." I looked back at the cock in my hand and opened my mouth, swallowing experimentally.

"Oh ho ho!" Wanda laughed, "Now you have to!"

"Oh, definitely!" Jess grinned and I frowned. "Don't worry, Jack can pull over if it's going to take a while." I glared up at her, my eyes quickly darting back to the hot, hard, surprisingly responsive flesh in my hand, inches from my face. An image flashed involuntarily through my mind, and I tried to ignore it and only picture the stiff, hot, thick cock in my mouth instead of... another place. That wasn't exactly helping, though.

"You need me to pull over?" Jack shouted back through the window, clearly pretending to mis-hear over the non-existent noise of the wind. The truck immediately stopped with a crunch and Jack grinned like an idiot through the back window.

"You don't have to do this." Dave said, and I looked up at him, frowning as the engine cut off once more.

"Shut up, you." It came out almost as a whisper as I sucked in a deep, almost fearful breath and looked at the cock in my hand. I licked my lips and leaned in forward, the sweet smell filling my nostrils, sending an exciting shiver into me.

I opened wide and slid my mouth over his cock, down toward my clenched fingers. It felt so much thicker between my lips than it did in my hand. My heart skipped a beat with the sense of anticipation of that hot, thick flesh shoving into me. As I leaned forward, it melted into a pang of disappointment between my thighs as it shoved in the wrong end.

I sighed, closing my eyes at the heat between my legs, and lifted my arm from across my chest. My breasts bared, I pulled my hair from my face and pushed down deeper against his cock. I coughed as it hit the back of my throat, and pulled back quickly, looking up.

My lips had barely brushed my hand wrapped around his shaft. I frowned again, settling back on my knees, unthinkingly leaving my breasts bared. My hands fell to my lap, daunted at the task Wanda and Jess had set before me. I'd only gotten about half the length of it in.

"Oh, you'll have to do better than that, Cindy." Jess shook her head, looking past me, "Won't she Jack? That's not even worth starting the truck again."

"No, I wouldn't say so. At least another inch, for sure." He nodded as I looked over to see him staring at my exposed chest from the cab. I start to move my arms to cover myself, but stopped, mentally shrugging. He was watching me suck a guy off. What good was modesty at this point?

"Here, let me get you started..." Jess smiled, sliding down off the wheel well and kneeling next to me. She gripped Dave's dick and smiled up at him with her usual mischievous grin. She slipped her mouth onto it easily, leaving a slobery trail as she pumped her head up and down, more slowly than I'd've expected.

Jack's eyes may have been on Jess's face as she gobbled up Dave's cock, but I saw her hand sneakily sliding down between her legs. She was really getting off on this. Of course, so was I. Lucky for her that she was bottomless, I guess. Of course, playing with myself was probably the only line I hadn't crossed. Well, since earlier.

I sighed, biting my lip, my thighs pressed tightly together. The way this was going, we were on track for an encore.

"There you go!" Jess pulled up with one last slurping sound and a line of sticky wet slobber, flinging her hair back and grinning as she offered me Dave's cock, shining with her spit. I looked over at Jack, thinking of Jess's hidden hand, and suddenly wondered just where his own hidden hands were. And then where Wanda's were.

"We'll see." I licked my lips again and lifted up, leaning in on both hands as I slid my mouth onto his cock, pulling the hair from my face once more. That same brief wave rushed through me, followed by that same sorrowful ache of disappointment. I slid down easier on the slick, wet flesh, but I fit barely more than half again before I coughed and pulled back.

"This is not how this is done!" Jess pressed both hands into the back of my head before I could pull away, shoving my face into Dave's crotch. I squealed as it rammed into the back of my throat before she pulled back only to shove me down again. The rapid motion rocked my exposed breasts, but that was mere ripples on the waves of shock rocking down between my legs. Dave made a soft grunt and I felt his cock suddenly tensing inside my mouth. My eyes widened.

I squealed again, my legs squirming, my pussy tightening pitifully on nothingness, but this time Jess managed to make me twist my neck as she rammed me down. The hot, thick, hard cock ripped deep into my throat this time. I gagged, chocking, suddenly fearful as I realized a good two inches remained between his dark pubic hair and my lips.

