Baby Steps

by Hedoliz Â©

I would like to call this "baby steps" because it's a story of how I

learned to become an exhibitionist. Two years ago I would never thought

that I would be willing to show myself to strangers, but at my husband's

prodding, little by little I have gone from "accidentally" showing myself,

to wantonly spreading my pussy open at the drop of a hat (if the situation

and my mood is right, of course)

It all started two years ago when my husband Jim and I went to Venice

Beach for the first time since our daughter Christine was born. I was

slowly getting my figure back and was slightly embarrassed because I had a

few stretch marks from the pregnancy, but Jim encouraged me and told me

how beautiful I was, stretch marks and all. I have never considered myself

a "beautiful" woman, but his telling me that gave me the confidence to

grab my bikini and off we went.

The first thing I discovered when I went into the rest room to change in

to my suit was that it no longer fit me! I had actually LOST weight in the

six months six months since Christine was born. I found that I had to keep

pulling it up when walked because if I didn't my ass would show. Jim

laughed when I told him, and he replied that it didn't make any difference

to him, since he liked my ass and there were very few people around

anyway.

We laid on our towels for maybe 15 minutes talking and laughing and

enjoying ourselves when Jim looked at me seriously and asked if I wanted

to go in the water with him. Yeah, I thought, I'm supposed to go in the

water with a bikini that I have to hold up all the time? Jim smiled and

told me that that was WHY he had asked me to go in the water. He WANTED to

see me in the water trying to keep my suit up! In truth, he wanted to see

me NOT keep my suit up. While we were on the towels, he told me, that no

only was it loose around the middle, it was also loose between the legs

and that my cunt had been exposed the whole time to whoever had passed by.

Cunt was the word that he used, and I hate the word. I much prefer pussy

(or even twat), but the effect was the same. I looked and saw that he was

right. There was a noticeable gap between the fabric and my body. I tried

to remember whether or not anyone had walked by but I couldn't remember.

Fuck it. I thought, if Jim doesn't care, why should I?

I reached up and took his hand and we walked down to the water. I could

see that Jim had a hard on as his suit was sticking out in front. I told

him that turn about was fair play. If I was to be embarrassed. then he

could damn well be embarrassed as well. Who's embarrassed, he asked, and

he pulled aside his shorts and stuck out his hard cock. I couldn't help

but look around to see who else was around. Nobody. I'm sure that Jim

wouldn't have done that if someone was, but then with Jim you never knew.

Now, let's see yours, he said, and he playfully reached his hand up my

suit and started fingering my pussy. We had never done anything like this

in public before, and I was kind of shocked, but I was also becoming very

very excited. I was afraid that someone would see, but secretly I was

hoping that someone would. I scanned the beach quickly before grabbing his

cock and pulling it toward my belly.

We stood there for a while, his fingers playing over and in my pussy and

his cock pressed firmly against my belly. I knew that if anyone was to

come along right about now they would get an eyeful, not because of Jim's

cock or my pussy, we could easily press closer together and hide that, but

I could tell that the back of my suit was down at least an inch or more

and my ass was exposed.

Jim finally broke away from me, put his cock back in his pants, and ran

toward the water and dove in. I pulled up the back of my suit and waded

in, following Jim. As the first wave hit, I felt the suit slide off my

hips again, and I modestly pulled them back up. Jim smiled and asked why?

I thought to myself, does he really like me to show myself off? Does he

want me to let it all hang out? He had never indicated that he enjoyed

seeing me like this in public, but then I had never been exposed in a

situation like this before. It was a strange feeling not knowing whether I

should be modest or wanton. I wanted to do what Jim wanted, yet I didn't

know whether he wanted me to show off or not. I also wanted to do what I

wanted to do, yet I was afraid. Would he be angry if I took it another

step, or would he be disappointed if I didn't? I opted to play the wanton

side (within reason) and let the next wave take my bottoms even further

down After the wave had passed, I let him have a good look at my pussy

before "modestly, yet slowly" pulling them back up.

I learned later that it took a lot of nerve for him to say what he said

next, but he asked if I would mind letting another wave hit me and let it

pull my suit all the way down. I literally tingled with excitement as I

looked back to the beach and saw that a middle aged man had placed a beach

chair about 10 feet from our towel and was watching us in the water. He

had probably seen my suit fall off and was hoping that I would give him a

good show. I could also tell that Jim knew that he was there as I saw his

eyes looking over my shoulder towards the man. I debated for a moment

before giving in to what I now believe had been a secret fantasy. As the

next wave hit, I let the suit fall all the way down and when I stood up I

was exposed completely.

Jim smiled a mysterious smile, grabbed my hand and thanked me. He then

wickedly suggested that we go back to the blanket and take it another

step.

As we approached the blanket we avoided eye contact with the man, but we

could tell that he was watching us. I was very hot, and I could tell that

Jim was too. He couldn't keep his hands off me. We kissed and rubbed each

others body with tanning oil and I made sure that my suit was showing off

as much of my body as I could possibly let it without making it seem

blatant. Every time I turned I could tell that the man was getting a good

look at either my pussy or my ass. It was a tremendous turn on for me. I

spread my legs even further apart while Jim pulled out the Backgammon set

and we played a few games. Before we left I got up enough courage to strip

down completely while I changed back into my suit. As we were leaving the

man smiled at us and told us with a wink that he would think us at least

half the home. I took that to mean he would jack off in the car and would

come before he got home.

Needless to say we came before we got home as well. Jim was so horny that

he fucked me in the car in the parking lot before we even left! From that

day on we have played exhibitionistic games that have become more and more

daring and more fun and exciting. Maybe later I will continue this story

and tell you even more.

Baby Steps Ch. 2

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After our adventure at the beach Jim and I had sex two more time that

evening. He had always been a good lover, but three times in one day was a

new record! Usually after fucking me it takes a long time for him to get

another hard-on. I knew that thinking about me exposing myself in the

water and on the towel with that man watching us was the force that was

driving him on, but for some reason neither one of us mentioned the

incident. It was as if both of us were sorting things in our own minds and

neither of us were willing to share our private feelings.

Two weeks went by and I was hoping that Jim would break the silence first

and bring up the subject, but he never did. I was also reluctant to

mention it. I guess it was because I knew that I had enjoyed it just a

little too much, and bringing it up might make him think that I was it was

on mind all the time. It scared me a little that I was becoming obsessed

with what had happened and what was scaring me more was that I was

thinking of what might have happened instead of what actually did.

Nevertheless, our lives went back to normal and we fell back into the

routine of making love two or three times a week. There's a difference

between making love and fucking. We made love. I longed to fuck. I wanted

to feel the excitement again that I felt in the back of the van, there in

the parking lot at the beach, on all fours with his cock slamming into my

pussy doggy-style. Making love is tender caresses, moonlight, a glass or

two of champagne, and satin sheets. Fucking is sucking cock, playing with

dildoes, doing it on the ground in full daylight and abandoning yourself

to your baser instincts. Making love is soft and natural. Fucking is hard

core and dirty. What scared me the most with my obsession with the beach

was that I now knew I was obsessed by, and longed for, the dirt.

Almost a month had passed when Jim came home late one Thursday evening

with a package wrapped up with ribbons and a bow and asked if he thought

my mother might be willing to watch Christine, our two year old daughter,

for the weekend. If she could, he said, then maybe we could take the off

and go to Las Vegas. One of his coworkers was getting married on Saturday

afternoon and we were invited to the wedding, Jim had already cleared it

with his boss and he was going to take off Friday. If my mother could

watch her we could leave in the morning, drop her off on our way, and be

back early Sunday afternoon so we could spend some time visiting with my

her before heading for home.

To make it short, I called, she said yes, and by 8:00 Friday morning we

were on our way to Grandma's house. I played patty-cake with Christine

while Jim drove, but I detected a certain reserve on his part. Whereas he

is usually talkative and cheerful, this morning he seemed quiet and

reflective. Even the radio wasn't on. Jim likes to listen to talk radio,

but today there was no conversation at all.

When we arrived at Mom's house I spent a few minutes giving her

instructions on how to care for Christine (as if she needed them), told

her we would call later with our hotel number in Vegas where we could be

reached in case of emergency, kissed them both good-bye and got back on

the Interstate.

Once again, on the road, Jim fell silent. The radio was off and the

silence was overwhelming. I was tempted to ask if anything was wrong, but

opted instead to sit in the silence and wait until Jim made the first

move.

"I have a confession to make to you," he finally said. "There is no

wedding."

"Then...what's the package for?" I responded.

"It's for you. Would you like to play a little game?" Whatever he had in

mind, I could tell that he was having a hard time saying this, and I

wondered what it was all about. The package, the lie about the wedding,

the game, the way he had been silent for so long, it didn't add up.

"What kind of game?" I asked.

He looked at me sheepishly and answered "Open the package and maybe you'll

know. I hope you enjoy it, but I'll understand if your answer is no." I

reached back behind the seat and brought the package to my lap. Whatever

it was it didn't weigh much and as I untied the ribbon and began removing

the paper I could see Jim's anticipation. In the back of my mind I thought

I knew what it might be, and I secretly hoped I was right, but I didn't

want to get my hopes up. Besides, if it was what I hoped for, would I

later regret having received it?

As I took off the lid to the box Jim said "I guess it's kind of a present

for me too. I hope you like them."

There in the box lay the items Jim had bought me. The contents consisted

of a sheer white cotton dress which buttoned all the way from the neckline

down to the hem. It was full length and would reach down to my ankles.

Besides the dress there were three pairs of thong knickers, each in a

different color, a pair of cut off jeans that was sliced high on the side

and just a sliver of fabric between the legs, a white tube top with the

nipples cut out, as well as a few other assorted "erotic" garments.

A few moments went by as I contemplated my treasure. It was exactly what I

had thought it might be. It was what I wanted, and also what I feared. It

was Jim's way of commenting, without using words, about our afternoon on

the beach. It was his way of telling me how much he had enjoyed it and

that he wanted some more of the same.

I waited a few more moments before responding. I wanted to make sure that

what I said was to the point and reflected exactly what it was I wanted to

say. If I said it poorly or made a mistake I might fuck things up. Finally

I said "Well, I think you can take the bra back. My tits look just fine

without it. Now what was this game we were going to play?" I said it

laughingly with a glint in my eye, a raised eyebrow, and a leer on my

lips.

My answer must have settled his nerves because he smiled for the first

time since we had left home.

"I'm going to set the speed control at 65 miles an hour. We won't go

faster and we won't go slower. When the speedometer turns 26,000 miles I

want you to strip off everything, put on one of the knickers and the tube

top and I want you to ride like that for at least 20 miles. If someone

sees you, then he's a lucky man. If they don't see you, then it's their

fault they've missed out on seeing one of the most beautiful women in the

world. After the 20 miles are up you can get dressed again, OK?"

I looked at the speedometer and noticed that it was at 25,982. He was

giving me 18 miles in which to take him up on the game or not. He was

giving me 18 miles in which to anticipate what might occur. I lit a

cigarette and thought of the possibilities. I knew I would not hesitate. I

would do anything and everything that Jim wanted me to do. I had been

dreaming of this for almost four weeks and now that the opportunity was

upon me I was not going to cheated out of it by giving in to fear. I could

already feel my pussy already getting wet and I felt like masturbating.

