Erotic Adventures Ch. 1

by Barbara Â©

Ch. 1: A Birthday Surprise

I walked slowly along the crowded grandstand, stopping periodically to

debate the wisdom of my intentions today. I had been goaded into taking

risks before but the latest dare from my friend was by far the most

threatening to my confidence and self esteem.

"Are you really sure that your brother has the only key to the men's

changing rooms, Sally?" I turned to my girlfriend. "He is the only one

that will be in there before the game is over, isn't he?"

I was keyed up with anxiety. My agreement to fulfil her brother, the

coach's long desired fantasy of finding a naked girl showering in his

football team's locker room was giving me butterflies in the pits of my

stomach. What if something went wrong? The thought nagged at me.

"He'll be over the moon." Sally grinned. "I'll tell him that there may be

a another present from someone, waiting for him in the shower room, before

I go home. He'll be there!"

I eased my way backward through the frosted glass window. I hung for a few

seconds by my fingertips.

"I can't feel the floor, yet Sally!" I temporarily panicked.

"Don't worry! It's only a small drop." Sally urged.

With a light gasp, I landed easily on my feet. Sally peered down through

the narrow gap and smiled at me. She was everything that I aspired to be

and had no shortage of potential boyfriends, confident, attractive and

popular with both sexes, a natural leader. This plan had all been her idea

and after several double Tequilas I had agreed that it might be the best

way to win her brother back. They had both been far more adventurous and

uninhibited, even as children, than I ever was. Today, Sally was really

pushing my limits.

"You alright down there, Pam?" She extended her arm through the narrow

gap. "Just pass them out to me."

"Just a minute!" I caught my breath.

I looked around the area. The door was shut and there was obviously nobody

but myself in the room. I began to take off my sneakers and socks. I

passed them to my giggling girlfriend.

"Hurry up!" She urged me. "We don't want to get caught here."

I sipped off my blouse and then rolled off my jeans. I shivered with

nervous tension.

"It's cold in here." I complained. "Maybe I should keep my knickers and

bra on for now?" I suggested, suddenly afraid to go through with her

cheeky plan. "I can take them off when I hear him coming." I pleaded.

"All of them!" Her flexing fingers signalled Sally's urgency.

"Remember what you agreed to."

My jeans and blouse disappeared out the window. Her arm re-appeared.

It had all seemed like a fantastic idea when we had discussed Peter's

surprise present earlier on. The stark reality was now making me more

nervous than I thought it would. With shaking hands I reached behind be

and unsnapped the well worn hooks and held up my bra, my breasts now free

and unencumbered. I could feel a creeping tension mount in my nipples as

they became erect. Her grasping fingers latched on to the flimsy garment

and within seconds it was out of reach, too late to change my mind. I

toyed with the waistband of the last remaining item of my clothing,

tortured by doubt. I had always kept my patch of pubic hair trimmed but

after last night, my vaginal lips were smooth, carefully shaved completely

bare and then waxed for good measure. It had been Sally's idea, yet again,

but after a number of stiff drinks I had finally agreed to let her loose

with the safety razor.

"It's all the rage." She had assured me. "No bush these days."

At the time it had seemed like a good idea. It had been a harrowing

experience but it had made my outer genitals deliciously sensitive, just

as she said it would. I slid my fingers under the front of the waistband

and touched myself. It sure felt different without public hair over my

mons. I shuddered as my fingers traced over my labia, imagining Peter

touching me there, once again.

"Come on slowcoach, now the rest! Quickly--Oops, I think I hear someone

coming." She gestured wildly. "Back in a minute!" She hissed.

I heard her run off and then loud footsteps as a group of people came

around the corner of the main building. She had left the window open so I

ducked behind a locker cabinet and stood still. The window was at their

knee level and their voices were clear as they walked past my only entry

point to the basement shower room. I realised that the people probably

couldn't see me anyway because the glass was heavily frosted but I was

terrified that someone might notice the open window and get down on the

ground to look inside. I began to realise exactly how vulnerable I was,

dressed in only tiny G string knickers. I looked around the darkened room.

No towels or shower curtains. Even the two toilet cubicles had no doors.

There were cobwebs everywhere and it seemed that the place hadn't been

cleaned recently. The air was strongly scented with male odours from the

urinal and I felt totally out of place.

"Poor bloody players!" I said softly. "What a hole."

I clutched at my naked breasts defensively and shivered at the very

thought of being left to myself in this dank alien environment.

"Hey, Pam!" An arm re-appeared at the window, hand opening and shutting.

"Give them to me now,---- quickly!"

In a trance I swiftly obeyed her. I removed my knickers and passed my last

wisp of material toward her grasping hand. I reached up on tip toe and the

G string was suddenly removed from my fingers. A shiver of fear coursed

though my body. I had actually gone through with it. In all my life I had

never felt so naked. Goosebumps were forming on my smooth vaginal lips to

match my breasts.

"There's not even a towel in here, you realise?" I complained.

I heard my friend chuckle.

"The players all keep their own towels in the main changing area." She

giggled. "That should be all that they'll be wearing, if anything, when

they come in after the match is over." She shrieked with mirth. "All those

hard young bodies and only one available young lady. Doesn't that make you

all wet? Mmmmm."

Her twisted sense of humour was infectious. False bravado overcame my

nervous tension at that point and I attempted to match her mood.

"Why don't you climb in too, then?" I paused, as I thought about the two

of us seducing the entire team. "I don't mind sharing them all with you."

I added, hoping she might be tempted to join me.

"Oops! Got to run. I hear another lot coming." She whispered. "Good luck,

Pamela darling."

The window closed, leaving a narrow gap and I heard her leave, her

footsteps fading quickly. Louder voices now replaced my friend's company

and I was alone in a locked shower room with only my aversion to the

chilly room and my mounting fears of discovery before Peter came in to

find me here. There was only one saving grace. Peter, my one time lover

and Sally's older brother, was due to open up and get the room ready for

the players to shower after the game. He had coached the young team and

taken them from obscurity to the A grade team that was playing today to a

packed grandstand of loyal fans. I heard another roar from the crowd

followed by loud chanting of the team's name. Another goal?

I had travelled to Sally's flat for the weekend party, hoping for a

re-union surprise for Peter at his birthday celebration, planned for

tomorrow. I hadn't seen him since we broke up, nearly a year ago.

As girls do, when they get together with a bit of liquid alcoholic

refreshment, we had jokingly come up with a plan to make his twenty-fifth

birthday one that he would always remember.

The footsteps stopped. I froze, then darted behind the fixed cabinet

again. I held my breath, shivering uncontrollably. An inexplicable

excitement made me tingle all over.

"Shit! That's dangerous!" An older voice exclaimed. "Someone's gone and

left this bloody window open."

My mouth went dry and I crouched down. I heard the slapping sound of wood

on wood, followed by a sinister metallic click.

"There, that'll fix it." The voice was muffled now. Someone might have--"

The voice faded as he walked off.

I looked up in horror. He had slammed the window shut and the catch was

now secure. It had dropped into place, far too high for me to reach. It

was like a comedy of errors, no chair or table, no clothing and I was

trapped.

The connecting door, I rapidly discovered, had no inside handle to even

let me into the locked changing room next door. At that point I had made

up my mind to try to find some of the team player's clothing and give up

on the alcohol induced plan that my oldest and dearest girlfriend and I

had devised. Even that was no longer possible. There was no light switch

to be seen, not that I wanted the light on, in my present state of dress.

The darker the better.

I was trapped by my own stupidity and reckless bravado, totally naked with

no earthly hope of covering my body in any way. I had thought of wrapping

myself in toilet tissue. Better than nothing I determined. I looked inside

the toilet cubicles hurriedly.

"Oh no! -- Only the type that comes out of a square box, one single damned

sheet at a time." I was now talking to myself again. I must have been

worried.

A massive cheer from the crowd outside reminded me that the game was still

in progress. I strained my ears against the adjoining door of the dressing

room. An eerie silence, once the crowd noise subsided. Peter had not

unlocked the door yet. What if he came in with all his players after the

game, instead of following his normal protocol? Worse, what if he had

merely given his key to someone else today? The possibilities tortured my

mind as I looked at the one single item of furniture in the room. A fixed

metal cabinet four feet to one side of the only window in the room with a

dusty full length mirror on the side of it. Yet another unnecessary

reminder of my stark nudity. I looked at myself even more critically. What

would Peter think of me, standing in the middle of a room like this

without a single stitch of clothing on?

I smoothed my tangled locks with my fingers and straightened my shoulders.

If only I had worn a bikini of some sort. My breasts were firm enough but

my nipples still looked puffy and were embarrassingly erect, even now.

With my familiar patch of hair gone, my pubic area looked less discrete to

me than it had before. My smooth vaginal lips did little to hide my

aroused state. My inner labia was engorged with blood, making my clitoris

clearly visible. I tried to see myself as I hoped that Peter would, as he

came through the door. I hoped that he wouldn't reject me, the way I saw

myself.

I went to the shower to see if that would calm my nerves and hide my

obvious arousal at the thought of surprising my former lover in this way.

I looked at the bank of open showers and picked the one furthest from the

door. I turned the tap intending to wait for the warm water to begin to

flow. A loud noise from the pipe work thumped through the wall. Anybody

around the dressing room now would be sure to know that there was someone

on the shower room and make their way inside to investigate the noise. I

had mixed feelings as I reached for an old, cracked cake of soap and began

to soap up my breasts. This did little to soften the hardness of my

nipples and I became even more worried by the nagging fear that whoever

opened the door might not be Peter. I turned the water to a hotter setting

and was soon enveloped by a hot vapour of steam.

"Who's in there!" A loud male voice challenged.

The door had suddenly opened and I quickly turned away to face the wall. I

was dumbstruck. The moment of truth had arrived and I was too scared to

speak. I knew the voice was getting much nearer and it didn't sound

anything like Peter at all. Quite aggressive in fact.

"I think you might be in the wrong shower room Miss." The voice was now

softer and appeared to be standing beside me. "How on earth did you get in

here anyway?"

My knees turned to jelly and I almost collapsed in fear. I forced my head

to turn around to face the man standing a few feet away. As I had dreaded,

it was not Peter but a much older man in a short white linen dust coat. He

was neatly dressed.

"Ooh! I'm sorry!" I bit my lower lip. My startled look was real. I pressed

my knees together and made the finest effort that I could in trying to

cover my breasts with my arms. I leaned forward.

"I didn't hear you come in. This isn't the ladies room, then? I asked

lamely. I could feel myself going bright red with embarrassment.

A wry grin creased his features as he examined my naked body.

"As you well know, I suspect!" He looked me over again, his eyes gleaming

with veiled triumph. "Where are all your clothes, young lady?" He was

enjoying my discomfort. "Lost them, have we?" He stood with his hands on

his hips. "Can't see any around here." His eyes circled around the empty

room.

"A girlfriend played a joke on me." I stammered "She told me-- she would

be back with my clothes---shortly." I looked at his face for some sign of

acceptance. He looked like a linesman or maybe a referee with walk-shorts

and long socks on. He might have even been the cleaner but I was sure that

I was in deep trouble, either way. The idea of my being in here seemed

even more ridiculous when I tried to think of a rational explanation.

There WAS none.

"You've got a lovely figure there lass." The man's features softened. "Is

this a dare of some sort?" He smiled disarmingly. "Come on, you can tell

old Harry." He urged. "I'm not a monster."

He was persuasive and I made up my mind to come clean and tell him

everything. He didn't seem like such a bad old guy.

"Are there any towels here?" I asked cautiously. "Just let me get dressed

in something first, will you?"

"I've already seen everything---almost." He grinned. "Just humour me will

you?" He paused. "I was young once myself, my darling"

He pointed toward the door. "Lets see what we can find you when we go back

out in the other room, shall we?" He beckoned.

I turned off the shower and facing away from the man, rubbed my hands over

my body to get rid of the excess water. It only served to remind me just

how naked I was at the moment. My worst fears had come true. Instead of an

intimate, loving reunion with Peter, I had been caught with nothing on by

a man, even older than my father. Worse still, I was more sexually excited

than ever. I was totally confused by my own aroused state. My body tingled

with sexual tension.

"Has the game finished yet?" I struggled to compose myself, now aware that

my voice was trembling. "I was expecting Peter Clemens to come in before

the game finished. He's my boyfriend, a coach and it's his birthday

tomorrow." I choked back a sob. "I got in through that window over there."

I turned and pointed with one hand, completely exposing my naked right

breast to the old man in the process.

"That's more like it." Harry eyed my body again. "I wish I was forty years

younger." He mused. "God! You're so lovely."

"Do you really think so?" I smiled, briefly forgetting to cover myself

again. My courage was returning. "He was supposed to be coming in here

before the game finished." I sighed. "That's why I'm really here."

"Alright love, I'll buy it this time, but what happened to your clothes?

Did you take them off to get through the window? I know it's pretty

narrow." Harry gave me a puzzled look.

"Shit no!" I gasped. "Peter's sister, my girlfriend was waiting outside

the window. I took them off and handed them to her. She was going to gift

wrap them up and give them to him just before the game finished. She was

supposed to tell him not to open it and tell him the other half of his

present was in the shower room." I gushed out rest of my story, more

relaxed in his presence. He seemed to be more understanding by now. I even

managed a sorrowful smile.

Harry smiled more easily as his face crinkled, giving way to simple

laughter. His stern expression had vanished when I told him how I wanted

to surprise my ex-boyfriend.

"I hoped to get back into a new relationship with him. Peter often called

me a prude, before now, and I wanted him to change his mind about me." I

looked at him appealingly.

"That's a pretty radical way to do it!" He chuckled.

"That's the absolute truth." I held up both the palms of my hands in a

gesture of genuine helplessness. We both laughed together. Harry's was

from listening to my improbable tale and mine was more from the relief of

finally telling the truth. He and I both suddenly realised that I was no

longer attempting to cover my nakedness. There was a moments silence as

Harry admired my body.

"Alright, where do we go from here?" I searched his face. "Are you still

mad at me?" I stood boldly in front of him while he took a good look at

me. "Now you can see everything." I said ambiguously.

His eyes roved over my body again.

"I wouldn't want to spoil your fun." He croaked, still smiling.

"But this isn't the lady's room." He paused. "Nor is it the player's

locker room next door any more." He laughed again. "Forgive me?" He

apologised, touching my arm.

My smile faded quickly. I was suddenly scared again.

"Why---I mean what is it now?" My mouth opened in horror.

"Three months ago, they got themselves a brand new facility on the other

side of the grandstand, on the second floor." Harry slowly explained as he

walked me toward the connecting door. "I take all the team photographs and

the club lets me use these older changing rooms for a darkroom and studio

in return. I hardly ever use the toilets in here anymore. You're just

damned lucky I happened to be working here today." He cackled. "You would

have had a bloody long wait for Peter Clemens otherwise, my sweet."

My eyes opened wide as I was guided into his far warmer studio rooms.

There was a heater and the room smelt of roses and lavender, so much

better than the other room. All manner of expensive photographic gear was

set up in the newly refurbished area.

"That's why I took the inside handle off this door, my dear."

He laughed. "The town is full of bloody burglars." He stopped to slam the

security bolts back into place. "That usually keeps them out."

He looked me over again. "What say you do a little modelling for me,

honey? You're dressed just right for it at the moment." He urged.

My face reddened with embarrassment as he sat me on a chair, staring at my

smooth vaginal lips. I pressed my knees together as soon as I realised

what he was looking at. How embarrassing.

"Just lovely." Harry muttered. "I'll see if I have a small dry towel

around here so I can wipe you dry, my darling."

He turned away to look for a towel.

"I've never done any modelling before but I'll be glad to pose for you,

Harry" I wavered in a small voice. "I suppose all you men enjoy taking

nude pictures?" I could feel myself becoming all pre-orgasmic and wet

again. "Do you ever do any outdoor work?" I prompted him. I had an idea

that sounded like it might have been thought of by my uninhibited friend,

Sally. Subconsciously I opened my legs just a little more and discretely

tweaked my nipples. I was feeling cheeky and more daring again.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 2

by Barbara Â©

I hear a load roar from the crowd as Harry wandered back toward me with

just a tiny hand towel in his hand and a big smile for me.

"All I could find, I'm afraid." He waved the towel at me.

"When does the match finish today, Harry?" I lowered my eyes. "I hope you

don't mind me calling you that." I bit my lower lip.

"That's alright baby. That's my name. Still about another half hour or so

to go, by my reckoning." He answered. "What are we going to do about those

clothes of yours?" He mused. "I got no spare clothing here, I'm afraid."

He handed over the small towel. "Still determined to go through with your

original plan, are you?" Harry expressed his surprise.

"If I could?" I looked up as I dried myself off. "Oh!--You must think I'm

really rude--I'm Pamela." I shook his hand. "Any ideas?"

"Well, now that we're friends and you are going to model for me?" He

looked inquiringly.

"Well, I can't see the harm in it." I nodded anxiously. "After all you're

right, you've seen it all before." I blushed.

"Nature shots, outdoors in the open?" He prompted.

I quickly nodded my head.

"Let's see what I can do for you then." He looked at me with a weary

expression. "Now, I know how to get you into the dressing room, that's not

too much problem." He acknowledged. "But, how are we going to get you over

there?" He mused with a twinkle in his piercing blue eyes. "I don't

suppose you want to go running over there without your clothes on?" He

grinned. "Too many people around for that, today, I would think." He

looked me over again. "Pity though." He scratched his chin. "It's such a

shame to cover that beautiful young body of yours. It's a real treat!"

The thought of going naked was oddly tempting but of course, sanity ruled.

I was still far from ready to be quite that bold, even though I was

currently standing in front of a complete stranger without a stitch of

clothing on. That was strangely thrilling enough, for now.

"What about your old dustcoat?" I suggested eagerly.

"Comes with a price." Harry warned. "You can work it off with a couple of

modelling assignments for me, though?"

I looked at him, scanning his face for any sign that he might be just

joking. I saw none. I blushed and turned my eyes from his.

"Alright then." I whispered softly. "Anything you like."

"That's my girl Pamela." His face broke out in a broad smile. "I'll even

tell your boyfriend to make sure he gets in there before all the others if

he's not there.--Deal?" He held out his hand.

"Deal!" I agreed, shaking his hand with a relieved smile.

The coat barely covered my pubic region and I was almost sure that it

would be obvious that I had nothing on under it because there were at

least two acid holes around the waist area that clearly showed bare flesh

beneath. I twirled around in front of Harry's large full length studio

mirror. In normal circumstances there would be no way that I would even

consider venturing outside, dressed this way.

"Are there many people likely to be inside the stadium complex, with the

game still going at the moment?" I prompted Harry.

"Afraid so, Honey." Harry replied. "You still look great to me though.

Just walk slowly behind me and you should be alright." He urged. "It's got

to be better than going all the way over there in the nude, surely?" He

cackled at his own analysis of my fears.

"Oh well, lets go then." I agreed, still trembling at the very thought of

being seen like this. "Are you really sure you can get me into the

dressing room? I know they keep it locked during the game."

"Trust me!" Harry walked to the door. "I won't let you down."

I had little choice. Holding the bottom of the coat down, I followed him

out of the door, locking it behind us. I was terrified, but now determined

to see it through.

On the way to the new dressing room, in one of the most well crowded

areas, I had been dismayed to hear a small boys voice as I passed his

mother. I don't think I could ever forget his shrill words. I could have

just killed the little squirt.

"Look Mummy! That lady has no clothes on, under that coat."

I had quickly held my coat down, nearly ripping the worn shoulder

stitching in the process, conscious of eyes turning in my direction. I

remember running as fast as I could to catch up with Harry. When we

arrived at the room, Harry fumbled about in his shorts pockets for what

seemed like ages. First one then the other.

"Come on Harry!--- Someone else might come along soon."

"Ah! I thought I might have left this behind." He held up a key with his

hand. "Let's hope it works on this lock too." He grinned as he tried it in

the lock. "Yes!" He announced. "Got it!"

The door opened at last.

"I hoped that my master key would fit that lock too." He smiled at me.

"Had you worried though, didn't I?" He cackled, jovially.

He quickly ushered me into the well lit changing rooms and pointed to

where the new shower room was. The aroma was far more pleasant and

welcoming. Faint traces of male cologne amidst sweaty clothing that lay on

the wooden benches assured me that we were in the right room at last. I

picked my way through the casually discarded clothing and shoes, opening

the door at the end of the room.

"Wow!" I turned to Harry. "This is brilliant!" I enthused.

A shining row of shower heads on one wall and a row of new mirrored

shaving cabinets on the adjacent wall, above marbled hand basins with

gleaming taps greeted our eyes. A far cry from the dingy room where I had

reluctantly stripped and handed my clothing out that high narrow window.

There were even doors on the toilet cubicles this time and definitely no

cobwebs to be seen. I gave a huge sigh of relief as I looked around the

empty shower room.

"Thank God we're not too late!" I breathed.

"Now, don't forget, here's my card." He said with a twinkle in his eyes as

he motioned for me to give back his coat. "Good luck, my little beauty."

The card had his phone numbers, at home and at work, printed on it. I put

it on a windowsill, quickly removed his coat and boldly turned my naked

body back toward him, no longer attempting to hide my mounting sexual

excitement. My nipples were still fully erect and I was well aware of a

growing wetness between my legs. His eyes opened wide as I opened my arms

up fully to give him a hug.

"I'll ring you tomorrow" I promised him, with a light kiss on his

weathered cheek. "Thank you so much,--- for everything."

I smiled as I heard his parting words as he turned away.

"That silly young Buck doesn't deserve a gorgeous young lady like you,

Pamela. Oh, to be young again!"

He shook his head in disbelief as he left me to it.

I got under the showers in the team's dressing room. My heart leapt when I

realised that, in spite of that most embarrassing incident on the way

here, I was now confident of achieving my goals in the way that Sally and

I had planned. It wasn't her fault that she didn't know that the team had

a new dressing room. After my tormenting trip to the new dressing room I

was now a lot more confident about my body than I had ever been before.

Harry's generously articulated and often expressed complements had

achieved a most beneficial change in my old attitudes about my own

desirability today. Turning on the showers I was surprised by the strength

of the water jets as they stimulated my hardened nipples. I reached for

one of the many cakes of brand new soap on the shelf, realizing that it

wouldn't be long before I came face to face with my beloved Peter. I began

to soap up again, as the steam surrounded me. I watched the door as I

caressed my pubic area with the soap, now fully aware of the extent of my

arousal. Fantasy was taking over when I closed my eyes and I slid the soap

between my engorged vaginal lips and it touched my clit briefly. I

shuddered with a wave of orgasmic pleasure and my knees went weak.

Marvelling at my newly acquired bravery, I began to realise just how

turned on I had become, in showing myself off to Harry in that way. I had

never experienced such pleasant remarks about my nude body before now. The

old charmer had even convinced me to pose naked for him. The strangest

part about it was that I had now found myself actually looking forward to

it. He had admitted that he loved to pose his nude models in outdoor,

presumably publicly accessible, locations. Peter had often asked me to do

the same thing and I had always refused him firmly. Now, I had willingly

agreed to do it for a complete stranger.

I had loved the way that Harry had looked at me, with naked approval

written in his eyes. I heard the door open and turned my head away.

"Please, let it be Peter this time." I muttered to myself.

"What the Hell! ----Jeez--- Pam--is that you?"

No mistaking my ex boyfriend's voice this time. I turned to face him.

"Happy Birthday darling." I opened up my arms and walked toward him.

"Fancy meeting you again." I chuckled at the shocked look on his face.

"How about a big birthday hug?" I threw my arms around him.

He dropped the gaily wrapped parcel on the floor and returned my warm

embrace, running his fingers over my wet and eager body. A charge ran

though my spine as his rough hands caressed my naked bottom.

"How long have we got before all the others come in?" I gasped as we

unlocked our lips from the first, passionate kiss.

"How did you get in here, my love?" He breathed. "I thought I had the only

key." He looked puzzled.

I led him over to the window ledge and reached for Harry's card.

"I bribed your new resident photographer in your old changing rooms." I

laughed excitedly. "It's going to cost me though."

He slipped it into his pocket before he took off his jacket.

"We only have a few minutes before the others come in." He warned, as he

unbuttoned his shirt. "I'm game if you are?" He unbuckled his belt with a

smile, his appreciative eyes travelling all over my body.

I helped him off with his shorts, happy to see the familiar bulge in his

underpants, once again. I pulled them down, dropping to my knees on the

cold floor.

"Where did you put your clothes, Pam?" He asked excitedly, as he stepped

out of his underwear. "I'd better bring them in and lock the door for you,

I suppose?"

"No need, darling. You brought them in with you." I considered my next

words for a second. "The door is up to you, my darling."

I wrapped my lips around his straining member and flicked my tongue on the

smooth underside of his penis.

"You mean?---How did you--oh--oh--just a minute!" He gripped my shoulders.

"That gift parcel---your clothing?"

I looked up at him with a happy smile, my lips sticky and wet.

"It's a long story." I was undecided. "I'll tell you all about it later,

darling. Just enjoy your main birthday present, my love. Lets just say

that I've learned to be a little bit bolder than I used to be. Can't you

tell?" I giggled.

"How bold?" His eyes gleamed, his intentions clear.

I gazed into his eyes and nodded. He reached down and picked up the

parcel.

"Over here then." He beckoned me into a toilet cubicle and sat on the

bowl, putting the parcel on the cistern. "These boys don't normally hang

around too long after the match." He explained. "Still game?"

"Sure am!" I gave him a cheeky smile. "If only they knew?"

My experience with Harry had made me realise that there was fun to be had

from exposing my body to others. I didn't mind so much any more, even if

the young lads caught us at it. I edged around the door and swiftly

snipped the lock and giggled softly. Poised over his raging erection, I

lowered myself onto him. I closed my eyes and sighed. The heat of his

member warmed the inner walls of my vagina as I swallowed his entire

length. It felt so wonderful to have him inside me again. I relaxed as we

heard voices and we briefly stopped moving. Many was the time when Peter

had dared me to have sex with him in a semi-public place in the past, but

I had given him a similar response to the one I had to his request for

nude photos. After today, I had vowed to change all that. We heard the

showers running and excited voices, charged with the emotion of victory,

as his team came in to shower afterward. I clenched my vaginal muscles

around his turgid shaft to keep him hard even though I could feel the

tension of his excitement through his hands on my body. It was exciting to

know that we could be caught at any moment, in a most embarrassing

position.

Peter caressed me gently as we began to move sensuously again until I felt

his body stiffen in ecstasy. A warm flood of love fluid rushed though my

body as I orgasmed with him. Biting my lower lip to stop myself from

making a noise, I turned and kissed him.

"It's been too long." I whispered. "I do love you!"

The lads were in full cry now, laughing and joking among themselves as the

talked about the beating they had given the other team. It was obvious

that they were in high spirits.

"Hey look! Peter's left his clothes on the floor over there."

"Where the Fuck is he then?"

"He's not in the changing room, either." A third voice called.

My blood ran cold as Peter unlocked his lips from mine. I lifted my feet

off the floor.

"I'm in the bog, you silly buggers." He roared. "Can't a man get a bit of

peace anywhere?"

"Sorry coach!" A young voice answered. "It's Just that we wanted to see

you before we get going. Take your time. We'll wait!"

"I'll see you guys at practise tomorrow. Carry on!" Peter smiled at me.

"We might have time for an encore." He whispered.

"Nah! We'll wait! -----We were given something for you." The young player

replied. "We want to see you." He countered.

"I might be a while!" Peter shouted. "Can't it wait?"

He seemed to realize that he had no choice. He looked at me.

"Sorry, my love." He whispered. "I'd better see them on their way.-----

Shit!" He cursed.

Peter held my legs and stood up. His flaccid penis slipped out of me and

he tried to turn in the confined space. His sperm oozed down my leg as he

tried to balance my feet on the toilet bowl.

"Keep your head down!" He whispered. "I'll see them on their way.------

Wait for me?"

It wasn't as though I had a lot of choice in the matter. I crouched there

while Peter did his best to remove the evidence of our hasty lovemaking.

He wiped himself on toilet tissue and kissed me.

"Lock the door behind me." He whispered.

He edged himself out the door and closed it behind him.

After reaching over and snipping the lock, I sat there, crouched over the

toilet bowl. I heard the boys and Peter all talking together and

backslapping and excited babble as they gave him the news that they had

won a place in the finals or some such thing. I was glowing with the

excitement of crouching above a toilet bowl, stark naked, trying to be as

quiet as possible and cleaning myself up at the same time. It was like

being in the same room, with a dozen or so members of the opposite sex.

There was only one way to describe my feelings at the time. Totally

exhilarated. I began to realise that I had never been so excited about

anything in my life before. My heart was thumping with joy. I was

deliriously happy that Peter had accepted me back into his life so readily

after our months apart. Of course, Sally had told me that Peter had often

mentioned how much he missed me and I knew that he had no other love

interest since we parted.

I had taken a job on a dairy farm a hundred miles away, but Sally had kept

in touch by letter and phone. We both had far too much pride to confess

that either of us were wrong to part, over what now appeared to be

differing moral inhibitions. I had made the first step, albeit

unwillingly, to change into the type of lady that would make him happy.

Then, the worst possible thing happened. To put it crudely I farted.

I listened to the noise on the other side of the door. It had gone silent.

I blushed at the thought that someone must have heard me and I peeked over

the door. They were all looking at the cubicle.

"Hey coach! You got someone in there!" A loud voice rang out.

There was a buzz of excitement as Peter tried to make them believe

differently.

A chant began and grew with the exuberance of youth.

"Shirt-lifter!" They accused, laughing at their own suspicions.

Poor Peter. There was only one thing for it as the chant grew. I grew red

in the face with anger and embarrassment. I stood to full height on the

toilet bowl and yelled at them. I realised that they would see my breasts,

more than likely, but I no longer cared.

"Do I look like a little boy to any of you lot!" I roared at them. "You

ungrateful little shits!"

There was a stunned silence in the room. I sat on the toilet and allowed

my feet back on the ground. I sat there, red faced still, and wondered how

I managed to get the courage to show myself to all those teenaged boys. It

was quite humorous really. Hands had flown to cover their private parts,

once they realised that Peter had a young lady in the toilet with him.

Most of them had been totally naked. I heard a lot of mumbled apologies as

the boys tried to sooth Peter's ruffled feelings before I heard his voice

rise, once again.

"It's my birthday tomorrow, THAT'S WHY!"

Further mumblings could be heard before Peter's voice was heard clearly

above the others again.

"I'll have you know that you're talking about my future WIFE." he roared

above the rest. "Now hurry up and finish your showers and get the Hell out

of here!" There was a stunned silence. "I'll see you all at practise

tomorrow. Meanwhile, think about all the extra laps of the football field

that some of you might find yourselves doing."

"Yes, coach!"

"Sorry, coach!"

I tried to stifle a giggle from where I sat, naked on the toilet. The only

thing that mattered to me were Peter's angry words as he loudly admonished

his players. I knew that our relationship was going to be secure from now on.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 3

by Barbara Â©

Chapter 3: A Change In Attitudes

Peter was the perfect gentleman as he ushered me into his car to take me

home, after the game, or more correctly, the sexual games that we played

in the dressing rooms, showers, gym and even the injury room after the all

the players left. I didn't ever remember Peter as being so virile or quite

so rampant in his demands. I eased my naked bottom onto the car seat and

sighed as he casually flung the gift wrapped parcel containing my clothing

into the back seat. He paused and then threw his own clothing in afterward

and closed my door. I blew him a kiss.

"I love you, darling." I mouthed silently.

\* \* \* \* \*

Once the boys left, and we showered together, Peter cheekily put the

parcel containing my clothing into his locker.

"But, that's got all my clothes in it." I weakly protested.

"You may not need them for a while." Peter grinned, reaching in for the

team's medicine chest. He grabbed a tube of KY jelly from it as I watched.

"All those young idiots, talking about me playing with little boys, gave

me some ideas." He explained obliquely. "Are you still game?" He smiled

wickedly at me, patting my bottom playfully.

I realised what he had in mind, but here---in the dressing room? I thought

quickly and made up my mind. After all, it was his birthday tomorrow and I

was still thoroughly turned on after showing myself to all those young

lads from the waist up. I nodded dumbly.

"As long as you are gentle with me?" I agreed, hesitantly. "But where---"

"Just come with me, sweetheart." He interrupted. "I haven't shown you

around all our facilities here yet. You'll see!" His eyes gleamed with

adoration. "I love the new Pamela." He gazed at my nude body in a tender

way. "You've certainly changed." He complemented as he took my hand and

led me off toward the dressing room door. That made me happier. At least

he was going to lock it, I thought.

Peter was a fine specimen of a man, firm, athletic and tanned all over,

just like his sister. He hadn't bothered to put his clothing back on after

our shower. He just put them away neatly in his locker at the same time as

my gift wrapped clothing. The only thing he kept with him was a bunch of

keys that he had in his hand and his tube of lubricant gel. His penis was

still a bit larger than usual, but not erect. I had never allowed him to

put it inside my bottom before. I tingled with anticipation. Would it

hurt? Would I get the same warm satisfaction that I did when he made love

to me the usual way? I have to admit that I was nervous, yet I was

strangely curious at the same time. I still felt vulnerable, without my

clothes on, but I was now with my intended husband. It gave me a strength

of pride that was missing when Harry first discovered me in that smelly

old shower room. He opened the door into the corridor and leaned out to

look both ways.

"Come on, sweetheart. There's no-one around at the moment."

The stark realisation that we were going back outside the dressing room,

into the public arena, so soon after the players had all left, totally

naked, hit me like a sledgehammer.

"Out there?" I gasped, automatically pulling back at his hand.

"There shouldn't be anybody around still." He urged. "Perhaps just a

cleaner or two, sweetheart. Come on! Don't muck around or--- maybe we

really will get caught?" He was grinning devilishly.

I scampered behind him, defensively clutching my breasts with my free left

arm. My stiff nipples made me aware of a tense sexual excitement running

through my body that I was just beginning to understand. I felt the same

charge that I had, when walking and running all the way through the busy

complex earlier on, with all those people around, in Harry's short

dustcoat that barely covered my bottom. I remembered the little boys

shrill voice.

"Look Mummy! That lady's got no clothes on---"

The electricity that ran though me then, as I ran to catch up with Harry,

was the same as I was feeling now. This time I didn't even have Harry's

coat on, to partly disguise my sexual excitement. Now, I was totally naked

again. My imagination ran riot as Peter walked me along the corridor.

Every sound brought chilling new awareness of my vulnerable state of

undress. My head was constantly turning left to right as I sought further

reassurance that no-one was watching us.

Finally, Peter stopped outside a door and fumbled with his keys, dropping

the tube of lubricant on the floor in the process.

I let go my breasts and swiftly retrieved it, breathing fast, with my

heart thumping.

"I've got it, darling. Please hurry!"

Peter turned and smiled at me.

"Exciting, isn't it?" He breathed as he turned the key in the lock,

admiring my trembling naked body again. "Fun, eh!"

"Just let us in." I pleaded. "Please hurry!" I raised my voice.

I breathed a sigh of relief as the door opened wide and I scampered

through it as quickly as I knew how. My eyes opened wide.

"Jeez Peter! All this for your players?" My eyes took in the luxurious

gymnasium. Every type of equipment for toning and building the young

player's bodies was neatly laid out for their use. Cycling machine,

weights, exercise gear and even a rowing machine. All brand new. A young

athlete's dream come true. "How did you manage to---"

"That's not all!" Peter announced. "Look in the other rooms."

He locked the door and drew his keys out. "Open the other doors, my love.

Go ahead."

In a daze I walked around the new complex, no longer bothered by my

nudity, opening doors and looking inside. Sauna room, sun room with a

tanning bed, massage room with a small en suite toilet and a shower stall.

I went to open the last door and Peter spoke.

"This is the room we want." Peter called me over and opened the door. Laid

out before my eyes was the injury room. Peter pointed to the bed. "There's

room for both of us." He said, with a hint of pride in his voice. "What do

you think?" He beamed, his penis growing and rising again.

"Oh yes!" I hugged him, throwing the lubricant on the bed. "This is

brilliant, darling.

Peter masterfully manoeuvred me over to the bed. I didn't attempt to

resist as he guided me onto the bed, face down, and grabbed for the gel.

Even though I had a good idea of what was about to happen I opened up my

legs, to give him access to my virgin bottom and allow him to caress my

vagina again. I half hoped to change his mind.

"You're so smooth down there." He enthused as he traced his fingers

lightly over my vulva. "No need for lubrication there, my darling."

