**Beach Party**

by[**TexRiffraff**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1402595&page=submissions)©

Hi, I'm Cait. I'm a sophomore in college, and I share an apartment with my life-long friends Ally, Dani, and Jessi. Our families have been vacationing together since we were three, and the term 'BFFs' could have been invented for us -- we don't even drive each other crazy as roommates.  
  
We're all so similar in size and build we can share bikini bottoms and tops, although we stretch them differently. Ally is the tallest at 5' 9, and also the slimmest, although still nicely curvy. Jessi is the shortest at 5' 4. I'm a redhead, with the freckles to go with it, Ally is a platinum blonde, Dani a darker blonde, and Jessi's hair is such a dark shade of brown it's almost black, with rich mahogany highlights that light up in bright sunlight. I must say, as modestly as I can, guys seem to like how we look, based on how they gawk at us.  
  
One of key traits we share is, we're adventurous enough to try interesting but unusual things. Several times we have ended up completely naked in public, first at a pool, then a beach, then more. I won't re-tell the stories; what's important is that we found we're uninhibited enough to enjoy it. A lot. In fact, 'enjoy' is too weak a word. We love it. I wouldn't say we're 'nudists,' or 'naturists' as they prefer to be called, because we don't seek places to take our clothes off. But when an opportunity to get naked finds us, we're willing. Actually, 'eager' is more like it.  
  
We met a married couple, Rob and Laura, who were still involved in several campus events even though they graduated a few years ago. We didn't know them well, but they seemed like a lot of fun. We heard they throw incredible parties, but what made them so special was apparently some sort of secret -- no one would ever say. Anyone who had been to one, when asked, would change the subject. It was a conspiracy of silence I wouldn't have thought possible in a college setting, where there is always someone willing to leak a secret.  
  
The mystery began to make sense when I heard a rumor that Rob and Laura were naturists. If nudity was what was so wonderful about their parties, of course people wouldn't openly share that, since they wouldn't know whether who they were talking to would approve of such behavior.  
  
One Sunday morning early in the school year, the four of us received e-vites from Rob and Laura to a 'Shoe Party' the following Saturday. None of us knew what a shoe party was, but we were excited to be invited -- we'd finally get to experience a Rob and Laura party firsthand.  
  
Pictures attached to the e-vite showed their house to be very rural, rustic, and remote. It was a two-hour drive from campus, or anywhere else, based on an on-line map. They called it their 'beach house,' although it was nowhere near the coast. It was a different kind of beach -- on a lake.  
  
Looking at the pictures got me imagining how wonderful it would be to run around there naked. Dani must have been thinking the same thing. She noticed that in one of the photos, there were several tiny people down by the water who possibly had no clothes on, but the resolution was too low to be sure. I wondered out loud if the rumor was true, and we all agreed we couldn't wait to find out.  
  
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Saturday finally arrived. Their place was even more isolated than the map showed -- five miles down a two-lane county road from a state highway, dense woods on either side, at least fifteen miles since we had seen a house or a business. Their driveway was gravel, over a quarter mile long, winding through the woods, ending in a large natural clearing. Their house looked like a log cabin, but turned out to have full amenities a 'real' log cabin wouldn't have, such as insulation, central air, plumbing, a chef's kitchen, and a deep covered porch wrapped around all four sides. It was located about a hundred yards up a gentle hill from the lake. The natural clearing continued down to the water; they called it their 'yard.' The thick woods on either side made it very private.  
  
Autumn was just around the corner so the edge was off summer heat, making the weather that day perfect for outdoors at the lake -- sunny, warm, and breezy. Rob and Laura provided soft drinks and food, as well as coolers for beer and wine, which was bring-your-own. There were at least fifty or sixty people there, many I recognized from school. Dress was very casual, a combination of shorts, sun dresses, and bathing suits -- it looked like that 'naturist' rumor wasn't true. If it was, I guess it didn't apply to their parties.  
  
Frisbees and footballs flew through the air, a lone kite danced lazily in the breeze, people hiked down the hill to the water, and several wearing bathing suits went in. There were many clusters of people, some strolling up and down the hill, some standing, some holding soda and beer cans, almost everyone talking and laughing.  
  
When we had been there a short while, I was standing in a group of maybe a dozen, including Laura. Dani, Ally, and Jessi were elsewhere with other friends. Somebody asked Laura how she and Rob came to own the property.  
  
"My aunt left it to me, along with a large amount of cash that her will specified be used to improve it. The cabin was rather run down, so we updated the inside, and added the wrap-around porch."  
  
"That's a special aunt."  
  
"She was. She never had any kids of her own. I spent a couple of summers here with her. She knew I loved it here."  
  
Someone else asked how far they had to drive to work. "We don't, we telecommute. I'm a graphic designer, and Rob does data analytics, so we both do our jobs on-line."  
  
"There's internet out here?"  
  
"We had just enough of my aunt's money left to run a high-speed line. It cost a fortune, but it was tax-deductible."  
  
While she was talking, a group strolled by, half and half guys and girls, four or five of each. Nothing unusual about that, except for one thing: all but one of them were bare-ass naked, and she was topless. Tits, asses, dicks, pussies, all out in the open air. I was thrilled, it looked like the rumor was true - yay!  
  
Needless to say, everyone noticed. Facial expressions ranged from amazed to amused, except the girl, who was openly furious.  
  
"What was that?" she barked. No one answered. She didn't back down. "Seriously, what the fuck was that?"  
  
People stared at her like she had fins growing out of her head. I said, "Nothing wrong with getting naked on a beautiful day like today."  
  
Angry-girl's eyes zeroed in on Laura like a laser-guided missile. She shouted, "It's your house. Aren't you going to make them get decent?"  
  
"No, we allow it."  
  
"You*what*?"  
  
"We allow nudity."  
  
A guy said, "Everybody knows Rob and Laura's parties are textile-free."  
  
A girl said, "Yeah, this one is actually a little slow getting started."  
  
Laura said, "It's the first party of the school year, and a lot of people are here for the first time. Every year, the first party is slow getting started."  
  
Angry-girl looked like she was going to explode. She turned to the guy standing with her. I couldn't tell if he was her boyfriend, a date, or just an acquaintance, but he had the decency to look embarrassed. She said, "This is fucked up. I don't believe this shit." She grabbed his upper arm and pulled him up the hill, storming toward the cabin and the parked cars beyond it.  
  
