**Cathy's Summer**

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**Cathy's Summer Pt. 01**  
  
The summer after my freshman year of college things got a little wild. This was surprising because it looked like it was going to be a long, sensible, boring summer. I was living at home with my parents. They were happy to have me there. I think they were bouncing back from the empty nest experience while I was away at school. I had done well at school and they were proud of me but I could tell they liked having their baby around.  
  
My mom and dad both worked. School was expensive but in truth, I think they both liked working. They each had jobs that were challenging but rewarding and retirement was a ways off yet. I worked too. I had had a job in a nearby card store while I was in high school and they took me back for the summer. But it was only part time in the afternoons.  
  
I hung out with friends evenings and weekends but weekdays, everybody was busy. I was happy to help out around the house. After my folks went off to work, I'd clean up the kitchen, do a load of laundry and things like that. By mid-morning things were pretty quiet. I didn't have a car so I couldn't go anywhere. Aside from that I was free to do what I wanted till it was time for work at 1:00.  
  
Although we weren't near the beach, as a Southern Californian, I had always been a sun worshipper. I didn't want to burn my skin to a crisp but I always liked a good tan and I felt my skin pigment was sturdy enough to keep me from getting overdone. We had the typical backyard pool and so I did what people do: put on my bikini and laid out on the lounge chair.  
  
I should mention that I am 5'-6"and reasonably attractive. I'm not fat by any means but my ribs aren't showing either. My hair is brown with lighter streaks and fairly short- just above my shoulders. My boobs aren't huge but they're a nice shape, if I do say so myself. My bras are B-cup and without a bra, they have a nice jiggle when I walk. I have no need of a plastic surgeon. My legs are a little chunky but that comes from hiking and stuff like that. I can wear shoes with heels and they show rather well.  
  
I dated a few boys at college but none are from around here. No old flames from high school either. I occasionally go out with my girlfriends as a group to the beach or to parties and such. There are boys there and, well, you never know.  
  
So meanwhile, I'm working on my tan. And this is where things get a little funny! Like a lot of girls, I have a particularly small bikini just for private sunning. Nobody is going to see it and it maximizes the sun exposure. Mine is white. As everyone knows, when lying face down, you undo the strap on the bra to keep from getting tan lines. Naturally I did this. But when it was time to turn over, I looked around and thought "who's to see me?" Our house was empty. I knew the neighbors were at work. The only windows that could see over the backyard wall or through the trees had closed blinds or curtains in them. So I flipped over and set the bra aside on the lounge feeling slightly nervous. I looked around again and there was no one. It was quiet except for birds and I relaxed and closed my eyes. Then I realized that I'd better get some protection on my stark white boobies! The last thing I needed was a painful burn.  
  
I got up to go get some sunblock and went to put my top on. Then I thought, "what for?" Nobody is here. So I strolled across the back yard topless and somehow, it felt good! I went over to the patio table and got some sunblock. I stood there and squirted some on my hands and then applied it to my bare tits. Well that felt kind of good too and I lost myself for a minute massaging my nipples. Then I looked around again making sure I was alone. I was. So I strolled around the back yard a little and fondled my breasts freely. Finally I laid back down and let the sun warm my boobs and maybe tan them up a little. By now, I felt pretty comfortable doing this. Topless! Imagine!  
  
Well it went like that for a few days. I always kept my top nearby just in case. One day, the doorbell rang and I panicked a little trying to get my top back on while getting to the front door. As it turned out, no one was there. The UPS truck was driving away and a package for my mom was on the doorstep. Whew! Even with the top on, I wasn't dressed to receive company! I kept an oversize tee shirt handy from then on.  
  
I was getting quite used to wandering around the house and yard topless. My tits were getting tan. My nipples were getting darker too. I was an Amazon! I was careful to always use sunblock. I made sure to massage it in thoroughly. It seems my nipples were erect most of the time! Laying out in the sun had always made me a little horny and most days I went in and masturbated. I'd either lie on my bed or do it in the shower. I would imagine some cute guy watching me sunbathing and getting aroused. That made me aroused! I was surprised at this new feeling. I had never thought I had any exhibitionist tendencies. Even if I did occasionally enjoy wearing a particularly short skirt or a low-cut top, I was always concerned about attracting the "wrong type". Still, I guess I did get a little thrill out of showing it.  
  
After a week or so of going topless, I saw myself in the mirror after my shower and saw the contrast of my white bottom compared to the rest of my skin. It made me wonder. I thought about it all that afternoon at work and decided that the next day, I would "sun my buns".  
  
I was very cautious and checked all the viewpoints. Nobody. My bikini bottom has side ties. I untied them, and held the ties together while I laid down on my front. Then I flipped the bottom down between my legs and voila! I was tanning my butt! I immediately thought again about sunblock but this time I had brought it over to the lounge with me. Rubbing it on while lying on my front was awkward. I found that if I rolled to one side and did one cheek and then rolled the other way to do the other it worked good.  
  
I used this practice for a few days. I didn't want to just get up and walk around naked. Yet. But I did think about it. And then I thought about it some more and a little more. Finally, after sunning front back and sides, I thought what difference does it make? I got up and wandered around in the nude. It felt pretty good! A little scary but exciting too. I could feel it in my pussy but I didn't want to touch it. I was afraid I couldn't stop if I got started. I finally had to go inside and take a shower. Then I could touch it all I wanted. And I did!  
  
While I enjoyed this private time, I couldn't talk about it with anyone. I would be at work and wonder what people would think if they knew what a nudist I was. I was afraid of what my girlfriends would say if they knew. So I just kept it to myself. Until one day...  
  
By now I had a pretty good all-over tan. I had trimmed my pubic hair pretty short. Not shaved -- I tried that once and didn't like the stubble. But I had become so obsessed with an all-over tan that I was lying on my back with my thighs turned out, you know, with the bottoms of my feet together, sunning my pussy. I had some special oil for the delicate parts and I sure enjoyed applying it! It was delicious just lying there warm all over, casually and in no hurry, rubbing and massaging myself, here and there. The only thing I was wearing was sunglasses, although I had my eyes closed.  
  
I knew that next door lived a boy a year or two younger than me. I think he was a senior in high school. I imagined him standing in the upstairs window watching me. It made me shiver a little with excitement. I panicked for an instant and opened my eyes to check the window -- what if he really was there watching? Nope, blinds closed . Then I thought, "well, so what if he was?" Would I stand up and run inside? It wouldn't matter much since he'd already had an eyeful. What if I just kept on and pretended that I hadn't noticed him? I bet we'd both enjoy that!  
  
But then what? Would he tell someone? His parents? No. My parents? No. His buddies? Maybe but I thought he might like to keep a secret like this to himself. Well, such is the way fantasies unfold. By now I was pretty revved up. I got up and strolled inside and headed upstairs to finish off with a bang.  
  
As much as I was enjoying all this "exposure", I really didn't want to create a scene. I tried to keep aware of what was going on in the neighborhood. I had a pretty good Idea that everyone was off working or whatever. The boy next door, Ronnie, had an old Mustang that he parked on the street or in the driveway. It was never around in the mornings at first. Then I noticed it was there sometimes. So when I was sunbathing, I kept an eye on that upstairs window. The blinds were always closed.  
  
Then, one morning while I was lying on my back wearing only my sunglasses and earbuds, I glanced at that window and: "Wait! Are those blinds cracked open a little?" I said to myself. My heart started racing but I didn't panic. After all, I couldn't tell if anyone even knew I was here. I studied that window as carefully as I could looking sidelong from behind my sunglasses. There was faint backlight and I swear I could see a head and shoulders profiled behind the blinds! Well, what now? Just like in my fantasy, whoever it was had already had an eyeful. I got up casually and strolled into the house. I looked out the front windows and sure enough, Ronnie's Mustang was there at the curb next door. It must be him!  
  
Although I was excited I wasn't sure I could go through with the rest of the fantasy and put on a real show. I thought, "what's the harm in just going back out and lying out like before?" If it gives Ronnie a thrill, I'm none the worse off for it. So I went.  
  
I still didn't look directly at the window but resumed my place on my back on the lounge. Peeking from behind my glasses, I could see the blinds were still cracked a bit but I couldn't detect a person's profile. Just then, while I was looking, I definitely saw someone resume their position behind the blinds. By now, I was sure it was Ronnie. I began to think, "What do I know about him?" He was not a bad looking guy. Unruly brown hair, longish but not down on his shoulders. Fairly athletic build. I think he played volleyball. Girlfriend? I don't know. We knew each other to say "Hi" to but being in different grades we had different friends. Thinking about it now, I think Mom said he had graduated and was going to go to the community college here in town.  
  
So what does a young college guy do while watching the chick next door lying naked in her backyard? I hoped he was getting aroused and maybe a little bulging in his pants! For all I knew, he wasn't wearing any pants and had a full blown erection. Thinking to contribute to his delinquency, I casually dragged my fingertips over my left nipple. It stood up immediately although I doubted Ronnie could tell. But it felt good to me. I did the same to my right one. Then I started massaging both breasts, one in each hand. I squeezed them and tugged at the nipples a little and it was feeling pretty good. I let one hand fall to my hip and then held still. I had a decision to make: do I get started down there? There would likely be no turning back. I glanced back up at the window. I think the blinds were open just a little bit more! And there was definitely a person behind them. Again I imagined Ronnie getting pretty agitated and that made me excited. Oh, what the hell, I thought...  
  
I let my knees fall open a little and my hand edged toward my puss. Ever so casually, I let my fingers drift around my pussy lips, massaging and caressing. Probing a little more, I found I was quite wet! My heart rate was up and a little voice in the back of my head said, "What am I doing?!" But I just kept on, rubbing slowly and gradually finding the rhythm. I worked on my clit and felt the thrill go through me. Feeling another pair of eyes on me gave it even more of a thrill. Increasing the speed little by little, I reached a climax without too much thrashing and no crying out. Then I lay there, spent and amazed at the scene.  
  
Gradually, as I returned to reality, I realized I had to get ready for work. I glanced again at the window next door. He was still there but I couldn't tell anything else. Pretending to ignore him, I got up, gathered my things and went inside to shower and get ready. While I was in the shower, thinking about my "show", a thought struck me: What about a camera? I didn't want to get a text from a girlfriend saying "Guess what I saw on the internet!" Phones being what they are today, there is no reason Ronnie couldn't have videoed the whole thing. This made me a little panicky. But as I thought it through, I was pretty sure this was the first time I had been watched. I felt like he would have been too surprised to think of photography -- this time anyway. I had to be more careful. I felt like I needed to get to know Ronnie a little bit, get a better sense of who he was. But how to go about that?  
  
As it happened, he solved that problem for me. I left the house and had to pass Ronnie's place next door to get to work. As I was walking past the Mustang, I heard "Hey, Cathy!" and there he was coming down the front walk.  
  
I could feel myself reddening and my heartrate jumped up not expecting this. I said, "Hello, Ronnie" and stopped on the sidewalk. As he came up to me I was looking at his face for some sign he was going to talk about our "secret". I couldn't detect anything.  
  
He smiled and said, "It's just 'Ron' now."  
  
"OK, Ron." I said. "What's happening?"  
  
"Not much," he said, "how bout with you?"  
  
"Just on my way to work. What are you up to this summer?"  
  
"Well, I'm starting over at the CC and I just got done with a summer session. I'm kind of hanging loose till the fall semester starts. Are you still at State?"  
  
"Yup. One year down. Just chillin' till I go back in the fall."  
  
"Well, we oughtta hang out. I mean if you'd want to..."  
  
"Sure. Why don't you come over tomorrow morning. I usually hang out by the pool in the mornings before work. Wear your swim suit if you want. It's pretty cold but we could jump in to cool off."  
  
"Sounds good! What do you think, 9:30, 10:00?"  
  
"OK, then. I gotta go. See you tomorrow, Ron"  
  
" 'K, bye!"  
  
As I walked off to work, my mind was racing. Where was this headed? He was a cute guy. Girlfriend? I'd have to find out. What did I want? Just to tease him with a little exhibitionism? A new boyfriend? Whoa! Wait a minute. You only signed up to hang out and talk. Don't get carried away.  
  
But I would have to satisfy myself that he could be absolutely discreet about what he'd seen. He knew what he'd seen and I knew what I'd done but he didn't know that I knew he knew. Could that be any advantage? I couldn't see much of one. Well, I'll just have to play it by ear tomorrow.  
  
A little before 10:00 the doorbell rang. I answered the door wearing a more conservative 2 piece swimsuit under my big tee shirt. Ron was wearing a sleeveless sweatshirt and board shorts. He smiled and presented me with 2 bottles containing wine coolers.  
  
