VS Ch. 03

by gossogÂ©

DENISE ZELLNER

LOS SANTOS, CALIF.

JUNE

Here's how it started, at least for me. I was actually one of the first, even

before Kathy and Barbara.

They want me to tell what happened that day as I experienced it, without filling

in all the things we figured out later. My story is just one piece in a big (and

still incomplete) puzzle.

It was a Saturday afternoon, the first weekend after my high school graduation.

It was the first scorching hot day of the year, where the weather seemed to say

"It's summer now, get used to it." Hot enough to be uncomfortable, unless you

had the luxury of having no plans at all, and could put on a swimsuit, walk into

the back yard, and settle down with an iced tea and a trashy paperback. That's

what I was doing.

I had my phone with me, just in case, thinking I might hook up later with our

group: my best friend Wendy (friends since soccer camp, ten years ago); Erin,

who was going to UCI with Wendy; and Diane, who knew Erin at first before we all

met. Diane was the oldest of us, almost 22, also at UCI. Her parents were loaded

and she lived in this huge house in a gated community up in the foothills. We

all had been hanging out together since Christmas break, and even though I

wasn't starting college until next year, I never felt like I didn't belong.

About 3 pm, Wendy called. "Hey, D, whatcha doing?"

"Nothing!" I said. It sounded kind of defiant. "It feels great!"

"'Nothing', like staring at the walls, nothing?"

"Actually, laying out." I turned over my book to check the cover. "Reading

'Surrender to Passion.'"

"Sounds boring," she said. We knew we could razz each other, and often did.

"Want to do something better?"

"Like what?"

"Go to Diane's and take a dip in her pool. She's inviting us."

"Sure!"

"How soon can you be ready? I'll pick you up."

"What do I need to bring?"

"Just your swimsuit. She's got towels and everything."

"Then I'm ready right now!"

"See you out front," she said.

I had been to Diane's before, but only at night, and never in her pool. No doubt

it would be spectacular. Anyway, the sun had gotten hot and I was really looking

forward to cooling off.

When I got back inside, the doorbell rang; Wendy was already here. She must have

called as she was pulling in the driveway.

"Mom, I'm going with Wendy to Diane's," I called out. Mom had met them both, and had no problem with me going. We both knew that next year in college, she

wouldn't have any say.

Wendy was wearing a blue bikini top and a sarong wrapped around her waist.

"You're looking fine," I teased, sashaying out the door.

"You're all set for the Olympic finals," she said, smirking.

She had me there. I was wearing a one-piece red swimsuit that was pretty modest.

It bared my upper back, going down about halfway, but only had a little bit of a

scoop neckline in front. Even so, I would catch guys sneaking a peek, especially

if I bent forward. But it wasn't a big attention-getter. Made for swimming

instead of tanning.

I actually liked it that way. After years of playing soccer, going on hikes and

other "tomboy" stuff, I got a late start at doing "girly" stuff. Wendy says my

body developed into a woman's before my mind did. Even at 18 I preferred the

functional one-piece suit over a flamboyant bikini. It seemed more honest. More

like me.

Erin was already there when we arrived at Diane's, and they greeted us with

glasses of white wine. I wasn't used to drinking wine without a meal; I sipped a

little bit as Diane ushered us through to the pool, and then put it aside. The

pool was gorgeous, like what you'd find at a resort, surrounded by a curving

tiled wall, veranda, and large deck with deluxe lounge chairs.

The water was just the right temperature: a little chilly until you got used to

it. Wendy dove underwater a few times; I watched her blue bikini ripple and blur

as she reached the deep end. Erin wore a white one that showed off her curves.

She was content to just lean against the wall and watch us swim. Diane wore this

sleek white one-piece with a deep neckline and almost no sides. When wet, it

turned transparent. "I can't wear this outside the house," she laughed. I

couldn't picture myself wearing it anywhere. I would have been terrified.

The other three stayed in with me for a while, then dried off and stretched out

on the lounge chairs.

I swam underwater, enjoying the respite from the world above. The water must

have been 12 feet deep at the end; I let myself drift down until my ears hurt. I

could imagine I was flying, making lazy circles under the clouds. After a while,

I was ready for some sun, and climbed out. I just stood there, water dripping

off me, forming a puddle by the ladder. The scene before me showed that there

were a few things about my friends I didn't know.

