APA for His Birthday

by Jackiegirl Â©

It was my husband's birthday that weekend and I had scratched my head for

weeks trying to figure out what to get him. He has everything. We are not

rich, but successful and have no kids to support, so money has never been

a problem. If we wanted something we got it, no big deal. It just makes it

hard to come up with gift ideas.

Jake and I are both in our earlier thirties and in good shape, no flab.

The last few years though we had been having some challenges in our

relationship. Sex had gotten boring for us. I had made some stabs at sexy

lingerie and while it helped some it was just a different warping on the

same old package.

I knew Jake had started watching pornography on his computer, he made no

secret of it. I was insulted on one level, but not enough to get mad about

it, figuring that he was as bored as I was and needed to find a way to

relieve the building stress. Yes he jacked off to the images. Not in front

of me, but I knew it anyway.

One of the side effects of Jake's computer stimulation was that he became

much more oral. He wanted to use his mouth on me more often and expected

me to return the favor. I played along but I stopped short of letting him

finish in my mouth or on my body. I insisted on conventional sex for the

finale. We argued. He would pout and I would become righteously indignant.

Don't get me wrong, I am not a prude. In fact I had once been part of an

orgy back in college. I still had dreams occasionally about that night. I

still have no idea how many people used me that night, and they weren't

all men. I was drunk of course, but not that drunk. I had wanted to do it.

Now I was a mature lady, a married woman and those days of wanton sex were

behind me.

I was beginning to be concerned that Jake would take a lover, would cheat

on me. He spent more time on his computer and had almost stopped even

attempting to coerce me into anything other than missionary sex. I knew in

my heart that we were at a crossroad and that this might be my last

birthday with him if things didn't change.

Still at a quandary about his gift I looked for a card. I found a really

nice one that expressed all my sentiments and my undying love in beautiful

poetry. It spoke of how he filled all my needs in life and completed me as

a person.

Everything seemed to be crashing down on me as I read the card. I quickly

bought it and then as soon as I got home penned my gift inside of it.

"ABSOLUTELY, POSITIVELY, ANYTHING you want, without reservation for your

birthday weekend.

COMPLETELY YOUR'S IN LOVE, Sarah"

I sealed the envelope and waited to give it to him.

At midnight on Friday night I handed him the card. I was nervous as hell

and not sure how he would take my gift. He opened and read it in silence.

Then looked at me and smirked.

"Yeah, right!" he said in a half groan, "as soon as I ask you to do

something you will get all huffy and tell me what a pervert I am!"

"Jake," I said as soothingly as I could, "I mean it. I want to make you

happy and this is my gift to you this weekend. I will do whatever you

want, I promise!"

"You might say that now, but I know you will change your mind as soon as

things get a little exciting," he answered in a resigned voice.

"Try me out Jake, give me a chance to make you happy!" I pleaded with him.

"Why, so we can end up in another fight?" he said, "no I think we should

leave things alone. Beside you have no idea what I would ask of you."

"I think I do," I told him. Wanting to prove myself I took a big step. "Do

you want me to suck your dick?"

I don't know if it was the question or the language I used but he looked

at me and his face underwent a change. His eyes changed from sad and

somber, to hard, then to mischievous.

"You know I think you might believe that you mean what you say, but I

doubt that you are really prepared to do absolutely positively anything."

I didn't know what to say, partly because I knew he was right. I mean it

sounded good, but just how much was I really prepared to surrender to this

guy. I had to try, I wanted to try so I put all that out of my head and

just said, "Why don't you test me?"

The grin on his face scared me a little.

"Ok, take your clothes off for me."

No big deal about that I thought as I stood up and began to strip for him.

Really it was kind of exciting to be doing it and I have to admit that I

was a little turned on by being so risquÃ©.

As I slid the last piece of clothing down my legs and stepped out of the

lacy knickers I looked at him and asked, "What now lover?"

"I want you to sit in that chair and play with your pussy for me," he

said.

I swallowed and moved to the chair. I had done this for him before, well

sort of. I had played with myself while he watched but it had always been

during the heat of sex. I had never done it in cold blood like this. I

opened my legs and started to run my fingers over my pussy. I am trimmed

to a neat little bush. Jake had asked me to shave my pussy several times

and I refused. Now I wondered if that would be one of the things I would

be doing this weekend.

I slipped my fingers between my lips and was surprised to find myself wet.

I started to rub my clit being careful to hold my lips apart so he could

see what I was doing. This was really weird. The hungry way he watched me

made me feel sexy and desirable and the brazen way my body reacted

embarrassed me but rather then quelling the sexual excitement that was

building it added to it. I could see that his dick was hard in his pants.

That fueled me, igniting the fire in me and my skin flushed with the

shame, the thrill of what I was doing.

"You're very pretty," he said, "did you now that, and very sexy."

The calm voice he used only made it worse, heightening my excitement. I

slipped a finger inside myself and now used both hands on my pussy.

"Is your pussy wet my love?" he asked me.

"Yes," I mumbled back

"Are you going to cum for me?"

"If you want me too," I replied hoping that he wouldn't stop me now. I

really wanted him to see me give this to him. I wanted him to see me offer

myself this way.

"Who are you now?"

I wasn't sure what he was asking.

"I'm your wife, your lover," I panted out very near the edge of an orgasm.

"No right now you are more than that," he stated calmly, "what else are

you tonight?"

"I'm yours!" I cried wanting to cum, wanting to let him see me climax.

"You're my what?" he asked pressing me for an answer. "Tell me or stop and

we can go to bed and forget all about this."

"I'm your PUSSY!" I shouted. "Your WHORE, your SLUT!" I gasped out as my

pussy clenched tight on my hand and waves of orgasm came over me. I shook

and moaned as I came, half laughing and half crying as both hands pressed

tight to my sex and I curled over in the chair.

Jake just watched me for a minute then stood and walked over to me. He

took me in his arms and moved me around so I sat in his lap. He held me

close and let me shiver into his strong shoulder. Finally he picked me up,

something he hadn't done in years, and carried to bed. He laid me down and

pulled the covers over me.

"I am going to put this card on your nightstand. If you still want to give

me this gift in the morning give me the card back."

I whispered "I love you," then rolled over and fell into a deep sleep.

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I awoke just before sunrise and the first thing I noticed was that I was

completely rested and felt great. The second thing was that I was nude. I

don't sleep nude. Maybe every once in awhile we will fall asleep after

making love, but I always woke up a little later and dressed for bed after

cleaning myself up. I slid from the bed trying not to disturb Jake and

wrapping myself in a robe made my silent way into the kitchen.

I started the coffee and sat at the table while it brewed. I was amazed at

how early I was up and how good I felt. I wondered what, if anything, last

nights adventure had to do with it. My mind replayed the scene from the

night before and a little of the feelings returned. I was actually getting

a little excited just sitting there thinking about the display I had put

on for Jake. I shook it off and poured myself a cup of coffee.

I wandered through the house, still trying to be quiet and not wake Jake

so early. As I passed his study I noticed the glare on the wall. His

computer was still powered up. That wasn't like my so organized man. He

always put things back, hung things up and turned things off when he was

done. I walked around to the screen and moved the mouse. The screen saver

disappeared and the desktop came up.

I wasn't really thinking about spying on him when I clicked his internet

icon, I was just curious. I went to his history and pulled up the first

site that looked like porn.

It was! The site had a member's page that needed a password, but also

offered a free tour. I took it. I had never imagined that women did what

these were doing. Well that's not really true, I had imagined it but only

in my deepest fantasies. This was real though. Not only real but

photographed and video taped for the whole world to see. I looked, I

studied and then I went to the next site in his history.

I must have sat there an hour before I snapped myself out of it. What I

had done last night was nothing. When Jake told me I wasn't prepared for

absolutely positively anything he wasn't kidding!

I got another cup of coffee and sat back down at the table. Somehow I

found my hand in my lap and my mind into the pictures I had just looked

at.

Without much thinking I wandered back to our bedroom. I looked down at my

sleeping husband. He had pushed the covers almost all the way off and I

stared at his naked body. He had an erection, not unusual for him in the

mornings. Shaking my head again to clear any thoughts in it I shucked my

robe and lowered myself gently to the bed. I moved around until I could

reach him with my lips and slowly covered his hard dick with my mouth. He

woke up instantly, but did not move. He just laid there as I moved him

deeper into my mouth. I held him for a few seconds then began to rise and

fall on his shaft. Slowly I took as much as I could into my mouth then

rose off of it. I repeated this over and over. My hands went to his chest

and began to play with his nipples. Then one trailed over his belly and

took a grip on his dick. I started to stroke him with both hand and mouth.

His hands slipped into my hair and held me as my head rose and fell. Then

he started to describe a rhythm with the movement of his hands tangled in

my hair. I followed and the pace quickened. Both hands gripped his dick

and began pumping furiously as my mouth worked on the top couple of inches

of him. His back arched and his body shivered with the tension of coming

climax. Then he jerked into my mouth and I felt the first blast of him hit

the back of my throat. I couldn't have moved off him if I wanted to; his

hands were holding me tight. I didn't want to. I felt his cum again, hot

and tangy, bitter and salty. He shot so hard that I almost gagged but by

opening my mouth relieved the pressure. I felt his cum run from my mouth

and over my lips and onto my still moving hands. He came again and I

swallowed, again and I swallowed. I thought he would never stop.

Finally he fell back to the bed and his hands raised my head from his

dick. I looked at him, his eyes were closed but his face shown with bliss.

I laid my head on his thigh and waited for him to say something. I don't

know what I expected.

"That was good," he said at last.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it birthday boy."

"Now clean me up and we can go have some breakfast."

I started to get up for a wash cloth when his hand held me back, "With

your mouth, he said quietly.

I looked at him again and saw the same question in his eyes he had asked

last night. I lowered my lips to him and began to lick and suck him clean.

My mouth and belly were already full of the taste of him so it didn't

matter. I let him watch as I licked not only his softening dick but also

my hands clean of his mess.

"There you go, good as new!" I told him as I finished.

"Better than new," he responded, "now let's go get some of that coffee I

smell."

I slid off of him and stood by the bed. I took the birthday card from the

nightstand and handed it to him. "You read your card while I go pour the

coffee," I smiled at him.

I reached for my robe and he said, "I want you to stay naked this morning,

leave the robe here.'

With a shrug of my shoulders I dropped the robe on the bed and turned to

leave. Once in the living room I noticed the light coming through the

front window. The curtains were wide open. Earlier it had been dark when I

crossed that way, but now anyone walking or driving past could see in. I

scooted along the wall going for the drawstrings.

"Leave them,." I heard from behind me and turned to see Jake standing

there in the doorway. I smiled as I saw that he was erect again and I

thought of his standing dick as an exclamation mark for his words. I

looked at the windows then back at Jake.

"Whatever you say," I answered in my 'I hope you know what you're doing'

voice.

It was still early Saturday morning but the neighborhood was beginning to

wake and soon it would start to move about. The view from the street

through our living room and across the kitchen bar top was clear. I

scurried across the room and into the kitchen. Jake walked as if he wore a

three-piece suit, unconcerned if all the neighbors, their children and

pets were lined up at he glass.

I had never cooked in the nude before. I found myself being very careful

as I turned bacon and flipped eggs. I didn't want a painful splatter. Jake

busied himself getting the juice and setting the table. Jake was standing

at he table as I turned to bring the plates over. He wasn't rigidly erect

anymore, but still swollen and red. I giggled and he asked what was up.

I pointed and asked if that was his standby mode, kind of on call for

immediate service. He looked down at himself and we both watched as he

rose steadily to a straight hard shaft.

"Did you call?" he asked and I laughed

"Oh my! That's nice."

We sat and ate and just enjoyed being together. We chatted about anything

but sex as breakfast disappeared. When we were done I removed the plate

and placed them in the dishwasher then returned to sit with Jake.

"I love your card Sarah," he began, "are you sure this is what you want to

give me/ Do you know what absolutely positively anything could be?"

"Oh Jake," I answered, "I have some idea. I know there are things that

would freak me out and scare me to death. I know that there are things

that only dark minds or souls could think up. I also know that I trust

you. I trust you not to deliberately hurt me. I trust you not to do

anything that we can't live with later. I love you Jake and want to do

this for you this weekend."

:Jake I will do my very best to give you absolutely positively anything

you want this weekend."

He looked at me with smiling and loving eyes. "Ok, first I want you to

call that salon place you like. I want you to schedule an appointment for

this morning to have the works done. Hair, nails, face, massage, the whole

bit, but the only stipulation is that you have to start with a full wax

job."

I knew that I was going to end up with a bare pussy out of this deal. He

had asked several times before and wouldn't miss this chance.

