**Danielle’s Adventures**

**Part 1**

Danielle could not think of many places she liked better than the mall. She could stay there all day going in and out of stores whether she intended to buy anything or not. She also loved the attention she got from guys - she would always wear something sexy. Today, however, coming straight from class she had on more conservative clothes. After about twenty minutes of casual walking and window shopping she found a clothing store that had some swimwear in the window display. She walked around and around the display rack and had found three bikinis that she liked by the time a salesgirl came over to help.

“Hi, I’m Wendy can I help you ?” asked the salesgirl. Wendy was slim with long black hair. She seemed younger than Danielle, probably still in high school. She had the kind of body you would call skinny, until you really took a good look and realized that she had quite a nice physique.

“Sure, I guess I’ll just try these three,” replied Danielle.

“Ok, there’s a dressing room in the back. I’ll show you.”

Danielle followed the girl to the back of the store where she found a small dressing room with a drape for a door. The girl left her to change, and she decided to try on the white bikini first. It was fine, but not really exciting.

Then she tried on the black bikini. Much better, she thought; she really liked herself in black. But she liked the style of the white bikini better, maybe they had it in black also. She took off the black one, and was about to try on the last of the three when Wendy returned to check on her.

“How are you doing in there ?” she asked.

“Fine, I really like this white bikini but do you have it in black ?”, Danielle called out.

“Which one is that ?”, asked Wendy as she pulled the drape across to see which one Danielle was talking about. “Oh, my God!,” she cried out, “I thought you had it on. I’m sorry, I really thought...”

“Hey, calm down. It’s ok, I’ve had worse things happen to me,” said Danielle as she stood there completely naked in front of the salesgirl. She observed that Wendy was staring at her pussy as much as she thought she could without Danielle noticing.

“Are you sure ?”, Wendy asked.

“Oh, definitely. In fact, you could probably help me with this last one here. It has a lot of strings and looks really complicated,” Danielle said calmly trying to contain her delight at the attention she was getting. She had never exposed herself to a stranger like this, in fact she had never even thought about it.

But this was a new and unusual experience and she intended to play it for all it was worth. She could tell that Wendy was enjoying it. In fact, she had her doubts that it was an accident that she had pulled the drape across in the first place.

“Ok,” Wendy began. “That really is a tough bikini to figure out. I’ve never tried one, maybe we can figure it out together.”

“The top looks pretty easy,” said Danielle as she handed it to Wendy. “But what if someone should come back here ?”

“The other girls know we are back here and they won’t bring any customers in until we come out,” replied Wendy as she fitted the top on Danielle and began to tie the strings in back. Danielle was not surprised at the number of times Wendy found it necessary to adjust the top in front, feeling her breasts each time.

“Yes, this top is very sexy,” Danielle said to Wendy as she turned around to hand her the bikini bottom. Time seemed to stop for a moment as they stared into each other’s eyes.

Then Danielle really got a shock when Wendy got down on her knees as if she needed to get comfortable for the complex task of fitting the bikini bottom. “I wonder if she does this all the time ?”, thought Danielle. “But then, not every customer would be so receptive to this sort of thing - surely she would get fired. Maybe she’s just very good at reading personalities, or maybe ..”

Danielle’s thoughts were interrupted as she felt Wendy’s hand reach between her legs pushing the back of the bikini through. She asked Danielle to help hold some of the strings. She then started to tie the strings and make many adjustments to the bikini, feeling Danielle’s ass and even her pussy as much as possible. Of course, she could only really brush her hand over Danielle’s pussy unless she wanted to be obvious - but she knew that she probably already was.

Wendy’s hands on her ass and pussy really pushed Danielle over the edge, and she began to get wet. This apparently did not escape Wendy’s attention, and noticing that her pretty little customer was really enjoying this, she decided to see how far she could go.

“I don’t mean to be so personal, but if you don’t mind I would like to .. uhm ..

ask you why you have your .. pussy shaved ?”, Wendy asked as carefully as she could not to offend Danielle.

“Well, since you are so bold to ask, I will tell you straight up that I love getting my pussy licked - and it makes a big difference. I can feel everything so much better.” Danielle replied.

“You mean like this ?”, Wendy blurted out and then pressed her mouth hard on Danielle’s pussy. Danielle gasped a breath quickly and then let it out slowly and deliberately as she tilted her head back and closed her eyes. She couldn’t believe this was really happening, but then she also couldn’t believe how good it felt. There was something else here too, a feeling of excitement or something. She was trying to figure it out. Maybe it was the fear that they might get caught. Or maybe it was just the way that they had both just seduced each other in an amazing game of pretense. Of course, it could just be the plain fact that here she was half naked in front of a total stranger, a girl at that, who was on her knees licking her pussy - God it felt good!