Wendy was asleep, or just resting her eyes, lying on her back. Her bikini top

was on the deck next to her, looking like a spilled drink. We'd been friends for

years, and I had never seen her topless. She was slim, and her breasts were

small, unlike mine. She had slight tanlines, not much of a tan yet. Her bikini

bottom looked very small compared to all the exposed skin. I hoped she had put

on sunscreen.

Erin was walking back from the kitchen with some water bottles. She had also

taken off her top, and seemed entirely at ease like that. She had an enviable

figure I couldn't help comparing to mine. I have a good-sized chest, and I've

always been physically fit; but she had those subtle differences, those curves

in just the right places, that made a big difference. She could totally turn

heads at the beach.

"Oh, thank you," Diane said, taking a bottle. She was sitting upright, and she

had taken everything off. Her legs were apart; she didn't bother hiding

anything. She behaved like being naked outside was no big thing. I'd had no idea

she was into this.

She must have noticed me staring. "Denise, are you OK? It looks like you saw a

ghost!"

"Aren't you worried people will see you like that?" Neighboring houses had

second-floor windows with a view. I glanced up, but saw only reflections of a

cloudless sky.

"Not really. The whole community really values privacy. That's why you have the

gates and fences and big houses. Most of the neighbors don't even know each

other."

I toweled off and laid down. From our chairs, we had a great view of the hills

over the fence. Someone out there would be able to see in, too.

"It's pretty secluded," said Erin. "Except for the high school kid next door.

He's looking out from between his curtains. I think he has a crush on Diane."

"Where?" I said, looking up, and she laughed. "Just kidding," she said. "Playing

with you."

I forced a laugh. "It's okay."

"I guess you're not very adventurous, are you?"

"I'm not chicken," I wanted to clarify. "I'm just not much for being naked

outside."

"Have you fooled around with guys yet?" she asked.

"A few times. But... I want it to be special. You know... not just with anyone."

I shrugged, unable to think of a really succinct way of putting it. I wasn't

entirely happy with this line of questioning.

"Well, good for her," Diane announced. "I have a niece, only 13 years old, and

she wants to dress like Paris Hilton already, with makeup, miniskirt and crop

top. That's way too young, you know?"

I didn't like being compared to a 13-year-old; and anyway, this was a funny

comment to hear from a woman sitting there nude. But I liked Diane a lot. She

was just 3 years older than me, but had a lot more wisdom than the rest of us.

If I had a really cool big sister, she would be like Diane.

Erin had somewhat of an edge to her, sometimes stirring up mischief, though I

wouldn't say she was mean. It's just that Diane looked out for people more.

Wendy was a friend from way back, but I could feel us drifting apart a little.

Going to different colleges would change things unavoidably. She used to play

soccer with me, and we would go walking in the woods when either one of us was

feeling stressed. One summer my parents invited her to come along with us to

Maui.

She was standing up now, and peeled off her bikini bottoms. She had either

trimmed or waxed, because her pubic hair was a thin strip. Naked, she sat back

down and closed her eyes again. I wondered if she had been doing this for a long

time, but I didn't want to ask in front of the others.

We stayed there for the rest of the afternoon, talking about various things and

just relaxing. I tried not to stare at their bodies, but it was hard not to

look. Diane had a model's body, slender with small breasts, and a refined face

with fine blonde hair. Wendy had a similar body, but looked more like the cute

girl next door: a few freckles, pert nose, and wavy brown hair.

I hoped they didn't expect me to strip too. I didn't want to. But I was starting

to feel peer pressure, and starting to feel like the little kid in the group.

Eventually the topic of what to do that night came up, and none of us had really

made plans. Diane suggested that we go run our suits through a quick wash, then

go home and change, and go downtown for dinner. That sounded great, and we went inside.

Erin stepped out of her bikini bottom on the patio steps. All three were naked

now, and they walked over to the laundry room carrying their swimsuits. I wanted

to ask where the bathroom was, so I could strip in private and then put on a

towel. But I hesitated, worried I would sound like a prude (or worse, a little

kid), and then I had to follow them anyway so I could ask. By then they were

already dropping their suits in the washer. Now my request would sound silly

since I was already there.

I stood there for a moment until Diane said, "Denise, go ahead."

I pulled at the straps of my suit gingerly, freeing my shoulders.

"Don't worry," Diane said. "It's just us."