"Why don't you help me here and shave me?" I asked.

"No, I want someone else to do this. I want a stranger to do it. I want

you to know that she knows you are doing it to look sexy for your man. I

want you to have it done first so that as you sit around in those little

robes you wear in those places everyone else will know what you did for me

too."

"We don't wear robes there, just wrap in towel," I mumbled.

"All the better!" he smiled.

It was already after 8AM so I called "La Femme" and scheduled my

appointment for 10. I did as he asked and set the wax first and hair last.

I usually enjoyed the day spa tremendously; today might be different.

"We have about an hour before you have to get ready to go, let's go watch

some morning news and drink our coffee."

The TV was in the living room of course but Jake just headed in there

oblivious to the open curtain. I followed much less sure of myself and

trying to be as small and invisible as possible. We sat side by side on

the sofa and he turned to the morning talk shows. The sofa was

perpendicular to the windows so at least I wasn't facing the glass.

Jake an I are both politically active. We have the same goals, but

sometimes differ as to what we think is the best way to get there. The

talking heads soon had us in a lively discussion of some current event. I

had almost forgotten about our nudity. Jake held his empty cup out to me,

"Would you mind honey?" he asked

I looked at his cup, at him and then at the windows. Anything I had said,

absolutely anything you want. Oh well I thought as I rose and headed to

the kitchen. I could see out the windows as I made for the other room.

There was one car drive by as I made my way to the coffee pot. I stalled a

little reinforcing my nerve before I headed back to Jake.

There was a car coming again as I moved back to him. The same car? It

looked the same to me but then most cars look alike to me. The chances of

whoever it was happening to look this way, looking through my windows and

seeing me were slim, but I was still sure that they had. Anything, I

reminded myself and stood taller and walked back to him. I sat down and

when I did he slipped his hand between my legs.

"A little damp there Dear."

Damn, I was. "You have that effect on me," I told him.

He didn't remove his hand and pretty soon he had me writhing in my seat. I

kept glancing over my shoulder to see if anyone was driving by but I

didn't make him stop.

"Time to get ready," he told me a few minutes later. God I didn't want him

to stop now! I think he knew that too.

We walked back to the bedroom and he went right into my closet. There he

started poking through my clothes telling me that he was going to pick out

my outfit for the day. This should be fun I thought.

I sat at the vanity and worked my magic on my hair and makeup while he

rummaged through my clothes. When I was done I found his selections lying

on the bed. He had picked a pale pink blouse of a thin cotton material

with buttons up the front. Lying next to it was a short gray skirt. The

skirt was one I seldom wore because it was just a little too short to be

comfortable at work.

"That was the best I could do with what you have to chose from," he told

me.

I walked to the armoire and opened a draw.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Getting some lingerie," I replied.

"Oh no you're not, this is what you wear. If I wanted you to wear

something else I would have set it out for you!"

He was still naked and once again his dick was standing straight up. He

was obviously turned on by me not wearing a bra or knickers.

"That blouse is pretty thin," I protested, "People will be able to see

through it. I'll be almost topless in the right light."

"I know," he said calmly. "Remember APA, absolutely, positively anything!"

"APA my ass!" I mumbled as I went back to the bed and picked up the

blouse. I was going to do it, I had promised anything he wanted.

The blouse wasn't as bad as I had feared. I was glad he didn't see the

white one still in the cleaners bag. It was transparent it was so sheer.

The only problem I saw was that my nipples stood out plainly in the thin

material. The skirt was about 3 inches above my knees. That wasn't too

bad, I could retain my modestly all right in it.

"Ok," Jake said, "now lets find your tallest pair of heels."

Years ago I had stopped buying anything but sensible shoes. Even my dress

shoes had only 2 inch heels. Jake was a little disappointed by the limited

selection but we settled and a pair of beige pumps.

He gave me a great hug and kiss and then we headed out to the car.

"You will have to practice some getting in and out of the car with that

skirt," he told me.

"You're right, if I'm not careful someone will get an eye full of me," I

laughed.

"You don't understand honey," he continued, "you're going to practice how

to show your bare pussy, not how to hide it!"

Oh crap!

He held the car door open and asked me to get in.

"Not good," he said once I was seated. Put one leg in at a time and let

the skirt ride up more he instructed.

I got out doing as he said.

"Better, but still not right," he frowned.

I tried again. This time I sat down, extended my right leg out and lifted

my left foot into the car. The skirt moved high and as I open my knees I

was sure he could see all the way up my legs.

"Much better, try it once more for me!"

I climbed out making sure that I scooted down so my skirt would slide up

then raised my legs.

"Great! Do it right once more and we can be on our way," he promised.

"Good morning Jake," I heard. I turned to see Mr. Caldwell standing right

by our driveway. He is a sweet old man, probably 80 years old and every

morning he walks his English Bull Dog down our street. He is a fixture in

the neighborhood.

"Hi Sarah, what's going on?" the old gent asked us.

"Hi Mr. Caldwell," Jake replied. "I forgot to open the car door for Sarah

yesterday and she is making me practice how to be a gentleman this

morning."

Jake can be pretty fast on his feet when the need arises.

"Looks like you are being well rewarded for your efforts," he smiled at

us.

I choked! The old fart had seen the show I was putting on for Jake and was

letting us know he had.

"I work better with the proper incentive!" Jake laughed back at him.

"Well you kids have a great day," he allowed and turned to go on his way.

"You too Mr. Caldwell," I said automatically.

He turned back to me and grinned. "Sarah at my age days don't get much

better than this one has been so far!"

I was as red as a beet as I turned to get back into the car. Even so I

gave Jake the show I knew he expected. When he climbed in he was laughing

and obviously very pleased with my embarrassment. He teased me all the way

to the spa, telling me to be careful I didn't give the old guy a heart

attach or something.

"If you're so embarrassed why are your nipples so hard?" he asked

I looked down at myself to verify what I could already feel.

He dropped me at the spa telling me to call him when I was done. I walked

in more than a little fearful of the reaction I would get to my less than

ladylike dress.

I checked in with the receptionist and she didn't even give me a second

look. I took my locker key and made my way to the back of the spa. I was

glad to get out of my revealing clothes and into a towel that was much

more acceptable in this place.

I found the waxing room and was greeted by a middle-aged black woman. "You

must be Mrs. Rossi. Well climb right up here and we'll get started

darling,' she piped in a high pitched voice.

I sat on the padded table and wondering what to do next.

"This must be your first time Honey," she said. "Unwrap and lay down on

the table. I'll be as gentle as I can."

Feeling myself blush all over I did as I was asked. Why in the world had I

ever agreed to this? Once I was prone on the table Belle got busy with her

scissors trimming away all the longer hair covering me.

"We need to get down to a more manageable length," was her only comment.

I was nervous and for some reason thought that I needed to explain my

presence her today. "This is my husbands birthday," I told her.

"Well he will for sure be tickled with this gift!" she laughed.

She was the epitome of professionalism and her hands were totally

impersonal as she worked on me. The strangeness and the underlying

potential sexuality of it was getting to me. Combined with thoughts of my

husband's plans for me I was in danger of getting turned on by the

manipulations of this really sweet lady.

It hurt. It burned. I know that I hollered loud enough at least one time

to be heard outside the room. I was so embarrassed. Finally she was done

and rubbing a salve on me. That felt good, maybe I thought a little too

good right now. I couldn't stand the thought of showing Belle how my body

wanted to react. I jumped up just as soon as she was done and quickly

wrapped in my towel.

I made my way to the pedicure and manicure stations. I noticed that some

of the woman just wrapped the towel around their waists, going topless in

the salon. Some just threw the towel over their shoulders and walked about

nude. Most of us tucked it around our breast to cover as much as possible.

I knew that the manicurist could see between my legs and my fresh waxing.

I tried to keep the towel down but it was impossible. Finally I followed

the lead of the topless set and wrapped it around my waist. That made me a

little more comfortable.

Then to the massage room. The lady could have been Belle's sister. She was

nice and had great strong hands that began to work my muscles in a deep

rub. I was getting relaxed when she told me turn over.

Of course the towel wouldn't stay in place and now another woman was

seeing my freshly modified pussy.

Relax and enjoy it I told myself without much effect.

The next stop was the hair station. I was getting highlighted and

feathered. My brown curls were really in need of some professional

attention. I was sitting there just enjoying the pampering when my

hairdresser started to hum happy birthday. God, did everybody here know

about Jake's birthday present. When I blushed she laughed and said, "Don't

worry honey, I think it's great!"

By the time I was done more than four hours had passed. I called Jake and

he came in to settle the bill. Of course everyone broke into a chorus of

happy birthday for him and I just wanted to bury my head and hide.

I was back in my clothes, such as they were and ready to get out of there.

I remembered to get in the car as Jake had shown me that morning and his

whistle let me know that he had seen the results of his wish.

Once seated in the car he said, "Well let me see."

I stuck out my hand to show off my new nails.

"That's not what I meant," he laughed.

With a quick scan of the area to be sure we were alone I turned and raised

my left leg to the seat. Then I pulled my skirt up to reveal his treat.

"Now that is fucking sexy!" he said.

"Yeah, well everyone in there knows this was your birthday present!" I

told him, then explained the whole story. He thought it was funny as hell.

My hand had slipped to my pussy and for the first time I felt the

smoothness of my new look. "Feels sexy too," I told him.

I reached over and cupped his hard dick through his pants. "If any more

blood rushes to that thing you are going to have brain damage," I chided

him.

"I think I already do, I think I'm crazy....about you."

"Hungry?" he asked.

"Famished," I answered without thinking of the consequences.

He pulled from the lot and a few minutes later we were parking at a at a

busy diner. He reached over and started to undo a button on my blouse. I

grabbed his hand.

"APA sweetheart, remember APA" he said.

I moved my hand and he undid that one and one more. Now my blouse was open

to the middle of my breasts. My nipples were hard again too.

He came around the car and smiling opened my door. Like a good birthday

present I got out showing all I could of myself. He was beaming with

satisfaction. We entered the diner and the waitress showed us right to an

open table. She gave me a sideways look that made me feel even more

exposed than I was.

I knew that if I moved wrong my tits would show and under the table I was

struggling to keep my skirt from riding up. Jake could see my dilemma and

offered no sympathy. He just smiled that idiot smile that men get when

their dicks are hard.

I expected Jake to test me, but he didn't push me at all while we ate. I

assumed that he was happy just enjoying the potential exposure of the

scene.

"Next stop we are going to get you some new clothes," he told me as we

finished our meal.

Now that scared me. I knew that if Jake took me shopping under the current

circumstances the outfit I had on would be modest compared to what he

might pick out.

"What did you have in mind," I asked hoping that I could shortstop him by

having something suitable at home.

"Well the first thing you need is some decent shoes. Those are about

sexless! Then I think maybe a couple of blouse and a skirt or two."

I knew I was in trouble now. There is a clichÃ© about women and the shoe

store and I had a feeling that I was about to become that tale.

"You're kidding?" I asked in a pleading voice.

"Nope." He said.

"Come on Jake, are you really going to take me into a shoe store dressed

like this?" I begged.

"Do you want your card back now?" he smirked.

That stopped me in my tracks. "No," I murmured, "I don't want the damn

thing back."

As I stood up to leave the booth the skirt rode high and I could feel the

eyes on my body. I was thinking I might end up getting used to this before

the weekend was over.

Back at the car Jake held my door again and with no conscious effort I

opened my legs and showed him my bare pussy as I climbed in. Mom had spent

years teaching me to sit and act like a proper lady. In a couple of short

hours Jake's instructions were overpowering all of that early training.

We drove across town to a large upscale mall and he found a parking place

reasonably close to the entrance. This time as I moved my leg out of the

car Jake reached down with his hand and slid it up my thigh to touch my

pussy. His hand felt so good on my leg and when he touched me my body

tingled.

"That feels so good!" Jake said and I thought you have no idea.

He leaned down and kisses me as his hand continued to tease me, touching

my clit. I was shivering now and my tongue was probing into his mouth

while his hand played. He broke the kiss and we headed into the mall.

We walked through the mall looking in windows and at the people. I was

still very uncomfortable in my ridiculous outfit but I also knew it would

not get any better soon. Looking around at the comical and often revealing

clothing worn by many of the other girls in the mall I felt a little less

out of place.

Finally Jake turned me into a shoe store. The display window was full of

high heels and boot, not the running shoes and practical flats shown at

all the others we had passed. I walked next to him to the shelves of heels

and we started to look them over.

"Nothing less than 4 inches," he told me. That didn't lessen the selection

much because half of the wall was covered with long skinny heels. There

were two sales people in the store, a guy and a gal. Of course the guy

came over to us and asked to help.

