**Love, Sex and Data**

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A colleague who I've admired for years shared an idea he had for a professional conference presentation. A paper he'd written had been accepted for journal publication, and he wanted an opportunity to share his research with others in the field of data engineering and analytics.  
  
But... Eric wanted to do something different from the normal dry, monotone presentations... he wanted it to be highly interactive and energized. A presentation where the participants would be motivated to pay attention... and to actively contribute to the success of the workshop. He approached me because he knew I had the professional skills to assist him... and things were never boring when I was a team member.  
  
When I read his paper, I understood enough of the technical aspects to get a basic idea of how a presentation might flow... and how some interaction might be created. Then, we had a day-long planning meeting in Portland when he was on the west coast for some meetings.  
  
Wow! As he shared how he wanted the presentation to go, I was excited right away. It was Eric's research, so he was going to be talking pretty much non-stop. But... he wanted me to run the "show."  
  
He envisioned a PowerPoint slideshow with all the bells and whistles. Technical slides. Short video clips. A variety of musical bridges. Frequent live polling of participants' understanding and opinions. A well-choreographed presentation with a wow-factor.  
  
And... he wanted me to be on-stage with him while I was running the "show." A live director with the capacity to make quick adjustments as needed. A sidekick for some humor and light-hearted chat to keep the "show" on-track and energized.  
  
With a shy smile, Eric said, "You have the skill set I need... and... well, you're drop-dead gorgeous!"  
  
I reached across the table and shoved his shoulders hard, so he fell back in his chair. When he recovered from the shock of my shove, he looked at me nervously... but then he saw I was laughing my ass off. I replied, "Shit... you just noticed that!?" And we both laughed.  
  
Our target audience was comprised mostly of a bunch of super-intelligent geeks who worked on the science, engineering and analytics of community powered data platforms. They were mostly men, but more and more women were jumping into this highly technical but also highly innovative field.  
  
"So... you want a babe on stage, eh.?" I said with a wink.  
  
Eric replied with a serious tone, "Annie... I need your skills first and foremost... but your beauty with this audience will hit a home run... guaranteed!"  
  
At the end of our planning session, we had a basic sketch of the technical components Eric needed to include. We had a little over two months to prepare, so we created a work schedule aiming toward a complete run-through one week before the presentation date. We were both super-jazzed and I was ready to get my creative juices flowing.  
  
Eric and I worked via email and online meetings during the next 7 weeks. It was creative, fun and at times exhausting. The "show" wasn't ready for prime time yet... but it was looking good.  
  
Anthony and I picked up Eric at the airport, and brought him to our house for a few days of final prep. We have plenty of room in our home for guests, and it's much more comfortable for a visitor in a home rather than a hotel. Plus... we had grown to be trusting colleagues and friends.  
  
Eric had a wing of the house to himself, so Ant showed him the way and got him squared away for a shower and a few minutes of rest. We weren't going to run through the "show" until the next day, so I started my prep for dinner.  
  
When Eric made his way to the kitchen, Ant and I were into our usual routine. We both had our favorite cocktail... gin and tonic. Ant was sitting across our center prep island from me on a bar stool, playing Sudoku on his iPad. I was busy chopping vegetables for a stir-fry.  
  
Eric walked up behind Ant. I said, "Hey, Eric... take a seat. Ant can get you something to drink." As he sat on the stool next to Anthony, I turned to the sink behind me to retrieve some other veggies that I'd already washed. That's when he saw I was only wearing an apron.  
  
Ant asked Eric what he'd like to drink... no response. I turned around with the additional vegetables to see him staring with ogling eyes. I said, "Eric... are you okay? It seems you might have been surprised by my casual attire."  
  
"Ummm... ummm... sorry. I was surprised... but in a happy way," he replied haltingly.  
  
Ant repeated his question, and Eric chose a Tito's and soda. Ant took the chicken thighs out to the grill, and I topped off my G&T.  
  
"Do you like my apron? It was made at my request," I said, holding my hands at each side to frame it. It was mustard-yellow with three words in red... "Sure" over each boob... "Maybe" over my yoni.  
  