The last thing I wanted to do was make a scene, to stand out. I braced myself,

like preparing to rip off a band-aid, and peeled off my suit quickly. I dropped

it in and tried to act casual instead of self-conscious.

"Hey, she's hot," said Erin, grinning, checking me out. Diane shot her a quick

stern look: don't tease.

I still wanted to get a towel. Even with my friends, inside, where no one could

see; even though they were all naked too; I instinctively wanted to cover up.

The phone rang in the kitchen. We could see it from where we stood. Diane walked

over and took the call. I couldn't conceive of doing what she did, just standing

against the countertop, naked, with a huge sliding glass door and window behind

her. I would have felt like I was in a fishbowl.

"I wonder who it is?" Wendy whispered.

"Gotta be a boyfriend," Erin said. "Look at the way she's talking to him."

"If he had any idea there were four naked chicks here, he'd drop the phone and

drive over," Wendy joked.

I felt a hand on my bottom: Erin's. "Cute butt," she whispered, teasing again. I

wanted to move forward, but Wendy was blocking me. Another inch, and my boobs

would be pressing into her back. I didn't want that. I squirmed to the side, but

Erin kept her hand there. I was basically trapped.

Diane spoke animatedly, twirling her hair, laughing, sitting on a stool, then

hopping off. She seemed to be much more absorbed in the conversation than her

surroundings. What surprised us was when her free hand drifted between her legs

and then stayed there. Gently tapping and stroking, with the tips of her

fingers. Had she forgotten we were here? I was finding out so many things about

my friends that it seemed I didn't even know them anymore.

Maybe she had told him what she was wearing, or not wearing, and their talk had

taken an erotic turn. "Oh my god, look!" Erin whispered. It looked like Diane

was about to insert a fingertip inside. Then she saw us, glared at us, and

turned away. We could only see from the back, but it seemed like she was still

doing it. Now I was feeling a little uncomfortable. Was she mad at me? Were we

intruding? Should we go?

Erin was still teasing me, kind of tickling I guess, her fingertips gently

stroking the curves where my butt joined my upper thigh. I wasn't really

ticklish there; just a little bit, I guess, but mainly the sensation was making

me shiver instead of laugh. She was totally invading my personal space. She was

very surreptitious about it; Wendy and Diane wouldn't have noticed.

Diane hung up and turned toward us, smiling. I guess she never stayed upset for

long. Or maybe it was the news she had: Her boyfriend had a block of extra

tickets to see the Grey Caps that night! All of us could go if we wanted. That

settled our plans for the night in a hurry.

I guess I should talk a little about the Caps. They were red hot now, but years

from now people might wonder who I was talking about.

Tickets to the Grey Caps were impossible to get. They had the number one selling

CD, single, ringtone, download, school lunch box, everything. Their songs had

this menacing, suggestive groove; even the songs that were not about sex were

still about sex. And there were these strange rumors swirling around the Caps,

too: bizarre stuff like them not really being human, not eating, not even

breathing. Like mushrooms. How could stuff like that persist? I mean, how can

you sing if you don't breathe?

Much of their fame or infamy came from the "Underground" video. It was shown on

TV exactly once, on a Saturday midnight premiere on MTV. The uproar was so huge

that all the stations were saying they could no longer play it. (You can still

see it, though; It's all over the Internet.)

The video wasn't really groundbreaking: just the four Caps playing a house

party, with concert scenes, dancing and stuff. There must be a billion videos

like that. But in "Underground," all the dancing women, all the girls at the

party, were naked, head to toe. Their naughty bits were digitally censored, not

with pixel blurs, but old-fashioned black bars that covered up just what they

needed to. Each girl had a narrow horizontal bar at her breasts, basically from

one nipple to the other, and a little square between her legs. In order not to

reveal anything they shouldn't, these bars moved in near-perfect sync with the

girls as they danced.

That was probably bad enough for the conservative groups. But the bars were only

used when the camera had a frontal view. If a girl was shown from the back,

nothing was covered, so there were lots of bare bottoms. Even from the side

view, the girls weren't censored, so you did spot some bare breasts, but only

partially.

My lab partner confessed he had fallen in love with "the Asian girl" in the

video, and that if I watched it, I'd know which one he meant. I basically told

him that telling me this creeped me out, so he stopped. He might still be

searching the net, trying to find out who she is. The totally uncensored version

of the video, if it exists, is a holy grail for most of the guys. As far as I've

overheard, no one has found it.