I blushed, knowing how wet I was down there. Then, he moved his hand

further back and parted the cheeks of my bottom.

"I've always wanted to try this." He reached for the gel and opened the

tube. "Let me know if I hurt you?"

I nodded my head with a resigned expression.

"Please be gentle though, won't you?"

I had mixed emotions as his fingers probed around my bottom, keenly

massaging the area around my tight little rosebud. I had joked with other

girls about Peter's earlier attempts to make love to me this way. Some of

the older, more experienced girls had done it before. Some had hated it

and others seemed to enjoy it. It was a matter of personal taste but they

all seemed to agree about one thing. They knew that it made their men a

lot more horny while they were doing it to them. The trade-off seemed to

be that they believed that it made their men more considerate and loving

than ever. One girl told me that she played with herself and actually

achieved orgasm while her boyfriend was doing it to her. I remembered her

words to me.

"Just relax your muscles and don't try to fight it, Pam. I actually enjoy

it so much now that I often ask for it."

I had thought her quite crazy, at the time, but there was no denying that

her boyfriend never strayed from her side. He loved her to bits.

I winced as Peter's finger pushed inside me and I did my very best to

relax my sphincter muscles. I merely let out a low moan as he slowly

massaged my bottom, from the inside. I was beginning to get used to this

tender and loving intrusion into my bowels. My tenseness seemed to

diminish.

"That's it darling. We're nearly there." Peter's voice sounded excited, as

he dipped in two fingers this time. "Just try to relax, my sweet lady. Are

you alright with this?"

In an enraptured trance, I quickly nodded my head, smiling now.

"It feels a bit strange at first, but go ahead." I agreed.

This time, when I felt his slimy fingers press inward, I relaxed fully and

let my deepest sexual fantasies take over my thoughts.

I closed my eyes and imagined that suddenly I was in a strange dark room,

tied and gagged, helpless to prevent an unknown assailant from using my

body for his own gratification. When I expanded this theme I imagined a

group of young men, lined up behind the first assailant, ready to take

their pleasure with me after the first man had finished using me. As

Peter's fingers both moved past my sphincter muscles, I subconsciously

pressed my bottom back toward him to take in all of my assailant's

enormous member.

"That's it darling!" Peter breathed excitedly, disturbing my erotic

fantasy. "Think I should try it now?" He sounded uncertain.

"Don't talk about it, my love. Just do it!" I moaned.

I reverted to my fantasy world, now fully aware that I was ready to be

penetrated by his beautiful love tool. Back in the strange dark room, I

struggled with my bonds, aware of invasion by my assailant's hot turgid

flesh, throbbing as he penetrated the unknown depths of my unwilling

bowels. I became aware of moving with my assailant, now desperate to make

him climax and get my torture over with. I imagined all those fine young

players, that I had viewed over the toilet door, waiting for the first man

to finish with me. Their healthy young penile members were straining with

blood and they were fighting over who might be next. They were all

impatient and crowding around me. I began to grind my hips against my

attacker, now looking forward to the next young man standing in line. His

turgid member appeared to be even larger than the current man's, that was

now almost ready to fill me with his love seed. How many young men were

waiting for him to finish with me? Ten or twelve? I got more excited.

"Yes darling! Deeper! Fill me up! Don't stop now!" I blushed as I realised

just how much I was enjoying the attentions of my lover. I was back in the

real world and I was moving in time with Peter. I had asked him not to

speak, but here I was, shouting my encouragement for him to continue this

erotic form of lovemaking. I couldn't believe how brazen I had become.

"It's so good! Please don't take it out?" I continued, unable to stop

myself from speaking my mind to Peter.

There was a rush of warmth, deep inside my bowels, as Peter collapsed on

top of me, gasping for breath. He had ejaculated every bit of his love

seed inside my colon. He hugged me and kissed the back of my neck.

"You were absolutely magnificent, darling." He turned my face to his.

"You'll have to tell me all about the time that we were apart from each

other." He looked at me earnestly. "You don't have to, of course, but I

would love to know what, or who, it was that changed your attitudes to sex

so much."

Between lovemaking in every position I knew, as well as a number that were

new to me, I told him all about my lonely miserable existence, since we

parted company. I then confirmed that there had been nobody else but him,

since then. I explained the drunken party at Sally's place and how my

stupid agreement to go along with his sister Sally's plan, to get us back

together, had badly misfired and the way in which I had reluctantly parted

with all my clothing.

"Sally made me give her all my gear. She didn't even let me keep my G

string knickers on. She made me take them off." I sobbed.

"Good girl!" He commented. "I owe her one."

This led to my encounter with Harry.

"I was so shocked to be found in that smelly old shower room, with no

possibility of hiding my naked body from his view at all." I shivered, but

gave him a faithful account of that meeting, leaving nothing out. I even

told Peter about the state of my sexual arousal at the time. "He was

really nice about it, Peter. He showered me with all sorts of complements

about my body." I smiled shyly. "He seemed to like the fact that I was

totally shaved down there." I giggled, opening my legs. "He just stared at

my pussy." I blushed.

"I love it too, baby. Come to Daddy?" He flicked his tongue and went down

on me again.

Between bouts of uninhibited sexual abandon I told him about my deal with

Harry and how I had finally arrived in the right dressing room. I giggled

as I told him about the small boy's discovery that I was naked beneath the

short dustcoat that I was 'almost' wearing. Peter laughed when I told him

about his loud exclamation to his mother.

"I wished that the ground had opened beneath me and swallowed me up." I

said tearfully, trying to smile about it now. "I just held my coat down

and ran. They were all looking at me." I explained.

"Well!" Peter laughed. "I'm really glad you had the nerve to do it for me.

I was really miserable, without you, as well." He paused. "That brings me

to another point." He looked at me seriously. "What did you think of anal

sex--- truthfully now! -----I don't want to think that I'm forcing you to

go along with it, just to make me happy."

My face coloured up. I realised that no relationship could ever be based

on flattery or lies. I was totally confused myself. There was no denying

that once my initial fears had passed, I had actually enjoyed fantasising

about being used, in that way. All throughout my life, everybody,

particularly my parents, had told me that it was unnatural and abhorrent

but I had to admit that I had climaxed at the same time that Peter did. I

had enjoyed my orgasm enormously.

I thought about how wonderful I felt, knowing that my attitudes to nudity

and sexual adventure had changed. I mused about my future, as Peter's

wife. Lastly, I thought about the large number of people that I knew that

had openly admitted that they had tried it before. I made up my mind and

looked up at him, coyly.

"Did you enjoy it, my darling?" I smiled at him. "I think I might have?" I

prodded him further. "Could we try it again sometime. ---Just to be

certain?" I smiled at him, lowering my eyelids.

Peter laughed as he picked me up in his arms.

"Pamela, of course we can." He kissed me with renewed passion. "How about

right away?" He headed back into the injury room, carrying me tenderly.

This time he laid me facing toward him, placing my legs over his broad

shoulders. There was no doubt about what caused this choice of entry.

"I want to see your beautiful face this time."

As we lay on the bed afterward, his spent member receding in my used

bottom, he told me for the hundredth time, how much he loved me.

"Keep it inside me, darling." I begged. "I think I've decided."

"Really?" He hugged me tightly, his face smiling inquisitively.

"I wondered if I should tell you, or not?" I kept him waiting.

I thought about my latest fantasy dream and made up my mind.

"You know what brought about our last fight?" I began. "You called me a

prude for not wanting to wear it for you.

"Something about that daring little swimsuit that I bought for you?" Peter

replied, suddenly serious again. "I'm sorry. I promise not---"

I interrupted him and put my fingers to his lips.

"Wait!" I gathered my courage. "I was wrong, my love. The real answer to

your question is YES!" I looked into his puzzled eyes. "Yes, I will marry

you! Yes, I did enjoy our--ahem--anal sex together and yes, I will go

shopping on Monday for a new wardrobe to make you proud of me. ---Wait!" I

pressed my fingers harder against his mouth, realising that he wanted to

speak. "I have to ask you this first."

He nodded his head, excited enough by my answers so far.

"Is it all right with you---if---if I keep my word and pose for Harry with

nothing on. Fully nude?" I gushed. I released my fingers, blushing like a

schoolgirl. I couldn't believe that I was so keen to repay Harry by posing

for him, in what I was now sure would be a very public, challenging

situation. It made me tingle with such delicious anticipation. I had

fantasised about the sort of photos that Harry might like. Spread wide and

completely open.

I didn't need to hear Peter's answer. I felt a stirring in his loins as he

kissed me. His member throbbed and twitched, deep inside my colon. He

looked at me, with such obvious love and respect shining in his eyes.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" He was excited. "Anything you like."

He was unable to rise to the occasion, so soon, but he certainly did his

best. I was almost sorry that he had failed, but I was sore.

We lay there and talked frankly about our fantasies and dreams. I was

totally honest with him, the first time I had been so honest about my

personal sexual feelings with anybody, male or female. He loved my new,

shaven look so much that I readily agreed to have my pubic hair

permanently removed. I even admitted to the thrill that I got from

standing on the toilet bowl and revealing my naked breasts to all his

young players.

"I was so bloody angry that I wasn't really thinking about it too clearly

at the time." I explained. "But I enjoyed it."

"I was proud of you." Peter said. "I was just going to let them think what

they liked. I didn't want to lose you again." He explained with a grin.

"Those little swine's dirty thoughts didn't bother me!"

"What made you tell them about your marriage plans?"

"Oh that!" He coloured up. "The little bastards were telling me what great

tits you have." He gave them a gentle squeeze, thrilling me. "I certainly

didn't need them, to tell me that." He kissed my erect nipples. "They

taste so good, my love."

We had a sauna, followed by a cold shower.

"It's getting late now." Peter announced. "Are you coming home to bed with

me, tonight?"

"Naturally sir." I grinned. "Just like I am?" I opened my arms.

"Now that you mention it." He appeared to be thinking. "Would you let me

dress you now?

I nodded my head eagerly.

"Anything I choose?" He began to grin.

"I suppose--Yes!" I decided. You're not really going to take me home like

this?" I looked down at my nude body. My telltale nipples were hardening

again. I blushed. I felt another tingle of desire.

"I think I might have a couple of dustcoats round here." He grinned. "We

can always pick up your clothing tomorrow, along with mine." He paused

meaningfully. "Are you still game?"

I nodded my head enthusiastically. My body was sore, particularly in one

place. I wasn't really looking forward to wearing my G string or even my

tight jeans. The dustcoat sounded great to me.

We tried on two dustcoats. Mine was only slightly longer than Harry's one

but Peter's was really a bit too short for him. His penis was showing when

he walked.

"Oh darn it" Peter snapped his fingers. "I have to go back to the dressing

room. My car keys are still in my pockets."

"Not chickening out are we?" I laughed at his dilemma.

He looked hurt that I might think that of him. Peter was not exactly shy

about his body parts. He was even more daring than Sally.

"No! I was frightened that you might change your mind as soon as I opened

up my locker." He explained quickly.

"You just leave your gift wrapped up. My present to you. You can open it

up on your birthday in the morning and--- you can decide what I wear from

now on." I said solemnly. "No more silly fights about clothing!"

To emphasise my point, I waited outside the locker room for him, in only

the short dustcoat that he gave me, a reminder of my permanent change of

attitude. I walked ahead of him, knowing that he could see the object of

his desire swaying gracefully just a few feet ahead of him. I fantasised

about the day that I would have the courage to let myself in the locker

room, without telling him to make sure that he came in early, and

definitely without wearing anything but a smile and perhaps some perfume.

Peter started the car, looked over at me once again and started to drive

away from the deserted car-park. I undid the three buttons and slipped the

dustcoat off my shoulders. His penis was already at half-mast, as they

say. His member twitched and rose to meet my lips.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 4

by Barbara Â©

It was Peters birthday today. I looked at his sleeping form on the bed.

The parcel containing my clothing was still unopened and my tiny dustcoat

lay on top of it. Naturally, now, I was still naked. I loved the feel of

being nude, more now than ever. I decided to stay that way while I

showered, then made breakfast for both of us.

Sally's advice had worked in every way. I had my beloved Peter back in my

life and I had finally conquered my silly fears about exposing my body.

Her other, more intimate, change to me had made me far more sensitive in

the area of my vulva by removing all of my pubic hair. My vaginal lips

were far more aware of the slightest touch. As I stepped under the shower

this became even more apparent. I felt far more sexual and sensuous than

before. Soaping myself up, I spent more time than usual in this area and

marvelled as my lips became swollen with a need for attention. My clitoris

became erect and I was soon moaning with desire for an orgasm. What had

she done to me?

I had changed my entire outlook on life in less than 24hrs.

I was drying myself when the phone rang and I raced out to answer it,

dropping my towel and running.

"Is that you Pam?" A female voice replied to my greeting.

"It worked, Sally!---Peter's still asleep at the moment."

I told her all about our mistake and the steps that had to be taken in

order to remedy our error. I told her about the agreement that I had been

forced into making with Harry, the photographer.

"He wanted to take nude photos of me." I breathed excitedly. "I had to say

yes, to get him to let me in to the new dressing room."

"Oh God! You must be furious with me."

"Not really, darling.-----Peter did ask me to marry him, after all that."

I smiled. "It was worth all the trouble." I giggled.

I told her almost everything about our first meeting and his guided tour

of the new facilities after the young players had left.

Sally was excited for me and offered to bring my bags over later on.

"Why didn't you call in on the way home?" She asked

"We didn't get home till much later on that evening." I raved. "Thank you

for all your help. I'll see you later on, I guess. He loved his present,

by the way. Thank you again."

I was thrilled as we terminated the call. I had been speaking to my new

sister-in-law to be. I went into the kitchen and opened the frig.

It was full of goodies for the party later on, reminding me that Peter was

holding it at his,---- no!--- our place later on. I was so excited that it

slipped my mind. I was moving back in.

I turned on the jug and explored my home. Everything was just as I had

left it. I had lived with Peter, before we broke up, and I missed the

house almost as much as I had missed my beloved. There were still pictures

of us around the living room and there was one of myself and Peter

standing near the pool outside. I was wearing my favourite blue bikini. It

was generously cut, my bikini, but Peter had bought this skimpy 'Wicked

Weasel' number that I refused to wear, even in private with just the two

of us. This had led to our break up. It was the only item of clothing that

I had left behind when I packed my bags.

The sun was shining out by the pool and there were tables set up, in

readiness for the party tonight. It was private enough and there were no

neighbours that could overlook our private area. Peter always used to

sunbathe nude and Sally very rarely wore a swimsuit when she came over to

visit. I had always been the odd one out. That would change from now on! I

had made up my mind.

Standing by the ranch-slider, my body was bathed in sunlight and it made

me aware of my nudity, yet again. My skin was so sensitive now.

My nipples had grown and hardened when I ventured outside. The breeze

caressed my naked genitals and I shivered, not with cold or even with

fear. I was just more aware of my own sexuality now, a great feeling of

liberation and contentment. I left the door open and went back inside to

make breakfast for two.

We sat down together, both naked still, for breakfast.

"Did I leave that door open?" Peter pointed.

"No darling, I did. I went outside earlier." I smiled.

"In the nude!" A surprised look. "I still can't believe it."

Peter shook his head when I nodded as I sipped my coffee. "I thought it

might have all been a dream. Thank God it wasn't."

We made our plans for the day and Peter had to go over to the grounds to

lead the lads in a practice session. The party was set for 7pm that

evening.

"I've still got a score to settle with those rude little buggers. Want to

come and watch me putting them through their paces?"

"Oh! Sally's coming over with my bags later on."

"Maybe you'd like to stay here and catch up with your tan?"

"Great idea! I come and watch next week, some time, I promise."

We continued to make our plans and went back to the bedroom. Peter

dressed, indicating my gift wrapped clothes.

"I'd better take these dustcoats back." He grinned. "We might need them

again, some time?" He nudged me and laughed.

I shook my head when he tried to hand me the parcel, waving it away.

"I'll let you open the parcel tonight." I confirmed. "Have you still got

that bikini around here? --- Just in case I have to answer the door while

you're away?"

He reached into his bedside cupboard with a wide smile.

"You're going to wear it?" He asked.

"Any time you like from now on." I laughed. "I've learned my lesson." I

took it from his hand. "Even at the party tonight if you like?" I laughed.

"That's a date!" He grinned. "We will make it a pool party with swimwear

absolutely mandatory for all guests,--to begin with anyway."

I waved as Peter drove away, from behind the curtains in the living room.

I then proceeded to open the package to look at the reason that Peter and

I had argued. After yesterday, it didn't seem so bad. It was a

Micro-minimus label in a light blue tone that had cost Peter a lot of

money for something so tiny. I hadn't even tried it on. It was as light as

a feather and so small in the crotch that it would have showed my pubic

hair, if I had, at the time. That was no longer a huge problem after Sally

had removed the fuzz, the night before last. I went back to the bedroom

and looked at myself in the full length mirror. As I already knew, my lips

were parted and moist and revealed my inner labia in an alarmingly

indiscrete way. I looked like a slut. Anything had to be better that

appearing in front of others that way. As disgusting as it looked to me,

with my pale flesh under my old bikini line making my dark pink inner

labia even more prominent, old Harry had praised my body. He couldn't help

staring at my smoothly shaven lips, even more than my naked breasts. It

was also the first thing that Peter had focussed his attention on.

I blushed as I remembered my first meeting with Harry. I intended to put

on my suit and spend some time by the pool until Sally arrived, eager to

tan the milky white flesh as soon as I could. I remembered the sun bed at

the gymnasium and vowed to use it as soon as possible.

I looked over at Peter's clothing. He had left his jacket behind and I

reached over. Harry's card was still there so I pulled it out and looked

at it again. It reminded me of the urgency to improve my tan.

I put the card on the dresser and tried on the suit. As I had feared it

barely covered my vaginal lips but it looked more decent to me than my

hairless pussy did, before. There was only a thin cord that ran through

the parting of the cheeks of my bottom at the back, but it was better than

nothing at all. I tried on the top and looked in the mirror. The tiny

wisps of cloth barely covered my nipples and aureole area but again, it

was better than nothing at all. I turned around and looked at my own

reflection. I was sorry that I had been so bold as to offer to wear it to

the party tonight. Sally had told me that it was planned to be an intimate

affair, with only close friends invited. I hoped she was right. Something

made me pick up Harry's card.

"I'll ring him as soon as I've spoken to Sally again. I'll try to put him

off for a week or two." I said aloud. I was worried again.

I dialled her number.

"Sally has gone out for a while." Rebecca replied. "She took your cases

with her. She said she was calling by, to see you. How did her plan go?"

"All's well!" I replied curtly. "I'm back with Peter again."

I had never really liked Rebecca. She was competition as far as I was

concerned. Fortunately, Peter wasn't attracted to her in the same way as

me. We exchanged brief pleasantries and I hung up. At least Sally hadn't

told her the full story. I still wanted to know who was coming but I would

have to wait for Sally's arrival, to find out. I dialled again.

"Hello Pam, sweetheart. How did your meeting go?"

It was Harry that answered in a very pleasant and friendly manner. I was

dying to tell someone so I told him that I was back, living with Peter.

Naturally, I didn't give him all of the intimate details but I told him

about my confrontation with the players. He was like my own father and I

opened up to him more than I normally would have. After all, he had seen

more of my naked body than my father ever would. I chatted to him and it

was good to pass the time with someone like him, while I was waiting for

Sally. I told him that I intended to tan my body up some more, out by the

pool and asked if he could wait for a couple of weeks or so before I

modelled for him. He went quiet.

"That's what I wanted to capture." He began. "You body is so gorgeous,

with those tan lines just the way they are right now."

"It looks rude." I protested. I makes my--you know--pubic area stand out

too much." I was blushing like a schoolgirl again. I still couldn't

describe my concern to him, let alone say vaginal lips.

"Not to me, sweet lady." Harry was chuckling. "That's why I wanted you to

pose for me." He paused waiting for my answer. I was stunned, speechless.

"It's a true celebration of your womanhood in my estimation, my sweet. You

have the loveliest young body I've seen in a long time. What on earth do

you think you're ashamed of, anyway?"

"It's just that I don't think it looks all that nice." I argued my case.

"I'm not used to it yet."

"Nonsense! I think you look really beautiful in the nude." He chuckled.

"Mind you, I haven't seen you with any clothes on, yet."

Harry had such a way with his words that I found myself agreeing to let

him come over and preserve my look for posterity, right away. He convinced

me that a mounted photo, taken by him, would make the best birthday

present of all for Peter. Obviously, I hadn't told him about satisfying

Peter's curiosity about anal sex last night.

"All right then, Harry." I murmured. "I'll be here all day. I hope it's

not too much trouble for you." I was in shock.

"No trouble at all! I'll talk to you about some other modelling

assignments when I get there." Harry confirmed my agreement before I had a

chance to change my mind. We terminated the call, leaving me in a state of

confusion. The last thing I expected was to be called on to honour my

agreement with Harry right away. As much as I had merely fantasised about

posing in the nude for him, I wasn't really ready for that, just yet. Yet,

now that I knew he was coming over today I was gripped by an odd

excitement that made my body tingle with a new anticipation. What did

Harry mean about some other modelling jobs that he had in mind? What did

he want?

Now that I had my bikini on, I decided to open the curtains and let some

more light into the lounge. At least I would be able to see when Sally

arrived. I went back to the bedroom and re-examined myself in the mirror.

I made some minor adjustments to the bottoms to see if I could raise the

coverage of my pubic area a bit. The suit had been designed to show as

much flesh above the natural formation of my vaginal lips as possible,

whilst remaining 'legally' dressed, sitting right on my pubic bone. The

more I pulled the top part up, the more the suit slipped in between the

folds of my vagina. I gave up trying.

From the back view, it appeared that I was nude. I was glad I had kept my

posterior muscles toned with exercise and at least the flesh of my bum

wasn't flabby, like some other girls I knew.

"I guess It doesn't look too bad." I muttered, nerves jangling.

I began to do the housework while I was waiting. I felt naked, even with

my new swimsuit on. Rays of sunlight warmed my flesh and I tried to put my

appearance out of my mind. I looked longingly at the parcel and I was

severely tempted to open it. No! I had promised Peter that he could open

it. At least he would know that I had kept to my word.

I thought it was Sally, when the doorbell rang. I raced for the front

door, standing behind it as I opened it for Sally.

"Thank God you're here--" I began, stopping midstream as I saw Harry

standing there with two cameras over his shoulder. I blushed, but let him

in, quickly closing the door behind him.

"Would you like a coffee, Harry?" I gave him an embarrassed smile. "I

thought it was my--girlfriend with the rest of my clothes." I stammered.

"She's due any minute."

Harry smiled and placed his cameras on the coffee table, looking around at

the tidy room.

"Where's young Peter,---gone off to practice already?"

"I'm just waiting for my makeup to arrive--Sally--it's coming."

I spluttered, stalling for time. "She should have been here by now."

"That's alright, my dear. You don't really need it for what I have in

mind, the more natural the better." Harry looked out at the pool area.

"We'll just start off by taking a few shots out there, by the pool." He

looked back at me. "We'll do some in your swimsuit and then, when you feel

more comfortable, you can take it off for me."

Harry was the consummate charmer. He twinkled his eyes as he looked me

over. He seemed to like seeing me, in my 'Wicked Weasel' swimsuit.

"You still look lovely to me, Pamela." He sighed. "I just wish we had made

time yesterday-----to get a few shots at the studio." He picked up a

camera. "Shall we go outside? I'm ready now!"

Harry wasn't giving me much choice.

"Is my hair alright?" I patted my head to check that my short, wavy blonde

hair was in place. "I wasn't expecting you so soon."

"You'll be fine, Pam. Don't be nervous." He broke out in a reassuring

smile as he beckoned me outside. "Mind you, you were quite nervous

yesterday,---but you still looked gorgeous to me." He smiled.

His reminder of the way that we met reassured me somehow. My body was

still tensed, but with an excitement rather than an unwillingness to pose

for him. Harry seemed so understanding and before I spoke again, he

assured me that the area would do justice to my beauty.

"Just stand by the Bar-B-Que table and smile at me, love. Don't look

straight into the camera." Click "That's right!" Click "Play with your

hair a little." Click "You've done this before I think?"

I relaxed and followed his instructions as he took a number of candid

shots as I pirouetted and rubbed my hands all over my body. It made me

more daring and I was truly exhilarated by now. I played with the

fastenings of my suit, debating and then deciding to get it over with as

soon as possible.

"When you're ready?" Harry smiled as I removed my top.

He took more photos as I moved around, according to his instructions.

"Anytime now!" He called as I returned to the area where I had removed my

top. "Oh Pam, can you put that bikini away, out of sight? We don't want to

see it in the photos." He checked his film.

I knew what he meant. Biting my lower lip, I tentatively undid the string

that held my bikini bottoms in place. My nipples were hard and erect and I

fervently hoped that my tense labial lips were not parted obscenely,

similarly aroused. After a moments indecision, I quickly uncovered myself

and scampered over to the ranch-slider, throwing them behind the open

door. All the while, I could hear Harry's camera still clicking away. The

moment that wispy suit left the tips of my fingers, I realised that I was

enjoying myself. I had fantasised about this moment, ever since I agreed

to do it. Now that I was naked again I tried to ignore the creeping

sensuality that overcame my daft girlish inhibitions and gain courage from

Harry's flattering remarks. I quickly turned to face him again. I felt

myself blushing as I tried to smile and walked slowly back to the sun

chair next to the pool.

Harry's eyes were gleaming as I sat down, quickly placing my legs together

and throwing back my head, knees raised defensively.

"How's that?" I gave him a cheeky smile. "All nude!"

"Come on Pam. You can do it?" He encouraged. "You know what we want to

capture. The sun's warming your body up nicely. Just pretend I'm not here

and open yourself up to the camera and let the sun do it's work." He came

closer.

"B-But, I'm a bit w-wet down there at the moment." I stammered.

"Look Pam!" Harry crouched beside me. "Some girls have to use Vaseline."

He saw the confusion in my eyes. "To achieve the look that we want,

professional models often have to smear lubricant over their inner lips to

get the look that we want. You have that naturally, my dear. I've seen it,

remember? Now just think about something else, use your imagination if you

would?"

"Sorry Harry, I'll try." I promised. He was so understanding.

I drifted into my own fantasy world and closed my eyes. I was out on a

desert island. The sun was warming my body, making me more sexually

excited. I rubbed my hands over my breasts, lightly pinching my large

distended nipples as I passed over them. Peter was watching me and I

opened my legs to show him how much I wanted him. The sound of the camera

was all I could hear. I could hear a low whistle as I moved my bottom

forward and played with my soaking wet lips. I could tell that I was wide

open and Peter wanted access to my tight rosebud again. The old man was

gone and in his place Peter was licking his chops and getting ready to

ravish me. My fingers were sticky as I removed them from my engorged

vaginal lips. I knew that my inner labia was fully aroused but I no longer

cared. I slid and wriggled my bottom forward to meet his hardened turgid

member, poised to enter me. I placed my hands away at my sides and pushed

myself upward. Positioned now for ease of entry, my knees parted fully, I

let out a soft moan and raised my bottom even more. I was almost about to

orgasm. My body began to shudder when I heard an excited voice.

"Brilliant! Keep it up, just like that Pam." Harry was rapt.

I was shocked from my fantasy world and opened my startled eyes. Now back

in the real world, I could see Harry and his camera standing in front of

me but there was someone else standing behind him. My hands flew to cover

my breasts and my knees slammed shut in a split second. My eyes were out

of focus and I was truly alarmed.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 5

by Barbara Â©

Chapter 5: A Huge Shock For Pam

\* \* \* \* \*

I was jerked back from the brink of the most delicious orgasm to face

reality. I was shaking now, rather than shuddering, out of control.

"What! the--" I gasped as my eyes focussed on Sally, smiling at me in

disbelief.

"I never would have believed it. Wow!" She walked quickly on toward me.

"Congratulations, my love." She kissed me on my beet red cheek. "Another

birthday present for Peter, so soon?"

I found my voice, stopped shaking and relaxed again.

"See what you've done to me!" I smiled and giggled nervously.

"A distinct improvement as I see it, darling." Sally giggled as she

whispered into my ear. "I saw the new swimsuit as I came in. It's about

time you realised how gorgeous you look, without it."

Sally was taking off her blouse as she spoke. Her tanned breasts were

unsupported. She walked back to the ranch-slider, twirling her blouse

above her head like a stripper. I realised that she was undoing her short

wraparound skirt as she moved inside the house. What was going on? How did

she get inside the house? I thought I had locked it.

I looked at Harry. He was changing to another roll of film and he was

smiling at me. I was still very red in the face, flushed with shame.

"Now you're getting there!" He complemented me. "Those last few poses were

exactly what I was looking for, today." He looked at his watch. "We've got

plenty of time if you want to go for a swim with Sally. I can get a few

shots with both of you together." He leaned over me and lowered his voice.

"Just forget I'm here. I'm sorry that I spoke too soon. Whatever it was

that you were thinking of, please try it again." He apologised for

interrupting my orgasm.

"I-I don't know what came over me." I stuttered, turning my eyes from his

piercing blue eyes for a moment. "I'm so ashamed."

"Just do whatever comes naturally, my darling. Sally and I know each other

well enough by now. I won't be shocked." He gave me a knowing wink. "Be

yourself!"

I thought about the events of yesterday. I began to wonder exactly how

well he knew Sally. I knew that she had done some nude modelling.

"Has Sally modelled for you before, Harry?" I asked innocently as I opened

my legs again, more relaxed now that my childhood friend was here. Out of

the corner of my eye, I saw Sally emerge casually from the house,

completely naked now, smiling and coming back toward us again. She flicked

on the switch for the pool filter.

"I don't know about you, Pam, but I feel like a swim? Watching you enjoy

yourself, like that, has made me quite randy."

Her long dark hair was draped carelessly over her shoulder and she spoke

to Harry.

"Did you tell Pam the truth about yesterday yet?"

The look on Harry's kindly old face said it all. He was mortified. "Oops!"

She gave me an apologetic smile.

Like a bolt of lightning, it dawned on me. Pam had set me up. She had

known all along that Peter was in a different dressing room. It all made

perfect sense and I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Whether she did

it intentionally or not, she had changed my life. I was quite stunned by

my suspicions but looked up to speak to her.

There was something different about Sally's vagina. As I was thinking

about how I should react, I couldn't help noticing that her clitoris

seemed a bit larger than usual. She was excited, both emotionally and

sexually and there was a glint of metal down there. I sat up, with a bolt

from the blue as I realised what she had done to herself.

"You've got a genital piercing now!" The words rushed out of my mouth

before I could stop myself. My voice betrayed my surprise.

"We've got some catching up to do." She acknowledged casually. "Come for a

swim and I'll tell you about it." She invited, diving into the pool.

"Go ahead, Pam." Harry acknowledged my inquiring look. "It'll help to cool

you off." He cackled. "You're a bit flushed, just at the moment." He

busied himself with his camera, turning away from the harsh sunlight.

I realised that he was right, but he had forgotten about my excited state.

I touched myself. I was still very wet down there.

"The filter takes care of it!" Pam yelled out, laughing as she swam back

to the steps. I coloured up all over again. She had watched me playing

with myself. Was there no end to my shame? I wasted little time in joining

her in the water. I dived straight into the crystal blue, shimmering water

of the pool to hide my shame. I realised that I had never swum in the nude

before, either. The water caressed my naked breasts and then my sensitive

vulva as my body sliced through the water. By the time I surfaced I had

made my decision. I would thank Sally from the bottom of my heart for

helping me overcome my inhibitions this way. It had been a bit brutal at

the time but there was no denying that the changes in my life, as the

result of Sally's prank, were beneficial and enjoyable. Before now, I had

believed my parents and hidden the 'naughty bits' of my body away from

others and would never have considered touching myself in front of anybody

other than my intended husband. Even then, it was usually in darkness.

"Be yourself!"--- "Just do what comes naturally."

Harry's words of wisdom repeated in my brain. If only that gentle,

enlightened old man had been my father I would be like Sally, totally

uninhibited, like Peter. I had always admired both of them, even as

children. I made up my mind to thank Sally in the way that she would most

enjoy. I knew that she loved women almost as much as men. If I hadn't been

quite drunk, I would never have let her shave my most private parts the

other night. It was the first time that I had taken off my knickers in

front of her but I knew that she enjoyed touching me, down there. I had

long suspected that her and Rebecca were lovers as well as flatmates and

had steadfastly refused to let Rebecca watch as Sally removed all my pubic

hair.

I swam underwater and surfaced beside my long-time childhood heroine. I

slid up her naked body, hugging her and kissing her full on the lips as I

broke the surface again. I didn't resist as Sally returned my kiss and

touched my shaven pussy in the same way that Peter did. I felt totally

liberated as I returned her touch, much to her obvious delight. I was

finally free! Breast to breast and hips to hips, we embraced. No words

needed to be said as I thanked her. I was vaguely aware that Harry was

using his camera to record my very first lesbian experience. I owed him

almost as much as Sally and he had intimated that I should be myself,

assuring me that he wouldn't be shocked. I trusted his words completely

now.

"My, My!" Sally breathed as I touched her genital piercing. "You certainly

have changed, Pamela my darling." She was flushed with excitement. "Lets

get out of the pool and let Harry get some shots of us? He didn't bring an

underwater camera today." She explained her reasons, quietly whispering in

my ear.

Nodding eagerly now, I followed her up the pool steps and back into the

sunlight. The sun warmed my naked skin deliciously and I put my arm around

her.

"Are you ready to take some shots of the two of us, together?"

"Yes indeed!" Harry replied to Sally's unnecessary question.

He had already seen everything and was even clicking away as he spoke.

His expression was one of understanding and delight.

"I'm really proud of you, Pamela." Harry enthused. "Do you want me to be

quiet while you're dreaming this time, my dear?

I blushed and gratefully smiled at him.

"That's alright Harry. I think I'm over my nerves, with you."

I ran over and kissed him on his weathered cheek. I whispered in his ear

so that Sally didn't hear.

"It might help if you make your instructions sound more like an order."

"Why dear?" Harry was astonished.

"In my fantasies, I pretend that I am helpless to refuse your demands. I

pretend that you are Peter." I blushed. I have to do everything you ask me

to." I explained shyly.

Harry nodded his head in understanding. A smile came over his face.

"I'll bear that in mind from now on, my little dove." Quietly.

He sharpened his tone slightly. "Come on girls! Lets all get back to

work!" He smiled at me. "That better!"

Giggling uncontrollably I ran back to Sally. I turned to face Harry.

"Yes sir!" I gave him a mock salute.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

By the time we all went inside for lunch, Harry was the only person with

clothing on. I had lost my fear of expressing my sexuality to Harry

completely. I was determined not to be so shy about being seen naked and

put my bikini on the bed with Sally's clothing. There were only two

garments on the bed, a short wraparound skirt and a thin blouse. No

knickers and no bra! She was even more uninhibited than I thought. I still

had to find out about her piercing. I looked forward to a 'girl talk' when

Harry left after lunch.

Sally was making hot drinks when I walked back to join them. I didn't even

pull the curtains before I sat at the table, facing the opaquely glazed

front door so I could see if anybody came up the pathway.

Harry and Sally talked to me about other projects that they had later

considered for me, inviting me to join them as a permanent, well paid

model. I had previously imagined Harry as a club photographer with a keen

interest in taking a few raunchy photos for his own amusement. I was

amazed when Sally told me that glamour photography was Harry's speciality

and had been for years. He had captured women in revealing poses for all

of his professional life.

"When I started, back in the sixties, it was all very subdued nudity."

Harry took over. "Shots like we did today were totally illegal and the

models were never bold enough to show everything anyway." His eyes

twinkled. "Fortunately, the last forty years have seen attitudes change

and most of what we've done today is perfectly acceptable, even in

magazines."

He looked at me with his piercing blue eyes, admiring me.

"What sort of work would you want me to do?" I gasped.

"You, my little dove, are a natural! I knew it right from the start, when

I first saw you." His smile warmed. "I would like you to keep those tan

lines as long as you can, staying just the way you are as long as

possible. Sally is lovely, but there is a real market for newcomers, with

a touch of reluctance." He paused and looked at me. I was getting excited

and my telltale nipples were as hard as rocks. Harry smiled and continued

speaking. "You see, I know you take a lot of pleasure in showing yourself,

even though you don't think it's a good thing to do. That why you

fantasise so much."

"You realised that?" I was shocked.

"It's perfectly natural, my little darling. I understand you completely!"

He paused as I began to take his words in. "I'll prove it to you if you

like?"