"Well... yes. The front... and the back," he replied with a sigh. "Very fun for Anthony."  
  
"Oh," I shared with a little laugh, "Ant gets 'Sure' and 'Always'... close friends see this one."  
  
"Annie... Annie... Annie... you are so smart and so outrageous," he said back.  
  
"Wait until I'm on-stage with you," I said quietly. That got no response... just eyes wide opened and a brief smile.  
  
The rest of the evening was very low-key and relaxed. Eric has lots of opportunities to watch my ass and the sides of my boobs... he seemed to be happy as we ate and chatted. Since he had just arrived on the west coast, he was ready for bed a short time after dinner. As he prepared to retire to his room, I gave him a warm hug... and felt his hands enjoying the bare skin of my back... and moving down slightly with his right hand to the top of my ass. Mmmm... nice!  
  
The next morning... Eric was up earlier than I'd guessed... of course, he was still on east coast time in his head. He was rubbing his messy hair... dressed in just jogging shorts and a t-shirt... comfortably barefoot. Ant was already off to work. I was sipping coffee and reading the SF Chronicle, standing at the island... naked.  
  
I looked up and asked, "Are you a coffee or tea guy?" He replied simply, "Coffee, please."  
  
I took a mug to our built-in Miele coffee machine and pushed the button for a single serving. It chugged to life, grinding the fresh beans vigorously. As I looked back at Eric... I found him very awake very quickly. His eyes were dancing all over my body. And... I loved every second!  
  
Since I'm a hopeless tease, I moved so he could see my bare yoni clearly... spreading my legs slightly and gently moving my hips from side to side... watching him watching me. Delightful... and arousing.  
  
When his coffee was ready, I walked it around the island to him... and offered my mug as a salute to a new day. We chunked our mugs together and smiled. He said, "To an interesting day." I nodded my agreement.  
  
We shared a simple breakfast... yogurt, homemade granola, honey, and raspberries... and read the Chron with no urgency. We were sitting on the stools next to each other, so he was able to sneak a peek at me without any worries. Once, I looked over at him as he was scanning my boobs, trying to be stealth... so I just smiled and went back to reading.  
  
Without looking up, I said, "They're just boobs, Eric... as my apron said last night, these are available for your enjoyment anytime."  
  
We finished the Chron and enjoyed another coffee. It was already 9:30am, so we chatted about our schedule for the day. I shared the details of the venue I'd prepared... everything just like we would have on the stage for our "show" at the conference. We could work through our presentation as much as we wanted for the next two days.  
  
Eric had invited four of his colleagues who lived in the Bay Area to sit in on our run through to give us some feedback... and they were due at our venue at 11:00am. Fortunately, we only had a 15-minute drive to our practice venue.  
  
With just 45 minutes left until we were due at the practice venue, I said, "Okay, I'm still sticky from my morning workout... so I have to grab a shower. Want to join me?"  
  
His eyes bugged out, and he was clearly tongue-tied. I said, "It's not intercourse... it's just a shower."  
  
He finally replied, "Sure... that would be great." So... I led him into the master wing of the house.  
  
We have a large master shower with four shower heads. I walked through to turn on each of the heads so they would warm up. I hung my towel on a hook at the edge of the showers and hung a fresh towel for Eric on the next hook.  
  
I stepped into the shower to adjust the heat, and let the water engulf me when it was just right. I looked up and said, "The water is perfect, Eric... jump in!"  
  
He quickly shucked his t-shirt and shorts... and gingerly walked into the shower. As he came closer, I grabbed his hand and quickly pulled him into an embrace under the warm flow of the water. I pulled him into a full-body embrace... pushing my boobs into his chest and enjoying his enthusiastic erection firmly against my tummy. Happily, he grabbed my ass and pulled me closer. Mmmm.  
  
After a delightful moment, I said, "Okay, you soap me up and then I'll do you."  
  
