**Curious Jade**

by[JackPorter23](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=861270&page=submissions)©

**Curious Jade Ch. 09**

"Your destination is on your right in 500 feet".  
  
My heart was pounding in my chest. I pulled up to the house and shut the car off, taking one last look in the rear-view mirror to make sure my make-up was perfect and my perky tits were straining to pop out of my shirt. I got out and grabbed my bag from the backseat before walking up to the house. My palms were actually sweating from anticipation.  
  
Just as I reached my hand up to knock on the front door, it opened wide.  
  
"Surprise!" yelled Lynn, running out and giving me a bear hug, lifting me off the ground and twirling me in the air.  
  
I kicked my legs and slapped her shoulders so she would put me down, and as she did Lynn's Mom and Dad stepped out on to the porch and put their arms around each other. Lynn's Mom was a stout woman, standing around 5'2" and had let herself go a bit as she got older. Her large breasts strained against her blouse, and her faded jeans were a little too tight for her, but she was actually quite striking and still had a natural beauty about her. Her father, in sharp contrast, had taken impeccable care of himself. He was a fair amount taller than his wife at about 6'0" and was fit for his age. His dress slacks shaped his muscular legs, and as he leaned over to kiss his wife, I was able to catch a glimpse of his firm, bubble butt. His button up shirt was tucked into his pants and he had his sleeves rolled up to his elbows.  
  
"Lynn has told us so much about you! What an absolute delight to finally meet you," Lynn's Mom squealed, running up to me and wrapping her arms around me before bringing her head to either side of mine, giving me air kisses on the cheek.  
  
"So glad you could make it down for the weekend," said her Dad, reaching out his hand for a firm handshake and taking my bag. "Come on in, make yourself at home".  
  
The house looked like it could have been on the cover of a magazine. Lynn's father is a doctor, so I assumed they were well off, but I was not prepared for the sheer size of the house. Once we were in the doors, Lynn took my bag from her Dad and my hand, and said she would show me my room for the weekend. As we bolted off to the stairs, Lynn's mom called after us that we had to come right back for the rest of the tour.  
  
Lynn dragged me down the hallway, pointing at doors and telling me what was behind them, "Brian's room," she said pointing to the door at the far end of the hallway. "bathroom, my room, Mom's art studio, Dad's office," she directed as we half jogged down the corridor. "And this..." she opened the door and we both stepped through, "is your room".  
  
The room had a queen-sized bed, two dressers, a full length standing mirror, small book case packed with books, and an oversized arm chair and still needed a large area rug in the middle to tie it all together. Lynn closed the door behind me threw my bag on the bed, grabbing me and planting a deep kiss on me before groping my boob and reaching in her pocket.  
  
"Oh my God that was so hot," she grinned, producing the remote from her pocket. "You should have seen the look on your face when I hit the button right as I opened the door".  
  
I flinched as she hit the button again and my hand reached down to my crotch.  
  
"Ah ah," Lynn scolded, slapping my hand away. "You know the rules! You have to wear them the whole time and I get the controller all weekend," she said with a devilish grin.  
  
"I know, I know. You're so evil! Well, you know I held up my end...let's see yours," I teased, flipping up Lynn's skirt and slapping her tight little rump.  
  
"Gladly," she said, bending at the waist and flipping up her skirt.  
  
Peeking out from behind her thong silk panties was the red jewel end of her favorite butt plug.  
  
"It's been in all morning, I only took it out when I went for a swim earlier today," she said, reaching back and pulling it out before sliding it slowly back into place. "I wish we could fool around some more, but my Mom will come looking for us if we keep her waiting too long".  
  
As we were coming back down the stairs, Lynn's brother, Brian was walking to the front door. He was wearing a loose tank top and basketball shorts. He was the tallest of the family, standing at just above 6'2" and couldn't weigh more than 180 pounds. His arms were not bulky, but were toned and he was in fairly good shape.  
  
"I'm going to play some ball with the guys," he shouted over his shoulder to no one in particular.  
  
"Hey, hold up a sec Bri," Lynn called out and he threw his head up, grinding to a halt.  
  
"Yeah," he said, turning and seeing the two of us standing there.  
  
Once he saw me he, corrected his posture and visibly sucked in his stomach slightly. As he reached out his arm I saw Lynn reach into her pocket. The jolt hit my crotch just as Brian's hand and mine met and I could feel my body tighten and imagined Brian thinking it was in response to him. Little did he know his little sister had her finger on my button -that is to say- the button to the vibrating panties I was wearing.  
  
"You must be the infamous Jade," He smiled meekly at me. "I'm sure we'll catch up more when I get back".  
  
With that, he turned and walked to the front door. Lynn's mom called for us to join her in the kitchen and Lynn finally gave my loins a break. As we walked into the kitchen, Lynn's Mom, or Brooke as she demanded I call her, had opened a bottle of wine, and put out a spread of guacamole, chips, and salsa.  
  
"Come on girls, grab a glass and join me on the house tour".  
  
We obediently grabbed our glasses, and followed Brooke. Every time Brooke would turn her back, Lynn would give me a quick zap, and I did my best to not let on that I was enjoying the torture immensely.  
  
"Now I'm sure Lynn showed you the upstairs, so no need to go over that again," Brooke said, leading us past the dining room and waving her hand, "here's the formal dining room," she said, not stopping and continued to the living room.  
  
There was a huge TV hanging on the wall, three couches forming a U in front of it, and a square ottoman in the middle of the room. Brooke still didn't stop and crossed directly to the other side, where another staircase wound down.  
  
"Living room," she called over her shoulder as she neared the stairwell and continued down, "watch your step down here," she called waving her hand over the stairs.  
  
Another zap hit me between my thighs as we got to the top of the stairs and didn't stop until we hit the bottom. Once there I gave Lynn a sharp smack on the ass and let my hand linger just enough to slide a finger under her skirt and give a tug to her plug.  
  
"And this is Bill's favorite room," Brooke said turning the corner and stepping into the den.  
  
The large, open spaced room had a giant pool table in the middle of it, a poker table with eight chairs around it off to one side, and a fully stocked bar against the far wall. There, lying on one of the large leather sofas, was Lynn's Dad, Bill, cocktail in hand. He was watching an old black and white movie on the projector screen that hung down from the ceiling.  
  
"Turn this crap off, old man, we want to have some fun," Brooke said, slapping Bill's feet off the couch and slumping down beside him.  
  
Bill reluctantly reached out the remote and with a click, the lights brightened, the screen retracted into the ceiling, and classic rock music filled the room. He rocked himself to his feet and crossed to the bar.  
  
"Did Brooke bore you to death yet with the tour," Bill said, holding up a bottle with amber colored liquid in it and pouring the rest of it into his glass.  
  
"Not at all, you have a beautiful home Dr.—Sorry. Bill".  
  
"Well thank you, we like it too," he said, holding up his glass. "To a great weekend," he toasted, and we all echoed, before taking a big sip. "Let's get Brian down here and we can all play a game or something".  
  
Lynn crossed to him and threw her arms around his neck, "he went to play with his friends, Daddy. He's much too cool to hang out with losers like us".  
  
"His loss. What shall we do ladies," Bill inquired.  
  
Brooke got up from the couch, grabbed another bottle of wine from behind the bar, and started opening it.  
  
"Well, whatever we do I think we're going to need at least one more of these," she said winking at me.  
  
We decided to play a game of pool and as Bill was racking the balls, I watched Lynn go up to the table and bend over, reaching back to check the hem of her skirt with her hand to make sure nothing was showing. I nonchalantly snuck up behind her and tickled the back of her thigh, bringing my lips to her ear.  
  
"Careful now, you wouldn't want to show daddy your precious jewel," I whispered.  
  
She turned with a scowl and reached into the little pocket of her skirt, sending a quick jolt through me. My body tensed and I knew this was going to be a long game. Bill had finished racking and walked up to me holding one of the cue sticks.  
  
"Here you go Jade, guests have the honor of breaking," he said holding it out to me.  
  
I took the stick and made my way to the front of the table. Brooke was pouring another glass of wine, leaning against the wall. Lynn was standing off on the side of the table with her hands shoved into her pockets, finger on the button I was sure. Bill walked back around to the front of the table and was opposite me. I lined up the ball and took several practice strokes with the cue, from my peripheral it looked like Bill's eyes were looking straight down my cleavage. I decided to check and as I looked up to him, he swung his neck to look at the bar, telling me all I needed to know.  
  
The near constant buzzing between my legs was starting to take a toll on me, and I decided to have some fun with Bill. I looked back down at the balls and started shifting my weight from my left foot to my right causing my boobs to sway ever so slightly. Finally, I drew the cue back and brought all my force forward, sending the cue down the table and bursting the balls apart. Looking up, Bills focus was not on the balls, but on my chest.  
  
"Okay your turn Bill, show me what you got," I said, handing him the cue.  
  
He circled the table searching for his best shot. Lynn walked in front of me and pushed her backside into my hip. I quickly scanned the room to see if anyone was paying attention and found Brooke with her nose in her glass and Bill still contemplating his shot. I snuck my opportunity and slid a hand up under her skirt, running a finger under the string of her thong panties and toying the little plug securely positioned in her little hole.  
  
She took a sharp breath in and bit her tongue to keep from moaning. I put my thumb on the back of the jewel piece and put some pressure on it, before rolling it in a large circle. Lynn clenched her cheeks and pulled away from me, causing her thong to snap back against her skin. The snap sound made Brooke turn her head to investigate as Lynn's skirt floated back down against her legs. I wasn't sure if she'd seen anything, but if she did she didn't let on and returned to her wine. Bill did not seem to even notice and finally bent over the table, taking his shot.  
  
Another ball sank into the pocket and he circled the table until he was standing in front of Brooke. Brooke reached out with her foot and kicked Bill's bottom. He stood, and turned, looking back at her. She turned her head as though she wasn't even paying attention and had no idea what was going on. Bill turned back to the table and shook his behind at Brooke.  
  
"You guys are such dorks," Lynn teased.  
  
"That's right, look at that cute little caboose," Brooke said, reaching out her hand and fake squeezing Bill's rump.  
  
"Eww, T-M-I Mom".  
  
Bill and Brooke laughed, before turning and kissing.  
  
"I think it's adorable," I said and gave Lynn a playful smack on the shoulder. "I hope I have someone I can be silly with as we grow old together".  
  
As Bill turned to take his next shot, Brooke slumped back into her barstool and was still staring at Bill's butt.  
  
"Oh don't worry, there's still plenty of time for both of you to find your Bills," she said, licking her lips.  
  
Bill sank another ball and walked in my direction. As he neared, I pushed my chest out a tad and with his attention on the table, he realized too late how close he was too me and accidently brushed my chest with his shoulder.  
  
He blushed and turned to me, "Oh. I'm so sorry. Excuse me".  
  
"Not a problem," I said. "Happens all the time".  
  
He glanced to my chest, blushed again, and turned to the table. Something must have put him off his game as he missed his straight shot. Lynn grabbed the stick, and shot me a quick look. She walked up to the table and started lining up her shot.  
  
"I have to go to the little girl's room. I'll be right back," I said, pushing past her on my way to the bathroom.  
  
I knew from Lynn's glare that she disapproved of me flirting with her Father, but decided she more than likely wouldn't mind me flirting with her in front of her Dad and got a devilish idea on how to do both at the same time. Once in the bathroom, I took my shirt and bra off and hid my bra between some towels in the linen closet. I pulled my shirt back over my head and noticed that in the bright lights of the bathroom the shirt was fairly transparent. I could just make out the circles of my dime sized areolas under the thin, blue fabric of my shirt. I had second thoughts of flaunting my assets under a thin veil in front of Lynn's whole family, but figured that the lights in the den were much dimmer and we would likely go for a swim after playing pool, so I wouldn't be wearing the outfit for much longer anyway.  
  
I walked out of the bathroom and saw Brooke bent over the pool table, her boobs were resting on the table, falling on either side of the pool cue as she stroked the stick back and forth between them. Bill was standing opposite her, intently staring at her ample cleavage as it engulfed the cue. Lynn was taking a sip of wine when she looked up at me entering the room, and choked on the sip of wine in her mouth. Brooke's shot was way off and she stood and turned to Lynn, with a stern look on her face.  
  
"Okay, now I'm not saying I would have made that, but that was just plain mean, sweetie," she scolded.  
  
"I'm fine, by the way, Mom. I really didn't do that on purpose, just went down the wrong pipe. Why don't you take another shot"?  
  
"That's only fair, why don't you take another shot," Bill chimed in excitedly, still staring at his wife's full rack.  
  
Brooke turned and gave him a knowing glare before lowering back to the table repeating her titty-fuck of the pool cue. I waltzed up to Lynn's side adding a little hop in my step, knowing that Brooke and Bill were busy with their own show. Lynn reached her hand down into her pocket and my crotch tightened in anticipation. She must have seen my body's reaction and giggled, then hit me with a back to back buzz.  
  
"You okay? I think we might have to cut you off," I teased.  
  
Lynn looked down to my bouncing boobs and retorted, "Yeah, I was just caught off guard. I'm not sure I'm the only one that needs to be cut off here".  
  
"Oh, stop it you! I'm not that drunk," Brooke called out, taking another bad shot and missing wildly.  
  
Lynn and I both exchanged a look and giggled. Brooke sighed and tossed the stick to me. I reached out and caught it awkwardly, which must have made my breasts jiggle as Bill's eyes went wide and he tried to make it look like he wasn't tracking my perky breasts. As I circled the table, I chose a shot that would put Lynn directly across from me. In order to get to the ball, I had to stand on my tip toes and bend further than I had considered. My shirt was pinched between my body and the table, and as I reached further I could feel the neck of my shirt being pulled down, and more and more of my cleavage straining against my shirt. Lynn's eyes were glued to my chest and her hand in her pocket let me know eventually I would be getting a jolt. I decided to not worry about how much of my boobs were spilling out and focus on my shot instead.  
  
I went up on one leg to gain an extra inch of length and was finally in position to make my shot. Just as I was about to shoot, Lynn hit the button. Because I was leaned against the table, there was increased pressure on the vibrator against my clit. I couldn't regain my composure and eventually took my shot, which sent the cue ball careening off the table at Bill's feet. I scurried around the table to retrieve it.  
  
"Oh my gosh, I'm so sorry," I blurted, squatting down to get the ball.  
  
Bill was standing in front of me and reached his hand out to help me up as I picked up the ball. Looking up to him, as he made a veiled attempt of not looking into my deep cleavage, I moved my arms in front of me to force my boobs further together. As I took his hand, my gaze made its way to his crotch and I saw what appeared to be a nice sized bulge forming in his pants.  
  
"Quite alright, like you said, happens all the time," I said with a wink.  
  
He quickly turned his head to his wife, who was tilting her head back, finishing another glass of wine. I handed Bill the cue ball stick and he stood awkwardly, trying to conceal the growth in his pants, as he lined up his next shot. Despite my best efforts, Bill was still able to sink the next ball and was now on the eight ball. My competitive streak kicked in and I wanted to do anything in my power to prevent us from losing. As Bill was lining up his final shot, I strolled around the table until I was in direct line with him. As he bent over the table to make sure his shot was just right, I positioned my crotch behind the pocket he was aiming for and brought my fingers to my belt loops, shifting my weight from side to side in a casual swinging motion.  
  
As he drew the cue back to shoot, I spread my hands just past shoulder width and lowered my body so my unsupported breasts dangled away from my body, threatening to fall out of my top right in view of my best friend's Dad. I saw his eyes pop open as his sightline was drawn from the table to my pendulating bosom.  
  
The eight-ball bounced just off the side of the pocket and rolled to a stop in the middle of the table, but the cue ball bounced off a rail and rolled straight into the pocket in the far corner. I frolicked over to Lynn, grabbing her hands, and jumped up and down in celebration.  
  
"Woohoo! We win, scratch on the eight," I giggled.  
  
I could feel my boobs bouncing freely as we hopped, and held Lynn at arm's length so the entire room could see the show. Suddenly Lynn's mouth dropped open and she pulled me in for a big hug. As we embraced, I saw Brooke cross to Bill and take his chin in her hand, taking his gaze from the two bouncing college girls to her, and giving him a quick, playful slap on the cheek. His face blushed and he reached his hand back behind her and brought her in for a tender kiss. All was forgiven. While I watched the lovely scene unfold, Lynn brought her mouth to my ear.  
  
"While I appreciate your little show, I thought you might like to know that you can see your nipples through your shirt now that you took your bra off," she whispered into my ear.  
  
As we ended our celebratory hug, I quickly looked down and saw that in my excitement my nipples had become erect and were poking out against the flimsy material of my shirt. While I had intended to show some cleavage, I had not anticipated how easily my nipples would show through the shirt, and was nervous I had gone too far.  
  
"Well that was fun. Now how about we go for a swim," I asked, hoping to change from my skimpy outfit into my swim suit.  
  
"We can't swim just yet, dinner's almost ready," Brooke said, taking my hand and leading me to the stairs.  
  
I looked back to Lynn, who had a smirk on her face as she moved her hand to her pocket. Brooke led us up to the kitchen and told me to take a seat the bar while she finished up the meal. The kitchen was very open, and as I was led to my high bar stool, I could tell my show was not going to end anytime soon. As I sat on the stool I peeked down and saw that my shirt was nearly transparent under the bright kitchen lights and my firm nipples were poking out proudly against my shirt. I crossed my arms in front of my chest, but that only served to extenuate my cleavage which was spilling out of the top of my shirt.

Lynn was snickering as she saw me struggle to find a way out of my self-made predicament, while intermittently adding to my struggles with the controller in her pocket. Brooke, who at this point was visibly intoxicated, was completely oblivious to the perky set of boobs being paraded in front of her. Sadly, Bill was not as unaware, and was finding clever ways of participating without being obvious about it.  
  
"Here, have a grape," he said, holding out a bowl of them, so I would have to lean in and reach for it.  
  
Lynn, seeing her Dad flirting with her friend, lost interest in torturing me and suddenly wanted to end my show.  
  
"Hey Jade, I forgot to show you my room. You're going to love my-"  
  
"You girls can run off and play after dinner, this is family time," Brooke interrupted without turning from the stove.  
  
Lynn was visibly upset, and shot me a disapproving look. I returned an apologetic there's nothing I can do shoulder shrug, which coincidently made my boobs bounce again.  
  
Bill crossed the kitchen, putting himself on the other side of the bar from me and behind his wife.  
  
"So, Lynn tells us you are a history major," Bill said leaning back against the counter and crossing his legs in front of him. "I'm a bit of a history buff myself. I'd love to show you my library and talk shop after dinner".  
  
"Yeah, you two nerds can geek out while Lynn and I take a soak in the jacuzzi," Brooke said, reaching her wine glass out to clink with Lynn.  
  
I looked at Lynn, who was still glaring at me. For some reason, knowing that Lynn disapproved gave me a naughty desire to lead on Bill and give him a tease. I leaned in, like I was intrigued by his offer, pressing my breasts against the counter and pulling my shirt down secretly with my hand under the counter.  
  
"Oh, that sounds great, I'd love to take a look at your books," I said, flashing my eyes down to Bill's crotch and trying not to squirm in my seat from the assault Lynn was unleashing on my clit from across the room.  
  
Bill tried to conceal that he was sneaking peaks at my chest, but the noticeable swelling in his pants gave him away. Brooke was too distracted by her cooking and glass of wine to notice anything going on around her. Lynn, while still giving me disapproving looks, was also stealing glances at my perky cleavage which was getting an extra boost from the counter and my arms framing them nicely for my attentive audience.  
  
"Well that'll just have to wait until after dinner," Brooke said over her shoulder.  
  
She picked up the large pot and crossed to the dining room table. She told Lynn and I to start setting the table and informed us that Brian should be home any second and to set out five settings.  
  
"Mom, Jade and I are going to wash up and get ready for dinner. Can't Da—"  
  
"Oh, stop it! You look fine. Who are you trying to impress anyway," Brooke teased, flipping up Lynn's skirt. "You know, it wasn't too long ago that you were running around this house naked, showing off for everyone.  
  
Lynn's face went beet red. She twirled to hide her bejeweled backside from her Mother, realizing too late that by doing so she would cause her skirt to fly up even more, exposing her bottom and shaved nethers to anyone paying close enough attention. Luckily for her, I was the only one lucky enough to catch the brief show, and she breathed a quick sigh of relief before looking at me panic stricken.  
  
"Oh, I see not much has changed," I said before I realized my company.  
  
Lynn shot me a look and jammed her hand into her pocket.  
  
"I mean...how embarrassing," I recovered.  
  
As we set the table, Brooke started what everyone else must have known to be a long-winded story of Lynn's childhood antics when the door swung open.  
  
"Oh, saved by the bell. Brian come on, time for dinner," Bill called out.  
  
"Hold up, I gotta get cha-" Brian trailed off as he rounded the corner and saw us standing around the table, his eyes stuck on me.  
  
His shirt was soaked with sweat, and his face was still red from all the running. Standing there, after a workout, I had to admit, Brian was cuter than I initially thought. Maybe it was just the wine taking hold, but his arms somehow seemed more toned than before. Now that his shirt was drenched in sweat, you could make out the frame of a six pack just beneath a thin layer of belly fat.  
  
"Sit, sit. I think we're all going to hang out by the pool after dinner anyway," Bill said motioning for us to all sit down.  
  
Lynn rushed to the seat at my right side, which left Brian sitting across from me, Bill to my left, at the head of the table, and Brooke opposite him, on the far end of the table. We decided that it would be best to hold our plates out and have Bill spoon the spaghetti for us. He looked down at me and I could see a lump in his throat as he swallowed hard.  
  
"Let me know when to stop," he said.  
  
"I can take a lot, Bill. Just keep it coming," I blurted out, and heard Brian catch his breath.  
  
A sharp buzz was felt between my legs, and I was worried the noise from the vibrator was audible. I crossed my thighs tightly around it to muffle it, but that only served to press it more firmly against my clit, which had already had quite the workout. My hand shook enough for Bill to give pause to filling my plate.  
  
"Umm, that's enough I suppose".  
  
"Here, let me sauce you," Brian said standing, grabbing the ladle, and sneaking Lynn a nervous smile.  
  
"Thank you, Brian. How thoughtful," Brooke said, picking up her glass.  
  
As Brian brought the sauce ladle to my plate, I couldn't help but see if I could make him squirm.  
  
"Yeah, thanks Brian. I love lots of sauce on mine. Messier the better".  
  
His mouth dropped open and he almost dropped the ladle when I shot him a quick wink. Lynn jolted me once more for the outburst and I clawed her thigh under the table. He sat back down, and the others started passing their plates around the table to be served. Every time the plate would end up in my hands and Bill would stand over me, serving spoon in hand, with a clear view down my shirt. Looking up at him, I could tell he was enjoying the view as his forehead was starting to bead with sweat.  
  
After everyone got their plates filled, we started to eat. Brian tried to conceal his blatant staring at my chest, but he needed to take notes from his Father who was doing a much better job at using his peripheral vision to sneak peeks at my peaks. I did them both a favor and leaned over my plate, slowly sucking the noodles into my mouth. Occasionally, some sauce would drop off a noodle onto my chest and I could hear them softly sigh as I reached a finger down into my shirt to retrieve the sauce, before licking my finger clean. Lynn would hit her button whenever she thought I was going too far, but at this point, the juices between my legs were flowing and all her button mashing was doing was driving me to go further.  
  
"Oh my gosh, I forgot the parmesan cheese," I said, reaching out for the container.  
  
I could feel my boobs swaying as I shook the container, and made sure to give the boys a good, long show before offering it around the table. Both boys' mouths were agape as I went around the table. Brooke was blushing, and politely declined. Lynn's lips were tightly pursed, and she grabbed the container from me, putting it down on the other side of the table. Sensing that I was pushing the wrong buttons on Lynn, I decided to let up on my relentless teasing of her brother and Dad.  
  
The rest of the meal passed without incident, and finally, everyone pushed their seats away from the table and got up to clear the table. Brooke shooed everyone away and told us she would take care of the plates and we should go get changed for the pool. Brian wasted no time, and ran off to his room, but not before I caught a glimpse of the tent he was sporting in his gym shorts. Bill said he would help clean up, and as Lynn and I walked to the stairs, we could hear giggling from the kitchen.  
  
"Eww, gross. Look what you started," Lynn groaned, punching me on the arm.  
  
We made our way up to her room and the door wasn't even shut before Lynn threw her skirt down, ripped her shirt and bra over her head, and turned on me with fire in her eyes and her remote in her hand.  
  
"Get over here, you naughty little slut," she demanded, hitting her button.  
  