I smiled back and said, "A little early?"  
  
"They're hardly more than sodas and very refreshing!" he said.  
  
"Ok, come on back." I led the way out to the patio and pool deck. We set the bottles on a little table between two lounges and sat on them.  
  
I took off my tee shirt, leaned back on the lounge back and said, "Welcome to my summer!"  
  
He took off his sweatshirt, leaned back also and said, "Could be worse!"  
  
We sat like this chatting and taking occasional sips of the wine. I found out he had had a girlfriend who went away to college and it seemed like the relationship just petered out. We talked about our courses at school, people we knew in common and this and that for a while.  
  
Then he looked over at me and said, "I have to say, you have a world class tan! I have to think you have been working on it pretty seriously"  
  
"Thanks" I said. "It has been a kind of obsession with me lately. You, on the other hand, are going to have surfer's tan: white from the knees up to your waist"  
  
"Oh yeah? Wait here. Don't go away." He got up and went out through the front door.  
  
A few minutes later he came back looking just the same although he had 2 more wine coolers with him.  
  
"Check it out he said," and dropped his board shorts. Under it he was wearing remarkably small red Speedo trunks. I was impressed. Not just any guy can get away with Speedos. He was trim and toned and looked pretty good!  
  
"Where did you get those?" I asked  
  
"I used to play water polo. This is what we wore!"  
  
"I should have been going to more water polo matches", I said, "if that's what the guys were wearing!"  
  
Then I said, "Wait here, don't go anywhere."  
  
I took my tee-shirt and went inside. I was wearing the tee shirt when I came back outside. I stood in front of Ron and stripped it off revealing my tiny white sunning bikini. I could see he liked the look.  
  
He grinned and said, "Now we're talking!"  
  
I posed briefly and then sat back down. I said, "You'd better get some sunscreen on those thighs or you'll be sorry later. You need to transition from a surfer's tan to a French Riviera tan with those trunks."  
  
"I didn't think to bring any."  
  
I got up and brought over a tube of lotion. "This is what I recommend." I said.  
  
"Well judging by your tan, I guess you know what you're talking about."  
  
I looked at him sharply to see if he meant anything more than what he said. He looked straight back at me but I couldn't read anything in his look.  
  
Then he said, "I hear in the French Riviera, the girls sunbathe topless." He was still looking straight at me and I could feel myself flushing.  
  
"I wouldn't know," I said, "But what's the big deal anyway?"  
  
"Cathy," he said, "I'd love to see you sunbathing topless. If it's 'no big deal', then please feel free!"  
  
"Ron," I said, "I think you already have seen me sunbathing topless!" This time it was his turn to flush. I went on, "There is a privacy issue I need to solve. I don't want a bunch of losers -- or worse - coming around hoping for a peek. And I SURE don't want to be plastered all over the internet."  
  
"To be honest, I hadn't thought of that."  
  
"So here are some conditions: One, no cameras. Where is your phone?"  
  
"Here in my pocket."  
  
"Give it to me." He fished it out and handed it to me. I got up and put it inside on the kitchen counter.  
  
"OK, two, no peek and tell. It is our secret. Period"  
  
"Agreed," he said seriously.  
  
"And, three, I'll take my top off and you take your trunks off."  
  
"Whoa! Is that fair?"  
  
"Maybe not but that's my final offer."  
  
Ron got a pensive look on his face. He squirmed a little and wrinkled his nose a little. Then he looked at me and said, "Deal!"  
  
I stood up, looking at him the whole time and undid my tie in back and shrugged out of my top. I dropped it on the lounge and then kept my hands at my sides. I could see he liked what he saw and I liked his seeing. I was kind of proud of my nice tan boobies and my nipples stood up proudly. He was mesmerized, I could see, so to snap him out if it, I said, "Well..."  
  
"Beautiful!" He said.  
  
"Thanks", I said, "But I meant: Your turn!"  
  
He stood up and slithered out of his trunks then stood in front of me as I had. I checked out his unit which was at half-mast already and said, "Nice!" It wasn't the biggest dick I had ever seen but at the moment it really looked 'nice'. He was a pretty good specimen of a male human and I was glad to have him here.  
  
"Well, we better get to sunbathing," I said and laid back on the lounge. He laid down too but I could see he wasn't as comfortable being exposed as I had become.

"Don't forget that suntan lotion," I reminded him. He looked down and then at me and said, "I've never put any on there." Then he got a smirk on his face and said, "Maybe you could help, what with your tanning expertise and all."  
  
I gave him a long look from under my sunglasses and then said, "Alright." I got up, took the lotion and told him to flip over face down. I started at the nape of his neck and massaged the cream into his skin. I enjoyed the feel of his muscles. He wasn't, like bulging or muscle bound or chiseled or anything but he was in good shape. While working on his shoulders, I supported myself with my hands on the frame of the lounge, bent down and lightly dragged my nipples around on his back. "Mmmm..." he said.  
  
"Mmmm- hmmm," I replied. I continued applying lotion in no particular hurry and when I got down to his waistline, I said, "Nice butt!" I kept massaging away and enjoyed kneading his ass. I wasn't ready to go too far into the cleft so I continued onto the backs of his thighs. He was relaxing some by now and moved his knees apart a few inches. While lathering his thigh I accidentally on purpose flicked the back of his balls with my finger tip. He twitched a little and squealed a little but stayed in that same position. I worked my way down both his legs and then said, "Ok, now the top side."  
  
He rolled over and had a pretty good erection by now. He made as if to cover himself with his hands. It occurred to him to look around and see if there was any way anyone could see us. Even the blinds in his old window were closed now. "No, it's just us." I said. "Put your hands behind your head," I told him. He did that and I went around to the end of the lounge at his head and bent over and started putting lotion on his chest. By doing this, my tits were hanging inches above his face. I pretended not to notice and swung them around a little while massaging his chest. They were at their longest and pointy-est in this position.  
  
"Oh, baby!" he moaned. Then I bent a little lower and bumped my nipples on his face -- his forehead, his nose, his eyes and finally, his mouth. He took one in his mouth and very gently kissed and sucked. This was starting to get me going! At one point he opened his mouth pretty wide and sucked kind of hard while flicking my nipple with his tongue. Wow! Where did he learn tricks like that? I wondered. I closed my eyes and enjoyed his attentions for a minute. When I opened them again, I was looking at a real hard-on. I moved over to the side of the lounge and started massaging his lower belly and the tops of his thighs, working ever closer to his junk. He still had his hands behind his head, eyes closed and I could tell he was really heating up.  
  
My hands got closer and closer to his things and finally I started touching them very lightly. First I felt his balls and massaged them a little. Then I lightly dragged my nails up his dick which was pointing up toward his belly button. Then I took a good grip on it and felt it throb a little bigger. By now I was getting pretty hot too and just wanted to suck some dick! I took it in my mouth and with a little hand, lips and tongue, it wasn't long before he was writhing! Sperm is not my favorite flavor but I just had to go the whole way here. He shot a hot load into my mouth and I swallowed as much and as fast as I could. Ron was bucking and shuddering under me and I had a feeling of power over him. At the same time I felt like a good Samaritan: this was one lucky neighbor!  
  
Gradually we both came more to our right minds. He got up, took me in his arms, hugged me tight, kissed me and said, "Where have you been all my life?" I felt pretty elated at all this and looked up at him and said, "Right here next door!"  
  
"Well," I said, "I gotta go to work this afternoon. I have to get cleaned up, dressed and have some lunch. The first step of that is a shower, if you'd like to help..."  
  
Ron said, "I'll see what I can do!"  
  
We went into the house and at the bottom of the stairs, I pulled my bikini bottom down just below my butt cheeks. I started up the stairs and said, "I thought you might like to see the rest of my tan." He followed me up the stairs with my ass more or less at eye level and said, "Excellent work!" I could feel his eyes on my butt somehow and again, it gave me a little tingle.  
  
Upstairs, my room shares a good size bathroom with the guest bedroom. I took Ron by the hand and led him into the bathroom and said, "Turn on the shower". While he was getting the temperature right I kicked off my bikini bottoms and followed him into the shower. We got all wet and started with the shower gel to get all slippery. We massaged and tickled and slipped and probed around each other's bodies. He stood behind me and gently slid his hands around on my breasts, giving the nipples a slight pinch. While doing this, he nuzzled my ear and the crook of my neck just below. I was starting to get pretty excited by this when his left hand slid down my belly toward the point of no return. He lightly dragged his fingers around in my "brush cut" and touched the tops of my thighs. I had the fleeting thought that this guy is pretty talented! Then his fingers started slipping into a fold here and there. At this point I moaned a little and moved my knees a little apart. As he was massaging my mound with one hand, the other was slithering around on my behind. It wasn't long before he was probing crevasses there as well. At one point, his hands kind of met at the bottom and he gave me a little lift by the crotch. Whew!  
  
He slid his hand along the back of my thigh and lifted it up. I rested my foot on the corner seat in the shower and stood on the other foot. Right away, he slid his hand up my standing leg and found my opening. It was slippery enough without shower gel and his thumb slid right in! I had to concentrate to keep my balance while all these sensations were coursing from my pussy. I moved my knee a little wider just as the fingers on his other hand found my clit. He rubbed it a little and I was twitching with excitement when he said, "We're clean enough. Let's get out."  
  
"Oh, no you don't. We're not done here!" I said.  
  
"Who said anything about being done? I just think we need something like a bed!"  
  
"Well, as it happens, I know of one nearby," I said as I handed him a towel. I noticed that his prong was standing out some again. I rubbed it with the towel and it stood a little more.  
  
Once in my bedroom, he surprised me again by picking me up like a bride across the threshold and laid me with a bounce on the bed! We sort of embraced and wrestled and writhed around on the bed for a while before he started kissing my belly and headed south toward the promised land. This guy was pretty talented and before long using his tongue and a finger or two had me squirming and squealing. I came with a shower of sparks in my core and shudders in my hips and legs!  
  
I barely made it on time to work that day and I was pretty rattled at the way the morning turned out. Let's just say I was distracted by my thoughts. I made it through the afternoon and sort of retreated from my folks that evening. I needed to think. Though I had known Ron for many years, I hadn't really known him. We were from the same middle class background. I was pretty sure he wasn't a heavy doper or drinker. I'd always thought the Mustang was cool. He seemed like a pretty good choice although I didn't really choose him. I liked him and the sex was great. I felt like I could trust him more than someone who I just dated. Still, this casual sex right away was new to me. Would I like it to continue as "casual" or would I want us to get more involved? Dating the boy next door? Really?  
  
And what about this exhibitionism? It definitely added something to the fun! Would I want to act out the scene again? Would I want to put on a show while Ron was watching from his window? I think I would! Would he like it? I'm pretty sure he would! Men always would like to get a peek!  
  
But what about the damn cellphone camera and internet? We will definitely have to talk before going any further down that road. Thinking to put the matter somewhat to rest, I called Ron.  
  
"Am I interrupting anything?"  
  
"No, just watching reruns of 'Lost' on TV."  
  
"So how are you doing?"  
  
"Well, I think I'm still vibrating a little from this morning."  
  
"Yeah, me too."  
  
"But I'm glad you called."  
  
"So, I wanted to see if you'd like to get some breakfast tomorrow morning. I think it would be good if we talked some."  
  
"I'd like that. I could drive."  
  
"OK, good. 9:30 out front?"  
  
"I'm looking forward to it. Really."  
  
"G'night."  
  
Once that next step was laid in place, I went to bed and really slept well.  
  
I slept well but I woke up with the sun. For some reason I was too excited to go back to sleep. It was like I was going to Disneyland or something rather than to breakfast with the neighbor. I had enjoyed the sex yesterday and wouldn't mind a little more fooling around with Ron. But that wasn't it. Or not all of it anyway. I felt it had something to do with showing off.  
  
So I laid around in bed for a while thinking about different plans. Once my folks had gone off to work, I got up, got in the shower, washed my hair, shaved my legs and made myself as presentable as possible. I toweled off and was about to put body lotion on when I looked at myself in the mirror and focused on my pussy hair. Maybe a little shorter, I thought and clip, clip, clip, voila. Just short of bristly. I went to the body lotion and moisturized my whole self. It didn't take much to get my nipples to stand up and I rubbed them a little more than was strictly necessary to rub the cream in. But I forced myself to speed thru my pubic area. I didn't want to go there, at least not now. I got my hair in place, put on just a mere touch of make-up and that was it.  
  
