**Cathy's Summer**

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**Cathy's Summer Pt. 04**

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."

**Cathy's Summer Pt. 05**

Ron still had on the black t-shirt but he had changed into shorts. "Let's go...." He came over to me and looked at the top of the dress where I had left a few buttons undone. He took the "lapels" and spread them apart pretty much exposing my breasts. "Still in the Las Vegas spirit I see," he said. I showed him how the dress front stayed pretty well closed naturally unless someone gives it a tug or something.  
  
Walking through the lobby of their hotel, I was feeling frisky. There were a lot of people moving around and there was an atrium rising above us to where the upper floors were. I pointed up and asked Ron, "What floor are Jake and Michelle on, again?"  
  
"The room number is 1086 so probably the tenth floor."  
  
I knew lifting my arm like that was lifting the skirt hem and flashing some butt cheek. I kept my arm up and pretended to count the floors. "Well let's go see," I said and we walked to the elevators.  
  
Michelle answered our knock and we saw that she had changed too. She was wearing a pale pink camisole in a very sheer material. It was so short it barely fell below the bottoms of her breasts. It was obvious she was in Las Vegas mode too and her nipples were standing right out there in front. On her bottom was a pair of boy shorts that were so brief it was hard to know if they were underwear or not. She welcomed us in, surprising us with a hug each. They had a music system playing softly and a picture window looking out at the dark Las Vegas sky with the eternal electric glow from the ground up.  
  
"Wow!" Ron and I said together.  
  
We looked around and admired the size of the room and the bar in the corner and the huge bed with a couch and two chairs besides. Jake was over at the bar arranging glasses and bottles. "We don't usually live like this," he said. "We use points and groupons and things to get a great deal. But it's pretty rad isn't it!" He came around the bar with the ice bucket and said, "We need some ice." He had changed too and was wearing some loose silky basketball shorts. Without a shirt he was clearly well built and tanned.  
  
"I'll get it." Michelle said and took the bucket and headed for the door. Without another word we watched her pert little butt sashay out the door.  
  
A few minutes later there was a knock and since I was closest, I opened the door to let Michelle in. She was standing there with the ice bucket in one arm and with the other, she was holding a piece of ice and rubbing it around her nipple under the cami.  
  
She looked up at me and said, "That sure does the trick. Want some?"  
  
"Uh, not right now," I said.  
  
Inside, she said, "So I was standing at the ice machine trying to figure out how to work it when this older guy comes in. He was wearing suit pants and a business shirt. Looked like he just took the tie off. While he waited, I got the machine to give me some ice. Then I 'accidentally' dropped a few cubes on the floor. Good citizen that I am, I bent over like this to pick up the loose ones."  
  
She turned away from us, bent at the waist with her legs shoulder width apart and mimed picking up ice cubes. The view of her ass in the snug shorts was irresistible. But also, the cami kind of flipped up -- or down, since she was bent over -- and her boobies were exposed, at least the undersides. "I stood back up real quick, apologized and got out of there before he could say anything -- or grab anything." She was grinning and I could sense the same excitement I felt when doing that kind of thing.  
  
"Be careful..." Jake said in a concerned tone.  
  
"I'm sure it was ok," Michelle replied, "I was around the corner and out of sight before he knew what happened. I'm sure he didn't try to follow me or anything."  
  
At this point Ron piped up and said, "Well, I think you are a very talented flasher, Michelle. You and Cathy seem to be naturals at it." We all chuckled and Michelle and I shared a glance that seemed to hold some slight bond between us.  
  
Jake made us all tall Jack and Cokes and we toasted, "To adult playtime!" We all sat down on the couch with Michelle and I in the middle.  
  
Michelle said, "Well, I'm ready for some California flash photos."  
  
I realized that we hadn't added to the album since our trip to the mall. "Don't get your hopes up too high. We're kind of new at this," I said. I found the pictures on my phone and handed it to Michelle. She flipped through the dozen or so shots with Jake looking over her shoulder.  
  
"Hm, a restaurant. Nice. Ooh the furniture department. This is a good one." After a minute or so they went through them again a little more slowly. "So, you're going for the anonymity approach I see," Michelle said.  
  
"Yeah, I'm really trying not to be found out by anybody I don't want to find out," I answered.  
  
Jake said, "Michelle is the sole owner of any photos of her. I don't have any copies and I'm fine with that. But she is ok with having her face in the pictures. I think it gives them more of a frame of reference. Of course, her face is very pretty so that doesn't hurt either. Her face can express a mood or attitude that just body parts can't."  
  
"I'm sold," Ron put in. "Let's see!"  
  
Michelle got out a tablet and found the photos. She handed it to me and Ron looked over my shoulder. The first series was of Michelle on a city street, window shopping. She was wearing a dark blue print skirt, fairly short and full and the material was very light so it swung around as she walked or the breeze came up. Her top was a plain cotton blouse with loose short sleeves, very plain in front. The back, however, consisted of a couple buttons below the nape of her neck and the rest was completely open. It was clear she wasn't wearing a bra. That in itself was sexy.  
  
There were several shots of her with stores and people on the street behind her as she lifted the front of her top to various heights showing various amounts of breasts. In others, she bent over to look at something in the window while casually flashing her lovely ass by lifting her skirt. In one she was sitting on the edge of a pedestal under a statue of a general or something, while lifting one leg to work on her shoe. That caused the skirt to slide up her thigh revealing pale blue panties.  
  
"Beautiful!" Ron said with enthusiasm.  
  
I said, "Yeah, really nice work. Michelle, you look like you are enjoying yourself which is essential. And, Jake, the camerawork is great. Lighting and focus and framing. And enough background to show that Michelle is 'out there' in public. Outstanding!"  
  
"Thanks!" Michelle said and she was beaming a little with pride.  
  
"It's the first time we ever showed them to anyone. Glad you like them." Jake said, "Well, these are the best ones. A ton of the shots went in the trash. But the more we practice the better we get, huh, Babe." He nudged Michelle.  
  
The next series was set in what looked to be high desert and it looked like they were on a hike. In the first one, Michelle was wearing a sports bra and spandex workout shorts and running shoes. She had a little backpack on. As we went to the next shots, the bra was gone and she was in various poses showing her tits to great advantage. The sunlight and shadow were striking and made for some very artistic shots. The next one showed Michelle hiking away up a trail with the backpack and shoes on and nothing else, again displaying her firm butt and well-toned legs.  
  
"So this is how you get your 'all over' tan," I commented.  
  
"It's one way," she chuckled.  
  
The next one surprised us a little. It was a shot of Michelle and Jake, standing on a rock out crop, facing the camera, each with one arm around the other, backpack straps and shoes the only adornments. Jake, it turns out had and 'all over' tan too! Michelle had a small patch of pubic hair over an otherwise bare pussy and Jake had a nice-looking cock that wasn't standing up at all.  
  
"So, who took this one?" Ron asked.  
  
"A little tripod and time delay," Jake replied.  
  
I put in, "We went to a nude beach a while back but we weren't into the photography at the time. It's nice being outside naked though, isn't it?"  
  
The next shots were of Michelle and emphasized her womanly parts. Some were plainly pussy shots and even her asshole got some exposure. She had rather plump pussy lips that were a color that matched her dark nipples.  
  
"I think the camera loves you, Michelle," I said.  
  
"Thanks," she replied and she seemed proud of her portfolio.  
  
I glanced at Ron and said, "What do you think, there, cowboy?"  
  
"Well, as a connoisseur of female exhibitionists, we're talkin' world class here!"  
  
The drink was making me a little excited as well, and I reached over and put my hand on Ron's crotch. "Oh, I see!" I said, as I felt his dick was swollen some.  
  
"Hey!" he said as I massaged it around a little so that it was sticking up inside his shorts.  
  
Jake said, "Yeah, that happens to me sometimes too." And with that he got up, held out his glass and said, "Who's ready?" The three of us raised our hands. As he walked toward the bar, it was plain he was having the same problem as Ron. Not the full 'tent pole' but a noticeable bulge in front.  
  
With the fresh round in front of us, we took up the tablet again.  
  
Michelle said, "We're short of oceanfront beach in Arizona but we have a bend in the river that is clothing optional. This next group was taken there." The setting looked like a beach but with a river in the background rather than ocean. There was sand all around with people on blankets and in beach chairs. A few umbrellas. A lot of the girls were topless and some of the guys and girls were bottomless as well. It looked like the same mix we saw at the Pacific.  
  
Away from the water it got grassy and and there was tall brush. The first picture of Michelle was of her heading toward the camera on a path through the grass. She was wearing a light blue shirt that looked like it might have been Jakes along with some loose black shorts. In subsequent frames she gradually took off the shirt to reveal an electric blue micro bikini top. It was stunningly small. It was a string around under her breasts with a couple more strings looping up toward her nipples with a very small strip of fabric barely covering her areolas supported by another string going around her neck. In each new shot she was closer to the camera and changing her position slightly to emphasize her lovely chest and catch the sunlight in different ways. She always had an engaging smile which really made them stand out for me. I'd have to remember that if Ron and I got photographical again.  
  
The camera dropped back again and Michelle gradually lowered her shorts. The bottom was every bit as tiny. It was a string around her hips with a loop dipping down below her pubic patch and another barely visible piece of fabric presumably leading to a thong headed up the back. Thus attired, she assumed various poses that showed her beautiful tan body and hints of her most private places. Then, oops! There would be a nipple that got loose. Then another one.  
  
Then the top straps were cast aside as she got down on the blanket and rolled around tanning various secret places in the bright sun. In a couple shots the small patch of fabric covering her pussy lips slipped aside and there she was, showing it all again. In my opinion, this is as good as pornography gets!  
  
"Wow!" I said.  
  
We talked about the art of nude photography for a bit and then Michelle said, "So what do you want to do now?"  
  
I was even more excited by the photos and the whiskey so I undid a another button at the top of my shirt-dress and I said, "Well, we could go down stairs and flash some unsuspecting tourists."  
  
Jake and Ron just grinned but Michelle said, "Or, we've got a couple of tourists right here that might do." And with that, she stood up, walked around the coffee table to face the couch and lifted her camisole to flash her boobs at the three of us, gave them a shake and dropped her top again. As if on cue, we all three applauded and Michelle did a demure stage curtsy. Then she said, "What do you think, Cathy?"  
  
