**A Grand Adventure**

by Story Guy

**Chapter 5**

Jess awoke, being nudged by Ron. She looked up and noticed the credits running from the movie they were going to watch. "You fell asleep, so I let you sleep," he smiled. "We should get to bed. Tomorrow morning we head to Paris." She stood up to go to her room. "By the way, nice outfit," he commented, even though she was only wearing the pearl thong, making her giggle, but also pleasing her with the compliment.

"I don't know... Maybe I'm a little overdressed?" she joked, then went to her room.

The next morning came early, or so it felt. They lined up their luggage at the front door for Paris, made another pile in the center of the living room for Africa, then ate breakfast. A car was there to drive them to Paris as they finished eating. Rod gave instructions to the driver about the Africa luggage, then they left for Paris.

The two hour trip was uneventful and they arrived at the hotel, which Jess felt was quite nice. American hotels all seemed modern. This one wasn't, but was almost medieval in style. Ron checked in for the conference, then went to the hotel desk to register. He had handed Jess the itinerary for guests on the way by. They had a tour of Paris scheduled, lunch, then a visit to a museum for the afternoon, before returning to the hotel about 3 PM. Ron's conferences went until 4 PM so she'd have an hour for herself.

Ron finished registering and walked back to where Jess was sitting. "I have some good news and bad news... first the bad. They don't have any rooms with two beds, so we'll be sharing a bed. The good news is I talked them into providing you a hairdresser tomorrow afternoon when you return to do your hair for tomorrow night. All you need to do is wash your hair before she arrives and leave it wet," he explained.

"The hairdresser is coming right to the room?" Jess questioned and Ron nodded. "Wow! I feel so important," she beamed. The maitre d' led the way and Ron followed with Jess excitedly behind him going up to their room. He opened the door, said a few words to Ron, then handed him the key and left.

Jess was impressed. The room was exquisite! The decor looked old, but was sparkly clean. She opened a set of double doors which went out to a balcony overlooking Paris. Jess had never spent a night in such a fancy place. There was a knock on the door, Ron answered it, and a man brought in some garment bags and hung them in a closet like cabinet. "What's that?" Jess asked.

"I had put out clothes for tomorrow to be pressed," he answered, then continued unpacking his things. "Are you going to unpack?" he asked. Jess quickly opened her suitcase and pulled out what little she had, putting it into a drawer.

The hotel had a small luncheonette and they grabbed a light lunch there, they walked around the area near the hotel. Jess was surprised it was so different from what she was used to. There were no really big stores, but rather smaller specialty shops. The "big" stores in the area weren't even a quarter of the size of the stores at home.

In one of those stores Jess saw what she assumed to be a mother, son maybe 10 or 11, and a daughter probably a year younger. They were trying on clothes right in the store. Jess had seen that before, but both the boy and girl were standing in the aisle in just their underwear. "Don't they have fitting rooms here?" she whispered to Ron.

"Yes, but most don't use them, especially with children," he answered calmly. Jess was shocked. "Europeans view nudity a lot different than Americans. The children are covered. It's not like they're naked in public. That you usually only see on beaches," he explained.

"There are nude beaches that kids go to?" she questioned.

"Yes and no... They have nude beaches here, but on any beach you'll see nude children. Many women will be topless too. Both men and women can be seen with just bottoms on. To them bare breasts are no big deal," he chuckled as a horrified look came over Jess's face. "Think you'd like to go to a nude beach?"

Jess paused before answering. "I don't know. I've never really thought about it." The subject was dropped and they continued wandering around for a couple more hours, then ate dinner at a sidewalk cafe. Ron suggested going back to the hotel, but Jess wanted to walk around more.

The sun was setting. "Do you know what time it is?" Ron asked.

"I guess around 8 maybe, since the sun is setting," she answered.

"It's almost 10. I think we should head back. We have a long day tomorrow," he told her.

"I'm sorry! I didn't realize it was so late," Jess apologized as they walked back to the hotel. They went up to their room and the realization they would be sleeping in the same bed hit Jess. "Um... Would it be OK if I wore panties to bed?" she shyly asked.

"If you wish. Remember, in the field you won't have that luxury, but we're not in the field yet," he answered as he turned out the light.