I turned around under the stream of water and pointed to the body soap dispenser. Eric didn't need any further encouragement. He grabbed a healthy amount of body soap and massaged it across my entire body. And... he didn't miss anything! He particularly enjoyed my boobs... and my nipples replied to him their appreciation. He cleansed my arms... my shoulders... my chest... my back... my legs... my ass... and then my tummy.  
  
When he finished with my tummy and moved south to my mound... I said in a whisper, "Very gently, please... inside my lips, but not inside my vagina... this time." He was a total gentleman. And... I was in heaven with his touch.  
  
Then it was his turn. I followed his lead... arms, shoulders, chest, back, legs, ass and then tummy. When I moved down from his tummy to the base of his lovely erection, he leaned back and said, "I need a completion... sorry... but please." I whispered back in his ear, "I'm happy to please you."  
  
I was behind him... so I got some additional body soap and caressed his lovely and slippery balls and erection with both hands. He was like putty in my hands... moving with me and enjoying my increasingly arousing touch. As his balls drew up, I could tell he was close to cumming. I kept the rhythm of my stroke and the caressing of his balls working until an explosive eruption happened, and he collapsed into my lap with an amazing orgasm. So sweet!  
  
Some men are worthless after they've cum... I was hoping Eric wasn't one of them. Ahhh... he wasn't! He was actually energized... as if he was a woman for God's sake. We washed the soap off... turn off all the showers... and got busy drying ourselves for a busy day!  
  
We got to the practice venue 15 minutes early... and found that his colleagues were already there. Ah, yes... and eager group... and loyal friends. We invited them into the building, and I gave them an introduction to the process we hoped they could help us fine-tune. They were immediately intrigued with the concept... and one person shared that he was "honored to be part of this process."  
  
While Eric chatted with his friends... I made my rounds to boot up the computers and power-up the amplifiers and projectors. Oh, man... it was at least 10 minutes until I was convinced everything was ready to roll... and coordinated!  
  
When I was ready to roll... I pulled Eric behind the scenes for a moment. I said, "Okay, Eric... this is the gig you asked me to create. You are the brains, the inspiration and the voice... I am just the show. Let's rock!" And then... I kissed him firmly on the lips.  
  
I walked behind the scenes at stage left... Eric walked to his microphone at stage right. After weeks of preparation, we were ready for our premier show. And... I was loving it all! I shagged out of my top and skirt... leaving me only in my red FMPs. I heard my introduction... tweaked my nips into action... and walked onto the stage. It was showtime!  
  
As soon as I hit the stage... there was an audible, yet very quiet, recognition of my complete nakedness. It's hard to explain, except as a collective gasp. Well... Eric obviously hadn't prepared his friends for my total nakedness. And... I love that!  
  
I took my place at the computer consoles in just my FMPs and started the PowerPoint presentation without even thinking about the fact that I was totally exposed to Eric's friends... first briefly from the front and then significantly from the ass. It would be much more exposure when the full presentation was shared.  
  
It was a blast being naked all day with Eric and his colleagues. After we'd finished our first run-through, Eric introduced his pals. This was their first opportunity to see me up close... and they were all smiles. I'd arranged for some sandwiches and drinks to be delivered at 1:30pm when I knew we'd be ready for a break. A young, college-age guy brought everything in and set it up for us. I gave the delivery guy a hug as he was getting ready to leave.  
  
One of Eric's pals asked as we sat down to eat, "Are you at least a little nervous being naked with us... and the delivery man?"  
  
I put my sandwich down, stood up and walked around behind my chair. "No, I'm not nervous at all. I think I'm in a safe place with good people. And... as you can see, I'm a bit of a fitness junkie." I paused to hit a couple of bodybuilding poses... front and then back.  
  
Knowing that they all had a great view, I kicked off my FMPs, stood with my legs a little more than shoulder width apart, and bent at the waist... placing my palms on the floor. I held this pose for about 20 seconds... giving them a full view of my ass and my bare yoni.  
  
I stood up again and returned to my chair. "Well... there's not much more of me for you to see. There's not enough joy in this world. If my body provides you with a bit of pleasure, that makes me happy."  
  