"Do I have to wait for it turn 26,000?"

I think the question floored Jim. He was probably under the impression

that I would have to be coerced. "Yes, you do," he said sternly.

"You're setting the cruise control for 65 miles an hour and your not going

to speed up or slow down for anything, right? So, if we're going faster

than someone and they see me they have to increase their speed if they

want to continue the show, right? And if they're going faster than us and

they see me they'll have to slow down if they want to continue the show

right? And if they're going the same speed as us and they're enjoying the

show then we're stuck with them since no one else will be able to see

anything and we may not like the people we're stuck with. And what if the

car that sees me is a cop or a highway patrolman, what then? And how about

a car filled to the brim with a barrel full of kids, what then? And how

about priests or nuns or old people who shouldn't drive anyway but do.

Should I show them my tits as well? Do we keep it on 65 miles an hour

anyway? A how about....."

"SHUT THE FUCK UP! YOU'RE DRIVING ME INSANE," Jim roared.

I giggled. He knew I had only been kidding, and I knew he was only

pretending to be mad. But I had had 18 miles to contemplate the

possibilities, and now I was forcing him think of the possibilities as

well.

I lit a cigarette and waited patiently for the eighteen miles to pass. I

considered all the possibilities and promised myself that I would obey all

the rules that Jim imposed on the game, but, I thought mischievously,

after the game was over I might make up a game of my own to pay him back.

I spent the next 18 miles thinking of some game we could play that would

excite him, but in the end I failed to come up with something as

interesting and full of possibilities as Jim's. Leave it to unpredictable

Jim to come up with just the right game at just the right time. Finally

the speedometer clicked on the 26,000 and I was to immediately strip down

to nothing and then put on the knickers and the tube top. Fortunately (or

unfortunately) there wasn't a car anywhere near us. There was a big rig

maybe a quarter of a mile away but I couldn't tell whether we were gaining

on him or not. I pulled my T short off and tossed it in Jim's lap. I don't

usually wear bras so my tits were now open to anyone who cared to look. As

it currently was there was no one that could see, except Jim who had seen

them before, but I wasn't going let the giddiness of the moment pass. I

cupped my hands under my breasts and pushed them up and wiggled them

around. I wanted him to see me through the eyes of the stranger that

hopefully would be watching me soon. At 65 miles an hour I had less than

20 minutes in which to perform. Of course rules were meant to be broken,

but it was Jim's game and I'm sure that if I had to ask for an extension

he would think I was enjoying it too much.

I slid out of my shorts and knickers and tossed them over to Jim as well. I

was now completely naked and the feel of the upholstery felt wonderful

against my bare ass. I turned sideways and spread my legs open, I leaned

back against the door with my knees up and with both hands between my legs

and spread open my pink lips for Jim's benefit.

"Oooohh", I moaned, "would you like to feel my cunt?" Jim knew how I felt

about that word, and I'm sure my saying it shocked him a little but words

have meaning and at that time, in that situation, I felt it was my cunt.

It wasn't my pussy or my twat or my box or my vagina, it was my cunt. It

was wet and slimy and..well.. kind of cunty.

Just then, out of nowhere, a car passed by us in the fast lane. At most

they were going about 5 miles an hour faster than we were. I had a good at

the man in the passenger seat. He was blonde and maybe 30 years. It was a

hot day and he had the window down. He wasn't wearing a shirt and I could

see his rippling muscles. Had he looked over he would have seen me spread

eagle like a slut and still holding my pussy lips apart. My heart almost

stopped beating with the excitement and fear and wanting to be seen and so

many other emotions that I couldn't even begin to catalogue them all. He

never looked over, never saw my naked body, and the driver never slowed

down after passing us by. I idly wondered if they were on cruise control

as well.

I could tell that Jim was going through the same mixture of emotions as I

was. How could it be that you reach out for the very thing you're afraid

of? Was this the same kind of a rush that a skydiver feels when he jumps

out of a plane for the first time? Is the feeling always the same or do

you become conditioned to it? Do you build up a tolerance to it like you

do with drugs? If I were to continue in this manner would I have to go

further and further to get the same ecstatic, tingly, heart pumping

reaction. I didn't know, but I felt wonderful and alive and I knew that if

I wasn't careful I could easily become an addict.

All this soul searching, and I hadn't even been seen yet. True to the

Jim's rules I pulled on the thong knickers and pulled the tube down over my

head and adjusted them so the nipples were sticking through the holes that

had been created for them. I looked ahead and saw that we had come a lot

closer to the semi. Judging by how much time had elapsed I calculated that

we had maybe 11 minutes yet to go, I looked at the speedometer and found

we had travel 7 miles, so I was pretty confident that we would reach the

truck before the speedometer has passed the magic mark.

I reached in the glove compartment and took out my sunglasses. I wanted to

be seen and I wanted to see the person who was seeing me, but I wasn't

prepared for him to look me directly in the eyes I knew that if he could

see my eyes he would know how inexperienced I was and how afraid I was,

and I wanted him to think of me as a wanton. It was easier to do if I knew

he couldn't see my eyes.

I was hoping against hope that Jim would be as anxious as I was and break

his silly 65 mile an hour rule, but he didn't. I hoped that the truck

would slow down so I would have as much time as possible to put on a good

show, but it didn't seem to. The seconds passed by seemed like minutes As

we got closer Jim pulled into the other lane and I prepared myself for

what was to happen in the next minute or so. I looked over at Jim, took

and hand and gave it a squeeze. "I hope this is going to excite you as

much as it going to excite me because after it's over I want you to pull

over at the next off ramp and find a place where we can fuck our brains

out." I smiled at him and he gave me a halfhearted smile. I could tell

that he was every bit as scared as I was.

We were beside the truck and we were slowly approaching the cab. I tried

to act normal, but my hands were clammy and my heart was beating so loud I

thought I could hear it. I looked up at the drivers mirror and saw him

looking back at us. He was young looking, about 25 or so. I could see he

had long hair and a beard. He looked nice. As we passed his open window I

dared myself to look up and look at his face and I smiled and gave him a

little wave with my hand. And our van passed him up. Damn Jim and his

silly rules. If he would have only slowed down there were no limits to

what I could have done. As it was, the driver probably didn't even notice

that my nipples were exposed.

I was crestfallen. We only had another 5 minutes and knowing Jim he would

probably insist that the game was over and he would want me to get dressed

again. I still wanted him to pull over and fuck me, but in the mood I was

in just wouldn't be the same.

Just then I happened to look in the mirror and saw that the truck was

gaining on us. We had passed him by, but he must have noticed since he was

increasing his speed. My heart started pounding again and I felt the

adrenaline pump through my veins again even stronger than before. I

checked the tube top to make sure that my nipples were still exposed and I

leaned back all the way in my seat and took a deep breath.

As he pulled up beside us he slowed a little and kept pace with us.

Through my glasses I kept watch on his eyes. They were definitely looking,

and they weren't looking at my eyes. They were looking directly at my

exposed tits. From the angle he was at he probably couldn't see my

knickers, and the pubic hair that was revealed, but for now the tits were

enough for me. It was one thing to "accidentally" expose yourself, like

when we were at the beach, but it's quite another to "purposely" expose

yourself and in effect say "Here, take a good look"

We drove along side him for a full minute before gaining the courage to do

what I did next. I took it another step further. I put my thumb and index

finger in my mouth and got them wet, and then, with a smile at the truck

driver, I began rubbing, squeezing and tweaking my right nipple.

I could tell the driver was getting off this as he rolled his eyes up to

heaven as if to say "Thank you, God" then he licked his lips once, smiled

and stared down at me while I played with my tits.

From where Jim was sitting he couldn't see the driver so he asked me I he

was watching. "Oh yes," I replied, "and he's loving every second of it"

I turned back to the truck driver, pursed my lips and in an exaggerated

lip motion that you sometimes use to speak the hearing impaired and

mouthed the words "fuck me!" The trucker went crazy.

At that very moment (damn it) Jim looked in the rear view mirror and

noticed three or four cars behind us that needed to pass, Since both us

and the trucker were side by side, no one could get around. Even though

there was technically over a minute to go under Jim's silly rules, he sped

up and pulled into the lane in front of the trucker. I looked over my

shoulder and saw the trucker banging away on his steering wheel. He

probably thought he had lost his fantasy girl forever.

As the last of the cars passed I looked at Jim and said "I really hope

that this will make you happy, but if it doesn't, too fuckin' bad since

I'm too horny right now to care. We played your game and now I want you to

play mine. I want you to slow down the van and pull up beside that semi

again."

As he pulled into the left lane I tore off the tube top and slipped the

knickers off. I raised up the arm rests and laid out across the seats. I

pulled Jim's stiff cock out of his shorts and put my mouth around it.

I couldn't tell from my position over Jim cock, but I could feel the van

slow and the speed again slightly. As I sucked on Jim's dick, he took his

hand and tried to reach under my body so he could finger fuck me. In the

position I was in he couldn't reach it, so I raised my ass a little to

allow access. If our new trucker friend was watching (and I'm sure he was)

he was getting a good close look at my asshole and my pussy being pumped

by two of Jim's fingers. I felt like the biggest slut the world has ever

known and I was enjoying every minute of it. The intensity of the moment

was incredible. Even though it was Jim's fingers in my pussy and not his

cock I thought that this was what fucking was all about. It wasn't about

making love, it was about fucking. Dirty, gratifying, down and dirty

fucking.

I stopped sucking Jim and turned over so I was positioned to see the

trucker. My sunglasses had fallen off when I had gone down on Jim, but I

didn't care. I smiled at the trucker and he smiled back with a big BIG

smile. I spread my legs and reached down with both hands and spread myself

apart. Jim's hand joined mine and he began finger fucking me again. I

brought knees up as high to my ears as I could get them so the trucker

could see not only Jim playing with my pussy but my asshole as well. The

trucker was going insane. Up to now the trucker has remained mute, but he

said "Lady, you're fucking incredible. I have seen some great stuff in my

life as a trucker, but you are by far the best I've ever seen. All I need

now is to see you stick a finger up your ass and cum and I'll be happy for

the rest of my life. Of course I'd be even happier if your husband pulled

off to the side of the road and let me fuck you."

"Dream on, cowboy. I love my husband and I'll love him forever. You were

fun to play with, and I'll always remember you, but what you see is all

you get. But just to make you happy for the rest of your life...." I wet

my finger in my mouth and moved it down to my ass. I rubbed it up and down

over the hole a few times and finally inserted it. It didn't feel as bad

as I thought it would. Jim continued pumping my pussy with his hand and

within a few minutes I was nearing the explosion point. My eyes were

closed and I was pushing Jim's hand in and out trying to make it go deeper

and deeper. Finally I came and the gushing waves of pleasure took me to

new heights. Jim's hands were soaked as well as the car seat. I sobbed

uncontrollably and tears ran down my face.