"What do you mean, Harry?" I was intrigued. He was so astute.

Harry smiled, picking up his camera again.

"Get up and go and stand over there!" He barked. "By the window and close

your eyes and imagine Peter's football team, outside on the street,

looking at you, if it helps?"

"You are joking?" My body began to tingle, deliciously.

"Far from it, my dear!" Harry rasped. "Now do it!"

Like a robot, I followed his instructions as his camera clicked. I

tentatively stood by the window, looking outside to make sure that no-one

was there.

"Close your eyes!" He ordered. "Just let yourself go and trust old Harry."

His camera was still clicking. "That's great! Now play with yourself!"

He was ordering my to pleasure myself. I obeyed in a trance.

I was transported back to the dressing room. This time, I opened up the

toilet door and all those young teenagers were shocked rigid. This time I

stood with my hands on my hips and opened my legs, to allow then to feast

their eyes on my smoothly shaven vagina. Peter was so proud. He ordered me

to show them, in no uncertain terms, that there was a huge difference

between a desirable young woman and a frightened little boy.

"That's right! Open up your lips and show these little bastards what we

did behind that toilet door." Peter ordered.

I touched myself and moaned as a wave of orgasmic pleasure overcame my

fear. My body began to tremble as I caressed my clitoris. This time, I had

a small golden ring like Sally's attached to my most secret place. I began

to shudder and my knees were getting weaker. My vagina was soaking wet as

I feverishly induced the most delicious orgasm of my life, knowing that

those young lads all had raging hard members, standing to attention in my

honour.

I had know way of knowing whether Peter was going to let them use me

afterward. I didn't care anymore. I actually wanted to feel their eager

hands, all over me.

"Drop to the floor!" A voice yelled at me.

I collapsed, gasping and moaning as I became vaguely aware of a car going

past the front gate and a camera clicking in the background. I was

conscious of the voice not being Peter's, but Harry's. I was so lost in

the sensations that my body was experiencing that I lay there fully

exposed to the camera, no longer caring who or what saw me. My love juices

ran down my leg as I struggled for breath. Orgasm was now subsiding, the

camera stopped clicking and I kept my eyes closed. At this point, reality

had kicked in again. I was flushed with shame and too embarrassed to open

my eyes. What had I done? The room was silent and I kept my eyes closed as

my breathing returned to normal.

Suddenly I felt a strong male hand grasp my arm and gently pull. My body

tingled at his touch and it felt familiar.

"You can open your eyes now, darling"

It sounded like Peter again but it couldn't be, could it? I kept my eyes

closed as he helped me to my feet. I was still scared to open them. My

brain raced. If it WAS Peter, what would he think of me? I had made the

most awful fool of myself. I trembled as I surrendered to a warm,

passionate kiss. It WAS Peter! Nobody else could make me feel that way. He

was fully dressed. I could feel his rough clothing against my sensitive

skin. My body was tense as I opened my eyes and returned his ardour. I was

speechless as he led me back to the table. I could see that Harry was

packing away his camera gear, his back was toward me. Sally was still

sitting at the table, a beaming smile on her face. Peter was pulling a

chair out for me so that I could sit down again. I sat with my eyes

lowered.

"Well young lady! Do you trust what I tell you now?" Harry looked over to

me. "Do you want to work with me again?" He smiled and looked directly at

me with his lovely blue eyes. "Well?"

I looked at Peter. One look was all I needed. I nodded my head.

"Oh yes! Yes Harry, thank you."

Sally squeezed my hand while Peter hugged me from behind. I had a brand

new career as a nude model, working with Sally and perhaps even Rebecca. I

smiled as we all began to talk at once.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 6

by Barbara Â©

The scent of my sex drifted into my nostrils and I quickly excused myself

to freshen up. I ran to the shower and quickly removed all the traces of

my juices, still unable to comprehend the embarrassing way that Peter had

discovered me. On my first modelling assignment too. The way I had exposed

myself to the old man's camera. Mmmm. My sexual excitement was

undiminished as I resolved to rejoin the small group, still nude. I had

looked at my discarded bikini on the way back. I still didn't know what my

beloved Peter really thought about finding me stark naked, in among the

others. My suitcases were neatly stowed by my bed, with all my entire

wardrobe in them, including my old favourite blue bikini. Carelessly

laying in the bed was that flimsy little 'Wicked Weasel' number. Three

wispy pieces of cloth and a lot of string that masqueraded as a full

bikini swimsuit.

"Might as well stay in the nude." I nervously muttered away to myself. I

was aware of my voice. "God! I'm scared again." I agonised for a few more

moments but then I decided against it. "Be yourself Pam." Harry's wise

advice returned to calm me.

The small group clapped me as I re-entered the room. I smiled and sat

down. They were all praising my modelling efforts, including my Peter much

to my relief. It seemed he was as pleased as his sister, Sally.

We sat around the table, talking and eating for nearly another hour.

It seems that everybody knew about Sally's little prank but Peter and I. I

had the distinct feeling that Harry had thought of the idea but Sally took

all the credit. We all laughed about it over a late lunch. I found out

that Peter's early arrival home was totally unexpected, but Sally had

saved the day yet again. Peter had arrived home early but Sally had

sneaked outside, in the nude still, to bring him in quietly, without my

knowledge.

I was amazed that she had been silly or brave enough to rush outside the

front door to inform Peter without her clothes on. Sally laughed.

"Oh that! I've had to do far more demanding things that that for Harry."

She smiled at him. "Haven't I, Boss."

"It's something you will get used to." Agreed Harry, smiling at me. "Baby

steps!" He said lightly. "You've done well so far, Pam."

Sally hugged me and kissed me lightly. I blushed as she pulled away.

"What a double birthday surprise!" She hooted with laughter.

"It looks like I owe you one, Sis!" Peter laughed too.

He had been amazed to find me on the floor, with Harry's camera in heated

overdrive, recording the event for his birthday. I had been lost in the

grip of a major orgasm and didn't hear a thing. I was glad that he didn't

appear to be upset with me. I had felt like such a slut at the time. I

guessed that I had been in shock.

"I'll get a few proofs out this afternoon for you." Harry promised. "You

can pick the one you like the most and I'll have it framed for both of

you, Peter." Harry was enthusiastic and friendly.

"Don't go on my account." Peter protested as Harry packed his bags to

leave. "Carry on filming, if you like?" He gave me a wolfish grin. "It

looked like Pamela was enjoying herself."

"No! I was going anyway." Harry grinned. I was simply proving my point to

Pamela, before I left for the day." He patted his bag. "I now have to get

these developed. I'll see you all before the party starts and show you

what a great model your wife is."

WIFE! It had a lovely sound to it. Peter made no attempt to correct

Harry's slip of the tongue. He just held out his hand to Harry.

Harry shook hands with Peter and left, kissing me on the cheek first.

"Now remember Pam. Be yourself." He smiled at me. "You're among friends

now." He let himself out, waving goodbye.

Sally left us, not long after Harry did. She helped me explain some more

about what had gone on that morning, to Peter. We were too busy explaining

about the new job and reliving the session for Peter's benefit to get into

the personal question I wanted to ask her. Sally and I went into the

bedroom together while she dressed for the drive home. It only took her a

few seconds to put her blouse and skirt on so I didn't even have time to

ask her about her new piercing. I was sad that we never had time for a

'girl chat'.

"See you guys about 7 tonight!" She waved as she went out the door.

Suddenly Peter and I were alone in the house, together.

Peter swooped me into his arms and kissed me, even more passionately than

before. I had a warm feeling as I returned his passion.

"Just to think?" Peter was breathless. I have Sally to thank for all of

this." He put me down and admired my nude body again.

"Where did you put the new swimsuit?" Looking around the room. "I don't

see it!" He smiled. "You look so much better without it, to me anyway."

"I was wearing it this morning,----before Harry charmed it off me." I gave

him a shy smile. "It's so light that you don't even know when you're

wearing it, anyway." Peter looked so astonished and proud of me that I

continued to surprise him. "I'll be wearing it for you tonight and

whenever you like from now on." I decided. "I do love you so much!" I

hugged him. "I put it away in our bedroom?" I beckoned at him expectantly,

hoping he would take my broad hint.

"One thing puzzles me, my love?" He was smiling wolfishly at me, ignoring

my invitation, furrowing his brow.

"Yes darling?" I was nervous again.

"What was it that Harry was proving to you. Tell me all about it,-----just

so that I can understand those lovely changes in you."

It was obvious that Peter approved of my actions. Now that we were alone

in the house, together, I opened up to him fully. I told him all about the

fantasies that I had used to get over my earlier fears and girlish

inhibitions. I went red-faced when I told him about the last one in

particular. I hoped that he wouldn't think that I really wanted to show

myself off to his team, that way. Peter smiled when I told him that I had

asked Harry to be demanding, order me to comply.

"I used Harry's voice and imagined that it was yours, darling."

"So let me get this straight?" He said. "You were obeying whatever Harry

told you to do and he was actually taking my place?"

"I actually told him that I would do whatever he wanted as long as it

sounded like an order from you." I blushed and nodded. "I would too,

darling." I defended, getting redder in the face.

"Can I put that theory of yours to the test?" Peter was still probing at

me, speaking slowly and thoughtfully.

I nodded quickly. I lowered my head, thinking while Peter teased me.

"Yes darling! I really want to please you from now on." I just gushed it

out. "I do love you so much." I looked him in the eye. I'll do whatever

you say from now on." I smiled at Peter, eagerly scanning his face.

He got that wolfish grin back in no time. He looked me up and down.

"Very good! I'll have to think about it." He gazed at me.

I straightened up and my blood ran cold. Even before he decided how to

test me, I realised what I had let myself in for. I had decided to obey

his wishes, whatever they were. I had been so miserable while we were

apart. I was far too ashamed to admit that taking my orders from Peter was

a lot more preferable than being responsible for my actions and taking

instructions from my lover seemed to free my inhibitions. It raised

certain questions in my confused mind. I thought about it.

Had I enjoyed standing at the open window? Was I a slut all along and just

didn't know it before? I felt scared and proud at the same time.

"Go into the bedroom and put on the same bikini that you were wearing

before." He sharpened his voice. "Now, Babe!"

He sat back at the table, pointing to the bedroom, with a neutral

expression on his face that I had never seen before. It was nearly

impossible for me to know whether he was angry, pleased, annoyed or just

being masterful. I was excited and anxious not to disappoint him by

delaying the inevitable.

"Whatever you say, my darling." I smiled adoringly at him.

I left hurriedly and fumbled as I put the bikini on. My thoughts were

racing but I felt the same sort of excitement that I had when Harry was

taking photos of me. My mind wandered back into my fantasy world again.

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I wasn't thinking about what I was doing as I put the bikini on. I had

just got up this morning and I was totally nude again. The front doorbell

went and Peter ordered me to answer it at once. I hid behind the door and

opened it. It was the young club captain from Peter's football team and he

was in a big rush. He barged in and looked at me in admiration. Now, Peter

had always told me to be proud of my body. I stood there while the young

player gaped at me, not attempting to cover myself in any way. He advanced

toward me and-----------. I was interrupted.

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"You got that bikini on yet!" Peter's voice from the living room snapped

me out of it.

"Just another minute, my darling!" I called back.

I looked in the mirror and my fantasy had made me all pre-orgasmic.

Horrified but proud at the same time, I went back out to the lounge,

dressed to please Peter. My nipples were straining at the wispy cloth and

my aureoles were visible. My vulva was puffed up and I looked like the

slut that the chaste half of me felt. The sluttish half was more than

ready to obey any demand my intended husband cared to make.

"There darling!" I was breathless as I pirouetted before him.

"WOW!" He whistled as I turned in front of him. "Thank goodness you've

lost those inhibitions of yours, Pamela." He was excited.

I noted the tent in front of his shorts as he stood.

"The bedroom again?" I suggested hopefully, more than ready to have anal

sex if he insisted. My body was tingling, expectantly.

"There's just one last thing first?" The wolf appeared again.

"Name it!" I smiled happily. "I already told you that I would wear this

tonight for you.---Nothing else." I added hastily.

"I want you to go and get my car. I've got a little something on the front

seat for you. It's on the front passenger seat."

"Go and get the car?" I was confused. "In the driveway?"

"Sorry darling! I had to leave it out on the street this time."

His words sank in and I became nervous again.

"B-But y-you always park in the driveway." I stuttered. "W-Why"

Peter interrupted my question with the answer I dreaded.

"With two other cars in our driveway?" He raised his voice an octave. "I

had to park it out on the street!" He emphasised as he handed me the keys.

"I'll watch you from the window." Assuring me with a smile. "Now hurry

along! Can't you see that I'm anxious to get that bikini off you again?"

He pointed to the tent. "Now!"

I knew that I was being tested. This time, I didn't dare drift into my

fantasy world. No need! As I gingerly opened the front door and peered

outside I heard Peter speak to me in a soft, loving voice.

"What's that, Darling?" I replied. Had he changed his mind?

"I just said don't forget to make sure that I locked the back trunk." The

wolf was back. "I might have forgotten when Sally came out with nothing

on." He explained. "Be quick now! No traffic at the moment." He looked

back out the window. The wolf's fangs were able to be seen. Peter was

smiling and there was no point in delay. I checked the keys and ran out

into the street, desperate to get it over with as quickly as possible.

"Baby steps!" Harry's words rang in my ear.

My head anxiously turned from left to right and a cool afternoon breeze

made me painfully aware of my lightly clad body. I was almost like I had

nothing on at all. At the end of our driveway my jiggling breasts had both

popped free of the cloth and I stopped to fix them up and make myself

'decent' again. While I fumbled with my suit I was even more aware of my

telltale nipples, hard as rocks. I looked back at Peter and he was

standing there, enjoying every minute from the safety of our lounge. I

remembered that Sally had met him out in the street with no suit at all,

totally nude.

"Baby steps!" I remembered.

I waved at Peter and walked slowly for the thirty yards left to go so that

I wouldn't need to stop again. I could see cars approaching in the

distance and two of our neighbours mowing their lawns across the street.

Sunday afternoon looked normal enough. I hadn't distracted the neighbours

YET!

The front car was faster than the others so I had to make a quick

decision. I elected to remain at my present slower pace. I checked the

trunk first. I was unlocked so I fumbled to find the right key. At least

Peter's car would partially shield me from the rapidly approaching

vehicle. I locked it just as the car slowed down to take a second look at

me. I quickly turned and waved as they went past and I heard the brakes

squeal. I edged around the car, on the driver's side with my naked bottom

next to the hot metal of the car. This made matters worse. My nipples

stood out like beacons and the neighbours stopped mowing their lawns. Had

they had heard the car brakes too?

I was spectacularly unsuccessful in my efforts to unlock Peter's car door,

with my back to it. It was impossible. The following cars were about to

pass so I gave them a silly grin and waved to them too. To my absolute

horror, both drivers tooted their horns and waved back. The only saving

grace was that they kept on going. By now, I had a small crowd of eager

spectators, waiting for me to turn around to get into the car.

I had no choice. Biting my lower lip with embarrassment, I turned to get

the right key in the lock and exit myself from their view.

It's so hard to concentrate on a relatively simple task when a young

girl's heart is thumping, the darned key won't fit and there is a steady

chorus of hooting and whistling going on at the same time.

God knows what our neighbours must have thought of me by the time I

finally slipped into the car seat, what seemed like an hour later.

I gasped as the hot vinyl seat made contact with the naked flesh of my

bottom. I fumbled with the ignition key, trying to ignore my own burning

flesh. My nipples were aching and I could smell my own juices as I

ultimately started the car. Putting on a brave expression I tried to smile

as I put the car in gear, waved at my fans and drove off.

I let out a mighty sigh of relief as the car moved forward.

"Whew!" I did a three point turn and headed back to our home driveway,

noting that my fan club had grown as people seemed to come out of their

houses. No doubt my spectators had called out to some of the others in the

family, to tell them what they had seen.

Without thinking about it as clearly as I might have, I drove in and

parked the car facing the house. Had I not been so flustered, I might have

backed in instead. That way the car door might have shielded me for just

that little bit longer.

"No use crying over spilt milk." I nervously muttered.

Peter was still watching me from the lounge window, smiling like a

Cheshire Cat crossed with a wolf. He had finally got his wish and he

succeeded in showing me off to all our friends. He must have been

ecstatic.

I sat in the car, trying to normalise my breathing and hoping like crazy

that the neighbours would go back inside their houses. Quickly I checked

the rear view mirror with baited breath.

"God! There's more people out there than ever." I muttered.

I was more sexually excited and Peter was now beckoning me inside the

house. I couldn't disappoint Peter now. I had to move.

A combination of mounting sexual need, false bravado and a mistaken belief

that the neighbours might turn away their eyes prompted me to open my door

again. I put my legs out, making sure all the little knobs were down and

extracting the ignition key. I made sure that I had the right door key so

that my time of exposure would be limited to the least possible time. I

checked that my erect nipples were as decently covered as they could be,

bearing in mind their excited state, and bit my lower lip.

As reluctant as the chaste half of me was to show my naked backside to my

public again, I was tingling with excitement at the same time. My sluttish

half was severely tempted to remove my swimsuit and walk around the back

of the car, totally in the nude.

My former self won! I quickly got out and locked up Peter's car. "Whoops!

Forgot the parcel!" I muttered, nervous again.

Sensing a hundred pairs of eyes, evaluating my bare bottom, I quickly

unlocked and reached in. The hoots and cheers confirmed my worst

suspicions. My fan club had definitely grown. I was shaking with fear

as I reverted to my previous fantasy, having no choice. I re-lived it

again as I relocked the car until I got to the front door. It helped me to

deaden the cheering and whistling in the background. I ignored my bikini

top when it slipped sideways, off my nipples.

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The same as earlier, I stood there as the handsome young club captain

advanced, rooted to the spot. His intentions were now very clear and I

moved my feet apart, a little. I blushed as he groped around at my

vulnerable body. I gasped as his hands moved downward and I began to moan.

"Yes! That feels good."

He put his eager hand in between my legs, silently nodding. I opened my

legs up fully, powerless to resist. I melted. Mmmmmmm???

"Why? I whispered. "Peter's in the bedroom!" I warned him.

"Peter told me that you can't get enough." He leered crudely.

I closed my eyes and allowed his index finger full access to my, now

aching, love nest. If this was what my beloved wanted, then who was I to

stop the young man? I co-operated as Peter would wish, shuddering as the

young man lifted me off my feet and laid me on the living-room sofa. He

stood there for ages, just admiring my body.

"Do you like my new piercing?" Pointing to the object of the young man's

attention. "Do you want me?"

"Oh Yes!" He was struggling with his shorts, muscles bulging.

I smiled as I opened myself more fully and beckoned him over. To my

surprise, I wanted him inside me more than ever. I spread myself wide as

he ripped off his shorts. He was---

My dream was interrupted, just before the player ravaged me.

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"Jeez! You did well!" Peter was excited. "I thought you would run like a

frightened rabbit, from the car to the door." He carried on

enthusiastically. "You were just MAGNIFICENT!" He breathed.

My eyes came back into sharp focus and the front door was shut and I was

on the right side of it at last. I was totally nude and my bikini lay on

the floor with the unopened parcel, at my feet. Peter was kissing me

passionately again. I melted into his arms and allowed him to pick me up.

When our lips parted and I could talk, I did.

"Did I walk slowly enough for you, Darling?" I smiled at him.

"Your top came adrift while you were still half-way back to the house. You

just carried on walking with the parcel in one hand and my keys in the

other. You had a dreamy look in your eyes. Even all our neighbour's

cheering didn't seem to bother you a bit. I've never been so proud of

you!"

He was delighted and couldn't keep his hands off me, or stop talking.

"What were you fantasising about, this time, my love?"

"I was just thinking about us having anal sex together, last night." I

lied. I was loving the feel on your penis inside my bottom when you fill

me that way."

"Let's make it come true, then?" The wolf was grinning.

I smiled as he led me into our bedroom. I hated lying to Peter but my

reasons were reasonably honourable, I think? Would he have still made that

same final remark? I shuddered to think. My sluttish half took firm

control of my confusion as we ran for the bedroom.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 7

by Barbara Â©

"Oh!" I pulled back at Peter's hand. "What was in that parcel that you had

me bring in?" I had almost forgotten it.

"Later!" He muttered as he gently overcame my resistance. "We need to talk

about it afterward." The wolf grinned back. "You'll like it, I'm sure. You

remember when we used to go jogging in the morning, before we went to

work?" He arrived by our bed, pointing.

"Yes my darling?" I replied cautiously. I remembered all right!

Peter used to go for a morning run with me every morning, as soon as he

got up at 6am. I used to hate it. Rain, hail or clear skies, it made no

difference to Peter. I was dragged along too.

"You'll be pleased to know that I've got a new job. I work for myself now.

We can go jogging anytime at all, with your new job being so flexible as

well. I just walk now, most of the time." He assured me. "If it's raining

I don't even go out any more." He grinned, as he made it sound more

palatable. "Enough talking for now!" He picked me up.

I soon forgot about it as we fell onto the bed. Peter transported me into

an authentic fantasy that I could live out for the rest of my life. I had

long dreamed of this lifetime commitment with my lover.

Peter expertly stretched me as he massaged my bottom with the aid of some

perfumed oil that he had at home. I moaned with delight as he slipped his

fingers inside my rosebud, far more easily than ever. I was amazed how

easily and painlessly he followed that by burying his throbbing love

muscle right inside my bottom. It felt more familiar as his penis throbbed

and pulsated deep inside my previously forbidden territory. I was more

eager to receive his gift this time and I co-operated with his actions,

urging him on.

Like the second time we had tried it, last night, he hoisted my legs over

his wide, powerful shoulders and we were soon enjoying the best anal sex

that we'd had, to date. I was feeling far more secure in the knowledge

that I was definitely able to orgasm with Peter in this favourite position

of his. Peter seemed more casual as he made love to me, resting to gaze

into my eyes for reassurance and acceptance.

Twice this time, for me anyway, I climaxed during anal sex. I was

beginning to look forward to it, just like my older girlfriend said that

she had, with her own special man. Now, I didn't think she was so crazy

after all. If it kept Peter interested in me, as well, it was a very small

sacrifice.

Thinking about how willingly I had exposed myself for him appeared to

activate his libido enormously. He kept asking me if I had actually

enjoyed getting the car for him as we lay together afterward.

"Oh yes darling." I shyly admitted.

"That's great!" The wolf exclaimed. "That was just the first test.

There'll be others in the coming weeks." He promised.

I thought about all the changes in my life since I first met Harry as

Peter and I showered together. It wouldn't be long before our first guests

arrived, nearly 5-30 pm already. It wasn't until I went out to get my

Wicked Weasel back into the bedroom that I remembered the tiny parcel as

well.

I eagerly opened it while Peter opened his gift, my clothing.

"What's this?" I exclaimed, holding the costume up with a shy smile.

"Where do I wear these?"

"Oh those!" Peter answered, about to open my suitcases as well.

The wolf was back. "They're for our morning exercises." He innocently

looked up. He grinned fiendishly. "I've just about given up on all that

sweaty jogging nowadays. Walking is a lot more fun. If it rains there's

always the new gym at the club" He reflected on my startled expression.

You can wear them there as well, you know.

"Not around here?" I exclaimed, shocked by his answer, promptly

remembering how we used to jog around the neighbourhood each morning.

"Not necessarily." He replied mysteriously as he opened up my cases and

began to sort out my clothes. "You won't need these anymore darling?" The

wolf was dangling my small collection of undergarments in his paw. He was

looking at me quizzically. "Or these." He held up his other paw with a

long dress dangling from it. One of my former favourites! "We'll buy you

some new ones tomorrow, like you said."

"I guess so?" I said weakly, remembering my promise. I had said that I was

going to let Peter [the wolf] choose what I was allowed to wear from now

on. A feeling of excitement crept over me. The slut won the ensuing

argument over the formerly shy young lady. "Throw them out, then!" Finding

my voice again. "You're the boss."

My stronger reply helped make up my mind. I enjoyed having most of my

difficult decisions made for me again. I had missed the excitement of

living with Peter. Life was never dull, with him around.

"We'll put them back in your suitcases when I sort these other clothes

out." He said happily, indicating my other suitcase. "I'll start putting

the ones that I approve of, away in your drawers.

"This new job of yours.---What is it you do now?" I called out.

I was curious as I rinsed out my tiny swimsuit bottoms under our en suite

shower. They had smelled of my juices. I intended to dry them with my

hairdryer before I put them on, ready for the party tonight.

"Same as before, but I help Harry out too, from time to time."

"Still at the computer shop, doing programming?" I prompted.

"No! I've set up at home now, in the spare room. I work my own hours now,

darling. I'll show you tomorrow." He called out.

"Are you still making good money?" I frowned.

I hoped Peter wouldn't take it the wrong way but we still hadn't had the

chance to discuss finances. I was merely curious.

"Better! ---Much better and I can work whenever I feel like it now." Peter

stood in the doorway. "With your new job, we can work or play together

more often." He kissed me. "No money worries now!"

I walked back into the bedroom with Peter. All my stuff was packed away

and my blow dryer was on my dressing table, photos on my dresser and it

was as though I had never left home. I plugged in my dryer and began to

waft the warm air over my swimsuit. Peter was sitting on the bed, gazing

admiringly at my naked body again.

"I'm so glad that you came back to me. It's the best birthday present of

all."

"I'm looking forward to our new life together as well." I smiled at him.

"It's a pity we've got guests coming?" I mused. "I forgot to ask Sally,

who's coming anyway?"

I dawned on me that in less than half an hour, all I would be wearing was

this brief costume among other people that I possibly didn't know all that

well. A knot was forming in my former self's stomach as Peter explained

our guest list.

"Sally, Rebecca, two of Sally's other girlfriends, a couple their

boyfriends and maybe three of the older guys from my team are coming over

for a while." He was counting his fingers. "Now let's see

--Have I forgotten--Oh yes, Harry was calling by and he might bring his

wife. I think that's it. No more that a dozen or so close friends of

mine." He looked at my shocked face. "There's probably only two or three

of them that you mightn't already know." He said, assuredly. The wolf

laughed as he put on his Speedos. "Of course you would have seen Jeremy,

Colin and Paul at the club yesterday afternoon. You saw ALL of them, but

of course, they only saw about half of you."

"But they're so young!" I gasped. "How old are they?"

"All over eighteen, babe. They're not kids anymore. Gerry's the captain

and the other two work out with Rebecca, Sally and I at the gym when it's

raining sometimes." He looked puzzled. "What's the problem?

"I'll just be a bit--you know--embarrassed." I blushed at the thought of

wearing my Wicked Weasel, in front of the subject of my latest fantasies.

I wondered which one of those shocked lads had been the captain that I had

fantasised about. I was flushed, bright red.

"You stood right up in front of them all at the shower room yesterday and

gave them all a piece of your mind. Some of them were still only

seventeen." He accused. "You didn't even have that sexy new bikini on at

the time." He laughed at his own joke.

I was so flustered that I almost forgot to ask the next question that

weighed on my mind, again about his players, now that he had told me that

he exercised with some of them when it was raining at the gym.

I thought about the garments that I was supposed to wear while taking part

in walking or exercising at the gym, in my surprise parcel.

"Do they wear gear like that too--at the gym, I mean--the boys as well." I

was getting flustered again, fantasising.

"Oh yes! Sometimes nothing at all." He grinned. "We all do. In fact, when

Rebecca joined with Sally she was a bit shy and reluctant at first. We

told her that she couldn't be a member unless she wore our society

uniform.

"Society uniform?" I repeated, unable to comprehend what the wolf was

saying. "You mean Sally and Rebecca wear these things too." I was

uncomfortable, shocked more like it.

"All of us! Do you want to see mine?" He grinned. I only wear mine when

I'm out walking or lifting weights at the gym." He reached into his

drawer. "Look!" He held it up.

"A jock strap!" I gasped in amazement. "You all go out walking like that?"

I was almost speechless. "Really?" I hoped he was joking.

Just at that moment the doorbell rang, interrupting my confused train of

thought.

"I'll get it.--- You get dressed, babe. See you out by the pool when you

get it dry. Love you!" He ran out to get the door, dressed in his backless

Speedos. His muscular posterior rippling with tanned muscles accentuated

by his brief costume. I was still in shock.

I sat on the bed and took another look at my surprise parcel. I had been

in denial when I first saw the two skimpy garments laying on top on the

brand new running shoes in the box. I laid the bottom and top of the

'uniform' on our bed and stared, shaking with trepidation. There was a

difference to the Wicked Weasel that I was about to put on, but it wasn't

in terms of size. If anything, I thought it was smaller but at least the

material was heavier.

"God! It's made of leather." I said aloud. "How could he dream this one

up!" Immediately I realised that the only time I normally talked to myself

out loud was when I was frightened. My shaky hands confirmed this theory

right away. I began to fantasise, imagining going out with Peter, him in

only a jock strap and shoes with me in a skimpy--what? It was something

similar to what I had seen some lady bodybuilders wear at contests,

leather thong with minimal coverage and a top that would barely cover my

nipples. With shaking hands I put the box away.

There were people in the living room and I forced myself to try and

concentrate on making my swimsuit look as decent as possible in the

circumstances. A quick check in the full length mirror confirmed that I

was as ready as I was ever going to be, to make my debut. Sally was the

first to notice me and waved out, beckoning.

"Peter tells me that you'll be joining our fitness society."

As if I needed reminding. Peter was answering the door and another couple

walked in, armed with a gaily wrapped parcel. The coats came off and they

were in the spirit of our theme party as soon as Peter closed the door

again. It was impossible to avoid meeting all the new faces. Peter had

been right. I did know most of them, but I had never seem them quite like

this, before. Some of them were naked already.

Peter swooped on me before I had a chance to sit down next to Sally.

"This is Kenneth, darling. He's our fitness Society President"

A slightly older man stepped forward holding out his arms. He had short

cropped blonde hair and a well tanned muscular body. He was also totally

naked, with a well equipped body. I blushed and kept my eyes away from his

shaved genitals. He was big in every way.

"Kenneth, This is my future wife, Pamela."

Peter stepped to one side to allow the big man to embrace me. I was taken

aback as he hugged me, smiling as he almost squeezed the life out of me.

My breasts popped free of my top and I felt his chest hairs rubbing the

tips of my erect nipples. I was so surprised and bewildered that I held

onto him for much longer than I should have. He smiled and apologised for

his roughness.

"Sorry, my dear." His eyes roved over me as I frantically tried to adjust

my swimsuit and cover my telltale nipples. "Peter and my brother have told

me so much about you. Don't be embarrassed."

"Your brother?" I gasped, looking around for Peter.

He was just letting Harry inside the door, busy accepting his present and

offering to take Harry's coat.

"Yes, my dear. Here he is now, just arrived." He pointed to Harry. "My

older brother, actually." He qualified with evident pride. "He told me all

about Sally's little joke and how he went along with it for Peter's sake."

He laughed loudly. "I've seen those photos that he took too." He touched

my shoulder. "Great work!"

My heart sank and I was red in the face as Kenneth went on to explain that

it was he, Kenneth, that had put up the money to give the young players a

break and he had financed his brother into his new studio at the football

stadium as well.

"You mean the new gym--changing rooms---everything." I managed.

"The fitness society too." He said with a smile. "All paid for by our

company, Kent's Creations, as a gift to the younger folk."

"Didn't you say your name was Kenneth." I spluttered.

"Yes dear. Call me Ken.---Kenneth Weisgarber at your service." He shook my

hand, laughing. "I don't seem to have my card here at this moment." He

looked down, smiling. "I'm just here on holiday at the moment." He patted

my naked bottom. "I think Peter wants you over there." He pointed.

Peter was beckoning me to the front door. To my horror there were three of

his young players standing there with two younger girls, and Peter was

anxious for me to meet them all. My heart was thumping as I soon

recognised two of their faces from my afternoon at the club. I was a

bundle of nerves by now. One of them was my fantasy captain. I had

fantasised about him twice now and this time I actually had to meet him

for real. He had been one of the few not to grab for a towel when I

surprised the players in the shower room at the club.

As I made my way across the room, acknowledging Harry on the way, I

immediately empathised with the two young girls that came in with two of

the players. The boys had already taken their coats off and the girls were

looking around, nervously fidgeting with their buttons as they were being

hassled to give Peter their coats. The boys were in similar swimwear to

Peter, minimal coverage of their vital young organs and well tanned, fit

bodies.

"This is Gerry, Colin and Paul, Pamela."

Peter introduced us as the lads took turns in shaking my hand. I was as

gracious as I could be, I hoped, and smiled shyly, acknowledging the boys.

Some of the guests, led by Sally, were helping to get the food and drinks

out to the Bar-B-Que area beside our pool. The room was that much less

crowded when the first young lass took off her coat and turned to face me.

In a red suit only slightly larger than my own costume, in much the same

style, she nervously shook my hand as Peter introduced me. She was well

tanned, a gorgeous brunette with an hourglass figure and striking facial

features.

"This is Barbie, Pamela. Paul's young lady friend."

I liked her straight away. She smiled at me then took Paul's hand and went

out to the pool with Gerry in tow as well. Apparently my fantasy man was

unattached for the evening. That made me so much more nervous now that we

had been introduced. I had found him quite attractive.

Peter turned to the other girl, who had just decided to give him her coat.

She handed it over, revealing tan-lines similar to mine, but in much

larger costume briefs. The redheaded girl nervously held out her hand. She

had freckles but was still quite attractive in a homely sort of way.

"Hi! Pamela. I'm Kim." She shifted her feet nervously. "I came with

Colin." She giggled nervously. "I only just joined this club of theirs and

it's the first time I've been out, dressed like this." She looked down as

she blushed and shook my hand. "I've heard all about your little quarrel

with the team after the match. Good for you!" Her prominent teeth showed

as she smiled. "Colin told me that you would be joining their athletic

society too. I might see you there tomorrow night?"

Her boyfriend led her off to join the others and I turned to Peter as he

locked the front door securely.

"What's happening tomorrow night, darling.?" I was very curious about

Kim's parting comment, wondering what she meant.

"Oh!--That!" Peter looked thoughtful. "We all wanted to sleep in, after

the party tonight." He looked at my inquiring expression. "I thought it

was better to leave it till after dinner tomorrow night and then meet up

with the other members at the gym for our usual fitness session instead."

He took my hand. "Come on out to the pool, Babe, I've got an announcement

to make."

"Order! Order!" He boomed, as he waited for the noise to die down. "This

is Pamela.-----We'll be getting married next week. He qualified "Thank you

all for coming over tonight------

Peter droned on but the words that reverberated were; "Married next week."

Briefly I caught the general flow of the rest of his words but they meant

little to me. I was going to be Peter's WIFE at last. We had been so close

to it before I left him all those torturous months ago. I hung on to his

arm as he told his friends how happy he was and invited the gathering to

the wedding. My heart was bursting with new pride as he remarked on the

changes in my attitudes while I had been on 'Vacation', as he put it.

"Everyone here is a society member so you can feel free to enjoy

yourselves and get comfortable." The wolf was grinning. Enjoy--

Peter went on but I drifted off again. What was this society called?

The sluttish half of me was now ready to strip off at any time and do

whatever Peter wanted me to, from here on. My former, chaste half was

still embarrassed by my appearance but I was determined to get over those

hurdles. Harry had shown me that fantasy could encourage me to lose my

inhibitions and I made up my mind to thank him by trying to become his

No.1 nude model if I could.

Sally and Rebecca would give me fierce competition in that regard but my

love for Peter would spur me to do the best that I could. I looked around

at the assembled guests, as they listened and noticed a few swimsuits

being discarded already. A nude birthday party? I drifted into fantasy.

What would the neighbours think?

My thought were interrupted when Peter held me close as he finished

thanking everyone for the presents. My nipples sprang free of their

textile prison but I merely smiled as he went on.

"Plenty of food and drink over there." He pointed, in the process he

exposed both my breasts now. "Lets Party!" He pulled me toward him and

kissed me. "You'd better put your engagement ring back on, sweetheart." He

gave me one final hug.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 8

by Barbara Â©

I realised that my skimpy top was nearly off altogether, by the time Peter

was finished kissing me in front of all our assembled guests. The

atmosphere was so jubilant that I didn't bother to fix it up when I turned

to face our guests again. I did notice that both Sally and Rebecca were

cooking at the Bar-B-Que and nobody was taking a lot of notice of my naked

nipples. More than two thirds of our fellow club members were already

naked by now. They were starting to mingle and talk among themselves. It

was evident that they were used to nudity.

"What do you call this club of yours anyway, darling." removing my top

altogether as I spoke. "It's all so new to me."