I got up and said, "Don't go away." I went to the chair where my shoulder bag was sitting, bent over briefly displaying a little butt cheek, picked up the bag and walked to the bathroom, closing the door behind me.  
  
I got some things out of my bag: the rouge, my butt plug and the lube. I undid the chain around my waist and hung it on the door hook. Then off with the dress and I was standing there in just my shoes. Looking in the mirror, I applied a little rouge to each of my nipples. Buzzed as I was, it felt real good and they popped up and seemed to buzz as well. This time, I was a little heavier with the rouge, tending more toward the 'hooker at 2:00am'. Maybe I was getting carried away but I rubbed a little into my cheeks and then just a touch running between the outer lips and inner lips of my pussy. Just a touch.  
  
Then I lubed up the plug, lifted my leg putting my foot on the counter top and found my asshole with the end of the plug. I massaged my anus with the end of the plug and gradually increased the pressure, thrusting the plug a little deeper each time. It felt so good I was feeling delirious. Finally, it eased all the way in with a flood of satisfying sensation. I moved it around some to get it seated and comfortable.  
  
Putting my foot back on the floor, I gave myself a wicked grin in the mirror and put the dress back on. I buttoned all the buttons. Then, I took the chain and looped it in half putting the loose ends thru the loop around my waist as before. But this time, I took the loose ends and ran them between 2 buttons on my dress just below my waist. I ran the two ends thru the loop/handle on the butt plug. It took a little jockeying but I got the clasp on one end hooked to a link back up toward my waist so there was a little tension on it.  
  
I looked in the mirror and saw the effect I was looking for. First, there was the loose end hanging just below the hem of my dress. (Where did that go?) Then, with some kagel action, I could make the chain move a little at my waist. I thought that might be intriguing. All this tugging and kageling was feeling very nice, too. My last inspiration was to take a little charm off my key ring - it just happened to be an elephant. I hooked the clasp of the loose chain-end to the elephant and now had a little more swinging action. OK, let's see what the audience thinks! I sashayed back into the room, picking up the rhythm of the background music Jake had playing.  
  
I was surprised by what I saw. Michelle was sitting on the couch between the two guys. She was holding her camisole up above her boobs and Jake was fondling her left one and Ron was doing the same to the right one! She had her eyes closed and a dreamy expression on her face while the guys were intent on their tasks.  
  
"Whoa, what have we here?" I asked.  
  
Ron looked at me only slightly guiltily and smiling said, "Michelle here wanted to show us a couple of her things. And lovely things they are, too, wouldn't you say?"  
  
I agreed that they were and said, "Well, maybe I'll show you some of my things, how about that?" They all cheered and sat up and Michelle let her top drop back down.  
  
As all eyes trained on me, I could feel the music and the drinks and walked over so I was just the other side of the coffee table from the couch. I closed my eyes and started to sway. I did a slow turn so the little elephant could swing around the backs of my thighs and maybe catch their attention.  
  
I pretended not to hear their comments: "Hey, what's that?", "What's it connected to?"  
  
I acted like I was swaying around in my own world and they caught on and acted like they were voyeurs looking in. I turned back to face them and let them focus on the chain going into my dress front. Now, I kageled my bottom and made the chain twitch. "Ooh!" I heard. I gave a couple of bumps or slow hip-thrusts and kageled some more.  
  
"Oooh!" I heard again. Now I started undoing buttons on the top of my dress. I got a couple undone and reached in and released my right tit.  
  
I still had my eyes closed but I heard Ron say, "Look at the rosy glow of her nipple!" "Yeah!" said the other two. I undid a couple more buttons, down about to my waist and let out my other tit.  
  
"Oooh yeah!" I heard from my audience. Still swaying with my eyes closed I dreamily massaged my boobs and pinched my nipples. At this point it wasn't just for show -- it was feeling pretty good!  
  
Considering I was tipsy, the next move was a risk: I stepped up onto the coffee table. The audience scrambled to get the glasses and phones and things out of the way. I continued swaying and massaging and swinging my little charm around as they sat back on the couch. I wasn't exactly sure what this new angle did for the view from the couch. I knew from experience how to raise the hem of this dress, though. I clasped my hands together and slowly raised them into the air until they were over my head. It afforded the audience a view of chains coming and going. It also had the effect of tensing the chain up and tugging on the butt plug. Ooo. Then, I slowly spun around facing away from them still with my hands in the air.  
  
"Oh! A butt plug!" I heard Michelle say, "Cool." Someone clapped. Then, I bent over at the waist giving them a pretty good ass-view. I waved my ass back and forth so the little elephant was swinging and then I held still and flexed my muscles to make the plug twitch in and out.  
  
"Woo-hoo," I heard from Jake. I stood back up and turned around. Now, I started with the bottom buttons and gradually got the dress all open. It was just held in place by the chain going around my waist. That had the effect of holding the dress open all the way down the front. By now I was really getting into stripper mode and enjoying gyrating around with it all hanging out.  
  
As I was rotating around I opened my eyes to survey the 'audience'. I could see signs of arousal in the guys shorts and Michelle was rubbing Jakes thigh. I closed my eyes again and tried to hoist my dress up in back to free it from the chain around my middle. I knew this was an awkward move and I had to sort of wrestle it up and out from under the chain. I finally got it so the dress was hanging outside the chain. I just let it fall from my shoulders and then I cast it aside.  
  
So, there I was, gyrating around in just a chain with an elephant on the end and a butt plug! I let my hands wander around my skin in a titillating (wink, wink) fashion. I put my feet a ways apart opening my thighs and fiddled with the chain, tugging and pulling it tight along my pussy lips. The other end was still hooked to the butt plug so it was sending shivers up me at each tug.  
  
Now I noticed that somehow Jakes shorts were down to his knees and Michelle was stroking his dick. And Ron was rubbing his cock thru his shorts. The two guys were looking at me but Michelle was looking at Ron as if she were trying to decide something. She looked at me and gestured with her head and eyes toward Ron's lap.  
  
She had a questioning look and I gave her a nod and said, "Sure."  
  
I continued with my 'act' while Michelle got Ron to lower his shorts springing his dick from captivity. Now Michelle had a dick in each hand and was stroking slowly in time with the music and my swaying!  
  
"Whew!" I thought, "Is this really happening?"  
  
I suppose it was the whiskey but I really felt like a different person living out my fantasy. I stepped down to the floor between the table and the couch, more or less right in front of Michelle. I turned around facing away from her and bent over at the waist and leaned on the table giving them a closeup of my ass with its accessories. I felt someone's hand on the inside of my thigh and someone was also tugging on the elephant. I gyrated my ass around and I felt more hands fondling and playing around. It felt great! One hand was on the inside of each thigh and another was on each of my buns, massaging away. But some fingers were fiddling around with my pussy lips and that was really getting my attention.

I looked back underneath me, past my hanging boobs and saw that it was Michelle working the middle! This was the first time I'd ever had a girl touching me down there but between her expert touch and my ecstatic state I was past any qualms. Gradually, her hands were more probing and I could tell I was real wet and slippery. She was teasing up and down along my pussy lips and edging toward my clit and slipping a finger into me alternately.  
  
I was just slowly swaying my ass around and enjoying it all when Michelle said, "Don't go anywhere." I had no intention of going anywhere. She climbed out of the 'crowd' and stripped off her camisole as she walked past in front of me. She rummaged around in an overnight bag and walked back carrying a big pink dildo. She held it so it was obvious to me as she walked past without saying anything.  
  
I said, "Uh-oh," but I didn't really mean it. She settled back in between the guys and the fondling started again. But this time there was a battering ram and I could feel it poking around my door. Slippery as I was, it opened pretty easily and I could feel the pressure as the big thing made its way into me: a little ways in, a little ways out, then a little more in and so on. Somebody was manipulating the butt plug to the same rhythm and the two made me feel very full and I was quickly tipping toward an orgasm.  
  
I started to whimper. Then a finger found my clit and boom! I went off like a cherry bomb! I squealed and shuddered and after a few seconds, I dropped forward with my forearms resting on the coffee table and my ass still in the air behind me. I realized that my legs were pretty tired too and after a few more seconds I shakily stood up. Michelle had the end of the dildo and eased it out of me.  
  
I turned around and smiling at the three on the couch said, "Now that's what I call Audience Participation!"  
  
"After all that help, is there anything I could do for any of you?" I asked.  
  
"Sure!" said Jake.  
  
"I can think of a few things!" said Ron. Michelle, in the middle just raised her hand sort of shyly.  
  
"Michelle?" I called on her.  
  
"Would you make love with me, Cathy?"  
  
"Ooh, yeah!" said Jake.  
  
Ron and I were momentarily taken aback. I looked at Ron and he smiled slightly and nodded. I looked back at Michelle and said, "I have never done it with a girl before. I don't know...."  
  
Michelle said, "Well I have. Catholic girls' school you know. I have a feeling you'd be good at it."  
  
"Well, ok, I guess I could try. But what about these guys?" I asked gesturing.  
  
"Oh, we'll just sit here quietly, won't we Ron?" said Jake.  
  
Ron said, "Sure we will," and nodded his assurance.  
  
"Ok, then!" Michelle said and got up and put her arms around me making our boobs touch. Sort of reflexively but tentatively, I put my arms around her too and she kissed me lightly and quickly on the lips.  
  
I broke the embrace and said, "Well maybe somebody could freshen my drink while I go freshen up some too." Jake got up and collected glasses and made for the bar and I made for the bathroom.  
  
There, I untangled my chain, popped out the butt plug and sat down for a pee. I washed the plug and set it on the counter to dry. I took a washcloth to my face and then my nether regions. I looked at myself in the mirror and saw my flushed face.  
  
"Boy, you are in it tonight, aren't you?" I said to my reflection. I ran my fingers through my hair which wasn't too badly out of place. I realized I didn't have any clothes in there with me and then thought, "What the hell? What does a nudist like me need with clothes for a sex orgy?" I sashayed out of the bathroom and Ron was sashaying around in just his tee-shirt, no bottoms. Jake was completely naked. Their peckers were still somewhat swollen but weren't what you'd call raging hardons. Michelle, still dressed only in her cute little boy-shorts headed into the bathroom as Jake handed me a fresh Jack and Coke. I was pretty thirsty and took a long pull.  
  
"So, Jake, is this what you guys usually do in Las Vegas?" I asked.  
  
He grinned and said, "I wish! We only had one other group sex event and that was back in Arizona. Meeting you guys was just a miracle. I hope it's ok with you."  
  