Walking around my bedroom nude, as is typical these days, I thought about what to wear. I was feeling slightly slutty and wanted to show it -- just a little. Again, I didn't want to draw unwanted attention but I wouldn't mind turning Ron's head a little! After a few tries, I settled on a pair of cutoff jeans short enough to reveal a little butt cheek in the back. I found a black shelf bra in the back of the drawer along with some black thong panties. Looking in the mirror, the bra gave a little lift and left my nips poking out. I wore it under a plain short sleeve cotton button blouse in a pale plaid. It was not so form-fitting as to make my nips stand out so I decided I didn't need a sweater. Looking in the mirror a last time, I thought Ron would be pleased. Good thing because it was just about 9:30.  
  
Out the front window I saw Ron was cleaning the windshield on his car. I grabbed my shoulder bag and headed out. He saw me and watched as I crossed the lawn.  
  
"Hi" he said, "you're looking fresh and well rested."  
  
"I am!" I said, "and how 'bout you?"  
  
"Yeah, me too. Hop in."  
  
Once in the car, he leaned over a little toward me and said  
  
"I especially like the cut of your shorts!" I grinned back at him and said,  
  
"You are fresh aren't you!"  
  
"How about Chet's?" he asked, referring to a local diner.  
  
"Fine. I'm hungry and I could go for their hash browns."  
  
The place wasn't crowded and we headed toward the back. There was a table with an upholstered bench along the wall and a chair opposite. Ron went to take the chair and I said,  
  
"No, you sit there."  
  
He looked puzzled and said, "Why?".  
  
I said, "Just humor me." I took the chair and he slid in on the settee side.  
  
While we looked at the menus, I seemingly absentmindedly, undid the top button of my blouse. After the waitress took our order, I repeated the operation on the next button down. This time, Ron saw but I felt he didn't know what to say. So he said nothing about it. We chatted about my work and his fall class schedule. After the waitress brought out food, I undid another button. This time, Ron made a slight face and looked around as if something was going on and he hadn't been informed of it. This last button was right about between my breasts.  
  
"Am I missing something here?" he said.  
  
"I hope not!" I answered and gave my shirt a little tug so he could clearly see the curve of my boob and the black band at the bottom of my bra between my breasts.  
  
"Whoa, Cathy, you are a wild woman!" he said, glancing around to see if anyone else was noticing anything. There were no other diners nearby and nobody was paying us any attention.  
  
I leaned forward a little and said confidentially, "Ron, you seem to bring it out in me."  
  
"Well, I like it, I'll say that," he replied.  
  
"Ya know what? I do too!" I said, and undid one more button. I said, "I'd appreciate a warning nod if anyone approaches."  
  
"No problem," he said and glanced around again. "The waitress is coming."  
  
I tugged my shirt back together and took up my glass of iced tea. I sipped as the waitress cleared the dishes. When she left the check and departed, I leaned back in my chair and toyed with the collar of my shirt pulling it open again. Ron was clearly enjoying this but he said  
  
"So you want to be an exhibitionist, eh?"  
  
"So it would seem," I answered and pulled the left side of my blouse open exposing my whole breast, nipple and all. I could feel the blood rushing to my face and my nipples were already hard. He darted his eyes around and then casually reached across the table and gave my nipple a pinch.  
  
"You know," he said, "I've always dreamed I'd meet a woman with exhibitionist leanings. And now, maybe I have!"  
  
"Maybe," I said, looking him in the eyes and pulling the right side of my blouse open, displaying the whole rack. My heart was racing and I think his was too.  
  
Suddenly, he looked up and said quietly, "watch out." I closed up just in time for a mom with two kid to take the table next to us. I nonchalantly refastened the buttons of my blouse and resumed sipping my tea.  
  
Ron said, "Look, I know you are nervous about the internet but I can show you some videos of some world class exhibitionism. If you are interested, I mean. There might be some ideas there that appeal to you. What do you think?"  
  
"Well, I guess it couldn't hurt to check it out. How do you find them?"  
  
"Let's go back to my house and I'll show you. Got time?"  
  
I looked at my watch. "An hour, two max"  
  
"OK, let's go!"  
  
In the car, Ron said, "you need to know a couple things about the internet. The big thing is tracking users. Mostly this is so they can bombard you with advertising and junk mail. Well, you don't want to be bombarded with junk from porn sites. So they have a browser setting that makes it less likely. I say less likely because sometimes you have to click on something to go to a link and then it gets your info. A good rule of thumb is don't click if you can avoid it."  
  
"OK," I said a little warily.  
  
"I have my own internet connection so I'm not concerned about my parents finding out but still, I don't want a bunch of crap showing up."  
  
He said, "Another thing, there are all kinds of sexual fantasies or fetishes people look for. Some I don't even want to think about. So, another reason to not click too freely."  
  
"But because it takes all kinds, you can kind of home in on whatever tickles your fancy. Let's take my favorite, exhibitionist women. The other side of exhibitionist women is voyeurist men. Some voyeurs want to peep, you know, like peeping Toms. Looking thru a keyhole to watch a girl go potty. That's not my deal. Sometimes it is seeing a girls parts accidentally: her tits pop out when she goes to catch a bouquet at a wedding. Or she's bending over getting something out of the trunk of her car and the wind catches her skirt and blows it up and she's not wearing any panties. Now that's a good one there!"  
  
I could see he really was interested in this sport and some of these scenarios were intriguing. "Go on..." I said.  
  
"Another one is more like nudist camp: a girl is naked walking in the woods. Nobody is around except the camera. Of course that is important, the idea that the girl is showing herself off. A more sexy version is a girl enjoying her own body in front of a camera. It's usually in a private place and she plays with herself, masturbates, maybe uses a dildo. Sometimes she'll be in a more public place where the chance of getting caught adds to the excitement."  
  
While he was talking and driving, I was casually undoing shirt buttons again. He noticed of course and when he looked over, I'd give him a little flash of my boobs. He grinned and I smiled back but neither of us commented.  
  
"Well the ones I like the best", he continued, "are the ones where the girl is in public and is just showing her stuff. It's a miracle that everybody doesn't notice! The girl is risking it all and getting away with it!"  
  
"You mean like this?" I said and pulled my shirt wide open and left it that way. I looked out the car windows to see if anyone could see me. Really, no one could unless they were in a high vehicle right next to Ron's car. But there was a truck just ahead pulling over to the curb. Ron slowed down and eased past the driver's door. I held still and just as we went by, I could see the driver -- looked to be a middle-aged Latino guy -- look down. I guess he got an eyeful because be beeped his horn and Ron said he could see him smiling in the rear-view mirror. I giggled and felt excited.  
  
Ron said, "Perfect! That was great!"  
  
A minute later we pulled up in front of Ron's house and he said,  
  
"OK, let's go take a look!"  
  
I was pretty well buttoned up by then and I said, "Let's do it!" and we went into the house.  
  
As we headed upstairs to his room, I asked, "So where are your folks?"  
  
"At work," he said.  
  
"What if they come home for lunch or something?"  
  
"No way," he replied, "My mom is in a car pool and never gets home till supper time. My dad has a 40 minute commute so coming home is not very convenient. It seems to me they would both rather work than do anything else anyway. They're not the type to play hooky."  
  
By now we were in his room and I took a look around. Kind of messy but I'd seen worse. He had a nice big desk with a good-size computer monitor on it. He pulled up a chair for me and we sat down side by side as he fired up the computer. While it was coming on he looked at me and said,  
  
"You know, looking at a lot of exhibitionist women and sitting next to one is likely to stir me up quite a bit! I may not be able to control myself!"  
  
"Well," I answered, "I guess I'll just have to take my chances."  
  
We grinned at each other and then we leaned in and kissed. He put his hand on my thigh and I took his hand and put it back up on the desk.  
  
"Don't you need that to work the computer?" I said.  
  
"All right, all right," he said and started typing and clicking.  
  
Soon there was a display of a bunch of sex scenes on the screen. At the top he typed in "Exhibitionist Women" and hit enter. A new set of scenes showed up with mostly women. A lot were pretty graphic close-ups of the female genitalia. I didn't find it very sexy and told Ron so. He said he didn't either if it was out of context like that. Then he said, "Here's a good one," and clicked on one. It went to a page with a video screen like YouTube. When it played, there was a cute girl on the street in a simple red dress. The videographer talked to her and got her to pull her dress down and show her tits. They were nice, a little smaller than mine. I couldn't see anybody else in the frame but she didn't seem worried or nervous. She was smiling at the camera. Then the camera followed her as she went into a store. She lifted the hem of her dress in back and her cute little bare butt was just wiggling along. As she got closer to people in the store she casually pulled her dress back down. But once she saw nobody was looking too closely, she pulled it back up again! Now this was interesting! She didn't call attention to herself, but if anyone had looked, she didn't look as if she would scream and run out of there. She seemed to just be enjoying herself and was indifferent to other people's reaction. I was fascinated. Ron was looking at me and I could see he sensed my excitement.

"What do you think?" he asked.  
  
"Looks like fun!" I said a little breathlessly.  
  
"Maybe you'd like it even better if you took your top off," he said, "you know, in the spirit of the show!"  
  
"Maybe you're right," I said as I shed my top while watching the girl on the screen, sashay down the street flashing some breast, then some ass, then some pussy. Then she waved good bye to the camera and it ended.  
  
"Here's another one..." Ron said as he cued it up. It started with a pretty, young girl walking toward the camera with a shopping mall interior in the background. She was wearing heels and a form fitting short dress. The material was very stretchy and as she is walking toward the camera, she pulls the neckline down below her boobs. She is smiling and walking along nonchalantly in the mall with her boobs out! There are no people nearby but some are in the distance in the back ground. Then she puts her boobs away and turns away from the camera. She lifts the hem of her dress up to her waist showing off a nice bare ass. She takes a few steps and wiggles a little then drops the dress down again as if nothing ever happened. Later, she finds a comfy looking chair and sits down while again pulling her skirt up to her waist. She loops one leg over the arm of the chair giving a good view of her puss. All the while, she is glancing around casually as people walk by in the background. I said to Ron,  
  
"You know, this stuff looks like fun but a little scary and sexy at the same time."  
  
Ron said, "I think you may be a natural! That is the thing that makes a good exhibitionist: that she looks sexy and wary at the same time but looks like she is having fun all the same. There are some videos where the girl looks like she is maybe on drugs and is just taking her clothes off for money or something. No fun and not sexy."  
  
I got up and asked for the bathroom. As I sat down to pee, I realized my panties were soaked! I was getting excited about exhibitionism! I got a devilish idea. I slipped off my shorts and panties. I put the shorts back on and balled up the panties and put them in the pocket of my shorts. As I was washing my hands at the sink and looking in the mirror, I thought to myself, "I look as good as those chicks in the videos". I still wasn't interested in internet publicity though.  
  
When I returned to Ron's room I told him to close his eyes and open his mouth. He looked a little suspicious but did as he was told. I pulled out my balled-up panties and popped them in his mouth!  
  
"Taste familiar?" I asked.  
  
"I'd know that taste anywhere!" he replied. He munched a little as he pulled me onto his lap facing him. He kissed me and pushed the panties into my mouth! At the same time he was sliding his hand up the back of my thighs to my ass cheek. We were sort of kissing and sharing my panties as I put my hands in his lap and felt his dick through his shorts. At that point, I got off him, spit the panties out and said,  
  
"Ron, I think we are overdressed." He agreed and stripped off his shirt, shorts and boxers. I dropped my shorts and unhooked the bra. We looked at each other for about a second: the way his pecker was standing up and as slippery as I was, I knew we were ready. We came together, fell to the floor and in no time, he was in me and we were thrashing away. We were both at a heightened state of excitement and we both came pretty quick. It was the first time I had had a cock in me for quite a while and I loved it. I could tell Ron did too.  
  
"Whew!" we said more or less in unison. Lying there on the carpet, side by side, we were both breathing hard. After we caught our breath, I rolled on my side, put a leg over his and put my head on his shoulder.  
  
"I'm not sure what's going on here, Ron, but I like it pretty well," I said.  
  
"I do too," he replied, "You sure tickle my fancy!"  
  
I grabbed his now soft, damp penis and said, "I like your 'fancy' pretty well too!"  
  
We were quiet for a while then I said,  
  
"I gotta go to work. And I'd better get up before we make a big mess on your carpet. I can hear your mom: 'What are these spots on the carpet, Ron?' 'Oh, I spilled some jam, mom.' 'Jam! What kind of jam?' 'Pearl jam mom. I was sharing it with the neighbor girl!'"  
  
He said, "Argh!" and we both laughed.  
  
When I was in the bathroom, he called out  
  
"What are you doing about birth control?"  
  
"Birth control!" I answered, "I thought you said you'd had a vasectomy!"  
  
"No way!" he said, "I never said that!"  
  
"Well, fine time to bring it up now." I called back.  
  
"Oh, crap!" he muttered.  
  