Laura looked stricken. After a long, awkward silence, she said, "I'm sorry. That's never happened before. Um, how many of you are here for the first time?"  
  
Over half of our hands went up.  
  
"Our parties*are*clothing-optional, and normally everyone is 'optional.' I'm sorry if you're blind-sided by that like she obviously was. We don't mention nudity in the e-vite because it tends to attract the wrong type of attention.  
  
"I want you to know, we're not out to offend anyone, and we don't just randomly invite anyone. Each of you was 'pre-screened' -- nominated by somebody who knows you, and thought you would enjoy the freedom from clothes out here away from the city."  
  
A guy said, "Whoever suggested her was*way*off base."  
  
Several people laughed, and everyone agreed. Someone said, "Maybe you could put up some of those signs like at nude beaches, you know, 'Beyond this point you may encounter nude partyers,' something like that."  
  
Laura said, grimly, "That's a good idea, although I hope it doesn't come to that."  
  
She paused and said, "Anyone else offended, even a little?"  
  
People shook their heads, several murmured, "Nah..." and "Nope."  
  
I said, "Sounds freaking cool to me."  
  
Someone asked, "Laura, I've been wondering since the e-vite came, what's a 'shoe party'?"  
  
She looked relieved at the change of subject. "We realize our yard is pretty rustic, not exactly barefoot-friendly. It's a good idea to keep your shoes on. In a while, shoes will probably be all anyone has on.  
  
"Up at the cabin, on the side porch, we have some bins you can use to stash your clothes. They're numbered, so just remember which number you put yours in. And there are some laundry markers if you want to write your initials on the labels of your clothes, but I don't think you need to. Anyone who Rob or I don't know personally was nominated by someone we do know, and I'm sure everyone here can be trusted not to go 'shopping' to improve their wardrobe. And no one has ever had a purse or a wallet bothered."  
  
The group fell into several small clusters. I went looking for Dani, Ally, and Jessi. Before I found them, there was temper-tantrum girl and her guy, and, lucky me, they were making a beeline for me. As they approached, I realized I recognized the guy -- I had a class with him last semester. I hadn't gotten to know him outside of class, but I always thought he was nice looking, and from what little personality shows in a class setting, he seemed interesting. Too bad he was with someone.  
  
She was looking for someone to complain to, and apparently I was the chosen one. I braced myself for a verbal onslaught -- she was venting before she even came to a stop. "Can you believe this shit? Are these people completely psycho or what? Who do they think they are? They can't force us to expose ourselves like that!"  
  
Anybody nearby slowly backed away, leaving me to fend for myself. The guy looked humiliated, rolling his eyes and wrinkling his eyebrows. She continued ranting, "The nerve, having us drive all the way out here in the middle of nowhere, and then throwing this nudity crap in our faces so we'd leave. It's a two-hour drive! Can you believe that shit?"  
  
She seemed to expect a response, so I said, "You don't*have*to leave."  
  
That just agitated her more. "Yeah, right, all I have to do to stay is perform a strip tease in front of hundreds of people. How ridiculous is that? I mean, where's the stage, where's the freaking pole? Will they play music for me? Like I'm going to let a bunch of strangers perv on*my*private parts." She snorted in derision.  
  
I said, "I didn't hear anybody say you*have*to undress."  
  
"Sure, no problem, we'll just be the only ones with clothes on. Nothing awkward about that! How am I supposed to be comfortable talking to someone with their junk all up in my face?"  
  
It was clear nothing I could say would change her mind, so I turned to leave, but she wasn't finished.  
  
"Oh, I suppose you're going to do it?" she hissed.  
  
"Yes, I am. I don't have a problem with it."  
  
"Yeah, right! What a poser!"  
  
She clearly didn't believe a sane person would do such a thing. Actions speak louder than words, so I unbuttoned my shirt and pulled my arms out of the sleeves. I admit I had an extreme shyness attack. As many times as I've done this, it's still a rush, and every time before it was made easier by being with others who were doing it too. This time, I was essentially alone. The naked people who started all this were all the way down by the lake by now, and I didn't see anyone else undressing. My private parts, even though they weren't uncovered yet, sensed where this was going and yelled, 'Why are we the only one undressing?'  
  
Temper-tantrum girl's eyes grew wide, then she squinted and said, "Yeah, right. Whatever."  
  
I tried to get my tummy to quit trembling, and hoped it didn't show. I unzipped my shorts and dropped them to the ground, glad I had worn a nice bra and panties.  
  
"Woo, I'm so impressed, she's in her underwear. I've got swimsuits smaller than that."  
  
I doubted that, she seemed the one-piece type, maybe even the old-fashioned kind that covers up to the neck, wrists, and ankles. I took a deep breath, reached behind my back, unhooked my bra, and shrugged it off my shoulders. My stomach flip-flopped, there didn't seem to be enough air to breathe, and my boobs sizzled with sunlight, rural air, and full visibility hitting them. Her guy was the first to enjoy them, his eyes looked like they were going to bug out of his head. My nipples reached for the sky.  
  
She said, "Ooh, you're so daring."  
  
I hooked my thumbs in the waist of my panties and tugged them to the ground. Several people nearby openly watched me. I could almost feel their eyes caressing my body. My head spun, my groin and ass throbbed in the open air, and I thought her guy was going to swallow his tongue.  
  
Angry girl sputtered for a second, rolled her eyes, and barked, "Come on, Justin, let's get out of here."  
  
As she tugged him toward their car, he looked back and mouthed, "Sorry."  
  
With Miss Negativity gone, I ignored my nervousness and focused on enjoying being naked. I basked in it, the sensuality of the sun warming me, the breeze caressing me, the fresh scent of woods and lake. I stretched my arms straight out, lifted my face to the sky, and turned a slow pirouette. My body glowed at being free in such a wonderful setting.  
  
I noticed a few others had undressed and were heading toward the bins to stash their clothes. I turned that way and ran into Dani. She's the free-est of my friends. When she saw me she said, "Whoa!" It took her about three seconds to peel off her shirt, bra, shorts, and panties. A few feet away, a trio of guys who were still dressed lost their places in their conversation as they watched her; each of them got punched in the arm by the girls they were with.  
  