Ron and I looked at each other, clinked glasses and he said, "Works for me!"  
  
Michelle came out of the bathroom still in just the shorts. The guys were sitting on the couch and I sat on the foot of the bed with the coffee table in between. Michelle came over to me and took the drink from my hand and set it on the coffee table. She took my hands in hers and raised me up off the bed to stand right in front of her. Then she put her hands on my hips and pulled me toward her till our thighs and bellies touched. She leaned her top half forward until our tits were in range of each other. Swaying back and forth she had our nipples flicking each other and all four started to stand up proud.  
  
I knew that in other circumstances I would be nervous as hell but here and now, I was very relaxed and enjoying the ride. Again, I closed my eyes and just enjoyed the sensation. Next, I could feel Michelle's breath on my face and felt her lips very tenderly touch mine. We rubbed our lips together lightly like we had done with our nipples. Gradually, our lips began working a little and the touch was more of a kiss. It wasn't long before our lips were opening and the tips of our tongues were starting to play. Within minutes, I was French-kissing a girl!  
  
"Not bad," I thought.  
  
Michelle then lay down on the bed on her back and struck an inviting pose. I got onto the bed on my hands and knees and crawled up beside her. Putting one hand on the other side of her chest, I lowered my chest down to hers so our nipples were touching again. I moved around dragging my nipples over her boobs as she looked up with an encouraging smile.  
  
Thinking to give her the same pleasure I experience with guys, I ducked down and kissed her nipple very lightly at first. While she watched what I was doing, her nipple hardened up again, this time in my mouth. I found this gratifying and proceeded to kiss and suck harder. Then I grabbed her boob with my hand so I could squeeze it with the nip standing up on top. I sucked with an open mouth and got quite a bit of her boob in. I found that I could flick her nipple with my tongue and she gave a little satisfied murmur. I then started with a similar treatment of her other breast. This time I thought to gently drag my teeth across her firm bud. This got a little more of a murmur.  
  
Alright, I thought, this is where the guy kisses down my belly toward the promised land. I started doing that: kissing and dragging my tongue along the underside of her boobs, down the middle of her tummy, along her rib cage till I got to her hip bones which were right where the elastic of her shorts went across.  
  
Changing tactics, I then reached over and took her leg behind the knee and brought it up so it was suspended over her. I kissed her knee while my hand ran up and down the back of her thigh. When my hand ran down, it got to the hem of her shorts which was basically her ass. I slipped my little finger inside the hem and gave her thigh a squeeze. Then, I started moving kisses up the inside of her thigh. I even occasionally gave her lovely flesh a little love bite. I hoped I was doing a good job for Michelle but I knew I was getting into this. I was doing what I knew would make me feel good and there was a satisfaction in giving that pleasure to another woman.  
  
I stopped long enough to look at the boys and saw they were both holding rather stiff boners in their laps. They nodded encouragement and I turned back to Michelle. This time I pulled her other leg up so it was wide open on the bed. I ran my hand up and down the inside of this thigh too but occasionally bumping my hand against her cotton covered pussy lips. I could see and feel that the material was quite damp so I must be doing something right. I pushed her other leg down so it was laying on the bed, knee out, on the other side in a pretty wide open way. In fact, the shorts were so short that I could see pussy lips peeking out each side at the crotch.  
  
I continued kissing her thighs gradually working my way toward the middle. Finally, I nuzzled the very crevice between thigh and pussy with my nose and tongue, first one side then the other. This got a more pronounced murmur. Now, I thought, was a good time to get these pants out of here. I pushed her legs to a straightened position and got a hold of the top of the shorts and started tugging them down. Michelle helped and soon they were on the floor.  
  
Her legs were still straight, knees together as I put a hand on her thigh and admired her pussy. There was a short, brief patch of brown hair high up but her lips were smooth and bare. Her darker inner lips protruded quite a bit and seemed lush and wet. I let my hand wander its way toward her sex and lightly dragged my fingertips around. I more pointedly pushed toward the middle and nudged her lips first this side and then the other. My finger started burrowing into her lush lips finding a slippery moistness. This made it easy to drag my finger up and down. The reach was limited by her thighs being together so I nudged them apart. At this suggestion, Michelle raised her knees and swung her feet wide on the bed opening her pussy and what was that? Peeking out from her bottom was the loop handle of my butt plug!  
  
"Hey," I said, "How did that get there?"  
  
She said, "I saw it on the counter and I couldn't resist. I hope you don't mind."  
  
I laughed and said, "Not at all. It might even make my job here easier. Here, show the boys." And with that I pushed her knees up toward her shoulders, spreading her ass and making the plug plainly visible. I gestured to the guys as if I were a TV hostess saying 'Voila!'  
  
Ron was speechless and Jake rolled over on the couch and mumbled, "Oh, my God!"  
  
I turned back to Michelle's bottom and started flicking the ring on the plug which I knew sent little sensations into her. I gave it a tug and pulled it out a fraction of an inch and let go. I could see she gave her asshole a squeeze and it eased back in. I did that several more times, pulling it out and she pulled it back in. We started to get a rhythm going and Michelle began to moan in unison with the pulling. At this point, I just more or less dove into her wet pussy and started running my tongue up and down. All the while I kept the pulling going on the plug but I was all over her with my mouth. I sucked her lush lips into my mouth and tongued her everywhere I could. Michelle was moaning louder. Of course, I knew where her clitoris was and finally I started paying it close attention with my tongue. I made a real effort to coordinate my tongue with the motion of the butt plug and she started to shudder and moan louder. It didn't take long at this before she came, bucking her hips in the air as she gripped my spare hand that was resting on her tummy. I kept the licking and plugging but slowed it down to ease her back to reality. Finally we both just sort of collapsed.  
  
After we laid there catching our breath for a minute, I crawled up beside her and asked, "So, did I do OK?"  
  
She rolled toward me and hugged me fiercely. "Oh, Girlfriend, you got it!"  
  
After a minute of peaceful resting we heard, "Hey, what about us?" from the couch. Michelle and I opened our eyes and looked at each other.  
  
She said, "Yeah, what about 'Los Lonely Boys' over there?"  
  
"Hm," I said. We sat up and looked at them. They mimed looking sad and lonely as they sat there with their withering schwantzes in their hands. Michelle and I got up off the bed and I put my arm around her shoulder and she put hers around my waist and we stood there looking at the guys.  
  
"I like the look of the one on the right with the all-over tan," I said.  
  
Michelle said, "I like that tall one with the curly hair."  
  
The guys looked at each other and grinned so I guess they had no objections. And just like that, we had swapped partners.  
  
"What should we do with them?" I asked Michelle.  
  
"BJ's?" she suggested.  
  
"I think they deserve them," I replied. "They have been patient with us long enough."  
  
Michelle said, "Uh, I'll be right back," and headed for the bathroom.  
  
I went over to where Jake was sitting and leaned over and put my hands on his thighs and planted a sloppy kiss on his mouth, knowing that Michelle's essence was very evident. He kissed me back with a lot of licking and sucking so I knew he took my meaning. I stood up and looked around and found my glass and took a drink of the still chilled but somewhat diluted mixture. I needed that. Jake took the hint and got up and freshened everybody's drinks with ice, Coke and whiskey.  
  
By then, Michelle emerged from the bathroom and gratefully accepted the cold one. I knew we were all buzzed but we were drinking slowly enough that nobody was stumbling or slurring. I knew too that for me, the drink had freed me to engage in some pretty fun things that I would have trouble imagining in the cold sober light of day. The Las Vegas effect?  
  
By now, Michelle had gotten Ron to stand up and was helping him off with his t-shirt. When they were both naked they embraced and kind of writhed around each other feeling their nudity. Michelle took Ron over to the bed and pushed him down on his back. I saw her climbing onto the bed with Ron as I turned to Jake who was back sitting on the couch. I leaned over him again and climbed on his lap. I knelt facing him with him between my thighs. He put his hands on my hips and I took his head in my hands and kissed him again, not so sloppy this time.  
  
"Mmm, Jack & Coke," I murmured. I leaned in a little further and let my nipples rub around on his light matting of chest hair. He took his hands from my hips and started playing with my tits. I watched as he fondled and rubbed and pinched and tweaked.  
  
He looked up at me and smiled and said, "Lovely!"  
  
As he was doing that, his dick was standing up again. I reached down between us and did a little fondling and rubbing of my own. This caused him to close his eyes and moan a bit. To get a better grip, I backed away and wound up straddling his right thigh. I rubbed myself on his thigh and I could sense that I was still wet and slipped back and forth on his leg. This felt pretty good to me but I kept my focus on his cock which was straining stiff by now.  
  
I got off him and shoved his right leg till it was straight along the couch while his left foot was still on the floor. This gave me good access to his junk and I got on my knees beside the couch and started in. I had a good grip on his dick with my right hand while I played with his balls with my left. I then took the head into my mouth tried to keep all three contacts active: sliding one hand up and down, fondling with the other and sucking and tonguing with my mouth.  
  
This elicited some "Ohhh's" and "Ahhh's" from Jake. I gradually took more and more into my mouth and worked my tongue around right under the head where I knew it was most sensitive. Finally, his hips started twitching and I knew he was close. I swallowed as much of his penis as I could and worked my tongue as hard as I could at the same time.  
  
Then, "Ooooo!" he said as I could feel him throbbing in my mouth and I just started swallowing as fast as I could. The throbbing slowed and ejaculation subsided and his cock lost its absolute rigidity. I looked up at him and took him from my mouth. He was laying back on the arm of the couch with his eyes closed and a sheen of sweat on his forehead. I got up from where I knelt there by the couch and again leaned over him. He opened his eyes as I kissed him again, and again it was a wet sloppy one with his cum still in my mouth.  
  
He wasn't as enthralled with this move and I pulled back and said, "Sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose."  
  
He smiled hazily and rolled onto his side, head on a throw pillow and made room for me to lie next to him. I grabbed a bar towel that was on the coffee table and mopped at his now limp dick. Once he was fairly clean I grabbed my drink and took a swig sort of as a rinse. Jake took one too. Then I laid down next to him with my butt tucked into his groin and his arm around my rib cage, hand on my breast. We were asleep within a couple of breaths.  
  
The next thing I remember, I had a crick in my neck, my eyes opened to slits, the lights were still on, I could hear the iPod still playing away, there were a couple mounds motionless on the bed and my mouth was dry. I sat up and surveyed the scene a little more thoroughly. Glasses, clothes, pillows all in disarray. Jake stirred behind me and I stood up. He rolled the other way and quieted down.  
  