"Don't worry," I said returning to his room and pulling on my shorts, "I'm on the pill."  
  
"Oh, good!" he said grinning, "you think of everything."  
  
"Lucky for you," I said, "one of us has to."  
  
I took his hand, helped him to his feet and we embraced.  
  
"Thanks for breakfast. What are you gonna do this afternoon?"  
  
"Probably play video games. My buddy Derek and I play on-line."  
  
"Well remember what we agreed about keeping this all confidential. I don't want to get a call from Derek asking if he can come over and see my things!"  
  
"Don't worry," he said, "Derek is gay."  
  
"Alright then. I'll call you when I'm home after work." We had a nice lingering kiss and then I was off -- back to reality.

**Cathy's Summer Pt. 02**

That night, after work, my parents were in the living room when I walked in.  
  
"Hi, Mom, hi, Dad," I said sitting down.  
  
"How was work, Dear?" my mom asked, putting the TV on pause.  
  
"Same ol', same ol." I said. "How are you guys?" I asked.  
  
"Well, we made it through hump-day," my dad answered. It was a Wednesday but the expression took me a little by surprise. Like, how did they know?  
  
"Listen," I said, "I had breakfast this morning with Ron from next door."  
  
"Ronnie Evans?" Mom asked.  
  
"He it was, though he goes by 'Ron' now." My folks looked at each other. I jumped in with a smile, "Look, don't make more of this than there is. I just thought I'd let you know. He is a nice guy and we're both at loose ends till school starts up in the fall. We might hang out some."  
  
Dad said, "Well, I've never had a problem with Ronnie, er Ron. And that sure is a nice car he's got."  
  
"Yeah, it's pretty cool, huh. OK, I'm gonna go change and chill out. Love you." And I headed up the stairs.  
  
I had been thinking about things while I was at work and wanted to tell Ron.  
  
"Hi, Cathy," he said when I called, sounding happy to hear from me.  
  
"Hi, Ron. How was your day?" We chatted for a while about meaningless stuff and then I said,  
  
"Ron. I think we should not see each other for a couple days. I'm in kind of a whirl over the last few days and I need to think about stuff. Are you free Saturday? Maybe we could plan to get together then." He said that was cool and we agreed we could make a plan later.  
  
After we hung up, I was still curious about the exhibitionists on the internet. Using Ron's tips to keep from getting hooked in, I started to browse. I was learning a lot about what kind of 'variations' there were to exhibitionism and what men were most aroused by. I wasn't interested in having sex with people watching. I wasn't really into the 'Stripper' thing where I would 'perform' to a bunch of drunk, hooting dudes. I liked the ones where a girl was casually exposing her stuff in public and it only took someone to notice for her to be seen. There was one where a girl had on a very sheer top with no bra. Anything more than a glance would have revealed her breasts to the observer. She was at the airport and at one point, took her top off and put on a sweater in its place. Nobody seemed to pay any attention but it made me excited to watch.  
  
Another obvious attraction was long legs and short skirts. I mean really short skirts with no undies. The bare bottoms weren't really noticeable if everyone was standing. But if the girl bent over at the waist, went up the escalator, sat on a high stool, or gave a little tug to her hem, then much might be revealed! Most often, the camera person was a man - but not always. He would sometimes coach the girl to bend over, squat down, lift her hem or whatever. Other times, the girl would seem to have her own ideas.  
  
Sometimes the girl was on a video feed at a laptop, often in a restaurant or library. It appeared she was in communication with someone who would suggest things and she would do them - expose her breasts, take off her panties etc. Some of those got pretty risky: stark naked in a library for example. It was usually pretty quiet - it was a library after all - but there were other people around. They just weren't looking! Interesting...  
  
So, I saw a lot of pussies and breasts and assholes. For the most part, the pussies were shaved or possibly waxed. Very good grooming! Most often the breasts weren't large or enhanced. They were just normal breasts with normal variation in size, nipple size, nipple color with nipples occasionally pierced and here and there a tattoo. Assholes too, all looked similar with good grooming and hygiene (thank God!)  
  
After all this input, it got me to thinking. I put in "Pussy Selfies" and found that it wasn't uncommon for girls to "shoot themselves". I took my phone and turned off WiFi and Wireless Network - No leaks here! I spent some time posing with my camera on timer and took some cheesecake shots of myself. After a while I had a pretty good portfolio to compare with the internet girls. I had to say, even though my pussy wasn't shaved, I looked pretty good! I had never seen my asshole before and certainly these were new angles for my pussy and tits. But I was getting a feel for quality porn and by God, I was pretty high quality!  
  
Funny, but I had a strong desire to show Ron! I knew if I turned on my wireless connections the images would be swept off to the cloud. I decided to leave the wireless off and think about it before deleting or whatever.  
  
I crawled into bed pretty excited. I couldn't help thinking of scenarios. Finally, in order to get to sleep, I masturbated fantasizing about different scenes where I was somewhat exposed in public. After that, I drifted off and slept well.  
  
In the morning, I put on sweats and running shoes and went for a run. I have a route around the neighborhood that I once clocked at a little over 3 miles. By the time I got back, my folks had gone to work. It was a nice sunny morning and I felt invigorated but hot. I grabbed a towel, some water and a granola bar and went out to the back yard. First making a usual sweep of the surroundings, I kicked off my shoes, stripped off the sweats and undies and jumped in the pool. I swam a few leisurely lengths enjoying the feeling of skinny dipping. I got out, dried off some and sat naked in one of the lounge chairs to eat my breakfast. I got drier and warmer as the sun climbed higher in the sky.  
  
I reclined the lounge chair and continued to work on my tan. I had seen Ron's car out front so I supposed he was home. I glanced up at the window but it looked like the blinds were closed. I gave a little wave anyway and closed my eyes. I lay there thinking about wardrobe. I mentally went through various pieces of clothing I had, imagining their potential for revealing. I had gone braless at times and knew I could get away with it. Still, I kind of liked that shelf bra with the support and exposure combined. Maybe I should get a couple more in different colors.  
  
I had some fairly sexy thong underwear. Somehow, I thought maybe it wouldn't be needed. But if I wasn't going to be wearing underwear, what about piercings and jewelry? I had couple piercings in my ears but that was all. I didn't relish the thought of getting my nipples or pussy lips pierced but the thought of having a little jewelry hanging there was kind of thrilling. And, If I didn't like it, it wasn't permanent.  
  
So then, outerwear. I had a shirt dress that seemed like it might work. It buttoned - or unbuttoned - all the way from neck to hem. I didn't have anything see-thru but I did have a yellow floral skirt that was very light material and light shown through it. It might be sexy if backlit. And the wind might lift it up, you never know. I didn't have any of those tight fitting spandex tube dresses the girls on the internet have. The ones that, in an instant, can be pulled up or down to give a quick flash. I wonder if Ron would like to go shopping?  
  
I rose from my musings and headed upstairs to shower and put on a little fashion show for myself before heading off to work. I tried on various garments and checked out how they worked if not quite buttoned all the way, or if I gathered the hem a little as I squatted down to pet the cat or if I hiked the waist band up under my shirt a few inches raising the hem to the danger point - and then bent over to check my shoe strap! Woo-hoo!  
  
I think I could still give Ron a few surprises, I thought as I changed into my utilitarian work clothes. Sexy will have to wait for another time.  
  
I monkeyed with the settings on my phone so I could use it to make calls or text but Wi-Fi and Data were off so my private pics wouldn't be shooting out to all points. Did I care? I realized that most of them were just female parts and my face wasn't visible. I remembered one of the girls on the internet had some very risqué pictures but her face was always obscured. Like she could go to work Monday morning and not hear, "Hey, guess what I saw..." Hmm, anonymous posing...  
  
That night after work, I called Ron. "Have you ever been to a nude beach?" I asked.  
  
"No, I never thought about it. I wouldn't know where to find one."  
  
"If I showed you how to get there would you want to go?"  
  
There was a long pause. "Well, Cathy, I'd love to see you parading around nekkid. No problem there. But as for me... I don't know. What if I get a boner?"  
  
I laughed. "Well, look, they are actually called 'clothing optional' beaches. We don't have to pass an inspection or anything. If it's too weird we don't have to get 'nekkid'. We could just leave."  
  
Again a pause. "OK, when?"  
  
"Saturday Morning. It's about an hour down the coast. Say, leave at 10:00?"  
  
"OK, I'll drive."  
  
"I'll bring a little cooler with some waters and sodas. Maybe we can stop and get a sub sandwich or something to take along."  
  
"Sounds good! See you then."  
  
"I'm looking forward to it, Ron! And, Ron..."  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"Don't forget your sunblock!"  
  
Saturday morning, I thought some more about wardrobe. I got out my tote and put in my all purpose bikini. Then my skimpier 'tanning' bikini. I have a cover-up that is sort of a loose knit mesh thing that is supposed to be worn over a swimsuit. That went in too. I wore my cut-off short shorts and button up blouse. Somehow, wearing a bra and underwear to a nude beach seemed superfluous - so I didn't! I threw in some sun block and packed a cooler and was ready to go when the doorbell rang.  
  
It was Ron and I let him in. In the entry hall we both grinned mischievously at each other. He took me in his arms and we had a nice long kiss while his hand found my butt cheek and gave it a squeeze. The day was warming up already!  
  
We got in the car and headed to a nearby sandwich shop. I knew the place and had an idea.  
  
I said to Ron, "Keep your eyes peeled."  
  
"What?" he replied.  
  
"You'll see," I said as I unbuttoned a couple buttons on my shirt. In the shop were 2 young guys manning the place and no other customers. As we were telling them what we wanted on our sandwiches, I leaned over the glass case as if to make my choices. I knew my shirt was gaping open and the lights in the case were shining on my tits. It was funny to watch those two guys angling for a view while trying to make our sandwiches! I kept a more or less straight face as if I were oblivious to their peeking. I glanced at Ron who had a little smirk on his lips and I gave him a wink. As we left with our sandwiches, the two guys were elbowing each other and snickering. Ron and I had good laugh back in the car. He leaned over and kissed me again and said,  
  
"What did I do to deserve you! This is Fun!"  
  
"I'm glad you like it," I said, "I'm having fun too!" And we headed for the beach.  
  
The place wasn't well marked. The road was along a cliff overlooking the beach. The instructions I had said the trail to the beach was just past a mailbox with a wagon wheel holding it up and to park along the road anywhere after that. We found a place to park, got out and took a look down to the beach. It wasn't overly crowded and sure enough, some of the folks were nekkid. We loaded up our arms with junk and started hiking back to the trail and down to the beach. Once we got to the bottom of the trail, it looked like the beach curved around some big rocks at the far end.  
  
"Let's head over there," I said, "it might be more secluded."  
  
As we walked along through the crowd, we saw all kinds: young and old, thin and fat, male and female, a few kids, some men with shorts, some with little speedo's and some with their salami hanging out. Some of the women wore complete bathing suits, some just the bottoms and some were completely nude. Very few were the hot babes from the internet. Most were just normal folks enjoying getting an all-over tan and swimming and playing volleyball clothes-free.  
  
We rounded the rocks and it was more secluded. There were fewer people but more of them seemed to be completely nude. We spread out the blanket and put our cooler and stuff on it then looked at each other.  
  
"Well?" we both said more or less in unison. Ron dropped his shorts and I saw he was wearing his speedo again.  
  
"Allright," I said and took off my blouse. I was standing there in my shorts and I took a look around. "I'm not all the way there yet." I said. I rummaged around in my bag until I found my bikini bottoms. "I'll be right back."  
  
I walked through the sand till I could get behind a big rock. Out of sight of everybody, I dropped my shorts and wriggled into my bikini bottoms. Ron was still standing there when I got back to our blanket.  
  
"Lookin' great!" he said. I grabbed the sunscreen and waved it at him. "Ok, ok," he said.  
  
We each lathered ourselves up, looked at each other and I said, "Wanna go for a stroll? Do a little sightseeing?"  
  
He said, "OK."  
  
We checked that our stuff was as secure as possible and walked off through the sand, hand in hand, both topless. I felt a little nervous at first. It's a conditioned reflex for a girl to want to cover her tits in public. I resisted the impulse and in fact, tried to counter the impulse by holding my arms back and letting my boobs lead the way. I gradually got used to it and was even enjoying the breeze wafting over them and the slight bounce they made as we walked. We both had our sunglasses on so we were checking out the other naked people without seeming to gawk. We weren't real close to other people and the wind and surf made enough noise that we could talk freely.  
  
I said, "So, are you getting a hardon looking at these naked people?"  
  
Ron looked kind of surprised and said, "No, I hadn't even thought about it. Except when I look at you! How bout you? Are you getting aroused?"  
  