"Give us a minute to look around," Jake told him. We continued and Jake

pointed out several pairs that he liked. I settled on a pair of neutral

beige sandals with ankle straps and thin heels.

"Are you ready?" Jake asked.

"No!" I told him, "but that's not going to stop you is it?"

"APA my dear, remember it was your idea!" He brushed the back of a finger

over my distended nipple and an electric shock ran through me.

"I think you might want this too," he smiled at me.

He walked to the salesman and handed him the sample asking for it in my

size 6 1/2. When the man started away Jake stopped him and asked for some

thigh high stockings. The guy pointed to a rack and Jake wandered to it.

He came back to me with a pair of black thigh highs and told me I needed

stocking on to try on shoes.

I looked at him and whispered, "You pervert!"

"Yeah and you are going to learn to love it too!"

I took the package and tore it open as I found a place to sit. I kicked

off my little short heels and unfolded the stockings. They felt smooth and

sexy in my hands.

Ok you son-of-a-bitch I thought you want to see my pussy take a look. I

raised one foot to the fitting stool and let my skirt ride high as I slid

the stocking over the leg. I let my legs fall open farther as I smoothed

the stocking out. I put that leg down and raised the other. My pussy was

wide open to his eyes in a public store.

Jake leaned over me and whispered, "I'm not sure but it looks to me like

your pussy is wet."

I grabbed his head in my hand and pulled him closer. "Yes, God damn it, it

is," I Whispered back with a touch of anger in my voice. "Now go away and

leave me alone. Just stand back there and watch your wife act like a

slut!"

Just then the salesman walked back in. As he approached I could see him

checking out my legs. My skirt had slid up to the bottom of the lace at

the top of the stocking and there was a lot of leg to see. He stood next

to me and offered the open shoebox. I picked the shoes from it and set

them on the floor. Here goes I said to myself as I slipped one foot into a

shoe, then the next. I kept my feet flat on the floor, my thighs tight on

the seat. The heels tightened my calves and raise my knees higher. The

back of my skirt was off the edge of the chair, hanging loose and open

under me. The shoes had ankle straps.

I glanced at the name badge on the guy's jacket. "Sammy I just had my

nails done." I waved my new French tips between us." Would you be a

sweetheart and fasten the straps for me?"

"Sure," he said quickly as he dropped to one knee next to my left leg.

He reached around my ankle and started to fasten the strap. I turned my

foot to him and moved it his way a little, to make it easier for him to

reach the tiny buckle. I don't know if he could see my pussy from there,

but he surely could see a lot of the inner thigh of my right leg. When he

finished that one I crossed the left foot under my other leg, slid forward

in the chair and extended the right leg. Moving and turning in the chair

had caused my skirt to slide farther up and now the lace tops of the

stockings and a bit of bare flesh were showing. He was staring right into

my freshly waxed pussy.

He couldn't seem to get the buckle done and finally had to say something.

"Excuse me, I seem to have gotten fumble fingered all of a sudden!"

"Well Sammy," I said, "you might try looking at what you are doing, that

might help."

He finished hooking me up and I rose to my feet as he remained kneeling in

front of me. His face was now only inches from what he had been looking

at.

I walked around the room taking a few steps to adjust to the new high

heel. They were comfortable and I could feel the way they drew my legs

tight and added sway to my butt. I took a couple of turns with both men

following me with their eyes.

"These are nice, I think I'll take them."

Jake had picked up another pair of shoes while this was going on and now

asked Sammy if he had them in my size in red and black. Sammy assured him

they did and went to get them for us. I sat back down. My heart was

running a million miles an hour and my entire body was flushed. Jake

leaned over me and told me he loved me.

"Do you want me to fuck him?" I asked

"Not today,' was his reply.

I had to poke at him a little, "Do you realize the size of the bulge in

the front of your pants?" I was thinking I would embarrass him.

"You like?' was all he said.

Sammy came back with the new selections and knelt to help me off with the

old and on with the new. Of course he stared up my skirt the whole time,

and of course I let him.

While he was focused on the shoes I undid two more buttons on my blouse.

When he leaned back, shoe now in place I bent over to check it out. The

blouse billowed open and my breasts came into view. My nipples were rigid

testimony to my excitement.

I walked in each pair, swishing my skirt and ass as I put on the show for

the boys. "I'll take these too," I commented. Jake wasn't about to argue

about cost today.

Sammy had been pretty quiet up until now. He cleared his throat a couple

of times then came out with it.

"No one is going to believe this when I tell them," he said.

"You mean you're going to tell all your friends about me?" I asked with

false shock.

"Well hell yes I am!" he said honestly. "Look I've got a camera phone and

well, if you know, you'd let me take a picture they would have to believe

me then. I'll give you a free pair of shoes if you'll do it.

I didn't say anything for a minute, then looked at Jake. He nodded. I

turned to Sammy and said, "If you don't include the face I guess it will

be ok."

"That would be great!" he almost shouted.

I knew Jake's evil little mind had been working when he cut in, "Hey,

Sammy can you email a picture with that phone?"

"Yeah sure I can."

"Well look I'll do one better for you. She is going to wear the first pair

out of here. You help her fit them back on and I'll take a picture of that

for you."

I thought he would pop right then. He handed Jake the camera and showed

him how to use it then grabbed the shoes and knelt down by me again. A

couple if minutes later I had the new shoes on and he had the picture,

well really several pictures of himself and my bare pussy.

"Send them to pixiegirl at hotmail for us," Jake told him.

When we checked out the salesgirl was standing stiffly behind the counter

glaring at us all.

Outside the store I started to shake. Jake was laughing again. I hadn't

heard him laugh so much since we were married. Guess that tells me

something, huh.

Somehow walking through the mall in my four inch heels changed not only my

strut, but my attitude. Of course spending the last half hour showing my

pussy to a stranger might have been part of it too.

We spent the next couple of hours shopping. We got a little gray and black

skirt that reached to mid-thigh, maybe. We got a white pleated skirt that

was a bit longer but that flared out wide with every turn. A short denim

skirt finished the lower half off. I tried on blouse of every type except

modest. I fitted cover-ups and little jackets, all sans blouse of course.

Jake insisted that I try everything on and model for him. Some of the

times when I came out of the dressing room I had to find him in the store.

He was always standing near other people when I did. One crochet cover up

actually allowed a nipple to stick through the weave, fortunately he was

still near the dressing room when I tried that on.

The strangest purchase he made that day was a plain white men's t shirt.

I left with several packages of clothing and nothing that I would even

consider wearing to Mom's house.

As I sat back in the car Jake's hand again slipped up my legs. "Still wet

I see,"

"Yes and you better get me home soon you ass!"

I wasn't really mad at him, I was mad at the way my own body was betraying

me to him and his games.

Jake led me to the bedroom as soon as we got home. He laid me back on the

bed and slid my skirt up my legs then lowered his face to me. I wanted to

push him away because I didn't want him to see how wet I really was, but I

couldn't, I needed him too much right then. When his mouth covered me I

moaned loudly and moved to him, pressing against his mouth, his lips. When

his tongue touch me I was overwhelmed. I had felt his hands on my bare

skin, but the feel of his mouth was sensational. It was like being eaten

for the first time.

He probed at me, parting my lips with his tongue, then flicking against my

flaming clit. He sucked and nibbled, he licked and kissed. Every touch was

exciting, was fire. I was out of control as he made love to my pussy. His

hands reached to my breasts and forced the shirt up so he could reach the

bare skin of my breasts, he lightly pinched a nipple as he pushed his

tongue into me and I exploded in shaking, shattering, body wrenching

orgasm. I held his head tight to me and he rode out wave after wave of my

satisfaction.

He rose when I was done. I could hear him removing his clothes but was too

far-gone to open my eyes and watch. Then I felt the bed move with his

weight. I felt him lower between my legs and his hard hot dick press

against me.

I thought I couldn't take any more. I was wrong. He slipped in easily and

as he did my body again responded. Almost immediately I was back to the

edge of orgasm. He strokes were long and firm, full length plunges. Out

slowly, in fast in one move. God I was going wild as he plowed in and out

of me. My pussy was soaking wet and I felt the fluid run down my thigh. I

could hear the squishing noise with each stroke of him. I could feel every

inch as it moved in and out. I was panting, whimpering and shoving up to

meet his every thrust.

When I felt him cum I exploded. It was incredible. Even in my orgasm I

could feel his cum fill me and then run out to trickle over the crack of

my ass. I could feel his dick vibrate with each shivering pulse of him. I

could feel my pussy contract and lock onto him and try to drag him deeper.

We slept.

We napped for several hours. It had been only about six when we had gotten

home and about ten when I woke to the soft kisses he placed on my breasts

and belly. I held him and cuddled for a few minutes then he stirred.

"Ok sleepy head time to get up and play!"

Oh my god what else can we do today I thought. I made for the bathroom and

took care of business. When I walked back to the bed there were several

pictures fanned out on the covers. I saw at once that they were the ones

Jake had taken for Sammy. He had logged onto my email as I slept and

printed them out.

The first one showed me as Sammy fitted a shoe to my foot. My legs were

parted just enough that you could see my bare pussy under the edge of my

skirt. The second showed my other leg being tended to as Sammy held my

calf and slipped a shoe on. This time my knee was raised, the skirt had

fallen back and I was clearly in view. The third was much the same, but

focused more on my chest showing the mostly open blouse and the curve of

my breasts. My pussy was still in the frame, as was Sammy's happy face.

The last picture made me suck in my breath and my heart stop. It was me

again of course, but this time showing my face.

It was my face but it was not me. I had never seen this woman before. Her

face, neck and upper chest were bright with high color, her lips were

parted and her tongue protruded slightly as if she were about to lick her

lips. Her glazed and unfocused eyes were looking down at the man between

her legs as her curly hair hung over her shoulders. It was a face of pure

unmitigated lust, a face of sexual need and abandon. It couldn't be me. I

had to reach out and support myself against the bed as I stared

unbelieving at the photo.

"Really something isn't it?" Jake asked.

We showered together, teasing. Then he had me find the new denim skirt for

him. He had me try it on and asked me to sit on the end of the bed for

him. He looked from all angles as he appraised the skirt. Finally he asked

me to stand.

He pressed against the front of the skirt until he touched my pussy. Then

he used his hands to measure. About half way between my pussy and the hem

he used a magic marker to dot a line. He had me take it off and give it to

him.

Carefully he measured around the skirt, keeping an even distance from the

hem. Taking a pair of scissors from the night table he cut the hem,

shortening the already mini skirt by several inches. He left the room and

returned with the wire brush we use to clean the grill. Quickly he brushed

the new hem of the skirt giving it a frayed looked. Once satisfied with

his efforts he handed it back to me.

The skirt now fell to only about an inch and a half, maybe two below my

pussy. This was a low rider skirt and there was no room to tug it down

without pulling it off my hips.

"Slip your new red heels on honey and then walk over by the dresser for

me." He instructed.

I did as asked and once I was there he told me to turn away from him and

bend over at the waist.

"Right there," he said when I had bent only a couple of inches, "there is

where your ass starts to show, just a little more and your pussy will show

too."

The only way not to show my ass in this skirt was to stand almost

perfectly straight.

Next he had me get the t shirt he had bought and slip it on.

"This could use a little adjustment too," he said

He followed much the same procedure. This time he marked the shirt from my

left shoulder just outside the collar, across my chest and over the curve

of my right breast. Then he marked around the side and back. He had me

take it off and hand it back to him.

Out came the scissors again and he trimmed the shirt along his dotted

line. He laid the thing flat on my vanity and cut it across the midriff.

While he worked I sat down. Standing there topless in that tiny skirt and

heels was making me feel too uncomfortable, too on display. When I sat the

skirt pulled up and the bare cheeks of my butt touched the chair. The

front of the fabric was at the top of my thighs and my pussy was visible

even to me. There was no way to sit in this thing. When I stood back up

the skirt did not fall all the way back down, the tightness around my hips

keeping it above my sex until I pulled it lower.

Jake handed me the shirt and said, "You don't want to stretch it when you

put it on."

I worked into it. The left shoulder fit almost normally, but from there it

draped over my chest diagonally and lay across the top of my right breast

and under my arm. My right side was bare to the middle of my breast. The

bottom of the shirt ended a few inched below my breasts and left a lot of

bare skin between it and the low riding skirt.

Jake admired his workmanship and had me do a models turn for him. I had

learned enough today to know that he did not do this for me to wear around

the house. He had other plans and they would involve taking me out.

He put on some shorts and a pull over, grabbed his wallet and turned to me

saying, "You know, I think we need some juice for breakfast."

"Jake," I told him, "there's juice in the refrigerator."