I was glad to find several bottles of water in the mini-fridge. I grabbed one and headed for the bathroom. I found my bag and fished around till I came upon some ibuprofen. I took one and slugged down a half a cup of water. I sat on the toilet, peeing and drinking water. I washed my face and ran a brush through my hair. I collected up my stuff which included a freshly washed butt plug -thank you Michelle- and the lube. Back out in the room, I put on my dress and shoes and found Ron's clothes. I presented him with a bottle of water and a pill as I woke him.  
  
His eyes popped open but he said "Ohhh," and immediately closed them again.  
  
I said quietly, "C'mon Romeo, we gotta go".  
  
"What time is it?" he asked.  
  
I squinted at the bedside clock. "2:37."  
  
"Ohhh," he said again. He sat up, took the pill and a lot of water. He found his clothes and headed for the bathroom. I tidied up some while he was in there. Michelle had the sheet over her but sensed our activity. She sat up and I sat on the edge of the bed and handed her a bottle of water and a pill.  
  
She ran her hands trough her hair and said, "Thanks" as she took the pill and guzzled. She smiled at me and put out her hand and caressed my cheek. "Wow," she said.  
  
"Yeah, wow," I replied. I reached out and gently cupped her breast, lightly pinching her nipple with my thumb and forefinger. Ron came out and I stood up. I went over and pried Jake up off the couch, gave him the water and ibuprofen treatment and walked him to the bed where he flopped in next to Michelle. Ron kissed Michelle and moved toward the door. I kissed Jake's cheek and Michelle rolled his way and kissed his other one. Ron and I let ourselves out and turned out the light as we left.  
  
We trudged through the hotel lobby, past the jangling casinos and out to where the car was parked. On the way back to our motel Ron and I were foggily trying to process the experiences we had just had.  
  
"Boy, that was something, huh."  
  
"Yeah, it sure was." We got back to our room, brushed our teeth and before lying on the bed we hugged for several moments. I felt some reassurance from that for some reason. We flopped in bed and it was lights out all around.

**Cathy's Summer Pt. 06**

I woke in the morning to the sound of Ron coming into the room. He had little tray with coffee, some yogurt cups and muffins.  
  
"Good morning, Babe," he said softly.  
  
"Mmm", I replied. He brought me a cup of coffee as I sat up in the bed. I was a little skeptical but I took a sip and it was quite good. "You're a good provider," I said with a smile.  
  
"It's an honor to be of service, madam," he replied.  
  
We sat drinking the coffee for a bit and then I said, "What time is it?"  
  
"About half past 11."  
  
"I really need a shower. Join me?" I said.  
  
"I'm with you," he replied.  
  
"Give me a minute," I said and headed into the bathroom. Once the shower was going I called, "Come on in. The water's ...wet!" Ron joined me and we helped lather each other and there was a lot of caressing. But it was tender instead of heated. Like we had a renewed bond of some sort. We dried off, Ron put on a pair of shorts, I wrapped myself in a towel and we sat at the little table in the corner of the room. We dabbled at the coffee, yogurt and muffins and gradually got to feeling sort of normal again.  
  
"So, how 'bout those new friends of ours?" I asked.  
  
Ron stopped chewing and looked up at me for a moment before saying, "Yeah, they are what you might call 'far out'."  
  
I thought about this for a bit and said, "Do you think that's what they're saying about us?"  
  
He smiled and said, "Yeah, could be. One thing is for sure: you were far out last night!"  
  
"Did it bother you? Me playing the stripper?"  
  
"No," he said quickly, and then after more thought, "It's weird: Its like we were on the same wavelength as Jake and Michelle and wild as it was, it felt kind of natural, you know? Not sordid or depraved or anything. Just very sexy fun!"  
  
"I totally agree." I said, "The strip show or whatever you want to call it freed me to display myself to the max without being afraid of getting caught or offending an innocent bystander. I knew the 'audience' was on the same page as me. Would I want to do that on a bigger stage in front of a lot of strangers? That's another question..."  
  
Ron, said "Well, I'm not an experienced connoisseur of strip shows but you sure looked talented to me. What about making it with Michelle? That was really hot but did you like it?"  
  
I responded slowly and said, "I did. But not in the way of lusting after a partner. It was an opportunity and I enjoyed giving pleasure to a female from a place of personal knowledge. Who better than a woman to know how to work the female erogenous zones. But it wasn't as though I was dying to make love with a woman the way I feel about you, say. It was just something that happened. Did it bother you?"  
  
"No, as I said it was hot. As long as you don't dump me and become a full-time lesbo, I'm cool with it."  
  
"Yeah well, what about that blowjob Michelle gave you? Are you about to dump me and go steal her away from Jake?"  
  
"No way!" he said, "I'll tell you a little secret if you promise not to tell anyone."  
  
"Ok, I promise."  
  
"Your blowjobs are way better. In fact, I hope Jake doesn't come pounding on the door looking for another one!"  
  
I stood up and the towel fell off me. I went and sat on Ron's lap and said, "You sure know how to give a girl a compliment!" We kissed quickly and I leaned my head on his shoulder. "We've come a long way, Baby," I said.  
  
"We sure have," he answered.  
  
"So, what should we do today?" I asked. He turned over a card that I hadn't noticed laying on the table. I picked it up and read, "Tops Optional Sunbathing at our Luxury Swimming Pool -- Noon to 6:00 Saturdays. Free admission to registered guests."  
  
"Really?" I said, "at our ordinary little motel?"  
  
"So it says," he replied, "I guess ordinary things are different in Las Vegas. Are you interested?"  
  
I said, "Well, I could do that. It would freshen up our tans and wouldn't tax our energy too much."  
  
We contemplated for a minute and then looked at each other and I learned we both had the same idea when he said, "Should we invite Jake and Michelle over? It seems like their kind of thing."  
  
"I can't see the harm," I said, "We'll just be laying there in public. Of course, later on, who knows..."  
  
Ron and I arranged 4 lounges together and put towels on them. Jake and Michelle said that they would find us here. I looked around and saw that the pool area was surrounded by a combination of walls, tall shrubbery and high fencing. The pool and pool deck were visible to the upstairs rooms but I didn't see any gawking kids or clergy. Ron had his Speedo trunks under board shorts and I had my white 'sunning' bikini under my sheer cover-up. There were a lot of people around but it seemed pretty low key. Surprisingly, most of the women had their tops on. Just a smattering were topless and they were laying face down on the lounges. I felt like I should set an example.  
  
"Let's go," I said and took off my coverup and bikini top. Ron dropped his board shorts and we immediately treated each other to a coating of sunscreen. It was plain from the tan on my boobs that this wasn't exactly new to us. I could see out of the corner of my eye, a couple a few yards away having an earnest but quiet discussion. Finally, apprehensively, I thought, the girl undid her bikini top and set it aside. She sort of concealed her chest with her arms but the guy was smiling.  
  
Ron took my hand in his and said, "Let's check it out." We strolled a lap around the pool seeing people and being seen. There was a basic portable bar at one end under a big sun umbrella. Other that some music coming from several loudspeakers there wasn't much to it. I did feel that I was more on display than when we were at the nude beach. This crowd wasn't as 'liberated' and I felt they were admiring my freedom as much as my feminine charms.  
  
Being young, fit and attractive as we were, Ron and I were almost poster kids for topless Las Vegas. While there were a lot of younger people, couples and groups of guys, there were also older fat people there to get an eyeful. None of them looked dangerous so I obliged them by keeping my breasts on full display. I could feel that little tingle inside as I felt their glance 'painting' my skin. I could feel my nipples stand up.  
  
We returned to our lounges and laid out for a while getting hot and tan. I sensed a shadow and opened my eyes.  
  
"Good morning, Porn Stars!" Michelle said. Ron and I stood and greeted our guests with hugs and fist bumps.  
  
"Whoa, nice bottoms!" Jake said, admiring Ron's Speedo and my bikini, both barely reaching the top of our butt cracks. Jake was wearing board shorts and an unbuttoned Hawaiian shirt. Michelle had on a very short wraparound skirt coverup and a see-thru shirt over a turquoise bikini top. She also was carrying a tote bag.  
  
She indicated the bag and said, "Cathy, would you mind if we went up to your room to change?"  
  
I wondered what kind of change she imagined but I said, "Sure." I put my top back on and grabbed my coverup and said to the guys, "There better not be two new bimbos on these lounge chairs when we get back!" We all laughed and Michelle and I headed for our room.  
  
When the door was closed behind us, Michelle looked at me earnestly and said, "So, how are you guys with last night?"  
  
I said, "We talked about it some this morning and really, we're good with it. I hate to keep using the same expression over and over but it seems like 'we're on the same page'. Sort of a miracle, it seems."  
  
"Good," she said, "Jake and I feel the same. What about the girl-on-girl action?"  
  
"Well, I kind of liked it. And I'm sure the guys did too. I'm not ready to dump Ron and take the lesbian pledge, though. Have you done that before?"  
  
"Not recently. A few years ago, I had some roommates that were experimenting with it. It was nice but there's just something about a muscular guy with a nice stiff cock that's hard to replace."  
  
I chuckled and said, "I hear you, Sister!"  
  
"So," she said, "I brought some stuff." And with that she dumped the contents of the tote bag on the bed. There was a jumble of a lot of strings and a little fabric.  
  
"What have we here?" I asked as I poked at the pile.  
  
She said, "I never told you what kind of 'retail' I work in. It's an adult store. Sex toys, condoms, lubricants and of course, lingerie. And skimpy bathing suits. Some of these are samples I can get for free. If I buy anything I get a good discount. I thought I'd like to consult with you to decide how much of our private parts to 'exhibit' here at your motel. I know topless is ok but how close to bottomless is ok? I wouldn't mind flashing a little pussy but I don't want to cause a scene or have them call security. Looking around down there, I suspect we're the most advanced exhibitionists in the place. Maybe we could show some of those other babes how to up their game and give some of the guys something to remember Las Vegas with."  
  
I grinned at her and said, "OK then. Let's see what we have."  
  
"Here, let me show you," she said. She laid out the different sets of strings on the bed in their approximate correct arrangement. Some were pretty complicated with criss-crossing strings and over the shoulder strings that had little patches in front to barely cover nipples before continuing down to another little patch to barely cover labial folds.  
  