My body shivered and I was frozen in my tracks, as I assumed Lynn was getting ready to chastise me for parading myself in front of her entire family. She pounced on me and ran her hand down my tummy and into the waist line of my shorts, before pressing the vibrator in my panties hard against my clitoris. I latched onto her neck, moaning loudly as the pulsating of the vibrator sent shockwaves through my body. I reached down and started toying with the plug in Lynn's tight backside, then wrapped a finger on either side and in one swift motion tugged it from its cozy home. Lynn let out a whimper of her own and pushed me onto her bed.  
  
"We don't have long, and I need to taste your sweet juices," she said, crossing and pinning down my thighs and spreading them wide.  
  
As she knelt between my open legs, I instinctively lifted my butt off the bed and she peeled my shorts off, leaving the panties where they were with the cute little butterfly vibrator still fluttering its wings. Using her tongue, Lynn pressed softly on the butterfly one last time, sending one last tremor through me. She then bit down on the string and brought the panties down my thigh. Once she had a clear line of sight, she buried her head between my thighs and went to work with her tongue licking up and down my soft, wet lips. As she suspected, I was extremely wet between my legs and she lapped hungrily at my sweet lady nectar. She knew from our time together how best to finish me off in a hurry and brought me near instantly to the edge or orgasm. Suddenly she stopped everything she was doing, backed up from her position, and gave a light slap to my vagina.  
  
"It's not so nice to tease sometimes is it," she said with a firm tone and started to get up, "payback's a bitch, huh".  
  
I just lay there for a second, regaining my composure after her evil trick. After letting out a disappointed groan, I too started to get up  
  
"Okay, well played. I guess I kind of deserve that," I said, reaching for my shirt and shorts. "To be fair though, you were the one who kept mashing the damned button, and turning me on".  
  
Lynn looked back over her shoulder as she pulled out a bulky one-piece swimsuit from her dresser, "calm down sweetie, I'm not mad you put on a little show for me, but you need to be careful to not show off too much in front of my brother and Dad," she said, stepping into her suit and checking herself out in the mirror.  
  
"I will be on my best behavior, but there is one little thing. I didn't exactly know that your brother was going to be home, and figured your parents would leave us to our own devices, so the only bathing suit I packed is that little striped bikini".  
  
"You're killing me," Lynn whined, "you know I love you in that, but it's so skimpy. My Dad and brother are going to be drooling over you spilling out of that thing".  
  
"Don't you have another one of these Baywatch suits," I teased reaching out and snapping one of the shoulder straps of her suit.  
  
Lynn flinched and slapped my hand away, "No, I just leave this here so I'll have something to wear when I'm home. My mom might have an old suit though, let's go ask her," she said, grabbing my hand and walking us out to the stairs.  
  
As we neared Bill and Brooke's door we could hear Bill's muffled voice through the door and what sounded like some heavy kissing through the door. Lynn got a disgusted look on her face and gave me a stern scowl.  
  
"Oh my God! So gross," she whispered to me before knocking on the door. "Hey Mom, I got a quick question for you".  
  
There was loud, panicked stirring from inside the room. There were muffled, murmurs, then the closing of the master bathroom door. Brooke opened the door a crack and peeked out. Her eyes were slightly watering, her hair was disheveled, and she was wearing only a robe.  
  
"What's the matter honey?" Brooke chirped, over enthusiastically.  
  
Lynn paused for a moment to collect herself, then turned to me for help.  
  
"Umm, Brooke. This is a little embarrassing, but in my haste to pack I only brought a skimpy little bikini with me. I don't want to be parading my body in front of your son and husband in a tiny swimsuit like that".  
  
As I finished my first sentence I could hear a muffled grunt from the bathroom and had to stifle a laugh back. Brooke's eyes scanned my body, and I could see her eyes pause at my nipples, which must have been straining against the fabric of my shirt again. She slowly let the door open and waved for us to come in.  
  
"Come on in girls, Bill is just finishing getting changed in the bathroom now," Brooke said, loud enough for Bill to hear through the door.  
  
As we entered, we heard a commotion in the bathroom, then shortly after Bill emerged wearing baggy trunks and holding a towel in front of his crotch. He was blushing as he crossed to exit the room.  
  
"Uh, I'll go get the cover off the pool and hot tub. See you girls out there," he announced as he shuffled by, trying not to expose his obvious boner to the room.  
  
Once the door was closed, Brooke turned to me and said, "Okay, let's see this teeny bikini".  
  
"Oh, I didn't wear it in here. I was going to see if you had something first," I said, looking at Lynn who was shrugging.  
  
"Don't be silly. I'm sure it's fine, plus any suit of mine will be about four sizes too big for you. Especially in certain places," she said pushing her boobs together and nodding at my chest.  
  
"MOM"!  
  
"Calm down sweetie," Brooke said, shaking a hand at Lynn. "It's just us girls now. I think we all know we have breasts at this point and I'm sure Jade can see my girls are a little on the bigger side compared to you two," she teased and swung her large rack at us. She crossed to her closet and picked out two large swimsuits, then crossed to the door, "Okay, fashion show time".  
  
We made our way back to my room and Brooke walked out in front of us while Lynn and I exchanged quizzical looks behind her. We entered my room and Brooke crossed to the bed, sitting on it. I timidly walked over to my bag and dug until I found my bikini. When I stood with it in my hand, Brooke shifted her weight on the bed and patted for Lynn to sit next to her.  
  
"Come sit with me honey, we can be the judges for the fashion show".  
  
Lynn shrugged her shoulders at me, shooting a sympathetic look my way as she crossed and sat next to Brooke.  
  
"I'm really sorry, I'm a little shy. I think I'd rather just change in the bathroom if that's okay," I said trying to get out of revealing the fact that I had been parading around in front of Brooke's husband and Son in nothing more than a thin shirt and short shorts.  
  
"There's no need to be shy Jade. Like I said, it's just us girls. If you go to the bathroom you might run into Bill or Brian on the way, and if this bikini is as skimpy as you say we might not want that," she said using my own logic against me.  
  
I looked to Lynn for help, and once again received only a shrug and sympathetic-evil grin. Seeing there was no way out of it, I slowly unbuttoned my shorts and let them fall to the ground. Brooke's eyes were locked on my crotch and I could swear she even leaned in slightly to get a better view.  
  
"Oh," she finally spat out. "I heard it was the new thing to not wear underwear sometimes".  
  
Lynn gave Brooke a quick hit on the arm, "Mom. Stop embarrassing Jade".  
  
Brooke blushed and regained her composure, "No, not at all. I mean, if you have a body like that—" she cut herself off.  
  
I tugged my shirt down to conceal my nether region as best I could, but as I did I could feel more of my breasts peek out from the top of my shirt and decided to just rip the band-aid off completely. I took the hem of my shirt and pulled it over my head, swinging my hair free as I tossed the shirt to the ground next to me. I was now standing completely naked in front of Brooke and Lynn. Lynn was biting her lip and Brooke's eyes were as wide as her mouth. I quickly turned to grab my bikini from the ground and cover up, but couldn't find it on the ground.  
  
"Oh my," Brooke chimed in. "I could never walk around without a bra on, my boobies would knock someone out. I thought yours were bouncing around a bit while we were playing pool, but just figured that was the perkiness of youth," she continued. "And I see you're not too bashful when it comes to a razor either," she said, nodding her head at my crotch.  
  
I put a hand between my legs to hide my nakedness, as Brooke stood and walked over towards me.  
  
"Trust me sweetie, you have nothing to be shy about," She said as she got to me.  
  
I thought she was going to reach out and grab me, but instead she walked to the mirror behind me and dropped her robe, revealing her naked body. She was carrying some extra weight in her midsection, and her body had started to succumb to gravity, but overall Brooke looked very attractive for her age. She reached down and grabbed her belly, shaking and making her whole front jiggle.  
  
"You girls don't know how much of a toll time and having kids takes on your body. I used to be a smoking little piece of ass like you two," she lamented, looking into the mirror.  
  
"As gross as this conversation is, for what it's worth Mom, I think you look pretty damn good for your age," Lynn announced from the bed.  
  
"And judging by the way Bill still looks at you, I'd say you have nothing to worry about," I said.  
  
Brooke turned sideways, and stood tall, sucking in her stomach. She scanned her body up and down, then looked at my reflection in the mirror and moved her hand to her privates which was an overgrown bush of pubic hair.  
  
"You girls are so sweet. When you've been married as long as Bill and I have, at some point you just get comfortable with each other and stop worrying about all the superficial stuff. I can't tell you the last time I shaved between my legs, let alone trimmed the hedges back. Of course, a lot has changed since our time".  
  
Lynn jammed her fingers in her ears, "Okay, that's enough show and tell Mom. Let's get dressed and go down to the pool," Lynn interrupted.  
  
Brooke threw her arms up and crossed back to the bed, picking up her bathing suit and stepping into it. I bent down and picked up my shirt, which was covering my bikini. It was a cute matching top and bottom that was baby blue with pink flamingos printed on them. I pulled on the tiny bottoms and started re-tying strings on either side to make sure they were nice and secure.  
  
I looked in the mirror and saw that my cheeks were mostly covered in the back and thought it might not be so bad after all. I then pulled the top over my head and positioned the cups to make sure my breasts were fully covered. The top was a little snugger then I remembered it being and I asked Lynn if she could re-tie the top in the back for me. I continued fidgeting with it, while looking in the mirror as she crossed and started to adjust the knots.  
  
"See Brooke, this top is just a little too small. I'm either spilling out the sides, or about to fall out the bottom of the cups," I said shaking my chest, "and I really would rather not play a game of peek-a-boob with your Son and Husband as the contestants".  
  
Brooke laughed and Lynn pulled the strings of the top tightly, then let them go, snapping them on my back.  
  
"Well, it's not like there's a diving board or anything, and we'll more than likely just be sitting in the hot tub anyway, so as long as they are contained and you don't do any jumping jacks or cannonballs, I think you're overreacting," Brooke said from behind.  
  
"I'm going to double knot, just to be sure. We are talking about my brother and Dad too here," Lynn said, giving another tug to the strings, then a pat on the butt. "All set. Why don't you do a quick test".

I turned to face Brooke and Lynn and bounced on my heels several times.  
  
"How's this?" I asked.  
  
"Better safe than sorry," Brooke said as she stepped forward and grabbed me by the shoulders, giving me a hearty shake.  
  
I could feel myself start to blush as Lynn's Mom was shaking my boobs and inspecting to see if I had spilled out, but oddly, I also felt a little aroused at the thought of being her little pawn to get a new spark for her and her husband' sex life.  
  
"I think you're fine sweetie," Brooke said blushing and guiding my shoulder towards the door. "Come on girls, if we get down there before the boys we can get in the hot tub and none of this will matter".  
  
As we hurried down the hall I could hear a faint noise coming from Brian's room that I had heard plenty of times in the dorms before boys would open their doors with beads of sweat on their foreheads and flush faces. When we got to the pool, Bill was just pulling the cover off the tub. Brooke gave me a quick shove from behind out the door.  
  
"Why don't you girls go ahead and jump in the tub while I get us another round," Brooke announced so Bill would turn to catch the show.  
  
It was fairly obvious that Brooke wanted to give Bill a show to get him ready and then capitalize on the pent-up tension later. I decided if this was to be my role, I might as well go all in.  
  
"Oh, great, I hope it's nice and warm. Hey Lynn, do you have a hair tie," I said raising my arms up and pulling my hair back in a ponytail pushing my tits out as I arched my shoulder blades back further presenting my heaving chest towards Bill.  
  
Bill was standing just behind the hot tub, frozen in his tracks, staring directly at my swaying tits as they bounced towards him. Lynn, the only person that was not on board with our unspoken plan, quickly moved in front of me, blocking Bill's view.  
  
"I don't have a hair tie, but I can put it up in a bun for you. Here, turn around," she instructed, grabbing my shoulders and spinning me to face the house again.  
  
What Lynn hadn't counted on was her brother coming out the door at that exact moment and seeing his sister's friends' boobs swaying and popping out of her top right in front of him. Since I was already to be used as Bill's eye candy I figured why not just let Brian get his kicks as well and decided not to let on that I had felt my nipple spring free from the flimsy bikini top. I kept my arms above my head so my breasts were on full display and unobstructed to Brian. He took a double take and locked onto his target. Lynn fidgeted with my hair and I feigned that she had pulled it too hard and struggled against her causing my tits to bounce even more for Brian.  
  
His gaze hadn't moved and he must not have known that I could see him through the large French doors as his hand drifted towards his cock in his shorts. Lynn finally got done playing with my hair and Bill shouted that the hot tub was officially open for business.  
  
"Thank God! Finally," Lynn whispered over my shoulder and turned to get in the tub, but not before giving my ass cheek a quick pinch, "now you play nice".  
  
As I lowered my arms back to my sides I decided to prolong my torture of poor Brian for one more beat and reached down to check the strings on my bikini before getting in the tub. I slowly slid my fingers inside the waistband of my tiny bottoms in the middle of my tummy and dragged them along the top of my belly in either direction, tugging ever-so-slightly to make sure they were tied tight. Brian was licking his lips, clearly enjoying the show I was providing him.  
  
Lynn must have finally noticed what was going on as I heard, "Jade, will you stop fidgeting and get over here," come from behind.  
  
Bill had made his way over to a chair overlooking both the pool and hot tub and was sitting cross legged with a hand in his lap and a cocktail in the other. I made my way over to the hot tub, which was about ten feet from the edge of the pool in a dimly lit corner of the back patio. While my back was to the boys I acted like I was correcting my top, but actually pulled both of my breasts completely out of the cups and let them sway freely as I bounced toward Lynn who was biting her lip and following my dangling pendulums. I threw on leg over the edge of the tub and fondled Lynn's crotch with my foot before sliding it to a seat next to her.  
  
As I hopped up, shifting my weight to the foot un the tub to swing my other leg over Lynn decided to take the opportunity to position her hand underneath me in the seat and as I dipped down into the jacuzzi she cupped my cheek in her hand and massaged it under the water. I reached over and dropped a hand in her lap and inched towards her crotch. The jets were on full blast, so we were free to explore each other and Bill was none the wiser.  
  
Brian finally emerged with a towel conveniently covering his crotch. He gave a quick look towards the hot tub and hurriedly crossed to the pool. As he dove in, Brooke made her way out the door holding another bottle of wine and three glasses. She stumbled over to Bill and Bent over to give him a kiss. She hovered above him a bit longer than needed and you could see they were whispering something to each other. Brooke gave him one last peck on the cheek and sauntered over to us in the jacuzzi. I was just pulling my hand away from Lynn's crotch as she got to the side of the tub.  
  
"Scooch over girls, mama's coming in hot," she belted out, handing off the glasses and bottle before half falling into the hot tub.  
  
Lynn was nudging me with her elbow, and I assumed she was poking fun at Brooke's obvious state of drunkenness. It was too late before I realized what she was really trying to draw my attention to. Between playing with Lynn and having a decent buzz going, I had completely forgot that both of my hooters were out of their nests and I would have to make an obvious move to correct it at this point. I tried and dip below the water and slyly put them back in their coop, but it was too late. Brooke had poured us each a glass of wine while I was in my state of bewilderment and was now holding it out about a foot above the water for me to grab.  
  
I reached up to grab it Brooke and she must have seen what was happening because her cheeks once again grew flush and her eyes went wide. I expected her to blabber out something and draw attention to my predicament, but she instead handed me my glass and held up hers for a toast.  
  
"To an unforgettable weekend," she said as she forced our glasses against each other and then took a swig of her wine. "Woo, this hot tub feels great. Bill why don't you come over here and soak with us?" she plead to her husband who seemed to be trying too hard to not appear to be looking our way.  
  
Panic must have flashed across my face as Lynn let out a snicker and then pinched my leg under the water.  
  
"Oh, you girls don't want an old fogey like me crashing your hot tub party. I have some work I wanted to get done anyway, I'll probably head up to my study soon".  
  
Sweet relief. My shoulders melted into the tub and I could feel my anxiety start to drift away with the bubbles as the cascaded over my whole body. I felt my eyes close as my head rolled back onto the foam-covered neck supports of the seat.  
  
"Well at least come over and do one last cheers with us before you head up to bed ya old geezer," Brooke called out. "once you dip a finger in this water I might be able to convince you otherwise".  
  
I could hear Bill walking toward the door and figured he was just ignoring his drunk wife and heading to his office. I decided I was safe and kept my eyes shut, letting my body completely relax into the soothing jets of the tub. Just as I was about to drift of into a daydream I heard the jets kick off. Since no one in the tub had moved and Bill was headed up to his office I figured there must have been a timer on the jets.  
  
"There we go," I heard from just behind my head as the lights inside the tub came on.  
  
My eyes sprang open and my head shot up. Bill had snuck down from the deck with ninja-like stealth and was now towering over my shoulder. I knew from his vantage point he could easily see his young daughter's friend's tits out in full display, shimmering in the softly lit jacuzzi.  
  
"I'm sorry sweetie, I didn't mean to startle you," he said as he dropped a hand on my shoulder.  
  
I have to admit, his strong hand sitting on my shoulder sent a quake through my body. It might have been the wine starting to take its hold on me but looking up at his warm eyes, genuinely concerned over having startled me, was turning me on. What had started as flirting for Brooke's later enjoyment was quickly shifting to the type of teasing I had done to so many of the boys at college to see what kind of trouble I could get myself into. I reached up and gently caressed Bill's hand on my shoulder.  
  
"Oh no, that's okay Bill. I guess I was letting the wine and the tub get the best of me," I said slowly sitting up higher in the tub, holding our hands at the same height so his hand ever-so-slightly slipped down my shoulder toward my chest.  
  
Bill was still looking down at me, though his gaze had drifted from my eyes and I could sense him tense up as he snapped out of his trance, grabbing his hand back from me. I looked over at Lynn, who had fire in her eyes. I could tell she knew exactly what I was up to and was not pleased to say the least. Brooke on the other hand was biting her lip and, though she liked what she was seeing and could tell Bill was loving the show, could not have known that my intentions had now been slightly altered.  
  
"Oh, uhh, okay then. Well, as I said...I'm going to head up to my study to do some reading," he stammered and made a turn toward the door.  
  
"Hold on a second, Bill. You still owe me a tour of your study, remember?"  
  
He was still trying to make his way toward the house as I called after him.  
  
"Oh, that's alright, we can do that tomorrow".  
  
"Nonsense, I have to go to the little girl's room anyway," I said. "Why don't you toss me a towel and we can walk up together".  
  
"Jade, it's just a bunch of books, hang on a sec and then we'll head in to the bathroom together," Lynn started.  
  
"Oh! Stop it you, let the bookworms have their fun, you get to hang out with your little buddy all the time, it's been so long since we've gotten to hang out sweetie," Brooke bolted out, grabbing her glass of wine and stumbling over to Lynn's side of the tub, wrapping an arm around her shoulder.  
  
I gave a last shoulder shrug to Lynn and mouthed an apology before turning my back, standing, and faking to pick my bikini bottoms out of my butt crack, which Lynn knew just meant I was pulling the tiny fabric from the front and accentuating my camel toe. Bill turned toward the little table by the door and picked up the smallest towel there was. As he turned back toward the hot tub he almost dropped the towel as I was standing on the ground in front of him, wringing out my hair.  
  
From my position I could tell he had a clear view of not only my firm boobs which were on full display, but also my nice pussy lips straining out against the tiny fabric of my swimsuit. I continued to pretend I was trying to get every ounce of water from my hair before reaching out for the towel. Bill stood there awkwardly, holding out the tiny towel, trying not to let on that he was taking in my near naked body. Just as I reached out for the towel I pulled back my hand and tilted my head to the side.  
  
"Oh no, I got some water in my ear," I whimpered.  
  
With my head tilted, I tapped the top of my temple several times and could feel my breasts jiggle up and down. I could also see Bill's shorts with an obvious bulge in the front, so I knew he was also enjoying the show, but even more I could swear I heard a light groan escape his lips. I thought enough was enough and finally reached out to take the towel and held my arks up high, drying off my hair fist as we headed for the door.  
  
Once we were inside and I heard the door close behind Bill I stood up straight and turned to face Bill. Covering my whole head with the towel I shook my hands vigorously making sure to exaggerate my every motion so Bill could see this spry set of tits swaying in front of him. As I let my hands fall to my sides I started patting my arms dry. Finally, I looked down and made an attempt to discover my nakedness for the first time.  
  
"Oh my gosh Bill," I squealed, dropping the towel to the ground and doing a piss poor attempt to cup my breasts in my hands. "It looks like my bathing suit may have slipped a little".  
  
Bill's face went beet red and he turned his head slightly, though I caught him still catching my show in a mirror on the far side of the room.  
  
"Oh no. Really? I swear, I didn't see a thing. How embarrassing that must be," he stammered.  
  
"Embarrassing," I stamped, "try mortifying! Just look at how my boobies are just flopping around out here in front of everyone".  
  
Bill turned his head to look.  
  
"I didn't mean actually look," I yelped and took a step forward swatting him in the arm, giving him another good look at my swinging tits.  
  
"Oh God, I'm sorry...it's just-"  
  
"It's just you wanted to check out your daughter's friend's boobies?"  
  
"No- I mean- you're a beautiful girl, I just..."  
  
"Oh my God, Lynn is going to kill me-what about Brooke-Oh my God".  
  
"No no no no, don't worry," Bill said turning and walking toward me.  
  
I started to reposition the cups of my bikini and pulled them far out in front so Bill could still see everything he wanted of me while he consoled the poor naked girl in front of him. It was safe to say Bill was now putty in my hands for me to play with as I saw fit. He grabbed me by the shoulders and I could tell he was genuinely trying to maintain eye contact with me, but the brain in his shorts was pleading him to look further south.  
  
"No one has to know about this little incident. It can be our little secret, okay?" he plead.  
  
"I'd really like that Bill," I timidly said, head hung low. "Can we still go see your office," I asked trying to not let on that his cock had brushed against me as he was calming me and it was driving me wild inside.  
  
"Umm, sure. Of course," he stammered and turned toward the hallway.  
  
I followed him down the corridor and as he walked I quickly reached down and undid one of the double knots that Lynn had tied in my bikini bottoms so one sharp tug would send them to the ground. He reached the study door and stepped inside. The room was about triple the size of our dorm room and one whole wall was a giant book case filled floor to ceiling with books. There was even a ladder you could climb on to get to the higher up books. There was a large desk with an oversized high back chair behind it in one corner and a chaise lounge in the other corner with a large floor lamp next to it for reading. Sitting directly behind that was a small dry bar and Bill crossed directly to it to refill his glass.  
  
"I could use one of these too if you don't mind," I said as he started to close the top of the bottle.  
  
"Ahh, what the hell. Why not, right," he called back, pouring a small amount into the glass.  
  
"I said I wanted a drink," I insisted, crossing the room.  
  
He poured the same amount in mine as in his and handed the glass to me as I approached.  
  
"To secrets," he said holding up the glass.  
  
I clinked and took a sip of the whiskey, while my other hand reached for Bill's crotch.  
  
"To secrets," I echoed.  
  
Bill almost spit out his whiskey, then took a step back, tripped, and fell back onto the chaise lounge. I stepped in front of him as he regained his composure.  
  
"What the-"  
  
"Oh Bill, don't worry. It's just us in here now. Like you said, this can be our little secret," I said rubbing my hands on my belly and slowly ascending up to my breasts, massaging my nipples through the tiny bikini. "I've seen the little glances you've been giving me since I got here. I know you've been hoping to get to touch my tight little teenage body since I walked in".  
  
"Jade, I-"  
  
"Don't worry Bill," I said inching towards him, "I won't tell Lynn, and your wife is too drunk to even notice we're gone".  
  
Looking down into his lap I could see the fabric getting tighter. I straddled his legs and pressed my boobs against his face. Reaching back between my legs I grabbed his rock-hard cock through his shorts and started gently stroking it.  
  
"You can't tell me you don't want this Bill," I breathed into his ear.  
  
He still had his arms down at his side and I could tell he still needed a little convincing to go all the way. I stood up and backed away a step. With one gentle tug I pulled the string of my bottoms and they fell to the ground. Then I put both my hands on my hips and slowly trailed them up the full length of my body, stopping to pull my lips apart and show him my sweet shaved pussy lips, then up my flat tummy and eventually cupping my breasts, rolling my nipples between my thumbs and index fingers and pulling my top over my head. Once my top was off I threw it at Bill, hitting him square in the chest.  
  