She then realized that she had just mostly wasted almost sixty seconds of this experience and then thought to herself “Fuck ! Danielle, just because you are a psychology major must you always psychoanalyze everything ? For Christ’s sake stop thinking about it and enjoy it.” But she needed more than her own weak self discipline to stop her mind from reeling. So she put her hands in Wendy’s hair, feeling its softness. Then she pressed her against her pussy hard and soft to her own rhythm. Wendy was now sucking her clit in and out of her mouth, and Danielle thought she was going to scream. This made it even more exciting because she knew that she couldn’t - not where they were. She now had to use one of her hands that had been so comfortable in Wendy’s hair to cover her mouth.

She was about to start thinking again about what her roommate Lori would think of this when she gathered the strength to concentrate on the present for another thirty seconds. She started moaning, and she knew Wendy could hear her even though she was covering her mouth. Gasping through her fingers for air every few seconds and breathing mostly through her nose, she could only hope no one in the store could hear her. The moaning must have turned Wendy on even more because now she started into Danielle with renewed energy, her hands on Danielle’s hips pulling her toward her licking and sucking almost simultaneously. Danielle couldn’t take anymore, she started to climax. She felt weak and could hardly hold herself up, but Wendy seemed to be helping her and so she just closed her eyes again and had one of the most intense orgasms she could remember.

She curled up on the floor, totally drained. Wendy ran her hand through Danielle’s hair for a moment and then whispered in her ear to relax while she checks on things out front.

The store was quiet. There was only one customer and Sarah was helping her just fine. She went back to the dressing room to find Danielle almost asleep. She got down on the floor and kissed her softly on the lips. Danielle opened her eyes and looked at her. Wendy continued to kiss her - knowing that they had to leave the dressing room before Sarah got suspicious, but wishing that time would freeze for at least a few more hours.

**Danielle's Adventures Part 2**

By the time Danielle got back to her car she had mostly recovered from her encounter with Wendy. She was feeling a little hungry and checked her watch to see how much longer before her dinner date. It was still nearly three hours away. She wouldn't make it without a little snack. She drove out of the mall parking lot and into a McDonald's across the street. The line at the drive-thru was rather long and so she parked and went inside. There were only two people in line in front of her as she stood there deciding upon what to order. "Perhaps just a cheeseburger and small coke," she thought. While she waited in line she kept watching the young guy working the drive-thru window. He looked about nineteen, blonde hair, a little stout but not really overweight. He would run back and forth every minute or so gathering drinks and bags of fries, carrying them back to the window and handing them to customers. He caught her stare a couple of times and gave her a smile just before she left to sit down with her food.

While she ate, her thoughts ran back to the mall. She tried to picture Wendy in her mind, that first moment when she was on her knees looking up at her. There was a hunger in Wendy's eyes that was indescribable. Her recollection did not even come close to the real thing. What was it about the whole experience that had gotten her so terribly aroused? She didn't know. It was just fantastic, she thought, to have girls and guys flipping out over her all the time. "Take this guy at the drive-thru window for example, what would he do if I went back up to the counter and just stripped?," she asked herself, "He was staring at me every chance he got while I was in line." But Danielle knew that she couldn't do anything like that. She would get arrested for sure. But then an idea popped into her head.

She rushed back outside to her car, and drove back across the street to a deserted section of the mall parking lot. There she took out her new black dress and started to change into it. It was too cramped in the driver's seat to move around, and so she hopped over into the passenger's seat. It was still difficult, but she eventually managed to get all of her clothes off. Then she slid into the tight, short black dress wearing no bra or knickers. It was easier to get out of the car and walk around to get back into the driver's seat she decided. She slid back into her heals, and put down the roof of her convertible.

Then she stuffed the outfit she had taken off into the shopping bag, and drove back across the street to the McDonald's - this time joining the line at the drive-thru.

While waiting in line, she carefully pulled the dress up as far as she thought she could without it looking ridiculous. As short as it was it didn't take much adjustment. She wanted him to be able to see at least a bit of her pussy. But how could she really do this without looking guilty, her actions appearing obviously deliberate?

Then it was her turn to order. She recognized his voice through the speaker. She hadn't even thought of what to order, and so she just ordered a small coke.

Afterward she thought that it was lucky that she only ordered a drink, because he was bound to recognize her after staring at her so much earlier, and if she ordered another cheeseburger he would wonder if she had just flown in from Ethiopia or something. Then an idea hit her, she could use her rearview mirror to find out what his view would be like. She tilted the mirror down until she could see the hemline of her dress. Then adjusted it again until some of her pussy was visible. As she approached the window she quickly grabbed her shades and put them on to help hide her facial expressions.