On our way to the bins, we ran into Jessi and Ally. They're always slower than Dani and me to get their clothes off, then they always say they wish they hadn't taken so long. Then, next time, they're slow again. They took off their shirts and shorts, but even though Dani and I were already naked, they said they were going to take off the rest when it 'felt right.' Some people never learn...  
  
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Half an hour later, many more people had undressed, and many of those who weren't were headed toward the bins, obviously intending to strip when they got there. My encounter with temper-tantrum girl faded into distant memory -- good riddance.  
  
The four of us decided to grab a very early dinner, or maybe it was a very late lunch, so we headed to the grill. We had heard that Rob and Laura have mad grilling skills, which turned out to be true. They had some amazingly tender, moist chicken that was somehow infused with a rich rosemary flavor, and a wonderland of grilled vegetables, from sliced sweet potatoes to onions, mushrooms, zucchini, carrots, and the star of the show, endive. I've never liked endive, it's too brittle, dry, and bitter for me. I've never had it grilled, though, so I tried a small piece, and what a surprise -- when cooked, it becomes soft, juicy, and sweet -- who knew? I got more.  
  
There were several picnic tables near the grill, and many other people were eating. It was an interesting mix of naked, topless, a few bathing suits, and Ally and Jessi in their underwear. They finally seemed to feel overdressed, so they took off their bras, and a few minutes later slipped off their panties.  
  
When we finished eating, Dani headed toward the water with a friend of hers, and Ally and Jessi headed for the bins to stash their underwear. I went walking around, enjoying the lake, the openness of the yard, the breeze, the sun, and yes, the views. Nudity had reached critical mass and more people than not were naked now.  
  
Several who were still dressed seemed unable to get past a particular piece of clothing. One guy couldn't bring himself to lower his boxers. His naked friends got him to pull them down in the back, exposing his ass. A minute later, he seemed to realize how ridiculous he looked, and took them off. His shyness didn't come from what you would expect, a small cock. On the contrary, he was fucking huge, both length and girth. Maybe he was trying not to scare anybody.  
  
Then there was a girl who couldn't bring herself to take off her sun dress. Her friends, all already naked, surrounded her, encouraging her. They built her up to where she finally looked ready to take the plunge, but her dress had a zipper in the back and she was trembling too hard to work it. Looking defeated, she asked her friends to help. They unzipped it for her, she pulled her arms out of it and let it drop to the ground as she squeezed her eyes shut, revealing part of her reluctance: no bra underneath -- now she only had on panties.  
  
Her breasts were smallish, maybe B-cups, but beautifully shaped and perfectly proportioned for her slender but curvy body. They had the sweetest little jiggle as she nervously shifted her weight from foot to foot. When she opened her eyes and saw that not only was no one disgusted, but several guys were looking at her quite appreciatively, her entire demeanor changed -- her back straightened and her shoulders squared. A moment later she calmly slipped off her panties. One of the guys in her group said, "Look at you, you're freaking*gor*geous." Her face glowed at her friends' support.  
  
Nearly everyone seemed calm and casual once they got undressed. An unfortunate few strutted around like banty roosters, overly proud of what they were showing. That behavior didn't last long, though, because no one gave them any encouragement. A few others were visibly shy, slumping over to hide their personal bits. That behavior didn't last long either, because they quickly got caught up in the easygoing freedom of everyone around them and forgot to worry about it anymore.  
  
The kite was gone, not enough wind I guess, but frisbees and footballs still flew, now with many body parts openly bouncing around as people chased them. I ran into several people, guys and girls, who I had classes with, and we strolled around the property together, starting with the back porch of the cabin. It was huge, probably fifteen feet deep. It was completely covered, with a great overview of the entire yard down to the water. Someone said, "This would be an amazing spot to sit and watch a rain storm," and everyone agreed.

We meandered down the hill, some leaving the group as they encountered other friends, others joining in. When we neared the lake I saw Dani talking with a small gaggle of guys, one of whom had his hand softly resting on the small of her back, occasionally slipping downward to squeeze a bare cheek. He was quite fine looking -- way to go Dani!  
  
A while later I was working my way back up the hill and I saw Justin, the guy from my class who was with temper-tantrum girl. He was by himself, and he was naked. He was quite nice looking, medium tall, short dark hair, strong shoulders and core but not overly gym-sculpted, pleasant friendly face. He was pretty decent down below, as well, with a tidy man-scape. He wasn't huge, but I'm not fixated on huge -- he looked just right. When he saw me, he changed directions and came right over to me -- cool! "Hey, it's Cait, right?"  
  
"Yeah, hi Justin."  
  
"You remembered!"  
  
"Well, 'angry girl' called you that."  
  
He chuckled, "Oh yeah, right."  
  
"You're still here."  
  
"Yeah, we are."  
  
"We?"  
  
"Yeah, Amy too."  
  
"After that shitstorm of negativity, she took her clothes off?"  
  
"Yeah -- I'm surprised too. After she griped at you, we walked around for awhile, and saw some more naked people. I asked a group of them what they did with their clothes, and they told us about the bins on the porch. I headed there, which I guess told her I was going to take my clothes off whether she did or not, but she came with me anyway. I undressed, and she said something like 'I guess I'll try,' but she couldn't get started. We stepped way over to the side, away from everybody. She took her shirt off and froze. I mean, she was visibly trembling. She said, 'I can't believe I'm doing this.'  
  
"I said, 'You don't have to,' but I think she took that as a challenge -- she went ahead and got her shorts off, and said, 'You know, I've heard of skinny-dipping, and I've heard of nude beaches, but I never imagined*my*tits,*my*ass,*my*pussy out in the open for the world to see.' I thought that meant she was giving up, but she went ahead and took her bra and panties off. It took her a long moment to work up the courage to go over to the bins where anyone else was, but once she was surrounded by naked people and the world didn't end, she relaxed and seemed fine. I think she was as surprised as I was."  
  
She was lucky to be with him -- a lesser guy would have already bailed on her by then. Why can't*I*ever meet a guy who's that nice looking and that considerate?  
  
I said, "Cool. So, where is she now?"  
  
"We ran into this guy, and she whispered to me she had crushed on him forever. He seemed glad to see her too, and off they went."  
  
He seemed pretty angst-free for someone who had just been dumped, but I asked anyway, "Are you okay?"  
  
He looked surprised. "Oh, yeah, no worries. She and I weren't anything. I guess technically we were here together, but it wasn't even a date, we were just both invited and she gave me a ride. After how she's behaved this afternoon, if I ever*was*interested, I'm not now."  
  