As Jess took her clothes off, she watched Ron take his shirt off, then pants. Even though the lights were out and it was dark out, there was still enough lights to see somewhat, although it was more like looking at shadows. Jess took her bra off, then climbed into the bed wearing just panties. She was a little nervous, but there wasn't much choice.

Ron folded his shirt and pants placing them on a chair. Jess expected him to climb into the bed, but he took his underwear off, then walked into the bathroom completely naked. He peed, then came out and walked towards the bed. Jess could see his cock swaying as he walked. She instinctively held onto the blanket tightly, holding it at her neck, as he climbed into the bed.

Jess stared at the ceiling wondering what was going to happen and her breath caught every time Rom moved. As she lay there she thought about what he had said. He had told her that the thin material of her panties wouldn't protect her, but he would. He had seen her naked many times and the night before she had actually fallen asleep next to him wearing only the pearl thong, which covered nothing.

Ron's breathing was slow and even making Jess believe he had fallen asleep, so she began to relax. His words about her sleeping naked in the field replayed in her mind. He had never forced her at all, well, except for spanking her, but that wasn't sexual she didn't think. He had fingered her, but it wasn't forced and certainly was not against her will.

Gaining confidence Jess reached under the blanket and, with as little movement as possible, lifted her ass and pushed her panties to her upper thighs, exposing her ass and pussy under the blanket. She waited for a while with her hands still holding her panties. Of course nothing happened, so she pushed them further down her legs, as far as she could reach. Her panties were no longer covering anything.

Again she waited trying to gain more coverage. She didn't want to move too much and risk waking him. Slowly she leaned to one side, pushing her panties down more on one side, until she couldn't reach any further. She had managed to get her panties below her knee on that side, but that was it.

"Just take them off and stop wiggling so we can get some sleep," Ron mumbled, making Jess jump. She wasn't sure if he had been awake the whole time or she had awoken him, but it didn't make much difference. He knew she was taking her panties off and it was too late to stop now.

"Sorry," Jess muttered as she lifted her legs and finished taking her panties off. She was embarrassed, not because she was naked, but because she had been caught trying to sneak her panties off.

Jess lay there, now completely naked and mad at herself for not taking her panties off before she climbed into bed. She wouldn't have embarrassed herself if she had. The next thing she remembered sounded like a shower running, which confused her, but it soon ended.

"Morning," she heard Ron say, shocking her back to reality.

Jess rested her hand on Ron's far leg. She became aware he had an erection as she could feel it under her arm. As much as she wanted to touch it, she just couldn't find the courage. It did add to her excitement though â€“ lots. Her hips began to move more, sliding the pearls across her now engorged and protruding clit.

Jess opened her eyes to see Ron standing there drying off. "Morning," she groggily replied. Still half asleep, she threw the blanket off her to get up and go to the bathroom. It was then Jess remembered she was naked and blushed. She fought off the urge to bull the blanket up again.

After taking a deep breath, Jess stood up, allowing her body to be displayed to Ron. She wanted her mind to know it was OK for him to see her. Jess stood for a minute letting him look at her, then went into the bathroom to pee. Once more she challenged herself and didn't close the door.

When she came out Ron had finished drying off and had his underwear on. He picked up something off his dresser. "I have something for you. You may need something during the day," he smiled as he handed her an envelope.

Jess opened the envelope and saw it was money. She took it out and counted 200 euros. "Oh thank you!" she gushed as her hands went around his neck and she gave him a big hug.

"I have to get going," Ron said after his hug. He finished dressing as he told her, "You can order room service and charge it to the room or eat breakfast in the hotel restaurant. I'm speaking at the first seminar, so I have to be there early. Have fun today." He then left the room.

**Chapter 6**

Jess dressed in her new mini skirt outfit, then looked in the mirror. She had worn minis before, but this one was the shortest. Her mother would have objected, but Ron had bought it for her and obviously approved. She turned around while looking in the mirror, then bent over. It almost made her blush when her panties peeked out under her skirt, but it was so daring. It made her feel sexy.

She went down and are breakfast, then walked to where the tour was to depart. She was early and there wasn't many there. As she watched a few more came from the hotel and joined her waiting. They all seemed to be older making her feel slightly alone. One woman came in accompanied by a girl probably about Jess's age. The woman walk to the registration desk and the girl walked over near Jess.