"Hi, you ordered a small ..." he paused briefly as he noticed that his view under Danielle's dress surpassed any he had been lucky enough to witness so far, "... coke right?"

Danielle just smiled as innocently as she could and thought up a quick lie "yes, I have a long drive ahead of me." She fought hard to contain herself realizing that she had him under her spell. It was obvious that he hated taking his eyes off of her for the few seconds it took to get her the coke. And then, he almost dropped it as he handed it to her. He may as well have had his eyes closed for as much as he was watching what he was doing. Luckily, Danielle had her eye on the ball and got hold of the drink just in time.

She accepted his apology and drove off toward home, her mind racing with thoughts about what she had just done. "You shouldn't have caught the drink,"

she thought, "then you could have made a scene and demanded that he come outside and clean up his mess - a part of it with his tongue."

**Danielle's Adventures Part 3**

Danielle drove away from the drive-thru window smiling, excited, happy with herself. She was having a great day. She turned on the radio and just cruised along aimlessly. As she approached a main intersection she noticed a man in his late forties, ponytail, fagged shorts selling newspapers. He was obviously an old hippie. She had always admired them for their free spirit, and today she planned for that to include a free newspaper. She was near the end of the line of cars and the light was just turning red. No one in the cars in front of her had bought a paper, so by the time he reached Danielle's convertible he had started to lose enthusiasm - that was until he peered inside. She still had not adjusted her dress since she left the drive-thru, and so she was sure that he got an eyeful. He stopped next to her and asked if she wanted a newspaper. She said yes, and pretended to look around for coins giving him a chance to stare under her dress. When she looked up, after a moment, she caught him doing exactly that. She said boldly "I seem to be short of change today, kinda like my dress - you know?" He blushed a little and replied "Yes, I couldn't help noticing - sorry." Then Danielle, not wanting to run out of time before the light changed, decided to go-for-it and asked "How about I make it a lot shorter for a free newspaper?" The hippie quickly replied "You got yourself a deal, baby!"

Danielle wasn't sure how much of a deal it was. She was sure doing a lot more than most women would do for fifty cents. But, she knew that it was not the newspaper at all that drove her to do this. In fact, she very seldom read the paper and couldn't care less about current affairs. It was the excitement she gained from her new-found pastime that urged her on. She kept her left foot on the brake, took both hands off the steering wheel and pulled her dress right up to her belly-button. Then she raised her right leg up, placing her foot on the seat. Never being satisfied, she then moved her knee to the right and downward toward the stick-shift. Her shaven pussy was now spread wide and in full view.

She thought the guy was going to freak. His mouth was gaping open, and he was staring at her pussy like it was the last one he would see again in his life.

When he noticed her looking at him he handed her a newspaper and said "Sister, I think I owe you some change."

The timing was perfect, since the light had only just turned green and the cars in front of her slowly started to move. Danielle placed her right foot back on the accelerator and said good-bye to the old hippie. He said he hoped to see her again. As she drove along she pulled her dress back down. She knew she could not drive around with her dress up for just anyone to see. Her "victims" had to be chosen carefully. So far she had been lucky and chosen well. As she stopped at the next intersection she decided to take a quick glance at the newspaper that she had worked so hard for. One of the headlines read "Gynecologist under examination." Even, Danielle, who did not work hard at keeping up with the news, was saddened by the frequency with which peoples' names were ruined before the evidence was in. However, with her mind reeling, she hoped that in this case the allegations were true. As she sped through the article she learned that it was only an initial inquiry and that he had not been suspended. She had to drive on and wait for the next red light to finish the article and find out where his office was located. It was not terribly far from where she was and so she decided that she had time in her not-too-busy schedule for a little examination.

The clinic was in a run-down section of town. She entered through the side parking lot and put up the roof of her convertible. She really loved her car and hoped that it would be safe in this neighborhood. As she rounded the corner to the front of the building she noticed a number of young men hanging out in the front parking lot. A few of them were leaning against the front wall. There did not seem to be anyone else around and Danielle started to get a little scared.

They were all watching her walk along and some of them started whistling and shouting lewd remarks at her. As she walked up the three short steps to the front door of the clinic she deliberately dropped her keys. She was at least thirty feet away from any of them and a lot closer to the door and so she was not too worried. She bent over to pick them up keeping her legs as straight as she could. As she bent over she could feel her short, tight dress being pulled about half-way up over her hips. She knew that the guys could see her ass and probably her pussy between her legs as well. One of them shouted "Hey baby, give me some of that!" She quickly grabbed her keys and slipped through the front door. "Now you've done it," she said to herself as she entered the building - wondering how she was ever going to make it back to her car.