I was now standing stark nude in front of my best friend's father and he had a dumb grin on his face and a tent in his shorts. Safe to say it was too late to turn back now, so I did what any self-respecting tease would do and reached back down between my legs with one hand and started to rub my lips while rubbing and teasing my nipples with my other hand. Bill looked like he was in shock and I could tell he was still not one hundred percent sure what he was seeing was real. I had had enough teasing and asserted that if this was going to happen I would need to put this in overdrive.  
  
I walked over to Bill and picked his drink up off the side table, pressing it to his lips and tipping it with my finger under the glass. Once he had finished it I dipped a hand down and once again fondled him through his shorts. At first he squirmed, but then eased back in the seat and I could feel his inhibitions float away. I slowly brought both hands to his knees and lowered myself down to the floor between Bill. He reached his hand down on mine and gently squeezed in acknowledgment of what was going to happen next.  
  
Once on my knees in front of him, I started stroking up and down his thighs with my hands. I could feel his taught hamstrings through his shorts and couldn't wait to get those shorts off to see what he was hiding under them. I slowly reached my hands up to his waistband and could feel him start to shift to allow more easier access to unbutton them. As I unzipped his shorts I looked up and saw Bill with his head thrown back and could tell he was already on cloud nine and I had not even released his cock from its hiding place yet. He lifted his butt and I tore the shorts down to mid-thigh, leaving his boxer briefs pulled up for the moment. I then brought my face down into his crotch and made a trail of kisses down the outline of his cock through the underwear.  
  
I glanced up and saw that I now had bill's full attention. We locked eyes and I could see the desire in his stare. I slid his shorts down past his calves and off then drug my nails back up his legs and under the lower hem of his boxers. With another firm tug I pulled them down from under his butt and he again lifted to allow them to slide down. As the shorts moved down his thighs I was revealing my long-awaited prize. First the wild, unkempt bush of pubic hair, followed by the thick shaft. I wasn't expecting much from Bill as Lynn had always described him as a dweeby nerd type, but my first impression of seeing me led me to believe Lynn's description of her father may be clouded by bias and my suspicions were profoundly confirmed as I started to unveil a thick, veiny cock the likes of which I had only encountered few times before. It had a long, pronounced vein running the full length of the shaft with several small off shoots. As I continued sliding the boxers down his thigh I could feel Bill's lust grow in stride with his now rock-hard erection.

I could see the outline of its head just on the cusp of the waistband and sat up on my heels bringing my face to within an inch of the it. All told it must have been at least seven and a half inches long and close to the same around. I opened my mouth wide and stuck my tongue out as I gave the bottom hem of the boxers a last tug, spring boarding Bill's dick out of its cotton prison and let it slap my chin and tongue eventually resting against my cheek.  
  
Bill let out a loud sigh as his cock was finally free and resting gently against his new admirer's face. I giggled and looked seductively up into Bill's eyes and let out a light whimper, grabbing the base of his dick and thwapping the heavy head against my tongue several times. I reached my other hand down and cradled his testicles that were also enshrined in an unkempt forest of pubic hair. As I rolled his balls in my hand, I let a long string of spit fall from my mouth down onto Bill's mushroom shaped head. As the saliva ran down the side of his shaft I brought my tongue down, slurping it back up and licking the whole length from base to tip, ending with a light kiss right on his trouser snake's eye where I once again let the spit run from my lips cascading down my new toy.  
  
My hand couldn't even close around Bill's thick dick, but I made as tight a circle as I could and stroked up and down a few times, until Bill's eyes closed again and I could tell if I kept up at that pace our fun would soon be over. I released my stranglehold on his cock and dropped my attention to the low hanging fruit below. Bill opened his legs slightly and I held his cock against his stomach with one hand as my tongue darted out and made its way through the brush searching for a prize. I formed a vacuum seal on his left nut first, sucking it into my mouth and swirling my tongue around it before reaching out using only my tongue and brought the right testicle into my mouth repeating the treatment so as to not play favorites. Brooke must not have ever done this for Bill as he let out a deep grunt and I could feel his cock jump in my hand.  
  
"Oh my God, if you keep that up, I'm not going to last another minute," Bill said reaching down and stroking my head and reaching back to my neck.  
  
"It's okay, Bill. I don't mind being your little cumslut. I want you to use my mouth like a fuck toy until you unload deep in my throat," I panted grabbing his cock and stroking fervently.  
  
Bill's eyes went wide and he looked down at me and blushed, "Oh my Jade. I can't believe what I'm hearing".  
  
I greedily sucked the tip of his cock making a pop sound as it fell from my mouth which was quickly drowned out by the sloppy slushing of my spit-soaked hands wrapped firmly around his cock, pumping it in unison.  
  
"Oh, don't play meek with me Bill. I know you've been thinking about tearing my clothes off and ravaging me since you saw me walk through the door," I said as Bill's face was tensing and his clenched the cushion of the chaise lounge. "Like you said baby, this is our little secret," I said between deep throats. "Go on," I said taking Bills' hands and forcing them to the back of my head, "throat fuck your little slut until you fill stomach with your seed".  
  
He tried to take his hands away at first, but I started moaning on his cock, and he finally started bucking his hips to meet my rhythm. Finally, I felt his hands clasp on the back of my head and he started to pull my head down to meet his hips as well. I gave up, giving Bill complete use of me; opening my mouth and relaxing my throat for him to pump into. My hands cupped his balls and clawed his thigh as he buried his thick cock in my face until my nose mushed against his pubic bone. Just as my eyes were tearing up and I was going to need to take a break I felt the familiar tensing in Bill's undercarriage.  
  
He let out a guttural groan and his leg started to spasm as I impaled myself on his rod. I could feel the first spurt explode from him and hit the back of my throat and I tried to swallow it down as it came, but then the next shot filled my mouth and I couldn't swallow quick enough. As I opened my mouth allowing the next spurt to fill what room I had made I reached up and stroked his cock, milking it for every last drop of his sweet load. I could feel a rope spill out of my mouth and land on my chest. I pushed my tits together creating a nice stage for any overflow of my salty prize. Bill's leg was still shaking and I could see that he had fallen back against the chair, letting the waves of ecstasy wash over him.  
  
I swallowed the mouthful I still had then leaned down and gave one last long stroke of Bill's cock to make sure there wasn't any more semen left to drain from my donor, before using his still rigid member to clean up any fallout on my tits before once again licking the tip clean. Bill lay there motionless, panting in short breaths with his head leaned back over the edge of the chair for a moment as I continued to rub my breasts dry and lick my fingers clean.  
  
"Thanks for the tour of your study Dr. S," I said getting up and grabbing my bikini from the floor.  
  
Bill finally sat up, "Wait, what do you-"  
  
"Shh," I interrupted holding my finger to my lips, "let's not ruin this moment with a bunch of talk. And remember hot stuff," I said with a wink as I got to the door, bikini in hand, "this is our little secret".  
  
As I shut the door behind me I could hear Bill moving inside, then the glass clink as he poured a celebratory drink before falling back onto the chaise lounge. I made my way to the bathroom to put my bikini back on, but once inside I turned and looked at myself in the mirror. My hair was a mess and my eyes were red from tearing up as Bill pounded my throat. I started to fix my hair and dry my eyes when I heard a faint, but familiar noise coming from the hallway. I quickly slid my tiny bikini back on and quietly exited the bathroom to check my hypothesis.  
  
I looked down the hall and saw Brian's door was slightly ajar and as I crept closer and closer the noise became slightly louder with each step. There was a slight crack and if I positioned my head just right I could see inside Brian's room and could finally deduce the source of the mysterious noise. As I thought, once I pushed the door open a tiny crack more I saw Brian standing over his bed with his cock in his hand going away at tugging it in earnest.  
  
From the angle he was standing at it was hard to make out his cock, but he had his shirt off and his muscular back was tense and I could see the top half of his ass as it peeked out above the top of his shorts as it flexed each time he thrust into his hand which was pumping in stride. Watching him and knowing he had no idea I was there was starting to get me aroused again and I half surprised myself as my hand instinctively found its way under my bikini bottoms and started rubbing over my already wet lips. I heard Brian grunt and thought he must be close to being done, but I couldn't help myself. My lips were begging to be spread and toyed with, and I apparently had no choice in the matter.  
  
I reached up with my other hand and started pinching and teasing my nipples and it wasn't long before I couldn't stand it any longer and pulled my breasts out of my top and gave a firm tug on each nipple and continued rolling from one to the other while my pussy lips and clit were receiving the attention they so desperately ached for as well. I heard another grunt from inside the room and looked as Brian now had his hand on the small of his back and was leaned back slightly giving me a clear view of his manhood. It didn't look quite as thick as Bill's but looked to be just as long-give or take-. I heard him grunting something as he stroked his cock and I swear I heard him mutter my name. I leaned in closer to see if I could get a better listen, but as my ear came right up to the door I heard a new noise, and not from inside the room; it was footsteps coming up the stairs.  
  
I froze. Looking down the hall I saw there was nowhere to hide and knowing I couldn't stand there with my tits out and bikini at mid-thigh I figured I only had one option. Without another thought I lunged forward into Brian's room and closed the door behind me as quietly as I could. Brian attempted to cover himself as he twirled to shout at me, but I crashed into him covering his mouth with one hand and holding my index finger to my lips with the other as we collided and fell back onto his bed.  
  
Laying on top of him I could feel his hard cock smushed between us against my stomach and was sure he was loving my boobs pressed firm against his upper chest, pushing up into his chin. We lay there for what felt like a minute, eyes locked, trying not to breath, our near naked bodies pressed firm against each other after having met only a few hours earlier. I could feel Brian's cock still pulsating with his heartbeat and knew it must be killing him to have the girl he was just jerking off to barge into his room and lay naked on top of him and not be able to do anything about it.  
  
Finally, the steps made their way down the hallway and into the bathroom. My assumption was either Lynn finally had to pee or Brooke was either peeing or getting sick from all the wine she was throwing back. Brian and I were still lying there and as I made a move to get up, I felt his cock pulse one more time and something just snapped inside of me. I'm not sure if it was the thought of taking Lynn's father and then brother into my mouth mere minutes apart, but something would not let me leave this room without tasting Brian's sweet juice.  
  
I got up like I was going to just leave and turned back as I reached the door. Brian's eyes were locked on my tight ass and he had a sad, pathetic face and I could tell the poor boy was dying inside. I waited for him to look up, winked, locked the door, and as I strut back to him lying on the bed, I pulled the strings of both my tops and bottoms and let my bikini fall to the ground around me. Brian started to press his body up on his elbows to get up and I threw him back, once again holding my finger to his lips. I knelt down and grabbed his cock with both hands and stroked long and slow up and down the full length of his rigid member.  
  
I was correct in my previous assessment; Bill was slightly thicker than Brian, but they were roughly the same length. I looked up at Brian who was just staring with the same bewildered look on his face as I opened my lips and lowered them to the tip of his cock. I could feel his heartbeat through his cock in my hands and knew Brian would not last as long as his father had, so I decided to just give the poor boy what he obviously and desperately needed.  
  
With one smooth motion, I brought my mouth crashing down on his cock until it was buried to my throat. I let out a gurgle as it choked me a bit and Brian grabbed the back of my head, pulling my hair to get a better look at the magnificent present he was being given. I wrapped my hand around the base of his cock and as I drew my mouth up, my hands followed so it felt like I was constantly deepthroating all of him. I could feel Brian's hips start to twitch and knew he was already close and let out little moans and groans, letting him know I thought it was hot that he was about to fill me up. I bobbed up and down on his cock for another four strokes before his breathing came in short bursts and I could feel his testicles starts to tense up. I grabbed his dick with one hand and stroked unmercifully while my tongue rested on the tip of his cock.  
  
"Oh that's it baby, give me that big, messy load," I ordered, staring right at his cock. "I want you to fill up this slutty little mouth until it spills out onto my tits".  
  
"Holy fuck," was all Brian could get out before his eyes started to squint and his legs went stiff.  
  
The first shot of his cum went straight up into the air and landed right on my upper lip. I quickly closed my mouth around his head and pumped his shaft like I was siphoning gas. His next three threads flew right down my throat and I did my best to take it all in my mouth. So far not a drop had escaped my mouth and I was determined to leave no trace of semen behind, taking it all down my throat to make a cum cocktail with bill's in my stomach. Just as Brian's hips were in the throws of another orgasm induced spasm there was a knock at the door and the handle started to rattle.  
  
"Brian, what the hell. You, and everyone else for that matter disappeared and left me all alone with Mom's drunk ass," Lynn complained through the door. "Are you coming back down to pool at all or are you going to be lame like dad"?  
  
Brian's eyes went wide and he was mouthing for me to stop. I just looked up and made a pouty face and continued circling my tongue on his sensitive cock head as he tried to gather his thoughts.  
  
"Uh, umm...yeah I'll be down in just a sec. I was just on a ph-phone call, but I'm all done n-now," Brian stuttered as his after quakes of orgasm took control of his body momentarily.  
  
It must not have helped that I was continuing to suck his cock dry and fondle his balls as he tried to talk to his sister, because he pinched me sharply on the shoulder, and pounded his other fist on the bed when I took his cock out of my mouth and slapped it lightly on my tongue.  
  
"Hey, have you seen Jade? She went up to hang out with Dad in his study, but he got all weird and said she was only there for a second and then left. She didn't come back to the hot tub to rescue me from mom, so I have no clue where she ran off to".  
  
Brian almost burst out laughing and looked down at me with a devilish grin, "last I saw she was stroking stick and hitting balls down in the pool room".  
  
"Oh my God Bri- you're such a dork! You wish she would stroke your stick," Lynn ironically joked through the door as I was doing just that.  
  
With that Lynn started to walk back down the steps and to get back at Brian I gave his head a light nibble before letting his cock fall from my mouth, "Just for that, you can stroke your own stick from now on," I said getting up and picking up my bikini.  
  
Brian let out another groan as I tied up my tiny swimsuit and headed for the door, and I looked back to see him fondling his cock as he pulled his shorts back up and started to follow me.  
  
"What are you crazy? Have you never snuck out of a girl's room? You have to stagger your exits so no one gets suspicious. I'll head back down, you follow in five," I instructed.  
  
"Are we not even going to discuss the fact that my little sister's best friend just sucked me off," Brian asked.  
  
"I have no idea what you're talking about. I was out front arguing with a stupid boy on the phone this whole time. Remember next time you come to visit us at school though, you owe me one," I whispered with a wink as I snuck out the door and down the steps. When I got down the steps I could hear Lynn calling for me, so I tip toed to the front door, opened it as quietly as I could, and shut it loudly.  
  
As I walked back towards the porch Lynn rounded the corner, "Oh there you are! Where the hell have you been," she squealed as she hugged me a little too hard.  
  
I was so caught up in my task while she was outside Brain's room I must not have heard the telltale Lynn drunk voice. While I was polishing the boys' poles I guess Lynn and Brooke were busy polishing off bottles of wine. She took my hand and dragged me back towards the pool room. Once in the pool room she turned on me and I saw a familiar fire in her eyes.  
  
"Sitting in that hot tub, drinking all that wine with my mother and all I could think of was you in those damn vibrating panties and how as soon I had the chance I was going to finish what those things started," she said pushing me back against the billiard table and tearing my bikini bottoms down to my ankles.  
  
"What has gotten into you," I said pulling her by the shoulders back up to her feet. "Your whole family could walk in at any moment".  
  
"I don't care anymore. I'm drunk, my mom is passed out in a chair next to the tub, when I checked on my dad he was snoring on his chaise lounge in his office, and I'm pretty sure my brother was just rubbing one out in his room, so he won't be down anytime soon. Now let me at that sweet little honey pot," she slurred holding my hands to my side and sliding back down to her knees.  
  
I could tell there was no stopping her and concluded that I had taken care of the rest of this family maybe I was due a turn. Lynn must have been more than a little drunk because she was on a mission and would not be deterred. She kissed my pussy deeply like she was making out with it. My juices were already flowing so there was enough natural lubricant, but Lynn was sloppily drooling all over my vagina. So much so that I could feel a pool of saliva running down my thigh and slide between sensitive butt crack. It tickled my little hole and Lynn must have thought that she had hit a sensitive spot because she giggled into my pussy which just served to drive me closer to the edge. Her tongue ran up and down my slit and then locked onto my clit and she made soft circles over the hood before coaxing my delicate love button out of hiding. She made no efforts to hold back her moans as she toyed her own nether region while tending to me.  
  
It wasn't long until my body was on the verge of what felt like an Earth-shaking orgasm. As drunk as she was, Lynn had not lost a step and was like an orchestra conductor with her tongue and finger, playing a symphony on my pussy until a beautiful crescendo was undeniable. My legs wrapped around Lynn's head and my feet pulled her closer to me and would not release her until I was finished with her. A heat started radiating inside me and I could feel my toes start to curl and legs start to shake. Lynn reached up and grasped my thigh and I could tell she was working on her own love explosion. We both started to moan loudly and I couldn't tell if the wetness I was feeling between my legs was Lynn's spit, my sweat, or the sweet nectar Lynn was forcing my body to spew forth like it never had.  
  
Once my legs had finally stopped shaking and Lynn could escape the clutches of my thighs around her head, I slumped down on the ground next to her. We lay there in each other's arms and almost drifted off into a sex induced coma, but just as we were about to here was a noise outside on the patio. We both got up and ran to the door to see what the noise was and Brooke was laying on the ground next to her chair. When she finally looked up she had a puzzled look on her face and slowly got to her feet and stumbled towards us.  
  
As she passed she leaned over towards me, "Sweetie, it looks like you might be missing a little something," and gave me a firm smack on my bare ass.  
  
It looks like in our haste to check on Brooke, I hadn't noticed that my bikini bottoms had come completely off. I was mortified. My friend's mom had just seen my smooth pussy and bare as. In the grand scheme of things, I guess this just brought things full circle; now everyone in Lynn's family had seen me naked and had some sort of contact with a sexual organ.  
  
As she got to the door Brooke turned, "Oh and by the way, the windows to the billiard room were open".

**Curious Jade Ch. 10 Pt. 01**

For once, I was having a hard time sitting still in class not from the thrill of some sort of dirty sexcapade of mine and Lynn's creation. I could hardly contain my excitement! I was headed to the airport first thing the next morning for a two week long summer course in England with my World History class. There were only eight of us going, including the super-nerd Dr. Gilson. He was only an inch or so taller than me at about 5'7" but was easily double if not triple my weight and sported an obvious toupee that was as awful as his sense of style in general. Besides him it was a decent group to travel with: there was a slightly less than equal split of girls and guys, in my favor. Jim, Steve, Eric, and Brian were all to share a room while Lindsay, Amy, and I took the other room.  
  
Of the boys Steve was the cutest; he stood about 6'3" and was on the hockey team so he was in crazy good shape. Brian had a sexy nerd thing going for him and was always very quiet in class, but I could always count on him to sneak peeks my way when I felt like showing off during class. Jim was your classic funny guy and, like many of his kind, was a bit on the chunky side, but made up for any unattractiveness with his sharp sense of humor and hilarious stories of drunken debauchery. Eric seemed to be in constant competition with Jim for the spotlight, but was unaware that many in the group found him more annoying than funny and often tried to avoid him when possible. He wasn't horrible to be around, just a little overbearing and tried a little too hard at times for laughs and adoration. All in all the boys complimented each other well and it seemed like they would have no problem getting along in a room and would probably have a blast.  
  
The girls on the other hand were in stark contrast to each other. Lindsay came from money and made everyone well aware that they were beneath her both socially and in economic status. She was a natural blonde but would follow whatever trend the Kardashians were currently pushing. She was always nice enough to my face, but if how she talked about others to me was any indication, I'm sure she had plenty to say about me behind my back. She had shot me disapproving looks on several occasions when I was being more flippant with my exhibitionism. Amy was a tight ball of stress in a tiny package. She was barely five feet tall and couldn't have weighed much more than 100 pounds. She had jet black hair and always pulled it back in a tight pony tail. Four out of five days a week she wore baggy jeans and a hooded sweatshirt with some obscure band on the front, but despite her best efforts to hide her frame, it was obvious she was more than well-endowed in the chest region. She very seldom spoke during class and when she did it was to make a snarky remark and return to her phone as soon as humanly possible.  
  
Our last class before the trip Dr. Gilson went over the general rules of behavior that he expected us to adhere to as well as a run through of the day's events, which had much more free time built in than I had expected. There was to be a nightly curfew of ten clock when everyone had to be in their rooms, but our daily museum or historic site visits were typically over by 5pm. All of the students instantly got on their phones or laptops to do research on how to fill the hours of 5:01 - 10pm. Dr. Gilson could sense that he had lost the group and said he would email an itinerary out to the group and reminded us we were to meet back in the room at 6am to be shuttled to the airport in the morning and gave us the remainder of our time to come together as a group to decide on some group outings.  
  
As if on cue Amy put her headphones in, hood up, and melted into her seat as she pulled her phone out to find whatever goth hole she could spend her entire trip in. Lindsay checked her make up in her phone's camera setting and then excused herself to a corner when a facetime video call came in to go over whatever the newest catty gossip was. Looking around I saw Steve, Jim, and Eric were huddled together around Jim's laptop while Brian had gone up to Dr. Gilson's desk and was asking about some sites he thought would be on the list of excursions we would be making that must have been overlooked. I decided my best, and honestly only, option was to join the group of boys to find something of interest.  
  
As I got near, I saw Eric jab Jim in the ribs and Jim flinched and looked up at me then shot a look at Eric.  
  
"What the hell dude, it's just Jade," he snapped as he turned his screen towards me showing a list that read -20 best pubs in London-. "Besides dude, drinking age is like ten over there".  
  
"Wow, knowing you guys I was expecting a list of nude beaches to visit," I joked and struck my best pin-up girl pose.  
  
Eric spun his laptop back to him and feverishly typed as Jim looked at his feet and Steve shook his head at both of them and rolled his eyes as he smirked at me. After some back and forth between the four of us we eventually found several cool looking spots to check out we eventually devolved into just sitting around and talking about how psyched we were to get away from campus and see something new. Lindsay overheard and made a comment about summering in Greece growing up and how much fun they had on their yacht. Everyone else (minus Amy who was still in her own world) sang in unison that this would be their first trip out of the country.  
  
Dr. Gilson reminded us all, "Please make sure you all have your passports. Also, Jim, please remember to-"  
  
"I know Dr. G, no saying bomb in the airport".  
  
"Just answer exactly what they ask and no jokes at all please. I don't want to have to explain why you ended up on the Do Not Fly list to your parents," he joked. "Okay, well if there isn't anything else...when do we meet here in the morning?" he asked putting his hand to his ear.  
  
"6am," shouted the chorus (other than Jim of course who yelled 10 over everyone).  
  
Dr. Gilson waived his hand toward the door and started to pack up his things. Lindsay spun on her heel and hopped toward the door. Amy slumped out of her chair and shuffled after her. Brain once again swam against the current and went back up to Dr. Gilson to further discuss the trip as the rest of us gathered our belongings and went our separate ways.  
  
My suitcase was laid out on my bed and a heap of clothes sat beside it on the bed. Lynn was sitting cross legged on her bed facing me as I held up clothes to which she would nod or shake her head to. Typically, I agreed and would toss them either into my suitcase or into a separate pile on the other end of my bed. So far my suitcase was filled with four sun dresses, two pleated skirts, three pairs of skimpy shorts, three spaghetti strap tank tops (two of which were crop top cuts), and one halter top shirt with a plunging v-neck that always turned heads around campus. I threw my favorite tiny bikini in with my towel and realized I was already fairly cramped for space in my bag. I grabbed a fistful of socks and thongs from my drawer and tossed them on top of everything with the only three bras I owned, though I never found much use for them anyway. I took a look at my bag and saw there was no way it was going to close with all of that in there. I pulled it on to the floor and sat on top of it while trying to zip the bag, but it wouldn't budge.  
  
"Crap," I finally sighed and put my bag back onto my bed, utterly defeated. "Let's go back through and see what I can do without".  
  
Lynn got up from her bed and crossed over to me, "didn't you say your hotel had a laundry room anyway".  
  
"Well, yeah, but I was hoping I wouldn't need to do any laundry. It's only two weeks".  
  
"Don't remind me. Two whole weeks. I might die of boredom," she wailed, putting her hand to her head feigning a collapse. "Let's see," she started and pushed open the suitcase and pushed me aside, edging me out so I could no longer see what she was removing. "Don't need this...or this...definitely not this".  
  
From behind her all I could see was two dresses, a skirt, two of my pairs of shorts, and of course all of my underwear fly all over our room. She then crossed to my dresser and rummaged through a drawer before finding what she was looking for.  
  