Jess pulled back and shoved me down again against my muffled cries, my pussy tightening with every thrust. I felt a pulse from Dave's cock deep in my throat. I was still short of his entire length, but his hot semen was suddenly spurting into me as he let out a soft groan. I coughed again as it drained down my throat. Jess finally let up.

I pulled back quickly, Dave's cum splattering its familiar flavor across my tongue as I did, one last glob shooting onto my bare chest.

"Well done, sweetie!" Jess grinned at me as I raked his lumpy goo across the roof of my mouth with my tongue and looked down at my chest.

"I think he got me..." I frowned, drawing a stringy glob away from the corner of my lips with a finger as I spotted more sticky goo just above my left nipple.

"If I may?" Jess leaned in, not waiting for a reply, her mouth closing on my not-surprisingly sensitive nipple. My heart beat wavered as her tongue flitted rapidly across it for just a moment, unnecessarily reminding me of the unsated ache between my legs before she pulled back and sloppily lapped Dave's cum from my breast.

"Well, now." Wanda said from the cab as I strained to keep my hand from between my thighs. "That was certainly worth stopping. Shall we?"

"Oh, ya, of course." Jack pointed across the road. "You girls are right over there. Let me pull around."

"We were already here?" I glared at Jess, whose expression belied that she clearly knew. I shoved her and she rocked, grinning.

"Oh shush, you liked it!"

I bit my lip, eying Dave's still stiff but slightly drooping cock, one last gooey strand dribbling from the tip. The engine started up and we pulled across the road in a quick spin, rocking me and Jess jerkily in the bed of the truck. Jess stayed upright, but I lost my balance, falling face first back onto Dave's crotch, the strand of goo catching me across the face.

"You have to give him a break, sweetie!" Jess giggled as I pulled away from his cock once more, wiping my face with my hands. She stood up and crossed to the back of the truck bed, brazenly bottomless as a car whizzed by. She jerkily knocked the tailgate down and gracefully slid to the ground. I got up to follow, bent slightly to vainly try and hide my still-bare breasts, my arms pressed hard across my chest, half to keep covered and half to keep them out of my shorts. Dave's shorts. I sighed. This would end just like Dave's shirt.

"Hey Dave, if you're done with your girlies here, I can give ya a ride." Jack and Wanda had already climbed out of the cab and came behind the truck as I awkwardly attempted to find a non-revealing way to climb down. Wanda had one arm crossed, holding onto the poorly-wrapped towel hiding her large, bare chest, the other sliding the gas can from the bed of the truck.

"Yeah, sure." He said, coming up behind me, more modest in his partial nudity than Jess, but still only haphazardly covering his cock with one hand. He unconcernedly bared it briefly as he hopped off the tailgate, landing to place a hand over it once more.

"Wait a sec, Cindy," Jess said as I finally got seated on the edge of the tailgate, ready to drop without having to bare anything.

"What?" I looked down at her quizzically.

"Dave's going with Jack." My bottomless friend gestured at the bottomless guy next to her, her other hand on her hip, her clean-shaven snatch in plain view of any passing cars.

"So?" I paused on the tailgate, confused.

"Oh, gosh, that does pose a dilemma." Wanda smiled, nodding at Jess. "Will she have to give them up?"

"What?" I narrowed my eyes at Jess. She had noticed. "My shorts?" I tried to emphasize the 'my.' I'd earned them, damnit!

"Dave's shorts." Jack said. "And I'm not having his bare ass rubbing all over my nice clean cab." Wanda choked down a snicker, and Jack licked his lips to hide a smile. "Give'em up."

I frowned, looking down at them. This battle was already lost. I sighed, defeated. "Take'em." My arms across my chest, I stuck my legs out in front of me as Jack walked up with a grin. He slid his fingers into the sides and yanked, almost pulling me off the tailgate, but failing to pull the shorts off me.

"You'll hafta lift yer butt up, cutie." He nodded at me and I sighed again, dropping my hands to my sides and standing up. Right there on the tailgate of a total stranger's truck, on the side of a not-too-un-busy road, and with my large dark nipples and perky titties bouncing jerkily as I did it, I pulled off Dave's shorts and tossed them down at him.