That pretty much broke the ice. We got acquainted and did a quick debrief of the presentation. I retired to the computers to make a couple of adjustments on the program, and Eric chatted with his friends about the some of the technical content pieces.  
  
Then... it was time for another run-through. The first run-through had gone okay... and the next was even more relaxed. In the third version... the jokes got even more risqué and my bridge dances became even more explicit.  
  
When we'd been working for over 7 hours, we decided it was time to call it a day. Eric's appreciative pals went back to SF, and we went back to the Napa Valley... lovely!  
  
I'd texted Anthony with our progress and schedule, so he had drinks and dinner waiting for us... what a sweet man! He had already grilled some small potatoes and had just finished preparing a spinach salad. A few beautiful lamb chops were ready for grilling at the last minute.  
  
I am such a creature of habit. As soon as I walked through the door from the garage, I kicked off my shoes and shucked my top and skirt, tossing them on floor in front of the washing machine... as if they'd actually been worn and needed cleaning.  
  
I gave Ant a great big hug and kiss, pressing my boobs against his bare chest and pushing my mound up to see if I could get a bit of arousal going. He was wearing just a pair of his favorite running shorts... very thin fabric with no liner... one of my favorites too. Yes... there was an immediate and happy response!  
  
"By your smiles, it appears today went well," Anthony said as I pulled away and scanned the kitchen.  
  
I looked over at Eric, and asked, "What do you think? A good day?"  
  
With a big smile, he gave a big sigh and replied simply, "Excellent!"  
  
I saw that Ant was already drinking red wine, so I checked with Eric to see if he was good with that too.  
  
"Of course," he said, "let the vino flow!"  
  
"Ant... could you bring us a couple glasses of that delightful Pinot, please?" Walking back to Eric, I took his hand, and started towing him toward the master suite, saying, "Come with me... we've earned a relaxing shower." Hahaha... Anthony knows me so well! He knew I was collecting Eric for a memorable evening.  
  
I started the showers and got our towels ready. Eric had kicked off his shoes and taken off his socks... but appeared to be hesitating. I walked up to him... pulled his shirt out of his pants and started to unbutton it.  
  
"Ummm... I'm sorry but is Anthony okay with this?" he asked in a low voice.  
  
"Don't be silly," I said, "he's enjoying watching you with me. And... we have no secrets from each other."  
  
I stripped Eric bare and adjusted the shower temps. Just then, Ant arrived with our wine. Eric took his wine glass but quickly turned away from Ant slightly... obviously nervous about his full-on erection.  
  
"Erections are signs of appreciation and joy, Eric," he said. "In this house... there is no reason to hide it." Then... he pointed down at his own half-on erection poking straight out inside his shorts with a smile, and said, "Enjoy! I'll start the lamb when I hear the showers go off."  
  
We enjoyed a lovely shower together... no orgasms needed... just the joy of wet skin on wet skin with lots of sensual caresses. It was more of a joyful and playful shower... no tension or nervousness. We'd had an amazing day... and it was time to celebrate.  
  
I toweled off quickly after turning the showers off. I went to our closet to retrieve our attire for the evening. I returned just as Eric was finished drying himself... handing him one of our silk kimono-style shortie robes to wear. "You'll notice there is no tie to keep it closed... we prefer our robes to be open most of the time," I said with a wink. "That one should fit you... this one's mine and I'll have Ant change into this one. Don't forget your wine glass."  
  
It was a very pleasant evening... dinner on the patio because it was perfect weather. I was pleased to see that Eric seemed to be relaxing more. When he went to his room for a pit stop, he wasn't holding his robe closed at all... just letting it flow around his naked body. Love it!  
  
When Eric was ready to retire for the night, I walked over to him... opened his robe and then mine... and gave him a warm and naked hug. "It was a great day, Eric," I said softly. "Rest well... we have some more work to do tomorrow."  
  
The next morning Eric walked into the kitchen wearing his silk robe again... comfortably flying open. As usual in the morning during the warm months, I was naked with my coffee and the Chron.  
  