"And you forgot anything to sleep in. If what you've told me about these girls is any indication, I would say they might not be okay with what you typically parade around here in," she teased and held up a pair of running shorts and oversized t-shirt. "This should be enough to appease miss priss and the night queen," she went to toss them into the now spacious bag, then thought again and tossed the running shorts aside, "on second thought, I think they could use a little show".  
  
Happy with her choices, she closed the bag which now easily zipped up and rolled it back out of the way. When I reached for it, Lynn slapped my hand away and shook her finger at me in disapproval. In the same motion, she grabbed me by the waist and spun me so I was forced to take a seat on the bed and then plopped down next to me.  
  
"Seriously though, it will be kind of lonely here without you to get into trouble with".  
  
I patted her knee, "Oh stop it, I'm sure you'll get into plenty of trouble just fine on your own. Besides, with the scraps you've packed for me to strut around in, I'm sure I'll be coming home with plenty of stories to entertain you with. Besides," I started as I hopped off the bed and lifted my shirt over my head and threw it at her, blinding her briefly while I stripped off my skirt as well, "we still have the rest of the night together".  
  
She tossed the shirt back at me as I walked over to my closet and grabbed a towel.  
  
"What exactly did you have in mind?" she asked, still sitting on my bed.  
  
"Well unless you hurry up, I'll be showering by myself and then coming back in here to watch a movie and get a good night's sleep before my trip".  
  
Lynn sprung from the bed and was naked in a blur. We loosely wrapped our towels around ourselves and headed down the hall to the showers. Once in the hallway, I felt a sharp tug on my towel which of course gave way and came undone. This had become a fairly standard routine for Lynn and I as we made our way to the bathroom and it was the job of whichever of us was in front to fake embarrassment and poorly cover our bodies as we shuffled the rest of the way down the hall. On several occasions there were boys visiting friends in the hallway who would cat call or whistle at us letting us know they appreciated the view. No such luck for Lynn on this visit as the hallway was completely empty, so I decided to indulge her a bit. I made an exaggerated move to grab my towel from her and threw my shower caddy full of bathing supplies all across the hallway with a slightly louder than expected crash. She giggled as I looked up at her with a wince at the loud noise, but then gave a quick wink to let her know it was all a part of the plan.  
  
"Oh no," I groaned. "I dropped all my stuff all over the place," I continued, standing fully upright and pushing my tits out in Lynn's direction and shrugging enthusiastically.  
  
I slowly started to saunter over towards her to get my towel from her, but Lynn held it behind her and when she heard a door open down the hall she jumped into the doorway for the bathroom and mouthed "have fun" from still in the open doorway. There I was, stark naked in the hall with a mess of shower supplies all up and down the hall. I decided to just go with my predicament and give Lynn a fun show of picking everything up and figured whoever opened their door would see it was just me and go on about their business. I turned slowly, putting my back to the end of the hall that the door had been opened, and gave Lynn a nice profile shot as I bent down to retrieve my spilled items. I squatted down and spread my legs wide open as I grabbed the lotion, shampoo, and conditioner that had fallen out of my plastic container and put them back in the caddy making sure to take my time getting them in their proper places. I then acted like I had lost something and got on my knees and brought my face toward the ground, sticking my ass high in the air and waving it back and forth.  
  
"Where the heck did my brush go," I sneered in frustration, knowing in my head I never had a brush in my caddy to begin with. I searched under the doorway and even crawled down a doorway to prolong the show as long as I could before getting back on my feet, and slowly extending through my legs and bringing my arms up to my hair to put it in a bun as I spun around, "I guess I'll just have to put my hair up tonight," I pouted to myself.  
  
As I turned, I noticed three heads pop back into the doorway down the hall and knew I had a much larger audience than initially anticipated and my heart fluttered. I fought the initial urge to call out to them and instead fluffed my hair in my hands which of course made my breasts jiggle in full view of the crowd.  
  
"Oh geez, I almost forgot you," I said walking back towards the doorway which was still ajar.  
  
As I bent over to pick up my loofah I could hear snickering from the doorway and had to once again fight my urge to roll my eyes at the obtuseness of my audience. Once I had retrieved that item I saw that my stick of deodorant had also fallen out of my caddy and was a mere inches from the open doorway. I decided I had come this far I might as well really have some fun.  
  
"Wow, my deodorant slipped all the way down here," I called out as I walked the rest of the way down the hall.  
  
As I got close I heard a bunch of shuffling from the other side of the door and figured whoever was on the other side would think I was deaf if I didn't hear that, so I once again weighed my options and decided since it was an all girl's floor it wouldn't be too forward to think I might investigate.  
  
"God Brittney, you would not believe what a klutz I am," I said as I barged into the room, and swung the door wide open.  
  
Standing in front of me were three boys that I hadn't seen before. That's when I remembered that Brittney told us she was having her two brothers and friend from back home up to visit for a few days. This time I didn't have to fake shock as I'm sure my face instantly went red with embarrassment.  
  
"Oh my God!" I shrieked. "You're not Brittney," I blurted out as I threw one hand across my chest and the other between my legs holding the loofah.  
  
To their credit they boys all at least made an attempt to shield their eyes, though one was obviously still sneaking a peek at the naked girl in front of him. The two younger boys looked about 15 or 16, but the more adventurous boy seemed a bit older than them. They seemed innocent enough and I couldn't help but feel a little proud that I was more than likely their first glimpse of real-life boobies.  
  
"Lord, you must be Brittney's brothers from out of town. Ugh, I'm so embarrassed! What you boys must think seeing a naked girl just barging in like this," I went on, still covering myself half-heartedly. "Well, I'm Jade from the down the hall and I assure you, this is not a common occurrence by any means. Don't let all those movies you boys watch tell you otherwise".  
  
The boys had started to slowly turn their heads back toward me and I could tell they wanted to peak, but were still afraid of getting caught.  
  
"Gosh, look at me pattering on while standing here naked in front of you boys," I teased lifting my hands from their positions. "you boys are so nice, to turn your heads away. Real gentlemen; Brit told me you were nice boys, I guess she was right. Most boys that come through here wouldn't think twice if a girl came barging in here like this," I said and made a show of mock storming through the door and let my loofah fly out of my hands right at the feet of the three boys.  
  
They all leapt at the chance of picking it up and I saw another opportunity to continue my show and make it seem like it was all an accident.  
  
"See there I go again being a klutz," I said and made a gesture toward them and faked a trip so I could fall into the oldest boy's hands.  
  
As I fell, I could see the boy reach up and couldn't help myself. I held out my arm to catch myself and just happened to rest it directly in the crotch of one of the younger boy's.  
  
I landed safely in the boy's arms and my hand found its resting spot on an already firm tent in the boy's pants. I gave a gentle rub before squirming to my feet.  
  
"Good lord," I said hopping up and standing only inches from their baffled faces. "I am really just too much today. I better get out of here before I slip and fall with my legs wide open and let you boys see every nook and cranny," I said and mimed the movement as I did giving them a full eye shot of my neatly trimmed bush and pussy lips not to mention my rack swinging right in front of their faces. "Thank you boys for being gentlemen and not groping my naked body when you had the chance just now," I said not even making an attempt to cover my body anymore.  
  
They sat there, dumbfounded and shook their heads, while the boy stood up and handed me the loofah, "Oh don't forget this," he said holding it out.  
  
As I grabbed it from him, I made eye contact and gave him a quick wink before turning and walking toward the wide-open door, "I'll tell Brittney you boys were so cute when I see her again. Bye now," I called over my shoulder as I reached my stick of deodorant in the hallway and bent at the waist to pick it up off the floor. As I turned to the bathroom, I saw Lynn standing with her hands on her hips in the doorway. I shrugged and continued to strut towards her and spun completely around throwing my hands far above my head to give her a full view before nudging past her. I felt a sharp smack on my ass cheek as I did and let out a whimper.  
  
Our dorm has a large bathroom with stalls on one wall and a full section with eight big, individual shower stalls. They were fairly large in size, but definitely meant to be single stalls...unless you were Lynn and I. We usually started in our own stalls, but frequently would join one another in the next stall when there was no one else around. As luck would have it, when I entered there was no one else currently showering and all of the stall doors were open. I entered the shower and turned it on, and felt Lynn's body enter behind me. I spun around and pressed her back against the wall and forced a deep, passionate kiss on her which she was all to happy to accept. She reached down between my legs and felt that teasing the boys had given me just as much satisfaction as it must have for them.  
  
"Wow, it sounded like you were having fun in there, I guess I just didn't realize how much," she whispered in my ear.  
  
I wrapped my leg around her, drawing her closer and brought my lips to her neck leaving a trail of light kisses up to her ear, "I didn't remember until I was barging in that Brittney had those guys visiting," I cooed. "I thought the youngest boy was going to cream his pants if I was in there much longer".  
  
Lynn's hands reached up and grabbed her body wash and loofah. She loosened the cap and held the bottle between her legs like a giant penis and stroked it a few times before squeezing a large glob of it into her loofah with a grunt.  
  
"Imagine if they knew what we were up to now," she said as she brought the loofah up to my shoulders and scrubbed my neck and shoulders before bringing it out front to massage my breasts.  
  
Once she had covered my chest in suds, she handed me the loofah and used her hands to massage, rub, and gently roll my boobs and nipples between her fingers. While she cleaned me, I started to return the favor and stroked her arm from her wrist up to shoulder and down the other side. Then once I had cleaned the extremities, I needed to get her torso, so I brought my chest to meet hers, raised my arms above us, and rung out a load of bubbles and soap down onto our combined flesh. We swayed back and forth as we continued to make out under the showerhead, getting each other worked up as we got clean. Lynn's hands started to roam down my body and found their way to my pleasure patch just as we heard the door open. She held a finger to my lips and plunged two fingers deep inside me without warning. I bit my lip to not let out a moan and Lynn licked her lips with a mischievous smile.

She forcefully led me by the crotch backwards until my ass smacked against the shower stall with a wet smush and took her hand from my mouth and held me against the wall at my stomach as she dropped into a full squat and forced my legs apart. Knowing from previous examples that went the other way I knew how it felt to have the water getting in the way of the wet she was after I reached up and pointed the shower head to its highest position so it would just barely hit Lynn's back and brought my leg up over her shoulder in her crouched position so she could have an unobstructed path to my pussy. She kissed my upper thighs before bringing her mouth to my mound and licking the entire length of my slit. Then she brought her hand around my thigh effectively locking it in place and held my lips open. A few flicks of her tongue on my already swollen hood coaxed my clit out from hiding and Lynn wasted no time in giving it a lick hello. I reached down and grabbed a tuft of her hair and held her on my clit and Lynn obliged my unspoken command and made a suction grip around it; sucking, licking, and rolling her tongue over my little button until I could feel my body start to quake.  
  
Just as my leg started to twitch on her shoulder Lynn pushed it off, stood, grabbed the crook of my neck, and fell back against the far wall of the stall as we fiercely tongue wrestled each other. My hands slipped between her legs to return the favor and she wriggled free rolling to the side and eventually turned her back to me. I pushed her legs apart with my foot and placed one hand in her shoulder blades and the other on her hips as if I was a cop about to frisk her against the wall. She played the submissive culprit part and stood still as I took my turn on my knees and slid my hand from her shoulder blades down to her ass and kneaded her cheeks between my hands and then slipped my thumbs up and down her sensitive crack. Her head dropped as she let out a loud sigh and I saw her hand reach up to her mouth to hold in a moan.  
  
I spread her rear mounds with my hands and stared in awe of her perfect little pink vortex and as she pressed her ass back towards me her lips were straining to be seen and played with as well. I brought my face to each side and gave a playful nibble before giving a sharp bite while simultaneously plunging a thumb tip into her hole. Her ass tensed around my thumb for a second, then quickly relaxed and pushed back into it. I continued probing with my thumb while my other hand reached up and caressed her inner thigh before rubbing over her slit. As I rubbed the folds of her lips, I slid my middle finger through her curtain and pressed firmly to open the flesh slightly. Her legs opened a little further which caused my finger to slip and drive into her before I intended. Lynn let out a whimper and her knee buckled before she was able to catch herself with her hand on the curtain rod.  
  
I withdrew both of my hands and again started to massage her rump, but again without warning, as I rolled her cheeks apart, I darted my tongue outward and stuck it into her rear passage. I could hear from my knees under the water a muffled moan, so I was sure if whoever had opened the door before was still in the bathroom, they were now well aware of what was going on in the shower, but honestly didn't care anymore. Lynn's sweet ass and pussy were all that mattered to me and I was on a mission. I started fucking her tight hole with my tongue while my hands focused their assault on her front. While one hand held her lips apart from around her legs the other came up from underneath and slipped directly inside her. I had two fingers petting Lynn's g-spot, a middle finger stroking her clit, and my tongue making circular motions in her backside and I could feel Lynn's entire body tensing as she focused on the intense pleasure she was going through while also trying her damnedest to not make a sound.  
  
I kept her pinned against the wall, berating her holes as she squirmed and tried to whisper that she couldn't take it anymore, but I was unrelenting. I was determined to make her squeal or collapse in ecstasy and no other solution could be had. I ramped it up and inserted another finger in her vagina and she closed her legs around my hand as my other hand was steadily fondling her pearl. She bent at her knee slightly and reached back, driving her hips back into my face as she cradled the back of my head pulling it deeper into her which forced my tongue deeper into her bottom. She was essentially fucking my face with her ass and I greedily lapped it up, loving her taste. She continued to buck her hips back into me and I felt the water splashing everywhere and could hear Lynn's breathing coming shorter and in gasps and knew she must be close to a big orgasm.  
  
Just as her body started to spasm, I heard the door swing open and a loud conversation spilled into the bathroom. I could make out at least three distinct voices, but it sounded like only one had entered the bathroom and was still talking to someone in the hallway. I recognized one of the voices as Brittney's and then realized the other voices were deeper and must be her visitor's. While all of this was happening Lynn either didn't hear or couldn't be bothered to care, but either way she didn't skip a beat of her rhythm as she brought herself off using my tongue and hands for dildos. Her body quivered around my tongue and fingers and before she was quite done riding her wave of pleasure, we heard a voice now just on the other side of the curtain.  
  
"Everything okay in there?" Brittney inquired.  
  
My tongue was still in use, so Lynn eventually stammered, "Uh, yeah-I um-I'm fine. That you Brit"?  
  
"Yeah, it's me. I thought I heard someone moaning in there and thought Becky had another boy in here".  
  
"Ha, nope just me. I uh...just got back from a run so I'm still a little out of breath I guess," Lynn half asked her and looked down at me with a shrug and bewildered face.  
  
"got ya. Well, if you and Jade aren't doing anything later my brothers and friend are still in town and they were asking about the girls down the hall. We were probably going to head out to a frat party tonight if you two want to join".  
  
Lynn mouthed "slut" down at me and I flicked her clit with my hand before I stood up and pinched her nipples. She tried to wiggle away from me and keep her composure, "umm, yeah. Maybe. Jade leaves super early tomorrow, so I think we were just going to do movie night in".  
  
"Oh yeah. I forgot she was leaving. Well, it sounds like they were pretty excited to meet the cool looking chick from down the hall, so it sounds like Jade broke some more hearts before heading abroad. Where is she anyway," She asked ironically standing only two feet from me.  
  
"Who knows with that girl," Lynn teased and playfully poked me.  
  
"Well I'll leave you to it. If you find her and you two change your mind, swing by and we'll all have a drink before we head out," Brittney chirped.  
  
The door opened and before it even had a chance to shut Lynn's shoulders dropped and her head rolled to the side signaling exhaustion and she reached to shut off the shower.  
  
"Fuck me, that was good," Lynn muttered into my shoulder with a light thank you kiss. "What do you say, want to break some hearts before heading abroad," she mocked Brittney?  
  
"Mmm, you're telling me. We've got to move off campus so we don't have to worry about barge ins though. And are you kidding me, I don't want to spend my last night here babysitting those little virgins," I snickered. "Besides...I want you all to myself tonight".  
  
We shared one last kiss before we each grabbed our towels and, following our normal routine, I scampered to the next stall to dry off before we were rudely interrupted again. I couldn't focus on toweling myself off because of how turned on I still was from our sexy romp. All I could think about was getting back to our room and what we would be doing to each other for the remainder of the night. Before I even realized it, my hand was rubbing over my belly towards my nether region and I had to snap myself out of my trance long enough to at least grab my towel off the hook it was hanging from. Just as I grabbed my towel, a nasty thought crossed my mind.  
  
I peeked back over to the next stall and Lynn was still bent over wringing out her long hair. I sprung my plan into action and quickly nabbed her towel and leapt out of my stall toward the door. I swung the door open and bolted into the hallway without checking to see if anyone was out there. Luckily the hallway was clear and I was able to dash the two doorways to our room and quickly ducked inside. Thinking quickly, I decided I didn't want to miss the show when Lynn finally noticed what had happened. I also wanted to prolong the show as long as I could; I grabbed my keys and a robe and went back to the door.  
  
My robe was on, but still open in front as I pranced back into the hallway, locking and slamming the door behind me. I was sure the loud noise would draw some attention and sure enough as I twirled around, I could see some heads in the lobby strain to look down the hall. I acted timid and made a spectacle of closing my robe with my hands.  
  
"Oops, sorry," I yelled down the hall with a wave.  
  
As the onlookers' interest was piqued with a glimpse of my naked body, I also figured this would give not only Lynn, but also Brittney's guests a heads up that I was out in the hallway. Sure enough, not two seconds later there was a noise from the bathroom as well as the door a little further down the hallway opening. My plan worked even better than I could have ever hoped. Lynn walked out into the hallway stark naked and threw her hands on her hips.  
  
"Oh, real funny Jade," she scolded. "Come on, give me back my towel. This isn't funny," she pouted, loudly enough to let me know she was willing to play along with the charade.  
  
I wondered if she would feel the same if she knew that all three of the boys were poking their heads out into the hallway behind her, but also knew in my heart that she was more than likely banking on it. I stood there and didn't say a word or move a muscle until Lynn started to walk towards me. As she took a step, I matched her pace, walking backwards away from our room.  
  
"You're such a brat, what if there was a boy out here," she yelled as she got to our door and turned the handle. "Are you kidding me," she groaned with a pound of her fist on the door. "you locked me out? I'm going to kill you," she hissed and pounced toward me.  
  
I was almost in the lobby already, so my choices were: run into the lobby and make her chase me in front of the entire dorm, or run past her and toward the group of boys. I made a snap decision to have some more fun with the boys and give them a little bit more of a show of sweet Lynn's naked body since they had already seen all of me and had only gotten a peak of her backside, as nice as that was. What I hadn't calculated for in my equation was that the only thing I had on was a skimpy robe as well. Lynn was almost on top of me when I quickly dodged her and made a break for the other end of the hallway directly past the boys. I broke out into a full sprint and had taken a full stride before I heard the rip. I felt my robe tear away from my body as my momentum helped rip it from my shoulders. I finally felt it snap and I managed to escape with some fabric still hanging on, which I clung and made a veiled attempt to wrap around my chest as I bound down the hall.  
  
As I neared the boys, I gave a wink and cooed, "enjoy the show boys".  
  
Their mouths were all wide open as they couldn't believe there were two girls prancing around for their entertainment; one fully nude and the other covered only by a thin, silk robe, which was torn to shreds. Lynn gave a frustrated shriek from the other end of the hall.  
  
"Good lord," she shrieked and made a feeble attempt of covering her breasts and shaved pussy with her hands. "Jade, enough is enough! Come on, these boys will see my tits bouncing all over the place if I keep chasing you up and down the hall"!  
  
"They're the least of your worries hon. If you keep shouting down there, you're only going to draw a bigger crowd than you already have of the full moon you're giving the lobby," I yelled to her.  
  
Lynn played the embarrassed damsel in distress perfectly and as she spun around, took her hands and covered her butt giving the entire lobby an unobstructed view of her perky rack and shaved lips before realizing her mistake and backed down the hall with a timid wave and put an arm across her chest. Once she had taken three steps backward, she spun on her heels and cupped her breasts and jogged to our door.  
  
"I'm serious Jade, you've got to let me in our room. Those boys are just staring at my naked body and I can't really cover anything," she said grabbing our door knob with both hands and jiggling it, which of course just made her boobs bounce up and down the harder she shook.  
  
"No way," I stammered. "Just look what you did to my favorite robe," I said and lifted the tattered fabric allowing the boys a full-frontal view of everything I had to offer.  
  
For good measure I threw in a twirl and made sure to give them a nice, long show. Lynn once again grabbed a boob in each hand and stomped her feet like a child throwing a tantrum outside our door.  
  
"At least you have something covering yourself," she continued and started walking towards me, which also brought her closer and closer to the boys who were frozen in place. "Just look at me, parading in front of these boys with my tits and shaved little beaver on full display," she whined and waved her hands over the length of her body.  
  
"Oh, I'm sure these boys have seen a naked girl before, stop being so-"  
  
"Alright then, let's see how you like it," Lynn chided, grabbed my robe, and pulled it roughly from my shoulders making another loud tear sound.  
  
The robe fell to the ground in a heap, leaving both of us standing completely nude in front of the boys. I faked a brief moment of shock as if the robe had actually been ripped from me unwillingly and took a second before moving to cover myself.  
  
"Oh, you little tramp," I shouted and reached out, pinching Lynn's nipple. "Look what you've done! Now both of us are completely naked in front of these strangers and our room is all the way down there," I held an arm out as if Lynn didn't know where we stayed.  
  
"What's it matter? After all I'm sure these boys have seen a naked girl before," Lynn teased making air quotes with her hands as we continued our show and fake argument in front of the boys.  
  
"You make an excellent point Lynn," I said and bent down to grab my ragged garment. "Here you go boys," I purred and handed the robe to the youngest boy who was trying to hide his obvious tent in his shorts, "a little keepsake from your visit," I grinned and blew a soft kiss as I dropped it into his hand, and continued to saunter to our door. "Come on Lynn, I think these little boys have had enough excitement for one night".  
  
The boys couldn't even muster a word the entire time as we walked slowly back to our room, smirking at the throng that had gathered at the end of the hallway to watch the show. When I opened the door and walked in, I turned just in time to see Lynn bring both hands to her mouth and blow a giant kiss to the group and bounced into the room, shutting with her foot behind her.  
  
"See what I mean. Never a dull moment with you around. These two weeks are going to be so boring," Lynn groaned and fell onto her bed face first.  
  
"I have an idea that could make it fun for both of us".  
  
Lynn jumped up and sat on the edge of her bed giddy as a school girl.  
  
"Oooh, intrigue! Do tell".  
  
"What if we each gave the other a naughty scavenger hunt to do over the next two weeks," I posited. "We each make a list of...let's call it twenty things that the other has to get evidence of doing. It could be photo, video or physical proof".  
  
"I fucking LOVE it," Lynn chirped and sprung to her desk to grab her notebook.  
  
"Okay, let's take thirty minutes and work on our lists, then seal them until we've left each other tomorrow morning".  
  
"Deal," she said and got to business.  
  
Lynn was furiously jotting down notes in her notebook and would occasionally let out a diabolical laugh. I was racking my brain with things I would want to hear about when I got back from my trip. I had to catch myself starting to daydream on more than one occasion and decided it would be easier for me to focus if I just wrote down every idea and then started pairing it down afterwards. I hopped off my bed and grabbed my laptop, then laid belly down with it open in front of me on the floor. I opened a new document in Word and started typing:  
  
Lynn's Naughty List  
  
1) No panties for a week  
  
2) Workout with no bra  
  
3) Go shoe shopping in a skirt with no panties and ask for help  
  
4) Take a naked selfie in a public restroom  
  
5) Wear a butt plug in yoga pants to the library  
  
I could feel myself getting turned on just at the thought of seeing Lynn carry out these dares. I couldn't help but start to imagine myself doing them too and then remembered I was going to have my own list of tasks that, knowing Lynn, was going to have a traveling abroad theme to them. Coming to that realization got me thinking that I could have some fun with making her get out of the dorms and have an adventure that would help her not be so lonely cooped up here for two weeks.  
  
6) Find a clothing optional beach and go completely nude (bonus for just going nude at the public beach instead)  
  
7) Bike at least a mile from campus then stash your clothes, jog back to your car nude, and drive out to pick them up.  
  
8) Go shopping for a new bra in the mall and walk out of the dressing room in only the bra. Act as if nothing is wrong.  
  
9) Stick a cucumber in your pussy at the supermarket before buying it.  
  
10) Get one of the other girls on the floor to go on a hike and "accidently" flash them.  
  