"Yeah, I know, but I want fresh."

He took my hand and led me to the car. This time I had no problem at all

getting in the car as he likes. Sitting there half of my butt was bare

against the seat covers and my pussy was in plain sight for anyone looking

in the window. Jake drove several miles from home and during the ride kept

looking over at me and telling me how fucking sexy I looked and how pretty

I was. At last he pulled into the parking lot of an all night quick stop

store. One man came out as we pulled in and I didn't see anyone else in

there but the clerk.

"Here's the rules lover," he told me. "You can't adjust anything once

you're in the store, you can't hold anything with your hands, pull

anything up or down or use anything to hide behind. What happens is up to

gravity and good luck."

He was smiling like an idiot and I had never seen him so excited about

anything we had done. He looked like a kid with a new toy.

My remnant of a shirt hung on bravely across my breast and so far had not

slipped any. Of course I hadn't done anything yet either. My hope was that

my nipples would anchor it in place. I had never seen them stick out so

far and maybe they would keep the soft cotton cloth from moving.

"Can I straighten my skirt when I get out of the car?" I asked knowing it

would be way above legal when I stood up.

"Of course, just not once we're in the store, ok?'

"It's your birthday," I answered.

We left the car and I smoothed down what little skirt I had. I was afraid

to disturb the shirt. We walked in. The clerk gave me a double take. I

know I was blushing and I held Jake's hand tightly. We crossed the front

of the store and just past the register Jake turned to me.

"Honey," he said handing me ten bucks, "would you get the juice while I

look at these magazines?" He let my hand go and gave me a big smile.

I turned to walk down the isle.

"Oh, by the way would you grab me a candy bar too, a payday?"

Jake seldom eats candy and I had never seen him eat a payday bar. I was

puzzled, but shouldn't have been, knowing him. I turned down the candy

isle. Like all these little stores the candy isle ran directly away from

the register so the clerk could watch the kids steeling sweet treats.

I could feel Jake and the clerk watching me as I walked across the store.

My red four inch heels made me sway sexily in my obscenely short butchered

skirt and tattered shirt. Did I look like and escapee from a Halloween

party, a slut? Did I look hot and sexy? My heart quickened as I felt the

shirt move a fraction as my breasts swayed free under it.

I was looking for the candy, running my eyes over the rows of offering.

There it was, of course on the bottom shelf. I knew that Jake had seen

that as we came in, that's why he asked for a bar he doesn't even like.

Jake had moved enough that he could still see me, and the clerk had an

unobstructed view. I squatted down with my back to the register. Fooled

you Jake, I thought, as long as I don't face the guy he won't get to see

much. When I stood back up I knew that Jake hadn't planned on me facing

the clerk, he had just used the snug fit of the skirt to overcome gravity.

I had taken only two stops when I knew what he had done. I could feel the

frayed hem of the denim touching the cheeks of my ass. I let out a gasp as

the rush of shame, anger and excitement hit me. I heard a choking laugh

from Jake around the corner of the isle.

My hands went to my skirt to pull it down. I was out of sight of Jake now

and he would never know that it didn't work it's own way lower. I stopped

my hands. He may not be watching but I would know that I had broken my

promise to him. I resumed my walk to the frozen foods and made sure that

my ass swayed even more as I stepped along in my heels.

At the freezer I stopped to catch my breath. I just stood and felt my

heart beating like mad in my chest. When I opened the freezer door the

cold air hit me and felt so good on my hot body. I knew that with the

curved mirrors the clerk could still see me, and maybe Jake could too. I

also knew that as soon as I left the surveillance videotape would be

changed and this one become a souvenir. I looked down at myself. The shirt

had lost about half the ground to my nipple, but that seemed to be

growing, rising to the job of saving my dignity. I could feel both of my

nipples, they ached, they demanded touch. I wanted to but knew that if I

touched them now I might not stop. I was breathing harder and my chest

rose and fell with each intake.

I turned and headed back to the counter.

I tried to keep the swing of my breasts to a minimum as I walked, hoping

the shirt would hang on a few more minutes. Where the guy had a clear view

of my ass cheeks as I walked away from him now he was looking at my front.

I didn't know for sure how high the hem was now, but I suspected he could

see the lower edge of my pussy. His eyes were confirmation.

I walked directly to him until the counter blocked his view of my lower

body. Now he focused on the two points leading my breasts. My exposed

chest was red from the fever of shame and excitement in me. I carefully

placed my items on the counter trying not to disturb the shirt that now

just barely covered my right nipple.

I handed him the ten-dollar bill as he rung up my sale. He put my things

in a plastic bag and I took it in my left hand anxious to be going. When

he held out my change I reached with my right hand to get it and felt the

shirt begin to slide. I trapped it with my upper arm, stopping the

inevitable. Now I couldn't reach the offered change having one hand full

of bag and one holding my modesty.

I glanced at Jake who was watching every move we made with rapt interest.

Mentally I shrugged saying ah fuck to myself and reached out for the

change. The movement of my arm actually pushed the shirt forward and it

dove over the edge committing suicide on my modestly. It dropped below my

breast and lay across my chest like a bandoleer. I felt the cool air

conditioning waif across my bare nipple and shivered.

"Oh my!" the guy said.

I took my change from his frozen hand.

"Nice!"

"Thank you," I told him. Whether I was thanking him for the service or the

compliment on my bare tit I didn't know.

I felt Jake's hand on my bare shoulder, "You done here?"

I couldn't help it, I looked at the clerk and said "Yeah, I'm done!"

We walked out to the car and still keeping to Jake's rules I didn't

rearrange anything. Just as we walked around the car for him to hold my

door another car drove in and a lone man got out. My bottom was hidden by

the car, but he stared at my naked breast until I sat. Inside he went

right to the clerk and animatedly pointed at us, at me. The clerk was

nodding and gesturing at the isle and the counter in front of him all the

time with a grin on his face.

I turned to Jake once he was in his seat. "Jake," I moaned to him, "feel

my pussy."

He reached over the console and placed his hand on my exposed sex. "Fuck,

you're soaking wet! He said in a low voice.

"I know," I moaned again in a breathless voice. My heart was beating

rapidly and my breaths were short and fast. My body was trembling all

over.

"Drive around the side of the building," I told him.

He raised an eyebrow in question.

"I want to suck your cock and I want to do it right now, so move!"

He threw the car into gear and backed in a circle around the end of the

store. It no sooner stopped than I was out of the car and moving to his

door.

"Get out and lean back on the car!" I told him, I was in charge now.

The car was between us and the side street of the corner lot; the building

was at our backs. Still anyone looking around the side of the store would

be able to see us. Good.

As soon as his back hit the side of the car I squatted down on my heels

with my knees open and pussy in the night air. I jerked his shorts down

his legs. His cock stood free. Longer, fatter than I had ever seen he was

right in front of my face. I reached out and took him in my hands. He was

leaking. Carefully I covered his head with my lips and used my tongue to

wipe him. I backed off his hard monster and looked up at him.

"Jake you left your computer on last night." I pumped his shaft once.

"Oh?' he said.

"I looked in it for a long time," I punctuated the sentence by taking him

in my mouth.

He shook and asked, "What did you see you naughty girl?"

I moved my mouth off him, "I saw lots of pictures of girls giving head,

sucking cocks. Some of them sucking two or three at once."

I took him back in my mouth and slid as far down him as I could. He leaked

more.

"Oh God that feels so good Sarah!" he groaned. "Did you like what you

saw?"

"Look at my pussy," I told him. "I'm going to fuck myself." I reached my

bare pussy and slipped my middle finger right in. It slid in place with no

resistance and I curled it around to touch that magic spot.

"Oh shit!" Jake said.

"Oh fuck!" I answered.

"It was nasty and sluttish," I answered his question. "Especially when

they let the men cum all over their faces." I took his cock back into my

mouth for a couple of swallows.

He just moaned again.

"You saved those pictures, you must like them?" I asked him.

"Oh god," was all he could manage.

He was watching me slide two fingers in and out of my pussy now and

watched my mouth slowly slip over his hard cock.

"Jake," I went on, "I want to feel you fuck my mouth. I want you to use me

like a fucking whore! But I don't want you to cum in my mouth. When you're

ready I want you to cum allover me as hard and as much as you can!"

My hand was soaked, my thighs wet as I took him back into my mouth. He

began to pump into me. His hand grabbed my hair and held me tight as his

cock rammed in and out of my mouth. He voiced obscenities with each stroke

calling me a slut, a whore and a cocksucker.

My hand in my pussy matched his rhythm and I could feel my climax coming

fast. I worked on his dick with a frenzy, taking as much as I could, then

some more of him into me. My hands flew on his shaft and in my pussy. I

slurped and swallowed his pre-cum.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a car pass as Jake's hands pulled harder

in my hair forcing me to take even more of his throbbing cock. Then I felt

his thrusts suddenly slow. My body was shaking and my orgasm was near as

he stopped. Quickly he pulled from my mouth and used his hand in my hair

to hold my head back a little.

I was staring at the head of his cock six inched in front of me. I moved

my now free hand to my breasts and pinched my nipple. I was watching,

waiting as my orgasm started to take me and my body vibrated.

It happened so fast I didn't see it. I felt the first blast of his cum hit

my face just beside my nose and above my lips. I felt it just start to run

over my open lips as my climax hit hard and my pussy clenched my hand

tight. The second burst hit me then right at the bottom of my nose this

time and splattered into my mouth, onto my chin and across my chest.

I was lost in my own cum by now, only feeling the heat of his cum, the

incredibly sexy slide of it over my face and the taste of the drops that

found my mouth.

The next hit my bare breasts and the feeling of him cumming over my body

pushed me farther into my orgasm.

I cried out loudly as the cum hit me again, this time on the shirt to soak

in and light a fire in my soul . I could feel every trickling trail of it

as it moved over my body. I could feel the heat, smell the sex, taste the

overpowering satisfaction of my man.

I collapsed against his legs and wrapped my arms around him as I buried my

head in his groin. I was shaking too hard to stand, to overwhelmed to

think.

Seconds later, hours later? I don't know. Jake lifted me to my feet and

hugged me before walking me back to my seat in the car. I made no attempt

to cover up, no move to clean up. I kept one hand firmly pressed between

my legs as I felt the cum drying on my body.

"Did you know a car stopped to watch you?" he commented.

I didn't answer, but I thought, good.

At home Jake led me to the bed and I flopped down, totally spent. I didn't

undress, didn't shower, didn't speak. The last words I heard before

falling to sleep were Jake's.

"This is only Saturday, we still have tomorrow to celebrate my birthday!"

Oh God, one more day of this and I will die, or turn into a nymphomaniac.

APA Sunday

by Jackiegirl Â©

I felt the cool and tender touch of Jake's hand across my cheek and the

light touch of his lips on my forehead waking me from a peaceful sleep. I

stirred and his lips moved to mine waking me with feelings of comfort,

security and love.

"Good morning sleepy head," he murmured into my lips. "Sit up, I brought

you some coffee to start your day."

I leaned forward and Jake arranged the pillows behind me so I could lean

back on them. I took the proffered cup of coffee and smiled at just how

lucky I was. Then I looked down at myself. I was a wreck. The illegal

excuse for a skirt that I had worn last night was crumpled around my waist

leaving me bare below it. The cotton t-shirt that Jake had modified with

his wicked imagination and scissors was twisted around me leaving one

breast bare.

"Jeez Jake, I look like I was attacked and molested last night in my

sleep!" I moaned.

"You look great!" he responded, "the most beautiful I have ever seen you."

I glanced over at the clock and saw it was ten AM already.

"Jake why'd you let me sleep so late?" I asked him.

"What did you have to get up for?" he came back, "besides you looked so

cute sleeping that I just enjoyed watching you."

He walked away from me and around the foot of the bed. Careful not to

shake the bed and make me spill my hot drink he climbed over the end of

the mattress. His hands moved my legs open as he crawled his way between

them and then lowered his head to me. He grinned as he stuck out his

tongue and licked along my newly bare pussy.

"Oh God!" I moaned, "that feels so good!"

"I'm glad you like it, I plan to do a lot more," he said.

"Ummm."

Jake went back to work and let me tell you he is really good at his job!

The sensation of flesh on flesh was still new to me and I was loving it.

He showered me with kisses and little sucks and nibbles as he worked me to

a higher and higher level of excitement. I tried to keep my coffee cup

steady and was loosing the battle so I set it on the nightstand and

surrendered to the feelings.

"Tell me," Jake said lifting his face from me, "have you enjoyed my

birthday so far?"