Wendy had the video sitting on her hard drive, so we looked through it. The

Asian girl showed up, and yes, I kind of remembered her. She was in a group of

three. She was seen first from the back, swiveling her bare bottom, her long

hair swishing side to side. She looked over her shoulder and turned a little,

and she was definitely flirting with the camera. No wonder the guys liked her.

She moved into a side view, even a little toward the front, and still nothing

was censored. Her large breasts swayed up and down. Her hard nipples were the

color and size of chocolate bonbons; probably just as tasty for guys. As she

twisted, you could often see both, though still from mainly a side view. A few

times, we saw a flash of black pubic hair, as her hips rotated to just the right

position, and it was still not covered. It seemed the producer was deliberately

being careless with this girl. Only when she turned fully to the front, and

started dancing toward the camera, did the black bars finally flicker on.

We agreed this was totally unfair: where were the buck-naked men? And why, when the video lingered on the bodies of these hot young women, did we never really get a good look at the Caps themselves? We didn't really know what they looked like.

Still, we absolutely wanted to go to that concert. You should have seen us

hugging and high-fiving when Diane said she had tickets for us.

We would have to go pretty soon, though. Diane brought Erin's and Wendy's bags,

and they changed into street clothes.

"Denise, you didn't bring clothes?" Diane said.

"Nope. All I have is the suit, and it's in the wash!"

She thought for a second, and said, "I've got just the thing for you." She

brought me a huge white towel, even bigger than a beach towel, lusciously soft

and smelling fresh out of the dryer. "You can wear this in the car, and we'll

drop you off at your house."

I wrapped it around me, and it covered from my shoulders almost to my ankles; I

had never seen a towel this big. And it felt delicious against my skin. I

demanded to know where it was from, but she didn't know; her parents had

purchased a set somewhere in Europe.

Wendy drove back alone to run a quick errand, and Erin and I rode in Diane's

Mercedes. It was luxurious and roomy, and with the sumptuous towel it seemed

like I was getting limo service to a spa. Diane took another call, and this one

was short. Afterward, she asked if it was OK if we picked up two guys on the

way. She said I would know Rob, one of them. I didn't like that; the boys would

be sitting with me in the back, and I was still naked under this towel. I asked

if she could drop me off first.

"Actually, we're going over to Erin's and then the concert. It's on the way. She

has some clothes that should fit you." I didn't want to insist on being the wet

blanket, so I went along with it. At Rob's house, I stayed in the car while

Diane went to their front door.

I recognized Rob from a few years ago; he had been a senior in band when I was a

freshman. He had grown into a pretty handsome man. Terry was the other guy, and he looked about 25. Terry took the left seat, Rob the right, with me in the

middle. Terry offered a handshake and I had to maneuver an arm out of the

voluminous folds of towel protecting me. I could tell he was wondering what I

had on underneath. Well, none of his business. I didn't like him much already.

To put him aside, I talked to Rob instead, catching up on news about some

friends we had in common. He said he was majoring in sports therapy. Erin

overheard this and said, "He gives a greeeat shoulder massage. You ought to have

him do you."

"No, no thanks," I said.

"It's pretty chaste," Rob said. "The goal is to loosen and strengthen muscles

around the neck and shoulders, not to seduce a person. Teammates give them to

each other, and you don't have to have clothes off. I mean, you could leave the

towel on."

"Oh, Rob, admit it," said Erin. "The best massage is where the woman is naked,

you're naked, and you have a happy ending." Diane tossed a lightly scolding

"Erin!" her way.

Rob was getting defensive. "It's really not that way! Denise, here, turn your

back to me. If at any time it hurts or you feel uncomfortable, just say stop."

I felt boxed in again. I didn't want to turn down something that seemed so

reasonable. And I told myself I could always say "stop" later.

I didn't want to look at Terry head-on, so I inched closer to Rob and then faced

diagonally, toward the driver's seat. He started very gently, so that it almost

felt that the towel itself was doing the work.

After a while he added pressure, working with his thumbs and palms, and I had to

admit, doing a really good job. I didn't realize how tight my muscles were, but

I could feel them relaxing under his touch. He never touched bare skin; he only

worked through the towel. I felt warmth around my shoulders and neck, just as if

I were back in the sun.