I was already half way done with Lynn's list and it had only been 5 minutes. I knew as I went on it would be harder to come up with ideas and I may end up not liking one of my original ideas, but I didn't want to stop my flow while the ideas were coming.  
  
11) Go to the dining hall in a white t-shirt with no bra and spill something on yourself  
  
12) Go on a reverse panty raid: take all of your dirty panties to a frat party and leave a pair in each boy's room.  
  
13) Take a toy to the library and make a video of you pleasuring yourself  
  
14) Go skinny dipping in a hotel pool without staying at it (bonus if during the day)  
  
15) Go to a porn shop and don't leave until you convince someone you're in one of the movies and get them to buy it  
  
16) As many minutes as it takes you to complete 15 you have to perform naked yoga in the lobby  
  
17) Put an entire tray of ice cubes in your bra and panties and go out in public until ALL of them are completely melted.  
  
18) Go to the beach with a nipple popping out of your top and walk around until someone points it out.  
  
19) Come out of the bathroom with your skirt tucked into the hem in the back and leave it that way until someone points it out to you.  
  
20) Proposition a couple to have a threesome at a bar by flirting with the girl (up to you if you actually go through with it should they accept your offer).  
  
I looked over my list and was once again feeling very hot and bothered fantasizing Lynn fulfilling them. Not only that, I was getting even more aroused at the thought of what Lynn had cooked up for me. She had a devilish grin on her face while she tapped her pen on her lips, conjuring up more tasks to get me into trouble. Her eyes lit up and she brought pen to paper again, scribbling down hurriedly another naughty duty for me to achieve.

"And...done," she exclaimed and tore the page out of her notebook.  
  
She folded it neatly, took a piece of tape, sealed the note so I couldn't peak, and put it in the front pocket of my bag.  
  
"There," she said, patting the pocket. "Now you can take it out once you've gotten to your gate and start your adventure.  
  
"I put mine as an attachment to an email and set it up to send automatically at 6:45, so you should get it first thing when you wake up," I chirped. "Now that that is done," I said playfully and grabbed Lynn by her calf, pulling her on top of me. "What do you want to do for the rest of the night, watch a movie or something"?  
  
Lynn tumbled and eventually landed softly on top of me, smushing my head between her breasts, "fuck that, between the shower pre game and now this, I am going to need a proper send off from you girl," she teased and wiggled her boobs in front of my face.  
  
Of course, I was only too happy to oblige, and took cheek in each hand as I twirled our bodies so I was on top of Lynn. Pinning her below me with my legs I arched backwards to open my bedside drawer and as I did Lynn licked and cupped my boobs. I reached into the drawer and retrieved the item I was looking for and brought myself back to meet Lynn's waiting mouth. We exchanged a sensual kiss as my as I backed my butt slightly to better align our bodies. Then I broke our kiss as I brought the long, double sided dildo between our mouths and took one end into my mouth. Lynn instinctively brought her mouth to the other end and we reenacted the scene from Lady and the Tramp. Instead of a string of spaghetti we took a two-inch diameter, 14-inch-long cock from either side.  
  
I held the toy from the center as we covered the long toy in our spit, then I lowered it to Lynn's crotch and gently rubbed up and down her waiting slit. It didn't take much force to open her pussy and I could tell she was already very wet from how easily she accepted the rubber dick. Lynn's head rolled back and her eyes shut as soon as the toy went inside and her hands reach back to brace herself against the wall. I stroked the cock in and out a few times before lowering it to the top of my folds. I made three long strokes of my lips before dribbling down another string of spit onto the head of the toy and using it to coax my clit from under its hood. I continued to pump the toy into Lynn, but couldn't take it anymore and as I pulled it out of Lynn, I lined up the head so it slid right into my waiting hole.  
  
I took all but my middle finger and thumb off the toy, so I could give each of us as much cock as we could handle. I started bucking my hips and shimmying my ass with each thrust closer to Lynn until our vaginas were only able to fit my hand between them. Luckily, the way my body was positioned, I was able to use my pinky finger on the hand holding the toy to rub my clit as I stroked it into me. Lynn was holding her lips apart and rolling over her own love button, and my hand was latched onto her thigh, driving our bodies into one another.  
  
Our moans and heavy breathing were going in stride with the strokes of the toy and I got an extra rush from watching Lynn play with her nipples and clit as I fucked her with the same cock I was thrusting into myself. With a big thrust, I brought our bodies as close as I could, so our pussies were almost kissing each other making the rubber dong disappear inside us. I grabbed Lynn's neck and forced her mouth open with my tongue as I rolled my hips into hers mixing our juices both in our mouths and nether regions. We bellowed into each other's mouths which slightly muffled our passionate screams as we each built towards an explosive orgasm.  
  
Lynn's thighs started to spasm under mine and it triggered a similar response in my own body. We both quivered into each other and onto the rubber toy still deep inside the both of us, and Lynn bit down on my lip to keep from screaming out in ecstasy. We lay there, in the middle of our room, convulsing uncontrollably until at last we both came down from our highs.  
  
I slowly started to unwind the twisted pretzel of our legs and, as I did, sent after-shocks of pleasure down both Lynn and my own spine, making each of us spasm again, until I was actually able to obtain the purple sword from its double sheath of our crotches and toss it aside before I collapsed on Lynn and we lay a panting, sweating mess.  
  
The next noise I heard was my alarm. I sprang up with a jolt and realized we had passed out on the floor after our little scissor session.  
  
"Oh shit!" I exclaimed and jumped up, reaching into my closet and throwing on the first thing I could find. "We slept in, it's already 5:50," I panicked.  
  
Lynn was groggily arousing from her sex coma and still couldn't tell exactly what was happening while I was feverishly checking myself in the mirror and grabbing my bag. I was on my way out the door when I turned and saw Lynn standing, still nude, with my passport in her hand. I grabbed it from her, gave her a quick kiss on the cheek, and turned to leave.  
  
With most of my clothes either in my bag or still in a clumped pile in the corner of my room, the only thing left in my drawers were clothes I knew I wasn't going to take with me, so I cringed at the thought of what I would be wearing for the entire trip to the airport as well as the entire flight. My worst fears were confirmed as I looked down and saw an old pair of gym shorts that I typically only wore to sleep in as there was a fairly sizable hole in the crotch of them, and a t-shirt from a 5k Lynn and I had ran in together that I had taken the liberty of cutting the neckline of so it had a plunging v-neck cut to it now. Of course, in my haste I had not put on any underwear, so these two garments were all that would be covering my body as I traveled to another country.  
  
I jogged up to the building where we were supposed to meet and saw Dr. Gilson standing with a clipboard in his hands; Steve, Brian, and Jim sitting next to their carry-on bags; and Amy crouched next to her black rolling bag. Lindsay was walking up with just her purse and a boy I had never seen before was following behind with two roller bags and a carry on over his shoulder. As I jogged up, I noticed Jim nudge Steve then nod in direction. I figured my choices had already been made and I couldn't really do much else at this point, so I put an extra hop in each step to make sure my boobs would bounce as I strode toward the boys.  
  
Lindsay and I arrived at the same time and she let out a scoff as she looked me up and down then crossed in front of me and huffed as she sat as if she was being burdened by being up so early. The boy carrying her things followed like a baby duck tailing its mother and gently dropped her bags by her side. When he went on for a kiss on the cheek Amy quickly took out her phone and crossed her legs.  
  
"Thanks Chris, you're so sweet," she cooed, "don't forget to pick me up in two weeks".  
  
With that she waved goodbye and went back to her phone. The boy was obviously dejected, but turned and waved timidly to us each before walking back from the direction he came. We exchanged glares and eye rolls. Jim went so far as to mimic whipping him as he shuffled away; even Brian chuckled.  
  
Dr. Gilson waddled his way over to us looking down at his watch, "Good morning everyone. Glad to see most of you got here on time. Hopefully Mr. Finch will be joining us shortly," he anxiously joked. "Does everyone have their passports? If it's handy I'd like to see them, so we can avoid an awkward position later".  
  
We all dutifully retrieved our passports from our bags and waved them at Dr. Gilson. He breathed a heavy sigh of relief and then checked his watch again. Before he could say anything more, we heard a loud car rolling past that appeared to either have no muffler or was modified to sound that way. It came to a screeching halt just in front of the building. Eric spilled out of it, then retrieved his bag from the trunk, slammed it shut again, and gave a slap on the side to let the driver know they could leave.  
  
"Glad you could join us, Mr. Finch," Dr. Gilson chortled. "And in such style. I do hope you remembered your passport".  
  
Eric dropped his bag, patted his pockets, and threw his arms up in frustration. We all knew the end of the joke before he removed his weathered passport from his back pocket and presented it proudly.  
  
"Got ya, Dr. G. We're all set," he snickered and joined the rest of us sitting outside the building.  
  
Dr. Gilson just waved him past and it was plainly obvious he was just as amused by the lame joke as we all were. As I sat there waiting for the airport shuttle to arrive, I couldn't help but think about the note that was waiting for me to read in my bag and just the idea got me a little flustered. I hoped it wouldn't be long until I would have a little privacy in the ride to the airport and I could read it then, but just then the van rounded the corner and all those hopes were dashed.  
  
The van was little more than a mini-van, and I could tell it was going to very tight quarters. Once it pulled to a stop, the driver got out and started helping everyone with their bags. He started with Lindsay since she had the most bags, then loaded everyone else in turn. Dr. Gilson set his bag in the front seat, claiming it for himself, not that anyone was going to fight him for it. There were three rows of seating in the back of the van, but the second and third row were slightly narrower to allow for people to pass by to get to the third.  
  
Lindsay hopped in and went to the third row in the back, followed by Amy. Eric jumped in and laid across the entire second row, then turned to see if anyone had laughed before getting up and sliding back to the third row as well. Jim got in and sat in the second row and was followed by Brian.  
  
Steve looked in the van, then at me, "well, what's it going to be Jade: window or aisle?"  
  
"looks like you're going to need the leg room," I said and went to get in.  
  
Not wanting to pass up a golden opportunity, I made sure to stick my ass out as I half-stood in the van doorway looking for a way to prolong the need to wave my tight butt in Steve's face.  
  
"Oh, look at this seat," I fumed and quickly swept the fake mess off of it before anyone could see there was nothing there.  
  
As I did however, I became acutely aware that I also was not wearing a bra and my dangling breasts were swinging, nearly unencumbered, in front of a van full of people. I decided I might not want to draw too much attention too early in the trip and plopped down in my seat without further incident. I slid to my window seat and Steve climbed in behind me just as the driver and Dr. Gilson finished packing the bags in and shutting the doors. We were finally off to the airport.  
  
When we got to the airport, we all piled out of the van in reverse order, so Jim got out first, then turned to help me out. I took his hand and paused for a second shoving my ass in Brian's face, then hopped down. The others joined us and we grabbed our luggage before heading into the terminal. Dr. Gilson barked orders at us and we all filed up to the counter to get our boarding passes. The whole process went smoothly and before we knew it, we were waiting in line to go through TSA. I was beside myself with anticipation to read my checklist and couldn't wait to get through the long line and see what Lynn had come up with. With nothing better to do to pass the time I let myself daydream about what to expect and without realizing it started to get turned on standing in line.  
  
I felt a nudge from behind and when I snapped out of my daze it was my turn to put my bag on the conveyer belt and step through the body scanner. The middle-aged TSA agent looked me up and down and waved me forward. He told me to stand feet shoulder width apart and hold my arms up in a Y position. As I did, I felt my shirt ride up and looked down to see how much of my belly was showing and instead discovered my nipples were poking out against the thin fabric of my shirt. The agent gave me a little smirk and asked that I step to the side for added security scanning.  
  
I could feel my face get hot as I stood in a little square marking on the floor and watched everyone else in line stare at me. The man came over and told me to hold my arms out straight and started frisking me. He started at my arms, then went around back and patted down my entire back until he was just above my ass. He knelt down and put his strong hands on either side of my left thigh and started patted bringing his right hand only an inch away from rubbing against my pussy, then repeated the motion on my right thigh. He then crossed in front of me and held one hand on the small of my back as he rubbed down the front of my shirt taking his time in certain expected areas. I swear I felt him even give a light pinch to one of my nipples before he straightened his posture and waved me on.  
  
Without a word, this man had groped me in public and I was completely powerless to stop him. I knew I should have felt outraged, but for some reason the act only proved to further turn me on. I felt my body responding to his touch and, had my nipples not already been erect, they surely would have been at that point. I felt a growing yearning between my legs but knew I wouldn't have a chance to deal with the urge anytime soon, and did my best to suppress the urge.  
  
The others were waiting for me at the escalators, so I grabbed my bag and hurried along to join the rest of the group. When we got to our gate, we saw we were the first to arrive and had our pick of seats. Amy instantly bolted off to a corner and sat with her headphones on, Lindsay followed and found the closest seat with an outlet and plugged in her phone instantly. The rest of us filed into the block of seats facing each other with a large aisle between them. There were ten seats, five on each side which was perfect for our little rag-tag group. Dr. Gilson and Lindsay were the only two that checked a bag, so neither of them had any luggage, so the rest of us sat ours in the corner next to Amy and sat down before deciding on our next moves. As I set my bag down with the others, I reached into the pocket in front and grabbed the note from Lynn and went to take my seat.  
  
Brian, Jim, Eric, and Steve all sat on the row against the wall and got out their phones. Dr. Gilson sat closest to the pile of bags on the side opposite Amy, leaving me the remaining three seats between Lindsay and him. I decided it was probably safe with an empty seat to either side and everyone's heads in their phones to finally check my note. I pulled it from my pocket and discretely unfolded it, slumping in my seat to further hide its contents from prying eyes.  
  
Jade's European Slut Trip  
  
1) No underwear of any kind the entire trip! (which shouldn't be an issue since I threw them all out of your bag!)  
  
2) Join the mile-high club (either solo or with a partner)  
  
3) Go to a nude beach  
  
4) Flash your roommates "on accident"  
  
5) Buy a piece of fancy lingerie and leave it laying out in the room for all to see.  
  
6) Go skinny dipping in the hotel pool  
  
7) Work out nude in the gym  
  
8) Make a bet and lose to someone, steer the prize to something naughty  
  
9) Get fully nude in a public space  
  
10) Use something from the hotel as a dildo  
  
11) Flash a monument  
  
12) Get naked on The Eye  
  
13) Ride topless on top of a double decker bus  
  
14) Finger yourself on a park bench Hyde Park  
  
15) Take your bottoms off in a Taxi and sit spread eagle in the back seat  
  
16) Take a jog along the Thames and take your top off for as long as you dare  
  
17) Flip your skirt up at the guards of Buckingham Palace  
  
18) Take an afternoon tea on your balcony in the nude  
  
19) Get as many of your cohorts to see you completely naked as you can, bonus points if you can hook up with any of them!  
  
20) Hook up with at least one foreigner  
  
I couldn't help but blush as I read through the list. When I got to number 19, I looked up at Dr. Gilson who was thumbing through a travel guide for London, then around to Amy and Lindsay who were both in their own worlds. When I turned toward the boys, I finally got the idea that I may be able to have some fun on the trip after all. Eric and Brian were both looking at their phones, but Jim was staring right at me and only averted his eyes when he noticed I was looking at him. Steve made no attempt at hiding the fact that he was looking my way and gave a slight nod with his head and smiled. I waved back made a spectacle of raising my leg to cross it over the other, pausing ever so slightly with them spread to give him a quick peek at through the hole in my loose-fitting shorts. He tried not to let on that he wanted to stare and I did my part to try and cover the fact that I was already getting wet at the thought of what fun I was going to have.  
  
We sat quietly in the lobby for a while and eventually even Dr. Gilson had his head in his phone and headphones in. I decided to see what kind of trouble I could stir up before the flight and start crossing some things off my to-do list. Looking it over, I decided my best course of action would be to double up some of the dares. I got up and crossed to Dr. Gilson who continued to stare blankly into his phone. I stood in front of him for a couple seconds and finally leaned over and tapped his knee. He jerked to attention and, with my hand still on his knee and my bent over stance, the motion cause my boobs to bounce enough to catch his glare. I could tell by the way he instantly turned flush that he had noticed my state and leaned into it (both literally and figuratively). I brought my mouth close to his ear as if I needed to whisper something into his ear.  
  
"I'm going to head to the little girls' room. Will you watch my bag," I cooed in his ear?  
  
I almost felt sorry for the man as he must have strained to keep from staring at the pendulous breasts dangling in front of him. Dr. Gilson simply nodded an affirmative and waved me away with his hand. Something about the nonchalant manner in which he discarded my teasing emboldened my resolve to find a chink in his armor and get a reaction from him, but another; admittedly deeper-seated urge, shook my confidence and made me want to seek attention elsewhere in the terminal.  
  
I strode away from the group in search of a way to cross off an item on my list without much more of a plan in place, but figured one of the airport bars or shops within the terminal may be a good place to start. The terminal was filled with shops displaying overpriced trinkets and knick-knacks for unsuspecting travelers. There were also several bars with weary travelers sitting and waiting for their flights, watching people pass by on their way to their gates. I thought back to my list and concluded that my best option for completing any tasks before actually getting on the plane would be to talk up one of the patrons sitting at the bar.  
  
There was a dimly lit sports bar near the end of the terminal which had a couple of guys in suits sitting at the bar and an older man by himself in a corner booth situated behind a half wall. The two men were deep in conversation about a recent soccer match and I could hear a fairly thick accent as they half shouted at each other. The older of the two sported a long, fire red beard with some silver sprinkled in. Even from his seated perch I could tell he was a barrel-chested behemoth of a man and his arms were as thick as my waist. I wasn't sure if it was due to his heavy Irish accent or from the fact that he was visibly intoxicated already, but I could only make out about half of what he was slurring. His counterpart was more or less a complete contrast; much younger, clean shaven with dark brown hair which was gelled and styled perfectly. In addition, he was roughly half the size of the mountain of a man next to him. He seemed less intoxicated than his foil, though not by far. I decided it was my civic duty to try and deescalate their discussion before it turned into a full fledge argument the best way I knew how.

I strode up unnoticed and sat three stools away from the younger of the two men at the bar. After a full minute of them going back and forth without acknowledging my presence I stood on the highest rung of my stool and laid on the bar feigning as though I were reaching for the menu in front of the younger man. He finally noticed there was someone in his peripheral, but instead of turning to look he merely pushed the menu further down without as much as a glimpse in my direction. My competitive nature kicked in and I was not going to lose attention from these two men to a conversation about a dumb soccer match. As luck would have it the man had just given me a golden opportunity.  
  
I lifted the menu with a sweeping motion, knocking over the near full pint glass that was sitting on the bar. The glass tumbled over with a loud crash. Both men startled and looked over just as the ice-cold beer was cascading into my tits which were straining to peak out the top of my cut V-neck as it was.  
  
"Oh my gosh," I exclaimed and fumbled with the glass on the bar. "I'm so sorry! What a klutz," I stammered.  
  
The men simply stopped their conversation, swiveled in their seats, and stared as I clumsily lifted myself from the bar and the beer ran down my body, and soaked the insubstantial fabric of my shirt. I arched my back and waved my boobs in their direction with my hands on my hips as I nonchalantly looked out into the terminal.  
  
"I hope no one heard that loud crash. How embarrassing," I piped. I reached a hand out and stroked the younger guy's shoulder, "I am so sorry I spilled your beer Mr. Let me make it up to you".  
  
As I turned my head back, I had to bite my lip to stop from laughing as the men's eyes were both transfixed on my soaked shirt. To their credit they both snapped back fairly quickly and did their best to maintain eye contact as they stuttered through half hearted condolences and started to clean up the mess I had created.  
  
"Quite alright miss, these things happen. Looks like I'm the one who should apologize, your shirt is soaked".  
  
The burly man slapped him on the shoulder and shot him a disappointed look as he took a bar rag and wiped down the counter. "Don't worry about him, I'll replace his swill of a beer. What can I get you lass"?  
  
"I don't suppose you have any t-shirts laying around," I joked, and tugged the bottom of my shirt up to wring out the beer.  
  
Both of the men's eyes bulged as the next phase of my plan went into action and the beer trickled down from my shirt and into my lap. I yelped, opened my legs wide, and squirmed on the stool as I made as big a spectacle as I could without being overly obvious about my dimwittedness. I looked down and realized I had overlooked one not-so-small detail in my plan. The two had a fairly good look through the hole in the crotch of my shorts as I sat spread eagle in front of them.  
  
"Oh Fu-," I shrieked and threw both hands over my mouth to conceal my shriek (and to let the show last just a couple more seconds)! I leapt off the stool and started to twirl in front of the men jumping from one foot to the other. They both started to snicker and I shot a sneer at them, "Is this funny to you boys"?  
  
They both looked at each other then back at me and once again, stumbled through apologies. "No, not at all, uh, let me see if I have any towels or anything in the back". As the brawny man slid behind the bar, the younger man stole glances at me while he feigned that he was looking out to the terminal. "uhh...the only thing I have back here are these little bar towels I have for cleaning the bar," he stammered.  
  
"I think there's a little shop that sells clothes about three doors down," chimed in the younger guy.  
  
"Well I can't go out there looking like this," I said as I threw my arms up and bounced from one foot to the other jetting a hip out to ensure a perky little bounce for my attentive audience. "I'll tell you what, if you could be a dear and buy me a shirt and shorts, I'll buy you your next three rounds. Please," I pleaded and held my arms in a prayer posture which framed my cleavage nicely for him.  
  
I could tell he was putty in my hands by the stupid grin on his face as he mumbled, "sure, that'll work for me, be right back".  
  
He turned and jogged out as I shrilled a thank you after him and excitedly hopped. Once he was around the corner I turned to the stocky gentleman behind the bar and let out a deep sigh. "I don't suppose there is any way for me to get cleaned up in here other than those tiny towels," I groaned as I made a disgusted look on my face and ran my hands down the entire front of my shirt.  
  
I could almost see the gears turn in his mind as he desperately searched for an idea to get more of a show. "Well, we do have a pretty big sink in the back, but there's no hose or-"  
  
"Oh that would be perfect! Do you mind if I take a couple towels and clean off back there while I wait for your friend to bring back some clothes"?  
  
I didn't wait for an answer and simply shimmied past him. As soon as I pushed past the two-way service door, I peeled my shirt over my head and I shoved my shorts down my thighs as quickly as I could. I scurried over to the medium sized utility sink and saw that, with the small countertop to its side I could do little more than sit my feet in the sink and came up with a devilish plan. As I hoped, I heard the door swing open behind me again as the thickset man followed. I stood at the sink with my back to the man and stuck my ass out as I bent over the sink to turn on the faucet as much as I could so it would hopefully make enough noise to let him stand there "unnoticed". I spread my legs about shoulder width apart and shifted from side to side as I put my hair up in a bun. Then I ran my hands down my sides and rubbed my soft butt cheeks before I reached up and checked to see if my water had turned warm enough to get in the sink.  
  
I brought one leg up on the countertop and got on my tip-toe making it seem like I planned on hoisting myself up on the countertop, while in reality all I was doing was giving my beer-soaked crotch a center stage spotlight for my peeping tom bartender. After some grunts in frustration I decided the charade had run its course and moved to position two: I brought my leg back down and this time bent at the waist and hopped up onto the countertop. My arms flailed out to each side as I once again, shimmied my tight little ass and happy clam in full view of the man behind me. I groaned in failed attempts at getting my knees over the four-foot countertop and eventually lowered myself back down again.  
  
With a twirl, I planted one hand on the counter and spun around to quickly plant my other hand on the opposite side. In one fluid motion, I arched my back, hoisted my butt, and spread my legs to bring my feet up to the countertop before my poor, unsuspecting bartender could react. "Um, he-," I started to shout loud enough to be heard from the other side of the door, "-llo my God! You little perv," I screeched and writhed on the counter before I cupped my breasts in a listless attempt to hide my nudity while leaving my legs spread wide.  
  
The man turned his gaze slightly and held out his arm which held two of the bar rags, "Sorry love, I didn't think you'd already be naked back here. Just bringing back some towels for you".  
  
"No, it's fine. Sorry for yelling, you just startled me. I suppose it isn't every day a young girl drenches herself in beer in the bar huh"?  
  
"I have to say; I've seen spilled drinks before, but you are certainly the first girl to bathe in the sink afterwards," he said as he slowly inched over to me with his outstretched arm.  
  
"haha, I bet. You can just leave the towels on that shelf," I directed with a point of my arm. The man instinctively looked and couldn't help do a full body scan of the naked co-ed on his countertop. "also, while I have you," I continued, while I crossed my legs, dropped my feet in the sink, slowly turned my back and looked back over my shoulder, "is there any chance you have a sponge and some soap I could use to actually clean myself? Don't worry, you can look. I've covered myself as much as I can".  
  