"Finally someone under 40!" the girl grinned. "Are you going on the tour?" Jess nodded. "I'm Ann. I'm going too."

"I'm Jess. Are you here for the conference too?" Jess smiled.

"Well, my dad is. I'm just here to get bored and sit in the room. I love your outfit! I wanted to wear a mini, but my mother didn't think it would be appropriate. I'm so jealous!" Ann exclaimed. She was wearing a button down top and shorts that came almost down to her knees.

Ann's mother came over and sat down. Ann began whispering to her and a conversation ensued. After a few minutes Ann leaned over to Jess and whispered, "I'll be right back. My mother said I could wear my mini, thanks to you." The girl rushed off with her mother telling her to be quick.

About five minutes later Ann reappeared wearing a mini skirt, making Jess smile. "That didn't take long," she grinned as Ann sat down next to her. It made Jess feel better as she was starting to feel slightly self conscious with all the older women. The mini wasn't as short as Jess's was though.

"I usually roll it up a bit so it's shorter, but my mother will freak if I do," she whispered to Jess, answering an unasked question.

The bus loaded and they headed out for a two hour tour of Paris. It was nice, but for Jess it was too long. They stopped for lunch at a restaurant, then loaded onto the bus again heading to a museum. Jess was disappointed it wasn't the Louvre, but it was still rather large. The people were allowed to wander around the museum on their own and were told to meet back in two hours. Ann didn't want to go around with the older ladies, so her mother, after reminding her not to be late, let Ann go with Jess.

As soon as they were out of sight, Ann stopped and rolled the waistband of her skirt over, making it shorter. "Better?" she giggled. Jess nodded, even though it still wasn't as short as hers. The girls continued to wander around, not particularly interested in anything.

At the back they discovered a stairway and elevators going up to a second floor. "Want to go up?" Ann asked and Jess shrugged, but headed for the elevator. "Let's walk up," Ann suggested.

"In a mini skirt? Our panties will show!" Jess gasped.

"That's the point isn't it? I don't know about you, but my bikini bottom shows more than the underwear I'm wearing. It's fun flashing. I love how the men react," Add giggled. Jess thought for a moment, then nodded and both went over to the stairs. Jess hesitated again, looking around to see who was watching. "Come on. Just walk up. It will be fun," Add smiled as she started up the stairs.

Jess stayed near the wall. The staircase was in a corner, half a flight up to a landing, then it turned, following the wall, and another half flight to the top. Ann bound up the stairs to the landing, where she waited for Jess. Her panties showed almost to her waist. Jess felt slightly foolish for making a big deal about her panties showing. Ann was wearing sheer panties and her ass crack was even visible. At least Jess's were solid.

"How much showed?" Ann whispered when Jess caught up to her.

"Everything! I could almost see up to your waist and your butt crack showed through your underwear," Jess answered.

"Perfect!" Ann grinned. "You go first this time and I'll tell you what showed on you." Jess thought about Ann's reaction as she walked up the stairs. It had surprised her. She reached the top of the stairs and Ann walked up to meet her. "I could see to your waist too, but your panties are solid," Ann whispered and Jess blushed. "We're in Paris, silly. No one knows you here. Have fun, show off what you got, girl," Ann giggled.

The girls wandered around the second floor for about five minutes, then took the stairs back down to the first floor. For the next hour they repeated going up and down the stairs. Jess's initial nervousness dissipated and as she relaxed, showing off was starting to turn her on. Unfortunately it was getting close to their departure time. They stopped at the ladies' room and Ann rolled her skirt back down, then they met up with the group.

The girls sat next to each other on the ride back to the hotel. "Wanna hang out tonight while the dinner is going on? We can get room service or something," Ann invited.

"I'm going to the dinner," Jess replied.

"I didn't think kids could go. Your parents are taking you with them?" Ann asked.

"My parents aren't here," Jess said, not sure how to explain.

"You're dating one of the men at the conference? Wow! Cool!" Ann exclaimed. Jess knew she wasn't really dating anyone. She was at the conference with her uncle, but let the comment pass because Ann was so impressed. All day long Jess felt she was the follower and Ann had been the leader, the bolder one.