A blonde receptionist with very large breasts - not well covered either - greeted her. She accepted that as the first sign that the allegations in the newspaper may be true. "Can I help you?" asked the receptionist. "Yes, I'd like to see Dr. Lewis please" Danielle answered.

"Have you seen him before?" she asked.

"No, I am a new patient" replied Danielle.

"Please fill out this form and he will be with you shortly - my name is Carla if you have any questions" the receptionist said.

As Danielle completed the form she was already fine tuning her plans for the good doctor. After fifteen minutes Dr. Lewis appeared. He was thin, early forties with just a bit of gray hair mixed with his blonde. "Danielle Peterson?"

he called.

Danielle looked up. "Would you like to come in now?" the doctor motioned her to come.

She entered his office and sat in the chair at the side of his desk. As she seated herself she made sure her dress slid up quite high, but leaving something to the imagination.

"How can I help you Miss Peterson?" he asked.

"Please call me Danielle. Well, doctor, I have some soreness in my - vagina - which comes and goes. I have used some over-the-counter medications which help, but they don't seem to stop it from recurring. So, I was wondering if you could give me some prescription stuff that would help?"

"Well, Danielle, I would not be able to prescribe anything without an examination." said Dr. Lewis.

That sentence was like music to her ears and she replied "Yes, of course, that's not a problem for me."

The doctor spoke into an intercom and a nurse appeared from the door to an adjoining room. "This is my nurse, Angela. She will help you prepare for the examination and I will be with you in a moment." Dr. Lewis said as he motioned for her to go with the nurse.

Angela led her into the examination room, "Please get undressed and then lie on the examination table."

Danielle slipped out of her dress, stockings, and heels. She was not wearing a bra or knickers and so was already completely nude. She walked around quite naturally and sat on the edge of the padded table.

"Please lie back and place your feet in the stirrups" said the nurse. Danielle laid back and placed her feet in the metal foot holders on either side of the table. Her pussy was now in full view and her mind drifted back to the old hippie. She could not suppress a smile.

"You look quite comfortable," said the nurse "the doctor should be in any moment."

She must have meant to say in the next moment, because just then Dr. Lewis waltzed in. He put on a pair of examination gloves and applied a small amount of lubricant. "Now just let me know if it hurts while I examine you" said the doctor. "Please try to relax and be comfortable" he said.

"Sure, just do whatever you need to do Doc" said Danielle with one of her practiced looks of innocence.

This apparently was music to his ears since she detected a faint smile on his face for a second. He proceeded to give her one of the most thorough examinations she had ever experienced while she "oohhd" and "aahhd" at random intervals just to keep things at least sounding normal. The nurse stood next to them the whole time observing the spectacle.

After quite some time, and Danielle having to hold back a few orgasms, Dr. Lewis decided that a urine sample might be helpful. He instructed Angela to tend to it while he returned to his office. She went into the bathroom and "filled the cup"

as instructed by her lovely nurse and then returned, leaving the cup in the bathroom. When Angela went in to collect it, a new idea sprang into Danielle's head. She was certain that she could hear two voices coming from the office and so pounced upon the opportunity to expose herself yet again to some new stranger. She opened the door which led to the office, stood in the doorway and innocently asked the good doctor if it were all right for her to get dressed now. A lady in her mid-thirties dressed in all black and with streaks of green running through her hair sat mesmerized by Danielle's appearance. The good doctor's face was bright red with embarrassment. Just then Angela came up behind Danielle and seeing what was happening grabbed her arm and gently pulled her back into the examination room. She could hear Dr. Lewis very apologetically trying to calm the lady in his office. This was all he needed after the newspaper report.

After closing the door behind them, Angela gave Danielle a piece of her mind.

She very angrily told her to get dressed and leave through the side door which connected directly to the lobby. When she finished dressing she said to Angela "If I've been so naughty, why don't you give me a spanking?"

Now even more upset the nurse replied "I would spank you hard, but I know you would enjoy it too much."

Danielle opened the door leading to the lobby where Carla sat and, after stepping through, turned and said to Angela "In your dreams!"

After passing by Carla she turned again and winked at the receptionist and said "I'll give you a call later sweetie."

Carla turned to Angela with a clueless expression on her face, which was actually kind of normal for her, and shrugged. The nurse said "Don't worry about it Angie, that girl is a real freak."

Danielle was lucky to reach her car without too much interference from the young men outside. After putting down the roof of her convertible she threw them a kiss and drove off toward her next adventure.

**Danielle's Adventures Part 4**

After getting a clean bill of health from Dr. Lewis - well, sort of - Danielle took a drive around the dirty little town. There was simply more of the same.