The man set the towels down and crossed over towards me. As he got closer, I felt a rush of excitement and fear wash over me as I realized just how easily this man could take advantage of the situation and I was more or less helpless. I could feel goosebumps start to rise up all over my body and swear I could even feel my nipples strain against my arm that was folded over them.  
  
"Sure thing. They're under the sink, so let me just grab it for you".  
  
As he bent down to grab the supplies, I arched my back slightly and readjusted my arm on my breasts so my arm acted more like a shelf to present than a push-up bra to support and conceal. I also spread my thighs ever so slightly to reveal my freshly shaven slit. He impulsively reached his arm up to brace himself on the countertop as he stood and brushed my thigh which sent a shiver up my spine. I suddenly realized how turned on this entire situation had gotten me and I no longer cared about teasing this guy or his friend, I now needed to do something about the warmth building inside myself.  
  
Without thinking, I reached my hand down and grabbed his on the side of the counter right next to my thigh. "Thanks again for all of your kindness," I said as we locked eyes.  
  
I slipped into a daydream where he grabbed me with his strong arms and forced a deep, drunken, passionate kiss on me and I gave myself over to him completely. His callused hands drew me in from the back of my neck and then worked their way down to my breasts and then further down. With one hand he rubbed and massaged my breast and the other parted my thighs and rubbed my love button and coaxed it from under its hood. I wanted so badly for him to ravage me with his fingers and just as I could feel him start to slide his index finger over my mound, he brought his mouth to my ear.  
  
"No problem ma'am. Here you go, Jason should be back with your clothes soon".  
  
The spell was broken and I snapped back to reality, but felt flush and hoped he hadn't noticed my thighs had parted a good four inches in my daze. He turned to leave, which I knew I should let him do, but my mind went back to my list and for some reason one thing jumped out at me.  
  
"Oh right. You know, I bet he doesn't even get me the right size. If he's anything like my ex, he is horrible at guessing a woman's clothing size".  
  
"Well, I've known Jason a long time and I can tell you he's done pretty well with the ladies, so he may surprise you," he said over his shoulder as he picked my shorts and t-shirt up off the ground.  
  
"Really...well let's make this interesting then shall we. Notice there aren't any underwear with my clothes? I may not be the sweet innocent co-ed you thought," I said as I brought the sponge up to my neck and wrung out a sudsy load of water onto my chest.  
  
The man stopped in his tracks and slowly started to turn back towards me. I quickly covered my nipples with my arm again and he smirked at me. "What did you have in mind exactly"?  
  
"Well let's see...I've only got another half hour until I have to be at my gate. If by some act of God, little Jason gets my right size I won't put a stitch of clothing on until I have to leave for my flight and will work the bar that whole time. But, WHEN he guesses wrong, not only do you pay him back for the clothes, but I get free drinks the whole time until I leave".  
  
The man didn't even pause for a second, he strolled back to me and stretched out his hand, "you got yourself a bet little lady". Assuming any bashfulness assumed on his end had long since been assuaged, I took his hand and gave a vigorous and firm handshake.  
  
Just as we started to shake hands the door swung open and Jason strolled in with a small bag in his hand. "Hey Liam, where the hell ar-".  
  
"Well speak of the devil. Welcome back Jason," I said as I held tightly onto Liam's hand and continued to shake it. "We were just making a little wager on your shopping prowess. For my sake, I hope you have a bad eye for women's sizes".  
  
Jason's eyes were focused on my tits as they swayed until I finally released Liam's hand and he crossed to retrieve the bag from his mouth gaped friend. I acted as though I forgot both of them were there and sponged myself off. I made sure to spend extra time to wash and rinse my nipples with my hands before I spread my legs and used the sponge to slightly obscure the boys' view as I slid a finger over my belly and down between my legs. I was extremely wet and knew it wouldn't take long to get myself off, but figured that might be taking things a bit too far in front of these two strangers. I decided instead to bite my lip and let out a soft moan to tease the men one last time before I lifted one leg out, then the other to complete my sink bath.  
  
Liam had taken the bag from Jason and had peeked to see the sizes on the tags. "Okay. So we know there's no cheating, why don't you tell me your size first so we know if you win or not," he proposed.  
  
"Well," I started as I held out a hand and signaled to Jason with my head that he should grab me a towel. He hopped to and while his back was turned, I swung my legs over the edge of the counter, crossed them in front of myself, and draped one arm across my chest to regain a sense of some modesty, "for shirts I would say either a small or medium depending on the cut, and for shorts usually a 6 or small/medium, again depending on how they run".  
  
Jason started to laugh about half way into my explanation and it wasn't until I saw Liam's ear to ear grin when I started to realize why. Unbeknownst to them of course, my heart was pounding hoping that Jason was able to peg my size too. Liam let out a guttural guffaw and Jason sheepishly said, "you've got a little more faith in the airport gift shop than is warranted there, sweetie. Now I'm hoping your knickers aren't too soaked because there wasn't anything there for you either".  
  
Once again Liam busted out with laughter, "That won't be a problem either," he said as he slapped him on the shoulder and tossed me the bag with my new garments. "You're late for your shift, and we're thirsty little lady. Come on Jason, let's get some good seats for the show.  
  
As the boys laughed and went back out to the bar, I finished toweling off and then pulled out my new wardrobe, afraid of what kitschy items I was going to be forced into wearing for the flight. The top was a faded orange tank top that was obviously a men's medium and not a woman's cut at all, but once I saw the bottoms, I realized I might have more to worry about. Just as I was pulling it out of the bag, I heard a ruckus from the bar and figured my penance was already overdue.  
  
Not one to disappoint, I threw open the door and held it open with my arm before kicking one leg around the corner showing as much of my thigh as I could without falling completely into the bar. I heard the boys pushing each other and laughing between themselves and felt comfortable it was still just the three of us in the bar, so I slid into the doorway and braced myself on the other side in a seductive dance. The boys soaked it up and loved every minute of it.  
  
"You boys sure do look thirsty, what can I get you," I said in my best breathy waitress voice.  
  
"Couple of pints for us," Liam blurted out, "but Carl in the corner said he wanted to hear about our specials," he snickered and pointed to the old man in the corner booth that I had completely forgotten about. All the color must have drained from my face because Liam leaned in over the counter and whispered, "don't you worry, lass. He's completely harmless".  
  
I'm sure the boys expected me to buckle immediately, but I wanted to prove that I was game to see this bet through and poured them their pints before grabbing a menu and sauntering over to the back booth. Carl was sitting, reading his paper and didn't even notice my presence. "Good afternoon Sir, did you want to hear our specials today," I cooed and laid the menu on the table.  
  
"Guiness," he gruffed not even looking up.  
  
For some reason I couldn't just take the win and decided this old man needed to acknowledge the gift that had fallen into his lap. "You sure I can't interest you in one of our attractive specials today"?  
  
"Just the Guiness".  
  
I took the hint, and went back to the bar to pour the Guiness. When I started to walk the beer back over, Liam informed me it was bar policy to always carry drinks on a tray. I looked around and didn't see a tray in sight, but he insisted and said he must have left them at the hostess stand. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a little podium at the entrance. Liam giggled like a schoolgirl and it was enough to spark my competitive edge. I went over to the stand, grabbed the dusty tray from under the podium, placed the beer on it, then lifted it over my shoulder and sashayed past the boys over to the back booth.  
  
"Here you are sir, one pint of Guiness," I said and stroked his arm and set the glass on the table, "just let me know if there's anything else you need darlin'," I called over my shoulder as I turned to walk back to the bar.  
  
Apparently I had misjudged just how close the podium was to the walk-by traffic of the terminal, because as I neared the bar and looked out there were several men trying not to be obvious about stealing glances. Once I was sheltered behind the bar a coupled of them decided they were just thirsty enough to come in for a closer look. A pair of thirty somethings strolled in and stood at the podium.  
  
Just as I started to wave them over, Liam turned and shouted, "Our waitress will be right there to seat you boys". He shot me a quick wink and muttered under his breath, "time to pay off your debts little girl".  
  
I reached across the bar, gave him a playful slap on the beard, and teased, "just for that honey, I'm keeping my tips". I held the tray over my nether region and skipped over to the men, "Howdy boys, you just want to sit at the bar today or would you like a table"?  
  
As anticipated, the men were giddy to just be in the presence of a young college girl standing fully nude, ready to serve. "Uhh, wherever is best I suppose," one of them finally said.  
  
"Sure thing, follow me please," I chirped and led them to the stools opposite Liam and Jason.  
  
They obediently sat on their stools and I felt safe and secure back behind the bar. The two men were very chatty and indecisive when it came to their drink orders and I went over all of the beers on tap twice before they decided on a single shot each of whiskey and asked which I would recommend. I of course had no idea what whiskeys we had available and turned to look at the bottles on the shelf behind me. As I looked them over, I could see the men feasting on me in the mirror behind the bottles. I decided if they were able to have their fun I might as well have mine as well and found the bottle on the very top shelf. Once I had dragged a small stepping stool over, I made a spectacle of reaching high above my head to grab the bottle and brought it down.  
  
"This is my all time favorite," I flirted and pulled the cork from the top of the bottle, "in fact, me and my girlfriend got so drunk on this one time we ended up making out in the middle of this huge party. That was such a crazy night".  
  
"Holy shit! That is so crazy, you sound like a lot of fun. Tell you what, why don't you line up six shots, two for each of us," said one of the guys and pulled out his wallet.  
  
I obediently obeyed and poured the shots. When I turned to the machine to run the man's card, I made sure the label for the bottle faced me and feverishly looked for the button that corresponded. I could feel my eyes bulge when I saw the price across from the button marked "The Yamazaki" which told me each of the six shots was $140. I felt bad for a single moment, but saw the creep lick his lips as he stared between my thighs and all doubt was removed.

Swipe  
  
I handed the man his receipts with a smirk and said, "Here you go, hon, cheers". With that I grabbed my shot and held it out so they wouldn't have a chance to look at the bill before I was able to get at least one drink. To my amazement we took both shots back to back and the man simply signed and slid the paper back to me.  
  
"Alright cheapskate, I paid for your drink, tip the fine lady," he winced and tried to shake off the strong liquor. His friend was even less a drinker than him and looked like he was going to be sick. he took his wallet out of his pocket, grabbed a wad of bills, threw them on the bar, and said thanks before darting out of the bar. The big spender laughed, turned and took one last, long look at me before he darted after his friend. "Thanks so much for the mammories lady, we got to run," he shouted back and I heard him chuckle as he tried to catch up with his friend. I'm not sure which side of the scene was more surreal, but was happy for the expensive drink and huge tip.  
  
There was a slow clap from the other side of the bar and when I turned both Jason and Liam were nodding their heads and standing by their stools. "I haven't sold a shot of that stuff in over a year and you just sold six of them at once. I have got to get me some tits," Liam clamored and chugged the remainder of his beer.  
  
"Somehow I don't think these would help all that much with that beard of yours," I snapped and cupped my breasts and shook them in their direction.  
  
We all roared with laughter and Liam said to get us all another round. I happily poured the beers and we clanged our mugs together just as an announcement came over the speaker:  
  
"Now boarding flight 4832 to London out of gate A5, repeat now boarding flight 4832 to London at gate A5. Thank you".  
  
"Oh shit," I exclaimed! "That's me. I have to go". I started towards the door to the back and Liam grabbed my arm.  
  
"Sweetie, that was the first call. You can stay and finish your shift beer with us and have plenty of time, trust me". His grip wasn't very forceful and I wasn't overly nervous even though the whiskey had definitely kicked in stronger than I had anticipated.  
  
I glanced over and saw my phone sitting on the end of the bar and remembered a promise I had made to Lynn before I left that I would try to get photo evidence whenever possible and decided I could slug my beer while I snapped some photos of my bartending experience. "Okay, okay. But you guys have to help me with something too," I negotiated.  
  
Without asking, I hopped into Liam's lap, swung my legs onto Jason's and leaned back to take a nude selfie in my "boss'" arms. "Perfect," I snickered and hopped down. I took a huge gulp of beer and grabbed the serving tray before I struck my best pin up girl pose ordering them to take another shot of me in "uniform". Jason snatched the camera and obliged quickly. I was on a roll and figured why stop a good thing; so I took another massive mouthful of beer and took Jason's hand as we ran over to Carl's booth. As I got closer, I saw his hands were in his lap and luckily didn't have time to discern what exactly he was doing under the table before my inner tease took over. "Better make this one a video Jason," I directed and waited for his nod. "Have a great day Carl! It was splendid meeting you," I chirped. Just as he opened his mouth to retort, I mashed my boobs into his face and shook my torso, smothering his face. When I drew back, he had a massive grin on his face and I bent down and gave him a big kiss on the lips.  
  
With my tour of the patrons over, I ran back to my beer, drank the remaining gulp, and scurried to the back to throw on my new clothes. When I emerged, Liam and Jason were standing at the entrance with giant smirks on their faces. I had taken the liberty of cutting the bottom six inches off the tank top Jason had bought me, so even though it was still very baggy since it was a men's medium, it now at least looked cute as it stopped just above my belly button. He had somehow found a skirt in my size and even though it was a gawdy striped design I thought it looked cute especially once I rolled the top over to bring the hem up to my mid-thigh. I did a quick twirl for them and felt the skirt fly up to show them an unobstructed view of my waist down. I threw my arms around them and lifted myself off the ground by their shoulders.  
  
They laughed told me I was crazy before I grabbed my phone from Jason and ran towards my gate. I could only hope this was just the start of a wonderful adventure overseas!

**Curious Jade Ch. 10 Pt. 02**

Every eye was on me as I pranced through the terminal on my way to the gate in my skimpy new outfit. Husbands got slapped on the arm by their wives, friends nodded their heads to draw their attention my way, an airport shuttle cart stopped in the middle of the path and blatantly took out his phone an took a video of my bouncing toward him. Ever the obedient subject; I gave him chance to get his video up to let him document me and blew his phone a kiss as I skipped by which made his face instantly turn red. Once I had passed him, I leapt in the air and spun in a full 360 twirl which of course caused my skirt to fly up, and exposed my ass and shaved mound to not only his lens, but to every single person in the terminal.  
  
Suffice to say, by the time I got to my terminal my heart pounded in my chest not only because of the jog there, but because I had effectively flashed my largest audience to date. When I walked up to the gate there was already a long queue to board, and I joined our group near the end of the line unnoticed save for Dr. Gilson who gave a timid nod and checked my name off his mental attendance list. I retrieved my bag from next his and joined the single file line.  
  
We were herded onto the plane and as we got further down the tunnel people began to get more and more restless. I too felt boredom start to set in and started to play back the actions from my bar room experience earlier and suddenly realized two things: first, I had left my beer soaked clothes at the bar, which didn't bother me too much and figured Liam and Jason would now have a souvenir each to remember me by. More importantly however, in all the panic of getting back to my gate I had never had a chance to actually count my tips. I unfolded the wad of cash and was disheartened when the first few were ones and started to understand why the man had run out of the bar so quickly. I fanned out the rest of them though and let out an audible gasp as I revealed the last two were one hundred-dollar bills. My gasp had drawn some of my fellow line mates from their dazes and I quickly stuffed my newly discovered riches into my bag before anyone noticed.  
  
We finally stepped from the tunnel onto the actual plane and as we passed by, I handed my ticket to the cute female flight attendant who informed me I would be near the back of the flight in the left-hand row of the plane in a middle seat. Slowly but surely, we made our way as people took their seats and I chuckled to myself as they took a visual inventory of each passerby. The line was moving at a snail's pace and I needed a distraction, so I decided to review my list again to see if there was anything I may be able to cross off during the long flight. I pulled out the list and started to read through it:  
  
1) No underwear of any kind the entire trip! (which shouldn't be an issue since I threw them all out of your bag!)  
  
2) Join the mile-high club (either solo or with a partner)  
  
3) Go to a nude beach  
  
4) Flash your roommates "on accident"  
  
5) Buy a piece of fancy lingerie and leave it laying out in the room for all to see.  
  
6) Go skinny dipping in the hotel pool  
  
7) Work out nude in the gym  
  
8) Make a bet and lose to someone, steer the prize to something naughty  
  
9) Get fully nude in a public space  
  
10) Use something from the hotel as a dildo  
  
11) Flash a monument  
  
12) Get naked on The Eye  
  
13) Ride topless on top of a double decker bus  
  
14) Finger yourself on a park bench Hyde Park  
  
15) Take your bottoms off in a Taxi and sit spread eagle in the back seat  
  
16) Take a jog along the Thames and take your top off for as long as you dare  
  
17) Flip your skirt up at the guards of Buckingham Palace  
  
18) Take an afternoon tea on your balcony in the nude  
  
19) Get as many of your cohorts to see you completely naked as you can, bonus points if you can hook up with any of them!  
  
20) Hook up with at least one foreigner  
  
I instantly could feel color rush to my cheeks as I saw number two on the list and did a quick canvas of the cabin to see if there were any good candidates to help cross it off. I must have gotten caught up in my search, because I felt a nudge on my shoulder and realized the line had gotten three seats further ahead of me. As I got further into the cabin, I noticed an increasing number of eyes darting my way and when I opened my bag to put away my list again, I suddenly grasped why that was. My nipples were as hard as diamonds and strained against the thin, loose-fitting tank top material. I focused on the back of the gentlemen's head in front of me to attempt to distract myself from all of the passengers either undressing me with their eyes or judging me as the slut they thought of me as judging from the scowls I drew from them. It of course was a futile task, and I could feel a heat building throughout my entire body as we trudged on toward the back of the plane.  
  
I looked ahead and saw that there was a man already settled into the window seat for my row. He was a middle aged, heavy-set man and his face was flush as he struggled to get his belongings in order. He had a neck pillow draped around him and he couldn't figure out whether he should put his headphones or sleep mask on next. I looked up and saw that, luckily enough, there were two open slots in the overhead compartment, so I at least wouldn't need to cram my bag under the seat in front of me and could maybe have some extra leg room. I took the win and scanned the line for who I hoped would be my other neighbor.  
  
A simple twist of fate brought a rush of color to my face again as I saw Steve crack a joke with the jovial man and plop down in the aisle seat. I tried not to make eye contact as I drew closer to them which luckily was fairly easy as it seemed they had engrossed in a friendly conversation. When I got two rows of seats ahead, I noticed in my peripheral that the jig was up though as the sturdy gentleman had honed in on the target of my protruding nipples and was very obviously distracted from his conversation. Steve must have noticed his abrupt disinterest as he followed his gaze did a double take when he suddenly took note of my new outfit.  
  
I made no indication that I was aware of their lust filled ogling and instead set the stage for what would hopefully break up the long flight across the ocean. I bent at my waist as I fought with the handle of my suitcase to lower it back into the bag and could feel the oversized neck hole of my tank top dangle further from my body and gave my seatmates a perfect view of my jostling cleavage. I raised my bag above my head to put it into the overhead compartment, but wanted to draw out the show a little while longer so I first attempted to put the bag in fully upright, which clearly wouldn't fit. As I struggled, I moaned and wriggled my body exaggeratedly just to draw as much attention to myself as possible. Each time I removed my bag and tried a new angle of insertion I inched closer to Steve and could feel my thighs pressed against his armrest. My tits swayed just inches from his face when I finally slid the bag into place and shut the door with a victorious sigh of relief and head wipe.  
  
"Oh. Hey Steve, looks like we're going to be seat buddies," I said and put a hand on his shoulder to stop him from getting up to let me by.  
  
I reached my left arm over his shoulder and braced myself on my seatback and lifted my leg over his lap as he shifted below me to allow me to pass by. I had effectively pinned him under me and wanted to take advantage of the opportunity while it lasted. With my legs straddled over his, I knew my skirt would fall open and felt the hem ride further up my thighs the further I spread them. I lunged until my foot came close to striking the portly gentleman's and bent my braced elbow which swept my breasts dangerously close to Steve's face. With a clumsy half turn I fell the rest of the way into my seat and felt my skirt fly up with the sudden movement. Without straightening my garments at all, I reached between myself on either side and dug my seat belt out and clicked it home.  
  
Once I had buckled myself in, I thought it only polite to introduce myself to my neighbor and turned to the gob smacked man in the window seat who clearly strained to regain his composure after the sight he had just taken in. We exchanged niceties and he introduced himself as Chris, and the three of us regaled each other with our origin stories as the remaining passengers took their seats. If there was any down side to putting on the show I did, it was that Chris now seemed to have lost all interest in sleep as he chatted me up the entire way through the safety demonstration, and cracked a series of lame jokes to try and impress me with his clever wit.  
  
I feared I had created a monster but finally, about halfway through the in-flight movie, Chris slipped the sleep mask over his eyes and was snoring away shortly after. A quick scan of the cabin showed me several slumped over heads and the remaining faces within eye shot were either buried in their phones or a book. I wanted to take full advantage of this opportunity to cross off the next item on my list and selfishly wanted to duplicate my efforts. Unfortunately, my plan was denied: Steve's head was laid back against his headrest and there was a string of drool down his chin.  
  
Not wanting to chance that I would get another opportunity on this flight or the one home, I figured Lynn had given me the out of entering the mile-high club alone and thought it best to strike while the iron was hot. I reached a hand between my thighs and started to rub myself over my skirt just in case there were any onlookers I hadn't seen. My skirt already left little to the imagination and it wasn't long until it covered just as much of me as my seat belt. I was able to slide my pointer finger between my legs and drew soft circles over the hood of my clit to get things started. Continued strokes of my love button had done their work and I could feel the all too familiar build up inside, only now with the added complexity of the cramped quarters I found myself.  
  
My thighs could not spread wide enough to allow me to fully explore myself without giving a nudge to one of my slumbering seatmates, so I reasoned nipple play was the next best thing. Before I had even touched them, my nipples were already standing like perfectly erect soldiers at attention. Once again, I rubbed myself over the clothing so not to rouse suspicions and true to form, my hand quickly slipped down to my belly and up my torso until flash met flesh again. My thumb and pointer finger rolled my little eraser tips while the other digits supported from beneath and massaged. I continuously probed the cabin to make sure no one had tuned into the new in-flight entertainment in seat 62H, especially to my immediate left and right. The torture of not truly being able to enjoy myself continued for what seemed like a half hour as I could feel my lips ache for touch but remain just out of reach.  
  
No sooner had I assured myself that all was quiet on the flight and allowed myself to focus entirely on the task at hands when I heard a stirring from several seats ahead. "I knew you were crazy from the bar, but going to town on yourself mid-flight? I have to hand it to you girl, I'm impressed," Liam whispered over the back of the seat two rows ahead.  
  
I had no idea how he had snuck on the flight, nor did I care anymore at that point. "Hands I got," I purred back, "I was hoping you could give me something else".  
  
He shot me an approving grin and I motioned with my head to follow me to the bathroom behind us. It appeared my prayers were to be answered in the most unlikely of sources, but now came the hard part. I reached down and unbuckled myself easily enough and rose out of my seat careful not to disturb any surface. So far so good, I thought to myself and turned to face Steve who was still sound asleep. I brought my leg over his lap again but saw my skirt would brush his hand. I didn't want to risk the sensation stirring him, so I quickly tucked the material into the waist band and exposed my entire lower body to anyone who happened to look up to investigate. My foot landed safely in the aisle, and I pivoted my weight to bring my other leg out and as I did Steve's face fell forward and planted firmly in the fluffy pillow of my bosom. My entire body froze. I was sure he would awake and, though I figured he could only be so mad to find himself in this position, I really had no concrete way to know for sure. I froze in that position; ass and shaved pussy on full display to the entire flight, motorboating an unconscious classmate, for a solid five seconds before I was certain he was still asleep. Gently, I put a hand behind his head and tilted forward at the waist. His head finally rolled back against the seat and I quickly hopped out into the aisle and scurried back to the bathroom without fixing my skirt.  
  