They arrived back at the hotel a little late and Jess checked at the front desk to confirm her hairdressing appointment. The clerk made a phone call, then told Jess the hairdresser would be there in about 15 minutes. She rushed up to the room, Shucked her clothes just dumping them on the bed, and went in to shower.

Jess had hoped she'd have time to rub herself to take the edge off, but there just wasn't time unfortunately. As requested she washed her hair, then got out of the shower and wrapped her hair in a towel. There was a knock on the door, so she grabbed her robe, throwing it on as she went to the door. What looked like the hairdresser was standing there. "Yes?" Jess called out. The girl said something in French. "English, please?" Jess requested.

"Madam, I am Clair, the hairdresser you requested," The girl answered. Jess opened the girl and let her in. She was carrying what looked almost like a suitcase with her. Clair looked around the room, then went to the makeup desk and put her case on it. She pulled the bench back so she could walk between it and the desk. "Here, madam?" she suggested and Jess sat down.

Clair proceeded to take the towel off Jess's hair, then the two talked briefly and she started working on her hair. Jess was impressed. Clair worked quickly and it was coming out excellent. The door opened and both turned to see Ron walk in. He introduced himself, then sat in one of the chairs and watched, occasionally being asked a question in French and he answered in French.

It wasn't long before she was done. To Jess she looked like a princess. "Should I do your makeup too?" Clair asked and Ron answered indicating she should, making Jess smile at all the pampering she was receiving. "May I see the dress, please, so I may match the makeup to it?" Clair requested.

Jess went to stand up, but Ron told her he would get it, making Jess feel even more special. He pulled it from the cabinet and Clair took it. The two had a brief conversation in French, then Clair gave the dress back to Ron and turned her attention to Jess. "He said you prefer light makeup?" Clair asked and Jess nodded. "Very good. The dress is low in both the front and back. Pull your arms out of your robe and let it drop to your waist so I can blend the makeup properly," Clair suggested.

As surprised as she was by the request, Jess didn't want to appear naive, so she did as requested, letting the rob drop down and baring her breasts. She looked over at Ron slightly embarrassed, but he smiled and nodded. Clair opened her case, pulled out some makeup and brushed, and proceeded to apply it. Jess hadn't thought of it, but Clair put a bit of makeup on her chest and the edge of her breasts. Even though it wasn't even noticeable, Jess could see a difference.

Another 15 minutes and her makeup was done. Jess was impressed with the look. Clair packed up all the unopened makeup, but left the makeup she had used plus all the brushed for Jess. Ron saw Clair to the door, then turned back towards Jess. "We need to get ready," he muttered as he walked to the cabinet, pulled out his tux, and began undressing. Jess watched as he took off his suit, then put on the tux pants. "You going to get dressed?" he asked as he looked up.

Jess stood up, leaving her robe on the bench, and walked naked to the cabinet and pulled out her dress. She then walked over in front of the mirror and could see Ron behind her looking at her nude body. She just stood for a moment letting him look, then stepped into her dress when he began putting his shirt on.

She pulled it up over her hips. The dress looked like a satin material, but was somewhat stretchy allowing it to go over her hips, but snug against her belly. Like every girl, she had gone without panties before, but with this dress it was obvious she was wearing none even though nothing really showed. The dress was smooth over her hips and ass with no lines at all.

Jess adjusted the dress to where she thought it should be, then brought up the front, which tied around the back of her neck. "Can you tie this for me?" she asked Ron. He came over and stood behind her, holding the front of the dress as she adjusted it more. "OK, tie it there," she said holding it up. He tied it for her and she again checked in the mirror making final adjustments, then turned to face him.

He stepped back and looked her over. "You're gorgeous!" he gushed.

**Chapter 7**

Jess felt like a movie star as they walked into the dining area. It seemed like all eyes were on her. Not only was she probably the youngest one there, but she was wearing the most revealing dress as well. Many of the men and women there complimented her though. They milled around a little before the meal. Ron seemed very important as most made it a point to greet him, making her proud to be with him. Some guessed she might be his daughter, but he told them no. Others assumed she was his girlfriend and he said nothing, pleasing Jess.