"You look relaxed and rested," I said. "Coffee?"  
  
"Coffee would be great, thanks," he replied.  
  
As I started the coffeemaker, I said, "You know... you don't have to wear anything here. Your choice."  
  
He smiled and casually took his robe off... draping it over the back of one of the bar stools. "Thanks," he said. "You and Anthony make being naked very comfortable... it's amazing."  
  
When his coffee was ready, I walked it over to him... but placed on the island counter. I put my arms out and stepped into his embrace. "Good morning," I said. "It's going to be another great day." We held this embrace for almost a minute... savoring the intimacy.  
  
We had breakfast... chatted about a couple of articles in the newspaper... and talked about our work schedule for the day. Eric had some emails that needed his attention, and I had some adjustments to our presentation to process. We agreed that we'd work separately until about noon... then go to lunch nearby. We would then work through the presentation again in the afternoon.  
  
Eric was comfortable working at the island in the kitchen with his laptop while I worked away in my office. A couple times during the morning, I took a quick break to get more coffee. It felt very satisfying to see him working at his computer in my kitchen... calmly naked. I made it a point to run my hand across his shoulders in a casual way as I walked around behind him. Always nice to see a warm smile.

A little before noon... I told Eric I was going to hit the showers. "I need to freshen up a bit and do a little shaving," I said. "You're welcome to join me when you get to a stopping place."  
  
I'm fortunate to have pretty fine hair everywhere on my body, so it doesn't really require much attention... every couple of days keeps me looking nice and smooth. Starting in my early days as a bodybuilder, I learned that I smooth was essential... and sensual.  
  
I've recently found that Skintimate shaving cream is my favorite... it's particularly comfortable for shaving my yoni. I had just finished with my arms and legs and was getting ready to start on my yoni when Eric walked into the bathroom. I sit on a low step at the edge of the shower, so I can spread my legs completely.  
  
He saw me with my legs splayed out, and immediately turned his head to look away. "Oh, shit... bad timing... sorry," he said nervously.  
  
I said, "Nonsense... I think my yoni is one of my best features... if not the best." I paused briefly, and then added, "Would you like to watch?"  
  
"Holy crap, Annie," he replied as he looked back at my wide-open legs. "I'd love to watch."  
  
I had him sit right in front of me, so he had a perfect view... and could easily touch me. I showed him how I moved from part to part... where I applied some pressure to tighten the skin... how the razor needed to be applied.  
  
At one point, I said, "Okay, you can help... put your fingers right here and pull this way gently." I stepped him through the whole process with him touching me intimately and carefully... applying pressure as I talked to him softly and shaved myself slowly.  
  
When we were finished, I said, "That was very special, Eric... thank you. I'd like it if you'd run your fingers all around my silky-smooth yoni... spread my lips to see the lovely flower she is." His caresses were heavenly as he gently explored all of the petals of my delicate and petite flower.  
  
I was almost breathless as I then said, "Eric... I'm incredibly horny right now. Help me one more time... put your middle finger into me slowly. Ahhh... yes... feel how wet I am... in more... so sweet."  
  
With his finger inside me... I started to caress my rock-hard clit... little circles, then slow strokes. I was so aroused that I knew this wouldn't take long... and I was right. I could feel the first rise in the wave, and said, "In and out... slowly and gently, please." And he did. I could barely speak, "The rising... the rising..."  
  
The first wave hit, and it was like I was submerged with pleasure... then the second wave engulfed me yet again... and the third... and a fourth before I could feel it subsiding gradually.  
  
As my breathing slowed again, I opened my eyes to see Eric smiling back at me. I reached down and took his hand from my satisfied yoni. I lifted his hand to my mouth and tasted my flower's nectar. Mmmm.  
  
All this time, the warm water was running around us. We stood up and soaped up. Like the day before... I lathered up his beautiful erection and balls... stroking him gently at first and then with more force. I could feel the muscles of his ass moving in a lovely rhythm as held him and stroked him. I heard a low moan and his body exploded in an earthquake orgasm.  
  