"She's too shy?" I teased.  
  
He grinned, "Yeah, right, that's it." A bevy of girls, naked of course, walked past us. A couple of them were drop-dead gorgeous, and while Justin noticed them, it was very gratifying how he kept his attention on me.  
  
"Life's too short to be around someone like that," he continued. "She got upset so easily, but the worst thing was, she was so obnoxious when she did, y'know?" I nodded. "The only thing is, now I have to find a ride home."  
  
I said, "I'm here in my car with my roommates, you can ride with us."  
  
"For real?" he asked. I nodded. "Great, thanks."  
  
I said, "So, what now?"  
  
He thought for a moment, and said, looking rather coy, "The thing is, there's someone here who's looking pretty fine, and she doesn't seem to be with anybody. I'd really like to spend some time with her."  
  
As he said that, he seemed to be trying to hold his view above my horizon and not gawk at my body... but he was losing the battle. His eyes darted down to my boobs, and back to my face. He struggled to keep them there, but they escaped down to my tummy and waist, back to my face, and back to my boobs. They darted down to my little racing stripe, where they lingered for quite a long moment, and up to my face, where he just couldn't seem to make them stay. Down they went to my boobs again -- he seemed to like what he saw there.  
  
My body simmered under the heat of his gaze, and my mind shifted into hyper-drive. 'Hmmm, he's a super-nice guy... he looks darn good... he's available... and (deep breath) 'someone he'd like to spend some time with,' that's me, right?'  
  
As a first step toward confirming that, I said, "I'm going for a beer, want one?"  
  
"Sure," he grinned, "lead the way." I turned and set out toward the food and drink area. He fell in behind me, and I grinned too.  
  
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I'll be honest. I believe all that naturist rhetoric about nudity not being sexual, but only up to a point. At the end of the day, I may not actually be a naturist, because for me, being naked can be sexual as hell.  
  
Walking uphill to the food and drink area with Justin was one of those times. I had already been feeling a low-level glow of sensuality being naked around all these people, some I knew and many I didn't. But my body positively sizzled that a guy I already had some interest in was here, was turning out to be available, and was apparently interested in me as well.  
  
I had enjoyed watching his ass work when I followed him earlier, so I returned the favor and let him watch mine this time as I led us to the food area. I've walked behind enough naked females to know that while walking, the pussy plays an alluring game of hide and seek at the crossroads of butt cheeks and upper thighs. I checked a couple of times, and he was definitely looking where I wanted him to.  
  
We got our beers and walked down toward the lake. I looped my arm around his, and my heart sunk when he pulled it away, but then he draped it over my shoulder -- yay! We synchronized our steps to walk smoothly together. The sun was just beginning to set over the lake, and it looked like nature was going to show off -- the light show in the sky was already spectacular.  
  
We silently watched some distant cotton-ball clouds begin to change colors. The surface of the lake was glassy smooth, perfectly mirroring the sky above, only disrupted by a few oval patches of ripples and the dark band of the opposite shore. Some ducks swam by, their wakes making geometric patterns in the water. The scene was so serene that we became isolated in our own tranquil, private world, my arm around his waist, his over my shoulder. We only broke the stillness occasionally to point out some detail to each other. The evening breeze began to pick up, blowing in from the water, and wafted across our bodies, feeling especially wonderful on our usually-covered parts.  
  
I stepped in front of him, cuddling my back into his front. I pulled his arms around me, across my tummy. He caressed the inner curve of my waist down to my hips, then came up across my tummy and cupped the underside of my boobs. From a different guy at a different time, that might have come across as crudely feeling me up, but from Justin, then and there, it felt more like a tender, cozy snuggle, especially when he buried his nose and chin in my hair and I felt his breath on my scalp.  
  
We headed up the hill to get more beers. On the way I saw Dani and a guy, I'm pretty sure it was the same guy from earlier, walking toward the water, next to the woods. I was ready to say hi, introduce Justin, and meet her guy, but I glanced away for a second, and when I looked back, they had disappeared. One moment they were there, then \* poof \* gone. Vanished. Vaporized. What the...?  
  
I was distracted from wondering where they went when Jessi called my name from a different direction. She was also with a guy. She introduced Matt, and I introduced Justin. Jessi and Matt seemed not to be interested in much other than each other, and they were headed in the opposite direction, so they went their way and we went ours.  
  
We ran into some friends of Justin's, and hung with them for a bit. I had a class with one of the guys, and he did a hilarious parody of the professor's lecturing style.  
  
Once again we headed for fresh beers, but before we got there I saw Matt again, only this time he was with Ally. I began plotting intense ways to torture him that would maximize his suffering -- don't mess with my friends' feelings, dude! When she saw me, she pulled him over to introduce us. He didn't resist, flinch, or even act like he recognized me. I practically stared a hole into him, and I could tell he was definitely the same guy, until she introduced him as Max, not Matt.  
  
After I introduced Justin and the usual 'nice to meet you' back and forth, I asked, "Are you related to Matt?"  
  
He laughed and said, "You might say so."  
  
Ally said, "Who is Matt?"  
  
"Remember I mentioned I have a twin brother?" She nodded. "Cait knows him."  
  
I said, "Identical twins?"  
  
He nodded.  
  
Ally asked me, "You know Matt?"  
  
"I just met him a little while ago. Um, you haven't seen Jessi in the past hour or so, have you?"  
  
"No, is she missing?"  
  
"No, not at all, but, well, never mind, you'll find out."  
  
Ally and Max wandered away, and Justin and I finally reached the food area and got our beers. We had some more of Rob and Laura's spectacular grilling. Justin said, "They have a great touch with the veggies," but I noticed he skipped the endive.  
  
"You should try the endive," I said.  
  
"I don't like endive," he replied.  
  
"I thought I didn't like it either, but I'd never had it grilled. Here, try a piece." He looked skeptical, but cut off a tiny slice. His face lit up when he tasted it, and he went to get himself some.  
  
We headed back toward the water to see sunset, but on the way I noticed a trail leading into the woods --*that*must be how Dani and her guy disappeared. It was so narrow I hadn't noticed it in the daylight, but as late-afternoon shadows deepened, some solar LED lights were beginning to glow, illuminating a path snaking deep into the trees.  
  