The meal was extravagant. Jess was used to having a knife, fork, and spoon only, although she was knowledgeable about a butter knife on a small plate. This setting had 2 knives in addition to the butter knife, 3 forks, one of which was above the dinner plate, and 3 spoons, again one above the plate. Thankfully Ron guided her on which to use when. They also served wine and just poured Jess a glass without even questioning or asking.

After the meal they all went into the ballroom, which was next to the dining room. There were small tables set up around the dance area, which was in the center. A waitress came around to take drink orders and Ron ordered one. "Can I get one too?" Jess requested and Ron nodded. "I don't know what to order," Jess blushed. Ron asked her a few questions about what she liked, then he ordered her one.

When the waitress brought the order to the table, she placed a pinkish red drink in front of Jess. She tasted it and smiled. "This is good! What is it?" Jess asked Ron. He told her it was a Strawberry Daiquiri and reminded her not to gulp it down as it wasn't what he called a virgin drink, making Jess giggle.

She had a grand time. Rom danced with her several times and even taught her how to waltz. Time seemed to fly buy. By the end of the night she had two daiquiris and on top of the dinner wine, it was affecting her, but she was far from drunk, just happy and relaxed. She loved the feeling the dress gave her too. Although amply covered, it made her feel naked and free.

The band stopped playing and half the people had already left. With the rest now leaving Ron and Jess went up to their room. "Tomorrow morning we leave for Africa. We'll be traveling most of the day, put up for the night, then hike to the camp the following day," he told Jess as they rode up the elevator. She wasn't paying much attention though. His arm was around her and his hand on her lower back. She wished he'd drop it just a few more inches to her ass, but would never ask naturally. He opened the door for her and the two walked in.

"Do I need to pack?" Jess asked once in the room.

"No. Our things here will be packed up for us and transported to the cottage. We already packed for Africa, remember?" he answered as he walked into the bathroom to pee. As he walked back into the room he took his jacket and vest off, then began unbuttoning his shirt.

Jess remembered the awkwardness of the previous night and had no desire for a repeat. In her current mood she strangely wanted him to see her naked. First she kicked off her shoes, then untied the top letting it fall and exposing her breasts. He looked up giving her the attention she desired. With him now watching she pushed the dress down and it puddled at her feet, exposing her body too him. She just stood for a moment letting him look at her, then bend down and picked up her dress. The clothes cabinet was behind her so she turned and walked slowly to it, not covering at all.

She took her time hanging up the dress trying to judge how long it would take him to take off his pants and underwear (he always slept nude) before turning again to face him. Unfortunately her timing was off and she turned to see him climb into bed only giving her a glimpse of his body, not what she wanted. "Turn the lights out before you come to bed," he muttered before rolling onto his side, facing the side she'd sleep on, and closing his eyes.

With the days activities with Ann flashing her panties for all who cared to look and spending the evening with nothing on under her dress, Jess wasn't ready for the day to end. She climbed into bed, naked, with her pussy already getting wet, and lay on her side facing him.

Jess watched him, waiting, or rather hoping he would do something to her. Anything he tried she would let him do tonight. His eyes never opened and she thought his breathing became slower and steady, disappointing her.

He had seen her naked enough that he probably could give a detailed description of her naked body. His fingers had roamed over all of her body and had been inside her pussy. He had even climaxed her. She, so far, had only caught glimpses of him and, except for innocently brushing his crotch, or at least what appeared to be innocent, she hadn't really felt him. She rationalized she should also have the privilege of touching him like he had her.

Slowly Jess eased her hand forward towards him. He seemed to be asleep anyway. Her hand contacted what seemed to be his stomach and she stopped, waiting to see if he would do anything. After a few minutes of no reaction she lowered her hand hoping for more than his stomach. Her hand bumped into some limp, warm flesh and she knew it was his cock. Again she froze.

His breathing was still slow and even and, after another few minutes, she started moving again. Just below his cock was his ball sack and the two globes it held. Applying a gentle pressure she could feel his balls. He wasn't some young teen boy. Her hand moved back up to his cock and gingerly her fingers wrapped around it.

As she held his member she became aware it was growing. He was getting an erection. It fascinated her feeling his cock grow thicker and stiffen. "Are you a virgin?" he muttered causing her to freeze, but she didn't let go of him.

"No," she answered.