We cleaned up again... and just held each other, letting the warm water caress us and calm us.  
  
Eric finally said, "Damn... I'm really hungry! Let's go eat!"  
  
We turned off the showers and dried quickly. Eric disappeared to his room to get dressed, and I quickly found a light summer dress and a pair of sandals. When he came out to the kitchen, I pulled up my dress to show him I wasn't wearing anything under this one thin layer. As we walked out to the car, I said, "Just wanted you to know this little secret, so you could think about it during our lunch. And... perhaps I'll have an opportunity to flash someone. Or... maybe I'll just flash you and you can act surprised."  
  
Lunch was delicious and fun. We got a corner table and I sat in the back... with the tablecloth to shield me, I lifted my skirt all the way up so Eric could see my bare crotch anytime he wanted to glance down. When our food came, I didn't bother covering up... our waiter got a clear view. Fun!  
  
Our afternoon work session went well... we were able to incorporate the best of the suggestions shared by Eric's colleagues. This was our last prep day, so it was important to do as much fine-tuning as possible. We were pleased with the technical components of the presentation and the "show."  
  
At about 5:00pm, a friend called to see if she could drop by to bring me some paperwork the next day. Anthony had already texted that he wouldn't be home for dinner until almost 7:30pm, I said yes.  
  
When I told Eric about a pending visitor, he said he'd just hang out in his bedroom while we chatted. I told him I'd like him to meet her... she's a one-of-a-kind petite sparkplug. "And..." I said, "there's no need to get dressed... she's almost as open as I am... she'll probably join me naked if we offer her a glass of white wine."  
  
I texted LB to alert her to joining a house guest and me in a glass of wine. She sent back a quick thumbs-up. Eric decided he'd prefer to at least wear the short silk robe he'd enjoyed the evening before. Eric came back in his robe and sat at the kitchen island to check some emails on his iPad. I chilled three white wine glasses and chose my favorite Sauvignon Blanc to share.  
  
Five minutes later, the doorbell rang... it was LB with three thick manila folders in her arms and a big smile on her face. She announced with a slight Southern accent, "Darling, I was hoping you weren't going to dress up! I'm ready for a relaxed glass of wine." She left her purse and her sandals at the front door.  
  
"I was sure you wouldn't mind me staying comfy for Happy Hour," I said. I took the paperwork from her and added, "Come on in... I'd like you to meet Eric."  
  
As we walked into the kitchen, LB was saying, "Well, a gentleman house guest... you are quite the California girl!"  
  
Eric stood up from bar stool to shake hands with LB, but she surprised him by extending her arms for a brief hug. He kept his left hand on the front of his robe and gave her a slightly awkward one-arm hug.  
  
Eric needed to bend over a bit to give LB a hug. She stands only 5 foot 2 without shoes and can't weigh more than 100 pounds. She has a slim figure with a lovely heart-shaped ass. Her A-cup boobs don't show any sagging, even though she's almost 50. She's totally effervescent and cute!  
  
I said, "I'm going to take these folders to my office. Eric... would you open the wine, please? Everything is ready on the counter and in the fridge."  
  
The good news for Eric was that he could partially hide behind the island while opening the wine... but the bad news was that the wine opener required both hands. When I returned to the kitchen, I walked behind Eric to fetch the chilling wine glasses... and LB walked around the other side of the island to be closer to where the wine would be served.  
  
Eric had just popped the cork on the wine when he glanced up at LB gazing at his open robe. His robe wasn't open enough to show anything... other than the fact that he wasn't wearing anything underneath. Eric could also tell that he wasn't too exposed, so he didn't make a big deal out of it.  
  
I retrieved the wine glasses and Eric poured some Sauv Blanc for us. We clinked glasses... Eric and LB both chimed in with "Cheers." I toasted them with my favorite salute, "Naked Cheers."  
  
When we'd sampled a sip of wine, I said, "LB... I think it's very pleasant on the patio at this hour. Would you consider joining me in being either partially or totally casual as I am?"  
  