Justin said, "I wonder where this goes."  
  
"I don't know, let's find out."  
  
We followed it into the woods. When we were deep enough we couldn't see the yard any more, the trail split. We chose a fork and continued. It branched again, and the leg we followed ended in a small clearing, with a redwood lounge chair and a thick comforter. The cover was clean and neatly folded, like it was normally stored indoors but they had set it out for the party. The chair was twice as wide as a regular one, perfect for a couple laying side-by-side. We spread the comforter across it and settled onto it.  
  
Lounging comfortably, his arm over my shoulders, we gazed up through the trees at the heart of sunset. The sky cycled through a range of colors from golden amber through bright orange, deep red, then purple. Being this far away from any city lights, a spectacular array of stars emerged in the sky as the colors faded away.  
  
He kissed me. Mmmm, his lips fit mine perfectly, and he had a wonderfully tender touch. We lingered on the kiss, letting it soar, giving it time to build a warm, deep glow, but were interrupted by the unmistakable cries of a girl deep in the throes of orgasm, not very far from us.  
  
He let his lips slip away from mine and said, "There must be several of these nooks. I bet every branch of the trail leads to one." Laura told me later there are several, each furnished with a redwood chair, except for two of the clearings which are larger, which have several chairs.  
  
I'm not usually a 'do it on the first date' girl, but the setting was magic: the starry sky, the breeze whispering through the trees, branches swaying to and fro, rustling leaves, gusts of fresh rural air caressing every square inch of our bodies. And, of course, the attractive, intelligent, attentive, naked guy beside me. We turned onto our sides facing each other. He placed his hand on my hip and slid it around behind me, gently squeezing my ass. I answered by placing*my*hand on*his*ass and my lips on his. This kiss took on a life of its own; our lips massaging each other, our tongues gently wrestling.  
  
He pulled me in closer, we intertwined our legs, and he cupped my breast and softly squeezed it. His hands personified the prevailing mood: soothing, warm, thrilling. His fingertips became close friends with my nipples. I explored his chest, working downward until I snaked my fingertips through his short curly hairs. He eased his hands across my tummy and outlined my little racing stripe, mapping where I shave and how short I trim what remains.  
  
I lifted my upper knee to allow him easy access to further exploration, and surrounded his cock with my hand, slowly stroking its length, feeling it throb under my touch. He traced the outline of my slit and dipped a finger lightly between the folds, drawing it slowly, electrically upward from the bottom. Somewhere along the way he lowered his face to my chest and sucked my nipple between his lips, and slowly slid his finger across the underside of my clit.  
  
He lifted his mouth off my nipple and whispered, "You need to breathe." I didn't realize I wasn't; I released a lungful of air in a low, guttural moan. He grinned and resumed his mouth and finger magic, a virtuoso playing a beautiful melody on my body. His touch was so light and wonderful I felt like I was going to levitate into the air and float away.  
  
I couldn't wait another second. I rolled onto my back, pulled him on top of me, and guided his cock to my slit. I pulled his hips forward, drawing him into me. Oh my, he filled me so wonderfully, he fit me so well. At first he stroked in and out slowly, but as soon as he found the right angle he sped up to a perfect medium pace. I gripped his ass and could feel his muscles working, this part flexing to push into me, that part tightening to pull out. I rolled my hips to match each of his thrusts, meeting him half-way on each stroke.  
  
The moment felt so freaking good I wanted it to last forever, but it didn't, it couldn't, it never does. That unmistakable glow began to bloom, and although I wanted to push it away, keep the inevitable from bringing this perfect moment to an end, its draw was irresistible. I came and came and came, floating in a sea of sensuality, wave after wave of ecstasy washing over me, dozens of muscles tensing and releasing, thousands of nerves glowing in pleasure. I continued thrusting with him, blissfully floating in a post-organic heaven, until his rhythm faltered, his body stiffened, he raised up on his arms, he pressed his lower abdomen firmly against mine, and his cock pulsed deep inside me. We collapsed into a heap, our extremities woven together. All was right with the world.  
  
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It seemed to have been a good night for all of us. When we got to my car, I had text messages from Dani and Ally. Dani said she was going home with the guy I saw her with, whose name turned out to be Austen. She told me later that they also found a nook at the end of a trail -- that*is*how they 'disappeared.' She also said they used their nook in much the same way Justin and I did.  
  
Ally's text began, "I see what you mean LOL" -- obviously she and Max ran into Jessi and Matt, and now she understood why I asked if she had seen Jessi. She added that they were all going to the guys' apartment, so Justin and I had the ride home to ourselves. We threw our clothes into the back seat.  
  
Justin fiddled with his phone while I navigated the winding gravel drive -- more of a challenge in the dark. By the time I turned onto the road home, he had blue-toothed into my car's sound system and pulled up a mix of tunes which I really liked. It combined vocals and instrumentals, rock and jazz, electric bands and solo acoustic guitar, unified by an almost tempo-less zen-like tranquility that was the perfect soundtrack for the after-midnight hour, the dark state highway, and my post-orgasmic glow.  
  
"Wow," I said, "this is great. What is it, Pandora? Spotify?"  
  
"It's not streaming, it's a playlist I pulled together. I call it my quiet mix."  
  
"Good job. I really like it."  
  
After we had driven nearly an hour, I said, "I guess at some point we should actually put our clothes on." I was amazed how comfortable and 'normal' being naked had become. Apparently he felt it too -- he was in no more of a hurry to actually get dressed than I was.  
  
When we pulled up behind the house the girls and I share, it was after 3 a.m. We still hadn't put any clothes on. A quick look around showed no one around who we would need to shield ourselves from. Justin said what I was already thinking, "I don't see any reason to get dressed now."  
  
"You want to run for it?" I asked.  
  
"You can run, I'm walking."  
  
"Then I'm walking, too."  
  
Our neighborhood consists of houses that were once luxurious single-family homes, but years ago were divided into student apartments. Luxury evolved into practicality; indulgent, large rooms were divided into cozy, functional ones. Ours is a two-story, with a couple of two-bedroom units on the ground floor, and our four-bedroom apartment upstairs. The front entrance is a single door to a brightly-lit foyer with individual entrances to each unit. I wouldn't go in that way naked, it's too bright and too visible from the street.  
  