"There, you happy?" I pouted, throwing my arms up in frustration. Just then a passing car honked and I jumped, my heart skipping a beat, causing all four of them to laugh at me. I glared and climbed down, Jack promptly helping me off the truck unasked by firmly grabbing my bare ass. His large hands easily spanned the width of my tight little butt as he grabbed on, and one rough fingertip pressed as easily into my sopping wet pussy. I shuddered, first with the sensation, and again when I realized he noticed my shudder. I was frozen, mid-air, with his finger pressing into my aching, dripping cunt, and suddenly all I could think was 'deeper...'

"I actually didn't mean to do that, but if you insist cutie!" Jack laughed, his hard, dry calloused finger shoving itself forcefully into my tight, hungry pussy. I let out a gasp which turned into a shuddering sigh. I guess I hadn't just thought that...

"Just get her down, jerk." Wanda said somewhere off in space, and his finger slipped out of me as easily as it had slid in. I was on the ground. I glared at Wanda, my pussy still pounding between my legs.

"Uh, let me just put this in..." Wanda turned and hurried over to our car, opening up the gas cap and pouring in our new gas.

"So, Cindy, if you ever need, like..." Jack trailed off and Dave spoke up.

"A ride?"

"I was thinking something to suck on, but she can ride it too if she likes." Jack grinned, sniffing at his middle finger, which glistened slightly in the mid-day sun. "And it seems like you would!" I tried to glare at him, but he was right, so the glare definitely came out very, very wrong. Modesty came back, and I raised one arm across my chest, the other finding its way in front of my smooth-skinned crotch. My eyes flickered closed and it was all I could do to keep my fingers from pushing between my burning wet lips.

"Ooookay, time to go." Jess grabbed my untrustworthy and wholly disobedient arm. She pulled my hand out from between my legs and dragged my naked self along to the car as Wanda tossed the empty can into the trunk and slammed it down.

"Thanks for the ride boys, we'll see you around!" She waved, shoving me into the backseat and closing the door. They climbed in the front as I sat up and crossed one arm on my chest once more, keeping the other far, far away from my crotch.

"Wow, Cindy, you need it bad!" Jess looked back at me as Wanda pulled off.

"Ya, seems that way." I eyed the vibrator, the hot-pink rubbery thing still laying where Wanda'd tossed it. I bit my lip and looked away. Jess caught my eye and glanced down, grinning.

"Oooh, and now it looks like you can have it!" We stopped at a light and Jess got up, climbing through the front seats to get in the back with me.

"Leave her alone, Jess!" Wanda growled as the light turned green and she hit the gas, knocking Jess head-first into the back.

Jess righted herself and smiled at me. "I'm just helping a girl out!" She reached down and plucked up the vibrator, turning it on with a click and a hum. "I'm sure Cindy would do the same for me if I was burning hot and dripping wet, aching for a nice, hard cock to stuff inside me, wouldn't you, Cindy?" She turned sideways in the seat, planting one leg firmly against the back while leaving the other on the floor.

"Sure?" I murmured, reserved, I glancing down at her smooth and parted pussy lips, her slit nearly as wet as mine. She patted the seat by her foot and I looked at her quizzically. Then she grabbed my knee and I understood, twisting in place to put my leg up with hers, baring my own more than moist slit. She grinned.

"What do you prefer in a cock, Cindy?" Jess asked plainly, like she was striking up small talk while she slid the buzzing phallus under her breasts and smiled at the tingle. I dropped the arm still hanging across my chest as I realized I hardly needed to cover myself up to her, and my hand slid directly down between my thighs.

"I don't know..." I ran my fingers gingerly along the smooth, clean-shaven sides of my pussy, my heart light with the touch. I hadn't ever tried to pin that kind of detail down. They all seemed good to me. Any seemed wonderful just now.

"I think I prefer a fat cock, myself." Her voice started the sentence nonchalant, but rippled a sharp vibrato as the toy teased at the tip of her nipple, which was poking eagerly through her sheer top. I ran a finger along my flushed lips, just as burning and dripping and aching as Jess had said.