"Grecian Athletic Society." Peter responded. "It's a bit of a G.A.S.,

isn't it?" He laughingly explained. "All Greek athletes used to compete in

the nude and we didn't want to spoil that image. There are only a dozen

regulars, so far, and now you know all of them." He paused, looking at me.

"Why don't you put your top and-Hmm, in our bedroom? Here!" He slipped off

his own suit. "Put these away at the same time, Babe? Love you! Don't be

too long."

It wasn't as though I hadn't been pre-warned. Peter's words about the pool

party reverberated in my brain when I walked away from him.

"Everyone will be in swimsuits, at least to start with." I remembered him

saying. I just hadn't been expecting him to strip off his own suit, quite

so soon. I was a bit unprepared.

Lost in my startled and confused thoughts, I bumped into Harry on the way

inside the house.

"Hey Pam! Into your fantasy world so soon?" He smiled as he steadied his

glass of beer. "Great party!"

"Oops! Sorry Harry. I was just putting Peter's togs away for him and

dropping my top off at the same time. I wasn't fantasising."

"Good girl!" He smiled. "It's nice to see you getting used to nudity among

the others. Remember, baby steps at first! You won't need to fantasise,

before too long." His piercing blue eyes softened. "Hurry along then!" He

looked at me knowingly.

He patted my almost naked bottom. The cord reminded me of the little wisp

of modesty that remained. I scurried off to our bedroom, taking more care

this time not to bump into others. Peter had implied that I should remove

my bottoms as well, even if he didn't actually order me to. I sat on our

bedroom stool, fighting a battle of wills between my former self and a

strong desire to please my 'HUSBAND'.

That decided me. He had made the announcement and I guessed that all the

people at the party would soon be seeing ALL of me anyway if Peter had

anything much to do with it. He was making my decisions from now on. I

thought about it as I put my engagement ring back on.

"Sometimes, nothing at all." "Baby steps." "Be yourself, Pam."

Both Harry and Peter's words kept ringing in my ears as I reached for the

fastenings of my 'Wicked Weasel' suit bottoms.

Finally nude, I looked into the mirror and combed my hair. If I was going

out among the guests, looking like this, at least I wanted to look as good

as I could. I applied a light makeup and examined my naked image again.

"If only those damned tan lines didn't accentuate my vaginal lips so much.

I can't go out like this!" I was talking to myself again and by now, I

knew what THAT meant. As I was looking, my body was so tense that my

nipples were aching and my vulva had swelled indecently. I was sexually

excited and yet reluctant at the same time to look this way. Harry had

been right, as usual. I HAD been thinking of Gerry, when I bumped into

Harry. I reflected on the incident.

"Why can't I get that young boy out of my mind" I muttered. aloud. "Shit!

There I go again."

I frantically reached into my drawers with some crazy idea of finding my

sun block. I intended to try something light in colour that would soften

the hue of my dark pink labial lips against the stark contrast of my milky

white skin.

"Maybe that will work?" I reached for it.

"Maybe what will work, Pamela?" Sally's voice made me jump and my hand

came out empty.

"Oh!---Nothing Sal-" Crouching, I wheeled around in shock. I was just

hunting for my things.---Ah---Peter put all my stuff away."

Sally was standing in the doorway, wearing nothing but an interested

smile. I couldn't tell her what I was really looking for, or why for that

matter. I was so embarrassed to be found, talking to myself and hunting

through my drawers. My body was tense as I straightened up to face her.

Would she notice my engorged labia?

"I just came in to tell you that we're all waiting for you to come out,

for some food." She explained. "Peter asked me to see if I could help."

She eyed me over. "You look great to me. Congratulations Pam." She noticed

my ring finger. "Now that you're part of our family and we're working

together with Harry, we'll be seeing each other rather a lot." She smiled

warmly. "I'm so pleased."

She took my hand, giving it a reassuring squeeze and guided me out of the

bedroom.

"Oh! By the way, Rebecca is dying to see all the results of my handiwork

the other night. She's so pissed off that you wouldn't let her watch us,

when I did it." She quickened her pace.

'Just what I needed.' I thought. 'A bull lesbian checking my-?-out.'

"Jeez!" I said it aloud, just as we were getting further toward the

ranch-slider door to the pool. "Whoops! Forgot something." I pulled back

on her vice-like grip of my hand.

"Later!" She was much stronger. "Come and meet everyone. We're all

famished." She led me outside.

No choice! Fantasy time again. I drifted off and relaxed.

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This time I was being examined for a piercing like Sally's. Gerry--Shit

No!-- Harry was ordering me to open up my legs. The kindly old lady--old

STRAIGHT lady was peering at my most secret place.

"How does that feel, my young lass?"

I recoiled as an ice cold pair of tongs hit my sensitive clitoris.

"Yikes!" I tried to pull my hand from Sally's strong grip.

"Sorry, I'll warm them up." With understanding eyes. "Sorry."

She moved away to heat the clamps to secure my clitoris for piercing.

I felt such a fool, lying there with all those interested spectators

staring at my openly engorged vaginal lips. My clitoris was now fully

erect. I tried to hide my shame by closing my legs again. Harry spoke

sharply.

"Uh Uh! Pamela---Hello!" I was snapped out of my fantasy world.

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"We're doing it again, aren't we my dear?" His piercing blue eyes were

smiling at me. "Sit with me for a bit."

It wasn't an invitation so much as an order. Harry turned to Sally.

"Leave her with me for a while. Can't you see the poor girl's full of

nerves?" His eyes twinkled, mischievously.

Sally released the vice from my hand. The wolf was talking to his latest

convert, nearby. The lovely buck toothed young girl that came here with

Colin. They were laughing and I noticed that Kim was the only one left,

that had kept her suit on, at this point. The others were all quite naked,

including Harry, I realised. I tried not to look at his tanned but

wrinkled old body as he spoke to me but it was impossible to ignore that

he had a piercing too.

"See! It's not so bad among friends." Harry said gently.

"Uh! What Harry?" I snapped out of my dream world completely. "I was

just---"

"I know!" Harry interrupted me. "Just fantasising again. You had that

dreamy look in your eyes as Sally was introducing you and getting your

food." He nodded and lowered his eyes to my lap.

Nervously, I followed his eyes. Was I showing something I shouldn't?

Fully awake now, I was surprised to see a plate sitting on my lap with

buttered bread and cooked chops on it. Harry was picking at a bone,

holding a chop in his hand.

"Come on, my dear. Eat up and talk to old Harry for a while.

Tell me what you were dreaming about?" He chuckled. "It must have been

good, whatever it was."

I gushed out my problems to Harry. He listened intently while I ate and

unfolded my dramatic reservations to him. It was like talking to my father

except that he, my father, would have been a great deal less indulgent

with me.

I trusted Harry with all my secrets. I expected him to laugh when I told

him about my recurring fantasy involving the football captain.

"Perfectly understandable!" He smiled. "Gerry's a fine looking young man."

He pointed. "Pretty well hung too!" He noted.

I blushed as I followed his eyes. Harry was right. I had tried not to look

at him, since he was naked, fearing that my fantasy might easily overwhelm

me. How embarrassing!

"You'll get used to it, being naked, I mean." Harry smiled. "Did Peter

tell you all about the Grecian Athletic---.

"A bit!" I interrupted, suddenly keen to find out more. "He's bought me

this 'uniform' that I'm supposed to wear. Is it true that they all

exercise in the nude?" I was blushing furiously.

Harry took my shoulder and guided me over to where his brother sat, at the

farthest Bar-B-Que table from the pool. Between the two of them they

explained the philosophy behind Kent's Creation's awesome gift to Peter's

club. They told me that Kenneth was some sort of roving ambassador for the

corporation that was based in Maple Lake, a holiday resort town,

communally owned in part by Ken. The directors all believed in free

choice, in matters of clothing and mutual sexual attraction among the

participants. They all practised group sex among themselves, I found out.

Between scores of them they all practically owned the entire district

around the bustling tourist town.

"It was the first 'Nude City' in the country." Ken informed me proudly.

"My partner, Mistress Barbara, started the whole thing some years ago

now."

"Mistress Barbara?" I repeated.

"Kent retired years ago" He explained. The company is worth billions of

dollars annually. Barbara runs the whole empire now."

"But, why do you call her Mistress?" I was intrigued.

"I'll explain it all to you in good time, my sweet." Ken leaned over.

"It's something to do with our philosophy that the world needs to change a

corrupt system of government. The people ought to be able to be

themselves." Ken was getting excited. "To hell with convention and all

that rubbish. There are far better ways to stamp out all the crime,

prejudice and greed in the community. We are interested in breaking down

the hypocrisy that is forced on us by all that kind of bureaucratic

nonsense."

"It seems to work." Harry interrupted. "Mistress has proved it beyond a

shadow of doubt." He looked at his brother. "Can I show her our bible?"

By now I was more confused than ever. Were these guys some sort of

religious nutcases??? I had almost forgotten that I was naked myself, by

now, as I listened intently.

"Good idea! Barbara's novel will explain our philosophy as well as our

structure. I'll give you a copy so that Pamela can read it in her spare

time." He looked at me. "We would like to invite you both to get married

at Maple Lake. It'll be our wedding present to you and young Peter, my

lovely." He explained. "All expenses paid of course."

Kenneth looked at me. "Well?" He urged

I was dumbstruck. My mind was reeling as Harry called Peter over to join

us. A pang of jealousy struck when I saw that Kim was still talking to

Peter, totally naked as well by now. Her red pubic hair confirmed that she

was a genuine redheaded young lady. Her bush stood out like a beacon among

all the other ladies that I could see. Every other lady was totally

shaved, like myself, smooth as a newly born baby. Kim ran over to join

Colin again while Peter came over to join us.

"Hi Babe!" He smiled as he sat down. "I see you've been talking to Ken and

Harry." He nodded his head at Ken.

"I was just telling Pamela about our company's wedding present that I was

discussing with you, earlier." He brought Peter up to date with his

generous offer. "The honeymoon too!" He went on. "It'll be a good chance

for you both to see what we've achieved lately. Mistress Angela said that

you could take your pick." He offered.

"Uh!" My ears pricked up.

"Venues for your honeymoon, my dear." Ken explained. "Kurt just bought a

mountain resort, half an hour's flight from Maple Lake. It's an exclusive,

clothing optional retreat with rapids and horse riding around three or

four hundred acres." He paused. "It's the place where he proposed to

Mistress Angela." He smiled. "I was there with them."

I looked at Peter. All the men saw the confusion written in my eyes.

"Well babe?" Peter prompted me. "Shall we do it?" He was quite keen to

accept Kenneth's magnanimous offer. "Next week?"

I nodded my head in a stupefied daze. What was I letting myself in for

now? I wondered. No matter what, I was marrying Peter, I decided.

"That'd be lovely. Thank you so much, Ken." I managed.

"Are you a fast reader?" Harry asked with a smile. "If you read Barbara's

book before you get there, it might help explain a bit more about what it

is that Ken is offering you. You can start reading it tomorrow." He

softened his tone. "It will help you to understand yourself a lot better,

too." He assured. "Congratulations."

"What is it called?" I asked, anxious to read it.

"'Addicted to Attention.' It followed her introduction, 'My Sexual

Awakening.' and she later wrote, 'Mistress Barbara' after that one, too!

I've read all three parts and I believe that she even plans another one as

well?" Harry looked at Ken, inquiringly.

"Yes. She's working on it now, Harry. It's going to be pretty explosive

too. It deals with the politics of world governments and shows the

disadvantages of this crazy new idea that they have of a 'ONE WORLD

GOVERNMENT.'" Ken spat that phrase out. "It would take away personal

freedom of choice altogether, IF THEY GET AWAY WITH IT?" Ken looked sombre

and determined. "WE HAVE TO STOP THEM!"

"Look! Why don't you both go and have some fun, before our event tonight,

young lady." Harry interceded, looking at his watch.

"It won't be long now? Just a couple of hours left."

I walked away with Peter, hand in hand, toward the pool and the other

guests. My mind was reeling with questions, none of which made a lot of

sense at the moment. I had totally forgotten about being naked. I had

never been all that politically motivated but there was something about

what Kenneth had said that worried me deeply. I had heard of the term,

'One World Government', and I had to admit that it bothered me too. The

freedom of ordinary people was being insidiously stripped away, the same

as my clothing had been tonight. I realised that the honesty, of being

nude among all our friends, was becoming a lot more appealing to me now

and my sexual tension had died down a little. My nipples were no longer

aching and I felt calm and serene. I had all but smiled as I saw Kim

sitting on her own with Colin.

"Let's go and chat to Kim and Colin." I suggested.

They were watching the others, frolicking in and around the pool, by

themselves. They both looked thoughtful and apprehensive. They were

watching the others enjoying themselves and looked embarrassed not to be

part of the scene. The evening breeze was making me tingle, but more with

excitement about getting married so soon. We had been so close to it

before that Peter already had the wedding licence and a date arranged,

before our argument.

"Great idea, Babe." The wolf grinned as he led me over to the shy young

couple. They saw us coming over and Colin gallantly leapt to his feet.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 09

by Barbara Â©

I gave young Kim an understanding smile as Peter and I approached them. I

sat down beside her while the men crouched, balanced on their feet, facing us.

"Had a swim yet, Kim?" I sat forward with the aim of disguising my stark

labia from Colin. I had felt his intent gaze upon my smooth naked

genitals, even before I sat down and it made me uncomfortable.

"I was just trying to persuade her." Colin interrupted before the poor

girl could speak. "She's still a bit shy, I guess."

"We've got something in common then, Kim." I whispered in her ear. "What

say we leave the boys to talk? I needed to get a little something from my

room, earlier. Want to join me?"

Kim gave me a grateful smile as I helped her to her feet.

"Just going to our room for a moment." Excusing ourselves. "We might see

you in the pool in a few minutes, Peter?"

"No worries!" They turned toward the pool.

There was a lot of splashing going on and Sally was having fun with all

her other young friends. Kim and I walked into the house and relaxed, once

we saw that the house was empty. Kim looked longingly at her bikini,

carelessly draped across the back of our sofa, but she followed me down

the passage to my bedroom.

"Have you been to any of their gym meetings yet?" I sat on the stool,

indicating our bed for Kim to sit on.

We had an informative chat. Kim told me all about the brief history of the

Grecian Athletic Club. As I suspected, it started with just Peter, Sally,

Rebecca and three of their friends. Colin had urged her to join and given

her this lady's book to read. She was only half way through it but

confessed that it had excited her sense of adventure. She smiled shyly as

she told me about Sally's constant request for her to shave her pubes, to

be more like the rest if them.

"Is it true that it makes you more--sexy--you know--sensitive to the

touch." She giggled and blushed.

"Haven't you noticed?" I pointed downward, nodding my head and giggling

with her. "I'm not normally like this."

We chatted on for half an hour but it appeared that we had more in common

than I first thought. We resolved to help and encourage one and other as

much as we could.

I pulled out my uniform when Kim told me that this 'event' that Harry had

spoken of, was a late night walk. She had warned me that her own pubic

hairs showed and that the bra section had cut away nipple holes in it. I

honestly hadn't noticed that. Kim was right though! I held the tiny

garment up and blushed at the thought of appearing on the streets like that.

"I use Chap stick, you know--for disguise." She pointed to her dark red

nipples. I know that I have to shave this too." She pointed to her lush

growth. "Colin tells me that I'm being a wimp but-- I--"

"I have an idea!" I interrupted her, excitedly. "Have you got it here? The

Chap stick I mean?"

"It's in my coat with my uniform." She smiled. "My nips stand out like

beacons if I forget it." She admitted. "It's bad enough when we have to

take our uniforms off for a while." She giggled.

"Take them off?" I gasped.

"Didn't Peter tell you about that?" She giggled. "It's a bit like 'Simon

Says'. If Peter takes his uniform off then we all do."

A further hurried conversation took place and I suggested Kim get her chap

stick while I prepared the way for some minor alterations to both of our

appearances before this dreaded 'event'. Whilst these changes were

occurring we talked frankly and openly about all the exciting recent

changes in our lifestyles. We both agreed that being naked in mixed

company created an exhilarating tension in our bodies that highlighted our

vaginal lips in an embarrassing way. We decided to use the lip cream in a

way that was never intended. After subduing the contrast on our nipples,

we smeared some over our shaved vaginal areas as well. Neither of us were

experts but we did our best to hide the stark contrast of our engorged

lips. We talked as we worked and

Kim and I became very good friends. We vowed to morally support one and

other in whatever lay ahead. Kim was very mature for her age and she

helped me understand Peter's involvement in G.A.S. and some of the

reasons.

At least now, I began to comprehend the philosophy of this 'Mistress

Barbara' lady and I was glad that I took the time to make friends with the

club's most recent female convert, apart from myself. We were just about

to rejoin the others when Peter called out.

"Are you in there, Pam?" A worried voice echoed from our lounge area. I

looked at Kim and then at our bedroom clock. 11pm.

"They must be ready to go?" She said softly.

"Be right there, darling!" I called out.

The lounge was buzzing with excited voices as all fifteen of us got ready

for my very first outing with the G.A.S. The moment I walked into the room

with Kim, Peter announced that Harry intended a group photo of us all in

front of the Town Hall and a bus was chartered to take us there.

"We won't need our uniforms either!" The wolf grinned.

Some of the newer girls gasped in dismay whilst Sally and two of her

girlfriends smiled even more broadly. There was a mixed reaction from

Colin and Paul but Barbie cuddled into Paul.

"It might be fun, doll." She whispered into his reddened ear. "I don't

mind if you don't." She was giggling with excitement. She looked at Kim

and I as we moved alongside the couple. "You've done it at last, I see!"

She kissed Kim. "Just now, was it? When?"

Kim was shaking with nerves but stammered her reply.

"P-Pam did it f-for me." She looked at me. "We helped each other to get

ready for the walk tonight."

It was obvious that Barbie was delighted. She stared at my handiwork and

then looked at my own lips.

"Oooh Pam!" She exclaimed. "It makes you look so cold and--uh- frigid down

there. I noticed you earlier." She looked me over. "Even your nipples seem

a lot lighter in colour. Whatever have you two been up to in there?"

I blushed deeply at the thought of Barbie taking such an interest in my

private areas. She must have noticed my swollen labia whilst Sally was

showing me off to her friends and getting my food for me. I made a mental

note that perhaps she was bi-sexual, like Sally.

Kim spoke up shyly.

"We just thought we might try a bit of genital make-up, that's

all.---We're not as tanned as you are, Barbie." She shifted her feet

awkwardly. "We just thought it wouldn't make our--you know--privates so

obvious."

"Well!" She laughed. "Maybe I understand?" She relaxed. "It might take a

few weeks in the sun and then you won't need it."

Peter had been telling those that hadn't brought a car to take their gear

with them on the bus tonight.

"We'll drop you off on the way home." He explained. "It's getting late and

I'm sure you all have to work tomorrow."

"Now listen up folks!" A deeper voice boomed.

We both breathed a sigh of relief when Kenneth spoke up and Barbie had her

attention distracted from probing us for explanations. We both found it a

little bit embarrassing.

"The Society has hired a bus to take us into town this evening. The

members can wear shoes, if they want to, but they won't really be

necessary. As Peter has told you, your coats can all be taken in the bus

with you. We've made all the necessary arrangements and as usual, there

won't be any problems with the city police. It's a legitimate rally and

some reporters might be taking a few photos, but there shouldn't be too

many of the public around at this time of the night. It is Sunday night,

remember?" He added with a smile.

Ken paused and there was a loud murmuring of excited voices as the group

talked among themselves. I looked at Kim in dismay.

"Did you know about this?" I whispered.

"It was supposed to be a birthday surprise walk. Nobody said anything

about going out naked altogether, to me, anyway" She was as shocked as I

was. "I don't suppose we can stick it back on?---No!"

"Too late now." I agreed. "Jeez!" I shivered with apprehension.

"See if you can get Peter to walk with us, Pam?" She grabbed Colin's hand

for support. "It mightn't be so bad."

The neighbourhood was quiet when we all trooped out of our house to the

waiting vehicle, thank God! Peter and Ken were ushering all of us into a

small tour coach and telling us to take our seats. I felt ridiculous

climbing up the three shallow steps with Colin hard on my heels behind me.

Luckily it was one of those coaches with darkened windows to shield the

passengers from the summer sun. It seemed to be air conditioned too. At

least it was warm inside and dimly lit.

The fully dressed driver acknowledged us as we made our way past him.

It might have been my imagination, but I felt his eyes following me in his

rear view mirror as I quickly found a double seat across from where Colin

and Kim wanted to sit.

I stayed in the aisle seat, waiting for Peter to join me. The prickly seat

against my bare bottom served to remind me of my exposed state, further

reinforcing the fear of the unknown destination. The CITY?-----Whereabouts

for God's sake?

I hoped that Peter would take the window seat and tell me where we were

going. I felt as naked and defenceless as I had in that smelly old shower

and toilet area when Harry found me. At least there were others, apart

from the driver, equally naked, this time around. As I sat nervously

waiting, defensively clutching my breasts with my arms and holding my

knees together, I began shivering uncontrollably.

Without warning I reverted back to my fantasy world from earlier this

evening.\* \*Author's note [Ch.8]

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Harry spoke sharply.

"Get those legs apart for heavens sake! Put those arms back by you sides

again. How is the nice 'straight' old lady supposed to pierce your

genitals like that."

I relaxed as I waited for her to warm up those clamps that had been so

cold when they first touched my clitoris. Now she was coming back toward

me with a smile on her face, holding the warm tongs.

"I'm sorry about that Pam. Is your clit still nice and erect for me. Let

me see now? Ahhh yes, good girl! It won't be long now.

You'll soon be looking just like your friend--No!-sister-in law isn't it.

Just hold still now? We're nearly there." She soothed

I felt pressure on my clit as she clamped it prior to putting the needle

through. I felt a cold sharp pain as she secured the clamp.

"It won't hurt will it?" I appealed to her, suddenly afraid.

"You're not cold like that are you?" What was I saying? I was the one that

should be cold, not her. I was laying there completely naked and about to

be pierced.

"No darling, not a bit. Just shift your bottom over for me will you, just

for a moment?

Something was wrong! He voice had changed. She sounded like--Peter! I was

rudely awakened from my weird fantasy world----.

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"Come on, my love! What are you dreaming about?" The wolf was smiling at

me as he nudged his naked hips closer to mine. "Sit over next to the

window, will you?" He pushed at me.

"Oh! Sorry darling." I yielded and wriggled over to the colder seat beside

me.

"What did you mean about cold? It's lovely and warm, especially next to

you, my love." Peter looked surprised, putting his arm around my

shoulders. "Isn't this fun?" The wolf was back in force.

I was fully awake now and I could feel myself blushing as the stark

reality of sitting on a bus with fourteen other naked people kicked in

again. I was full of questions for my beloved.

"Just exactly where as we going?" I asked, as the bus began to move and

the vibration of my seat made me even more aware of the mysterious nature

of our mission.

"Oh that!" The wolf whispered. "Ken's taking us into the town hall park

reserve, just in front of the main doors." He looked at my shocked face.

"It's not open, you realise, not at midnight!"

I looked wildly around me as the bus turned into the main highway and

headed into town. There was little traffic about and the bus picked up

speed. This fantasy was REAL.

"B-but won't there be people there?"

"Not many, I wouldn't think, just a few street cleaners and maybe a few

late night window shoppers." He explained. One or two reporters with their

cameras and maybe a couple of cops to keep an eye on things, as it were?"

The wolf showed his teeth, laughing.

I was speechless, my mouth moving but no sound at all. My fevered

imagination ran riot as I thought of us all ending up in jail. My eyes

must have revealed my terror as I though of all the worst things that

might happen to us. Peter held me close and whispered in my ear.

"Don't worry babe. Ken has arranged everything. Kent's family corporation

has always looked after us. They pay any fines and they have good lawyers

on massive retainers for anytime we get caught with our pants down, as it

were." He laughed. "We got caught a few weeks ago by a passing patrol car

but as soon as they knew who we all were, they just cautioned us and let

us go. Even Sally thought we might get run in." He said proudly. "No

chance!" He hugged me.

"But we're totally naked this time,--even Harry!" I spluttered.

"Same as when we got caught a few weeks ago." He assured.

"They still let you go?"

"Just told us to put our uniforms on, in future. They watched us while we

put them back on and then the two cops drove off." Peter informed me

smugly. "They all know that it's pointless to arrest us."

"Even in those--nipple less bras and backless costumes?"

"You don't even need the bras at all these days. Topless women are

perfectly legal. Sally hardly ever wears hers at all nowadays. It's only

for support while we're walking." He eyed my own naked breasts

appreciatively. "You'll probably need yours on at times, too. Young Barbie

over there." He pointed toward her voluptuous double D's with a grin.

"You mean Paul's girlfriend?" I knew instantly. "Wow!"

"She always wears hers if she's walking, even if she's without her G

string on at times." He looked back. "You'll get used to it, Pam. When we

get married at Maple Lake next week you won't need to bother about the

law. Remember, it's a Nude Town now, first in the country." He was beaming

enthusiastically. "Exciting, Eh?" He nudged me, trying to cheer me up.

"Hang on, we're nearly there and I have to tell the driver where to park

the bus." The wolf excused himself.

I had been so fascinated by Peter's extraordinary revelations about the

destination that I hadn't noticed that the bus was making it's way toward

the town centre and the little reserve in front. I could see bright lights

outside the darkened windows but there was very little traffic about. The

odd pedestrian appeared more intent on the interior lit store windows than

watching the bus as it stopped for the traffic lights. Our destination was

within sight and I was scared witless.

It was a long time ago, when I first left college, starting my first job.

My good friend Sally was trying to match me up with her brother.

I reminisced about having lunch with Peter in the convenient garden

reserve, outside the Town Hall. It was useful to watch the big clock

strike with it's quarter hourly chime. There was always a crowd of office

workers gathered there for lunch and I remembered brushing Peter's roving

hands away as he tried to embarrass me by putting his hand up my blouse.

He always was a bit of a lad.

If someone had told me, back then, that I would one day be standing

alongside of him, stark naked, with a dozen or so other naked people,

having my photo taken, with policemen watching the whole thing, even

smiling for the newspaper photographers and--- I shuddered.

Well! I would have insisted on that person being taken away and locked up

in a lunatic asylum. Even now, I couldn't believe it was happening.

As the bus silently drew alongside a group of people and a beautiful white

limousine parked outside the floodlit town hall I was shocked to see so

many people standing around waiting. It was just before ten to twelve,

midnight, on the steeple clock, and I was trapped. In just a matter of

minutes I would be escorted out of the bus and have to walk to the town

steps. I could already see a barrage of floodlights and photographic

equipment standing by. There were placards and ribbons lying on the ground

next to the limousine and I could see a good looking blonde lady in her

mid thirties behind the wheel.

"Surely the Mayor's not here as well!" I muttered, the knots growing

bigger in my upset stomach. Watching the unusual scene as it unfolded

beside my window. I fought to stop myself from reverting to my fantasy

world. Kenneth, tanned, fit and still totally naked, was opening one back

door of the limousine and kissing a scantily dressed young brunette lady

as she emerged from the back seat.

"Everybody out!" Peter bellowed. "It's almost midnight and the TV crew

want everyone poised and ready before the chimes begin."

I was mesmerised by the scene at the limousine as I waited for the others

to file past me, The strangest sensation overtook my jangling nerves. I

was excited, my nipples were hardening, yet I was about to show myself,

totally nude, shaved and all, to the many dressed people that were

scurrying around outside our bus. I tried to stand.

The slut was urging me to my feet but my chaste half didn't think my legs

would hold my weight. They felt like jelly. A young lady's voice finally

broke the spell. Kim's trembling words were breaking though the turmoil

inside my mind.

"Will you stay beside us when we get out, Pam?" She pleaded.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 10

by Barbara Â©

Once the bus was unloaded and the only three people left aboard were

Colin, Kim and myself, there was no option but for us to go outside. Peter

would have been sure to come back for me anyway, I thought.

I made Kim go in front and Colin behind as we made our way out of the bus.

I driver seemed to be waiting for another opportunity to satisfy his

lust/curiosity or perhaps I was still imagining things but that man gave

me the creeps whenever he looked at me. The cool evening air took the

flush off my face as I grabbed Kim's hand and ran for the shelter of my

fellow society members. We were breathing heavily by the time we buried

ourselves in between the other members of our tiny group, away from the

prying eyes of curious onlookers.

"Jeez! What have we gotten ourselves into." I whispered to Kim.

"Are you cold?" Her body was shaking as her eyes darted around.

"No! Just plain terrified." I shivered with her.

I noticed the well tanned occupants of the limousine talking to Ken and

Peter, outside their car. All four ladies had been wearing short

translucent dresses with splits right up the sides but they casually

removed them and picked up placards, tossing the flimsy garments in the

back seat. The older blonde lady appeared to be in charge, giving

instructions, even to Ken. She seemed to have publicity matters in mind.

Totally naked, with barely two minutes to go till midnight, the ladies

from the limousine lined up around us. The first thing that I noticed was

their expensive body decorations, both nipple and genital adornments,

glittering on their well tanned bodies.

"Who are they?" I whispered to Kim.

"I think they might be from Maple Lake. That blonde lady looks like

Mistress Barbara." She hissed back. "Look at that diamond!"

Kim's eyes took on a fiery look as she gazed at the expensive genital

decoration in admiration. She was now ignoring the clothed members of the

press as they gathered like vultures. I gripped her hand tighter.

"Here comes Harry!" I urged. "We're going somewhere?"

Harry took charge and led all of us up the main steps of the building

entrance. When we arrived on the top steps he sorted out five people to

kneel in a row. He looked at Kim and I.

"I'll put you in the front row with Peter, Pam. How about you Kim?" His

eyes fixed on our midsections. "What on earth have you done to

yourselves." He accused, his blue eyes probing.

"Kim and I just wanted to be a bit more inconspicuous. Nobody told us

about any photos." I was trembling. "Could we go right in the centre,

please?"

He relented and allowed Kim and I into the centre of the group pose,

placing Colin between us. It seemed like Peter had wanted me to sit beside

him, in the front row, but Harry prevailed.

"The balance is more even this way, Peter." He explained to him giving me

a friendly wink. "Baby steps." He whispered in my ear.

A banner was unfurled at the back of our group and The TV cameras

positioned at one side while still photographers from the newspapers

positioned themselves. Secure in the centre, I watched in awe as the

cameras began to roll and the clock began to chime. The multitude of

flashbulbs almost blinded me as I tried to smile. The crowd were some

distance from us but once the chimes ceased, the TV interviewer spoke

first to the blonde from the limousine and then Kenneth and Peter. I sat

with Kim, in a state of shock, waiting for the crowd to disperse.

Peter turned to us and motioned to the group dismissively.

"Thanks guys. I'll be with you shortly." He smiled at me. "Just keep

within the garden area if you want to walk around for a while. I just have

to help Ken tidy up the banners."

Unfortunately the others started moving down the steps again, leaving us

open to public view, so we had little option but to join in on the walk.

Sally led us all around the floodlit gardens while Kim and I did our best

to remain hidden in the shadows of the others. What had, at first, seemed

like a large group at our house offered scant protection from the prying

eyes of the fascinated bystanders. Logic told me that the subdued lighting

would cast a welcome shadow on the more personal areas of my body but I

was glad of the police presence as they kept the public at a reasonable

distance. I tried to appear casual but the tension of walking nude, in the

town centre, even after midnight, did nothing for my self confidence. My

erect nipples began to ache and I was doing my best not to let my

excitement show. The slut was doing battle with my former shy self and my

mind was in complete turmoil.

Kim and I talked, to try to get our minds off the fact that there were so

many clothed spectators watching our every move.

"It's like being in a goldfish bowl." Kim commented.

"Are your nipples hurting." I glanced at her erect nipples.

"This always happens to me when there's someone watching or we get caught

unawares when we're all naked like this. You have the same problem, I

see." She gave me a knowing grin. "Hey! Look at Gerry."

I glanced over and noticed that his penis was larger than it had been at

the party. He didn't have an erection, as such, but he looked less

wrinkled on his shaft. I didn't dare to stare at him in case my prior

fantasy of having him ravish me kicked in again.

Sally and Rebecca were walking arm in arm, occasionally stooping to

examine the floodlit plants and shrubs. They must have been aware of the

way they were exposing themselves when they did this. They seemed to be

enjoying a private joke once they straightened up their bodies again,

laughing and giggling as they moved to the next floodlit plot.

"Look! They seem to be enjoying the crown reaction." I nudged Kim. "At

least they seem to be taking the attention away from us."

"They always do." Kim giggled. "They seem to love it."

I wished I was more like Sally and had lost my sense of shame in the way

that she obviously had.

"I wish the crowd would all just go away." My voice shook.

"Mistress reckons that's the best part." Kim looked at my reaction. "In

her books I mean! You'll have to read them. She says that being watched

like this makes you far more aware of your own sexuality and gives you

more confidence about your body."

The tension that I felt was definitely sexual alright. I recalled the way

Barbara had removed her dress with relish and strode among all the

reporters as if she were fully clothed. She seemed to be totally

unconcerned about the attention that she attracted from the men.

"You do seem to get used to it." Kim interrupted my thoughts. I'm not as

worried as I was before."

"I guess!" I muttered, wishing it was all over.

It was a humiliating experience until Peter joined us.

"Oh! There you are, babe. You did well." He gasped as he ran to my side,

full of excitement. "Barbara and Cathy wanted to meet you but they had to

get going. You'll meet her next week."

I glanced at our bus and saw the limousine pulling away. Kenneth was

waving and putting the banners back on board. I snuggled into him.

"What was THAT all about?" I whispered.

"A protest against the indecency laws." He explained. "Ken and I organised

it last week and Barbara flew over to support the society with some of her

family. Ken's taking their limo back to Maple Lake later tonight."

"But he's still--How!"

"We're dropping him off at the Airport on the way home." Peter interrupted

patiently. "You'll see!"

There were only a few members of the general public left watching and only

two police chaperones were left standing by when we heard a loud shout.

"All aboard!" Ken waved out from the bus.

The clock struck 1am as we boarded the bus, making me aware that I had

been flaunting my naked body, in public, for just over an hour.

Again the driver leered at me as I moved up the steps and seemed

fascinated with my recently shaved area. I quickly moved past him and made

a dive for the shelter of my previous seat. I whispered to Kim.

"Thank God that's over. Did you see that driver look at me?"

"He did the same to me, Pam." She blushed. He was staring right at

my--privates." She added, glowing red with embarrassment.

"Don't worry girls. I think I know why." Harry leaned over from behind.

"It's that silly makeup that you used on your genitals." He smiled. "It

looks so unnatural. I told you before, be yourselves." He glanced at Kim.

"I was going to speak to you both about it, earlier."

"Thanks Harry." I blushed. "My idea, I'm afraid."

"At least you didn't drift off this time, Pam." Harry winked at me.

"You'll like the session tomorrow." He moved back in his seat.

Peter gave the driver his instructions and he settled in beside me.

I was more comfortable in the window seat as we detoured to drop Ken off.

The limo was parked at the Aero Club, far away from the terminal so Harry

and Peter got out with him to see him on his way. We toured the suburbs

dropping off members of our group along the journey home. Some put their

coats on before leaving the bus but the more daring, Sally and Rebecca

included, tucked their coats under their arms and then made our way back

inside their home, still naked. The mood was then more ebullient and Peter

became talkative.

The explanations for our surprise walk became clearer. It transpired that

the G.A.S was only a small part of many other beneficiaries of this,

Mistress Barbara's, huge organization. It was all too political as far as

I was concerned but I was grateful that the demonstration was over, or WAS

it?

"Don't forget, I'll be picking you up tomorrow morning, Pam."

Harry's piercing blue eyes gazed into mine. "Say 9-30am?" He looked at my

tan lines and smiled. "Oh! Could you bring the same bikini that left you

looking that way?" He paused. "Just an older one that you wouldn't

normally wear anymore will be fine." He urged. "I'll bring you something

for you to wear over the top of it, if you like.

My heart leapt with joy. I had expected him to want me to wear the one

Peter had bought me, my skimpy little 'Wicked Weasel'.

"You want me to wear that one? But I thought----"

"It might be perfect for what we have in mind." Harry cut off my words.

"See you tomorrow, my dear. Sleep well!"

He put his coat on and waved as he got off the bus.

Now, with just Colin and Kim left aboard, I snuggled into Peter.

"I thought all you guys came in together." I probed Colin.