In the back where we park, however, it was perfect for us. Both of our downstairs neighbors have their own back door at ground level, and we have a set of wooden stairs leading up to our door. At the top of the stairs is what you'd call either a large landing or a small deck. When we moved in it was already 'furnished' with a large cable spool, useful as a rustic table. We have added four outdoor chairs for eating outside when the weather is nice.  
  
Justin and I took our sweet time strolling from the car to the stairs and climbed them with no urgency. None of the back porch lights were on, but a half-moon was high overhead, providing enough light for us to navigate by. I went first, letting him enjoy the sights.  
  
When we got to the top, Justin stopped and looked out. There are only one-story houses between our deck and campus, which is only three blocks away and slightly downhill, giving us an elevated vantage point. The lights there are on all night, providing quite an impressive view of the library and several other university buildings. He stood at the rail and said, "Wow, this is amazing." I sat in one of the chairs, enjoying a different sight -- Justin's naked backside. He turned around and faced me, leaning back against the rail, giving me an even more exciting view. He was in a state between soft and hard, his dick curving downward but standing away from his balls.  
  
I knelt in front of him and his dick jumped to three-quarters hard. I captured his tip in my mouth and began sucking. He grew completely hard as I drew him in, slowly, a quarter inch at a time, sucking intensely. I took in more and more man-flesh until he bumped into my tonsils, then I pulled off, just as slow, still sucking hard the whole way. I let his tip escape my mouth with a loud pop, and surrounded the base with my fist.  
  
I'm not the most experienced cock sucker, and I realize I haven't developed any fancy tricks or advanced skills. Even so, I wanted to impress him. I said, almost whispering, "If I swallow, you won't blab it all over campus, will you?"  
  
When he heard the word 'swallow,' his cock twitched in my hand. He answered, "You mean like Jake did to Emma?"  
  
Last year, a jerk named Jake bragged to anyone who would listen that my friend Emma had not only blown him, but let him cum in her mouth and had swallowed his jizz. That was when I learned what small-minded, mean-spirited cretins some of our classmates were. What Emma did obviously went beyond what their tiny reptile brains could comprehend. They made her life miserable, taunting her with rude gestures and cruel words. It took weeks for the last of them to lose interest in tormenting her.

I said, "Oh, you know Emma?"  
  
Justin said, "No, I know Jake -- he was on my dorm floor last year."  
  
Before I could say, 'I don't know him at all, but he's an asshole. I hate what he did to her,' Justin said, "I barely know him, but he's an asshole. I hate what he did to her."  
  
Okay, that was a good start, but I needed more reassurance than that. If he didn't say the right thing next, I was going to say, "Just kidding," blow him until he was near, and finish him with my hand.  
  
The silence stretched, probably only for a second or two, but to me it seemed like an eternity. He finally said, "I'm not Jake.*I*don't 'kiss and tell.'" That was all I needed to know.  
  
I gripped the base of his cock with my fist, took him back in my mouth, and slid down over him until he bumped the back of my throat and my lips came in contact with my hand. I pulled back off to the tip and drew him back in. I sucked furiously the entire length, in and out, medium fast, making sure to give an extra-strong suck to the tip when it was all I had between my lips.  
  
I glanced up at his face. His eyes were three-quarters shut, and his jaw was slack -- he was in an ecstatic zone. I soon reached a similar place, my entire universe consisting of cock, lips, tongue, motion, and suction.  
  
He lasted a long time, and a couple of times my mouth got tired. I pulled off and stroked him with my fist, double-time to keep it interesting for him, adding an extra tight squeeze for his tip every third or fourth stroke. I used those brief moments to moisten my lips and give my mouth a break. When I felt revitalized, I resumed sucking with fresh gusto.  
  
Finally I heard his breathing change. I cupped his balls with my free hand, squeezing gently and massaging the underside with my fingertips. He laced his fingers through my hair. I stroked him faster and stayed up around the head of his cock, sucking extra hard, swirling my tongue around the underside. His body tensed and trembled, and a low, guttural growl rumbled from the depths of his chest. He unleashed a torrent of warm goo against my tonsils. I swallowed as I went, probably a good thing as it felt like he released far more jizz than my mouth could have held. I know that guys are ultra-sensitive at the moment of orgasm and just after, so even after he finished cumming, I kept stroking him, slower and slower, until he began to soften.  
  
He pulled me to my feet and set me on the table, with my butt on the edge, and gently pushed me onto my back. He kissed my tummy, then knelt in front of me, lifted my legs, and placed them on his shoulders. He began kissing my inner thighs just above my knees and moved upward, alternating sides. My pussy glowed so hard in anticipation I wouldn't have been surprised if it visibly emitted light. When he finally reached it he spread my lips with his thumbs, dipped his tongue in at the bottom and wiggled it slowly upward. When he reached the top he growled, "Mmm, so sweet," and returned to the bottom.  
  
This time he mixed tongue and lips as he worked his way upward, a wet, sucking kiss moving from the bottom of my slit to the eager clit at the top. He gave the swollen bud an extra lick and suck, and returned to the bottom. He repeated that again and again. And again. The next time he reached the top, he sucked my clit and the surrounding soft tissue between his lips, slowly washed his tongue across it, and pulsated his lips.  
  
He went to the bottom again and worked his way up, slower than ever. When he reached my clit he pulled it between his lips again, sucking it more intensely and wiggling the soft width of his tongue over it. That finished me -- I came hard, every muscle in my body going rigid, every nerve I have singing with joy. He told me later that he's not that experienced at eating pussy and was making up what he did as he went. I told him I hope he has a good memory, because if he does exactly those things in that order every time, I'll be a very happy girl.  
  
As great as my O was, I was so revved up I needed more. Taking care of me got him hard again -- good, we weren't finished. I stood to lead him to my room, but I had been so focused on blowing him, then enjoying what he did to me, I had forgotten we were outside. I got a huge body rush when we stood, my bare bits sizzling in the late-night outdoor air.  
  
When we got inside the burn was even brighter. From time to time my roommates and I are casually naked, walking to the bathroom or the laundry room for example, but we've been such good friends for so long we don't feel any self-consciousness in front of each other. Having someone else here, though, especially a guy, gave my skin a fresh all-over sparkle at being uncovered. Just the short walk from the back door to my bedroom felt 'naked-er' than I've ever been here, and every step toward my bed increased my need to get a dick into me, the sooner the better.  
  