"You'd need one." Wanda chimed in.

"Hush, you." Jess grinned, nuzzling the tip to her other nipple and shivering with a smile. It was all I could do not to press my fingers in as I watched her at play.

"I'll bet Cindy wants a long one, deep inside her, eh?" Jess smiled at me, nodding pointedly at my crotch, my fingers caressing ever so softly.

"Ha, it probably wouldn't go all the way in!" Wanda laughed back at us and Jess smiled, pulling up her bikini top, baring those hard tips on her small, tan breasts.

"Oh, look at that, I'm still all covered in John goo!" She pressed the end of the vibrator against a glob with a lip-biting grin.

"I thought you were going to take care of that, Cindy." Wanda's voice tinged with mock disappointment at my delay.

Jess grinned at me, lifting herself up and tugging at my thighs. I slid my other leg up onto the seat, laying down as Jess climbed on top of me, the vibrator buzzing in her hand as we came face to face, "What do you say, cutie?"

I slid my hands delicately up her sides, and she sighed softly, "I'd love to help a girl out." She smiled as I wriggled down under her until her perky, slender breasts were above me. I ran my tongue along one, lapping up a thick, partly dried-out strand of John's cum, stopping at her nipples, closing my lips and teasing her gently.

With a soft gasp, she shivered in my grip, and I knew she was in the same state as me. She rocked onto one arm, lifting the vibrator. She reached down to drop it between us on my stomach, where it sent its shivers into me. "Don't stop there..." She whispered sweetly.

One hand was guiding her breasts to my lips as I quite inefficiently sought out the sticky, thick strands smeared across her. My other found the vibrator with the split of her legs just above it. My fingers lifted up, running into soft, hot, wet flesh with just a hint of stubble, and were met with a shiver when they gently slid along it. I teased at the wet nub at the tip of her lips, then lifted the humming vibrator to meet it.

She let out a happy little gasp, her hips pressing eagerly into the plainly wonderfully enjoyable toy. "Hey now, I thought I came back here for you," She reached an arm down, grasping the vibrator and my hand as she slid her body down above me until her face met mine. "I think I might still have some on the corner of my mouth." She bit her lip, twisting her hips against the tip of the vibrator, rocking it against our hands to push the opposite end against my own wet slit. I shivered under her, two sets of wet lips pressing against the humming toy, and another two sets now pressing against each other.

The world stopped. I mean, it literally felt like the world had stopped. I've never had that experience with a kiss before, and it felt like my heart stopped when the world did. It turned out the world hadn't stopped at all, just the car. Pulling away from me, a string of saliva stretching between our mouths, Jess looked out the window. "Damn." She muttered, then looked down at me. "Hold the vibrator right there..." She grinned.

My heart aching as she pulled her body from mine. The moment was gone before it had come. Maybe there wasn't any moment. Unhesitatingly following her request, I held the toy in place as she rolled up and slid roughly onto it in one motion, reaching down and pushing the thing deep into her with a wide-eyed gasp and a giddy little squeal. "Oh fuck me!" She shook her head and shoulders, reaching behind her and popping the car door open to hop out, the vibrator still stuffed inside.

"Have you guys considered how we're gonna get upstairs?" Jess asked, voice completely calm and serious, not hinting even a tinge of the sensations that had to be coursing through her. She cocked her hips and removed the buzzing toy. She eyed me with a smile, then switched it off. I looked up at her, longingly, achingly, my legs suddenly uncomfortably widely spread to the potentially very busy parking garage.

"Shit." Wanda said as she shut her door. Jess tugged her bikini top back over her breasts, seemingly more for comfort than for modesty, as plainly unflinching in her nudity as ever.

Reluctant, I slid my leg down off the seat, pulling myself up and out Jess's open door. Wanda had parked way in the back, by a wall, as usual, and I probably couldn't have gotten out of the passenger side, anyway.

"Well, here. Take this, I guess." Wanda handed me her towel as I got out, baring her large breasts to the dimly-lit garage. It was not as busy as I'd momentarily feared. We were alone.