"Honestly, some of these work only if you hold real still. The minute you move, you've got a nipple slip. Since topless is ok, I suggest we just stick with the bottoms of the two-piece ones. Unless you want to tease the crowd with nipple slips...?"  
  
"Hmmm," I replied. "I see what you mean." I held up a lime green 'suit'. "Can I try it on?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"I'll need help."  
  
"No problem. Remember, I'm a professional."  
  
I stripped down to my skin and, with Michelle's help I got the strings and patches in the right places. It was minimal! My areoles were barely covered and the bottom patch started almost at the top of my slot. There was nothing in the back but string. I looked at myself in the wardrobe door mirror trying different poses and angles. I twisted my shoulders left and right, one tit came loose and then the other. It was a repair job to get them covered again. I could see it would draw attention but probably too much.  
  
"I think I'll just go with the natural look on top," I said. "What have you got in just bottoms?"  
  
I settled on a purple set of strings with a little triangle of fabric that again started very low down in front and ended at another string about where my asshole was. Nothing but string in back. Sort of a micro-thong. The little patch was strung on the string so that the fabric could be gathered together making a narrow strip or spread out making more of a triangle.  
  
"An adjustable pussy cover. What will they think of next?" I commented.  
  
Michelle laughed and said, "I'd say it's legal, but barely." Studying my crotch she said, "It really goes well with your wax job. Nothing else would do."  
  
I imagined walking from the room to the pool area with just this and my coverup which didn't cover up all that much. I again felt that little thrill of anticipation but then thought about the kids and the clergy and decided to wear my bikini over the strings till I got to the pool.  
  
Michelle said, "I've picked this one already since I know the inventory," as she held up a black bikini bottom.  
  
I said, "It looks like a piece is missing."  
  
She put a finger through the opening in the crotch and gave me a wink. She took off the coverup and the bikini top and unwrapped the little skirt which I saw had a minimal Velcro closure.  
  
As I observed she was naked under it she said, "No underwear Las Vegas, right?" She put on the bikini bottoms which were very brief but enough to just cover the small patch of hair above her opening and, in back came up to just above her cleft. But the opening in the bottom allowed her lush lips to protrude. The secret was that if she kept her knees together you couldn't tell she was hanging out!  
  
She demonstrated the method by strolling around the room demurely. She sat on the edge of the bed and crossed her legs. I couldn't see anything scandalous. But then she uncrossed her legs and let her knees drift apart and it was quite scandalous. She stood up and went to the window and stood with her feet apart. The profile clearly showed her lips dangling there between her thighs. She came back and put one foot up on the bed swinging her knee wide and her pussy was right there. Finally, she faced away from me and stood with her feet apart, bent over and reached around and spread her pussy lips wide open. She was starting to get me excited!  
  
"Wow," I said, "I think you have mastered the equipment!"  
  
She turned again to face me with her legs back closed and all proper again (except for her boobs sticking out). "Well, I don't think the pool area is ready for the full monty but who knows? There may be some potential." She said this as she wrapped the little skirt back around her hips. She put on the top. It had little patches that covered her nipples but was open underneath exposing the lovely curve of the bottom of her breasts. The rest was strings.  
  
She put on her coverup and said, "OK? We good?"  
  
"I guess we are," I replied and put on the white bikini over the purple bottoms and added my own coverup and said, "We're not just good, we're great!"  
  
When we got back to the pool area, the guys were still next to two empty lounge chairs. The chairs were laid out in pairs with a little space in between the pairs. Jake and Ron were sitting with the backs upright on the outer chairs of each pair. Michelle and I strolled into the space between and set our stuff on the two inner chairs.  
  
"What have you guys been up to while we were gone?" I asked.  
  
"Just soaking up the sun and checking out the scenery," answered Jake, sort of smirking at me behind his sunglasses.  
  
"What scenery?" I asked and gazed around the area. "Oh, I see," I said. There were quite a few more topless women now than when we first got here. Some were young and hot like Michelle and I, but there were a lot of more mature women. Some were very tan all over and obviously used to topless sunning. Some had very white boobs contrasting the rest of their tans. Some were lying next to men. Some looked like a group of girlfriends. Some were in the pool. There were still a lot of tops on and also a lot of men hanging out, trying to look casual.  
  
"So, what's new with you?" Ron asked looking at Michelle and me.  
  
"We've had some wardrobe changes. Jake has seen these before but you might find them interesting, Ron," Michelle said as she opened her coverup showing Ron the minimal 'cups' covering her breasts.  
  
"Ooh, very tasty! I mean tasteful!" Ron said. She untied some strings and let the top fall to the lounge. With her butt right about level with Ron's face, she bent over at the waist and picked up the top and bent a little further to put the top in the tote bag at her feet. This gave Ron a peek under her wrap-around at the little window at the bottom of her bottoms.  
  
"Hey, nice ventilation," he said. Jake chuckled, knowing what Ron had seen.  
  
Michelle began applying sunscreen and Ron said, "What about you, Miss Cathy? Any upgrades you'd like to share?" I shed my coverup and undid the top and let it fall. Ron looked a bit puzzled and said, "I'm not complaining but it looks a lot like before you went upstairs." I then, lowered the white bikini bottoms to reveal the purple strings with the little wedge shaped patch in the front.  
  
"That's a good look for you!" Jake said.  
  
"Thanks," I said as I turned a 360 so they could see the bare-buns look in back. I couldn't help noticing there were several other observers, guys and girls, who were interested in my buns. I sat on the lounge chair and made myself comfortable as I added more sunscreen paying special attention to the parts newly exposed by my mini bottoms. I once again got that little rush of feeling while I was rubbing cream around my hips and thighs and creases while other people were right there watching if they felt like it. Michelle kept her wraparound on as she laid back next to me. Here we were: topless in Las Vegas.  
  
Our feet were pointed toward the pool with a 4- or 5-foot walkway between our lounges and the pool edge. The pool was fairly shallow at this point so somebody standing on the pool bottom was about eye-level with our towel-lined lounges.  
  
I said, "Hey Ron. You and Jake should jump in the pool and check out the scenery from there."  
  
Cooperative guy that he was, he said, "Sure! Why not? Jake?..."  
  
"OK," he replied, "I could stand to cool off a little."  
  
The guys got up and eased themselves into the water. They each took a dive under the water and then came back to the edge of the pool near us. They scanned the other people in the pool paying particular attention to the young busty babes displaying their floatation gear. I raised my right knee and moved my left leg over to the edge of the lounge. Then I thought maybe I should lay on my front and sun my backside. I got up and with my thong strings directed at the pool, I bent and adjusted the back of the lounge down flat. Then I got on it on my hands and knees and tried not to be too obvious as I waved my butt around as I finally lay down on my tummy. I spread my legs far enough to let my feet hang over the edge of the lounge and relaxed.  
  
I imagined the view from the guys spot was of a narrow strip of fabric just covering my delicate parts. What I wasn't sure of was where my butt hole was in relation to the fabric and where the strings started. Trying to appear as if I was making a routine wardrobe adjustment, I reached around behind and with my fingers followed the strings from my hips down between my cheeks. By spreading my cheeks a little with my hand, I was able to determine that the strings ended at the fabric just between my two openings. Good to know. I lay still for a while just sunning my backside.  
  
I glanced over as Michelle got up and stood between our two lounges. She hooked her finger inside the wraparound skirt and looked to be tugging up her bikini bottoms.  
  
She saw me watching and said, "If I stretch up the top part, I think more pooches out the open bottom. We'll let the boys decide."  
  
She sat back down and raised her knees with her feet at the edges of the lounge. From our photography trials, I knew that the lighting was crucial. The sun was from a slight angle from the other side of the pool so I thought the illumination down there should be fine. I lifted my head to look around at the guys. They were right there glancing casually but not ogling. There were several other guys in the line of sight but I couldn't be sure they were onto us.  
  
I turned over, lifting my leg to flash my minikini and stood again to bend and adjust the back of the lounge back to a sitting up position. Pretending to need a little more sunscreen, I took a dab and worked it into the tops of my thighs and under the edges of the little strip of fabric. In so doing, I slid the top of the strip toward the middle making the strip even narrower, maybe an inch wide. I brazenly kept massageing the sunscreen down and over my exposed outer lips. By now there were two other guys behind Jake and Ron who were definitely noticing while trying not to stare.  
  
I stopped my massaging and said to Michelle, "There's a couple guys who will remember their Las Vegas vacation."  
  
"Yeah," she said, "and there's a couple more paddling up to the front of the stage." I now noticed that there was a slightly higher concentration of males at our neck of the pool. I got my phone out and found Ron's phone on his lounge. I called Ron's number and the phone rang. I handed it to Michelle and said to answer it.  
  
"Take the phone to Ron as if it's a call for him. Take him a towel too," I told Michelle over the phone.

She did and Ron said, "Hello?" She came back and was sitting right next to me and heard me say,  
  
"Michelle and I are dying to see what the view is like down there. Could you discretely snap a couple pics?"  
  
Ron said, "Ok, wave so it doesn't look like we're just shooting beaver."  
  
"You rude dog!" I replied but ended the call and told Michelle, "Wave. We're getting some vacation snapshots."  
  
Michelle and I waved and smiled and shifted our legs around to get different poses. Michelle said, "Let's show them our boobs." She set the example by placing her hands under each breast and giving a little up thrust. I followed suit and soon we were laughing and Ron was clicking away with the camera. Jake was smiling and enjoying the show and the collection of voyeurs behind them was growing. I could see this would have to end soon.  
  
I got up, went to the edge of the pool and said, to Ron, "Ok, posing is over," as I held out my hand for the phone. I said it loud enough for Jake and some of the other peepers to hear. "I think we've had enough sun for now. You good, Michelle?"  
  
"Yup," she answered and started to gather her stuff to leave the pool area. The guys got out and dried off as we covered up some and we all made our way back to our room.  
  
We were all a little excited and Jake said, "I gotta get out of these wet duds." He peeled off his board shorts and we all saw his dick wasn't a full erection but it wasn't dormant either. He started toweling off his nether region as Ron dropped his speedo too. His unit was in a similar state of interest. Michelle and I then took off our tops so we were back to our sunning attire.  
  
Jake said to Michelle, "Doesn't your store have a branch here in Vegas?"  
  
"Yes, it does. Why?"  
  
"Ron and I need to do a little shopping."  
  