When we got to my room, already having our clothes off saved us a few moments. I flung the covers back and settled onto the center of the bed. This felt completely different from the 'getting to know you' gentleness we shared in the clearing -- that was great for then, but now I wanted my bell rung. Justin started to crawl between my knees again, but I said, "No foreplay -- it's time to fuck."  
  
He laughed at my directness, but one glance at my face told him I was dead serious. He gathered my knees with his forearms and lifted my legs, placing my ankles on his shoulders. He slipped the tip of his hard-on between my lips and pushed firmly and deeply into me. When he hit bottom he paused for a moment, rocked his hips from side to side, pulled out to where his tip barely stayed inside me, and slammed home again.  
  
He pumped into me like an out-of-control factory machine. Being folded basically in half stretched everything down there so tight that things I usually felt were amplified to new heights. I had no leverage to match his thrusting, but I didn't need to -- he was already slapping my belly with his.  
  
I felt a huge orgasm beginning to build, but then he pulled out -- dammit! He flipped me over onto my tummy, lifted my hips so I was on my knees, plunged back into me and began pumping me like a piston in the race car leading the final lap of the Indy 500. Doggie is usually not my favorite position; with the guy behind me there's nothing for my hands or mouth to do. For this feral rutting, though, it was perfect, involving my pussy, my whole pussy, and nothing but my pussy. I found my hands full of crumpled sheet, my body covered in a thin sheen of sweat.  
  
I arched my back and lowered my chest to the bed, folding my hips back to the same acute angle they had been when he was on top, stretching my pussy tight across his dick. His thighs slapped mine so hard his balls flopped forward and spanked my clit, and that launched me into an almighty climax. I mean, I've heard the phrase 'I saw stars' before, but I had never actually seen them. I saw them then, no doubt about it.  
  
Justin turned out to be a post-orgasmic cuddler -- bonus! It took me a long while to catch my breath and have my heart rate return to normal, then I must have fallen asleep, because that's all I remember.  
  
We slept until mid-afternoon. The apartment was silent, so my friends were either also asleep or not home yet. I got up and made smoothies, which I brought back to bed. As we sipped, Justin realized that the only clothes he had were still in my car. I teased him, letting him worry that we were going to have to wait until dark to go out and get them.  
  
"Wait a minute," he said, realizing my prank and laughing that he fell for it. "Duh, you live here! That's*your*dresser and*your*closet. Good one! You can put something on and go get them."  
  
I pulled on one of the over-sized tee shirts I usually sleep in and stepped outside. He stood at the door watching me. On the top step, I lifted the back of my shirt to my waist, giving him an eyeful of my ass. When I got back up with my arms full of our clothes, I pulled the shirt up again, in the front this time. He obviously enjoyed the sight, he was hard again when I got inside. We, um, didn't put any of those clothes on for quite awhile.  
  
After another immensely satisfying round, much less frantic this time, the real world reared its ugly head and Justin had to leave in order to finish a paper due Monday morning. Before he left, he keyed his number into my phone and I texted him so he could capture mine. We made plans for the following weekend. He lived a couple of streets over, so I didn't need to drive him home, but I did walk him there. We held hands the whole way. It felt odd being dressed, and seeing other people wearing clothes too.  
  
Dani was home by the time I got back. She wasn't as excited about Austen as I was about Justin; his place showed clear signs of another girl, who he was vague about. She didn't expect him to commit exclusively to her after one night, but she didn't want to be 'the other girl' if he was in a relationship.  
  
Ally and Jessi got home slightly later, all abuzz about Max and Matt. They seemed like a couple of characters, their bedroom doors labelled with posters drawn to look like highway signs saying 'Welcome To Max-sylvania' and 'Entering Mat-topia.'  
  
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Tuesday afternoon I had a long gap between classes. It was a beautiful day, so I found a bench in dappled shade and settled onto it to get some reading done. I had only been there a few minutes when Austen walked by. He joined me, asking question after question about Dani. He said he couldn't stop thinking about her. He had called and texted her several times, but although on Saturday night she had been, in his words, 'quite affectionate,' since then she had kept him at arm's length.  
  
I said, "I'm not authorized to speak for her, but I don't think I'm giving away any secrets to tell you she noticed that all through your place there were signs of another girl."  
  
He looked pained. "Girls," he said, "with an s."  
  
I arched my brow, and he said, "Wait, don't jump to any conclusions. My roommate has a full-time girlfriend. She's awesome, and they're a great couple. The only downside is, they set me up with her best friend a while back. It would have been fantastic if we fell for each other."  
  
I asked, "But you didn't?"  
  
"Not for me, not even close. Apparently, though, Tiffany thinks we were made for each other. I've made it as clear as I can that I don't feel the same way, but she won't go away. We only went out twice, and that was over a month ago, but she visits her friend several times a week, and seems to think that if she leaves enough of her stuff around, I'll 'realize the mistake I'm making.' That's not going to happen, especially now that I've met Dani."  
  
We moved on to other topics and I found him quite likeable. As we talked a girl strode up and planted herself in front of him. She could have been very pretty if she smiled, but she looked like she didn't do that often. The sour frown on her face made her quite unattractive.  
  
He sighed, "Hello, Tiffany."  
  
"So," she growled, "is this the 'other girl' I've been hearing about? What's so special about*her*?" Without waiting for an answer, she glared at me and hissed, "He's taken, you trollop..."  
  
"Trollop?" I laughed.  
  
My laughter didn't help her mood. She turned to Austen and lit into him like a coach dressing down a referee who made a bad call. I left, but as I retreated I couldn't help hearing him say that even if he wasn't done with her before, he was now. He stayed impressively calm, even though she couldn't possibly hear a word he said over her own screeching.  
  
That evening I told Dani I talked to Austen.  
  
"What did he have to say for himself?" she sniffed, her face gloomy.  
  
"You should take his call, and hear it from him."  
  
She looked doubtful, but she couldn't keep a trace of hope from creeping into her voice. "Are you saying I'll like what he says?"  
  
I just nodded. She tried to hide it, but she couldn't keep a grin off her face.  
  
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That Saturday afternoon, the guys all came over. We all had different plans for later, until either Matt or Max, I still hadn't learned to tell them apart, said, "Hey, it's our anniversary, all of us."  
  
Whichever one that was, the other one said, "That's right, we all met a week ago today at Rob and Laura's."  
  