"Of course, my dear," she replied with a smile and a tip of her glass toward me. "I may be from the South, but I'm living the Napa Dream now."  
  
LB put her wine glass on the island countertop and headed for the front door where she'd left her purse and sandals. Eric grabbed the wine bottle and his glass and headed for the patio... letting his robe flow open. I followed Eric with my wine glass into the patio.  
  
Eric looked at me with wide eyes, and said, "Whoa! She's everything you said about her and more!"  
  
I laughed briefly, and replied, "Told you so! Neener... neener!"  
  
I set my wine glass on the coffee table in the middle of the patio seating area and went back into the house for an easy snack. As I was going back into the house, I met a very naked and very happy LB. I told her I was going back for some hummus and pita chips... that made her smile.  
  
She added, "Take your time, doll... I'm gonna see if I can coax your gentleman house guest out of his lovely silk robe." I gave her a thumbs-up, and said, "I don't think it'll take much time." She smiled and walked toward the patio.  
  
It did take a few minutes... finding a nice serving dish for the hummus and a matching platter for the pita chips. But... we have so many options, failure was not an option. As I returned to the patio with our Happy Hour snacks, I saw a very animated and very naked LB seated next to Eric in a chat that had Eric totally engaged... and his robe wasn't off yet, but it was completely open.  
  
I placed the hummus and pita chips on the center table, and invited Eric and LB to sample. LB had no reserve and no modesty in attacking the snack tray... enthusiasm and legs splayed wide open in the process. I was loving it... and Eric was clearly enjoying the view. He moved toward the snack tray but had to rearrange his robe in the process.  
  
I had to laugh... LB was ready for this opening. She turned directly toward him with her legs wide open, and said, "Honey, let me help you out of that beautiful but restricting garment." She signaled him to stand... and he did... and to turn around... and he did... and she lifted his robe off his shoulders, casting it far, far away. And... I was loving it so much!  
  
Eric turned around with a half-on erection... LB extended her arms for a hug, and said, "Hi, I'm LB... so nice to meet the beautiful you." They shared a patient and warm hug... Eric facing me with his eyes closed and an amazing smile on his face. So sweet!  
  
Anthony would be home in 30 minutes, so it was time to get started on dinner. Eric and I convinced LB to stay for dinner... and it worked! We all donned aprons from my vast stash of options and got busy. I'd already planned a vegetarian dinner... pasta with fresh pesto sauce, sautéed zucchini with mushrooms, garden salad. Fresh, easy, delicious! I was on the pasta... LB was on the sautéed zucchini... Eric was on the garden salad.  
  
Another bottle of wine was needed and supplied. When Anthony walked into the kitchen a little after 7:30pm, he saw three smiling cooks in nothing but aprons. He started laughing and kept laughing until he'd greeted every cook... Eric with a handshake... LB with a hug, lifting her off her feet... me with a big hug and a kiss, and a playful smack on the ass.  
  
As he walked toward the master suite, he said, "Break out more wine! It looks like I have some catching up to do!"  
  
When Ant returned to the kitchen, he was nothing but his natural and beautiful self... happily naked! My God... I love this guy with all my heart! Eric greeted him with a glass of our favorite Zin. LB took off her apron and greeted him with full-body hug and a sweet kiss. I also took off my apron and gave my delicious hubby a kiss and a hug... followed by a loving caress of his superb male package... mmmm. When I looked down... I was very happy to see a half-on erection on my man. LB exclaimed, "Yay! Let's eat!" (I asked her later what she meant exactly... she said that it was dinner... not Ant's dick.)  
  
Dinner was great... everyone was naked through dessert... the conversation was amazing! The absolute treat of the evening was my account of Eric assisting me in shaving my yoni. Oh, my! I guess it was the wine, but I sat back and opened my legs after dessert to reenact part of the shaving process.  
  
It was obvious at this point of the evening that LB was not capable of driving home. As I was reenacting Eric's intimate touching, LB had her legs wide open on her chair... pointed toward both Eric and Ant... showing her delicate and small flower as well.  
  