"Ok, we can go," Michelle said.  
  
"No, I mean just Ron and I. It'll be a surprise."  
  
"Oh...ok," Michelle said a little suspiciously. She got her purse and said, "Here, you'll need this." She handed Jake a card. "For the employee discount."  
  
I noticed Ron was right with Jake on this. He wasn't wondering what was up. They must have made a plan that we didn't know about. I looked at them, narrowing my eyes and said, "Surprise, huh..."  
  
"Yup. I'll drive..." Ron said and the boys got into clothes and headed out.  
  
"Wait!" I said. "Jake you have a phone, right?" He nodded. "Then leave Ron's so we can review the vacation pictures."  
  
Michelle and I sat in the chairs by the little table in the corner and started up Ron's phone. We sat shoulder to shoulder as I swiped through the array. We didn't comment at all at first. Some were of just Michelle, some of just me and some were both of us. On some, the depth of field was a problem: just our feet were in focus and our heads were blurry or vice versa. But there were some where the focus was on the right parts. One particularly good one was of us laughing and holding our tits.  
  
"Here's a good vacation photo," I said.  
  
"Two hot babes, if I do say so myself," Michelle replied.  
  
We went back through the array and studied them a little closer. In a few of the individual shots we could see some pussy. In my case it was outer lips just inboard of my thighs. In Michelle's case it was her inner lips peeking out the open bottom of her suit.  
  
She said, "I wish my lips down there weren't so big."  
  
"Really?" I replied, "I'm kind of envious."  
  
"You are? Why?"  
  
I said, "I don't know. It's kind of like 'look at this: my pussy has frills!'"  
  
Michelle laughed and said, "Frills, huh." She stood up, unwrapped the little skirt and put one foot up on her chair displaying the opening in the bottom of her bikini. She took her hand and ruffled her 'frills' and said, "Well, maybe...."  
  
I reached out and did the same but my hand lingered a little longer, running my finger along the length of her opening first on one side and then the other. I tugged with my thumb and fore finger a little admiring the stretchablity. Then I ran my finger up the middle and it came out pretty wet.  
  
"Oh!" I said, "Sorry, I got a little carried away."  
  
"That's ok," she said, "all that sun and flashing has got me humming."  
  
We looked each other in the eye for a long searching moment. There we were, mostly naked, in a motel room with a perfectly fine bed and each of us was primed with some public exhibitionism. Something might have happened if the door didn't rattle and opened about that time as the guys came back.  
  
They didn't sense our 'moment' and Jake said to Ron, "Oh, good! They didn't run off with some of those bozos in the pool."  
  
I said, "Hell, no! We had to wait for the surprise." They came in and set a black bag and a couple white bags on top of the dresser.  
  
Ron came over and kissed me and said, "I forgot how good you look in that outfit."  
  
"What, this old thing?" I said, "It's just something I threw on." I grinned and snapped the elastic string over my hip bone. He kissed me again and covered my breast with his hand. He was keeping me primed.  
  
Michelle said, "So what's the surprise?" Ron and Jake looked at each other and Jake took a small box out of the black plastic bag. Ron took another one out and they both handed the boxes to Michelle and me in unison. We looked at each other and more or less in unison, opened the boxes and we each took out a nice silver butt plug with a jewel on the end. We looked at the guys with a sort of question in our eyes.  
  
Ron said, "When we were in the pool, we couldn't help but think these would be the perfect accessory."  
  
Michelle said, "Well, having looked at the pictures, I could see it."  
  
"Well thanks, guys," I said as we fondled our new accessories.  
  
Michelle and I looked at each other and she said, "Well, should we try them on?"  
  
They guys said, "Oh, yeah!"  
  
Michelle got up and grabbed her wrap-around skirt and headed for the bathroom.  
  
I said, "Wait" as I went and found my little bottle of lube and handed it to her. While she was in there, I got out my stretchy skirt and tight white top.  
  
Michelle came out in her short skirt and a light button up cotton shirt and sashayed around the room with a playful, excited look and was sort of rolling her hips as she went. She sat back down on the chair by the table and wiggled around as if settling in. She let out a little, "Oooh!" I sensed that she was waiting for me and so were the guys.  
  
I gave each of them a glance and headed for the bathroom. I stripped off the bikini, lubed up the new toy and eased it in. The dimensions were a little larger than my other one so I felt it's presence more. "Mmmm." Enjoyable. I slipped on my skirt and pulled it up so it was just below the danger zone. Looking over my shoulder in the mirror, I could see if I lifted my skirt hem an inch or two, spread my legs a little and leaned over slightly there was a sparkle in there. Cool! I rouged my nipples again and pulled on the top. With my nips erect it was certainly obvious but I think I could just make out my areolas, too. OK, then....  
  
I went back out and copied Michelle's entrance and sat in the other chair and eased myself onto it and nestled the plug a little deeper and said, "Oooh!" Michelle and I looked at each other and chuckled. The guys, I could see, were in a state of excited anticipation.  
  
In a stagy way, I asked, "Michelle, would you like a coke?"  
  
"Yes, please."  
  
I got up and went to the little refrigerator and bent at the waist and rummaged around for a while to give everybody a good peek at my new jewelry. As I came back to the chair, I said, "I'm sorry. We're out of coke."  
  
She said, "Let me check." Then she went to the fridge and bent over and gave us all a good look at her sparkling adornment.  
  
The guys looked at each other, high fived and Ron said, "Looks like we picked just the right surprises."  
  
Michelle then went to the dresser and looking at the white bags said, "So, what have we here?" She took out a couple bottles of wine, a bag of chips, some crackers, cheese, carrots and dip, an apple, some sliced salami and mustard. There were even some paper plates and napkins. "Looks like a picnic. You guys are excellent providers."  
  
We got busy opening packages, slicing, laying out the different items and then started in. Jake had opened the wine and poured some into 4 disposable plastic cups. Not very elegant but we all touched 'glasses' and Jake said, "To No-Underwear Las Vegas!"  
  
We sat around our little motel room eating and drinking and chatting companionably. We established that we were all heading home in the morning and wondered about what to do this evening.  
  
"Well," Ron offered, "we could venture out into the evening and maybe Cathy and Michelle could show their new jewelry to some passersby." Jake, chewing on a slice of apple, nodded emphatically. Michelle and I looked at each other a little nervously but smiling.  
  
I said, "Well, I suppose we could at least wear them out on the town."  
  
Jake said, "Who knows, we might even find a photo op or two."  
  
As we finished the first bottle of wine, we started cleaning up the mess and agreed to drive both vehicles back over to Jake and Michelle's hotel. They could change clothes if they wanted and we could venture forth.  
  
We followed Jake's truck into the parking structure at their hotel. Jake leaned out the window and said, "Follow me." We went up to the top level, open to the evening sky. It wasn't vacant but there were plenty of empty spaces. We pulled in side by side. "I thought we'd get a nice view of the setting sun on a desert evening." Jake said as we got out.  
  
We walked to the concrete wall surrounding the parking area. Looking out over the city below and the hills in the distance, it was a scenic view. In the west, the sky was pink and orange with the sun just setting. Overhead, it shaded from light blue to deeper blue toward the east. The air was warm and it really was a special moment.  
  
We were quiet for a while just looking out when Ron broke the spell. "Ya know, this might be the last chance today to get some sun on your boobs. I'm just saying...." Michelle and I were leaning against the low wall between the two guys. I looked at Ron who was smiling. He and Jake shared a glance over our heads. Michelle and I looked at each other. Then we looked around. There weren't a lot of people but there were some heading to and from their cars and cars were going by sporadically arriving or leaving. The street ran just below us and there was a big hotel on the other side with people on the balconies.  
  
I looked again at Michelle. I had changed into my stretchy green top with the lower neckline. I just stretched the neckline down and let it cling under the bottom of my breasts. I could feel my nipples harden with the sudden exposure although my back was to the parking lot and I was standing between Ron and Michelle. Michelle looked at me and started unbuttoning her shirt. There were only 3 buttons so it wasn't long before she opened it wide and her lovely tits with their dark nipples were looking out at the scenery too. We stood enjoying the warm breeze and checking the hotel for gawkers. There was one couple sitting on their balcony who seemed to be looking in our direction but not much else to worry about.  
  
Ron said, "If it will help, I'm willing to hold your tops while you get the last bit of sun."  
  
I gave him a fake hard stare, glanced over my shoulder -- nobody nearby -- and just stripped off my top and handed it to him. I could feel myself flush at this step and my pussy got that tingle. Michelle, hesitated for just an instant and did the same. We resumed our positions looking over the wall. I noticed the couple on their balcony still seemed to be looking in our direction.  
  
Jake said, "This could be a good picture," as he got out his phone. I had a brief stab of concern about the photography but I guess my nervousness was wearing off. I didn't think about it anymore and was interested to see how the pictures would turn out.  
  
"These are going to be silhouettes" he said framing the shot. We were still looking over the wall with bare backs to the camera. I noticed the couple on the balcony was standing at the rail now.  
  
Jake said, "Ok, now face each other, hands by your sides." We did. Jake crouched down a little to get more sky behind us I guessed.  
  
"Nice. Now see if you can get your nipples to stand out." He moved in closer as Michelle and I tweaked our nips. It seemed to work although mine didn't need much encouragement: my skin felt electrified.  
  
"Cathy, touch Michelle's nipple." I reached out and did so. Her's were definitely up too. Click, click, click went the camera.  
  
"Ok, now Michelle do the same with Cathy." I let my arm fall back to my side as Michelle reached out and tenderly pinched my nub.  
  
"Beautiful," Jake said. "Now move closer together till your nipples just touch." He moved his position around and click, click, click.  
  
"Now just a light kiss on the lips." Michelle and I looked into each other's eyes and hesitated for a beat. Then we closed our eyes and just touched lips sweetly. Whew! This was starting to feel like sex in public.  
  
Just then a car came all the way down to this end of the deck. We all turned back toward the wall and huddled together. As the car turned and headed back the other way, I heard a wolf whistle come from the car. We didn't look.  
  
But the couple on the balcony was miming applause and looking right at us. We waved at them and they waved back. It looked like they were conversing briefly and then the woman turned toward us and just stripped off her t-shirt. Then right away she undid her bra and tossed it on the little table. Her partner seemed to be pleased and they waved again. She had really large boobs with big dark nipples. She put her hands behind her head waggled them toward us and this time, the four of us applauded although it was doubtful they could hear.  
  