"Maybe just a little. I like the feeling of the sun and wind but I don't feel like an exhibitionist too much. Have you noticed any hot babes that are a turn-on?"  
  
Ron looked around and said, "there are a couple nice ones but, honestly, you are the hottest one here. Just in my humble opinion!"  
  
I laughed and said, "Flatterer! Let's go back."  
  
When we got back to the blanket, I said, "Here goes." And wriggled out of my bikini bottoms. Ron took the cue and did the same with his speedo. And there we were.  
  
"Wanna walk around some more and get the full effect?" I asked.  
  
"Sure," he said and off we went again. He said, "This is a little different. I'm feelin' the breeze more now too!" We hadn't gone too far when Ron said, "Hey, let's go for a swim!"  
  
We walked back to the blanket, left our sunglasses and got towels out. We strolled down to the shore and slowly eased our way into the surf. The water was pretty warm for the Pacific but it still took some time to get used to it. It was kind of a free feeling to be naked in the water. The gentle surge made it different from the pool. Once we were both in up to our necks, we came together and were holding onto each other. Ron got behind me and put his arms around me with his head over my shoulder. He kissed my ear and his hands started massaging my breasts.  
  
"Now I'm starting to get a little aroused," I said. With the cold water my nipples were erect and his fingers found them and did a little more arousing. I reached behind my butt and found his junk. "Hey," I said, "It looks like I'm not the only one!"  
  
I backed into him a little and felt his dick bouncing around my butt cheeks and lower back. I enjoyed that feeling along with his hands on my breasts for a minute then I turned around. With the buoyancy from the water, I put my hands on his shoulders and sort of grabbed him around the waist with my legs. He held onto my waist and I sort of propped there looking at him. It was a challenge for Ron to hold us both up with the surge of the water but he was pretty strong.  
  
"Must be all that water polo," I said. "Listen," I said as his pecker was bouncing around my bottom, "I'm not too keen on 'doing it' in the ocean. I don't want to get some sand or disease up my thingy."  
  
"I hear you," he said. "But what am I gonna do? I can't walk out of the water with this thing sticking out!" and with that he gave me a little prod with his stiff cock.  
  
"Well, let's see," I said and jumped back down on my feet. I grabbed his dick and started stroking. "Do you think this might help?"  
  
"It's certainly worth a try," he said with his eyes closing. He felt totally erect in my hand and I started in in earnest.  
  
"Let me know if it doesn't feel good," I said.  
  
"Oh, it feels great!" he breathed out, "The contrast between your warm hand and the cold water is, well..."  
  
I could see it was working. I took a look around. There weren't any people very near us but if anybody was watching, I wondered what they might think. By now Ron was on the edge and I sped up till he finally let out a wail and bucked his hips some. After he slowed down, I climbed back on him and gave him a kiss.  
  
"Ooh, Baby!" he said and squeezed me tight. Then he lost his balance and we both fell into the water laughing.  
  
We got to our feet and headed for shore. I said, "There. You've fertilized the Pacific Ocean!"  
  
"Well, that's a first for me." He said.  
  
"We've been doing quite a lot of 'firsts' lately." I replied. "Time for some sunbathing?"  
  
"That's about all I have energy for right now," he said, and we headed for our spot. "Shall we trade sunscreen applications?"  
  
"OK," I answered. We rubbed each other all over without lingering in any sensitive places.  
  
As we lay there, I said, "Ron, I was thinking about doing some clothes shopping. I was thinking about doing a little flashing and I have some ideas for improving my wardrobe. Would you be interested in coming with me? Maybe you have some ideas too."  
  
"Whenever you are thinking of doing a little flashing, I'm down! Were you thinking of combining flashing and shopping?"  
  
"Well, maybe," I said.  
  
He turned his head toward me, grinned and said, "Well, I'll drive then! When do you want to go?"  
  
"How bout this: we have lunch now and drive home. Shower, rest up, get dressed and go at, say, 3:30."  
  
"Sounds good!" he said and opened the cooler.  
  
Later, up in my room, I had recovered from the beach. I had showered and worked on my hair. I was wearing my black shelf bra and black thong panties and looking at the clothes in my closet. I picked a light-weight skirt that was kind of flouncy. It came to mid-thigh. I gave a little spin and it swung up but still decent. I faced away from the mirror and bent over - the classic "fix the sandal strap" move. The hem was still just below my crotch. So, I was legal - after all, I would likely be seeing my parents on the way out. Then I pulled the elastic waist of the skirt up a couple inches and repeated the performance. This time, some butt cheek and black panty was visible, at least from this angle. But standing up, it was just a short skirt. Then I rolled the waistline down over itself and tugged it up a little more. Now, it was exposure: butt cheeks in the back and a little black panty pouch in the front. Well, it's good to know where the limits are! I tried sitting and that was OK. I was covered. At least until I crossed my legs when the skirt lifted up on the side to where thigh became ass. "This'll work!" I thought arranging the skirt back to normal.  
  
Then, I found a cotton knit sweater with a lot of buttons up the front. It was sort of a French blue which went with some of the color in the floral print skirt. I put in on and buttoned it all the way up. Looks good, sensible, legal. Then I unbuttoned some of the buttons, getting a feel for where the show started. It wasn't till I got below the bra that it became risky. After that, I had to keep a hand in play to conceal or expose as I saw fit. "This'll work, too!"

I put on some wedge sandals with not-too-high cork heels, put on a little makeup and grabbed my purse. I went downstairs, checked out with my folks and strolled over to Ron's front door. He answered my ring and we headed for the Mustang and who-knew-what else!  
  
As we made our way to the mall, I told Ron of my ideas. I wanted to find a top that was stretchy enough that I could flop out a tit real quick and cover back up again real quick. And maybe a skirt that was stretchy too so that I could hike it up or down and it would stay that way.  
  
"What do you think?" I asked him.  
  
"Sounds tasty!" he said and patted my bottom as we walked into the mall.  
  
I knew there were a bunch of stores with girls' clothes that wouldn't break the bank. In the first one, I found a skirt that was just what I had in mind. I took several different colors and headed for the fitting rooms. I settled on a black one that was just above mid-thigh in the "down" position. I could sort of pleat it up toward my waist and it would stay at any height I wanted right up to crotch high. I wore it out so Ron could check it out. I could see by his smile that he approved. There weren't any people right there by the mirrors so I gave him a preview by sliding it up a little. Then a little more! I was almost to butt-cheek when a lady came out of the changing rooms. I casually tugged it down and right away I was decent again.  
  
Ron saw all this and said, "Looks like you found what you wanted."  
  
"I think so," I said.  
  
I found a couple tops that looked promising and headed with them back into the fitting rooms. I picked one that was lime green and had straps placed wide apart on a lowcut scoop neck. I didn't like the look of the straps with the black bra straps too so I took off the bra. Now, practicing in front of the mirror in the dressing room, I flipped out a breast and took my hands away to see how it would look. The material was stretchy enough that the neckline just stayed under my breast quite naturally. I tried it in and out several times with one breast and then the other. I was getting pretty good at it. I tried to be very casual as if I was doing it absent-mindedly. Then I pulled it down under both breasts and again it all looked quite natural. And, flip, flip and I was decent again.  
  
I got dressed again in my original cloths except now I pulled the waistline of the skirt up till it was definitely short. Also, I neglected to button a number of the buttons on my sweater. I went back out to find Ron and he noticed my alterations: he licked his lips in a rather lewd way!  
  
After we paid for my things, we strolled in the mall for a while. Ron stopped in front of one store that specialized in jewelry for piercings. We looked at studs and rings and things in the window.  
  
Ron said, "Let's go in."  
  
We just looked around without saying anything. Toward the rear of the store, it looked like you could go in the back and get piercings done. There was a card on the counter that had prices. Ron took one and I looked at him, like, "What?" He just winked at me and put the card in his pocket.  
  
As we got on the escalator to go up a level, I told Ron to check out the view. He started looking all around.  
  
"Not that view, you idiot!" I said. He was a few steps behind me. I was carrying the bags with my purchases in them. I casually lifted the bags and the one nearest me "accidentally" caught on the hem of my skirt and lifted it.  
  
As I pulled the bag free of the skirt and let it drop back down, I heard Ron say under his breath, "Nice view!"  
  
While we were walking away from the top of the escalator I asked, "So what did you see?"  
  
"Some lovely ass," he answered.  
  
"Did you see my panties at all?"  
  
"No, it didn't look like you were wearing any."  
  
"Do you think I offended any mothers of young children?"  
  
"Not this time. I don't think anybody noticed - except me of course. And I loved it!"  
  
"Good. I did too!"  
  
We went to a food court and got some sodas and a plate of nachos. This time I took a seat with my back to the wall so I could see the room and Ron was across the table from me. Somehow a couple more buttons came open on my sweater and a lot of my chest was exposed. The only other person who would be in line of sight was a guy sitting by himself a couple tables away facing in our direction. I kept an eye on him to see if he would react. I crossed my legs to expose some thigh but really, it was pretty far up to still be thigh. I waved my sweater "lapels" back and forth absentmindedly occasionally giving a little nipple flash. Ron, of course was paying attention but I think the guy at the other table was also. He looked like he was trying to look preoccupied with his meal but his glance was mobile and alert. I "accidentally" knocked a fork off the table.  
  
"I'll get it," I said and reached my leg out to the side of the table to try to slide the fork in. In doing this, I made sure that there was a good view up my skirt. I was sure the guy got a panty shot and he was looking. Then, I leaned over to reach the fork with my hand and made sure a breast was visible. When I sat back up I felt kind of flushed and tingly! I said to Ron, "That guy would have something to tell his buddies at the video game store!" I buttoned up a little and asked Ron if he was having any fun.  
  
"I'm living a dream!" he said with a sort of dreamy smile.  
  
"Good!" I said, "This is quite a rush for me too. I can't believe what a slut I have become in just a few weeks. And, Ron, you have become a pretty good 'partner in crime'. Thanks."  
  
"The pleasure is all mine! Let me know how I can be of any more assistance" he replied.  
  
"Well, I've been thinking about video. I know what I said earlier, but I kind of would like a perspective of what I'm exposing in real time. I can't get that from looking in the mirror in my bedroom. But still, I don't want surprises on the internet. What do you think?"  
  
Ron thought for a few seconds and then said, "I'm not sure how good a cameraman I would be even with just a cell phone but I'm willing to give it a try. It occurs to me that a lot of the chicks on the internet show their stuff without showing their faces. That could be a place to start. I gotta admit though, that one of the things that makes flashing hot is when the girl is smiling at the camera and saying, 'whaddiya think of this!'."  
  
"Ok," I said, "let's start small. Maybe with just some still shots without my face visible. We'll collect a few and then see what we think. Ready, Sergio?"  
  
Ron grabbed his phone, got the camera app up and said "Action!"  
  
"Wait a minute," I said and handed him my phone. "Use this one."  
  
"What? Still don't trust me?" he asked.  
  
"It isn't that. I've come to trust you a great deal, in fact. But if something gets out by mistake, I don't want to think it's your fault. I have the settings on my phone at what I think is safe. And the camera is pretty good, too. Okay?"  
  
"No problem!" he said, "Where do we start?"  
  
"Well, how bout right here?" I said, moving my hands to the lapels of my sweater. He took the cue and held the phone in front of him on the table, framing the shot of my chest. I casually undid all the buttons while holding the sweater closed and glancing around. Video game dude was gone and there wasn't anybody else right nearby. The people there weren't paying us any attention.  
  
"Ready?" I said and opened my sweater wide. Ron clicked away and I kept it open for a few seconds. My arms were back holding the sweater open which caused me to sort of thrust out my boobs. I closed back up and grinned at Ron. "Well?" I said. He showed me the phone: There were several very nice shots of my rack nicely presented by the shelf bra. There was a bit of the basket the nachos came in for context. "Not bad," I said, "What do you think?"  
  
"I think they're great! But let's try it again, and this time, use one hand to tweak your nipple." We repeated the shot but it took a little longer this time since I had to use my hand. Still, nobody nearby seemed to notice. In the review, Ron said that was hotter with the 'playing with myself' feature.  
  