He had not moved and, except for his question, had no reaction to her feeling his manhood, which was still in her hand. Surely, had he not wanted to be touched like that, he would have said something or at least pushed her hand away, but he had done neither. Her confidence returned and she began feeling him again. Her pussy was still damp with anticipation.

"Are you wanting to get laid?" Ron asked softly.

"No," Jess answered without thinking about it. Nice girls didn't want to get laid, only sluts did and she wasn't a slut. She began thinking... Nice girls didn't let men see them naked, but he had seen her many times and she liked him seeing and that didn't make her a slut she thought. He had also fingered her and gave her a tremendous orgasm. That didn't make her a slut either. Even now she had her hand wrapped around his cock and she liked what she was doing.

"I don't know..." she modified her answer a couple of minutes later.

For the first time since she had started he moved. It wasn't a threatening move at all. He slowly pushed the bed covering aside exposing her naked body. Jess didn't mind and as he did he also exposed his own nudity. There were no lights on, but the drapes had been left open and there was enough light coming through the window that, for the first time, she got a good look at his stiff cock.

Jess had seen cocks before. The net showed pictures of all kinds of men, even stiff ones, and she had seen her old boyfriend in real life. Ron seemed special though. He was a lot bigger than her boyfriend had been. She also thought he looked nicer, although she had no idea what a nice cock and balls were supposed to look like. She did think his manhood suited him though.

She stared at him for a minute or so, then modified her answer again. "Maybe..." she muttered. He extended his arm, wrapping it around her waist and pulling her toward him. As he did he rolled onto his back, rolling her with him. She ended up on top of him with her legs straddling his hips and his stiff cock pressed against her lower belly. It also was touching to top of her pussy, nudging her clit, which was protruding out between her pussy lips.

The move startled Jess and she froze, expecting him to push into her. He did nothing though. His hands rested on her bare ass cheeks. Even though she was nervous, his touch excited her. She began anticipating his cock piercing her pussy, but nothing was happening. After a few minutes of no movement, she muttered, "You gonna take me?"

"No," he answered calmly. "That's a decision you have to make."

Jess didn't understand his answer. She knew girls decided what they would let a boy do, but he wasn't doing anything, so there was nothing for her to decide. For a few more minutes she just lay there, waiting for him to do something. His cock was hard, hot, and touching her pussy. It wasn't like watching something on the net or even imagining what it would feel like. This was happening. Jess was wishing he'd do something. She wanted him to do something.

She shifted slightly and when she did her wet pussy lips parted and went around his cock. Her clit bumped into the stiff member, jolting her. Very slowly, hardly moving, her hips started to move, rubbing her pussy on his cock and scraping her clit. This wasn't a dick ramming into her, squirting, then pulling away leaving her frustrated.

Jess tried to remain still, but her body had other ideas and her hips started moving more, rubbing his cock with her slick pussy and scraping her clit along its length producing some intense sensations. The more she moved, the more intense the pleasure was and her body movements became more exaggerated. Her breathing became faster and shallower as well.

This continued for a few minutes. She loved the feeling when her pussy gripped his shaft and rode along it. The movements of her hips were also causing his hands to slide over her ass stimulating her even more. As her hips rose, he also shifted his hips. Instead of his cock flat against her pussy, it was suddenly pointing at it. If she pushed down her pussy wouldn't slide along his cock, his cock would go into her.

Jess now understood what Ron meant when he told her the decision was hers. It wasn't the decision of whether or not to let him enter her body, it was a decision of whether or not she wanted to impale herself on his cock. Her mind was screaming no and coming up with a myriad of reasons, but her body urged her on.

She allowed her hips to move forward a bit, letting her pussy swallow his cockhead. With her being so wet already he slipped in easily, but he felt so big she wasn't sure he would fit inside her. Her mind continued to scream, but her body compelled her to take more of him. She continued to lower herself slowly onto his hard cock, stopping occasionally out of fear. It didn't hurt, but was filling her to the point she felt stuffed and there was still more of him left to go into her.

Finally she settled down on him, her belly resting on his. She could feel his pubic hair against her bald pussy. Jess wanted to stay still, but her body had to move. She rose up a bit, releasing his erection some, then pushed back down on it, again letting the cock enter her belly and feeling like it was up to her bellybutton, but from the inside.