"Oh! I brought my car and picked Gerry, Paul and Barbie with us." He

smiled. "I'm the only one that doesn't drink." He explained. "I often give

them a lift when we go out."

"Barbie's been plaguing me for weeks to join up." Kim smiled.

"I'm glad I did, now." She snuggled into Colin. "We'll get going as soon

as we get back to your place, Pam. We'll leave you lovebirds to it." She

cooed.

The cold night air shocked my body into full consciousness as we got out.

Kim and I rushed into the house ahead of our men to gather their clothing.

Colin's station wagon was the only vehicle left on the kerbside and the

neighbourhood was even quieter than before. I walked up the driveway with

Kim, quickly fumbled with the lock and let both of us in and shut the

door.

Kim gathered up Colin's coat, checking for his costume in the pocket and

then putting her own coat on. She was obviously relieved to put her long

coat back on, but put her bikini back in the pocket.

"He'd just take it off on the way home anyway." She giggled as she patted

the pocket. "Don't come out in the cold, Pam." She walked back to the

front door. "I'll see you tomorrow evening at the club gymnasium." She

brushed my cheek with a kiss and ran back to the car.

Peter was standing outside the car window, talking to Colin, waiting for

Kim to see them off. I noticed the pool area was tidy so I went to have a

shower, leaving the front door open for Peter, now anxious to remove my

genital makeup.

I glanced at the two brief costumes on my bed as I went into the en suite.

Kim's discarded chap stick was laying there so I picked it up.

It had been humiliating to hear Harry explain why the bus driver had taken

such an interest in Kim and I. He was probably right, as usual.

I looked into the mirror as I put it away and noted that it seemed to only

highlight the very area that I was trying to disguise. I was so sorry that

I had thought of the idea, in retrospect.

Mistress Barbara's diamond clit ring had drawn attention to her body in a

similar way but she had been wholly unconcerned about the way she looked,

herself. I had admired the way she smiled while she posed with us and had

no problems being interviewed afterward. Her inner confidence had been

quite overwhelming.

The strangest part of the entire evening was that once I was walking

around with the others, I felt good about what I had dared to do. The slut

seemed to be winning the battle.

My nipples were still deliciously sensitive when I stepped under the

shower. I quickly cleaned of all the makeup and when the droplets of ward

water were directed at my engorged vaginal lips, I shuddered. there was a

definite sexual excitement as I considered the ways that Peter might make

love to me tonight. The recurring fantasy of having Gerry catch me totally

naked and make love to me or even just use me returned to haunt me in the

shower.

Peter's hands on my breasts shocked me back into the real world.

"You looked lovely, Pamela. I was so proud of you tonight." He murmured

softly in my ear as his strong hands travelled down my body.

I turned and kissed him as he placed his hand between my legs and opened

me up. I could feel the heat of his erect penis as I wrapped my fingers

around his pulsating shaft.

He took me in the shower and I eagerly wrapped my legs around his hips and

sighed with pleasure as he slipped easily inside me. There was an unusual

urgency to his motions as he controlled the speed of his thrusting. I

closed my eyes and imagined Gerry taking me that way.

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"Come on you little slut, use those pussy muscles." He gasped.

"This is wrong!" I whispered as I clenched at his shaft as he pumped his

gigantic member into my slippery love nest. "We might get caught." I

whispered with more urgency. "Peter!"

"Peter already knows what a slut you are." He grunted. "What decent lady

would walk around the memorial gardens at the town hall, showing herself

off the way you did tonight." His eyes were on fire with passion. "After I

get through with you, all the others players are waiting for their turn."

He grinned. "They all want you too!"

"The others?" I gasped, as I orgasmed unashamedly.

"Peter's told them all what a little slut you are, too." He confirmed as

he flooded me with his seed.

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"That's it! Arhhhh! YES!!" The shrill sound of my own voice brought me

back to reality with a jolt.

"Wow! Quite the little hellcat tonight, Babe!" The wolf grinned as he

gently lowered me to my feet. "Public nudity seems to agree with you,

too."

I felt myself going crimson as I looked into his face and lowered my eyes

quickly again. We kissed and there was no doubt that Peter was just being

complementary. We ran our hands over each others body and I wondered if I

had spoken out loud while we were making love. I tried to relive the

episode, trying to think what I might have said in the heat of my passion.

When Peter was drying me off, before we hopped into bed, the answer became

somewhat clearer.

"What was that about being caught." The wolf grinned as he dried off the

area between my legs. "There was nobody else here in the house."

"Oh nothing, darling!" My mind racing with shame. "I was probably thinking

about earlier on, you know, when we had guests."

"That must be it!" he agreed. "You were muttering something about the

others when I couldn't hold back any longer. You seemed to be miles away."

"Sorry, my darling."

"Don't apologise sweetheart." He assured me. "It should be me that

apologises to you."

"Huh!" I looked into his eyes, searching for his meaning.

"I meant to take it more slowly,---so you would enjoy it as much as I

did."

"But I did, darling. Couldn't you tell?" I smiled as I led him over to our

bed.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 11

by Barbara Â©

"Wake up sweetheart. Come on Babe!" Peter's concerned face peered down at

me. "It's nearly nine o'clock, already."

I opened my eyes, fully awake now and looked around. The bed was a mess

and Peter was dressed already.

"Come back to bed?" I murmured. "You don't need to go into work now, do

you?" I pulled back the sheets, invitingly.

"No, but you do." He grinned. "First day at work, remember?"

"Oh shit!" Remembering Harry's words, I leaped out.

The sun was streaming in as Peter pulled the bedroom curtains. "Is he

doing nude work today?" He chuckled. "I do hope so, my love. You were like

a tiger last night. Twice within the hour as I recall it." He sighed as he

pulled the bedclothes off. "Come on now, off you go to the shower and get

ready. Harry's already rung and asked for you."

As I refreshed myself under the shower Peter spoke to me though the

doorway.

"Harry was telling me that he asked you to wear an old bikini."

"Yes love, not my new one, strangely. Could you get my old blue one out

for me?"

I was looking forward to this session. I expected Harry to get me to

remove it at some time during the shoot but felt able to handle that. I

was more concerned about the evening workout at the gym later on that

evening. Kim had warned me that the members often worked out in the nude

but I was slowly coming to terms with the idea. I was almost looking

forward to meeting Kim again, nude or dressed. We had both supported one

and other last night. She helped me through all that trauma of exposing

myself, the way we both had.

"This one, darling." Peter waved my old bikini through the doorway. "I was

going to get rid of it, after last night." He placed it on the vanity.

"Hurry along, I think that's Harry at the door now." He rushed off.

I realised that this morning was the first time I had worn anything like

decent clothing since Saturday afternoon. I felt much better about myself

as I dressed in the bikini, even though I had always regarded it as

minimal, previously. One final check in the mirror, I grabbed at my

handbag and I was ready.

"Coffee's on the table, babe. Toast and marmalade are coming up shortly?"

Peter sang out from the kitchen. He was in a jaunty mood.

Peter had always done his share around the house. This morning he had made

the bed while I was showering and now breakfast too. I was in a cheerful

frame of mind, to match his.

"Well!" Harry looked up. "Don't you look radiant this morning?" The old

man chuckled. "Let me look at you a moment."

"Will I need anything else, Harry?" I smiled as I pirouetted around for

him. "Towels, shoes, and oh,-- got that dress?"

"All in good time. It's in the car. Just sit and have yourself some

breakfast. I hope you didn't try out your makeup skills again?"

"No! All 'au naturale' this morning." I blushed. "just the way you

wanted." I said breathlessly as I sat down. "Whereabouts are we off to?" I

gave him an inquiring glance as I sipped at my coffee.

"We're meeting Sally and Rebecca at Peninsula beach." He turned to Peter

as he came in with our breakfast. "Join us if you like?"

"Maybe later on." Peter promised. "I have a few calls to make and a bit of

work to do in my office. Will you still be there around lunchtime?" He

looked at me. "Might make it by then."

Peter and Harry started to talk about the public demonstration last night.

They joked about the impact that the resulting publicity might have on

city officials.

I got busy eating my breakfast and didn't interrupt them as I still knew

so little about the aims of their organization. I just listened and nodded

my head as though I understood everything that they were talking about. I

had already made up my mind that I would support Peter in whatever his

ambitions might be. I wasn't going to lose him again. I had been so scared

last night that I almost refused to leave the bus. Somehow, I had mustered

up the courage to face all those people and publicists, without a stitch

of clothing on, albeit at midnight. I was hard for me to imagine a more

stringent test of my commitment to my beloved. From now on I would just

grin my teeth and bare it, quite literally. I smiled to myself,

remembering some of the humiliating details of my naked stroll last night.

Thank God, it had been dark and I had been among so many others.

"You look happy." Harry nudged my arm.

"Oh yes! I've always loved going to the beach, Harry. I thought we might

be working at your studio today. A surfing beach sounds much better."

"Now Pam! Are they your oldest togs?" Harry smiled mysteriously as he

finished his coffee.

"Only ones I've got apart from my new ones." I replied. "Do you want me to

bring them too.

"No sweetheart, not today." Harry's blue eyes twinkled. "I've got

everything else that you might need. By the way, I brought those books

that Kenneth promised you too, 'My Sexual Awakening' and the other one,

'Addicted to Attention', just in case you get bored.

"Oh great! Kim told me all about them last night." I gushed. "I was going

to ask Peter about it when I got home."

"Well! Ready?" Harry stood up. "We'd better get started, if you don't

mind, Peter." He glanced at him.

"That's alright. Hope to see you out there, then."

I kissed Peter and ran out to the car, after Harry, carefree and looking

forward to my first day of paid employment since my return. I had had a

job at an insurance company as a claims clerk before I left Peter. I had

never liked being inside an office all day, anyway. The money was

reasonable but the hours were an absolute killer. My life was changing so

rapidly now. There was no going back.

Harry was cheery as we drove through the suburbs and we conversed in a

casual manner. He asked what I thought about the framed photograph that he

had brought as a present for Peter and how I felt about the walk last

night. I opened up to him.

"The photo was lovely, Harry. I was glad it wasn't one of those

really---explicit ones." I smiled, growing bolder. "It was artistic and

Peter just loved it. The walk was a bit more challenging though."

"Life is a series of challenges. That's the most exciting part about being

young." He reflected. "You should never be ashamed to express your

sexuality fully though, my dear. But the time you get to Barbara's next

novel, 'Mistress Barbara', you'll see what I mean.

"Have you and your wife ever lived that way?" I burst out.

"What way's that, my love?"

"You know, sharing with other couples. Kim was telling me."

"Oh yes. You have to be careful these days though, Pam. So much disease

and all that sort of thing." He said casually. "Has Peter asked you to go

to bed with another couple?"

"No, but Kim was saying that Barbara believes in that kind of thing and I

was just wondering." I blushed. "I've been having these fantasies. I hope

you don't mind me asking you like this. It's just that I could never

discuss that kind of thing with my parents."

"I'm flattered that you asked me, dear." Harry grinned. "Sally and Rebecca

come to me with their problems too. I'm always here if you need me, for

advice I mean."

Harry told me all about the relationships between his brother and all the

other families that lived together at Maple Lake, radiating his complete

honesty and obvious sincerity.

"They really have something pretty special going on, there." He smiled and

looked at me. "You'll meet most of them next Saturday when you get married

to Peter. I'll be there too. You can ask me anything, so don't you worry

your pretty head about it."

Harry was turning into a side road, off the main highway.

"Nearly there now." He turned to me. "Ever done any surfing? "Not really,

Harry. I could learn though. I'm a good swimmer."

I swallowed hard, realising what I had said. I had visions of Harry taking

pictures while I surfed in the nude at some deserted beach one day. I had

almost forgotten that he preferred to do nude studies of the female form.

At least today I would be safe. He didn't want me to lose my tan lines,

quite yet.

Harry nodded thoughtfully as he turned into a parking area, full of cars.

"More people around than I expected." He commented. "Ah, there they are."

Sally and Rebecca were standing next to their car, waving us over. We

pulled in alongside and stopped. They had saved a place next to their

classic Stingray. Harry's larger Volvo made the gap between the cars hard

for me to extract myself on my side so I had to wait for Harry, then ease

myself over to his side to get out.

Sally, who was topless, was wearing tiny bikini bottoms and Rebecca who

was in a skimpy 'Wicked Weasel' like my new one, gasped when they saw what

I was wearing.

"What on earth are you wearing that for?" Rebecca exclaimed.

"You just leave Pam alone." Smiled Harry. "I asked her to wear it today.

Baby steps, remember!" He winked at the two girls.

"Oh!-----Right!" Both girls nodded dramatically, giggling like

schoolgirls. "I suppose you even brought a dress for her to wear as well?"

They were being sarcastic, I thought, until Harry brought out three short,

toga style, dresses with open sides. I remembered Barbara and her girls

wearing something similar at the protest rally, until they removed them.

"Here! Put these on until we get to our location." He offered.

"How come there's so many people around today?" I asked, as I gratefully

donned my bikini accessory dress. There was a stiff ocean breeze that

lifted my skirts readily but I smoothed them down out of habit. I was

decently covered by my old bikini briefs anyway.

"Surfing competitions." Sally explained. "They've got a film crew down at

the southern end. A pretty mixed crowd today, from what we saw."

We picked our way through the crowded sands, heading for the rocks at the

northern end of the bay, helping Harry to carry his equipment. We

attracted plenty of attention through the most populated area of the beach

from all the young bystanders that weren't watching the surfing

competitors. Sally was alway a bit of a show-off and she wiggled her

bottom as we walked. The boys all whistled and waved to her. Noticing that

many of the girls were topless, like Sally, it seemed that a lot of change

had happened since the last time I was here. I found myself almost wishing

that I had worn my own tiny costume instead of the one I had on. I felt

quite out of place.

We passed a group of younger girls that were sunbathing in the nude, front

down, their tiny costumes laying by their sides, as we reached the less

populated northern end. They just waved nonchalantly as we all trooped

past them.

"Is this part a 'nude beach' now?" I whispered to Harry.

"Not really, Pam. It's just that nobody seems to worry so much about

nudity these days at this beach." He looked around and after a few more

yards he stopped. "This will do!" He announced.

We spread out a blanket and my friends both stripped off their togas and

waited for further instructions from Harry. I put mine on the sand with

theirs and put the chilly bin on top. We were close enough to the naked

girls that their murmurings to each other drifted in the breeze and I

could faintly hear their voices.

"Are we doing semi-nudes today or--" Sally's voice interrupted.

She had already taken off her dress and she was about to remove her

briefs, fiddling with the side fastenings.

"You can both take yours off now if you like." Harry looked up from his

camera bag. "Pam can leave hers on at the moment." He picked up and

checked a hand held video camera. I felt uneasy and sat on the sand. I had

expected to go around the other side of the rocks to some deserted cove,

before we set up a base camp and my friends undressed. I was a bundle of

nerves, wondering if Harry was going to ask me to remove my bikini as

well. I felt as though the other groups scattered in the area were all

watching us, waiting for the show.

Harry took the two others to one side and whispered in their ears as they

divested themselves of their remaining clothing. Both of the girls giggled

and nodded. He turned back to me.

"Right! Pam, I want you to go up the beach a bit." He pointed to just

above the rocky outcrop. "Take your instructions from Sally and make out

that you've only just met her and Rebecca." Harry was looking behind. "I

want to shoot a twenty minute clip that shows both clothed and unclothed

subjects." He explained. "Just do everything that Sally suggests." He

winked at me. "Pretend that I'm ordering you to do what ever she says, if

it helps you in any way." His blue eyes twinkled with delight.

I was aware of nearby interest as I followed Harry's instructions. He

placed himself so that he filmed the surfing competition and the huge

crowd in the outlying background. I walked slowly back down the hot sand

to meet my two naked friends at our selected spot. We conversed for a

moment and then wandered down, together to the nearest edge of the boiling

surf as it crashed, then sought refuge by immersing the sand. Harry moved

to one side. I caught the movement in my peripheral vision and almost

looked at him. I caught myself just in time.

"Forget I'm here." Harry shouted.

"Come on in!" Sally whooped as she waded into the turbulent sea water with

Rebecca, waving toward me. Sally playfully undid my top as we splashed

around together. We went in deeper to waist height at the ebb of the surf.

"Take it off, darling. Bottoms too!" As she grabbed at my top.

The cold surf swirled between my legs as I slid my briefs down my legs,

tingling the smooth lips of my newly exposed genitals. The mild undertow

was noticeable as I lifted my foot free of one side of my bikini bottoms.

At this point they were still around my other ankle so I planted my foot

in the sand so the magnetic undertow didn't drag my briefs away. I looked

to Sally for further instruction, almost dreading the next order.

"Act like you are having fun, for goodness sake." Rebecca's words drifted

through the roar of the crashing surf. "Peter was going to throw those

darned things out anyway."

"Just wave them above your head and let them go." Sally smiled as she

handed back my top. This confirmed my worst suspicions. All along, Harry

had lulled me into a false sense of security. It was now decision time

again. I smiled and lifted my foot.

"You bitches!" I laughed as I struggled to get my bikini briefs off my

other ankle, reaching down until I had them in my hand. "I thought it was

a bit strange that Harry had told me that he wanted me to wear an older

styled bikini. Oh well! Here goes my favourite blue swimsuit."

I waved my costume overhead, still smiling. I looked further up the beach

to where there must have been well over a hundred or more brown bodies

moving around. I couldn't see what they were wearing at this distance. I

hoped the reverse was true but, when the crunch came, it was hard to let

my only clothing go. I hesitated for a moment. After all, they had been my

favourite togs. Resentfully I allowed them to leave the tips of my fingers

and drift off in the ocean breeze.

Watching the last vestige of my modesty, drifting away on the hastily

ebbing undertow was scary yet exciting. I was now faced with trailing my

friends out of the welcome cover of the boiling surf, totally nude as

indeed, they were. In broad daylight on a crowded beach, I had to muster

up the courage to show my entire body to whoever happened to pass along

this way. Every instinct that I had, told me to cover my breasts and run

to the nearest beach towel and cover myself up as quickly as I could.

"Just walk slowly and try to imagine that there's no-one but Sally and

Rebecca with you." Harry's voice penetrated my thoughts. "I think you're

doing great."

Sally grabbed one hand and Rebecca the other as we walked up the sand to

our base. They talked as we made our way back but their words and gestures

were meaningless. The sensation of the sun and the breeze caressing my

naked skin brought a keen consciousness of my vulnerable state. I was

dumbstruck, only aware that Harry was still filming and of my obligation

to walk as naturally as I possibly could. I forced myself to smile, not

daring to look around to see if anybody else was watching us. My only

focus was on reaching our objective. Had I been on my own, I doubted that

I would have been able to prevent myself from running to the relative

safety of our beach blanket and wrapping it securely around myself. I felt

so exposed and humiliated.

"That's great!" Harry finally signalled the end of his filming.

I gratefully sat on the blanket and folded my knees up to my chest, hiding

my hardened nipples from view. Only then, did I allow myself to look at

the surrounding area. My eyes focussed briefly on two fit young men in

faded board shorts, talking to the naked ladies next to us. My eyes

quickly darted away when one handsome lad caught my eye.

Sally and Rebecca were still upright and talking excitedly with Harry as

he packed his vid-cam away and picked out a very expensive looking still

camera. I could clearly see the golden ring between the folds of Sally's

smooth vaginal lips, as she stood with her legs slightly parted. She was

unconcerned by the people in the nearby area. Rebecca too, was standing in

a relaxed position, not attempting to hide her evident excitement at being

seen without her swimsuit.

The sunlight danced over their bodies, evaporating the last remaining

droplets of salt water from their evenly tanned skin. I felt warm and yet

I shivered as Harry pointed toward the windswept rocks.

"We'll do a few stills over there next." He spoke to my two friends and

then turned to me. "You just wander over and join us when you feel ready,

Pam," He spoke in a gentle, understanding voice. "I think you've done

really well so far, my dear." He squeezed my naked shoulder firmly and

then left me on my own.

"Come and join us if you like?" A well tanned young lady with a short

hairdo called over to me from the group with the two muscular young men.

"Oh! It's alright. Maybe later?" I smiled shyly at them. "I just want to

see where my friends are going." I said lamely, quickly turning my eyes

away.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 12

by Barbara Â©

Although at the far end of the beach, it was far from uninhabited. I saw a

few groups of sunbathers between where I sat and Harry's newly proposed

photographic location sit up to watch as they all walked by. Their tanned

bottoms wobbled seductively as the two girls waved and walked past the

male admirers behind them. Several pairs of glazed eyes followed my two

girlfriends as they walked slowly over to the jagged rocks, beyond the

groups. Transfixed by their sheer boldness, I had to admire the way in

which Sally and Rebecca negotiated the golden sand so confidently without

so much as a towel to cover their naked bodies. I looked at the beach

towels scattered before my eyes, feeling an overwhelming urge to grab the

largest one, wrap it around me and chase after them.

I resisted the temptation and thought about the warm invitation that I had

received from the lovely young lady. I had been much too abrupt in

declining and then looking away as quickly as I had. I decided to

apologise for my rudeness.

I was nervous as glanced back at the adjacent group. I rolled over on to

my tummy, quickly placing my elbows in front of my breasts and firmly

closing my legs and crossing my ankles to hide my vulva from those behind

me. The rough blanket on the tips of my nipples reminded me how turned on

I was by daring to speak to total strangers whilst I was in such a

vulnerable state. My body tensed deliciously as I steeled myself to speak

"Hey, thanks for the invite, Guys." I called over, trying to sound more

self assured than I actually felt, with no togs on. "I'm Pamela, by the

way." I smiled awkwardly at that same bronzed lady.

"Oh, that's all right." She smiled and got up. "I'm Annie, pleased to meet

you. This is my brother Jim and Karen's fiance Wayne. Karen and Jim's

girlfriend, and mine, Katrina." She pointed them out in turn and they

nodded in my direction.

The red haired girl with bigger breasts rose to her feet, Karen. She was

casually brushing the sand off her voluptuous body, with no sign of

embarrassment, right in front of the nearby sunbathers.

"Come on Wayne, lets go for a dip."

Wayne slid his shorts off and raced down to the water. This sparked a

chain reaction and Katrina and Jim followed them. They were entirely

unselfconscious about their well tanned bodies. Jim looked like a champion

bodybuilder, with his magnificent body. Like Kenneth, at the party, he was

totally shaved like the rest of the girls. I blushed as I noted the size

of his flaccid penis and his eyes met mine. He was justifiably proud to

stand there so openly. I looked away quickly. His girlfriend, Katrina had

a number of body piercing decorations and I winced as I noticed her nipple

rings and her glistening clit ring with a stone attachment. I was curious,

as to what possessed a pretty young lady like her to do that to herself. I

had to ask Sally, later.

"You coming with us girls?" Jim invited, meeting my eyes again.

I looked at Annie with obvious confusion written on my face.

"I'll just talk to Pamela for a while, Jim. I'll see you guys later."

Annie rescued me, sensing my reluctance to get to my feet.

"You must spend a lot of time out in the sun." I began. "You people are

all as brown as my sister-in-law over there." I pointed to where Harry was

working with Sally and Rebecca.

"We practically live here, at this part of the beach." She reached over

and briefly touched my hand. "It looks like you girls are on an

assignment." Annie commented, nodding her head toward the rocks and Sally.

"The old chap's doing some still work at the moment. Wasn't he making a

film with you three girls before?" Annie smiled.

"He's been in the business all his life, Harry that is. It's actually my

first day in my new job." I opened up to her. "I'm still a bit nervous

about it." I felt myself blushing.

"You'll get used to it, being naked I mean. It's a lot of fun."

"I guess so." I agreed soberly. "I'll have to, with this job.

"We have a few friends in the film business too." She mused as she smiled.

"I'm quite used to showing my body. I hardly ever wear togs anymore, on

this beach anyway. No complaints yet!"

She was bubbly and delightful to talk to. Annie sat next to me and began

telling me that Katrina and her brother, Jim were involved the A.M.K.O.

film studios that were based nearby. I found out that they made a wide

variety of movies and documentaries. Annie was full of interesting

information, proud of her brother and Katrina. I gathered that they were

her best friends, along with her absent partner, Patrick. Annie eased me

out of my self imposed shell with her lure.

"As the matter of fact, they're filming the new annual surfing carnival

here today." She offered. "There's a new competition today."

"I would have thought it would've been held on the weekend." I commented,

wishing it had been. The large crowd made me nervous.

"Not this afternoon's events!" Annie laughed. The competitors all have to

be in the nude." She giggled. "It's a real blast when you're new to it."

"Really!" I sat up, forgetting about being naked myself.

"Yeah! We'll all get involved in that category of the events, later on.

Katrina and her company sponsor the prizes. You look like a newcomer too.

Why don't you enter it. We have a special competition for recent

converts." Annie was looking at my tan lines.

I felt myself getting redder. What had I gotten myself into here?

"I-I'll h-have to ask my new boss." I stammered, blushing at the thought

of Harry's reaction.

"Why don't we ask him?" Annie was getting excited. "That's him over there,

isn't it." She pointed to the rocks where Sally and Rebecca were posing

openly for him. "What's his name?"

"H-Harry, Harry Weisgarber." I managed, my brain was racing furiously for

an excuse to get out of it. "He'll probably say no, I expect." I offered

hopefully. "I think he wants to keep my tan lines, just the way they are,

for as long as he can."

"Nonsense! Let's go over and talk to him." She got up and held out her

hand. "Jim and I would love you to have a turn at the novice section."

She was waiting for me to get up. Annie was a natural leader, like Sally

and Peter. It was impossible to resist her invitation to walk over to the

rocks with her. I looked longingly at the scattered beach towels and then

got to my feet. My body gave an involuntary shiver as I looked at the

latest groups of people, spaced between where we were and where Annie

proposed to take me. There were now a lot more people to pass. I didn't

want them all to see me, in my present state.

"What about our gear?" I protested, pulling back at Annie.

"The gear will be fine. Don't worry, just walk with me. Just be yourself,

Pam. They just look at you once and you've got nothing that I haven't, to

be ashamed off." She smiled encouragingly. "Just walk naturally like you

did when you came out of the water earlier on." "Were you guys all

watching too?" I gasped. "That was my old swimsuit that Sally made me

throw away." I blushed. "Now I haven't even got my new one to wear home."

I choked on a half sob.

A flood of words came streaming out as I explained to her about the way I

had been lulled into a sense of false security. I showed her the open

sided dresses that Harry had given us, stalling for time.

"That's all I have to wear now." I held mine up. "Look! You can see right

through it, Annie." I waved at her, through the paper thin fabric. "And

look how short it is!"

I put it back under the chilly bin.

"I just have to get over my fears." I muttered nervously.

"Well, let's show them then." Annie had a more serious look on her face.

"Come on!" She held out her hand. "You can do it."

In spite of my humiliation, Annie gave me the strength to walk beside her,

past several groups of interested spectators in the vicinity of our base.

I found myself drifting on a cloud of pure adrenalin as I felt the breeze

caress my entire body. My breasts bounced, naturally and my nipples were

fully erect but Annie whispered encouraging words whenever I faltered.

"Those guys are watching me. Let's just run." I pleaded.

"You look great, Pam. Just walk slowly and don't worry about it so much.

They'd be watching you anyway, you know that!"

Low whistles of approval from the predominantly male beach crowd were

quite audible, spurring me onward, toward Harry and the other girls.

"Hey babe! Love your new sun-suit." One brash youth called out.

"We're nearly there." Annie hissed. "Don't look back." She squeezed my

hand. "There's always one of those idiots around. Most of them just

appreciate the show that you're giving them. Just ignore him." She turned

to me and smiled. "See! It's not so bad, is it?"

"I don't think I could have done it without you." I smiled with gratitude

at my new friend. "Are you going to ask Harry or---do you want me to?"

"We'll ask him together. I have an idea." Annie quickened her slow pace as

we passed the last group before our goal.

We slowed as we approached Harry. He was taking a photo of Rebecca as she

did a ballet exercise pose against the stark contrast of a jagged rock on

the upper side of the foreshore. She was obviously excited by the

proximity of the bystanders as She lifted her left foot high in the air

and clasped hold of her ankle. Her body radiated confidence in spite of

the way she was opening up her engorged vulva to full view. Her smooth

skin was glistening with sweat and her rosy pink nipples quivered with the

strain of maintaining the difficult pose. Her smile was genuine.

"She loves showing off." whispered Annie, admiringly. "Is that your

sister-in-law?

"No, that's her-[I considered the implications]-lover." I held Annie's ear

close. "I never really liked her." I whispered. "Don't you think she's the

type?"

"You never really know with some of them." Annie agreed.

By now, I was feeling far more at ease with my nudity. I must have

relaxed, due to Annie's company. We twittered away until Harry looked

around.

"Well! No towel even?" His twinkling blue eyes softened as he saw me. He

turned to Annie. " I was watching you two come over. I've seen you around

here before, haven't I?"

"Oh sorry, Harry." I realised that they were strangers.

I introduced them all, even Rebecca. I joined with Annie in telling them

all about the 'Nude Surfing' competitions later, after lunch, in the

afternoon. Harry knew the head man from A.M.K.O film studios. He had

worked with him before.

"Arnold, isn't it." He asked.

"Yes, he and Monica do all the camera work." Annie agreed with a

captivating smile. "They're all here today, on the main part of the beach.

All the partners. They are filming the surfing for a naturist documentary

that he's been commissioned to do."

"That brings us to another point." I spoke up. "Do you mind if I go in for

the special event for new converts." I asked quickly, before I changed my

mind. "Annie's friends have invited me."

Harry looked at me with new respect.

"What! Up on the main part of the beach?" He grinned. "Just like you are?"

His eyes twinkled with excitement. He turned to Annie and the other girls.

"No worries from my point of view."

My heart sank. What the hell made me ask him? I had a lot of mixed

feelings about walking around naked, even on this, far less populated part

of the beach. I had already guessed what his answer might be.

"Wow! What an idea." Sally chimed in. "Can we go into it too?"

I saw Rebecca shaking her head and tugging at Sally's arm, trying to stop

her. It was no use. Sally loved the idea of surfing without her togs on.

The excitement gathered momentum as Katrina and her mate, the lovely red

headed Karen came up to see what was going on. The men were right behind

them. As much as I tried to look somewhere else, Jim's large penis was

hard to tear my eyes away from. he looked even more perfect in his natural

state than he had with his shorts on. He was an Adonis of a figure. I

could feel myself blushing as I looked back at Sally.

"It's on for this afternoon." I said breathlessly. "Do you think Peter

will let me?"

I already knew the answer but it was my last hope.

Harry took full advantage of the situation, with so many naked young

people about. Karen volunteered to pose with her partner, Wayne. This set

off a new round of poses. I found myself placed in almost every shot as

Harry clicked away. My biggest concern was the fast gathering crowd of

swimsuit clad spectators. Although I followed Harry's strict instructions

to the letter, I felt as though I was on public display, like a zoo

exhibit. It gave me grave reservations about performing in front of a much

larger crowd in the afternoon. There were times that I wished the ground

would open and swallow me up.

There was one old man, holding a towel across the front of his body, that

gave me the creeps. He would insidiously manoeuvre himself into the most

advantageous position to take full benefit of the open area between my

legs. The old chap would smile and I could feel his eyes examining me,

like a gynaecologist might. I found it embarrassing in some poses until

Annie and Jim took him to one side and spoke to him. Whatever they said,

it worked. He disappeared shortly afterward.

The sun and the breeze caressing the untanned parts of my skin still

electrified me as I returned to our original beach location, with all the

others, laughing and sharing a camaraderie of sorts. I began to realise

that Annie was right. I got a real kick out of being naked and having all

the men look at my unclothed body. Annie and her group merged with ours as

we enjoyed the lunch break, together. Harry was in a jubilant mood and

slipped off his clothing to enjoy the day, as he evidently preferred,

totally naked. Noticing the jewellery on his penis for the second time I

turned away so as not to stare or offend him in any way, intriguing as it

was. I sat, facing our new friends, in a far less inhibited manner than

before, and smiled at them.

I was still a bit confused by the tense sensations within my breasts and

slightly embarrassed by the sexual pleasure that I seemed to gain by

exposing my body in mixed company, but I tried to ignore it. Noticing that

even Annie, appeared sexually tensed, I assumed that this was seen to be

normal and subtly ignored. There was an inherent honesty in being able to

see the parts of a person that were normally covered up. In the discussion

among our expanded group, I mainly listened and nodded appropriately as I

watched the main path from the parking area. I was hoping that Peter might

get here in time to have lunch with us, after all.

Harry was probing Katrina for information about the newly permitted naked

surfing competitions. Unfortunately, it only served to remind me of my

upcoming commitment to take part. I gathered that Harry was interested in

obtaining footage of the event in return for a similar concession with

A.M.K.O. films. Some sort of contra deal that I had no real interest in. I

just stretched out and enjoyed the suns rays and did my best to forget

that I was as naked as the day I was born.

I stood up and waved when I saw Peter approaching the northern end of the

beach. I ignored the other groups as I ran toward him, forgetting about my

nudity altogether. It was only when I heard a loud whistle from a group of

young guys that reality kicked in. Peter had seen me and ran toward me.

"We're over here!" I called, ignoring the startled looks from others, as I

beckoned to him and then waited for him to approach.

"Is that your man, Peter?" Suddenly Annie was beside me.

"That's him. He's made it after all." I glowed as I turned to her. "I've

been watching out for him while we were eating lunch."

"Not too bad at all." Annie observed, with a grin, as Peter got closer. He

was wearing shorts but, I guessed, no underwear. Whilst not as perfect as

Jim, Peter was well built and handsome.

I felt a bit embarrassed, waiting for Peter, even with Annie at my side,

with the nearby youths eyeing us over and whistling out their lustful

appreciation. I ignored the subdued lewd comments and ran to Peter's side

and kissed him. I introduced Annie and we walked slowly back to our group.

The look on Peter's face was worth all the trauma and embarrassment once

the looks on the youths faces reflected their jealousy, rather than lust.

I had a new confidence about being without clothing that I had never

experienced before. Being part of such a large group of other uninhibited

people had brought me, creeping, out of my shell. Peter wasted no time in

removing his shorts and then excusing himself to go for a quick swim.

"Just carry on with your lunch time guys." He glanced at me. "I won't be

long, Pam." Motioning for me to stay with the group.

"That's better!" He commented as he sat back alongside of me, dripping

cold water on my heated skin. He offered the sandwiches that he had

brought with him around. "Plenty there." He assured the others as he

passed the home made salad sandwiches around.

My last remaining hope of avoiding the planned competition events of the

afternoon crashed when Peter joined the conversation with our enlarged

group and they appraised him about the exciting nature of what lay ahead,

at least from their point of view. I winced as Peter volunteered to enter

the damned novice event, himself. I let out a sigh of despair as I bit

into a cucumber sandwich.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 13

by Barbara Â©

Jim and Peter began to talk about sporting interests and the various

equipment for maintaining a good physique. I heard a reference to the

Grecian Athletic Society and the relative merits of exercising in the

nude. I was trying to listen to them but there was more interesting

conversation taking place between Katrina and Sally with regard to their

piercing placements. I listened until they went for a swim with Rebecca,

Karen and Wayne. Peter and Jim carried on talking, fully absorbed in their

discussion. Annie was just resting, almost asleep.

"I'll just stay with Harry, if that's all right." I declined when Rebecca

asked if I wanted to come.

I asked Harry if he had finished for the day with his assignments, hoping

that he might have forgotten about the surfing event to come.

"You don't get out of it that easily." His blue eyes twinkled with mirth.

"I've got to say that I was surprised by your boldness earlier." He

confided. "Just remember to be yourself and ignore any silly comments

about your body. I know you still get a bit worried but there's no need."

Harry was almost whispering now. "You seem confident enough whenever

Annie's around. She's a good influence on you so stick with her if I'm

busy, later on." He glanced at his watch and got his camera gear ready. "

1 pm. Only half an hour or so to go."

"Till the contest?" I pricked up my ears.

"No, till they make the announcement." Harry explained pointing to the

main part of the beach. "They have to give notice to the rest of the

beachgoers about the beach being declared a free beach for the afternoon.

They have an obligation to warn the other people, before it's legal to be

naked during the contest. Karen and Katrina were telling me earlier on."

He cackled. "Like we had to at the protest rally, last night. You're

suppose to get a permit for that sort of thing. Mind you, I don't think

there'll be many leaving today." He looked around. "I've never seen so

many people here on a Monday."

Harry fussed around with his cameras and I took the opportunity to read

the smaller part of the novel he had brought for me. 'My Sexual Awakening'

read like an introduction to exhibitionism, where Barbara come to realise

the thrill to be had from displaying her naked body to complete strangers.