I buttoned up and we packed up and left the food court. I had an idea and said to Ron, "Let's go to the department store." When we got there, I led him to the top floor where the furniture was. He took some shots of my butt on the escalator. When he showed me, you could definitely see the crease between my butt cheek and the top of my thigh. This skirt was definitely set to the "short" setting. Once we were in the furniture area, it wasn't very crowded and it was easy to find a place behind something to fool around. With Ron behind me, snapping away, I bent over to feel the texture of the upholstery. I could tell the skirt was really riding up. All the same, I just reached back and flipped it up, sort of mooning the camera. Ron and I sat side by side on a sofa and checked out the portfolio. He said,  
  
"Ya know, it would be hotter without the panties" and he looked at me with slight pleading in his eyes. I looked back at him without comment, leaned over and kissed him, looked around to assess our cover, hiked up the skirt, caught the panty waist band and peeled them down. I had to wriggle a little to get them off while sitting down but eventually I got them down over my shoes and handed them to Ron. He pantomimed as if they were hot and burning his hand. Then he brought them up to his nose, closed his eyes and breathed in. "Heavenly!" he said, "and a little damp, too."  
  
I said, "Maybe I should get up before I leave a spot on the couch." I did get up and turned around and bent over to check the cushion. This time, I had my feet pretty far apart and was presenting a nice ass shot. Ron was ready with the camera and caught it all. Next, I sat on the arm of a chair with one foot on the floor and the other on the seat of the chair. By swinging my knee out, I could give a pretty good view. Ron was capturing it all.  
  
I guess we were both pretty caught up in our production because we both jumped a little when a salesman came from behind a tall cabinet and asked if he could help us. I immediately took my foot off the chair seat and put it on the floor, allowing my skirt to drop what I hoped was enough! He was smiling and I couldn't tell if it was just a salesman's smile or something more. Without a word from us, he just squatted right down in front of me and reaching under the bottom edge of the chair.  
  
"It's ok to sit on the arm of this model. If you feel under here, you'll see it is solid wood. Very strong!" he said.  
  
I was a little shocked that he was that close to my barely covered parts but I was afraid to try to get up for fear I would expose more in the process. Also, I hesitate to mention that I was afraid there might be a wet spot on the upholstery of the chair arm.  
  
Ron jumped in at that moment and said, "We were just here getting ideas. We are working on a school play and we need to visualize the sets." The salesman and I both looked at Ron. He held up the phone and said, "Taking pictures to show the other crew members. I hope that's ok..."  
  
The salesman was still smiling and looked from Ron to me and said, "No problem. Let me know if I can be of any help." He gave me a cheerful wink and wandered away. Ron and I looked at each other trying not to laugh.  
  
"I had no idea you were such a talented liar - or should I say actor!"  
  
"I have many talents!" he replied.  
  
We found a couch nearby that was kind of out of the way. We sat side by side and reviewed our recent work. He had taken a ton of shots. Many of them were no good: out of focus, movement, bad framing. I appointed myself editor and deleted the bad ones. Then we leafed through the 15 or 20 remaining ones. Now, I asked Ron's opinion.  
  
He put his hand on my thigh, gave it a squeeze and said, "I love them all! Really, and not just for the camera work!"  
  
"Well let's call it a wrap for today on the camera work," I said. "I'm really horny after all this! Seriously, check it out:" I slid my hand under my skirt, dipped a finger into my pussy, pulled it out and showed Ron how it glistened. He took my hand, brought it to his mouth and sucked that finger.  
  
"Mmm," he said, "me too!" Then he guided my hand to his crotch where I could immediately tell he was horny too.  
  
"Well we can't do it here," I said. "My folks are home and I bet yours are too. Where can we go?"  
  
"I got some blankets in the trunk of the car and a few ideas. Let's go," he replied.  
  
Ten minutes later, he pulled the car off a secondary road into a driveway. It looked like it went to a maintenance access road along a riverbank. But there was a gate across the driveway. Ron just jumped out, went to the gate, messed around with the chain and it swung open.  
  
"You have a key?" I asked when he got back in.  
  
"Nope, but the lock has been missing for years!" He grinned at me. "Local knowledge," he said. He closed the gate after us and we drove another hundred yards, turned the engine off and it was quiet. It was dusk, just after sundown and there was a beautiful pink and blue sky. We got out and Ron opened the trunk and got out a thick quilt. He closed the trunk lid and spread the quilt on it.  
  
"Come here," he said and took me in his arms. He immediately started kissing me with passion and urgency. I responded in kind. He backed me up to the car trunk, lifted me up till I was sitting on it. Still kissing, he started to unbutton my sweater. I jumped in and helped. In a minute, I peeled it off as Ron started working his mouth and tongue down my neck to my chest and then to my boobs. Again, I liked the way the half-bra presented them to his eager appetite and my nipples were as erect as they get. I put my arms behind me and leaned back while Ron licked and sucked and fondled. It was heavenly!  
  
His hands were caressing the outside of my thighs and gradually working their way under the skirt up to my ass. He had me jump down off the trunk long enough to slip the skirt down and off. So there I was, In just a skimpy bra and my shoes. And I felt great! Ron hoisted me back up on the car and laid me back so my knees were up and my feet were on the trunk. He started kissing the insides of my thighs and I spread my legs apart as he worked his way in. Pretty soon he was eating my pussy ravenously. Licking, probing, nibbling and sucking until I was on fire! Then he struck a rhythm that echoed in me and started to work on my clit. He sped up, little by little and it wasn't long before I was moaning, then whimpering then crying out as I came in a shower of sparks that seemed to last a long time!  
  
Ron relaxed for a minute and I caught my breath too. I lay there with my legs wide and Ron's head resting on my belly. I realized that Ron was still fully clothed. I roused him, we stood up and I started to take off his shirt. Next, I undid his shorts and found his penis anxious to escape. So now he was standing there with just his shoes on. I looked at him and grabbed his dick. It was all up at attention. He gave a little thrust and I gave a little tug. Then, Ron turned me around and had me lean over the trunk of the car. I was slippery and his cock was slippery and it was no time before he was sliding it into me from behind. Man, that felt good! It wasn't long before he was banging away and I was banging right back. We went on like this, faster and faster, harder and harder till Ron, gave a mighty groan and a mighty thrust and I felt him go in as deep as ever. This was fantastic!  
  
We both sort of collapsed on the car and were breathing hard. After we caught our breath we stood up and Ron got another blanket out of the trunk and spread it on the ground next to the car. He took the quilt and spread it on top. He went in the car and got a couple Kleenexes and a bottle of water. We took turns guzzling water and cleaning up. The night was warm and there was one of those California sunsets fading into night. We lay down on the quilt, side by side, more or less naked, looked up at the sky and were quiet for a while.  
  
"What's going on here?" Ron asked.  
  
I turned on my side and propped my head up on my hand and said, "What do you mean?"  
  
He turned toward me, propped his head up looking at me and said, "This is more than just hooking up. Not counting when we were kids we've known each other for, what? A week or two max. But I have really enjoyed being with you. The exhibitionism and sex has been so much fun! It's hard to separate that from anything else, but I really feel there is something else."  
  
I just looked at him for a bit. Then, I leaned over and kissed him gently on the lips and said, "I think so too. Maybe this is what 'compatible' feels like."  
  
"Yeah, but what's next?" he replied.  
  
"Well, there's a few weeks of summer left. Let's not worry about it. What will be, will be. And meanwhile we can just be compatible and have more fun!"  
  
He smiled and said, "I don't have a better idea so I guess that'll work!"

**Cathy's Summer Pt. 03**

The next morning, I got up and went for my run. By the time I got home and showered and came down stairs, my folks were up. Dad was off playing golf but Mom was sitting at the breakfast table reading the paper.  
  
"So, did you get anything at the mall yesterday?" she asked. I had decided to let her know rather than having to sneak in and out with my new clothes.  
  
"Yeah," I said, "just a skirt and top. They weren't very expensive but they're kind of fun. I'll show you."  
  
I went upstairs and put on the new things over a conservative bra and panties. The neck line was up and the hemline was down as much as possible.  
  
When I went back down, my mom said, "Wow, those are a little lively for you aren't they?"  
  
"A little maybe but I like the green. I think it goes with my hair and tan. Do you think the skirt makes my butt look too big?"  
  
"No, but if you gain more than about 3 ounces it will show right up. Maybe don't parade around in front of your father in those!" she said with sort of a wry smile as she went back to her paper. She looked up again briefly and said, "Although, I'm sure Ron will approve".  
  
"I hope so," I answered as I walked back toward the stairs, feeling myself blush a little.  
  
Back in my room, I slid off the panties and lost the bra and practiced in front of the mirror with my new wardrobe. I got pretty good: pulling the neckline down to just show the tops of my nipples, springing one whole boob free and covering it up again, and two handed, launching both of them and walking around with them on display. I have to admit, I was imagining being out on the street that way!  
  
Then, with the skirt, I tried to calibrate where the hem should be when I was standing to where it would be if I bent over at the waist to 'adjust the strap on my shoe' or squatted down to 'pet the puppy'. I had this down pretty good too. Well, I had to go to work soon so it was back to clothes for the real world.  
  
That night I called Ron.  
  
"How'd it go today?"  
  
"Pretty good! I caddied for 2 rounds. I'm beat but I made pretty good money. I can afford gas for the car and maybe go on a date with my sweetie..."  
  
"Well, anything's possible I suppose," I said. I knew he was a caddy at the country club. He claimed the money was pretty good but the hours were unpredictable.  
  
He asked, "How bout you? How was your day?"  
  
I told him it was pretty ordinary.  
  
"I showed my mom my new clothes. I wore them with appropriate undergarments, of course. She said she thought you'd like them. If she only knew!" We laughed. There was a little lull in the conversation and then I said, "Guess where I went today? Never mind. You'd never guess. Yes, I went to work but 2 doors down from the card store is a place called Dreamy Smooth. Do you know what that is?"  
  
"I don't know, beauty products?" he answered.  
  
"A waxing salon!" I said.  
  
He was quiet for a beat and then said, "I guess we're not talking about a candle store, huh. You mean like hair removal?"  
  
"Yup!"  
  
"So, did you...?"  
  
"No, but I checked it out. What do you think?"  
  
"Well, I'm all for it if you are!"  
  
"I thought I'd give it a try. Gotta keep up with those chicks on the internet. Here's the deal though, I can't fool around or even sunbathe for 2 days after."  
  
"That is a hardship!" He was quiet for a minute and then said, "Cathy, if you're willing to go through the, er, discomfort I'll pay the bill."  
  
"Deal!" I replied. "I actually already have an appointment for tomorrow morning. How about we get together Wednesday morning and see how things are looking?"  
  
"Aw, geez, I can't wait! I'm getting a stiffy already!" he said.  
  
"Well you'll just have to handle it by yourself!" I answered and we laughed.  
  
The waxing was just OK. It wasn't really painful and the people were really nice. When it was done, my snatch looked bare -- which I liked -- but it was kind of red and a little blotchy. They said that would go away and it did. By Tuesday morning it looked and felt pretty good. They gave me some special cream to rub on the area which I did repeatedly. I don't know if it helped but it was fun to put it on. I had to admit that I liked feeling my pussy with no hair on it. I took a couple selfies to check the view from different angles and It looked good. I could hardly wait to show Ron.  
  
I called him and he said, "So, how'd it go?"  
  
"Well, the process was not much to talk about but I'm getting to like the result."  
  
We agreed I would go over to his place the next morning and get a second opinion. I played a little trick on him. I showed up in my new top and skirt. I had on the half-bra and so I wore a sweater to keep my nips from showing too much. He met me at the door and we went into the living room. I told him to sit on the couch. They had a nice stout oak coffee table and I moved some magazines and a remote off the table to a chair. I kicked off my flip-flops and stood up on the table in front of Ron. I did a little bumping and grinding and adopted what I hoped was a sultry look. I gradually separated my legs and hoisted the hem of my skirt up till Ron could see I was wearing white cotton mary jane bloomers! I could see he was not expecting this but I kept wiggling around in front of him and gradually pulled the panties down out from under my skirt. I kicked them off and continued on, raising my skirt again. Eventually I got it up to where Ron could see I had on a pair of black bikini panties. I knew this still wasn't what he was hoping for so I slithered them off too and repeated the process. This time, I got the hem of the skirt up to my waist and I was wearing a teeny bit of a thong. Ron was writhing around on the couch whimpering by now and I could see a bulge in his shorts. This was doing a number on me too: all this displaying was giving me a tingle through and through.  
  
Leaving the skirt up, I spun around a couple times and facing away from him, I bent at the waist and did an ankle grab. Peeking at him through my legs, I could see he was going nuts! Finally, still facing away from him, I pulled the thong down while at more or less the same time lowering the hem of the skirt too. I kicked off the thong, turned to face him and still moving sexily gradually lifted the hem of the skirt. This time he was going to see a bald pussy and I disclosed it little by little by little till finally the skirt was up around my waist again. Now I moved through various poses - spread my knees and cocked a leg, squatted down and kneeled facing away from him. Finally, I sat on the table with my legs hanging over the edge.  
  
"So what do you think?"  
  