There wasn't much more room in the bathroom than there was in the cramped seats, but I could finally spread my legs at least and wasted no time. The sink was little more than a small divot in the counter, but I was able to prop myself up on it and pressed my legs against either adjacent corner of the stall while I ripped my tank top over my head and shoved it in my mouth. My first three fingers greedily assaulted my anxious pussy as I couldn't be bothered to close the door let alone wait for Liam to join me. The sweet release as my treasure cave was finally plundered sent a near instant wave up my spine and my muffled moans drew the attention of Liam who quickly entered the bathroom and closed the door behind him. He had a look of pure carnal lust in his eye and he ripped his pants down over his thighs in a blur. I withdrew my fingers from myself and stroked him as I led him, cock first, to the promised land between my legs. He took his cue with ease and started pumping his rigid pole as deep as he could. It wasn't the biggest or thickest cock I had seen by a long shot, but with the torturous foreplay I had subjected myself to in my seat it didn't take long before I was teetering on the edge of climax. Liam grunted into his own shoulder and I could tell from his odd hip spasms that he too was near his own finish line. I reached around with my legs and drew him in deeper and he once again rose to the occasion and feverishly pumped his hips. Our bodies writhed against one another and sweat started to bead on Liam's forehead and he panted in short spurts. My legs started to quiver and my hand had roamed down and stroked his member in its retreat from me as well as rubbed my pearl with my thumb. I bit down hard on my gag and whimpered as I started to feel my body reach the top of the rollercoaster hill.  
  
Just as my volcano started to burst, the plane shook and I was rudely brought back to my seat and realized I had drifted off into a surreal daydream. My face got red hot as I nervously scanned the plane to see if anyone had seen or, worse yet, heard me. I sank back in my seat and let out a sigh of relief as there didn't seem to be a single eye on me. Chris was still snoring away next to me, and Steve's head was pressed straight back against his headrest.  
  
I couldn't help but smile as I remembered our imagined encounter earlier and that's when I noticed Steve's lap. His shorts sported a generous tent in them and at first, I thought maybe he was having his own sex dream, but then I realized what had actually happened. I looked down and, to my astonishment: not only was my skirt bunched up into the waist band, but apparently in my sex crazed dream I had pulled my shirt up to more freely play with my nipples. For all intents and purposes, I was sitting nude next to my classmate and he evidently had seen at least a portion of the show and by the looks of it, had enjoyed what he saw. I knew I should have been utterly embarrassed, and perhaps it had more to do with the fact that I had been denied my impending orgasm, but I found myself drawn back to Steve's crotch and the big bulge in it. I imagined how he would compare to Liam's imaginary cock in my fantasy and could tell by the outline under the strict confinement of his shorts it would be no contest. Since I hadn't actually orgasmed, and I knew Lynn wouldn't stand for an imagined fuck anyway, I thought of a plan to finish the show, or better yet, include a real dick this time around. I slowly pressed my thigh against his and Steve kept up the charade and shifted in his seat. With his legs out of the way, I stretched my leg as far as I could under the seat in front of him and scooted my ass to the edge of the seat. It seemed my dream had done more than just arouse Steve, as my pussy was already incredibly wet. I brought my middle and pointer finger to my shaved lips and they slid into my slit with ease. Reenacting my fantasy as closely as I could, I shoved a wad of my top into my mouth to keep from moaning out loud.  
  
In my slid down position, I could no longer see above the surrounding seats and had to cling to hope that no one would get up until I was done, but at this point I didn't care. I stroked my g-spot with my fingers and rolled my thumb over my clit with my right hand while my left was busy again massaging and tweaking my nipples. My hips bucked against my hand and I could feel my thigh rub Steve's and thought, if he wasn't awake before he sure was now. I glanced in my peripheral and saw him peeking like a child trying to trick their parents into thinking they were asleep and knew that if anything was going to come from this it would be up to me to make the first move.  
  
With my left hand, I released my nipple and slowly brought my hand down my body until it rested on my left thigh. The next time my thigh nudged Steve's, I slid my hand against his and started to gently rub the fabric of his shorts. There was no response at first, so I slid it further up his leg until he stirred again and tried to allow more space for me to open my legs. I grew frustrated that he had misunderstood my signal and kicked things into overdrive to let him know I knew he was faking and that I craved more than just showing off for him. I slid my hand all the way to his crotch and rubbed the outline of his head. That got his attention and his eyes shot open.  
  
Without a thought, I brought my right hand up and pressed my pointer finger against his lips. He obeyed my unspoken command, and I continued to gently glide my hand up and down his shaft. Next, I brought my right hand down and undid his button and zipper and slid my hand inside to explore. I had often guessed which of my classmates wore boxers and which wore briefs and smirked when I found that I had assumed right with boxers in Steve's case. As soon as my hand slid over the hole in the front of them Steve's cock escaped the prison of his boxers and sprang into view. True to form, Steve's member put dream Liam to shame. From his seated position I clocked it at about six inches long, but what intrigued me more so than that was the overall shape of it. The head stood proud as a near perfect semi-circle atop a pedestal, and the shaft went from narrow at the base, to a wide flare out, and then narrowed back out to meet the umbrella cover.  
  
I looked up at Steve and licked my lips to signal my intentions and he returned a smile to let me know he approved. I pressed the button on the armrest and lifted it out of the way so I could more easily take my prize. When I lowered my face to his crotch Steve placed his hand on top of my head which is a big pet peeve of mine, but I wasn't in a position to correct him at the moment so I let it slide. I licked the underside of his head where it met the shaft and felt Steve shudder in delight. He pressed down with his hand and I complied, and took him into my mouth up to the knot in the middle of his shaft not wanting to gag and draw attention to our nefarious act. I continued to bounce my head up and down in his lap and did my best not to break suction and make the slurping sounds I know drive most guys over the edge.

The entire time I was indulging in Steve's meat pole I wondered what exactly counted as punching your ticket into the mile-high club and didn't want to be disqualified on a technicality. My mind wandered and I thought up several scenarios we could erase all doubt in the matter. First, we could mirror my fantasy from earlier and meet in the bathroom, but that seemed too cliché. Second, I could straddle him and get a quick ride in, but that seemed way too likely to be spotted. Third, I could face Chris and he could spoon me from behind, which seemed by far the most plausible and least likely to get us caught.  
  
Before I got a salty surprise, I sat up and brought my face to Steve's ear, "I need you inside me," I breathed in my most hushed tone. "So we don't make a mess though, you need to pull out before you cum and I'll finish you in my throat".  
  
I didn't wait for a response and pointed my ass to him and spread my legs as wide as I could in the awkward position. I heard his seatbelt unclick and felt the warmth of his finger slide up and down my mound before he spread me open and toyed with my wet hole. I felt the seat move as he got into position and stuffed my wadded-up tank top as far into my mouth as I could as I waited for Steve to enter me from behind. When I felt the tip of his head rub my thigh, I reached between my legs to guide him home. He met some resistance and pumped back and forth a couple times before my kitty finally accepted her new visitor. I moaned into my shirt as he finally broke through the gate and I could tell Steve was nervous as he pulled back momentarily. Unfortunately, this had the opposite of his desired effect as he slid back out of me.  
  
Our second try was much smoother as he simply pressed against me and I eased my hips back and forced my lips apart which let him slide in without incident. Steve took over from there and grabbed my hip to allow for more control as he took me from behind. Soon we had a nice rhythm and I reached a hand down to stimulate my clit as he filled me. As Steve slowly pulled back, I felt myself stretch around the middle of his shaft, then tighten around him again as it tapered back in, then stretch again as he pulled almost completely out of me. He repeated this motion in near tortoise like pace and, while at first, I wanted him to hump me like Thumper in Bambi, I was won over by his, obviously, tried and true method. Right as I had timed his cadence of when he would award my patience with another slow stroke in, he switched tempo on me and started to quicken his thrusts.  
  
I sensed our ride neared its end and started to pull away to pivot and accept my award, but Steve grabbed my hip and drove deep inside me with one fell swoop. The unanticipated deep penetration forced a loud moan into my gag and Steve reached around and put his hand on my mouth to further muffle my voice. He bucked his hips into me again and pushed himself even deeper inside me before pulling out only half way, to the thickest part of his shaft. I didn't know how to make it clear to him that if he came inside me I would make a mess all over the seat since I wasn't wearing any underwear, but there was nothing I could do since my mouth was gagged and he now had a cover over my mouth as well. I started to panic and wiggled my thighs to try and get away from him, but each time I did he pulled me back onto himself with his much stronger arms.  
  
As Steve effectively used my body as a fuck toy, I was shocked to find my body start to quake with a sudden threat of climax. The feelings of anxiety over what would happen when Steve filled me with his seed started to be washed away by a fire that built up in my loins. My legs started to shake and I could feel my toes start to curl in on themselves as my body betrayed what was happening in my mind. Every muscle in my body tensed and I bit down hard on my gag as I exploded in the thralls of an all-encompassing orgasm. The thrusts from behind continued in earnest, but my body had given in and went limp as wave after wave of ecstasy crashed through me.  
  
When I regained control of my faculties, I was slightly shocked at Steve's stamina as his piston continued to slam into me. After several more quick, full thrusts he finally showed he was actually human and not just a fuck machine as he took his hand off my mouth and hip and pulled his sword from my warm sheath. Bewildered, as I had resigned myself to the idea that Steve was imposing his will and going to creampie me, it took him nudging my ass with his elbow to realize I had completely misjudged the entire situation.  
  
Glad to have discovered Steve was just a dynamo love maker and not a rapey creep, I sprang back into action. Despite it all being in my head, I felt I had to make up to Steve the fact that I had doubted him in the first place and strove to make this the best blowjob ending he had or would ever receive. To prove I meant business, I swan dove my face into his lap and only stopped when my nose buried into his stomach. With Steve's throbbing member all the way in the back of my throat, I reached down and rolled his balls in my hand before I slowly retreated my head and formed a circle with my hand to replace my mouth as it rose. When I got to where just his head remained, I once again swirled my tongue in laps around his sensitive tip and jerked his shaft with my hand in a similar twirling motion. One look to his face gave me all the feedback I needed as he bit his knuckle and rolled his eyes in his head.  
  
I grabbed his hand and brought it to the back of my head, which he took as a signal that I wanted him to hold my hair back. It had not been the first time our signals had gotten crossed, but he came around when I grabbed his hip and pulled him into me. Steve's muscular ass flexed as he ravaged my throat with each thrust. I kneaded his cheeks which seemed to motivate him to skull fuck me even harder. I fought back choking and could feel tears well up in my eyes as I did my best to breath through my nose between prods. At last I felt Steve's leg twitch in his seat and braced for what was to come. His fist closed in my hair and he pulled my head up, but it was my turn to take control and I simultaneously put my hand on top of his fist and pushed and drew him in as I clawed into his spasming ass cheek.  
  
He was too busy muting his grunts to fight me and I stuffed him all the way inside me just as the first thread burst down my throat. I couldn't help but whimper lightly as rope after rope of hot, semen filled my mouth. I kept him pressed tight against me and fought to keep up with the rate of his flow, but was able to get through without a single spilled drop. When he released his grip on my head, I knew he had come down from his high and started to let him slide out of my mouth, but couldn't resist one more swirl of my tongue on his head and giggled as it caused his hips to jerk again. I gave a long, soft kiss to the tip of his mushroom cap before I lifted my back to my seat and straightened my tank top and buttoned my skirt behind me again. Steve shifted in his seat as he buttoned his pants and looked over at me with a devilish grin before he took my hand and wove our fingers together. I wanted to take my hand away and tell him that he was just an item to cross off on my list; but besides it actually being a very sweet sentiment, my mind started to think about how much more fun it would be to have a photographer to document my lewd adventures for me. We exchanged smiles and I lay my head on his shoulder and let my imagination take hold before I drifted off into a post orgasm nap.  
  
Steve shook me awake and informed me we had landed and it was time to get off the flight. He stood up and got both his and my bag from the overhead compartment. I shook the sleep from my eyes and took his outstretched hand to help me out of the seat. When I stood, I made sure to push my ass back into Chris' face as I felt a little bad he had no idea he had missed one hell of a show in his sleep. We made our way off the plane and met up with the others at the gate. Steve followed me like a puppy dog and I knew I would have to nip this in the bud before he got the wrong idea of our arrangement. Unfortunately, Dr. Gilson had a strict schedule, so we were whisked off in a crowded shuttle bus to our hotel without a chance to get him alone and settle the score.  
  
We pulled up to the hotel and everyone piled out of the bus. Dr. Gilson directed us to wait in the lobby while he got us checked into our rooms, so we all rolled our luggage into a corner and sat down again while he strolled to the front desk. I said I had to go to the bathroom and shot a look at Steve. He jumped up and said he had to go too and we walked toward the hallway with a sign hanging down telling us where the water closets were. As soon as we turned the corner, Steve grabbed my arm, spun me as he pinned me against the wall, and planted a passionate kiss on me.  
  
I pushed him back, "Woah tiger, easy. We need to talk". The confused look on his face confirmed my suspicions that we once again were not on the same page. "Our little fun on the plane was amazing, don't get me wrong, but I don't want you to get the wrong idea". He opened his mouth to respond, but I cut him off. "I think you're super-hot, and you fuck like a porn star, so I'm not saying we can't do that again, but I'm only interested in having fun here, not a relationship".  
  
"Jade, why do you think I came on this trip? The only thing that keeps me awake in Dr. G's boring ass class is watching you tease in your skimpy outfits. Trust me, what you just said is music to my fucking ears...especially the part about us hooking up again," he said and his hands started sliding to my skirt hem.  
  
I sharply slapped his hand away. "Funny you should mention my teasing. I was kind of hoping you could help me out with something this trip," I flirted. "I'll make it worth your while, promise".  
  
He swallowed as my hand rubbed over his crotch, "Whatever you have in mind, count me in".  
  
"that's a good boy," I teased and gave his package a squeeze. "First thing I need you to do is be a little more discreet. You've been following me like a puppy since we got off the plane. We need to get back to the group before anyone realizes we left together and starts to wonder. You go first, and I'll follow shortly".  
  
When I returned, Dr. Gilson had just finished at the desk and I joined him as he walked to the group. "Okay folks, I was able to get us all together. Like we discussed, boys are two to a room and the girls will be tripled up. Lindsay, I know that was a concern of yours and I made sure they gave you all a suite". Lindsay rolled her eyes and yanked the card from his hand. "Boys, I trust you can decide for yourselves who your roommate will be. I am in room 523 if you need me for anything," he lectured as he distributed the rest of the key cards. "And before you all leave, we are meeting back down here at 6:30 for dinner in the restaurant, which gives you all two hours to get settled in and ready".  
  
Before Dr. Gilson had finished his last sentence, Lindsay had already flagged a bell hop down and was impatiently waiting for the elevator to arrive. The rest of the group rushed to join her and made it just as the doors opened. Lindsay was visibly annoyed when we all piled in with our bags in tow. The boys were engrossed in discussion over who would be in which room, but all I could focus on was the list as I ran through the numbers in my head. By the time we got to our floor, the boys had settled on an arrangement and we filed out and roamed down the hallway in silence as we counted up in our heads with each door we passed.  
  
"I was thinking we could hit up that pub we passed on the way in," Jim said to the group as he slid his key into the door. He and Eric exchanged high fives and disappeared into their room.  
  
Steve countered, "I don't know, I'm probably just going to head down to the pool, what about you girls?" Lindsay had already opened the door to our room and disappeared before he got a response from her. Amy hadn't heard a word of the entire conversation as she was still sporting her noise cancelling headphones. I shrugged my shoulders and shoved my bag between the closing door and frame before it slammed in my face. I gestured to Steve to call me and ducked inside.  
  
By the time the door had closed behind me I could hear Lindsay loudly call out dibs, and clumsily rolled my bag in front of me to investigate my home away from home for the next two weeks. There was a small corridor with a closet on the right that then opened into a large open space with an oversized sofa and set of arm chairs opposite. I turned the corner just in time to see Amy recline on the queen bed furthest from the wall-to-wall window that Lindsay was posted up in front of as she posed for her fifth selfie since we entered the building. The race to plant a flag for a bed had finished and I had come in third, but took solace in the fact that I would now be able to sit back and watch the show of Amy and Lindsay's worlds collide from a safe distance. Next to Amy's bed was the door to the bathroom and I continued my tour; there was a large, jacuzzi tub when you first walked in, then a dual sink countertop that led down to a stand up shower stall with a glass door partition, and finally a slatted door that opened to a separate space where the toilet sat.  
  
"Wow," I declared to no one in particular as I went back out to the bedroom, "not too shabby Gilson, not bad at all". Lindsay scoffed and Amy still had her headphones on over her ears. "Okay," I continued and sat on the edge of Amy's bed, "so what do you girls want to do until dinner? Sounds like the options are: pub with Jim and Eric, pool side with Steve and Brian, or something on our own".  
  
Amy rummaged in her bag, produced a large book, and opened it without so much as a word. Lindsay looked disappointedly at her phone and pouted, "well if my bags ever get here, I suppose I could lay out for a bit. Besides, who wants to go to some dusty old bar, especially with Eric". She put a finger in her mouth and fake vomited. Amy snickered and Lindsay and I exchanged a shocked expression. "What do you think Amy," she prodded. Amy returned her usual stone-faced expression and simply held up her book. "Suit yourself. Jade, what about you"?  
  
"Well, actually, after being cramped on that long flight, I was thinking I would head to the gym for a quick stretch and workout, but I may join you after that for a quick cool down dip". Lindsay shot me a pouty frown and thumbs down motion before refocusing her attention to her phone.  
  
I rolled my bag back into the little alcove that was to be my make shift bedroom and tossed my bag onto the sofa to see what exactly Lynn had left me and hoped I had at least something that could pass for workout gear. I recognized a golden opportunity to cross off another item on my list; took off the gifts I had received from Jason, threw them into one of the chairs, and stood naked while I pondered what to wear to the gym.  
  
I took out the two sun dresses and crossed to the little closet by the door, then saw the one skirt she left just happened to be the shortest I had. I also had to chuckle when I noticed she left me the halter top she called my "sure thing" top since every time I wore it, I got laid. Finally, I pulled out the skimpy shorts and chose the highest cut of the three spaghetti strap tank tops and threw them beside my bag as well as my tiny bikini.  
  
As I leaned over to zip my bag back up there was a knock on the door and Lindsay moaned from the other room, "Ugh, finally"!  
  
She crossed to the door without even a glance my way and I fought the innate urge to cover myself. She swung the door open and I could hear the baggage clerk confirm Lindsay's name before she scolded him for it taking so long and told him to bring in her bags. I scrambled and quickly put my headphones in and started to dance with my back still pointed toward the doorway so I could continue the ruse of not knowing I would soon have an audience. I heard Lindsay storm back by and command the boy place her bags in the walk-in closet through the bathroom, then heard the cart roll in and stop abruptly.  
  
"Oh my, so sorry miss," I heard the voice from behind since there was no music in my headphones.  
  
My trap had been sprung. I slowly turned, and rolled my hips in a seductive trance. When I turned, and fully faced the bag boy I saw the must have been in his forties and he was frozen in place, staring at the nude co-ed in front of him. "AHH," I exclaimed and reached both hands to my ears to take out my headphones instead of covering myself. "How the hell did you get in here"?  
  
The poor man had a shocked look on his face and turned crimson red before shielding his face with his hands. "Terribly sorry ma'am, I was let in to bring your bags. I had no idea," he trailed off.  
  
Lindsay and Amy both came around the corner to see what the commotion was about and I put my headphones in one hand and pointed the other at Lindsay, "Linds, what the hell? Didn't you see me standing here," I scolded and still made no effort to cover myself.  
  
"I-I, I'm sorry Jade, I really didn't even notice you. Didn't you hear him knock?" she snapped.  
  
"No! I had my ear buds in while I got ready for my workout," I roared and held the headphones in my outstretched hand.  
  
The man had turned his head, but I could see him still peaking around to see me. Amy and Lindsay were both staring right at me and I could feel my heart race with excitement. "Again, humble apologies miss. I can come back later-"  
  
"No. Why bother," I cut him off, "you're already here and you've seen everything already," I scolded and held my arms in a Y above my head and spun around.  
  
Amy clapped a hand over her mouth to hold in a cackle, and the man instinctively looked for a moment before he removed his cap and threw it over his face. Lindsay grabbed him by the shoulder and pulled him further into the room. He snagged the cart of luggage behind him and sheepishly followed. Amy and I locked eyes and she blushed before miming a round of applause. I held out an imaginary skirt and dropped a knee in a courtesy before I turned and grabbed the shorts and tank top from the chair.  
  
I pulled on my outfit and gathered my bikini, phone, and card key. On my way out the door, called over my shoulder, "I'm off to the gym. If it were me, I'd say the bellman has already received a pretty generous tip".  
  
There was a two-inch glass window slit in the door to the gym and I slid my key card and stepped inside. It was, as is often the case, lined with mirrors. A small row of free weights lined one wall with a bench in front of them; a small, open space sat on the opposing wall with posters of silhouettes of people in various yoga poses and stretches; several weight machines crowded the middle area; and a row of two treadmills and an elliptical overlooked the pool through the only windows. There was a man and woman already working out, and they both turned to see their newest workout buddy. I smiled to them and we exchanged nods before I slid my ear buds in and crossed to the stretching area. The woman was on the elliptical and the man sat on the bench with a set of dumbbells in front of him on the ground.  
  
My body ached from being crammed into such a confined space, not to mention the uncomfortable positions I found myself in while being crammed by Steve as well, and I was looking forward to stretching out. I set my belongings down in a pile in the corner and reached my arms toward the ceiling to elongate my spine as I walked to the center of the open area. With my legs slightly more than shoulder width apart, I reached one hand over my head and bent to my right. I held the position for about twenty seconds and repeated on the right side. When I bent forward to do a forward fold, I saw through my thighs the man was unabashedly staring straight at me. Next up, I decided to practice a back bend and reached over my head, then slowly arched back until I fell back and my hands hit the ground. Because I wasn't wearing a sports bra and the tank top offered next to no support, I knew my cleavage would be on full display for the man and he would have a great view from his vantage point. what I didn't account for however, was that my boobs would spill completely out of my top, which is of course what happened. I held the pose as if I hadn't noticed and assumed the man had since I seemed to have his undivided attention.

When my arms started to shake, I lowered my back to the floor and as I rolled to my side and straightened my top, I looked up and saw the woman scowl at the man. I couldn't help but snicker as she abruptly stepped off the elliptical. The man must have sensed he had been caught and quickly grabbed both dumbbells and laid back on the bench. As she approached, he started doing some chest flies and they engaged in what appeared to be a heated conversation before he replaced the weights on the rack and they walked out without so much as a glance my way. Poor guy.  
  
Once the door had closed behind them, I weighted all of ten seconds, then crossed to get my phone. I set the phone on the floor facing the corner and started a video recording, then walked into frame in my skimpy shorts and tank top and did a half-assed stretch. Next, I acted as though I was upset at how constricting the clothes were, then had a eureka moment and turned my back as I lifted the little top over my head and rolled my hips as I slid a finger inside the elastic of my shorts and slowly slid them down my thighs. When I was finally naked, I once again bent backwards and held there for a couple seconds, then kicked my legs up and over my head and as I gently brought my feet down, they were about four inches in front of the phone. I lowered my knees to the floor and brought my face to the ground in front of me and reached back with my hands to spread nice and wide for the lens.  
  
Once I was satisfied I had showed every nook and cranny of myself for Lynn, I grabbed my phone and stopped the recording. I then stood and crossed to the machine to do chest flies and set up my phone to picture this time. In order to beat the ten second timer, I jogged back to the machine, spread my legs wide, reached back with my arms, and brought them about halfway forward to pose for my picture so Lynn couldn't say I didn't actually workout. Next, I thought it may be silly and sexy to make a slow-motion video of some nude jumping jacks. I made my way around the gym and posed as sexily as I could on every machine and figured I had a pretty good cache of evidence that I had indeed worked out in the nude and actually had worked up a pretty decent sweat, so it was time to hit the showers.  
  
Amy was passed out with her book over her face when I got back to the room, so I tip-toed by her on my way to the bathroom. I left the door ajar, and stripped out of my clothes before I reached into the shower and turned the water on nice and hot. I grabbed my phone and started to edit the videos from my gym session and was surprised at how sexy I found the footage. It wasn't long before the steam coming from the shower wasn't the only moisture building in the bathroom and I had another wicked idea.  
  
I set my phone back down on the counter on video mode and started a recording, then turned my back to the mirror and reached into the shower and grabbed the little single serve bottle of shampoo from the shelf. As I reached back with one hand and firmly spanked my ass and held it with a pinch, I brought the bottle to my mouth with the other and licked it like it was a tiny cock and then slid it down over my breasts and down my belly. When I reached my mound, I stuffed it between my legs and bent forward. With my knees locked, I brought a hand up to brace myself against the back of the stall and slowly stepped one leg out to the edge of the door frame, then the other until my feet were a little more than shoulder width apart. I looked back at the phone and reached my hand back between my legs with the shampoo bottle and slid it against my plump lips. I slid the bottle back and forth over my slit several times and could feel them part to accept the new toy. The steamy water from the shower cascaded over me and the mix of the water and my own juices caused the end of the bottle to slip in unexpectedly. My body convulsed as a wave of pleasure shivered up my spine and I moaned out which echoed into the shower. I bit down on my lip and continued to slide the bottle in and out and paused to rub my sensitive button while the bottle was inserted all the way inside me. My hand slipped on the shower wall and my body slapped against the wall with a thud as the other contents of the shelf crashed to the ground.  
  