I had been living this for the last three days and could readily empathise

with her position. When I read the part that dealt with her first

piercing, a clitoral ring, I took a lot more interest. I began to

understand the motivation and the benefits that she experienced in having

the procedure done. Harry took a few items and excused himself to go back

to his car.

"Just stay and read your book for a while." He put his shorts on and left.

Ignorant of time or passing people, I luxuriated with my head on a folded

beach towel and soaked in the cloud filtered rays of the sun, idly

flicking through the pages. I became absorbed in the book again. Upon

finishing Ch.5 I realised that the four friends were intending to take

their relationship into the realm of 'wife-swapping'. Barbara and Cathy

both had fantasies involving the other's partner. The book reminded me of

my own deep rooted fantasy world. Harry's casual words returned to haunt

my thoughts: "Has Peter asked you to have sex with another couple?" Harry

had openly admitted that he had tried group sex himself. I wriggled my

body in the sand, dreaming about what my answer might be if Peter should

happen to hold the same beliefs. That fantasy of mine, involving Gerry,

might become more than a dream. I started Ch.1 of 'Addicted to Attention',

eagerly turning the pages, with a growing interest in Barbara's narrative

of her unconventional, philosophic beliefs.

"Are you going in for the contest later on?"

I looked up and saw three older, fully dressed men gazing down at me as I

lay reading in the sun. I sat up with a start and looked around.

"Excuse me?" I queried, wondering if the men were officials or perhaps

beach wardens. I felt a pang of guilt and fear, similar to the time Harry

had discovered me in Peter's old shower room. I was alone and equally

naked. Even Annie was no longer nearby, dozing in the sun. Her gear was

gone and I was on my own. I dropped my book and reached for a towel,

assuming that Harry had taken one of his trips back to the Volvo. Although

there were still other groups of people around me, my friends were still

in the water, swimming.

"Sorry to disturb you, Miss, but we were just curious. We came down that

pathway over there." The ruddy faced older man pointed over toward the

rocks with his fishing rod. "We came over to watch the new contest,

surfing that is! There was a trace of a smile on his face.

"We understood it was going to be a nudist event." The bald-headed man

with a weathered face interrupted. "We were fishing over in the next cove

and we just wanted to see it." He explained.

"We thought we might have lunch over this side and watch the fun." The

silver haired, walk-short clad man interjected. "Our wives think we're

fishing all day. We've never seen a nude surfing contest before." He

explained. "Hope you don't mind us asking you like this?"

He shifted his feet awkwardly in the sand.

I could see the humour in the situation. In a matter of moments I could

see that the men were completely harmless. Only the man that had spoken to

me first was still looking straight at me. The other two were nervous and

endeavouring to make out that they were looking elsewhere. I dropped the

towel and stood up. They were the ones that were embarrassed now. I

pointed toward the crowd at the southern end of the beach.

"I believe it's due to start shortly, where all those others are,

somewhere." I smiled, gaining confidence. "I hope to be taking part but I

don't think they've made the announcement yet. What's the time now?"

The men all looked at their watches at once, as if relieved at being able

to focus their attention on something other than my body.

"1-15, I make it." The silver haired guy spoke.

"You'll have plenty of time to walk over there. It won't be starting until

they announce the beach as a free beach for the afternoon. Something about

council permits, I believe."

I was proud of myself as I sat down, watching the men continue their

journey. I realised that they had been more nervous than I was. They were

part of an era that had been repressed by society standards that didn't

include comfort with nudity, like my parents. The three men had obviously

enjoyed looking at me, as I was reading, but direct eye contact was far

more intimidating for them than it had been for me. Prior to meeting Annie

and her friends, I still believed that it was wrong to flaunt my body and

I had found it embarrassing to be seen without my clothing on, but the

events of the last twenty-four hours had calmed my nerves. Peter had

always wanted me to lose my remaining inhibitions and our relationship had

been far more stable, since my return. The book that Harry gave me to

read, plus his wise advice had further reinforced the position that my

earlier fears were unfounded.

I resolved to relax and enjoy the sensations of my newly acquired freedom

and understanding of human nature. I read on, turning the pages until I

came to the part where Barbara first experienced group sex with her close

friends, Cathy and Ken. It suddenly hit me. I had met Kenneth at the

birthday party! He was Harry's younger brother! The sensual description of

Ken was identical, in Barbara's book. The passage that I was reading

brought a pre-orgasmic flush to my body that needed dampening in cold

refreshing water. Barbara had just experienced double penetration, a long

forbidden fantasy of mine. I read it twice. I waited for Harry to get back

and then excused myself to go for a swim.

"The announcement's already been made now." He touched the top button of

his shorts and offered to go with me.

"I'll be alright. I have to do this on my own, sometime." I smiled at him.

"I'm going to take your advice and just be myself." I stood up and

stretched my body, brushing the sand off my hardened nipples, then put the

book away. "I'll be back shortly."

Harry smiled, knowingly. His searching blue eyes ran over my body.

"You seem much more at home with your sensuality now, Pam. It's perfectly

normal to be excited when others admire your body. I saw you talking to

those three men earlier." There was much greater respect in his gentle

voice, as well.

"Thanks Harry, I didn't see you, watching over me."

"Good luck, Pamela. Just don't be too long and bring the others back with

you."

I walked down the sand, threading my way past the scattered groups and

sole sunbathers alike. My stomach was still full of nerves but I had a new

appreciation of their reactions to my nudity. From the furtive looks from

the older men through to cheeky comments from the younger people, as I

passed by, I merely smiled and carried on. I forced myself not to cradle

my breasts or turn away from the pointed gaze of the men that ogled my

body. I would have to get used to that. Sally had obviously encountered

all this before. How else would she have been able to cope with going out

onto the street to meet Peter, yesterday afternoon, stark naked, as she

had.

There was an old couple wading in the shallows. Their expression of

initial shock became admiration as I ran the last five yards into the

surf, my naked breasts bouncing free. I felt the welcome relief of the

cooler water on my sun warmed skin as Peter swam toward me. He met me in

waist deep water, hugging me and leading me over to join Sally and Rebecca

when they swam in.

"It's almost time for the start." I gasped excitedly. "Harry wants to get

going as soon as possible."

"Annie and her friends have already gone over there." Peter pointed to the

southern end of the beach, where there was a larger crowd of people

gathering in a concentrated area near a sizeable open tent.

We all walked back up the beach and helped Harry to pack up our gear. Most

of the clothed bathers had drifted away to watch the activity on the main

part of the beach and I almost missed the sort of attention I had garnered

earlier. It felt great to have Peter and the other two girls walking

alongside of me though. Sally always inspired me with her casual regard to

bystanders.

"You'd better put this on." Harry handed me my toga. "You're getting a bit

red in places." He explained, grinning. "Baby steps!" He reminded me.

The sensation of the breeze blowing through my tunic cooled my flesh while

removing the worst effects of the afternoon sun. I allowed the skirts to

billow, exposing the naked flesh beneath, marvelling at my willingness to

let the skirts fall naturally back into place. All the agony that I felt

earlier on, at having no bikini to wear underneath on the way back to the

car, had vanished completely.

I seemed to attract more looks from other people in the car park than

Sally or Rebecca, even though they had remained totally nude. After my

experience with the three fishermen, I felt I could cope with just about

anything. I took my book, a towel and wore my toga back to the beach

marquee, where there was a large number of predominantly naked people and

filming activity happening. Annie greeted me warmly and took our names and

gave us a programme of events to read. Noticing my toga, she directed

Peter and I to an area in the shade of the ample, gently billowing

marquee. She handed me a folding beach chair.

"Just make yourselves at home over there, next to the other new entrants."

She gave me an understanding smile. "Keep out of the sun."

The four of us sat together. Harry was talking to a tall, sandy haired man

with a commercial film camera and a bikini clad lady with a short spiky

hairdo. They appeared to be discussing positioning for the upcoming

events. There was a stunning young lady, with voluminous breasts, talking

with Katrina nearby and Jim was organizing the surfboards with Karen and

Wayne, nearer to the pounding surf. They all seemed to be working toward a

common purpose. I looked around and saw men erecting barriers to contain

the growing crowd of spectators that we had needed to thread our way

through to reach the marquee. Most of the organisers inside the barrier

were naked and a few of them were wandering among the crowd, unconcerned

by the bemused stares of the dressed spectators.

"I wish I had known about this, earlier." Peter mused. "I would have

brought a few of the others from our society. It makes our town hall

protest last night look tame."

"I've been reading this." I held up my book.

"It gets better as it goes on." Peter grinned. "Wait till you see her

'Mistress Barbara' novel. She's quite a versatile lady." The admiration

was obvious when Peter spoke about the authoress. He spoke softly as he

leaned over to me. "She really believes in fulfilling all her family's

sexual fantasies."

I wondered if I should mention how far I had already gone though the

current book. I decided to wait till we got home, changing subjects.

"When are we going shopping for new outfits?" I asked. "You seem to have

left my wardrobe a bit light." Thinking about the way he has confiscated

most of my underwear. "What about the wedding?"

"All arranged!" Peter smiled mysteriously just as the carnival loudspeaker

cut in. "Later!"

A tall distinguished man announced the events that the assembly had

obviously been waiting for. He welcomed any entrants from the crowd to

register and compete. I followed the programme as he spoke, with

butterflies in my stomach, listening for the ones that involved the latest

converts to naked surfing. I was quite surprised at the number of entries

in all the events.

Watching the early events with Peter, we admired the more experienced

surfers like Wayne and Jim as they took advantage of some of the bigger

waves. The spectators were noisy but well behaved, obediently standing

clear of the triumphant return of the competitors as they made their way

back to the marquee. Sally and Peter went out before me, their bronzed

bodies disqualifying them from the event that I had entered. I was happy

to see Jim and Wayne going out with them to advise on technique and

suitable wave formation. I glanced at Annie who was now standing alongside

the announcer. I gathered that he was her boyfriend, Patrick. She had told

me that he was a bit older than she was. I looked back to where Jim was

giving advice to Peter, Sally and two others. The thought of being out

there with him was strangely enticing in addition to the excitement of

trying a new beach sport.

My turn came unexpectedly when Annie came running over. She explained that

there was a reduction in the size of the surf and they had moved the

novice section forward. She pointed to the stack of surfboards and told me

to swim out to Jim for a few quick lessons.

"Do you feel up to going out now?" Harry was holding a camera with

telephoto lenses. "Just relax and do your best." He advised.

I peeled off my toga and looked at the good natured crowd. They were busy

watching the antics of the current competitors as they struggled to make

it into shore on the last decent wave and remain upright. With nerves

stretched to breaking point, I picked a board and entered the water. I

swam out beyond the breakers and met up with Jim and some of the other

more experienced surfers.

Straddling my surfboard opened me up to their gaze. An electrifying thrill

ran though my tensed body whenever my naked flesh met Jim's. There was a

raw sexual excitement building within me when I saw that the attraction

appeared to be mutual. It was hard to concentrate on his expert advice,

with my eyes locked onto his semi-turgid manhood. He encouraged me to try

to stand on the board with my feet apart while he steadied the surf board

from below.

I had to fight to keep my mind from slipping into a sexual fantasy world,

this time with Jim instead of young Gerry in a starring role. Erotic

images, that the book had conjured in my mind, were constantly running

through my brain and I was barely aware of his instructions, let alone the

crowd on the beach. When I fell in the water alongside him, it was for

reasons of modesty rather than my lack of balance. The growing wetness

that I felt was impossible to disguise any longer. Jim helped me back on

the board. His erect penis touched my leg while he guided me back on the

board, reddening my face with a hot flush of desire. When our eyes next

met there was a mutual guilt, written in our eyes. He wanted me as much as

I wanted him. It was no longer possible to deny the animal attraction, for

either of us. I tried to stand up again, keeping my legs close together.

"Just crouch on your knees and get used to paddling the board around." He

advised as he remained in the water. "Just try to stand, the way I showed

you, on the way in. I'll let you know when to start paddling in with the

next decent wave." He gave me a knowing grin.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 14

by Barbara Â©

Moving away from Jim, I calmed down as I practiced paddling on my knees. I

knew that by edging my knees ever wider, I was exposing my swollen

genitalia to all the riders behind me but I found the liberty to do so,

sexually exciting. Had I been wearing a swimsuit I would have been

constantly checking to make sure everything was properly in place, thus

preserving my modesty. With nothing on, this conventional reserve didn't

seem to matter, nearly as much.

Exposing myself, this way, I began to experiment with the stability of the

board I had picked until I found the most comfortable paddling position. I

paddled out further, testing the power of the swell at it picked me up

until the board eased back into the trough. At one point, while paddling,

I had the strangest fantasy running through my mind. I imagined Jim taking

me from behind. All other considerations had vanished and we were all

alone.

\* \* \* \* \* \*

"Come on Pam! You can't leave yet." Jim was rubbing his throbbing member

between my legs, seeking entry. "You've got me all worked up, you little

teaser." He chuckled, peeling back my labial lips with his pulsating

penis. "I have to do this!"

Jim pushed me forward and entered my steaming love nest, gripping my hips

and sliding his huge member deep inside me. Although he clearly had the

choice, he knew I was more ready to receive him in the more conventional

way. Not that I would have cared. I just wanted to feel his passion as it

lay pulsating inside me, warming whichever cavity he wished. I was beyond

any consideration of pain, modesty or bashful reticence. I comforted

myself that Peter had given Jim his full approval to satisfy his lust. I

ground my hips back at his pelvis in a signal of willingness. He pumped

away quickly and orgasmed inside me, all too soon. I thrashed my arms

wildly in the water.

"Go for it now!" I heard the shout behind me. I snapped out of my fantasy

world.

\* \* \* \* \* \*

"That's it! Faster!" I was paddling for all I was worth.

The raw power and the erotic sensation of the cold seawater trickling

between the cheeks of my bottom, suddenly made me feel far more daring

than normal. Now I wanted to ride in on the wave, toward the crowded

beach, standing up if I could, to show Peter what I could do.

When the wave was about to curl I was in ideal position to alter my

stance. Wobbling at first, I stood and balanced as the board gained

momentum. For a few brief seconds I felt the gathering power of the wave

propelling me onward towards the shore. All eyes were on me as I rode the

wave in. It was exhilarating and satisfying at the same time to know that

I had successfully mastered the art of surfing. The fact that I was

totally nude at the time, merely added to my warm sense of accomplishment.

If this was the way Peter wanted his wife to be, then I had little doubt

that I would make him happy. I amazed myself as I strode up the sand,

doing a mock curtsy as I replaced the board and walked past the cheering

crowd of onlookers.

I had just read about Barbara's first public nude appearance and I now had

some idea of the exhilaration that she must have felt. Harry met me.

"Great stuff, Pam. You go and get yourself in the shade now."

"Where's Peter?" I felt a pang of guilt, remembering---?

"Oh! He's gone back out there." Harry pointed to the group of riders

bobbing in the distance. "He seems to like this new sport."

I sat back down on my beach chair, picking up my book, not bothering to

put my toga back on at this point. I stretched out and started to read. My

heart was still thumping and I had difficulty concentrating on the text. I

kept thinking about Jim, and the effect I had on his body, out on the

water. I was sure that I hadn't been afraid but the fantasy orgasm that I

had enjoyed was no less real. I knew I would have to watch myself from

here on. An decreasing gap was apparent in the fantasy versus the reality

world, these days. Part of me hoped that Peter subscribed to the

philosophy contained in Barbara's book, yet there was still a trace of

reluctance to accept that I had lost so many of my previous inhibitions. I

made up my mind to explore my previously unspoken fantasies with Peter and

try harder to understand his, as soon as possible.

I was so intent on my reading that I didn't hear Peter come up beside me.

The book was hoisted from my grasp.

"Let's see!" Peter was smiling as he checked out the chapter I was

reading. Chapter Eight!" He looked surprised. "What do you think of it so

far?" He met me at eye level crouching beside me.

"It's certainly interesting." I was search for the right words, blushing

like a schoolgirl. "It's well written." I spluttered.

I had just reached the point where the writer and her family group were

about explore the world of BDSM more fully with Kent as their guide. It

seemed obvious that they were all interested in advancing their

relationship with their older, wealthier friends.

"How did you get on with your surfing?" I smiled at him.

I closed the book and adroitly changed the subject.

"It's great! Sally and Rebecca enjoyed it too. I had a chance to speak to

Jim out there." Peter was grinning like a Cheshire cat. "He seems

impressed by your willingness to learn. Harry got some great photos, but

he suggested I take you home early. He doesn't want you getting too

sunburned."

"What now!" I got to my feet.

"Yes. Besides it suits me." Peter was giving me a hungry look. "Put your

dress back on and come with me." He held out his hand.

The surfing carnival was still in full swing when we left. The surf was

running higher than before and there seemed to be more people taking

advantage of the beach's 'free' status now. Peter put his shorts back on

when we got back to the car, letting me in and closing the door. I placed

a towel on the hot vinyl seat, remembering when my naked bottom made

contact with it from yesterday afternoon. The tunic dress was so short

that it rode up my back as I settled in for the drive home putting my

naked flesh in direct contact with the towel. The drive home was

punctuated by excited conversation about our respective achievements and I

gathered that Peter was glad to have met the group of surfers that

befriended me.

"It's surprising that their activities haven't come to my attention

before. Jim was telling me that most of them surf in the nude all the

time." He laughed. "They haven't had any complaints or been picked up by

the beach wardens, like we have. We'll have to go out to 'Peninsula' more

often from now on."

"It was exciting." I admitted. "I felt so free out there."

It was obvious the Peter had the same thing in mind that I did. He slid

his free hand inside my dress and caressed my smooth lower tummy, tracing

his fingers downward. Imperceptibly I co-operated with his advances,

shifting my hips forward to allow his intrusion.

"Not here, Darling!" I moaned softly, as his finger found its mark. "I do

want you, but--." Our eyes met. I straightened up in my seat again,

playfully slapping his wrist.

We were well on the way home by then and the traffic was light but I was

fearful of getting too carried away by my desires. I knew Peter well

enough to know that the slightest encouragement would see us having

semi-public sex, right there in the car. From early in our relationship, I

had the impression that he liked the danger factor in having sex with me

in places where we could easily be seen, albeit accidentally, by others. I

thought about our last encounter in the toilet, with all his players

outside, showering and changing, after the match. He had been like a tiger

after I showed myself, berating his young charges and sending them

packing. I wasn't ready to put on such a public demonstration of our love

for one and other, quite yet.

The neighbourhood was quiet so, holding my dress together as best I could,

I scurried toward the front door. Peter gave me a slap on my rump as he

ushered me inside, lifting the back of my dress to connect with my

reddened flesh.

"Ouch!" I cried. "My sunburn."

I giggled and ran to our bedroom, stopping briefly to throw my dress on

the bed, before turning on cold tap of the shower.

As the cooling spray touched my breasts and the doubly reddened flesh of

my bottom, I realised that Harry had given Peter good advice. I soaped up,

feeling a faint hint of stubble on my pubic bone, knowing it wouldn't be

long before I had to shave the area again. I knew that Peter liked me to

be smooth down there. I had some depilatory cream for under my arms and

that seemed to work for much longer. Sally and Rebecca had told me that it

was safe to use, even on the inner lips of my labia.

"Don't be long!" Peter called out from the bedroom. "Don't make me come in

there to get you." He warned.

I smiled, thinking about the contained power that had first attracted

Barbara to Kent. She loved to be dominated too. It removed the guilt, to

know that you had no direct control over your own body.

"Be right out, Master!" I smiled.

I dried myself properly with a fresh towel, humming a cheerful tune as I

checked myself out in the mirror and combed my hair.

"You got that right!" The voice was closer.

Peter was grinning at me, standing in the doorway.

"I was going to show you what I do for a living today. We just have to

take care of this first." The wolf appeared.

He picked me up and dumped me on the bed, reaching for his special oil.

'Resistance is futile', as the Borg collective would say in the old

'Star-trek' series, not that I wanted to put up a fight. I lay back while

Peter tended to my preparation, closing my eyes, thrilling to his sensuous

touch. I was back on the beach again. This time on a deserted cove. Jim

was about to take Peter's preferred option.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

He greased me up with the oil. It didn't matter what it was. I spread

myself wide open as he pushed his muscular finger deep into my colon, past

my lubricated rosebud.

"Have you done this before?" Jim looked excited as he surveyed the

forbidden area.

"Please be gentle?" I gasped as he pressed his manhood up against the

narrow entrance. I felt the resistance of my sphincter muscle begin to

give way under the pressure and relaxed more fully to accommodate him. He

hoisted my legs carelessly over his shoulder and drove his member further

inside me.

"Do you like it this way?" Jim grunted, with the effort of pushing past my

tight muscles.

"Yes! Oh Yes, Master!" I raised my hips to meet his final thrust. "Put it

all the way in!" I gyrated against him. I felt his coarse pubic hair and

his hairy testicles against the tender, sunburned cheeks of my bottom and

remembered. Jim was totally shaved down there. I opened my eyes again,

awakened from my fantasy world.

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"Just be careful!" I warned. "The flesh is a bit tender down there. I

should have used sun block earlier on"

Peter gazed back at me, softening his expression and stopping his frenzied

thrusting immediately.

"Do you want me to stop?" His member throbbed inside me as he waited for

my reply. "I noticed that your skin was a bit redder than normal." He

looked downcast. "I thought you wanted it as much as I did, Pam."

"It's just that your pubic hair seems to be irritating the cheeks of my

bottom. Just take it slowly, darling?" I pleaded.

I hadn't realised that I was so close to being sunburned until now. I soon

got back into the rhythm of our lovemaking, feeling guilty for having

stopped Peter midstream. Soon we were both lost in ecstasy as we regained

lost momentum. My lover was more considerate and stopped short of grinding

his hips against my tender bottom. As my orgasm built I began to buck

against him. A crescendo of emotion flooded though me as Peter built up to

his own climax. I could feel his penis straining against the walls of my

colon. When he paused, to make the moment last, a warm throbbing matched

the beat of his heart. I knew I would always be his.

My own lubrication mixed with his as he spurted his seed deep inside me. I

didn't complain when he held me tight, in the heat of his passion, even

when his hand gripped the cheeks of my bottom. We lay there as his member

subsided, both of us breathing heavily.

I thought about my day and what I had done for my lover since I came back

to town. There would have been no way I could have considered displaying

myself, the ways that I had, unless it was to please him. My deepest

fantasies had previously been held in check but now I was building up the

courage to ask him to share his deepest fantasies with me. I had already

touched on one of mine when I told him about my desire to be dominated and

this appeared to please him. Anal sex was a good example of his desire to

dominate his sex partner. Previously I had submitted, albeit unwillingly,

but now I actually looked forward to it. I wondered how far I would go, in

order to make him happy. Certainly, in exposing myself, nude, to others, I

found that it stirred forbidden fantasies within me. I had always held

these in check, previously, afraid he might mock me. His odd penchant for

sex in unusual places disturbed me and yet I had to know, almost afraid of

what it might lead to. It was time for mutual honesty because I wanted our

marriage to last.

"I've been having these fantasies." I began, uncertainly. "I'm sure you

have some too.

We were in the shower, together, now. A perfect time to broach the subject

and learn about what Peter expected of me. I knew that he was fascinated

by his sister's sexuality and had previously wanted to watch her as she

lay with Rebecca. It had never been my scene and yet there was no denying

that being shaved by Sally had stirred an erotic reaction in me. Even

through the alcoholic haze, I remembered THAT.

"Come with me, when we dry off, and I'll show you some of my fantasies."

He grinned mysteriously. "I think you might enjoy some of them, at least."

He let his words sink in. "By the way, I've been thinking about that

problem you have with my pubic hair. What did you think of young Jim, at

the beach?"

My heart sank. Had he seen us together? Had he noticed the animal

attraction between us? Was he going to share me? Was he mad with me? I had

no idea, but answered him in the spirit of his entire question.

"You don't see too many men with shaved genitals. It made him look bigger,

somehow? I looked for his reaction.

Peter nodded thoughtfully.

"What say we both get rid of our fuzz together?" He grinned.

"I was going to use some cream on mine." I touched my sensitive mons area,

moving down to my engorged clitoris. "Would you like to do it for me?" I

blushed. "If you want me to stay this way, that is?"

For the next half hour, we took turns at removing all traces of pubic hair

from one and other. I had the biggest task, trimming with the scissors and

finally shaving Peter, removing the hair from his entire genital area. We

massaged in the depilatory cream, taking note of the instructions to leave

it on for twenty minutes or so. Peter carefully rubbed in the cream,

paying due attention to my reddened skin until we both stood before the

mirror, covered in the stuff.

"Right!" He announced, smiling devilishly at me. "Come on!"

With my heart pounding, I followed Peter out to the hallway. I had no idea

where he was taking me. All manner of fears were running through my mind.

We were both stark naked and I knew the living room curtains were wide

open. I could hear the traffic out on the street and I realised that by

now, the neighbours were all coming home from work. The young paperboy

would be due and I could hear the sounds of young children, next door,

yelling and calling out to one and other. We still had the pale cream all

over our genitals and to me, it looked slightly obscene. Worse than Kim

and I, with our chap stick makeup on, the night we went out on the protest

walk, unknowingly in public.

He stopped and reached up to get a key from the top of the architrave

above the spare room door.

"I was going to show you this, sooner or later." He grinned. "In here,

there is everything you will ever need, to fulfil both of our fantasies."

He placed the key in the new lock. "I don't think it will shock you too

much, NOW." He emphasised. "This is how I make money these days, as well."

He grinned as he opened the door.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 15

by Barbara Â©

The room was dark and he reached in and turned on the lights.

Peter had certainly been busy. The room resembled the interior of a porn

shop. Decorating the walls were shelves containing every device

imaginable, for stimulation of either the male or female genitalia. In one

far corner of the room he had set up his office, his computer still turned

on to the internet. There was a small mountain of icons denoting messages,

still unattended. Instead of his computer manuals were a neat set of books

marked for orders, memberships and dispatch records among other things

"I've got plenty of bandwidth in this baby." He patted the new computer.

"Two or three hours a day and I can make more money than I ever did

before. Look! I'll show you." He clicked on an icon.

"Kent's Creations Dungeon Stock." He exclaimed, pointing.

It was like a catalogue of all the bondage gear, equipment, various

punishment accessories that included whips and paddles and as he rolled

the cursor down there were a wide variety of costumes, cages and torture

devices. There were photos of near nude women suspended above or below

their 'Masters', I guessed.

"Toys." He read as he clicked on another icon.

"Jeez! Isn't this stuff illegal." I breathed. "What is it that you're

running here? Some sort of fantasy playroom?"

I couldn't help but be impressed with the time it must have taken to get

all this up and running. I stood transfixed as Peter clicked on the

various icons.

"Isn't that Sally?" I pointed to one photo of one model dressed in a

peekaboo bra and crotch-less knickers.

"Harry took that one." Peter smiled. He did quite a bit of work on this

particular catalogue.

"Just how many have you got?" I was looking around the room.

"It's a chain of sites, accessible in one yearly membership. I've got

Harry taking photos for me and each site is designed to appeal to every

possible sexual interest that I know of. The idea is to make it a one stop

shop. You can buy gear, clothing, lingerie, sex toys and other things that

I'm still developing." Peter was getting excited as he listed the

interests catered for on his site. "There are a lot of rip-off merchants

on the internet. This one will cater for everyone. The catalogues are free

but if they want to go further, they have to become a member." He

chuckled.

"I thought you were going to tell me about your fantasies." I dug Peter in

the ribs with my elbow. "I've already told you about a couple of mine." I

glared at him. "Surely you're not interested in all this stuff." I pointed

to the display on the wall above the door. "Like those for example?"

There were a number of punishment devices, some of them designed to hurt

or maim the unfortunate recipient for life. There were pictures of big

burly men, whipping the occupants of a room and hanging them from

meat-hooks. I was beginning to think that Peter had taken leave of his

senses.

"Oh those!" He grinned. "They are just to set the mood." He looked at me

more seriously. "By the end of the week you will be sure to finish your

book. The Addicted to Attention series will explain it much better. The

idea is to set the mood, as I said. A subordinate must learn to trust her

Master." Peter drew himself up to his full height. "You trust Harry, don't

you?"

"Well, yes!" I stammered. "He's always been kind."

"What about me?" He demanded.

"I love you! You know that, don't you?" I was shaking a little, still

unsure what Peter was trying to get at. "I'm trying to please you in every

way that I can." I kissed him. "Of course I trust you!"

"I know!" He agreed, when I released him. "Why don't we go and get this

stuff off us." Peter looked at the clock on the screen of his computer.

"We can talk over dinner but first, we have to wash this cream off and

while we're at it?" He grabbed a package off the shelf. "This might be

good for a start." He held it away from me so that I couldn't see what it

was, smiling mysteriously.

I was dying of curiosity. All the time we were in the shower, I was trying

to extract from Peter the information that I had failed to obtain in his

roomful of sex toys and bondage gear.

"All I can say is that fantasies originate from a deep seated desire to

try something new. Most people never attempt to live out these dreams in

real life. They are shackled by convention and are afraid to mention them

in case the people that they respect think badly of them. I mean, look

what happened to us when I bought you that new swimsuit?" He looked

intently at me. "I watched you at the beach today, honey. You enjoyed

every minute, even though you were totally naked, at the time."

"I know sweetheart." I whispered, feeling guilty.

"When I asked you what you thought of Jim, earlier, you only mentioned

that it was unusual to see a man without pubic hair. Now, I want to tell

me what you really thought about him. Be honest with me, Pam. Did you want

him,---sexually I mean?"

"I guess so. I sort of fantasised about him when we were out there." I

stumbled over my words, blushing with embarrassment.

I could feel his eyes searching mine for further information and I felt

relieved when the corners of his mouth lifted slightly.

"That's more like it!" Peter smiled. "We all have fantasies and when we

get married, I don't want you to feel that you can't tell me everything

that's on your mind. I want you to belong to me totally. I want to make as

many of your dreams come true as I can." He promised.

"All right! What about you?" I gained strength from his shock reaction to

my confession.

"Mine evolve, in the same way that yours have, so far." Peter smiled. "You

know me well enough by now. I want our relationship to be based on mutual

respect. I would never ask you to do anything that might harm you but I

want you to obey me, as you have already done. I'll give you a safe word

to use, but be VERY careful how you use it." He warned. "Part of the

philosophy of the BDSM world is to stretch your limits to suit your

Master. You'll read more about that in Barbara's next book. It's pretty

exciting stuff for both of us."

I still didn't fully understand what Peter was talking about but I found

myself nodding and agreeing to be his sub, as he called it.

"You will call me 'Master' when I ask you to do something that you might

be a bit frightening to you." He instructed. "That way I'll know to take

it easy on you." He smiled lovingly. "If you feel that you can't obey me,

just say your safe word and we'll talk about it."

Peter and I dried each other and continued to talk about our future

together. I agreed to put my life in his hands and promised not to use the

safe word unless I really had to. He left it up to me to choose that word

and then led me into the bedroom. His main fantasy was now becoming

obvious, to be in total control of my behaviour and to thus remove any

guilt that I might feel, from acting out on my forbidden, deep seated

desires. On the other hand I promised to allow him the freedom to pursue

his own dreams, free of any jealousy or resentment on my part. Although I

had some misgivings about carrying on this way I felt I owed him a large

amount of loyalty. I chose my own safe word, 'desist', for no other reason

than it was not a word that I would normally use. I would have to think

about it.

"Great!" Peter laid me down on the bed. "Close your eyes for me, Babe." He

nudged my legs gently apart.

My body tingled with excitement as I obeyed him, listening as Peter

unwrapped the package that he had left in the room. Laying on my back,

open and exposed to my lover, had never bothered me too much in the past

but there was a new dimension of excitement, to the thought of being

totally subordinate to his wishes and of wearing whatever turned him on,

that gave me an extra thrill. I wondered whether he would show me off and

how it would make me feel to be put on display. I was confused by the

speedy changes that were occurring in my moral outlook. I just had to put

my trust in Peter and I believed that he would never harm me.

Finally I heard the empty package being tossed on the floor and the bed

move under his weight as he knelt between my legs.

"Just keep your eyes closed, darling. I know we're both going to enjoy

this little toy." Peter's soft voice soothed my nerves.

I lifted my hips slightly as he inserted a small, soft ribbed penis shaped

device into my vagina. It wasn't uncomfortable but I knew it was there.

"How does that feel." He coaxed. pushing in in past my muscles. "Can you

hold your new friend inside you?"

I nodded my head, fearful of upsetting him but worried about the reason

for this intrusion. I wished I had taken the time to examine his range of

sex toys, earlier. It was all so new to me.

"Now, just wait here and read the next chapter of your book for a while.

Get yourself comfortable and I won't be long." He assured, as he kissed

me. "Open your eyes and wait right here."

Peter handed me the book.

I could hear him moving around in the kitchen area as I propped up my

pillow and began to read. I was acutely aware of the device that Peter had

placed inside me. I couldn't resist taking a peek at the crumpled package

on the floor. It was comfortable enough but I was wondering what it was

supposed to be for. I reached out and read the back of the packet. My eyes

widened as I realised that it was remote controlled. The illustration

indicated that it was a sophisticated vibrator of some sort.

"How's it going in there." Peter was coming closer.

I chucked the package back on the floor, just as Peter entered the room.

"I thought so!" He was grinning, mocking my feeble attempt at playing

detective. "Bad girl! Just do what you're told. Remember your promise." He

pecked me on the cheek. "I won't punish you, this time, but just be

careful in future?"

Peter seemed to be enjoying my discomfort. As he left the room, I noticed

a remote device hanging around his neck.

"Trust and Obey!" He called out, walking away from me. "You won't hear me

coming next time."

It was as though Peter left the package there deliberately. He was testing

my level of commitment to the promise I had made him. He had made sure

that my mind was tantalised by the unspoken promises of whatever unknown

delights lay ahead. I had finished chapter eight and started on the first

pages of chapter nine when I looked up. Peter was there, standing in the

doorway.

"That's better!" He chuckled. "I'll have our dinner ready soon. Just keep

reading meanwhile."

I should have been angry but I just smiled at him and went back to my

reading. Barbara was about to go out to a BDSM club, having accepted

Kent's terms for him to be their family's 'Master' for the evening. It was

starting to get quite interesting. I couldn't help wondering how she came

to be called Mistress. Barbara seemed to be dreading the thought of

humiliation, and yet, loving it at the same time. I seemed to be following

reasonably similar parallels, in my own life. I found it quite intriguing

to read about her family's changing interests to this point.

As I moved on to her grand entrance to the club, as described in the book,

I found myself enthralled, making up my mind to meet this lady if I could.

I wanted to know more about the author's philosophical beliefs, even if I

couldn't emulate them, fully.

Subconsciously, I touched myself when I came to the part where she

circulated the crowded room, allowing the patrons to touch her. A small

electrical wire reminded me that Peter's plaything was still inside me. I

had almost forgotten it was there. Perhaps it didn't work? I went back to

reading, lightly touching myself in the way I expected that Barbara was

allowing her customers to do.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

"Dinner's ready!"

I heard the voice and then felt a movement inside me. The toy worked

alright. I looked up and put my book down, marking the page I was

currently reading. Peter was still in the main room.

"Alright darling." I called back. "It works, by the way!" I smiled as I

got up. The toy stopped abruptly.

The spare room door was still open as I walked past into the lounge. I

looked in briefly and noticed that the computer was still on. I had no

need to ask how Peter wanted me dressed for dinner. Standing next to the

table, he pulled out a chair, his eyes twinkling with delight.

He looked whiter than normal, around the area that I had recently shaved

and I couldn't help staring as I took my seat.

"Dinner in the nude, from now on, is it?" I smiled at him.

"Think of the advantages." He agreed, touching the remote that nestled

into his chest. "You just have to watch your step when you're cooking." He

grinned. "I found that out this morning."

We talked about the philosophy of light BDSM, as Peter called it.

"No doubt you have read about the ethical side and the purpose of putting

yourself in the hands of someone that you trust by now?

"I think so. You don't have fantasies about hurting people or anything,

then?" I had to be sure.

"Of course not!" Peter looked annoyed. "It's all about pleasure in getting

through life. We all have different fantasies about sex and what turns us

on. I listen to Harry and Ken, but our group don't necessarily follow

their particular fetishes. The thing that's most common to all of us is

the sexual freedom. Monogamous relationships are far too boring, at times.