"Um, okay. Thanks." I wrapped it around me, but, like before, it just barely failed to reach from my breasts to my crotch, so it was still really a half-measure, my nipples hidden for now, and my lips just a hair too low to be covered. At least we were all partly clothed.

"I'll just be taking this along with me..." Jess tapped the vibrator against her bare thigh, inches from the bald and as-bared slit she'd just pulled it out of. Wanda rolled her eyes, heading for the door to the lobby. I followed after, and Jess fell in behind me, playing with the back of my towel as we walked.

"Leave me alone..." I whined half-heartedly, hoping she wouldn't listen as we came up to the elevator. Wanda had one arm pressed firmly to her chest, and my towel was doing adequately for now. Jess wasn't even trying to cover up, though. She was just trying to uncover me. We'd made it this far without spotting anyone, though. And more importantly, without anyone spotting us.

Wanda pressed the call button and we waited, Jess lifting my towel up behind me. I sighed softly, happily letting her hand work its way between my legs from behind.

"What are you doing?" Wanda looked over quizzically and Jess laughed.

"Just helping a girl out." I felt wetness between my thighs as Jess's fingers worked their way in. Well, more wetness. "It's what she'd do!"

"I don't know if..." I started, but Jess shushed me, pulling my thighs apart and pushing gently on my back. Compliant, I bent slightly with the shove, one arm gripping tightly to the towel, the other braced on the frame of the elevator door, and she pushed the toy in against my slit.

"Spread your legs just a little more," Jess muttered, "C'mon!" I stepped away, standing up as I shook my head.

"I... I really don't think you should shove things up my pussy in the lobby of an apartment building." I'd jostled my towel in my escape, and now I was having trouble concentrating on getting it back into place. Maybe I was just having trouble concentrating in general. I seemed to be making terrible decisions right now. Decisions like keeping this towel on and stopping Jess from shoving things in me.

"Ya, you can probably do that just fine by yourself." Wanda rolled her eyes at us and Jess smirked. I stood with my towel at an awkward angle, still covering my breasts but leaving a large, gapping split in front of my bald crotch. I sighed, deciding I was safer to keep my hands away and just leave it bare. The elevator dinged.

The doors opened and, as quite likely happens often in this busy building on a weekend, it wasn't empty. My eyes went wide, one completely untrustworthy hand dropping to close the gap in front of my pussy while the other held on desperately to keep my breasts covered. A deep red flush burned hot all the way from my face to my thighs.

"Hey girls!" Rich smiled at us, stepping out of the elevator. "You coming back from some fun at the beach?" He paused as his brain seemed to register what exactly he was looking at. Wanda was sternly covering her bare tits with one arm and Jess was very pointedly not covering her bare snatch with her openly displayed vibrator and I was barely covering anything at all with my towel. "A lot of fun, I take it?"

"Yes, indeed." Wanda stepped into the elevator and held the door. "C'mon, you guys."

"Oh, Dick! Just what we were hoping for!" I felt Jess's hand press back up between my thighs from behind, sending a sudden jolt up my spine.

"Stop!" I whimpered under my breath at her, clenching my butt cheeks and pressing my thighs together, that pressure worsening my ability to barely resist the unbearable desire not to resist.

"What?" Rich smiled quizzically at me as Jess shoved the vibrator in, sliding it against my already pulsating pussy.

With a click, vibrations shot through my already unbearably excited body and I lurched forward, jolting away from Jess and the vibrator, the towel dropping to the floor as Rich caught my now-naked body in his arms.

"A lot of fun indeed." Rich's eyes were wide as he stared down at me, and I looked longingly, achingly, desperately back up at him. Jess pulled me off him and into the elevator, leaving the towel and a stunned Rich in the apartment lobby.

"Oh god, that did not just happen..." I smacked at Jess, and she laughed. I crossed my arms in front of me and backed to the wall, then sighed, frozen somewhere between crying, laughing and rushing back down there to climb onto the hard cock I'd just felt through Rich's pants.

"Well." Wanda smiled as the elevator came to our floor and we got off. She was now almost as nonchalant in her near-nudity as Jess. "Rich certainly got an eyeful."

"And an armful!" Jess grinned, "I can't wait until we show up to get the towel back!"