I bent down to get them and as I crouched down and picked up the soap, lotion, and conditioner I was overcome with lust. I stood and clinched my kegel muscles to hold the shampoo bottle inside me and turned toward the camera with the soap in my hands. I lathered my chest in suds and massaged my breasts until they were covered in suds, then slid my hands to my belly and thighs. Circling back upwards, I slid a hand over my stomach and eventually back down to my crotch and as I did, I rolled my body back underneath the stream and let the shower rinse me off.  
  
I pivoted back so my ass pointed toward the camera and brought a hand to my delicate ass crack. I reached back and kneaded each cheek with a hand and spread my cheeks wide to show my tight little pink hole and just a hint of the shampoo bottle sticking out from its safe keeping in my pussy. With my cheeks spread, I slid a finger closer to my hole and circled it teasing myself. I reached over and grabbed the conditioner bottle and spread my cheeks once again, this time replacing my finger with the conditioner bottle. The shampoo bottle started to slide out, so I pressed my shoulder against the wall of the shower to prop myself up and reached in front with my left hand to hold that while my right hand extended backwards and pressed the conditioner bottle firm against my tight rear entry. I relaxed my rear muscles and the conditioner bottle popped into place and another moan erupted before I knew it was even coming, though this one was much louder than before.  
  
I froze in place, double stuffed by bottles in the shower, and listened for any noise coming from the room. I didn't hear anything, but thought I may not be bale to hear anything over the shower, so I clenched every muscle below my waist to hold my improvised dildos in place and poked my head out of the shower. The door was still slightly ajar and I could just make out the image of Amy laying on top of the sheets. I thought she was still asleep until I saw her arm move slightly and I couldn't believe it; her hoodie was pulled up above her head; one arm played with her larger than expected tits, the other out of sight but I suspected between her thighs. The thought of this all being because she had listened to me in the shower sent a heatwave directly to my snatch and I could feel a twitch between my thighs.  
  
I snuck to the counter and picked up my camera. I stopped the recording and just as I was about to start another and film Amy as she pleasured herself, she sprung up and I heard a mumbled voice in the room. She clumsily brought her hoodie back down to cover herself and as she sat up, I could no longer see her, but heard her talking with Lindsay and say that I was just in the shower now. That finally snapped me out of my trance. I panicked and tossed my phone back onto the counter as I leapt back into the shower. Both bottles spilled out of me and crashed onto the floor loudly. I picked them up, washed them and myself off quickly, and shut off the shower just as Lindsay poked her head in the door.  
  
"Hey, dinner is in an hour and we both still need to shower. Do you think you could finish up quick"?  
  
In my head I snapped back, "well, bitch, if you hadn't come back just now Amy and I both might have finished," then out loud sweetly answered, "perfect timing, just stepping out now".  
  
I walked out wrapped in a towel that just covered my torso and Lindsay quickly blew past me, and shut the door behind her. Amy refused to make eye contact with me and blushed as I walked to my alcove and tossed the towel over the back of the chair across from it. I sat on the corner of the sofa with my legs spread wide and rubbed lotion on my legs, tummy, and breasts before I crossed to the closet and pulled out one of the two sundresses Lynn had left for me. The thin material had a dark floral print on it and I knew from previous experience that in low lighting it seemed rather conservative, but in direct sunlight it was near transparent. I walked back in front of the window and frowned at the heavy cloud cover.  
  
"What a day," I sighed. "That shower was just what I needed, too bad little miss prude came back and cut it short". Amy didn't respond, but when I looked back, she blushed and nodded. "I hope I wasn't in there too long. When I got back to the room you were asleep, so I figured I could sneak in a long, steamy shower and release some tension in my muscles," I said and rolled my neck and shoulder back.  
  
"Yeah. Uh, no problem. I hadn't even noticed you were in there until Lindsay burst into the room".  
  
"Oh, that's good. Well, I hope she leaves you some hot water so you can get in there and work out some kinks too," I said with a wink.  
  
She blushed again and hid her face behind her book. "Oh, I'm more of a bath girl. I might just wait until after dinner".  
  
"Perfect," I squealed, "I saw there is a hot tub in the indoor pool area. We could head down there tonight and have a soak".  
  
"I was kind of thinking a bath bath...like, in the tub in there," she said and pointed at the bathroom door.  
  
"Of course, you could always just soak with me tonight and wake up early for a real bath tomorrow," I proposed. Amy had the book in front of her face, but I could tell by her shifting her legs under the blanket that I had struck a chord.  
  
"We'll see how dinner goes. I may just come up and pass out," she said into her book.  
  
"Suit yourself. I'll leave you to your book," I said and shuffled back to my nest.  
  
Because I didn't want to have to deal with it later, I decided to set up the pull-out couch and set to task with that. It was actually fairly easy to set up and I laid on it to test just how uncomfortable a sleep I would have for the foreseeable future. I was pleasantly surprised to see it had decent support and wasn't the bar-in-the-back, toss-and-turn-all-night horror stories I had heard of.  
  
Once Lindsay had finished her beauty regiment, we made our way to the elevator and were only running ten minutes late. We stepped into the lobby and saw the boys standing impatiently and Dr. Gilson was talking with the hostess at the entrance of the restaurant. Eric and Jim had obviously hit the bar fairly hard and were visibly buzzed. Steve and Brian were standing in their board shorts and same t-shirts from when we had last seen them. When we walked up, Dr. Gilson waved us over emphatically and announced that our whole party was there finally. The hostess grabbed an armful of menus and told us to follow her.  
  
We sat down and all made small talk about our evenings up to that point then everyone gave a vague description of their rooms. Dr. Gilson announced that he had taken the liberty to put together an itinerary for our trip and handed each of us a schedule.  
  
"As you can see, there is plenty of downtime. I'm not your parents and you're all reasonably responsible adults, so I'm not going to babysit you. That said, I would recommend taking advantage of this opportunity to see the sights that London has to offer. We'll be taking in some of the big historical sites, but that really is just the tip of the iceberg here. I'd also ask, that you talk amongst yourselves and try to at least have one "buddy" to travel with whenever going out and about, not just for safety's sake, but also, there is probably a lot of overlapping interests in what to see. That's the end of my lecture; and just to show that I'm not as big a bore as I'm sure you all think, and since you're all at least 18 and can do so legally here in jolly old England: first round of drinks is on me".  
  
He had effectively lost more than half the crowd up until the last sentence, when everyone perked up and smiled again. Admittedly, as soon as I got the itinerary, I spaced out, though I imagined my motives were slightly more devious. I began to cross reference the list of sites with my to-do list in my head, and was thrilled when I saw several of the sites appeared on both lists. Much of the trip was to be museums and castle tours, but first thing on the list was Buckingham Palace to see the changing of the guard at 10:45 the next day. I started to get wet just thinking about flashing all those men in uniform and found it difficult to sit still. I took a long sip of cool water and decided it may be best to set the itinerary aside and attempted to regain my composure.  
  
The remainder of the meal went by without incident and as it wound down and the checks came, everyone seemed anxious to get to their evening plans. Dr. Gilson reminded us one last time that morning would come early and not to stay out too late and excused himself to his room. Once he had left, we all talked about our plans for the night: to no one's surprise, Jim and Eric had already found a great pub we could head out to and still be able to stumble home afterwards. Steve looked my way, then said he was game if everyone else was. Lindsay had been looking at her phone most of the evening and said she had found some great shopping in the area and had already ordered an uber. Brian said he was going to call it an early night and watch some movies he had downloaded for the trip. Amy looked at me with angst in her eyes.  
  
"Well, I saw a couple of cute little novelty shops nearby, I thought I might be lame and head out to those and unwind for a bit then call it an early night".  
  
"LAME," bellowed Eric.  
  
"I know, I know. You boys have fun though, I'll take a rain check. Remember, we're here for two whole weeks".  
  
Steve shot me a disappointed look before Jim threw an arm around his shoulder, "Nice. Boy's night out. Let's find us some British floozies". As they went for the exit, I mouthed "I'm sorry" and shrugged my shoulders.  
  
Everyone went their separate ways and I went to the corner store to carry out my sinister plan. I tip toed up to the door of our room and held my ear to the door. Just as I had hoped, I heard what sounded like muffled moans coming from inside. I slid my key card in as slowly as I could and slipped inside. I opened the door as widely as I could and as I let it go, walked into the room. The timing was perfect; just as I rounded the corner with my paper bag in my hand, the door slammed shut. Amy desperately reached for the covers to hide herself, but I caught the slightest glimpse before she shielded her nakedness.  
  
"Holy shit Jade! You scared the fuck out of me," she shrilled.  
  
"Oh my God, I'm so sorry! I didn't even think to knock. Did you not hear me open the door"?  
  
"No, obviously I didn't. I was just...uh, just- going to hop in the bath, like we talked about before," she stammered.  
  
"Fuck that. I just got some gin and tonics in a can, because evidently that's a thing here, and was going to go have a couple in the hot tub. Come on, we can have a soak together and chat," I said and jumped on Lindsay's bed with the large paper bag.  
  
"Umm, that's okay. I think I'll just turn in early tonight. Thanks for the offer though".  
  
"I passed by it on the way up here, there's no one down there. It would be just be the two of us, if you're worried about the guys seeing you in your swimsuit," I prodded.  
  
"Why would you think that"?  
  
"I don't know really, I guess I just assumed since you're always wearing baggy clothes you had some sort of body issues or something, I guess. Although, now that I think about it, this conversation is pretty much the most I've ever heard you talk, so maybe it's just nerves in general," I continued.  
  
"Well, I'm definitely not as open with my body as you, but I'm no Miss Priss over there," she laughed and waved her hand at Lindsay's pile of luggage.  
  
"Holy shit! That's what Lynn and I call Lindsay! How funny is that? See, I knew you could come out from that shell. Come on, just have one drink with me, then we can come right back up here and you can soak and be in bed before anyone gets back". Amy thought about it and I knew I had her, "Come on," I teased, "one teeny, tiny drink".  
  
"Okay, okay. One drink. Go get your swimsuit on and I'll get changed here," she caved and waited under the sheets for me to go.  
  
I sat for a second and then popped up and jogged to my alcove to get my bikini. Amy had her back to me and was pulling her one piece suit up her thighs as I snuck up from behind. "Cute one piece," I purred and crossed to the bed and threw the two scraps of material that comprised my suit into the bag with the cocktails.  
  
Amy shimmied the suit up her torso and pushed her arms through the holes. "Damn Jade, are you a speed changer or something"?  
  
"No. I'll get changed down there. Sorry, I thought that was the plan. Don't worry, it's just us girls and you got nothing to be ashamed of anyway. Holy crap girl, why do you wear those baggy clothes? You got a tight body," I admired. Amy blushed and pulled a hoodie from her bag before I slapped it away. "I'm serious Amy, you look great. It's such a waste to cover up such a great body".  
  
She turned even more red and snatched the robe from the hook on the bathroom door and cinched the tie before I could react. "Again, it's not that I'm ashamed of it, I'm just not as open with mine as you are with yours. Now don't make me regret accepting this invitation," she scolded and made her way to the door.  
  
"Yes Ma'am," I teased and followed her to the elevator.  
  
There was still no one in the pool area when we arrived and Amy quickly disrobed and got into the hot tub before I even set the bag down on the table. I grabbed my bikini out of the bag and set it on the table, then turned my back to Amy and slid each arm out of the dress and let it fall to the floor in a heap at my feet. My hips turned toward her as I grabbed the bikini off the table; I fumbled with the strings to draw out my length of exposure, then pulled the bottoms out, and brought them up my thighs into place. Before I pulled my top on, I turned to face Amy and bent over to pick up my dress. I traded the dress for my top and brought the elastic string around my torso, under my breasts, then drew it taught, and tied a large bow. Finally, I pulled the loop over my head like a necklace, and reached down to place the tiny triangles in place over my nipples.  
  
Once my attire was in place, I grabbed the entire six pack of cocktails and walked over to the tub. I handed one to Amy and took one for myself before setting the others down next to the ladder near Amy and stepped down into the floor level tub. We each cracked our first drink and clanged them together before we took a sip. The crisp drink forced both of our faces to contort and lips to pucker, then laugh at each other's face.  
  
"I'm really glad you came down with me," I said and held my drink out for another cheers. "I've wanted to get to know you more and hoped this trip would give us some bonding time".  
  
"Glad you invited me. Honestly, you're pretty much the only one in our class I could see myself hanging with outside class. Between Miss Priss, Jockboy, Egghead, Tweedledee, and Tweedledum, I'm not sure who is the worst...you seem at least half way normal".  
  
"Geez, thanks for the vote of confidence! No, I get what you mean, and I love that sassiness by the way. Steve isn't so bad when he wants to be, and Eric could be sexy if he put in a little bit of effort".  
  
"If you say so," Amy said and took another long sip.  
  
"Okay, well, what's your type then".  
  
"Not any of the boys on this trip, I can guarantee that," she scoffed and looked away.  
  
I shot her a grin and said, "intrigue. I'm going to crack your code tonight, Amy, just you wait and see".  
  
We continued to talk as we drank and when both of us had finished our third drink, we started to slur our words just enough to notice. The steam from the hot tub had helped bring on a fairly strong buzz and I could tell from Amy's reddish cheeks that she was feeling it just as much, if not more, than I was.

"Okay, booze is done," I said as I held my can well above my head and shook any last drop into my mouth. "Let's play a game".  
  
Amy looked anxiously at me, "uh oh, what did you have in mind".  
  
"Just something to keep talking and have a bit of fun. How about Truth or Dare," I suggested. Amy started to shield her face. "Come on, I know it's lame, but it'll be fun. You can just do truth if you want," I coaxed.  
  
"You are such a bad influence. Fine, but you go first".  
  
"Yay," I squealed. "okay, I'll start off with a Truth".  
  
"umm. What is your biggest fear"?  
  
"Oh wow. That's a tough one. I guess, either snakes or dying alone. I'll go with snakes".  
  
We both laughed. "Ugh, I hate snakes too. Okay, my turn. I guess truth".  
  
"I hoped you might say that. Did you enjoy listening to me in the shower earlier? Before dinner".  
  
Amy's face went flush. She sat back hard against the tub and rolled her shoulders inward. "What are you talking about," she paused, "I-I was asleep when you were in the shower, remember? Lindsay woke me up when she barged in".  
  
"Amy, it's fine. I know I enjoyed stumbling in on you after dinner. It's really nothing to be ashamed of".  
  
Amy covered her face with her hands and I grabbed her arms and she finally put them down and looked at me. "God, this is so embarrassing! Stop looking at me like that".  
  
"It's really nothing to be embarrassed about at all. You're not little Miss Priss, remember? So you got a little hot when you heard me playing around in the shower and started handling your business. We all do it. What's there to be embarrassed about".  
  
She started to relax again. I slid back in my seat and she crossed her arms and dropped her head slightly. "So, I guess it's your turn then".  
  
"Well, technically you never answered," I joked. "But I guess I'll take another Truth".  
  
She shot me a look then grinned, "Okay. When the bellman brought the bags up to the room. Was that the most embarrassing thing that's ever happened to you? If not, what was"?  
  
"Ha! Not even close," I laughed and held a hand up to the side of my face, "in fact: since we've had more than a couple drinks and it's just us," I leaned in and whispered, "that was all on purpose". Amy blushed again. "Seeing the face he made as he thought he had caught me by accident gave me such a rush". Amy's mouth dropped wide. "Oh, come on. You're telling me you've never caught a boy looking at your cleavage and gotten hot by it," I accused and splashed towards her cleavage.  
  
"Are you kidding me? You've seen what I wear to class every day right"?  
  
"Well, yeah, but I thought those were just comfy clothes for class. You're telling me that's what you would wear out to a club"?  
  
"First off, I wouldn't be caught dead in a club. Secondly, yeah. When I go to parties, that is how I dress. I was the first girl in school to get boobs and everyone always made fun of me for them," she said and retreated into herself again.  
  
"Those bitches were all just jealous, and trust me...those guys were all probably jerking off to what they imagined was under those clothes every night," I slid from the seat across Amy to right next to her and threw an arm around her. "I'm dead serious. Look at me," I said and reached a hand under her chin, "I saw your body when you were stepping into this unflattering one piece. You are a fucking smoke show, you just need some self-confidence".  
  
Amy looked at me and for the first time all night she no longer had anxiety or embarrassment in her eyes. It had been replaced by lust. Her previous animosity toward the boys and her answer of "not any boys on this trip" suddenly made a lot more sense. I knew in my mind if I pushed, or even just nudged, we would be well on our way to making out right then and there, but I knew I couldn't give her what she was looking for and didn't want a broken heart on my conscience, so I slid back to my side.  
  
"But we're getting off track. The question was: What did embarrass me? I guess the time I tried to flirt my way out of a speeding ticket and the cop turned out to be gay was a bit of a low moment. Okay, spotlight back on you: Truth or Dare".  
  
"I hate to do it, but I'm petrified of what you'll ask next so I'm going to take a Dare," she whimpered.  
  
"Ooh, our first Dare. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't dying for this moment," I chirped. "I dare you to skinny dip". Amy's eyes went wide instantly. "Hold on," I coached, "it's just you and me, and no one has come down here the entire time we've been here. All you have to do is take your suit off in here, jump in the pool quick, and come right back in".  
  
"But what if someone is looking down from their room"?  
  
"Well then they get the story of their lives and you'll never even know anyway". She still seemed on the fence. "Ok," I negotiated, "what if I did it with you"?  
  
She scanned the windows and seemed to let her guard down slightly. "Just a quick jump in, then right back to the tub," she reiterated.  
  
"That's it: we strip here, jump in the pool, splash around for a couple seconds, then run back," I clarified.  
  
She stared off in the distance and I just locked onto her eyes. "fuck it," she said and started to pull her arms through her suit.  
  
"All right, let's do this," I exclaimed and pulled the strings of my suit in unison and threw the tiny bikini out of the tub.  
  
Amy rolled the suit down her front, careful not to expose her breasts. Then covered her chest with one arm as she reached below and removed the suit the rest of the way. She brought her arm up and held the suit above her head then dropped it with a wet smack on the side of the jacuzzi.  
  
We both stared at each other for a brief second: Amy with her arm across her chest, boobs spilling out aver it; me, sitting arms spread across the back of the tub. Then Amy jumped up and started to run to the pool. I started to follow and veered toward the table. I picked up my phone, jogged over to the pool, then lowered myself in. Amy had jumped in and started swimming toward the ladder before she turned to look my way.  
  
"What are you doing?" she shrieked when she saw my phone held out at arm's length.  
  
"Calm down. I'm taking a pic of me on my vacation," I called back to her as I angled the lens to take a selfie of my face and boobs floating just above the surface of the water. "There, perfect," I said and hopped back on the side of the pool.  
  
Amy was already back in the hot tub and was struggling to get her suit back on by the time I had sauntered back to the table to drop my phone back off. When I lowered myself back into the tub, I sighed loudly and laid my arms out to either side.  
  
"See, wasn't that fun," I breathed.  
  
"Fun? That was crazy, my heart is bursting through my chest right now".  
  
"I know, it makes you feel alive, right"?  
  
"And by the way, you didn't say anything about any pictures," she snapped.  
  
"Amy, relax. You can look at the picture, I promise it is just of me. I like to record my little escapades. It's a lot of fun flashing and flaunting, you get a little high from that rush".  
  
Amy finally got the suit pulled all the way back into place. "I will admit it was exhilarating, but before you get me into any more trouble: I need to go to bed. You're such a bad influence".  
  
She stood and went to towel off. I followed behind her and when she handed me a towel she snickered when she saw I hadn't bothered to put my suit back on. "What, this little thing takes forever to put back on once it's wet," I said and held out my dripping bikini.  
  
Amy rolled her eyes and we toweled off together, then I pulled my sundress over my head and Amy put on her robe and we headed for the elevator. Lindsay was already in bed when we got back to the room, so we snuck into the bathroom to brush our teeth before saying our good nights and heading off to bed. I took one last peak at the pictures I had snuck of Amy before I set my alarm and laid my head back on my pillow.  
  
My alarm started to buzz and I reached for my phone to turn it off. As soon as I hit the snooze and closed my eyes again, light poured into the room and I heard Lindsay humming. I stood and shuffled my way into the main room and Lindsay was already fully clothed and made up; Amy had buried her head under a pillow.  
  
"Wow, nice pajamas" Lindsay sneered when she saw me standing in just my t-shirt.  
  
I looked down and pulled the hem of the shirt away from my body, then dropped it back down and gave her a thumbs up, "thanks Linds. You're up kind of early".  
  
"Oh, I got up at 5 to get ready. I'm going to head down and get a coffee. Will you try to get up Frankenstein over there? She threatened to kill me last time I tried." She held her hand up and whispered, "I think someone stayed out a little late last night," and called out over her shoulder, "Remember, we're all meeting in the lobby at 9 to head over to see the queen".  
  
Amy held up both her middle fingers and I looked at my phone: 7:30. "How's your head?" I asked and pat Amy's blanketed foot. I got a groaned response. "Well, I'm going to grab a quick shower. I'll start running you a bath if you promise you'll get up and shut off the water and get up," I suggested. She mumbled and rolled to her side. "I'll take that as a yes," I said and went into the bathroom, turned on the light, then the faucet of the tub, before I pulled my shirt over my head and tossed it at Amy.  
  
She bellowed and groggily rolled to her feet. "Ugh, we're going to be walking through stupid museums all fucking day too. Shoot me now," she said as I stepped into the shower.  
  
"Oh stop it, gloom and doom. It won't be so bad. I know how we could make it a whole lot more fun too".  
  
"No, don't even start. Last night was a blast, don't get me wrong. But I was drunk, and we were alone and-"  
  
"Calm down and hear me out. You remember how I said I liked to take photos of my adventures"?  
  
"Yeah..."  
  
"Well, I've always thought it would be hot to have a photographer take risky photos of me out and about, but never mind. You said no already, I don't want to make you uncomfortable".  
  
"Wait a minute now. That sounds like it could work for me...you know, to distract from my headache that is all your fault".  
  
"That's right, I remember holding you down and forcing those drinks down your throat now," I teased. "So you wouldn't mind taking pics and vids for me today? I'd let you keep whatever you wanted of course. You'd just have to forward them to me too".  
  
"You mean, I'd take them with my phone?" she said, shocked.  
  
"Well, yeah. Everyone would suspect something if I kept handing you my phone all the time. Now come on, we don't have all morning," I said as I turned off the water and stepped out. Amy was staring right at me as I toweled off and when I caught her in the mirror, she blushed but didn't look away. "Creeper," I teased and walked out of the room and gave my ass a smack as I crossed by her.  
  
I took my list out of my bag pocket and looked at the sites we were going to visit that day. I had to wear a skirt to Buckingham palace and figured the halter top with the plunging neckline would look cute with the only skirt Lynn had left me, so that made my decision very easy. I pulled on the outfit and checked myself in the mirror. If there was a steady breeze, both my skirt and my top may cause a wardrobe malfunction, and I thought to myself "perfect". I told Amy I was going to head down for a quick breakfast and that she should join when she was ready.  
  
When I walked into the breakfast area near the lobby, the boys were all sitting together at a large table in the corner. I waved hello and walked over to the small counter to grab a coffee and muffin. I returned to the table and Brian slid a chair out next to him.  
  
"Here you go Jade, let me get that for you".  
  
"Aww, thanks Brian. That's so sweet of you," I said and sat down. All eyes were fixated on me and I felt more like an exhibit at the zoo than a sex object. "So, how was everyone's night"? They all talked over one another and then defaulted to Eric who went into a long, drawn out epic of how the night was amazing in all ways. "Sounds amazing," I lied. Amy snuck in and ducked out before I could motion her over.  
  
Dr. Gilson turned the corner about a minute later, just as Eric started to delve into another story from the bar. Steve elbowed him in the ribs to shut him up. "Alright, is everyone ready for the day?" Dr. Gilson asked rhetorically. "Amy and Lindsay are out here, so let's join them and head on our way," he ordered and waved us out to the lobby.  
  
We walked outside and filed into the large van Dr. Gilson had rented for the trip. Amy made sure to grab a seat next to me and as we drove away from the hotel I smirked as I thought of all the fun we were about to have.