Her screaming mind faded and her body controlled her movements. His cock felt almost hot, seemingly starting a fire deep within her. As her confidence grew, her movements became more deliberate. His slippery cock easily moved in and out of her as her hips tilted back and forth.

His hands roamed over her bare ass, turning her on even more. He was just lightly rubbing her ass cheeks, down the back of her thighs, in between her legs and even touching her pussy lips â€“ everything she wasn't supposed to let a boy do. She could feel her eruption rumbling deep inside her.

His finger slid down her ass crack, stopped at her asshole, and the tip of his finger pressed into her, making her jump in shock. It was like he had pressed a button and her body exploded. She squirmed, bounced, and pressed down on his cock as hard as she could. It was like her body was celebrating her orgasm. She had jarred the finger from her asshole, but almost wanted it back in. It was nasty, vulgar, but incredibility erotic.

Her body began to settle, but his still still cock was deep inside her, and as she moved, more sensations overwhelmed her. Jess's hips almost began to vibrate as a new high approached. His hands were rubbing harder, kneading her flesh, and doing things no girl should allow. She welcomed it though and wanted more. She didn't care what he did to her, as long as he released the tension building again within her.

His hips were moving as well, pushing up when she pushed down, then pulling back as she rose up. Her pussy was almost dripping her juices onto his rampaging cock. "I'm gonna cum!" he gasped as he pushed up hard lifting her into the air and triggering her second climax. She could feel his cock pulsating inside of her.

The two floated in erotic bliss as they were joined together in orgasm. Jess could feel him pumping his cum into her. She finally collapsed down on top of him, his cock still embedded in her pussy. Her lungs seemed to be fighting for air as they filled making her chest heave. As her body settled, she realized her pussy was now quite tender. Any movement of her cock felt like sandpaper in her, so she tried to stay as still as she could.

"I could use a shower. Would you like to join me?" he asked as he lifted her, pulled out of her, and slid out from under her. He stood and walked into the bathroom turning on the shower. Jess felt the cum start to leak out of her pussy, so went to the bathroom and sat on the toilet.

The shower door wasn't closed all the way and Jess could see in so watched Ron showering. It struck her that he didn't hide his nudity at all from her. She felt special that he willingly let her see and didn't try to hide anything. The cum stopped drooling out of her, so she flushed, then climbed into the shower with him. Girls weren't supposed to let boys or men see them naked, but he was different.

Without saying anything, he began washing her. Jess welcomed the attention and was exhausted, so it was also appreciated. He soaped up his hand liberally, then muttered, "Open your legs." She knew what he was going to do, but opened for him anyway. His hand went between her legs and he washed off her pussy. Strangely it didn't embarrass her.

He put his hands on her shoulders and gently turned her so her back was toward him. He soaped up her back, then rubbed her completely. It felt good to her and she relaxed. His hands dropped and he washed her ass cheeks. His hand went to her back and he applied a slight pressure, indicating she should bend over, which she did. He soaped up his hand again, then started washing her ass crack, grazing over her rear opening.

It embarrassed her, but at the same time felt erotic in a way. She didn't mind him rubbing there at all and even enjoyed the feelings. His finger went to her rear opening and pushed in, making her jump up. His hand pushed on her back again, so she bent down, a little nervous now. "Relax. Don't move. I'm just cleaning you," he muttered with his hand still on her back.

Jess held her breath as his finger pushed in at her asshole. "Relax. Let it happen," he said in a calm voice, calming her. She knew she had no choice, so relaxed her ass and his finger slid in. Her face turned red with embarrassment. It was nasty what he was doing and she was humiliated, but it didn't hurt. His finger wiggled slightly, then pulled out. He repeated his actions three or four more times, before his hand left her back and she stood up. "That wasn't so bad was it?" he smiled.

She shook her head. It wasn't too bad, just embarrassing. He turned the shower off and stepped out. Jess followed him and he handed her a towel. The two dried off, then he took her hand and led her back to the bed. They climbed in and she lay on her side, facing away from him, still a bit embarrassed. He curled around her and his hand went around her, coming to rest on her boob. He didn't seem to be trying to feel her up. Her breast was just there. She felt him snug up against her ass and she thought she could feel his limp dick against her.

Even though she was naked and so was he, she felt protected and safe. Jess quickly fell asleep.