Ron said, "What a place!"  
  
Jake said, "So, how about some shots of your new jewelry?"  
  
Michelle and I looked around. Any moving cars and people were at the farther end of the deck. All Michelle had on was her little wraparound skirt and flip flop sandals. In an instant, she whipped of the skirt and handed it to Ron, our faithful and attentive stage hand. She turned back to the wall and kind of stuck out her rear end. Jake squatted down to improve the angle and clicked a couple times, this time with the flash on.  
  
"This would be a good look for two girlfriends...," he hinted.  
  
Taking the hint, I hiked my stretchy skirt up over my hips where it stayed bunched up like a wide belt. I stood next to Michelle looking over the wall and our butts were looking at Jake and his camera. Click, Click.  
  
"I'd like to get the full tail light effect in the flash. But for that I'd need you to bend and spread em'."  
  
We looked around again: still quiet. Michelle backed away from the wall, set her feet further apart and bent over. I followed suit.  
  
"Nice!" said Jake.  
  
"Really nice!" said Ron.  
  
I couldn't believe we were posing like this out in public. I felt my pulse pounding and it was strengthened by being bent over. I was sure my pussy was about to start dripping. I don't know what our audience across the street was thinking.  
  
"Ok," Jake said, "Let's try this: Michelle, stay where you are. Cathy, stand up and face me. Now, grab Michelles butt cheeks and spread them a little like if you were a game show hostess showing off a prize. Good, now smile." Click, click, click.  
  
I kind of fondled her globes and even poked her plug with a finger as if pointing it out for the audience.  
  
"Ok, now change places."  
  
As we did, I caught a glimpse of Ron who looked as flushed and excited as I felt. Michelle did too, now that she straightened back upright. I turned to the wall, stood with my feet apart and bent over. Michelle moved next to me and our hips nestled together as she massaged my cheeks. With the plug in the middle it felt good.  
  
She said, "Just call me Vanna," and we all laughed.  
  
"Perfect!" said Jake.  
  
She then poked the plug in just a little. I pushed it back out with my talented sphincter. We did that back and forth for a few times and I could see Jake moving closer for a close up.  
  
I don't know if it was the little jeweled plug or the camera or probably both but I felt like my rear end was aflame with heat. I couldn't resist feeling my pussy and sure enough, it was sopping. I spread the moisture around a little and just tweaked my clit once -- maybe twice and stood up. I leaned against the wall trying to regain my composure and then turned and went to Ron. I glommed onto him like a barnacle capturing his leg between my thighs and hugging him to me. He hugged back with one arm -- the other was still holding our wardrobe. By now, Michelle and Jake were embracing too.  
  
Jake looked up and said, "Hey look!" By now, the woman on the balcony had lost her skirt and was as naked as Michelle and I were. The guy was standing next to her with his arm around her waist. She had raised her leg to prop her foot on the rail of the balcony and was flashing a full-on pussy shot! We were too far away to see much and it was getting dark. But still...!  
  
I said, "Geeze! Another one!"  
  
Jake said, "I don't know what it is with these broads but I'm lovin' it!" We all waved and they waved back.  
  
I was still holding on to Ron and I said, "Well, Michelle and Jake, It's been fun! But I want to get this big stud back to our room and have my way with him. Maybe you guys can figure out something to do without us."  
  
"Maybe...," said Jake as he ran his hand down to the bottom of Michelle's bottom and gave a little tweak as she jumped a little.  
  
"Oooh!" she smiled. Michelle took her little skirt from Ron and wrapped it around. Ron handed her her shirt and she said, "Maybe not quite yet," and handed it to Jake. She looked at me with a sort of challenge and I tugged my skirt down over my butt and a little below my crotch.  
  
"Ok, let's go." The four of us headed back down toward the busy end of the parking deck with Michelle and I topless. Several cars went by. Some didn't seem to notice but one honked and slowed down. It made me apprehensive for a moment but then it kept moving. So, I waved at their rearview mirror. We made it back to our vehicles and Michelle and Ron got their stuff out to head to their room.  
  
"I don't think you could make it through the lobby like that," Jake said. She held out her hand and took her shirt and put it on.  
  
"You're probably right but maybe I could make it like this." She left it unbuttoned and grinned at us. She really looked sexy.  
  
Ron said, "I guarantee you people will notice." He held out my top to me with a questioning look.  
  
I said, "No, I'm good for now. We're not going to the lobby." I gave him a wink.  
  
"Uh, Jake, I need some things from your phone."  
  
He looked blank for a minute and then said, "Oh, sure!" We messed with our phones until I had the photo session in mine too.  
  
"Remember: not for publication," I said seriously.  
  
"Scout's honor," Jake said and held up his hand oath-like. We all hugged and said we'd keep in touch and see if there was another time we could meet up. Michelle and I hugged a little longer and kissed briefly. It was as if we were forming some kind of sisterhood. We watched them walk toward their hotel, waved as the elevator doors were closing and got in Ron's Mustang.

**Cathy's Summer Pt. 07**

With my little jeweled toy in place, I couldn't just plop down into the seat. But easing myself in was not at all uncomfortable and was mildly stimulating. I was glad the towels were still on the seats. I was pretty sure I was leaking pussy juice.  
  
I was amazed at how blasé I had become about being topless out in public. It was not like we were on a crowded sidewalk or anything but still.... I looked down and saw my still-rosy nipples were still erect. I toyed with them a little as I asked, "Ron, am I turning into a slut?"  
  
He looked over, saw what I was doing and thought for a minute. "Well, I don't know. You've sure drawn me into your new 'hobby' to where sex is a big part of our summer. If you are a slut, what does that make me?"  
  
"A horndog!" I said and we both laughed.  
  
He was quiet for a while and then he said, "We've never talked much about the future, Cathy. When we go to our separate colleges it's going to be a big adjustment for me. I'll miss you in more ways than one. Last night, we participated in 'group sex' -- I can hardly believe I just said that! I wasn't jealous or anything. Even though we were fooling around with other people, I still felt our partnership."  
  
I thought about it and said, "Yeah. Me too. But doesn't it bother you to have me flaunt my nakedness to strangers?"  
  
"No, I think it's way hot. But there is the partnership thing. I feel like, even though you're the one doing the flashing, that we're both in on it together. If you left me sitting at the table in the restaurant and walked out with two sailors, that would be tough." We chuckled at the thought and I lifted his hand from the gearshift and put it on my thigh, covering his hand with mine.  
  
"Don't worry about that," I said. "I still have some standards."  
  
Ron put the car in a parking space at our motel and I glanced around before getting out. There were a few people going to and from the hotel to their cars, some with luggage. Ron held out my top and I waved it away imperiously, like I couldn't be bothered with such a trifle.  
  
"OK," he said and we opened the doors and got out.  
  
Although it was night now, the parking lot was well lit. I slung my shoulder bag, pulled my skirt back down to at least cover my butt cheeks and we started walking toward the door as if nothing were amiss. The air was cooler now and I was enjoying the breeze wafting over my bare nipples. Another couple was heading toward us on the sidewalk. I took Ron's hand as if to say, "Let's do this." We marched right by them, nodding a "good evening". I heard some whispers as they receded behind us. I smiled to myself and I could feel my nipples were hard.  
  
Once we were walking down the hallway to our room, almost the same thing happened. This time the couple was older and after we passed them, the woman said loud enough to be overheard, "Aren't they a lovely young couple, Dear?"  
  
"Boy, I'll say. It's been years since I've seen a lovelier pair!"  
  
Almost instantly we heard him say, "Ouch! What'd I say?"  
  
Once in our room, I said, "How about if you see if there's some wine left and maybe some snacks. I'm gonna freshen up and we can review our photo gallery from the roof top."  
  
In the bathroom, I eased out my new butt plug. It was still nice and clean. I sat on the toilet and was able to ease out a couple firm ones. It felt good to shower off the sunblock and rouge. I shined the shower nozzle on my bottom parts and got them nice and clean too. I slipped a finger in my butthole -- after the plug being in, my finger went in easily. Now that I felt clean, inside and out, I came to a decision. I dried off, lubed up the new plug and popped it into my ass.  
  
Wearing only the plug, I went out into the room drying my hair with a towel. It was nice that it never really got cold in Vegas. A good place for nudity. Ron apparently thought so too as he was now naked as well. Ron had the drapes open and the sliding door open to the breeze. I went and looked out. There were a few people on balconies across the pool from our room. I checked out the rooms that were lit looking to see if there were any other nudists hanging out. None that I could see. Ron had poured two little plastic cups of wine.  
  
He said, "I'll be right back," and headed for the bathroom. I sipped wine and nibbled some crackers while watching out the door opening. Finally, I just stepped out onto the little balcony. From here I could look at the other balconies on our wing of the building. There was nobody right next door in either direction but one floor up and a few doors down, there was a guy leaning on the rail. He glanced my way and then did a double take and broke into a big smile.  
  
"Nice night," I said.  
  
"Sure is," he replied. He turned his head and said something into the room. A woman came out with him. She looked at me and smiled too. They looked like they were dressed to go out. She waved and I waved back.  
  
"Sure is dry," I commented as if to myself. I went back into the room and heard the shower running. I found a tube of moisturizer and went back out on the balcony and started to apply it. I saw out of the corner of my eye that the neighbors were still there but I pretended to ignore them. I massaged cream into my skin on my arms and legs, just like normal, but I may have spent a little extra time on my tits. I also didn't neglect my nether parts and found once again, my pussy was quite damp.  
  
Just then, Ron said from behind me, "Hey, what's going on here?" He came out also naked and looked at our neighbors.  
  
"Just being neighborly," I said. "Do my back?" He did and the gentle massaging felt good. His hand wandered down below my waist and found its way all the way to the plug.  
  
He tweaked it a few times and whispered, "I thought so." Louder he said, "Well we got things to do," and gestured me into the room.  
  
I waved at the neighbors again and said, "Gotta go." Back in the room, Ron and I embraced wholeheartedly, smiling at our boldness.  
  
We sat propped on pillows at the head of the bed, sipping wine, munching snacks and looking at my phone. Of course, there were a lot of photos from the parking lot that were junk -- out of focus, misframed, somebody moved, etc. -- but many were really good. Maybe even 'erotic art'. One was a silhouette of Michelle and I against the sunset in the background. It looked like just our lips and the tips of our nipples were touching. A very tender moment. In the ones where we were showing off each other's butt plugs we just looked like a couple fun-loving chicks. Jake had used the flash and the jewel on the butt plugs lit up like a tail light.  
  