"Thank you much Ma'am" the driver said, "and thank your husband too. All I

seen was his hand, but you can tell him that he's got a real cute hand.

I'll be thinkin' of you and that hand all the way to Montana" Jim could

hear and he couldn't help but laugh.

"And thank you too, cowboy. And I'll be thinkin' of you long after you get

to Montana. You may think you know what you saw today, but the truth is

far deeper than either you or I or that cute hand can comprehend. Good

luck and just remember that when you fuck the Mrs. or the girlfriend your

not just fucking their body, your making love to their mind."

Baby Steps Ch. 3

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The rest of the drive to Vegas was uneventful, except for our deep

discussions about what had just occurred. We both agreed that it had been

the most intense moment in our lives. Jim confessed to me that it had long

been a fantasy of his to have someone watching us while we did something

sexual, but he was apologetic as well, thinking that he may have coerced

into something that I really didn't want to do. I made an equal confession

to him that ever since our experience on the beach I had been obsessed

with the idea of taking it another step. I told him of my theory that

making love and fucking were two different things and that for a long time

I had hungered for more than just our normal lovemaking and an occasion

good fuck. I told him that spreading my pussy open for the truckdriver to

see had given me the same thrill that I had experienced showing off for

the man at the beach (although much more intense).

Jim's eyes lit up like a kids eyes do on Christmas morning and for the

rest of the drive we acted like coconspirators in planning all the

delicious and forbidden things that we would do in Vegas. Poor Jim and

Liz, I thought. All these years of marriage and we had never communicated

the baser side of our psyches. Now that we were confessing our "dirty"

secrets it all seemed so easy and so right. We had tried so hard to live

up to the expectations of what we THOUGHT were the expectations of the

other that we never bothered to ask what the other REALLY wanted.

Assumptions were made from the beginning and we had lived with them

blindly, never asking for a reality check.

After we checked into our hotel and emptied the suitcase, Jim opened the

drapes to look at what our view would be for the next few days. "Liz," he

said, "you just have to see this view to believe it" I looked and he was

right. We were on the seventh floor and our suite overlooked the pool area

of the hotel, and across from the pool was the other wing of the hotel.

The implications were enormous. There were hundreds of windows that we

could see into. And there were hundred of windows that could see into

ours! Some of our previous planning just went out the window (so to speak)

and we sat on the bed together and devised new plans. I seriously doubted

that the open drapes would be closed until Sunday afternoon when the maid

went about her ritual chores of preparing for the next occupants.

It was still daylight, so we couldn't see in the other windows, and we

were fairly sure that they couldn't see us either, but that didn't stop

Jim from disrobing completely and urging me to do the same. I complied and

it felt wonderful standing in front of the window bare ass naked even

though we assumed that no one was able to see After we had showered, Jim

asked me to put on the new dress he had bought me. "With or without the

thong knickers?" I asked. Of course he wanted to me to model them with and

without. I slipped the dress over my head and stood before him without the

knickers. He asked me to stand in front of the window so he could see the

light shining through the gauzy material.

"Maybe it's just a little TOO revealing," he told me, "you can see the

hairs on your pussy. Try it with the knickers" I obliged. I went to the

drawer and withdrew the white thong knickers he had bought me and slipped

them on. I stood before the window again.

"Very VERY sexy," he told me, and I could see a bulge rising in his pants,

"But it still shows the hair. Turn around and let me see how you look from

the rear." What you'll see from the rear is my ass, I thought, since the

thong was deeply imbedded in the crevice of my cheeks. Nevertheless, Jim

thought that the rear view was superb.

"I don't really know," he said, "it looks wonderful, but you have so much

hair down there that I think maybe it's just a bit too..too" I knew he was

searching for words.

"Bold?" I asked?

"Yes, that's the word. Too bold. It looks as if you're TRYING to shock. I

want it to be more casual, more innocent. Fucking you with my finger in

front of the truck driver today was one thing. We were experimenting with

him. It was fun and it was appropriate for the time and the place, but

we're going to dinner to tonight at Caesar's Palace and it looks just a

little, shall we say, inappropriate. Do you remember how you said there

was a difference between making love and fucking? Well, I think it's kind

of like what we'll be doing this weekend. If you're wearing the red

miniskirt you brought, for example, you can easily show your knickers by

crossing your legs in a manner that exposes you and yet can taken by

whoever watches as an innocent mistake on your part. A tit can

"accidentally" fall out of a bathing suit or a loose fitting top. Planning

may be required, but you can expose yourself in such a way that the lucky

person who is on the receiving end can get an eyeful without ever knowing

that it was planned. I should know. There has been many a time when I have

caught a glimpse, even for a second or so, of a bare breast or a flash of

knickers, and even a few bare pussies once in a while, and it has lit up my

day like nothing else could. I suppose it was planned, but I'll never know

because it was done in such an innocent manner that I it would be up to me

to prove that it was intentional and that I couldn't do with any

certainty. It certainly wasn't obvious that they were doing it on purpose.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that when the waves pulled down your

bikini bottoms at the beach, that was the law of gravity and wave action

pulling them down. It wasn't as if you had done it on purpose, was it?" He

smiled. "Don't get me wrong, I love seeing you expose yourself, but for

the most part it should be done with style."

God, I loved this man! He was really getting into my new found fantasy and

rekindling his own. He wanted to be my teacher and I was certainly eager

to be his pupil. I hoped that as time went on I would learn my own style

and that I would be able to teach him as well. I hoped that he would be as

willing a student as I was going to be. Together we would experiment and

together we would learn.

"Shave me", I said on the spur of the moment, "Let's see what it looks

like without hair"

Jim was in the bathroom looking for the scissors, the razor and the

shaving cream before I could finish the last sentence. He was like kid in

a toy store with a $200 gift certificate. The bulge in his pants was

pronounced and signified to me that I had made the right suggestion.

When he returned I was laid out on the bed naked, the dress on the floor,

my legs spread open waiting for, I hoped, his steady hand. It was

approaching dark now and Jim turned on the lights. I had no way of knowing

if anyone could see from across the way, but I noticed that there were

lights on in many of their windows and I could see "shapes" moving around

in some of them.

Before he opened the can of shaving cream I spread my lips apart and said

"Don't you want to eat me one last time with the hair still on? Once you

shave it off it's going be nothing but naked pussy from then on. I

wouldn't want you to miss your last opportunity to taste a hairy twat."

Jim lowered his head and licked his tongue around my lips. His thumbs

spread my labia apart and hungrily, savagely he began sucking in the

juices that already begun to form in my body. His tongue went deep,

sending shudders of pleasure through me as I arched my back and thrust

myself into his face. Like a beast he devoured me, lapping at me much like

a dog laps water. My hands cupped my breasts and I played with my nipples

as he continued his pre-dinner hors d'oeuvres.

I looked in the mirror across the bed and watched as his tongue probed my

nether regions. I spread my legs even further apart and strained to see

myself in it's reflection. I imagined that I was the mirror and that I was

watching us as strangers might see us through the open window. I could see

his back and his hairy ass, but all I could see of myself was my raised

legs with his head between them and my naked breasts heaving as I massaged

the throbbing knobs that were their center. I looked out the dark window

and silently studied the shining windows across the way, hoping that

somewhere out there was someone who was getting a thrill watching our

"exhibition" of oral sex. It was unplanned, I rationalized. We weren't

really putting on a "show." It was inadvertent. Was it our fault if we had

forgotten to close the drapes? We were only doing what most of them did

themselves in the privacy of the their own bedrooms.

"Stick it in me doggie-style" I cried, as I pushed his head away from my

open orifice. I flipped over on my back and spread my legs apart again and

Jim mounted me. "But don't cum. I want you hard and horny all night long.

I promise that if you don't cum I'll be your whore for the entire night.

I'll show anything and everything, whenever and wherever, and to whoever

you want. I'll be your fucking slave for the entire night as long as you

promise not to cum now"

Jim's dick inserted itself into my gaping hole and he moved it from side

to side instead of in and out. He was holding off on the temptation of

thrusting. The feel of my vaginal walls against his monster cock were

pleasurable enough for him now, I supposed, and I was hoping that his

restraint would hold. He took a finger and rubbed it up against my

asshole, never entering it, but pleasuring himself with its feel and its

texture. I pressed myself against him pushing it in even deeper but trying

hard not to create a rhythm that would lead to his ejaculation. Out of the

corner of my eyes I looked out the window again, saw the row of windows,

and wondered if anyone was watching.

Finally Jim pulled out of me and sat on the edge of the bed. His penis was

still rock solid and there wasn't even any pre-cum on the tip. It had been

a good boy. He seemed to be saying that he was willing to settle for two

birds in the bush rather than one in the hand.

Jim took the scissors and cut off as much of the patch as he could. When

he was finished He opened the can of shaving cream and squirted the white

lather in his palm. He spread my legs apart and I felt gentle tingle of

the mentholated foam as he spread it over my pussy and into my ass.

"My sweet little pussycat is losing its hair and is soon going to be a

bald eagle" he said in a singsong kind of voice and I laughed as he dipped

down for one more taste of my hair before he shaved it all off and came up

with shaving cream all over his face.

After what we now lovingly refer to as MY vasectomy, we dressed again and

I modeled the dress with and without the underwear. Jim told me that the

shaving had been a success. I looked great with and without them. Then he

smiled wickedly and said "Are you up for another game?"

"I'm your whore for the evening, remember? Anywhere and everywhere"

"OK. I really can't decide whether it looks better with or without the

knickers. It certainly looks better without the hair, but I don't think we

should decide without some advice from a "disinterested" party. Why don't

we order room service and see what the guy bringing the food has to say?"

OK, this is the beginning, I thought bravely. The fear was still there,

but I knew that fear was only a learned response. It was the adrenaline

that I was hooked on. Nothing could happen. Jim was here. Just as with the

truck driver. A man would look at me and enjoy seeing my body and we would

never meet each other again. It would be a memory that we would both

share, but it would be a memory that we would share separately. The

memories that would be shared together would be between Jim and me.

"Are we still going to dinner at Caesar's" I asked? Jim laughed.

"Sure. I'm ordering the guy, not the food. We'll just order sandwiches so

we'll have something to munch on later. Don't forget, I can't munch on

pussy hair anymore"

Jim made the call and ordered the sandwiches. While we were waiting Jim

gave me detailed instructions on how to act. He didn't want me to pull up

my dress and expose my pussy or anything else so blatant that it would

make it look like anything other than a simple request for an opinion. The

guy would probably not make any comments about my body at all, he said. He

was, after all, an employee of the hotel and would fear losing his job if

we complained. What went on his mind, however, was going to be a different

story.

We had agreed that when the man entered I would have the knickers on and

that after getting his opinion on how it looked I would reach up under the

dress, being careful not to show too much of course, and step out of them.

Jim had told me that he would do most of the talking but that if I wanted

to add anything I could. Jim had me stand in various parts of the room so

he could judge where the lighting was the best to see through the material

of my dress and he would try to maneuver the man into the right position.

I was getting hotter and hotter by the minute.