We need to get over the jealousies and get down to finding out what makes

us happy." He looked serious. "I like the honesty part. Far too many

people are living their lives, trying please others, rather than

themselves. The whole community at Maple Lake seems to be happy, doing

whatever they want. I admire the way they thumb their noses at authority

and have no guilt, in sexual matters in particular."

"But what about loving relationships?" I looked up. "We can't just ignore

our feelings."

"We have to be considerate." Peter agreed. "Nobody's saying that we can't

have feelings. It's just that we shouldn't be tied to one particular

partner. Relationships evolve as we go though life." He paused. "Look at

the divorce rate now. Those people are tied down too. Their only way

forward, seems to be to split up. They try other partners and then their

previous relationship is lost."

"I see where you're going, but who would we team up with, as it were? What

if we find another partner that gives us more satisfaction in bed, for

example?" I thought about Sally and Rebecca. "What if you find out that

you prefer group sex and I don't?"

"Some of Barbara's family are happily married, but it's more like they are

all married together. They all have a free choice about whether they stay

together or not. They just don't get together with people that the others

in the family don't like. They all WANT to be together and that's what

keeps them together."

Peter was making sense and I realised that his adventurous spirit was what

drew me to him in the first place. Life with him had always been exciting.

I realised that I had already made my decision when I came back to the

city. It was more a case of me, understanding what he expected of me. We

ate in silence for a while as I took in all the consequences of what Peter

was telling me. I wondered if the reality of seeing me with another man

might change his mind? What if seeing him with someone else would have a

devastating effect on me? I tried to think of what I could say to change

his mind. Did I want to? I thought about the excitement I had felt with

Jim, out on the water, feeling his naked body next to mine, aware of the

mutual raw sexual attraction that we had felt, at the time. I had

fantasised about him, even when Peter was making love to me earlier on. I

began to speak, almost dreading what Peter might think of me, but unable

to contain my thoughts any longer.

"You asked about Jim earlier on?" I began, voice shaking.

"Yes, my love?" Peter was smiling, almost triumphantly.

"He seemed to want me too. There was definitely an attraction there." I

blushed. "I would have let him make love to me if you had told me to." I

looked at him for a sign of anger or jealousy.

"I thought so!" Peter laughed. "It's just as well I invited him to try out

our facilities at the club gym tonight, isn't it?"

"You mean?" I was both relieved and astounded when he nodded.

The thought that Peter appeared to embrace the beliefs of Mistress Barbara

no longer bothered me too much. Now that the ground rules were set, I

actually began to look forward to the adventures that lay ahead.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 16

by Barbara Â©

Author's Note: It might be advisable to re-read Erotic Adventures Ch.

three, before reading this one. The bulk of the story takes place in a

gymnasium that was fully described in that Chapter and, for maximum

enjoyment, I believe that the exercise will prove to be beneficial.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was incredibly liberating, to be discussing my latest fantasy, over

dinner, with Peter. I suspected that Peter had noticed my wanton behaviour

with his new friend, even before I caught that last wave back to shore.

His obvious approval would have surprised me more if I hadn't read the

book, 'Addicted to Attention'. My mind was excited by the prospect of

having Jim make love to me, with Peter's approval, devoid of the guilt

that would normally follow such an encounter. After all, I would merely be

obeying Peter's wishes. I had readily agreed to allow him to control the

moral aspect of my personal life, in the way that I always suspected that

he wanted to, being totally subordinate and dressing, or not, to please

him.

"I wonder if the evening paper arrived yet?" Peter looked up.

"I'll have a look for you, honey."

I walked to the front window and peeped around the curtain. There,

nestling against the bottom step of the front door, sat the rolled up

newspaper. Peter was watching me, to test my obedience, I guessed. I

already knew what was expected of me.

There was nobody around and it was almost dusk. My heart was thumping as I

cautiously opened the door, making sure that I didn't forget to secure the

latch. The evening air cooled my naked flesh and there was an creeping

sexual tension mounting within my body. I guessed that it was silly to

worry about such a brief outing as this, after my nude experiences at the

beach. I raced toward the paper, swooped it up and ran back inside to

close the door again, flushed with success. My breathing was ragged as I

dropped the evening newspaper in front of Peter and looked at the wall

clock in the kitchen.

"Nearly 7 pm already. What time do we have to get going, over to the gym,

darling?" I asked, breathlessly

"Normally, not till around 8 pm." He followed my eyes. "God! I'd better

get some work done before we go." Peter beamed at me happily, looking at

our dishes, pointedly. "Don't forget, just watch yourself with that hot

water when you clean up."

"Whatever you say, Master." I giggled.

Peter laughed and kissed me before going back to his computer room to

finish working on his Emails and scan the newspaper.

My trepidation, at the thought of working out in the gym with Peter's band

of followers had gone. After my experiences at the free beach, I looked

forward to meeting all of them again and discussing the day's events with

Kim, in particular. The thought of Jim being there, as well, had preyed on

my mind since Peter had intimated that my fantasy encounter might yet come

to life. Images from the book I had been reading sprung to mind as I

performed my house duties in the nude. I was beginning to enjoy my freedom

from clothing almost as much as Peter obviously did. I just hoped that

no-one would come to the door.

I nearly dropped the plate that I was drying when I felt the vibrator

begin to move within me. Peter had a unique way of calling me now. It

reminded me that I was totally his, to command. With some degree of

difficulty I finished putting the dishes away. I was orgasmic with carnal

anticipation by the time I got back into our bedroom.

Peter was waiting for me, his intentions plain to see in his smile.

"We've got time, if we're quick." He motioned to the bed.

Obediently I lay face down while he prepared me for entry. The lively

movement of my toy made it hard to stop bucking my hips as waves of pure

orgasmic pleasure swept through my nerve endings. Peter seemed to enjoy

probing me with his oily fingers, stretching and kneading my anal muscles

until they were fully relaxed. Finally he entered me, filling me as never

before and awakening my long held fantasy about the exquisite thrill of a

double penetration.

This time I imagined that I was riding Jim vaginally while Peter was

taking advantage of my exposed rosebud opening, easily his favourite

lovemaking position. The velvet smoothness of our bodies seemed to

increase the pleasure that we both felt. He started off slowly and

sensually enough but before long he was pounding me from behind while I

writhed with the unique pleasure of being so totally filled. The tiny

vibrator in my love nest appeared to have an erotic effect on Peter as

well. I felt the raw power of his climax pressurise my internal organs as

he spilled his seed in short spasms of movement and then held my breasts

tightly, stroking my engorged nipples. I moaned in delight, even while he

extracted my toy, telling me it was nearly time for us to leave. Peter

seemed to have enjoyed my outgoing behaviour and cautioned me to keep it

up.

While we showered, Peter told me that he had spent his time with Jim

discussing their various professional interests, as well as surfing.

"Katrina and Jim make adult films together, you know." He smiled as my

face revealed my surprise. "All their business partners get involved in

this, at various times."

"What, doing it for the camera!" I breathed, disbelievingly.

"Beats working as far as Jim's concerned." He nodded. "They only have sex

with the people that they know to be healthy, a bit like Barbara's groups.

I've invited him back home here, after the meeting at the club gym. Let's

just find out a bit more about them from Jim, later on."

The implications of Peter's words were startlingly clear. I nodded.

We dried each other and began to dress in our club uniforms. When the time

came to put on my leather bra I found that it chafed the tender skin on

the top of my breasts, my shoulders too. Peter noticed my discomfort

immediately.

"Don't worry, darling. Just put your dress on instead." Peter indicated my

toga. "We probably won't need to wear anything at all tonight anyway." He

grinned, winking at me.

As Peter had predicted, all of us had wasted no time in removing our

clothing once we were assembled. The strangest part about the process was

that I wasn't as shy as before and I eagerly removed my toga and thong,

along with the others. I noticed that Kim seemed much more at home with

her natural, shaven look as well. I waved her over and she quickly

scampered over to my side, admiring the tops of my sun reddened breasts.

"You must have been outdoors all day, Pam. Looks like I've got a bit of

catching up to do." She giggled, infectiously.

It wasn't till we had done our warming up exercises that Jim turned up. By

the time he arrived, we were paired off in different areas of the main

room. Peter showed Jim around the facilities and introduced him to other

members that he hadn't already met at the beach. Between helping each

other with our exercises, doing sit-ups and the more humiliating thigh

trimming movements, I covered Kim's lower body from Jim's view when he

came over. She hated the idea of exposing herself so openly with a strange

male visitor in the room. Kim and I talked about the events at Peninsula

beach. Firstly, I described our long photographic session at the northern

end and then my first attempt at nude surfing amongst a larger crowd of

spectators.

We both noticed the admiring glances from the other ladies when Jim

finally disrobed, joining in with the other men's exercises. Kim's eyes

kept straying toward Jim while I told her about the tutorial accident

where Jim and I touched, in the water.

"He could touch my body with that anytime he liked." Kim smiled

seductively. "Quite a body, he's got there. I see you must have made Peter

jealous." Kim nudged me, indicating Peter's newly shaven look. The hour

long session flew and soon we were all ready to clean up and go home. In

the showers, Sally reminded me that we only had a short afternoon session

at Harry's studio the next day.

"We might pop in and pick you up on the way." She promised. Linking arms

with Rebecca and farewelling us all, she left, along with several others

including my friend Kim and her partner, Colin.

It seemed to take forever before just the three of us were left to lock

up. I was having a lot of mixed feeling about the night ahead of me. By

now it appeared obvious that Jim and Peter had been discussing a lot more

than their shared interest in fitness matters or even the closely related

professional lives that they both led. I could feel Jim's eyes following

my every movement, as if assessing my potential as a sex partner. Despite

my excitement, I was uncomfortable about being scrutinised in this way so

I reached for my toga, embarrassed and still uncertain about what

arrangements the men might have made. Peter finally spoke, before I had a

chance to put it on.

"How would you like a massage, first, darling?" He looked at Jim. "Jim is

something of an expert in therapeutic massage, as well as me. We could

both work on your body together?"

By now, I had no doubt about their intentions. I blushed deeply and

nodded, relieved that the opening move was over. All I had to do was obey

Peter's commands, as I had already agreed.

"You remember that first night we made love in here?" Peter put his arm

over my shoulder. "There was one room that you didn't see."

"It was locked." I acknowledged.

The door had been locked and while we had taken advantage of the rest of

the gym facilities that night. Peter had steered me straight into the

club's injury room to begin our marathon night of lovemaking and I had

abandoned my investigations at that point.

"That was my other stockroom. I just wanted to show Jim our new range of

bondage gear."

I was tensed up with anticipation as I turned and smiled at Jim, too

afraid to speak, still not knowing for sure what to say, as Peter sorted

out his keys. Details of our arrangement came flooding back as I

contemplated the night ahead. I could sense that the gap between our

fantasies and stark reality was about to close. Jim started to guide me

toward the door that Peter opened. I gasped and recoiled as the unfamiliar

touch of Jim's hand on my naked bottom invoked the certainty that we might

soon be making love.

"Perhaps I'll leave you to look at his stockroom together."

I inched away from Jim, feeling the blood rush to my head and shaking like

a leaf. I was a bundle of nerves, uncertain about how he and Peter

expected me to react to his intimate touch. It had been a lot different

out on our surfboards.

Peter seemed to notice my embarrassment and came to the rescue. His

reaction pacified me as he motioned to Jim to go into his stock room.

"You go into the massage room and get up on the table, Pam. We'll be with

you in a minute. Just get comfortable" He suggested.

I looked inside the massage room and shakily nestled my body into the soft

leather topped table, face down. I could hear the muffled voices next door

as Peter talked to my fantasy man. By now I was reconciling myself to

whatever lay ahead. I parted my legs slightly, still unsure about how I

should present myself. The voices soon became clearer and I knew that I

didn't have long to wait. I was plagued with insecurity about it might

feel to be used, like a sex object, by a comparative stranger in front of

Peter.

"I think it's time you two got to know one and other. Just try to relax,

darling." Peter called out. "Jim will be gentle."

Jim approached the massage table, alone, rubbing oil into his hands.

"Just let yourself go and enjoy this, Pam. It's alright." He soothed as he

began behind me, kneading the soles of my upturned feet before working his

way up my leg. Peter then started on my shoulders, looking into my

upturned face with a calm, reassuring expression as his fingers rubbed the

tenseness out of my body. My eyes betrayed my bewilderment when Jim eased

my legs further apart and began to work on my inner thighs with short,

progressively upward movements. His fingers were stopping just short of my

shaven love nest, sending shivers of delight through my spine.

Subconsciously, I knew that he would soon be probing the inner cheeks of

my bottom and into the more private areas that were normally reserved for

my lover. I opened my mouth to speak, but was silenced by the light brush

of Peter's oily fingers across my lips.

"Just let it happen, my darling." He soothed, smiling at me.

I returned his smile and raised my hips to allow Jim's fingers to caress

my labial lips. I was too excited to protest when Jim trickled more oil in

between the opened cheeks of my bottom, knowing what was about to happen

next. Instinctively, I relaxed my sphincter muscles to allow his probing

finger to push past my tight rosebud opening and allow him to lubricate my

anal passage. With this intimate contact in progress, I began to moan with

delight. Whenever his thumb brushed my engorged clitoris, my hips began to

buck and push back at the inward pressure he was applying. Similar to my

fantasy out on the surfboard, I was totally out of self control. I

orgasmed unashamedly and my body convulsed with delight as Jim continued

to probe my anal passage. Encouraged by my reactions, I could see that

Peter was as excited as I had ever seen him. His glistening erection

pulsated and it was all I could do to prevent myself from reaching out for

his manhood.

"Please?" I gasped. "I want both of you now."

I urgently wanted Peter inside me so that his seed wasn't wasted.

Wordlessly, both men guided me to the floor where Peter prepared me to

mount Jim in the female superior position. I tried to avoid his eyes as I

approached. Crouching above him was the hardest part for me. He could

easily see how eager I was, hovering hungrily above his waiting erection.

I guided his engorged penis toward my entrance with my hand whilst closing

my eyes to avoid meeting his.

My well lubricated love tunnel had no difficulty in swallowing all of the

thick penis that was presented at my entrance. The lively warmth of his

pulsating member made me groan with ecstasy until I finally came to rest

on his hips, fully impaled.

I felt Peters hands press on the back of my shoulders and knew that he

wanted to make my forbidden fantasy come to life. Laying perfectly still,

Jim tongued my nipples as Peter pushed me forward so that he had full

access to my bottom. He patiently slid the head of his wet, throbbing

member down between my inner cheeks, filling me with some electrifying

doubt that I would be able to accommodate both men at once. This sensation

was so different to our recent practice session at home. Jims wider and

longer penis stretched the walls of my vagina in a way that the remote toy

never had. I thought Peter was going to tear me in two as he sought to

gain entry, gentle though he was. When he pressed the head of his penis

into the tiny entrance I bit my lip to prevent me from vocalising the pain

I felt. Determined, as I was, to experience the joys that Barbara

described in her book, I urged my lover to carry on. I felt the head

squeeze past the muscles and then stretch my colon as he overcame my

natural resistance, Peter finally came to rest with his smooth inner hips

resting against the inflamed cheeks of my bottom. The sensation was well

worth the pain. Intimate closeness of the two men and the constant

throbbing inside me gave me a powerful feeling of accomplishment.

I was grateful that Peter didn't begin to stroke immediately. My own

breathing was laboured and I fought for breath, feeling the air being

squeezed out of my lungs. By taking shorter, sharper breaths I was finally

able to feel what I realised that Barbara had been describing in her book.

I thought that I was stretched to the limit but knowing that I had to make

the first move, I gently urged Peter to move with me and rubbed my oily

body forward and back, just slightly at first. I gazed into Jim's rugged

face as I practiced clenching my muscles around his shaft and was rewarded

with a satisfied smile as we all finally coordinated our movements. Any

embarrassment or pain was gone by the time Peter's movements became more

frenzied and I sensed the first rush of his orgasm. There were squelching

noises caused by my multiple orgasms which had made me so wet. Jim was

groaning with ecstasy and the scent of sex was heavy in the air when he

gripped me tightly and exploded his seed deep within my womb. I collapsed

on top of Jim and we all gasped for normal breath together. We lay there,

in a heap, radiating in the warmth of our entwined bodies until all our

breathing became more regular. It was an experience that would be certain

to live in my mind for a long time. Knowing that Peter had skillfully

arranged the whole episode made me a lot more indebted to him than ever. I

was glad to have been able to be so honest about my sexual fantasies.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 17

by Barbara Â©

I had to admit that my initial experience of multiple sex, with two

attractive men, had been satisfying beyond my wildest dreams. Both men

caressed me, as we extracted ourselves, filling me with an emotionally

disturbing sense of belonging to both of them. Rather than feeling used, I

was in awe of Peter's calm acceptance of another man's arms around me but

I was still no less at ease with what I had done. Dumbstruck, I didn't

know whether to thank Jim or apologise for my aggressive sexual behaviour.

"I hope that I lived up to your expectations." Jim grinned as he held my

blushing face toward his. He kissed me and I responded in kind, unable to

reply in any other way. I still had some difficulty accepting the

emotional turmoil of surrendering my body to someone that I had barely met

in spite of the desire I had felt, earlier. I found it difficult to find

appropriate words to reply. I turned my head toward Peter who then hugged

me from behind while he broke the awkward silence.

"I think Pam might be a bit overwhelmed at the moment, Jim. We should all

be able to use the en suite facilities to clean ourselves up."

Once my initial embarrassment was over and we were showering together the

talk turned to Jim's unusual occupation. He seemed to understand my

emotional feelings, telling us that he and Katrina had an open

relationship with the others at his studio, allaying a few of my concerns.

"It's like acting in a play, but a lot more fun." He joked. "We all just

enjoy ourselves and there are no cameras in the studio room. There's a

huge bed and the room is decorated just like an ordinary apartment." He

grinned ruefully, rubbing his bottom. "It's so much better than having a

threesome on the floor." There was a round of embarrassed laughter and Jim

continued to describe his unusual job.

"You simply get used to each other, much as we're doing tonight." He

explained blandly. "It makes you more familiar with the full range of

sexual fetishes. We all have them!" He gave me a knowing grin. "It keeps

our lives interesting. Don't be too shy about it, Pam."

"I am trying, Jim."

I could feel my face burning, not so much from the sun but my acute

embarrassment. It was like he understood the deep moral conflicts that

were racing through my mind and was trying to help me overcome them.

As soon as the men had finished their shower and Peter handed Jim a fresh

towel. I excused myself to use the toilet, hoping the men would give me a

few private moments. They seemed to understand my dilemma and moved into

the room next door to finish drying off. I discretely douched myself and

went to the toilet to expel the remains of our earlier lovemaking while

the men carried on talking in the massage room. I quickly freshened up,

wondering what else Peter had in mind for the evening ahead.

By the time I rejoined them it was obvious that Peter had already

expressed an interest in meeting the other partners of AMKO films and

touring the studio facilities. Jim was arranging a visit and when he saw

me, asked both of us if we had any other special interests that we wished

to explore within a larger group. I blushed.

"Look! I've never contemplated having sex with two men at once before

tonight, let alone making explicit adult movies."

Too late! I realised what I had said. I had only guessed that Peter might

have mentioned the possibility of us having sex in front of the camera.

Jim's knowing smile confirmed my worst fears. He was probably convinced

that I wanted to become a movie star. I looked toward Peter to gauge his

reaction to my outburst. His wry smile and relaxed attitude gave me the

incentive to ask my next question.

"How did you get involved in making sex movies, Jim?"

"It's a long story. Next time you come over, you'll have to ask Katrina.

She organised all the equipment and talked me into appearing in their

first production. It's not as bad as you might think, you know." He looked

me over, thoughtfully, changing the subject of movie making unexpectedly.

"Have you ever thought about getting involved in body-building? You've got

the right physique for it, Pam."

"In what way?" I prompted.

My curiosity was now aroused and besides, I was happy to change the

awkward subject of making movies and stall a discussion about Peter's

obsession with public sex.

"Your bone structure is perfect and you're already well muscled and

physically proportioned, Pam. You are only need a small amount of toning

up to be competitive." He turned to Peter. "May I make up a list of

exercises for Pamela to try?"

"That might be interesting, Eh Pam?" Peter hugged me, warmly.

Peter readily agreed to help me with my training. I suspected that this

new idea appealed to him enormously. I realised that it appeared likely

that the intimate friendship with Jim, begun tonight, was set to flourish

and became concerned about my feminine looks.

"I don't want to end up looking like a man." I began. "I won't be---"

Peter reacted immediately pressing his fingers firmly on my mouth and

interrupting my objections. His eyes conveyed a contained warning.

"I thought we had an agreement, Pam." He reminded me.

There was an embarrassing silence which Jim helped to ease as he jokingly

restored my confidence.

"You saw my sister, Annie at the beach?" Jim laughed. "She won the last

competition at the champs."

"Does she work out with you too?" I gasped, just stopping short of asking

if she did the sex movies too, although I had already begun to suspect the

she might.

"At our own private gym at the studio." He confirmed. "I used to go out to

a public gymnasium, but now we have our own facilities."

I remembered Annie alright. Her lithe tanned form was the essence of

feminine beauty. I had admired the way her subdued muscle tone served to

enhance her perfect figure. I understood what she had meant about being

used to showing off her body. I admired the unselfconscious way she had

presented herself when I first met her. Her smooth, bronzed naked form and

her outgoing personality had reminded me so much of Sally.

"You'll see them tomorrow night." Peter smiled, grimly. "We'll be going

over there after dinner. Meanwhile, Jim's agreed to spend the night with

us. I'd like you to wear this on the way home, nothing else!" He handed me

a BDSM collar, obviously from the stockroom that he had kept hidden from

me when he ordered me into the massage room. It was plain leather with

brass rings treble sewn in on two places. "Just this! But--" I gasped.

"It'll help to remind you that I'm still in charge." Peter interrupted my

protest, indicating his annoyance.

Excited by the fact that Jim was staying the night I blushed brightly but

allowed Jim hold up my hair while Peter adjusted the slave collar around

my neck, shaking with tension and shame. I was actually more embarrassed

by the thought of going home with no clothing on, now it seemed obvious

that Peter had already informed Jim about our unusual Master/slave

agreement. Despite my humiliation I realised that this was what I really

wanted all along, to be taken control of in this way and ordered to

express my sexuality. I smiled bravely once the collar was in place,

somehow less ashamed of myself.

"Thank you Master." I said meekly.

"That's better." Peter looked at the clock. "Let's get going?"

He picked up my discarded clothing. "We'll clean up the gym tomorrow

morning, sometime. We'll just go home for now, darling."

I watched as the men dressed for the journey home saying little about

their plans. Keeping me guessing seemed to please both the men and we

locked the door and walked through the empty stadium corridors, back to

the outside, together. My nipples sprang to attention as soon as I felt

the night chill on my skin and I walked between the men, hoping the area

was as deserted as it looked. My knees felt weak as we made the agonising

journey across the front of the deserted grandstand toward the parking

area. Jim ushered me into our car, holding the door open and patting my

bottom affectionately. This time I allowed his fingers to linger a lot

longer, enjoying the sensual, intimate contact on my quivering flesh.

"I'll follow you guys, if you like?" Jim hesitated at the door.

"Your car will be safe enough here, if you want to come with us." Peter

invited him. "Pam won't mind, I'm sure."

Jim excused himself to lock up his car so I moved closer to Peter as he

fumbled with his ignition keys, smiling at my nervousness.

"Please be gentle, Master?" I pleaded with Peter. "I'm sorry if I

embarrassed you earlier on. I'm just not used to this, I guess."

"Don't worry, darling. Just trust me." He whispered, reassuring me with a

gentle kiss. "Jim knows that we're interested in a bit of mild discipline.

You're supposed to be obedient. Just do what I tell you and don't me

answer back, so much. I'll do my best to make sure that you enjoy the

evening ahead."

I felt a thrill that I hadn't known before as Jim slid into the seat next

to me. Although we had already been intimate, something like a jolt of

electricity ran though me when his body touched mine. In the close

confines of the car it was impossible to avoid reviving a few of the same

feelings that I had for him when we all made love on the floor of the

massage room, together. I sat as still as I could with my hands on my lap

to make more room, shoulders hunched forward. I remained in silence and

listened as the men chatted. The tingling inside me, as we prepared to

make the journey home, magnified the delicious anticipation that I felt. I

realised that I would probably be making love with both of them again,

quite soon.

Jim's hand strayed to the inside of my leg and upward. I didn't resist as

his arm grazed my erect nipple. I just smiled shyly at him, aware that

Peter was certainly able to see what was happening to me. As vulnerable as

it made me feel, whenever we passed under a street light, I began to enjoy

myself. It was like one of my old fantasies and I felt myself getting

juicier by the minute while Jim teased my slippery vaginal lips, almost to

the point of orgasm. I closed my eyes and sighed as my body began to

tremble.

"Are you OK with all this?" Jim whispered."

I nodded and smiled, hoping that he didn't think too badly of me but I was

almost beyond caring by the time we got home. The scent of my juices and

the subtle shivering of my body kept Peter aware of the orgasmic effect

that Jim was having on me.

We pulled into our driveway and I looked at Peter with questioning eyes.

He smiled at me, understandingly.

"Wait here and I'll open the front door for you, Babe. Jim can come in

with me and you can lock the car up and join us when you're ready. Don't

be too long though!" He warned.

The interior light came on and I hunched over while the men got out. I

realised that there was nobody around at that time of the night but it was

an automatic reaction. Peter just chuckled as he shut the door again,

leaving me to bring in my clothing and lock up the car. I sat there for a

few minutes wiping my seat with my discarded toga until I saw the light

flicker on in the sitting room. Finally, I wiped myself clean and steeled

myself to make a run for it.

I locked the car up and ran inside, closing it in one quick motion with

the heel of my foot. Peter was waiting for me at the open ranch-slider

door alone. I heard splashing out by the pool and I realised that Jim was

outside. I paled as I noticed the remote hanging around Peter's chest and

saw the vibrator toy in his hand.

"What do you want me to do?" I faltered.

"Go into the bedroom and tidy yourself up and put this in it's proper

place." He grinned. "I want you to have a good cleanout, while you're at

it, or would you rather Jim or I do it for you?"

"No Master, I can do it." I said quickly.

I knew better than to argue by now. I grabbed the toy and went to the

bathroom, the butterflies on the move inside my stomach. I was wanted to

clean myself out properly, earlier on, but had compromised with a quick

douche instead. I soaked my dress in the hand basin firstly, before

opening the cupboard. Peter and I had been used to giving each other

enemas quite regularly, even before we started to enjoy anal sex,

together. We enjoyed the trust and intimacy involved, but to do it with a

stranger watching? I shuddered at the thought.

Our enema kit was in it's usual place. With shaking hands, I filled the

bag up with warm solution. It had been a routine that we had both become

accustomed to and I quickly had it ready to work. Lifting my leg, I

tenderly inserted the nozzle end, fervently hoping that Peter wasn't going

to send Jim in anyway, on the pretext of getting a dry towel or something.

I wouldn't put it past him.

I couldn't deny the excitement I felt as my bowels flooded with warm

liquid. I kept a watchful eye on the door, listening cautiously for any

footsteps approaching. With my exposed position on the toilet seat it

would have been humiliating to be discovered that way. As usual, I had the

most intense sexual feelings during the process and my clit was soon fully

erect. I rubbed my lower belly as the solution drained into my colon,

caressing my engorged labia at the end of each stroke. My stomach felt

tight and bloated as I reached capacity and I turned the valve off. I

carefully eased the nozzle out and rinsed it off, holding my legs tightly

together and fighting the natural urge to vacate my bowels. The urgent

sensations within my pelvic area were overwhelming me by the time I put

the kit away. I gratefully squatted and evacuated the liquid into the

toilet first and then cleaned up my body under the shower. The urgency of

my mission prevented me from enjoying the invigorating spray as much as I

normally did, but I felt totally refreshed afterward. I towelled myself

dry taking care not to aggravate the soreness of my erect nipples or the

redness on top of my breasts. The pleasant sensation of readiness for

intimacy with my two lovers was only marred by the knowledge that I would

soon be subjected to unknown whims of an additional partner. What sort of

odd fetishes did Jim enjoy? I had a feeling that I was certain to find

out, before the night ahead was over.

Looking at myself in the mirror, before I inserted my toy, I decided to

lubricate my rosebud as well. I massaged the gel liberally around my

sphincter muscles and prepared for a repeat of the experience at the gym.

The plain leather collar helped to remind me that I owed Peter total

obedience. Lastly, the vibrator toy. If my beloved wished to demonstrate

his control with this device, in front of his new friend, I resolved not

to disappoint him. I might even enjoy it. The toy slipped inside my love

canal easily and I was finally ready.

The uncertainty of the situation drove me to take more time in making

myself presentable. I sat in front of the mirror adjusting my makeup and

my hair. I dabbed some perfume at the top of my legs, between my breasts

and under my collar. My body was tense with expectation as I took a final

look at the bedroom to make sure it was immaculate. It seemed ridiculous

to worry about tidiness but it helped to keep my fertile mind occupied

while I prepared to go back out to the living room.

I could faintly hear the sound of the two men talking in the dining room

area and sensed that they were waiting for me. Peter's office door was

open and computer was on. I guessed they had been looking through Peter's

stock and I was grateful that Peter hadn't called me into the lounge

already, in his usual way. I walked on, toward their voices, as

confidently as I could with the small penis shaped object nestled securely

inside me. I peeked around the corner and when both men came into view, I

hesitantly spoke.

"I-I've done what you told me to, Master." I stammered, slowly emerging

into their view.

Jim looked around and whistled under his breath, gazing at me as if for

the first time and taking in the full measure of my body in the well lit

room. It was difficult to look him in the eye, knowing that my body was

pre-orgasmic with nervous anticipation and my nipples were so noticeably

erect. I averted my eyes and looked toward Peter, taking in the packages

on the table for the first time.

"Would you like to have a look at the accessories that Jim and I have

selected for you?"

"Accessories?" I repeated, halting abruptly.

"I'll let Jim try them on you while I make us all a fresh cup of tea."

Peter jumped up and pulled a chair out for me. "Sit down here and have a

look at them first, Pam."

Peter placed the chair out from the table, opposite Jim and easily within

arms length of our visitor as he waited for me. Jim's twinkling eyes

beckoned me over.

"You look ravishing, Pam. Don't worry! I don't bite, you know?"

I could see the gleam of approval in Jim's eyes as I moved hesitantly

toward him. He reached over and patted the seat. There was no relief in

sight from Peter, either.

"Just sit on the edge of the chair, sweetheart." He grinned wickedly. "You

know! Kent's favourite submissive position, if you will. Don't let me

down, again!" He touched the remote control on his chest, threateningly.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 18

by Barbara Â©

I quickly sat down, before Peter made good with his threat. Blushing, I

slowly spread my legs, shifting my hips as far forward as I dared.

"Further forward, Pam." He snapped.

I edged my bottom forward until I was totally exposed to Jim's view and

certainly well within his reach. Looking directly into his face, I could

see his eyes drift all over me and watch as his unadorned manhood reacted

to Peter's brazen display of my genitalia.

"Like this, Master?" Shakily, I found my voice.

I suddenly turned to gaze into Peter's eyes, unable to look at our guest

any longer. It was as if Peter was inviting Jim to continue the erotic

fondling that he had begun in our car. Whilst Jim had already explored my

body earlier on, in the darkness of the car, it had been relatively

discrete. Although I acknowledged my consent at the time, when prompted, I

found this new situation far more humiliating. I was keenly aware that the

sensor portion of my sex toy would now be clearly in his view. My lips

felt puffy and swollen and I didn't dare look, but I sensed that my

clitoris would be fully erect and visibly wet. My eyes searched Peter's

for a sign of weakness but I saw none. He just smiled.

"Perfect for what we have in mind." The wolf in Peter grinned.

To my horror he shook his head, removing the cord from around his neck in

one quick motion, placing the remote on the table. "It's there, if you

need it, Jim." He turned dismissively away, toward the kitchen.

Once Peter was gone from sight, I could no longer avoid Jim's eyes.

Perched uncomfortably on the edge of the chair, I caught a movement out of

the corner of my eye and saw Jim reach out for something on the table. My

eyes nervously followed his hand, to see if he was going to reach for the

remote control device that he had been invited to use. In my current

circumstances, I was hoping that he wouldn't.

"I'd like to try these items out on you Pamela." Jim chuckled.

He seized on a small package and opened it. I scanned the range for the

first time, noticing the wrist and ankle cuffs and widening my eyes at the

sight. Surely they didn't intend to use those on me? My imagination turned

to the BDSM photos in Peter's computer room.

"Thank goodness you guys couldn't find any whips or paddles." I muttered.

"They were just put there as an added incentive for you to obey Peter's

instructions, I guess." Jim laughed lightly as he explained. "You don't

mind do you?"

I smiled and shook my head. Jim was looking directly at me, holding a

rubber tipped clamp, cupping my breast toward him in a manner that left me

in no doubt of his intentions.

"It's just a decoration."

"Alright then. Go ahead!"

I winced as Jim attached a clamp to my left nipple. Despite the early

pain, I felt an strange surge of sexual pleasure as the tension of the

connecting chain tugged toward my right breast as he clamped the other

nipple. My vaginal muscles contracted automatically on the toy penis

inside me and I shivered with rapidly mounting desire. I wanted him to

take out my toy and replace it with the real thing. Sitting in my current

position, exposed before his eyes, watching his penis grow steadily had

made me bolder. Surely the reason Peter had left me this way was to tempt

him. Our eyes met and my decision was made for me.

I gasped as he reached over and kissed me, passionately this time. He

squeezed my breasts against his smooth chest and placed his free hand

between my legs. His wandering finger found my erect clit at the same

time, producing a fresh need to feel him inside of me. I reached out in

search for his manhood, grasping at his moistened and quivering shaft with

both hands. I began to buck my hips against his hand as I stroked his

penis.

"Please, Jim? I want you inside me." I whispered breathlessly.

All reason had gone and I no longer cared where we were. Jim looked

stunned when I dropped to my knees and tenderly encircled his turgid

manhood with my tongue. I looked him directly in his eyes for some sign of

acceptance as I teased his pulsating member and flicked at it with the tip

of my tongue. He was rapidly responding to my sensual oral attentions,

groaning with satisfaction. In a few short minutes I had changed into what

both men obviously wanted me to be, a raging nymphomaniac. I opened my

mouth wider and took as much of his penis inside my mouth as I could,

tracing my lips lovingly back over the smooth texture of his erect love

tool. Jim gripped my head and tried to moderate my lust before he

ejaculated.

"I see that Pam's starting to behave herself with you, now."

My eyed darted to my left and I saw Peter coming back out of our kitchen

with a tray of refreshments. I recoiled from Jim's glistening shaft and

looked up at him, flushed with guilt at allowing myself to get so carried

away in his absence. I noticed his thinly veiled smile as he put the tray

down on the table. It was comforting to conclude that he approved of my

actions so I relaxed and smiled back at him, gratefully. It was obvious

that Peter had been turned on by the scene he had witnessed.

"Good girl! I see you've already tried on the nipple clamps." He knelt

beside me, giving the chain a slight tug before reaching up to the table.

"We've never tried out these self lubricating anal beads, Pam?" He held up

a bubble pack with clear circular objects inside the wrapper, strung

together with cord.

"I already used some--"

"No arguments, please!" Peter interrupted. "We'll sit down and enjoy our

tea together and let's remember who's in charge, shall we?"

I struggled to my feet and tried to concentrate on how I was expected

please both of the men as I sipped at my tea. I remained silent and

subdued while the men discussed the evening ahead. Peter ignored my

frantic eye signals when he mentioned the possibility of Jim having anal

sex with me this time. Looking at Jim's bulging erection earlier on, I

half expected that he might damage my internal organs with his larger

sexual equipment. It took all effort not to interrupt him and suggest that

we just have sex in the same way as we had at the gym.

I drained my cup and looked Peter in the eye, silently pleading for

moderation to his plans. He merely smiled and handed the beads over to

Jim.

"I take it that you've used these before?"

At this point I knew that he was going to allow Jim to insert those huge

beads into my bottom, despite any further protestation that I might make,

but I had to try.

"I mightn't be able to--" My voice was shaking with fear.

"Move over to the couch and bend over it." Peter interrupted, while Jim

was opening the bubble pack in his hand. "I'll insert the first one this

time, if you like?" He laughed. "They are designed to relax your muscles.

Just trust me!"