Ron said, "Man! This is good stuff. Jake is skilled at photography. Of course, his models were world-class, too." While we were looking, I had been holding Ron's cock. I realized he had had a long day of foreplay and it was pretty stiff and also had some precum oozing out the end. I smeared it around the head of his dick and rubbed it in. He groaned a bit and let the phone drop to his chest.  
  
I let go of his cock and snuggled up to him and put my lips to his ear and whispered, "I'm gonna say something you may never in your life hear again." He turned his head to look at me with surprise, concern, apprehension. "I want to try anal sex!" The surprise stayed but the concern and apprehension changed into a smile. "You in?"  
  
He said, "I'll do my level best!" And we kissed.  
  
"OK," I said, "Here's some rules: I'm the Actor-Director and you are the studly porn star. I control the speed and it's going to be SLOW. Once you've been in the back door, no going around to the front anymore. Got it?"  
  
"Those rules don't sound too bad. I'm in."  
  
"So I see," I said as I grabbed his still-erect cock and gave it a little yank. I went to the bathroom and got a couple bath towels. I threw them to Ron and asked him to lay them out over the bedspread. I got my tube of lube and a box of tissues and brought them to the bedside table. I got on my hands and knees in the middle of the bed with my head facing the headboard.  
  
"Do you think anybody is looking in our window?" I asked. We looked out briefly and we could see lit rooms across from ours but it was too far to tell if anyone was gazing in our direction.  
  
"Well, maybe somebody with binoculars..." Ron mused. I waggled my ass to them in greeting, showing off my jewelry if they were looking.  
  
I handed Ron the lube and said, "This is our best friend. First, feel my pussy." I felt his hand go to my lips and run up and down. "Wet?" I asked.  
  
"Oh, yeah," came the reply as he let a finger or two enter me.  
  
"You can put your dick in if you want." He positioned himself behind me and I was so ready he eased his penis all the way in in one smooth stroke, finally bumping the butt plug with his pubic bone.  
  
"Mmmm," he said.  
  
"Ooooh," I said. He slid in and out of me slowly a few times and we were both in a sort of trance for a few minutes. Getting back to the 'script', I said, "That's enough of that."  
  
He said, "I don't think so!" but he pulled out anyway.  
  
"Ok, pull the plug and lube me up." He found the tube and I could feel his fingers smoothing slippery stuff around my ass gradually getting closer to my little rosebud. I was really excited and it was hard to wait for him to actually get to my sealed hole and start massaging. Between the butt plug and sphincter practice it wasn't sealed for long and I more or less invited him to poke a finger in.  
  
"Don't spare the lube," I said. He pulled out his finger and it returned with more slipperiness. I sort of willed him to try two fingers and in a moment, I could feel a little more stretching. It really felt great as long as I stayed relaxed.  
  
I said, "Hold still a sec." He stopped moving with two fingers stuck in me. I gave my sphincter a good hard squeeze and said, "Feel that?"  
  
"Oh, yeah! You've got quite a grip there, Babe. Does this hurt at all?"  
  
"Not as long as I can stay relaxed. It feels great! OK, I'm going to try to relax again. Go easy." We gradually got back to where he was easing his fingers in and out slowly and I was loosening up. "You want to try the full monty?" I asked.  
  
"Yes, Ma'am!" he answered and slowly eased his fingers out. I tried to keep relaxed and not squeeze my hole shut.  
  
"More lube?" I suggested. In response, I could feel some more slipperiness being sort of pushed into me. Every touch of his fingers felt really good and I had to concentrate on staying relaxed and 'welcoming'.  
  
Ron got on his knees behind me and I bent forward a little more resting on my forearms. "OK, you line up and I'll do the pushing," I said. I felt his cock nestle into my rosebud. I then sort of backed into him with gentle pressure. I concentrated on pushing and relaxing and I could feel myself opening up. I used a little back and forth going a little more back onto his cock each time. It was feeling really good and I wanted more. So finally, I gave one bigger push and I could feel the head of his dick was in me.  
  
I stopped and clinched my asshole a couple times and asked, "Can you feel that?"  
  
"Oh, yeah," came the response from behind me, "It feels really tight!"  
  
"OK, can you reach the lube? I'd like you to lube your shaft for me."  
  
"Can do," he said. I felt his finger down between us applying slipperiness.  
  
I said, "Thanks, Babe. So far this is working good." I concentrated on relaxing again and eased back and forth on his dick just a little at a time. I finally pulled forward till his dick popped loose but I tried not to close my asshole. I backed onto it again and this time it went in easily. Good.  
  
"Mmmmm," I said, "that feels really good!"  
  
Ron said, "It does to me, too."  
  
So now I started backing onto him a little more, a bit at a time. Then I'd pull forward till he was just inside me and then back again but just a little further this time. While it was a completely new feeling the pleasure was extreme. I felt some quaking in my hips and I thought I might be able to come! That was a surprise. "Oh, Baby, this feels good!"  
  
"Uh-huhhh," I heard from behind me.  
  
Finally, I backed onto him far enough that I could feel his balls touch my pussy lips. That was a new sensation that added to the thrill. I just held against him and enjoyed the feeling of fullness.  
  
I clinched again and asked, "Can you feel that?"  
  
"Oh, yeah," came the response again.  
  
Then I relaxed again and eased forward. I pulled all the way till he popped loose again. I kept relaxed and this time, when I felt him at my opening I just slid all the way back on till he was 'balls deep'. Ron groaned and I felt totally flushed and hot all over. We started moving together then and I was getting my ass fucked. We kept it slow at first but increased the pace after a few minutes.  
  
Ron said, "I'm going to come..."  
  
I said, "I think I am too...." As he kept up the pace, I reached down and found my clit which was awash in slippery juice. I started rubbing and tried to gage by Ron's grunts when he was going to come and finally we both did. It was spectacular. That's all I can say. Ron thrust his cock all the way in in spasms while at the same time, when I came, my asshole clinched uncontrollably, gripping his cock in earnest. We both shivered and quaked as waves of ecstasy washed over us until we both calmed down. Finally, he eased himself out and collapsed on the bed beside me. I rolled onto my side and shuffled across the bed to him where I wrapped him in my arms and legs and kissed him deeply.  
  
"Oh, Baby...." I said.  
  
"'Oh, Baby', is right!" he said smiling at me.  
  
I smiled back and said, "Look at us! We learned a new trick!"  
  
He said, "I'd say we did pretty good on our first run-through."  
  
I said, "Supposedly, we would get better with practice but it's hard to imagine how that would be possible!" We lay there snuggled together and both dozed off. Finally, we got up, showered together briefly, straightened the room a little, crawled into bed and slept like two logs.  
  
When we woke, I could see daylight coming in around the edges of the drapes. In the dim light, I saw that Ron was lying on his back, one leg straight and one slightly cocked, a pillow over his head and the covers down around his waist. Enjoying the freedom of sharing a bedroom, I pulled the covers down till his man parts were exposed.  
  
His limp little noodle was laying peacefully on its side. I got on my knees and poked it with a finger. It just lolled there so I moved it around with two fingers. I toyed with it very lightly, occasionally letting my fingers drag across his ball sack. He didn't stir but his pecker did! It started to swell and straighten out. I continued to fondle it and it continued to respond. I held my hair back behind my ears and bent over to slurp the head of his penis into my mouth. I then used my tongue to do the fondling and it was fun to feel it swelling in my mouth. It wasn't believable that he was still asleep but he still didn't stir. Then I grabbed his shaft and used my hand and mouth in unison.  
  
Now he stirred. He moved his other leg so they were spread apart a little. Then I could feel his hand reach for my ankle. He put the pillow under his head and said, "Come here."  
  
Urging my rear end to swing around, he guided my knee over his head and I was straddling his face. As soon as I was in position, he started nibbling my pussy lips and running his tongue up and down. I went back to his dick and kept up my part and we enjoyed some 'sixty-nine' for a while.  
  
After several minutes of increasing pleasure, I said, "I've got someplace else I'd like to put this thing."  
  
And with that, I turned around and straddled his legs with his dick sticking up in front of me. I bent forward and let my nipples drag up his chest as I kissed him. Our tongues mixed around the flavors of our respective sexes as our noses sensed the faint smells of the same. I guided his cock into my pussy and very slowly eased back and forth with it going ever deeper at each cycle. Nothing was said, but I think Ron and I both realized that this would be the last time we would be so free to fuck for some time to come. So we both took it very slowly and made the occasion last. I sat up and rode his dick as if to a slow dance tune. Inevitably the tune picked up speed and we both had long leisurely orgasms. I fell forward on top of him and enjoyed his embrace with my head on his shoulder.  
  
I heard, "What are we gonna do, Cathy?"  
  
"What, right now?"  
  
"No, I mean next week, next month when you are away at school?" A long moment passed.  
  
"I don't know," I said. After another long moment I said, "We'll just have to see. First, let's worry about breakfast."  
  
He looked at the clock and said, "Check-out is in an hour. Should we just hit the road and get something to eat on the way?"  
  
"Sure," I said and that's what we did.  
  
About twenty minutes later I came out of the bathroom to find Ron, already dressed, putting stuff in his duffle bag.  
  
"I'm horny," I said, "Wanna bang before we go?" I could see that caught him off-guard and he hesitated just a beat. "Just kidding!" I laughed, "But the look on your face was priceless. I'm going straight today." I lifted the hem of my skirt to show him I was wearing panties. I opened my shirt to reveal a bra. "See? Back to normal."  
  
After breakfast at a diner, we headed out for the long ride back to California. In the car we were companionable but low-key. Ron started classes in 2 days and in a week, I would be moving back to the dorms at State. But we didn't discuss it.  
  
At one point I asked, "So, would you say our road trip was a success?"  
  
He glanced over at me and said seriously, "Beyond my wildest imaginings! You?"  
  
"The same," I said. "We won't soon forget this one."  
  
I texted Michelle and let her know we were on the road. She texted back that they were just leaving too. We agreed to keep in touch and see if we could meet up again.  
  
We got home late in the afternoon. Our parents were glad to see we made it back in one piece. We emptied the car and Ron and I hugged for a long time at the curb. We could see there was change afoot but no one could predict how it would be. Finally, we each left the summer behind and went into our houses.

**Cathy's Summer Pt. 08**