Terry was talking with Erin and had apparently lost interest in what Rob was

doing. That was nice; a little more privacy. I would be happy with Rob

continuing until we got to her house. If I didn't fall asleep first; it was very

cozy and comfy. And I felt myself rationalizing that technically Rob was a

friend, and I knew he was a good guy, and I sure would like to feel how the

massage was on bare skin.

"Here, wait a minute," I said. I wriggled one arm out of the towel and held it

up while I freed the other. I leaned forward and the towel drooped in the back,

baring my shoulders. I kept it crossed over my breasts like a bandeau, or a

wedding dress, and folded my arms to keep it there.

"Okay," I said, and Rob resumed. His touch wasn't sexual at all, but it was

friendly, and it seemed to be doing me a world of good. Terry looked at me,

raised his eyebrows, but then actually blushed and turned away. Maybe he wasn't

a total creep after all.

Rob's fingertips on my bare skin spread warmth throughout me, and I think I fell

asleep very fast. It was like falling into warm water. I was back in Diane's

pool, and jetting underwater like a minnow, enjoying the weightless feeling of

being immersed. I wasn't wearing my suit. Not that I had simply taken it off;

instead, it seemed like I had stopped wearing one. I came up for air and then

dove again, like a dolphin.

Suddenly the pool was larger, much larger. The walls disappeared and the water

grew salty. It was dark around me now, except for a rippling rectangle of light,

high above, that I understood was the surface of the pool. I looked down, and

saw a bird's-eye night view of a city.

It was like flying into LA at night; everything that would otherwise be

invisible was outlined in little dots of light. The more I looked, the more I

noticed how different this city was. There were no patterns, no straight lines

or rivers or freeways outlined by the lights. Shapes and colors were random,

more grown than planned. And the lights were the cool phosphorescent colors of

the deep, without the power to illuminate anything around them. Each light

attracted attention only to itself. Every light belonged to some living

creature.

I didn't see movement at first, other than some blinks in sequence, rippling

like dominos, the sort of light patterns some jellyfish make. But then I saw

huge dark things peel themselves away from the city, drifting upward. I had no

idea how large they were. Aside from the lights covering them, I would not have

seen anything. I saw no faces or anything; but the way they moved, slow and

deliberate, looked evil.

It was time to get out of the water.

I darted toward the rectangle of sunlight above, not daring to look back. When I

surfaced, I was back in Diane's pool, surrounded by reassuring blue concrete.

The city in the sea was gone, and my earlier fear seemed to drain away. As I

climbed out, I was mainly feeling guilty about swimming nude in her pool, as if

she had said "make yourself at home" and I had taken it too far. When I saw Erin

and Diane, I no longer worried about even that.

Diane was leaning back in her lounge chair, talking on the phone, and she was

nude. Her left hand held the phone; her right hand caressed her left breast,

thumb teasing the nipple. This all seemed normal, given what had happened

earlier at her house.

Erin, however, was also naked, and had folded a towel to give her a place to

kneel. I didn't see their swimsuits anywhere. She was leaning forward and

licking Diane between her legs. Diane was enjoying this for a while, and then

Erin must have done something, found the right spot, and Diane spasmed, as if

electrocuted, and dropped the phone. She clasped her lounge chair with both

hands and closed her eyes.

Was anyone truly looking from the neighbor's house? He would have had quite a

show. Diane shuddered and moaned as Erin licked her. Her breasts quivered, her

nipples stiffened, and her feet lifted off the ground. This was very hot. I

couldn't decide if I wanted to take Diane's place, or Erin's. I touched myself

as I watched.

Diane climaxed and lay sprawled on the lounge, exhausted, her breasts rising and

falling as she breathed heavily. Her legs were spread in a very immodest manner.

Erin stood up, all buoyant breasts and curved hips, and I felt this sudden

strong attraction to her.

She walked toward me, with a warm smile. I saw her thin blonde pubic hair,

barely there, and wet vaginal lips. I was ready for whatever she wanted to do.

Suddenly she blinked into Rob, naked and hugely erect. This disturbed me, and I

turned away, walking toward the kitchen. Diane couldn't help, Wendy wasn't

there, and Erin was gone. Suddenly Rob was behind me, and with his quick kiss on

my neck I stopped walking. His penis poked into the small of my back. His hands

cupped my breasts. My nipples puffed out between his fingers. I still wasn't

ready for this, right out in the open, I didn't think of him this way, and --

I woke up, back in the car, and for a few confusing moments it seemed like I was

still in the dream. No, I was definitely in Diane's car, with Erin, Terry and

Rob; but things had changed while I was asleep.