Around every corner were rows of old buildings, some of them abandoned, and none of them spectacular. Suddenly she found herself on a dead-end street. As she was turning her car around she noticed a dry cleaning store and it appeared to be open for business. After parking and looking around she decided to check it out.

She could not imagine how the store got any business located in the middle of nowhere. She walked inside and was greeted by a middle-aged man with a bright smile. There were two younger ladies arranging jackets on hangers and placing them on the rotating racks of clothing.

"Good afternoon, how can I help you?" asked the clerk. Danielle watched as his eyes examined her legs and the way the hem of her dress hung just at the border of legality.

She replied "Yes, I was wondering if you would be able to clean this dress." She spun around quickly causing the dress to fly up a few inches. She knew that was all that was required for him to be sure she was not wearing knickers.

"Certainly, we handle all kinds of fabrics here. Would you like our 24 hour service, or the regular two day ?", he asked with an unsteady tempo to his speech.

"Oh the 24 hour service would be great, I'm always in a hurry," Danielle answered.

"Of course, and when would you like to bring it in ?" asked the clerk.

"Bring it in ? Well I'm here now and I would prefer to leave it and pick it up tomorrow" Danielle replied and in the same instant pushed off the shoulder straps dropping her dress and stepping out of it. Now completely naked in front of the clerk, she picked up the dress and handed it to him over the counter. She relished the look of astonishment on his face followed by disbelief from the two assistants.

"Perhaps it would be better if, well, maybe tomorrow if .." the clerk began.

"Don't worry about a deposit, I'll take care of the bill tomorrow," Danielle cut him off. Walking towards the door she noticed a water fountain and stopped to take a drink, "Oh wow a water fountain, I haven't been able to find a thing to drink in this town." After a leisurely drink, she turned to face them at the door, "Ok thanks, I'll see you guys tomorrow."

The clerk and the two female assistants stared in disbelief as Danielle walked out of the store wearing only her shoes and climbed into her convertible. "Did she say she hasn't been able to find anything to drink around here?" joked one of the assistants.

"Very funny Sheila, sounds like you enjoyed that as much as Frank" said Gina the other assistant.

"Hey, it was a new one on me. What's the matter with you ? You sound upset."

asked Sheila.

"Damn right. She wasn't drunk, she knew exactly what she was doing. She's just a show-off bitch, and I just might accidentally spill some bleach on her dress," replied Gina.

As Danielle reached the end of the street she decided that the joke had gone far enough. She couldn't really drive around the streets naked and she couldn't wait to see the looks on their faces again. She turned the car around and headed back toward the store. She was thankful now that the streets were so deserted. She hopped out of the car and waltzed back into the dry cleaners.

"Hi guys ! Look I just realized that I could get arrested for driving around with no clothes on, so maybe I better grab that dress and bring it back tomorrow" she said.

Gina took the lead before anybody had a chance to, "Maybe you better start by saying 'please' first"

"May I have my dress back, please", said Danielle.

"What's your name?" asked Gina

"Danielle" she replied.

"Well, Danielle, I don't know if I'm going to give you your dress back. I don't care very much for people who go around exposing themselves. My co-workers Frank and Sheila seemed to like it, however, and so if you want your dress back you've got to put on a little show for them," said Gina enjoying her control over Danielle.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Everything I say. First, stand up on the counter and turn around so Frank can have a good look. You can look too Sheila, I won't tell anybody. That's a pretty good song on the radio, why don't you do a little dance for us?" said Gina.

If this was a penalty Danielle was thankful that she had been naughty. Frank was loving it, and hoping that nobody would walk into the store. Sheila stood behind Frank and Gina so she could stare without revealing the true extent of her interest.

"Ok, that's good. Now it's time for you to get what you really deserve. Lay down on the counter, face down." said Gina.

After her victim had obeyed, she continued "Frank, I think the naked princess here needs a little spanking - don't you? Why don't you do the honors."

Each time Frank's hand landed on her ass Danielle was brought closer to orgasm.

Then when Gina directed Sheila to take over the spanking, Danielle knew she was getting close to the edge. She loved how each of their hands made progressively longer contacts with her butt.

"Roll over Danielle. Frank, now I want you to give her a spanking on her pussy"

said Gina. "Sheila, spread her legs and put her feet over both sides of the

counter so that Frank can spank her properly."

Frank could hardly believe he was awake. He loved the smooth softness of Danielle's shaven pussy. As Sheila's hands slowly made their way further up her legs, Danielle moved her right hand down over her stomach. She was dying to reach her clit and burst into climax. Slowly, slowly, then - just before her hand touched her pussy - Gina grabbed both of Danielle's hands and held them firmly over her head. "Oh no you don't ! Orgasms are for paying customers only," said Gina. "Here's your dress. Put it on and come back tomorrow. Maybe we'll let you cum then."