In honor of that we cancelled our various plans and pulled together a cookout. Austen had a hibachi which he went home to get. The other guys made a grocery run and bought hamburger meat, buns, cheese, and a nice touch, frozen tater tots. We supplied the mayonnaise, mustard, ketchup, pickles, lettuce, and tomatoes from the fridge. We had some beer, and the guys brought more from their places. One of them brought a bottle of champagne, which we opened and toasted each other.  
  
It took a long time to get the hibachi going and eight burgers done, so it was almost 10:00 when we finished eating. Then we streamed a movie, a long one. It was deep, and we talked about it for a long while afterward. By then it was after 2 a.m., and I could feel my bedroom calling Justin and me. It looked like the other couples felt the same pull, but before any of us could head down the hall, Justin said, "Guys, come out on the deck, you won't believe the night-time view of campus."  
  
We gathered at the rail, and the guys all oohed and aahed at the sights. Justin whispered into my ear, "It feels odd being out here this late with clothes on."  
  
Apparently he wasn't as quiet as he thought -- Austen said, "What does that mean?"  
  
I explained how Justin and I rode back from Rob and Laura's naked, and didn't get dressed to come up the stairs (I skipped the parts about oral sex).  
  
I'm not sure who started it, but in an instant clothes were flying off bodies. Justin and I were the slowest; by the time we were undressed, everyone else was, too. Nobody was embarrassed, we had all seen each other naked a week ago, after all. I found it all very exciting, and the guys did too, visibly. In no time four couples headed down the hall, and soon after that the hallway was a symphony of baritone, tenor, alto, and soprano moans, harmonizing through four closed doors.  
  
The next morning we shared a laugh that in our horny haste we all left our clothes outside, in a single pile on the deck. Dani and Jessi went out to gather everything like I had done a week ago, wearing nothing but tee shirts, and pulling those up to their waists to entertain the guys. Back inside, they shed their shirts, and we all fixed and ate brunch naked.  
  
Max and Matt took Ally and Jessi to their place after they picked through the pile of clothes to find their own, and put them on there in the living room. For the rest of us, watching them dress accentuated our own nudity, inspiring Justin and I to return to the privacy of my room. Based upon sounds I heard, Dani and Austen reacted the same.  
  
The ambience in my bedroom was completely different from anything before. We had done 'regular,' and we had done ferocious. This time the mood was distinctly at the other end of the spectrum, gentle and tender.  
  
We kissed, slow, soft, serene. He gently stroked my back, his touch so delicate I lost myself in it, floating weightlessly in a sea of sensuality. He drifted his hands around to my boobs, barely touching them, massaging them as light as a feather on silk. My nipples reached for his touch; he brushed his fingertips across them like he was reading braille so fragile it would disintegrate if handled too coarsely.  
  
I eased him onto his back and straddled his thighs. I traced faint figure eights on his chest with my fingernails, and was delighted when I saw the hairs on his arms stand up. I then danced my nails down his tummy to his cock and lightly traced its length, feeling it throb under my touch.  
  
I crawled up his body, past where I could have lined him up for penetration, and lowered my boobs to his mouth. He cupped them with his hands and butterfly-kissed circles around each nipple. He pressed them so tightly together the areolae touched each other, and dry-kissed both nipples at the same time. He brushed his lips across them so delicately they felt like they would burst.  
  
He cupped my ass, but rather than squeezing it like I expected, he traced his fingernails lightly over it, barely grazing it, raising chicken skin all over me.  
  
I repositioned myself and guided his tip to my slit. I wanted to take him into me quite slowly, emphasizing length of stroke over tempo, but before I could begin lowering myself over him, he grasped my hips and set the pace, going exactly as slow as I wanted -- perfect! When we finally bottomed out I held us still for a long moment, enjoying how deeply warm his cock felt inside me.  
  
I placed my hands on his shoulders, steadying myself. I raised up, pulling off him as slowly as he had entered, and he moaned a quiet, continuous growl, a deep masculine purr. I stopped where his tip barely separated my lips, and began the long, sensuous trip back down. He lifted his hips, pushing back to meet me halfway. We settled into a slow rhythm, extending the mood, softly intense, slowly energetic. Our bodies fit together and responded to each other so well it was like we'd known each other for years, not days.  
  
I was ready to ride that to a spectacular ending, but he rolled us over, putting me on my back. I coiled my legs around his, and he maintained the hypnotically slow pace. We barely lasted a dozen more strokes -- going this slow amplified the friction of his entire length to a stratospheric level. What had been a steady blaze in my pussy went super-nova, blooming outward, consuming my entire being. Every muscle in my body drew tight, my legs pulling him fully into me, my arms constricting around him tightly. We came together, his body locked rigidly onto mine. The only remaining movement was my pussy throbbing and his cock pulsing as he launched his load deep inside me.  
  
We lay still in the aftermath, catching our breath, his cock still inside me as it softened. When it slipped out, we rolled onto our sides, our arms around each other, our legs interwoven. No words were needed.  
  
We fell asleep in the afterglow, and when we woke up Dani and Austen had left. She told me later that they went to Austen's place, where she met his roommate Dave and Dave's girlfriend Abbey. She was worried that they would be chilly to her out of loyalty to Abbey's friend Tiffany, but she said she felt instant, warm acceptance from them. She said Austen was right, they are awesome, and happily added that all of Tiffany's belongings seemed to be gone.  
  
That left Justin and me. Like last Sunday, we made plans for the following weekend, then he headed home to get his schoolwork done. Unlike last Sunday, I also had an assignment to finish, so I didn't walk him home. He got dressed, and I didn't. I hugged and kissed him goodbye, feeling even more naked as he wrapped his clothed arms around me.  
  
Being by myself after a weekend of such togetherness gave me a moment to reflect on how suddenly life can improve if you're ready for it. I didn't put on any clothes for the rest of the evening -- in honor of how the four of us girls met our four new guys, staying naked seemed fitting.  
  
The girls arrived home one by one, and although at first they looked at me funny, no one said anything. I noticed that as the evening progressed and they settled into the usual routine of homework, household chores, and a bit of TV, they all ended up shedding their clothes as well. Not only did I finish my work naked, I went to sleep that way, sans my usual jammies. Justin's aroma lingered in my sheets, and I slept deeply, dreaming sweet visions of the eight of us living happily naked ever after.