My hands, which had been holding up the towel, were at my sides. The towel had

fallen in front; what used to be there now lay in a big snowy heap on my lap. My

legs, bared to above the knee, now rested on Terry's thighs; and oh my god Rob

was fondling my bare breasts. Terry had gotten over his shyness and was staring

openly. Rob was tweaking my nipples, sending electric shivers up and down my

body, and it was too late to tell him to stop. I no longer wanted him to,

anyway.

What I wanted to do is make out with him.

I wriggled closer, angling my face to his, and we started kissing wetly,

open-mouthed, tongues fighting. He kept kneading my breasts, and heat was

welling up inside me. He let one go and his hand drifted farther down, over my

belly and nudging under the towel. For one last moment I asked myself, Denise,

what are you doing?, and then his finger found my vagina and pushed in. I felt a

slight chill there; Terry had unwrapped the towel around me and now I was

completely exposed. Terry fondled my legs and bottom as Rob kept doing his

thing.

At some point Rob returned both hands to my breasts, and Terry moved his finger

inside me. I looked down at my naked body, with four hands fondling it, and for

a moment wondered, is this really me doing this? But it felt so good I no longer

wanted to question anything.

The car slowed and turned in a driveway; we were at Erin's house. It was dark

already. It was hard not to notice what Rob and I had been doing, and I guess

Erin watched most of it. "Let's wrap you up again so you can come in," she said.

"I can't believe that you wouldn't sunbathe nude, but you were OK with this."

We stopped, and I tried to sit up. "I'm sorry, " I said.

"You shouldn't have let them do this," Diane said to Erin. Then to me: "Are you

all right?"

I had to tell the truth. "I loved it."

I wrapped up in the towel and we went inside. Thankfully no one was home. Erin

flipped on the lights and walked into a bedroom. "Now, we need a good outfit for

you," she shouted from a closet. "Ok, here we go."

It was just a gray skirt and light aqua knit top. "That's it?" I asked. What a

letdown. I thought I was getting something fun to wear. This stuff was just

blah.

"Put it on," she said. "It'll make more sense when we're done." I turned toward

the bedroom to change, but she stopped me. "Just do it right here. Nobody's

seeing anything new." Reluctantly I dropped my towel and stood nude before them.

The boys obviously appreciated having the show go on. Diane looked a little

conflicted, like she wanted this to stop but couldn't put her foot down.

Erin gave me the top and I pulled it over. The material was thin and clingy.

"Um, no, I don't think so," I said. "Kinda cheap looking. No offense."

"Just try it," she said, giving me the skirt. This was some sort of fleece

fabric, like warmup pants. It came down to a few inches above the knee. she

hadn't given me any underwear. I shrugged my shoulders. Aside from showcasing my

breasts, the outfit was very bland and unattractive. I didn't get it. "Wait

right there," she said.

She came back with a pair of fabric scissors. "This will be a night you won't

forget," she said. "Hold still." Reaching under the skirt, she felt around to

where the curve of my bottom started, and then began to cut the skirt. When she

was done, it was less than half its original length. My jaw dropped. She had cut

it as close as she could. How could I go to a concert like this?

"Erin," Diane scolded. "You're taking advantage of her."

"And now for the top." At first I couldn't tell what she was doing, making

several cuts in back, along the sides, and below. But when she was done, the

knit top was converted to a sleeveless, backless, sideless crop top. My breasts

were covered in front, but exposed on the sides. There was one thin strip of

cloth around my neck, and another around my back, just beneath the shoulder

blades. I looked to Diane for support, but this was Erin's show now. She made a

few more trims and checked sightlines. "OK, I think we're ready to go!"

In the car, Erin told the boys "Don't touch her," and they left me alone. I felt

like I was nearly naked. My shyness had come back.

I was petrified as we walked into the arena, as if I were the one going out on

stage. We pushed our way through crowds, and I felt hands, deliberate or not, at

my back, against my breasts, even up under the skirt. I got enough catcalls and

hoots that I was glad I was in a group of friends.