Now he got a wicked grin and said, "I think it's the best show I've ever seen! But I think I'd better take a closer look!"  
  
"Feel free", I said and snapped my knees as wide apart as I could. He came forward off the couch onto his knees and crawled toward me with his nose and tongue slowly trailing up my thighs.  
  
I could see where this was going so I said, "Don't go anywhere..." I got up and grabbed some throw pillows from the couch and positioned them on the coffee table. I sat on one at the edge of the table and laid back on some others with a leg on either side of Ron. "OK, go!" I said.  
  
He continued nuzzling up the inside of my thighs first one then the other. I lay back with my eyes closed thrilling at the sensations. He arced over my pubic area from one side to the other with a delicate touch of his nose. He transitioned to my outer pussy and I think some tongue was involved. Gradually he was getting closer to my opening with long licking strokes. "I'm lovin' the smoothness!" he murmured. He started licking around the lips still with those long strokes, first one side then the other. I was pumped up on anticipation as much as anything else!  
  
At this point, Ron lifted my legs up and positioned them up in the air. He said, "Boy are you wet! You are wet all the way to here!" With his tongue he touched a spot in my ass crack north of my anus. I liked knowing that that area too was clean and freshly waxed. Let him lick away! And he did... He licked his way back toward my pussy but he stopped at my asshole and did a few loops around it. Then he pushed with his tongue. Nothing went in but the pressure was pleasurable. He continued heading toward my pussy and was lapping right up the middle. He was licking away getting closer to my clit when I felt pressure at my asshole again. He said, "Just relax." I tried and little by little I could feel a slippery finger going into my butt hole! "Relax." He said again. I tried but this was new to me and I was a little anxious. I felt it was just a fingertip and he wiggled it around some. It did feel good the more I got used to it. He went back to lapping at my pussy, keeping the finger in place. By the time he got to my clit the sensations were overwhelming. He did a masterful job and I was quaking pretty soon. I finally came with a few squeals and bounces and just as I did, he thrust his finger in my butt just a little more and then pulled it out. What timing! It was a great sensation!  
  
I lowered my legs on either side of Ron and he laid his head on my pubic area. We were quiet for a while as we let our breathing return to normal. Finally, I sat up on the edge of the table and Ron got upright on his knees. We embraced and kissed. We had a lingering hug. I pulled back a little and we smiled at each other.  
  
"That," I said, "was worth whatever hassle and discomfort that waxing caused."  
  
He said, "I'm glad you feel that way. I loved it too!"  
  
I kissed him again and said, "Well, I better go dry off some."  
  
We got up and I noticed Ron still had a bulge in the front of his shorts. I knew something would have to be done about that but I just patted it lightly and walked to the bathroom with my stretchy skirt still up around my hips.  
  
When I got back to the living room, Ron had put the pillows back and my castoff undies were neatly folded on the table.  
  
"How sweet!" I said. "Don't let me forget those when I leave. I'd like to hear you explain them to your mom!" We laughed. Ron was sort of lying back cockeyed on the couch. I looked him in the eyes as I knelt down beside the couch. I made free with the button and zipper on his shorts and found he wasn't wearing any underwear. I tugged and he lifted his butt and we gradually got his shorts off completely. I rubbed my hands up his thighs and his dick was sort of at half-mast. I worked my hands closer to his junk then probed here and there with a finger. He was looking down watching what I was doing. I sat back a little and gave his groin a critical look.  
  
"Ya know, that's quite a bush you got goin' on there. What would you think about a little trim for you too?"  
  
"Oh, no! I'm not ready for waxing or whatever. I got some delicate things down there. I can't feature any yanking and peeling!"  
  
"No, no," I said laughing, "I just meant a trim with scissors or something."  
  
"Oh." he replied looking down.  
  
"I guess that wouldn't be terrible." He got used to the idea for a minute and then said, "Come with me."  
  
I followed his cute bare butt upstairs to the bathroom. He rummaged around in a cupboard and came out with an electric hair trimmer.  
  
"My brother used to have a beard." He said by way of explanation. "I hope it's still charged." He turned it on and it buzzed away. "OK, here's these thingies to make it trim to the right length. Which one is for pubic hair?"  
  
"Let's try this one," I said holding up the middle one of the three. I clipped it on the trimmer, held it up, looked at Ron and said, "Trust me?"  
  
"Well, ok, but the first screech or sign of blood and your outta here!"  
  
I said, "Don't worry. I won't screech."  
  
We got a big towel and he laid down on it on his bed. I started at the top, just below his waistline. I took a couple passes and paused feeling and inspecting.  
  
"I think we could use the shorter one. What do you think?"  
  
He looked and felt and said, "OK, let's try it."  
  
With the shorter one, his skin showed through more but his pubic hair was fine and not bristly. I had to keep his cock out of the way with my other hand and it was pretty firm, getting all that attention. I had him spread his legs so I could get around his ball sack.  
  
"Hey, that tickles!" he said.  
  
"No guarantee against tickling." I replied. In short order, he was much more exposed down there. I dusted off the trimmings and we pulled the towel out carefully. "OK, then. What do you think?"  
  
"Not bad," he said. "I knew a guy once who said he trimmed his pubic hair 'cause it made his dick look bigger. Maybe he was right! How do you like it?"  
  
"I think you are very well groomed!" I said as I fondled his junk with my hands. "Hang on," I said.  
  
I got some body lotion I had seen in the bathroom and brought it back to the bedroom. I put a couple squirts in my hand and started applying it to Ron's groin. I worked from his waist down and from his thighs in, massaging gently. It wasn't long before I was working on his balls and then his penis. He was laying back with his eyes closed moaning with contentment.  
  
I said, "You'd better take off your t-shirt." He was beyond questioning at this point and sat up, stripped off the shirt and lay back down. I got a few more squirts of lotion and continued working his things into a slippery lather. He continued to moan and I began to pump his cock in earnest, slowly at first and then speeding up. I enjoyed 'manning the controls' that made him give in to the sensations and I could see that he was approaching a climax. I kept up a steady pace. increasing speed only a little at a time and he was clearly enraptured. He opened his eyes, looked at me and smiled. I held his gaze and smiled back, stroking the whole time. His eyes fell shut and his body tensed. I increased the speed a little more and there he went: little convulsions of his hips as his cock spouted his white come! I kept a rhythm that matched his orgasm and gradually slowed down as the tension went out of him. Finally, he laid there seeming to be exhausted and a little dreamy.  
  
I got up and got some Kleenex and came back and mopped up the come from his belly and chest. He opened his eyes and watched me. When I had things pretty well cleaned up, he moved over on the bed and wordlessly invited me to lie next to him. I tossed the Kleenex into the wastebasket and climbed on the bed and nestled in beside him. He put his arms around me and held me tight. Neither of us felt any need to speak. We were just together. We just felt together. Then we fell asleep.  
  
Sometime later we woke up a little groggy, slightly sweaty and damp.  
  
Ron said, "What time is it? Don't you have to go to work?"  
  
"Not today," I replied, "I am at leisure. I could go for a shower though. You?"  
  
"Absolutely! Essential!"  
  
Ron got the shower going while I got out of my clothes. We lathered up and didn't do any fondling. Well, not too much anyway. He was standing behind me helping me wash my boobs, paying special attention to my nipples.  
  
"So is that what you'd call 'ass play' earlier? That was new to me," I said casually.  
  
"I guess you could call it that. Did you like it?"  
  
"Well...I was a little surprised and nervous. But...I didn't hate it. I kind of get that there are some interesting sensations there."  
  
He said, "Did you ever see any of the chicks on the internet with a butt plug? It seems to be a thing."  
  
"It never occurred to me to look. You wanna go see?"  
  
We dried off, put on some some clothes -- my skirt and top only -- it didn't take long. I tried to put my hair into some kind of shape while Ron put on his shorts and fired up the computer.  
  
Ron said, "Ya gotta be careful here. Some people put some very unpleasant looking things in their behinds. But for others, it's just a dainty little bit of naughtiness." He pulled up some images and pointed with the mouse. "Look here," he said, "These ones with a jewel on them are obviously intended to be seen by someone."  
  
There were quite a few girls lifting their skirts or just flashing their bare butts with a red or blue or diamond colored cut stone where their asshole should be. We looked as some pictures of just the plugs, like you could get them from a website.  
  
"Hmmm..." I said. "I think I've seen enough for one day. How bout we dress like normal people and do something normal today?"  
  
And that's what we did. I changed into some 'decent' clothes and we went to a drive-thru and then to the park near our houses. We had a late lunch and talked about just stuff. For a while, we didn't act like rabbits that couldn't think about anything but sex. We wound up watching TV at Ron's and didn't flinch too much when his parents came in and we were snuggling a little. Later, we shared a lingering kiss goodnight on his doorstep and then I scampered across the lawn home. Just like good kids in Anytown, USA. (Wink, wink!)  
  
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I didn't see Ron for a few days. He was dealing with school admin stuff and I had to work. I spoke with a couple girl friends on the phone. I told them about Ron but I kinda downplayed it. I certainly never mentioned our 'hobby'  
  
But from time to time, I found myself thinking about 'ass play'. The hard part to get over is that there's nothing sexy about shit. Which led me to think about it. Sometimes I'll have a poop that's 'messy' and needs a lot of wiping. Most of the time though, it just kind of shoops out with wiping only as a precaution. Still, it seems to make sense that ass play should only take place after a nice tidy poop. And then with a lot of cleanliness -- like in the shower. I found that shining the shower nozzle on my butthole felt very nice! Also, a soapy finger could slip in and out and that felt nice too. I learned that I could exercise control over my sphincter muscles and tighten or relax my 'grip' on my finger. I learned to relax for the insertion part. Taking it out of the shower, I found that K-Y jelly worked better than soap. I enjoyed some nice masturbating using a slippery finger on both hands. It was especially nice with my bald bottom all smooth and tender.  
  
A couple days later, I was wondering about the butt plug idea. I looked around for something at hand. I had a plastic shampoo bottle that had a slender neck a couple inches long and round cap like a big gumball on top. Hmmm. I lubed up the bottle top and put a dab on my asshole. I laid down naked on my bed with my legs up in the air. Next a little relaxing and inserting and -- whew! That was really a rush. I gently eased it in and out a little at a time going a little deeper each time till finally it was in up to the main body of the bottle. I practiced putting it in and out using good sphincter control. Then I rolled off the bed with the thing in me and I found that it wasn't going to fall out with that large cap. So there I was, strolling around my room with a homemade butt plug! I checked myself out in the mirror and it looked weird. But it felt good and kind of bold and naughty. Then I had another idea. I found my stretchy skirt and slipped into it. I threw on a loose fitting sweater and went down stairs. I went out to the patio and wandered around the backyard a while. My 'butt plug' was sort of dangling around my behind and every movement gave a little jolt of sensation. I looked up at Ron's upstairs window a little wistfully even though I knew he wasn't home. I decided I had to tell him about this new development and see what he thought. I was pretty sure it would turn him on too. I went back upstairs and had a good masturbation session with my new toy! This ass play was really a new dimension to sex.  
  
That night after work, I talked to Ron on the phone.  
  
"Have you ever been to a sex shop?" I asked him.  
  
"Well, I wandered through one once with one of my buddies. We weren't really shopping but just pointing and snickering and elbowing each other. Why do you ask?"

"I want to go to one," I said.  
  
"What for?" he asked a little lasciviously.  
  
"You'll have to wait and see!" I answered in the same tone. "There's one on College just the other side of the mall. What are you doing tomorrow morning?" I said.  
  
"I'm free. What time?"  
  
"I think they open at 10. How about then?"  
  
"I can't wait! I love surprises, especially your kind! See you in the morning, Babe."  
  
"Oh, so I'm a 'Babe' now am I. Well good night, Honey!" I replied with a wink.  
  
Thinking about tomorrow, I went to my closet and found my shirt dress. It was a plaid in muted blues. It was sleeveless with a scoop neckline leaving sort of wide straps over the shoulders. I put it on and checked it's viewing angles. I found that if I lifted my arms up over my head, like trying to get something off the top shelf, the hem rose up quite a bit. But it didn't reveal anything scandalous, just a lot of thigh. If I reached up and then bent over to 'adjust my shoe strap', I was still legal. I decided to raise the hem. I got some pins and with a little trial and error, pinned it up a couple inches. In the morning after the folks were gone, I pressed in the hem and sewed it. I put the dress on and now it was barely legal in the normal position. When I reached up or bent over it was panties on display or pussy on display if I left off the panties! I wore panties that morning around the house and got used to the new hemline. I found a long gold chain in my closet that I had from an old high school drama production. It had like jewelry clasps at the ends but I just looped it once and let it hang loosely around my waist with the loose ends hanging down. It made an interesting belt and cinched the dress just a little above my hips. This'll work!  
  