Finally we heard the knock at the door. While Jim went to open the door I

gathered up my courage and tried to settle down. I wanted to act

nonchalant but it was going to be hard to do.

The door opened an a man of about our age (early thirties) entered. He was

dressed in a white uniform with the hotels logo. He had a tray with the

sandwiches and he brought it in and set it on the table. Jim signed the

bill and then deftly walked across the room where the lighting was better

and the man followed as if on cue.

"By the way," Jim said, "we're from out of town and we're going to the

midnight show at Caesar's. Have you seen it yet, Bob?" I saw Jim look down

at the man's name tag as he said it and I realized that Jim had read it

before using his name. Bob said he hadn't but that it had gotten rave

reviews and it was one of the hotter tickets in town. Bob looked at me and

smiled.

"You know, " Jim said as he fished in his wallet for a sizable tip, "I

hope it's not going to put you on the spot, but my wife and I want to ask

you your opinion. We bought a whole new wardrobe and we're from Ohio and

not really sure how they dress out here for the shows. Can you take a look

and tell us whether or not that looks good to you. Is it too fancy for the

show or should she wear something more casual, like Jeans. Bob looked at

me and as his eyes moved down my body I felt that sensual tingle of

anticipation.

"It looks great to me," he said, "you'll see all kind of dresses and

outfits here in town, from the fanciest dresses to really casual wear.

They have a dress code in the fancier restaurants where the men have to

wear ties and the women have to wear dresses, but it's pretty much up the

individual when it comes to the shows."

Jim took me by the arm and led me to the light. Positioning myself between

the light and Bob, Jim said "Do you think maybe it's a little too sheer? I

mean when the light shines through it like this you can clearly see the

knickers. Turn around, Liz, so he can see what I mean. What do you think,

Bob, is that just a little too much or would that be acceptable at the

show?"

I could see that Bob was pondering his response. On the one hand I felt

sorry for him, but I thought to myself that ANY man would gladly trade

places with him, so I wasn't THAT sorry.

"I like it." Bob told me. "It's a little transparent, but that's OK for

Vegas"

"I know that, but I just hate panty lines on women. It kind of ruins the

symmetry of the whole effect. I thought maybe she could go without the

knickers, but being as sheer as it is we thought that would be just a

little too far out. Honey, show it how it looks without them."

This was my cue. It was now or never. I could feel my heart pounding as it

had done earlier in the day, but it wasn't as strong as then. I was

getting used to this. I reached under the fabric of the dress, pulled down

the knickers and stepped out of them. Still standing in front of the light

I turned around and let him see me from all angles. God It felt good.

I saw Bob's eyes traveling over my body and I tried to imagine what he

must be seeing and experiencing right now.

"I kind of like it like that," Jim said, "there's no panty lines to

distract from the overall effect of the dress. What do you think, Bob,

should she wear it with or without knickers?"

Before Bob could answer I put in my five cents worth. After all, Jim had

said I could say anything I wanted as long as I let him do most of the

talking. "It certainly feels better without those knickers climbing up my

ass, but I'm just afraid that everyone is going to seeing my pussy. Bob,

can you see anything when I stand in front of the light?" I spread my legs

and made sure that Bob could see as much as he could. I turned around

again and bend over slightly to allow the light to enter from the front so

he would see everything between the legs that the light would allow. "How

about this? Can you see anything between my legs?"

Damn, I was getting brazen! I just hoped that Jim wouldn't be pissed off

that I had crossed the line and gone beyond what he considered "innocent"

exposure. Being the professional that he was, Bob remained nonplused. "No,

you can't see all that much," he lied, "if I were you I'd definitely go

without the knickers, and I agree with your husband that they are

definitely a no-no. They attract the eye and they almost beg to be looked

at. Without them you may be exposing more, but fewer people will notice

because it has more of a flowing look to it. And may I be blunt?"

Jim and I looked at him for a minute not knowing what he would say.

Finally Jim said "Sure, why not. Go ahead and say it" I think that Jim was

expecting some sort of rebuke or a snide remark or something really vulgar

that would put a damper on our fun.

"Well," Bob said, "first off I think she looks great. If she had hair on

her pussy, and I only use that word because she has already said it so it

shouldn't offend you, then I would have had to say that knickers were in

order, but since the pussy is obviously shaved the total effect from top

to bottom is all one solid shade. Many people will assume that she is nude

under the dress, but they won't know for sure unless they get a sustained

view with light shining through. With the knickers on people will see them

immediately and assume that she is trying to get attention, especially

thong knickers like that. I don't know if it's possible or not with the

supplies you brought, but you might to consider putting some kind of

cosmetics on her breasts because the color of her nipples is very

pronounced through the material." He took me to the mirror and let me look

into it. Through the dress I could see what he meant. I could see the

shade of my nipples in all their glory staring back at me from the mirror.

Speaking to me he said "If you don't have anything to tone down the color

of nipples I could probably get something from pharmacy downstairs, but if

you would rather go like you are then I can guarantee that in this town

you won't feel terribly out of place. You'd get some obvious stares, both

good and bad, but I would stay fairly close to your husband to ward off

any unwanted advances. A woman that looks as good as you do, if she's

alone, would certainly bring out the boor in most men."

Jim thanked him for the advice and gave him a hefty tip. After he had

left, Jim looked deeply in my eyes and kissed me tenderly on the mouth.

"Thank you," he said. He patted me on my now unpantied bottom and said

"Are you ready for dinner?"

Baby Steps Ch. 4

by Hedoliz Â©

I would love to tell you that our adventures in Las Vegas got even better

as the night wore on, that we fucked on top of a blackjack table, or I

blew a guy while he was shooting craps, or I masturbated in the keno

lounge while everyone applauded, but nothing that dramatic happened and I

don't think you'd believe it anyway. I did manage to give the Valet at

Caesar's Palace a good long look at my bare pussy as I got out of the car,

but after three or four long seconds I modestly pulled the dress down,

looked at the valet and gave him an "oops" kind of smile. He smiled back

and I thought to myself, what else could he do? As we left and headed for

the entrance to the hotel I glanced back and saw he was still following me

with his eyes. Apparently my unintentional exposure had had an effect.

During dinner I managed to unbutton two more buttons of my dress without

anyone noticing, and we managed to order wine, dinner and the dessert with

my tits almost falling out. No one in the room, including the staff and

the waiters, seemed to mind or care (or even pretend to notice) but it

felt good to be on display nevertheless.

After dinner I modestly buttoned one button, which still left a less than

modest decolletage, but at least it wasn't so risque that I risked popping

out I stood behind Jim as he played blackjack, and he won for a change

($375). I knew that there were many people who were aware of the full

nudity under my clothes, but no one said anything and, like our waiters,

if they noticed they pretended not to.

I tried to accidentally flash my pussy to the valet that brought us our

car when we left, but his position when I entered the car was wrong and he

couldn't see. It was wasted effort on my part.

Jim asked me on the ride back to our hotel to unbutton that button again

so he could see me as I was in the restaurant and I surprises him by

unbuttoning it all the way down. We drove down Las Vegas Blvd. that way,

but again, no one seemed to notice and I didn't want to make it obvious

that I intended anyone to see.

I felt a little daring when we reached our hotel but I wasn't so daring

that could walk in like I was, so I buttoned up again (somewhat) and

walked through the lobby and to the elevator with the same number of

buttons open as I had in the restaurant. Jim was happy with me and kept

looking down at my nearly bare breasts hoping, I thought, that maybe I

would expose one or both of them.

As the elevator door opened we saw Bob, our room service man from the

night before, standing there. He had an empty service cart with him and

was obviously headed back to the kitchen. His eyes dropped down to my

breasts, and then down, and he smiled. "I see that you took my advice and

wore the dress without the knickers. Good. It's looks great on you that

way." He said it quietly so that no one else who could be in earshot would

hear. I smiled brightly and thanked him for the compliment. He left,

pushing the service cart in front of him, and Jim and I entered the

elevator. As we rode up to our floor I regretted not showing Bob my

nipples.

Once in the room I stripped off the dress and threw it in the corner. I

had worn it all day and I knew that it would need a good cleaning and

pressing before I could wear again. I walked over to the window and stood

looking at the windows in the other wing. I was watching to see someone

else. Jim stripped off his clothes too and joined me at the window. He

hugged me tightly from behind and cupped his hands over my breasts and

caressed my nipples. We stood in the window like that, kissing and

touching each other for 10 minutes or more. We didn't fuck, but Jim

finally took my hand and led me to the bed and we made love like we did at

home, satisfying, but without the pizzazz of fucking. I didn't cum.

\* \* \* \* \*

We stayed in bed Saturday morning until almost noon. With all the

excitement of the previous day we were still exhausted and the rest would

do us good. We ate the sandwiches that Bob had brought us the night

before, watched a little TV, cuddled and planned all the "crimes" that we

would attempt that evening. Jim suggested that we call room service

(again) and that this time I would be in the shower when Bob (or whoever

else) came. I would pretend that I didn't know anyone was there and I

would walk into the room bare ass naked. I would instinctively try to act

modest and cover myself with my hands, but then would smile shyly and say

"Well, you've already seen me, so I might as well get dressed now," or

words to that effect. I would walk over to the dresser as if my nudity was

of no concern and spend a minute or so going through the clothes before

putting anything on. It would be kind of a reverse strip tease as I slowly

and erotically dress for the man.

Jim also suggested that we might go to the Jacuzzi later that evening. If

there was no one there we could strip quickly and get in the water and, if

anyone came later, the bubbling nature of the Jacuzzi would cover us

enough so we would be at least semi-modest. If someone was there when we

arrived we would make the decision as to whether it felt "right" enough

and if it was then he would get in first, wearing his suit of course, and

I would slip off my shoes and only dangle my legs in the water. If we

could, we would start a conversation with whoever was there and try to

lead it around as to why I didn't join them in the water. Hopefully they

would all "coax" me into the water in only my knickers and white cotton

undershirt top, both of which would look sexier than hell when they were

wet.

He came up with a lot of other delicious and exciting things we could do

as well, but neither of us could have imagined, or prepared, or dreamed of

what really happened that night!

We decided that for our debut for the day I would wear the cutoff Jeans

that Jim had given me the day before. I put them on and studied myself in

the mirror. They were the typical Levi type Wranglers, but the legs had

been cut off very shortly and major cuts had been made up the side and

between the legs. There was only a thin strap of material from front to

bottom and the legs were loose enough that one could visually see the gap

between the material and the flesh. It was almost as daring "down there"

as was the bikini that I had worn at Venice beach except that I didn't

have to worry about it falling off my hips. This was taking our new found

hobby one more step, as I knew that it would be almost impossible for me

to go the whole day without showing at least a portion of my pussy even if

I tried (and I was pretty sure that I was brave enough at this point not

to). To go along with it I chose of Jim's cotton undershirts, the men's

kind without arms, which is what he had suggested I wear in the Jacuzzi

that night if we didn't go nude.