The warmup band was the Ankles. Only Erin had heard of them at the time. Their

music was more funky and dancey than the Caps' serious groove. They were pretty

good. When the Caps came on, and started with "Underground", the audience was

pumped. Everybody stood on their seats, and I could no longer see.

Two tall guys stood in front of me. "Can we switch?" I shouted at Erin over the

thumping music. "I can't see over these guys!"

She pointed forward, at a wide, short wall in front of the guys' row. In front

of that was an aisle, and then more seats. "See if you can stand there," she

said. "Maybe the guys will give you a lift."

I tapped one of the guys on the shoulder, mimed my request, and he understood.

He deftly grabbed me by the hips and easily lifted me over.

This was great; this was a much better vantage point! I looked back for the

others, but it was hard to see them between the guys; and they were watching the

show anyway. When I turned forward again, I tripped and fell backward. Before I

could fall too far, the guy on the right caught me; but how he caught me was a

problem. His hands were underneath my skirt, supporting my bare bottom as he

helped me get my balance. And when I was up and swaying again to the music, he

kept his hands there.

Somehow, this was OK; it seemed appropriate that during a naughty song by a

naughty band, a stranger might do a naughty thing. For about two songs, he kept

fondling me there, supporting my butt as I swayed to the music. I knew I'd have

to decide what would happen next, but I kept putting that off.

Then he decided for me, moving one hand to the front and fingering my pussy. Oh

my, I didn't even know him; I didn't really know what he looked like; and I was

letting him do this to me! Such a good feeling just surged through me.

A couple songs like this and I was sopping wet. I still didn't turn back to face

him. Then he let go, and I wondered if he had decided he had gone far enough.

You can only do so much before you risk getting a girl sore, especially one you

don't know. I danced on my own for a minute or so.

But he wasn't done. With a hand at my lap and another on my back, he guided me

to lean forward a little bit; then he was inside me for real. He had just needed

time to unzip his pants. He was huge and rock hard; and while I came a few

times, he had great staying power, lasting through at least three songs, his big

hands on my hips. Then he was done and pulled out, and prodded me over to the

left. In front of his friend.

This guy might have been seeing my breasts from the side for all that time and

couldn't wait to touch them. He reached in beneath my crop top on both sides and

took advantage of the easy access Erin had created with her scissors. I wondered

how far I would go with this, when was I planning to stop? I'd just had sex with

a stranger, and now it was starting up again! I writhed and swayed, enjoying the

song.

Oh, there was farther to go. He took off my top and tossed it away; I never saw

it again. Thousands of people at this concert, and I was topless, nearly naked;

and I couldn't even go back! If anyone was seeing me (and I knew some had to

be), there would be no doubt about what was going on. But I was getting high on

how naughty all this was. I moved sinuously, like an exotic dancer, while he

moved his hands over my shoulders, sides, and breasts.

Then he turned me around. He seemed an average looking guy, though well built.

His friend was sorta cute, but not a hunk either. My boobs were apparently the

best things he had ever seen. I could see it in his face. He fondled them for a

while, and then drew me closer and started sucking them. That felt sooo good. I

danced like that for a while, wiggling my butt, my hands on his shoulders for

support, as he nibbled and licked. Briefly I saw Erin in the row behind, and it

looked like she was cheering me on. Then I came, and my legs gave way and I

collapsed in his arms. I gave him a kiss, and then I stood back up.

He unzipped his pants. He was erect, and almost as big as his friend. Even

though I could have simply lifted my micro-miniskirt, I wanted instead to take

it off, slowly peeling it down as I danced. My inhibitions were just gone. He

really appreciated that. When it was off, I threw it away, as far as I could.

He picked me up and gently lowered me on top of him. My nipples scratched

against his shirt. His breath smelled faintly of beer. Some say that a kiss can

be even more intimate than the sexual act, and I wanted to share myself

completely. I embraced him as he supported my bare bottom while thrusting into

me. I sucked on his lips and forced my tongue inside, tasting him. We were

getting hotter and hotter and everything was a blur. The last thing I remembered

was some guy yelling "the video, the video", like the "Underground" video that

cable TV can't even show anymore, and yes, it must have looked just like that.

I woke up in satin sheets. It was morning. I didn't smell of beer, or smoke, or

sweat; I must have taken a shower, even though I didn't remember it. Everything

was clean. I was starting to panic a little: I was still naked, and this wasn't

my room. Beside the bed was a nightstand and table lamp, neither of which I

recognized. Where was I?