Jim helped me to my feet and I obeyed Peters instructions without a

further word of protest. Spreading my feet, I leaned over the back of the

couch and closed my eyes. Jim followed right behind me. He began to stroke

lightly along my inner thighs with his finger tips, moving steadily upward

and making my body shiver with anticipation. The tug of the chain

distended my nipples each time my body shivered. This motion seemed to

increase the erotic sensations that were happening within my loins. I

began to respond to his magical touch, encouraging Jim to continue upward

until Peter came alongside me.

"Come on? Open up, Pam." He whispered.

Haltingly, I reached behind me and opened the cheeks of my bottom with

both hands. As relaxed as Jim had tried to make me, I tensed slightly as

Peter eased the first bead beyond my sphincter muscle. It slipped easily

through, although it must have been least an inch in diameter.

"This lubricant has a special muscle relaxant formula." Peter explained to

Jim. "I'll leave the next one to you."

Jim took over and pushed the next one through. It seemed slightly larger

than the first but it slipped through without too much effort. I found

myself wondering how many of these beads I was expected to take into my

rectum. My muscles started twitching and clasping, and I orgasmed

involuntarily, as Peter took over and gently forced the next two through.

"Just hold them in place sweetheart." Peter advised "You'll be feeling the

effects shortly."

I began to feel an uncomfortably urgent need to expel those slippery beads

as soon as I could. I was doing my best to hold them in but I couldn't

help the natural muscular contractions. I took short sharp breaths to ease

the urge to defecate as much as I could but trying to hold back was

starting to become painful.

"Please no!" I squealed as Jim took over and forced another one in. "Just

take them out. I can't take any more." I was out of breath.

"Five! That should do for now!" Peter agreed.

I felt the remaining beads brush between the back of my legs when Jim let

them go and stood up. I kept trying not to let the beads go when I stood

up and turned toward Jim. I could feel the lubrication taking effect as I

moved toward him. I noticed that Jim's penis was as hard as a rock, from

watching my struggle to control the urge to vacate my bowels. I was almost

sobbing with indignation and I tensed as Jim reached over and lifted me

over his shoulders.

"I think she might be ready by now." He chuckled, patting my tortured

bottom.

"I was telling Jim about our little experiment earlier on." Peter

explained with a grin. "Jim really wants to experience the same

sensation."

"You wanted me inside you, before?" Jim reminded me. "I'll take the beads

out but--" He pointed to his raging erection. "I want you to ask me to put

Jim Jnr. in your backside, this time."

I was shocked, partly because Peter had informed Jim all about our private

bedroom behaviour but mostly because it appeared that Jim wanted me to beg

him to perform anal sex on me. I glanced at Peter with a look of surprise

on my face.

"Do it Pam!" He held up his remote control with a smile.

The vibrator started without warning and I squirmed uncomfortably for a

moment as the contractions became unbearable. I bent right over the chair

to allow Jim remove the beads, no longer concerned about false modesty.

"Take them out then?" I shuddered as a fresh wave of orgasmic delight took

hold of my body. I shuddered as he tugged lightly and one bead slipped

out.

"And?"

"I want you to put your penis in there instead." I sobbed.

"Where exactly, Pam?"

"In my ass.---I want you to fuck my arse. There! I've asked you. Please? I

can't hold them any more." I wailed.

It was embarrassing to have to ask for anal sex this way but at least Jim

responded quickly. One by one, they slid out until I barely felt the last

one leave my body. I could only imagine to what extent the exercise had

stretched my opening. It felt as though I had been raped by an elephant.

Jim gave me time to catch my breath before he pressed the head of his

penis beside my recently vacated rosebud.

"You ready for this, now?" Jim sounded excited.

"I think so. Be gentle?" I pleaded.

I could feel the throbbing of his penis as he manoeuvred for the best

position and gripped my hips more tightly. I relaxed and spread my legs a

little wider, now able to watch Peter as he was taking out his digital

camera.

"Darling?" I squealed as Jim pushed past my muscle, but by this time I

barely felt the pain that I would have expected. "What are you doing?" I

gasped as the air rushed out of my lungs.

"I'll join you in a minute." He grinned.

I understood now. The men had the whole evening planned. I was quite

surprised at the ease with which Jim pressed himself fully inside me. I

would never have believed that I was capable of taking all of him this

way. I was so involved with the sensation of enjoying this new throbbing

intrusion that I moved in time with Jim, disregarding the multitude of

photos that Peter was taking. Jim was a bit rougher than I was used to but

I was quickly transported back toward my forbidden fantasy world. I soon

started screaming with delight and pushing back at Jim as he gripped my

hips and drove his member deeper inside me. I was starting to breathe more

quickly, on the threshold of a major orgasm, when Jim suddenly paused. He

spoke to Peter amidst heaving, ragged breathing.

"It feels great, but can you turn her toy off now. I can't last all that

much longer." He gasped. "It's making me want to cum, much too quickly."

I began to move sensuously against Jim, making my desire to continue as

plain to both men as I could possibly make it.

"Christ! Keep going, Jim?" I pleaded. "I don't mind."

Peter thought for a moment and put his camera down on the table.

"Go ahead! I think Pam likes it left on, while she has sex this way. I'll

just turn the speed down."

Jim chuckled and, unexpectedly, he disconnected my nipple clamps.

"Here!"

He tossed the set over to Peter and began to stroke in time with me again.

"She's quite a little tiger, this one." He rolled my nipples in his

fingers to restore the circulation and I sensed his concern about my

welfare. Truthfully, I had forgotten that the clamp set had still been

attached to my nipples before that moment. I beckoned Peter over to me, in

an attempt to signal my desire to have him closer to me.

When he placed his erection close to my head I had no hesitation in taking

it into my mouth, greedily rolling my tongue around the head of his penis.

We often gave one and other oral sex as a prelude to love-making but this

time I took to the task with a lot more relish than I normally did. I

swallowed his shaft as far as I could and taking care not to hurt him in

any way, I took care of his needs in the only way possible.

With the added stimulation of Peter's throbbing member in my mouth I was

gratified that Peter left our vibrator going at the slow speed. This

allowed me to enjoy the experience with Jim at a more moderate pace than

before. Peter was the first to ejaculate and I swallowed every drop,

albeit with some difficulty. Once Peter had shifted away Jim continued to

stimulate my anal nerves at a faster pace. At the same time Peter's toy

was working it's magic on my vaginal walls. The sounds of our frantic

lovemaking soon filled the room and I orgasmed almost continuously,

totally losing control of myself.

It wasn't too long before Jim's body stiffened against me and he let out a

sharp gasp. His penis seemed to swell inside me and suddenly it felt like

it was bursting. I squealed with joy and ecstasy each time the warmth of

his love seed rushed through my bowels, closing my eyes, oblivious to my

surroundings. Whilst Jim had been ejaculating, I was too absorbed with the

act to be aware of Peter's reaction at first. When I calmed down, The

first thing I noticed was the quiet admiration in his eyes and I was

overwhelmed with pride and happiness in that he showed no sign of

jealousy.

Peter had introduced me to the joys of being able to have sex with others,

free of emotional ties. I made up my mind that I would no longer attempt

to limit his fantasies, no matter what they were. In unselfishly allowing

another man to satisfy my desires, as he had, I felt that I could always

be honest with Peter from now on, reassured that he would think no less of

me. I was more convinced than ever before that he truly loved me. I threw

my arms around him and kissed him warmly as soon as I was able.

"Lets go and have a shower and then I'd like to go for a swim. I'd like to

freshen up before we all go to bed if that's alright with you?" I cajoled

Peter.

He nodded and kissed me with renewed vigour.

"Thank you, darling." I added, in a whisper.

Turning back to Jim, I gave him a look of appreciation. The sex part had

been wonderful but I wanted to leave Jim in no doubt that my heart

belonged to my husband.

"Katrina's a lucky lady. I'm dying to meet her, tomorrow night. By the

way, you were just great!" I smiled confidently.

"Think you can handle performing in front of the camera now?" Jim chuckled

softly. "You won't even know they're there."

I looked at Peter for direction. His smile told me the answer that I was

expected to give. It was like he had Jim had explained to us, at the gym,

just a matter of getting used to one and other. I now sensed that it might

give us both further opportunity to explore the our range our fantasies in

a safe, controlled way.

"I'll look forward to it." I giggled. "Sure!" My shyness with Jim was

over. I was in a more jubilant mood now, more than ready to do whatever

Peter wanted me to, in the future.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 19

by Barbara Â©

Once we moved into the bathroom, Peter and I both decided to abandon the

thinly disguised charade that I had been reluctantly following orders. It

seemed pointless to pretend any longer. Peter confessed to Jim that we

practised a bit of BDSM role playing from time to time and I shyly

confirmed his story.

"Pam used to be too embarrassed to admit that she wanted to live out a few

of her sexual fantasies in real life."

"We do that all the time at the studio. It seems to sell movies fairly

well." Jim laughed. "Katrina still enjoys a challenge."

He was referring to her abduction experience that he had told us about,

earlier on.

"It was hard for me to let go at first." I agreed. "I found it simpler to

just make believe that I had no choice in the matter."

The slave collar was removed, along with my vibrator toy, in the main

bathroom, prior to cleaning ourselves up. A more candid relationship had

begun. One that all of us were keen to continue for the rest of the

evening. We were all intimate friends together now. Retiring to the

bedroom after the three of us had showered, swum and frolicked around in

the pool, this time I took the initiative. I wasn't ready to go to sleep,

quite yet.

\* \* \* \* \*

I teased him orally until he was fully erect. Releasing my lips from his

quivering shaft with an apologetic smile, I then offered him my body. Not

unlike the time at the Gym when I had coaxed Peter to enter me anally, I

positioned myself with my cheeks opened wide. Behaving wantonly, like the

little slut that Peter expected me to be, but not with him this time, I

kneeled over the bed and waited impatiently.

"Come on! What are you waiting for? I want you inside me." I panted. My

young Amazon was certainly aware, by now, that I was far from unhappy to

be coupling with him again. Jim responded even more quickly than I had

hoped for. He lubricated my rosebud, only with his index finger before

attempting to press his engorged member inside my back passage for the

second time that night. Without the preparation from the anal beads, I

found it harder to relax my sphincter muscles sufficiently but I was

determined not to cry out. I winced and held my breath as the bulbous head

of his penis gradually opened me up but I bravely gritted my teeth until

he was finally inside me.

I couldn't get enough of him. His huge penis was stretching my anal

passage painfully, yet at the same time, I become wetter and more slippery

from the clitoral orgasms I experienced with each successive stoke. I

writhed in the heavenly ecstasy of pain and pleasure as I reached back to

fondle my smoothly shaven mound. I wetted my fingers with my own juices as

I traced them though my vaginal lips, then into my empty love nest.

Probing deeply, I could feel a throbbing penis as it moved behind my

vaginal wall, electrifying every nerve. I grew far more confident in

myself, now shamelessly willing him to continue as he started to stroke me

faster and deeper.

"That's it Jim! Fuck me harder! I love it!" I moaned. It's so great when

you fuck my arse this way. Don't stop! I begged.

I remembered that Jim liked me to talk dirty to him. I guess he was used

to that, in his chosen profession. My words served to make him even more

enthusiastic. Beads of sweat were forming on my brow while Jim plumbed the

depths of my bowels. Peter watched us with a bemused smile on his face,

leaving me in little doubt that he wholeheartedly approved of my actions.

I could feel the head of the penis inside me begin to swell. I sensed that

Jim's climax was imminent now.

"Keep going!" I breathed in ragged bursts. "Don't pull it out, Jim!" I was

almost incoherent with passion. "Fill me full of cum!"

On the edge of yet another rapidly approaching climax, I shuddered in pure

delight. My eyes opened and my face was flushed but I was a little

disoriented at first.

\* \* \* \* \*

I woke up, startled, looked at the slumbering man on either side of me and

sighed with relief. I had been re-living my latest adventure with my well

hung surfer. It hadn't been entirely a dream, after all.

After my last anal encounter with Jim, I remembered the pair of them

softly caressing me and calming me down. I must have gone to sleep in

their arms.

It seemed that Peter was correct as usual, the fact that recreational sex

had so little to do with emotional commitment was evident to me. I loved

my partner more than ever this morning, if that was possible. I had been

reminded time and time again of how very fortunate I was, that the man

that I was marrying was so uninhibited and accepted that we both needed

sexual variety, in order to make our marriage last. Sharing my charms with

Jim had been fun for both of us and I had to admit that I enjoyed being a

part of the temporary arrangement that Peter had made. I was tempted to

wake him up by reaching out to touch him. My probing hand was only inches

from his manhood when I paused.

It had been well after midnight before we finally turned in. I turned to

take a look at the bedside clock, taking a more critical look at Jim. The

mutual attraction that had first drawn me to him, out in the surf

yesterday, had been purely physical, nothing more.

He lay, breathing evenly with just the trace of a smile on his rugged

face. I carefully lifted the sheet off his well sculptured body and stared

in wonder at the sight. Casually draped over his upper thigh and totally

hairless, the way he kept the rest of his body, Jim's flaccid penis looked

larger than I remembered. It was hard to believe that I had managed to fit

all of that magnificent member, in it's erect state, inside my anal

passage, let alone that I'd derived such compelling pleasure from the

experience.

"Enjoying yourself there, sweetheart?"

Peter's voice startled me. I swiftly dropped the sheet and turned to face

him, feeling guilty. His understanding smile told me that he had been

watching me, while I studied Jim's naked, sleeping form.

"I can't believe I did that." I began, flustered. "Are you and Jim still

serious about wanting us to perform in an adult movie this evening?" I

whispered.

It was all coming back to me as I detected a mild touch of annoyance in

Peters manner.

"It'll be fun, Pam. You were happy enough about it last night." Peter

reminded me. "We can explore more fantasies together. It'll be just as

good as doing it in public, I reckon." His eyes lit up.

We had discovered that I enjoyed anal lovemaking every bit as much as

vaginal sex, but the thought of having to do it, in a public setting, was

scary. At the height of my passion, I remembered, it had seemed like an

adventure that I could easily learn to live with. In the cold light of

day, however, the idea of performing sexual acts in front of strangers

didn't seem like such a good idea, after all. I went quiet, thinking about

how I might be able to put it off. Even with Peter it was something that I

had skilfully avoided up till now.

Of course, I now had to accept Peter's leadership in these matters. That

was the deal. Together, Jim and Peter had fulfilled my teenage fantasies

and had even encouraged me to make love with both of them at the same

time. There were a number of firsts last night. Under my partner's

guidance, I had experienced a variety of sexual pleasure with Jim the

previous evening but was always aware that it was Peter that was

encouraging me to let myself go. It was also the first time that I had

ever had such intimate relations with any man, other than my future

husband. With this in mind, I tried to reconcile the idea of a performance

at the movie studio, for Peter's sake. I would have to attempt to

fantasise that we were completely alone, in that large mirrored

bedroom/studio that Jim had spoken about, if I could.

"What's wrong? You've gone quiet all of a sudden." Peter nudged me.

"I was just thinking. It's a shame we both have to work today?" I

sheepishly replied, anxious to change the subject. "Want me to make

breakfast for all of us this morning?"

"Go on then. I'll wake Jim up in a few minutes." He shifted to let me out

of bed. "It's about time we got up anyway, I think."

I left the men to get ready and went out to the kitchen after a quick

refreshing shower, still naked, drying myself off with a large bath towel.

The curtains were wide open in the living room so I scurried into the

kitchen, wrapping my towel around me like a sarong. I looked outside and

noted the early morning activity from the neighbouring houses. Wondering

what to feed the men, I looked in the pantry and thought about what they

might both like to eat.

"I'll make them pancakes for breakfast." I said aloud. "That'll be quick

and easy."

I reached to get the pancake mixture but predictably, my towel ended up on

the floor around my ankles. I resisted the reaction to cover up and

carried on getting the ingredients that I needed. It was almost as though

I wanted to be seen. I could still have closed the curtain.

My heart began beating wildly, when I realised the excitement that I felt

at being completely undressed, in full view of our neighbour's window. I

was getting bolder now. Once I put my towel in the laundry basket, the

familiar tightening of flesh around my nipples encouraged me to stay that

way. I ignored the compelling urge to check out the neighbouring window

and carried on with my tasks Every noise that I heard outside the house, I

got an additional adrenalin rush when I imagined that somebody could be

easily be looking through the window at me while I prepared breakfast this

morning.

Deciding to wear my delicate lacy apron, having taken Peter's advice about

hot splashes to heart, I prepared the mixture for cooking in the fry pan.

Although I was decently covered, from a distance now, I faced the window

while I flipped the pancakes, fully aware that in the view from behind I

was still uncovered. It would make me look and feel a lot sexier to stay

this way when I brought their tray to the table, scantily clad like a

Playboy Club waitress, I mused.

"Something smells good out there." Peter's voice rose above the muffled

voices in the living-room. I heard the chairs scraping as they settled

into position at the table.

"Be out there in a minute." I called back. "Nearly ready now."

It worked! Jim stopped mid sentence and whistled his appreciation the

moment he saw me. I served the both men in turn, willingly pausing to

allow their hands to roam around my body. They both seemed to have a

fascination for my naked bottom but I wasn't exactly complaining when they

squeezed my cheeks and probed my sex. I smiled, closed my eyes and

fantasised that they were both total strangers in a restaurant. The idea

of serving two fully dressed customers this way made me want to jump back

into bed with my men but time was against us, for them to satisfy me as

fully as I might have otherwise liked. I sat between them and listened as

the boys planned out their day. They talked about our upcoming visit to

the studio, once the rest of their plans were formulated.

"Can you bring a few costumes like this, Pam?" Jim reached down under my

apron. "You look gorgeous, dressed like a French maid."

"Why not?" I sighed as Jim caressed my engorged labia under the frilly

skirt. The revealing lacy outfit that I had chosen to wear had obviously

turned both of them on.

"Great!" Peter leaned over and tweaked my left nipple. "That's my girl.

We'd better get going soon, darling. It's alright, Jim and I will do the

dishes while you get ready."

I excused myself to get dressed, ready for us to take Jim over to the

football club, to get his station wagon. I wished that we could have all

gone out surfing today but Peter and I both had other, prior commitments.

This was the first time he had allowed me to choose my clothing since I

had been back with him and I hoped that he wouldn't be disappointed with

what I picked. I wanted to look more respectable today.

I selected a short summer dress that was low cut, but accentuated my

figure in a far more subtle way than my toga did. There was so little

selection of clothing left in my wardrobe. Peter had packed away all my

underwear but I had become almost used to going outside the house without

knickers, since then. It made me aware of my vulnerability but I realised

that I was not as worried about showing my body as I had been. Peter and

Harry, between them, had seen to that. It was nice to examine my

reflection in the mirror, fully dressed in appearance for a change, but

armed with the certain knowledge that a wrong movement or gust of wind

would expose my secret. It kept me on edge. I tested out how far I could

bend over before it became obvious that I had no knickers on, in the

mirror, before I left the bedroom. It wasn't far at all. By the time I

walked back to the lounge the guys were ready to go, waiting by a wide

open front door. I flounced past them and down the steps, heading toward

Peter's car, deliberately allowing my brief skirt to billow in the breeze

for long enough to get a welcome whistle of appreciation from both men.

More confident that Peter was pleased with me, I turned and smiled at him.

"You still like this dress, I hope?"

"It looks great on you, sweetheart. Terrific!"

I turned my attention to Jim, noting his lingering stare. "Hope you don't

mind. I'm not allowed to wear my underclothes anymore. Master's orders." I

giggled.

Jim held the car door open for me and ushered me inside. I could tell that

he was suitably impressed when I sat, raising my skirt behind me to allow

my bare bottom to make contact with the seat.

\* \* \* \* \*

It didn't take long for the three of us to tidy the Club gymnasium.

Although I did my best to encourage another sexual encounter, Jim was

anxious to get to the beach and Peter seemed preoccupied. We walked back

out to the cars, arm in arm, like the three musketeers, without a care in

the world. I was proud of the fact that I had two great looking guys at my

side, not only friends but lovers as well.

We attracted a bit of attention from nearby park users but I was so

confident by now that it didn't really worry me that much, but I was glad

that they hadn't been able see me last night, stark naked with my collar

on.

Prior to departing our company, at the club car park, Jim casually

mentioned that there were other male actors at the film studio that might

be called on to appear with me this evening.

"You realise that casting is not up to me, at the studio?" Jim smiled.

"Arnold and Monica are in charge of scripts. Don't worry about it, Pam!

They're all perfectly healthy." He swiftly assured us both, once he saw

the startled look on my face.

"That's fine with us, Jim."

His adventurous spirit was aroused and there was no point in making a big

deal about it, although the idea of hopping into bed with a total stranger

had still upset my inner calm. I was shaken. Thinking about the

implications, I had to speak up.

"Why can't we just have a threesome, like we did last night?"

"Don't worry about it, darling. I'll be in the same situation. It'll be

fun, you'll see?" Peter gave Jim a friendly nudge. "Just tell Arnold that

we'll both be there by Eight o'clock."

Jim turned toward me and kissed me farewell, playing with my bottom as he

did so. He was so like Peter, in very many ways, that I almost forgot we

were standing in a public car park at Ten o'clock in the morning. It was a

longer kiss than would be normal, between friends, and I melted into his

arms, passion replacing tension.

"I'll see you tonight then, Jim?" I gasped for breath when he released me

and swiftly smoothed down my dress. "Try to make sure that we can work

together?" Blushing when I realised how hot I still was for him, even with

Peter listening and other people nearby.

Erotic Adventures Ch. 20

by Barbara Â©

I watched in subdued silence as Jim got into his car and waved as he drove

off, my breathing still ragged, wearing my enigmatic smile and hugging my

partner Peter with delight. I had finally convinced myself that I should

never allow feelings of personal insecurity to prevent me from willfully

exposing myself to strange men again. My body still tingled with the

excitement I had felt, in knowing that my I had been shown off so

thoroughly. The bystanders were wandering away from us now but I had been

well aware of their guilt-ridden but spellbound glances in my direction

while I had been embracing Jim. Contrary to my earlier expectations, their

interest only encouraged me to be even more passionate and had lowered my

inhibitions yet another notch. 'Accidental' exposure had thrilled me a lot

more than I ever thought it would.

Although my moral position about sexual loyalty had recently altered as

well, I was, none the less, concerned by the possibility of being directed

to have intimate relations with yet another man by someone that I had yet

to meet.

"What about you, darling?" I prompted.

"Huh!"

"Do you think you could just jump into bed with almost anybody without

being physically attracted to them, in some way, first?"

"It might be fun to find out." He grinned wolfishly. "I'm sure that we'll

manage somehow, though."

It was the first time that we had been alone with one and other since Jim

arrived yesterday evening and I was able to share my doubts with Peter at

last. I was slightly irritated by his dismissive attitude.

"I always assumed that we would just get together again, same as last

night." I began haltingly, hoping that he might be persuaded to listen to

reason. "We don't even know any of these other people that work there." I

argued. "We might not even like them, let alone?" My voice trailed away as

I scanned his face for some form of empathy.

"I imagine that we will get the chance to meet our prospective partners

first." He interrupted, before I could speak again. "We should be able to

discuss what we'll be doing before things get around to that stage." Peter

wryly mused. "We saw most of their group at the beach, remember? Jim told

me that he's never had any problems." He grinned suddenly. "We'll just

have to play it by ear when we get there. It depends on the type of sex

scenes that Arnold wants to get on film, according to Jim. He's faxing me

some scripts for tonight, later on."

"What! Like a play, you mean?" I giggled.

"Exactly the same as the movies. The only difference is that we will be

getting paid to enjoy ourselves, this time, as far I can see. Just think

about it as another learning experience?"

"Alright! If you're really sure?" I cautioned.

The matter was certainly settled in his mind, for now. Peter glanced at

his watch as he held the car door open for me. I realised that he was keen

to get going. I made a playful show of lifting my skirt as I seated

myself, but was mildly disappointed when Peter didn't take the opportunity

to fondle me. He normally would have, especially with the latest arrival

in the car-park, a well dressed businessman, still in his driver's seat

nearby. He loved to shock people like that, whilst demonstrating his

affection for me, even though it normally made me a little uncomfortable.

Today, I would have welcomed it though. Smiling briefly at the man in the

car next door to us, I watched Peter as he strolled slowly around the

front of our car to get in the driver's side. He looked pre-occupied, with

a neutral, disinterested look on his face. Was he upset with me, for

making my desire to make love to Jim again so obvious, earlier on? I

reflected. No!----How could he be? I had surely performed beyond his

wildest dreams, for all of the previous night and right up until just a

few minutes earlier.

Peter smiled disarmingly while he settled into the driver's seat and spoke

casually.

"Sally should be around at the house shortly. She's coming over for lunch

later on, isn't she?

"Oh yes!" I turned to face him, relieved that his mood was back to normal.

"Harry has to finish up a few shots this afternoon before we go away for

the weekend." I gushed. "We've got time to do a bit of shopping on the way

home if you like? I suggested hopefully.

"Of course! Rebecca will be with her as well, won't she?"

Peter, who had an unusually inquisitive look on his face, ignored my

shopping suggestion at first.

"You girls will be able to amuse yourselves before lunch if you want?" He

wagged his eyebrows with a cheeky grin forming on his face. "What do you

say?" The wolf was back with a vengeance. "You won't get too jealous if I

try my luck with Rebecca?"

My heart sank, like a stone, initially. There was little doubt about what

Peter was really suggesting. If he was hoping to upset me, it wasn't going

to work this time. I immediately conceded, catching him off-guard.

"I guess I owe you that, darling." I giggled and nodded my head

meaningfully. "It ought to be fun."

The thought of having it off with Sally didn't intimidate me quite as much

as it might have. I remembered the intense feelings I had, when we touched

each other intimately, in our pool. There was the unspoken promise of

further delights, had we been alone together, that I had intended to

pursue the next time the opportunity presented itself. I wanted that

chance, deep down. Later, I remembered fondly, whilst posing for Harry,

she had excited my imagination to the point where I had very nearly

surrendered my weakening self control. It caused me to wonder how far I

might have gone if Harry had not been there that day.

I realised that Rebecca had sexual feelings for me as well and I was

finally prepared to admit that I found her interest mildly appealing.

Her firm athletic body held a strange fascination for me that I found

difficult to describe. She was attractive and vivacious enough and, I

imagined, her lovemaking skills must be satisfying to Sally, anyway. On a

purely personal level, I expect that I had been unjustly jealous of her in

the past, mistakenly believing that she might steal Peter's affections

from me one day. Those two girls had been living together as a couple for

a long time and neither of them dated men regularly. To be honest, I was

curious about Rebecca as well I suppose? Maybe I was keen to experience

whatever it was that kept them together as a couple?

"Should we tell them what we're doing tonight?" I gave Peter a cheeky

smile. "They might like to join us?"

"You wouldn't mind?" Peter looked at me, as he brought the car engine to

life, astounded.

"Let's see what they say." I confirmed, explaining. "I'm used to working

with them now and I won't feel so awkward or conspicuous at the film

studio with my other two girlfriends around."

Inwardly, I was hoping that Sally might bolster my confidence.

As Peter drove off, it gave me time for quiet reflection. It would be a

test of my inner resolve to witness Peter and Rebecca having sex together,

assuming she was interested. I idly wondered if she would allow anal sex

or whether Peter would even ask. More importantly, now that I had

committed to the idea of having sex with other girls, I hoped to be able

to enjoy the experience, for Peter's sake as well as my own. There were

still a lot of unknown factors from my point of view. How would I react?

Would I be expected to make the first move? My thoughts were interrupted

when Peter turned toward the recently completed shopping mall in the

neighbouring suburb to where we lived. He glanced at his watch and grinned

in my direction.

"We've got an hour or so to kill. Let's go and check out some of the new

shops."

He was testing me again. I could sense Peter's mounting excitement. Even

though a shopping trip had been my own idea, earlier on, a tiny tingle of

excitement ran through my body and my nipples began to stiffen at the

thought of choosing a new pair of shoes or perhaps a sexy new outfit,

dressed the way I was. 'Accidental' exposure would become almost

inevitable in those situations.

I nodded my head thoughtfully.

"They must be having an opening sale, darling. Just look at all the cars

in there." I exclaimed, suddenly nervous again.

Suddenly it didn't seem like such a good idea, after all. It was far too

crowded but Peter found a parking place, while I examined all the sale

signs over the main entrance, nearby. I got out and rearranged my hemline,

waiting for Peter to lock up the car and escort me inside. I started to

look forward to mingling amongst the public, feeling a bit naked, yet

sensing that I was still in control of how much or how little I could

choose to expose myself, as long as I was careful.

The slightest breeze caressed my unclad genitals, while I waited for

Peter, serving as a reminder of how daring I had become now that I was

outside the car again. There were lots of people coming and going nearby.

The thrill of possible exposure heightened my awareness and thus

encouraged me to walk more gracefully than usual while we made our way to

the entrance. I enjoyed the challenge but at this point I couldn't bear

the thought of others, older ladies in particular, noticing my state of

undress. It was a totally different situation to the beach crowd on

Monday. Here at the crowded shopping mall, I would probably be the only

lady with no underwear on. If only my skirt were just a little longer, I

agonised. Older women could be so prudish and unsympathetic at times.

"Are we looking for anything in particular?" I probed, hoping to examine

his motives for choosing that particular mall.

"Just a bit of window shopping today." Peter smiled. "We'll come back

tomorrow if you like anything in particular." He patted his breast pocket.

"I brought my wallet though." He teased.

We wandered around, arm in arm, taking in the facilities offered by the

latest retail development. Apart from the usual service shops on the

ground floor, I could see that the boutique specialty shops, that I wanted

to look through, were mainly on the mezzanine floor. Peter noticed me

glancing upstairs and smiled.

I tensed. There were lifts available but it was fairly obvious to me that

Peter would choose to use the escalator in the centre of the mall, thereby

increasing the chances of capturing the attention of those that rode

behind us. Apart from the usual parking worries, this had probably driven

his choice of a multi-storied suburban mall as opposed to the street level

shops common to the inner city. I became keenly aware that the highly

polished floor held further pitfalls for the unwary. As soon as I

discovered this, I moved away from groups of shoppers near the shop

windows. I hoped to minimise the chances of my secret being uncovered in

the reflection of either the floor or lower window fittings. I began to

wish I had worn sandals, rather than the high heeled shoes that I was

wearing. My long legs were drawing more attention to my short skirt.

Rather than enjoying myself and relaxing I was quickly becoming a nervous

wreck, even before Peter guided me toward the escalator.

I held back, waiting for a group of mothers with young children to go in

front of us. It wasn't that I was being courteous so much as the memory of

that young child's attention grabbing voice at the crowded football

stadium a few days ago.

"Look Mummy! That lady's got nothing on, under her coat."

I could hardly forget the humiliation that I felt on that day. It had

played over in my mind ever since. I had subconsciously kept clear of

similar situations since that time, avoiding small children like the

plague. I reasoned that I would much rather get into the shower with

Peter's entire football team, totally naked, than have to go through an

embarrassing scenario like that again. Peter jostled me onto the slow

moving steps, chuckling sadistically. He sensed my reluctance.

"Come on slowcoach. You told me that you want to see the ladies wear

shops." He urged.

I glanced behind me, still nervous. I was in luck. A tall, generously

proportioned, elderly man with a walking stick shuffled onto the steps

behind me, taking up the entire width of the escalator, finally ending up

about four steps below me. He caught my eye as he looked up and then

quickly looked away again. His facial expression informed me that he had

just uncovered my guilty secret. I looked back at Peter, hoping to signal

him to move back a step or two, blushing slightly but paralysed, not

attempting to move backward myself. Although my stomach was knotted with

nerves I realised that I had revelled in the old man's discovery. His eyes

kept furtively darting up toward me as though he was endeavouring to

estimate how far he had left to go. In his efforts to be discrete, he had

actually alerted Peter to the true situation.

"Don't sweat it!" Peter hissed. He leaned his head toward mine and

whispered. "Give him a real show."

I tensed, lifting my left foot to the next step up and bent forward, as if

to dust off my shoe. Glancing backward, I caught the old man's eye again.

He was smiling now, eyes locked toward the top of my legs, leering. It

gave me an incredible feeling of power, allowing him to ogle me in that

way and being aware that he was enjoying the view. I returned his smile

and carried on with what I was doing, periodically glancing toward my

partner, hoping for instructions to straighten up.

"Try cleaning the other shoe." He urged with a devilish grin.

He wanted to remove any doubt that my show was an accident. The old man

licked his lips while I changed position and opened my legs a little

wider. There was subtle understanding written in his eyes as he stooped to

get a better view. God knows what he must have thought of me. In the end I

looked away sharply, unable to hold his gaze any longer, until we reached

the top landing. I could almost feel his eyes, none the less.

We wasted no time once the ride was over. I tugged at Peter's arm and put

some distance between the top of the escalator and my elderly admirer.

With my heart thumping faster, I urged Peter over toward the first

lingerie shop that I could see.

"I could really do with a few pairs of stockings and--something to hold

them up, I guess?" I whispered, still tingling with shame.

Pantihose were out of the question now. I just wanted a brief girdle to

hold my stockings up and a few really nice outfits to wear, for going out

to dinner, or special occasions like tonight for example. It was up to

Peter. He had promised to choose my new wardrobe for me.

"I don't like pantihose." I began uncertainly when I approached the sales

desk. "I'd like to see some traditional stockings, if you still sell them

these days."

The lady that served us was extremely helpful, recommending a pair of

thigh high stockings with brief lacy tops that actually held them in

place.

"I know!" What about something like these?" She held up a shop sample "You

can wear these, even with shorter dresses, my dear." She smiled at me.

"Would you like to try a pair on? They're very popular still."

I glanced at Peter as I mumbled in a shaky voice.

"Just a pair of those will do, for now. I know my size."

Moving over to the display unit, I prayed that Peter wouldn't insist that

I tried them on and embarrass me in front of the assistant. She reminded

me of my mother, about the same age and build. Another lady customer

walked in and her attention was diverted luckily. He left it up to me,

handing me his wallet and muttering as he walked away.

"Get yourself a few pairs then, darling. Anything you like."

We left the shop with three pairs of super sheer stockings and a few

sundry items in a carrier bag and we started to look at other shops. Peter

spotted an elegant silken evening dress, split to the hip, that looked

outstanding, even on the mannequin in the window. Peter looked at the

price tag then quickly moved away.

"We'll just get you a gown later, I think. Would you like to go in and

have a look at the rest of the range?"

I had noticed a change in Peter's attitude at the lingerie shop. He

appeared to be more willing to buy me a few more items while the sale was

in full swing. Peter immediately picked out the type of clothing that

appealed to him. The short wrap-around skirts and the see though tops that

he chose for me seemed ideally suited to a lifestyle of flashing.

Fortunately for me, the shop was busy so I was able to try on a few

outfits in the privacy of the dressing room. I breathed a sigh of relief

when Peter closed the door and came in behind me.

The salesgirls were too busy with other customers to be assisting me, at

the time, so I picked out a few of Peter's favourites, and mine, in the

correct size, for him to purchase.

Finally, with time running short, we made our way back to the car. It was

almost lunchtime and I was looking forward to showing Sally and Rebecca my

new clothes. I was still buzzing with the excitement of my purchases, and

the promise of an encounter with Sally, when Peter got in and unlocked the

rear door, for me to put the parcels in the back seat.

"Go on! Give them a show too. I dare you." He nodded his head toward a

recently arrived car, with two young men seated in it. They were about to

park right next to us.

Glancing around to check first, I bent over with a impish grin on my face

and looked directly at Peter. I heard a gasp of surprise and the sound of

a low whistle while I was placing my two bags of parcels in the back seat.

I knew my bottom was fully exposed as I felt the breeze blow between my

cheeks. I could hear the guys making crude comments to one and other.

Biting my lower lip, I gazed into Peter's eyes and waited. The thrill

compelled me take far more time, shifting my body around and rearranging

my parcels in the back seat than I needed to. I pretended not to notice

the young guy's excited conversation until I stood up straight again and

turned to front them. The stunned expression on their faces evidenced that

they hadn't missed the opportunity that I had given them so eagerly. The

blush on my face was genuine when I acknowledged them. I noticed the

wandering lust in their eyes so I hastily rearranged my skirt to make

myself decent again. Closing the rear door as fast as I could, I escaped

quickly to the safety of the front seat of our car. I was tingling with

success.

"Let's go, my darling. The girls are probably waiting for us at home by

now." I urged. "I'm ready for anything, after that." Giggling and

whispering in a hoarse, meaningful voice, I told Peter how much I enjoyed

the trip.

Until Chapter 21; THE FINAL IN THIS SERIES. [Coming of age?]