Jim had me wiggle around on the bed, open my legs, stretch my arms over my

head, bend over, and contort my body into every possible position so he

could "check out" how I would look, What he was really doing, I thought,

was getting off on beaver shots. He's been married to me all these years

and I can still turn him on with simply bare skin. I felt very proud of

myself, and feeling proud made me feel beautiful, and feeling beautiful

made me feel sexy, and feeling sexy made me horny. I unbuttoned the pants,

raised my legs in the air and pulled them off, giving him a good look at

my asshole and pussy as I was doing it. I invited him to come and lick me,

which of course he did, and as his tongue and lips pleasured themselves in

my hairless hole, I climaxed for the first of what was to become a record

number of orgasms for me in one day.

After I had cum and Jim had licked up all the love juice, I dressed again

in the same gorgeous, slutty Jeans and we went downstairs to play

Blackjack. Since we were now playing with the "House" money, as Jim refers

to it, I decided to play alongside him. I'm not too good on figuring out

what to hit and what not to hit, unless it a a "no brainer" like two tens,

and I knew that dressed as I was my mind would be on other things beside

cards, but with Jim at my side to help me with the tough decisions I might

do OK.

After an hour of staying relatively even, we hit a string of losing hands

and were down about $200 which meant we only had $175 of the "house" money left. Jim suggested we find another table where we might have better luck.

Dressed as I was I was perfectly content so simply wander around the

casino watching other peoples reactions as they looked at me, but I never

revealed this to Jim.

As we moved made our way around the casino Jim suddenly spotted Bob

playing at a nearly deserted table. Now a nearly deserted table usually

means bad luck for a player, but Jim suggested that we join him. He had

been a true gentleman the night before, and I was eager for him to see me

in my new outfit.

"Hey, Bob," Jim said as we approached the table, "off your shift now?"

Bob seemed glad to see us. "Yeah, I am. How you doing? I guess you didn't

see the show last night after all. You came home a little early." Jim

admitted that we hadn't and they continued the small talk, but while they

spoke Bob never stopped looking at me.

I pulled out the stool and sat next to Bob before Jim could, put my chips

in front of me and bet $20. I got a Blackjack that first hand and felt

that this indeed might be my lucky table in more ways than one. With Jim

on one side of me and Bob on the other I felt I was the center of

attention. The three of us continued to win more than we lost for the next

thirty minutes, and I would squeal with delight every time one of us got a

blackjack and I would jump up and down in glee. Every time I did I could

see Bob's eyes go to either my crotch or my bouncing breasts, and he

didn't seem embarrassed at all to be looking at me so intently. I knew of

course that he was looking for exposure, and I thought about making sure

he did, but instead I simply let nature take its course. With what I was

wearing he was surely seeing enough to keep him happy. God, it was

delicious being a cockteaser. "Que Sera, Sera" I began singing softly. I

wondered if either of them knew why those lyrics had popped into my head.

Suddenly, our luck started to change. The squeals of delight were less

now, and when they came they were hollow echoes of the squeals from

before. Abruptly, after winning a hand for a change, Bob said "I'm out of

hear before I lose the entire bundle. I won enough on that last hand to

buy us all a couple of rounds of drinks. What do you say? Let's do it now

or I'll probably throw it away on the next hand."

Before Jim had a chance to think too much about it I turned to Bob and

said "Great idea. I'm tired of losing too. Lead us to the tavern," I had

already had four or five Margaritas and I was already feeling no pain. A

few more and I would "really" be a fun girl.

Jim followed along and all the way to the bar I continued acting silly,

skipping along as if I were a little girl, and singing "Que Sera, Sera"

over and over again, sometimes out loud and sometimes only in my head.

The lounge was fairly empty. The big crowds would probably come later in

the evening. Bob led us to a dimly lit booth in the back away from the

other patrons. When the waitress came she asked us what we wanted, and he

ordered for us. I continued with the Margaritas, Jim with his Bourbon, and

Bob his white wine.

"I know I shouldn't ask this question, and you don't have to answer if you

don't want, but we have become, uh..." he looked down between my legs,

"more or less good friends so here goes. What the hell are your names? I

may have heard them last night but I have completely forgotten them if I

did?"

Jim and I looked at each other and started to laugh. Last night he had

asked us if he could be blunt and it had given us pause for a moment. Now

he was apologizing for asking us our names. I wondered if he apologized

every time he asked a question. I told him my name was Liz and Jim

introduced himself as well. We felt bad that we had forgotten to do so

earlier.

After the drinks were brought to the table the conversation began again,

and it was about Blackjack. It went on for as long as the drinks lasted,

and I was starting to get bored. I wanted to get out of the hotel and

start living out our fantasies. Bob ordered another round before we could

object and after the barmaid brought it and was handsomely tipped, Bob

turned to me, looked squarely in they eyes, and said "Liz, I want you to

show me your cunt. I want you to spread your legs apart and show me your

shaved lips."

Jim and I were flabbergasted. Bob seemed so mild and apologetic and afraid

of saying anything that might be blunt or embarrassing to us, yet there

was no hint of an apology or fear in this statement. Was he drunk?

"Before you say anything," he continued, "let me say that last night I

knew the minute you asked for my 'advice' that you were either

exhibitionists or swingers. You were playing sexual games with one another

and I was simply a prop. I've been around the block enough times to know.

And don't try to tell me that you weren't aware that I could see your cunt

and ass very clearly through that dress. And then last night when I

stepped out of the elevator and saw your cleavage, if you can call that

deep a plunge cleavage, I knew that all I had to do was to ask you to show

them to me and you would. Unfortunately I was working at the time, and I

don't like to mix my job with pleasure. But today I'm not working and it's

completely different. Besides, I've already seen your cunt four times in

the last hour, three times at the blackjack table and once since we've

been here in the lounge. And I don't mean just glimpses, I mean wide open

views between the lips and up the hole. You think your being daring by

running around all day in skimpy little outfits that might, just might,

show off more than you intended to show, and I admire that in a woman. It

takes guts that most women only dream of having. But to experience the

ultimate thrill in your little game you have to go all the way. I'm a

stranger to you. I want you to show me your cunt, wide open, no pretenses.

I know that this is what you really want, and you know it as well. Now, be

honest with yourself. Reach down between your legs, pull your pants to the

side and let me stare at your naked cunt."

He didn't sound threatening, and he didn't sound judgmental (well, maybe a

little, but it was without criticism), and he spoke the truth. I DID want

him to see me. Before Jim could say a word I answered "All right" in the

calmest, coolest voice I could muster. I took another deep drink of my

Margarita, a deep breath to calm me down a little, and a quick glance at

Jim as if asking for his approval, and then I sprawled back against the

cool vinyl backing of the booth. A quick glance around the lounge told me

that no one could see what I was about to do. All the while looking in

Bobs eyes, almost as if I was hypnotized, I slowly reached down and pulled

the Jeans to the side exposing my pussy. Then, as his eyes left mine and

dropped to see what he had asked for, I took my other hand, dropped it

down to meet the first, and I spread my pussy lips apart for Bob's (and

my) pleasure. My pulse was pounding and I asked myself, was I really doing

this?

Silently he stared at the visual gift that he had asked for and I had

freely given. The gaze of his eyes were intense, but he signified no

change in his facial expression, Not a smile, or a smirk, or a grin. Just

a stone cold stare.

Maybe I was hypnotized, or maybe I wasn't, but without any suggestions at

all, other than by what I now believe was my own free will, I inserted two

fingers into the warm wet stickiness of myself and began masturbating. It

was for his eyes only to see, but it was for my pleasure as well as his.

His eyes never left my pussy. My eyes never left his face. His expression

never changed. My fingers went deeper and deeper in with calculated

abandonment, and with my other hand I began rubbing and stroking my clit,

sending spasms of delight throughout my entire body.

From his position, and mine, I couldn't tell if Jim could see my fingers

doing their magic, but he could certainly tell what I was doing. He hadn't

said a word. Maybe he was speechless or maybe he was wise enough not to

disturb what was for me a private and almost spiritual experience. I could

feel the tension building in my body and I knew that it would seek escape.

I felt myself starting to tremble and I bit down hard on my lip to keep

from making any outward sound that might draw the attention of any of the

others in the lounge. I knew that from the position I was in no one except

could see my nakedness, or my pussy, or my fingers, but they could damn

well see my face.

Smiling gently now, Bob reached down and inserted his finger inside me as

well and our fingers worked in tandem for what was now a common goal. I

couldn't help myself any longer. I bit down harder on my lip, closed my

eyes and moaned softly, pushing my pelvic bone down harder and harder

against his finger and mine, It took only moments, but I felt the

familiar, always sought after, overwhelming sensation take control over my

body and with a spasm and a soft cry from deep in my chest I came.

Not caring now about anything, my naked body, my loss of composure, Bob,

Jim, the others in the lounge, anything at all, I lay my head down on the

table and quietly sobbed as the warm spasms wracked my body. Jim's hand

was on my hair and he was rubbing the back of my neck with gentle

caresses. My legs felt wet and rubbery and my breath was coming in short

bursts. Finally, slowly, the pleasure began to decrease and I started to

regain control. It was the most overwhelming orgasm I had ever had.

I looked around the bar to see if anyone had observed my temporary

madness, but everything looked the same as before. No one had seemed to

notice. I looked deeply into Bob's eyes and said quietly "Thank you."

Then I turned to Jim. "I love you so much it hurts," I said, and once

again I burst into tears of happiness and sexual release and Jim and I

kissed with long kisses that were meant only for us and I was unashamed.

As we left the lounge Bob had one more suggestion. Once again it caught us

off guard. "How would you like to go by the house tonight for dinner? I'd

like to introduce you to my wife, and we always enjoy company. That is, of

course, unless you have other plans. I certainly wouldn't to impose"

Typical Bob again, I thought to myself, always being deprecating.

Jim was, I could see, starting to get a little pissed off. "What, first

you give my wife an orgasm with me watching, and then you want us to go by

the house so you can fuck her as well? It's true, we were playing with you

last night and setting you up as a, what did you call it, a prop? It's

also true that since we've been here in Vegas we've gone out of our way to

show her off a little now and then (an understatement, I thought) but what

happened back there in the lounge was something that just happened, and

it's not going to repeat itself. I certainly don't want to fuck your wife

and I don't want to watch you fuck Liz, either. We're not swingers and

that's what I think that's what your invitation is all about, isn't it"

Jim said it as if it weren't even a question.

Bob smiled. "You're right," he said, "I would love to fuck Liz, but I

doubt my wife would approve. I don't doubt for a second that Liz would be

a terrific piece of ass, excuse the expression, Liz, but I can assure you

my intentions were not to fuck her. My intentions were to videotape YOU

fucking her."

That certainly set Jim back a bit. He had told me in our ride out here in

the car that it had been a fantasy of his for a long time, having people

watch us have sex, but now that the opportunity was presenting itself,

would he be up for the challenge?

"OK," I said boldly before Jim could give an answer, "but on two

conditions. We keep the tape when it's over and your wife will be with us

the whole time." I thought that Bob would begin to cover his ass about

now, because I didn't really believe there was a wife. I thought that it

was just a ruse to get us over to his house. I had read enough murder

mysteries to realize that you don't just follow strangers with candy.