While Gina was handling the dress and talking to Danielle, Sheila took the moment of opportunity to finish sliding her hand all the way up and got a quick feel of Danielle's pussy. When Gina threw the dress, it landed over Danielle's mid-section and Sheila's hand was hidden underneath. She was able to continue for a few seconds more.

"Don't think I'm not watching you Sheila," said Gina. "And Frank, it looks like your pants are going to need dry-cleaning too. If it wasn't for Danielle I may have never known what sick little co-workers you are !"

Surprised, Sheila quickly withdrew her hand. Danielle got up and slipped into her dress. Frank just stood aside looking as if the world was coming to an end.

Gina continued to bitch at Danielle, walking next to her all the way to the door. As she stepped through the door, Danielle quickly grabbed Gina's hand and pulled it under her dress sliding it over her wet pussy. Yanking back her hand, Gina yelled "Get out of here you little bitch."

"Yeah, I will get out of here. I can see by your hand that you don't know how to do your job. I'm supposed to be clean and dry," Danielle replied. She walked out and got into her car.

Gina went back over to the counter observing the smirks from Frank and Sheila.

She walked right over to Sheila and said "You heard the lady, I'm supposed to be clean and dry." She held her hand up and Sheila took it into her mouth and licked it clean.

Danielle drove along feeling as hot as ever. She managed to retrace her steps to the main road and turned back the way she came. Along the way she spotted a young lady hitch-hiking. She had shoulder length wavy black hair, skin tight pants, thin and kind of cute. Danielle just had to pull off the road and offer her a ride. The young lady stared Danielle up and down and then hopped into the passenger seat. She introduced herself as Samantha and said she was heading to the mall. Somehow Danielle could sense that her new friend was not into the lesbian scene, however from her style of dress she could have been a hooker.

They had a nice conversation and Danielle decided to behave herself. Samantha said that she absolutely loved the convertible. As they slowed down for a light Danielle caught site of her friendly neighborhood hippie. To avoid him, she turned off into a corner gas station. When she looked at her gauge she was relieved to be at the gas station. She must have done more driving around than she had thought.

She apologized to Samantha for the delay, and told the service man to fill it up. Her mind could not help from wandering into the gutter with an alternative meaning to that phrase. Samantha jumped out for a Coke and Danielle said to make it two. Two seconds later Danielle could not believe her eyes. The hippie had spotted her and was aking his way over to the car. There was nothing she could do about it. "Well, I never hought we would meet again so soon," said the hippie.

"Actually, neither did I," replied Danielle.

"You don't sound so happy to see me," he said.

"No. Not at all. I was just taken off guard," said Danielle.

"That's good. Hey, how about a quick flash for old time's sake?", asked the hippie.

"Old time's sake?" she replied "I don't think we've really known each other that long."

"Yeah, and that's a shame. I'd give you tomorrow's newspaper but it hasn't been printed yet," he said with a grin.

"Ok. Ok. Whatever." As she slid the front of her dress up she teased "is this what you're looking for?"

The hippie was smiling away in a daze as Samantha approached. Danielle had not noticed either until she heard the sound of the door opening. She pulled her dress down and, not knowing what else to do, turned and stared at her new friend with a grin.

Samantha smiled back and calmly said "Am I interrupting something?"

"No, he was just leaving," she said turning back toward the window. The hippie went on his way and in a moment the service man appeared and Danielle paid him for the gas. As she drove out of the station she turned to Samantha and said "Hey, I'm sorry about that. I didn't see you until you were nearly in the car."

"No problem. I can't have a problem with someone in the same business I'm in," Samantha replied.

"Oh my God. Are you a hooker?", Danielle asked.

"You sound surprised. I thought you knew that when you gave me a ride." she said.

"Well, the thought did cross my mind. But I want you to know that I'm not in the same business" said Danielle.

"For sure. Well what was that all about back there then?" asked Samantha.

Danielle told her how she had met the hippie earlier in the day and explained that things had gotten a little weird. She told her about her favorite pastime and her encounters with the good doctor and the dry cleaners. Samantha listened attentively. She had definitely come across a new one today. She was just happy that Danielle did not seem to take offense to her being a hooker. They exchanged interesting stories on the way to the mall. Danielle told her about Wendy and suggested that Samantha try on some new swimsuits. Samantha confirmed that she was not interested in women, but said that she might stop in to see Wendy just for fun. She also told Danielle about her best customer, Carl.