I wore the dress over my trusty black shelf bra and black thong, grabbed my purse and went over to Ron's. When he answered the door, I stepped right inside and closed the door. We kissed briefly and then I said,  
  
"How do you like my dress?"  
  
"Looks great!" he said, "A little short maybe..." He was grinning.  
  
"Check this out." I said. They had a full-length mirror in the entry hall. I stood with my back to the mirror, pulled Ron to me and reached up and put my arms around his neck. Looking over my shoulder into the mirror, Ron could see the effect. He kissed my ear and said,  
  
"Nice cheeks!" He reached down and while still watching in the mirror, he eased the material up a little further and whistled softly. "Yeah, I like this dress!" he said. And we headed out the door....  
  
The store, "Fun Lovin'" it was called, was pretty big and not at all sleazy-looking. It had windows with mannequins wearing sexy outfits -- nurses, French maids, etc. The people were cheerful and not intimidating in any way. We wandered around a while getting the lay of the place. Then I focused on the bras. They had a good selection and I found some more shelf bras pretty soon. I found a white one and a pink one in my size, 34B. I asked about trying them on but they said they didn't have a changing room. They said they have a liberal return policy so if I'm not happy with them just bring them back. I asked Ron if he had anything on his list.  
  
He said, "I'm looking forward to the bra variety myself. How bout you? Anything else on your list?"  
  
I plucked up my courage, turned to the sales girl and said, "What do you have in butt plugs?" I could feel myself flush and Ron caught his breath but the girl, only a little older than us, didn't bat an eye.  
  
"Follow me," she said. She took us to a separate area that had more 'intimate' items in wide variety. Lots of dildoes, a display of condoms, a lot of little bottles of lotions and lube. And sure enough, here was quite a selection of butt plugs.  
  
"Is there anything else I can help you with?" asked the girl.  
  
"Yes," I said, "what about some lube?" Ron shot me a look but I kept on. "I see about a hundred kinds over there and I don't know where to start".  
  
The girl nonchalantly said, "Any of these in this corner will be good. I can recommend this one though if you need a place to start." I think she gave me a quick wink.  
  
"Sounds good," I said and took the bottle from her. She went back to the front of the store and Ron and I examined the butt plugs. There were some unpleasantly huge ones that were hard to imagine in use but there were a lot of 'normal' ones. Some were metal, some were glass or hard clear plastic and some were rubbery material. I had my experience with the shampoo bottle to guide me and I picked one that looked like a good 'fit'. It was clear plastic with a ring on the outside as a 'handle'. That was a must for me.  
  
"OK, then, I think that will do it for me." I said. We went to the check out counter and Ron counted out the money. "You don't have to do that," I said.  
  
"Happy Unbirthday!" he replied and gave me a kiss on the cheek.  
  
As we closed the car doors Ron said, "So, do you wanna go play with your new things?"  
  
I unbuttoned a couple buttons at the top of my dress as I turned to him, exposed my right breast, looked straight at him and said, "Yes. Wanna come with me?" He turned to me, casually reached out and gently squeezed my nipple right there in the parking lot and grinning said, "Yesss!"  
  
"OK, let's go to my place." And we did.  
  
We went up to my room and I tossed my bag of goodies on the bed. I undid the chain and unbuttoned my dress and shrugged it off. Standing there in my shoes, bra and panties, I told Ron to have a seat on my desk chair. "I want to try on these new bras," I said rummaging thru the bag. Ignoring Ron for the moment, I laid out the two new ones and shed my old black one. First I tried on the white one. After some adjustment, it seemed to fit ok, but it seemed to want to ride higher on my chest making my boobs higher too. The cups were a good fit and stopped an inch below my areola. Looking in the mirror, I flicked my nipples and pinched them until they were erect.  
  
I turned to Ron and said, "What do you think?"  
  
"Lovely! I'm a fan!"  
  
"Me too," I said looking back at the mirror. "This'll work."  
  
I took off the white one and picked up the red one. I tried it on. Again, I had to adjust the straps a little but this one had some padding in the half-cup. I put it back on and it made my breasts bulge up and look a little bigger, like 'my cup runneth over'. "Not bad!" I said as I looked in the mirror. Ron came over and stood behind me at the mirror. He reached his hands around and caressed my breasts rubbing my nipples with his palms. I leaned back on his chest and enjoyed the sensation for a moment. "I like the color," he said. "It suits you." The bra was a dark valentine's day red. I got an idea. "Wait here," I said and went into the bathroom. I had some rouge, also left over from my old drama days. I opened it and it hadn't gotten all dried out. I took a dab and massaged it onto my left nipple. It wasn't bright enough to match the bra but it definitely changed the look of my nipple: redder. I put some on the other nipple and this time, went a little outside the areole slightly exaggerating the size. I made them both match and studied myself in the mirror. "What a slut you've become, Cathy!" I said to my image. I put a faint dab of rouge on my cheeks and rubbed it in. Moving sinuously (I hoped), I slinked back into the bedroom and posed in front of Ron.  
  
He smiled broadly and said "Babe, you are ready for the stage at the Kit Kat Club!"  
  
I went over, stood in front of him, put my hands on his shoulder, leaned in close and said, "Oh yeah? Looking for a lap dance, Sailor?" He took one of my hands and moved it to his lap where I found a big bulge.  
  
"What do you think, Sweetheart?"  
  
"Well, hold your horses!" I said, sort of mixing metaphors. I turned around and still slinking, I walked over to the bed swiveling my thong-clad ass. I bent over the bed and waved my ass around while I rummaged in the bag. I turned around holding the box with the butt plug and little container of lube. "Don't forget about these," I said.  
  
"Oh, I haven't," he replied.  
  
I carried them over to Ron, sat on his knee and said "Ok, lets figure this out."  
  
I opened the box and took out the plug. It was clear plastic but it was kind of rubbery material. Not rigid. The ring/handle was bendy but not stretchy. The only instructions were 'Wash thoroughly with soap and water before and after use.' I handed it to Ron and took up the lube. I squeezed out a tiny dab on my finger. I felt its slipperiness. It was slippery. I smelled it. Odorless. I tasted it. Tasteless. I gave it to Ron and he did the same. We looked at each other and shrugged.  
  
"OK, then. Watch and learn," I told him. I got up and slithered out of my thong. I took the plug to the bathroom and washed it and dried it. I sat on the edge of the bed and put a good sized dab of the lube on the plug. I rolled backward onto my back and raised my legs until my knees were almost at my shoulders and spread wide apart.  
  
"Here's the total porn shot for you," I said to Ron.  
  
"It's the best I've ever seen!" he replied with enthusiasm.  
  
He moved his chair so he was looking straight at my bottom. I took the plug and got a little of the lube on my finger and found my butt hole. I massaged the lube in just a little while relaxing my ass grip. I closed my eyes, consciously relaxed and focused on the sensation as I replaced my finger with the end of the plug. I swirled the plug end around my asshole spreading the lube. Finally, I used a little pressure and penetrated the end into me just a little. It felt good and from my previous experimentation, I was looking forward to more. I started to use an in-and-out motion fairly slowly.  
  
Keeping my eyes closed, I asked, "You still there?"  
  
"Oh, yeah!" he said. "This is so hot I'm not going anywhere!"  
  
I slowed down the thrusting but increased the pressure. I could feel my butt hole getting used to the idea and the sensation was wonderful. I let out a slight groan of pleasure. Still with a slow in-and-out, I kept increasing the pressure little by little and the point of the plug kept going in a fraction more each time. And each time the sensation was great. I was moaning softly to the rhythm by now. After a while it felt like my asshole got to a limit. Like it couldn't take any more of the plug. But it also felt like the plug wasn't getting any bigger as I pushed it in. So with my hand pushing on the plug from the outside and my muscles pushing from the inside I gave one good thrust and it was in! "Ahhhhh!" I cried. "Ooooh!" It felt wonderful. I lowered my legs so that my feet were flat on the bed with my knees up and rested for a minute.  
  
Ron said, "I take it you are a fan of ass-play."  
  
"Oh, baby, you got that right," I answered dreamily.  
  
"Now what?" he asked.  
  
"More ass-play," I said. I let my knees fall open and put my finger in my pussy.  
  
"Wet," I said as I showed him my thumb and finger slipping against each other. He started to come toward me overwhelmed with desire.  
  
"Nope!" I said holding out my hand traffic-cop style. "Not yet." He sat back again. I raised my legs in the air again and again took hold of the ring on the plug. After the bulb on the end that was in me there was an inch or two of straight shaft before a sort of disk that the ring was on the other side of. I closed my eyes again and started easing the plug in and out from where the disk hit my asshole on the outside to where the bulb started tugging on the inside. This felt heavenly and I sighed. I eased it back and forth a number of times and started tugging harder on the out stroke. I could feel the bulb stretching my ass each time and finally one good tug and it popped out. I took a look at it. Good. No poop. I put a finger against my asshole to see what it felt like. I got some more lube on my fingers and spread it on my bottom. I could feel my asshole was easier to open and I slid in a finger. Everything seemed good. No pain. I could hear Ron breathing heavily. At some point he had dropped his shorts and boxers and his cock was standing up in his lap. We looked at each other from between my widespread thighs but didn't say anything. I took the plug and again started inserting it. The whole process went faster this time and pretty soon it was in me. I lowered my legs and rolled off the bed.  
  
I stood up a little shakily but gradually found my equilibrium. I strolled around the room getting used to the feeling of having the plug in me. It was pleasant. While I was strolling, I told Ron about my experiments in ass play of the last several days. I showed him the shampoo bottle and told him about my walk in the backyard. I could see he was more or less speechless.  
  
He was shaking his head and said, "Cathy, you're too much!"  
  
I was sashaying around the room in my bra, my rouge and my butt plug. I bent over and looked at myself in the mirror thru my legs to see what the plug looked like. I bent over like that in front of Ron and said, "Give it a little tug."  
  
He did and then took up the in-and-out method he had seen me using. Again it felt great. I turned around and straddled his legs, put my hands behind his head and kissed him hard.  
  
"OK, I've got a job for you now," I told him. I got up and climbed on the bed. I was facing away from him with my knees at the edge of the bed. I flopped forward so my head and shoulders and breasts were laying on the bed with my ass in the air, plug in the middle. He got the idea immediately and came behind me and I could feel his dick sliding around my pussy lips. It wasn't long before he was easing into my pussy. I pushed back until he was all the way in and I could feel his pubic bone pushing on the butt plug. This was what I was after. The double sensations of pussy and ass were way intense. Ron got what was going on and he was ready too. We started a slow rhythm with a firm thrust each time. He pushed in and I pushed back bumping the plug against him each time and sending a jolt of the most amazing sexual pleasure I had ever felt. I normally don't come easily in this position, but I could feel it coming now. "Hang on, Baby!" I said as we picked up the pace. He was really banging me now and I was banging right back. Finally, it happened. I felt the spasm through my whole being and it was like fireworks going off. "Ooooh" I cried as shudders went through me. Ron was still banging away but I sensed that he picked up on my orgasm and sure enough, he came a moment later. "Aghghh!" he cried as his own spasm gripped him and he thrust a few more times and I knew he was filling my vagina with his hot sperm. Now this was some hot sex!  
  
He slowed down and finally pulled out. I slumped forward 'til I was laying face down on the bed. He crawled up next to me and lay on his side with an arm over my shoulders. We lay like that for quite a while. After maybe 5 minutes our breathing had returned to normal and I sensed we were dozing off.  
  
"Hey," I said.  
  
Ron opened his eyes and said, "Hey." We kissed gently and sweetly.  
  
"My head is spinning," he said.  
  
"Yeah, I know what you mean. Do you think I'm a slut?"  
  
"Well, you are a horny little vixen, but I think of a slut as someone who has sex indiscriminately with whoever comes along. I don't think that's happening. And, I think we have something more than just the hottest sex in the world. As you mentioned before, trust."  
  
"Yeah," I said and closed my eyes again and snuggled into him. I popped up and looked at the bedside clock. "Ya know, I have to be to work in a half hour," I said.  
  
"Are you gonna wear that butt plug all day?"  
  
I giggled and said, "Oooh, should I?" He just looked at me and smiled. "No," I said. "Enough for one day."  
  
I laid back down with my legs in the air and grabbed the ring. I started easing it out but my butthole had tightened up and it took some concentration to work it back out. I looked at the plug again. Good. Still no poop. I headed for the shower and said to Ron, "Babe, could you go get a couple granola bars from the kitchen? They're in the cupboard next to the fridge. We played through lunch time today."  
  
"Sure," he said, "and I'll drive you to work."