"Oh, that presents no problem whatsoever. In fact, my wife will probably

want you to videotape us as well. She loves it when people watch us fuck."

Jim looked excited, but also a little ashen. I could tell he was scared.

Like me, I thought. Maybe we were going just a little too fast for

comfort, but like the old saying goes, nothing ventured, nothing gained.

Bob reached in his wallet for a piece of scratch paper and scribbled down

his address and phone number. "Say about eight? And please do us the

courtesy of calling us as soon as possible if you change your mind, OK?"

I excused myself and went to the restroom while Bob gave Jim the

directions to the house. As I entered the Ladies Room I couldn't resist

looking at my reflection in the mirror. No one else was there so I stood

and stared at myself for quite for quite a while. I squeezed my tits

together and lifted the side of my Jeans to get another good look at the

brazen image I had dared to show the world. Liz, I said to myself, do you

really know what you're getting yourself into? No, I answered myself. No,

I don't.

I left the restroom softly humming "Que Sera, Sera"

Baby Steps Ch. 5

by Hedoliz Â©

By the time we got in the minivan and started the drive to Bob's house, I

was humming a new tune. "I am Woman, Hear me Roar" had invaded my

consciousness just as "Que Sera, Sera" had done earlier. I was convinced

that tonight I could do anything.

Anything, that is, except actually fucking someone other than my husband.

With all the slutty things I had done this weekend, and all the slutty

things that I hoped I would soon be doing, I still considered myself

married and I wasn't ready to jeopardize everything we had in search of

that elusive craving for more and more thrills. I was, I believed, still

moral, and the masturbation scenes with Bob in the lounge and the

truckdriver on the Interstate were only temporary escapes from reality.

Tonight would tell if I could take it just another baby step forward and

still maintain my balance. I considered the possibility that I was

rationalizing about my morality, but I dismissed any further consideration

on that because I wanted so badly to continue. And continuing was what

this evening was all about. I wished now that we had never agreed to give

up grass after Christine had been born. What I needed right now were a

couple of giant spliffs to settle my nerves.

We followed Bob's instructions and came to the street that led to his

home. After turning left on one street, following it two blocks, and then

turning right again onto a cul-de-sac we arrived at the address. It was a

community of more than modest homes. Judging from housing costs in

Riverside County where we lived I estimated it in the $400,000 -- $500,000

range. Strange, I thought, that they would live in a community like this

while Bob worked in the hotel delivering food to the guests.

As we walked to the door and rang the bell we noticed the well manicured

lawn and the beautiful plants and flowers that ringed the house. It was

only a few moments until the door opened and a stunning blonde appeared in

the door way. "Hi, you must be Jim and Liz. Bob has told me all about you.

My name is Carla. Welcome to our home."

All? I thought. I wonder if he had told her that only four hours earlier

he had placed his fingers inside my pussy and had masturbated me into

having one of the most perfect orgasms that I had ever experienced.

We followed her into the house, past the front room and out into the

backyard where we saw one of the most beautiful pools and Jacuzzis we had

ever seen. The sun was just now beginning to set and I visualized what it

would look like after the lights that I saw placed in strategic locations

were turned on. There were ferns and flowers all about. The Jacuzzi was

imbedded in cement a full six or seven feet above the pool and the

overflow dropped down the side to the pool below creating the visual image

of a waterfall descending to a lake. The backyard itself must have cost as

much to construct as our entire house. It was magnificent.

She led us to an alcove carved in rock that had a table and chairs. On the

far side of the alcove Bob was standing by a barbecue made out of rock and

on the side was serving cart on wheels. There was a set of plates,

silverware and some delicious looking steaks. "Hi," he said, "I told Carla

that you would be coming, and when we didn't get a phone call I told her

it was for sure. I'm glad you didn't let us down. She's been on pins and

needles ever since I told her about you. Would you like something to

drink?"

Bob asked for a beer and again I opted for a Margarita, a strong one I

added, if it wasn't too much trouble. Bob assured me that it wasn't, and

he went into the house to get the drinks.

"I guess you're wondering how Bob can afford a house like this on his

salary and tips," Carla began as she at on one of the chairs and Jim and I

settled down on the others "so let me put that question out of your mind.

I bought the house and gave Bob the liberty of fixing it up as he saw fit.

It was my money, but I put the deed in both our names. Bob and I are

partners in everything. He wouldn't have to work if he didn't want to, but

he says it gives him the opportunity to keep in touch with his working

class roots, and it gives him the opportunity to meet people like

yourselves. We have had many people over that Bob has met at work and we

have had some wonderful experiences with them. Would you care for a short

swim or a soak in the Jacuzzi before dinner? I hope you don't mind, but I

always go nude."

Before either Jim or I could answer, Carla stood, pulled her blouse over

her head and pulled off her shorts. Standing naked, she turned and walked

to the spa. Her pussy was shaved, like mine, but had a well trimmed tuft

right above the slit that gave it a less than naked look. It gave the

impression that it, like her garden, was well manicured. She was stunning

to be sure, but I now realized that she was older than I had first

thought. She was probably in her early to mid forties and her breasts were

beginning to show the signs of gravity. Her ass, however, was still firm

and tight looking and didn't have any sag to it at all. Here, I thought,

was a woman who loved her body and spent the time necessary to keep it

trim and beautiful.

It was now approaching dark and there were many two story houses behind

them on what I assumed was another cul-du-sac. I knew that if anyone were

to look out the upper windows they would see everything that went on in

the backyard, but if Carla didn't mind, then who were we to complain. Jim

looked at me and I at him. We smiled and followed her to the Jacuzzi.

Jim sat on a small bench beside the Jacuzzi that Carla was now entering

and he began taking off his shoes. His eyes were glued to Carla's lovely

body and he got a clear view of her open lips as she stepped down into the

water. He removed his shirt, laid it on the deck and the divested himself

of his pants and shorts. As he stood there nude I could see the gradual

rise of his penis into what I hoped would later be a gigantic hard on. I

caught Carla looking at it too, and she had a small smile of triumph on

her face.

As Jim entered the Jacuzzi to be with Carla I slowly raised the hem of my

dress and pulled it over my head. "Oh, no knickers" Carla said approvingly,

"and a shaved pussy as well. Bob was right. You are our kind of people."

She stood up and purposely showed us hers as well, gently rubbing her

fingers over it and looking down approvingly.

"Do you ever mind that so many houses can see down into your backyard" I

asked Carla, as I stood there completely naked. I suppose that sounded

like a contradiction in terms, my standing there nude and asking her if

she cared about the other houses, but she didn't seem to notice. "Not

really," she answered back. "When we first built the pool and spa there

were no houses behind us. That's part of a new tract they built later. We

made a point of introducing ourselves to the new owners as they moved in

and we invited them to come over and get naked in the Jacuzzi with us.

Three of them accepted, and two of them are still good friends. The third

couple got a little offended on their first time here and the fourth

couple were older and very prudish. They have called the police on us a

couple of times for being naked in the backyard, but the police have

pointed out that we can do anything we want on our own property and its up

to them to shut the shades if they don't want to see. Luckily, none of

them have kids."

"And what about the third couple" I asked with mock naivety, "how did you

manage to offend them?" How could anyone as sweet and innocent as Carla

ever manage to offend anyone, I thought with a silent chuckle?

"Well, they were the third couple that we had invited over," Carla

responded. "I guess they had heard stories about us from the other two

because they seemed awfully skittish at first. When I suggested they go

nude with us in the Jacuzzi they both declined. But Tom said -- that was

his name, Tom, ---that he had a "game" he wanted us to play with them to

sort of break the ice. It was one of those board games where you roll the

dice and move the little plastic people across the board and you land on

spots and draw cards, you know, the cards that say "take a drink" or

"exchange an article of clothing with someone else" and things like that.

Well, we played the game with them for a little bit and I was getting

bored, so when I drew a card and it said "Take off one article of

clothing" I pulled my dress up over my head and sat down with only my

shoes and knickers on. I could have taken off one of the shoes, but what

the hell, I was bored with the game. We continued to play and he kept

staring at my tits as if he had never seen a pair before. Really shy he

was. Well, on my next turn I landed on another space where I had to draw a

card and it said "Do something outrageous" Well, for me, trying to figure

out something to do outrageous was kind of hard, if you know what I mean,

and it took me a while to think of all the things I could do. Finally I

decided. I got up and peeled off my knickers, got down on all fours so they

could see my ass real good and I plopped a big ol' turd right there on the

linoleum."

Immediately, Jim and I burst out in uncontrollable laughter and while we

were laughing hysterically Bob returned with our drinks. He asked what we

were laughing at, and when we told him he said that at least it was a hard

stool and not soft. That made us laugh all the harder. We laughed so hard

that our sides began to hurt. If hysterical laughter is good medicine then

I'm very sure we were very healthy after that one.

After the laughter finally subsided Carla added "Yeah, but I guess I made

a big mistake. When they saw what I had done the little wife barfed all

over everything and then they left in a snit leaving the game and

everything behind. They never even offered to help me clean up the two

messes. If they had just joined us naked in the pool to begin with

everything would have been all right. And we still have the game here

somewhere. They never came back to pick it up." Of course that only

renewed our spasms of laughter, and it was a good ten minutes before we

could control ourselves again. During that time I had forgotten entirely

that I was completely naked and was still sitting on the side of the

Jacuzzi and not in it, and that Bob had brought us another round of drinks

and had turned on the lighting.

"Which one of the houses is theirs?" I asked impulsively, ignoring the

impulse to immediately enter the Jacuzzi before she "plopped" a turd again

Even though it was now dark, the lighting from pool and the yard lights,

although subdued, were sufficient for my purpose. Carla pointed to the one

to our left and, still feeling giddy from the laughter and the drinks, I

pointed my ass at the house, got down on all fours and spread my cheeks

apart for them to see. I hoped that I managed to get across to her not

only my "acceptance" of her actions but my willingness to be on the her

level.

Just as an aside (I don't mean to interrupt my story) but I find Carla to

be uneducated, uncouth, and totally without morals. She is not "immoral,"

rather "amoral," She does what she wants, when she wants, and how she

wants. I also find her to be bone honest, a great friend, very

trustworthy, and one of the most original people I have ever met. I love

her as a sister and I would do anything for her. We have kept in close

contact over the last year and a half and I called her last night (May 4,

2000) and asked for permission to include the story of her "plopping the

turd.'" Without her permission I wouldn't have included it. Even though I

have changed their names, "Bob' and "Carla" may be known to some of you.

And if you are one of the lucky ones to know them, then you know that I

didn't need permission to tell everything else. Sometimes I wish she could

be more like me. Sometimes I wish I could be more like her. Now, you horny

readers, back to the excitement.