He lowered his mouth back to me and keeping his eyes on mine he ran his

tongue through my slit and pressed it tight against my clit. His lower

face shone with the combination of his saliva and my juices giving

testimony to the effectiveness of his work.

I didn't answer him.

"Come on," he said, removing his tongue from me, "tell me the truth."

"Oh don't stop Jake, please," I groaned, "I'll tell you later."

"I want to hear now," he replied swatting my engorged clit with his tongue

over and over.

"Please Jake, I don't want to talk about it now."

He clamped my clit lightly in his teeth, then released it letting the

blood flow back. My whole body throbbed with my heartbeat.

"Tell me lover," he repeated.

His tongue smacked my hard clit and as it rebounded my body jerked.

"Jake I'm afraid. I don't think you'll like what I feel about yesterday!"

I pleaded, "don't make me tell you."

He rested the point of his chin on my clit and smiled at me, "You're going

to have to tell me sooner or later, so just do it now."

"Oh Jake!" I cried. I reached over to the nightstand and grabbed the

picture lying there.

"You just need to remember that I gave you the gift card, you picked the

present!"

I laid the picture on my belly where he could see it clearly.

"Do you see the woman in this picture? I don't mean the bare pussy she's

showing the whole world, I mean her face. That is the face of a woman in

heat, in a complete sexual daze. That's a woman that wants to fuck! In

fact she asked you if you wanted her to fuck that man. You know what, if

you had even nodded your head she would have!"

"I know," he chuckled.

"Jake that's me in that picture, but it's not a woman either one of us has

ever know before." I continued. "That was me spreading my legs and showing

a stranger my pussy, but that isn't the woman you married and have lived

with for ten years."

He smiled at me again, "Oh yes it is, just a different part of you."

"Oh Jake, look at that picture, that girls a slut!"

"That is the prettiest, sexiest looking, most exciting women I have ever

met!" he said and lowered his tongue to me again.

I felt him slide through me and then focus on my still raging clit. I was

wet and excited and that belied the words I had just spoken. That was me

in the pictures, I just didn't want to admit it, to him or to myself.

Jake's hand moved between my legs under his mouth and his finger slipped

into me effortlessly. He stroked my pussy with finger and tongue and

brought me to a new peek of need. I was twisting and turning under him,

not trying to escape, but trying to get more contact, more pleasure.

I was fondling y own breasts as he slid his tongue in me and lifted me

higher. All that existed right then was the feeling that Jake started in

my sex and that traveled through my entire body.

Then he stopped!

"Jake!" I screamed at him, "don't, don't stop, not now!"

He pulled away from me and my hand reached down to cover my pussy. "You

need to get your lazy butt up and take a shower."

"Oh God Jake, you can't stop now! I'll go crazy, you're driving me wild!"

"Good," he said, "I like wild pussy! Besides, I want you to be horny. I

like it when you're horny."

"Oh fuck!" I mumbled.

"Later, if you're good. Now go take a shower and I'll go fix something to

eat."

I watched his cute bare ass as he left the room then when I thought my

legs would support me rolled out of bed. I started the shower and climbed

in feeling every drop of water that touched my flaming body. The running

water made me remember my bladder. I spread my legs and peed down the

drain. The feeling was almost sexual as the stream flowed from me. I was

becoming such a pervert!

I lathered up all over and the feeling of my hands on my flesh was

stimulating. I caressed my breasts and belly, working lower until I was

soaping my pussy vigorously. Enjoying the feeling of my hands slipping

over bare flesh.

"I don't care if you play a little," I heard from just outside the shower

stall, "but don't make yourself cum, that's my job."

"A girl can't get any relief around here," I called back.

I washed the dried and crusty remnants of last night's adventure from my

body and then stepped out and dried off. I reached for my robe on the wall

hook. It wasn't there. I remembered taking it off and dropping it on the

bed yesterday so went in there to look. There was no sign of it on the bed

or the floor.

I draped a towel over my shoulders and went to my vanity to brush my teeth

and clean my face. Sitting down I did my hair by just running a brush

through it and letting the natural curl take care of the rest. The salon

had done a good job yesterday, the highlights looked great and the trim

let the hair fall right into place. I applied a little makeup and perfume

and then wandered back to the bedroom to look for my robe again.

There was still no sign of it, but at the foot of the bed was a pair of

the new high heels we bought. "Duh," I thought, "robe vanishes and heels

appear. I can take a hint Jake."

I slipped on the heels and then, just like any woman, walked to the

dressing mirror to check myself out. I liked what I saw. I didn't look

half-bad really. My five foot three was lifted four inches by the heels

and what it did to my posture was fabulous. My butt had a nice tight

rounded look and my legs were firm and defined. My belly held in flat

because of the erect stance I took in the shoes and my breasts seem higher

and firmer too. I had to admit that I really like the look of the freshly

waxed pussy the most. It just seemed so damn sexy and naughty.

I had forgotten about Jake and the curtains until I entered the living

room. Of course the ass had not closed them. It was Sunday, and not many

people would be out even this time of the morning, but I still got

butterflies in my stomach crossing the room nude.

Jake was busy in the kitchen fixing us a brunch when I walked in.

"Fuck!" he stammered, "you look great!"

His eyes told me he was telling the truth, and his rising dick confirmed

it.

I walked with an exaggerated swagger up to him and took his hard dick in

my hand giving him a couple of tight strokes.

"What's a girl got to do to get laid around here?" I asked him as I

nuzzled my face to his chest and rubbed my bare breasts against him.

"Oh you're definitely working in the right direction," he answered, "but

just think how horny you'll be in another hour!"

He looked a little silly with his hard dick bobbing around as he tried to

prepare food, but I found myself enjoying just watching him. He really

does have a good body.

Jake is six foot two and there is no fat on him anywhere. He's a good

tennis player and I can only beat him if I take advantage of my speed. The

thing I like most about Jake is that we can talk, or at least used to. We

used to have long conversations about almost anything, music, art,

literature, politics, religion and even sex. The past couple of years we

bickered more than talked.

That morning we talked. We sat in the kitchen together, one pair of high

heels the only clothing in the room, and talked for an hour or more. We

agreed and disagreed, we talked of things high and low, we laughed and

shook our heads at the silliness and sometimes outright meanness of the

world. We enjoyed each other as we sipped our juice and coffee, nibbled on

our fruit salads and held hands over the tabletop.

I hadn't enjoyed myself so much in a long time.

It was approaching noon and we still sat comfortably at the kitchen table

when the doorbell rang.

It cut through the conversation like a knife. It rang in my mind telling

me, RING, hey you're naked! RING, hey you and Jake are both naked and the

nearest clothes are on the other side of those open windows! It was,

RING-A-DING, hey girl, you know what Jake is going to do now don't you?

There was a Cheshire Cat grin on his face as he looked at me and asked,

"Would you mind getting that birthday girl?"

He meant birthday present girl, reminding me of my promise in his card

yesterday.

"Jake!"

"Yes?'

I hung my head and shook it slowly as I placed my hands on the table and

pushed to my feet.

"Jake," I tried again, "it could be anyone?"

"I know," he said with an even bigger grin, "exciting isn't it?"

I knew there was no point in asking where my robe was. Still shaking my

head I turned to look over the kitchen bar top. Whoever was there was

behind the solid front door, at least not looking at me through the open

front curtains. I started to walk around the counter when I saw two cars

pass in the street outside our house. I could have sworn that the

passenger in the nearest car was staring at directly at me. Maybe he was

looking at whoever was at our door. I made my way across the front room

and I don't think I took a breath the whole way.

At the door I grabbed the knob and leaned against the wood to support

myself. My heart was hammering and I was shaking all over with pure fear.

There was a peephole in the door and I thought about using it to see who

was there. I knew that if I looked and it was Mrs. Newman from next door,

or Joey Franco my hubbies golf buddy, or even, God forbid, the paperboy

collecting for this month I would just faint dead away right there. I

couldn't do that. I had promised Jake APA, Absolutely, Positively Anything

as his birthday gift and I was going to go through with this if it killed

me from embarrassment.

I took a deep breath, forced a big smile of greeting on my face and swung

the door open all the way. I knew Jake would feel cheated if I just peeked

around the edge. I was still holding my breath when I realized that it was

Jackie at the door.

"Wow!" she exclaimed.

Relief rushed through me and my forced smile turned real as I saw my

friend there.

"Hey girlfriend can I come in or are you just going to stand in your

doorway naked all afternoon?"

Her words brought me back to reality and as I stepped back she scampered

through the entry. I closed the door quickly and turned to face her again.

Over her shoulder I could see Jake standing behind the bar. His bare chest

reminding me that he was even more naked than I, at least I had shoes on.

I wondered how Jackie was going to react to this.

"Oh, honey," Jake said through his laugh, "I forgot to tell you that

Jackie called and said she was going to stop by."

"You asshole!" I yelled at him, "you had me scared to death!"

Jackie looked at me in disbelief, "You mean you didn't know who was at the

door when you answered it naked?"

"Oh God Jackie, I'm just so glad it was you!"

"Sarah that's something that even I haven't done!" she said in amazement.

"It's all part of Jake's birthday gift, don't ask me to explain it all

now, please," I told her still feeling the relief course through me.

She cast a look at Jake. "You wicked man!" she laughed, "you told me that

you guys were having some fun this morning and that I could come by if I

wouldn't get offended. I had no idea how much fun you were having!"

She turned back to me and reached out to take my hand. "Are you ok girl,

you look a little shaky there?"

Then picking up her normal upbeat tone she continued without pause. "Let

me look at you. Damn you look good girl! I like the new look too. I guess

you finally let Jake talk you into it?"

I knew she was talking about my freshly waxed pussy and I blushed bright

red.

She continued on, "Damn you look so fucking naughty!"

I looked at Jake and thought, "Ok you asshole, I'll get you."

"Come on in the kitchen Jackie, we still have some juice and coffee set

out."

Jake didn't bat an eye.

Jackie followed me into the other room and as she rounded the bar she let

out with another "Wow!"

Jake turned from the bar top and walked to the cabinets to get a fresh

juice glass for Jackie. He set it at her place then took his seat.

"Um," she grinned, "now I see what you love about this man!"

Jake and I jokingly refer to Jackie as Jackie the slut. We have know her

five or six years and become great friends. Me more so than Jake. Jackie

is what she calls adventurous. I call her promiscuous and an

exhibitionist.

Jackie, for some reason, seems to get a kick out of telling me all about

her adventures. She relates who and how she screws, and who she's been

teasing. She claims to like girls as much as boys. "They're just

different, not better," she says.

Her tales are wild and often unbelievable so I took them with a grain of

salt until I went shopping with her one day and watched as she spent two

hours flashing and teasing everything in pants, and a few in skirts. The

way she just parted her legs and showed herself to anyone looking

embarrassed me. I also have to admit now that it excited me too.

Of course I told everything to Jake and Jackie knew that I did. She teased

him several times about going shopping with us and if I hadn't stopped it

he would have.

If there was anyone that I could have picked to be on the other side of

that door it would be Jackie the slut. She had said that she had never

done that and I had a hard time believing that knowing her. As soon as we

all took our seats I asked, "Jackie you mean that you have never opened

the door naked? I find that hard to believe."

"Oh hell yes," she giggled, "lots of times, but never when I didn't know

who was on the other side. You had no idea did you?"

"None, not a clue!" I admitted.

"Do you think that if Jake hadn't known it was me, hadn't seen me cross

the lawn he still would have sent you to the door?" she asked seriously.

I looked Jake right in the eye, "Yes."

"You guys are nuts!" she laughed.

"Ok, now you have to tell me about this birthday card! Tell me, tell me!"

she went on.

She was so excited she was bouncing in her seat. She had shared a lot of

her stories with me and through me with Jake. I began to relate the day

before to her, or at least most of it.

Jackie was riveted on the tale, hanging on every word and making comments

of wow and oh my gosh at points of interest.

I started reluctantly but once I got past the morning blow job and trip to

the day spa it went easier and I found myself including more detail. Jake

never once interrupted me as the story flowed out. He seemed to listen

with as much attention as Jackie, as if he were hearing it for the first

time and hadn't lived it less than 24 hours ago. When I closed the story

with me on my knees outside the store Jackie was slack jawed and staring

at me.

It was silent for several seconds as every one just waited. Jackie smiled

and with an exaggerated move leaned back in her chair and looked around

the edge of the table into Jake's lap.

"From the look of things I think Jake enjoyed that story too!" she smiled

bigger.

Finally Jake showed some sign of embarrassment as his cheeks turned a

shade darker. "Oh gosh ma'am," he quipped placing a hand on each side of

his face, "you caught me!"