"Good morning, sleepyhead," Erin said. She lay next to me, also under the

covers. "You slept like a log."

"Erin, what's going on." I faced away; I didn't want to look at her; didn't want

to know. This was very strange. Just like the dream last night where I had been

attracted to her, then she morphed into Rob.

"Don't worry, Denise. You're always worrying." She snuggled close to me,

spooning with me from behind. She didn't have anything on either. She kissed the

back of my neck, the most sensitive spot, and I stirred. She kissed me there

again, and reflexively I nestled closer. "We called your mom" -- she kissed me

again -- "and said the concert" -- kiss -- "was late" -- kiss -- "and you were

sleeping over."

"What happened last night? What happened with me and you?"

My arms were sort of folded in front of my chest, and she moved them apart.

Every time she kissed the back of my neck I was more aroused, and now she was

fondling my breasts as well.

"Well, you certainly remember going to the concert..." ("uh huh") "... and

moving in front of those guys..." ("yeah") "... and had sex with them both? I

guess the outfit I made for you wasn't sexy enough, because they took it off."

("I remember that...") "So after you were done with them, you just danced naked

for a while.

"Security had to drape a jacket over you and escort you out. I took you home. We

missed the end of the concert. You weren't drunk or high, so no charges were

pressed. They figured you just got out of control."

"Wow," I said. But Erin was making me very horny and I couldn't be counted on to

say something intelligent.

"So we come back home and we decide we want to go clubbing. This time I got you

a real dress, a little black one, with a zipper all the way down the back. I

convinced you to go on the dance floor, and find a girl dancing by herself.

While dancing with her, you would take off your dress and toss it over. Then,

while naked, you would keep dancing with her and one by one take off every bit

of clothing she had."

"That sounds impossible," I said plaintively. I rotated my hips toward her,

opening my legs slightly, and she took the offer, stroking my pussy lips with a

fingertip.

"It's not impossible. You did it," Erin said. "You found this dark-skinned girl,

maybe Brazilian, and you led her away from her group. You were dancing close,

and then you kissed her, and she responded; then with one hand you were

unzipping yourself. That last inch you had trouble with, but pretty soon it was

off. I ran in to grab it before it got trampled on too much." She stopped

talking for a while, concentrating on kissing my shoulders, fondling one breast

and moving her middle finger inside me.

She leaned up and kissed me on the lips, and there was a spark: not romantic,

but electrical. "Ow!" I said.

"Sorry. Must be the sheets." She kissed me a little more, and there was still a

tingle, but I got used to it. She settled back down beside me.

"She was a little freaked by all this," Erin said, "but then you kissed her

again, big time, really passionate, and she stayed. She started moving her hands

over your body, exploring you. After a while, you undid her dress, and she was

in little black bra and panties. She was OK with that. Then you went for the

panties. She actually took off her own bra afterward.

"For about five songs you danced with her, both of you naked. Your hands were

all over each other: shoulders, ass, breasts, between your legs. You were

basically having sex on the dance floor. It was so hot. Who knows how long you

could have kept going. She was licking her own juices off your fingers when

security barged in and broke it up.

"When we got back, Rob was there. You were still naked and you basically jumped

on him. You guys were fucking on the couch until about 5 am. I sent him home,

got you into the shower, tucked you in, and let you go to sleep. And here you

are now."

"This is so weird, but feels so good," I said, responding to her touch. "But

why..." I couldn't even think of how to finish the question. I couldn't even

start to form the thought.

"Don't worry," Erin said. "You haven't changed. It's just part of you that has

been awakened."

Something was awakened, all right: I wanted her bad. I rolled over and tasted

her lips, her neck, her nipples, and more. Good thing we had the house to

ourselves; we made some noise.

We stayed in bed like lazy bugs until about 1 pm. I didn't want to leave, but I

was starving, and it was time to head home. She dressed me in real clothes, took

me to lunch, and dropped me off. She even had a conversation with Mom about the

fun but relatively wholesome things we officially did last night. If anyone ever

asks.

As for Rob and I... we were now a couple. Not just lust, or fooling around, but

real puppy love with flowers and cards and dates and stuff. So I definitely held

nothing against Erin for what had happened. It was because of her, and Diane,

that we got together.