After my mooning of "Tom's " house, as we still refer to it, Bob went to

get us all another drink. While he was away I joined Jim and Carla in the

Jacuzzi and we were in deep discussion when he returned with the second

round of drinks. By now Jim and I had lost not only our clothes but our

inhibitions as well. I felt comfortable sitting around in the nude with

our new friends. Bob set the drinks on the deck and proceeded to step out

of his trunks. As I looked as his circumcised cock it suddenly dawned on

me that I hadn't seen anyone's dick other than Jim's since we had been

married. Bob smiled and said "Touche. I've seen yours and now you can see

mine. Fortunately for me, yours looks better" I smiled at him. Flattery

can get you almost anywhere with me. In truth, I thought, I had only seen

four cocks in my whole fucking existence on this planet. Four, that is,

unless you give extra credit to the cock I saw almost daily for seven

months while I was in college. Unfortunately, it was attached to a man who

I grew to detest, so I finally had to break up with it. I surmised that by

now, more people had seen my pussy just this weekend than I had seen cocks

in my whole life. Poor sheltered Liz.

As he entered the warm water he turned to Carla and said "I did tell you

how she let me finger her pussy this afternoon, didn't I love?"

"Yes, you did," Carla responded, "and I think you also promised that they

would let us take videotape of them fucking, too. You are going to fuck

for us, aren't you?" she asked.

I blushed.

It was Jim's turn to speak this time before I could say a word, like it

seemed I had been doing all weekend long. He spoke quietly and softy. I

knew the words were hard for him to get out. "Yes," he said, "we made our

minds to do it when Bob invited us and we're going go through with it.

It's what we both want to do. It's been a fantasy of mine for a long time

to have someone watch us and I would be less of a man if I backed down now

when the opportunity is here. In Liz's case, she has grown to like showing

off, and I suppose she's as ready as I am, maybe more so. But just so you

know, neither one of us has ever been unfaithful and we're not going to

"swing." I can't see myself fucking anyone but Liz, and I hope that she

feels the same."

"Oh, boo hoo" said Carla, "Does that mean you don't want your tool in this

beautiful tool box?'" she said, and she stood up and pulled her lips apart

to show Jim as much pussy as she could manage. "But you are going to

masturbate me to orgasm like you let Bob do to Liz, aren't you? Bob said

you wouldn''t fuck, so now that it's agreed upon, let me tell you a little

story. I've had more dicks in me than Bank of America has pennies. I got

kicked out of college for fucking the entire basketball team, including

the coach, all in one wonderful night. I was spread out in the locker room

and they all stood around whacking on their meat while one after the other

took turns fucking me in the mouth, in the cunt and in the asshole. There

was more cum in me and dripping out of me and onto me than I had ever seen

or tasted in one place at one time. I loved to fuck and I didn't give a

shit who knew it. I was a nymphomaniac and I reveled in it. My father was

so embarrassed for me that he kicked me out of the house and threatened to

disown me. I don't know if he would ever have done it or not but the end

result was that he died before the will was ever changed and I inherited

it all! I fucked Bob the night I met him on a blind date that one of his

friends had set up for us as a "joke," well, Bob never knew of my

reputation at the time, so when I unzipped his pants and started sucking

his dick right there in the restaurant before we had even ordered dinner I

think he lost all control and he fell in love with me. We've been together

for eleven years and we have done everything, repeat EVERYTHING, that you

could ever imagine and a lot more that you can't. One more dick inserted

into my body doesn't mean a thing to me."

"Then, about four years ago, we decided that with the AIDS epidemic and

all we would stop 'fucking' around and we got married. Don't get me wrong,

I still enjoy fucking. I love it a LOT, but now I only do it with Bob.

That's why your presence here is so important to us. When we took the vow

of 'chastity' and stopped all the screwing we lost a lot of our "swinging"

buddies So now, the biggest kick in our lives is having "group" sex with

monogamous couples. You fuck, we fuck, we all fuck, but we fuck

separately. So, do you have any other rules?"

I could see that Jim felt a little foolish having made this statement. As

far as I was concerned, my heart was breaking for her. I empathized.

"Not now," he said quietly, "but you have to understand that we're a new

to this. I understand where you have been, but you have to understand that

we are only beginning to go in that direction. We will accept your past if

you will respect our future. If things start making us uncomfortable,

we'll let you know, and I hope that you will honor our decisions."

"OK" she replied, "but while we don't 'fuck' our guests we try to make it

extremely easy for them to do everything else, so while Bob is cooking the

steaks, why don't you come over here and play with my pussy and give me

what Bob gave Liz." She hoisted herself up onto the deck and spread her

legs apart inviting Jim's fingers to go to work. Jim looked at me, as if

asking permission, and I smiled my consent. I was looking forward to

vicariously reliving the events of the afternoon while watching Jim

"finger" fuck her.

I stared with fascination as Jim reached over and began rubbing his wet

palm up and down over her open mound. She lay back on the cement as he

continued to massage and stimulate her willing pussy. As he continued a

low guttural moan came from her lips "oh yes, oh yes, oh God yes!" "

As I watched my hand journeyed down to my crotch and I began playing with

myself. Bob was watching us both. He was stroking his shaft as he saw his

wife being manipulated by Jim and me masturbating myself under the water.

It didn't appear that we would be having steaks anytime soon.

As Jim's fingers opened her up I saw that she had the largest hole I could

ever had imagined. All those cocks she had let enter her over the years

had certainly done their damage. As Jim's fingers moved in and out it was

like watching a small train entering a large tunnel.

Gently but insistently he rubbed her pussy up and down, alternating

between sticking his fingers deep inside her and bringing them out to play

with her clit and pussy lips again. I scooted over to where Bob was and

sat beside him. I was furiously fucking myself with one hand, but with the

other I reached down and encircled his cock. I moved my hand up and down;

jacking off his throbbing hardness, giving him a little of the pleasure

that he had given me earlier. He smiled with pleasure and reached out to

play with my erect nipples.

Watching Jim's hand dig itself in and out of Carla made me so horny that I

knew I would be cumming soon if I didn't stop fingering myself, but it was

so pleasurable that I couldn't help but continue. Suddenly a thought was

born in my head, a thought grounded in what I considered perverseness, If

I was going to experience first hand everything that there was to

experience, what better time than now, when it felt natural and right and

comfortable. I dropped Bob's cock and moved over toward Jim and Carla. I

reached up to where Jim''s hand was and I slipped two of my fingers into

Carla as well. I had never put my fingers into a pussy before, other than

my own, but it seemed like I was being driven by a strange force that was

tempting me. Slowly and with a sense of awe I pushed them deeper into her,

feeling the walls of her vagina close themselves onto my fingers, as if

urging me to push even deeper.

Giving in completely to the heat in my body I pumped her hard, thrusting

back and forth, treating her much as I knew I myself would want to be

treated. Deeply, with violent yet loving strokes, I fingered her hole, not

caring at this point what Jim would say or think. Throwing caution away

completely, being driven only by my insane desire to experience the sexual

darkness that was within me, I withdrew my fingers, lowered my head and

began licking her lips and tasting her womanhood. Carla was moaning loudly

now. She was thrusting her hips up and down against my face as I used my

tongue to lick her up and down

Knowing it was me and not Jim made no difference to Carla. She reached

out, grabbed my hair, and pushed my head down, smashing my face against

cunt, forcing me to probe even deeper into the wide open orifice with my

tongue.

Jim stood and moved me sideways, opening me up from behind so he could

shove his hard cock inside me. He thrust himself into me as I continued to

lap away at Carla's nectar. Don't come yet, Jim, I thought, because I

still want the thrill of you fucking me for the camera, but his dick felt

so good inside me right then that I didn't really care.

All of a sudden I heard a short shriek and felt a wet gushing flow from

Carla. She was cumming, and she was cumming on my face. I licked and

licked and licked with a fever in my brain, all the while Jim's dick and

balls banging away at me from behind. I couldn't help myself any longer

and I surrendered to my old friend orgasm. She had come to find me yet

again today and I trusted her to take over complete control of my body.

Almost in unison, Carla and I separated, each of us giving in to the total

pleasure of a thorough cumming. It was wonderful.

Looking at Jim for acceptance for what I had done, I noticed that his cock

was still rock hard. He hadn't come. He would be up for our performance,

and I closed my eyes and thought of the wonderful and dirty things we

would soon be doing.

My heart was singing, "I am Woman, hear me Roar"

Baby Steps Ch. 6

by Hedoliz Â©

Bob finally got around to cooking the steaks. Carla, Jim and I relaxed in

the Jacuzzi while dinner was being prepared and we discussed many things,

but the main topic of conversation was of course our video taping. We told

Carla not only about our willingness and excitement to let them take it,

but also about how nervous and frightened we were at the prospect. With

the exception of the trucker the day before, and of course Bob earlier in

the day, Jim and I had never had anyone one watch us doing sexual things

before, and we confessed our mixed feelings. The thought of Jim actually

fucking me while someone watched was such a turn on, I thought, yet at the

same time it also seemed perverted and depraved.

"Would it help any if Bob and I let you watch us fuck first?" Carla asked.

"I'm sure he wouldn't mind. We love to have people watch us. Of course,

were perverted and depraved, but what the hell. What's a little perversion

and depravity among friends, right? Besides, we've already seen Jim

bumping up against your backside while you ate my pussy, so you've already

fucked for us once already. One more time isn't going to hurt."

Of course she was right, but somehow being fucked in the Jacuzzi was more

or less unplanned, more spontaneous, more spur of the moment. We hadn't

purposely planned it or even thought about before hand. It was more

natural and normal than doing it with a camera lens focusing in on our

genitalia, exposing not only our naked bodies but also exposing our reason

for doing it in the first place. I remembered what Jim had said before

about planned versus unplanned exhibitionism, and I thought that this is

what he meant. It was the same difference as having someone "accidentally"

see my bare pussy, like the valet at Caesar's Palace had, and wantonly

pulling up my dress and announcing to him "Here, big boy, want to see my

twat" It was the appearance that matter, not yjr substance.

"Whew, it's getting hot in here," I said, "I hope you don't mind, but I'm

going to jump in the pool and cool off." The temperature in the Jacuzzi

WAS getting a little too warm, but for at least a few minutes I wanted to

cool off from the heat of the conversation as well. Thoughts were going

through my head and I wanted to have a few solitary minutes to focus and

to think.

I dove into the water from the side of the Jacuzzi and immediately felt

its cool, refreshing embrace. I swam to the far end of the pool, away from

the conversation, away from Jim and Carla, away from the smell of cooking

steak, away from confusion. And hopefully away from my sudden lack of

confidence and second thoughts. I stretched out on the pool steps, leaned

my head back so my neck rested on the cement decking, closed my eyes and

tried to imagine how it would feel having them watch us, having them tape

us, having them have a close up view of Jim's rock hard cock fucking my

spread open pussy, having them see him spurt his seed in me or on me,

seeing me suck him.

My thoughts were exciting, but they were also scaring me. I knew that

everything going through my mind was psychological. The fear, the

excitement, the heat that was building in my body even in the cool water,

was all caused by what was going on in my brain. I was torn between my

wants. I wanted to be the normal, rational, typical wife and mother and I

also wanted to be a slut, a whore, an animal. Was there a compromise that

could be made? Was there a line somewhere that seperated the two? Where

was the line if it existed? Was it a line that could be safely bridged?

Was I surrending myself to the siren song and the seductive evil of Mr

Hyde.?