"I guess I'd say when it comes to being a little off the wall, like you are, Carl is the closest person I know. He is also very rich. He has this huge fucking house with a gigantic indoor pool, disco, and all sorts of stuff. He loves meeting new girls and I'm sure he wouldn't mind if you came with me to his party tonight. What do you say?" asked Samantha.

"Ok. That sounds really great. I'd be happy to pick you up," said Danielle.

Samantha told her when and where to pick her up, and also told her not to forget a swimsuit. She headed into the mall and Danielle drove off toward home to take a break and then get ready for the party. She was very happy with how her day had turned out.

At 7 p.m., as requested, Danielle pulled into the parking lot of a pizza shop a few blocks from where she had picked up Samantha that afternoon. Samantha came out in a moment carrying a small box and a drink. She was wearing slightly more conservative clothes, but still looked dangerously sexy.

"Here, there's a slice of pizza in there and coke for you. I just finished a quick snack myself. Carl might talk you to death before you get any food, so eat this while you drive. I'm glad you're on time" said Samantha.

"Great. I was a little hungry but didn't know whether I had time to grab something or not. I love pizza. Why don't you grab the steering wheel so I can eat this easier, besides you're the only one who knows where we're going" said Danielle.

They arrived at Carl's and Danielle could not believe the size of the place. She didn't actually get a good look until they drove through the gate and along a curvy driveway aligned with tall trees. It was the first time that Danielle had ever gone through a gate where you have to talk into a speaker phone. Carl had been alerted of Samantha's arrival, and by the time they drove up to the house and walked to the door he was there waiting to greet them.

"Good evening Danielle, I am most pleased that you decided to come," said Carl.

He took her hand and led the two of them into the house through the living room and out to the bar at the back. Danielle was thoroughly impressed when she saw the large bar complete with bartenders inside of an enormous room with a pool, hot tub, and a large screen projector television which was showing music videos.

There had to be over two hundred people in the place, she estimated. Most were just standing around talking in little groups. Others were either dancing on a platform set up near the big screen, playing table tennis, video games, or in the pool. There didn't seem to be any particular dress code. Most of those engaged in conversation were dressed quite formally, like Carl. While the others wore outfits ranging from casual to beachwear.

"Gosh, this is very nice," she said as Carl led her over to a table where two very beautiful ladies were sitting. One of them reminded her of Wendy, long black hair, a very slender sexy physique. The other could have been her sister, but with blonde hair instead of black. Their skin, especially on their faces, appeared to be baby smooth without a sign of any blemishes whatsoever.

"Thank you, I'm glad you like it. I would like you to meet Renee and Kelly, two very good riends. You guys, this is Danielle a friend of Samantha's," said Carl now loosening up a bit rom his more formal style at the door. "Please sit down, I'm sure drinks will be along in a moment."

Only a few seconds after they had sat down a young man appeared with two glasses of water which he placed in front of them and then asked what they would like to drink. Danielle sipped her water while she turned to Carl to see what he would order, but he just smiled back at her. "I'll have whatever their having," she replied motioning to Kelly and Renee.

"That is a Kahlua and cream, and the usual for you sir?," he asked Carl who simply nodded.

"So, Danielle, I hope that this meets your expectations. I'm sure Samantha has told you all about the place," Carl began.

"Yes, she told me something about it but I don't think any description can do it justice. This is really fabulous" Danielle responded.

"Well you are welcome to come here anytime you like. Any friend of Samantha's is a friend of mine. Make yourself at home. There's plenty of people, music, food and drink. To me those are the ingredients for a good time. Anything at all you want, just ask one of the waiters or anybody really. I only have friendly people at my parties" said Carl.

"Thanks. I really like the design of your swimming pool. I'd like to know how much it cost for that setup, but I'm afraid to ask," Danielle said with a smile.

Just then Kelly excused herself to the ladies room and Renee decided to follow her. The waiter returned with their drinks and removed the glasses of water.

Danielle, Samantha, and Carl sat quietly for a moment watching the water splash over the artificial waterfall and into the pool.

"Well, let me ask you a question," Carl began. Danielle stared at him nervously, wondering if Samantha had told him anything weird about her. "Did you remember to bring your swimsuit? When the ladies return they will probably join the others in the pool."

Danielle was relieved by his innocent question, "Yes, I remembered."

Carl was anxious to see Danielle in something more revealing. In a moment Renee and Kelly returned wearing the skimpiest bikinis Danielle had ever dreamt of.

They were both fully tanned and their asses were in full view. She couldn't help but just sit there and stare at Renee. At that moment, she thought that she had never seen such a beautiful girl. Her stare did not escape Carl's attention, and he stood up and said "Danielle, why don't you join these ladies in the pool while Samantha and I tend to the other guests?"