Then, as if to prove that he wouldn't be outdone by a girl, Jake started

to rise slowly from his chair. The head of his erect dick rose above the

table edge and continued to rise like the periscope of an attacking

submarine. Jackie and I started, wide-eyed and unable to move like the

sailors of the unarmed merchant ship about to be torpedoed.

"Anyone want a beer or glass of wine?" he asked when he was standing.

Jackie cleared her throat, "Yeah, being me a beer, my mouth is suddenly

dry."

Once we were fixed up with drinks she turned to me again.

"I have got to see those pictures!" she cried.

"Oh god," I moaned. I wanted to protest but I knew that she would see

them. She has a way of getting what she wants, so I just gave in. I got up

and turned to the bedroom. As I started across the living room she called

to me.

"Hey girl! Anyone tell you that you have a cute butt?'

I heard Jake choke on his beer and Jackie laugh as I went after the

photos.

When I laid the pictures on the table Jackie couldn't stop going on about

them. "I thought you were lying to me about this!" she exclaimed. "Damn

these are hot!"

There were four pictures of me sitting in a chair, each with Sammy the

shoe salesman kneeling next to my leg. Each one clearly showed my bare

pussy and Sammy fitting a shoe to my foot as he obviously stared up my

skirt. In the last one my face was plain to see and the look on it made

Jackie whistle. "Damn, that is so sexy. You really ought to put these on

the web, one of those amateur site."

"No fucking way!" I responded quickly.

"This is so outrageous! You look so sexy and hot girl. We have got to go

shopping together!"

Jake cut in, "We're going today if you're not busy."

"Oh shit, I can't today!" she came back.

"Next time," Jake said.

"It's been so long since I've sat in a friends house with two naked people

that I forgot why I came over," she teased. "A guy I'm seeing invited me

to a dance at his country club. They are having this great swing band and

I know how you guys like to dance. Anyway this morning he comes by and

says he has to leave town today for some kind of business emergency but

gave me four tickets to the dance and told me I should take some friends

and have fun. Well I thought about you guys."

She turned to us and looked real serious, "Of course you'd have to put

some clothes on!"

"You could have just asked me that over the phone," Jake pointed out.

"Yeah, but you might have said no and I wanted to be here so I could beg

and plead if I had too. I really want to go, but I won't know anyone there

and want you guys to go with me. We can really have a good time. It's a

great band and open bar and a really plush club. Come on guys go with me!"

I turned to Jake tentatively, I didn't know if he had other plans already,

"Sound's like fun Jake, what do you think?"

He seemed in thought for a while then turned to Jackie. "I was going to

take Sarah out and buy her some more clothes to wear tonight anyway,

something we can have some more fun in. This sounds like the ideal place

to go, we won't know anyone so can have some fun. Ok, if you don't mind

Sarah being dressed up we will go with you."

"Oh shit," she replied happily, "mind, hell no, I just wish I could go

help you pick her clothes out!"

I know I blushed at that, the idea of the two of them ganging up to dress

me.

"I'll dig through my closet and find something appropriate to wear too, I

wouldn't want Sarah to feel too out of place." She laughed.

Seems to me that everyone had done a lot of smiling and laughing and

giggling since yesterday morning.

"I've got to get on the road," she said, "come on girl, walk me out."

I stood and headed to the door with her. the open windows still gave me

the belly flutters, but not the sense of panic that I felt yesterday the

first time I walked past them.

Jackie said in a low voice, "You really do look good Sarah. You look like

you feel much better than last time I saw you." Then with a fake clearing

of her throat she added, "Jake doesn't look half-bad either."

I smacked her on the shoulder, then hugged her before I opened the door

for her. She stepped through then turned to look at me one more time,

"Cute pussy too!" she added and hurried down the walkway.

I walked back to Jake and slowly put my hands around his throat and said,"

I could choke you for scaring me like that!"

He pulled me close then lowered his lips to mine and kissed me. It was so

nice, so soft and loving that I melted into him and all the feelings of

love and comfort that I felt for him flooded through me.

"Let's go shopping," he said as we broke the kiss.

He took my hand and led me back to the bedroom. I was still fired up from

the morning teasing even after al the time talking to Jackie. I was hoping

for a bounce on the bed, but no luck.

Jake pulled on a pair of slacks over his nude body, then a nice Polo shirt

and loafers. He turned to me and said, "Now we need to find something for

you."

He had that little devil grin on his face again, accented by the tent in

his pants. I had known that this was going to happen today and had

actually given it some thought.

"Jake I have an idea that you might like. Why don't you let me try it and

if you don't like it you can pick whatever else you want?" I said.

"Ok," he replied easily.

I walked to his dressed and opened the top right draw. I knew where

everything was in it, I put it there. I took out a red undershirt. Jake

wears sleeveless undershirt with his shorts in warm weather, and has them

in every color imaginable. I went to the shoe rack and got the new red

heels too.

Bracing myself on the wall I changed shoes first, then slipped the shirt

over my head. I knew what it would fit like because I had worn them as

sleep-shirts often when Jake was out of town. I liked the scent of him in

them and the feel of the cotton on me.

I stood there and let Jake survey me. The shoulder straps ran down to the

top of my breasts before flaring out to cover me. The scoop neckline rode

low over my chest. The sleeve openings were way too large for me, leaving

bare skin to almost the bottom of my breasts. When I raised my arms to

show Jake the fit he whistled. I bent forward and the shirt billowed out

so that through the sides you could see all of my chest. The hem of the

shirt fell to just below mid-thigh.

I went to my dresser and found a sash belt. I tied that around my waist

and when I did I pulled the hem up a couple of inches. The belt held the

hem up, but it also relieved the tug of the shirt on my upper body and

allowed it to move more freely. I knew from experience that these would

stretch out as worn. There was not much room for stretch here.

The cotton clung to my chest outlining my nipples and the curve of me.

"What do you think?" I asked already knowing the answer from the look on

his face.

"That my dear just might get you fucked!" he said with zeal.

"Damn, I hope so!" I answered.

As Jake held my door open the lessons from yesterday about the correct way

to get in a car came back automatically. He smiled appreciatively at my

pussy and then went around to his side.

I could push the shoulder of the shirt dress back or forward to hide or

reveal more of my chest. As we drove across town I let it hang as far

forward as it would so Jake could enjoy the sights.

When we pulled into an older mall across town I knew that the reason Jake

had picked it was because it was the only one in town that had a

Frederick's of Hollywood in it. He had taken me there once before to very

negative results. Where on our last visit I had been rather insulted this

time I actually felt a little shiver of anticipation at shopping there.

As we walked through the mall I was drawing stares from everyone. I was

obvious that I was wearing a mans undershirt, and just as obvious that it

was all I was wearing. I wasn't comfortable at all with the attention. I

felt like I was on display in a freak show. I fought back the only way I

knew, I held my head high and walked as if no one else existed.

I could feel my breasts jiggle under the shirt and knew my nipples were

hard and tight. I felt the hem brush high against the back of my thigh and

heard the click of my heels with each step on the tiled floor. Men stared

at my tits as I approached and my ass as I moved past them. As my arms

moved I could feel the bare skin of them touching the bare sides of my

breasts as the shirt moved with the swing of my arms.

Jake held my hand and continued to talk to me. He knew I needed his

strength and support then or I would not make it.

We entered Frederick's and started to look around. Two female clerks

nodded a greeting to us and asked if they could help. Jake told them we

wanted to look around a little first. We spent some time checking out the

selections of dresses, blouses, skirts and then lingerie. The selection

was fabulous and varied.

Finally Jake started to pick things for me to try on. We spent an hour

changing in and out of outfits. Once again I found myself modeling not

only for Jake, but for whoever happened to be in the store when I came out

of the dressing room. His approval of every single thing I wore was

demonstrated by the erection he kept the entire time.

I think his favorite was the sheer blouse. It was so see-through that it

was almost invisible. When I came out of the dressing room in it and went

to do my usual few steps and turn for him he took my hand a led me across

the store. He said he wanted to show me a dress on the rack, but I knew he

just wanted to show me.

There was another couple in the store at the time and the two salesgirls.

They all looked at me in disbelief as my pointed nipples danced under the

sheer fabric. He led me close to the stores front windows, close enough

for passers-by to see me if they looked.

I didn't care. I was really pretty excited by that time from all the

things I had tried on and this was just one more. A little revealing, well

a lot more revealing, but Jake was watching me, holding my hand and loving

me.

Of course the blouse went into the buy pile. We had already picked a

couple of backless, braless dresses, a real cute 50's style rock and roll

pleated skirt. It was considerably shorter that the 50's would have

allowed. There were several blouses that tied or hooked in strategic

places, and one that just wrapped under my arms and fastened with a single

button at the top of my breasts.

Jake moved on to the lingerie. He first picked out a dozen pairs of thigh

highs and stocking. Then he selected several garter belts in different

colors and style. Next were three pair of crotchless knickers, red white

and black. Then some other styles, all very pretty and revealing. Finally

he looked at bras.

"You know," he told me, "I really think you are much prettier without a

bra."

"Thank you!" I replied happily, taking it as the compliment it was

intended to be.

He picked some very thin lacey bras that were more decoration than

function. Then he found a shelf bra. They called it a balconette. There

was a half cup that lifted the underside of the breast pushing them

together, and no top covering at all. It would give me the shape of an

under-wire, but leave my nipples uncovered. Black , white and red went

into the pile.

I returned to the dressing room to change back into my shirt-dress as Jake

paid the bill. I had hung the shirt on the stall hook and when I slipped

it over my head I learned it had been a mistake. The top was stretched out

at the shoulder straps and now the scooped neck fell dangerously low on

me. I adjusted things as best I could and went to see Jake.

I tapped him on the shoulder as he still worked with the clerk to settle

up. He turned and as he saw me I asked, "Do you think I should wear

something else home?"

He looked at me a minute taking in the way the shirt barely covered the

top of my breast now and revealed the upper curve of them. He looked from

the side and saw how the lower curve of my breasts were visible through

the arm holes. He also saw how my nipples stood out hard against the

fabric, how my lips were wet from my licking them and how my face was

flushed with excitement and embarrassment.

"No, that's fine," he said.

Like a gentleman he carried all the packages. I think he did it so I

couldn't hide behind them as I walked down the mall on our way back to the

car. He used them to hide his hard dick as we walked.

Just like in the little store last night I prayed that the shirt would

hang on a few more minutes. This time my pray was answered and I made it

all the way to the car without showing my bare tits.

As I slid into the car Jake had to check me out and slipped his hand

between my legs.

"You're wet!" he teased me.

"God Jake, you're making an exhibitionist out of me!"

"Not me!" he retorted. "You just seem to have a natural affinity for it

girl."

"I couldn't believe you led me around the store in that blouse. Everyone

was looking at my tits!"

"I didn't see you running for cover," he said easily.

"APA," I answered.

He laughed again at that and started the car to head home.

"You hungry?" he asked.

I had made this mistake yesterday and ended up on display in a diner. I

was hungry though, actually very hungry I realized as he asked me.

I smiled at him and asked in a sultry voice, "Where are you showing me for

dinner?"

He laughed again. He did a lot of that today. "APA, I love it!"

We stopped at a Joe's Crab Shack on the freeway. As he led me in I knew

without a doubt that I would be showing bare tits before we left.

We sat at the bar, of course, where better to show me off than on a high

stool in a room full of people. I sat as demurely as possible and that

earned me a frown from Jake. The frown quickly disappeared when I turned

to the counter and my right nipple poked out of the shirt. As casually as

I could I pulled the shirt back into place, ignoring the waiter in front

of us.

We ordered and as we waited for our food Jake's hand caressed my leg. He

didn't push my skirt higher, just rubbed the bare thigh available to him.

It was as if he understood all the feelings going on in me at that time. I

was struggling to overcome my fears and years of training in lady-like

mores.

Finally I leaned over to Jake and as I did I rolled my shoulder forward a

little. I whispered "I love you" into his ear and then sat back. As far as

the world could tell I was totally unaware that my right breast had

escaped its flimsy covering. Jake saw.

Another staff member was carrying a tray of food down the bar and looking

at me. She nodded her head and then looked pointedly at my chest. I

glanced down.

"OH, oh my!" I said hoping it didn't sound too false. I reached down and

tucked my tit back into the shirt.

Across the horseshoe shaped bar there was an older guy, sort of fat with

thinning hair and double chins. He had been watching me since we walked

in. He wasn't the only one of course, but he caught my eye. His fork was

poised in front of his open mouth and his eyes were focused on my chest. I

am sure he still saw my bare tit even after I had covered it. It was

burned into his retina. When he finally looked up I winked at him. Even

ugly people need a thrill every now and then.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Jake nod his approval. He was

really enjoying this. I reached up and placed a hand on Jake's shoulder.