I thought about what Carla had said. I had watched porno tapes that Jim

had rented, but I had never really seen anyone fuck before. Not really.

Tape is one thing and watching real people do it, in person, was something

else. Perhaps I had gone too far in my promise. Now I was wavering. I felt

like the girl in the Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini. I had

worn it to the beach and now I was afraid to go in the water. If I went in

the water would I ever come out?

But come out of the water I did, literally, not just figuratively. Bob

announced that the steaks were ready, and I opened my eyes. I slowly

stood, climbed out of the pool, and joined the three others. We were all

naked and there was no shame or modesty. It felt good to be this free and

innocent. We were only naked. No sexuality was involved. We ate our

dinner, laughed, talked, enjoyed each others company just as if we were

all fully dressed and this was a normal night with normal friends, only it

felt better because we were not wearing disguises. It was so casual, so

innocent and natural that it wasn't even sexually exciting. just pleasant.

I had even forgotten about our nudity and the purpose of our visit until

Bob carried his empty plate to the cart near the alcove and said "OK,

anybody want to fuck?'"

Jim looked at me and I looked back. I didn't know what he was thinking but

I'm sure he was thinking about what I had told Carla in the Jacuzzi. The

more I thought about it the more it made perfect sense. They had made it

clear that they enjoyed being watched, I had never seen another couple "do

it" in person, it would allow me the time to think the matter through,

consult with Jim and make a final decision, it would turn me on, and most

important of all, it would give me a better understanding of the mechanics

for what we would do. If, of course, we followed through with it.

"Well, if you really don't mind I think I would like to see you go first"

I said. I looked at Jim and Bob. "I've never seen another person actually

having sex and, well, I want to do it but I think I'd feel a little

foolish. I think that would make me a little more comfortable."

I could see Carla smile. I thought that maybe she wanted me to say that,

and now I saw that I was right.

"All right," Carla said. "Do either you or Jim know how to operate a

camcorder?"

We admitted that we didn't and Bob showed us how it was done. I didn't

know there were so many techniques and tricks to making a tape. He

explained about pans, and close ups and how to "stop the action" while the

photographer cut to another angle, the various techniques for the

obligatory "cum" shots, the various buttons and knobs and gadgets that

came with the camera and before long he had bored us to tears and was

making us everything less than horny. He stopped in mid sentence, looked

at us in an annoyed way and said "OK, so fuck the camera. At least I know

how to do it so YOU'LL get a good tape out of it. Just point the damn

thing at us and you'll see just how hard it is to make a really GREAT

tape. Carla, how do you want us to start? In the mouth, the cunt, or the

ass?"

"Oh, the mouth, the mouth" quaked Carla, "Who wants to suck a dick after

its been in an ass? Save the ass for last, please, And cum looks so great

leaking out of the ass and dribbling down over the pussy" Carla was so

crude, I thought, yet she was exciting and fun to be around. No matter

what I might do, I was sure that Carla had been there and done that before

so I was free to be as nasty and as wanton as I pretended I wanted to be.

With Carla, everything was gung ho, permissable, acceptable and natural.

Being with Carla was liberating.

Bob showed Jim how to turn the camera on and off, walked over to Carla,

placed a hand on her breast, and said to Jim "OK, turn it on. Let's see

who makes the best tape" I detected a little hostility in his voice, but I

couldn't have cared less. I was more concerned in watching them "do it" I

wanted to see his cock in her throat, her losing control and coming again,

the pussy lips being spread open and fucked, her ass being stuffed and

filled with seed. I felt it was perverted, but I wanted to see it all,

experience it all. I rationalized that it would be educational, an example

and standard that we should try to live up to when it was our turn, but in

reality it was just one of my horny fantasies. The whole idea of the

evening to me now seemed surreal, Was I being seduced into a nether world

of lust and sin, or was this a "natural" outlet for sexual gratification.

After watching them fuck, and then fucking in front of them and the

camera, would I feel dirty and degraded, or would I feel free of the

puritanical sexual mores that had heretofore controlled my passions and my

life? I didn't know and I couldn't tell but I knew that I had to find out.

I had to experiment and find the right balance between my new found lusty

nature and my core values and beliefs. I was confused, and perhaps tonight

would define my future. Would I break the bounds and find new freedom?

Would I return to sanity and lock myself back into the comfortable

confines of normalcy? Would I continue to be as confused as I was now? I

was only two fucks away, and I was dying to find out.

Bob was kneeling in front of Carla and licking and playing with her

breasts. His mouth covered her nipples one by one, while his hand squeezed

and flicked the other. Carla's eyes were closed, her head thrown back, her

mouth open and her tongue sensuous licking her lips. Her legs were open

waiting for him to drop his mouth down over her body. Her hands were

gently stroking her clitoris and running themselves up and down the lips.

Jim was moving the camera closer to their bodies and panned down, away

from Bob's nibbling lips to get a close up shot of her fingers as they

worked away at her treaure box. She was rubbing herself deeply now,

moaning, and mumbling obscenities. She was getting getting hot and Bob was

receiving the message.

He lowered his head and began kissing her stomach. His hands were wrapped

around her ass and his tongue was licking her belly button. He started to

move his head lower, then stopped and stood. He took her by the hand and

he walked her to the house. Jim followed with the camera and I followed

Jim. The camera was pointed at Carlas ass, and Bob's hand playfully rubbed

the crack as they walked.

Once inside, Bob led her to the sofa, fluffed up the pillow that was

there, and laid her down. He spread her legs apart.open, forcing one leg

onto the floor and the other on the back of the sofa with her knee pushed

back as far towards her head as possible.

I was shocked. I couldn't believe that a hole could be that large. It was

like looking into a cavern. I imagined myself spread open for the

gynecologist and imagined that it would be what he saw, yet there were no

instruments opening Carla up. Perverse as I was I wanted to get closer,

examine her myself, see deep into her body, see what men usually see when

they look up your spread open pussy. But there was really no comparison.

Her hole would put any others to shame.

Looking at the camera and smiling, Bob inserted three fingers into her and

began push them in and out. Carla was moving her hips and moaning. He

spipped a fourth one in and continued his manual stimulayion of her sex

organ. Whimpering was now coming out of Carlas mouth and he was pushing

his hand, forcing it deeper and feeper and deeper.

Then Bob turned again toward the camera, smiled once more, and went back

to his work. Oh My God! He was putting his whole HAND into her cunt! Not

four fingers, not four fingers and the thumb. The whole HAND! All five

digits were in her and she was writhing on the sofa, crying out in

ecstasy. She was pumping her body is spasmotic jerks and was pushng his

hand deeper and deeper.

I had heard vague rumors about "fisting" but I had dismissed them as lies,

over active imaginations at work, male fantasies gone amuk, but here I was

actually witnessing it happen. I would never have believe this moment in a

million years. It was incredible!

Slowly, with Carlas help, he got it in all the way to wrist! His fist HAD

to be bigger than a baseball. I tried to imagine stuffing a baseball in my

cunt and I couldn't. And his fist HAD to be larger than that. Jim still

held the camera but he was staring at the spectacle as much as I was. He

wasn't looking through the eyepiece anymore and was probably "taping" the

floor. The camera was still on but it was debatable as to where it was

pointed.

With very slow motions, Bob slipped his his hand out of his wife's body,

being careful, I assumed, not to tear her open or cause pain. His hand

absolutely glistened with her wetness and he actaully looked proud that

his wife's cunt was that huge. If mine were like that, I thought, Jim

would probably die of shame. I thought that if mine were like that I would

die of shame as well, provided I hadn't already died trying to get to that

point.

What else were we to witness? I hoped that Carla wouldn't plop another

turd, but I prepared myself for it anyway. From this point on, everything

else would HAVE to be normal, wouldn't it?

It was exciting watching them perform for us. I wanted to see everything

and they were more than willing to oblige. We watched them as they writhed

around on the sofa and the floor for the next five or ten minutes. They

did it in different position and Jim continued his taping, zooming in in

on The only thing that was "strange" was that while they were in the 69

position they licked each others assholes, which I found a little unusual.

True, Jim had licked mine a couple of times while we were in the midst of

extreme passion, and I can't say I didn't enjoy it, but I had never licked

his. Somehow I had imagined that we were the only ones that had ever done

it. I was probably wrong.

After licking each other, Bob turned her over and stuck himself into her

ass. She was standing, but bent over at the waist with her hand on the

floor. Bob stood behind her and began pumping her while his hands on to

her hips. It didn't take long. Five or six deep thrusts, Carla's mouthing

of "Oh...fuck me...FUCK ME!... Ohhhh, FUCK!!!", then a grunt and a deep

groan and I saw Bob's body quiver as he came inside her ass. Carla was in

heaven!. She slid off his dripping cock and slumped down on the floor. Her

body was shaking. It was obvious that she had experienced an orgasm. Jim

kept the camera rolling, taping her loss of control, her ecstasy, her

complete and total abandonment to sensual pleasurte

A few minutes elapsed before Carla quit quaking. She looked at the

videocamera, smiled, turned on her side and spread her ass apart. Jim

zoomed in on it. I don't know how she did it, but somehow she squeezed her

sphinter muscles together, then relaxed them and began dribbling cum out

of her ass. It coated her her hole and ran down into her cunt. She wiped

it off with her fingers and lifted them to her mouth. She closed her eyes,

as if in deep meditation, and suck the cum off.

I stood and stared. It was the most erotic thing I had ever seen. Never in

any of the videotapes Jim and I had watched together in the privacy of our

bedroom had I seen anything even remotely this exciting. Because they were

real people and not a pair of strangers being paid for a performance made

a difference, obviously, but there was more to it than that. It was that

Carla LOVED what she was doing. You could tell that she revelled in it,

was proud of her ability to throw shame to the wind. She honsestly and

truly didn't give a shit about anything except pleasure. She was a true

hedonist.

And then the realization hit me. They were through. They had fucked and

now it was our turn. There was no way I could ever achieve the sexual

excesses of her performance since my body was not equipped for it but I

wondered, could I match her in my willingness, my zeal, and my appetite?

Please forgive me, I said silently to Whoever might be listening, but You

made me what I am. You are the one who has given me these desires. You are

the one who made Jim. You are the one who made Bob and Carla. Are they

bad? Are they evil? Is nudity and sex and fucking and sucking and ass

licking and showing off your body and enjoying yourself with the pleasures

that You have given us sinful? If it is, then why did you make it so fun?

Did You make the decisions as to what was right and wrong, or in a long

ago time did someone else make those decisions for You. How are we, just

puppets dancing on a string in this wonderful world of ours, to know what

is truly right or truly wrong?

I looked at Jim. Jim looked back. Neither of us was smiling. I loved him

and I knew he loved me. I knew that this had been his fantasy. I knew that

it was now mine as well. Whether it was right or wrong was something we

would have to figure out for ourselves. I knew Jim well enough to know

that he probably was thinking the same thoughts that I was. He didn't ask,

I didn't ask. we simply looked deep into each others eyes for a few

moments before he reached out his hand, took mine and said

"Are you ready to fuck?"