In retrospect, I'm amazed that LB and I were displaying our yonis with zero shame and total audacity. And... Ant and Eric were enjoying our show and enthusiasm with rapt attention.  
  
I guess I lost track, but Ant told me later that our playful attention to our yonis was almost competitive... LB and I both running our fingers through our labia and opening our vaginas for viewing. LB's yoni flower was larger than mine... but open and elegantly displayed. My yoni flower was tighter and smaller... like a rosebud.  
  
Yes... this was definitely the wine, and definitely over the top... we both invited Ant and Eric to touch our yoni flowers and to taste our flowing vaginal fluids. It was the ultimate taste test! LB and I enjoyed it also! What were we thinking?? (Actually... neither of us were actually thinking... it was nothing but raw animal instinct... and lust... and wine! Oh, well.)  
  
At about 11:00pm... we decided to call it a day. I helped LB to her room down the hall from Eric. She was not capable of driving home... no way! I helped her visit the bathroom... and made sure she was secure in her bed.  
  
As I walked back from LB's room... I met Eric in the hall. I gave him a wholehearted, full-body hug and an appreciative, long kiss. Ahhh... our hug produced a healthy and quick erection. Again... the wine won! I pulled his erection between my legs and into my moist lips. His eyes opened wide as I pushed his hardness into my vagina. Soon, he was deep inside me... and it felt wonderful. One... two... three... four lovely thrusts... then I rose from his insertion and lowered myself to the floor. "Good night, lovely man," were my last intimate words to Eric.  
  
Ant and I cleaned up the kitchen to the minimum... total cleaning could wait... just the most important cleaning was enough.  
  
We were also ready for sleep... but, I needed my guy. I needed a good fuck! I shared with Ant that I'd welcomed Eric's erection... and it had felt wonderful. Ant was tired too... but he knew I needed him... not just physically but also emotionally. He spread my legs tenderly but took me with strength and passion. He knows how to push my buttons... and I can trust him to put my needs first. What a guy! I fell asleep totally satisfied.  
  
The next morning... Ant was already gone, just like usual. I was happily naked... enjoying coffee and the Chron. LB was the first out... wandering into the kitchen with a mystified look and not a stitch of clothes. I got her some coffee and helped her remember the details of the previous evening. At one point... she just put her head down and said, "O Lord," over and over.  
  
About 20 minutes later, Eric stumbled into the kitchen... also still totally naked. I saw him coming, so I already had his coffee in process. He sat on the bar stool next to LB with a bit of a dazed look. After a minute, he said, "I guess we were bad last night." LB added, "Or something."  
  
"Well... all I know is that Anthony was terrific!" I said. That got them laughing... and wanting details, of course. I grabbed one of my aprons for cooking... and then prepared bacon and eggs for all of us. OMG... they ate like they'd been starved.  
  
Later in the morning... LB showered, dressed and managed to go home. Eric packed his bag and checked his email while I got ready. Then... I drove him to the airport for his flight back to the east coast. I could tell that he was totally smitten with LB... she was all he wanted to talk about as we drove to SFO. I tried to get him back to our presentation, but it was hopeless.  
  
Fast forward to our presentation at the conference in Chicago...everything went just like clockwork! And... it was so much fun! The geeks loved Eric's technical material... the texts and tweets in support were amazing. And... they loved the "show."  
  
We got a little blowback because I was totally naked on stage, but it was just dust in the wind. The rhythm of the "show" really worked well... I kept things rolling as Eric made his major professional points. It was upbeat and definitely memorable. Since this was a one-time gig... it was important to be successful and unforgettable. Sweet!  
  
Even sweeter... LB travelled to Chicago to see our gig... and she enjoyed every minute. She told Eric later that she didn't understand even 5% of what he was saying, but she loved how he said it. And... she felt my choreography and energy and organizing were instrumental in Eric's success. That felt really great to hear!  
  
P.S. Eric and LB are now in a long-distance relationship... yes, a serious one! Ant and I see them every other month when Eric is visiting LB on the west coast. Super sweet!