Anyone sitting behind us on his side could now see my breast through the

arm opening on the shirt. I could feel the bareness, the exposure.

I stayed that way a while, until our food arrived. I did my best to ignore

my manner of dress as we ate. I knew that people all around us were being

treated to flashes of titties as I moved. The bodice would rise and fall

with each fork-full I took to my mouth. It fell to just above my nipples

then rose as my arm went up. Once I felt if drop over my left nipple, then

pop back up over it as I ate.

After I finished the food I swiveled my stool around to face Jake. My hem

was high. Short when I stood the hem was indecently, tantalizingly short

when I sat. I knew that with just the slightest movement of my legs I

would open the window to my pussy. I moved.

Several of the men I could see behind Jake at the tables shifted in their

seats. They arranged themselves for a better view I made life a little

easier and more interesting for them by raising one foot to the rung of

the stool.

Jake turned to face me and I toasted my beer mug against his. He looked

down at my legs and smiled.

"Very nice," he told me, "is anyone looking?"

I could barely talk and my answer to him came out as a horse whisper.

"Three that I know can see and a couple of more that are trying."

"Are you wet again?"

"Sweetheart I've been wet since we walked in here!" I bragged.

He rested his hand on my knee and I thought that I would cum right then.

My breath caught and my pussy contracted. Every eye on me became an

aphrodisiac, stimulating us both beyond anything I had known.

"You ready to go?" he asked me.

"Anytime you are," I replied.

"Well when you get up see if you can't treat those other guys to the best

view in town."

I turned a little farther and slid down from the stool. As I did my dress

rode up and everyone in the room could see my hairless pussy. Jake took me

around the waist and we walked out.

At the car he held me as my body shook off the effects of the adventure. I

vibrated I was so excited and nervous.

When Jake finally held my door for me I reached down and pulled my dress

up to my waist and slipped into the seat bare from the waist down. We were

both laughing as he walked around the car and we headed home.

I leaned back on the door and moved my hand to my pussy. I was soaking wet

and tender to the touch, not sore tender, but excited tender. As he drove

I played. I pulled the top down and fondled my breasts, squeezing my

nipples as I stroked my pussy. Jake didn't say anything but I knew I

wasn't suppose to cum. I was doing this to tease him as much as to make

myself feel good.

I left my breasts bare for the short walk from the car to the house. It

was early evening and still light outside but I didn't care because I knew

Jake's eyes were on me, loving me.

As soon as the door closed I dropped to my knees and began clawing at his

pants. I wanted him. I wanted him in my mouth and body. We were to the

door side of the open curtains, blocked from outside view, but I wouldn't

have cared if we were directly in front of them.

Jake let me get his pants down and his hard cock in my mouth for a few

moments of pure joy. Long enough to taste the pre-cum leaking from him, to

savor the heat of him and to feel my own body climb to the edge of orgasm.

Then he pushed me back. "We're going out tonight and I want you hornier

than you have ever been in your life."

"I already am, fuck me! Please?" I begged him from my knees.

"Before the night is over you will be well fucked," he assured me with his

wicked smile.

I was still holding his hard dick in my hand thinking "Oh shit, now what?"

"Jackie will be here in a little while so let's go get ready for the night

out." He instructed.

I took another shower and thought about taking a cold one! I was so horny,

I wanted Jake so badly that I was almost panting. I tried every tease I

could think of to get him to just throw me on the bed and fuck me but he

was playing hard to get. Hard was the right word too, his dick was as hard

as I had even seen it and I knew that he wanted me as much as I wanted

him. He just had other games in mind. He was postponing the release for

both of us

I flaunted my naked body for him and then dressed as seductively as I

could. I fitted the new black garter belt to my waist and sexily drew the

new stocking over my legs. I made sure he had a clear view of me as I did

it. As I smoothed them out I ran my hands over my smooth pussy and moaned

loudly for him. I fastened the garters then slipped on the new beige strap

heels.

I found the new half bra and hooked it around myself. Carefully I arranged

my tits to center my nipples and then reached for some perfume to dab

between them. I walked to the dressing mirror and stood in front of it. I

was a sight to see. My bare pussy was framed by the garter belt and my

nipples by the lacy black balconette bra. I began to run my hands over my

body, at first to tease Jake, then just because it felt so damn good. I

was soon masturbating, my fingers dancing on my clit and stroking my

nipples in quick flicks. I could see Jake watching me from his seat on the

end of the bed. He could see my back to him and my front in the mirror. I

could see him sliding his hand up and down his cock. I wanted him.

Through half closed eyes I looked at myself playing with my body. I saw

the same look of unashamed need and lust that I had seen in my picture

from the day before. The same look of take me, use me, fuck me that had

shocked me so much when I saw it recorded in that picture.

"That's enough," Jake said almost reluctantly. "We have to finish getting

dressed."

He handed me a pair of the new knickers we had picked out. They were tiny

and high cut, covering my lips and not much else. I slipped them on asking

him if he was getting bored looking at my bare pussy.

"No," he assured me, "I just don't want you to end up in jail tonight."

I slipped them on and then the cute little rock and roll skirt. It had a

poodle embroidered on it and everything. The fabric was a little heavy and

was cut so it stayed flared out some even just standing still. It fell to

about four inches above my knees and when I turned fast it flared high and

revealed stockings, garters and knickers. I made several spins in front of

the mirror trying it out. Once I got the hang of spinning on the toes of

my heels I could make it rise high enough that I could see my own knickers

in the glass.

Now for the blouse. I thought that if he was having me wear knickers then I

wouldn't be wearing the see-through blouse. I was right. From my closet he

brought a white oxford shirt that I had had for ages. It is a cotton

broadcloth, with long sleeves and a button down collar. I put it on and

tucked it in. Jake arranged the buttons for me, leaving the top ones open

to show the cross strap of my bra.

You could clearly see the half cups of the black bra under the white shirt

and could tell it didn't cover me, but you had to look a lot closer to see

my nipples. They made a pronounced dent on the fabric, but to actually see

them you had to look sort of sideways and get the light just right.

I rolled the sleeves up and then found some bangles to wear around my

wrists. I wore a three strand pearl choker and found an old ankle chain to

wear with it all.

I thought I looked damn cute and sexy.

Jake dressed in loose slacks, nice dress shirt and jacket. His hard on was

evident in his pants as he stood and looked at me.

"You are absolutely gorgeous!" he told me.

I felt pretty. I felt sexy and honest to God I wanted to go out and have

hundreds of men look at me and make me feel like they thought so too. I

wanted Jake to look at me and tell me how fucking sexy I looked and how

proud he was of me. I wanted to feel the fire burning through my pussy as

other men looked at my body and Jake held me and smiled at me.

He had loosed something in me that now need affirmation.

I took him in my arms and moved my mouth to cover his, kissing him deeply

and hotly. I whispered into his mouth, "Absolutely and Positively

Anything!"

The look in his eyes was my reward.

The doorbell rang and I ran to get it. Jackie was there and full of her

normal high spirits and overwhelming enthusiasm. She pranced into the

house and looked us both over. "Not bad!" she commented.

"Like my dress?" she asked. She wore a black halter dress that had a short

waist and low bodice. She made a slow turn so we could get the full effect

of her short cute body cover in the light material. She looked damn good.

Then she did a quick turn and the dress flared out from its short waist

and we could see all the way to the tops of her knickers.

"Oh my goodness!" I giggled. "That should get the boys interest alright!"

She had on stockings and a garter too, with tall black heels that had sexy

ankle straps. Her knickers were nothing more than a thong of black lace. Of

course she didn't wear a bra, but Jackie didn't need one. She had the best

breasts of anyone I knew, high and firm. They weren't large and she fussed

about only being a 34B, but they were perfect for her. When she spun you

could see the draped front of her dress billow out and her breasts would

peek from behind the cloth. I didn't see her nipples, just the curve of

her, but I knew there would be more later.

I said Jackie was bi, and she had even made a couple of light hearted

passes at me over the years. I had never even considered taking her up on

it, but damn she looked sexy tonight.

We were going in Jake's Cadillac so we could all sit up front. I made sure

to give him a nice show as I got in and then to my surprise so did Jackie.

We drove the half hour to the country club in animated conversation. We

were all feeling high on life at the moment.

In the car my skirt was above my stockings and Jackie's almost as high.

Jake eyes wandered constantly to the show of bare legs and frilly stocking

tops.

When we pulled up to the club there was valet parking. Jake grinned and

looking at us said, "Dare you!"

We both took him up on it as we slid spread legged out of the car giving

the valet boy a look at some very pretty knickers.

I was still so horny that I was holding onto Jake every second, just

wanting to feel whatever part of him I could. We crossed the entryway and

into the main ball room to the sounds of old time swing music. Jackie

started to move with the music even before we reached the room. We took a

table near the dance floor and Jake went to the bar to get us started on a

buzz. He had already told us he was staying sober for the drive home but

that we could have all we wanted.

We were getting eyed even before we reached the table and as soon as Jake

moved off a guy came over to ask if either one of us wanted to dance. I

don't think the sentence was out of his mouth when Jackie jumped up and

grabbed his arm. As her entry to the dance floor she did a full, fast spin

that sent her dress flying. Nothing like announcing your presence.

Jackie is a very good dancer and she can make almost any partner look

good. She could move as well in her heels as she could bare footed. Her

five foot two, cute body spun and swirled and jitterbugged its ass off.

The music had just stopped when the next prospect was taking her hand.

I was asked a couple of more times and politely put them off until I found

out what Jake wanted. I was pretty sure he was going to want to watch a

lot, but it had to be his call.

If I was going to overcome the first impression that Jackie had made I was

really going to have to outdo myself.

You could watch the eyes travel with her as she transited the room in

lithe grace and sexy flare. I was getting a little jealous actually of the

attention she was getting. Don't misunderstand me, I wasn't jealous of

her, it was more envy of the feeling I knew she was having as she provoked

male reaction around the room. I had come to enjoy that feeling in the

last two days.

"Did you know you were showing your garters?" I heard Jake ask from next

to me. I hadn't seen him come up.

"From across the room I can see the tops of your stocking and the straps,"

he informed me.

"Nobody's looking anyway, they are all watching Jackie," I replied.

"Do I detect a note of envy in your voice?" he asked. Had I been that

obvious?

"Come on big boy, let's cut a rug!" I told him grabbing his hand and

leading him to the floor.

Jake and I dance often and to all kinds of music. It is both a physical

and emotional thing with us and after a hot night on the floor we have had

some of the best sex.

Jackie beamed when she saw us enter the dance floor and shouted, "Come on

girlfriend, show them how it's done!"

We did. Jake took a strong lead and had me doing hand turns and free spins

all around the room. The eyes were now moving from Jackie to me like a

tennis match as they tried to see all the black lace we offered. When Jake

took me under the arms and dipped me through his legs I could feel my

skirt covering my belly instead of my legs, exposing me to the waist. I

knew that I was wet and hoped that my black knickers hide it. And hoped

that they didn't!

We did several numbers then came back to finish our drinks and get another

round started. Jackie had to beat the offers of partners off. A couple

again asked me and Jake just told them to let me rest a few minutes then

come back.

I know that he was having a good time and I had caught him watching Jackie

several times. I didn't blame him, she was really a site to see. As we

finished our second drink the suitors arrived again.

I took a mans hand at Jake's nod and he led me to the floor. I knew that I

was dancing for Jake, not this guy and I put my heart into it. I don't

think a stripper could have been more seductive.

I swayed and dipped with gusto, with flashes of black lace and bare thigh.

I spun on the toes of my heels with enough energy to launch my skirt out

flat. The audience was riveted to my legs, but I noticed my partner was

staring at my chest. Even though I was wearing half a bra and my breasts

didn't move completely free what movement there was accented my nipples

and his eyes were drawn to them. Of course they were hard, it seemed they

had been almost continually for two days. The attention only encouraged me

to greater efforts.

I watched Jackie and she was fabulous. During one move she jumped up and

scissored her legs around her partners waist. The flimsy dress fell back

to her lap so that bare thigh and black lace was for all to see. Her

knickers clad pussy rubbed his crotch in a couple of fast humping motions

before she bounced back to the floor and spun away.

There were well over a hundred couples there, and many singles of both

sexes. What little conversation I had with my partners informed me that

this was a big annual event that grew each year. A lot of the women were

dressed for the period, the 40" and 50's. There were several other poodle

skirts, but mine was by far the shortest, and I thought the prettiest. The

ages ranged from earlier 20's to probably 60.

We did a couple of dances again, changing partners right on the floor.

Then we wandered back to Jake and fresh drinks. The physical activity and

the alcohol were already getting me high.