Danielle stood up and slipped out of her dress right there, revealing a sleek white bikini. But, she felt as if she had been out-done by Renee and Kelly. She walked past the two of them straight over to the pool. It was gigantic. The perimeter was curvy, and it was covered by a rocky structure that made parts of it look like a cave. She walked toward a small section of the pool which had bubbles like a Jacuzzi. "I just might get lost in here," she thought to herself as she walked down the steps into the warm bubbly water. Ahead of her were a number of little inlets and a small tunnel that you had to pass through to get to any other part of the pool. She turned around to see how far behind she had left her new friends. There they both were standing side by side at the top of the steps. They were both beautiful, she thought, especially in those suits with their full body tans. She had indeed been out-done. Her stare now shifted more toward Renee, and her thoughts back to Wendy.

The ladies walked together slowly down the steps into the pool toward Danielle.

She realized that she had been staring at them in a daze for an impolite amount of time. Then she noticed that they did not seem disturbed, but were just staring back at her, together, walking toward her. They had both seemed a little weird from the beginning and so she thought nothing of it. As they came nearer, however, she began to take a few steps backward. She looked at Kelly, who was just smiling at her, then back at Renee who appeared to be almost in a trance.

They both kept walking toward her, and she kept moving back getting steadily more concerned.

Then she realized that she had backed right up into one of the inlets. Her back was against the smooth rock wall. Kelly came up on her left side and held her hand, while Renee continued to approach in front. She looked at Renee who was staring into her eyes with the most seductive look she had ever imagined. Renee continued to get nearer until Danielle felt certain that she was not going to stop. She didn't. She pressed her lips against Danielle's giving her a warm

sensuous kiss. Danielle was too confused in her emotions to know what to do. Her first thought was to push her away, but it just felt too damned good. She also liked Renee, both of them really. Then her mind was made up once and for all when she felt Kelly's tongue in her ear. She was being attacked two against one and her best move, she decided, was to surrender.

She put her arms around Renee and held her tightly, returning her kisses with like fervor. Kelly now took the hand that she was holding and slid it inside of her bikini bottom. Her hand on Kelly's pussy was really turning Danielle on as she continued to kiss Renee. A few times she wondered if she might cum just thinking about what was happening. Then she felt Renee's hands loosening the strings of her bikini bottom. Kelly was now moaning in her ear as she continued to lash it with her tongue. Danielle had lost all control of the situation and was at the mercy of the two vixens. Then without warning, Renee dove under the bubbly waters and a second later Danielle felt the girl's lips pressing against her pussy. Kelly began feeling up her ass, and moved her tongue into Danielle's mouth. She couldn't stand any more as Renee sucked on her clit and Kelly licked her neck. She was nearly ready to cum when Renee broke away and came up for air.

Danielle had almost forgotten that the girl needed to breath and was now impressed by her stamina. Kelly realized that Danielle had just missed her climax and quickly moved in front of Danielle putting her hand in the place of Renee's mouth. She frigged Danielle silly, all the time kissing her with intense passion. Once Renee caught her breath she moved in to take Kelly's former place licking Danielle's ear. The moment her tongue made contact Danielle gasped a deep breath and started to cum. She couldn't believe how loud she was moaning, but right now she didn't care if there were a hundred people nearby. She knew this was the most intense orgasm she had ever had, and it just seemed like it wasn't going to stop. Luckily, neither did Kelly or Renee. They stayed with her all the way to the end. She fell back into Renee's arms keeping her eyes closed, relaxing, soaking up every last ounce of pleasure.

When she opened her eyes she was shocked to see Carl and another gentleman standing at the edge of the jacuzzi. They both started clapping their hands with approval, and Danielle felt a little embarrassed. She looked around for her bikini bottom, but it was nowhere in sight. Renee and Kelly each took one of her hands and led her out of the pool.

"Ladies, ladies, ladies, can't I ever leave you alone for ten minutes with a new guest," Carl said jokingly as he took pleasure viewing Danielle's shaven pussy.

The other gentleman, or for that matter none of the other guests, seemed alarmed. She supposed that, like Renee and Kelly, her being half naked was no big deal at Carl's parties.

"Danielle, now I would like you to meet congressman George Malcolm. He is our local representative and an old friend," Carl began, "George meet Danielle Peterson a friend of Samantha's".

Mr. Malcolm shook her hand and they all walked back over to the table where they had sat before. She couldn't believe that she was prancing around like this in front of a congressman. Samantha had disappeared. So far this had been quite a party, and Danielle felt comfortable and fortunate to be a friend of Carl's.