Jake had his chair turned sideways and his legs crossed in front so I took

my seat in front of him placing one leg on each side of his. He could see

directly up my legs and he smiled.

Jackie took a napkin from the table and reached in the halter of her dress

and dried the sweat from under her breasts. I think she just wanted to

touch herself.

We finished that round and I volunteered to get the next. I walked off

swaying my ass and swishing my skirt to the bar. The lighting in the

ballroom was dim, but out at the bar it was bright. I knew that the cotton

blouse was much more transparent.

I returned to find Jackie and Jake still talking. I bend over Jake and

said in his ear," The people out there were all looking at my tits!"

He looked up at me and replied, "You have such nice tits I don't blame

them at all."

I sat back down next to him and his hand settled on my thigh.

The past two days had been extreme and after the shows that I had put on

for Jake this was flashing-lite. I had no more compunction about showing

my pretty undies than I would have had wearing a bathing suit in

Galveston.

We returned to the dance floor and this time Jake took Jackie for the

first fling. Jackie was well into the spirit of things and put on a

fantastic show for Jake. When we switched partners and I wrapped an arm

around Jake I felt his pants and his cock was hard.

"How many others have you made stand up tonight?" he queried.

"I don't know," I answered, "a few I guess."

With the next partner I took the chance to run my hand over the front of

his pants during a turn. "One," I thought. I started to keep count. When I

returned to the table and told Jake, "three this set!" Jackie had to know

what I was talking about. So I told her.

When we returned to the table next time she reported 4 and so did I. We

had both danced with Jake again and her smile let me know he hadn't been a

exception.

It was getting late and we were both buzzed pretty well from the showing

off and from the drinks. Jake suggested that we dance together one time.

Jackie responded immediately and jumped up to take my hand.

She took the lead and we were soon the center of attention again. She held

me close to start the number and I could feel her hard nipples pressing

mine. Then it was a whirlwind of flying skirts, flashing flesh and dancing

legs. She ended the dance with me again pressed to her, feeling her body

on mine.

I returned to the table flushed with excitement.

Jake had another round of drinks waiting. He applauded us as we approached

the table. We talked for a few minutes as we cooled off. Jake leaned a

little forward and talked to me across the table.

"It's almost midnight Sarah," he began, "that means my birthday will be

over in a few minutes. You won't be held to APA any longer."

I hadn't even thought about the ending time of our adventure, I had been

too focused on carrying out my part of the arrangement. It caught me off

guard and I wasn't sure how I felt about it. Jackie turned to me, and

winked.

"If you could have it go on longer would you?" I asked Jake.

"Of course I would," he replied.

I smiled broadly at him, "I guess that anything includes anything at all,

including an extension of the gift."

His smile was a beautiful thing to see as he looked at me. "When does it

end?" he asked.

I thought about that. I was going to say when I say so, but that had

always been the case, if I said no it stopped. I thought about telling him

in the morning. Instead I told him what I really wanted.

"When you tell me." I said simply.

"One last dance, then we go," he told us.

As we left the club everyone we passed said goodnight and invited us back

again next year. Jackie was radiant from all the compliments. They made me

feel good too.

In the car I again sat in the middle seat with Jackie and Jake on either

side. I settled back for the ride home as she wet on about all the fun she

had and the men she met. She claimed to have several phone numbers and

that maybe she could find her a rich one. I knew better. Jackie would

never settle with a man for money. She made more than Jake and I combined

and there was no way she would be dependent on a man for her support. I

knew that wouldn't stop her from checking a few of them out!

I was just getting comfortable in the car when I felt Jackie's hand on my

leg. She was still talking and the cool hand felt natural, just part of

the conversation. It trailed up my leg and then gently touched my knickers.

"Oh shit," I cried, "did you just touch my pussy?"

While the words were coming out of my mouth Jake's hand closed on my

thigh, half on bare skin and half on nylon. He squeezed and it felt like

he had pumped the blood from my leg directly to my clit. It throbbed and

jumped.

"Oh shit!" I said louder, "do that again!"

I felt both hands on me then, Jake compressing my thigh and Jackie's

moving slowly up my hose. I was thinking, "I didn't mean her, I meant

Jake!" but I didn't say anything just scooted down in the seat a little.

Jake's hand was setting a fire in my pussy with each movement. Jackie's

was past the stockings and onto bare flesh. My mind was whirling, from

drink, from dance and from the feeling flowing up my body.

I was about to push her away when I felt the tips of her long nails drag

over my knickers. She slid her fingertips across my slit sideways then just

barely touched my aching clit through the fabric. I moaned loudly and

pushed down to meet her hand.

Jake was watching as much as he could as he drove, and his hand caressed

my thigh. Jackie's fingers continued to just lightly touch me. They

trailed onto and off of my knickers and bare skin, over the wet patch of

material and then one after another across my clit. Each flick of her

fingertips popped my clit like a rubber band drawn tight and made me jerk

in my seat. I reached over and grabbed Jake's hard cock through his

slacks. I began to stroke him as Jackie played with me.

I felt her finger curl around the panel of my knickers and instinctively

lifted my ass from the seat. She slipped them down my legs and I stepped

out of them, not thinking, not able to think.

Then her hand touched my bare skin. My mind blanked out and the only parts

of me left in the world was my pussy and Jake's hard cock in my fist.

Somehow my blouse was open and I felt the air conditioning blowing across

my exposed breasts. I felt a mouth on my nipple and pushed my chest into

it. It was Jackie sucking on me as her hand continued to play with my wet

pussy.

I heard Jake's voice, "Don't let her cum yet!"

My skirt was around my waist and my bare tits were out as we drove. Jackie

kept me on the edge of orgasm for miles as she expertly manipulated me. I

wanted to cum, to find the relief my body had needed since this morning.

They wouldn't let me. I climbed into a mental, emotional and physical

place where all that existed was my sex.

At the house they led me into the bedroom stripping my blouse off my

shoulders as I walked. They laid me on the bed and removed my skirt. I

felt hands urge my legs open and I obeyed.

The first touch of her lips on my sex was electric, I moaned and pushed up

to meet her. Jackie was in a fever as she made love to me with her mouth.

Her tongue danced as we had, with abandon and vigor over my clit and

pussy. She licked and sucked on me driving me to orgasm. I didn't know

anything but her mouth, my sex.

I felt her bare tits on my legs and knew she had untied her dress halter.

The points of her nipples traced over my bare flesh and I groaned wanting

to feel more of her. I couldn't open my eyes but I knew Jake was naked and

holding himself in his hand slowly stroking. I was overcome with happiness

for him. I started to cry, to sob and tears of joy rolled off my cheeks.

Then I came. Later she told me that she thought I would suffocate her as

my hands and legs held her tight to me, burying her face into me.

I came as I never had before in wracking jerks and convulsions. My body

clamped every muscle tight and my pussy pulsed with the orgasms as they

took me. I was arching my back pressing as high to her as I could when I

felt her pull back. I sobbed a no and then felt the harder flesh of Jake.

He entered me in the middle of my orgasm and drove me even higher. What I

had felt so far was only a sample of what was possible and Jake thrust me

closer to sexual oblivion as he pushed slowly into me. He filled me. He

filled my pussy, my heart, my soul, my mind. He filled every part of me

that was a woman.

I could feel my pussy convulsing on his cock as he began long powerful

strokes into me. His tempo built slowly as his hands grasped the sides of

my face. I could feel his need, his love. I was jerking my pelvis up to

meet his every thrust as hard as I could. Then I felt him stop moving and

knew he was about to cum.

I locked my legs around the back of his and pulled him to me, forcing him

as deep as he could go into me. He cried out and throbbed. I could feel

him filling me and I exploded into a frenzy of orgasmic sex. I cried, I

laughed, I sobbed and I cursed as I came harder and longer than I ever

thought possible. He fell on top of me.

I watched through shrouded eyes as he got up and made to the bathroom. I

felt hands caress me, wandering over my steaming flesh and it felt so

good. I wondered who it was, not even thinking of Jackie. The hands

caressed my breasts and my body trembled with the touch. How could I want

more? How could I stand more? I left my eyes closed and enjoyed the sweet

tender touch. I felt hot breath on my legs, then up them to cover my wet

pussy. I felt the lips kiss me there and myself respond again. Soft hands

guided me open and softer lips prodded me apart.

This was different than the earlier experience, sweeter, softer, more

tender and loving. My hands found the head between my legs and tangled in

the hair. I guided the mouth on its work. I moaned and twisted my hips to

offer more. I felt a wave run through me, a tingling in my belly and pussy

that I would have considered a great orgasm until today. It was soft and

tender and very feminine.

I pulled on the hair and drew the mouth from me. I felt the kisses across

my belly and chest. I felt the mouth close over my nipple. It was as

tender and inflamed as my clit. I offered my breast to the suckling mouth.

I pushed her over on her back and returned the kissed. First I covered her

mouth and was rewarded by her deep moaning breath. I moved down her body

using my hands, lips and nipples to touch her, to love her. I kissed her

breasts and took her nipple into my mouth and sucked on her. She cried out

in pleasure. I moved down trailing my love over her body until I reached

her sweet sex. I remembered from college the softness and the heat of a

girls pussy. I kissed her. I used my lips and tongue to love her. I fucked

her, French kissing her pussy and licking long strong strokes on her clit.

I ran my hands over her legs and gradually one hand found its way to her

opening. I slipped two fingers inside and she bucked against me. She was

talking to me but none of the words made sense. I don't know if that was

her fault or mine, but it didn't matter. All that mattered then was her

joy.

When Jackie came it was spectacular. She made noises like a small animal

trapped, She writhed on the bed and groaned into her own hands covering

her mouth. She came in a torrent that soaked my face and filled my mouth

as I had never imagined a girl could.

I rolled off of her and lay on the bed next to her. I felt the bed move

and then opened my eyes to see Jake there. His hard dick was in his hand

and only inches from my face. I reached out and took him in my hand and

guided him to my mouth. Slowly I sucked on him as my fist stroked him. I

heard Jackie's breathless voice saying, "That is so beautiful!" and I was

so proud of what I could do for my man.

I felt like I was giving and receiving a miracle as my mouth worked up and

down Jake's cock. I felt Jackie's hand on my hip and rivers of cold fire

course through me.

Jackie patted my belly and told Jake to climb up there. He seated himself

over me and then Jackie moved on top of me behind him. I watched as she

reached around him and took his cock from my hand. I placed my hands on

his legs and stared in amazement as she began to pump him. Her breasts

were pushed hard into his back and her pussy was wedged against his tail

bone as she spoke in a low voice.

"You are so pretty Sarah, so fucking beautiful," she said. "Jake has a

wonderful cock and you are so lucky to be able to share it with him. Look

at him Sarah," she went on, "look how hard you make him, how turned on he

is by you."

Jake's eyes were locked on mine as with one hand Jackie played with his

nipple and the other travel the length of his cock. He reached down and

cupped my breasts. The weight of them on me felt comforting, not trapping

or oppressive as I watched in wonder.

Jake started to move with Jackie's hand and to make little breathy noises

deep inside. Jackie's hand moved faster and she leaned forward to nibble

on his ear. I was mesmerized.

"I'm going to make Jake cum Sarah," she said. "I'm going to make him cum

all over your beautiful face."

If she had been eating my pussy she couldn't have had more effect on me. I

was shivering as I waited for her offering.

Jake jerked against her hand and then began to spurt. Jackie aimed for my

face and covered me in his cum. He came hard and long in multiple bursts

that wracked both our bodies. I close my eyes and parted my lips as she

covered my face. I felt the hot fluid run across my cheeks and over my

lips to fill my mouth. I begged Jake for more. "Give me more!" I demanded.

"Cum on me Jake, please!"

What a slut I had turned into, but I didn't care.

Jackie milked the last drops from him then he leaned forward and I took

his cock in my cum filled mouth.

"Out of the way Cowboy!" Jackie commanded.

Jake moved off me and Jackie laid out along my length.

"I can't fuck or suck Jake, he's married, but this is the next best

thing," she said as her mouth covered mine. We kissed, sharing the taste

of him, the heat of him. Once that was gone Jackie moved off me a little

and began to lick me. She scooped up Jake's taste on her tongue and fed it

to me in sweet kisses.

Jake's mouth covered me, covered my pussy and I came immediately and

everything went away.

I woke several hours later and Jake was next to me in the bed. His hand

was over my chest and cupped my breasts, It felt so good to be in his

arms, so safe and loved. I noticed the warm soft feeling of Jackie against

my other side. Her bare flesh pressed to mine bring a sensuous warmth to

me. I laid my hand on her bare thigh and as I slipped into dreamless sleep

thinking that breakfast ought to be interesting.